

EDITORIAL

It sure is a good thing some people around here have their stuff together. If I hadn't been reminded I'd probably not be writing an editorial. I would much rather be editing the things that you the reader have to say. I don't however, have much of a selection from which to edit, so you will have to forgive me if the views written here are different from yours.

I have been part of the correctional system since 1958, both on the outside and inside. I believe the longest period of time on the street at one time was thirteen (13) months. Then they would wisk me back to the security of another cell.

I've seen a great deal in the 17 years I've been in the corrective system, but mainly I've seen that nothing is ever corrected, not the failing system nor those it is trying to correct. I've also seen some very great changes in the people I've been locked up with. I've seen brothers in bonds turn against one another. At one time everybody tried to help those around them. Today they try to sell them. They sell them whatever they need, or think they need. Do you need anything? Nobody wants to share anymore, they look at things and if they find it has no value to them, they sell it.

When I look around an institution (maybe more here at Warkworth than other places) I see a lot of suffering. Of course everybody's too SOLID to admit it or let it show, but just like me they're hurting down deep inside where others can't see it. Some hurt because they can't be with loved ones. Some hurt because they aren't where they would like to be, or doing the things they'd like to do. Then you have the ones who suffer for the things they've done, or failed to do. Me, I failed to see for so long that the life style I was living was leading me to a cold, lonely grave, where the only ones who might mourn my loss would be the few "cons" I've met at one time or another.

I'd like to tell you people something right now!!! I would like to be able to ease some of the pain and suffering I see around here. If I can help you I'd like to hear from you. I DO NOT have all the answers. I don't know all the reasons WHY things happen. But I'll do my best. Please feel free to stop and talk if you'd like, or drop me a line in care of the OUTLOOK. I'll try to get to you as soon as possible.

I'm more than certain that IF we try, we can make some good, constructive changes. Maybe they won't affect the system, maybe it will be nothing more than our minds, or our feelings, or the way we live from day to day. The kind of changes I have in mind are the ones that make prison life a little easier for those on both sides.

Anyway, I feel it's time we put away the games and began to help one another and realized that we really do have enough on our plates already.



Have a GOOD day,

the editor

THE PINE TRAIL

The sun was growing low in the western sky as they set out on their daily walk to the far side of the lake. For forty years they had shared this time, through all seasons, slowly walking, and always silent as they travelled "The Pine Trail."

As the trail started out it led them through ancient outcroppings of glacial torn rock, littered with sparse strands of ragged pines, weathered by wind and rain.

Rounding a rather large granite formation the trail slightly and slowly drifted to lower ground where the firs grew thickly on either side of the trail, and where the smell of damp moss was thick, and the air was still. On they walked, always alert to nature, always silent.

Shortly the ground rose again. As they broke into a clearing at the lakes edge, the beauty of nature was theirs to behold. They stopped breathlessly and gazed at the brilliant red sun whose radiance caused a mystic red shroud to form out of the mist that covered the lake in the early evening.

As a loon and her chicks swam out for their evening feed they were silouhetted against the mist, then they were gone. The spell was broken and the couple moved on. As they walked to higher ground where the mighty hardwoods grew he stopped, he pointed through the trees. A big old porcupine they had seen for years slowly ambled down for his nightly drink, and as usual, he was moving at his normally slow pace.

The sun was but a faint glow on the horizon now and night was at hand as they reached the far side of the lake, and the end of, "The Pine Trail." The early stars twinkled as they looked back over the lake. In all the years it never changed. They would reach this spot at exactly the same time every day, regardless of the season, or the weather.

For the first time in as long as both of them could remember, he spoke. He said, "I love you." She said, "I love you too." Then like tradition, they joined hands and as one they walked back along, "The Pine Trail", always together, always silent.

R. Montague

THE KINGS HIGHWAY

I KNOW NOT WHERE THE ROAD WILL LEAD
I FOLLOW DAY BY DAY
OR WHERE IT ENDS: I ONLY KNOW
I WALK THE KINGS HIGHWAY

I KNOW NOT IF THE WAY IS LONG
AND NO-ONE ELSE CAN SAY
BUT ROUGH OR SMOOTH, UPHILL OR DOWN
I WALK THE KINGS HIGHWAY

AND SOME I LOVE HAVE REACHED THE END
BUT SOME WITH ME MAY STAY
THEIR FAITH AND HOPE STILL GUIDING ME
I WALK THE KINGS HIGHWAY

THE WAY IS TRUTH, THE WAY IS LOVE
FOR LIGHT AND STRENGTH I PRAY
AND THROUGH THE YEARS OF LIFE TO GOD
I WALK THE KINGS HIGHWAY

THE COUNTLESS HOSTS LEAD ON BEFORE
I MUST NOT FEAR OR STRAY
WITH THEM, THE PILGRIMS OF THE FAITH
I WALK THE KINGS HIGHWAY

THROUGH LIGHT AND DARK THE ROAD LEADS ON
'TIL DAWNS THE ENDLESS DAY
WHEN I SHALL KNOW WHY IN THIS LIFE
I WALK THE KINGS HIGHWAY.

