



Words of Hope

Editor: Corey, HOPE Pre-Release Intern

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Pain and Shame

I used to love you
when we first met.
As I sit here
I mix,
suck you up
and stick you in the rush
I pray will soon begin.
But wait ---- it's not the same.
I feel such shame, for today
I had to play a hard game
to win your presence
just to feel like
a little bit of Heaven.

You would make me do the unthinkable.
When I'm not with you, I go crazy!
My eyes they start to go hazy.
My life ---- what a sad story.
Many of the men,
their names I will never know.
Where did it go?

Yesterday you took my little Bro.
When will I go?
Who knows?
Today you're gonna make my day a hard one.
So as I hit these streets, I see,
hmmm, how many perps today
can you make me beat?

- Marjorie



Here I sit in my 13x9 room, and think about my self-inflicting doom.
I wish I could dispose of the feeling, from the harm caused from my stealing.

I wonder and wait for the call, as I sit in this concrete stall.

All I do is sit and weep, while in this box I live and sleep.

Stuck here in this cell, I remember what was once hell.

As time drifts away, will I find another way?

I can be stuck in this lonely hell, if I don't choose to get well.

I do believe it's time to surrender, before I no longer can remember.

All to satisfy my inner self, with no care about my outer self.

I must no longer hate, before it becomes my only fate.

I only wanted to numb the pain, which only caused me to go insane.

If I only would have said no, here I wouldn't be I know.

Now I cannot stand the boredom, but so thankful for my freedom.

I am clear from my addiction, I'm trying to find some direction.

Here I've come to HOPE, and no longer feel like a dope.

If I would only dare, to finally give a care.

For being honest, open minded and willing has finally given me another feeling.

Respect, Responsibility, Integrity, Perseverance and Productivity, have given me creativity.

So I thank my higher power for giving me another hour.

Cause If I was still out there, I'd be heading nowhere.

Only death and destruction can come from the drug obstruction.

It's not a mystery, just look at your history.

- Theodore

Dark to Light

Falling

It's a child staring back at me
I stare, I gaze

Falling

O my, that was me

Falling

All the dreams she had were
stuffed away and unknown to
me

Dropped into darkness
blinded of a true reality

Where am I?

I scream,
“God Help Me Take this
bondage away from me”

I have no clue

Placed in a damp, cold, dark corner
all alone
but wait, what is that I see?

I realize, I accept, please do
for me

Dark to Light
Light to Life
Life to Happiness

For God's Will has
been proven
to be true.

- Janine

My Love

My love is strong
My love is huge
My love is for anyone who wants or needs it
My love is kind
My love is generous
My love is one and a million
My love is for my family, friends, pets, and my
special someone.



- Jenn

The Reality of Me

For me, I was going downhill and did not care. If I could get high off of you watch out, for I'm going to use you. I did not care how you felt or what you thought once I was with you I was bought. You had to pay in order to play. To please me was not easy. I had to get high or my life there was no my eyes were black that turning back. I was out about home or anything and loaded and head I kept down cause frown. Deep down in I needed a drug to more drugs God rescued now I'm free. No drugs told me He loves me and now I can see my soul is at ease. I sit still and ponder, "Why Lord me?" He answers and say, "My child you are free. Take this freedom and serve me."



I thought I would die. Living surprise. The window of told me there was no there alone, did not care in it. I'd become locked everyone knew it. My without drugs I wore a my soul life felt so cold. rescue me instead of me. Yes, reality set in and around to tempt me. Jesus

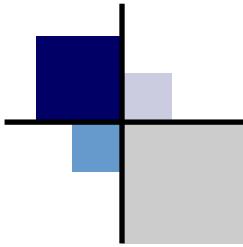
- LaVette

Special



Can you be the special one
Can that special someone be like you
Can a special one just be friends or does
that special someone have to be more
When I think of you it puts a smile on my
face
I wish you would be that special someone

- Jenn



Changing Canvases

By rivers edge
While unannounced
Rose a great and noble city
High castle in the sky
There lived a man
In a cell
Were all the troubles seemed?

Window side
There he cries
For the man below
He sees
While life outside
It goes on by
All the while
It is occurring

There he wishes time
To fly on by
For it controls all his thinking
Now with heavy eyes
He dreams a little dream

Now it's me
Who's in this dream?
It's something I can't believe
Laughing running skipping
jumping
In the cover of a moonlit sky

And for whatever seems
This dream of dreams
This man appears, you
see?

Peering out
Of his lonely window
There he cries for me

Changing canvas

Yes I was
Running laughing
Skipping and jumping
In the was
And what is

In the future
I can dream
For the pages
Have yet
Been seen

These two lives
Have been merging

Slate wipe clean
At last at last
All of the sudden
My heart is pulled

Quick in a flash
No going back
No giving up
Too late to leave
No more tricks
Up my sleeve

Then very gently
I call your name
Out of the dream
You don't look the same

All that I am
All that I was
Constantly
Moving
Dreaming
Changing

- Chad

Foundation of HOPE Pre-Release Program

Rev. Caitlin Werth, Director
Caitlin.Werth@AlleghenyCounty.US
Meghan Wise, MA, Case Manager
Meghan.Wise@AlleghenyCounty.US
Frances Morrow, Administrative Assistant
Frances.Morrow@AlleghenyCounty.US
Allegheny County Jail
Pittsburgh, PA 15219
412-350-1322
www.foundationofhope.org



RESPECT	(CARE)
RESPONSIBILITY	(DO)
INTEGRITY	(BE)
PRODUCTIVITY	(WORK)
PERSEVERANCE	(WAIT)

Thoughts from the Director, Rev. Caitlin Werth

This month we celebrated Independence Day. I don't know how many of us truly think about what independence means as we eat hot dogs and watch fireworks. But today, as I reflect on Independence Day, I am struck by how *inter*-dependent we, as citizens, of the United States of America truly are, though you wouldn't know it by how easily we divide, or by how much we value our individual rights. We think we made it to where we are in life solely by ourselves, we don't want others telling us what to do, and we want to make our own choices. Yet, every time I eat my dinner, or walk down a street, or pick up a phone, I am relying on the hard work of other people—people I will likely never meet. In the HOPE Pre-Release program, we value both independence *and* interdependence. I want everyone in our program to be free—free from the pain and hurt in their past, free from negative influences, and ultimately, free from the system. But I also want them to know that they are never in it alone—it is my hope that they always reach out for positive support; put the effort in to find new people, places, and things, and find true freedom through dependence in their higher power.

If you are feeling inspired, please share your original writings, poetry, or art by submitting them to the HOPE Pre-Release Program. We will try to feature your work in the next issue of Words of HOPE.