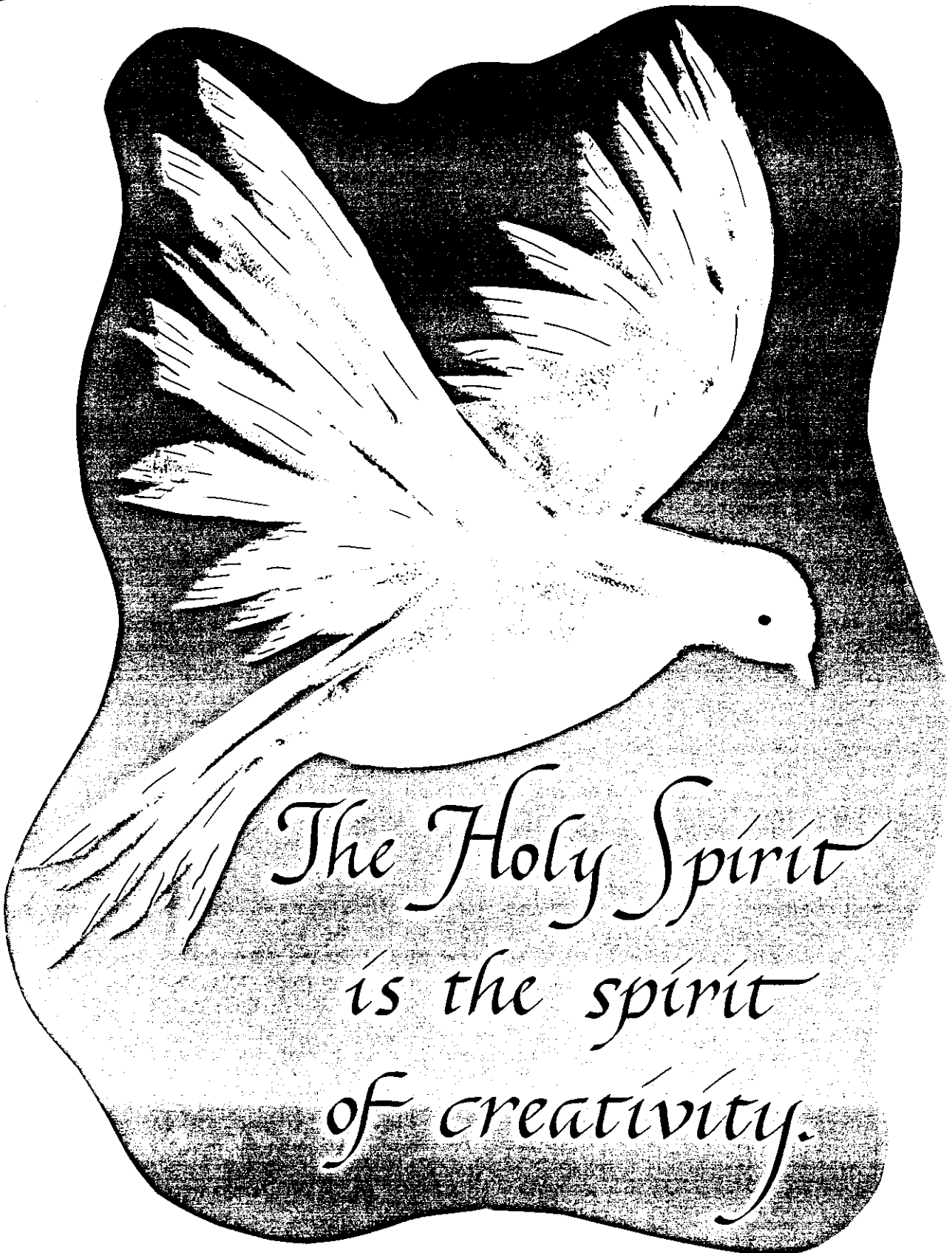




Spiritual Newsletter



*The Holy Spirit
is the spirit
of creativity.*



Collins Bay, December, 1987



Editorial

"Lock Up! Lock Up!" came the cry down the range, and the "Bang-Click, Bang-Click" of the heavy steel doors reinforced the order.

Another day off the map and as I glanced up at the calender, I noticed it was the last day in November. Ya, it snowed last night and the cell block was pretty cool, so I guess its that time of year. Oh boy, another Christmas in the joint. Well, theres no use being bummed out about it so might as well make the best of it. Wonder if I should rearrange my cell. Maybe put up a christmas tree and some decorations. Or while I'm dreaming, might as well get a waterbed as well as a christmas tree!! Ya right! Maybe dust the bars off and clean up this war zone; hobby shop, bedroom, bathroom, storage room, etc..It never fails to amaze me what can be fitted into this 6ft by 12 ft cell! Wonder if its unchristian like to have a messy cell? Guess I'll have to work on that next year. Hey, maybe I should clean this place up, wax the floors and invite some friends over. "Whoa", wait a minute. I better not take this too far - the coppers may report all this activity to the psychology department. Maybe think my fan belt is slipping and try to tighten me up a little. Well, what else can I do thats different this year. Lets see; my wife, mom, family, special friends and santa claus are all on the other side of that big grey wall. "Sooo," I guess I'm stuck once again with everything thats inside that big grey wall. In most places of the world it is a special day. Unfortunately in here, it just becomes another day, as the men locked up try to block their memories out. Memories of family, christmas trees, presents to special ones we love, family reunions, hanging up decorations and the smell of turkey. So special but to maintain our sanity we have to take all these neat little memories and tuck them away in closed compartments in our minds. Oh well, hope springs eternal, so as we say, "maybe next year!","Or the one after that."