by Evelyn Atwater Cummins

PRISON IS A PLACE

PRISON IS A PLACE...where the first prisoner you see looks like an ALL-AMERICAN BOY, and you're surprised. Later you're disgusted because people on the outside still have the same prejudices about prisoners that you used to have...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you write letters and can't think of anything to say. Where you gradually write fewer and fewer letters, and finally stop writing altogether...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where hope springs eternal; where each parole board appearance means a chance to get out, even if the odds are hopelessly against you...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you find new gray hairs in your head, or, where you find your hair is starting to disappear. It is a place where you get false teeth, stronger glasses, and aches and pain you never felt before. It's a place where you grow old and worry about it...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you hate with clenched teeth; where you want to beat and kick, and wonder if the psychologists know what they are talking about when they say you actually hate yourself...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you learn that nobody needs you, that the outside world goes on without you...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you can go for years without feeling the touch of a human hand; where you can go for months without hearing a kind word. It's a place where friendships are shallow, and you know it...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you hear about a friend's divorce, and you didn't even know he was married. It's a place where you hear about your neighbour's kids graduating from school, and you thought they hadn't started yet...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you feel sorry for yourself. Then you get angry for getting disgusted, so you try to mentally change the subject...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you lose respect for law because you see it raw and naked, twisted and bent, and ignored and blown out of proportion by those who enforce it...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you're smarter than the parole board because you know which guys will go straight, and which ones won't. You're wrong just as often as the board members are, but you never admit it, neither do they...

/con't

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you wait for a promised visit. When it doesn't come you worry about an accident. When you find out the reason your visitor didn't come, you're glad it wasn't serious, and disappointed because such a little thing could keep them from coming to see you...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you forget the sound of a baby's cry. You forget the sound of a dog's bark, and even the sound of the dial tone on the telephone...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where if you're married, you watch your marriage die. It's a place where you learn that absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder; and where you stop blaming your wife for wanting to live with a real man, instead of a fading memory of one...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you fool yourself into thinking you'll live a better life when you leave. Sometimes you do, but more often you don't...

PRISON IS A PLACE...where you get out some day. When you do you wonder how everyone else can be so calm while you are so excited-When your bus driver does over 25 miles an hour and you want to yell at him to slow down, but you don't because you know it would be foolish to do so...

.....PRISON ISN'T A PLACE

author unknown
(courtesy of Mission Medium)

YOU NEVER GET A SECOND CHANCE TO MAKE A FIRST IMPRESSION

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Today I had the opportunity provided to accompany our Inmate Committee Chairman, Rob Maguire as he made his way through his daily routine. We made our first stop at three building where Rob quickly went about the task for which we far too often fail to give him credit, he spoke on behalf of the inmate population.

I'm not at liberty to disclose the nature of the topics discussed, nor am I able to name names, but what I can tell you is that there were very few areas inmate concern that Rob did not try to improve upon.

From three building we went to the Health Care Centre were we met with Mr. Pat Patterson. I myself am not too familiar with Mr. Patterson, however, as an inmate I am quite aware of inmate concerns regarding health care and those employed to ensure our medical needs are met. As I look at the facilities and those working there I see a lot of time and money spent on technology and education. I'm certain there is concern about the health of we the inmates, I'm just not sure of the number of those sharing this concern.

So much for the morning.....

After lunch & after work-up had been called I ambled over to the committee office expecting to find the chairman ready to go tripping around the institution, attacking his worthy cause (I do believe we are a worthy cause). Instead, I found him confronted with the task of answering all the questions the many representatives of various inmate interests, all of whom wanted something done immediately, if not sooner. I believe that what I saw was the very thing that tends to drive people to that so very thin line that separates the sane from insanity.

The a ternoons work finally began with our going to 12 building, the old gymnasium for those of you who don't know where 12 building is. As we walked into the office of the inmate purchasing clerk I quickly noticed (one couldn't possibly miss it) that the place was a beehive of activity. Photo's were being sorted, orders being written up, paperwork being done, and a steady stream of people running in and out, wanting this, wanting that. While I myself was at a total loss as to what was being discussed about the ice cream project, the card shop, and whatever else is sold or bought in the institution, both Rob and Marg seemed to know exactly what they were doing and saying, despite the continuous flow of interruptions.

I believe it was at this point that I began to understand just what one might think valium may do for them. I have to confess, this was making me realize just how much I appreciate solitude.

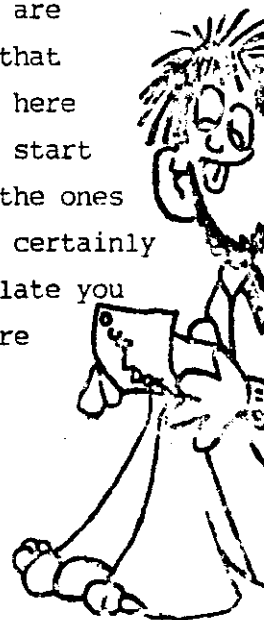
Suddenly we were off again. Back we were headed to three building only to discover that the man we were to see (H.S.D.)seeking, was already in a meeting so it was back to 12 building where Rob proceeded to begin the process of telephoning the many retailers and wholesalers through which the inmates purchase the goods they require. It was at this point I really began to wonder how one man could retain such a vast supply of data in his head without losing control of one or more situation.

