

THE INSIDERS SCOOP

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

Summer 2015

Time

Time is with us in every way
Time goes by with every day
Time that's wasted
Time well spent
Time that's taken
Time to reflect
Time to time in life we forget
Time in jail we sit in regret
Time is against us time is you
friend
Time of the past time in the trends
Time is money
Time is sweet
Time is boring
Time is weak
Time is soaring
Time is neat
Time to get a watch, Ok that was
mean
Time is the same for you and for
me
Time is not east but it's the way
it's gotta be.

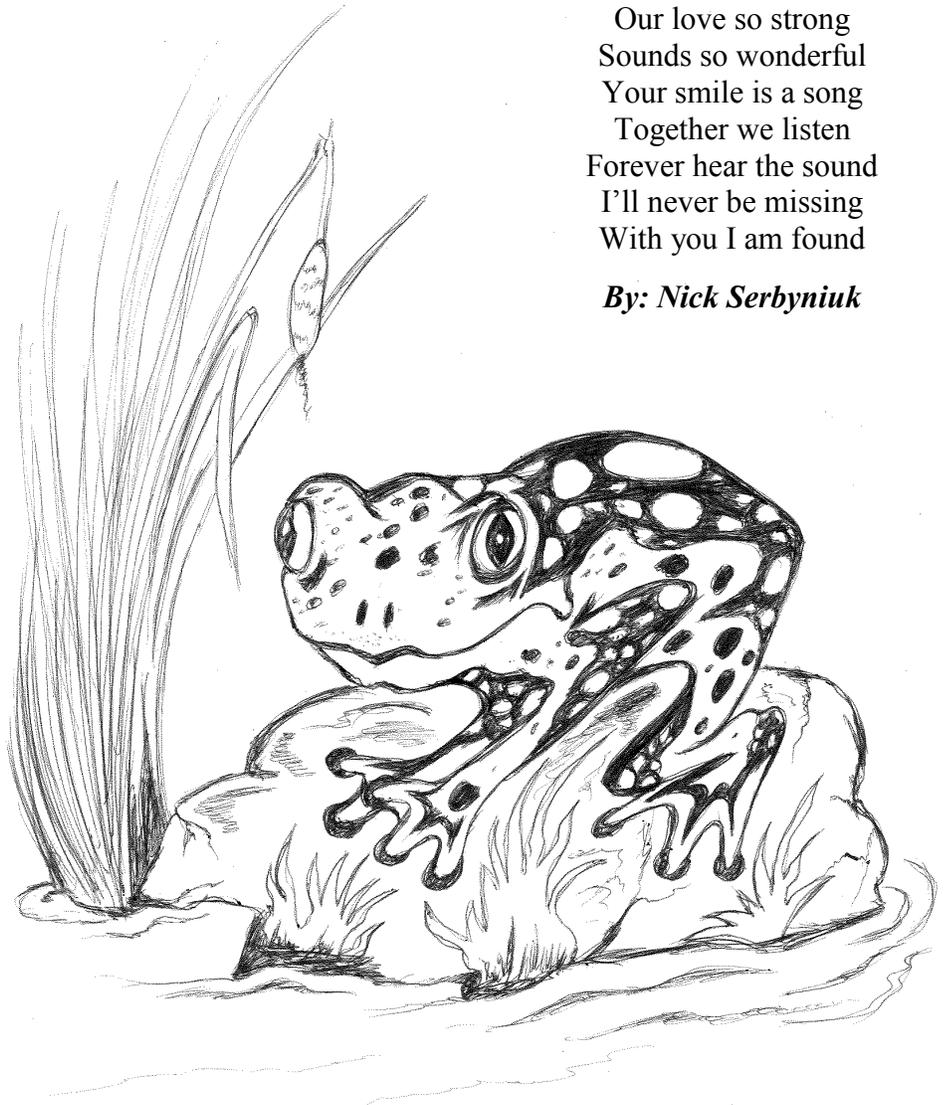
By: Nick Serbyniuk



With You I Am Found

You're so beautiful
Our love so strong
Sounds so wonderful
Your smile is a song
Together we listen
Forever hear the sound
I'll never be missing
With you I am found

By: Nick Serbyniuk



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.



FROM THE EDITOR



Bozhoo, Tansi, Anin!

Greetings, loyal readers!! Welcome to the summer 2015 issue of the *Inside Scoop*.

The *Scoop* is published by a group of inmate volunteers who are students in the John Howard Society Literacy Program. They do all of the planning, design and editing for the *Scoop*, including things like contests and special features.

In this edition we are featuring our 7th Annual Poetry Contest. Our poetry contest deadline is August 31, 2015. Prizes for top poems are gift certificates from a local bookstore, which incarcerated winners can either save for when they get out, or leave it with us along with a book shopping list for special delivery. The entry form is on page 19, so check it out and send us your poems!!!

Just a reminder that our *Get The Story Out* Program is up and running out of the Winnipeg Remand Centre and Headingley Correction Centre. This program was designed to help dads in jail to keep in better contact with their families. Free of charge, you may choose a storybook from our collection, make a recording of yourself reading it to your child (or grandchild, or little brother, or nephew, etc.), and we will send the book and CD recording to the child as a gift from you. (Please note that the John Howard Society is unable to do a recording for you if you have a no-contact order from the child or the child's caregiver or if the caregiver does not give their consent to receiving the gift). See page 16 for more details.

