

Freedom



Inside

A Newsletter For Prisoners  
Based on the Conversations with God Material

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## Why Is It So Hard?

Who among us has not tried to change some habits that we ourselves considered « bad », whether it is smoking, taking drugs, losing our temper, or anything else?

Changing our way of being, of living, of reacting to different situations is hard. It can feel almost impossible at times. Which is why our New Year resolutions often don't survive even the month of January.

It's occurred to me that I have been speaking of change for the last few months without ever asking the question, "Why change?"

It may seem to you (as it did to me) at first glance that this is a <duh> question, that the answer is obvious. Something isn't working for me so I need to change it, right?

I know that some of my habits are not serving me well so I need to change them. Anything that makes me unhappy with myself, I need to change.

OK. Great! But why is it that knowing all that, I still can't keep my New Year's resolutions? Why is it that, knowing what I know, I continue with my "bad" habits?

Why can I stop doing...whatever...for a day, a week, a month or even more but still fall back into it later on? What is going on? Why do I continue to do that which I know makes me unhappy in the

long run? Why am I doing that to myself?

The answer is not an easy one for me. (If it were easy, I wouldn't have a problem, would I?)

At first, I thought it might have something to do with my idea of happiness. What is happiness to me? What do I think I need in order to be happy? Being free of bad habits seems to me a step in the direction of happiness.

But even then, even knowing that my future happiness depends on letting go of bad habits, even knowing that my happiness depends on my viewing the consequences, long term, of what I am doing today; even knowing that, I can't seem to stop doing what I say I want to stop doing.

Nobody is telling me I have to change (that would be a surefire way for me to continue!) I am telling myself that I should, that I ought to, that I will be much better off when I stop doing whatever it is I want to stop doing.

And my answer seems to be a very adolescent-like, "Whatever! Not now, okay???"

So what is going on?

I'm getting tired of myself. Tired of fol-

lowing the same pattern over and over again.

And I realize that what I am really, really tired of is allowing my ego to control me. I am allowing the smallest part of me to control my BEing. This has GOT to stop.

There is a wonderful skit by Bob Newhart that I heard at one of Neale's retreats. In this skit, Newhart is a counselor who charges 5 dollars for about two minutes worth of therapy. The client states her problem and waits for his words of wisdom and help at which point he says, "Stop it!". That's it, just, "Stop it".

It's a funny skit because Newhart's reaction is so not counselor-like. But I find that it holds more wisdom than first appeared to me. If someone wants to stop smoking, just don't light the next cigarette. If you want to stop drinking, don't pick up the next bottle and glass. If you want to stop overeating, don't eat that donut in front of you. If you want to stop a bad habit, just "Stop it".

And, of course, it would work, without fail, wouldn't it? Except that it doesn't always. This ego of ours is very strong, isn't it?

Unless, of course, its strength is derived not by any innate characteristics but by our belief in it. Our ego is in charge because we allow it to be, we allow it control and power over us.

It seems to me that what I need to change  
(continued on page 2)

## Why Is It So Hard?

(continued from page 1)

*in order for my bad habits to go and stay gone, is a matter of perspective. Trying to stop doing something is very hard for me when I look at it as something I am losing, something I am leaving behind. But when I do that, I am looking backwards.*

*What if I changed my perspective? What if I decided to look forward to what my life will be like with the freedom that will come from BEing without that habit?*

*What if I look at every moment of my life as BEing my life? Not something that needs to be lived in order to get to the mythical future where I will surely be happy, fulfilled and be, finally, free to be everything I can be.*

*And here I found my answer. And I have to smile at myself because this seems to be the answer I get over and over again when there is something in my life that I find “difficult”, “challenging”, “problematic”.*

*I'm sure those of you who have been reading Freedom Inside for some time will notice that my oh so very profound answers to my own questions seem to come down to the same thing over and over again.*

*And you know what? I love that. I love that the answers are always so easy, so simple. It gives me another opportunity to remember who I really am and that I am here to live in the moment, not to figure out anything about the future or to ponder the past to find wisdom there. My best self is only and always in the moment of NOW.*

*I forget that from time to time. (I sometimes forget it for quite a while). But when I remember it.....oh, when I remember it...the joy of that is incredible!*

*And I know that is why I allow myself to forget on such a regular basis. The remembering is bliss. It is divine. It is what I am about here and now.*

