I was usuning to me jacung gasps for oreasn and s prayed that any suffering would be short. Sunday the 25th downed a glorious day. There was not a cloud in the sky and the blue fint had a depth to it that was soothing and sevene. Somehow I celebrated Mass for the Jamily and then we re-convened around munis bedside. Some things remain vivid about that final day. The first was the graciousness of an experienced nurse who came and offered us her love and support because she knew mum would be gone by the time of he next shift.

Shortly after 11:00, my friend Stephen Burke from school days arrived to share with me this difficult time. Not long after, Maureen and Gwen, two of The Daughter of Charity also arrived. In their habits, they reminded me somewhat of the angels who stood guard inside the empty tomb. as they sat beside munis bed offering subdued prayer, mun's breath faded and the wretched struggle to breathe subsided into nothingness. almost exactly at midday, her gentle soul was taken from us to another place of higher glory. Fittingly, it was dod who said "I think she has gone" to which Maureen replied, "Yes aussie, she has gone."

We embraced, cried and made our final tender Kisses of farewell. I went outside whilst mumis body was dressed for her final gourney. as I stepped out on that October day, the beauty of it overfook me. It did seem the perfect day to bid farewell.

We returned to see mum lying in state Jomes how all the pain of those last few months, nay years that had been etched into her face was Only beace - perfect beace was present in that bed. Every death is special even privileged. as munis body was taken from the room, we all noticed the guard of honour that the nurses formed for her. This woman whom they barely even knew had touched them deeply

We all left Together - drained and yet nourished by the strength, the courage, the faith that had never left her. I knew then what a saint really was stayed at Bland St and not at home. The confreres were particularly kind, especially for think that his being Hispanic helped him to understand the emotional impact of munis death for me. Its funny the things one remember after dinner, at about 7.00 pm I wandered down to

the railway station and in those day, I could see the illuminated signage for George Andrews, Funeral Director, clearly across the rooftops. This was where mun's body was and remained there until her funeral on the following Thursday. It was the first time that I was totally on my own. Even I was surprised how quickly my tears flowed. Not only had my mother died, but something deep inside me had died as well. I remember somehow moaning through my tears something like, why did you have to leave me and " what am I going to do now without you?" My tears turned to solbing and my whole chest ached as I heaved Struggling to draw breath. Perhaps the most difficult of all my statements at that time happened in the midst of my despair. It was an angry outburst to God - "why did the wrong one have to die." Futile, desperate, bargaining _ no matter what is was, I knew that God had taken our loving mother instead of our father - and in that moment I felt the force of rage.

Each day leading up to the funeral was the same. Glorious sunshine illuminated our somewhat sombre state of mind. The funeral details were being

planned and the parish priest, a good friend was chose to deliver the homily. I don't think eulogies were in vogue at that time. Each night, during those long silent hours, we would weep alone. Finally, the day of the funeral dawned and all of us steeled ourselves for what that day would bring. But that is another story and for another time and place. Suffice it to say that it was the first of many occasions when I invoked my mother help as I dealt with many of the issues that started to unravel in my life.

The Assault.

No one saw what was about to happen, not even the protagonists. It started with a question- a fairly innocent and innocuous one at that. Perhaps the real fault lay not in the question but in the one who did the asking. He had been exposed many time before as one who was not only light fingered but also as one who rarely honoured his promises. as so often happened in this place, rejection was not easily accepted. This time it was different because the vehement and aggressive response came from one of the hanger on , who was perhaps sporting for a fight. When the one who had been questioned told the interlocute to "but out", it was as if the green light had come on at a Grand Prix

Defore anyone could gather their breath, a tub of No Fills margarire was hurled at the unsuspecting prey. When it missed its intended victim, rage errepted in the delinquent young man whose life so often steam-Tolled out of control. Grabbing his victim he was joined by the questioner and both dragged him into The laundry which was the favorinte place for thrashings to be handed out. Incredulously, this place

evaded all the so called sophisticated surveillance that one perhaps would naively think, would be essential in a protection unit. This was not the case and gutters cowards, masquerading as untouchable heroes knew it.

The accepted code of prison life dictated silence from all quarters. The victim, who chose not to retaliate, accepted the blows with a hardened resignation. The blows to ones spirit, and psyche are not so easily resolve The blood demanded treatment and a confected explanation Suddenly, the innocent victim had become the one on the witness stand again. No matter what was said be had no chance of winning. Even if the ferfetrators were called to account, the punishment is easily accepted and on their return, they are acclaimed as heroes. Such is the profoundly flawed way things are.

There are many victims of this assault and others which have occurred in this anonymous manner. Many may ask why such a place lack appropriate surveillance. The official response is that there are Three supervisory cameras installed and that the company will not install an extra one. And so, in an institution purportedly committed to the rehabilital ion of, among others, violent and unpredictable offender

blind eyes are turned from blind spots where sportaneo and unpredictable violence is perpetrated. Where lives and the well being of the vulnerable are deemed less important than aurrency, something needs to change.

Entry#11:

I agree with Alan L. Berger in his response to what he have done in simon's shoes. Alan Says that the silence simon with the ss soldier on his 18 a totally different he experienced with his mother. I agree that was the case. Simon was stunned and overwhelpred that this SS soldier would ask him for forgiveness for his crime in the middle of everything that is going on. The second silence was a conscious desicion. Why destroy the image the mother had of her son when that was the only thing she had to hold on to. Alan's response to the question

"what would I do?" is do not forgive Someone for whom forgiveness is forbidden. I agree, because I can not forgive anyone for what they did to someone else. And for the Soldier to ask Sinon to do so was disrespectful, and shows that he is only asking for forgiveness

> of confessing to if his own mortality was not at its end? Secondly, the wounds are Still to fresh to be able to be compassionate for my oppressor. These things are presently happening, physical para and mental Scarry is a daily though To Gorgine at this point would be tike saying

everything that will continue to

happen to me and others is ollay

because all is forgiven. with The SS soldiers mother I would have done the same thing as well. The mother shows that the soldier was telly the truth and her pain can be related with there is not need or reason to take away the image of her son that she holds on to, Dolly So would serve no purposes

forgiveness is essential for a persons well being. It benefits Victim and suspect, but forgheness a process not something that is spontanious.