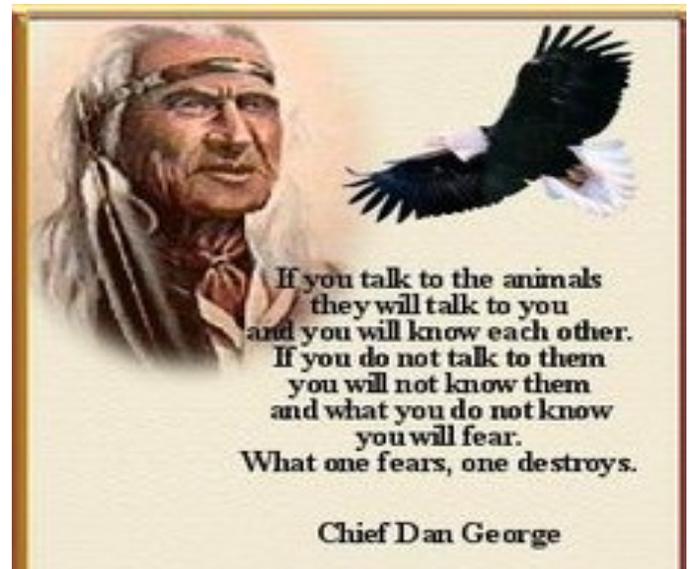
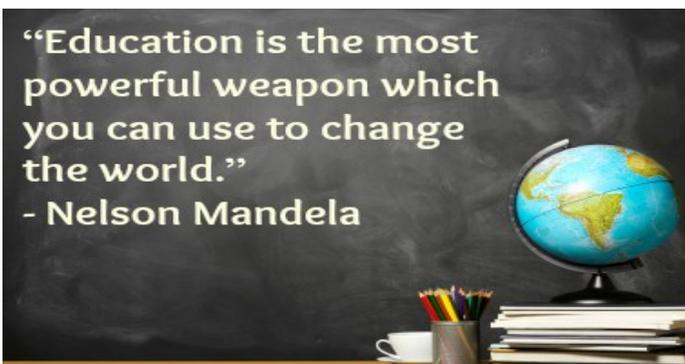
Our Literacy Program has ended for another year and will start again in July. Besides being at the Winnipeg Remand Centre we are now going to Milner Ridge Correction Centre to do a pilot Peer Tutoring Program. In the fall we will be going to Headingley Correction Centre as well to teach two Peer Tutoring sessions. So sign up for the program because it will be educational, interesting and fun. Just read the two testimonies on page 13 of this issue of *The Inside Scoop*.

I hope you enjoy this issue and that it inspires you to submit your writing for the next edition, coming out in fall 2015!!

In closing, I hope you enjoy the poetry, art and other contributions we offer in this edition of the *Inside Scoop*. Remember, you can become part of our newsletter by sending us your contribution. We welcome your input always.

Take care and have a great summer!!
Ekosi, until next time,

Lisa Lacosse,
Literacy Coordinator





POETRY



Please Protect Me

Please forgive me Lord have my soul to keep so when I parish my blessings don't fall asleep. Please forgive me Lord I've been fair in these streets, but I've been baptized by cognac 'Hennessey.' Tainted, guided, taught by them gangster folk, they taught me how to steer straight with a velvet rope, and what to do when demons around try and provoke. When I'm just trying to live my life, that's what I spoke to 'Him', same kind of story like 'Murder she wrote.' But it isn't easy being amongst us you know, we've been tested, stressed it before the Good Times rolled. But even smooth sailing will take its toll. More money, more problems, you already know...so what's new? Nothing, same old tussling, same old hustle, same old loud mouth monsters! So what do we do? Put smoke in the air, maybe stay silent, or relate in that all black, gain high mileage, young and so fly feeling like you've on auto-pilot...But all means nothing for I have sinned, knocked on the devils door and I walked right in. So oh Lord, protect me as I walk right in. Please protect me as I walk right in...Forgive my sins (prompt for prayer-here).

By: Sante Stylez



Protection does not come in a bottle. It is in me, in my actions, in my thoughts. I am the best medicine for myself. I am the cure and the disease.

Belly of the Beast

Check the listing, this my petition, so many soldiers around the ward with their babies missing. Collect for calls, guards listen, ain't no privacy offenders on their own mission... We went from stacks to stacking dishes, how ironic because we started with no pot to piss in... My mother hurt, my daddy dissin' like (why'd you follow in my steps, you ain't get the message?). Year and a day, no severance pay, I ran the block, they gave me props because I paved the way. But forget the rep', they took that all away, if I could rewind all my time or start a new tape, I probably would forget the hood, or did it different man I swear I wish my brothers would. Get out my face or give your head a shake, because you don't know how I've been feeling boy I'll walk away... Besides, I need my girl, she means the world, when I get out I'll lay her down and make her toes curl. My sweet love, with sweet curves, I'll lick her lips like some desert, my strawberry swirl. Give her my child, plant a new seed... All in her tummy she'll hold a piece of the new me.

Sing:

I just want to get you next to me, (girl..)
I need your body just to get myself to sleep
Behind these bars I've been awake 52 weeks (girl..)
It's like a farm, but I can't even count the sheep
I'm with some animal trying to get the best of me, (girl...)
Just let me tell you that I'm done with all the heat
Please baby tell me how much you've been missing me, (girl..)
I need something sweet while in the Belly of the Beast.

By: Sante Stylez





Story

One morning, there were four brothers. They were experienced hunters, and the land had been very good to them. The sun was still new in the sky when they started out for their hunt that day. They were well fed and ready to go, with their skins well taken care of, and their clothing would keep them very warm. As they left, there was not a lot of wind, and it was too cold for mosquitoes, so it was a good day to hunt.

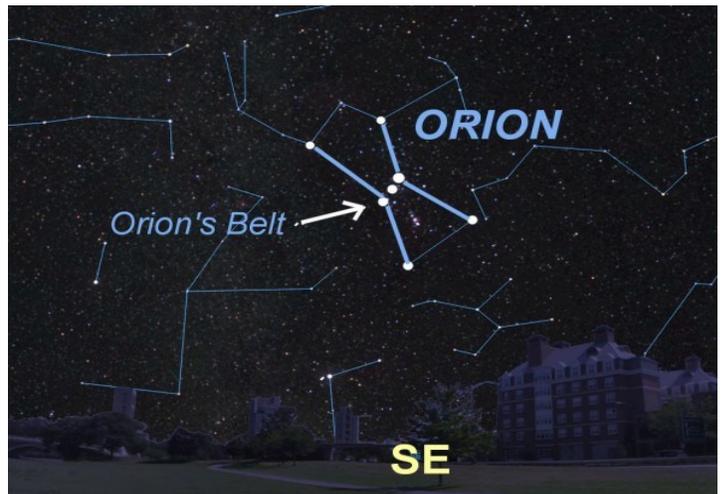
The four brothers headed out to hunt caribou. Their emotions were high and joyous with the beauty the day had offered. They walked far, but did not find any caribou. After awhile though, they saw an old great white bear on the horizon. He was fat and his fur was shiny, and looked healthy and strong, but did not run like most older bears do. He just stood there looking at them. Most bears know to stay away from hunters, but this one just watched them with no fear in his eyes. With their dogs just a head of them, they thought they could catch that bear so they headed in his direction.