For me, the last half of this year has been different and it is a different sort of "CHRIST-mas". Having accepted Christ into my life this past summer has deeply affected me and how I do time in prison. I thought it was all supposed to be smooth sailing and easy street once you become a Christian. But it hasn't been easy. I've gone from moments of strong insights and the joy of sharing with the Holy Spirit, to deep depression and feelings of doubt and frustration. I guess that is why they call it Christian "growth". Anything that grows, in any aspect of life, must change in one form or another, whether it is physically or spiritually. Changing means growing pains. I used to think that a Christian's life was flat, dull, bland, boring and wasn't any fun. But I was mistaken about that. A Christian way of life can be exciting, interesting, deeply fuffilling and fun also. Yes, even in prison. For any prisoner who might read this and think that I'm just another converted Jesus freak, well, I'd like to say this. I just knocked out twenty three years in these places and if I had opened my eyes earlier, maybe I wouldn't have had to do all this time. I'm not saying that I trip into this cell every night whistling and singing, because I don't. Things still get on my nerves and the coppers still get on my case. Its just a lot easier now and I have far more to look forward to and I feel better about life. But don't let me sell you a bill of goods; I invite you to try it yourself. All of us hardheaded characters have to learn that way.

So, in closing, as I look at the calender and let my mind tumble freely when I think about December 25th, this year I see a special friend's Birthday. And for anybody that asks "whats so special about that?"....I'd like to ask you this....."do you know anybody else that the world has celebrated their birthday for over two thousand years?" Must be a pretty special dude. And he is!

To all our families, our friends, our volunteers who come into our groups and hearts,- to our brothers and sisters locked up in other prisons, jails and hospitals, the Christian Brothers and all of us prisoners here at Collins Bay Penitentiary send out our bests wishes and greetings at this special time of the year. May God bless you all with peace and understanding in 1988.

Larry Harvey

Grimes

- Salvation Army Group - This group meets every monday evening from 6:30 to 9:30 and welcomes you to partake in a Hot Coffee and a Warm Smile. For any newcomers, this group meets in classroom area, behind the library. There is guest speakers, Testimonies, Bible reading and a lot of good singing.. Major Mills also is in every tuesday afternoon for those wishing to speak to him privately and a request box marked "Salvation Army" in on the main strip.
- Chairman: Ron Dube
- Bible Study Group - This group meets every tuesday afternoon from 1:30 to 3:30. Major Mills, John Walton and Pastor John Rice come in every week to lead this bible study and to conduct private interviews. Bible study courses are available to anyone wishing to enroll and learn. This group meets at St. John's Chapel. Pastor John Rice, from the Congregational Mission Church, conducts one-on-one sessions. Note below the T.V. prison ministry notice..
- "Broken Pieces" - This T.V. ministry is run by Pastor Rice from the Congregational Church, 928 Safari Drive, Kingston, Ontario, K7M 6X5. "Broken Pieces" is shown on Cable 13, Thursday evening at 6:30 and re-run on Sunday morning at 10:30. This prison ministry may be interesting for any prisoner, or anyone, having access to a T.V. set. Check it out.
- 4th Day Group - This group meets every other Thursday from 6:30 to 9:30 PM. If you want to share in good christian singing, hear testimonies and guest speakers, you are invited to share with this group.
- Chairman: Ian Gibb
- King's Rangers - This group meets every friday evening from 6:30 to 9:30 and works with many Christian & Community projects throughout the year. This year was the third year that they canvassed the prison for donations and were able to arrange for 60 children from hard pressed families to receive christmas stockings filled with goodies. Very worthwhile!
- Chairman: Leigh Ziegler
- R.C. Mass - Mass is held every saturday morning at 9:00 and we have F. Bill Steacy, Deacon Bernie MacDonald and several faithful brothers and sisters attend each week from uptown. Terry Lynch's guitar and Hanks encouragement are always appreciated.
- Protestant Mass - Our regular sunday service and mass is held every sunday afternoon at 1:30. Between guests from uptown and Rev. John Flindall, this is always an interesting and rewarding way to spend an afternoon.
- Full Gospel - This group meets every sunday evening from 6:30 to 9:30 and share in Bible teachings, prayer, singing, guest speakers and testimonies.
- Chairman: Bobby Lamoureux
- We invite all newcomers to attend any of the above and learn about them.



Special Christmas and Christian Greetings go out to everyone who helps in anyway with the publication of this Spiritual Newsletter: financial assistance for buying paper and stamps, articles and poems, Christian encouragement to prisoners and prison programs, typing, copying and mailing this publication accross Canada, the U.S.A., Puerto Rico, Peru, India, England, Africa, etc. God Bless you all, and thanxs! The Editor.

P R E S E N C E

One of the most difficult things for us to experience is loneliness; that hard to describe feelings that we are alone. It is ironical to the least, that one can often feel very much alone even in the midst of a crowd of people! And yet it not only can happen, but in daily life, people often get this feeling. How much of this is our own doing? The indifference of others surely is another important element.

If and when we fall into the trap of feeling that we are self-sufficient, - that "I don't need anybody else in my life" attitude, we are sliding right into sure bouts of not only feeling alone, but of being alone. For we freeze others out when we start to walk this path. Even God gets pushed aside. He who wants to walk at our side no longer finds a welcome there. From Genesis on, the Bible is in one sense, God's call to us to journey in union with Him through life until he calls us back to Himself through death. Our response is based on our free will. We are free to accept or reject his call. But once we make the decision to go on our own, then we open ourselves up to the consequences. For we are created to walk with God, to be united with Him. Fifteen hundred years ago, Augustine put it this way: "Our hearts are made for you, O Lord, they cannot rest until they rest in you.: When we shut God out, then we are not at peace, but uneasy and alone.

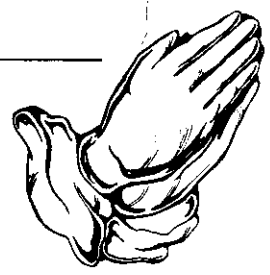
From the very first moment of our conception, we are part and parcel of a community. Without the support system provided by our mother we would die. With our birth we are dependent upon others for food, clothing, shelter and love. Without these we die. Even now, adults as we are, we still depend on others for food, clothing, etc. We can try to act self-sufficient, but who amongst us is? Not one of us! So why do we try to be so self-centered and go on a "me, me" trip? To live as an adult means to be realistic, to accept the fact of life that we can never be happy and at peace if we try to go it alone.

