

# HOMeward

## STREET JOURNAL



**In This  
Issue**  
page 1

**Loaves & Fishes  
Rally  
New Activist Group**

page 2  
**commentaries**

**Big Brother  
Food-not-Bombs**

page 3  
**Loaves & Fishes  
Rally cont.**

page 4  
**CHCROP and  
SHOC Rally cont.**

page 5  
**What's Up?  
Free Garbage  
Bags?  
Poetry Exhibit**

page 6 & 7  
**Poetry and  
Cartoons**

page 8  
**Homeless  
Resources**

**We do not inherit  
the land, we  
borrow it from our  
children.  
— Native American  
Proverb**

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### LITTLE CHILDREN ACTIVISTS "STORM" CITY HALL

by Paula

On Thursday, May 24, little children activists stormed city hall to protest the lack of affordable housing in Sacramento.

The children from Mustard Seed School participated in a rally held by Loaves & Fishes across the street from city hall at Cesar Chavez Park. They tabled at the rally displaying what many children from Mustard Seed School wrote about what they missed about not having a home. On the stage they presented testimony and a musical performance, singing "Everybody Ought'ta Have a Home", a song that mentions that even a spider has a web. After their song they then stormed (politely) over to City Hall and presented Mayor Heather Fargo with a banner signed by mommies, daddies and other adults.

Women from Maryhouse, a women's day shelter, presented a testimony from a mommy. Then mommies and other women walked over to the Sacramento County Board of Supervisors to deliver 50 signed



Chris Delaney speaking to the crowd. Photo courtesy Arlene Krause

statements from Maryhouse guests.

The rally continued with Tim Brown, director of Loaves & Fishes, speaking about the lack of shelter and affordable housing. He stated 275 women were

see L&F Rally page 3

### Housing California Conference Brings New Activist Group To Town

#### CALIFORNIA HOMELESS CIVIL RIGHTS ORGANIZING PROJECT JOINS IN CONFERENCE AND ATTENDS SHOC SPONSERED RALLY

California Homeless Civil Rights Organizing Project (CHCROP), consisting of homeless advocacy organizations from throughout California, met for three days at the Sacramento Convention Center during 2001 Housing California Conference, May 19-21. CHCROP members received scholarships from the conference so they could attend and be able to stay at the new Sheraton Hotel. This facilitated participation from at least 80 CHCROP members.

Sacramento Homeless Organizing Committee (SHOC) has been working with CHCROP since its first inception last year. Its been hard to get much done in the

see CHCROP page 4



CHCROP members leave the Sheraton to attend the SHOC rally. Photo courtesy Ken Lane



# Social Commentaries

## Big Brother in the New Millennium

by Bridget Reilly  
Oregon, U.S.A.

On some level I have been aware for a long time that this country was moving closer to becoming a police state. This process has actually been going on, slowly and subtly, throughout the entire half-century of my life. But it was only recently that this reality crept close enough to my own life to make me take a closer look at it.

Is it true that our prison population has skyrocketed from 200,000 to two million in a mere twenty years? How could this have been allowed to happen? As I pondered over the reasons for this, I realized that a whole series of innovations have been introduced into the "correctional" system in that space of time that have made it possible to widen the net and ensnare ever-larger numbers of people. These changes represent a gradual, insidious erosion of poor people's rights and an encroachment on our private lives, all the while masquerading as improved methods of "fighting crime." All the people who have not yet woken up to this truth are those who have not yet been snagged by that net and mislabeled "criminals" themselves.

Here then, is my brainstormed list of those innovations. I'm not quite sure how many of them are unique to the State of Oregon, and I've listed them in no particular order:

- 1) The Mandatory Minimum Sentencing Guidelines grid
- 2) Measure 11, passed in 1994, which increased mandatory minimum sentences for certain crimes in Oregon, including those of first-time youth offenders.
- 3) The "Three strikes and you're out" rule.
- 4) Electronic handprinting of suspects, which replaced the messy ink fingerprinting system.
- 5) Urinalysis: a degrading and foolproof method of detecting alcohol and drug use in probation clients.
- 6) Change in state law: crime victims no longer need to press charges in order for the State to prosecute a case. The process also continues even if the victim wishes to drop the charges later on.
- 7) "The Box" — a frightening new device for restraining (immobilizing) prisoners in transit.
- 8) Spawning of private corporations that profit from prison labor.
- 9) New laws that broaden the definition of crime in general, making it easier to arrest and fine people for more and more petty "offenses".
- 10) Increase in probation fees from \$10 to \$35 a month.
- 11) Jg Ballot measures calling for money to increase jail space or to build new prisons, or "improve operations" of existing ones.