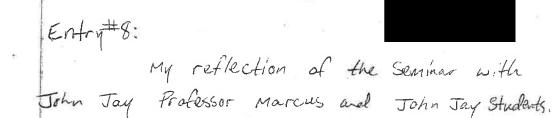
I have to say the amount of reading was a challenge all in itsalf. ertheless, the course allowed me to become familiar with literature that required complete focus, as some were written in the 19th century. One of the more current ts I enjoyed was "Contemporary Moral Issues-Diversity, and Consensus." Mr. rence M. Hinman. presented several moral, social, politial, and ethical issuses t effect our society today. 1. Achieving Democratic Equality- Forgiveness, Reconciliation, and Reparations

2. Hate Crimes Laws- Progressive Politics, or Balkanization 3. The future of Race in America dinman, challenges you to examine each position, and than comment, and present

argument reflecting your understanding of the issues. This was exciting to me ause, I'am reminded that this is a ever changing world, and it's people are istantly in motion. In closing, higher education is actually interwoven into every aspect of my

ediate, and future plans. So for me to deny, of over look the fact that life elf is about gainning experiences. The more expreinces you encounter, weather bough you own travels, or from someone elses journey, the more enriched you xome. So looking back at Marcus Garvey's words. We all should take advantage every opportunity to acquire higher education. That is why I would make a strong midate for the prison-to-college pipeline.

with some intellectual conversation here with the staff and the Professors of ene Lang. Due to this, I can live my life with unanswered guestions and it ivates me to move on knowing that the answers are closer, because I decided to e as I wait. However, I have waste to much time already being still, not I must k growth daily.



The experience was greate It has been a very long time where I was in a setting with a professor discussing an interestual topic. The interaction with the students was mativatly respecially when we got into groups and shared ideas to reach a

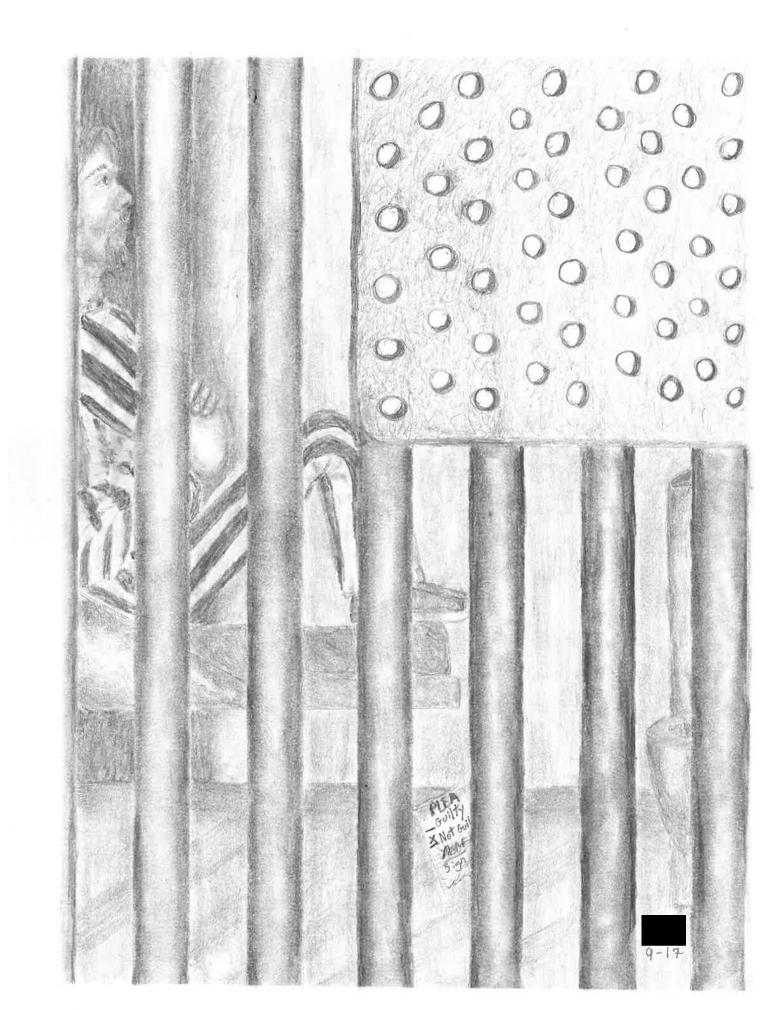
One thing that Stuck out to me i's the way the students were able to word what ineeded to be said the speaker for the group I was in was on point, and took all the ideas we came up with and summarized it well. The Professor was long winded, but had alot of interestly things to say that kept my attention.

I look forward to our next seminar, and going to John Jay a upon my release.

Last Journal Entry AS I look back on a year participating in the learning exchange, & am humbled this experience has laught me more about the Justice involved population than any criminal justice class & have taken at John Jay - our class was a constant exchange or ideas, deeply hooted thoughts, and an opportunity to tell our stories When you combine some of John Jay's finest students and put them in a classroom with the inside students, he become quet It is the evidence that something along The way fared them. Prison to college Pipeline reveals the great potential Inside students had. Our silence is not a represengation of our disinterest by of our amaze, I feel amazed by the influence these stratents have left in mo. I am rooting for their success and I hope this is reached through education. To hear that our classmates want to attend John Jay and can envision a different future, that Is very different from their past chous that this program MORK, This is not a course uneve projectors lecture at you, but a course where educators engage

in conversations, using our history

to help us rechape the way he think.



Why Do You Think This Program Is Important?

I feel this program is important because it gives individuals incarcerated a feeling of hope and a step towards a new life upon release. I myself have spent fourteen years of my life in the prison system. Before Prison 2 College Pipeline (P2CP), I have never encountered a program that would help further my education and increase my chances of gaining employment upon my release.

