

# “Letter From M.O.M.”

The **Monthly** newsletter of **Moving On Ministry**

[WWW.MovingOnMinistry.COM](http://WWW.MovingOnMinistry.COM)

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/MovingOn>

**Volume 35** – April, 2008

## “I Can Only Imagine”

It is hard to imagine that this ministry has been developing for over four years. New facilities have opened up to us, as well as getting correspondence from many states and foreign countries.

Watch our websites

[www.MovingOnMinistry.com](http://www.MovingOnMinistry.com)

<http://PrisonMinistry.net/MovingOn>

## Addresses to contact our Ministry Volunteers

**Moving On Ministry**  
**Chaplain Bob**  
**P.O. Box 6667**  
**Visalia. CA. 93290**

**Moving On Ministry**  
**Spanish Volunteer Linda**  
**P.O. Box 6667**  
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**Moving On Ministry**  
**Women’s Ministry**  
**P.O. Box 6667**  
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**Church Behind The Wall**  
**3737 So Akers**  
**Visalia, CA. 93277**

## Addresses to contact other Ministry Volunteers

**Inmate Pen Pal Connection**  
**P.O. Box 73**  
**Syracuse, NY 13206-0073**

**Christian Pen Pals**  
**PO Box 2112**  
**Statesville, NC 28687**

**Penpals 4 Jesus**  
**P.O. Box 506**  
**Floral City, FL. 34436**

**Christ First**  
**P.O. Box 2620**  
**Gainsville, GA. 30503**

**P-P-P News & Correspondence**  
**P.O. Box 383**  
**Northumberland, PA 17857**

**Prisoner Support Network**  
**Ministry**  
**P.O. Box 4**  
**Richmond, IL 60071**

**Jesus’ Prayer Ministry**  
**Sis Denise**  
**P.O. Box 7925**  
**Chula Vista, CA 91912**

## Intentions & Wishes

The intentions of this newsletter are to allow an understanding of jail & prison ministries. It is our intentions to get input from those incarcerated as well as those “free” to visit. Life experiences of the faith and fellowship from those locked up in the facilities are always desired to let others know of the value of “visitation”. I am certain that each of us have many stories of the miracles God has done in our lives.

Our wishes are that we would have a list of supportive churches that individuals might look forward to attending once released.

A list of services, such as housing, employment, and counseling services, as well as some individuals available for friendly fellowship are also much needed items.

God’s Word says if a man stumbles, how can he continue lest there be another to help him up. **Ecc. 4:10** **“For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him [that is] alone when he falleth; for [he hath] not another to help him up.”** **Proverbs 24:17** **“Rejoice not when thy enemy falleth, and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth:”** **John 11:10** **“But if a man walketh in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.”**

Please help us with input for this newsletter as we strive to serve God. We appreciate any articles or input.

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## Fellowship

We would like to keep a listing of locations for fellowship that welcomes previous incarcerated individuals. We previously listed churches that are supportive in California, as well as some special articles on churches in other states. We would like follow up on these churches to see if they are supportive, as well as letting us know of others available. **We also cherish letters from inmates or relatives to the churches to let us know how we are doing**

If you would like a church added, or have concern on one that is not supportive, please contact us.

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**I want to extend special thanks to the following;**

**My Mom (Jeanne) – monthly support**  
**My Mom (Jeanne) – Retreat Property**  
**My Aunt Pat – monthly support**  
**Eric S. - Financial donation**  
**Julie P. – Postage money**  
**Inmates – donations of stamps**

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## Letters that Express it All

The following letter was received from Pastor Jephrey in Swaziland, where we visited in January 2006.

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Dear Bob & Linda

Firstly I would like to thank God for His unlimited mercy that He has shown to me. The Lord has been so good to me since birth up until now. There is no other god I can serve besides the Living God I am serving now, the God of Abraham.

Brother, I think God is using you and Linda more than before. Mine is to pray and request you to press on – God will always be on your side because He is the one who prepares your way.

Well brother, I just wanted to send you the enclosed pictures.



