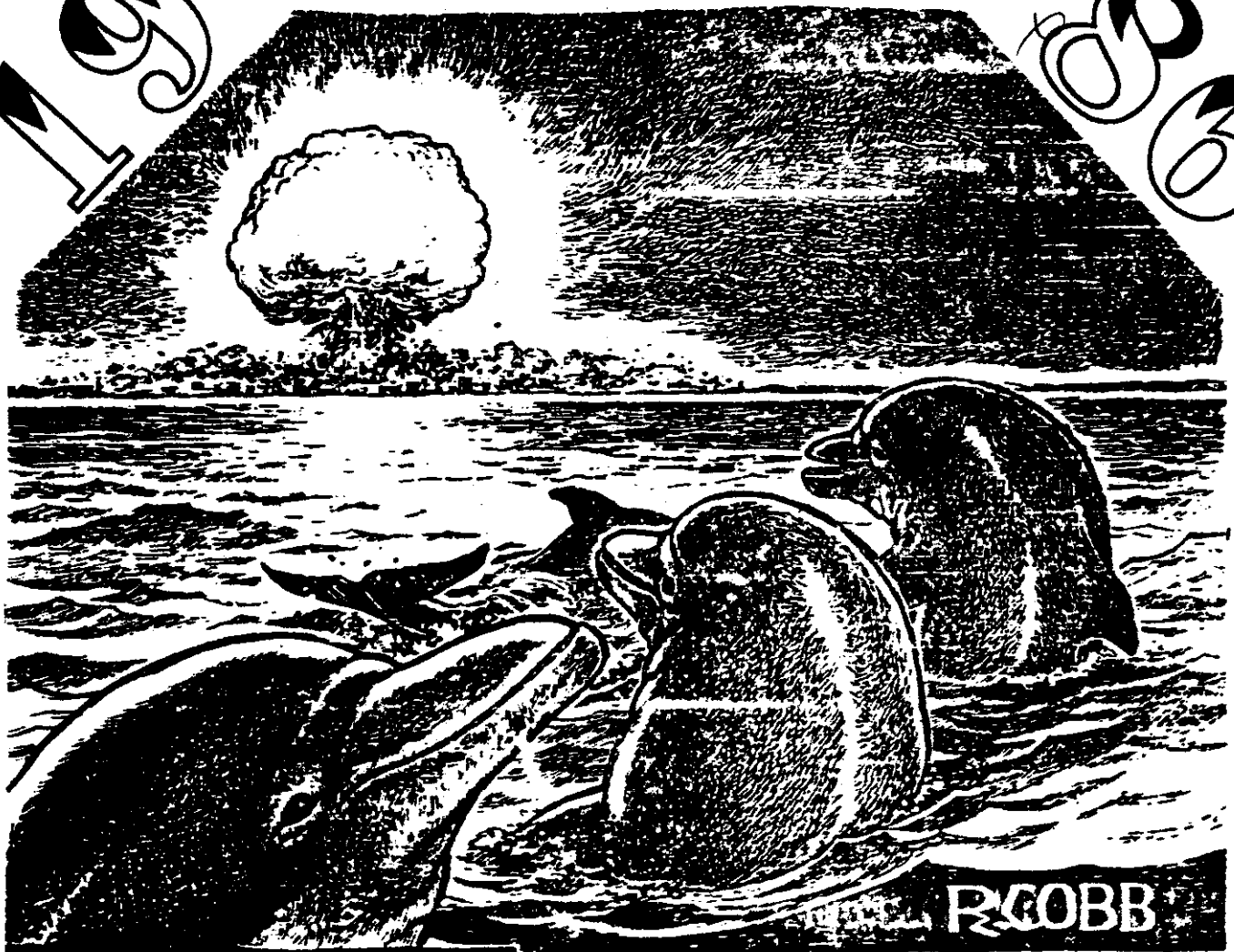


Feb. 80

OUTLOOK  
1906



LET THE MEN OF WISDOM SPEAK

"When a man wantonly destroys one of the works of man we call him a vandal. When he wantonly destroys one of the works of the Creator we call him a sportsman".

\*\*\*\*\*

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COVER BY: R. COBB - Our Outlook ???

THE OUTLOOK is printed with the authority of the Warden and in line with the Commissioner's Directives. All articles appearing in this issue have been subjected to a review by an Administration Editorial Board. Views and opinions are those of the authors and are not necessarily reflective of the opinions of administration or of magazine staff. THE OUTLOOK was established in 1972.

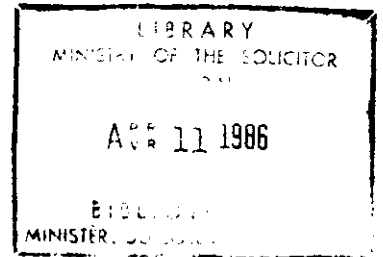
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MAN'S CONQUERING OF MAN

The Sun rises in a darkening sky  
And we weep  
The sightless child lifts up an eye  
And we weep  
We dare not answer his anguished "Why"  
But slink in horror quickly by  
Pretending that he will not die  
But we know; Oh God! We know why  
And we weep.

The Sun's beyond that cloud of doom  
Still we weep  
The child lies still within her womb  
Still we weep  
We know he'll never see his room  
Or play about the streets at noon  
And kiss goodnight a smiling moon  
We know, but ask "God, why so soon?"  
Still we weep.

The Sun is gone now from our sight  
So we weep  
The crippled child asks 'Why his plight?'  
So we weep  
We challenged God and sought to fight  
Refusing His redeeming light  
And plunged us to eternal night  
In hopeless terror - binding fright  
So we weep.



Q. 12

# EDITORIAL

FEBRUARY 1986

Another edition of the OUTLOOK and another Editor complete with another editorial.

What comprises a good Editorial from a new Editor? For my first edition, lets look at the purpose and composition of a prison magazine.

The OUTLOOK is an unusual publication in that we are the only prison magazine that has Paid Subscribers and paying Advertisers; both from the street. (In reviewing the files, I see there is very little, if any, advertising sold. We will attempt to remedy this for April's edition). The magazine also goes to all Inmates in Warkworth, and to various penal institutions across North America. So what is its purpose? what do we use it for?

First, let us realize ITS OUR MAGAZINE. We, the Inmates, have our own vehicle to speak to others here and outside the fence.

We should use the OUTLOOK to inform and to entertain, to vent and to share, to praise and to rebuke, to welcome and to challenge.

In all that we use it for we must use it appropriately, always remembering that no matter what is imposed on us, it is only we ourselves who can give up our dignity. That can never be stripped from us without our willing participation.

