Welcome to issue two of Beyond the Bars!

We are happy to report that issue one has had great success and we are hoping future issues will continue to have the same level of quality submissions from you, the readers. We hope this holiday season issue reaches you all safe and well, and we welcome your responses. This is the first newsletter in some time that has no fixed agenda but is here to receive your news, letters, poems, essays, short stories, art or “shout outs.”

How you can help:

- Please pass around the newspaper and encourage others to get on our mailing list
- Please send us your thoughts, letters, writing, art, prayers or any material that can reasonably fit

within space constraints
-- Please send notices of any prison groups or meetings, allow a lag time of a month or six weeks ahead.
-- Since we are individuals not financed by any one, please feel free to donate as you are able including stamps for postage

Beyond The Bars is a bi-monthly newspaper which will increase communication among prisoners themselves as well as family members, friends, allies, and others concerned about the prison system, primarily here in Maine. Happy Holidays and New Year from:

Kristine
Calvin
Forrest
Dave
There’s a fork in the road, you’re gone too fast. And the sign up ahead won’t let you pass.
As the rivers flood up to the dikes, we stand there trembling wondering why.
The time we’re living we see decay, the new millennium’s here to stay.
While we sit and wait for new comfort, the leaders steal until it hurts.
So we cry and moan from pain out loud, but the pain we feel has no sound.
Will we die before we see the peace, with a helping hand until we find relief?
As we search for ways to avoid the flood, we find ourselves standing in the muck.
We run like we ain’t run before, our hearts are seared down to the core
Still the ocean’s spray leaves us in fear, cause the hurricanes are now here.
El Niño pounds out our shores, with a pounding we ain’t felt in wars.
Lives are lost from such turmoil, our waters filling up with oil.
With the fish all dead nothing to eat, the rich get richer the poor get poorer.
And those who brought about our birth, they see our pain how it must hurt.
The lotteries can make you rich, now you buy the ticket to scratch your itch.
While people die in pestilence, in lands with no true government.
The moon it cries with a new glow, the water’s tides nowhere to go.
The ozone tears and rips the skies. Now, people run with blinded eyes.
While cancer is the daily norm, our women left with no true form.
Still we run to work most every day, children left with strangers to play.
And we wonder why they kill and maim, the leaders are from the same strain.
Yeah, September 11 haunts our minds, cause the planes that crashed caused so much dying. And we’ll see at last a new shore line. Has this caused us to stop trying?

Is America their new god, as they send their planes in lands to trod?
Yeah, war becomes commercialized, our children watch death in real life.
And hatred tears their little minds, yeah the monster isn’t hard to find.
’Cause the leaders kill all who oppose, as they group together with no doze.
The loss of lives at such a price, as hatred sears across the skies
Can one man really be at fault, as whole countries they now assault.
And life they end for death that’s past, and, kill that love death can’t bring back

Postscript to Seagull Feathers By Ken Joondeph (Inmate MSP)

11.19.11
6:44 PM

It was no longer than (5) minutes ago that the officer (MSP, A-Shirt, PM) admitted to slipping my “prized seagull wingtip feather out of my pocket that night.
I NA RRY had possession of my prize for (10) seconds!
Lesson Learned:
Of things of similar importance on “the mile” next year- pick them up ON THE WAY BACK, instead of on the way to...

And we both (the ofc & myself) shared a chuckle... one must learn to laugh at one self first, before blaming other for one’s own mistakes. Wise words, oh “master”...
Peace,

Ken – Joondeph #99967 MSP
MF 115B
Testimonial By Marlow Bickham
(Cumberland County Jail)

