

Human Kindness Foundation

a little good news

Summer/Fall 2000

SUCH DEEP INSPIRATION

Dear Family,
Sita and I have just returned from a two-week trip to Oregon and California, where we met a truly amazing range of people who are doing their spiritual work under the most challenging conditions. We feel so blessed to have such instant friendships everywhere we go. It keeps us face to face with the deepest, most inspiring facets of human nature. It reminds us that the spiritual journey really does unite us all, whether our prisons are made of concrete and steel, chronic depression, disabled bodies, or any other form of limitation or oppression, from inside of us or out.

I will describe some of our schedule and the highlights of the trip, but first I simply want to take this opportunity to bow deeply to you all, from the bottom of our hearts, for being in our lives and for extending yourselves to us with such openness and trust. We met hearts of beauty everywhere we went.

Our trip started this time in Oregon, where I gave a talk in a Portland bookstore and had several meetings in the Oregon State Penitentiary. The bookstore was packed with old and new friends, including Donald, who was Sita's very first prison pen-pal over twenty-five years ago. He has been out about four years now, and this was the first time they had ever met in person. After the bookstore, our hosts drove us to Salem for the prison workshops. Grace and Lani and other friends volunteer in several capacities at OSP, the maximum-security prison which houses Death Row. Their kindness and hospitality will stay with us forever.

Our first meeting at the prison was a personal visit in the lockdown unit with one of our InterFaith Order members who had recently been set up on bogus charges stemming from petty prison politics. Dennis would be justified feeling angry and bitter, especially since the write-up meant that he can no longer work in the prison hospice program which was very dear to him and gave meaning to his time. But Dennis didn't look like someone who was locked down; he looked like someone with great power and personal peace. He knew he had done no wrong, and he was using the strength of his spiritual practices to accept the mystery of why this was happening to him at this time. We talked, we spent some

time in silent meditation with each other, and we also practiced a mantra together that Dennis could then use as one more tool for his time in the hole.

The workshops with the other OSP guys were equally inspiring – mostly lifers, “life without’s,” people who have been in prison fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years –



*Above: Amazing Grace, Sita, Bo & Lani
Right: Sita, her first pen-pal Donald, & Bo
Below: Bo & friends at OSP*



all sincere spiritual seekers anxious to do the real work of a lifetime, even in a place like OSP. The questions and discussions we shared would be admired by religious leaders and sages anywhere, in any century. We talked, sang, reflected, prayed; we were a family. I would give anything for the general public to see this side of the “animals” they want to keep locked up forever. Such a sad age we live in, but also such a powerful age for spiritual transformation! These guys are getting it, right where they are. I bow to them all, especially Chaplain Steele, who helped to arrange our day at OSP and who is a true spiritual friend to the men in her ministry.



Above: The Lozoff's with the Buddhist Study Group at OSP.

From Oregon we flew to San Francisco, where I lectured at a retreat called "Cave of the Heart: What the Hindu Way offers to Christians." The retreat was held at Mercy Center, a Catholic retreat house known for its interfaith dialogues. Sita and I were very moved to see nuns, priests, and Christian laypeople opening their hearts to the vast riches of Hinduism in order to deepen their relationship with the One True Christ. Is their courage any different from the courage of our prison friends who choose not to go along with the crowd?

One beautiful soul we met there is Father Louie Vitale, whose church is in the homeless area of San Francisco and who has been an activist priest for over forty years, getting jailed many times for standing up for peace and justice. God's presence is neither remote nor "safe" to Father Louie, whose example reminds us to bring the highest spiritual principles into the worst of human situations, just like our prison friends are trying to do.

From this Hindu-Christian retreat, we were picked up by our dear friend Diana Lion, head of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship's Prison Project. Diana and many of her Buddhist friends wear several hats at San Quentin and other prisons in the Bay Area, teaching meditation, yoga, stress reduction, the Alternatives to Violence Project and more. We were ushered into San Quentin that night along with a couple dozen guests, under unusually tense conditions. A guard had been stabbed a couple of weeks earlier, and many of our "regulars" were on lockdown without any cause. Eddie, one of our friends there, had his parole vetoed by the governor after he had been approved by the Board. To top it all off, the headlines in that day's newspaper said that eight guards from the Corcoran unit had been acquitted of all charges for the notorious "gladiator fights" that resulted in the shootings of dozens of inmates. A captain of the guards gave first-hand eyewitness testimony, yet his co-workers were acquitted by both state and federal courts!