The OUTLOOK will NOT shy away from contentious items. Though we must obtain Administration's approval to print, we will not 'whitewash' or hide the truth, nor do I anticipate this Administration would ask us to. We will make very certain that what we print will be accurate. The OUTLOOK will not be used for muckraking under this Editorial Staff. We will not compromise our dignity, our integrity, or that of this publication. We will utilize the OUTLOOK to the best advantage of our fellow inmates by expressing to all our talents, joys, sorrows, faiths, and by sharing the good in each of us with our Brothers here and on the other side of the fence.



# EDITORIAL

Having said all this, we present the first edition of 1986. We on the OUTLOOK staff believe that this effort is at least acceptable. We intend however, to improve each of the following works until we have reached a level of excellence that results in daily calls from the Thompson chain with offers of purchase. Of course, if we do as well as anticipated, we may be calling them with offers of our own.

Since an Editorial should make a 'statement', I suppose I'd better try to come up with something profound.

I'm sitting here trying to figure out how a relatively new 'fish' says what I want to say to all you Solids and Pseudo-solids without getting you too bent out of shape.

Let me start by pointing out that prison is a new experience for me; and this prison is anything but what I expected. All I knew about penitentiaries was what I saw in the movies. The sum total of my knowledge could be summed up in a few simple rules:

- Never ever talk to the 'Man'.
- Keep your mouth shut.
- Keep your back to the wall.
- If you drop your soap in the shower, either write it off or brace yourself.

Well my friends, it just isn't so!

I talk to whom I please; writing editorials can hardly be considered 'keeping my mouth shut'; I can't find any walls; and as for the soap, well, I admit I hang on to it pretty carefully.

What then is so terrible about prison?

Am I able to form a responsible opinion?

Have I the right to do so with so many men around me who have lived in the system for so many years?

I don't know if I have the right! As to being qualified - well I've spent the past 20 years in professions where I had to observe and analyze human behaviour and develop responsible conclusions from those observations. I cannot help doing so now. It's instinctive. So what have I observed; discovered?

# EDITORIAL

Well, I've certainly discovered a couple of things that I believe make prison a pretty terrible place. Now, I know all of you have your own ideas of what's wrong with the system. I don't pretend to be an authority on penology, so please accept this as 'only one man's opinion' and maybe give what I say a little thought.

I know there are lots of areas each of you will consider the 'most terrible'. The loss of our freedom; the loss of family contact; the inability to make our own decisions (and some on the other side of the fence would argue that); the loss of privacy; etc; etc; etc;. I see all those, but two others stand out in my opinion.

First: The 'Head Games' played in the institution by some Staff. In all fairness I must admit that with a few minor exceptions early in my stay here, I have not been subjected to these personally. I have however, seen these being done in every Block in the institution. Things like refusing to accept an application from an inmate that he is entitled to submit; stalling an inmate who has a legitimate reason for an urgent phone call using inane reasoning; conning a naive inmate into signing away his parole after he has applied; and the delays for almost anything. Foolish unwarranted delays. I can understand these things if they are being used in 'stress testing' to see how an inmate copes and controls himself. This does not seem to be the case here however. With some it never stops. The inmate in this situation knows not to expect any help or positive response until he walks out on mandatory - if there is any left. This seems to me to be vicious and counter-productive. Fortunately there are not too many staff who practice it to the extreme.

Secondly, or maybe I should say finally: The thing I find most terrible of all in prison is the treatment of prisoners. No, not by staff. Not by the system. But the treatment of prisoners by other prisoners. We all hear almost daily that society and the guards 'treat us like animals' or 'make us animals' or 'expect us to behave like animals'.

My friends, I don't believe the 'System' has the power to do it. Not for one moment do I believe it!

# EDITORIAL

The system cannot make the strong among us prey on the weak among us. Yet we do - every day. The system cannot rehabilitate us in its present form, yet we can rehabilitate ourselves. This system would collapse if we ever did, yet somehow, and sadly, I don't think they're too concerned about being out of work. The system can remove our freedom, can cause us pain, can cause our loved ones pain (and I include the fact that we ourselves committed our crimes as part of the 'system'), can even beat us down and try to break us. The one thing the system cannot do to us so many of us do for them. The system cannot remove our DIGNITY. Only WE can throw that away. And we seem to; - oh, not all of us, but too many of us.

We throw away our dignity every time we 'lean' on another inmate; every time we lose control at the 'games' they play and give them the opportunity to lay another 'charge'; every time we get involved in one of the sick subcultures in this place; every time that we forget that it's up to us to help each other. And every time we throw away that dignity, that self respect, we confirm the necessity of places like this. Day after day we, the people on the inside, give the system the justification for its existence.

We are keeping these 'keepers of men' employed.

In spite of the sarcasm with which we usually regard staff, their qualifications, intelligence, and attitudes, I have not found one who wouldn't love to be a part of a society where his profession was completely unnecessary. That is, of course, not up to the people who make up the staff compliment of the correctional services. As long as we insist on spending our leisure time in these delightful places, they will keep hiring staff to care for our every desire. It seems to me that for society to abolish prisons in this country, we, the inmates, have to be the ones to stop using their facilities. We have to be the ones to handle our lives in a manner that allows us to stay out on the street.

Think about that.

Its not them; it's us!

Well - That's one man's opinion anyway.

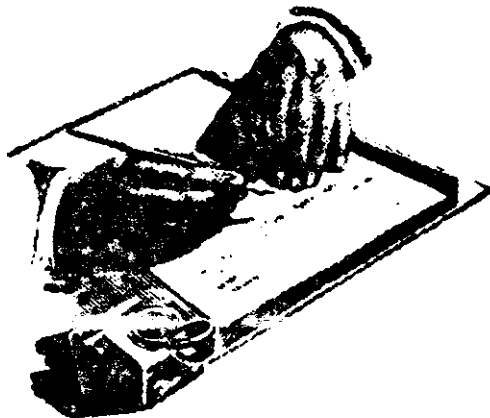
We would be pleased to consider your opinions for publication.

# EDITORIAL

We welcome submissions from all for inclusion in our magazine. Please accept that we cannot print all we receive, nor can we be responsible for returning submissions to the sender. We ask that you accept the judgement of the Editorial Staff as to what will be used. Also, any items received may be kept for inclusion in an edition at a later date. Letters to the Editor are most welcome. Finally, this is our magazine, yours and mine. It can be a very powerful tool. Lets use it to the best advantage. I look forward to serving you.

Peter J. Preyde  
Editor.

Comments on this editorial, or on any of the articles in the OUTLOOK are invited. Please address all correspondence in this regard to 'The Editor'; OUTLOOK Magazine, P.O. Box 760, Campbellford, Ontario, KOL 1L0, or drop them in writing into the CIS office.