**Picture no. 1** is our Sunday School kids. You might be familiar with some of these faces. However, some here just joined us in the church. (7 Oct. 2007)



**Picture no. 2** These are members of the church, though they were not all in when the picture was taken (7 Oct. 2007).



**Picture no. 3** Brother, this one shows the widows in the church. As you can see, one is in black, she has just lost her husband just before Feb. 2007. May I therefore

request you brother and your wife Linda to sincerely pray for them, as you see, some of them are very young. God is their comforter and they must truly rely on God.



**Picture no. 4** I am very much sure that you are familiar with this one as the building where we praise and worship the almighty God. We thank God that even that there were during the months of July-August (winter months) very strong winds, but it didn't fall off, so we are thankful to God, and your prayers have made it possible for us to pull through such hardship.

We would be pleased brother, if you would, if possible, put our pictures in your newsletter for other believers to see.

We hope to read more about God's work you have accomplished.

May I then request both Bob & Linda to pray for the following names (widows);

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Linah Ngwenya     | 9. Tieliwe Mkhonta   |
| 2. Sibongile Ngwenya | 10. Kellinah Mkhonta |
| 3. Siahawe Ngwenya   | 11. Senteni Mkhonta  |
| 4. Phindile Ngwenya  | 12. Sitani Mkhonta   |
| 5. Thandi Ngwenya    | 13. Thokozile Ndlovu |
| 6. Sarah Dlamini     | 14. Martha Fukudze   |
| 7. Lomphahlo Dlamini | 15. Nftombi Mabuza   |
| 8. Martha Simelane   |                      |

Thank you  
Jephrey Khumalo  
Mahombe Holiness Unity Church  
P.O. Box 13  
Msahweni, Swaziland, Africa

**Mahombe HUC Acct. 0121214986701**  
**Standard Bank of Swaziland**  
**Piggs Peak Branch**  
**Branch #661164**

## NOTES and COMMENTS

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**When Satan reminds you of your past, remind him of his future.**

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**God accepts you where you are, but loves you too much to leave you there.**

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### **Need for Change**

. . . Keep doing what you have been doing, and you will keep getting what you have been getting.

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### **Conversion**

Conversion is the wiping of the slate clean so a new process can “start.”

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### **Replenishing**

God’s Word promises to restore the years of the locust, or more simply the years previously lost.

**Joel 2:25** And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you.

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### **Salvation**

It is a “point” followed by a “process.”

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Talk to God about the lost,  
Before talking to the lost about God

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### **Repentance**

Can be defined as; **Stop**, **Turn around**, and **follow**.

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God, be Lord of what is left of my life

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## Recommended Reading

For the new Christian, or the individual desiring to know God, we would like to recommend the following reading:

**The Gospel of John** – This is a great introduction of Christ’s walk on Earth.

**The Book of Romans** – This gives an introduction of many of the Bible stories shared and helps build familiarity of Christ’s plan for our lives.

**The Purpose Driven Life** by Rick Warren – 40 chapters will change your life in 40 days

**Book of Proverbs** – Read one chapter a day with the chapter read being the day of the month. This will allow the book to be read almost 12 times thru the year.

**Ephesians 4 – 6** – This gives the pattern for life that we should live. All 7 S’s are displayed in these 3 chapters. We are given the purpose of the gifts, changing our character, husband/wife/family relationships, and the type of life we are to live and display.

**Men’s Relational Toolbox** – Another fine work by Gary Smalley with both of his sons adding to this book. This book avoids “male bashing” but rather teaches men to use and modify the inner tools they have to improve their relationships.

**Prayer of Jabez** – A truly fine first book from Bruce Wilkerson. This short book will change your mind about being disobedient to God by not taking care of people in need

## Needs after Release

Individuals being released from incarceration have the same common needs of all individuals. There is a need of self-respect and self esteem. Many have a need of housing. Most are coming back looking for employment. Some are facing classes for AA, NA, or Domestic Violence. Some need to enroll in educational or vocational programs. Most would appreciate someone to just talk to or have a mentor. Fellowship with the right people is ALWAYS needed. For many these are totally new expectations and experiences.

