

Me, Myself, & Dopey: Lost & Found Expressions
from San Benito County Jail
Writers of A, C, and E pods

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USA

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Me, Myself, & Dopey: Lost & Found Expressions from San Benito County Jail

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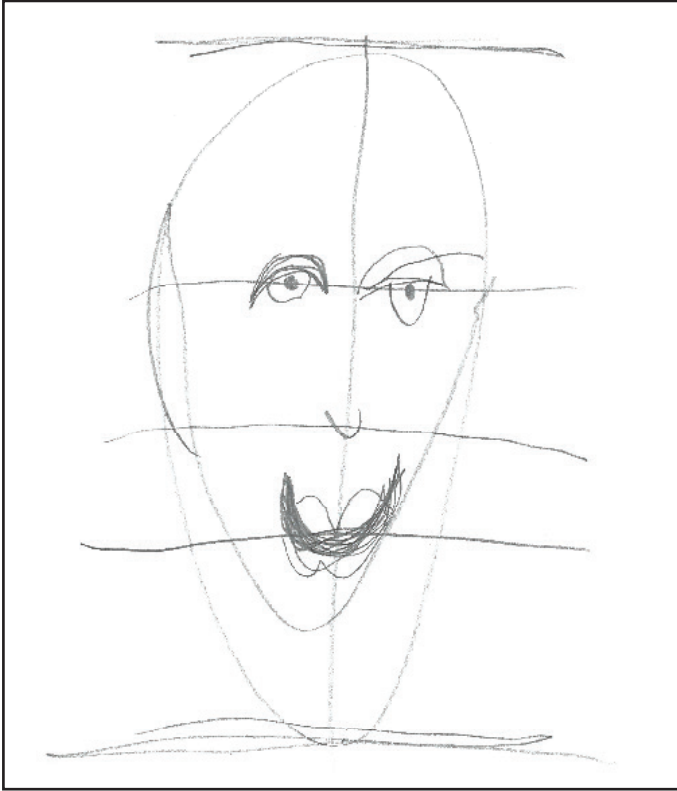
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Cover art by Stephan Anthony Prado

Introduction: In Custody

Readers should keep in mind that the writers and artists of *Me, Myself, and Dopey: Lost and Found Expressions of San Benito County Jail* suffer different types of negative emotions due to incarceration. This book, therefore, becomes an important outlet of positive self expression. It contains the feelings of people behind jail walls. The emotions are real and deep and the writing has allowed us to open parts of ourselves some of us didn't even know we had.

Rich or poor, anyone can make a mistake. We can all be assholes. Inmates are people, and people make mistakes. The difference is inmates were caught. Not everyone gets caught and, therefore, not everyone gets to feel what it's like to be judged and sentenced, to be forced out of society and placed into a box for a

Please, take the time to hear our voices. Many people die without ever being heard. Others come alive through the act of listening.

given time without the freedoms others take for granted.

As you read the words on the following pages, know they arise from real feelings and life experiences. People that get locked up aren't "bad" people in the way we've been taught to believe. Far too often, we are simply people who've experienced significant trauma in childhood, things like emotional, physical, and sexual abuse as well as parental abandonment. According to public health experts, children who experience these things have higher rates

of addiction, incarceration, and diminished physical and mental health.

Jail sometimes create a strange opportunity. Locked up we begin to reflect on our pasts. We learn to accept ourselves as we are right now, and this acceptance opens our hearts and eases our pain. We have no choice but to live in the present because we literally have no control of our futures. Our jailers decide when we eat, sleep, get medical care, or can see our families. Here, in the present, we can only do what we can do. Surprisingly, it isn't even all bad.

Priceless is what comes to mind when we think of our Gavilan College classes, for example. Respect, gratitude, and genuine human caring is what this program has brought our community. Our writing becomes a part of our healing. We can honestly say the opportunity to write and learn brings a positive energy to us. We say this out of respect for all who make this program possible--thank you!

May all our community know that the kindness we experience each week does not go unnoticed. In our classes we learn that though life may have wounded us and we hurt deeply, overtime we can heal. One day, it may be as if there were no trace left of our pain but our scars.

What this book shows, is that regardless of where we end up, we remain part of the human collective. Each person has some good in them. Please, take the time to hear our voices. Many people die without ever being heard. Others come alive through the act of listening.

--Writers of A & C pods

“[W]e become a collective organism
and together we produce insight.”
—Thich Nhat Hanh

A STORY IS TIME'S COMPANION

Querías el Norte

By (Joe) Jose Eduardo Garcia

Hijo Norteño



Art by (Joe) Jose Eduardo Garcia

It was a long, arduous journey to get to this story. I feel the importance of letting my readers know from where I was blessed with the strength and courage it's taken to keep my head up and my hope alive in order to live a better tomorrow.

My mother was a very stern parent. As I look back, I'm a little bewildered I've been in so much trouble. Mom was one of 14 children, second to the oldest but chosen by her mother to lead the tribe. She was very responsible and obedient from a young age.

My grandparents were very devout Catholics. They never skipped a Sunday at church.



It was about the age of eight that my Mom was brought to the US with what were then seven siblings. My grandfather had been chosen to take part in a farm laborers program called Los Braseros. So, to the north they came.

They left Tamaulipas in search of an abundant life. In Mexico, my grandpa had worked as a butcher. In those days, meat was, as Mom would say, “a luxury,” meaning my grandpa wasn’t earning enough to feed the family.

