

THE INSIDERS COOP

Produced by the participants of the John Howard Society literacy program:
The best of prison literacy and art, created by inmates for inmates

Fall 2014

Put on a Mask

Reminisce the past nothing lasts.
Days moving fast, today fades away to-
morrow's another day,
burning daylight like my soul through
the night,
demons in my mind the dreams of mine
are one of a kind,
waiting for the sun to shine in this life
of mine,
survived through the pain broke the
chain,
still I remain the same with nothing to
gain but to go insane

By: P. George 17



Congratulations to P. George the winner of the sixth annual
"Speaking Out From the Inside" Poetry Contest!!
P. George will receive a \$50 gift certificate for books from McNally
Robinson Booksellers. Read on to find second and third place, runner-ups, all
of the other fantastic entries, and information about this year's panel of
dedicated volunteer judges.



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

Untitled

For years and years I hid the tears, tried in vain to hide the pain. From an early age, violence was all I've known. I turned to addiction and the pain to anger. With a worn and battered soul, I followed the reckless path of the dark wolf, tore thru fields of love, and left many shattered, broken hearts in my wake. I wounded and scarred all those who stood in my way. I robbed, hustled and conned, to satisfy the hungry beast that carved the poisons of addiction. Some days it felt like I was going insane, but temporary artificial joy numbed the pain, I continued to fall into despair. Damaged, physically, emotionally, psychologically I wondered aimlessly in the bottomless pit that I had made for myself. One night I heard a voice, saying the time has come for you to make a choice. Live or die, for the enemy comes to steal and destroy everything you love followed by the most soothing peaceful howl. I tuned to look, and behold, a white radiant wolf stood beside me. He led me to a dim light that was once my soul, and he began to speak in a kind voice. There was a time when there was a flame that burned strong in this heart, filled with faith, hope, and love. You became lost from the violence that was done to you. He, who made this heart and the temple that is your body, knows what it can bear and could no longer watch you suffer any longer. I am the Good Wolf, the voice that guides the red path. Creator sent me to save you from the enemy, and to lead you on your healing journey. From this day you are to walk the good path and to help others heal from the pain that you have witnessed, he howled once more and my soul became brighter, burning with love, and feeling of peace that I have never felt before in my life. You are here today because you are the best of your people, feed me thru prayer, ceremony and lodge songs. Follow the seven Grand Father Teachings; take your rightful place in the sacred medicine wheel. Be brave, hold your head up high, and when your time on Turtle Island is done, you can say I fought the good fight.

By: M. Michelle



Hell on Earth

To whom it may concern
And for what it's worth
Living in a prison cell
Is my, hell on earth
Prison guards make life hard
Like the bricks and bars I resent
Shives and shanks are as sharp
As razor wire on the fence
Take it one day at a time
As time seems to fade away
Everything I've took for granted
I wish I had today
When I close my eyes I dream
Dream of being free
Just to wake up to this nightmare
Then go right back to sleep
Sometime you have to go through hell
To see the world for what it's worth
Me, I've been through hell and back
To whom it may concern

By: Jesse Smith aka M.B.



FROM THE EDITOR



Hello Inside Scoop readers!! First, let me apologize for taking so long in getting this issue out to you. I am sorry you had to wait patiently, so a huge thank you to you, the Inside Scoop faithful readers. My name is Lisa Lacosse and I am the new Literacy Program Coordinator for John Howard Society. This is my first Inside Scoop and I am very excited to have had so many talented contributors for the poetry contest. I hope you all enjoy it. Please keep those poems, pictures and stories rolling in so I can put together another one soon.

Welcome to the poetry edition of the *Inside Scoop*. This issue contains the many poems that were entered in our “Speaking Out From the Inside” poetry contest — both winners and runners-up!

The winners of this contest received gift certificates from McNally Robinson booksellers: \$50 for first place, \$30 for second, \$20 for third. If you’re into writing poetry, watch for next year’s contest, which is usually announced in the spring issue of the *Scoop*.

I would also like to give an update on the fundraising campaign headed by the *Inside Scoop* editorial board, the group of volunteers in the Remand Centre who plan, design, and edit this newsletter. For the last few months they have been selling copies of the spring/summer edition of the *Inside Scoop* to raise money for a local organization. This year the board picked the Andrew Street Family Centre. We raised a total of \$2050.00.

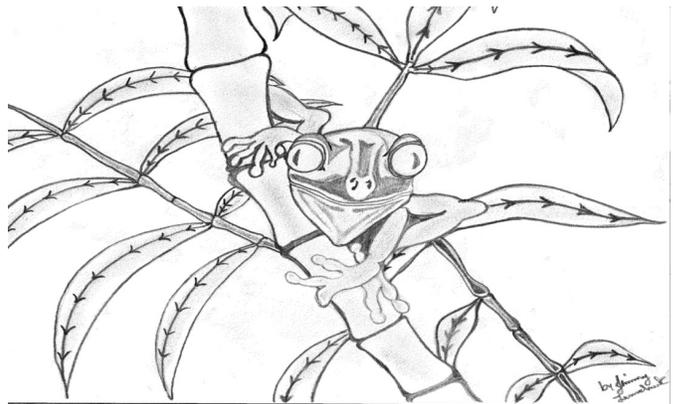
We’ve already begun to think about ideas for next year’s fundraiser, and the editorial board are getting really creative this time around. They have proposed that in addition to selling copies of the *Inside Scoop*, we also produce an art calendar to raise money for a good cause. This year’s 2015 calendar will feature Eddy Cobiness and his many wonderful art. You can see two of his pieces in this issue just keep reading ahead and you will see two pieces of his art work.

For the last couple of years our fundraising activities have benefited inner-city youth, and we are happy to help. We hope you enjoy this issue of the

Scoop, and writers and artists, get your stuff in for the next issue!! Thank you, Meegwitch!!

Lisa Lacosse, Literacy Coordinator, JHS

Frog picture was a gift from a student . Thank you Jimmy!!



Katherine Johnston Assistant Literacy Coordinator with Lisa Lacosse





Your 2014 "Speaking Out From the Inside" Poetry Contest Judges

Robert Falcon Ouellette after serving in the Canadian Armed Forces for 18 years, Robert Falcon Ouellette obtained two Masters Degrees and a Ph. D and is now a professor at the University of Manitoba. A married father of three, Robert-Falcon somehow also found time to run for Mayor of Winnipeg and rose from relative obscurity to become a serious challenger for the city's highest office. Ouellette presented a well-thought-out and well-organized plan for Winnipeg and proved to be a most articulate and eloquent speaker. He was able to build enthusiasm amongst middle-class voters throughout the city as well as create excitement about City Hall for young people and many of the disenfranchised who have never voted before.

Robert-Falcon was proud to be a representative of the First Nations citizens living in Winnipeg and he represented the community with style, grace and dignity. Robert-Falcon Ouellette has a bright future - one that might include other campaigns for political office and his dream of developing a First Nations-owned and operated post-secondary institution.

Larry Morrissette is the executive director of Ojijiita Pimatiswin Kinamatwin (OPK), an organization that works with Aboriginal street gang members. He also teaches in the Inner-City Social Work Program at the University of Manitoba and the Department of Urban and Inner-City Studies at the University of Winnipeg. He is our neighbor at John Howard.



Duncan Mercredi is one of Canada's leading aboriginal poets and has had numerous books of his poetry published. Duncan is very active in providing writing workshops for inspiring young poets and authors, as well as serving as a judge at various poetry competitions. Duncan is from the Misipawistik First Nation and was first told he would be a storyteller by his grandmother. Duncan has worked in bush camps in construction for Manitoba Hydro and land surveys for the Department of Manitoba Highways, before moving on to teach a course in poetry at the University of Manitoba. He is co-chair of the Aboriginal Arts Group and has joined notable aboriginal authors like Tomson Highway, as well as Metis historian Emma Larocque, in providing interesting and insightful lectures about First Nations culture and history.