One inmate expressed wonderfully the problem of being released. He stated that everything is slow to happen while incarcerated. It seems like an eternity as you wait for your next transfer or assignment. You feel like you are running at 5 miles per hour. Then, when released to the world, you are put into an environment that is running at 200 miles per hour. This drastic change of environments tends to overcome individuals and they have a hard time adapting. We hear of transitions from one area to another in each of our lives. Someone to just talk with about the feelings and changes the individuals are going thru is a great healer. The Bible says that each of us should be a "brother" to help the other one up when he falls. Other scripture talks about "sticking closer than a brother" we can often help with sharing life experiences or just listening to someone in need. We don't always have to solve the problems, but many times need to just "lend an ear" so that someone might share their needs or hurts with us. Many men have heard from their wives "I don't want you to fix it, just listen". We need to just listen.

## Sharing Your Testimony

There are 4 parts to an individual's testimony;

1. What my life was like before I met Jesus
2. How I realized I needed Jesus
3. How I committed my life to Jesus
4. The difference Jesus has made in my life.

But in reality, those who believe in Jesus have the testimony of God in them; Each of us needs to periodically share our testimony with others. The importance is not what you have done, but what God is doing.

1. Your testimony;
2. Your life lessons
3. Your godly passions
4. the Good News

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God will make all things new  
***What are some things I should finish once I start?***

**"For if we are faithful to the end, trusting God just as firmly as when we first believed, we will share in all that belongs to Christ."  
Hebrews 3:14**

**New life in Christ. We must maintain the confident faith we had when we first believed.**

Scripture is from the New Living Translation (Tyndale House Publishers, 1996).

**It is not Control of our lives that God wants, it is TOTAL ownership, then He can do what, when and how He wants.**

**Repentance means you change your mind so deeply that it changes you. It's not just that I changed how I thought—I am now changed.**

As a form of Testimony, we have decided to print a sample of a Prison journal.

## Prison Diary

**November 10 2007:** It has been such a long time since my last entry. I tried to find something funny or happy to tell you about but have not been successful. As for the bad and sad things, this place is full of them. Every single day, something harmful happens to someone. Last night, I was organizing my locker and found the following lines. I don't know when I wrote them:

**A changed occurred inside of me for I have been a prisoner of grief.**

**I was so scared I lived in fear from day to day, from week to week and from month to month.**

**But I feel this change inside of me.**

**O God, please let this grief be gone and help me be free. I won't forget the love we've shared.**

**It is in my heart and I still care.**

**But Today I know that I have changed.**

**Although my life has been rearranged.**

**Now I will start my life anew.**

**The grief is there but the joy is too.**

**God has led my loved one**

**home to a special place in heaven and God send me an angel that brings me comfort and with whom I am one again whole.**

**Thank you God for everything.**

**August 17, 2007:** Talking to an old convict I was given the following advice: Prison is full with 5 types of people:

- 1) Crown Thief
- 2) Game Hater
- 3) Ear Hustler
- 4) Salt Shaker
- 5) Your People

**Crown Thief** is the person who take other people's ideas, knowledge, quotes etc and share it with others as if it were his. You find this type of person speaking of places as if he visited them. He speaks of other people's experiences as if they were his. He tells stories that he heard but he became the hero in the new version.

**Game Hater** is the one who ruins other people's program. He notices that someone is doing well or trying to do well and he comes to the person and starts sabotaging everything simply because he hates seeing others succeed.

**Ear Hustler** is the one who passes by and does his best to

hear what the others are talking about. He stands by a group of people, listens to their conversation while pretending not to be doing so, and spreads the information most time adding to it to give it some drama flavor.

**Salt Shaker** is the one who comes to people and tells them bad things about others simply to make them hate them. He slings dirt on people and when his dirt causes drama, he sits back and enjoys his creation.