I believe this program is doing more than giving individuals an education; this program helps in reducing the recidivism rate. Once one has obtained a degree, and has a job, the chances of one committing a crime for money decreases. Massincarceration is a major issue in New York State, with over 51,000 men and women incarcerated, and more than half that number is repeated offenders. The majority of repeated offenders have no college education and no skills thus, leaving one to commit crimes. I believe it's safe to say (P2CP) keeps individuals

This program also helps bridge the gap between families due to one being incarcerated. For example, my mother and sisters were very disappointed about the way I was doing my time, which was not very productive. However, now that I am in college, staying out of trouble, and getting good grades, their view of me has changed. For once in my life, I am doing something that makes my family proud. I

am positive this program has brought many families closer and will continue to do

I have commented before to the founder of this program that "[t]his program is not just about college credits, it's an opportunity make my mother proud." On a personal note, I lived a very wild lifestyle and have always been a violent individual. With all the mandatory programs, I have taken in the pass to help change my way of living none of them has worked. However, since my first college class with professor Baz, I knew I wanted to change. This program has transformed my whole view on life. I finally feel a sense of self-worth because of (P2CP). I no longer seek to be the person I once was anymore. This program has allowed me to illumine the true colors of my inner kaleidoscope.

With that said, I am eager to continue my education on the outside. Until that time comes, I will devote myself to this program, and do everything I can to assist all my cohorts in reaching their maximum potential. I also would like to say to whoever shall read this paper; Prison 2 College Pipeline is not only giving people an education but also saving lives. Because not only do "black lives matter," but all lives matter.

I like to conclude with a quote from a man I greatly respect, Barack Obama.

some other time, we are the one's we have been waiting for; we are the change we

"Change will not come if we wait for some other person, or if we wait for

LOVE STORY Aspiration One day I was walking along my way in my town council. I met a girl named Grace

for another person, not me.

Constantly I've encountered the apprehensive They have a disease which kept then behind the chalk line they defaulted to project the brightness aligns in the 10pm skies which is the same trajectory that lies deeply inside

by the ungreatful hours of these years seeing greatness excel unexpectedly pass beyond their reach they've hated their homes bleach their souls leaving them blank with no profound legacy How far will they reach outwardly neglecting thanselves through ignorance of lust a lust never honestly touched

it's like a young boy who gawks for a bike ami receives it then his borred and wants more

I had no silver spoon I sprouted from a room the size of a closet with hallow sheet rock walls filled with fungus and lace lead born into the brainless, unconfortable, I went haywire

got caught in a mouse trap I nurtured myself I bacame a giant unbearable to the hunter to be held captive, anymore I bought my own gold metals home I didn't have a plethora of printed tones pass down to me

of honor and victory

I am a barron of unshaped places I will remain

to contort shapes for my destination I have seared lost because I live in my own agencies As they remain to sponsor Mr. fluff agencies

Atenciosamente, (7)

mais uma opção.

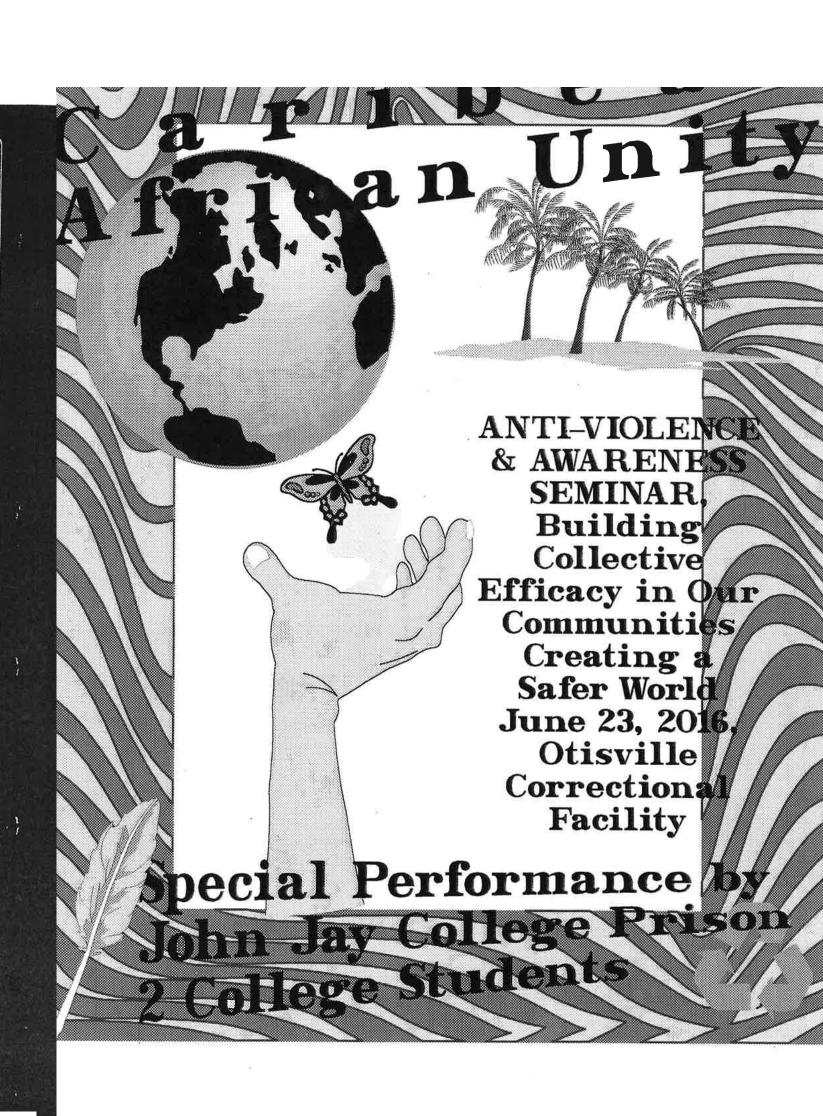
keep me on the right track to sobriety. I am very interested in business. I love anything to do with it. I know I have to take the basic courses in order to get any sort of degree. I also love reading because it helps strengthen my mind- I love learning in general. The fullfillment