My name is Marlow Bickham and this is my story. I'm originally from New London, Connecticut. I came to the state of Maine and caught an aggravated trafficking with a prior. They also charged me with unlawful trafficking as well. I have been in jail since August of last year. But thanks to God I got the aggravated trafficking dismissed. I learned a valuable lesson and I'm tired of selling drugs. I realize that it's time to make a change with my life. I am an ordained minister and I really truly believe in God and that he creates and makes everything happen. I have been thinking of what I want to do with my life and I'm now starting a company called BE ABOUT IT RECORDS. It consists of all types of music from rap to B & B to Gospel music. I have found my first artist of BE ABOUT IT RECORDS. He goes by the rap name Picasso Barz. I am now at the end of my sentence and when I get out I am really going to pursue my company BE ABOUT IT RECORDS. And I respect Beyond the Bars for listening to inmates' stories, prayers, and poems. Thank you for hearing my story. God Bless Behind the Bars newsletter. Signing off, Marlow Bickham. P.S. To see some of my first artist of BE ABOUT IT RECORDS, you can visit my website.

The Ants and the Bees By Ken Joondeph (Inmate MSP)

Have you ever sat and watched an ant or bee go about their business? They're quite a marvel. Just a couple of nature's vast store of wonders. Flying and walking from flower to flower, leaf to leaf, garden to garden, tree to tree gathering their bounty to bring back to their hives and nests. Storing up for winter.

Each type of bee, each type of ant, they each have their purpose in the collective, from the lowly drone up to the matronly queen. The collectives work like a nano-city when you think about it. Quite fascinating. There's a government structure, a military, an agriculture and their own form of "law enforcement" all working for the good of the many.

If it weren't for the nano pebble-like pitchers mounds in the spring and Summer that pop up between slabs of sidewalk, or the gray paper nests far up a tree or a farmer's bank of hives in his fields or orchards, we'd never know those essential microcosms would be around. It's the same of prisons and correctional centers, often off main roads hidden from view; their microcosms abuzz with activity.

Who knows or cares that we're here? Maybe those who regularly travel the winding road between Warren and down the peninsula that lets the slow Medomak river empty in the vast Gulf of Maine? Travellers going up or down Route 1, just a mile or so inland from Maine State Prison? Tourists from Rockland, Boothbay, or Damariscotta? Fishermen or lobstersmen, out of Friendship (well, some of them might be almost even return customers of this fine institution) or local farmers? Local woodsmen (ok, well maybe some of them...nevermind) and do you think anyone in the larger cites in Maine are aware of our microcosms just off the beaten path?

Zoom out from Maine State Prison and MCC to our local roads, zoom out to view our towns and cities of which MSP and MCC are located. Can you see it? Zoom out further in space and view what's below, the Interstate I-95, coastal islands, cities, rivers, all abuzz like a bee hive, or an ant colony. Can you see it? Now think of us and MSP/MCC in our cells, so far removed from all around us. It isn't easy being on the inside.
Testimony By Everett Ashby (Inmate MSP)

Throughout my life, I have had great trouble accepting and dealing with change. Abuse from many sources as a young adult cause me confusion. I hunted for a direction to hear in. This led me to alcohol and chasing women, among other bad things. Eventually, I ended up killing a young woman because of my dysfunction. What a mistake that was! I was so close to insanity it was unbelievable.

I arrived at Maine State Prison on June 26th, 2001. I started going to Chaplain Matt’s Bible Studies and church services. Eight years ago, you wouldn’t have wanted to know me. I was a very confused and angry man.

On September 24th, 2001, I went to work in the Chaplain’s office. On October 4th I went to a program called Kairos, which really turned me around spiritually. Kairos is a special time that is spent with other inmates along with volunteers from the outside. It is a weekend spent sharing God’s love with each other, while developing a bond of trust. The more I studied the bible and listened, the more I was healed. Becoming a better person felt good. The more I grow, the deeper my love for Jesus becomes. Without Christ, I do not know where I would be, or what messes I would be trying to dig myself out of. After being baptized on September 13th, 2003 I was drawn closer to Jesus, and further away from the dirty, sin-stained man who I once was and the sinful life that I once led. I am still growing in Christ, and following God, and I want to help spread the Gospel to other and lead them to the Cross.