**Your People** are the ones that are few and will look after the interests of others even if at the expense of their own interest. I liked the conversation with this guy. This guy is a black person and very old. I mean very old. He looks like someone you see in them science fiction movies. skinny, saggy wrinkled skin, bony shape, cunning sharp eyes, and with a smile of a snake. When he told me these words, he whispered them to my ears. He came to me and said, "I have been watching ya for a while. You seem to be decent. Let me give ya an advice." I laughed after the advice but his laugh was just a grunt. After his advice he continued what he was doing before, sweeping the floor as if nothing happened. This man does not talk to many people. I never saw him talking to anyone else, except for the occasional nod here and there for a hello or goodbye or maybe, to him, is

screw you all. He is always there but you never notice him. I just wanted to share this with you. Hopefully you will enjoy it. Take care and I hope all is well with you all.

**June 20, 2007:** Father's Day was this Sunday. Holidays like Father's Day are hard on the guys. Most sit quiet and alone and don't want to be bothered. Few got drunk and kept me and the others up all night by screaming and howling like wolves. On the day, I had an ice cream party. I got 9 pints of ice cream, 15 chocolate bars of ice cream, melted 10 chocolate bars (for syrup), diced some coconut candy bars, added some mixed nuts and sprinkled the whole thing with M&M candy. I made 10 bowls of ice cream heaven. We sat quiet and depressed and watched a movie. I still can taste that blessing but I forgot the movie. It was too much ice cream (if there is such a thing) but none of us complained. I was not depressed but it is not socially acceptable to act cheerful when others are not. So I sat as if I were one of the fellas but my inner happiness was record level. How can you be depressed and sad and on your hand you have God's blessings? I am trying to see how to make pizza in the microwave. I have everything except flour. Any ideas?

**June 5, 2007:** I am still recovering for the race. It was great. I really enjoyed it tremendously. As you can tell from my happiness, I beat the crap out of them youngsters. 3 mile relay. 6 runners per team. Each participants ran 2 laps. We planned for a 13 minute time. Unfortunately, as we were timing the other teams we realized that 13 minutes won't do it since one team ran a 13:08 and that was close for comfort. To make matters worst, another team ran a 12:22 race. When our turn came we knew that we had to leave it all on the track. The first runner did 56 minute lap and a 58 for the second. That was great because the second did just as good. The third did 2.08 for two laps. Not great, but good. The fourth under two minutes for two laps. We were excited and everyone not believing our speed. The fifth did much better: 55 and 54 and I was the closer. As I started running I was not going to let them youngsters think that I am awash. I ran the first lap in 53 seconds the second lap started to drag me down but some Muslims kept shouting and screaming Allaahu Akbar. And I just kept running harder. One of them ran close to me and said "Al-Mukhabaraat are coming"

that made me turn the burners on and ran like a mad man. FIFTY SECONDS! When I stopped, everyone was laughing because the brother who was running on my side told them that I ran like that because I was scared for the word "Al-Mukhabaraat" means "secret police". He was correct indeed. The mind is terrible thing to waste. We ran the whole race in 11.50 and won it all. It was so much fun!

**April 2, 2007:** I had a visit today. It was a strange event. I panicked at first. There were too many people. The big shocker was the kids. I have not seen a kid in so many years. Last time I touched a kid was over 18 years ago. I couldn't believe how small kids are. A little people, literally. I got confused when I saw the kids. It was like looking a holographic image. I had to shake my head and look at the adults to re-focus. It is so strange and I just can't describe the feeling. I sat for a minute and just looked at these beautiful creatures. They were just as shocked for tears started coming doing uninvited. Once of the kids spoke Spanish to his father and he appear to tell him about me. Because of the distance between me and them and because of the rules, the father - whom I know - looked at me and introduced his family

from afar. We all nodded acknowledgement and exchanged long distance pleasantries. I looked at this little girl who was dressed as if she were in her twenties. Amazing how much the fashion has changed. I used to think of myself as being fashion savvy. I used to get my clothes from the top designers and follow GQ world. I did not know that those days were over. Girls were dressed with .... I don't know what that material was but the dress was too much for me. I was in awe looking at the kids. I have not seen shoes that small or noise that small or a hand that small or ..... it is extremely weird. Weird in a good sense. Kids are indeed a blessing. I wish that I could hug one of them. That was the highlight of my visit. I told my visitor who is also my lawyer about the whole thing. We spent most of the visit talking about it. I did not care about the legal matter because I did not want to spoil the moment.

