

# THE INSIDERS SCOOP

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**Summer 2008**

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FROM THE  
EDITOR

Hi there, it's Shauna, Literacy Program Coordinator here at the John Howard Society. I am happy to have this edition ready for everyone so soon! I have to thank one of our students, Kim, for all of her help putting this one together.

There have also been a lot of poems, stories and drawings in the mail box here at John Howard Society, and I encourage everyone to keep them coming so that we can put another newsletter together in the fall. Thanks to everyone who shares their creativity with our readers!

I also want to let everyone know that this summer The John Howard Society will turn 50! Stay tuned for more details on upcoming celebrations!



## **Anger Management Classes At The John Howard Society**

Seven week program, starting July 16<sup>th</sup>  
For more information or to register call  
Linda Campbell or Chris Prince at 775-1514

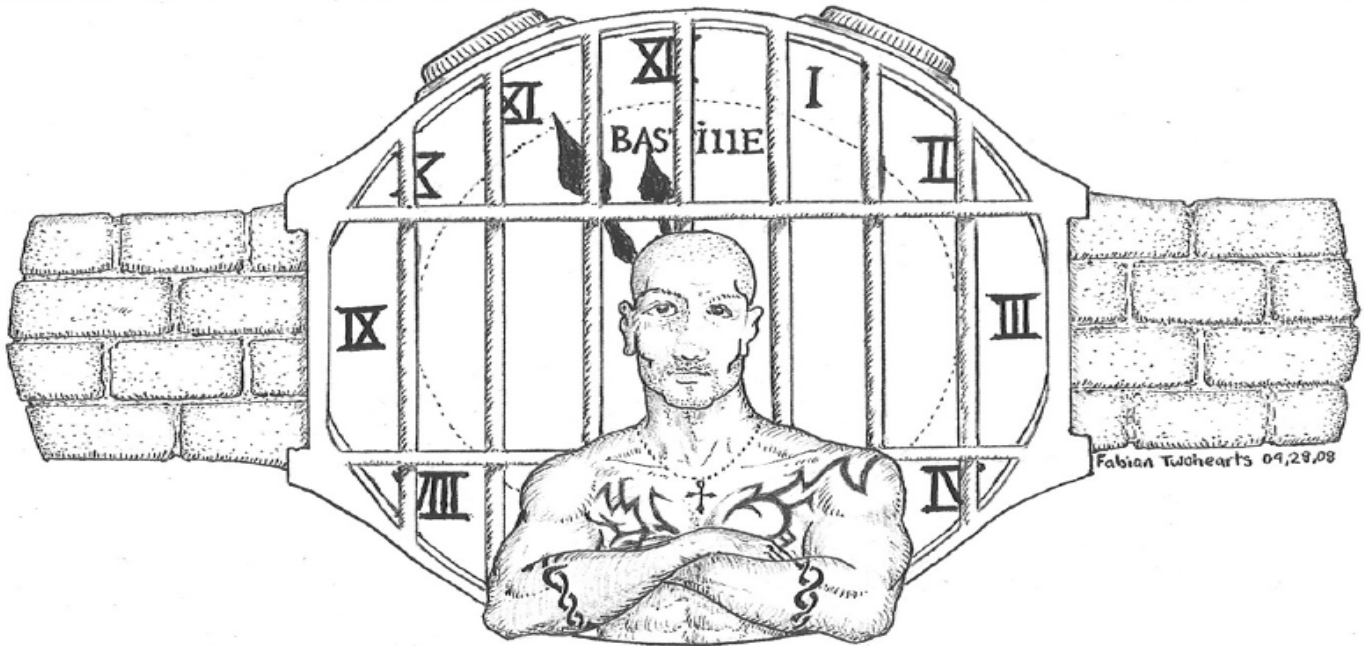
For more information on our services  
check out our website:

**[www.johnhoward.mb.ca](http://www.johnhoward.mb.ca)**



**THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY  
OF MANITOBA, INC.**

# STUDENT ART



## Within thy Bastille

Here I be, thou free I ought to be,  
for memories of ye, 'tis when my loneliness flee.  
I've numbered since my stay, many moons past,  
hoping the hands of time,  
would quicken and not last.  
In my cell, I've watched thy tears  
turn into ripples,  
Trusting my faith does not wither nor cripples.  
Relish I do, the memorous moments,  
freely I've spent,  
Often by carrier pigeon,  
many messages to you I've sent.  
I long for our friendship to flourish and flow,  
to share what's given to us, make it grow.  
thy dungeon, I've watched the mise battle for  
tiny scrapes, these creatures for thee,  
I couldn't set they traps.

One day when free,  
I'll walk yonder village to hear your voice,  
to show me a bit of wisdom, that is your choice.  
For I'll show my sincerity,  
with the work of my hands,  
our safety and happiness,  
that's where I stands.  
To many a lost soul,  
you've brought meaningful sunshine,  
with the smiling faces telling ye, all is fine.  
For your help, on behalf of others, I'd like to  
thank you, from thy heart do I speak,  
so ye know'est true.

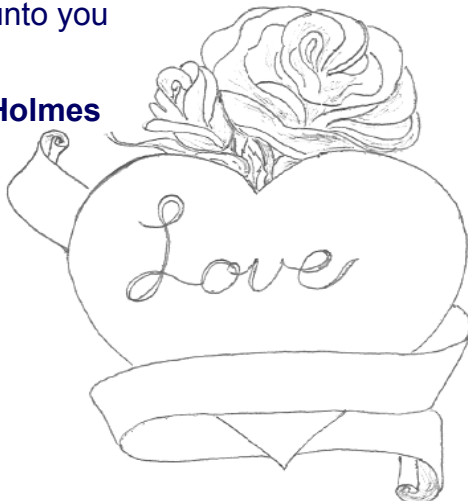
Fabian Twohearts

# POETRY

## A Warriors Love

On the wings of an eagle, flying  
So high in the sky,  
This love I have for you, shall  
Never demise,  
From this old warriors voice, so loud  
And so strong,  
I send you this poem, to help you along,  
Our creator has a plan, two people  
Unite,  
To gaze at the stars, that dance in the  
night,  
From trees and mountains, the rivers  
They flow,  
These days we're apart, seem oh  
So slow,  
One of these days, I shall be released  
We shall lay under the stars, and  
Among all the trees  
A day passes not I don't think of you  
This old warrior's heart belongs,  
But with you,  
Nothing between us, not as of yet  
Can keep us apart, this you can bet  
I love you Marcianna this is the truth.  
I wrote this little something,  
From me unto you