*Bad habits? What is bad about something that brings me such bliss? What habit can I ever label as bad or wrong when it brings me closer to who I am?*

*I look at myself in the mirror and see a middle-age, overweight woman. And I sometimes wish that I would have fewer pounds on me—though my wrinkles, I quite like :-)*

*My weight has been a “problem” to me starting in my adolescence. It is only very recently that I have found it to be a source of bliss. That is still very new to me and I must admit, I wouldn't mind losing some of it anyway.*

*But now, I can see the Light within. And I see that my weight is Light. This is one of the most amazing thoughts I have ever had. My heaviness is Light.*

*As are all of our problems when they are viewed in the Soul's Perspective.*

*I, again, recommend for your reading the latest book by Neale Walsch, When Everything Changes, Change Everything. In it, Neale describes the “Mechanics of the Mind” and the “System of the Soul”.*

*In this book you will find a tool that could help you change your perspective in order to change your life. Neale and Em are offering to donate this book to any prisoner who requests it (see page 6 for details).*

*Change isn't easy. At least it isn't when we think of living the rest of our lives, years and years, without doing ever, ever again what we were in the habit of doing all the time.*

*But what happens when we stay in the moment of now. Try it right now (when else?). Think of any of your problems and see what it feels like when you take the past and the future out of it.*

*This is what bliss is about. Realizing that the moment of now is IT. It is like a blank canvas. We can choose any color we wish, whether dark or light, and paint anything we wish, whether peaceful or not, loving or not, happy or not.*

*I wish you all blissful paintings.*

*With much love,  
Janine*

*PS*

*I want to tell you what happened as I was writing this article.*

*I started with the idea that I would speak about happiness. I thought that knowing what is needed to be happy would help us let go of habits that pull us down.*

*But while I wanted to start writing about happiness (I really did, you know) it just wasn't happening. I started to write about ego and its hold on us. That the fact that we believe the ego is so strong that our very belief actually makes it so.*

*And then, that line of thought morphed into talking about perspective (which I thoroughly believe can change everything, by the way). And I was going to go into Neale's System of the Soul but then, lo and behold, that didn't happen either and I was left with NOW.*

*I know for sure my ego is not in control of my writing when I think I know where I'm going and find myself somewhere completely different.*

*Spirit is all around. Whenever I slow down and listen, I feel it. Whenever I stop being so involved with the stuff of my life, its busy-ness, I feel it. Whenever I remember Who I Really Am, I feel it.*

*And this only ever happens when I stay in the moment; when I forget the past and its so-called lessons and when I forget to worry about the future.*

*The moment of now is magical. It is where everything is. It is where all our power lies. It is the only time that is. Everything else is an invention of the mind.*

*The secret of happiness is living in the now. The secret of peace is living in the now. The secret of anything you believe you “need” is looking at the now and knowing there are no needs.*

*The now is full. It knows no lack, no need. There is no fear in the now. There is enough in the now.*

*Now is IT, my friends.*

*Be happy now.  
Be at peace now.  
Be fulfilled now.  
Be abundant now.*

*Now is Divine  
As are you,  
In Spirit,*

*Janine*

**YOU ARE WHAT YOU THINK**

Those of you who have received the last issue of Freedom Inside may have noticed that one of the articles, Thoughts on Forgiveness, was written by Christine. Christine is a very dear friend of mine, a beloved Soul-Sister to whom I feel very close and with whom I know I have shared many a lifetime. It is with great joy that I accepted her offer to write in Freedom Inside on a regular basis, or as often as she feels inspired to do so. How lovely that she was so inspired again this month. Thank you my darling sister. You will all recognize the greatness of her heart as you read her writings. She is a gift to us all.  
Janine

**We are what we think. All that we are arises with our thoughts. With our thoughts we make the world."**

**What is your world like?**

My thoughts have been abusive at times. I'm sure yours are too, in ways perhaps you have never considered. When I simply think about myself in a negative manner, "I am too fat, I am too thin, I don't like this....about myself, and so on." I inflict my body with a barrage of abuse, my body knows only fear when I treat it this way.

For how many years have I allowed thoughts of this nature to abuse my body?