After a long time, they were not getting any closer. The land and the time felt different, almost like it did not exist. It was like the land was moving, while they were not moving at all. One of the brothers slowed his pace, and became suspicious of the situation. He tried to tell the others to stop, he looked up, the sun had moved, but they were getting nowhere. He called again, but no one listened. They were not going to give up the chase. Then he noticed, he had dropped his mitt. They laughed and called out to him, “we’re still going”, and he could still hear their voices laughing. He didn’t let their mocking bother him. He went back, found his mitt and thought, “how could they catch a bear?” When he turned back, they were gone. He followed footprints in the snow, but soon they faded and disappeared. He was stunned. He looked in all directions, but could not see anyone, not an animal or person in sight. It was getting dark and colder the sun had disappeared. So he had no choice, but to turn back and return to camp.

Immediately going to the medicine man to see if he knew what had taken place. The medicine man was a very kind and wise old man, not only a great hunter, but helps to find answers when the people cannot. He helps to heal the sick and the lost. After a long time thinking and praying, the medicine man laughed and told him: “I know where your brothers and that wise old bear you speak of went. Do you see that row of three stars in the sky? They were not there before. Look closely. You will see the dogs just a head of them and even further ahead you will see that great white bear. They will chase that bear for all time.” The End.

And so that is how those stars came to be. If you did not know, now you do. This is your story now, so share with friends and family. Some call them “Orion's Belt,” so compare stories, and learn from all the great hunters in the sky. When I was a child, the voices of the village would echo from house to house, the laughter would last well past sun down, and if you listened closely you could hear the whispers of the old ones saying “this is the way it should be”, but now it seems, we need to hear these stories more than ever before they go the way of the river and the lake, fading.

By: Michael Harper



Book Review

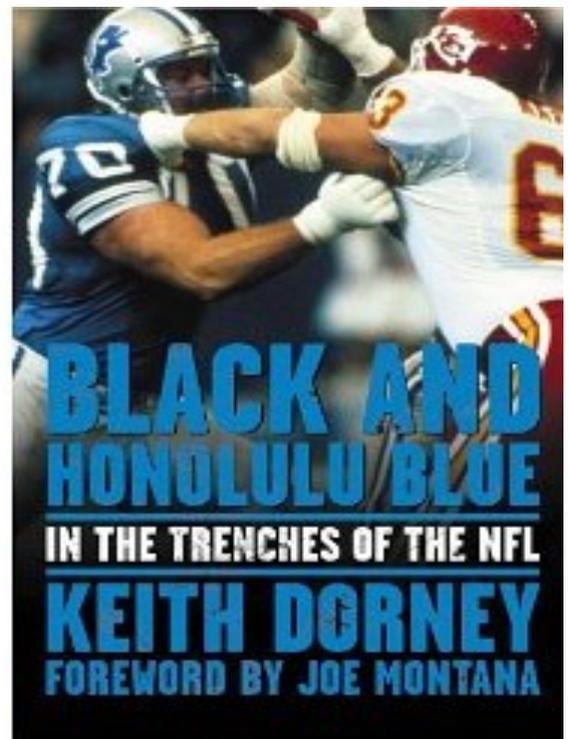
Black and Honolulu Blue: In the Trenches of the NFL

When I set out to find a book for our book club, I searched online for a book about life in the NFL. I had in mind the Oliver Stone drama “Any given Sunday” which was a great film that showed the cutthroat realities of life in the NFL. When I came across “Black & Honolulu Blue” it was marketed as a behind the scenes look at the guilty “In the Trenches” story of Keith Dorney’s career and life as a professional football player.

It sounded like the exact book I was looking for! As it turned out, it wasn’t. It may have been ground breaking in its time, but compared to the scandal ridden world of today’s National Football League, it might as well have been the script for a new Disney summer movie! That being said, it wasn’t a badly written memoir, especially considering Keith Dorney actually wrote it himself without any assistance from an established biographer or ghostwriter, like too many sports biographies are now a days. I would say Dorney has a future as an author should he chose to continue writing. The work of a good memoir is when you can get a sense of the writer’s personality. That is definitely the case here where you not only get a sense of his personality, you also find yourself rooting for him.

In college, Dorney was an All-American offensive lineman for the Penn State Nittany Lions. You get an idea of how dated the book is when you read Dorney sing the praises of now disgraced head coach Joe Paterno. As a professional, Dorney played offensive line for the Detroit Lions having a very successful career, making it to the playoffs and being picked to play in the Pro Bowl, which is the NFL’s version of the All Star Team. Despite being mismarked, “Black & Honolulu Blue” was a good read, and once I realized it wasn’t the story it was advertised to be, I enjoyed it for what it was – a well written memoir by a talented player you could root for on the field, and respect off the field. **Ratings: 3/5**

By: Cam Brown







Beenahbin Ni Maa Maa “Hey Look My Mother”



This picture here is for my mother, all our mothers. It is also for all the brothers and sisters in the struggle. I want to tell my mother “I am sorry”, and that her son Edward loves her so much, more than words can ever say. I also want to tell her I understand now what they, my parents, were trying to teach me, and not to worry about her son anymore. When I was a younger brother I did not paint a very good picture of myself to her, or for anyone else, as far as that goes.

The brother in the picture is a representation of me. He found his heart. He has his heart in his hand. What is your heart? Your heart is what gives you life. And who gave you life? Ultimately life comes from the Creator of all Creation. He gave your life as a gift to your mother and father out of the love they share for each other. He is surrounded by the Seven Sacred Teachings Creator gave our people, “the Anishinabee” First Nations. There is the wolf—humility, the bear—courage, the buffalo—respect, the beaver—wisdom, the sabbie (big foot)—honesty, the turtle—truth and the most sacred of all, the eagle—which represents love. To help us on our journey down the path of life. The medicine wheel at the bottom represents the four directions (north, east, south, west colours), the circle of life and the four states of self: physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual. We must live, practice, love, and respect these teachings to live a long, healthy, and prosperous life. This will ultimately reunite us all with our relations in the spirit world.

I chose to live my life in negativity. I knew it was wrong what I was doing. I was doing it for attention. I will tell you I understand all of us who struggle what we are going through. We all have one of four things in common. Someone hurt us at some point on our journey in life. It was mentally, emotional, physically or spiritually. If we do not address these issues we will not have balance in our lives. As a child my voice was taken away I was not allowed to speak how I felt or express how I felt. All I knew was how to cry. In turn I got punished for that, and teased. All I wanted was to be told, “I love you my boy.” You cannot talk to a child negatively, like “quit your crying”, “you’re not a baby”, or “no son of mine is gonna be like this or like that.” You cannot hit a child out of hate or anger because you’re mad at so and so.