12) Closing of psychiatric hospitals, or increasing "security" in existing ones to make them more prison-like, or simply replacing hospitals with prisons.

13) Discouraging mental defenses and jury trials for people whose crimes were the result of mental disorders, in favor of plea bargains for "reduced" punitive sentences which are more expedient for the courts and more lucrative for the jails.

I'm not sure when each of these "improvements" had their inception, but I believe most or all of them were developed only within the last decade or two. And they are all part of a master design to increase the repression of ever-larger segments of the population. This in turn increases the profits and power of a few who are pulling the strings and watching the rest of us dance.

Another part is the normalization of the whole business through sheer repetition of these tactics on as many different poor suckers as possible. These are the manufactured "repeat offenders" who have been, and are being, and will again be processed through the courts, who can never seem to get off probation or stay off it for long, who are forever comparing notes with their friends who are on it also: "Seen you P.O. lately? Has he pulled a U.A. on you yet?" And the rationalizations they have to make in attempting to forgive the situation: "Oh, well — thirty-five bucks a month ain't that bad; it's only for three years, and he leaves me alone most the time; the fines are affordable and I have three years to pay them off; it coulda been a lot worse — they could've sent me upstate for a year, but I got a break instead; only 20 days in the county jail — hell, I could do that standin' on my head. I've done more time than that before ..." etc., etc., etc.

Penitentiary talk is getting more and more incorporated into the everyday language of people in our baby-boomer circles. "Most of my friends are convicted felons," states my husband matter-of-factly. This has been so normalized in our generation that we've almost forgotten there was a time when it was otherwise. But certainly in our parents' generation it wasn't the norm. How many older white middle-class people could say, "Most of my friends are convicted felons"? I have a fairly early childhood memory of my father speaking of his "criminal friend", a guy he'd once known who was now in prison for murdering his wife. He spoke of this fellow as a rare novelty, one token friend who belonged to that glamorized "other" class of people known as "criminals", people we mostly thought of as fictional characters in TV show.

But that was back in the innocent 1950's. The following decade was when it all changed, when white middle-class hippies, baby-boomers in their teens and early twenties, were "getting busted" right and left for possession of marijuana and other drugs, and for participation in anti-war protests. This was when white baby-boomers started identifying themselves as a sort of underclass, a new category of people who were subject to systematic

police harassment and legal persecution, which was rightly perceived as an attack on a new counter-culture. That was when we crossed the line and saw that people labeled "criminals" were not "other" people, and they certainly were not mere fictional characters. They were ourselves! Then we began to feel the looming shadow of Big Brother, which we have continued to feel right up to the present day in one form or another.

This set the stage for many of the abuses that are currently being practiced in our "criminal justice" system, and are continuing to be felt not only by us baby-boomers, but also by the succeeding generation (to whom it seems even more "normal"). And somewhere along the way, the bright idea entered someone's mind that big bucks could be made from exploiting prison labor. And that the appetite for these big bucks could be fed through the propagation of false myths about "criminals" that were blindly swallowed by the average Joe Citizen. It was this type of mindset that spawned the innovative measures I've listed.

So, here is the bone-chilling truth that must be recognized if we are to have any hope of checking the spread of this cancer: law enforcement is big business. And like all big businesses it thrives on propaganda to gain public acceptance of its methods, so that the machinery can keep on rolling in the bucks that are making some people extremely rich. Once the public has been duped into believing that a certain individual is a threat to the public safety, and that the State is selflessly concerned with protecting it, they will stand idly by while this person is conscripted into the legalized slavery of prison labor, and not lift a finger to stop the court from doing its dirty deed. That is, until it happens to one of their own children — then the truth begins to dawn. But by that time it's too late; their loved one has already disappeared behind the prison walls, a helpless political pawn in the hands of a system that doesn't care.