Once again, it is tempting to automatically divide into "us against them" camps and spend our time venting anger and bitterness toward such injustice. Instead, our group of spiritual seekers in San Quentin spent the evening in deep, heartfelt discussion of how people like

Jesus, Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Cesar Chavez and Nelson Mandela responded to injustice.

We reminded ourselves that the state court may not hold a person accountable, the federal court may not hold a person accountable, but the Court of Life will absolutely hold each one of us accountable for our actions. If we really understand this, then we know those eight guards didn't get

away with anything. Their actions will catch up with them just like yours have

caught up with you. We do not need to burden ourselves with vengeance and rage. That's the "low road" that keeps us feeling small and tight. It doesn't matter how *right* we are; those feelings rob us of our peace and power. At some point, in the middle of all the terrible things that take place, we must finally take the high road: We must pray for those who harm us, we must return love for hate, good for evil. The great masters have been unanimous about this. And I know it's very, very hard.

It's certainly hard for Veni, a beautiful brother we met in Salinas Valley State Prison in Soledad. A big bear of a guy with great pain in his dark eyes, Veni's leg was amputated after he was shot in a gladiator fight at Corcoran. Veni asked me how he could free himself from the seething anger and hatred he feels every day for the loss of his leg. I said, "Are you sure you want to hear the answer?" He said he really did, and I told him to pray every day, "Lord, don't be too hard on the guard who shot me." I urged him to pray for the guard to find his own path, his own peace. Pray *for* him rather than *against* him. That's the way for Veni's hatred to dissolve, and for the Wheel of Life to finally spin in a positive direction.

It may be the toughest struggle in the world, but if we wish to take the high road, there is no other way than to wish others well – *all* others. That doesn't mean we don't defend ourselves, or seek justice in the courts. But we seek justice because it is one of the highest human obligations, not because we wish to exchange hurt for hurt. That's what the mainstream society is doing to most of you prisoners, and you know first-hand how wrong it is. If we want to know God, we cannot hate others. Read this over and over again until you get it. We must move beyond hatred, no matter how justifiable.

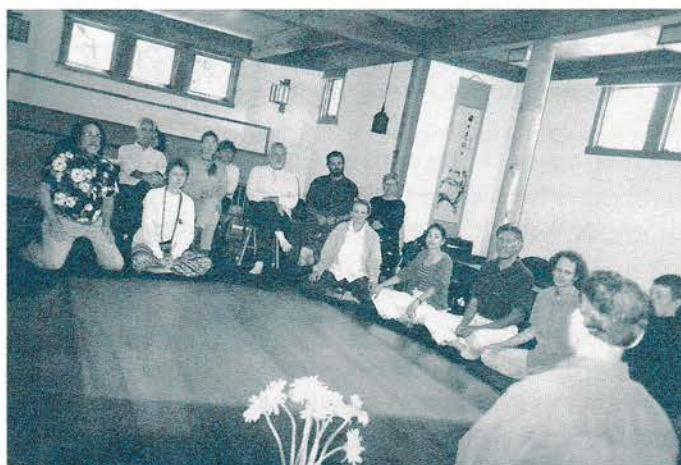
More highlights of our trip: An all-day workshop for prison volunteers held at the Berkeley Zen Center, organized by Diana at the Buddhist Peace Fellowship; sitting in on a "Sangha X" meeting (a group of ex-cons in the Bay area who help each other and meditate together); an open discussion with staff and clients of Martin de Porres House soup kitchen in San Francisco,

where some of the clients live in cardboard boxes on the sidewalk out front; being shown around *Free At Last* in East Palo Alto by David Lewis, who spent seventeen years in California's prison system and then went back to his inner city community to help turn the tide of addiction and violence; two meetings with prisoners and one with staff at Salinas Valley, where a fourteen-year veteran correctional officer said he wants to come to Kindness

House for our next prison workers' retreat; and two meetings at Soledad Central and Soledad North, where one lifer, Craig, told us that he first heard of us when his murder victim's family sent him *We're All Doing Time* to help him. Imagine the high road they have taken, and how hard it must have been to do anything to help Craig. Craig now coordinates victim-offender reconciliation groups at the prison. Good things do happen. Actually, *wonderful* things happen, if we work on ourselves with no excuses.