All my life a lot of negative individuals talked and looked down on me because of who I am, almost to the point of depression. I took these individuals and anyone who was racist, egotistic or oppressive personally. I made an agreement to myself in my heart that no matter what it took, I would not let anyone do that to me again, ever. I tried to take control of my life by dealing with situations that were out of my control with negativity, fear, and intimidation. I did this through egotism and selfishness. I did not love or respect anyone, not even myself. I was so out of control and so deep in negativity. I was blind to the light, the positive. I hurt a lot of people. I traumatized people. Everyone that came around me, I hurt, in turn I hurt the ones I loved the most: my spouse, my children. I turned my back on my spouse, my children, and my family. I turned my back on my mother and father. But most of all I turned my back on Creator. Dishonouring everyone and everything.

I put everything and everyone negative before Creator, the booze, the drugs and so on. I was very egotistic and selfish. I did a lot of things because I was very angry at my father. I felt robbed and abandoned by his death. I have never ever felt so alone when this happened, he was everything to me. The hurt turned to pain and I did not know how to deal with these issues which in turn turned to hate and anger. It affected my relationship, it affected the way I treated everyone including myself, which reflected on my children not willingly or purposely. It scarred me deep emotionally to the core. It got worse when I was intoxicated. The extremes of our crimes reflect the extent of our abuse and pain we carry. When I was intoxicated I was ready and willing to go to any extreme it took to enforce my agreement I made with myself. That no one “ever” would hurt me again, mentally, spiritually, emotionally, and physically period. I say this now out of great sadness and shame not egotism.

I was always told by my parents and our elders even at a young age, be careful what you pray and ask for. I ask for love and peace in my heart and in my life. I asked Creator to open my eyes, my ears, but most of all my heart, to hear and see the truth. Lately I don’t like what I see, but I know in my heart to love and trust Creator for I know this will pass as all things good or bad will and do. When it is my time to return to the spirit world, I do not want to leave with a legacy where my children will be ashamed of me. I have lost family and friends to violence, drugs and alcohol. We do not drink and do drugs to have fun, we do it to numb the hurt, pain, shame, and fears.

I also understand not to let negative individuals or nothing discourage or frustrate me. To have balance in my heart, mind and in what I say and do. Because a lot of times we often speak what our minds want to say, neglecting the heart on how we really feel, thus causing a lot of pain for ourselves and everyone around us. We must have balance in our medicine wheel or we will be opened up to negativity and chaos.

I want to let my mother know how I have made a commitment to honour her and also my father who waits for her in the spirit world, but ultimately a commitment to Creator. I also understand that you can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink it, it is ultimately up to you as an individual to make that decision because if we don't start caring for ourselves, no one else will. I say this because I care and I am not afraid anymore what other people say and think of me. My ma told me a lot of the things I share with you. Some of the wisest, loveliest things I have heard and remember came out of my ma's mouth. She told me "to love, is to forgive, and to forgive, is to love."

I put my love and trust in Creator for my heart and life ultimately belongs to him. I decided to replace the circle of violence with the circle of life. In the medicine wheel to work on having balance in my life, in all states of self. Because I know I have passed my issues of abandonment, anger also hate to my boy's not knowingly or purposely. As a loving father not that my father was not. I understand it was hard for him also to express his feelings and heart because of the era and his upbringing, he was old school. I love him and I also forgave him. I can only speak as an individual it is our responsibilities as parents, as first nation peoples to help our children. Break the cycle of trauma and start the healing. Because we are just strands in the web of life and what we do to the web of life, we do to ourselves. It all starts with you and I, with the help of our sacred medicines, pipe and teachings of old, we will return to being once again "Great Peoples." Even though I choose to walk the red road it does not mean it's going to be any easier than your walk.

I also know that there will be people and things that will test me on a daily basis. I will still be Eddy, not the old one, but a new one, with the same old struggles and troubles each new day comes with. I don't worry about my yesterdays, I can only learn from them, I don't worry about tomorrow cause it will come with its own troubles, just as today it to will pass. I also know I may slip and fall, but I know I can get back up and try again without judgement.

Life is what you make it. What is life? Life is too short to be living it in negativity. Life is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time, it is the flash of a fire fly in the night, it is your little shadow which loses itself in the sun set. I understand mother and father, what you were trying to tell me now. Life is about love and respect. We must love and respect ourselves and each other, after all we are all brothers and sisters and children of Creator because he is the father of all creation, right ma. I also understand loving Creator and putting him first in my life will not make my life effortless, but having his strength will make it easier. Because the greatest "strength is the strength of spirit." I love you my mother and I thank Creator every day for giving me the best mother I could have asked for.

*Meegwitch your son,
Edward
"AHO..."*



Mothers
hold their child's hand for a moment
and their heart for a
lifetime



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, has gang symbols 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

Lisa Lacosse a call at: **204-775-1514 ext. 303**



The Artist's Voice

By: Edward Thomas

Two Native Warrior Portraits

Edward Thomas has been an artist most of his life. He worked in heavy construction so he felt that he had no time to continue his love for art while working to make a living.

He did attend art school to work on portraits and other mediums to get back into drawing. When he drew something he never showed them off to people other than to family and friends which he ended up giving it to them. He also carves antlers and bones and makes earrings, other jewellery and other neat stuff.

These are two Native Warrior portraits he drew, they just came back from a war party and are wearing traditionally made outfits.





POETRY

The Open Mind

Inside our heads just behind our eyes, lies a special place called the open mind. Each morning I wake with a mighty stretch, reach up to the sun I haven't touched yet. The wind it travels like a song through the trees, and we all wish for things we know will never be. My lips yearn for kisses, my heart yearns for love, is there no one out there to give me a hug? A taste or a touch or a sting from a bee are all only feelings we can barely see, so I tell you my friends its quite clear to me, that with the open mind, I can finally see!

By: Keith Klatt #'s 19 & 44

An open heart is an
open mind.