The true measure of a man is how he treats someone who can do him absolutely no good. — Ann Landers

### LOCAL GROUP FEEDS PEOPLE IN A SACRAMENTO PARK

**FOOD-NOT-BOMBS:** What appears to be just some ordinary people seen skateboarding around the downtown Sacramento area are really people who, on every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 and every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, have compassion for the hungry and the homeless. They prepare hot meals, (vegetarian meals that is), and bring it out to the Cezar Chavez park and dispense it to the disadvantaged and the hungry. Most of the people who come to the park and eat don't know what this group's inspiration is, nor what their motives are, but most of the people who eat their food and socialize with them are grateful for the groups' compassion as they come to the park knowing that they will be fed. — Doug

### Charity Never!

Reprinted with permission from the Food Not Bombs pamphlet

by Peter Moore

Food Not Bombs is not and never will be a charity. The French Queen, Marie Antoinette, tried to stop a revolution by offering rioters at the palace gates cake and pastry. That's charity. Charity ignores and distracts from the causes of poverty and hunger. By throwing spare change into a hat or tithing to a church, the rich and middle class absolve themselves of responsibility for the poor. Yet, the economic institution they thrive on, capitalism, is the same mechanism which creates and institutionalizes poverty.

Charity also originally meant to not judge someone for their situation. However, today's charity is one more club alongside welfare and unemployment insurance used to condemn people as lazy and incapable of helping themselves. Instead of reinforcing the myth of charity, Food Not Bombs enacts the principles of Mutual Aid and Solidarity to raise awareness about the causes of poverty and to rally against government and business attacks on human dignity.

Hunger is perhaps the most terrible effect of poverty. Five million people in Canada live below the poverty line. That's almost 20% of the population!

With unemployment rates for young people running between 15% and 19%, we are bearing the brunt of poverty alongside women, the disabled and minorities. When we apply the principles of Solidarity and Mutual Aid, we understand that we all have the same basic needs — a roof, clothing, work and food. It's the recognition that as soon as one person is denied these necessities, inequality is created and social injustice perpetuated. From this awareness comes the rational and passionate desire to free all people and work together for equality and economic justice!

Mutual Aid is the concrete enactment of solidarity. With every serving, we demystify for ourselves and the public that poor people are bad people. Every serving proves to the government and business sector that nutrition is necessary as healthcare and welfare cheques.

By distributing food that wasn't pretty enough to sell, Food Not Bombs rips off the pretty face of consumerism to reveal the waste it creates. To make food into commodity is to deny food to those who need it most. With every serving, Food Not Bombs calls for economic justice and the satisfaction of human needs as an international priority for all people.





### LOAVES & FISHES RALLY CONT.

turned away one month from St. John's shelter for women and children. He was confounded that with the best economy in the world, you would think that in this state capitol everyone would have a home. It looks like those in political power don't think we count, he added, even citizens are trying to exclude the poor from their neighborhoods. Sacramento is behind in building affordable housing and shelters and at the same time the city is losing affordable housing. For example, the Biltmore Hotel will be torn down soon. Speaking in front of the new Cesar Chavez statue, he quoted the front of the statue that reads "¡Si Se Puede" translated "Yes We Can!"

Chris Delaney thanked Joan Burke, Barbara Farley, the dining room staff, everyone and the participants for making the rally possible. She told the audience that Loaves & Fishes began in 1983 with the mission to provide a safe place for homeless people during the day. Becoming aware that the system abuses and takes away the rights of the homeless people all the time, catering to the rich, Loaves & Fishes could not avoid expanding their mission to become advocates for the homeless people, also. She said the city and county government should care about all members of the community—it is their

duty. We should demand that everyone have shelter.

The rally ended with the announcement "Lunch is served. Ticket numbers zero to 100" (the customary call to get in line). Loaves & Fishes had closed their lunchroom for the day and served their regular meal at

the rally. The Sacramento Bee stated that 600 homeless men, women and children attended the rally. Loaves and Fishes served over 800 meals and distributed over 1000 lunch tickets. Maybe some people sneaked second tickets (they were told not to do so that day) and maybe some people got a ticket and didn't stay for lunch, still, 800 participants may be a better estimate. ∞



Photos, top to bottom

The Mustard Seed Children performing

Tim Brown, Director of L&F, speaking

View of the crowd before the Cesar Chavez memorial

All photos courtesy of Arlene Krause



short amount of meeting time we have had previously. At the 3-day meeting we finally were able to accomplish a great deal, laying the ground floor, and are just about ready to roll.