Fear paralyzes. Perhaps this is why as we age it is harder to make any change, being we are paralyzed by fearful abusive thoughts. I need to be vigilant, to

clear on all levels of my BEing, the negative ways of 'doing', all the old beliefs or ideas that do not serve my highest good. I need to do some clearing out and detoxing at the level of mind if my soul is to feel connected to the Source, (Divinity, All That Is, God).

It might take a while since I have been treating myself negatively for quite some time. Ignoring the little signals I receive that I am out of balance, out of alignment. My mind is so clogged with false thoughts and ideas about myself, I cannot hear "Me", my Authentic Self, that still small voice trying to get my attention. The one that says, "Wake up, hear me, release me from this weight of negativity. I am in here"

With movement, (laughing, crying, breathing) I can release

emotions. Emotions are energy in motion, most of us have put the brakes on our emotions and buried them under an ever deepening pile of garbage.

The more I am present with myself, staying in the moment, the more I see, hear and feel about myself. Old emotions rise, surfacing with every intention to clear the shadow. It cannot lay dormant hidden in the deep recesses of my mind, hiding in cellular memories of my body when I shine light on it.

Bringing light to myself in all the ways that I can;

- **Physically**  
Taking care of this body, this vehicle that houses my Spirit.
- **Emotionally**  
Cleaning out old hurts, pain, sadness, anger, grief, processing buried emotions. Not analyzing, just

**BEing with and honoring the feelings that surface.**

- **Spiritually**  
Slowing down. Slowing the mind to be in stillness, to be present. To bring me here and now. It rains, I feel the coolness and smell the air, present with it. I listen to a friend's story, fully, completely being with them.

I am building a new relationship with myself. I am continuing to clear out the old, the shadow, I've done a lot of work on myself, years in fact, it is a journey, it continues. I am enjoying this phase in my relationship with myself. My beautiful body, my magnificent mind and my soaring spirit.

**YES I AM.**

**Christine.**

*Quotable Quotes*

*A man's character may be learned from the adjectives which he habitually uses in conversation.*  
-- Mark Twain

*In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.*  
-- John Ruskin

*Character may be manifested in the great moments, but it is made in the small ones.*  
-- Phillips Brooks

## THE ETERNAL HOPER

Despite the chaos and the impermanence of life, we can choose to make the best of each day and to look for the sunshine...even on cloudy days. We can choose to be an eternal hoper.

The case for hope has never rested on provable facts or rational assessment. Hope by its very nature is independent of logic. It provides us with a sense of destination and the energy to get started. It gives value to feelings as well as to facts.

Hopers stay on the path, resisting those who would derail our quest. We keep traveling even when the specifics of the desti-

nation are confusing or changed in midstream. Hope sustains our vision without dwelling on detailed results.

The obstructionists we hopers meet on our sacred journey are numerous. Here are a few:

- Pessimists try to demoralize us by saying that life is hopelessly awful, oppressive, doomed; we receive the news, take it in stride, keep walking.
- Optimists race by, trying to disrupt our deliberate pace; we wave to these well-intentioned speed merchants, yet remain on track, guided by stars beyond and light within.
- Sentimentalists wish to lure

us into retiring to a gorgeous, romantic village off the beaten path; we tender a friendly glance and saunter on.

- Opportunists set up shop to peddle magic trinkets and relics for our trip; choosing to travel simply, we decline additional tokens and push forward.

Faithful to the past, loving in the present, hopers forge tomorrows without number. For hopes do not die, and a hoping heart is of the stuff of eternity.

CTB  
Arizona

## LOOKING FOR THE RAINBOW

In coming to prison, I have found that there is always a gift waiting once the ache and fear and grief have settled. As the cries are absorbed into silence, as the sun always rises just when the night seems like it will never end, there is something indestructible at the center of each of us; though it can be quite painful being transformed and rearranged.

My own struggle to open my heart has been a long one. Silence and solitude now are like a lamp to illuminate corners I've never seen. When I stop replaying events in my life, the buried seeds crack open in the dark the instant they surrender to a process they can't see. Stripped of material goods and plans, I have discovered that we cannot eliminate hunger,

but we can feed each other. We cannot eliminate loneliness, but we can hold each other. We cannot eliminate pain, but we can live a life of compassion.

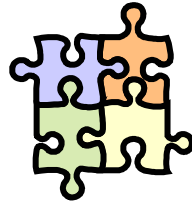
In the middle of the deepest, darkest night when we feel most humbled by life, the first shadow of our wings begins to appear. The depth of the darkness reveals the magic of who we are. The love that we are is waiting to be unleashed.