When we deliberately shut others out of our daily lives, should we be surprized and get angry if they let us be alone? Too often we tend to blame others instead of looking in the nearest mirror and think before we act! Just maybe we would avoid a problem or two if we tried this.


At times though, we can get so wrapped up in ourselves that we forget to pay attention to the daily needs of others. This indifference to our neighbour's needs is addressed in no uncertain terms by Jesus in Mathew 25: 31-46. As we prepare to celebrate His Birth this passage would be a good meditation.

To be alone at times is necessary for us in order that we can quietly talk to God and listen to Him speaking to us, to look at our lives and see where we are going, to read and ponder the Word, etc. This type of being alone is positive, not destructive. It is a means for us to prepare ourselves to enjoy the presence of others in our lives.

Fr. Bill Steacy, Chaplain
St. Marks Chapel



- JOY is love's STRENGTH
- PEACE is love's SECURITY
- LONGSUFFERING is love's PATIENCE
- GENTLENESS is love's CHARACTER
- GOODNESS IS love's CONDUCT
- FAITH is love's CONFIDENCE
- MEEKNESS is love's HUMILITY
- TEMPERANCE is love's VICTORY!

Submitted by: "Mom" Harvey 

Merry "CHRIST" mas

Speak Gently

A Careless word may kindly strife
A cruel work may wreck a life
A kindly word may lessen stress
A loving word may heal and bless.

Gentle words fall lightly
But they have great weight.

It is in vain to hope to please
all alike. Let a man stand with
his face in what direction he
will, he must necessarily turn
his back on one half of the
world.

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."
Said the sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must
be that they have no heavenly
Father, Such as cares for you
and me."

Above 3 Submitted by:
Di McKay
Prescott, Ont.

As I wandered heavy laden,
Along a stoney trail.
I chanced to meet a traveller,
He knew I'd been in jail.

He didn't scorn or chasten,
For sins he saw in me.
He said he had a truth to tell,
The word would be my key.

We are all in prison,
The stranger said to me,
When darkness overcomes us,
God's Grace we fail to see.

The Stranger had a message,
CHRIST JESUS died for me.
The prison doors swung open wide,
The truth shall set me free.

By: Barbara Anthony.

A Buddhist Prayer
For Peace.

May the naked find clothing,
The hungry find food;
May the forlorn find new hope,
Constant happiness and prosperity.

May all who are sick and ill
Quickly be freed from their illness,
And may every disease in the world
Never occur again.

May no living creature ever suffer,
Commit evil or fall ill;
May no one be afraid or belittled,
Or their minds ever be depressed.

The children, the aged, the unprotected,
Those stupefied and insane
Be guarded by beneficent celestials

For as long as space endures
And for as long as living things remain,
Until then may I too abide
To dispel the misery of the world.

Reprint from
"Companion", Apr/87.

"Mary, the Mother of Jesus"

That time is here once again,
The ground is white with snow.
The Bells are ringing
The children singing
Their faces all aglow.

The people bustling here and there
With smile's upon their face.
It is the time to worship God
And thank him for his grace.

The angel's sang so sweet a song
The stars did shine so bright.
And Mary hugged her little child
And sang into the night.

Praise be to God my father,
For your honour given to me.
I am among women, truly blessed
Now & for eternity.

Submitted By: A Special
Volunteer.

The editor of the Spiritual Newsletter buttonholed me on the strip this afternoon and reminded me about some thoughts for this December's ...christmas edition. I've got to admit the "ring of the Christmas season" has not gotten to me yet, probably because I'm intentionally resisting "the season to be jolly."

My thoughts are more with the age old theme of Advent, the reflection on the meaning of God present among mankind. Jingle Bells and all that "fluff" is as much of a distraction for me in these few weeks before Christmas as the first signs of the hucksters on T.V. making their Christmas reminders immediately after Holloween....its premature.

I'm aware that this will be the fifty second christmas that I've been involved in. I can't say I remember them all, but I can remember the place where I lived or participated in all of them. Many of those first dozen or so were simply dictated by the circumstances in which I found myself, and were defined by the festivities accompanied by the presents, the turkey and the family gatherings. But those in the last half (maybe even two-thirds) of that list of rememberances, have been marked by a deepening sense of another "Gift", a food of a different nurturing, and a more extended family.

Just think for a moment....the gift of the babe in Bethlehem was in an outhouse, perhaps a cave dug out of a hill behind the Inn. The roof over his head was barely shelter from the cold winter's night. Yet He presents Himself to us, simply because He is the sing of Love to us and for us.

I can get in touch with the "feel" I've had for many of those Christmases by remembering the places where I've been on December 25th as the clock moved into the new "day". The recollection of the place and the roof that was over my head, allows me to get in touch with being there again. The gift of love has been offered in each of them. It's offered under the roof where you are as you read this. The crude circumstances are not relevant; neither a hinderance, nor an asset. The circumstances just "are", and "He" is in the midst of them. You don't recognize Him, you say? This is just so much "poetry", you say? Well, I'm sure there were many with the same incapacity on that first Christmas. It did not prevent His being in the midst of human life, regardless of its simple and even crude circumstances.

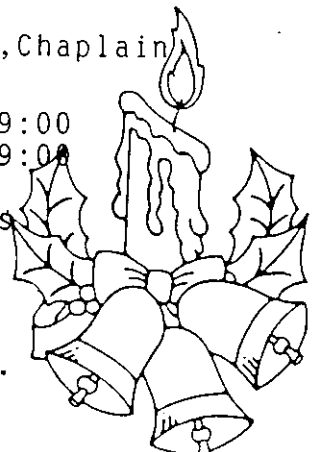
What is interesting in the Christmas story is that those who listened, were open to hearing something new and different, and heard just that. Those who were wrapped up in their own stuff, heard just that also. The shepherds, the maji, the poor and the priviledged who were ready to risk being drawn away from their customary course were PRESENTED TO THE GIFT. Maybe Christmas is about listening, about being lead out of our customary course and being presented to the Gift as well. Just maybe the alter under the roof of God's House is also a place where that Presence can be known for those who would listen and allow themselves to be lead there, to share that Gift with the Family of God.