Two last highlights of our trip: A two-day hike in the Sierras with our friends Franz and Helga. Franz, whose ankles were crushed in a rock-climbing accident many years ago, hiked the approximately ten-mile, rocky path hobbling along with two walking sticks, focusing more on the spectacular beauty around him than on the considerable pain within him. I will long remember his smiling face on the trail, saying "Don't worry, just walk at your own pace; I'll be along eventually." And finally, we had the great privilege of participating in a sweat lodge with a Native American elder, Martin, who bestowed on me an extraordinary stone in the shape of a white buffalo, the sacred animal of his people. Martin asked me to be keeper of the stone for at least four years, and the next day a couple hundred inmates we met at Soledad held the stone for a few moments to offer a prayer or a blessing into it. I swear, by the time it was passed back to me, it was so hot with their sincere soul-power, I almost dropped it.

Such deep inspiration. Human beings dealing with all the pain, all the crap and unfairness of life, yet trying to really go all the way – past self-pity, depression, blame, anger, rage, despair, violence. The hardest work in the world. Actually, I take that back. It's the *second*-hardest work in the world. The very hardest is *not* to do this work. To live like a victim, a pawn, a ping-pong ball who gets batted up one day and down the next. When we live like that, life seems like a vicious swirl of chaos and unkindness and dumb luck, good or bad. There seems to be no overall intelligence or order, no meaning to the challenges we face or how we face them. That's got to



Above: Bo speaks at the Berkeley Zen Center

be harder than *any* amount of tough spiritual work that at least has the *potential* to make us compassionate, strong, adaptable, and fearless.

There IS a reality beyond what we see. There IS a Court of Life where justice and mercy prevail. There IS order and intelligence behind all appearances to the contrary. Everything counts. You count. Everything you do counts. Nothing is wasted.

If you knock on that wonderful Door of the Great Mystery long enough, hard enough, it will open for you.

How do you knock? By meditating every day, taking care of body, mind and spirit, helping others, proper study of spiritual principles, resisting your impulses to be selfish, do harm, get drunk, and so forth. Life is hard. We seem to have a choice between the hardest work in the world – being a slave to our anger, desire and fear – or the *second* hardest work in the world: the spiritual journey. I don't see a third option.

It is truly an honor and a blessing to be involved in this work with people like yourselves, who are on the front lines of the great spiritual battles between love and hate. We live in a pretty meanspirited age. But try to remember, Love wins in the long run. There is no doubt about that. Keep your spirits up, take care of yourself, do the practices; just hang in there and know you are never alone.

Get your own sources of deep inspiration firmly into place so that you can draw on them when your spirits start drooping. A little altar with photos of people you admire or a little stone or feather that came to you at just the right time; a few quotes on your wall or on your altar that remind you of what you most deeply believe; surrounding yourself with the books that get you back on track; hanging out with people who are also trying to do this work – there are countless sources of inspiration, so just be sure you know what some of yours are when you start feeling alone, unloved, bruised, wounded, jaded, hopeless.

Make sure you never make any major life decisions in those moods. Remember, this too shall pass. It will. You'll get another chance from a better state of mind if you don't do anything stupid or impulsive from a bad state of mind. Always remember that you are part of a huge family of true spiritual seekers, and draw inspiration from that. We certainly draw inspiration from you constantly. Such deep inspiration.

All my love, Bohg

PRACTICE: GOODWILL MEDITATION

More and more of our prison friends are spending time on lockdown during this difficult age. Many of them feel frustrated that they cannot do anything to help others. But we can all help others. Praying for others is very real and, depending on the strength of our minds, can be very powerful as well. Below is one specific "goodwill meditation" you can use at a regular time each day which will benefit others during times you are unable to be in closer contact.

Sit straight and quietly, eyes closed, and let the attention focus on calm breathing for a minute or two. Let other thoughts go. Now bring to mind the image of someone or something you love in a very sweet and affectionate way (not a passionate romantic love, but more like a baby or child, a parent or grandparent, a childhood pet, or even a favorite place in nature). Breathe into the center of your chest (your spiritual heart-center) as you feel the gratitude and affection associated with this image, and quietly expand it so that you are offering a blessing to that person, place or thing which means so much to you. To offer a blessing can be as simple as thinking, "May you be well; may you find true peace in your life." Imagine the face of that person or pet receiving your blessing and smiling.

