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Sean F And Tremayne F

Greetings,

Here we are at Christmas 2016, 2 weeks away from the day that we were officially launched as a website. Its hard to believe how far that we have come. I read some of your letters over and over again and each time, I'm touched.

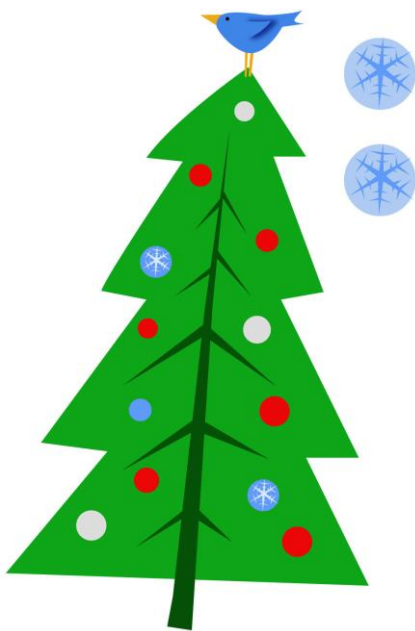
My Christmas wish is for you all to discover who you really are and to become somebody great. Its not too late to change if you haven't already. I know its hard to change in a lonely and violent place, but you have to be strong to make it. The whole point of living is to touch your divine inner self. Whatever your religion is or whatever you believe in or believe is true or whatever you love it all boils down to one thing and the same thing and we all can touch it.

I get some letters telling me how lonely they are and how bad it is, and that I don't understand. Well that's their opinion. Because the truth is I do know what its like. I have served 6 years and 3 months in some of the worst camps in prison one of them being A.C.I . I was moved to 7 institutions not including every male transition homes in the state of florida. There was bad times but suprising there were good times. And I met some people that I will never forget and I still write. There is a treasure awaiting each and everyone of us, it all depends on the path you take if you ever reach it to be able to touch it.



Statement of Purpose

Our reason for the Peace Behind Bar's Newsletters is to help individuals incarcerated become positive, and build their character. Through sharing their emotions, thoughts and day to day lives with us, allows them to open up and to be able to trust. In the day and age that we live in, technology has removed the personal touch of writing that is unique to each human being. Between texting, tweeting and emails, our society has become automated using predictable "emojis" which lack creativity and true personality. Gone are the days where a letter was something you kept; treasuring not only for sentiments, thoughts, and ideas expressed, but also the personable delivery. Vanishing are the days when receiving mail was about connecting with someone, now, receiving bills... UNTIL NOW.



So don't let prison make you lose sight of the positive things and who you are. If we make it priority, we have an opportunity to walk through hell(prison) and come out untouchable. We can be in that terrible place we call hell(prison), but not of it.

When you are strong emotionally and mentally nothing can take us from who really are. No temptations or material things. It can only affect us temporary, but once we see it we can catch it and make it disappear from our mind.

So while your stay in prison. You can walk around with a smile in your face and be humble and grateful for another day. Every complaint and pain will vanish from your mind. If somebody offends you or disrespects you, you can forgive them. Treat people the way you would like to be treated. I know we all heard this many times before.

Its hard to love others in a place filled with so much bad. But there is no other better place to learn to love and become stronger than in prison. If you can do it in there, then you can do it once your released out here. You can do it in your letters that you write to your loved ones or family members. You can even try and do it with the ones that you have already lost and stopped writing. Give it some time and then when you know you are stronger come back and write the ones that you lost and abandoned you.

See my friends these are not just words that I am speaking. These are things that I had to come to realize while I was once in a place like you. No I don't know all the answers and I still have a lot to learn. But anyone that knew me from street and when I first went into prison will tell you that I have come along ways and change drastically.

Again we like to thank you all for your letters, poems, and drawings that have been submitted to us. And hope that the newsletters are getting better for you all. And if there is anything that you would like to see then please add in your opinion.

SINCE THIS IS PEACE BEHIND BARS FIRST ANNIVERSARY, WE WOULD LIKE THE TOPIC FOR THE DRAWING AND ART CONTEST TO BE FOCUSED ON PEACE BEHIND BARS ITSELF.

FOR THE DRAWING CONTEST WE ARE LOOKING FOR DRAWINGS THAT SAY "PEACE BEHIND BARS" WHICH WE MAY PLACE ON OUR NEWSLETTER HEADER. OR ANY DRAWING THAT YOU CAN COME UP WITH. FOR THE POEM CONTEST WE ARE LOOKING FOR POEMS ABOUT WHAT PEACE BEHIND BARS MEANS TO YOU, OR HOW PEACE BEHIND BARS HAVE HELPED YOU IN ANY KIND OF WAY OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT YOU CAN COME UP WITH THAT FOCUSES ON THE TOPIC.