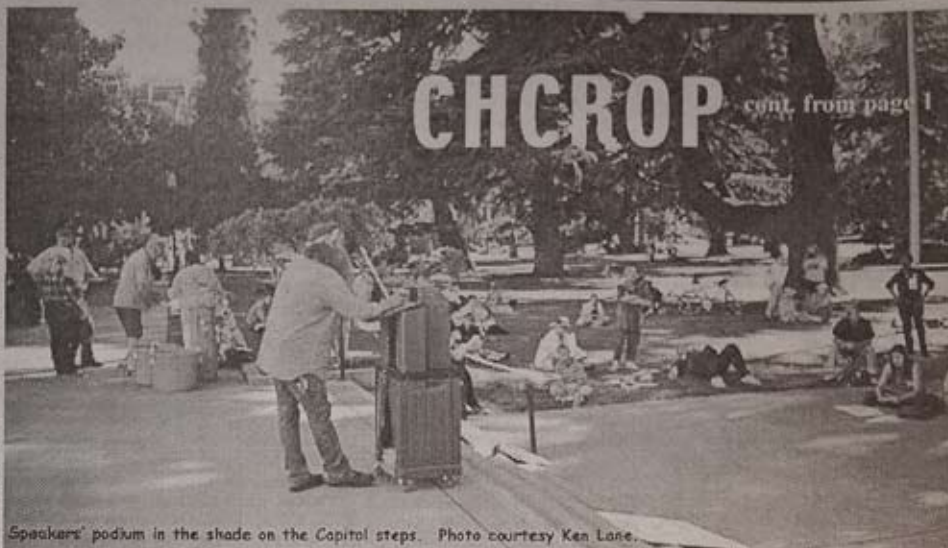
Sunday we had a workshop on direct action strategies to organize resistance to unjust laws or policies presented by Robert Norse and Becky Johnson from HUFF of Santa Cruz. Adam Arms of the San Francisco Coalition on Homelessness taught us how to obtain public records and information through the public information acts. Mara Raider told us how the San Francisco Coalition on Homelessness serve as observers and witnesses to police interactions with homeless people.

After the training the group decided what elements we wished to include in our mission statement. Five members formed a committee to come up with a draft statement. The committee thought they were really cool and fit all the elements into one whoppin' sentence. The next day the whole group discussed it some more until Paul Boden, president of the San Francisco Coalition, who solved all our arguments and bad sentence structure with the correct wording we could all agree on.



Little Courtney, an enthusiastic supporter. Photo courtesy Ken Lane

We determined that any action we take as a group will be dictated by the homeless people in our cities who fill out and submit incident reports. This will insure that CHCROP does not set goals based on the organization's agenda, but will be based on what actions homeless people are actually asking for. All the information taken from the forms will be entered into a database. At the next statewide meeting, action will be planned to address the problems that are prevalent in all the cities of California determined by the information compiled in the database.



Speakers' podium in the shade on the Capitol steps. Photo courtesy Ken Lane.

**THE SHOC RALLY**

Sacramento Homeless Organizing Committee sponsored a rally on Monday, May 21 in the afternoon at the State Capitol. All members of CHCROP were invited to attend and speak, along with the homeless people from Loaves and Fishes and attendees at the Housing CA Conference. It was blistering hot that day so we moved the podium from its originally intended position to the shade. Then it was a lovely day for a rally. Speakers from San Diego, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Modesto, San Francisco and Sacramento shared their views and experiences with the problems homeless people face in their communities.

We were expecting media coverage and we were expecting to serve food, but both fell through. That did not daunt the excellence of the experience we all shared in our attendance. The audience, estimated at 100, was rewarded richly from the informative and moving speeches from the many California cities' most dedicated homeless advocates and some may have felt the beginnings of a great movement brewing.

A Santa Barbara representative invited everyone to a party in their room at the Sheraton after the rally.

One participant suggested we end the rally by carrying our signs through the Capitol. He brought a copy of a law saying it was legal to do so. I suggested we dance around the state seal, first. The San Francisco group cranked up some music and we had a wonderfully fun and symbolic dance around the state seal, saying, in a way, "We got the state surrounded". Then most of the

rally participants proceeded toward the front door to Gov. Davis' office but were blocked by the State Police. Arguing ensued and continued for some time. The state police wouldn't allow it. The city police drove up as standby, incase we got ugly. We didn't. We're beautiful. Adam from San Francisco suggested we all write down our names with a complaint and send it to the Governor. We left the capitol for the parties ahead.