..... Back to three building. Of course along the way we had to stop while Rob would speak to one or another of the many staff members directly or indirectly involved with the smooth running of the institution.

Once back inside Rob quickly put his diplomacy to work. Me, I stayed out in the hallway this time. I found it a great deal cooler out there.

I suppose I should make it known that by now I was feeling very tired. Not only were my feet aching from all the walking, my back was also sore from all the standing around listening to all the talk of things and people I really knew nothing about. But still, even with my aches the circle goes around and around. It was now 3:30 in the afternoon and as far as I was concerned the day was finished. I tell you, I don't envy our inmate Committee Chairman and neither would you if you were to take the time to consider the things this man MUST do to ensure that we, the inmates, are as comfortable as possible. If you'll look around you'll see things that aren't very pleasing, but those things are everywhere guys, not just here at Warkworth. But lets go beyond the things we wish we had and let's start showing some appreciation to both the many good things we have, and the ones who put enormous effort into getting them for us. I see so much that certainly wasn't around some five or ten years ago and I would like to congatulate you Rob on behalf of the inmate population for the time and effort you are putting forth for us.

George Reid



SOMEBODY'S STORY

Awkward, shy, and fearful of others all my life, yet with a desire to excell and become equal, if not better, I'd finally found the solution to my problems. 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 originally ? Was this not part of life ?

I was alone again. I questioned my sanity. They said I was untreatable, 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, because 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 with him, but his befriending me.

I thought myself proud when I hoisted up the 175 pounds but I stood in awe when he, with great ease, lifted 320 pounds. At the end of the workout he told me this was our bench. Why had he done this for me ? Why did he choose to help me ? I didn't understand !

The following night he again appeared at the door of my cell. "Come with me," he exclaimed For some reason I didn't question him, I just trusted him. We entered a room, and I couldn't believe my eyes. There before me sat men, and women. YES, I said women. What could they be doing here ? Killers, thieves, rapists, etcetera. Cons of every sort, shape, and size, and woman. They were smiling, talking, laughing, even hugging.

I didn't know their names, nor they mine. We had never met before. They greeted me as if they knew me, like we 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 new found friends to notice a man had started to speak. When my ears finally tuned into what he was saying 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 and millions more, all had a common problem. I learned that by caring, and sharing with each

other, we could, together, be restored to sanity.

I have been meeting with these people, and others, for three years now, and again I am leading a happy and normal life, a life of caring and loving, a life of joy, and peace. As for that funny little guy with funny sounding name, he came up to me about three months after he first befriended me, and told me that the bench was mine, that 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 for showing me the way. He was one of the biggest men in my life.

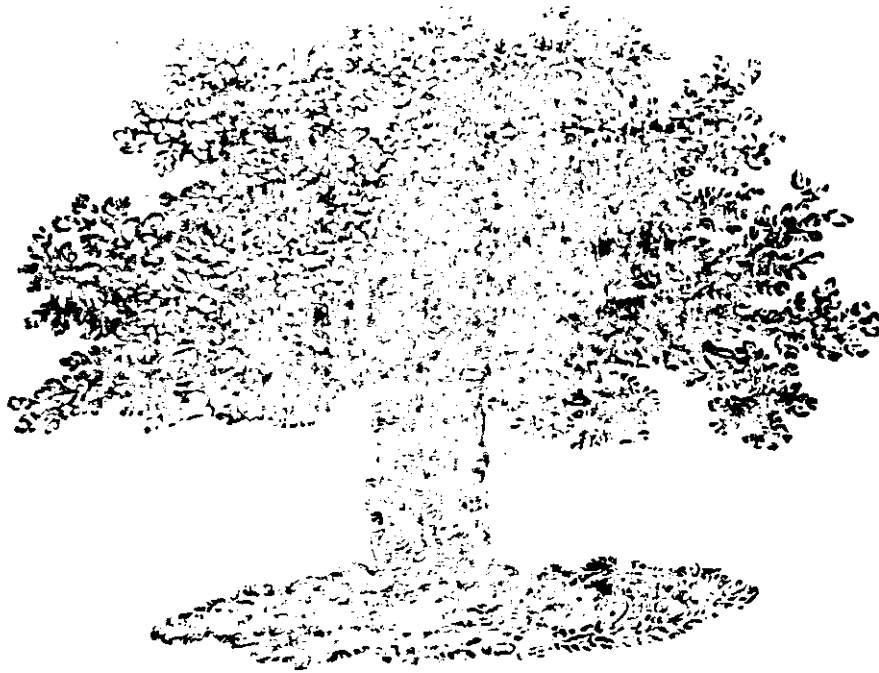
signed.....anonymous

You may feel that this story was both a waste of time and paper but one day you may understand this, the bottom line:

"NO MAN STANDS SO TALL AS WHEN HE STOOPS TO HELP ANOTHER."