Mom once shared a story with me about her sister going to the tortilla factory near where they lived to pick up the moldy tortillas in the rear of the factory, so they would have something to eat. When I was young, I didn’t put too much thought in her hardship stories, so I did my own thing and ended up in a gang and on drugs.

For some reason, God has kept me alive. I’m thinking Mom’s prayers are still being answered. I believe that there is still hope for me. So, I reach to the sky hoping Mom can feel my touch. I truly want her to know how much I regret the hurt I caused and the shame I



put her through when I was 12 and had to hear her tell the judge to put me in juvie because she had no control over me.

That must have been hard for her. She was an awesome mom, and I was lucky to have been her son. I hope she knows that I won’t give up until I get life right. I owe it to her for being the strength and courage in my life.

About Being in San Benito County Jail

By Ruth Cortez Cardenas

No Ordinary Place

It's just a cell, a room with bricks
Sometimes it's a reality check
That you get a picture
When to connect to this place you are in and realize it

Your Conscience Tells You the Plain Truth

Even when you turn to look the other way and
Not ashamed, you turn into a man-iron persona a bit
It's just that wall
Just as much hiding the things that worry you, inside you and
Just leave it behind
Not showing your true face

Lockdown

Lockdown is sometimes boring. It isn't
Unpleasant only because it's lockdown
For one hour to let someone that is on lockdown for 23 hours in
their cell
And it's just a mandatory thing, but
Not a bad thing, like doing time in county jail

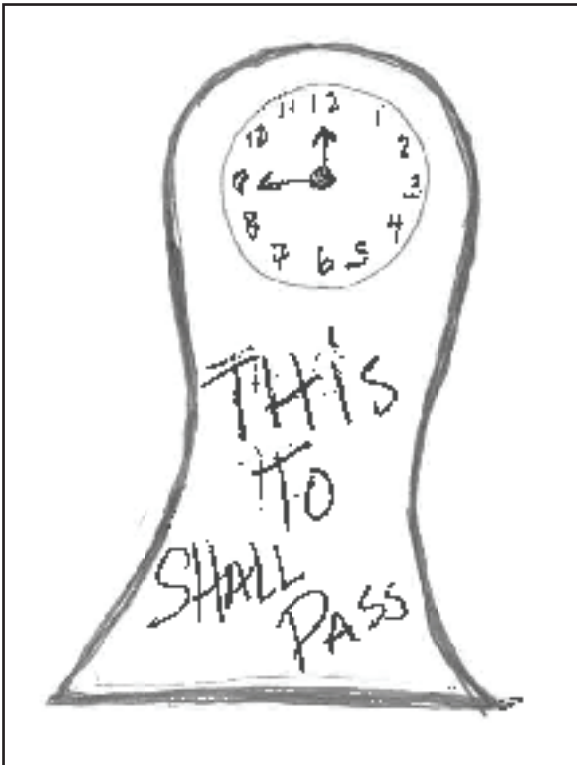
Quiet Time, Doing Time

Sometimes there are days that the room
Seems echoed, echoey, a breeze
Seeps through. We feel the vent.
Low air. The feeling is time and just
For a second you figure out what to do
Next and just hold on to that feeling
Like an elephant on your leg to
Compliment our time and

Then it's time to do something else, and it suddenly goes away
The days roll by slower. Some days are
Better, but it's no good doing time or being incarcerated and time
goes by
Easier and faster

Not Sure about Care

It's just uneasy to think that if
You're sick you have to fill out a
Request form. No control you
Have to wait to hear from them first and
It could be four days. That's why
I'll be happy when I leave from San Benito County Jail



Art by Inmate Zebra

Death's Conversation with Life

By Saige Freitas AKA Freight

Death:

I'll come for your soul
And all that you know
To take you away
From this blissful place

I've come for the toll
At the end of the road
A deal is a deal
Follow me and let's go

Life:

I will not travel
To the light at the end
I will not follow
The one they call death

I will live life
Eternal on Earth
Strong and alive
Not in a hearse

Death:

Your coming with me
Like it or not
Everyone dies
Left here to rot
You claim you do not?

Life:

I'll be reborn
If you take me away
You can kill flesh
But here my soul stays

Thoughts from a “Locked Up” Me

By Inmate Zebra

What the Fuck?

Judge doesn't want to hear anything--
Probation has summed up my life in less than 30 minutes, even
though no new charges
Doesn't make a difference!
Max out!!!

Common Sense

We are all adult women, right?
Clean up after yourself
Keep your area clean
I'm not your Momma or Merry Maid
And for God's sake, shower your ass
No one wants to smell your funk

Do My Time!

Don't let time do me
Read books
Play spades
Write letters
Call loved ones

Everyone has a Story!

Every female has a story to tell
Good, bad, or indifferent
Even though we have different faces and different stories to tell
We all wear the same black and white stripes
Zebras in this hell!!



Art by Inmate Zebra

San Benito County Jail

By Sarah Leonard

Incarcerated and back in a cell
Years on the run, now I'm back in this hell

Will I get lucky? Will the judge grant me bail?

The food is always sick and the bread always stale

Back in this county, how much time am I
Facing in this little fucking jail?

Where the bitches are easy and they like to tell

When you come in your tan
By the time you leave, you're pale

Can you guess where I am?

San Benito County Jail

RUTH



**TEAM
ZEBRA**

ALEXANDER



Theresa



IRENE



Sarah



China



DULIA



SONIA

Artwork by Sarah Leonard

Live Free

By Hard Candy

From growing up in and out of facilities like this one, facilities of incarceration, I've learned to love being behind the wheel of my truck. I can have no destination at all but still feel on top of the world because of the sense of freedom and control and feeling of strength my truck brings me--the ultimate sense of freedom and self control.