**AND THE BIG PARTY**

The party in room 509 led to the Santa Barbara group becoming infamously known as the 509's. I think they packed at least 40 or 50 people in the room, mostly homeless people from Sacramento who attended the rally, and maybe they picked up some people on the way. I felt bad that the Valets wouldn't park Brian's bike and trailer or let his dog in. Security got called sometime after 11 PM.

Everyone had to leave. The Santa Barbara group had promised everyone could sleep over and were so hurt their new friends had to leave that they left too and slept in a nearby alley that night. oo

"In Germany, they first came for the communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Catholic. Then they came for me — and by that time there was nobody left to speak up."  
— Pastor Marton Niemoller

What luck for the rulers that men do not think.  
— Adolf Hitler

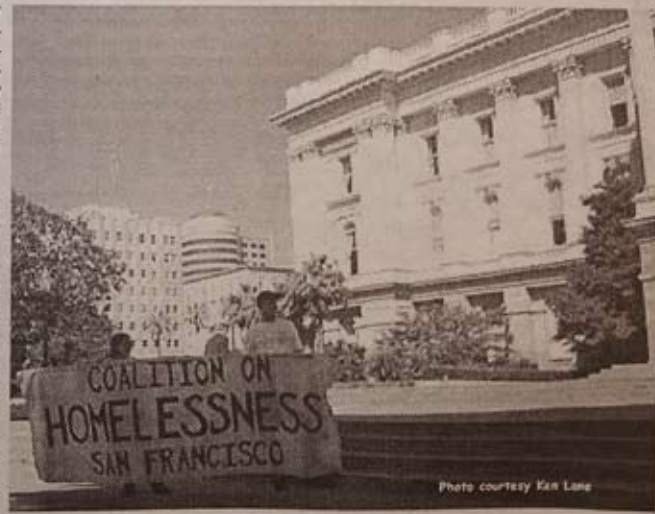


Photo courtesy Ken Lane



# Welcome to HOMEWARD:

Please help us make a difference!



'Homeward' Street Journal is a publication of the Sacramento Homeless Organizing Committee (SHOC), which is a part of the Sacramento Housing Alliance.

Homeward's mission is to publish a newspaper for the homeless so that communication and concerns of and about the homeless are presented in a way that increases public awareness through education, involvement, and encouragement of our community about this segment of our population. It hopes to alleviate miscommunication by providing a dialogue between disparate communities. It also serves as a creative outlet for homeless people.

The opinions expressed in Homeward are those of the authors, and not necessarily the Sacramento Housing Alliance or SHOC or Homeward.

**Submissions and Editorial Policy**  
We welcome any participation or contributions. Articles, poems and other writing can be submitted to the Sacramento Housing Alliance or given to Birte in the library at Loaves & Fishes.

All writing submitted for publication will be edited as necessary, with due respect for the authors' intent. The editors will attempt to consult with an author if changes are necessary, however, the paper will go to print with the story as edited if the author is unavailable.

All Letters to the Editor must be signed to be published. If the writer wishes to remain anonymous s/he should so state, but the letter must still be signed.

Poetry and graphics will not be edited, either the paper will publish the submission or not.

In submitting stories to the paper, authors give their permission to print their submissions in accordance with the above stipulations, as well as publishing excerpts on Homeward's webpage and possible reprinting in NASNA member papers, with due byline. Any requests for stories outside the above three will be referred to the author.

Subscriptions are available with a \$15 contribution. Make checks out to SHOC. All correspondence can be sent to Homeward c/o SHOC, PO Box 2430, Sacramento, CA 95812.

For information call 442-2156

The paper may also be E-mailed at [Homeward2@yahoo.com](mailto:Homeward2@yahoo.com)

excerpts from the paper are published on the web at [www.geocities.com/homeward2](http://www.geocities.com/homeward2)

## Free Garbage Bags?

Hey, you, who dumped out a garbage bag full of garbage out by the river--That wasn't a free garbage bag for you to use for your personal belongings! Some responsible camper spent maybe one or two hours filling up that bag. Why? Many members of the Sacramento community and probably the police and city hall have complained mostly about homeless people sleeping along the river particularly because of the trash left out there. Some of us campers are trying to at least alleviate that complaint. Some of us would like to see that people are allowed camping rights, eventually. We are working hard to bring this about. It seems like the first step is to give the public no valid reason to complain. And you dumped out the garbage all over the place. There are alternatives. Wrap your stuff in a blanket and hook it on a stick. Go to Loaves & Fishes' service center--they'll give you one. Look in a garbage can or dumpster and find many, fold them up and save them for when you need them. Plan ahead. We are trying to plan ahead! Help us, or at least don't sabotage our effort.