I teceive, when I leater is a better teeling than of any drug or drink I have ever used hope these educational services help me to get on the right track to stay out of trouble. I am really excited to have the chance to better my'self. hope to be ane of the lucky ones who

get accepted, into the pilot program. It I don't, it will not stop me from going to college, Regardless I am sicked to be here today, after the events that have taken place last year. When I get released I plan on going to schools and speaking of my experiences to keep others out of my predicament. I wish to be an advocate for the tight

against drunk driving. This is one of my protessional reasons to higher my education. I feel having collège courses enables me to relate to my collège audiences on a more intellectual tevel

for help from more people and I put an my trust. Kampala the capital city of my country and Two months Sown the road my co-workers abused my office and this cause afrancial loss to the company that Iwas werking for which led me to Sail. I was arrested in 2611 and since then I begun being put to remains up Dec 2012 when I was convicted and Sentences to thirteen months and an option fine of One million four hundred thousand shillings exprosiniately 600 Sollers but Athank and Sam still alive and I Serve Gol as the overall pastor in this prison station and if I don't pay fine, I will finish my Sentence on the 21.09.2013.



My Story about Mr. Frog Once upon a time, there was a general supply of tail to all animals in a cell. This cell, where every animal should come and pick his tail, was supplied by the uncle of the frog. Every animal received a tail—a rat, a cat, a pig, an elephant, a lion a dog, and many others. But before they reached the process of giving out the tails, a friend of Mr. Frog came to this place known as *Chameleon* to invite him to get a tail. Mr. Frog answered saying, "You go for me. I don't even care if I go. Let it be known that my uncle is the one giving out tails." So the annoyed chameleon went away. Then, after a few days, Mr. Frog visited his uncle to ask for a tail. His uncle replied, "I gave away all the tails." Mr. Frog was so sad. He turned back without a tail. This is why a frog has no tail.

Constantly I've encountered

the apprehensive

the chalk line

They have a disease

which kept then behind

they defaulted to project

which is the same trajectory

However they have been spooked

seeing greatness excel unexpectedly

that lies deeply inside

by the ungreatful hours

pass beyond their reach

they've hated their hones

bleach their souls

leaving them blank

with no profound legacy

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a lust never honestly touched

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I sprouted from a room

the size of a closet

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unconfortable, I went haywire

got caught in a mouse trap

unbearable to the hunter

I didn't have a plethora

of printed tones

pass down to me

I will remain

I have seemed lost

Mr. fluff agencies

I have won

Descended from an era.

Huey Newton, caught,

Tangled on the hands

In transgression.

of a clock.

Conflicted views

Prime I thought.

So I thought.

Evil to nature.

Advertising cane.

Unable to think.

Veiled by war.

as you feel the wind

I am loosing the wind,

by my own, my own specie

and have these bullets, my last day

I want home, but this Universe

left me a man, with no country

No country to stay

Apio. She told me I love you. I said how can you love when I did not know you? She

asked me what is your name? I told her my name is Charles and she added again, I

love you. I replied for me I have my wife. I could not love you. Please can you look

Grace Apio went away while she was so annoyed, and spread my name that I am

I said, it's all about you—I don't care. Go in peace and leave me alone, I said.

IN response to The Color of

the mother, Ruchel Dwaita Zylska

with her family. She spoke about her

could be in. It appears that you weren't

the Jewish community. I don't believe that

Something else that stood out to

me was the part when James was leaving

to go chay to Fresh Air Fuld summer

camp. When the bus begin to pull off

and he found out that the man standing

next to his man was a member of the

point how the media controlled peoples

Espero que com o tempo você receber esta carta , você está no melhor de saúde, bem como espíritos

diferentes partes do mundo, que compartilham a mesma luta e ser capaz de corresponder com o outro

onde eu sou livre. Tento tirar proveito de todas as oportunidades disponíveis, não só para se manter ocupado, mas também tem algo a cair quando eu chegar em casa. Esta situação que estou agora não é

Estou indo atualmente para a faculdade para buscar uma aprendizagem mais elevada. Acho interessante desafiador, o que é bom, porque nada de bom vem fácil. Educação exerce a minha mente, o único lugar

Como você está? Eu me pergunto que tipo de oportunidades que você tem disponível para ocupar o seu

O que está acontecendo ? Meu nome é Tomás. Eu sou de Nova Iorque, nos Estados Unidos. É lamentável que nós temos que atender a essa forma, mas é uma bênção todos juntos. Duas pessoas de

Black Parther Party. I just wanted to

perseption of things back then and

Quanto a mim, estou sobrevivendo como de costume

able to express yourself as a child or

woman in Shilsky tamily. She makes

it appear as it love is rearly expressed in

Whiter. One of the things that stood

out to me from the very beginning of

the book, the very first chapter, was

or Rachel Deborah Shilsky's relationship

family suppringing as it she were

some sort of prisoner. As it this is

one of the worst situations a child

the wind foun my wind pipes

Everyone one, wants more, but gives less

with these suicidal, pistols they've caress

I have to keep my card close, afraid to be cut

It causes these streams, to never dry out from my face

Like an Isis

affiliated.

Dispatch a few Ables.

I parked.

I Failed!

But it was demons,

Black Panther, amongst cattle.

Transformation of a Tookie.

between history and my prime.

Nine- pistols I sparked.

Energized by cannabis.