The most important thing to remember during times of great change is to fix our eyes anew on things that don't change. The life that we want will emerge from a stillness that takes root in our soul. We find it when we settle deeply into the hidden, loving dimensions of every moment, allowing life

to be what it wants to be and allowing ourselves to be who we were created to be.

Sometimes our suffering shapes us as it makes us more humble, more contrite, and more open to the guidance we had rejected before. Sometimes the fire we go through becomes our purifying agent. Sometimes difficult experiences have the effect of a storm. Afterwards, we see a beauty in the sky and a clearness in the air that were not there before. What was chaotic at the time, ultimately had a healing effect. And sometimes, when we're really fortunate, we look up in the sky and see a rainbow. It could not have happened without the rain.

CTB  
Arizona



## ReCreating A Life

[...]

I am not sure exactly what will come of this letter however, all of the events in the last couple of days have compelled me to write you. Whoever you are that is reading this right now, just know that you were meant to receive this just the same as I was meant to write it. I expect nothing in return but I wish to share with you a little about myself and who I am becoming.

My life has been completely dominated by heroin for the last 8-10 years. I was arrested on September 28th 2007 for stealing and was in jail for 2 1/2 months before being sentenced to a 120 day treatment in DOC. While there, I found spirituality and I believed I was "saved" by Jesus Christ. Touchy subject, I know, with most people. My problem was when I was released in April of 2009 I left without really "knowing" who I was or who I was becoming.

Needless to say on December 9th 2009, I was detained once more for violating probation for dirty U.A.s (drug screens). After sitting in jail for almost 5 months I was bussed to [this prison] on May 4th 2009.

Before I tell you my experience here I want to tell you about the 3 most wonderful people in my world. First, my mother. I have caused her nothing but pain. I have stolen everything she has right down to the smallest household items. She has never ever given up on me or pushed me away. In fact she has done just the opposite. She has not been happy about it, it has brought her much heartache, however she has embraced it.

The second person is my girlfriend. She has also stuck by me for going on 13 years. I used her and cheated on her numerous times and she has done nothing but love me and never gave up on me. For the longest time I believed that I didn't deserve her.

I know now that I am supposed to be with her and nothing can pull us apart.

The third person is my beautiful daughter. She turned 8 years old on May 28th 2010. She says things to me that no other person on this planet has ever said. Her innocence baffles me sometimes. I get some of my greatest insights from her and she also has not given up on me and loves me unconditionally.

Now my experience here. I am 29 years old, born in February 23rd 1981. In my 29 years of my human experience, never has any book I have ever read make so clear that everything I believed when I was younger was my truth. I used to tell my mother that I believed the purpose of life was to create life. I did not fully understand this because I was only thinking in physical terms. When I got here, I started talking to one of the guys in my bay (cell). The first coincidence I noticed was that he shared some of the same beliefs I did. However until now, I believed them to be "wrong". He introduced me to God in the CWG trilogy along with *Friendship with God* and *Communion with God*. I just finished *Friendship* and I am beginning *Communion* this week. These books have helped me to remember who I am and who I am not. While reading these books we noticed another coincidence. Our birthdays (except the year) were exactly the same. Both born on February 23rd.

In the weeks that followed I noticed that he and I both want to help people. So when we get released we are going to do just that. We are collaborating now to make this a possibility. I am now experiencing more and more everyday the greatest version of the grandest vision I ever held about who I am. Now, I am not expecting this letter to reach Neale personally even though that is where I ultimately would

like it to go. However, I now know that does not matter as long as it reaches someone.

One last thing in closing. I "know" that greatness is in my path. I am working toward mastery every day and will reach this, unless I don't. Know that we are meant to communicate and move towards this together, the ultimate goal being oneness.

I love you and I see you. I wish nothing but joy and happiness in your life. So please remember me and God bless you. With the only feeling that truly exists,

Sincerely,

SD  
Missouri

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*Dear SD,*

*Thank you so much for your letter. As you can see, it came to me as coordinator of the Prison Outreach program of the CWG foundation.*

*I know you will agree that it is not a coincidence I was the one who read it. I chose to share it with our readers here since it is so full of hope from someone who has lived through the same experiences as have many prisoners.*

*I am so happy that you have three such supportive and loving people in your life. I believe that support can make all the difference in the world.*

*Thank you for sharing your story and for giving hope to all.*

*With many blessings,  
Janine*

*PS By the way, Neale gets this newsletter, so he may get to read your story yet!*

## ***A COURSE IN MIRACLES and more***

*Spirit Light Outreach* was founded by an ex-prisoner, Joe Wolfe, specifically with the intention to deliver spiritual inspiration (free books, etc.,) to prisoners.