**March 23, 2007:** About two weeks ago, I asked a few fellows to contribute to our Inside View. Few of them wrote some things that will give you an idea about one type of my world's personalities. We are a colorful bunch indeed.

**St. Patrick's Day: At**

yesterday's dinner, a dark brown viscous substance appeared on our plates: Irish stew, by God, if St Patrick could see this production, he'd turn in his grave. Beads of perspiration decorated my red face as I ate a salad only while studying the other men. Some look rough-hewn, men of all ages, conditions, shapes and sizes. Some are beer-bloated, others gaunt. A few left-handed pale faced young fellows, beefy men of middle age and quite a few look like ghetto dogs. Still a few who have an array of ball-point pens in their breast pockets as symbols of office and literacy... Oh yes, we have a full cast of clowns at this zoo.

This day, I took a walk around our small Recreation Yard. I met many guys who shared their thoughts about this day. My Odonist friends hate St. Patrick's Day. They called him a murderer. A killer who destroyed their civilization. My Christian friends offered me a Cola and a plate of food. They were celebrating the day with food and prayer. I took the soda and chatted for few minutes. I walked toward the Mexicans who were playing cards and asked them about St. Patrick's Day. They did not care about him

but were glad for the day because it's another opportunity to get drunk and have fun. I nodded in agreement. Never argue with a drunk. Especially if he is completely covered with tatoos. Even his face is tatoosed from ear to ear. His left knuckles are decorated with for letters that spell "Love" and the right ones spell "Hate". Just smile and keep on trucking. My tour ended by the soccer field where I met other South Americans, couple Europeans and Africans. Most of them don't care who St. Patrick was or is. They just want to celebrate the sunny day through their love for soccer. I joined in after doing my own prayers and finished my cola.

The month of Ramadan is a holy month that is observed and revered by Muslims around the world. In prison, we do the same. The Muslims are allowed to go to Religious Services, perform their prayers, and at the end of the day - at sundown - go to the Food Service and eat their meal. The meal consists of what was served to the general population at lunch and dinner time. During the first Sunday of this past Ramadan (chicken day), someone from the DC gang tried to take some chicken

from the Muslim meal. That act is looked down at and considered a violation to the code of respect. He was pushed and hit. He was allowed to leave without further problems for the cooks were more concerned with finishing the meal for the Muslims who were coming later on to eat. Unfortunately, that is also a violation of the code. In prison, you can not start something and not finish it. Every incident has the potential to be a deadly incident. Never underestimate others. The DC guy left, got a few of his friends and as the Muslims were coming out of the kitchen they were ambushed. Few from both sides got stabbed and many went to segregation. I personally was in the mix but my soccer skills came in handy. Since I didn't have a weapon and the attacker did, I had to use my feet to keep others at bay. The institution went on lockdown for a few days. Peace was restored and both sides agreed to have a truce. Unfortunately, some guys are still in segregation to this day. Therefore, it was hard for us to hear that one of the Muslims had a heart attack and passed away yesterday. It is very hard to think of his family and the fact that he is

**in his 40s. We gathered last night and had a prayer. This weekend we are planning to have a cookout. All of us are scared of being sick and dying here, alone. It is hard to think of the news reaching our loved ones and their pains. Especially the pains of the mother, grandmother, sister, daughter, and wife. It is strange to hear of people who abuse each other and forget that life is short. If we indeed love someone, we would never do what would hurt that person. Nothing is worth a tear drop from the eyes of a loved one. Those whose mothers are alive are indeed blessed. I hope they realize that and cherish their mothers and know their values. I do know that if I take all the kindness of the world and give it to my mother every single day, I will never be able to pay her for even one of her labor pains or cramps. Until we meet again, take care.**

**March 17, 2007:** This is an unusual paragraph. I am curious how quickly you can find out what is so unusual about it. It looks so plain you would think

nothing is wrong with it. In fact, nothing is wrong with it! It is unusual though. Study it, and think about it, but you still may not find anything odd. But if you work at it a bit, you might find out.