There 2 Care

The feel of ur touch & kiss is wut I miss.
So believe me wen I tell u this,
ur the only 1 dat gets my heart pumpin' fast.
So make sure da love u got 4 me lasts.
Just seeing ur face even gives me a big smile.
And ur scent; I can smell from a mile,
even tat look u give me gets me so hypnotized.
Da love we got 4 each other is wut I finally realized,
you show'd me how to love, how 2 caress.
B4 I even had u, I could've cared less.
So hear me out I luv u my 1 & only gurl.
U make my head spin & make my world twirl.
Take my heart n' stow it in a safe place.
So wen u have a ruff' day, I'll b der,
2 wipe off those tears running down ur face.
I luv u lotz my lady. I do actually care,
ur da prettiest in my eye's my queen.
I give you my world.
Definitely da most beautiful chik I've seen.
My proof is da lord.

By: Davin. B AKA: D

A Lost Motherhood

I thought motherhood was supposed to
be the most wonderful time of your life
I admit I was
Then a dark cloud came over my sunny sky
No more laughs` n smiles, only tears and sorrow
Holding my pillow instead of my babe
Seeing a burden instead of a blessing
Where were my motherly instincts?
Feeling so alone
Lookin' into my child's beautiful brown eyes
Expected to be the solid ground,
Lookin' more like a battered path
Not knowing why unending tears stain my face
Day after day
Only a bottle eases the pain of crying
Not the formula in my baby's case
But the alcohol to feed momma's
New found habit
To look and see your little one cry out
And to feel the same way, in need
To be loved, to be nurtured, to be reassured
The unconditional love only a mother can give
How can I show something I was never taught
From my own mothers arms?
If I could only know then what I know now
I wouldn't ask for much
To just be grateful, blessed, and content
Not wanting more, needing less
To let the loving bond between mother and
child
Be enough for our lives
A mother's love should have been more than
enough
So why did I feel so cheated, so lost, so alone
A lost motherhood.

By: Corrine Sinclair

MOTHERHOOD
IS A CHOICE YOU MAKE EVERYDAY
to put someone else's happiness and well-being
ahead of your own
♥ to teach the hard lessons
to do the right thing
even when you're not sure what the right thing is . . .
and to forgive yourself
over and over again
FOR DOING EVERYTHING WRONG

Student Testimonials

My Testimony

Well I was kind of nervous coming to the John Howard Society's Peer Tutoring Program because I've been out of school for a minute now, but Miss Lisa Lacosse was one of the best teachers I have had in all my years of being a student. She explained everything to the "TEE". The sessions were full of laughter and smiles. I encourage everyone that is incarcerated to check out this program, if you're up to the challenge.

This challenged me a lot in different areas of my academic life. I was really amazed at what I was learning, but most of all how I can help people that might have different weaknesses in subjects that I know that I'm strong in. If I could do this program again, I would in a heartbeat.

My girlfriend/family are very proud of me completing this program. All I have to do now is look forward and plan for my future. I'm really proud of myself for accomplishing this program and want to thank the John Howard Society for giving me the opportunity to participate in their program, but most of all I want to give special thanks to Lisa Lacosse without her none of this would of happened, so from the bottom of my heart, I thank you Lisa.

Sincerely,
Brad Garrett



Greetings all...

What can I say about the John Howard Society other than to just say thanks. I have just completed the Peer Tutoring Course that they offered, and wow what an awesome experience. These are some of the more finer points that meant so much to me.

Reading and writing were things I'd always loved, you could always find me either in the library or at Coles or Hulls bookstores, but somehow I lost that love along the way. Though through JHS's intervention of the peer tutoring course, I'm proud to say my love for the written word is alive and well!!

When we began we were asked what are your short and long term goals? I was like huh...goals? Well to my surprise, as the sessions progressed and we dove into the abyss of forgotten knowledge and seeming endless material, my heart, mind, and spirit began to open up. I was most affected by the listening and communication, the motivation and body language sessions. The hours of sometimes very difficult homework would leave me writing in pain. Though being here where I am I didn't really mind it so much. Being able to once again, put together sentences that were not only easy to understand, but also entertaining felt great. All of this will be so very useful in my everyday life.

The traditional teachings were truly beautiful again, my heart, mind, and spirit were deeply touched. Learning the Seven Teachings as well as the assembly of sweat lodges and TiPi's, the sacred medicines all of which I've loved. I could go on. But I'd like to take a moment to thank the staff and volunteers of John Howard Society especially Ms. Lacosse for their time and dedication to helping others as J.H.S. has helped me. So thank you.

My short and long term goals are to be one of those wonderful people.

Sincerely,
Keith Klatt



"The great circle of life is a circle of unity with all things in the universe, including the Great Spirit our Creator about which all life revolves, we are all equal in the circle no one in front, no one behind, no one above and no one below. We are all related."

Author unknown? Loved by everyone

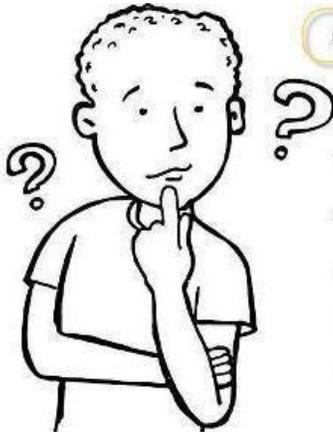
Joke:

Why doesn't Africa have so many casino's?

Fun Page

Answer:

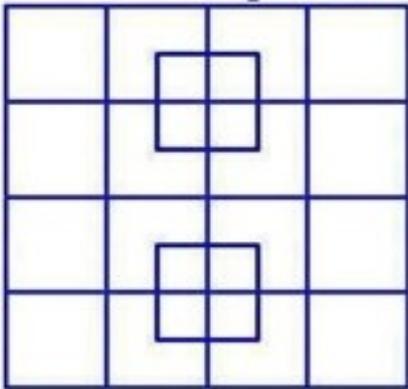
They have too many cheetahs.



CAN YOU TELL ME?

What occurs twice in a week, once in a year but never in a day?

How many squares are in this picture?



Tongue-Twister

Kantai is a maasai boy. Kantai can tie a tie, If Kantai can tie a tie, why can't I tie a tie as Kantai can tie a tie?!

By: *Boru Jilo*

Jokes Aside

A guy was driving on a highway one morning and behind was an eighteen wheeler. He was driving a Mercedes Benz sedan. His phone rang and he answered it. He pulled over on the side of the road and opened his door without looking at his side mirror. At the same time he was opening his door, the eighteen wheeler hit his driver's door. The guy got out of the now door-less sedan to examine the damage. He stood by his car and cried out loud "Oh shit, my Benz!" A car pulled up behind his car and the driver got out and said to him, "sir your arm is bleeding, should I call an ambulance for you?" He looked at his arm which three quarters of it was gone and cried again, "Oh shit, my Rolex!"