Some of the books that are provided include the full 1,300 page original edition of *A Course in Miracles*. This wonderful message has changed the lives of thousands and thousands of people throughout the world.

Other books we offer are the works of Dr. David R. Harkins, Gary Renard, Marianne Williamson, Jon Mundy, Byron Katie and others as well as Joe Wolfe's own, *The Five Signs*, that describe his spiritual awakening.

Any prisoner may request to be listed with Spirit Light Outreach simply by sending us a request at the address posted below. Express permission must be granted before we will post any names.

If you are requesting a book,

please be sure to indicate your prison's mail policies and guidelines.

Prisoners may also request a subscription to *The Miracles Magazine*, which is based on *A Course In Miracles*.

Those of you who are studying ACIM and have questions about the material can address those questions to Joe at the address below or to Janine at *Freedom Inside* and we will forward them to loving people, students of the material, who have volunteered their time to answer such questions.

To contact Joe:

Joe Wolfe  
Spirit light Outreach  
c/o The Peace Center  
6833 Stanley Ave.  
Berwyn, IL. 60402

Or email him at  
booklist@sbcglobal.net

Or go to:  
spiritlightoutreach.org

## **FREE BOOKS FOR PRISONERS**

Neale Donald Walsch along with EmClaire, whose poems are in the book, have generously offered to donate

- *When Everything Changes, Change Everything* (WECCE)

to any prisoner who is interested. This book can change your life. It was written to help those who are in bad places in their lives, who see no way out, who are ready for a real change. If this sounds good to you, this book may just be the answer to your prayers. Please write *Freedom Inside* for your copy of WECCE.

Make sure you let me know if you are allowed to receive hard cover books or not.

ALSO, you can still receive a free copy of the booklet,

- *ReCreating Your Self*

donated by the CWG Foundation

Plus, there is a download of the

- *WECCE Workbook*

that Neale has offered to donate to interested prisoners. This download is a 75 page book that can be copied and mailed to you. Please make sure you can receive so many copied pages as some prisons do not allow more than 15 copies or so in one mailing.

Thank you, so much Neale and EmClaire and the CWG Foundation!

## ***New Website to be Launched Soon at freedominside.com***

*As noted in the July issue, Freedom Inside will have a website coming soon. This website will include all past issues of the newsletter as well as current articles. I am very happy to say that it will also show prisoner art.*

*Those of you who wish to have their art featured on the website have only to send it in at the Freedom Inside address.*

*Please note also that we will be in Facebook and Twitter to stay in touch with ex-prisoners as well as set up a Skype conference call whenever the need arises. It is my intent to stay in touch with as many of you as are willing to do so after your release. I dream of co-creating with you*

***Freedom Inside-Out***

From *Kryon, Book II* (1994)

“What follows is a metaphor in the form of a parable. It contains many facets regarding your human condition in regard to life itself, and especially about self-discovery. It also paints a picture, for those of you who are insightful, of how the Universe works and responds to you. If you are puzzled by any of this, then ask your guides for its meaning. What follows is given in love” *Kryon, Book II, page 76*

There once was a human whom we will call Wo. Wo's gender is not important to this story; but since you do not have an adequate word for a neutral gendered person, we call the human Wo...to encompass a man called Wo, or a Wo-man. For transcription only, however, we will say Wo is a him.

As all humans in his culture Wo lived in a house, but Wo was really only concerned with the room that he lived in, since it was uniquely his own. His room was beautiful and he was charged with keeping it that way...which he did.

Wo lived a good life; he was in a culture where he never wanted for food, for it was plentiful. He also never was cold, for he always had cover. As Wo grew up he learned many things about himself. He leaned the things that made him feel happy, and he would find objects to hang on the wall that he could look at, to make him happy. Wo also learned of the things that made him feel sad, and he learned how to hang these things on the wall when he wished to be sad. Wo also learned the things that made him angry, and he found things to drag out and place on the wall that he could turn to when he chose to be angry.