Mark 5: 1-20 “Healing the Demon-Possessed Man” or The Undeserved By Ken Joondeph (Inmate MSP)

Mark 5: 1-20 “Healing the Demon-Possessed Man”

There once was a man called “BJ” who
Thought of himself as “deserv-ed.”
His passion for spreading hate and discontent
Was all but reserve-ed.
He bears the marks of our sav-ior, done a while back;
When reminded of all the Christ’s fav-iors,
All BJ does now is attack!
Also when asked “How many of God’s
Commandments have you broken?”
BJ replies: “I don’t care! I’ve torn
Them up long ago and smoked-em!”
Wisdom and understanding isn’t BJ’s game,
To which I say: “What a shame,
As only thought His word your demons
Will be tamed.”

“They would be cast out of you, as in Mark 5: 1-20
And enter into that which is around
You- pigs a-plenty!”

But BJ scoffs at the thought and says:
“Forget it! These pigs and I are
Very friend-ly!”

This dashed his chances of ever becoming
Learn-ed; of which his friends “TQ”
And “IL” have become through studying
His word, until they both became wise,
Understanding and reserve-ed.
Alas, in passing up his opportunity, BJ had
Condemned himself to permanently
Being one of the many that are in the Ranks of:

“The Un-deserv-ed.”
A Note From M-PAC

Greetings from Maine Prisoner Advocacy Coalition! The editors of Beyond the Bars kindly offered space for M-PAC to send good wishes and a quick update.

As many of you know, M-PAC represents inmate advocacy issues, and there is always much more that needs to happen. Because we’re an all-volunteer group mail usually isn’t answered quickly. However, your reports are used for direction and to bring general suggestions and issues to the MDOC, media, and other Maine and national organizations. Address letters to M-PAC, PO Box 873, Ellsworth, ME 04605. (Please mail submissions for Beyond the Bars to the return address on this newsletter.)

A few M-PAC goals: 1) Returning transferred inmates to Maine; 2) Improved medical treatment; 3) Positive changes in prison policies; 4) Keeping private prisons out of Maine; 5) Sentencing reform; 6) Monitoring any unprofessional staff actions.

Some of the things we can’t help with include inmate job assignments, legal advice, good time, and classification.

Volunteers work with many other Maine advocacy groups – NAACP, ACLU-Maine, Disability Rights, and Maine Council of Churches to name a few. Together we are all stronger!

Our hope is that MDOC’s stated goals of enacting more humane policies; training staff in positive, professional interactions with inmates; ending nearly all use of solitary confinement – with no long-term use; and creating respectful conditions will all occur sooner than later. As for the outcomes of these changes, we look for your continued guidance.

Please remember that you are thought of by many people on the outside and that your issues are important to us. There is much more advocacy going on than most people realize.

M-PAC’s next meeting – for anyone interested in prisoner advocacy – is January 7th at 9:00 am, IBEW Hall in Manchester (this location is only for meetings).

May we all find more peace in the New Year!

Judy Garvey and Jim Bergin, Co-Coordinators, M-PAC www.maineprisoneradvocacy.org

YOUR EDITORS ARE:
Kristine Catalogna - Has been working with homeless populations for five years and has worked with incarcerated women in Massachusetts; worked with pregnant women while incarcerated and reunification with children after prison.

Calvin Dube - Directed Trinity Soup Kitchen for 12 yrs. Involved in inmate reentry program to help inmates and homeless on release; other community resources linked to inmate needs for hygiene items, clothing, medical care, psychiatric counseling, and job searches. Today, three churches in the Lewiston/Auburn area are involved in our reentry work.

Forrest Lancaster - Holds a BA in Anthroplogy, and English. They previously wrote for The Other Side. Was active in Prisoner Reentry Program.

David Wagner - A professor of social work and Sociology at USM who works with groups of homeless and poor people.

Beyond the Bars
PO BOX 8653
Portland, Maine 04104
beyondnewsletter@gmail.com
### January 2012

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sunday</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Year Day</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### February 2012

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sunday</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentine Day</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presidents Day</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### March 2012

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sunday</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>International Women’s Day</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daylight Saving Time begins</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>