Remnants of my essence.

of honor and victory

to be held captive, anymore

I bought my own gold metals home

I am a barron of unshaped places

to contact shapes for my destination

because I live in my own agencies

As they remain to sponsor

I nurtured myself

I became a giant

born into the brainless,

filled with fungus and lace lead

How far will they reach outwardly

of these years

the brightness aligns in the 10pm skies

Reflection: Retween The Morli and Re April 22 2010 Ta-Wehisi Costes's <u>Petween The World And Me</u> is the eloquent articulation of the conscious black son, father, mother,

Professor Saz Oreisinger

of white privilege and how that is socially and legally Life at the Beach constructed and maintained through institutions such as local and federal governments, schools, banks, Public Housing, Media and the Criminal Justice is nothing short of poetic. The "Dreamer" is term that accurately describes the member of the dominate group who Coates wrote "was raised to be white" and who believes racism or racial disparity does not exist in America. These "Dreamers" believe racism to be an a issue of the past. That sort of ignorance is what perpetuates the lopsided dominate and subordinate culture that is woven into the very fabric of our laws and the social structure of our nation. Estween The World And De, draws on so much history and raw emotional truth about what it means to be deemed non white in a country where Whiteness is used as the standard of measure for normalcy. Coates elaborates on the sense of powerlessness

who will and nephew, aunt and uncle. Coates's use of

the term "The Dreamer" to explain the transparent phenomenon

that is felt for the injustices for the Elack lives taken by

the hands of agents of institutions that maintain the status

and of Contrate belonging exclusively by the escipt constructs "White" person and subordinate amongst non-wnites.

The culture of Sominance and subordination is taught to

us as children through the schools, media and sometimes through our chouseholds. The school system omits so much of the truth that American Ristory becomes a blatant lie. From Christopher Columbus discovery of America and his exploits, the relationship hetween the first nations and the Europeans who came here to settle, the purpose of the Lincoln's abolishment of slavery as told to me when I sat at that really small desh were all of America. The pilgrims or settlers brought death and destruction to the American Wilderness and the First People of this Nation. After the Civil Mar Lincoln needed votes to

even a generation after his knew presidency pushing former slaves and their children back into their historical American subordination. The inherited subordination was a part of my house hold as a child. My grandwother "loved me with a kind of obession" because she wanted to teach me how to protect my black body as best as she knew now. In hindsight I now understand her, harsh language and heavy bandadness as fear of losing her me to understand that "I was black by history and heritage and therefore subject to cental and physical violence because of

phrase "white folks" to which meant to be "twice is good" in school. "Don't have fex white folks calling my house because you was acting up in school" or "You better listen to dem white folks boy or I'm going to beat that ass, you understand me ". I did not understand the deeper meahing of my grandmothers warnings. She was trying to protect my black body just as those enslaved acthers where trying to protect the black bodies of their children from the "destruction" that awaited us should we not comply and accept our place "of dominion whose prerogatives include friskings, detainings, bestings, and humiliations that are "all common to black people" (Petween The World and he Pg. 9).

Coates's experiences and literary truth seeking influenced the power conveyed within this book. From als description of his sons "blood was as precious as jewels" brings me to thoughts of Dubois who wrote "Regro blood is message to the world. We have something to teach both America, Africa and the world" (The Souls Of Black Folk). This message is of the preciousness and beauty that transcends the "people intent on naming us, intent on believing that what they named us matters" to who we see ourselves to be (Between The World And Me Pg. 120).

the duabout lother Nuchers were getting outless gradus than every Black kid that went twice as hard as any of them. Just The Black Print another Instance of Injustice.

From discrimination to hate crimes my life is filled with Instances of Injustice that could be categorized us evil. As I write this I am serving a bentence for a crime I dif not condit. I can 31 years old and have been incarcerated since I was 19. It is said that a parson's aim frage undergood changes draquently as they aga and the everage buses will atogs proving by the age of 12. I am not the came young man I was then. I am not the man people have told my 15 year old son about. I ligority of the things I have Mone in the past was to survive, lowever any son fore not see it that way. To believe the sturits know I could have given. A prosecutor is obligated to submit exculpatory evidence to in order to convict a person of a crime and he did not. Although I was charged and found guilty with the crime of Robbery, it was the prosecutor who should have been charged with that crime. It was I who was the one robbed of my youth through the circumstances of my geographic location that is a Street result of the racica that exist in our that helped pay bills and put food on the table. My son and

laughter was Robbet of their childhood newories of a father who would do enything to protect thes from the jokes of classactes and shaltering them in the security my love would have given them. Because I was hidnaged my children have become

Team.

at risk children. Another Instance of Injustice. By story in desper than what I could articulate at this time because I am still fighting for my freedom through an institution that atands on the fire belief of "trial by a jury of my peers" but their was not one young, black and impoverished individual is that jury box. I did not get a cuanco to say a thing out now I'm going to speak my mind. To be Black in America means harsher prison sentences if convicted. To be Black in Aperica means have faith in your self; Don't trust the system. To Black in America means crowded prison transports filled with people who look just like me. Just another Instance of Injustice. I stand by behind these walls wishing I could literally voice these thoughts, however, I' am surrounded by crookedest of crooks, the slipperiest of slicksters, and the greasiest of greaseballs of humanity. I'm am not solely referring to the prisoners. It may sound racist If I say the majority of them identify as White but I'm just acknowledging the Instances of Injustice while awaiting my day of justice

in New Jersey's Criminal Justice System.

Conflict . 1) Disagreement 2) Control WAIK IPARKING



Hi Baz, how are you? The cohorts and I are glad to be back in class. This is actually comical because we all reminisce upon the days, where we were anxiously managing our classes, and formally uninitiated into the meaning of comma slices. © Arts & Civilization is such a informative class, and our Professor has introduced us to Paolo Friere's Pegagogy of the Opressed. Our English 111 professor Petzke is also challenging our brains and it honestly has graped everyones attention. We are thankful and delighted by such personable and respectable professors. Enclosed is a copy of a Essay I wrote over the break. I am thinking of

Thank you for your time, care and consideration.