DRAWING AND ART CONTEST

Why submit?

When you submit your thoughts, poems, drawings, and testimonies, you encourage someone else to have strength to remain strong and fill them with hope.

A simple poem can touch a person's heart and encourage them. In times of stress a poem can give them faith.

Your drawings can also encourage others to draw and reveal their talents, that they never knew they had.

Your testimonies can change someone's life, especially if it's about change.

What do you win?

The person with the best poem will win a chance to send \$25.00 of prizes to send to anyone they want on the outside

Also the person with the best drawing will win a chance to \$25.00 of prizes to send to anyone they want on the outside

NOTE:

You can submit as much drawings and poems, testimonies as you want.

All poems, drawings, and testimonies sent in to Peace Behind Bars will become our property

All work must be the original copy

TOPIC TO TALK ABOUT IN NEXT NEWETTER

Although we only have prizes for poems and drawings, we strongly would like for you to still send in your testimony or anything that is on your mind. In the next issue we want to discuss the struggle of being in prison. We want to hear your ideas and thoughts.

ASK LANA

As of now, if you are having a problem(non legal questions) or going through something, you can ask Lana. We are aware that sometimes you just cant talk to anyone in there and ask questions. Maybe your embarrassed by the question or think that someone you know may think different of you. Well now you can send in questions and Lana will answer them.

POEM AND ART WINNERS

Lana B for the best poem!

Luis B for the best art.

Attention

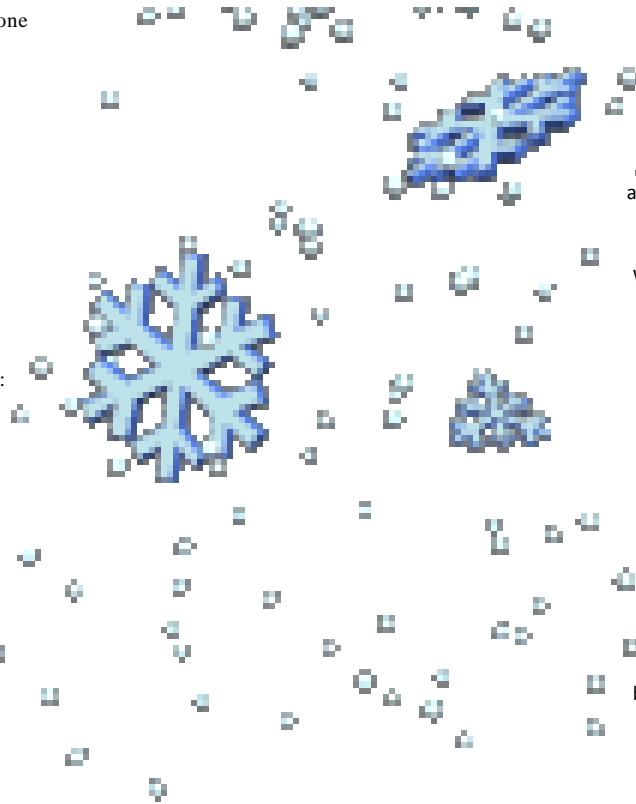
We can no longer attached the topic " New Members" anymore. In order for us to be able to send our newsletters inside so that everyone will receive it without getting into any trouble or having them sent back, we can no longer add some of the pages. We are sorry, but will replace some of those pages and topics with something new each time.

INSPIRING POEMS

The Night After X-mas By: Tremayne Francis

T is the night after X-mas
After all the gifts were given
The time now is to clean
The mess of package and ribbon
The dishes are still dirty
From the holiday feast
And the rest of the family had gone
No one left to help in the least
Mom was too tired to clean
Of course dad was too
Off to bed they went
What am I supposed to do
My parents are now sleeping
I could hear my mom snore
I looked around the house
Trash and dirty dishes galore
And then I remembered
A memory most splendid
I had one X-mas wish left
Wondered how I'd use it?
Another toy; some more money:
A sister or a brother?
I have three video games
Should I wish for another?
I looked at the clock
It's almost midnight
I'd better hurry up
For the wish to work right
I got on my knees
On the side of my bed
Hands and eyes gripped tight

My wish firm in my head
I wish I may I wish I might
Have this wish I wish tonight
The wish I'd asked for
Mom and dad would be pleased
I wished our home cleaned
A chore request appeased
I awoke the next morning
To my dad's angry shout
Down the stairs I ran
To see what's that about
The house was so clean
Spotless to a tee
So what was the problem?
Oh what could it be?
Dad had a paper in his hand gave it to mom though
Then she started to yell
What was it I asked to know
They gave me the paper'
It was shocking what I read
It was a note from Santa
\$8,373 cleaning bill it said
From Santa's cleaning service
With his signature so bright
Santa and his elves cleaned up
Our whole home last night
It will take a year to pay
Still, my wish I don't regret it
But, be careful what you wish for
Cause you just might get it!