the editor

" A SMILE IS AN INEXPENSIVE WAY TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS "



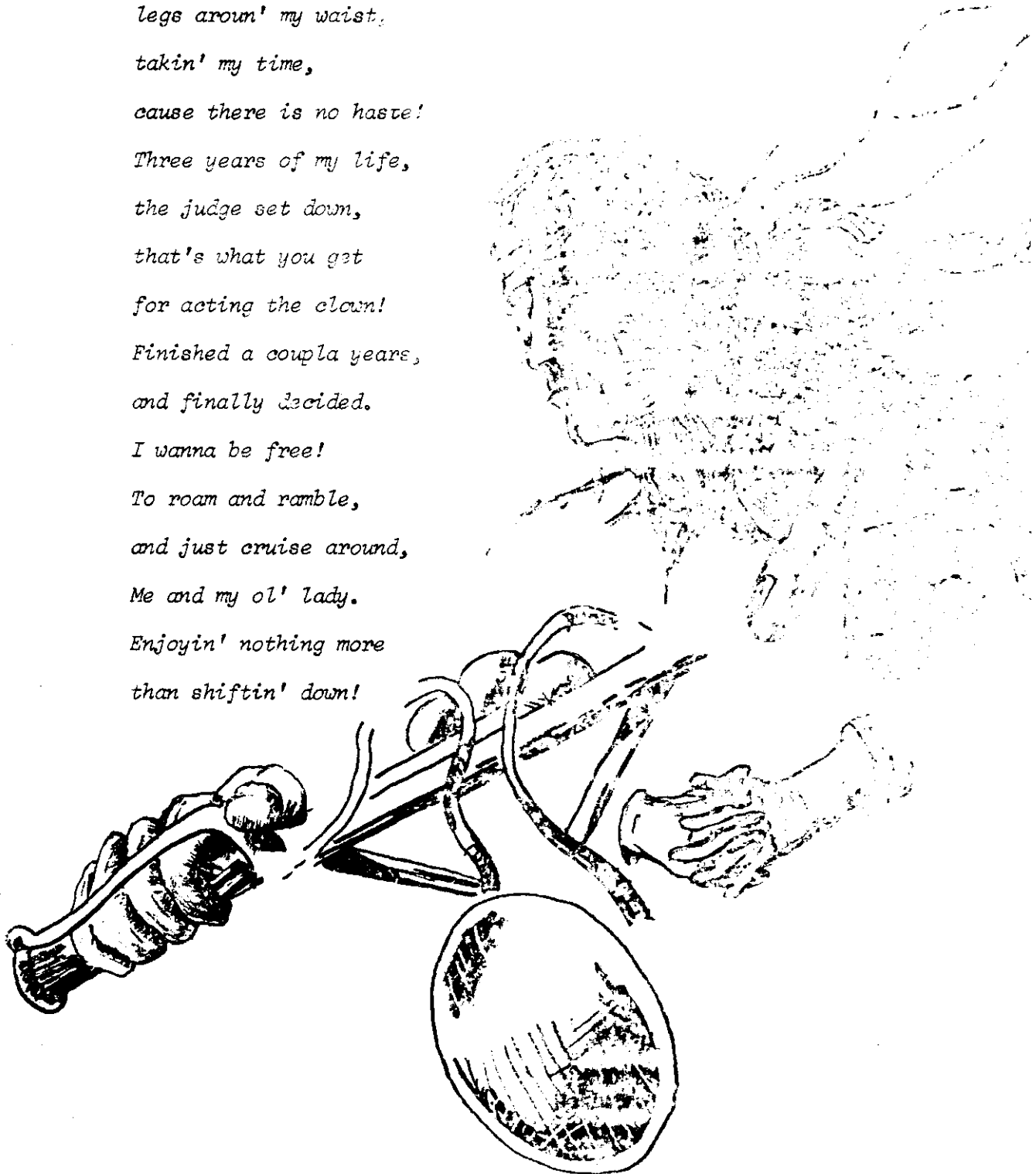
Creativity

The man who follows the crowd, will usually get no further than the crowd. The man who walks alone is likely to find himself in places no one has ever been before.

Creativity in living is not without its attendant difficulties, for peculiarity breeds contempt. And the unfortunate thing about being ahead of your time is that when people finally realize you were right, they'll say it was obvious all along.

You have two choices in life: you can dissolve into the mainstream, or you can be distinct. To be distinct, you must be different. To be different, you must strive to be what no one else but you can be...

Wind in my hair,
legs aroun' my waist,
takin' my time,
cause there is no haste!
Three years of my life,
the judge set down,
that's what you get
for acting the clown!
Finished a coupla years,
and finally decided.
I wanna be free!
To roam and ramble,
and just cruise around,
Me and my ol' lady.
Enjoyin' nothing more
than shiftin' down!