## Work and self-worth

# *Paying one's way*

Solicitor General Perrin Beatty could do worse than to pay attention to the proposal that inmates in Canada's prison system pay for the privilege of being there.

The proposal calls for prisoners to pay room and board and to contribute to a victims' compensation fund.

Not a bad thought at all.

We pay a high price - about \$41,000 per prisoner per year - when we sentence lawbreakers to penitentiary. At present we get little for our money except the continuing production of people taking advanced degrees in crime.

It's not a new thought but it is being brought forward again by Ian Stanley of Prison Fellowship Canada who is lobbying the federal government for a full industrial prison in which non-violent offenders would work for a private company and earn a reasonable wage. He said he hopes to meet with federal Solicitor General Perrin Beatty soon to discuss the idea.

The current prison system is doing little more than producing "educated convicts," said Stanley, director of the volunteer Christian association that works to rehabilitate convicts.

When a man is locked up, he should work to pay for his room and board and make restitution, he said.

If industries can be found to locate in a prison prisoners could earn an average of \$10,000 a year from which they would pay living expenses and contribute to a federal victims' compensation fund.

Stanley said the federal government spends \$564 million annually for correctional services and if 5,000 prisoners were involved in the program, the government could reduce the cost by \$50 million. A government spokesman, Earl Fox, director of industries for Correctional Service of Canada, said Ottawa would probably go along with the idea of private industry in prisons if organized labour and business could agree.

While some argue prisoners should not be given jobs while people on the outside remain unemployed, Fox says they have the same responsibility to work as others.

"Just because someone is sentenced to a penitentiary, the court hasn't taken away his right to work," he said.

There are some examples of such a system working. Private firms have set up shop at two Ontario institutions, Maplehurst in Milton and Guelph Correctional Centre. In Milton, one company has 30 to 35 prisoners making muffler parts for minimum wage, while a Guelph abattoir pays prisoners union wages to work in the slaughterhouse. Apart from the purely financial aspects of the proposal there are other considerations.

"You can't put someone in a metal cage for five years and expect him to come out a better man," says Stanley, and an ex-convict who works with the Prison Fellowship says prisoners need work to keep them "busy and give them a little dignity."

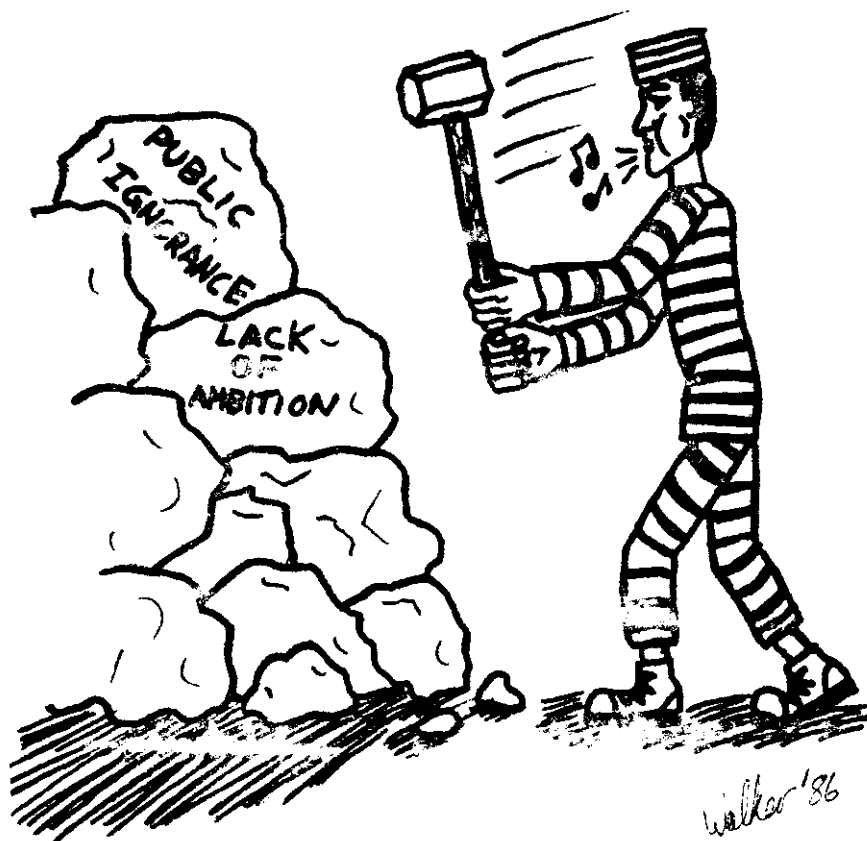
Many will argue that the dignity of a convict is of little or no concern. He got himself in there in the first place and how he deals with it is his concern. But, since prisoners do return to the regular world with the rest of us, we have to ask ourselves if we want to share that world with someone with a feeling of self-worth, or with someone who simply knows more about lawbreaking than he did when he started serving his time.

We think there's merit in the proposal and we hope Beatty pays some attention to it.

Credit to

"The Evening Tribune"

Sat. Nov. 2, 1985



Letter to The Editor.

Approximately two weeks ago I applied myself toward finding suitable employment. Rumor had it at the time that jobs were scarce. But for the grace of God I had mastered two prospects for work within a week and came to the conclusion that I would step out in faith and await final decision from head office to be accepted to the C.E.S. office. It is with gratitude that I write to you to express my thanks for adapting me into your department. I would like to thank Mr. David Trafford, our boss, for the privilege to work in this pleasant atmosphere and be of aid to others as well as further developing my own personal skills.

Gratefully employed,

Your new Correspondence Clerk

Praise the Lord!

Dear C.C.

I couldn't help myself. How could I possibly turn anyone down who is so grateful, and who keeps the floor so clean. Now stop snivelling and get back to work!!!

P.S. How do you get all those fancy letters out of the lousy equipment they give us to use?????

Ed.



To the Editor.

I am a 'Solid'. Being a tough guy isn't easy. For the first year I used to get headaches trying to look mean. There was a time in my life when if I turned sideways I disappeared. Fortunately one day I met Elrod. I admired this dood for his sole dedication to weight lifting. Buckets of sweat surrounded him as he glistened in a stale odour of what smelled like month old socks. Well, Elrod took me aside and convinced me, without much persuasion, to become his partner and get tough. It wasn't long and I began to buldge, c'n what a feeling! I could now begin to hurt other people the way other people used to hurt me. I mean, isn't that what it's all about when you're a 'Solid'? You don't have to take any crap from anyone and people look up to you, don't they -- well don't they? I understand that you know something about God, right? Well, see, that's why I'm writing to you. I've discovered that being a 'Solid' isn't as fulfilling as I had anticipated. I have a hope that there must be more to life than living the life of a phony because up to now, that is what I've been doing. How can I come to enjoy life, myself, and other people? Know anyone who can help me find reality?