Shadow Elements

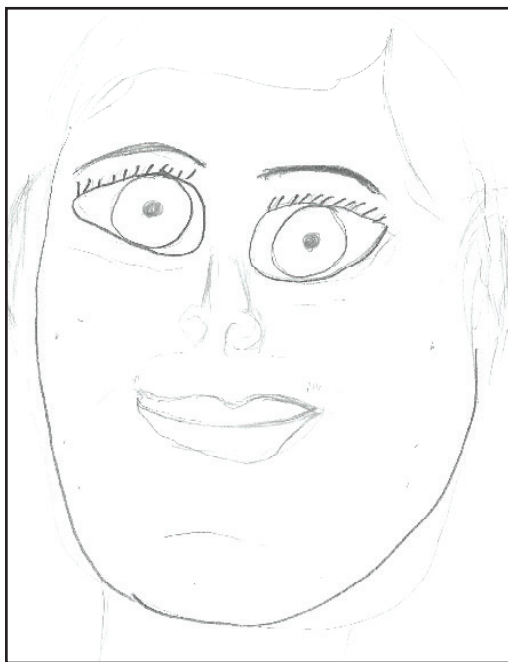
By Cody

“What need have I for books and learning?” asked Maximus, the athlete. “I can solve my problems with my fists.”

“Hail Maximus the bold but foolish,” sneered Cicero the scribe. “Diseases are not cured by brawn but by knowledge handed down by our fathers or discovered by our own volition.”

“Sickness is just another word for weakness. I can overcome any illness, save old age or death. The strong move forward in life. The weak die out.”

“You cannot be strong and smart, my Maximus. Cast aside sword and shield. You need them not. All things in life can be solved with knowledge.”



Artwork by Jose L. Ferreira

Wisdom and Foolish Pleasure are Meaningless

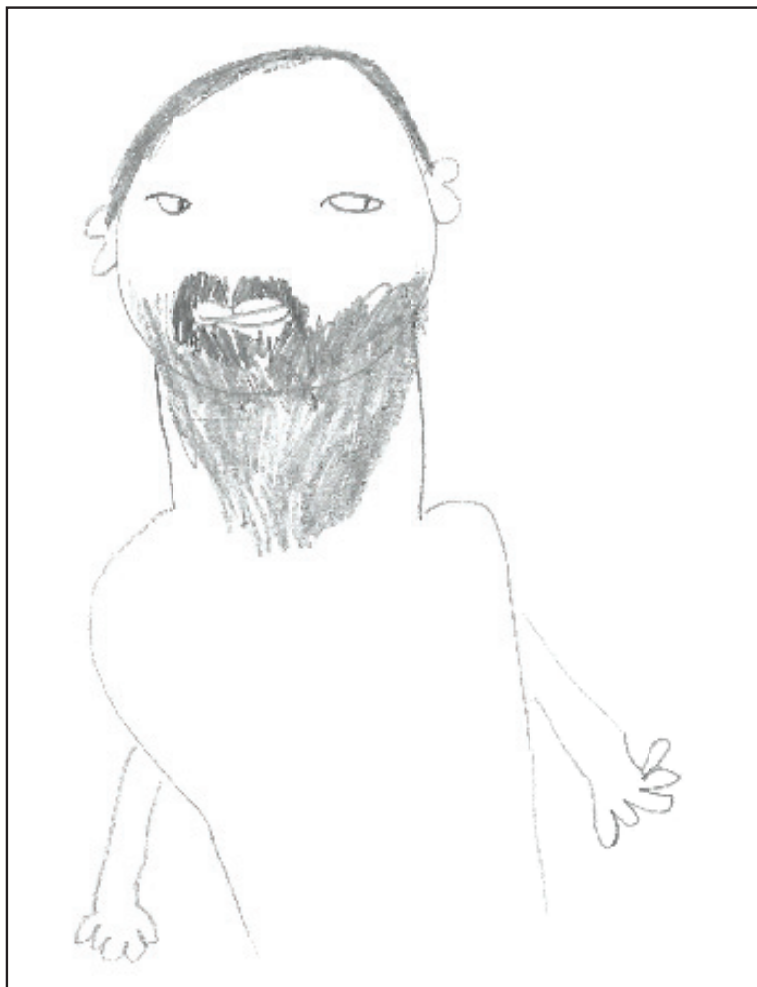
By Jose Luis Ferreira

I decided to think about wisdom. I also thought about pleasure. What more can a king do? Can he do anything more than others have already done? I saw that wisdom is better than foolishness, just as light is better than darkness. The eyes of a wise person see things clearly. A person who is foolish lives in darkness. But I finally realized that death catches up with both of them.

Then I said to myself, "What happens to a foolish person will clearly catch up to me too. So what do I gain by being wise?" I said to myself, "That doesn't have any meaning either."

Like a foolish person, a wise person won't be remembered very long. The days have already come when both of them have been forgotten. Like a person who is foolish, a wise person must die too!