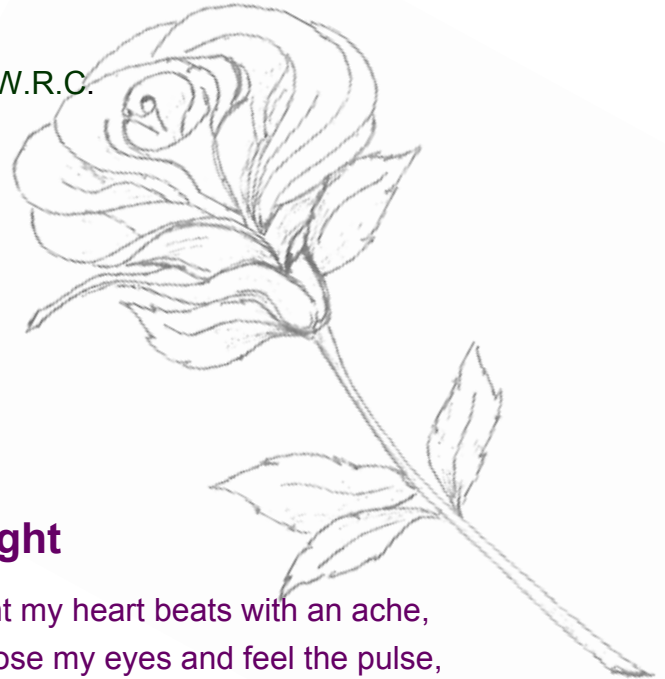
**Malcolm Holmes**



## Missed

To the one I loved, I miss you so  
Much, from now and then I stop  
And think of you, I cherish the time I  
Spend with you. My love for you was so  
Real and true, we laughed, we cried  
We fought, we got split apart. Did 10 in the  
Pen. Never did wanted to end....

**Alfie W.R.C.**



## Tonight

Tonight my heart beats with an ache,  
As I close my eyes and feel the pulse,  
Echoes reverberate.  
As a part of me dies.  
Reminiscing about these past years.  
Isolated in darkness I gaze into space,  
I shed tears, blindly I look to the future.  
Without hope, as I strive to cope,  
Refusing to succumb.  
But if I meet my demise in the stillness  
Of the night. I will embrace my fate.  
And relinquish all that has made me  
Then cease to exist. No longer filled  
With hate.

**UGLY W.R.C.**

# POETRY

## Dreams

A Million Stars that shine in the Night  
From Sunset Until Daylight,  
You Couldn't Count them If You Wanted  
To,  
Some Days Are More And Some Days  
Are few,  
The Days When there Are Most,  
It Seems,  
Are the days When Most People dream  
It's A dreamy Most Enchanted Night  
From twilight to the Morning Light  
The days it Seem there Are So Few  
I toss and turn until morning dew  
The times I find I dream the most  
When I'm tucked in bed and I'm  
Not alone  
The dream I have at night with you  
Are quite a lot and not so few

Malcolm Holmes



## Trapped in Time

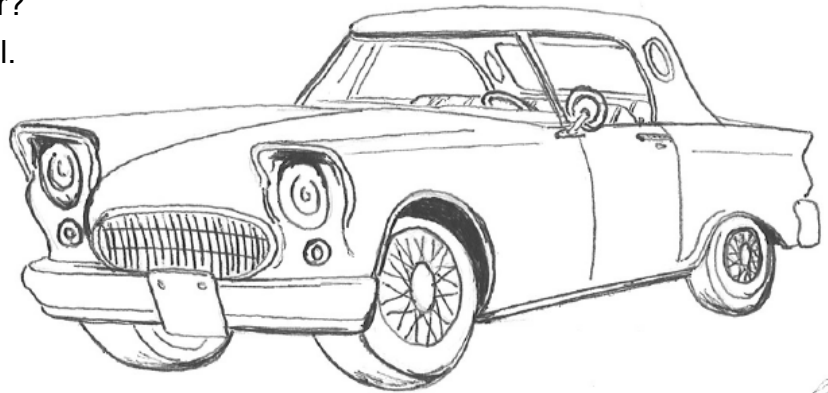
Captivating is my longing for her, long is my  
Time in captivity.  
Her smell, her smile, her voice, her eyes, her touch,  
So close in my thoughts, so far from my reach.  
Hour after hour, day after day, month after month,  
My desire grows. Does hers as well?  
All I can do is hope and pray, cause I'm trapped  
In this cell. It's such a clique, cause this desire  
I have gives my days some peace, yet it makes  
them hell.  
Uneasy, nervous, unknowing is our future together.  
Thoughts of happiness, doubled with thoughts of  
doubt  
And remorse.  
Every hour, every day, every month, closer to  
release.  
But does every day, every hour every month, spent  
in here bring her closer or further away from me?  
Time my closest friend, time my worst enemy.