## What's Up With That?

I keep hearing talk about how SHOC hasn't done anything for the homeless.

by Art Clay, President of SHOC

Some of you people have awful short memories. Do any of you remember when the police were entering your camps late at night with their guns drawn and scaring the Billy Be Dam out of you? That isn't happening now because some of you came to SHOC and filled out one of our complaint forms, we stopped it. How about a couple of years ago when the N.S.A. security was tearing up your camps, tossing your gear in the river, some of you folks came to us and complained. That abuse was stopped immediately. Or how about the downtown guides that were beating up the homeless, that was stopped by Scott Frates working through SHOC. This office is for you people to work through, to stop an injustice or start a program. It only takes one angry person to stop an injustice, like Scott Frates did. And what about the rallies and marches? Not only does SHOC put these on but Loaves & Fishes is very active in this arena as well. This is our political side that will bring about changes in the law, and city and state policy. This doesn't

happen over night, it may take a long time. That's why it's so important for you ALL to attend these events for we need to show numbers of people, for the more people the stronger our voice is heard. SHOC is now hooked up with the California Homeless Civil Rights Organizing Project (CHCROP), a state wide organization of coalitions from cities across the state to fight for our civil and human rights at the state level. This is a new era for the homeless people, we are connected state-wide now through other homeless newspapers and coalitions. For the first time we are gaining real power for our people.

SHOC is and has been working hard for you. What are you doing to protect your human rights? Are you coming to the rallies, taking part in the marches? Have you filled out a complaint form that we can take to the authorities? Well, yes, many of you have, that is how we have had so much success in stopping the abuses to our people. It's all up to you in the end.



## SACRAMENTO STREETS BY STREETPEOPLE

Forty-five enthusiastic supporters and friends and 2 poets of the new traveling exhibit "Sacramento Streets by Streetpeople" launched the project April 27th with a preview party. Loaves & Fishes, a major sponsor, was represented by Executive Director Tim Brown, Librarian Birte, and Controller Dereka. The exhibit also has the support of SMAC, Sacramento Poetry Center, and the County Central Labor Council.

the Belle Cooleedge Library all of July. She is now looking into downtown/midtown locations.

Check with Birte in the Library for the next scheduled poetry session and join in the Exhibit. People who saw it at the preview were really impressed with what the poets had to say.

The exhibit is continually growing! Now up to more than 15 pieces, each is a poem written by someone who comes to the poetry sessions in the Library, in Friendship Park at Loaves & Fishes, together with the photo of a street, alley, levee, park, etc. that the poem refers to. You can see samples in the Library.

There are hour-long poetry sessions about twice a month in the Library. Carmela wants some new people to come in. She wants at least 25 poems/photos to exhibit by August. Already it will be seen at Carol's Bookstore in late May, Muffins, Etc., the month of June,



John & Terry Tigner at the poetry event

Art says: The homeless are doing their part for the energy crisis-- they aren't using any.

## Joining SHA

The Sacramento Housing Alliance is a network of concerned citizens which promotes decent affordable housing for low income households and homeless people through advocacy and participation

The SHA does not itself provide or manage housing.

You may call for info: (916) 442-1198

Annual Membership dues: Standard, \$35; Low-income, \$15

Organizations: Full, 0.1% agency budget; Associate, \$100  
Send donations to: Sacramento Housing Alliance PO Box 2430 Sacramento, CA 95812



### People by Kerry Santana

Some people brighten your day  
Some people frighten you away  
In all, I thrive to do to say "hi"  
Some people just ignore you and walk away

A bright smile is all it takes  
Sometimes to make someone's day  
Or even just to say "hello"  
To take their frown away

Please be humble and kind to  
others or give it a try

Lord know you may be  
pleasantly suprised

### Homeless Vets

by C.E. Conley

You know where I am, but not where I've been.  
I am a vet, I fought to keep you free  
Now you're free, you don't care about me  
I carry my belongings in a cart or on my back  
A job and a chance is all that I lack.  
Don't look down on me until you've walked in my shoes  
You think you are better than me? you lose.  
In God's eye, we are all his children, just the same/  
Lend a helping hand, and ask me my name  
You think if you don't look at me and walk by, I'll go away?  
Thank you, have a good day

### The Homeless Song by Jeff and Bonnie Wallender

We opened the door and went inside-  
Another empty church on a Friday night.