THE STRUGGLE IS HERE



Artwork by Anonymous

The Struggle is Real

By Anonymous

Homeless and alone
Years of hurt
Left without a home

No one cares and nobody to call on the phone
Shame, anger, and dirt
Homeless and alone

It's a vicious cycle and I'm prone
Stains of sadness on my shirt
Left without a home

Tents, shopping carts, sleeping bags
Sidewalks, food banks, shelters
Homeless and alone

Watch your belongings and your back
Losing everything you own
Left without a home

No one is really your friend
When you choose this life, it will leave you
Homeless and alone
Left without a home

The Way We Are

By MNKONA

Two steps forward and two steps back,
You're a bad person
It's a normal fact.

You wanted this,
Deep down you know.
You won't miss what you miss.

Think about your mistake
And pass the blame,
But really, it's you, you hate.

Nurse your anger,
 Like a wound.
Let it fester,
And it's you it will consume.

Publicized

By Tonya L. Morrison/Driscoll

Questions
Inhumane
Lost
Scared
Traded for a debt
Sex trafficked, adult trafficking
Raped, auctioned
Drugged
Gangs
Stolen
Trapped
Unheard
Not believed
Treated like I'm delusional and hallucinating
Helpless
Mother
Babies
Stolen
Threatened
Run away
Hide
Cold
Hungry
Found
Begging
Screaming
Sick
Love
Protection
Nesting
Cuddling
Nurturing
Homeless

People are OK with pretending
I'm crazy because they are
Cowards and would allow
This to continue happening

So they don't get involved

Fine! Don't get involved!

But don't treat me like I am crazy

It's a form of consenting to the inhumane treatment

What if it was you, and they took your baby?

Fuck you! Fuck this place!

I wanna meet my new baby

Girl's names, Excited. Anticipation.

Boy's names

Loved and anxious

Needs met

Nothing ready

Lonely

People think snitch when in reality it's protection against the cartel, so I don't get taken or found killed. Bikers and family--war, violence, loss, death.

Girls think they are know-it-alls.

They don't know anything about me.

Snitches end up in ditches

Punks end up in trunks

Kill or be killed

Lessons I was raised with from my dad

Lessons I have lived by

They just wanna bully someone

All I do is scream and drown inside

Laugh cause I guarantee these girls would shut up if they were put through it like myself. But I could never wish this cruelty on anyone
Could they escape? Unlikely.

Unfair

Unjust
World order? Corrupt
How do I get away?
How can I escape? Why won't they stop?

Relationship, Inezz

By Ismael Ramos

Love, a bond that's sacred.
Trust between two lives, commitment
Unconditional love.

It's a thin line between
Love and hate. Hurt, pain, unexplained break-up

Wifey

Safety
Emotionally--cold hearted, alone
Physically--don't feel attachment
Spiritually--

I keep getting up
No matter how many
Times I fall

Time ticks on
Rescued,
Closed doors, time ticks on
Never givin' up, getting up

Love or Lack Of

By Inmate #10867

We all think we “love” ourselves, right? Well, recently I, on the other hand, realized how I lack much love for myself. If I loved myself how could I allow a man, whom I thought so highly of and who I thought would do anything for me, try to change me or, as he would say, “break me down and build me back up?” It took me coming to jail and getting sober to see how much I had let him brainwash me.

I look back and can't believe how blind and naïve I was. What I thought was love was something totally different. How could someone who says they love you want to control you and change everything you have ever thought or felt about yourself? This is not love; love it supposed to feel good. The man never loved me, and I blame myself for getting involved with him. If only I had more confidence and respect for myself, maybe things would have been different.

Reprieve in the Third Row

By Thomas Tucker

Good:

When I was a scout I was always helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, and cheerful.

Evil:

Machiavelli? What is that? Forty-eight ways to skin a cat?

Good:

No certainly it is not. It is a moral code that has been forgot.

Evil:

You see, then I am better. Better means good. Now I am “here” all the better.

Good:

Trust because you use photoshop to create out of the tech the devil? What it gives you doesn't make you good. Stay evil. We need you there to stay.

Evil:

We get to win. Cause and effect of the age of Aquarius is now engaged.

Good:

Not so fast. The Fisherking still lives in many a heart still. Besides your news of Lucifer coming, Satan is jealous. Good will judge in the universal the court of law where the right hand of him is your mortal--the Janus.

Evil:

So, you think beyond a shadow of a doubt that you will win the day? Cause I got tickets to Mandalay Bay.

Good:

Sucker! You will always lie. Mystery is there you will see.

Untitled

By Anonymous

Yo nigga got mo money back
Pocket nigga back up put
Yo azz up in da err like body lik lolii-pop

Kiss you azz good bye, nigga
Nigga is running from home
Sista nigga kiss you up and down loli-pop

Love yo nigga gurl
I wish you dead in you sleep
I wanna roll my 64 chuckin da bitches

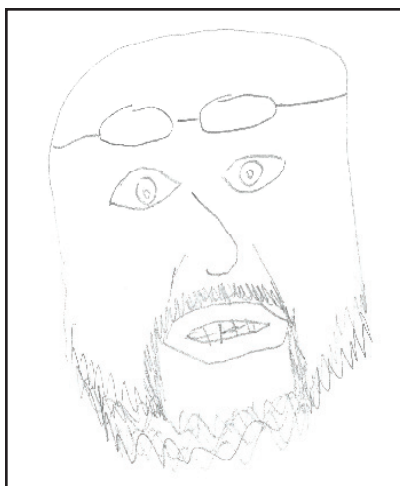
Big Dog

By Anonymous

End

Never soon enough, the end. Everyday is a small step toward the end. Having no control sucks. To be busy and not mindful of the end is the goal. To hear your name called to leave is what you long for.