Anonymous

# POETRY

## I can't....

If only I can say something and touch your heart, to get you to feel for me.  
Help you understand me, to see that I'm not just a thug. But a man who only wants you to see the beauty within me that I keep hidden. If only I never taught myself to suppress my emotions, making me believe that love is forbidden.  
I'd tell you everything and do my best to give you the real me instead of just a fabricated version of me.  
I know there's nothing I can say, no words to make you love me.  
But if I told you that I only had eyes for you and that I'd give you my heart, never cheat you or beat you, mistreat you. And you knew I was truly sincere.  
Would you give me your heart?  
And believe in love to put aside your fear?  
You have no idea how you make me feel.  
Or how much harder my heart beats when I think of what could be.  
If only I can say something.  
To get you to look at me.



**UGLY** W.R.C.

## A sweet little Angel

Stuck inside you is a sweet little angel  
Ready to come out. If I'm the one that lets it out. By showing how much I respect  
you. That little angel will grow its wings.  
And fly up above and tell its master. That I was meant for you. When I see that pretty smile on your  
face then I know that there's no one better in this world or place 'cause you're a sweet little angel.

B. Hansen

**Better Fathering** is offering a 12 week series on fathering issues for men.

The series is for men in a fathering role who are interested in becoming more nurturing and exploring ways of increasing their involvement in their relationships as parents.

The group will focus on such issues as: families, fathering styles, and fathering skills.

**Confidentiality** is assured. **Childcare is provided** for all fathers.

Classes run every Thursday 7-9 pm from September 18<sup>th</sup> to December 4<sup>th</sup>, 2008.

For more information contact Donovan at 945-4104 or Paul 782-7987



# JUST 4 FUN



## It could happen to you...

## Funny anecdotes

While living in Burnaby B.C., my roommate, Meera, and I planned a buffet dinner for Thanksgiving. We told everyone to bring something. Thirty people showed up on our doorstep, they all brought chicken.

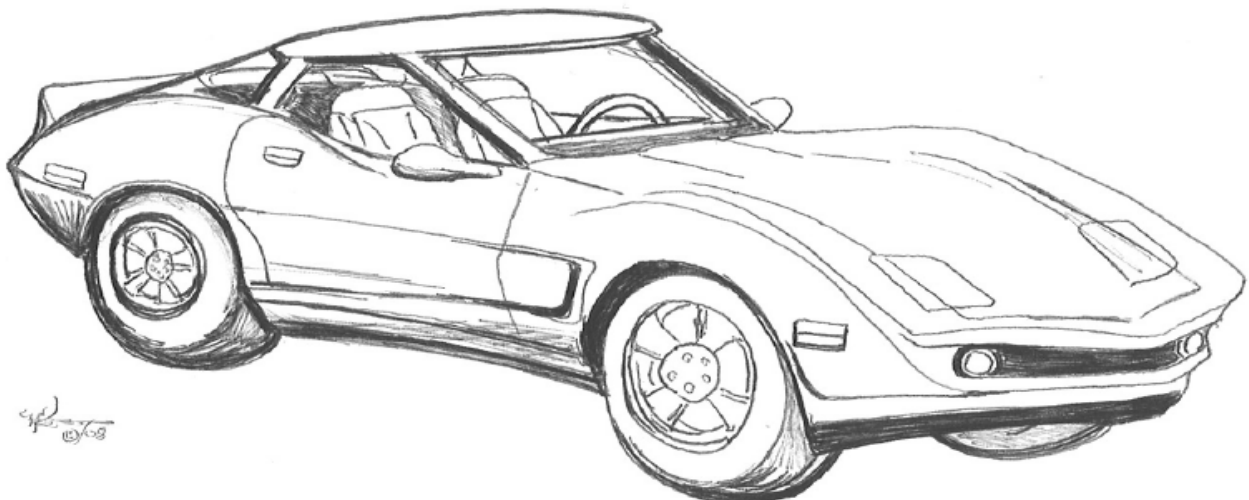
I was playing scrabble with some friends and my Ojibwa cousin Wilson. I put three letters on a triple word score; my cousin asks "what's D A T?"