As with other humans, Wo had many fears. Even though he had the basics in life, he feared other humans and certain situations. He feared the humans and situations that could bring change, for he felt secure and stable with the way things were, and he had worked hard to get them to that state. Wo feared the situations that seemingly had control over

his stable room, and he feared the humans who controlled these situations.

He learned about God from the other humans. They told him that being a human was a very small thing, and Wo believed it. After all, he looked around him and saw millions of humans, but only one God. He was told that God was everything and that he was nothing, but that God in his infinite love would answer Wo's prayers if he prayed in earnest and had integrity during his life. So Wo, being a spiritual person, prayed to God that the humans and situations he feared would not create changes, so his room could remain without change... and God answered Wo's request.

Wo feared the past for somehow it reminded him of unpleasant things; so he prayed to God to block these things from his memory...and God answered Wo's request. Wo also feared the future for it contained potential for change, and was dark, uncertain and hidden from him. Wo prayed to God that the future would not bring change to his room...and God answered his request.

Wo never ventured very far into his room for all he really needed as a human was in one corner. When his friends came to visit, this is the corner he showed to them...and he was satisfied with this.

Wo first noticed motion in the other corner when he was about 26. It frightened him severely and he immediately prayed to God for it to go away, for it suggested that he was not alone in his room. This was not an acceptable condition. God answered

Wo's request and the motion stopped, and Wo did not fear it anymore.

When he was 34 it returned, and again Wo asked that it be stopped, for he was very afraid. The motion stopped, but not before Wo saw something he had missed completely in the corner...another door! On the door was strange writing, and Wo feared its implications.

Wo asked religious leaders about the strange door and the motion, and they warned him not to go near it, for they said it was the door of death, and he would certainly die if his curiosity became action. They also told him the writing on the door was evil, and that he should never look on it again. Instead they encouraged him to participate in ritual with them, and give of his talent and earnings to the group...and for this they told him he would fare well.

When Wo was 42 the motion again returned. Although Wo wasn't afraid of it this time, he again asked for it to stop...and it did. God was good to answer so completely and quickly. Wo felt empowered by the results of his prayers.

When Wo was 50, he became ill and died, although he wasn't really aware of it when it happened. He noticed the motion again in the corner, and again prayed for it to stop; but instead it became clearer and came closer. In fear Wo arose from his bed only to discover that his Earth body remained, and he was in spirit form. As the motion

*(continued on page 8)*

## The Room of Lesson

(continued from page 7)

came closer, Wo started somehow to recognize it. He was curious instead of frightened, and his spirit body seemed somehow natural.

Wo now saw that the motion was actually two entities who approached. The white figures gleamed as though they had a light from within, and they drew closer. Finally they stood before him, and Wo was astounded by their majesty...but he wasn't afraid.

One of the figures spoke to Wo and said, "Come, dear one, it's time to go." The figure's voice was poignant with gentleness and familiarity. Without hesitation Wo went with the two. He was starting to remember how familiar all this was...as he looked behind him and saw his carcass seemingly asleep on the bed. He was filled with a wonderful feeling, and could not explain it. One of the entities took his hand and led him directly toward the door with the strange writing on it. The door opened and all three went through it.

He found himself in a long hallway with doors to rooms on each side. Wo thought to himself, "This is indeed a far larger house than I had imagined!" Wo noticed the first door with more odd writing on it. He spoke to one of the white ones, "What is in this first door on the right?" Without a word the white figure opened the door and motioned for Wo to enter. As Wo entered he was amazed. Stacked from floor to ceiling were riches beyond his wildest dreams! There were gold bars, pearls and diamonds. In one corner alone there were enough rubies and precious stones for an entire kingdom. He looked at his white, glowing companions and said "What is this place?" The larger white one spoke and said, "This is your room of abundance, had you wished to enter it. It belongs to you even now and will remain here for you

in the future." Wo was startled by this information.

As they returned to the hallway Wo asked what was in the first room to the left...another door with writing that somehow was starting to make sense. As the white one opened the door he said "This is your room of peace, had you wished to use it." Wo entered the room with his friends, only to be surrounded by a thick white fog. The fog seemed to be alive, for it immediately encased his body, and Wo breathed it in. He was overcome with comfort, and knew he would never be afraid again. He felt peace where there had never been any before. He wanted to stay, but his companions motioned for him to continue, and they again started down the long hallway.