Theme:

Make hay while the sun is shining!

By: *Boru Jilo*

Your shoes can tell your age!

Try this and see:

- 1) Take your shoe size
(no half sizes, round up)
- 2) Multiply it by 5
- 3) Add 50
- 4) Multiply by 20
- 5) Add 1014
- 6) Subtract the year you were born



The first digit(s) are your shoe size & the last 2 digits are your age!

Its shoe ----- magic!

Math Trick

- 1) Think of a number below 10.
- 2) Double the number you have thought of.
- 3) Add 6 to that sum.
- 4) Divide that by 2.
- 5) Take away (minus) the number you had originally thought of.

answer = 3



POETRY

Today

Tomorrow is always ahead, yesterday is always behind, sometimes we only think of things, that we wished we just had time. A look can tell a truth, a smile can tell a lie, although if it were up to me, this is what I'd decide. Let's not think about tomorrow for it still has yet to come, and as for poor old yesterday, he's already up and gone. They say a diamond is forever, and a heart can be made of gold, though nothing really matters more than what you do, Today! For you, thanks for all the fun!

Keith Klatt 19 & 44



I Do Believe

I do believe in the Lord above
 For he created you for me to love
 He picked you out from all the rest
 Because he knows I'll love you best

I have a heart and its true
 I pass it on as a gift from me to you
 Treat it as well as I have done
 For now you have two hearts

And I have none

If I die before you go

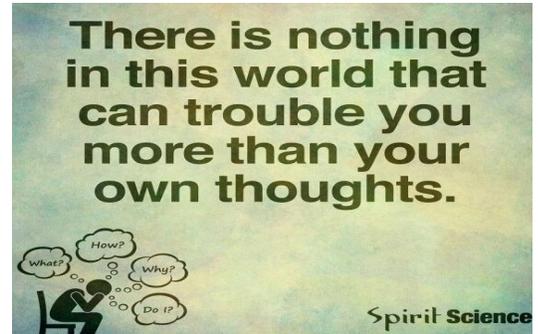
I'll wait in heaven for you to show
 If you're not there come judgement day
 Then I'll know you went the other way
 So I'll throw away my angel wings
 Golden Halo and all other things
 To prove my love is true
 I'll go to hell just so I can be with you.

By: BlueNoser

Need Me a Guardian Angel

I sit here with good intentions
 Lokkin' over my life reflectin'
 Thinkin' could this be it
 Could this be all there is to life?
 My mind is runnin' over time
 What can I do? What can I say?
 Do I really want to change my way?
 I got that voice comin' from the heart
 Tellin' me to keep my faith
 But my head and this place
 Pulls me back to reality, I think damn
 All this anger, all this hate
 I've got for this world
 I need to get my head straight
 The devil keeps pullin' me down
 I can barely breath, I suffocate
 On negativity of everything around me
 Waiting on my savior, my Lord Jesus
 To come and rescue me
 I'm alone in this world or so it seems
 Need Me a Guardian Angel
 Oh where can she be?

By: Corrine Sinclair



Troublesome Mind

I'm a jump head first into these ocean's notion's of past heart break a thing of the past sitting here thinking can't help, but laugh. Half truth's and disappointment's all gone with the roll of the glass. Glass half full or glass half empty. All positive to me cause I got plenty clouds in the sky, got me feeling like a century. Thinking to myself what's meant to be. What am I meant to see. Mentally gone versus mentally stable. Able to see things straight out of fables. Tables in my life may some day turn. From all the bubbles we burn, but for now I must sit here and wait my turn.

By: Robert Prince AKA Yo Gobby

Untitled

The world isn't fair. And no matter how good or decent you are, no matter how much you give to others, someone is always going to hate you for no other reason than the fact that you breathe.

You can't help that. You can't change people or their minds. Once they've allowed them to get twisted by hatred. But you can change how you deal with them. Never back down, but walk away when you can, fight when you must. Whatever you do, don't give them the power to hurt you. Don't let them inside you, they're not worth it.

Live life for yourself. Stay true to yourself and if they can't see the beauty that is in you, it's their loss. Let the bitterness take them to their graves. Spend your time on what matters most to you. Be you, and appreciate the people who see you for who and what you are. The people who love you and the one's that you love. They are all that matter. Let the rest go to hell.

By: Levon S.



Untitled

If you're lonely let me hold you. Glad I met you now, let me show you. I can treat you like you never thought it can be. You're a queen open your eyes and see, show you I'm all you'll ever need. Go ahead and scream, show yourself, it's real and not a dream. This can really be. Be my lovely. I'll give you all the love and care you'll ever need. Promise you girl you'll never find a love as true as me. I need a girl to make my wife. Someone who'll always be by my side. First we're friends then we became lovers. All those days I reminisced about all the times we kissed. They'll always be missed. I'll never fill your heart with broken promises.

By: Levon S.



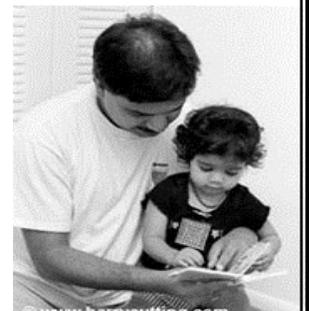
Get The Story Out Want to Read to Your Kids from Jail?

The John Howard Society runs a program 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 book.

These programs are free and open to anyone in Winnipeg Remand Centre and Headingley, 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.**



Tansi, Aneen, Boozoo, Sago

Words of greeting or are they, strange coming from the same voice, whispered across the land with no one listening. Tansi, how are you, Aneen, how are things, Boozoo, good day, Sago, a greeting of well-being coming from the eastern door.

Travelled along the rivers and the trails now covered in gravel and asphalt making it home on the flatlands of the prairies, riding the waves of the lake, mingling with all those other greetings of well-being and safe travels, old words, older than the land. Greetings carried from the stars mixed in with other words and phrases I don't know, yet I have heard whispered on the streets and paths of today and yesterday. Slipping in and out of places like the back alleys of Main Street, carried into the northend and now some are even found in the suburbs, old words, planting their seeds into new memory.

Unable to shake free of these words, older than this land, we glance into the shadows looking for their origin, but the picture is shrouded in mist and the voice is, but a whisper, still weak, Tansi, Aneen, Boozoo, Sago, ahhh, but much stronger now than yesterday or even the year before that; the voice is old, the body weak, the mind forgetful, and the trail is faint, but the footsteps are straight and do not waver from the path though the sharp stones rip and tear the soles of the feet. Somehow it is comforting to feel the pain and smell the blood, it means life these words, Tansi, Aneen, Boozoo, Sago.