First, I want to thank you and Mr. Johnson for granting me this opportunity to share my words with you. My hope is that my experience becomes an eye opener and helps, in the decisions you make from this moment forward. My wish for you is that you do not have to experience the hardships of prison, because this is not a right's of passage into manhood or the way to get status among your friends. Malcolm X, once stated, "It is not a disgrace to have been a criminal, to remain a criminal is the disgrace." You still have the opportunity to turn your life around and become anything you choose.

the life of another individual, who ultimately, did not deserve to die at my hands. I grew up in the Bronx with my mother and older sister. My mother worked two jobs, so she could provide for my sister and me. In my mind, things were rough being the only male in the house. My father was not there to teach me how to be a man, so I had to learn on my own. This created resentment and anger within me, where it should have fueled me to grow up and be a man. Instead I started getting in trouble. At the young age of 16, I was given a Youthful Offender Adjudication, for four misdemeanor charges. I thought I was given a free pass to continue doing me, and I never

felony - murder in the second degree, and given a sentence of 20 years to life. You probably have heard or were told, that a youthful offender charge can not hurt you because they seal your record. That is not the truth my brothers. Any and all law enforcement agencies have access to your record, and they will use it against you. In my situation, the parole board constitutes a law enforcement agency.

It is said that "one moment in time, does not

define who you are for the rest of your life." However, when you are dealing with the justice system, that one action defines you for many years after the fact. My message to you is two parts, first, take advantage of every opportunity to

I hope that I have said something that may have touched your lives and helps you

There was nothing extraordinary about the start of this day. My routine was fairly normal. I woke early, as was my chosen custom. For I had discovered that this was my best opportunity for uninterrupted prayer and contemplation. As the day dawned, I peered through my drawn curtain and beheld the sun rising, despite the intermittent drizzle that peppered my window pane. In the bed next to the window, my friend Michael still slept soundly. We had both prepared as best we could for this day to come and I could not

of several ships

my righteous

Implied by many

prevarifications

language by many

bevitchments

that would

the equator

of this land

I can

into three

dimensional

without the luxury

of microsoft

With this

I kidnapped

another day

Welfare ward

in this

expelled by fashion

orchestrate imageries

of its

sails

express enough my gratitude for him standing by me every step of this uncertain journey. Today is the feast of Teresa of Avila, a feisty saint, whom I had really come to admire. If I ever needed a saint of heroic fortitude today, then I could hope for none better than this quixotic Carmelite Nun from the 16th century. We both left the hotel at 7.00am and I could not help but notice the imposing district court, where six weeks earlier I had been found guilty of four charges. Now in just over two hours I was to learn what my fate would be for the next period of my life. All that decision making

in that silent and sombre citadel. We downed our coffees and toast and then wandered aimlessly through the streets of this sleepy and unfamiliar City we said very y little, yet neither of us had felt so close to the other. Ours was a true and enduring friendship that had been forged over the past eight years. Somehow, our closeness never seemed as real as it did in the sounds of our own mutual silence. My phone ran hot with messages of goodwill but most of the texts remained unreturned. I did speak with Kate and tried to offer her words of reassurance. For many years she had

undertaken the role of matriarch in our extended family which has always been light on of females. I recited the office with resigned purpose. Though, I couldn't help being distracted by the events of the coming day. At the assigned time we both went to the solicitor's office. He was very like most brides, insofar as he was always fashionably late. I had great confidence in him, even though he hadn't achieved the most favourable outcome. Today however, I sensed resignation in his tone. It felt like he was going through the motions in my pre-sentencing and no doubt he

was already concerned with his next client later in the day. This did not perturb me for I had already forgiven all the players in my saga. Most importantly, I had forgiven my complainant. At 9.00am we entered the Court where I was greeted by John and Mary. How good they have been to me and I only hope they could sense the depths of my gratitude. Now was the time for me to make final farewells in case the sentencing was not in my favour. Fortunately, I had primed Michael with the key people to call and those to whom he should send e mails. I knew that this mission was in the safest of hands.

I entered the dock and sat there alone whilst nearby my supporters sat at the rear of the court. The Justice entered and both lawyers outlined their final submissions. I wondered as Predictably, the judge proceeded with his lengthy deliberations. They were surprisingly mind did wander to others who also had been in my situation. Some achieved greatness men like Mandela, Cardinal Nguyen Van thuan, Jean Gabriel Perboyre in China, Peter the Fisherman, Paul of tarsus and the greatest of them all, the humble carpenter's son from Nazareth. Others were less notorious but they too formed part of the fabric of my life; friends and former colleagues who also had been caught up in the hysteria surrounding alleged and real abuse that so constantly headlined in the media and surreptitiously undermined the weakened authority of the Church.

may not have been in it, I had the same servitude of rightness that the protagonist in Camus' novel, 'The Outsider' had just prior to execution. I glanced down at my downcast friends and I knew straight away the power and meaning of Jesus' meeting with the women of Jerusalem on the Via Dolorosa. Somehow I hoped that they all knew how much I loved them in their moments of grief. With a final look of loving farewell, I was taken through a door to begin my life in this alien new world. By now I had become used to the humiliation of the somewhat rehearsed and meaningless mechanised strip search. The indifference and boredom of the court officials was palpable. Yet despite my nakedness, no one could touch the essence of my soul. For the next few

hours, I sat largely undisturbed in a holding cell with my only distraction a polystyrene cup. Never at any time did I have any sense of loneliness or abandonment. The words which I "Alone with none but you my God I journey on my way. What need I fear when you are near?

had long implanted in my psyche became the mantra which played over and over again. O king of night and day"

knew that people would gradually be finding out about this morning's proceedings. My liberty, my all.

Early in the afternoon I entered the transport that I have seen many times before. As we exited the Court precinct I saw the hotel where we had stayed and I became aware that

Michael would be spending a lonely afternoon before making his long trip home tomorrow. Once again, I thanked God for giving me such a generous and true friend. After 30 minutes I arrived at hakea and immediately was ushered into C.C.U. with a naiveté conceived in innocence, I thought that this was to be the place where I would live for the term of my sentence. Of course, like so many things in prison, I found this to be transitional and dysfunctional. After the insatiable rounds of filling in papers I was eventually mustered into a cell with two beds. My hopes of being alone were soon dashed by the arrival of a younger companion who was polite, exhausted and very afraid. For a moment, I regretted eating the sausage roll I had been issued. It seemed like it would have been the only gift I could give him. He talked nervously but somehow we were both grateful that each of us was

which mirrored the coldness of our moods. In the solitude of the darkness, I sensed something of what was to lie ahead. I knew however that it was much better to stay grounded in the ever present here and now, than to try to embrace an elusive future that drifted away on the wind.

