

Sunday, December 21, 2014

Volume 1, Issue 2

# Creative Medicine: Healing Through Words



Northern Neck Regional Jail

## SPECIAL HOLIDAY EDITION

### What is Creative Medicine?

Creative Medicine: Healing Through Words is an expressive writing program that seeks to restore hope and heal old wounds through therapeutic writing. My name is Mr. Sidney (pen name Hindsight) and I am the co-creator and facilitator of the writing program at NNRJ. My vision is to create an experience that is both restorative and rehabilitative for participants. This is not a traditional writers' workshop; writers are challenged to think critically, push past complacency and make positive changes in their lives. Everyone is encouraged to respectfully offer and accept constructive feedback in regards to writings and personal viewpoints. Writers have the opportunity to share their writings privately, with peers in a safe environment or through the newsletter. Each writing prompt and homework assignment will give writers a better understanding of themselves, their peers and society.



Happy Holidays

Currently, I am running a men's expressive writing group every other Sunday from 2:00 PM until 4:15 PM.

If you're interested in participating, please send a request form to Officer Farrell and let him know you want to join the Creative Medicine writing group.

### NNRJ writers featured:

- Free Mind
- Misunderstood
- Time

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### Expressive Writing Benefits

Research studies indicate that expressive writing includes many emotional, social, psychological and health benefits. Here are a few:

1. Enhances immune function and reduces blood pressure and heart rate levels
2. Reduces anger, depression and anxiety
3. Increases performance at school and work
4. Improves mood, affect and management of emotions
5. Promotes healthy sleep patterns

6. Enhances the quality of our social lives
7. Improves writing skills, verbal communication, confidence and listening skills.
8. Helps organize thoughts and give meaning to difficult or traumatic experiences
9. Lowers stress
10. Frees working memory which allows us to deal with more complicated issues in our lives

# SPECIAL HOLIDAY EDITION



## Christmas "Time"



"This is a place of punishment, But it's also a place of opportunity"



Christmas is a joyful time, it puts smiles on faces that the rest of the year don't bring. You pray that these times could last forever but you know you have to come back to reality. Being in jail is hard on all sides; it hurts you and the people around you. The best thing to do is "find your higher-power". Hold on to something pleasing; allow that little seed to shine. Being in here is not your last stop, your higher power has something bigger and better for you, just allow yourself some Christmas Joy!

They say the gift of giving is the thing to do so allow yourself to "pass it forward". This could be a breakthrough, the one you needed. To see a smile on a face that needs it will bring a smile to you, so during this time find that little seed and watch it grow.

~Time

## Serving Time

This is a place of hopelessness  
This is also a place of hope

This is a place of danger  
This is also a safe zone

This is where all is lost  
There's nothing to lose

I came here because I got arrested  
When I got here I was rescued

This is a place of punishment  
But it's also a place of opportunity

Here, all was taken from me  
Here's where all was given to me

How're you gonna do your time?  
This is my House of Healing!

~ Free Mind

## Green

I am green, down to earth and adventurous, the color of everlasting life and the plentiful things in between. I am free of worries and bad health. I am uplifting and loving to others and myself. I am the beauty of nature at its finest. I love being green, the most wonderful color on its scheme.

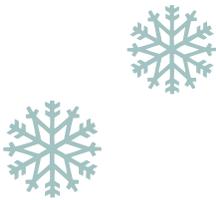
~ Misunderstood



## SPECIAL HOLIDAY EDITION



### Ninja Turtles



When I was little I remember sneaking into my mother's closet while she was at work and taking out the ninja turtle sewer system she bought me for Christmas. I had approximately eight hours to play with it because I needed to have it back inside the box and in the closet before my mom got home from work. That was the greatest toy of all time! It came with tunnels, telephone poles and a bunch of other cool things. The best part was the green ooze that got the turtles all sticky and my mother all angry because it was so messy! I played with the sewer for hours, so much that when Christmas came I lost interest. I remember piling Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael and Donatello (and as many G.I. Joes as I could fit) inside my turtle van with the missing orange door. The good ole days! Raphael was my favorite turtle, I could never keep his weapons for long. My mom and grandma warned me about leaving my toys out so I assume they had something to do with the weapons disappearance. Ninja Turtles use to be my life and Christmas was the perfect time for me to re-up on the latest ninja turtle toys, games, movies and clothes! Boy was I spoiled! My mom always went out of her way to make sure I had a great Christmas and I appreciate her for that! Sometimes I still wonder if she knew I had opened that sewer up when she went to wrap it...