By: Michael DJ Harper



Knowledge: The Ultimate Weapon, the Ultimate Survival

People are awed by the way the computer works. How it gives out the information like in nanosecond. It's really amazing isn't it?

But it all starts with seeking knowledge and gathering data all in the name of learning. The computers are creation of knowledge, and that's just one of the items in our disposal created by a normal human being.

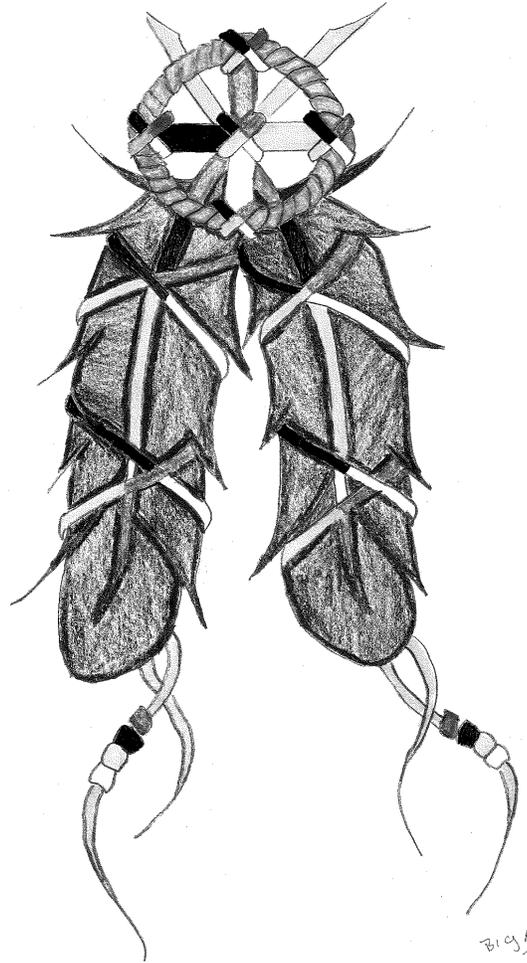
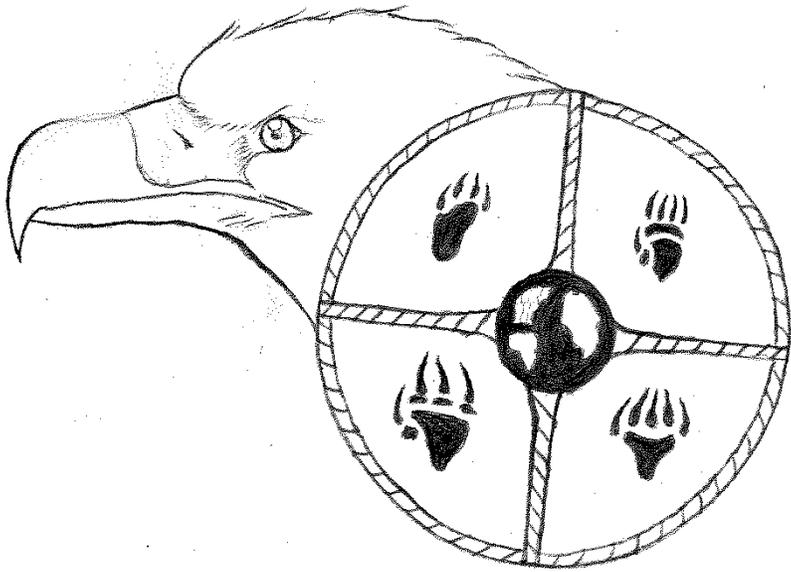
By reading the wind stores data's and at some points those data's gives us new ideas. We pursue those ideas and in the process the creation of a new mechanism. Back in the days of stone-age, we used muscle to live by, but now we use our mind to live by. All these gadgets made our lifestyle cool and easy at the same time, of which are creations of our mind.

Nuclear bombs could wipe-out a country, nations which has nuclear, has that weapon which wakes most countries always seek peace with them. If all these are creation of our beautiful mind of which were obtained by learning, then knowledge is the ultimate weapon, the ultimate survival. Brothers and sisters, you wanna succeed and make a name for yourself, please put down guns and drugs, because crime does not pay. Seek knowledge, the ultimate weapon, the ultimate survival.