Working in a restaurant in Seattle, Washington State; a waitress asked me if coconut milk was a dairy product.

While in Chef School, as a culinary undergraduate we were making deep fried pastries. A fellow student spilled grease on the tile floor. The instructor asked someone to put salt on the grease (thinking someone would sprinkle it over the mess). My cooking partner Sarah placed an unopened box of salt on the floor.

My adoptive parents were away on vacation in the Netherlands, so Ann, my older sister was in charge of making dinner. We attempted to make gravy just like mom's. Unfortunately the pan caught on fire, in a panic, Ann poured a glass of water over the flames. It made a huge fireball and a black spot on the kitchen ceiling. We laughed as we tried to wipe the ceiling, only making the matter worse. When mom came home she noticed the kitchen ceiling was in disarray. We told her Ann tried to make dinner. Mom replied "Good thing I didn't ask her to paint the house."

By Sindy Teerhuis



# POETRY

## My Babies

(Dedicated to the babies who lost their lives  
in Pukatawagan, Manitoba.  
May God be with you. Rest in Peace)

The feelings I feel are too much to bare...  
Hurting with the thoughts I've feared...  
Babies I cry that you are gone...  
Thinking of what went wrong  
Babies now you are at rest...  
The lord will keep you with his best...  
You are still the babies of our nest...  
The eagles fly with you as their guests...  
I'll miss you's for everyday that you are gone...  
Singing a hymn, singing a song...  
Pray for you's doesn't matter how long...  
Rest in peace for the rest of our lives...  
Hear my words, hear my cries...  
Missing you so much, it makes me wanna die...  
My babies I know you are in a better place...  
Opening the doors at heaven's gate...  
Flying with angels, flying it straight...  
Feeling the pain, feeling the hate...  
My babies I love you's for the days I live  
So anything to have you's back to me to give...  
God take me and let it be...  
I pray for you's on your trip home...  
I love you's, now that I', alone...  
I miss you my babies, I'll see you's soon...  
God be with you on your trip home...

Jeremy Bighetty



When I fell from myself made pedestal the  
Landing was somewhat painful  
Not knowing it would hurt so much or tear  
My emotions in so many directions at once is  
very draining at times.  
At times I feel so lost but then I remember  
The people that made me build that pedestal or  
those walls if you will.  
Then I am back on my pedestal looking down  
On that moment of weakness.  
Saying thank you for making me the strong  
Spirited individual I have become.  
You didn't break my spirit back then  
Nor will you now.

Anishanabe  
Dean Nelson

## **Infinites and Possibilities**

So many of today's people are eagerly willing to follow anyone with a small amount of drive or goal orientated direction. Unwilling to take the time to focus on their own specific needs, they look to others in hope that their problems can be given a quick and painless antidote or solution. As much as I would prefer the same, I have come to the realization that none of this will help in the long run. It has taken me much introspection and a vast amount of time to recognize that there is no such solution to all of life's little tests.

When problems arise one must be willing and wanting to give each problem the attention and specific focus it deserves. One must also be willing to utilize every possible resource available to aid in the process. During the times in our lives when problems occur we must look forward faithfully and optimistically. Our capabilities as humans vastly outweigh our thoughts and emotions. We have unconsciously allowed ourselves to be slowly manipulated by today's society into believing that there are only so many absolutes. This form of thinking diminishes our ability to believe in the unbelievable, to strive for the unattainable. To imagine that there is more to our world than what we can fathom.

Our generation has adopted a scientific, fact approach way of thinking. We choose to believe in only what we can visually see and physically touch. There is no more attention to or emphasis put on the world outside of our own mental limitations. Our egotistical, self-indulged lifestyles have suppressed our abilities to envision a world filled much more with the infinities of the unknown. These realms of possibilities are only limited to that in which we choose to perceive. We as the observers in our lives have unknowingly made the decision to not believe in the fact that worlds outside our own do in reality exist.