THE ROSE

* * *

It is only a tiny rosebud...
a flower of Gods design
But I cannot unfold the petals
with these clumsy hands of mine

* * *

The secret of unfolding flowers
is not known to such as I
The flower God opens so sweetly
in my hands would fade and die

* * *

If I cannot unfold a rosebud
this flower of Gods design
then how can I think I have the wisdom
to unfold this life of mine

* * *

So I'll trust in him for his leading
each moment of every day
and I'll look to him for his guidance
each step of the pilgrim way

* * *

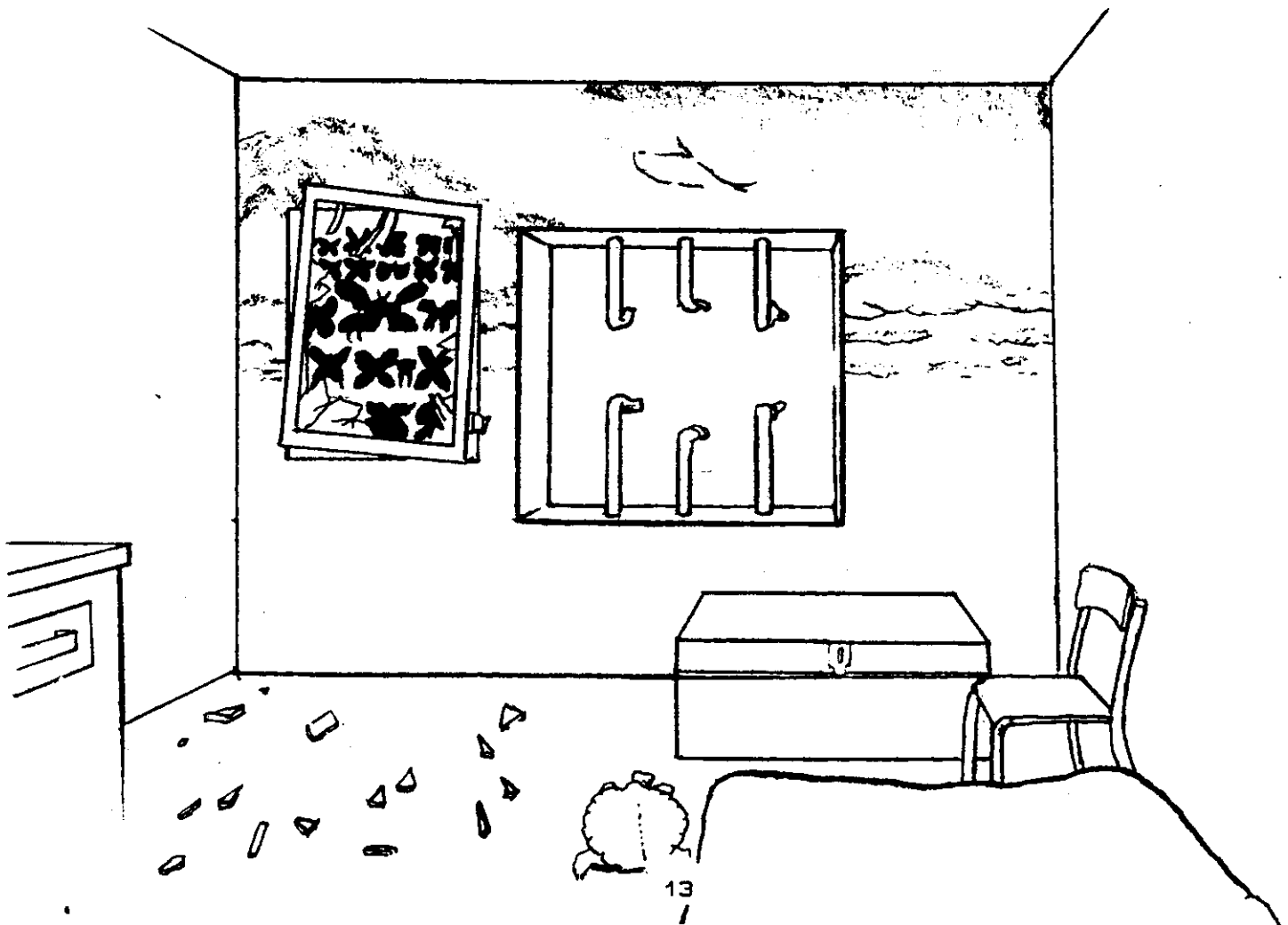
For the pathway that lies before me
my heavenly father knows
I'll trust him to unfold the moments
just as he unfolds the rose.

author unknown
submitted by Clay Birch

To You

If you can smile when things go wrong
And say it dosen't matter.
If you can laugh off cares & woe
And trouble makes you fatter.
If you can keep a cheerful face,
When all around are blue.
Then have your head examined, bub
There's something wrong with you.
I've come to this conclusion,
There are no 'ands or huts'
The guy that's grinning all the time
Must be completely nuts!!!!