As tired as we were, we still looked around  
This quiet little church on the outside of town.

We left Fort Worth two months ago,  
Lord help us we're still on the road!

We knew times were tough when we headed west,  
Been two thousand miles, an't found nothing yet.

This life we live can get you down,  
You gotta keep that faith going round.

There is a place, there is a town,  
God will send us to where all things are found.

So don't worry MaMa, don't worry child,  
Another empty church, we can rest awhile.

Tomorrow morning we'll find out in a flash,  
This could be Home Sweet Home at last.

Homeless people every where go movin' up and down the road.  
Too many people with jobs to find, too many churches standing in line.

**"YOUR TAX"  
DOLLARS  
AT WORK  
!!!  
SACRAMENTO  
2001  
(A TRUE STORY)** →



## Behold the Bottle by "Sunshine" Jeri

Alcohol is the only disease that's bottled and sold,  
It's guarded and taxed as if it were Gold,  
It can make a man feel confident and so bold  
Or warm him on the inside when it's bitterly cold.

It can make your spirits soar so high  
It feels like at times you could touch the sky,  
Or drop you so low, it can bring tears to your eyes,  
And without it seems like you want to die.

And when the road seems rough,  
And things get tough,  
You feel like you've run out of luck,  
You brace yourself for that final blow,  
For it seems like the Devil himself  
Owns your very soul.

So behold the bottle  
My friend, take a moment to think,  
Are you really ready to grasp that bottle  
And take that first swallow?

Alcohol - what a glorified thing,  
It will give you false hopes and shatter your dreams,  
For some it may seem that a bottle could be a friend,  
Just one sip, only one little swallow,  
Can't rob you of much or make your life hollow,  
But in reality it is a means to your end,  
The truth is you'll find no hope inside that bottle,  
Only the promise of heartaches and genuine sorrow.

## Satan's Surprise by Jeff and Bonnie Wallender

I was walkin' down the street one day,  
When I saw a man in my way.  
Said he was Satan and he wanted my Soul!

Well I turned and walked away,  
And I could hear that old man say:  
We're going to get you and take your soul away!

Well I heard a lot of people say:  
I will show you the right way,  
But believe me, I don't think they know!

Now I ain't saying that they're wrong,  
But I wonder how many have gone  
Far enough to meet Satan in the middle of the road.

Well, I ran on down the road,  
To my home I did go and I kneeled beside my bed.  
Now I ain't saying beware,  
But brother I sure was scared when I saw Satan standing there.

Well, I heard of the fire, I heard of the pain,  
I heard of the men that live with no shame,  
But I heard of a light that shines in the sky,  
And that Devil will never take me alive.

No Me! (take me alive)      No way! (take me alive)

## I Survived by "Sunshine" Billien Pruett

I was hungry  
I got a meal the next day  
I survived  
I went to bed afraid, hungry and cold  
but I woke up to a new day  
I survived  
I was lonely and broken-hearted  
a friend gave me a hug  
I survived  
I felt hopeless  
and then I read something that gave me courage  
I survived  
I was without a place to stay  
and then I got a room  
I survived  
I went to agencies and they turned their back to me  
I tried harder  
I survived  
A cop stopped me and threw all of my things on the ground  
I picked them up and went on  
I survived  
The whole world was against me  
but Grandfather (God) was with me

## If I were by Charles E. Sorenson

If I were who I am not  
Would I have what I have not  
No, I really don't believe so

For in my life I have but one goal  
I seek not buried treasures of old  
I'll find not my riches in silver or gold

Nor will I find my happiness in the heavens above  
For all I seek is true love  
To the end

## A Dying Breed Arthur unknown, from prison

Some people never notice us, but in most the poor neighborhoods  
There's born a poor white boy, that we call "peckerwoods"

Our youth is spent in poverty, our education is mostly from the streets  
And when we're in our teens, most of us have rap sheets.

The system calls us animals, the priest prays for our souls,  
But to live our life as gangsters, seems to be our only goals.

We've grown up in institutions, most of us will die in one too,  
To be buried in a graveyard, where the guard towers block our view.

We've been called a lot of names, most of them no good,  
But we take pride in one strong point, that we are "peckerwoods"

And should you ever meet one, one day when he's been freed,  
Take the time to try and know him,  
Because they truly are "a dying breed"