Morning came and evening came on this 15th day of October, 2014.

PERSONAL ESSA

Jam Nicholas Oteko born in Sorti District a bout & Kilometres of Krom Sovott town. years of Age. I Stadled in Amurica Lenier Nom 1988-1992- and Eters by tribe and all Child hood wike my truty who stayed in A area occupied by rebels One day the rebels came and attacked our ran and left me alone the rebell care and got me a abducted me at the age to when Ih not yet 98f niced to Staying with her in

That Village. Que mother came to see m but what happened is that I narrated how I was taken and how I mersed being with my sisters and brothers to be me then my under going school and that I could do that I may had happened to me during Mother and faller I was so so terrified b'c [Knew my Sparents had Just left me to the strangers without any fymbalty My sister from Kept on asking m Lave not hear Clang

about different personalities want to learn palout defferent degrap and symptoms of dome one getting upset ge againsted. That way & gan real the deans all to diffuse the detection

The most recent dook that shas stimulated me intellectually was The Horse Whapever . It was wretter by Tucholas Evass let, res about, a gry who goes all over the country glodate pare of horals. Incle polizinedly the is not alle to actually talk to the horses. Heris, able to communicate with them, on a flevel, where he can let them Janen that he is not a threat . He is just there

That's how of want arremals to me. dome one who es here to help & yant there to know that when I come around everething will be onay.

Der Clodera, & just want to seiterate that Is would be very beneficial to this program De name a very extelligent endurcheal

Being a part of John Jay's prison to the street pipeline, has afforded me the opportunity to further my education. Most importantly, it has giving me the opportunity to achieve a higher level of success within my life. Being incarcerated since the age of (18), I have never lived life outside of prison as an adult. Having attended college while I am incarcerated has instilled a work ethic that allows me to be successful in any area of life I focus my mind to.

believe that every individual that is incarcerated should attend a college program, with the hope of preparing themselves for re-entry into society. The more options individuals develop for themselves while they are incarcerated, the more successful their transition will be. I personally realized that I have a lot to offer society, based off my experiences going through the justice system. Going to college has helped me in expressing my thoughts clearly so that my point is understood. This is something I can use to help enlighten individuals to the realities of choosing a criminal lifestyle.

On behalf of myself and the many woman and men incarcerated, I thank you for your assistance in providing funding to programs like John Jay Prison to the Streets Pipeline. Without society taking a proactive stand to assist in the prison re-entry programs, the cycle of crime will only continue to be an ongoing problem. I believe that we together can work toward making a difference in how the criminal justice system handles the incarceration and rehabilitation of individuals in its care.

Respectfully,

Governo do Estado do Rio de Janeiro

Prezodos amigos de courere dos Estados Unidos; Em nome dos alunos da Escola agenor de Oliveira arola, Instalado na Unidade Prisional Esmeraldino Bandeira, venho agradeter a mensagen embiada por vorên por meio da Senhorisa Renata e nua compombeira Batahera. Quero retribuir a vorên, dizendo pora munta desistirem de ser cidadass não deite que o sisema correração apaque o que vocês Tem de mais in persone que el ma indentidade. Dembrem-re rendpre, que coda um de vocês veram ma própria historia que não podese se e o unico lugar numa limidade prinional engle distamos de ver presos e parsamos o res aluna. E como alunas recuperamos mong indentidade e deren, para mudos o rumo dessa historia atual e provoi pora a sociedade, que de dentro das prihoës, é possivel por meio da educação, Transfer nor person em cidadajes do bem P

Nos aquis do Brank Torcemos por vorcio e

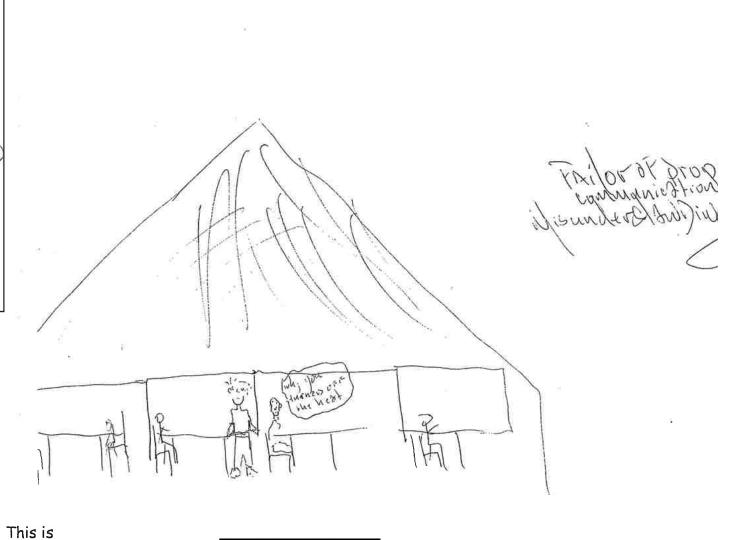
derejamen que vencam ena luta contra o sinTenta, uma luta do bem e para o bem de Tedas as person!

De reus amigos, do ristema prisional

Secretaria de Estado de Educação

Colégio Estadual Angenor de Oliveira – Cartola

Itio de jameiro 30 de novembro de 2017. Doordo a Senhora BaTshera Dreisinger.