Ervin Chartrand (Ojibway/Métis) has directed many films to date including "If this was Right" with rap artist and CBC 8th fire host Wab Kinew. Chartrand has also worked on the APTN television series "The Sharing Circle" and the Canadian T.V. series "Tipi Tales" for two seasons from (2004 -2006). He studied acting at the Academy of Broadcasting Corporation Acting Faculty in Winnipeg, Manitoba (2006), and participated in the Aboriginal Broadcast Training Initiative of the Manitoba Indian Cultural Education Centre (2003). Chartrand is currently at the University of Winnipeg, in his third year of his B.A degree, majoring in film studies (2012 - 2016). His most current work, "Trafficking" (2013) and "Lifer" (2014) will be presented at this year's Aboriginal Film Festival (2014). Chartrand is originally from Pine Creek First Nations. His experience as a gang leader who was able to reform his life after serving time in federal prison (1998 - 2006) for gangsterism was the subject of The Sharing Circle's television documentary Long Road, Full Circle (2005). He often gives presentations to at- risk youth about his life experiences. (Keep reading on to see one of Ervin's poems in this issue).

HONOURABLE MENTIONS



Promising Direction

Thy heavenly father who art thou in heaven hear me, heed
my confession, I'm stressin
I got thoughts of duress and depression cloudin my head
Not even my father the reverend could show a more
positive direction
Like I pray for a different outcome but it's often the same
It changes you when you see ya fam distraught and in pain
Which is my explanation for these thoughts clottin my brain
But really I'm under one impression that not to many op-
tions remain
I'm looking ahead to sunny days,
Sick and tired of getting caught in the rain.
And the person I'm trying to make proud I'm letting down
Momma I'm drained!!
All I'm asking show me a different way
Point me in a promising direction.

By: Franklyn Central



The Struggle for Change

I grew up poor I never really had shit,
How I made it through those days you can tell its magic,
It's tragic, hungry days I couldn't stand it,
See a purse in a car, smash the window, grab it,
Goddammit, is this the way my like has got to be?
Looking over both shoulders just to see who follows me.
Cuz honestly, I'm sick of this gutter living shit,
Cousins, sister, mother, brothers, we are all living it.
I'm viewed as an idiot and judged for the things I've done
But everyone makes mistakes but still I'm labelled as dumb,
It's time to change, I'm young, move on to bigger better
things,
So I'm looking towards the future and whatever it brings,
Yeah I've been down and out to the point of hopeless times,
But my future is what I make it, gotta keep an open mind.

By: Tyler Keenatch

Confessions

Here I am in jail, the lowest of the low
Hated, despised, it's just the way it is,
you know
No one realizes, that I hate that part of
myself
Rip it out and put it on a bookshelf
It's not like I have a choice
Who I find attractive, I can control, with
my voice
I wish I did, and could control
The things I call, the demon of my soul
Hated, despised, condemned, by society
at large
I wish they could understand, me with
my charge
That I have been there, and have done
that
Unloving, uncaring, I am just a big brat
Four hundred dollars, I need to pay
Just for one hour, of therapy, a day
I am not rich, nor is my mother
I didn't get money, selling drugs to a
brother
I didn't get a kid, addicted to meth
Nor did I lie or cheat, or steal
someone's breath
What I did do, I will pay for my life
For never will I forgive myself, for being
such a low life
I can't get treatment, the system says so
So I sit here in Delta, just watching the
show
Never loving, never caring, I swing from
the roof.
I hope you can all see this as proof.

By: Luke Neumann

CONFessionION

Empress of My Heart

Can't you see what you do to me?
Like no-one else you have my heart sprung
All day long I think of you
I love being in love with you.
Nothing I do would ever be too much.
Keeping you happy is a definite must.
You alone are the one I adore
Everything about you I crave and more.
Of all the things that please me,
I must admit it's when you smile at me.
Until I fell in love with you
Life for me was such a bore.
Loving the days, I'm so happy.
Of this I'm sure because you exist.
Open your heart to me...
I'm good for you.
Vanquish your doubts
you might be having.
Voice of an angel you sooth me.
Every time I hear your name my heart skips.
Empress of my heart, you rile me so easily.
Maybe one day you could love.
Of this I hope it's someday soon.
Everything I am I give to you.
Until you accept me I'm incomplete.

By: Dustin Thomas



My Fears

I feared the past until I realized that it could no longer hurt me.
I feared being alone until I learned to like myself and love you.
I feared failure until I realized that I fail only when I don't try.
I feared rejection until I learned to have faith in myself.
I feared pain until I learned that pain is necessary for growth.
I feared the truth until I saw ugliness in lies.
I feared hate until I saw that hate was nothing more than ignorance
I reared death until I realized that death is nothing the end but a new
beginning...

By: G. Clearsky AKA Tripster

Justice for Missing and Murdered Aboriginal Women



Tragedy: Missing and Murdered Women

Missing and murdered women
Is a tragedy,
But it can also bring home
To the community,
Tragedy can make families sad
And make families come together.
Like mothers, fathers,
Sisters and brothers
And any other family members
Will help you get by.

Missing and murdered women
Is a tragedy,
But it can also bring hope
To the community,
Stay hoping
And try cope with the worst
Stay strong
And try to do no wrong to the beast

Missing and murdered women
Is a tragedy
But it can also bring hope to the community
There's still hope...

By: Jaguar Paw

F-E-A-R: has two meanings:

1. Forget Everything And Run
- or
2. Face Everything And Rise



The Choice is Yours!



If God Gave Me Wishes

As I sit here alone on the empty day
 Thinking of your smile, is the only way
 Although times may get hard, and times
 may get rough
 Never forget, what we have is true love
 We've been there for each other, through
 the thick and the thin
 And I promise I'll be there, for you through
 the end
 You're not just my lover, you're not just
 my friend
 Sort for the pain, but never again
 If God gave me wishes, the first one would
 be
 To see your pretty face, smiling at me
 I would cross miles and mountains, even time
 and space
 I would take every chance, even steal first base
 If I had a second wish, it would be to hold you
 in my arms
 And I wouldn't ever let you go, I swear on the
 heavens and stars
 You said we were soul mates, and I know now
 it's true
 I'm just sorry to say that, it took this long to get
 through
 I can't stop thinking about you, in ever single
 way
 I regret not saying "I love you," every single
 day
 If I had one last wish, I know what it would be
 To have and to hold, you all just for me

By: W. Stevens



My Time

I only have so much of it
 Spent with you, there's not enough of it.
 Spend yours with others, I covet it.
 Even if it takes its toll,
 Never let it touch your soul.
 For with you, I am young at heart,
 Strong, brave, youthful, timeless
 Up early, eager to start each day.
 With you, till the end I pray.
 The only obstacle to my life is...
 Time
 So each day I will give you all of mine
 Till my clock stop ticking...
 I love you with all my heart, soul and time.