When we consciously make the decision to accept this form of thinking there may be a basic fear that arises; the fear of the unknown. This then brings up the questions of why do we fear the unknown? And what steps do we take next? It is crucially important to recognize that it is within our power to choose what we will encounter in our lives. By constantly reminding ourselves that we are in control of our personal destiny. We train our minds to focus on a positive outcome, instead of the negative experience.

We must be willing and welcoming of all the realms of possibilities. We are all only limited by that in which we choose to believe. By believing in infinities and possibilities instead of limitations and absolutes, we open ourselves and our experiences up to an anything that is possible way of living.

By: Larry Brass H.C.C,

**Believe in the unbelievable**

**Dream the unimaginable**

**Strive for the impossible**

Did you know that if you are an underemployed or unemployed resident of Winnipeg you qualify to benefit from the services of **House of Opportunities**?

House of Opportunities (HOO) is a job preparation agency that has **FREE** workshops on:

Resume development - 9 am daily

Job search skills - 10 am daily

Interview skills - 1 pm on Fri

Mock interviews - 1 pm on Mon

Cover letters and applications - 1 pm on Tue, Wed and Thu

House of Opportunities can help you with resume development, interview skills and professional job search assistance in an enjoyable group activity based learning atmosphere.

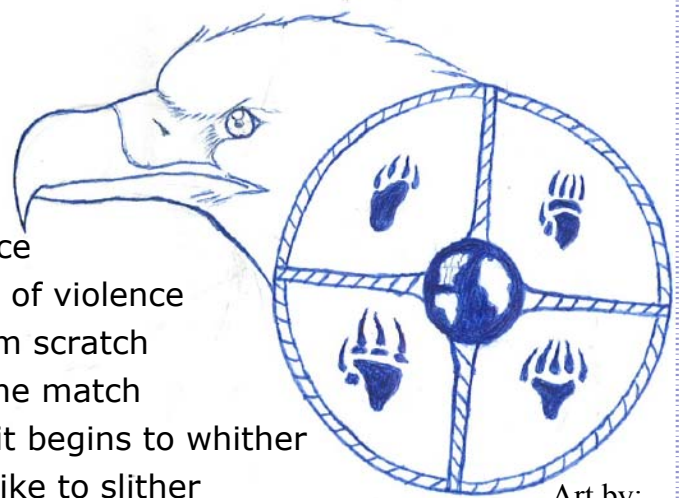
If you are interested in job search preparation you can contact **925-3595**

or stop in to see them at **561 Ellice Avenue**.

Funding for HOO employment services provided by: The Government of Canada and the Province of Manitoba.

## The Violent Offender

Days turn to weeks while your sitting in silence  
Your minds replaying your actions of a movie of violence  
Wish you could press rewind maybe start from scratch  
Like a champ that lost and wants to restart the match  
Weeks add up to months while your free spirit begins to wither  
Gotta be careful from them snakes cuz they like to slither  
The moments of regret comes and goes depending on the season  
Missing out on the things you love gives you all the reason  
Months switch to years you stuck doing them forced habits  
Anger bubbling in your veins all it does is force tragic  
Time ticks away who knows they're about to release a bomb  
Mr. Public thinks its safe, watch out. It'll destruct in his palm.



Art by:  
Alfie

Monty Bull '07

S.M.I.

# POETRY

The poets estranged with his genius,  
Going mad yet pillowy soft,  
He seeks clarity through audacious,  
For he's a recluse and got no oasis,  
But a female semi-curvacious,  
Brimming through fastidious coffee-towns,  
Insomnia is not a commodity,  
Where days are as long as airoplanes,  
And the mundane is a ship,

I commandeer the vessel,  
Into the vast blue mutiny;  
Steering off into the abysmal,  
Stars at my fingertips,  
Where I had pink fingernails,  
Under a purple crimson,  
Orange banana sky,  
Holding a single purple flower,  
With one name inscribed,  
"Get rest, get rest"

The spin does reply,  
And with a steady wink,  
The captain's eye  
Loneliness and fame,  
Aye, brother, aye,  
Just wait,  
And sea...