John F. Flindall, Chaplain

The Christmas schedule of Services:

St. Mark's Roman Catholic Chapel - Dec. 25 & 26 -Mass at 09:00
Jan. 1 & 2nd -Mass at 09:00
St. John's Protestant Chapel - Dec. 25 & 27 - Holy Eucharist
- Jan. 3rd - " at 13:30 Hrs

We urge all of the Christian Brothers here to invite a friend to attend the church services listed above and to share with the newcomers the time and place of our meetings.



The Other Side of the Coin.

When I was first approached about printing an article about Millhaven in the Christmas/december issue, a chill sort of ran up my spine, because Millhaven Prison has nothing to do with Christian love and sharing; in fact, it is just the opposite. But because it is a special time of the year that makes people think, then maybe we should print this article and show the other side of the coin, that some prisoners have to live with. For those that do not know what Millhaven is, it is the maximum security prison in central Canada and is about twenty miles west of Kingston, on the shore of Lake Ontario. So we dedicate this article to the prisoners at Millhaven Institution and send our respect and regards. And to everyone reading this article, (which by the way, is an excerpt from Ron's new booklet, called "Inside Facts about the Inside") we ask you to sit back and reflect on whether this is the type of prison and treatment you want in a Christian and modern society like Canada.

L. H.

" M I L L H A V E N "

Millhaven opened its doors to its first victims in 1971. In its fifteen years of sitdowns, riots, murders, suicides, stabbings, beatings and all the other ingredients of Hell, Millhaven has come to be known as the Rectum of the System's Body.

In the six years that I've wasted in this warehouse of mental and physical cruelty, I've seen what no one should have seen. Sadly, there are many who have experienced a longer and more tortured period of time in here compared to me. So many times I've been thankful for what I did not have to deal with. I wish I could take the credit for my having survived this place so far, but all credit I must give to God.

My most painful experience of Millhaven is the realization that so many feel justified applauding the destruction of life that takes place in here. The laws of man have allowed for the uncaught to judge others. I've never met a sinless person nor have I known a perfect human being. Being without sin or perfect can only be credited to Jesus.

Many ask about the victims of crime. There are no words that I could write that would erase their pain or the pain that is felt by their loved ones. I pray that God will embrace each one as they enter the peacefulness of Heaven. The creation of jail does not return love. Millhaven also has its victims. Loved ones also feel the pain that is created by incarceration. I do not choose sides or attempt to measure the pain that is felt by the loved ones of the victims from both sides. I ask that God allow peace of heart and mind to all the loved ones.

Millhaven rapes the mind and heart without the use of vaseline. It's almost impossible to describe in words the degrading, painful, humiliating and what sometimes seems like forever, nightmares of this place. It was built to house men in an atmosphere of death. I have seen too many die in here. But for some warped reason, many out there consider it just. If one is to seek sympathy for the loss of these lives one would quickly discover that it's a waste of time. If death occurs out there, many feel sadness, but in here, many feel that it's deserved.

Millhaven is made up of three units, with five ranges to each one. There are roughly thirty cells or death traps to each range. "J" and "A" units are used for population, while "E" unit acts as a reception area. For many years "E" unit was used for the controversial Special Handling Unit. I was fortunate not to have experienced this part of Millhaven. It is not for me to share about eh hell of it, but I can share from the bottom of my heart, the sadness that I've felt for the men that were forced to live in such cruel conditions. The S.H.U. is no longer in use here. Rather than what should of been abolishment of this form of useless function it was moved to one of the other jails. What was a part of one jail is now a whole jail.

It would be difficult on my part to describe a cell in Millhaven. You would think after spending so many years in them that it would be easy to do so. I will suggest that anyone wanting a better picture of a cell to follow the following steps. If this project is attempted, then you must remember at all times that this is what many are expected to live in for many years. Some forever, as some die there. Go ahead and see how long you'll last.

- 1) Place a sheet of three quarter inch plywood on your bathtub and cover it with the thinnest, most uncomfortable mattress that you can find.
- 2.) Remove the toilet seat and lid and allow that fine aroma to fill the air.
- 3) If it's summer then close your windows and turn up the heat. If it's winter open the windows and turn off the heat.
- 4) Lock the door from the outside so that you need to depend on someone else to open it in case of an emergency. Cut out a five by seven inch window in the center of it so someone can look in on you and shine a flashlight in your eyes every hour throughout the night as you attempt to sleep this nightmare away.
- 5) Remove any objects that would be considered contraband. If you're not sure what contraband is then you'll be told when your cell is being searched. What is considered contraband today may not be considered so tomorrow, so you will have to take your chances. I can give you a tip about this. If you have anything that would allow comfort or assist you in passing your time then it's more than sure that it's considered contraband.
- 6) Now you only have to stay in there. Don't worry, someone will be around to make sure you're doing okay. It might be a wise move on your part to remove any objects that you may want to use to take your life in case you don't make it. Hang in there! It's only for twenty-five years.

I can remember one night as I was laying awake. I heard someone kicking on one of the walls. Sticking my ear to the door I could hear someone choking.

I still think to this day that he changed his mind, but he did such a good job that he succeeded in killing himself. For a few minutes I listened to his feet scraping the steel and what sounded like gurgling came from his throat. It was over fast, but the sounds of that night have never stopped coming back. I felt sad for him and somehow felt that he wouldn't want anyone feeling sorry for him. He had wrapped it up in one night. In my shock I actually felt jealousy towards his strength to face the end. His pain was over as mine continued.