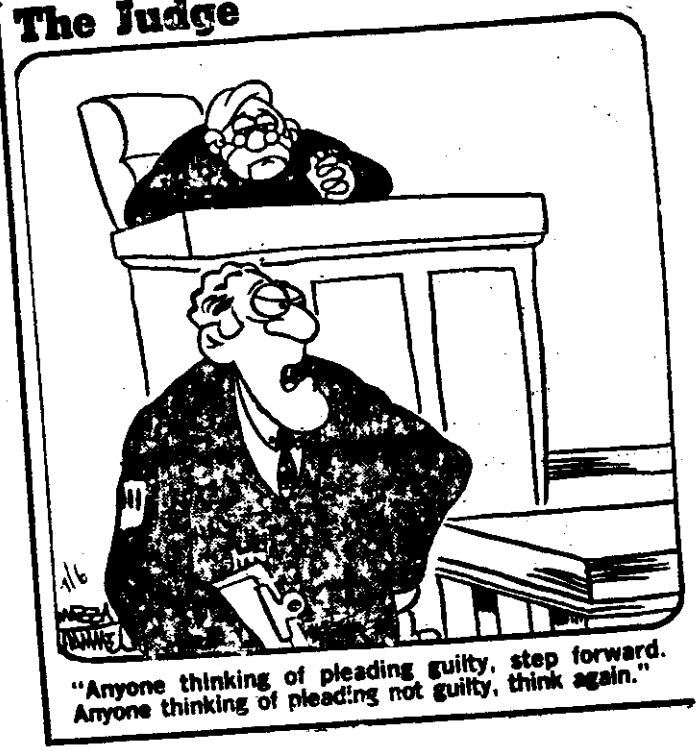
Eunice Simon



SPORTS*****SPORTS*****SPORTS*****SPORTS*****SPORTS

WELL FOLKS, HERE IS THE TOTAL UPDATE ON ALL THE LOCAL SPORTS JUST AS GIVEN TO ME TO EDIT BY THE RECREATION DEPARTMENT, THE SPORTS COORDINATOR, AND ALL THE TEAM MANAGERS. IF YOU FIND THAT YOU AREN'T SATISFIED THEN PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TAKE A GOOD HONEST LOOK AT THOSE WHO GET PAID LIKE YOU AND ME, TO DO A JOB.

The Judge



LOOK AROUND

As I look around this prison, both in the compound, and down towards 18 building, I see a setting that looks more park-like than that of a prison setting. Many times I see the flowers and the bushes, and the neatly trimmed grass and for a few brief fleeting moments my mind wanders off to focus on some cloud of peace, quiet, and tranquility.

I would like to take this time, a whole minute or two, and salute the men who work so hard to make this place look good. Everyday I notice guys walking around the joint, picking up after us like parents after their little kids who throw everything that they have on the ground for someone else to pick up. To those who spend their days pulling up weeds, watering the grass, and what-ever they do to enhance the look of Warkworth, I say, thanks guys. Keep up the good work, some of us do notice.

the editor

COMING SOON

One day last month I had the opportunity of speaking very briefly with " THE PAROLE MAN ", Mr. David Cole. As instructed by Mr. Cole, I forwarded to him a letter concerning our interest in bills C-67 & 68. He, (Mr. Cole) informed me that upon receipt of such a letter he would have one of his people write for us the information relating these bills to us. Hopefully, we will receive this and be able to print it up for you within the very near future.

THE GUY IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
and the world makes you KING FOR A DAY
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself
and see what the guy has to say

For it isn't your wife, or family, or friend,
whose judgement upon you must pass
The guy whose verdict counts most in the end,
is the one staring back from the glass

Some people may think you a straight shooting chum
and call you a person of place
But the guy in the glass says you're only a bum
if you can't look him straight in the face

He's the guy to please, never mind all the rest
for he's with you clear up to the end
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
if the guy in the glass is your friend

You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years
and get pets on the back as you pass
but your final reward will be heartaches and tears
if you've cheated the guy in the glass.

author unknown

WARKWORTH JAYCEES

THE PURPOSE OF JAYCEES is to develop the individual abilities and stimulate the joint efforts of young men for the purpose of improving the economic and social well-being of mankind by;

- 1) Development of an awareness & acceptance of the responsibilities of citizenship.
- 2) Individual participation in internal training programs to develop leadership potential.
- 3) Active participation in planning and executing programs & projects for the development of the individual and the community.
- 4) Furtherance of understanding, goodwill and co-operation among all people.

The JAYCEE organization operates on the premise that the development of individual character and personality will result in better developed communities and eventually a more peaceful world.

Every JAYCEE activity can be considered a form of training. People learn through various methods, however the most effective form of learning is by doing. This is where the JAYCEE organization offers its members the most opportunities. Most of the training is done in an incidental manner and happens naturally. This is why so many members are not aware of their own personal development. Always remember that the best form of learning is by doing and training is the most important activity in the JAYCEE organization.

Involvement in the JAYCEES can create such a tremendous impact on a persons life that it leads to a totally new individual.

The WARKWORTH JAYCEES were started in 1974 and became an associate member of the CANADA JAYCEES (a full member unit) in 1978. In the 12 years that the WARKWORTH JAYCEES have been in operation more than 500 Warkworth inmates have become members and participated in the unit's projects & activities. We are very proud to be the largest penal unit in Canada and the oldest.