J. Acko'bee

## A New Direction

I'm writing this poem from my heart it is true.  
I don't care if it sounds cheesy, I'm thinking of  
And missing you.

These times are rough, the year is new, not a  
minute  
Goes by that I'm not thinking and missing you.

You've been a good friend, and our friendship  
is true,  
I want to take a new direction and start a new  
kind of relationship with you.

My love for you is true, because sweet people  
Like you are very far and few.

Anonymous          B.C.C.

## Music Lives

Music lives inside my soul  
Rhythms that provide my growth  
Lyrics that empower my mind  
Melodies of all sorts of combined  
Music lives inside my heart  
A talented perfection describes the art  
My love floats among the notes  
A dancing figure my spiritual ghost  
Music lives music bleeds music cries  
The day that I truly parish is when music dies  
Music is me music takes control  
Why, cuz music lives inside my soul.

Monty Bull    S.M.I.





## A Tiny Opus of "The Abuse of Abstinence"

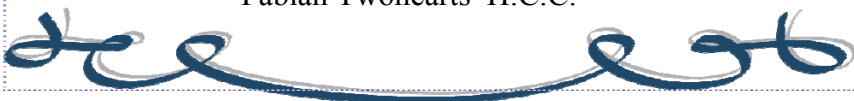
Sitting in the lush green garden, he gazed upon her image, proclaiming to be the one most high. "She's a lady, she will be mine... O, I have come far and wide to be in her elegant presence and I long to brush my fingers through her glorious mane... O, She's a lady, she is her own... lord I have come long and far for her to be known to me, and to touch the delicate softness of her flesh, for I am truly worthy of her hand I am."

Ending an evening of romantic interlude, where laughter was heard and hands were held with softly spoken words, they rested their weariness in quiet slumber, with tomorrow's promise of a new day and visions of eminent union of reason on the horizon, with cruelness splendor eluded them as they slept in the coldness under the stars.

They sweated and toiled through devious means to survive their chosen way. "A portion of worth, rather than these crumbs we so hungrily crave," they called to the ones of many. Momentary captives of artificial joy, of wine and song, in this simulated revelry they knew they didn't belong, and tightly held within its grasp, each were dragged down a slovenly and graveled road of sorrow with no return.

With potential jubilation caught in a storm of baffled bewilderment, these lost children of tormented grievance, screaming with many tears for the safe return of their joyful quietness. "Why must perplexity before us be?" the painful cries of sobriety lost echoed into the night. Bound in chains as he was led away, he'd risen from his enormous anguish and mourned. "I have failed you greatly, my lady. For this, my eyes shall gaze upon you no more," he cried to the heavens in utter total defeat, hence peace, grace and reverence may no longer be.

Fabian Twohearts H.C.C.



# YOU ASKED FOR IT

Dear Inside Scoop,

What the heck is **Families Anonymous**? I've heard of AA for alcoholics, GA for people addicted to gambling and CA for cocaine addicts but everyone has families! Who is it for and what do they do?!

-Just Wondering

Dear Just Wondering,

Families Anonymous (FA) is a Twelve-Step, self help, recovery group for concerned relatives and friends that have had their lives negatively affected by a loved one's addiction to alcohol or drugs. They share their experience, strength and hope, with each other and with new members. Newcomers are welcome. You will not be urged to participate in the group discussions, but may join in and ask questions if you wish. Families Anonymous does understand how you feel.

For more info about meetings and locations in Winnipeg and through out Manitoba call:

**(204) 237-0336**



**When you wonder why me?  
You let it be you**

**Anishanabe  
Dean Nelson**



**THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY  
OF MANITOBA, INC.**