There are many out there that would be getting quite a kick out of this. They feel that the suffering is justified. In their warped visions of life, they laugh at what they fear. Seeing too much of themselves in us. They deny their potential to be in the same place. Many feel that they're above everyone else and unable to be in these places. It's one of the comforts in my mind knowing that God will have the final say as to whom is better. I think many are in for a surprise.

Millhaven is millions of dollars a year to the local economy. Millhaven is part of many people's bread and butter. Millhaven is a part of a system that will be handed down to the young of today who will be left to deal with the ugliness that is created by the ones in control today. Millhaven is a part in a play that uses a script written without feelings or any thought. Millhaven is legal in the eyes of the law. Millhaven is a sin in the eyes of God.

I met a young man one day. He shared with me what was a very painful and shame filled experience for him. Since the age of thirteen his father had sexually abused him. Not knowing what to do about it or wanting to hurt his mother by exposing what was happening, he allowed himself to be used and suffer the sick needs of his father. At the age of sixteen he assumed that by running away it would stop. But in his running and the need to survive he resorted to crime. The only help that was available to him were suggestions that he return home. He was afraid to go home. Instead, his crimes led him to Millhaven. I held him while he cried like a baby, and cried with him. This is only one of the so many in these places that you laugh at. This is a child of God who you label an animal. If someone would of been there for him then maybe he would not have had to be in here. When you laugh you portray another form of an abusing father. This man is now out there someplace. I hope he has found freedom from his suffering. He left here with God in his heart.

Millhaven is surrounded by two twelve foot fences, crowned with barbed razor wire. The barbed razor wire used is banned against the use with animals by law, but is legal to use against the men of these places. On the other side of the fences, towers are positioned at different points to allow the guards to observe life inside the fences. The fences are designed to set off an alarm if any attempts are made to climb it. Cameras deliver pictures to one main tower, which monitors and records any movement on a twenty-four hour a day schedule. Vehicles drive around the outside of the fence hour after hour and guards with dogs patrol the grounds. The newspapers were reporting that it was too good in these places, so all this security was installed to make sure no one tried to sneak in. A rather sick and stupid statement to be making. Just as sick and stupid as thinking that it's so good in here. Just as sick and stupid as thinking that people commit crimes because they know they'll get off easy.

Millhaven is a violent place. It's not the men that are violent. If you treat someone like an animal long enough, sometimes that someone will act like one. But he isn't an animal. If you repeatedly told a child that he was dumb, he could and more than likely would act dumb. But the child isn't dumb. Both are just acting what they are forced to act. After all, if the script is written without thoughts or feelings, then how can the actor read the lines any differently. Think about it.

Millhaven is a success story of "failure", at its best. It is surrounded by trees and well groomed grounds. It's ugliness is not visible to the outside. Great planning has gone into this. When it is looked at from out there it is done with hate in the eyes. A lot of time and effort has gone into publicizing the right material to the outside so that its presence would be justified. You hear very little about the good of the men in this place. That doesn't sell papers.

Millhaven is a future museum. Sometime, many years from now, people will walk through this place. They'll touch the steel that held so many caged in. They'll look in amazement at what brought tears to so many. Many will take pictures for their photo album. Good conversation piece for when the company is over. Yes, many years from now Millhaven will be a museum. For a few dollars you'll get to see what so many paid with their lives. Enjoy the tour!

"May the groans of the prisoners come before you: by the strength of your arm preserve those condemned to die." Psalm 79:11

Excerpt from
"Inside Facts about the Inside"
By Ron Dube



Christmas Reading: I Corinthians Vs 4-7
(pay attention; we're asking questions
after class!! Please Read.) Now reread
this and replace the word LOVE with
your name.

Focus on the Christian Family

H O M E & L O V E

Just Home and Love! the words are small,
Four little letters unto each;
And yet you will not find in all
The wide and gracious range of speech
Two more so tenderly complete:
When angels talk in Heaven above,
I'm sure they have no words more sweet
Than Home and Love.

Just Home and Love! it's hard to guess
Which of the two were best to gain;
Home without Love is bitterness;
Love without Home is often pain.
No! each alone will seldom do;
Somehow they travel hand and glove:
If you win one you must have two,
Both Home and Love.

And if you've both, well, then I'm sure
You ought to sing the whole day long;
It doesn't matter if your poor
With these to make divine your song.
And so I praisefully repeat,
When angels talk in Heaven above,
There are no words more simply sweet
Than Home and Love.

By: Robert W. Service
submitted by L.H.

It is my special prayer that all
of us will think about our Families,
our Homes and those people who Love
us, at this special time of year. Are
these not truly magnificent blessings?
L.H.



"I TALK TO YOUR BOSS EVERY NIGHT."

"Focus on the Christian Family."

At the special time of Christmas, we naturally think about our families. In conjunction with the poem, etc on the other side of this page, I would like to offer the following. Some of us don't know how to deal with Christian study in our homes, so maybe there will be something for you. Enjoy and God bless.

Family Bible study! How do we teach our children and how do we share with older members of our homes? Nothing is more important in a Christian home than the family altar. By this I don't mean a fancy wooden or metal altar or piece of furniture. I think of the family altar as a central area where the family gathers to study and to be together, like a living room or a den. At a convenient time when all members of the family are home, father or mother should lead them in worship of God and in reading His word. A simple program for family worship includes singing a hymn, an opening prayer by a family member, a brief bible study and a concluding period of prayer in which all members take part. Encourage the shy members of our family. Make them feel comfortable with Gods word and prayer.

The family altar and bible study will bind the family together, foster deeper love, and enable each member to become a stronger, better Christian.

Since family bible study usually includes small children, it is wise to avoid deep, difficult topics and best to study something of interest and help to all. Such subjects might be Bible biographies, stories of miracles and deeds of Jesus as revealed in the Gospels, miracles in the Old Testament and parables that the younger members can identify with. It is best to keep the study brief and concentrate on short passages of Scripture. Recently I was reading an article on how to study the bible and I thought the following were interesting; Maybe you will too.