Poem By Sean "Twig" Follett

That fire,
Which never burns out,
Which yet burns low,
Which Flickers out,
Yet there remains
always beneath the ashes.
Embers
Which smolder and wait,
for one to bring,
Dry twigs and wood.

Red-hot embers,
dreaming of becoming
a fizzling, crackling fire
Once more.

And such is the fire,
burning within ourselves.

TITLE: Contemplations on a Top Bunk

BY: Aome S

Aome was incarcerated and released in 2015. She is now living in a clean life and turned from her old ways.

Another dawn starts rose and red
I rise and stir-fresh in my head
thoughts of days when we once were
The future an unknown answer
Your light shines deep within my eyes
A mirror memories imply
The broken pieces you can mend
I want our days in lust to spend
For you have tended my asylum
Insanity you've kept me from
A soothing voice to touch my lips
At night I feel your fingertips.

TESTIMONY FROM DENISE LAWYER

It's a great opportunity to share my testimony with you and others! Well, as you know my name is Denise Lawyer with three beautiful kids. ...two girls and one son, which they were all babies and now is grown. It's been 10 ½ years I been locked up and it's been a learning experience... I started off with no bond sitting in the county jail for second degree murder, I didn't realize how serious things were until I got to prison. Wait let me slow down a little and start from the beginning it was a Sunday night and football was on T.V. me and my ex home girl suppose to just went over to my co-defendant to pick up a couple dollars, but instead of my ex homegirl wanted my co-defendant to come with us and went to a strip club in Pompano that wasn't the plans. So this club was small and it was one way in and one way out. So we got in the club had a few drinks which we had been drinking all day and this man approached me and my co-defendant was getting ready to leave but my co-defendant went to use the bathroom before we were leaving. So this man approached me trying to talk to me and my co-defendant comes out of the bathroom, which I was standing on the wall right next to the bathroom, when my co-defendant came out he as me is Im ready to go and the dude who trying to talk to me must swon on my co-defendant.

Knocking him to the floor and then three more dudes jump into it, without my co-defendant even fighting back. I manage to escape and go out to the car gt my co-defendant gun and try to ring it back in but that didn't happen. I was drunk and I got the gun from the car after searching for it, walk up to the club door, the bouncer stop me ask me where I was taking the gun and like I said I was drunk I didn't wasn't/trying to hide the gun. My attention was to just get the gun to my co-defendant and him out of safely out the club. So told the bouncer were in there jumping my co-deffendnt, not knowing the fight was over. So my co-defendant was busting out the exit door about time, I turned around headed back to the car with the gun. I gave him the gun and I wasn't aware the guys who jump my co-defendant had already made it out of the club and was prk right in front of the club waiting.. So I hand my co-co defendant the gun and he went crazy shooting the car where the boys were standing killing on of the boys, which a first I was charged with the first degree murdur and it was drop before I could even go to court to second degree murder.

So I spend like 15 months in the county jail with two trials but my trial was a hung jury and the second trial I was found guilty and I only believe because the first trial I got on the stand and the second trial my lawyer told me not to get on the stand which I believe that's why I was found guilty. Because in reality the jury wanted to hear my sides of the story,. But from there I was sentences to life in prison without parole. I arrived at B.C.I 2007 and started to see if my lawyer put in my appeal, which he didn't so I took it from there and started putting my belated appeal in because it was to late to put in a regular apparel so it took like two years to get back out to court but I went back out to court 2010 in March and stayed in the county for like a little over two years and its true when people say the longer there better or no new is good new. Because every minute and hour was worth it. And I really didn't want to come back to prison but everything happens for a reason because people need to keep the truth and know it can be done. So it was coming to the end for my lawyer to come to some kind of agreement for me to take it to trial again and I was ready to take it to trial because I feel like I had nothing to lose.