What makes the JAYCEES different from other groups in the institution is that a membership fee (currently \$15.00) is charged yearly to all who want to join. This is a serious committment for some inmates who earn \$15.00 every pay.

During the last few years the unit has held regular courses on EFFECTIVE SPEAKING, LEADERSHIP IN ACTION, PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE and participated in some National Programs such as O.Y.F. OUTSTANDING YOUNG FARMER, F.O.Y.C. FIVE OUTSTANDING YOUNG CANADIANS ETC.

In 1983 the WARKWORTH JAYCEES became involved with a project called PETER PRIDE an anti-vandalism program sponsored by the Insurance Bureau of Canada and along with a lot of hard work by all the members became the best unit in the Region, the country and THE WORLD. WE BEAT ALL OF THE OTHER JAYCEE UNITS IN THE WORLD, ALL 73 COUNTRIES. NOT BAD FOR A BUNCH OF CONS EH???

Our unit does not support the usual "joint politics" or "game playing" but encourages understanding by attempting to work with all inmates---even those we don't get along with. Our unit is opened to all inmates in Warkworth Institution and we look forward to seeing you at our meetings.

W A N T E D * W A N T E D

ANY INFORMATION YOU MAY HAVE AND FEEL IT WOULD BE ENJOYED BY OUR READERS WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

ANY MATERIAL YOU SUBMIT TO THE "OUTLOOK" WILL BE GIVEN CONSIDERATION AND IF IT IS DEEMED PRINTABLE THEN YOU TOO CAN READ IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

COME ON GUYS, IT'S AS MUCH YOUR MAGAZINE AS ANYBODY'S & YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO HELP ME TELL THE WHOLE WORLD OF THE THINGS WE, AS PRISONERS FEEL, SEE, AND KNOW TO BE THE TRUTH.

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SUBMIT TO THE "OUTLOOK" JUST WRITE IT DOWN AND DROP IT OFF AT THE C.I.S. OFFICE JUST INSIDE 11 BLOCK.

I SUPPOSE THAT I SHOULD ALSO TELL YOU THE GENERAL PUBLIC THAT YOU TOO CAN SUBMIT ARTICLES TO THE "OUTLOOK". IF YOU HAVE ANY POETRY, STORIES, JOKES, OR OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST, WHY NOT HELP ME TO FILL THE PAGES OF WHAT I FEEL COULD EASILY BECOME CANADA'S BEST PRISON MAGAZINE. THINK ABOUT IT!!!



Gospel

Revival

Every way of a man is right in his own eyes: - Prov. 21:2

A MEMORANDUM

TO: Jesus, Son of Joseph
Woodcrafter Carpenter Shop
Nazareth 25922

FROM: Jordan Management Consultants
Jerusalem 26544

Dear Sir:

Thank you for submitting the resumes of the twelve men you have picked for management positions in your new organization. All of them have now taken our battery of tests; we have not only run the results through our computer, but also arranged personal interviews for each of them with our psychologist and vocational aptitude consultant.

The profiles of all tests are included, and you will want to study each of them carefully.

As part of our service and for your guidance, we make some general comments, much as an auditor will include some general statements. This is given as a result of staff consultation and comes without any additional fees.

It is the staff opinion that most of your nominees are lacking in background, education and vocational aptitude for the type of enterprise you are undertaking. They do not have the team concept. We would recommend that you continue your search for persons of experience in managerial ability and proven capability.

Simon Peter is emotionally unstable and given to fits of temper. Andrew has absolutely no qualities of leadership. The two brothers, James and John, the sons of Zebedee, place personal interest above company loyalty. Thomas demonstrates a questioning attitude that would tend to undermine morale. We feel that it is our duty to tell you that Matthew has been blacklisted by the Greater Jerusalem Better Business Bureau. James, the son of Alphaeus, and Thaddaeus definitely have radical leanings, and they both registered a high score on the manic-depressive scale.

One of the candidates, however, shows great potential. He is a man of ability and resourcefulness, meets people well, has a keen business mind and has contacts in high places. He is highly motivated, ambitious and responsible. We recommend Judas Iscariot as your controller and right-hand man. All of the other profiles are self-explanatory.

We wish you every success in your new venture.

Sincerely yours,
Jordan Management Consultants

—The Rev'd James B. Clark, St Luke's, Woodland, California as appeared in *All Saint's Bulletin*, All Saints', Fort Worth.

If you are a worker for Jesus Christ he will open your eyes wide to the fact that sin and misery are not imaginary, they are real. Anguish is as real as joy; tortured nerves are as real as nerves in order. This is not fiction, these are human facts, I see it every-day in this prison. I never saw it before in my life until I became a Christian, but Jesus Christ opens our eyes to these facts. I want everyone who reads this to understand this clearly. Take a minute and think about it.

If you think you know how to present Jesus Christ to a suffering soul, you will never be able to do it. But if you will learn to rely on the Holy Ghost, believing Jesus can do it, then I make a bold statement that He will do it. If you get out your bible and say, "I know how to deal with this soul," you will never be able to deal with it. But if you realize your absolute helplessness, and say, "My God, I cannot touch this life, I do not know where to begin, but I believe that you can, and I want to serve you so please, just use me to touch this life with your glorious power;" then you can do something.