From a 'Solid' who isn't.

Dear Semi,

No answer, No Way! I'm not involved!

Where are these guys getting all these fancy letters from anyway??????

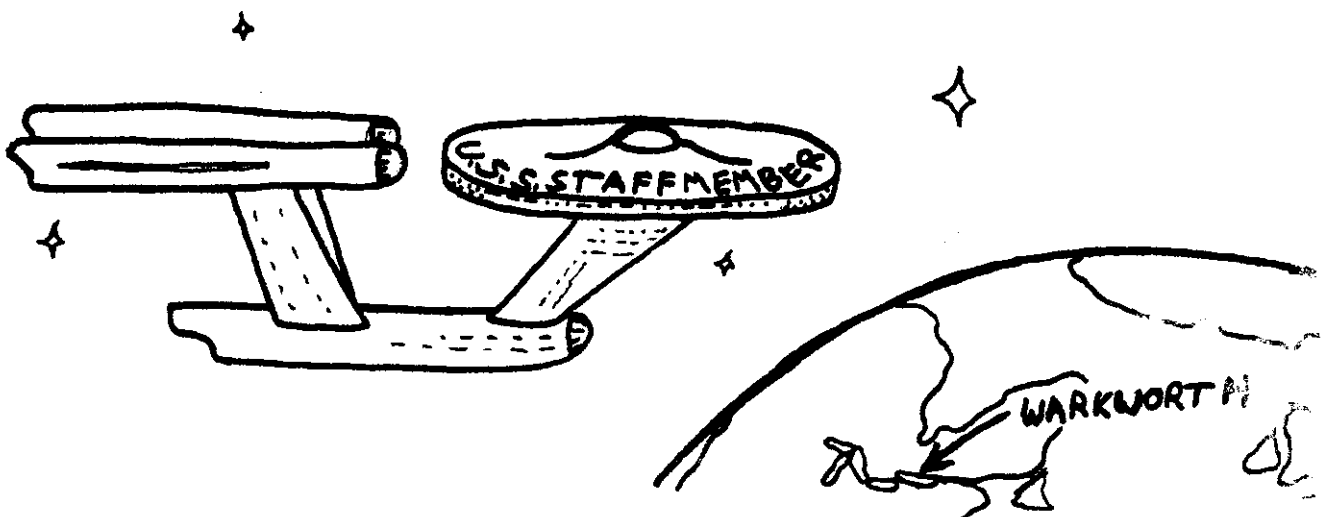
Ed.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I'm a space cadet from one of the bubbles in Warkworth. I've heard enough about C.I.S. to become inquisitive and therefore prompt you with a few questions. Is it really true that your office is confronted with greivances with regards to our methods of rehabilitation? As you may be aware, we try to procur patience in our inmates and it has become somewhat distressing to discover that the lads here are getting their needs fulfilled without our direct knowledge and before we think they're ready.

Dear Spaced

The answer is an unbelievable 'yes.' There are actually inmates who stoop to grieve you people. I hope you will excuse them, but I understand that some of the poor misguided fools want to leave here and feel their best chance lies with us. By the way, who does your spelling?  
Ed.



**"I DON'T CARE, MR. SPOCK! COUNT THEM IF YOU MUST, BUT DO NOT  
BEAM THEM ABOARD!!!"**

An open letter to the Editor:

Awkward, shy, and fearful of others all my life, yet with a desire to excell and become equal, if not better, I finally found the solution to my problem.

One made me forget my feeling of inferiority.

Two made me equal.

Four made me superior and more made me master.

With my new found friend I set out with a vengence to turn the tables around. People became shy, awkward and fearful in my presence. At last I ruled.

Then they closed the iron door behind me and locked it. I felt cheated. After all, had I not the right to make them feel the way I had felt originally? Was this not part of life?

I was alone again. I questioned my sanity. They said I was un-treatable, insane. Not only did they shut me away, but I them. In my sick mind it suited me just fine.

Months went by until one day a funny little guy with a funny sounding name came up to my cell bars and asked me to spot him while he lifted his weights. Since I thought it would be a laugh to watch him struggle because of his size, and the fact that I didn't feel threatened by his size, I said 'why not'. Needless to say it was not out of my befriending him that I went along, but rather because of his befriending me. I was proud of myself when I hoisted up 175 pounds. I stood in awe when he lifted 320 pounds with great ease. At the end of the workout he told me that this was OUR bench.

Why had he done this for me? Why had he chosen to help me? I didn't understand.

The following night he again appeared at the door of my cell.

'Come with me' he stated. For some reason I didn't question him.

I only trusted him.

We entered a room. I couldn't believe my eyes! There before me sat women and men. Yes, I said "WOMEN". What were they doing here? Killers, thieves, rapists, etc; cons of every sort, shape and size; and WOMEN. They were smiling, talking, laughing and even hugging.

I didn't know their names nor they mine. We had never met before. They greeted me, all, as if they knew me and were old friends. I was dumbfounded, but loving it all. I hadn't felt this kind of warmth in years. I felt like I belonged, like someone really cared. I was too busy looking around at my newfound friends and surroundings to notice a man had started speaking, or at least to tune into what he was saying. When I finally did tune in, I thought he was talking about me!!!

I learned that night that I was no longer alone; that this man, in fact all the people in the room with me, and millions more, all had a common problem. I learned that by caring, and by sharing with each other, together we could be restored to sanity.

I have been meeting with these people and others now for over three years, and again lead a happy and normal life. A life of caring and loving, of joy and peace.

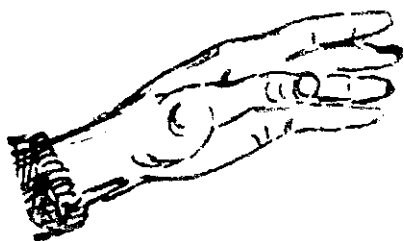
As for that funny little guy with the funny sounding name - - well he came up to me about three months after he first befriended me and told me the bench was mine; he was going home. I never heard from him again; he never came back, and that made me happy for him. I will be forever grateful to him for extending his hand to me and showing me the way. He was one of the 'biggest' men in my life.