English 110 Professor Dreizeneger Subject Journal Entry: Journal Entry about Fear,

Self help books will tell you that fear and excitement are the same biolo response in our bodies. These self-help books encourage us to abandon fear. The to have a bucket list, jump off a plane, ask the prettiest girl out, and never be afr fail. In reality fear is necessary to warn our bodies of imminent danger: a bear, a parachute that does not work, and being rejected by a woman as beautiful as Ve incarnate. Irrational fear is also a fear of never accomplishing, of being fat, or n fun in life. These fears are irrational because one can easily overcome them witl

When my parents came to the United States from Nicaragua, I am sure t fear. They escaped war, famine, drought, murder, and rape inherently possible v Guerilla wars in Central America. Rational fear I was taught was a war draft or your little siblings die of hunger, or being caught by an oppressive government Irrational fear I was taught was voodoo curses, working towards change, and of ugly teeth. When my grandmother legally brought my father to the U.S., his rati about war subsided, and he was able to become a successful electrician. When r escaped the drug coyotes, near death in crossing frontiers, her fears of death in v subsided, and she worked as a receptionist in Bellevue. What I learned from my heroes, my parent was never to fear irrationally. I also learned that one can mak dreams come true with loyalty, courage and analyzing and keeping my rational while working past irrational fears.

fan of the sob story. I am not fan of nostalgia. I am a fan of courage that humar the face of fear. I like the story of the mother who lifts a car to save her infant, father who sacrifices his life in a blizzard by going on out to find help. I am mo concerned with the triumph in the stories than the loss. I find that being in prison is like being caught in a re-occurring nightma

watching the Walking Dead, fighting, or even reading about manifesting them.

Sometimes in nightmares we know we are sleeping but can't wake up. Prison l with the feeling that you are a walking dead man, a spirit in the endless paths o regressed soul fearing to ascend to higher consciousness. Prison also reminds n specific nightmare about a clown with a red nose, and curly hair, who taunts yo mere existence. This clown (fear and prison) loves to promote irrational fear of loss of family ties, and loss of love we had in the street. This clown is apart of This clown is the doubter, the hater, and one who provokes irrational fear. Eve some of us abandon fear of this irrational clown, and stop running away from I begin running towards him. We must learn to win the war with fear, by reconciliation of his opposi

like courage, and a redirected inner life filled with prudence. Learn to fight wit minds and not out hands. Learn to control our thoughts and curb our negative expressions. Change our labels from scoundrel to human with the power to ch Begin to rebuild family ties, and build and more healthy inner relationships wi companions. Rational fear and irrational fear are both faced by acceptance and facing our fear, First in our imaginations, and second in practice. In every step move to contextualize my fear and swear to manifest a greater life, by what I h

tempo. Nos últimos quatro anos, tenho vindo a aprender pequena reparação de motores. Felizmente, eu serei capaz de abrir minha própria loja um dia. Eu posso consertar qualquer coisa, desde motocicletas para tratores. Eu gosto de ler livros de não-ficção , mas de vez em quando eu pego um livro de ficção . Eu também pretendo seguir uma educação superior, quando eu chegar em casa. O que você planeja fazer, se você sair? O que há para fazer? Transição é uma das coisas mais difíceis que eu já tive a experiência. Mudar de um estilo de vida para outro que mais produtivo não é uma tarefa Espero ouvir de você um dia em breve . Tome cuidado e ficar forte Kacish is passed on like a baton in a relay race. People take the ignorant lesson

and keep running with it. Especially when the lesson is coming from home. The lesson that was taught to me at home, is to see every man or woman equally on a human being level Regardless if they are black, t white purple or green Seeing people as man woman or child is the right and respectful way of life. Some times people around me Foday speak in a racial Manner And thinking to my self, my mind begins to Wander. Were they taught these things, did they experience these things, or are they just being ignorant? And depending on the person, it they continue to talk long enough. They will eventually answer these questions for me. Now once I get the auswer That what will sudge my falm

> than me I might look at the ups and downs on that level but not as far as he's white so he's better than me. Or he's in a better position than me because he's white If some one is in a better position than me, then he did something that I didn't do. And that let's me know that I need to get on top of my business, the way that he was on top of his. It some one close to me, or people that I may run into. appears to be down on their luck. To the best of my ability I will do what I can to help thent no matter their skin color. They could be a total Stranger, My hand would be

Stops, Stop and trisked, even fired from a Job. Une thing that I won't do is allow it to change my outlook on life and my perception on things. Thoughout My life I've learned that ignorance is

taught. Noone is born racist.

next more whether It be to embrace that person or distance myself from them. Ignorance can be contagious, and I don't want (no part of that sick ness. than me. Maybe healthier than me, or sicker

> extended, to help them. racially profiled thas been frequent Car

Throughout my life being

changing the title's name. I would enjoy feedback, because I took interest in writing it. Tell me what you think does it belong in the dirt, or Dazzle like Dean's

Dear Ms. Drezenger

Peace to my young brothers of the Hall,

I have been incarcerated since I was 18, and I am now 41 years old. Yes, I have been in prison for twenty-three years, for senselessly taking

took responsibility for my actions. At the age of 18, I was charged with my first and only

education yourself. It may seem like a waste of time right now, but trust me, you cannot get anywhere without it. Marcus Garvey once stated, "The idea is that personal experience is not enough for a human to get the useful knowledge of life. So we must feed on the experience of others." take advantage of all the people in your lives right now and learn as much from them as you can. The one major regret I have is not listening and learning from people, who saw the world better than I did at a young age. Secondly, take charge of your life. Be responsible for the choices you make. Think about what and who are important to you and why, that will always help guide your decision. Remember it's not about if you can live with the consequences, it's about making the right choices first.

with your life is the first step in paving your path to success. understand life may seem hard right now, but nevertheless, you have the power to change it. If you have any questions or comments please feel free to direct them to Mr. Johnson

That means learning about yourself, and where you are at in your life and ultimately, where you are in relations to your community. Ultimately, knowing what you want to do

and he will forward them to me and I will respond to them as fast as I can.

As my sentence was eventually announced, it was as if a huge rock had been lifted from my shoulders. Instantly, it was as if nothing mattered, for despite whatever morality may or

Despite entering a sterile world, I was very aware of the other world beyond these walls. I heart ached as I knew some would feel paralysed and despondent. All I could do was entrust them all to the same loving God to who I had now consciously surrendered my freedom, my

the first person with whom we had shared a cell.

Evening fell and eventually we both drifted off to sleep despite the coldness of our cell