Continuing to breathe into that affectionate heart-place, bring to mind the people in the cells around you, and don't let the feeling of affection slip away. Picture each of them, including the guards, and offer them the same blessing. Remember, anyone who finds true peace in their lives will never be cruel to anyone else, so it doesn't matter who this person is or what they are like, your blessing will not only help them, but help others as well. Keep expanding your images outward, including the whole building you are in, the city, region, state, nation, and finally the world. Whenever you feel your affection slip away, bring back your original image to get the feeling back again.

At the end of this practice, when you have included all beings in your blessing, "see" yourself sitting right where you are, like a shining angel, radiating light outward in all directions equally. At this moment, because of your goodwill, no one in the whole world is unloved. No one is unforgiven. No bitterness or grudges are festering in you. Recognize your power and your responsibility to pray for the world in this way, and then offer the same blessing to yourself: "May I be well; may I find true peace in my life."

A meditation such as this can be a very powerful service practice to develop in our lives. His Holiness the Dalai Lama once told me that men and women doing practices such as this in little caves in the Himalayan Mountains are part of the reason the world has not destroyed itself so far. They may never leave their caves, yet they affect the whole world by the compassion in their hearts, which is then projected outward through the strength of their minds. Hearts and minds. Yours, mine, can be purified and focused to become a potent force both in our local environments and the world itself.

This is a good practice for anyone to do, and it is especially good for those of you who feel you cannot participate in service in any other way. Make a regular time each day to do this, slowly and sincerely, for at least ten or fifteen minutes. Each day, your ability to concentrate and "see" others, and "see" the light around you going off in all directions, will increase. It's very gradual, but you will get better and better at it to the point where this will probably be your favorite time of the day. You may notice the people around you actually changing from your secret, daily dedication to their well-being. We have heard this from many people who did this practice.

If there's a particularly nasty staff member, focus on him or her every day for a month, picturing their face softening, heart opening. You may be astounded at the change in that person. If violence breaks out in your prison, focus every day on all the parties involved, and you will be like a secret spiritual "swat team" doing your part to bring an end to the conflict. Take responsibility however you can, from wherever you are. You do have influence if you are willing to develop your skill in projecting it. If you meditate or meet with others on a regular basis, do this goodwill meditation as a group and you may see even more results. But whether you see results or not, I promise you that your efforts are not wasted. Never. So do your part.



Envelope Art by William Clifton, Austin, Texas

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LETTERS

Dear Bo,

It's been really bad here lately. Then a couple weeks ago, my next door neighbor sent me a couple books to read. Lineage, and Deep & Simple. I thought, what kind of bullshit is this? But as I was reading Lineage, I had a strange feeling for some reason.

Let me tell you about myself, and I'll get back to this feeling I had. I am 27, doing life without parole +20 years for 3 1st-degree murders and 2 robberies. I was 16 when these crimes were committed. Before that, I was in the youth system since I was 12 for manslaughter and other charges. I was on escape when I caught the charges I'm in on now.

I have felt deep anger and hatred since I was a kid. I was in several foster homes, my dad was (still is) in prison, my mom couldn't deal with me, my brothers and sisters. I hated everyone for breaking up my family, making me so miserable. I blamed everyone, even those who tried to help me. I got in trouble, I blamed society, or the judge, or the neighbor's dog! Anyone and everyone but me.

About 2 years ago I realized that I did all this to myself. I made the choices, and now I have to pay for those choices. This was a hard realization, it meant I had to reevaluate my whole frame of mind. It meant that the anger and hatred that was so strong was not toward society, but toward myself!

Then I realized, this is where I will be for the rest of my life. I became very depressed, started using drugs more than ever, getting in more fights, attempting suicide. I am on Maximum Security now, have been for the last 21 months, due to these choices I made.

I have been telling myself, I'll be better when I get off max, when I go to another prison, when I do this or do that, or go here or go there.

Then I was reading Lineage. Six words hit me like a train. I was reading about Monk, and when I read the words he kept over his bunk, "It's all right here, ya know," I just stopped and read it over and over. It made me open my eyes, and realize, it is all right here.

Since then, my neighbor let me read your other two books, We're All Doing

Time, and Just Another Spiritual Book. For the last 5 days, I've been practicing the routine for working with anger in your book Deep & Simple. I stay angry most of the time, and most of the time I don't even know what I'm angry about! May be crazy, but I'm honest!