"NO PERSON STANDS SO TALL AS WHEN THEY STOOP TO HELP ANOTHER"

Sincerely

*A. Anonymous*

A. Anonymous





# REPORT TO THE PEOPLE

## EVER MOVING AHEAD THROUGH PROGRESS

Interview with Steve Hannah

Founder of Project Two-Ways

\*\*\*\*\*

Steve Hannah is a 26 year old inmate who is serving his first Federal Sentence. After spending approximately 20 months incarcerated, Steve has developed a program for young, first time federal inmates that if successful, will drastically reduce the rate of recidivism and be a major advance in penology. We had the opportunity to interview Steve during a quiet lull in his otherwise hectic schedule.

Pete: The big question Steve has to be - How did you come up with the concept; the original idea?

Steve: I guess it started years ago when I was working as a recreational youth worker. This then led into my becoming a Child Care Worker. I was working with youths 12 to 18 years of age. My job was to create alternatives to sub-cultured lifestyles using available resources. I found Pete, that when we used the activities that were available, it was very effective in removing these young people from street corners, hustling, or from stagnating in front of the TV.

Pete: What are some of these activities that you found useful?

Steve: We would take them fishing, canoeing, golfing, bowling, movies, playing football rain or shine, and any activities that allowed us to interact and communicate on a friend to friend basis rather than on an authoritative one.

Pete: So by exposing them to appropriate Social interaction you increased their social skills and removed them from negative peer pressure! Did you have any means of recording the success of this program?

Steve: Personally no! However the interaction I enjoyed with them was almost always positive and seemed to evoke mutual respect.

Pete: How then was this the forerunner of Two Ways?

Steve: The reason the youth program worked well was that the young people were not happy with what was happening to them. They didn't know what to do about it. They didn't have the skills or the opportunity. We provided appropriate opportunities and they jumped at it. Their skills increased until they could take over their own activities and be productive.

When I came to prison I found many young people who lacked any direction. They were first time offenders who had not yet fallen into the mainstream attitudes of prison life. Though confused, they could still take advantage of any opportunities offered to them to gain the skills necessary to stay out of prison. It struck me that the same basic principles applied, with of course one small exception. The format would differ. Instead of canoeing and football, we would interact through ongoing workshops and seminars designed to apply techniques of self-help and shared help.

Pete: This sounds practical so far, but is this going to work for everybody?

Steve: Never! It can only work for people who want to change; people who are self-motivated. You see Pete, we are not applying a cure to young inmates. What we are doing is providing an opportunity with a hint of direction to get the ball rolling.

The participants are going to utilize this opportunity to develop their own skills so that they will have the tools not only to avoid those influences that put them here in the first place, but also to avoid or deal appropriately with the negative influences right here in prison. I feel as we have our own problems within us, we also have our own answers for those problems. Sometimes we are too close to the problem to see the answer. Sometimes we simply have not developed the skill to locate the answer. Two-Ways is simply the tool we can use to dig out our own answers. It is a self-help program for self-motivated inmates. That is why it will work where the other prison sponsored activities may fail. It is not a parole dodge. It is actual rehabilitation because it is by self for self. It relies on no outside influences.

Pete: How can you say it's rehabilitation when they others are not?

Steve: I didn't say that. The other organizations can be rehabilitative - but only if the inmate himself is there because he is motivated to improve himself. Two-Ways is designed in such a way that it is made up only of self-motivated people. If they are not then there is no earthly reason why they would want to be there.

Pete: So you are saying they all want to improve?

Steve: Absolutely! Though I recognize their level of commitment will vary, each member has listed, prior to joining Two-Ways, the goals he wishes to accomplish for himself and also those he wishes to see the group itself accomplish. We will address each of these goals thoroughly.

Pete: You have the skills to do this?

Steve: Of course not. We will make wide use of resources inside and outside the institution. There are incredible resources right here among the inmate population and they are untapped, they are being wasted. Also we have excellent staff support and resources to draw from. We intend to utilize available professionals and groups from the street. But our biggest resource is the membership of the group. We are motivated. We are walking through those gates some day and we will never have to look back.

Pete: How much support or interference have you received from the Administration on this project?

Steve: I've received no interference whatsoever. None at all.

What I've received is this. After I began bringing the concept forward to individual departments, I was given encouragement to pursue it. They expressed that the program was much needed and with using the outside community resources it can't be anything but successful. They've given us time, a place, and co-operation.

Pete: How much enthusiasm has been generated among the population?

Steve: A great deal, particularly among the younger guys whom this will effect. Everyday several new people approach me with real encouragement and interest. Some of the older guys want a similar program for themselves.

Pete: Where does Two-Ways go from here Steve?

Steve: Right now we are beginning a six month trial period. I hope it will become a self-perpetuating program, depending on no one person to keep it alive. Our prisons are full of repeat offenders. If we can teach ourselves to survive out there and build happy and useful lives, then we have a chance to close a few of these places down. That is a dream worth reaching for. That is my dream.

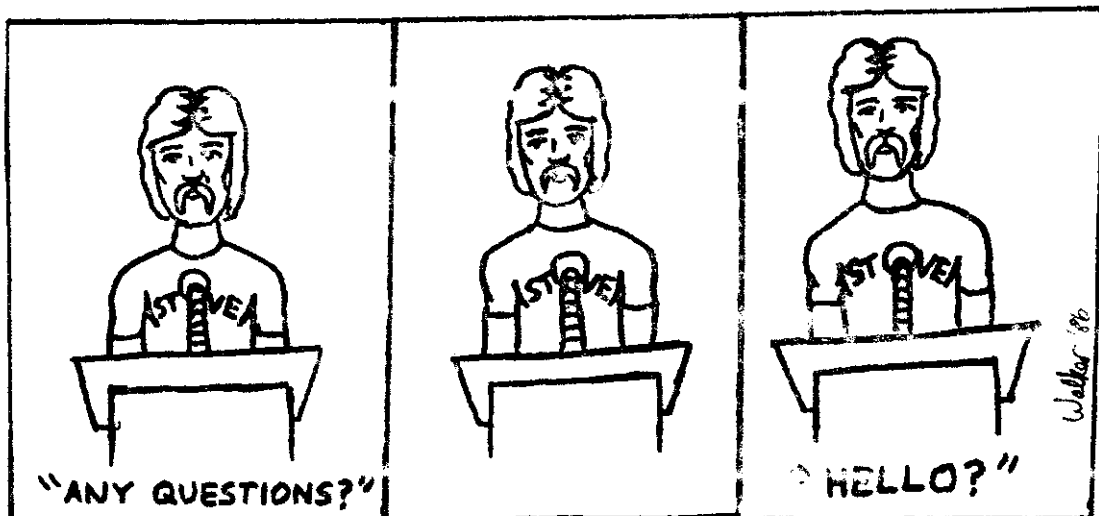
Pete: Thanks for taking the time to talk with us Steve.