By: Andre Stelle

Keepin it Real

~120 Seconds to Tell This Tale~

Only 120 seconds to tell this tale
This story, is both heaven and hell
That brought me to this place
Six months old, my father died
With six children, my mother cried
Without mercy and with grace
Sixteen times to move and move
Always a struggle, something to prove
Bruised and battered
Residential scars, she did bare
With alcohol, there was no care
Youngest in the family, I would see my life
shattered
Insecure and on the streets
No new shoes upon my feet
Met other kids, through the loneliest of
times
Joined a gang, felt alienation
Didn't realize, I was first nation
I did things to survive committed a lot of
crimes
In 97 my beautiful daughter arrived
Nine years in prison, time to survive
Walked away from all I knew
My teacher planted a seed, a guiding light
Inspired me, time to write
Poetry, aboriginal spirituality were the clue
I left prison and the scene
Knew what I could have been
Went back to school to get my education
Cancer again in my life
My brother died, so much strife
Hit the bottle hard, so much aggravation
Across Canada, took a long walk
For the youth, listen and talk
town after town, the journey came to be
On the radio, she heard my name
My teacher, my love she became
Grown from a seed, now a tree
I was surprised we'd reunite
We held hands that following night
Happiness was hard to come by
This is where I came to be
telling this story for you and me
Through hell and back, finally, I can sigh

By Ervin Chartrand



I strut these Hoodz alone.
Grinding my teeth
Mean Mugging every hater in the street
Wondering when beef is gonna pop off
So I could let the sawed off go off
And let body get hauled off
To Heaven...
One way or the other?
Shit ain't good!
But I know I am good as long as I'm in the
hood
And not in jail
But I fucked up n failed u
I didn't mean to leave you
Home, lonely and alone
By coming to jail
Knowing your going threw hell!
One thing I know is?
I love you more then I love those Railz
My word to you on that Baby!
I promise!
I will never fucking fail!
Love you 4ever N always ! Baby

By: Ronald Ducharme AKA Real Deal

Untitled

Hey old friend, misery of mine,
You haven't changed, neither have I.
So here we are again, catching up on old times,
It seems to me – I've noticed, these times are the
slowest,
These hard-times inside, my self-esteem's the lowest,
Maybe it's the monotony, the lift bend & cough,
My home away from home, bail denied time lost,
A stranger to the left, a stranger to the right,
At the end of the day, I feel I've known you my whole
life,
No matter what the case, we're all suffering inside,
They call it the Remand Centre, but to me it's "dead-
time"
At the end of the day, it don't matter what they say,
We're all still humans, and they can't take that away,
...Hey old friend, misery of mine.

By: Mister Roulette 2014

The Inside Scoop Spring/Summer Fundraiser

Congratulations!! This Inside Scoop Fundraiser has raised a record breaking \$2050.00 for the Andrews Street Family Centre. A big thank you to all the people who donated their art and poems, and you deserve a big hug or at least a pat on the back because you should be proud of yourselves and continue to express yourselves positively and beautifully. You gave 100% and it is much appreciated especially who will be attending the Andrews Street Family Centre. So keep writing and drawing. The picture shown is a cheque presented by our Literacy Coordinator, Lisa Lacosse, of the John Howard Society, and our ol' buddy Gilles Nault to Dilly Knol, Executive Director of the Andrews Street Family Centre. The Inside Scoop is always looking for more submissions of your beautiful works of art and writing for the next edition of the Inside Scoop coming out this winter. Thank you again for all your support!!!

“Eddy”



Writers and Artists, the *Scoop* needs your stuff!!



Send your poems, stories, jokes and artwork to:

The Inside Scoop
583 Ellice Avenue
Winnipeg, MB R3B 1Z7



We try to print everything we get. However, we sometimes need to edit for length, and we won't print anything that is racist, sexist, homophobic, or that glorifies violence or gang involvement.

If you have any questions about the *Scoop's* editorial policy (or anything else about the *Scoop*), give JHS a call at 204-775-1514.



The John Howard Society Peer Tutoring Program will be starting a new session in November. The program is designed to train inmates to tutor other inmates who would like assistance with reading, writing, and math. The program offers opportunities for both students and tutors. Peer Tutor sessions run for approximately five weeks and meet twice a week.

The program is designed to mainly focus on helping inmates with reading, writing and math skills. As a tutor, you will be provided with the tools and information needed to assist your fellow inmates with literacy on your ranges. It also gives you the opportunity to get off the range, meet people from the outside (volunteers) and be a part of a team. Not only is this an opportunity to invest in yourself and others, but it is an opportunity to challenge yourself and make a difference by helping others reach their goals.

There are also opportunities for students to become tutors. If you are interested in being a part of the Peer Tutor (student) team contact Lisa Lacosse, Literacy Coordinator, at 204-775-1514 ext. 306. Don't miss out on this great chance to make a difference. The John Howard Society (Lisa) will provide a graduation certificate and letter of support upon completion of the program.

**Good Luck,
Steve**



Here are some testimonials:

*"The program was the most exciting thing that happened to me during my incarceration. We shared many moments of laughter which was just what I needed to keep my spirit up. I felt like I was given the opportunity to be a valuable contribution to society rather than just an inmate. We watched films and played games." **Steve Melville***

*"It was fun having assignments to accomplish. It was pleasant and greatly preferable to boredom." **T. Goodwater***

*"The Peer Tutoring Program was and is very good and will only get better. The instructor is very upbeat and positive and she is very happy at what she does and it shows, as well as the volunteers. Not only is it very educational it gives you a sense of giving back to those who are not as educated as some. It makes you feel confident about yourself in helping others. It offers tools and educational videos to recognize and help you work with your students. I also like the sharing circles she opens every evening with, beautiful." **Eddy Cobiness***

*"Very helpful for people who are willing to learn and willing to teach. Teachers are very nice and have a lot of information for all levels of education. You leave feeling with accomplishment and confidence." **Ray Dizon***

"The peer tutoring program is an excellent program; it brings a piece of the outside world into jail. It helps you with becoming educated, but most of all it gives you a purpose and great self-esteem and confidence which enables you to walk around with your head held high. In here they try to break your spirit to control your every move. This program will allow you, when you leave to ignore the negativity of the outside world and accomplish the goals you set for yourself while taking the peer tutoring program. You will also give the confidence to your students to succeed and reach their goals when they get released. You need to educate your mind so you can stay strong and proud of your inner self. This program will give you a purpose and determination to succeed when you leave. You can do it in jail, where things are at their lowest point. You can succeed when you are on the outside and things are a little easier."

Bozidar Gomercic



Adam Beach Film Institute

Introducing our neighbor, Adam Beach, having coffee with Literacy Coordinator Lisa Lacosse.

Adam Beach rose from tragic beginnings, losing his parents at a young age, but gained comfort from relatives and foster parents who encouraged him to become the best he can be. Adam showed an interest in acting as a teenager and his talent and good looks soon had him starring in feature-length Canadian films such as “Spirit Rider” and “Dance Me Outside”. Hollywood noticed and he landed a starring role in Walt Disney’s “Squanto” which led to appearances with noted superstars such as Nicholas Cage (“Windtalkers”) and Harrison Ford (“Cowboys and Aliens”). Adam is well-known in Canada for his starring role in the CBC drama series “Arctic Air”.

Adam has always been interested in helping First Nations and Metis youth. He is actively using the experience and knowledge he has gained from his career to establish an internet film development and distribution network to provide training and employment opportunities on both sides of the camera for young people (in other words, acting and operating a camera). Adam is involved in many other ventures locally, including bringing first run movies to First Nations communities and taking over the former Ellice Café and Theatre on Ellice Avenue.

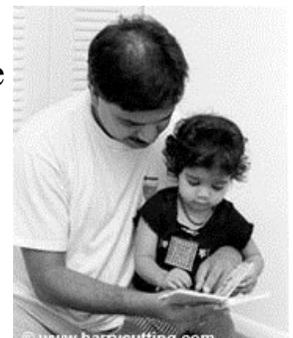
Want to Read to Your Kids from Jail?

Both the John Howard Society and the Elizabeth Fry Society run programs where incarcerated parents can record themselves reading a storybook to their child. The recording is then burnt to CD and sent to the child as a gift, along with the storybook.



These programs are free and open to anyone in Winnipeg Remand Centre, as long as you don't have a no-contact order from your child or your child's caregiver.

Give Lisa at JHS a call at 204-775-1514 ext. 303.
Ladies, contact Elizabeth Fry at 204-589-7335 ext.