This routine has really been helping. I will continue doing it every day, until I am at a point where I don't feel so angry all the time, then I will do it every time I start to get angry.

It is comforting to know there is someone out there who cares about all of us that society has decided should be thrown away. God Bless you, Sita, and the rest of your family. Thank you so much. Keep the faith. I try very hard to.

Sincerely, A Brother in The Struggle, R

Dear R,

It's good to meet you, little brother. I would give anything to meet you out here as a free man who has learned his lessons, but as you painfully know yourself, we can't have everything the way we want it to be. Some big things have been set in motion, like the length of your prison terms. It breaks my heart that we give up on people like we do, but this is the age we live in right now.

So you and I have a very difficult, huge choice to make: We can stay depressed over what we can't change, or we can choose to have FAITH that there is still a deep meaning to this mess we made, and we can use life as a spiritual adventure and become the hero of that adventure right there in prison or anywhere else.

It's a tough choice, this faith. Life will present evidence to the contrary every day. People will keep letting us down, things we pray for will not come, the loneliness will feel unbearable. But the best, strongest, most fearless people who have ever lived have all been people of faith. So you and I can make the same choice if we are desperate enough.

Are you desperate enough? You're a young man sitting in there facing a million years' prison time, so I hope you're desperate enough to take a leap of faith. Make the radical choice. You have little to lose and an unimaginable amount to gain. Can you even imagine being happy, R? Really happy? And loving people? Loving life? I know

people with as much time as you who have actually found that secret treasure, and they are not stupid saps fooling themselves just to cope. What they have found is more real than anything else. And you can devote your life to finding it too.

As your friend, I would be honored to support your quest in any way I can. But I want to be straight with you from the start – it's not an easy journey. And it takes everything. Everything. Every bit of pride and ego and fear and greed that gets in the way of seeing the Big Truth. It'll take giving up drugs, even pot. It may take being willing for others to see you as a fool or a coward sometimes.

But whatever it takes, whatever it puts you through, I swear to you, one moment of God-realization is worth all of that and more. Just to experience for yourself that life is beautiful, that God is real, that there's a Divine, Loving Comedy underneath all this cruelty and madness. It's worth everything.

Become a serious spiritual seeker and you will start having little bits of help all over the place, because God helps those who help themselves. Another thing you may want to consider is joining our Interfaith Order of Communion and Community to have more structure to your spiritual life. Whether you join the order or not (no rush to decide, take your time), we are here for you, we love you, we wish you every good thing. You have people on your side now. Know that.

Love, Bo

Dear Bo,

I am glad you took the time to write me back, I know you are a busy man. I hope this letter finds you, Sita, and everyone in good health, happy, and doing well. As for me, you know it's a struggle, but who ever promised it would be easy?

I would love to be out there also, but as that's not likely to happen, I do the best I can where I am. I don't give up hope though. God brought Paul out of prison, parted the sea, and many other miracles. He's the same now as he was then, if He decides he has a use for me outside these walls, then I will be set free. If not, then I knew the price for my actions and I must accept that and move on.

I have come to realize that the prison I put myself in was much worse than the one society put me in. Anger, hate, pain, discontent, and self-hatred are far worse than steel bars and concrete walls. It took a long time and a lot of pain for me to learn this, but thank God I am growing a little wiser, not just older!

You are right, faith is a tough choice. It's hard sometimes to realize that no matter what you are experiencing, where you are, or what you have done, there is a reason for it, and God feels our pain. That if you believe and have enough faith, a path will reveal itself. It may take months or years, but it will happen. And when it does, the preceding parts will have served their purpose of making us wiser, stronger, kinder and more open, forgiving, less judgmental. I am not there yet, but I have no doubt that I will be someday. We have no choice but to proceed on this journey, life will push us on whether we want to go or not. We must know when to make the right turns, what road to take, and not get pushed down the wrong road.

I have been far enough down the wrong road, it's time to try a different one, it will have to get better, hell, it can't get much worse!

My friend, it is good to know that there are still a few people who care about us misfits, outcasts, deviants, miscreants, etc. I appreciate your being there, as I'm sure thousands of other convicts do.