Still another door on the left. "What is this room?" Wo asked. "It is a place where only you can go," said the smaller white figure. Wo entered the room and was immediately filled with a gold light. He knew what this was. This was Wo's self essence, his enlightenment, his knowledge of past and future. This was Wo's storehouse of spirit and love. Wo wept with joy, and stood absorbing truth and understanding for a very long time. His companions did not come in, and were patient.

Finally, Wo again stepped into the hallway. He had changed. He looked at his companions and recognized them. "You are the guides," Wo stated matter of factly. "No," said the larger one, "we are your guides." In perfect love they continued. "We have been here since your birth for only one reason: to love you and help show you the doorway. You were afraid and asked for us to retreat, and we did. We are in service to you in love, and we honor your incarnation of expression." Wo felt no reprimand in their words. He realized that they were not in

judgment of him, but in honor of him, and he felt their love.

Wo looked at the doors and was now able to read the writing! As he was led down the hallway there were doors marked HEALING, CONTRACT, and another marked JOY. Wo saw even more than he had wished, for down the line there were doors with names of unborn children...and even one marked WORLD LEADER. Wo began to realize what he had missed. And as if they knew his thoughts, the guides said, "Do not be reproachful with your spirit, for it is inappropriate and does not serve your magnificence." Wo did not fully understand. He looked back down the hallway from where he had first entered and saw the writing on the door, the writing that had originally frightened him. The writing was a name!...it was his name, his real name...and He now fully understood.

Wo knew the routine, for now He remembered everything, and He was no longer Wo. He said goodbye to his guides and thanked them for their faithfulness. He stood for a long time looking at them and loving them. Then He turned to walk toward the light at the end of the hallway. He had been here before. He knew what was waiting for him on this brief three-day trip to the cave of creation to retrieve his essence...and then on to the hall of honor and celebration, where those who loved him dearly were waiting for him, including those whom He had loved and lost while on Earth.

He knew where he had been, and where he was going. Wo was going home.

*Kryon*





Big changes here! I made parole! If my parole plan has merit and is approved, I'll be free by July 21. In issue #50, the lead article was about "Making Room for Something New". Well, I've lived as an inmate for a long time. Now I have to let go of a lot that I've grown accustomed to in order to live "free". You'd think I'd be overjoyed, wouldn't you? I'm not. I'm actually pretty frightened.

I'm afraid of getting out and I hate it here. Go figure.

[...]

Now, before I leave, I have just a couple of things to say that I've held my tongue on for far too long.

First, I hear a lot of stuff about prisoner abuse, unfair practices, unjust courts, "It wasn't me!", and on and on. Gimme a break! There are no innocent people in prison (or out of prison for that matter). There are no victims. Karma's real We create our own reality. We need to take responsibility for our thoughts and actions and quit bellyachin' that life is unfair. Life is fair. It's wonderful and beautiful. We are all exactly where we are supposed to be right now. Wherever you are, it's the absolute best for you according to where you are mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Where you are is the ideal time, place, and circumstances needed to promote your advancement along your spiritual path. This is true even if you're at a funeral, being audited by the IRS, in prison, in an abusive relationship, up to your eyeballs in quick sand, or on the operating table fighting for your life.

Suffering is a choice we make. God does not punish. Sin is an illusion. There is no hell. This is eternal life (by definition "eternal" has neither beginning nor end) welcome to it.

To judge, label, separate, segregate, see greater or lesser than, is to live in fear. All negativity is fear-based and spiritually naïve/immature.

You are HOLY, an heir to the Kingdom, royalty. Take your crown out

of your back pocket, put it on your head, claim your heritage and inheritance. Walk erect, head high, shoulders back, smiling. See your neighbor now as yourself, as wholly loving, lovable, worthy and wonderful.

Lament not over yesterday's pains. Rejoice that you learn easily and readily from the past. Be grateful for what has been. It made you who you are.

Today is tomorrow's yesterday. Create NOW your legacy of joy, caring, giving, healing, nurturing, and love.

Eliminate words like "but", "can't", "impossible" from your vocabulary. Adopt "I Am" in all positive situations, i.e. "I Am love." "I Am Healthy." "I Am worthy." "I Am abundance." "I Am free." "I Am creative." And accept nothing less than this same truth for your fellows.