Safety on my own
Secure



Artwork by Thomas Tucker

Wait and See

By Anisha Torres

I came here as punishment because I like to numb my emotions. My hurt. My pain. When I can't numb, it turns to rage. I bottle it up. Incident after incident--the bottle fills up.

He is worsening. Losing more life. Days passing by, I get told in a visit. His health diminishing. He went to a hospital. Mistreated. I'm angry. I can't help. I'm stuck here. I want to yell. Shout. Scream. Bury my face in my hands. Cry. No, I must walk in. Chin up. No expression. No emotion. Go about my day. Lump in my throat.

Then, a loud CLICK. "Torres," I go into the hall. I get yelled at. I'm called a liar. I'm threatened. All because I won't answer questions because, "I know nothing." I'm told stop protecting people. Silly Man. I know my rights. I plead the fifth. End of conversation.

There goes the bottle. Shaken again and it bursts. It explodes. BOOM! I explode. The yelling, cussing, rage, anger. The tears. Every emotion I have held for months. I am heading to yard to run. I run fast. I run and cry. I run and yell.

Back inside. Shift change. I'm dripping sweat. Still angry. I head to the shower. Get told to lock down when I'm done. Then I get in trouble. Then everyone else does for my actions. I accept responsibility. There are quick to judge. To point the finger. Quick to punish us. I feel furious. Pissed. To them, it's just a job. To me, this is my life. I can't leave. I can't go home. I'm stuck.

I'm losing him. I love him. I can't lose another due to doing-time. I want to say goodbye. It kills me inside.

I'm seen as trouble. A fighter. A problem starter. I can't help it if girls can't handle me calling out their bullshit. But despite all of that. I'm no quitter. I'm a bright and ambitious person. A writer. A poet and a student. An encourager and future author. I may be hurting from losing him, but remember I'm not going to give up. This won't be the last time you hear my name. I'm going to become someone. Wait and see!

Silent Man in the Night

By Ruth Cardenas Cortez

We see a man, who in the night argues truth to another man and seems to be fighting and just never scared. He runs into the night. The next day happens, and he disappears. He runs so fast into the darkness into the dim light.

The man wasn't remorseful or shy. Whoever he was, we didn't think about who he was. He didn't show his emotions to anyone. He just left us running into the night.

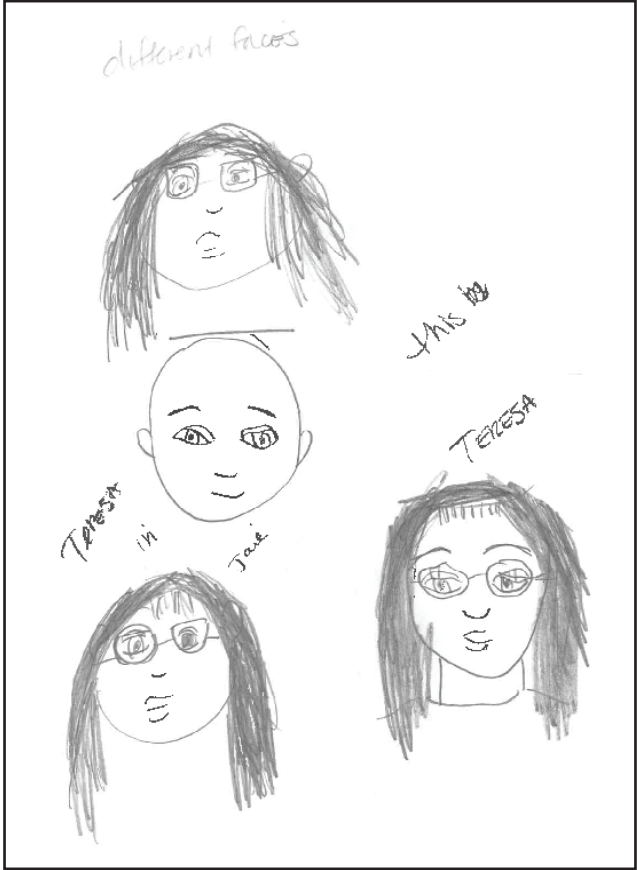
Remembering that night. He made us so crazy. It didn't really last in time too bad.

It went by so quick, like quicksand. It did. It went by so fast, and I just feel like a kid. That one more hour was too much. The light didn't even last, and he never came back. The night was suddenly gone, and night didn't even last.

He didn't say a thing. What he decided after was right or wrong. To even say it was never a thing. He was in a mean fight. Not sad. He just was so quiet. It was silent into the night.

Then he just ran into the night, and it might be too much. And on a foggy night, he dropped his new watch, and he never came back to explain. He never talked to no one. With nothing to say, so he never explained, but he ran away, just ran away, so fast away into the night, and he left never to be seen again.

RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW: HAIKU



Artwork by Ruth Cortez Cardenas

Haiku

Progression

A flower blossoms
The rain falls on petals
Time eats it away

--Fernando Galindo and Saige Freitas

In Wednesdays, class
Surrounded by cracked walls
Waiting for freedom

In county jail,
Peanut butter sandwich
To fill your stomach

--Writers of E-Pod

Pickles

I'm sad
I got an elderly abuse charge
Life is not free

--Theresa Chaires

My Experience

Smell the aroma
Huge fillable space surrounds
Texture bold color

Warm windows nearby
Hazy cozy sleeplessness
Lying feeling lost

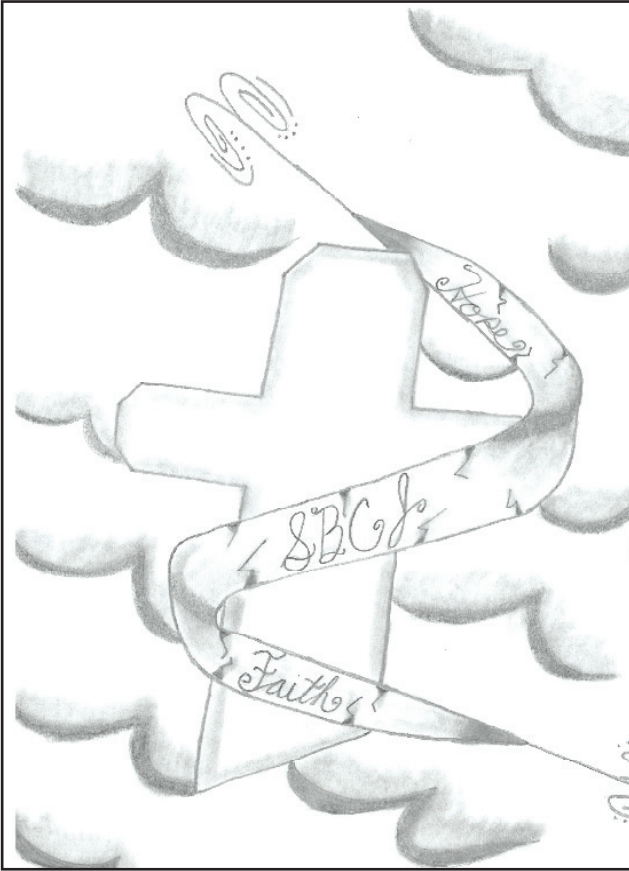
Telephone call ends
No one there to talk to now
Husband unreachable still
-- April Farley-Zamora

Painful Times

Husband thoughtfully awaiting
Tomorrow will quickly come
Looking yonder light

Hot shrieking water
Suffering hellish deceitful
Quieted skinnies
-- April Farley-Zamora

A SPIRIT OF LOVE



Artwork by Michael Simas

The Bible

By Jose Jacquez

For real help, read the bible.

Then and Now
By Eddie Kaufman

Then:

Through my eyes I see black and white
Feelings are hot and cold
I'm sad. Or is this happy?
Have I missed some of what they call--that word--
Love

Now:

Like a bump on my head, there is some small color
Wow! What is this? I don't remember getting high
I feel so different. There is more color in my life
My God! This is what love must be
God, please don't stop. Just let me be free

Untitled

By Raul Quezada

Thank God for each new day,
The more I learn to care and feel
Puts smiles on my face

Each new day,
With 40 days clean and sober
As of today

I can be honest and say,
I'm proud of the man
I become, with

Each new day

SANTA
BIBLIA



NUEVA-VERSION-INTERNACIONAL

SAMUEL-CRONICAS

LAMENTACIONES

ROMANOS-JESAIAS.

TESALONIGENSES

PROVERBIOS

HECHOS



Florencia Vasquez

Peace
By TMA

God (forgiveness)
I need to find my God
I know he is here with me, but
I have no peace
I need the peace I get through knowing my God
The peace of mind that
I get when I am connected with him

Peace

Emotionally out of my mind

Physically to be at home

Spiritually with God

Tick-Tock

By Anonymous

Wasted times
The end is so near
Wasted lives

Doing time
Frustration so many tears
Wasted times

Time, time, time
Now grab onto your armor and spear
No more wasted times

Stuck in time
Make every step count
Wasted times

Jehova es mi Pastor

By Matias Partida

Will there be an answer to so much talking?
Will he be correct just by talking a lot?
If God is present
But imagine if God could talk
Because he knows the wicked men
God sees guilt without difficulty
When I scream to God asking for a response
Can I know the perfection of the almighty?
Because it is higher than the skies. What are you going to do?
If you push away the evil that is in you
You will look around and you would go to bed in peace
Because you are the voice of the people
But I also know how to think like you
You don't have an advantage on me
You think you can manipulate him at your will
The days in my life are so scarce
When they push the one that already staggers
You'll make fun without anyone contradicting you
And there will be a lot who will seek your favor
Leave me in peace so that I can enjoy some solace
Doesn't the ear distinguish words
In him, you'll find the strength of prudence
His are the seducer and the seduced
My ears have heard him and have understood him
It is this way how you get on God's side
How many sins and guilt are in me
I am consumed as a rotten log
Why do you hide away from me God almighty
If you look after all my steps
And you examine all my footsteps
I am ready to be silent and die for you
If for God I live, for God I die
But I have no hope left
Then to defend my cause before him. Thanks all mighty

¿No había respuesta Para tanta Palabrería?
¿Va a tener razón Por mucho que hable?
Si Dios se hace Presente
Pero imagina si Dios hablara
Porque él comase a los hombres Perbersos.
Ve la culpa sin dificultad
Cuando grito a Dios que me responda
¿Puedo conocer la perfección del Poderoso?
Porque es más Alta que los cielos ¿que hasas tu?
si harías el mal que hay en ti
mirarías alrededor y Te Acostarías Tranquilo
Porque ustedes son la base del Pueblo
Pero yo también se Pensar como ustedes
en nada me Abentajan
Piensan que lo manejan a su antojo
Que escasos son los Días de mi vida
cuando le dan un empujon al que se tambalea
Te buscarás sin que nadie te contradiga
y sesar muchos los que busquen tu favos
Déjame ya en Paz Para que pueda gozar de algun consuelo
Acaso no distingue el oído las Palabras
En él están las fuerzas de la Paudencia
Suyos son el seductor y el seducido
Mis oídos lo han oído y lo An comprendido
Es Así como se pone de parte de Dios
cuantos Pecados y culpas ay en mi
me consumo como un leño podrido
Porque te ocultas de mi Dios todo Poderoso
si Vigilas todas mis Pasos
y Examinas todas mis huellas
Estoy listo a callar y morir por ti
si Para Dios bibo Para Dios muerdo
Pero no me queda otra esperanza
que defender mi causa ante el que es todo Poderoso