~Hindsight

### Count Your Blessings

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"I'ma thank God  
for my struggles  
and count all my  
blessings"

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I'm Tired  
Tired of living like this  
Tired of struggling to get by  
Tired of the life I was given  
I'm tired of being tired

I'm fed up  
Fed up with this whole system  
Fed up with people judging me  
Fed up with being stabbed in the back  
I'm fed up with being Fed up

But I'm blessed  
Blessed to make it though  
Blessed with different opportunities  
Blessed to still be alive right now  
I'm blessed with God's blessings

So I'ma thank God for my struggles and  
count all my blessings

~ Free Mind

### Doing My Time

Prison is a hard habit to break, just looking in the mirror wondering where is this place. Taking time out of my life, to give to the state. Having visits from my family without a chance to embrace. Looking through the glass and talking on the phone. Hoping time roll by, so I can return back home. Missing my friends, my parents and my lady, but still can't escape the feeling that some of them are acting shady. No letters, no money orders, not even a "how you doing?" Still I pray for their safety and them to continue to excel in everything they are pursuing. Sitting in my cell day by day slowly watching the world decline, but one thing for sure and two things for certain, I still gotta do my time.

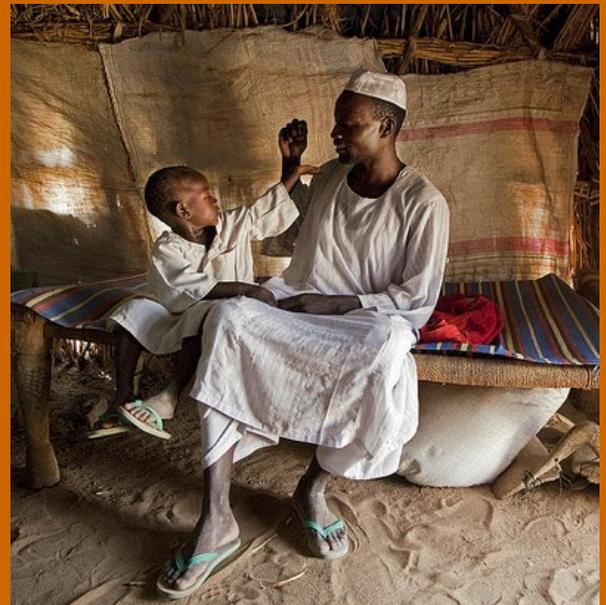
~ Misunderstood



# Poet Spotlight: Free Mind

## Child Souljah

Little Black child, so innocent  
Could be a privilege or a curse  
Your dark skin makes you a target  
You're an endangered species  
You've already been judged and you haven't even had a chance to live  
Homes not much, no pot to piss in and no window to throw it out of  
You live in a war zone  
Boxed into 4 scarred, cracked and bullet riddled walls  
You have to sleep on a dirt floor because you're dirt poor  
No shoes on your feet and you don't have much to eat  
You're still privileged little Black child  
You have what most children don't  
You have your father in your life  
He'll nurture you and mold you into a man  
He can't give you much materialistically  
But you'll be rich in Knowledge and responsibility  
You'll have an Understanding of what a true man is  
Take it all in little Black child  
You're looking up at a true role model  
Pay close attention because you have a lot to learn  
Holding you right now is the greatest teacher you could ask for  
When people ask you how'd you learn that  
You'll hold up your head with pride and say "My father taught me".



Displaced Sudanese Father and Son