*Answer: The letter "e", which is the most common letter in the English language, does not appear even once in the above paragraph.*

I would like to start telling you about my world by using the above as an example. Just like the "e" on that paragraph, prisoners are so common but their absence is hardly noticed. My world is full of surprises. I can tell you the sad moments but they are too sad. I can tell you the happy moments but they are too few. Therefore, let me tell you about whatever comes to mind. I will tell you things that others shared with me. Some told me their stories. Others dictated them. Still others took time to write them down. As we take this journey, you will find poems, songs, stories, jokes, and whatever drama that the residents of my world go through. So sit back, relax, and welcome to the Inside View.

## Lighter but Serious Side

### OLD WEST JUSTICE

A man in the Old West was being tried for stealing a horse. You need to remember that stealing a horse in the Old West was a very grave and serious offense. A person could be hanged if found guilty of such a deed.

It so happened that a man whose horse had been stolen had always made it a point to get the best of any person with whom he had any dealings. He had never tried to do anything good for anyone other than himself. Consequently, the man whose horse had been stolen didn't have a single friend in the entire town. The case was tried and presented to the jury.

The evidence against the accused man was pretty strong. After about thirty minutes of deliberation, the jury returned to the court chambers. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?" the judge asked. The chairman of the jury stood up. "Yes we have, your honor," he replied. "What is your verdict?" inquired the judge. There were a few moments of silence and then the chairman spoke. "We find the defendant not guilty if he will return the horse."

After the judge had silenced the laughter in the courtroom, he admonished the jury. "I cannot accept that verdict. You will have to retire until you reach another verdict," said the judge. The jury went back into their room to

deliberate toward another verdict.

No member of the jury had any particular liking for the man whose horse had been stolen. At one time or another, he had gotten the best of each of them. About an hour passed before the jury could reach another verdict. They re-entered the courtroom. They took their place in the jury box and the courtroom grew silent.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began the judge, "have you reached a verdict?" The chairman of the jury stood up. "Yes we have, your honor," he replied. "What is your verdict?" asked the judge.

The courtroom was totally silent. You could have heard a pin drop. Everyone eagerly awaited the verdict. The chairman read the decision reached by the twelve good men, tried and true. "We find the defendant *not* guilty, and he can *keep* the horse!".

This Baptist pastor was completing a sermon on drinking (he was against it). With real passion he said, if I had all the beer in the world, I'd take it and pour it in the river.. With even greater passion he said, and if I had all the wine in the world, I'd take it and pour it in the river.

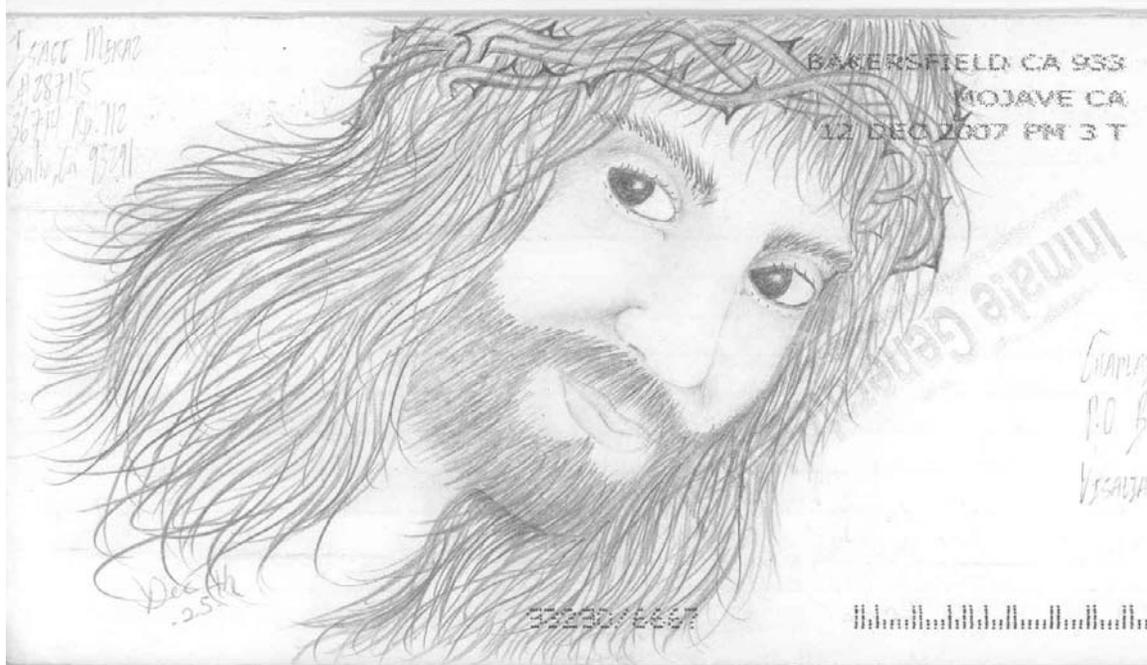
Finally, shaking his fist in the air and hollering he said, if I had all the whiskey in the world, I'd take it and pour it in the river. He finished the sermon and sat down.