Justice Day



Prisoners Justice Day: Prisoners, families, supporters question a justice system in “distress”

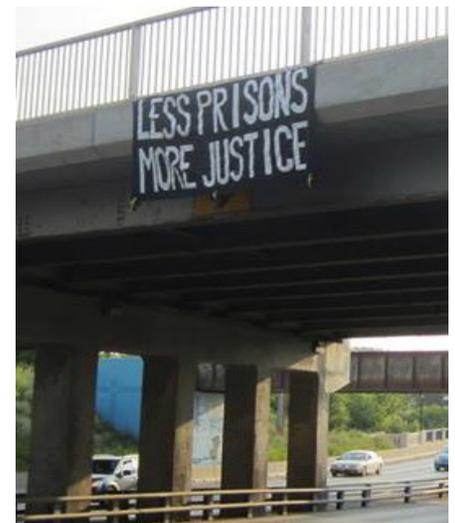
By: Mandi Gray from Elizabeth Fry Society

WINNIPEG, Manitoba - On August 10, 2014 former prisoners, their families and their supporters gathered for the 40th annual Prisoner Justice Day. A day set aside to remember those who have died of unnatural causes while imprisoned. Inside the prison system, prisoners do not work and fast in memory of those who have passed on. For those on the outside, the day began with a march starting at the Canadian Museum for Human Rights ending outside the Winnipeg Remand Centre and the Winnipeg Law Courts.

This year, approximately 60 people were in attendance ranging from former prisoners and their families, not for profit organizations who provide service to prisoners and the families of those who have died while imprisoned. The families of Kinew James, Donald Ray Moose and Terry Gerard 'T.Q.' Quill, all of whom died while imprisoned, spoke out about the circumstances leading to their untimely and unexpected deaths. Although James, Moose and Quill, were imprisoned in different prisons across the Prairies, their deaths all share hauntingly similar circumstances. Some of these circumstances were addressed during this year's Prisoners Justice Day including:

- 1) An over-representation of Aboriginal people. Howard Sapers, the Correctional Investigator for Correctional Service Canada, recently reported that 60% of the prisoners at Stony Mountain Institution are Aboriginal. The same report also stated that Aboriginal women are the fastest growing prison population in Canada. Their over-representation far exceeds the over-representation of Aboriginal men.
- 2) Inadequate access to health services. While imprisoned, prisoners only give up mobility rights under the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Prisoners remain entitled to services that are available to those in the community. Unfortunately, due to the stigma of being imprisoned, budget cuts and over-population of many Canadian prisons, even basic health needs, including mental health care are often neglected.
- 3) The Moose and Quill family also spoke out regarding their lack of closure. The families still have many questions remaining due to inadequate answers from the justice system. Despite inquests and recommendations to prevent future deaths from similar causes, it is obvious this is not an adequate response, as prisoners continue to die each year of preventable causes.

The theme of this year's event is “justice in distress”. This term was borrowed from an ongoing struggle currently taking place in Ontario's Joyceville Institution. Four years ago, prisoners designed T-shirts for Prisoners Justice Day. The image on the shirt is an upside down Maple leaf to demonstrate Canadian justice ‘in distress’. The shirts were banned by Public Safety Minister. This ban is currently in the appeal process in the courts. Participants of Sunday's event wore the same T-shirts to show support for Prisoners' Freedom of Speech in solidarity with those at Joyceville Institution.



The Artist's Voice

Eddy Cobiness has been drawing for many years. He is particularly passionate about creating works that celebrate and honour Aboriginal history and cultural traditions, and that offer commentary and insight about the world around us.

Inside Scoop artists, please feel free to share your "voice" by writing to us about the thoughts, feeling and ideas behind some of your work.

Sisters

This drawing here was inspired by my daughters. But it's for all the sisters and even the older girls too. I always tell my girls, Mercedes and Shalana, they are beautiful and they can do whatever they set their minds and hearts on in life to reach and achieve their goals. I tell them whether they think they can or think they can't, they'll be right. I tell them their father loves them very much and I say that from the heart. Maybe I'm talking from a father's point of view. I also say that a lady doesn't have to wear that much make-up or doesn't have to wear two hundred dollar shoes or have a name brand purse, and it doesn't matter which clique of people they hang with in life. Love the skin you're in. 95% of those people you went to school with you'll never see again in life. I tell my girls don't take anything personal. It has nothing to do with you what other people say or do to you. What they say and do is just a reflection of their own fears and insecurities. What I'm saying of the girl in this picture is true love and respect comes from the heart. If you can truly learn to love and respect yourself that is beauty. The butterflies represent the love and respect that comes from the heart because what you put out in energy you will get back, and that is RESPECT.