Keep the Flame Going

By Danny O--Salinas, CA

Health Issues--PTSD

4

Genuine concern over my health issues. I need adequate medical attention, and there is a sense of urgency.

Emotionally = Free of resentments
Entanglements
Confident
Self-worth
Self-sustaining

Physically = Surroundings

Spiritually = Balanced

Over come--let's go with love

Think outside the box! Climb to the top.

Fight for my life by helping others.

Making a Change

By Fernando Galindo

Today is going well, all things considered. I'm lucky to be able to be here for another round of my favorite class. Twice in one week, twice in one day--what a treat. I truly love this class and there is nothing I'd rather be doing while I'm here in jail.

Thank you Ms. Kim for opening my mind and my heart. Thank you to the souls in here for helping me express my thoughts and feelings. It has truly made me a better human being, and it is something I will cherish and carry with me for the rest of my life.



Artwork by Cody

Honest. Simply Honest

By Raul Quezada

I'm thankful for class today and the instructor. I'm thankful for the sobriety I have. Today I'm thankful for the real feelings and the few honest friends that understand my struggle. It's through God's love that I can share my support, and I'm also thankful for my girlfriend, who has been a huge part of my strength as well as my individual family members.



Artwork by Cody

I Love My Wife

By Noel Luna

I love my wife
She's the love of my life
I love her so

I love my wife
I'm so in love that's so
My heart so full of pain

I love my wife
I can't do this no more
God help me

I love my wife
I can't do this so much
I love her so

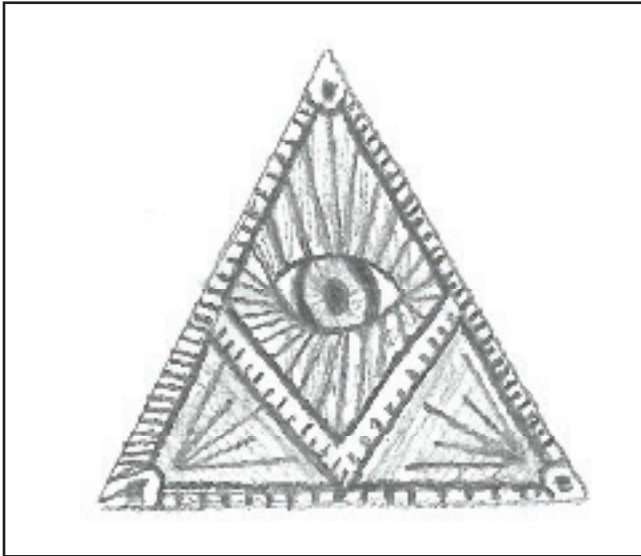
New Spirit

By Eddie Kaufman

I have decided to step out my old self. This is the most scary thing I have done in my life. But I'm tired of being a slave to my old self. It will be big, and I know that I will want to quit.

But quit I must not do. Too much time has passed, and I have not gone.

Not now when I'm ready to step out and in
To know spirit.



Artwork by Micah Coleman

Una Madre Amorosa/A Loving Mother

By Adrian Carrillo

La Consensa en Dios (With my conscience in God)

Yo espero en dios que me sacque de este lugar para estar con mi familia y compartir la palabra de dios con ellos por que solo dios tiene poder para aser todo comnsorme a su misericordia y you consio. En el bendito para siempre la gloria sea a su nombre para siempre. Mi familia me esta esperando y dio me ayudar para estar con ellos para siempre y serbile a dios por su bondad y misericordio bendito sea el nombre de dios para siempre

I hope God will get me out of this place so that I can be with my family and share with them his Word because only God has the power to do everything according to his mercy. In the holy forever in his glory hallowed be your name forever. My family is waiting for me and God will help me be with them forever and serve God for his kindness and mercy blessed is the name of the lord forever.

Una madre es aquella qe se preocupa por sus hijos su hogar y 9 es amorosa con sus hijos su compañero y se preocupa por el hogar que este todo vien una amorosa con sus hijos y atenta en el hogar y troy sus hijos con ella siempre atendidos de todo.

A mother is someone who worries for her children and her household and is loving to her children and partner and worries that everything around the house is taken care of. She's very loving with her children and pays attention to her home and her kids are always taken care of.

Una mujer desobligada es acella que no quiere a sus hijos y los abandona y todo lo destriville con su actitudes una mujer rioja una mujer que no quiere a sus hijos ni su hogar y abandona sus hijos y donde quiera los deja por no batallor con ellos: les pega los maltrata y les grita.

A careless woman is someone who does not love her children and abandons them and destroys everything with her attitude. A woman who does not love her children or her home and abandons and leaves them anywhere just to not deal with them: she hits them and yells at them.