Here are several practical hints on how to make your family bible study interesting to all:

1/ Keep your family bible study reasonably short; one brief chapter or several paragraphs each day,

2/ Have a different member read a verse each day, so they get used to reading and studing together.

3/ Appoint one family member to lead in worship each day.

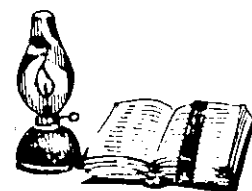
4/ Read through a bible book, a chapter or a paragraph each day and as your read together, decide on names or titles for each chapter, etc and try to memorize the important parts of each.

5/ After reading the passages, discuss them and encourage everyone to ask questions so that they understand what is read.

6/ Study the beautiful maps in the bible together and trace Paul's journeys, or the other disciples, or the wanderings of the children of Isreal in Egypt. Show them where Christ was born. Where most of the history of the bible took place.

7/ Young family members, new christians and others are not scholars. We must learn and understand what the bible says and means. Be patient and teach with the gift of love to our families.

As I look back along lifes long and twisting road, I realize how very important christian teachings and study is in a home. My mother tried to teach me and show me but for some unfortunate reason, I would not accept it and use it in my life as I grew older. If you love your children and family members, I encourage you to make bible study a part of your daily or weekly lives. Some children will accept it and some will reject it. There is no 100% guarantee in life when it comes to teaching about the word of God. But we must try, because it is so very, very important later on in life. If we really "LOVE" our families, love them enough to teach them the words of God.



Larry Harvey
Editor

Merry CHRIST-mas

FOR THESE....

Beyond these walls
lies a world that is
waiting...

A world of people
busily moving about
in order to maintain themselves;
apparently little concerned
about the meaning of their existence.

For these, Lord, I pray.

Also beyond these walls lies a world
of searching people

A people searching for that
undefinable "something"
in their lives.

Lord, beyond these walls
lies a people
waiting
for you.

For these
I
pray.

BROKEN PROMISES.

Yesterday's promises were broken today
and the wind blew the shattered pieces away
and tomorrow never comes..
tomorrow never comes.

Both the above were sent in
by: Patrick Bruyere
Ogdensburg, New York

Interpersonal relationships with God, and man, is Christianity in action; easy to say but hard to do. The early, and latter, prophets spoke of such relationships in the old and new covenants of God.

Gen 17: 1-7 tells us that God talked to Abraham and in 2nd Sam 23: 1-5 in his covenant to David, its an everlasting covenant to us. I Pet. 1:25 "But the word of the Lord endureth Forever."

The point I'm trying to make is this; in our interpersonal relationship with God we take everything to Him because we know there are no other ears to hear what is being said.

But what about our interpersonal relationships with people? One of the big things said to psychologists and psychiatrists is "I don't know who I am." The reason people don't know who they are is that they don't tell anybody. Most relationships are superficial, (How are you? Ok?, etc) through out our lives.

The Lord Jesus never gave us such a superficial covenant with Himself; why is it not the same with us? Is it not because we are afraid to tell people who we really are because of rejection, and on and on.

Real freedom in Jesus Christ is to let other people know who you are. James 5: 16 tells us to confess your faults one to another. Here lies the problem and the solution to our problem. I leave you with this; "If you want real Spirituality, REAL freedom in Jesus Christ, tell me and others who you really are; painful but truthful. Anything else is a smoke screen that will cause nothing but pain in your life and the lack of Christian Growth.

In the Spirit
& Christ,

Bobby Lamoureux

FOURTH DAY GROUP.

Greetings readers.....from the Fourth Day Group! With just a few nights left before the end of the 1987 year, we continue to praise God and His blessed Son, Jesus Christ.

We have recently had some of our fellowship leave us and return to the street. May they be blessed by our loving saviour.

For those of us still residing here in Collins Bay, the Fourth Day Group remains as an enlightened spot where we can go to praise God and grow spiritually through Christian fellowship and sharing and through all the beautiful gifts the Holy Spirit showers us with.

Jesus says that where two or more are gathered in His name, He will be there. AND HE IS!!!

Also, I wish to thank the many outside people who donate their time every other week to come in to us. In addition, all those inside people who contribute so much to the Group. Finally, I'd like to thank our Chaplains for all the assistance they've given to us and the Salvation Army for the Bibles they have generously donated.

And all thanks goes to our dearest friend, Jesus Christ.

May you all have a very Merry Christmas and be blessed with the love of Jesus throughout the new year!

Sincerely

Ian Gibb, Chairman
Fourth Day Group

Smile, ~~mad~~, grin, ~~ugly~~, happy, ~~frown~~, help, ~~grouchy~~, friend, ~~sin~~, bless
Little words,.....but they sure mean a lot. Which do you use?

23rd MY-STAKE.

Money is my life. I shall want everything,
It maketh me to lie down - dreaming of dollars and cents
and leadeth me by the nose;

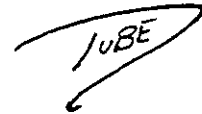
It owns and rules my soul
and leadeth to paths of greediness for my own sake.

Yea, even though I work myself to death,
I fear not having enough;

no amount of money can comfort me.

It provideth a table with gold, silver and friends
and my head runneth over with ego and pride.

Surely this lifestyle shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the shelter of taxes forever.



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Recently I enjoyed a testimony at the Full Gospel meeting, on Love.
How many times is the word "LOVE" mentioned in the Old Testament and how many times in the New Testament? ☺

Love is mentioned 288 times in the Old and 229 times in the New Testament Must be important, ah!

Sharing the Spirit of Love

To Love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything, and your heart will certainly be wrung and possibly broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact, you must give your heart to no one - not even to an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements; lock it up safe in the casket of your selfishness. But in that casket - safe, dark, motionless, airless - it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. Christ did not teach and suffer that we might become, even in the natural loves, more careful of our own happiness.....We shall draw nearer to God, not by trying to avoid the sufferings inherent in all loves, but by accepting them and offering them to Him; throwing away all defensive armor. If our hearts need to be broken, and if He chooses this as the way in which they should break, so be it!