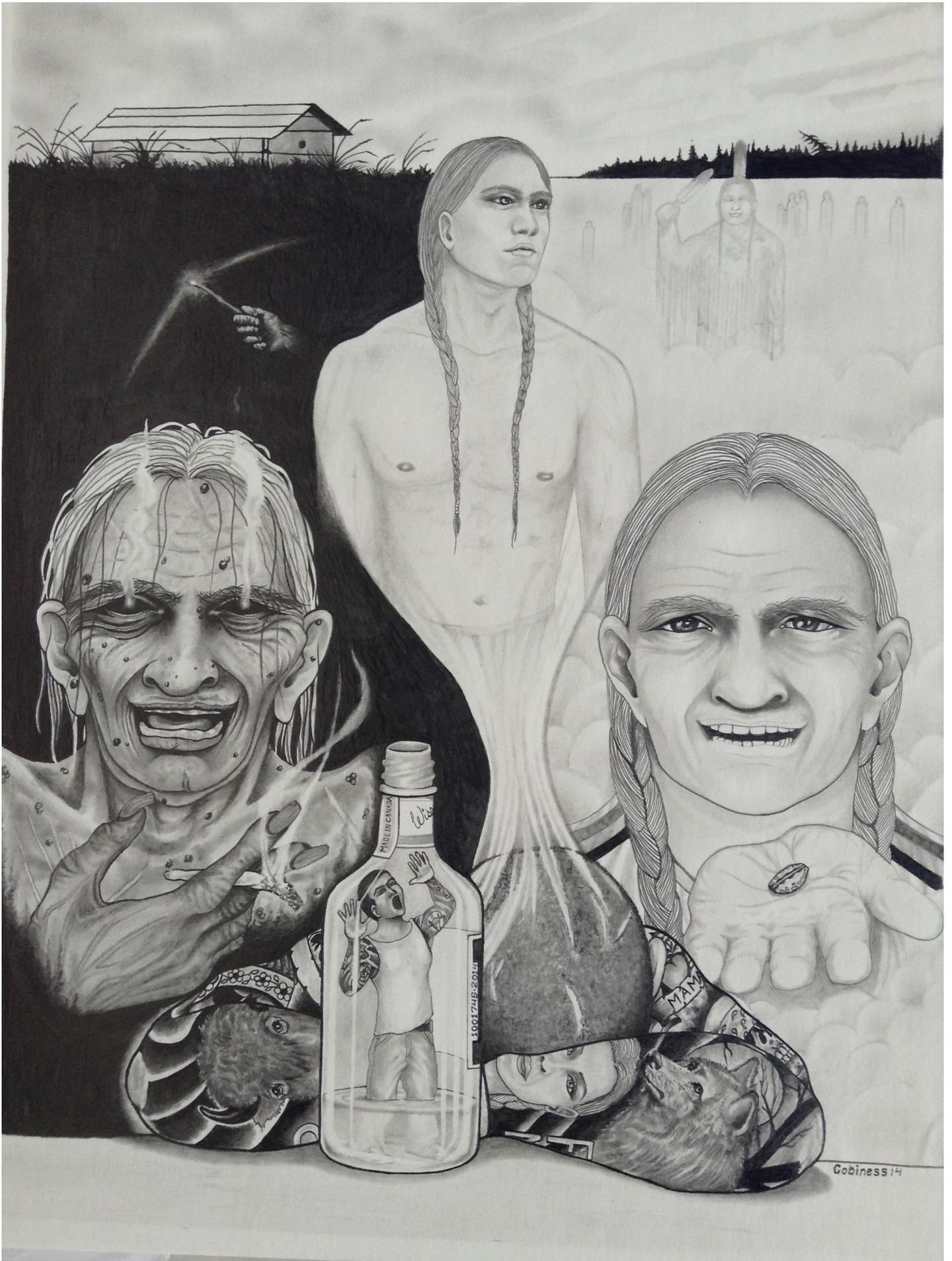
Eddy Cobiness

Purpose

This piece was inspired by my dreams and thoughts. I thought I'd share with you. Maybe to open your eyes and to think about your own path as to where you are in life and where you wanna be and where you wanna go. In the picture the brother just got out of an institution. It doesn't matter which one, they're all the same it is not the point. The point is he's been 'doing time in a bottle'. Self-medicating himself with alcohol and or drugs for the momentary sense of feeling better about himself, believing it'll all go away, but in reality we know it'll only get worse. It always does. The guy in the picture is passed out. In Native teachings, they say our spirit is connected to our earthly bodies by the top of our heads. In the picture his spirit is sad and is looking off to the spirit world where we hence came from because that is where he wants to go; back to his people, his relatives. The older guy is holding a 'meekis shell' which was what Creator blew his breath through to give life to the Anishinabe which means, 'First Man' of our people to help guide our people to find their way in hard times. The Elder is trying to give the shell to the guy to help him find his way back to Creator and his people. The young man doesn't take it believing he's in control, also out of fear of what others will think or say. We were sent hear from the spirit world with a purpose and responsibilities. We have responsibilities to our children, our people and to Creator. By not taking our responsibilities seriously we are turning our backs to them. I've lost loved ones to violence and to alcohol and drugs. Life is not a party. The end result is the guy on the left. Native teachings say you'll wander in darkness just with an amber stick for eternity with him laughing at you.

We've been told these things by our parents, our Elders and our teachers, like when we go to powwows or ceremonies, you feel at home and you feel like you are where you belong and you get a sense of peace. It seems like how can I say 'déjà vu' or like you heard those songs before. We know these things from the spirit world, it's called 'blood memory'. If we don't like our lives, we gotta start making better decisions and take responsibility for our thoughts, words and actions in life which will reflect on ourselves to help and take responsibility for our children, spouses and our People. Stop playing the blame game: 'It's not my fault'. Just as day is light and night is dark guaranteed, we'll all have our day. I'd like to leave you with this thought: "I've read or heard somewhere it's a natural emotion and way of dealing with fear to see a child cry because he's scared of the dark, but it's really sad to see a man who is afraid of the light".

Your brother and friend Eddy





My Healing Journey

My healing journey is how I deal, cope and live positively with my past memories. Giving back to my community in a positive way is how I cope with my past memories and of all the bullshit I have done in my life. Those memories are the reason I want to change to become a better person, a better person for my children, my family, my friends and my community.



At a young age I was taught the wrong way to live. I was taught to steal to survive. I was taught to use violence to get what I want. I was taught to lie and cheat to get my ways. I have no one to blame, but myself, my choices are my choices. I can't change what I have done, but I can change what I do. I know now why I must change my negative lifestyle. Those lifestyles carry some negative consequences and those consequences can break a person's spirit. I look back and think of all the people I hurt emotionally, mentally, physically and spiritually and feel so bad for all those choices. Looking back helped me realize how I as a father, a family member, a friend and a community member have an influence on others. So yes I can learn from my past and not repeat the same mistakes.

The love for my family is my strength and courage to persevere through my struggles in life. My recovery and my changes is my own healing journey. Everyone has their own healing journey and they are the ones who can choose how to walk it. I have a lot of guilt and shame for how I lived my life, I feel like I owe my community in many ways. It's not just my community; it's all the time spent away from my family too! I started my healing journey in jail with help from Elders, school teachers and the people I was taught to never trust (The Guards). I also use the support from my family and positive friends to stay on my recovery. I ain't saying you have to be a rat to be on a healing journey, no one should ever cause more problems for others, you make the changes in your own life for a better future. I deal with my guilt by talking to people I trust, I help people when I know their struggling with something, I participate in fundraisers in the community, I attend sweats or other ceremonies, I write or find other ways, if that way is not working out. No matter which way I choose I don't give up on myself. Doing the things I mentioned there has made me feel good inside. I try to wake up every morning and remind myself of my own healing journey. I ain't perfect, but I try my best to do more good things throughout my days, and that's what makes me feel good when I lay down at the end of the day.

This is only a small part of what I can write about my healing journey and for anyone who's reading this I can only say one thing, you choose the path you walk and if the path you are on ain't working, positive changes are only choices away.

"You choose the path you walk"

"Perseverance is success"

Your friend McKenzie. S 218749E





POETRY

18 Bars and 3 Walls Bound Me

As the ink leaves the pen and stains into the paper I wait to see what the ink blotches will create this time. A line here, a circle there, I let the pen do most the work. I do my best work when I just go with the flow of the ink and let my mind wonder. It's the only thing of me they can't bound up.

By: GMZ



Mother Nature (Save her)

I hate to see people suffer and go through that pain.
Kids dying of hunger the world's going insane,
Miracles happen, but it's just not enough,
My country's health care is for free and yours is corrupt,
Instead of Captain America it's Captain Canada,
Take it back to eighteen twelve and we ain't mad at ya,
And when I get rich, I'll make a donation,
When you see red and white and a maple leaf that is my nation,
And I'm proud of my heritage full treaty status,
Until Jesus comes home, the world will keep living through this madness,
We ain't got nuclear weapons and if we do it's only to protect us,
The world might live through another hundred years only if mother nature lets us,
The world's going through a stage where it might cleanse itself,
We might have a chance only if we immerse our self,
Quit burning up the trees just to make paper,
Mother Earth is out home I think it's time that we save her.
God Bless

By Goldenboy, Mother Nature, (save her)



Change and Courage

Whenever trouble comes your way, let it be an opportunity for when your faith is tested, your endurance has a chance to grow. So let it grow, for when your endurance is fully developed you will be strong and ready for anything that may come your way. Sometimes God lets you hit rock bottom so that you will discover that he is your rock, your light at the bottom and to find the courage to press on through the dark. Where my light is my might in the dark, strengthening my whole body, my mind, and my spirit that I want to be a better person and to be successful in my life, keep an open mind which generates desires, thoughts, hopes, and dreams. Discipline your mind of the thought that anything given to you to decide. Success in life goes to the person who has the courage to dream, the ability to change and the strength to execute and commit yourself to something great, it will change your life and feel better about yourself. Taking the opportunity to make a new start in my life so I walk on, live free, and live strong always be yourself and be true to yourself.

By: Doug Abraham – Little Lee





Put Myself Behind These Bars Again

My freedom is so far away again. Why did I do this to myself again?

Think before I act is easier said than done
I've hurt the people I love so, out there they cry and wait

They forgive me for the hurt and pain I've caused them. Can I forgive myself for the pain I have within. I've taken for granted the love and teaching they have given me. I'm so sorry please don't cry for me. I will make it all better in time, you will see.

I want to change and forget my past. They hold it on me it is so strong. I'll fight to the end and break its grasp. Show my family that love they deserve at last. These cuffs and shackles will mean no more, that ring on my girls finger will be forever more.

My thoughts are so clear, as I breathe that fresh air. I'll gallop with the deer while that mirror shatters in the rear.

Triumph is a word that is so clear. I'll make sure my way never show up in another mirror. I'll pray for all of you in here, to overcome your demons, and stay away from here.