I think you have a winner here. Good Luck!

Steve: Thanks Pete.

Two-Ways: A program by an inmate for inmates. It sounds like a novel idea. But inmates have been responsible for most of the major changes in penology for the last 100 years. Of course, the methods used were rarely peaceful or bloodless. It is encouraging to see an inmate take a basic concept, nourish it, mould it, and produce a viable, exciting program that can and should make a difference. The beauty of it all is the very active encouragement and support from Administration. To find progressive and caring attitudes from a penal administration should be hailed as loudly as their shortcomings are cursed. It's refreshing and most welcome. May this co-operation become contagious and carry Two-Ways to the stars.

Congratulations Steve, and good luck to all you guys who are the pioneers. Let's see 100% success, and never see you guys this side of the fence again.



February, 1986

My Dear Son;

Today I met you for the first time. You are only 8 months old, but as I held you in my arms you laughed and smiled at me, and, oh yes, you even managed to poke your finger in my eye. You are a big handsome fellow and I'm glad to see you kind of look like me. When you were leaving with your Mother you cried and reached for me. I guess I cried a little too. Now it is late, and I'm sitting here alone wondering how to say what I need to say to you.

Your Mother has held this letter for you. The day you read this will be July 15, 1998, your thirteenth birthday. So now Son, I'll put aside my thoughts of you as that beautiful infant and I must talk to you as the young man you've become. You are thirteen now and starting your walk as a man. I know you don't feel like a man yet, but you are at a beginning.

Son, I want you to know how much I have loved you. You have had to grow up without knowing me. How much pain did I cause you by not being there? How much did you hate me for leaving you to grow alone? Oh my Son, I have wanted to be with you. With you to share your laughter and your tears; to share your adventures and your love. It just wasn't meant to be.

I celebrated my thirteenth birthday in a reform school. I thought I could take anything I wanted. By fifteen I was selling drugs and I was stupid enough to be using them too. I thought I was pretty clever. I had lots of money and even more enemies. I was only seventeen when I met your mother. Oh Lord how I love her. She was so good for me. You know something Son; she actually had me working at a normal job, and we were so very happy. When we found out you were on the

way we were so excited. I was so sure you were going to be a boy, I went out long before you were born and bought that baseball glove you had hanging in your room. Do you still have it? It should just about fit now! I was so anxious to be with your Mom when you were born that I went to a whole bunch of classes on childbirth. I have to admit I felt kind of silly, but it sure was going to be worth it. And did I ever love you - even then before your birth.

I wasn't there Son. When you were born I was already far away. You see, even though I had changed my ways, all the things I had done before finally caught up with me. Some people I had been involved with when I used drugs came around and we went out together. It was a mistake Son, but I thought I was as smart as ever. There were problems; serious problems and a man died. No one believed I had changed, that I was just along for the ride. They took one look at my record and the blame was put right on me. So all I had done wrong came back to me.

Son, stay strong - stay clean - don't waste your life like I did. I'm so sorry I haven't been there for you. I'm so sorry I hurt you. I didn't mean to. I love you. I always will.

I held you today Son. I can still feel you in my arms. They'll be coming for me soon, but I know I'll still feel you there as I go to God.

Its my 19th birthday today Son.

You live a good life for me. I will be with you wherever you go. I'm so proud of you my Son. I love you

DAD





## THE SALVATION ARMY'S ROLE IN CORRECTIONS

Since 1880 The Salvation Army has been involved in Correctional services on an international level and in Canada. We have worked with the enthusiasm of Our Founder William Booth who held, While there are men in prison I'll fight. The objective of The Correctional Services Department is to assist all persons related to the Correctional Field through legislative reform, development of The Correctional process, rehabilitation of it's clientele, and to minister to the needs of those who are victimized or unwillingly drawn into the legal process.

There can be no question but The Salvation Army has, since it's beginning, been concerned about the question of crime and punishment and has addressed itself to that concern in a very practical way. From the earliest day The Salvation Army has taught within the prison walls, of the redeeming Love of Christ. However, it must be noted that the initial Ministry in the jails was carried on by Salvationists incarcerated because of their faith in Christ, and the peculiar method chosen to express that faith.

In 1890 the Founder expressed this fact when he said, The Salvation Army has at least one great qualification for dealing with the question of correctional problems". He went on to say, "I believe I am in the proud position of being at the head of the only religious body which has always had some of it's members in jail for conscience sake".

Whether it is the accused before the Court, the men in the Penitentiary, or the person on Parole, The Salvation Army Correctional Service worker's are there to meet the need.

Through the Nation, day after day, specially trained Salvationists visit holding cells to counsel and give practical help to those who will shortly be facing the Court. The accused may wish to get in touch with his family or Lawyer or he might request The Salvationist to speak before the Judge on his behalf. Arrangements are often made for those on remand to be housed in a Salvation Army Institution.



In Detention Centres and Institutions, the Salvation Army worker carries out the weekly task of visiting Inmates on a regular basis, relaying messages to family and friends, giving material assistance, and providing spiritual counselling.

Regular Chapel Services are held by The Salvation Army each month. Some do respond to the "Gospel Call" and begin The Salvation Army Bible correspondence courses which are prepared especially for inmates. These courses are free of charge. When completed, they will receive them back marked, along with a diploma.

Release planning is offered to all Inmates who are interested in preparing themselves for their eventual return to the Community. Through practical assistance and formal counselling, The Salvation Army worker can assist them to set goals and establish the constructive direction necessary to become productive law abiding members of the community to which they will return.

Perhaps following their release, they will require an alcohol or drug rehabilitation program, or a place to live until they get on their feet.

The Salvation Army in Canada operates a number of Community Resource Centres for Federal and Provincial Governments. These facilities give you a gradual re-introduction into society and help with job search and accommodation plans.

Salvation Army Correctional Workers also take responsibility for Parolees released from Government Institutions on Full or Mandatory Parole. We offer preliminary community investigation prior to release and give counselling and supervision during the period of Parole.

The Salvation Army believes that God's Saving Grace is the answer to human evil and that love for people must surely follow love for God, God's compassion is demonstrated.

The Army's many faceted social endeavors flow from this faith, and it is the motivation for ministries within the criminal justice system.

From the Court Room, into the prison, and then out again on Parole, on to freedom. Salvation Army Officers act as a bridge between prison at large, keeping open the lines of communication between the two. In many cases by the time he is released, the Salvation Army has often ceased to be a counsellor. He's become a friend of the client, and his family.