At first the state tried to offer my 30 years and then they went down to 25 year and 5 years probation. Which I still felt like that was it life sentences. So I was still ready for trial and told my lawyer after court was over I wasn't taking none of the offers they was trying to give me so he said he'll be out to the jailhouse to come see me so we can ready for trial. So my lawyer came like a week later telling me the family don't want to come down anymore but I just kept on praying and then he said he going to see what he can do. So we showed up in court and everything went in my favor! The judge told my lawyer and the state they need to come to some kind of agreement instead of taking it to trial. So my lawyer told me to give him a week and call him so once I call him he answer, he ask me did I want to hear the good or bad new first and I told him it didn't matter, so he told me the bad new first which was the state wouldn't come down off my charge because I was trying to get a lesser charge but they came down on my time which was 15 years. So I told him to can my dad to share the good news.

So we got a court date so I could take the 15 years and I had to speak to the family for the third time which that was hurting part of it all because I believe if it was the family decision I would be rotting in here but let God be the glory of it all and he showed me favor because not one time I never claim that life sentence and now I only have 18 months left. So I arrived back at prison and had to get the letter "A" on my tag like this is my second and had to go back through orientation which this is originally my first time in prison. All my propret was deposed and I really didn't care about anything but pictures I could never get back but I had to look at the situation as I I had to lose something to gain my freedom back. My co-defendant got a life sentence back after going through all those channels trying to play crazy and it was sad because taking all those meds had him looking bad. I forgave everybody who was involved and I'm planning on keeping in touch with my co-defendant when I get out. I hope my letter touch somebody hear to encourage them not to give up and keep the faith.

ALL ABOUT ME BY: TREMAYNE FRANICS

Born in poverty, and raised in the mean streets of [New Orleans's] notorious 9th ward. I was not content in having everything I needed, I just was stuck on getting what I wanted! By any means necessary. Drive- by shootings, death by street violence (as I myself have suffered from as I lost both my younger brother. Gerald and my uncle "Bunny" to street violence), etc. Are the societal norm within the 9th ward; and as we, all of us are the sum total of our life experiences was pivotal in creating selfishness and emotional callousness in my young mind! So much so, it was all about me! Everyone else be damned if I wanted it, I got it, Regardless of who I hurt. Whom I caused pain, none of it mattered! It was all about me! My family, as loving as they were, and as often as they tried to nurture me with the right thinking morals, and values, were no deterrent. It was all about me! Period! And my young mind was okay with that, and I believed my future was destined to be grand one! Cause, it was all about me!

Then as the fate would have it a category 3 hurricane hit the [Gulf of Mexico] and then hit [New Orleans, La] I don't remember the name of this particular hurricane. Cause at the time, my young mind was too scared, as I huddled up with my family (nothing like a storm to bring a family together!) In our living room, with no power nor electricity as the storm raged it's fury outside our home! The storm lasted a full day and night! Lightning flashing; thunder booming; and a torrent of rain. strong enough to crack the glass on our window panes! The next morning, my family and I ventured out of our home to assess the damage wrought by the storm. The damage was bad; even worse a flash flood was raging down the street. [Almonaster] from my home! It was surreal, as we, the hodd, could stand on the street corner; and a deadly flood is streaming by at high speed a mere few feet away.

Then, all of a sudden, a blood curdling shout cries out!! As we, all in unison looked in the direction of the scream.. A woman (one whom) I recognize as a teacher at my school G.W. Carver Middle School!) Was hanging on for dear life holding on to a tree in the middle of the flash flood! The tall waves of rushing flood waters, periodically engulfed the woman, her strength of will (and panic) refusing to let her grip on the tree slip for even an instant! Everyone was shouting, pointing but no one was actually doing anything to help the women! Since cell phones as we have today did not exist at the time, and there was no power.. The situation was very grim!!

Above the roar of the raging flood, a loud splash! Everyone looked towards it, and courageously wading through the powerful currents of the water was my Uncle (Charlie a gangsta in all respects) with a rope around his waist, which was tied and anchored to a tree on our side of the street corner! I was scared out of my young mind for my uncle, as more than a few times, he slipped under the waves, but came up again and again!

After a long while, my uncle Charlie made it to the teacher, and secured the both of them with the rope. He then, pulled himself and the teacher slowly stubbornly through the rough, relentless currents of the flash flood! With the help of more than a few of the other men from the hood pulling on the rope. Charlie and the teacher made it to our side of the street! I was beside myself with awe and happiness as I ran, with tears in my eyes, towards my brave Uncle Charlie! After a round of applause(in the hood no less! History was made I;m sure and much deserved accolades, finally my uncle and I were alone!