By: Justin Kirchen

POETRY



She's Not Answering the Phone

She's not answering the phone
My heads spinning in circles
I wish I had more money
I wish I sold some purples
I wanna send her some cash
I wanna get back to the street
Gotta provide that meat
I'm locked in a cell
It's my living hell
I love you baby even though I'm not well
They say I'm sick in the head
They reserved me a bed
They won't give me bail
Cause they said I'd fail
So baby please answer the phone
I just wanna come home

By: Kristoffer Stavem



Real Eyes, Realize, Real Lies

I will fulfill my will 2 live, not to kill myself 2 die 4 thrill. I've come 2 see it's selfish of me because my life means more 2 others more than I cared 2 know, but I bare 2 show that life's just not fair. Though what I write reality due 2 sober mentality, I do rejoice not sober by choice truthfully I don't admire it is just fact I'm inspired by it.

Imprisoned by my poor decisions feels as though life's a comatose where it goes I do not know 4 this is something the future beholds, what I know and it shows I'm getting old from head 2 toe. I'm sick of being a living breathing demon sometimes, I feel I would've been better off as semen. It's hard 2 swallow everywhere I go this evil anger and hatred follows in the midst of this it's my girl I miss, I commence it's sever intense. The time is here if not it's near 2 stop the tears and merely interfere of the life of the 1 I hold so dear, from all this stress my life's a mess just because I bred the best I've learned the hard way life's a test and birds don't shit inside their nest doesn't mean I deserve 2 be deprived 2 hold the 1 bred close 2 my chest.

I've made mistakes that shakes my head until it breaks it drives me in a circle of self-destruction health deduction from drug, consumption @ this rate I know my fate I'll take 1 guess it's not 2 great it's not 2 l8te 2 change that fate I just need some faith 2 make it great. As 4 all the bad I can't change that and 4 that I'm sorry but also sad. As seasons flow I've let my displeasing reasons go so I'm not mad but not quite glad. There's no other time, but now 2 do what I know how and that's 2 do what's right and put up a fight 4 the 1 I've longed 2 hold so tight. Just because I'm a dad that's reason enough 2 give all I've ever had all that I have.

**By: Kyle Christopher James Desjarlais
AKA Rude Boi**

What's Your Case

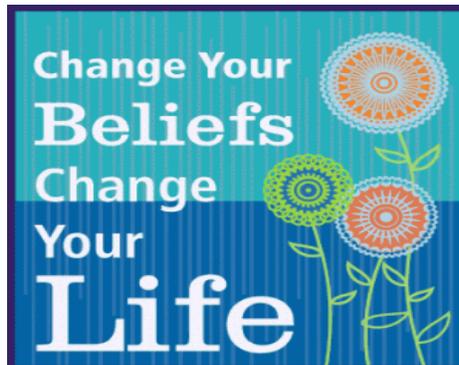
Locked up in these walls, you living it at those balls
7 dollars for one call, you stress out I can tell cus you bawl.
Oh that's nice I read baby starts to crawl.
Ya, I'm stressed, you're right.
I can't catch them kids as they fall.
I'm almost out, the doors are open and I'm standing tall.
Are you ready my boys in this cell waiting for their stall.
Wish it was like the Bible, I sing praises like Paul.
Shit that just a story, maybe you can hear it any life on Maury.
Cus the TV on, and these wanna be homies are acting like kids and
they're over forty.
The requests are in for the father, but they can't pray Lordy, Lordy.
But if the timing is right.
All this grace is for nothing for we still fight.
So we stand on our toes because who knows whose are foes,
and when our mothers and fathers bury us, in our pocket shined a black
rose.
As the judge swings the hammer this poem is case closed.

By: C - Wood

The Person You Once Knew

I'm not the person
You once knew.
No longer 'the kid'
It's sad, but true.
Many years have passed
To begin anew.
I've changed my ways
And you should too.
The boy I was when
I left that Rez
Shackled and bound
Now free I sprang
For tha man.
As for my debt
I shall pay my due
And keep mistakes
Far and few
And now next time
We meet you might ask
Who, for I'm not the
Person you once knew.

*By: Kirby Hamilton. AKA
Kay Drop*



Untitled

All my brothers, my sisters keep
coming back
Mind wasn't focused got caught
up by the fact
We got different problems, we
need true support
Maybe a friend to show at court
That will bring me some satis-
faction
Knowing I got to do time for my
actions
This life of mine is no Disney
Fairy Tale
There once was light, but now
it's dark like hell
Sitting here makes me think too
much, I think I'm going crazy
Thinking about that court bull-
shit, I can't let it phase me
"2013" no day of freedom for
me
Now its "2014" got out, got back
in for a breach
I know what got me here
My stupidity and my greed
For once it wasn't alcohol
But it was my love and affection
that brought me back here
Now, I'll probably won't see my
babe for another fucking year!

By: Drawde

The Struggle for Change

I grew up poor I never really had shit,
How I made it through those days you can tell its magic,
It's tragic, hungry days I couldn't stand it,
See a purse in a car, smash the window, grab it,
Goddammit, is this the way my life has got to be?
Looking over both shoulders just to see who follows me.
Cuz honestly, I'm sick of this gutter living shit,
Cousins, sister, mother, brothers, we are all living it.
I'm viewed as an idiot and judged for the things I've done
But everyone makes mistakes, but still I'm labelled as dumb,
It's time to change, I'm young, move on to bigger better things,
So I'm looking towards the future and whatever it brings,
Yeah I've been down and out to the point of hopeless times,
But my future is what I make it, gotta keep an open mind.

By: Tyler Keenatch



BOOK & BAKE SALE



The literacy department held our annual book and bake sale at the Sherbrook Street Festival. The book and bake sale went very well. We earned \$655.00 for the literacy program's peer tutor kits and another \$300.00 for the Inside Scoop fundraiser for the Andrew's Street Family Centre food program. The set-up was not ideal as we only had two tables and could not really organize the books, but people poked through the boxes and were generally very generous. We will look to hold another book and bake sale again in the spring with Daniel Mac's rummage sale so we hope to see you there. Thank you to all those who donated books, and those who helped with the sale and those who bought books your generous donations will help us to continue our work in the literacy department.



Jail House Humour

Three iron workers are working on a high rise. Lunch time comes and the first worker opens up his lunch and says "bologna, everyday my wife makes me bologna, if I get bologna tomorrow I'm jumping off". The second guy opens his lunch and says "Salami, every day I get salami, if I get salami tomorrow I'm jumping off." The third guy opens his lunch and says "Ham, every day I get ham, if I get ham tomorrow I'm jumping off."

The next day comes and all three are nervous before lunch. The first guy opens his lunch and says "Whew, peanut butter." The second guy opens his lunch and says "Wow, pastrami what a relief." The third guy just gets up and jumps off the building. The first guy looks at the second guy and says "He makes his own lunch."



There was a man who rang the huge church bell every Sunday up in the tower, he lived there. No one ever saw him. One day when he was ringing the huge bell he fell and smashed his face against the bell and died. No one knew his name so they checked his pockets and found out his name was John Doe. The people asked if anyone knew John Doe and one man replied, the name doesn't sound familiar but his face sure rings a bell.



A burglar was robbing a house and he was putting the house belongings into a bag when he heard a voice say, "Jesus is watching you". Shocked and frightened the burglar looked around and saw nothing. He continued to put the house valuables into the bag, and again heard the voice say, "Jesus is watching you". This time he was really frightened so he looked further. He saw a parrot on a perch in the corner of the room. Relieved he said to the parrot, "I suppose you are Jesus?" The parrot replied, "No I am Moses". To this the burglar stated, "What kind of idiots would name a parrot Moses?" The parrot replied, "The same kind of idiots that named their pit bull Jesus."



A Captain of a ship was walking back to his cabin after a night of drinking. As he was walking he threw up all over the front of his captain uniform. He then noticed two sailors approaching him. Embarrassed the Captain did not know what to do. He looked up and saw a crewman on the upper deck having a cigarette. He called out to the sailors; "Sailors give that crewman up there five days in the ships brig. He puked on me". The sailors hauled off the crewman.