TODD LEACH



THE SALVATION ARMY  
CORRECTIONAL SERVICES

# Poems ..

Dust Dust Dust  
The only formation  
That prisons accumulate  
And can be trusted

Little grey particles  
That form on your  
Bars, shelves and  
Under your bed

Far from dead

As you sweep  
And  
Wipe them away  
They try to escape  
From being thrown  
Astray

Dust the only  
Formation in  
Prison that can  
Be trusted

For everything else  
Around you has ears  
And will put a hold  
On destiny  
Freedom  
Dust a close friend

Can you see me  
Can you hear me  
Though I'm not physically  
Near you  
Can you remember our  
Good times  
Those happy go lucky feelings  
Do they ever enhance your memories  
Even though there is a wall  
Separating you and I  
All because of my foolishness  
And greed  
To make my life  
What I thought would be  
An easy ride  
Can you see me  
Can you hear me  
Can you vision  
You and I at the  
Gate of Freedom

## Please Hear What I'm Not Saying

Don't be fooled by me.

Don't be fooled by the face I wear.

For I wear a mask, a thousand masks, masks that I'm afraid to take off, and none of them are me.

Pretending is an art that's second nature to me, but don't be fooled, for God's sake, don't be fooled.

I give the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny and unruffled with me, within as well as without, that confidence is my name and coolness my game, that the water's calm and I'm in command and that I need no one.

But don't believe me.

Please.

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask, my ever-varying and ever-concealing mask.

Beneath lies no smugness, no complacence.

Beneath lies the real me in confusion, in fear, in aloneness.

But I hide this.

I don't want anyone to know it.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and fear of being exposed.

That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant, sophisticated facade, to help me pretend, to shield me from the glance that knows.

But such a glance is my salvation. My only salvation.

And I know it.

That is, if it's followed by acceptance, if it's followed by love.

It's the only thing that will assure me of what I can't assure myself, that I am really worth something.

But I don't tell you this. I don't dare. I'm afraid to.

I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by acceptance and love.

I'm afraid you'll think less of me, that you'll laugh at me, and your laugh would kill me.

I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm no good and that you will see this and reject me. So I play my game, my desperate, pretending game, with a facade of assurance without and a trembling child within.

And so begins the parade of masks.

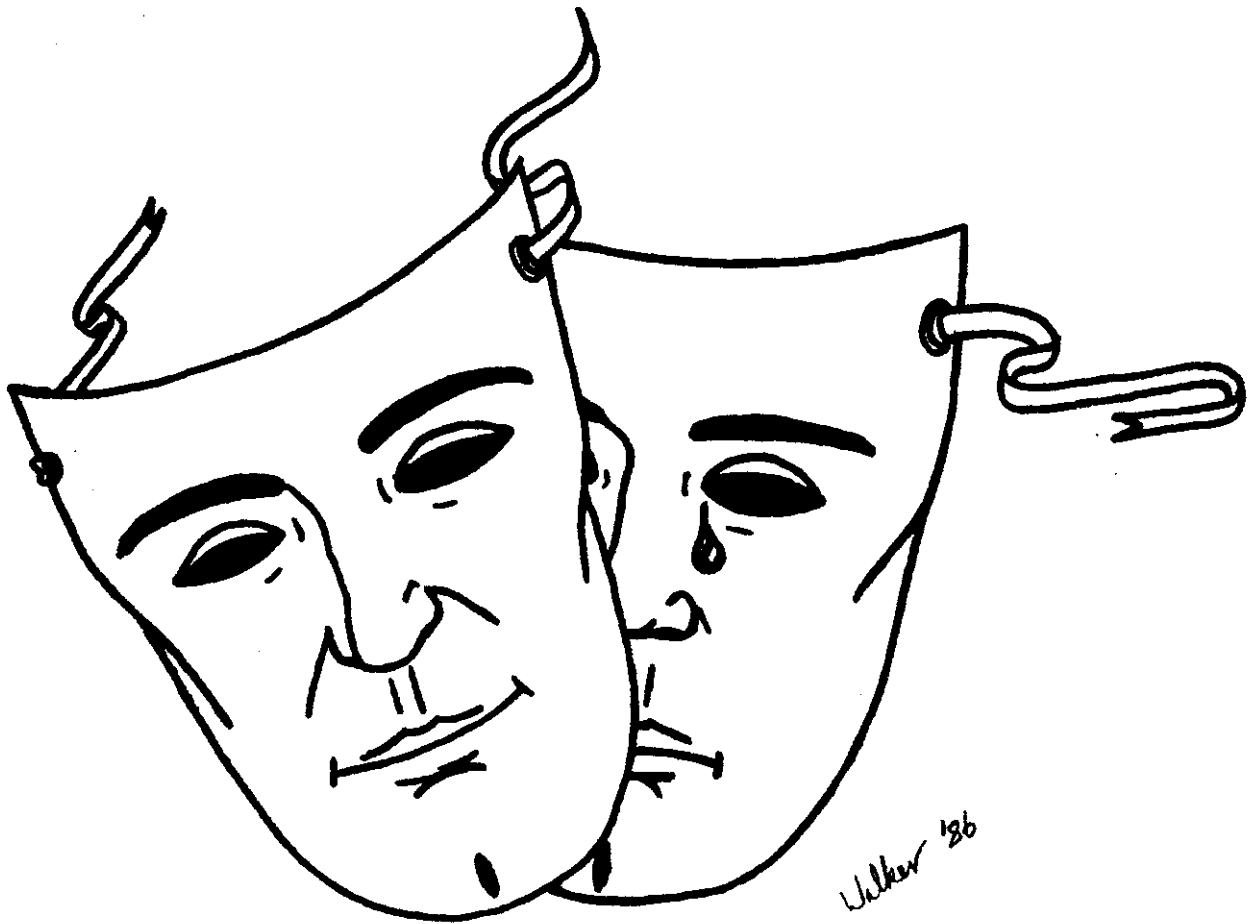
And my life becomes a front. I idly chatter to you in the suave tones of surface talk. I tell you everything that is really nothing. So when I go through my routine, do not be fooled by what I'm saying. Please listen carefully and try to hear what I'm NOT saying, what I'd like to be able to say, what, for survival, I need to say, but what I can't say.

I dislike hiding. Honestly. I dislike the superficial game I'm playing, a phony game. I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous and me, but you've got to help me. You've got to hold out your hand, even when that's the last thing I seem to want or need.

Only you can wipe from my eyes the blank stare of breathing death. Only you can call me into aliveness. Each time you're kind and gentle and encouraging and each time you try to understand because you really care, my heart begins to grow wings -- very small wings, very feeble wings, but wings.