The song leader stood to lead the last song, and with a grin said, would you turn to hymn # 365, Shall We Gather At The River.

**“Inmate Art”** Drawing by J Tristan of Bob & Linda in Africa



**“Inmate Art”** Drawing by I. Meraz



## Message in a Bottle



The following article is another of the “**Message in a Bottle**” from **Bob**. Those of you that have followed the articles in “**My Dream Seeker**,” and “**Message in a Bottle**” (starting with **volume 17, July/Aug. 2006**) know of the love and expression displayed by the writers, and felt by the reader of the article. Now we present an article of desire.

When we have seen the posters in the classic cowboy movies, they were often titled “**Wanted – Dead or Alive.**” This expresses a great desire to have these individuals found.

Volunteers are often expressed as being deeply wanted for programs. To see the programs requesting for these volunteers, you would think they would give anything to have them sign up.

Approximately 6 years ago, after becoming certified as a Law Enforcement Chaplain and an Educational Chaplain, I became involved as a volunteer in jail ministry with Bob Wiley Detention Facility in Tulare County. There was the normal paperwork to fill out, the background check, the training class, and the seemingly long wait for clearance. Each year has required a renewal of the security clearance. All this is well and good, when it runs as it should.

After being a volunteer for the Tulare program, 4 years ago, I offered my services to the Bill Glass Crusade when it came to Fresno. It was exciting and all the clearance was processed extremely fast. I was assigned to the Fresno jail. We went into the jails and prisons and made a great impact in the environment and the lives of individuals.

Two years ago in April, I again participated in the Fresno Crusade and was assigned to the Juvenile hall (old one). Again, we had a dynamic program and great handling of the volunteers.

Approximately May 2006, I decided to volunteer for the program at the Juvenile hall in Fresno, so that I might meet with the youth some evenings during each month. I filled out the paperwork and was notified that life-scans were done on Saturdays and Mondays during a 2 hour window each day. I took a day off work and proceeded up to Fresno to get the life-scan done. Upon arrival, I was given the run around and eventually told they could not perform the scan due to equipment being moved to the new facility that was under construction. I scheduled another day in the future and was able to get the scan done. That was somewhere around June 2006. I am still waiting with no reply or communication.

On July 12<sup>th</sup>, 2006, I filled out the application for being a volunteer at Pleasant Valley Prison in Coalinga. After an extensive wait, and no reply, I sent a 2nd copy of the original application to the Coalinga facility. Oct. 2007 I found out that I had gotten clearance in Nov. 2006, but not notified.

Trying to get clearance at North Kern State Prison and Avenal State Prison, have also met with dead ends.

Yes, “**Dead or Alive.**” But often it is the programs that are “killing” the volunteers desire to be involved. Perhaps if programs recognized the value, of volunteers, they would be wanted **Alive**, instead of **Dead**