"T O D A Y"

Outside my window, a new day I see
and only I can determine
what kind of day it will be.
It can be busy & sunny, laughing and gay,
Or boring and cold, unhappy and grey.
My own state of mind is the determining key,
for I am only the person I let myself be.
I can be thoughtful and do all I can to help
or be selfish and think just of myself.
I can enjoy what I do and make it seem fun,
or gripe and complain and make it
hard on someone.
I can be patient with those who may
not understand,
or belittle and hurt them as much as I can.
But I have faith in myself,
and believe what I say,
and I personally intend to make
the best of each day.

anonymous



The life-long friend of a young Christian was employed as a druggist, but he was far from sharing his friend's faith. Every time the latter spoke to him about God, the young chemist made fun of him. Accordingly the friend decided never to touch upon the subject again in their conversations, but to confine himself to ordinary topics. He said: "In future, old man, I shall not bother you with these matters, because you only make light of them. I have only one word more to say before closing the subject, until you care to reopen it - a word from God to you. It is the verse from the 50th Psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Don't you forget it! But the other just laughed.

Some time after this the young chemist was on night duty at the pharmacy, when a sudden and violent ringing at the door roused him from his sleep. A little girl had brought a prescription which the doctor had just given to her mother, who was very ill.

Annoyed at being disturbed, and still half asleep the young fellow weighed out the drugs, mixed them, stuck the label on the bottle and handed it to the child, who ran off with it as fast as she could.

After she had gone he proceeded to put the various bottles back in their places, when horrors!! What had he done? He had used the wrong bottle! Instead of a soothing drug, he had put a violent poison into the prescription! If the patient took any of it, death was sure and a death of agony!

But unfortunately he did not know the little girl, nor where she lived. If only he could find her. He rushed out of the store into the dark streets. He ran to the right, then to the left, but in vain. The darkness had swallowed her amid the streets of the great city. Besides, she seemed in such a hurry, perhaps at that very moment she was already at home giving her mother a draught of the poison he had prepared!

A cold sweat covered the poor fellow. He was at his wits end....when suddenly his friend's verse flashed on his memory: "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

He hurried back to the pharmacy, threw himself on his knees and prayed. Oh, he did not make any fun this time. In his terrible anguish he besought God to help him, for He alone could. What!! another ring! He rushed to the door and to his unspeakable amazement saw the little girl bathed in tears and holding the neck of the broken bottle!

"Oh Sir!" she sobbed, "forgive me! I ran so fast that I fell and broke the bottle!"

We can imagine the feelings of the young man as he took the prescription in hand again and prepared it correctly. But the gratitude of his heart did not vanish like a fleeting, though profound impression. Conviction had pierced his soul; he realized how unworthy he was of such goodness from God, whom he had so long slighted and even mocked.

It would be natural that should tell his friend what had occurred and should of his own accord reopen the subject he had closed. He soon learned to know the Saviour whom his friend knew, and enabled, too, to realize the last part of the verse: "And thou shalt glorify me."


"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John 5:24)


Submitted by: Volunteer
Full Gospel Group



GOD ANSWERS
"Prayer"



John Howard Society



Collins Bay Chapter
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The Junior God

The Junior God looked from his place
In the conning towers of heaven,
And he saw the world through the span of space
Like a giant golf-ball driven.
And because he was bored, as some gods are,
With high celestial mirth,
He clutched the reins of a shooting star,
And he steered it down to earth.

The Junior God, 'mid leaf and bud,
Passed on with a weary air,
Till lo! he came to a pool of mud,
And some hogs were rolling there.
Then in he plunged with gleeful cries,
And down he lay supine;
For they had no mud in paradise,
And they likewise had no swine.

The Junior God forgot himself;
He squelched mud through his toes;
With the careless joy of a wanton boy
His reckless laughter rose.
Till, tired at last, in a brook close by,
He washed off every stain;
Then softly up to the radiant sky
He rose, a god again.

The Junior God now heads the roll
In the list of heaven's peers;
He sits in the House of High Control,
And he regulates the spheres.
Yet does he wonder, "do you suppose,"
If, even in gods divine,
The best and wisest may not be those
Who have wallowed awhile with the swine?

Robert W. Service
submitted by L. Harvey

Who will Forgive?

These many yards of concrete
that make a prison strong.
They bring you here and lock
you up, to right your many wrong
You serve your time, they set
you free,
they say the price's been paid.
But at your feet forever
it seems all guilt is laid!
We know that "man" does not
forget,
the reasons that we're here.
But God above forgets, forgives,
and holds us ever near.
For no matter what they say,
or do,
fear not what things take place,
Let's walk with Him, forever,
and strive to know His grace.
O God, I thank You for these
trials,
through them I learn "Be
Strong".
For You're my strength, my Hope
in all
Those things that I've done
wrong.
Sweet Jesus, know that I love
you
for all your grace, Your Love.
Let's walk until the finish
and I'll meet with you above!

By "Mark"
reprint from "SHARING."



Dedicated to Prison Reform



Merry "CHRIST" MAS

Here are some customs and interesting things about Christmas that you may not have known or realized.

Gifts:

Gift-giving originated with the ancient Romans and their festivals of Saturnalia and Kalends of the New Year which fell at about the same time as present day Christmas and New Year. At first, gifts were mostly twigs from a sacred grove, given as good luck emblems, but eventually, food, candles, statues of gods, and pieces of jewelry became the normal presents.

The First Christmas Tree in Canada:

It is said that the first indoor Christmas tree in North America was in Halifax in 1846. William Pryor, a local merchant, cut one and brought it in to please his German wife. He decorated it with glass ornaments imported from Germany, lighted candles, paperchains and popcornballs.

Poinsetta:

The poinsetta originated in Mexican legend. The legend is that a small boy went to his church on Christmas Eve to pray. He had no gifts to offer the Christ Child on his birthday because he had no money, but his prayers were sincere. Because of this, a miracle gave him a present that no one could buy. At his feet, sprang up a brilliant red and green flower and thus was born the poinsetta.