With your sensitivity and sympathy and your power of understanding, I want you to know how important you are to me, how you can be a creator of the person that is me if you choose to do so.

Please choose to. You alone can break down the wall behind which I tremble,  
you alone can remove my mask.  
You alone can release me from my shadow world of panic and uncertainty, from my  
lonely prison. So do not pass me by. Please do not pass me by.  
It will not be easy for you. A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong  
walls. The nearer you approach me, the blinder I strike back. It's irrati-  
onal, but despite what the books say about man, I am irrational. I fight ag-  
ainst the very thing that I cry out for.  
But I am told that love is stronger than strong walls and in this lies my  
hope. My only hope. Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands,  
but with gentle hands -- for a child is very sensitive.  
Who am I, you may wonder? I am someone you may know very well. For I am  
every man you meet and I am every woman you meet.





# The Sword of the Spirit

This is a unique parallel of the state of man. It is absolute truth, taken directly from The Book of Truth. The comparative begins with a young man who represents all men on earth yesterday, today, and tomorrow. His father was very wealthy and the son anxious to explore beyond the boundaries of home goes to his father one day and asks for his share of inheritance. Although his father is saddened by his discontentment to remain at home he gives his son his portion. Packing his things the son journeys to a distant land where he squanders his fortune through reckless living and lawlessness. Having successfully wasting his lot, it is at about that same time that a severe famine engulfs the land. In desperation to survive he seeks employment with a pig farmer. So, out to the pig field he goes. His craving for food is such that even the cobs for the pigs becomes desirable. In the pit of his despair he begins thinking, "What am I doing here when I could be at home at work as a servant for my father?" He thought to himself, 'I'll return home to my father, confess what I have done, and admit that I am no longer worthy to be called his son. Yes, I will humbly ask to work for him as one of his servants.' It didn't take to long for him to pack his bags, for he left the pig field with only the rags on his back. While he was still along way off along the road his father saw him coming. Without hesitation his father ran to him and falling with outstretched arms at his son's feet, embraced him and called for his servants to bring clothing, shoes, and a ring for his finger. Bewildered, his son confessed to his father that he was no longer worthy to be called his son and pleaded to be hired on as a work hand. But his father, with overflowing love, received him back as his son and prepared a feast. To everyone present his father proclaimed,

"My son was lost but now he is found, he was dead but now he is alive." The father in this parable is God. We are the young son. The unconditional love demonstrated by the father is available to us today. As the father in the story received his son back from a life of lawlessness, so too will he accept you back with open arms if you will simply COME. The reality of a happy and prosperous life is awaiting everyone. Yes, even you.

By T. Pearson  
February, 1986

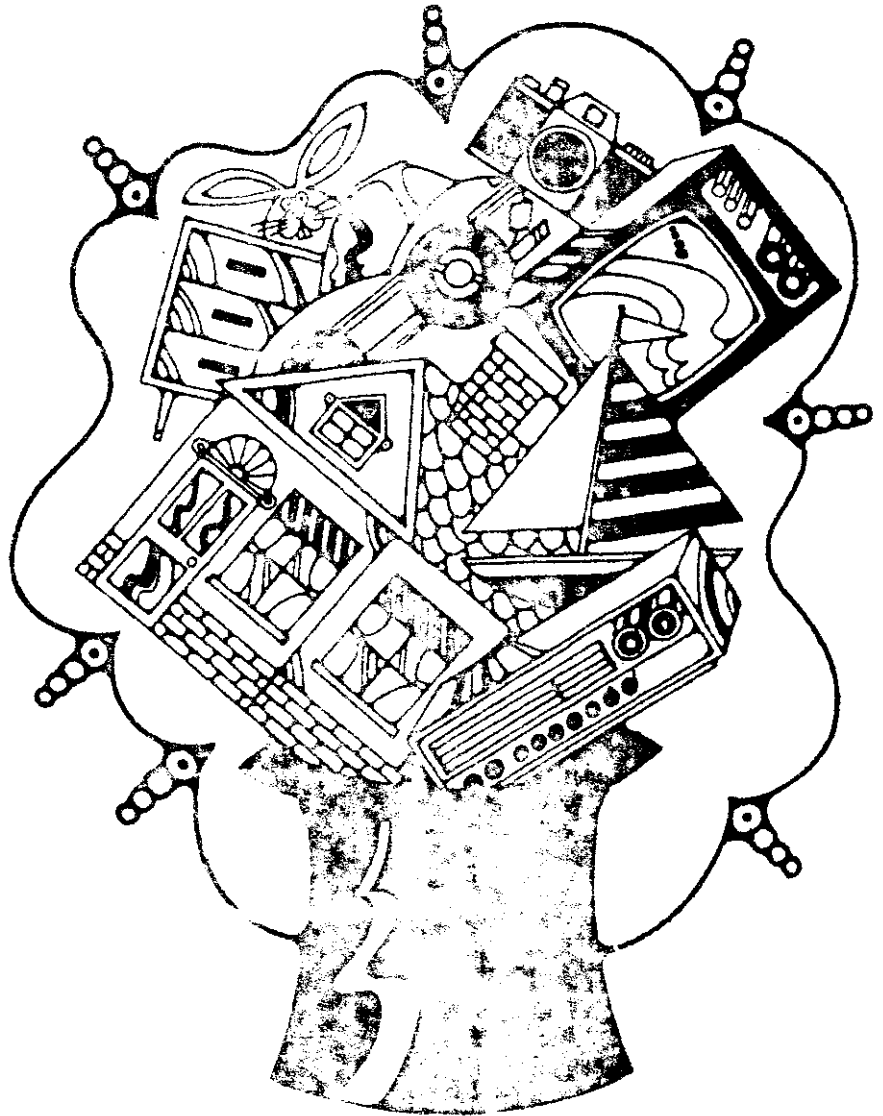


# THE HOSTS WITH THE MOST

If you know your TV game shows, it should be a snap for you to name the happy-go-lucky hosts who emcee each of these go-for-the-bundle giveaways. Of course, if you're really gone on game shows, you may think you should win money for getting these answers.

Are you always so gullible?

1. THE GONG SHOW
2. LET'S MAKE A DEAL
3. THE DATING GAME
4. HOLLYWOOD SQUARES
5. \$20,000 PYRAMID
6. \$64,000 QUESTION
7. FAMILY FEUD
8. PASSWORD PLUS
9. QUEEN FOR A DAY
10. MATCH GAME



WHAT YOU WILL WIN IS A FREE ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "OUTLOOK" !!  
The first correct entry will be announced in the next issue. please  
forward all entries to: The Editor c/o this magazine. GOOD LUCK !