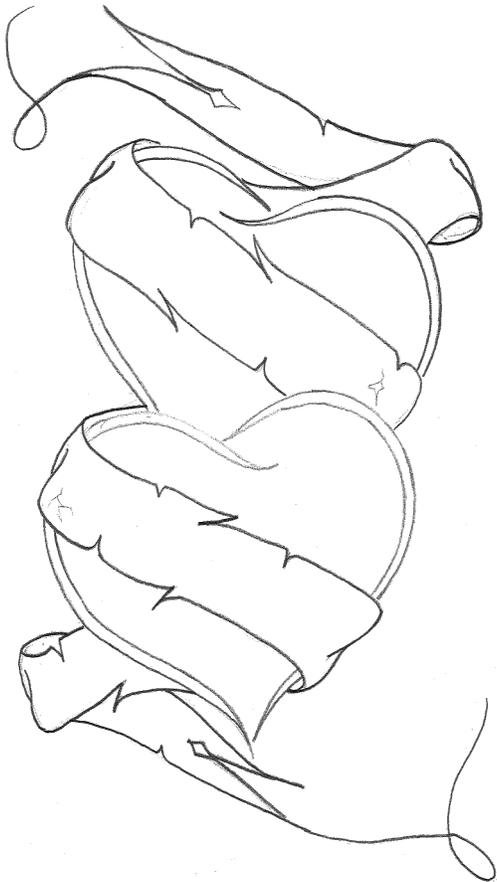
By: Boru Jilo



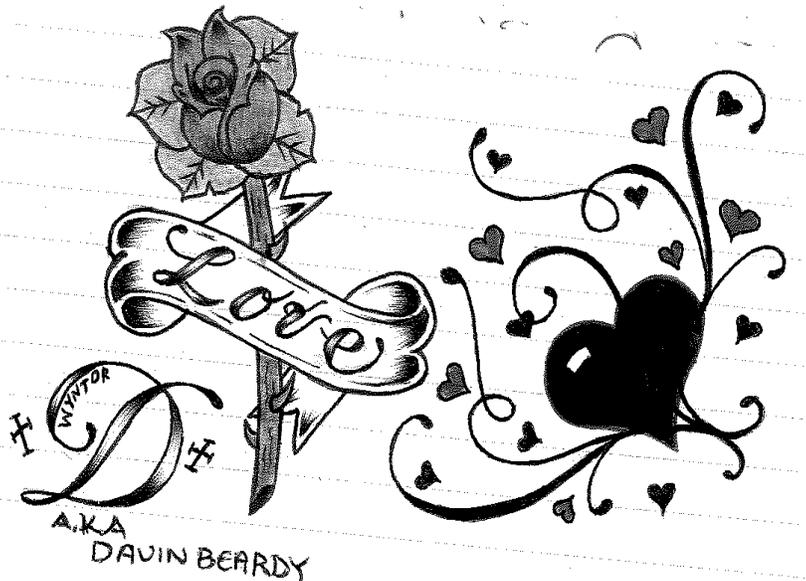
STUDENT ART



Big A



Big A



WINTER

A.K.A DAVIN BEARDY



7th Annual “Speaking Out From the Inside” Poetry Contest

The John Howard Society’s *Inside Scoop* is holding its 7th annual poetry contest, which is open to anyone who is currently incarcerated or who has been incarcerated in the last year. Participants can submit **one poem only**, one page long or less, for a chance to win a gift certificate to local bookstore McNally Robinson.

There is no entry fee! Simply fill out the form below, tear it out of the *Inside Scoop*, and send it, along with your poem, to The John Howard Society, 583 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 1Z7. Or, if you’re in WRC, write “Inside Scoop Poetry contest” on a green request form and ask it be sent to the John Howard Society. **The deadline for entries is Monday, August 31, 2015.**

Entry Form

Please fill out all sections of the form, or your poem may not be eligible. If you have questions, contact Lisa at 204-775-1514.

Full Name: _____

Institution: _____

If you aren’t in custody right now, when were you last in custody and where?

What name do you want printed next to your poem (ie. a nickname)?

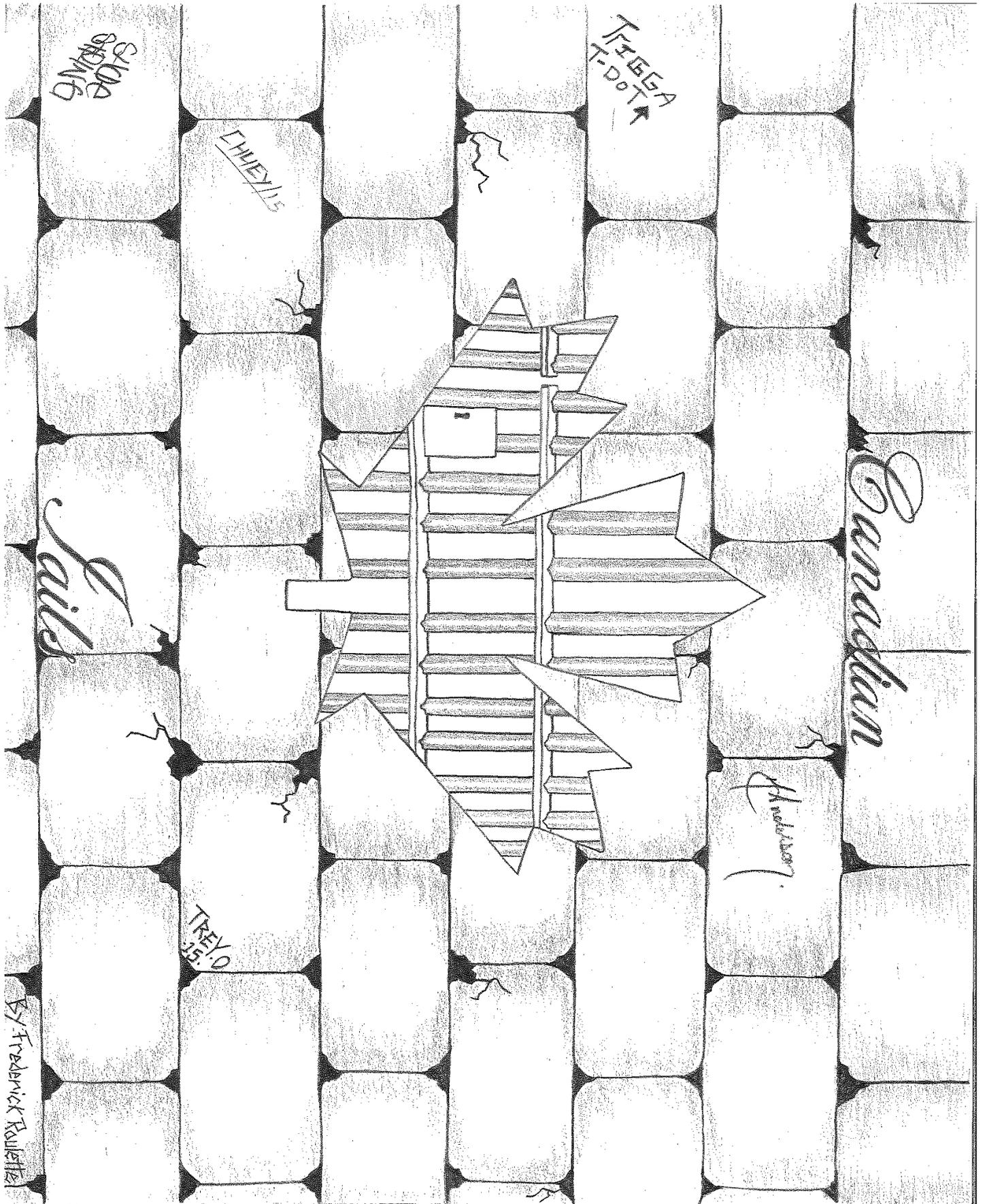
Provide a phone number we can contact you at if you are no longer in custody when the contest winners have been chosen. You can use a friend or family member’s phone number if you’re not sure where you’ll be.

Please sign and date below to give us permission to print your poem in the next edition of the *Inside Scoop*, which is distributed in institutions and in the community, and also appears on the JHS website. We print all poems that are entered!

Signature

Date

Check this box if you would like to have your poem used in other JHS publications, such as workbooks and facilitation manuals, handouts in groups, or for future fundraising projects.



THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.