It is wonderful to see Jesus slip his love and power over a troubled soul and change them drastically by turning out demons, altering the persons whole outlook, and transforming that life into a totally new relationship.

While you watch and while you realize the marvelous work of God going on in those gloomy, tortured and sinful lives, it is as if you are bathed in the sunlight of the presence of God. Until you come upon a soul like this you will never realize your own helplessness, and the power of Jesus Christ.

It was Jesus' coming into contact with Thomas that altered his gloom. The disciples' testimony could not do it. "Thomas, we have seen the Lord," and out of the agony of his spul Thomas said, " I cannot, I dare not believe. Except I shall see his hands, the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe." (John 20:25)

The testimony of the deciples was not the slightest bit of use, but when Jesus came into contact with him, then saith he to Thomas, " reach hither thy finger, and see my hands, and reach hither thy hand and put it into my side and be not faithless, but believing." Thomas answered and

said unto him, " My Lord, my God." (John 20:27) And what did the Lord Jesus Christ do for Mary Magdaline ? (Luke 8:2)

God, grant us the grace to rely on the Holy Ghost so to know our own ignorance, so to get out of thy way with our own knowledge, that we will allow the Holy Ghost to bring Jesus Christ face to face with the diseased, sick people we meet.

submitted by Mike Stoddart

Through Fiery Trials With God

What shall I learn from God through fiery trials today,
As side by side He walks with me along life's rugged way?
He never fails-not even in the darkest hour-
I know my Lord is nigh,- I feel His power.

As day by day I feed upon God's word,
I learn my every step is "ordered by the Lord."
So also every "stop" is just another step to test
And prove to me one fact- God's way is always best.

I only want whatever God has planned,
So, all is well- He holds me in His hand.
So, I can trust Him now to lead aright,
As I walk on with Him, through faith, not sight.

Then, through this fiery trial what does my Savior say?
Perhaps just this: "Be still My child, lean hard and pray."
Today I learn anew to answer, " Lord, Thy way is best, No
Nor help me to be still,- lean hard, and pray and rest."

anonymous

One Day At A Time

One day at a time, with it's failures and fears,
With it's hurts and mistakes, with it's weakness and tears,
With it's portion of pain and it's burden of care;
One day at a time we must meet and must bear.

One day at a time to be patient and strong,
To be calm under trial and sweet under wrong,
Then it's toiling shall pass and it's sorrow shall cease;
It shall darken and die, and the night shall bring peace.

One day at a time- but the day is so long,
And the heart is not brave and the soul is not strong.
A thou pitiful Christ, Be thou near all the way;
Give courage and patience and strength for the day.
Swift cometh his answer, so clear and so sweet;
Yea, I will be with Thee, thy troubles to meet;
I will not forget thee, nor fail thee, nor grieve;

I will not forsake thee, I never will leave."
Not yesterday's load we are called on to bear.
Nor the morrow's uncertain and shadowy care;
Why should we look forward or back with dismay?
Our needs, as our mercies, are but for the day.
One day at a time, and the day is His day;
He hath numbered it; its hours, though they haste or delay.
His grace is sufficient, we walk not alone;
As the day, so the strength that He giveth His own.
anonymous.

OUR PART IN PRAYER

Some go to God in prayer
As though they would be heard
By merit of their earnestness,
Or power of their word;
As though God did not want to bless,
Or to their crying heed,
But might be influenced to to hear
If they could prove their need.
Some go to God in prayer
With broken, bleeding hearts,
Craving the peace and victory
Which He alone imparts,
They lay their burdens down
On shoulders that are strong,
Then take them back upon their own
And carry them along.
Some humbly talk with God;
Confess their helplessness,
And having laid their burdens down
Trust Him to do the rest.
Such go away in peace,
And with the victors shout
To watch with interest and see
How He will work things out.
anonymous.

I SAID A PRAYER FOR YOU TODAY

I said a prayer for you today
And know God must have heard
I felt the answer in my heart
Although He spoke no word
I didn't ask for wealth, or fame
I knew you wouldn't mind
I asked Him to send treasures
Of a far more lasting kind
I asked that He'd be near you
At the start of each new day
To grant you health and blessings
And friends to share your way
I asked for happiness for you
In all things great and small
But it was for His loving care
I prayed for most of all.

anonymous

DEAR reader:

Thank you for taking the time and reading the first edition of the " New " OUTLOOK." If you feel that you would like to read future editons, you may do so by filling out the last page and address it to the editor, Outlook magazine, P.O. Box 760, Campbellford, Ontario. KOL 1L0.

It has been a real pleasure putting out this edition, even with all the problems we encountered. I sincerely hope that in time to come we can print a magazine that you the reader will look forward to.

In closing, let me once again tell you that you too can be a part of what's happening both here in Warkworth, and in every other prison by writing down what it is that you have to say, and forwarding it to me, the editor. I can't promise you'll get it in, but I'll sure do my best.

Again, I thank you.

George Reid
editor