Hunger for a Future

By Eddie Kaufman

My name is Eddie. I'm a 55 year old looking for a brighter future. I have made some bad choices in life that have left me in places where I believed there was no way out. I became a product of my environment. I share the same feelings as many others in my situation; we feel like we're out of sight and out of mind. Society as a whole doesn't understand the struggles we go through as inmates. They think, "lock them up and throw away the key."

Nevertheless, I have come to the point in my life, along with other inmates, that enough is enough. We have hit rock bottom and need to change. Don't get me wrong. I wish this was true for all inmates, but that is not the case. Jails and prisons do become some inmates' entire lives.

In the past few months, however, something has changed for me. I have been a part of a number of Gavilan College classes, including computer, English as a Second Language, and Writing Workshop. These have put a desire in me to change my life.

Upon my release, I want to go to college and become a productive man in the community in which I live, which is Hollister. I want share my story with others to give them hope when all they see and feel is hopelessness. I have been there myself--no light at the end of the tunnel.

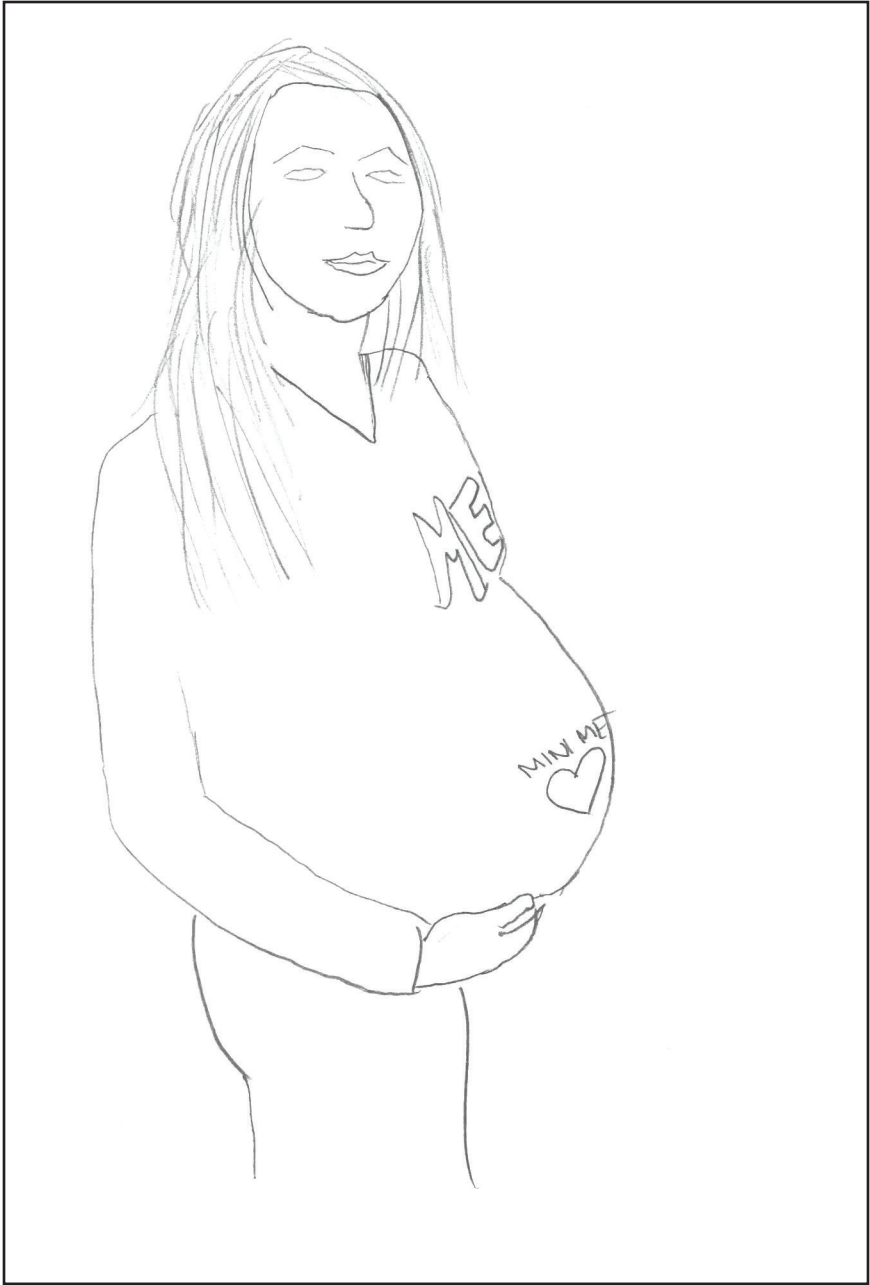
Gavilan College and San Benito County Jail staff, including Captain La Monica, have made it possible for me to change. This team is giving us a chance at a better life, an opportunity to become productive people. Currently, the jail offers inmates educational classes, including Thinking Errors, church services, and Alcoholic Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous meetings. La Monica says the plan is to bring training programs, like landscaping, electrical, food handling, welding, parenting, and service dog training among others. Within each program, inmates would have opportunities to earn certificates. Once completed, the certificate will assist inmates as they head back into society.

In May 2018, I will have completed my first semester of college, and I have already signed up for next semester. In Fall 2018, I'll be attending classes on the Gavilan campus.

For once in my life, I am excited. I can walk out of jail as a free and productive man, who can contribute to his community. I have hope that as long as I take direction and do the next right

thing, I will be the man God wants me to be.

I am open for change in all aspects of my life. Thanks to San Benito County Jail staff, including Captain La Monica, and the community as a whole.



Artwork by Ladybug