The Captain woke up the next morning hung over and feeling bad for the crewman. He called in the sailors He said to the sailors; "What happened to the crewman I sentenced to five days in the brig for puking on me?" The sailor replied, "He is doing 10 days Captain". The Captain said 10 days I only sentenced him to five days". The sailor replied, "Yes, Captain, but when we put you to bed we found out that he shit in your pants too."

Happy Holidays
from us to you!



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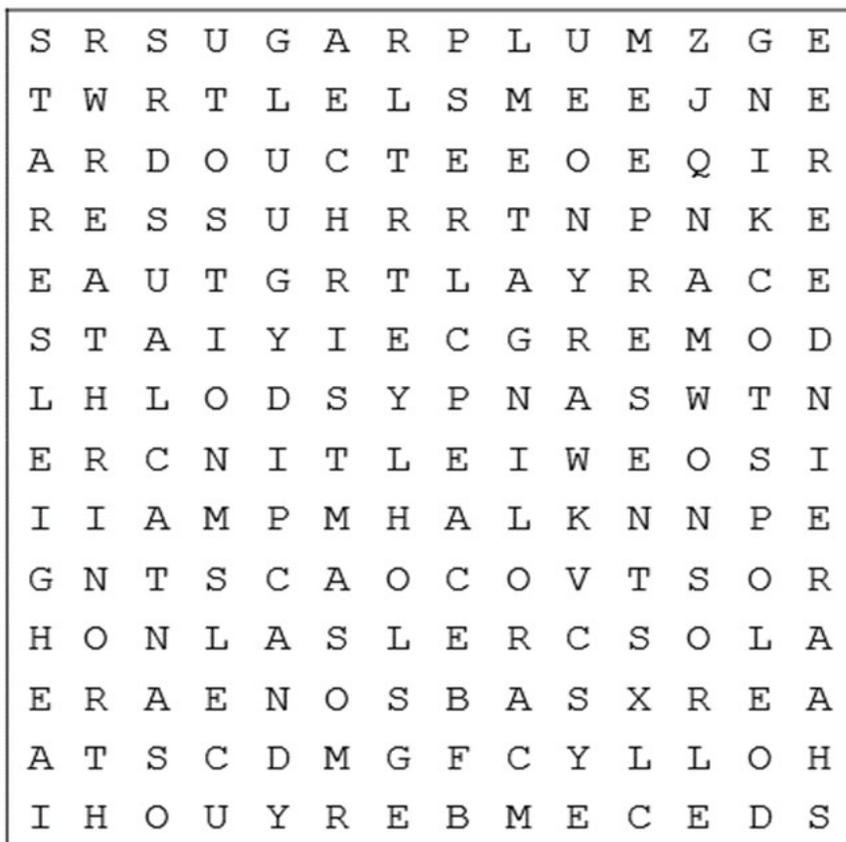


**Happy
New
Year 2015**



Christmas Day

December 25th



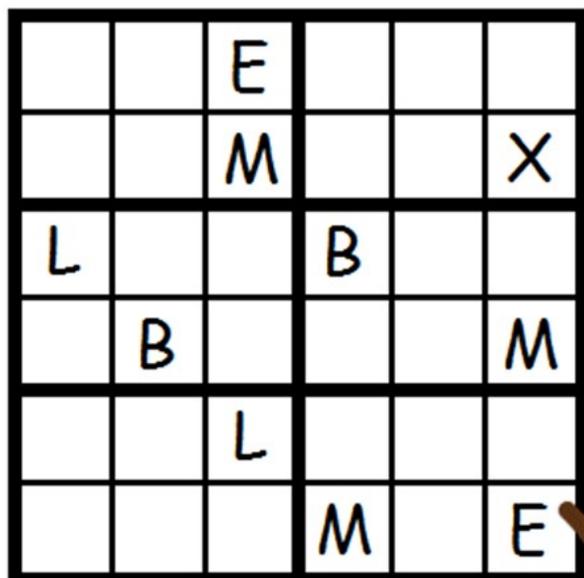
CANDY
CANE
CAROLING
CHRISTMAS
DECEMBER
HOLLY
LIGHTS
MERRY

MISELTOE
NORTH
POLE
PEACE
PRESENTS
REINDEER
SANTA CLAUS
SLEIGH

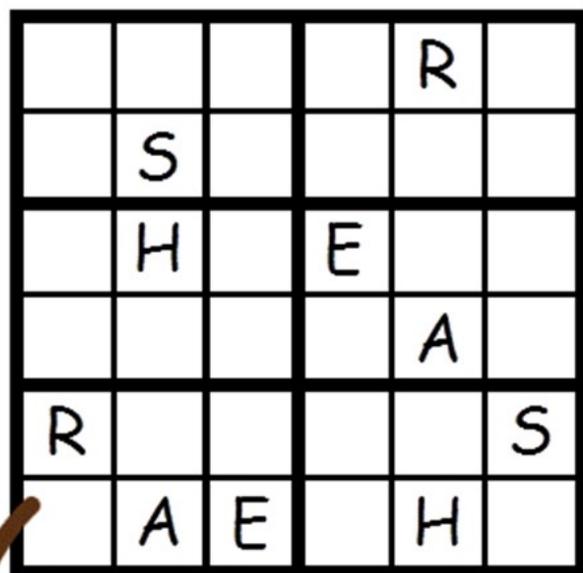
SNOWMAN
STAR
STOCKING
SUGARPLUM
TREE
WREATH



REINDEER SUDOKU

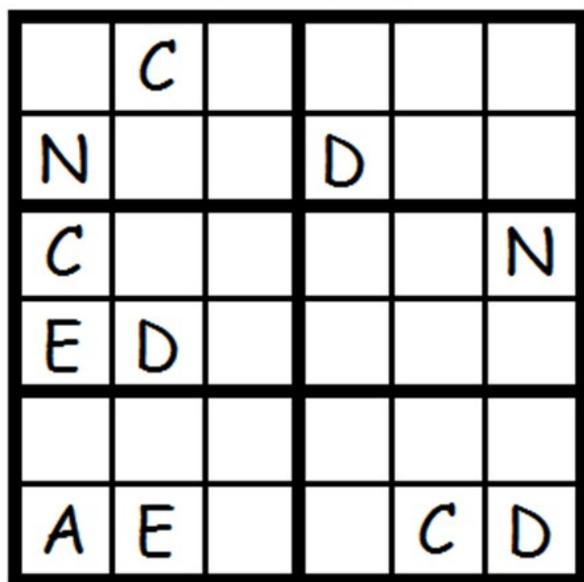


BLIXEM

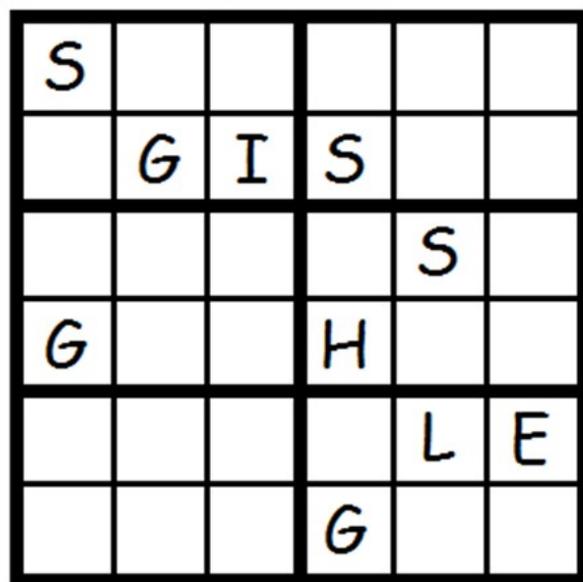


DASHER

DANCER



SLEIGH



Twelve Days of Christmas

1



6

12

10

2

4

3



11

CALLING BIRDS
CHRISTMAS
DAYS
DRUMMERS
DRUMMING
FRENCH HENS
GEESE

GOLDEN RINGS
LAYING
LEAPING
LORDS
MAIDS
MILKING
PARTRIDGE

PEAR TREE
PIPERS
PIPING
SWANS
SWIMMING
TURTLE DOVES
TWELVE

8

9

7

5



Christmas Crossword



ACROSS

1. Pumpkin or mincemeat
3. Santa's ride
6. Celebration
8. Newborn
9. Northpole crew
13. Word of praise
14. Words on a Christmas card
17. It's opened on Christmas