Hugging him tightly(after all Charlie was my favorite uncle!) Still in tears, I asked: "Why did you do it? Especially when you can't even swim?" My Uncle Charlie, simply said: " Cause, it had to be done. See, it ain't about me, it's about everyone else. "

This from a feared gangsta my bewildered young mind thought and right then and there, it's as if everyone else did start to matter. Everything I thought I was, was gone, and life began anew for me! One where compassion for others, and respect for others. Property and well being did matter, and helping others for the sake of helping become a life worth living! Thanks Uncle Charlie. Life is what you make it! TRUE. It becomes better when you make it better for others as well!



Submit to the next issue:

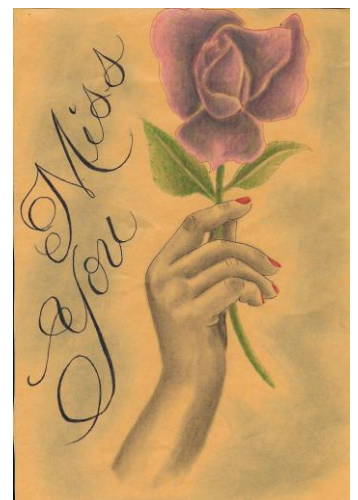
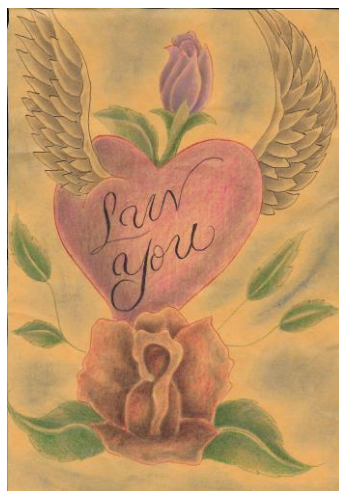
For the next issue, we're going to ask that our members submit poems, drawings, testimonies, ect. We would like to place what you have to share on our newsletters. Also please share any thoughts that you have that could make our newsletters improve. Your feedback is very important to us.

PEACE BEHIND BARS DRAWING
AND ART CONTEST WINNERS.

**TITLE: FAR AWAY THOUGHTS
BY: LANA B**

Since the day I first met you my life has
really changed. Some things I've put in
order some things I've rearranged.
I've put you in the middle and built my
dreams around. Someone who means so
much to me the special one I found.
Until you came into my life my skies,
were not as blue then one day you came
along and the sun
came shining through.
Although we may be far apart.
The miles cannot erase
the precious memories that I have
of your pretty brown eyes and your
smiling face.
So now I'm waiting patiently for the day
that I'll be home. I'll not regret
one moment spent reminiscing while I
was gone.
Now some say you are where your
thoughts are so if
that thought is true you don't ever have
to be worried because I'll always be with
you.

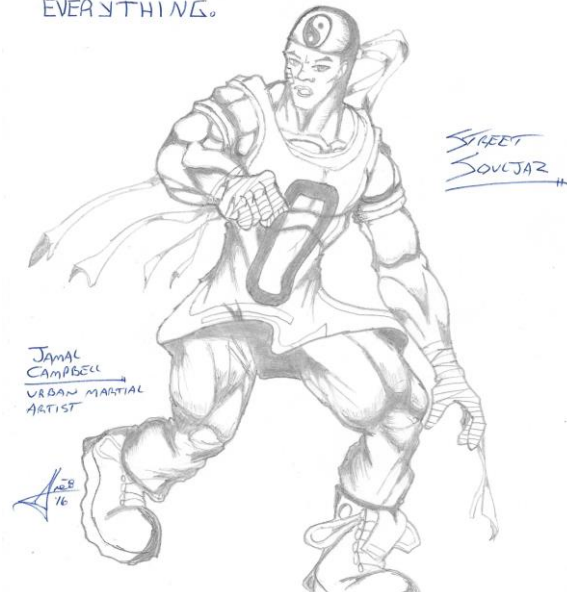
**FIRST PLACE DRAWING BY: LUIS B
ALSO MORE DRAWINGS BELOW BY: LUIS B**



DRAWINGS SHARED
BY: SEAN F AND TREMAYNE F



NOT TAKING THINGS IN LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY DOES NOT MEAN DOING OR HAVING NOTHING. RATHER, IT MEANS DOING GOOD DEEDS IN A TIMELY MANNER AND BE CONTENT WITH EVERYTHING.



Peace Behind Bars

Peace Behind Bars
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