Janine, I am leaving many men behind when I walk out these gates that are real Sod Sacks. It's difficult to overcome the cycles of fear, depression, blames, and self-pity. They are all holy and all afraid of their holiness. I don't know how to get through to them. I may have reached one or two here and there. It's tough to say.

The tools are available to every person, bound and free, to awaken to the Truth of who and what they are. For those of us that try to help in their awakening, we must be diligent in our prayers, careful not to fall asleep ourselves, and to learn to listen to Self.

Well, I preached long enough. Keep up the good work. I'll see yall in the funny pages!

Love,  
JR  
Nevada

Dear Ones,

*Since JR was probably going to be out by the time this newsletter could reach him, I chose to send him my comments through regular mail. But I also wanted to share his letter with you all along with some of my own thoughts.*

*Re-entry is not easy. I believe that the longer the incarceration was, the more excruciating the re-entry can be. Especially for those who lost touch with loved ones, who may even have been rejected by friends and family alike.*

*So I send my most loving thoughts and feelings to all of you who are facing this new change in your life, whether you have help from the outside or not.*

*I also wanted to comment particularly on JR's feelings about the people around him who don't get it, who don't see themselves as they really are.*

*His frustration is understandable, especially since he seems to think it is his job to change others. It is not. It is not any of our jobs to do so.*

*Our only purpose for being is in order to be the best we can be. We do not need to change anyone else. Ever.*

*JR hit the jackpot at the end of his letter when he says we must be diligent and careful not to fall asleep ourselves. I believe this is our real job here. Our only responsibility.*

*Once we do that, our way of BEing will attract the ones who will want to know how we do it. At that point, the lessons we have learned will be more effective than if we try to force them on uninterested people.*

*So relax, everyone, and BE who you really are. Everything else will take care of itself.*

*In joy,  
Janine*

# POETRY CORNER

## THE STRUGGLE TO BREAK FREE

I know I'm wrong  
But I think I'm right.  
We're not going to settle this  
Without a fight.

While my mind struggles  
"I" try to break free.  
My ego resists  
It won't let me be.

I know what I know  
And that's not much.  
To be who I am  
Slow down, what's the rush?

How many lifetimes  
And that's not enough?  
You say my mind  
Is just filled with stuff?

My soul wants to liberate  
While my mind rather debate.

If this is not madness  
Then what could it be?  
How does the soul recognize  
What the mind can't see?

I'm killing my ego  
In order to save me.  
Because my mind just thinks  
While my Soul wants to Be.

WPR  
Virginia

## I AM THAT I AM

I am that I am  
I am what I am  
I am who I am  
I am where I am  
I am when I am  
I am how I am  
I am ..... me

RCA  
Missouri

Do you have a poem that reflects the message in  
*Freedom Inside?*  
If so, send it in, it just may be chosen for a future  
**POETRY CORNER**

LOVE'S MYSTERY

Life, Breath, Death  
 Thoughts upon thoughts  
 Derived in the mind  
 Built from expectations  
 Wants and desires!  
 Except with love  
 This light of the  
 Heart. Manifest for  
 You in the form of  
 Words, vibrations and  
 Paper. This true internal  
 Love is free and without  
 Expectation just close your  
 Eyes and envision me  
 Presenting this gift to you  
 Once there alone in the silence  
 Of your own heart  
 Realize that in truth  
 That peace, love and joy  
 You felt was never me  
 But always, only you!

JM  
 Ohio

I AM MADE OF EARTH

I am made of Earth  
 and some other unexplainable cause

There are even beds etched  
 In the palms of my hands  
 Maps of something greater  
 Than the span of one man's life.

My blood carries rainfall  
 From the primeval forest  
 While the drumming in my chest  
 Which will one day cease to be  
 Pulses now—and now—now

This place, Earth, a rare fertile egg  
 In the nest of space  
 Saying yes to the infinite dream  
 Of my ancestors.

My body, this puzzle,  
 These elements borrowed  
 Say yes to the mystery  
 That birthed me

This sweet, sweet Earth  
 And some other  
 Unexplainable cause—  
 Loving Kindness

TCH  
 Nevada



*PO Box 507  
Ashland, OR 97520  
USA*

**Know anyone who would like to receive this newsletter?**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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*You are blessed and a blessing to all*

*Janine*