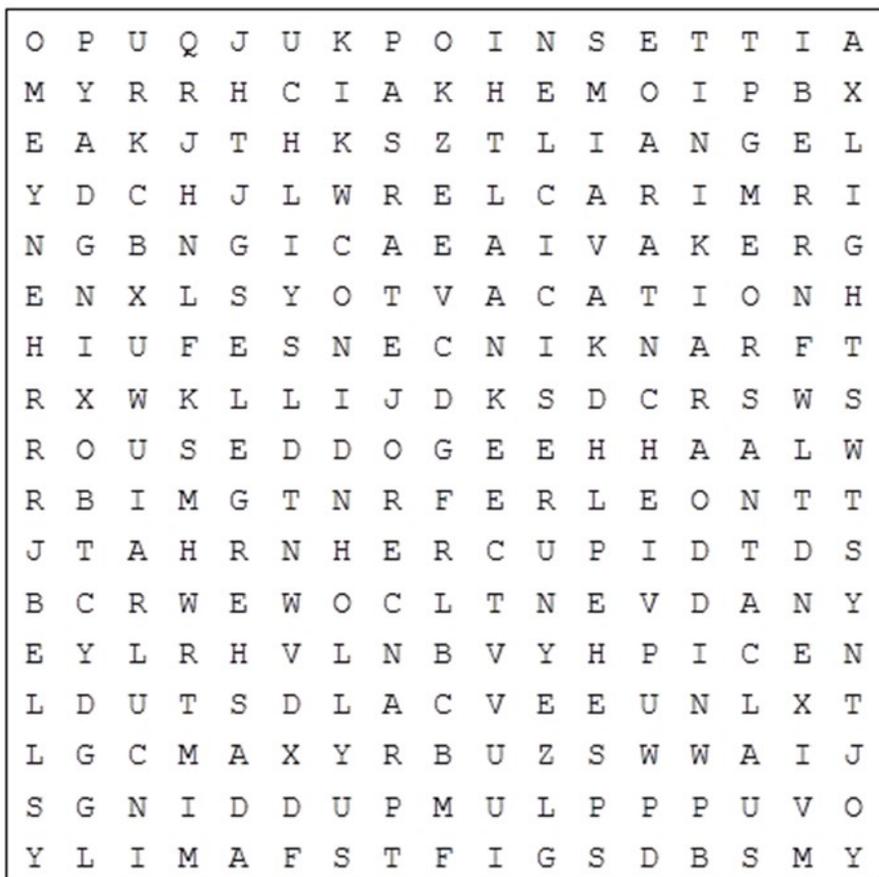
DOWN

1. Alternative word to 17 across
2. Christmas drink
4. Christmas dinner centerpiece
5. Dec. holiday
7. Christmas warmer
8. "Jingle _____"
10. Christmas tree
11. O. Henry's "The Gift of the ___"
12. What carolers do
15. French Christmas.
16. Snow glider





Up on the House Top



ADVENT
ANGEL
BELLS
BOXING DAY
CAMEL
CANDY
CUPID
DASHER
DONNER
ELVES

FAMILY
FRANKINCENSE
GIFTS
HOLLY
ICICLE
JOY
LIGHTS
MIRACLE
MYRRH
NOEL

PLUM PUDDING
POINSETTIA
PRANCER
RED
REINDEER
SANTA CLAUS
STAR
TOYS
VACATION
VIXEN

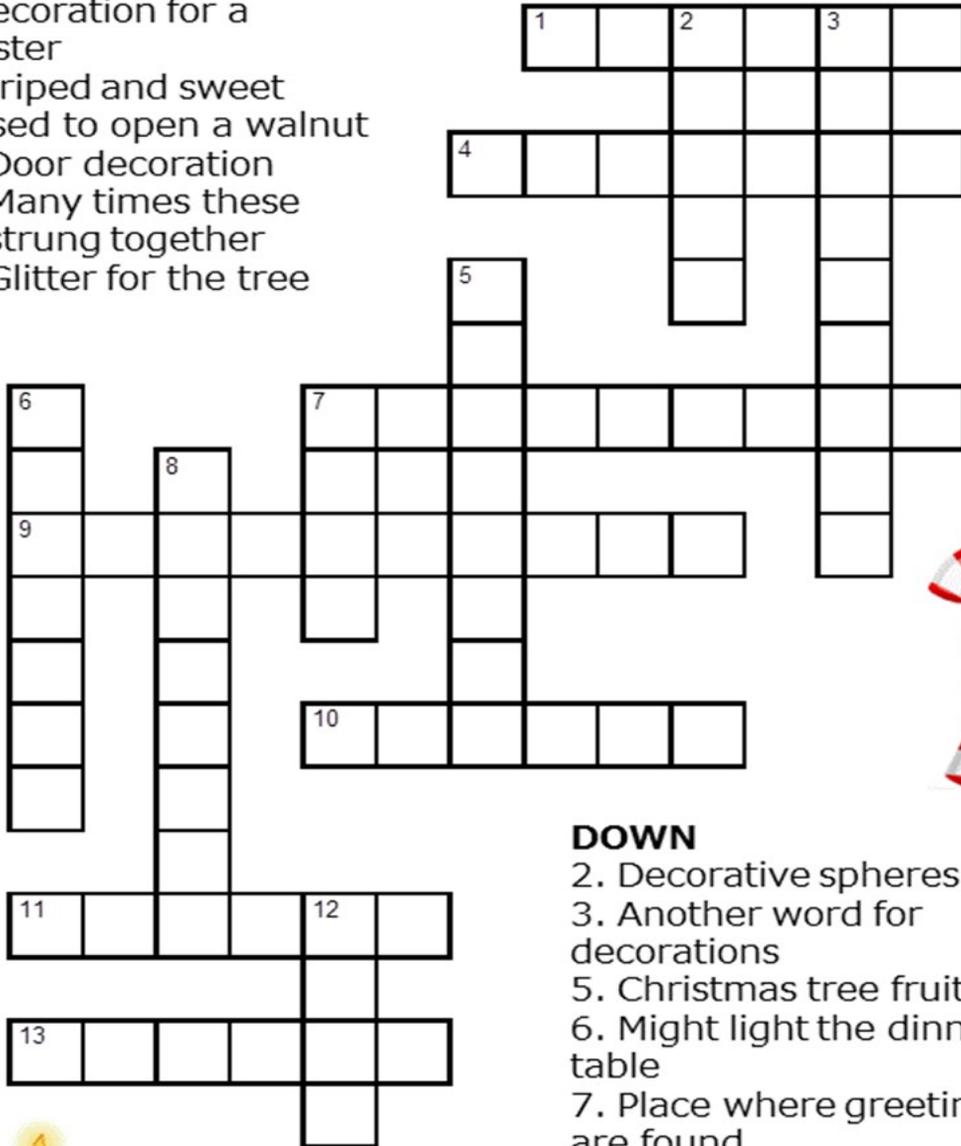




Christmas Decorating

ACROSS

- 1. Used to wrap a present
- 4. Decoration for a banister
- 7. Striped and sweet
- 9. Used to open a walnut
- 10. Door decoration
- 11. Many times these are strung together
- 13. Glitter for the tree



DOWN

- 2. Decorative spheres
- 3. Another word for decorations
- 5. Christmas tree fruit
- 6. Might light the dinner table
- 7. Place where greetings are found
- 8. Hung by the chimney
- 12. Might be cedar, fir or pine



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