God, in his love,
will grant a new start
To all who are truly
repentant of heart.
This is a gift
of his limitless love,

Boxing Day:

Boxing Day, December 26th, is also known as the Feast of St. Stephen, and originated in England. It comes from the custom of opening the Alms boxes in church on December 26th, to distribute the money collected to the poor who have not enjoyed as nice a Christmas as those who are better off.

Mistletoe:

To Ancient Celtic priests, called Druids, mistletoe was a sign of peace, and was cut at their winter festival. When Druid enemies met beneath its branches, all fighting stopped, weapons were put aside, and everyone became friends. This is where the tradition of kissing under the mistletoe started.

Christmas Cards:

Christmas cards started in England, early in the Victorian era. The first one was designed by William Egley in 1842. At first, they were given only to friends and family as expression of affection, or a token of remembrance. Now they are sent by some people to every one they know.

Submitted by: Patricia Harvey

A gift we are all
unworthy of,
But God gave it to us
and all we need do,
Is to ask his forgiveness
and begin life anew.

By: Helen Steiner Rice
Submitted by: David Parkinson

You see, I am your true father. I was completely happy, and out of my desire to share this happiness, I created you. Even when you disobeyed me I loved you more to the point where I sent my only Son to help you. Unfortunately, many disregard what he said. Their lives are too busy. More unfortunately, some have never heard about me. I do not mean that they have never heard of the Bible. No, they never experienced my love because others have not loved them. If you feel that you have never been loved, don't use it as an excuse to ignore me. Instead, use it as an incentive to give others what you did not receive. But how, you ask, can I give what I didn't receive? The answer lies in your recognizing the fact that even if you have never been loved by anyone, to know that I love you. Yes, it's true that I use others to give my love but, at the same time I am God, and I am not limited and I can help you to know love --know me-- even if nobody else has ever loved you. I do this because I am your true Father and my love is unconditional and unending. The more you need me, the more I love you. Therefore, if I am the only one who loves you, that is sufficient. I am all you need. I am love. I am your Father. I care for you. I want you to be happy. To do so you must listen to my Son Jesus.

Your true Father,
the God who created you out of love.

Gifts for Christmas:

Today I ask for all mankind five things. Five priceless gifts I pray this Christmas brings:

Firm Faith that gives to life a golden key;
High courage that goes forward dauntlessly....

And joy exceeding great that springs and wells
Within the soul where patient meekness dwells...

And gentle love that seeks for everyone
The noblest freedom that our race has won...

And peace that spreads abroad its lovely light,
Like candles in the window, warm and bright.

No better wish could any man contrive,
No holy gifts more precious than these five...

So take them, friend, for these great gifts are free
And give them room beneath your christmas tree.

By: Vincent Burns
submitted by: Geraldine Harvey

If you wish to have the Spiritual Newsletter from Collins Bay Penitentiary sent to you free, send in your address and please "print".

Nature's Accident ★

Crystal like snowflakes,
they tumble and fall. ★ ★

Both inside and outside
that grey, cold stone wall. ★ ★

An accident of nature
Decided the fall. ★ ★

For those that fell inside...
Are they still snowflakes? ☀

By: Larry Harvey

** Editor - Larry Harvey
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**

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** K7L 4V9

(the Spiritual newsletter is FREE but any contributions is most welcome. God bless those who have contributed money or articles.)

Dear Friend;

Today I would like to talk to you in a special way and tell you how much I love you.

You talk about my Son and sometimes, unfortunately, mention his name in anger. He is the one I sent to save you, to help you in your journey to me. I am aware that many people do not really know him. This is because they have not taken the time to talk to Him and get to know Him. Oh, I know that they have good intentions but somehow or other these good intentions fall by the wayside because of the many distractions of the world. In their desire to make themselves "happy" they seek pleasure. They have not been able to see the difference between the two. Pleasure satisfies the body and mind but only for short periods of time. Thus, they have to go and look for more pleasure.

It is not that I wish to deny you pleasure but it must not interfere with your relationship with my Son. If all you seek is pleasure then you will not find Him. If you wish to find Him look for Him in the everyday trials of your life. When you do this you will begin to discover true happiness because this is true love. You begin to forget about yourselves and start noticing the trials, hurts and cares of those around you. As this happens, you will grow more like Him and begin to love as I meant you to. Your idols will not be drugs, alcohol or sex but your idol will be Him. Your high will come out of serving and giving to others. You will also begin to understand that He came as a real person, suffering and giving everything, even to the point of dying for you. You will begin to realize that He is not part of a fairy tale but part of the truth--part of something that did happen in fulfillment of my promise to send my only Son to redeem you -- to help you share one day my happiness which I so much want to give to you.

Christmas Day you will celebrate the birth of my Son. For some of you, even though you are in this institution, that day will be a happy day. You will receive letters or talk to your loved ones. This will be signs of love which will help you in your struggles within the Institution. Others may receive these signs of love but take them for granted. It may become just another day. Unfortunately, they are in that "take it for granted" group. They are the ones who are loved but misuse it. For them, this love will not help them to grow. Instead, if anything, it will cause them to grow more selfish because they do not recognize that it is a gift from me. Just as the sky, sun, moon and stars should help you to be in awe and wonder at my creation, it goes by unnoticed because they are there--taken for granted.

Finally, and unfortunately, there are those who will not receive any signs of love and maybe even have never received them. This causes me much pain because I have created everyone and called them to love. When they do not do so, others suffer. Why do you think there is so much suffering in the world? It is not because there is insufficient food or clothing. These have been given to the world but are not shared by those who have plenty.

The greatest suffering, however, is found in the hearts of humankind. Many who have the good things in life are still unhappy. This is because they do not recognize their responsibility to love others. When they fail to do this, they are not doing the work for which I called them. Whether poor or rich you can still love, you can still forgive, you can still communicate with me.

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L O U E