I read your books every day, and share them with a friend of mine. I have rearranged my schedule. I spend 3 hours a day reading your books, 3 hours reading the Bible, 2 hours meditating, and I write, exercise, and do my school work. I am taking correspondence courses from UT-Knoxville. The courses I take are psychology, criminal justice, and sociology. It is sometimes difficult and time-consuming, but I am a firm believer in education. Knowledge is power!

I am considering joining your Interfaith Order, haven't made my mind up yet. I take my commitments very seriously. I still smoke - cigarettes and weed, and I still have a lot of anger and hatred inside. As long as I am battling my own demons, I can't say I can be 100% committed to another purpose.

I will keep all of you in my thoughts and prayers. I have much respect and

Dear Friends,

Bo's article, Past the Boiling Point, was a strong dose of exactly what the soul doctor ordered. I was getting mopey and fussy as a cat because God had not given me the consolation prizes that I expected for all of the "terrible sufferings and injustices" I had to endure at the hands of the criminal "justice" system. I became so dejected that I deliberately slacked off in my spiritual practices and book writing, and I began taking "time-outs" for little old me. This basically means I sat on the edge of my bed and twiddled my thumbs and said, "Look, God; look at me! I could be meditating or praying or writing something inspiring, but because you are so unfair, O God, I'm just sitting here doing nothing, and I'm going to sulk and pity myself until you answer my prayers and make my life easier. I don't work for free, Mr. Holy Spirit; you've got to lighten my load if you want me to produce. The Spiritual Seekers and Workers Union boss has spoken!"

Now this was all very deliberate on my part; it wasn't the usual reactionary knee-jerk of someone at the breaking point; You know, a jail-house lawyer trying to skim the cream and settle terms. With God. So go look up "crass" in the dictionary.

Then the HKF newsletter comes and reminds me of things like soul power and the maxim, "First God, then self." Then I remembered the very essence of all of Bo's teachings: "If you wait around for things to get easier before you get to work, you will never get anything done." Well, twiddling my thumbs didn't seem very productive, and I instantly saw how unrealistic and silly my demands to God were. And would you believe it, that insight did make things easier!

So I can alter my view of things: God isn't unfair, I'm just too lazy to use my imagination to lighten the load, and too dullwitted to see the gifts he gives me in the midst of loss and suffering. Sure, the wrapping is uglier than roadkill, but the wisdom inside is sweet, sweet, sweet, and shiny. I'm learning to open the wrapping and see what's inside.

I do trigger my own moods. And Bo hit the nail on the head when he chalked it up to false beliefs. I was just beginning to think I had to twist God's arm to give me a reason to feel better. There is only one real reason to feel good, and that is the realization that one day, some-time, somewhere, I will become one with God. Therefore, all other events only lead me toward this end, so all things are a blessing, and I can choose to be happy about that if I can't see other reasons.

I've only been down for a year and a half, but it feels like it has been ten lifetimes. Thank you for being there when I was "in the broiler room."

Peace and Love to you, Brother, C

admiration for you, Sita, your staff, and your commitment to helping us convicts.

You are in my thoughts and prayers. God bless you.

Sincerely, R

Dear R,

You write well, you think pretty clearly (although please remember, you're a young man and don't have all the facts yet), and now you have some major-league options to choose from ranging from hard-core bitter convict to pure, devoted spiritual seeker. From your letter, your honest assessment is that you are not ready for either of those extremes - you are somewhere in the middle for now. Well, that's honest.

As your friend, of course, I encourage you to lean toward the radical spiritual seeker, because I know first-hand the peace, power and grace that can come to you if you go that way. I also know it is

hard to do where you are and you feel little or no support. But hey, no one said the road is easy. Jesus certainly didn't have an easy time of it either.

Little brother, I love you and send you every blessing for your journey. I hope the books we have sent can fill your heart and mind again and again with the realization that you have a great deal of power about how to spend your life. Don't forget that.

A tremendous amount is up to you. You have choices to make - the same choices everyone faces in any environment - whether to be kind or selfish, violent or peaceful, angry or forgiving, wise or bitter. No one can take these choices away from you, and they are far more important choices than having the freedom to move about the world. There's a whole lot of miserable people out here, you know!

All my love, Bo

GOOD WORKS

Life After Three Strikes

Margie Candelaria was in the prison system since she was 13 years old, and was the first woman to be sentenced under California's "Three Strikes" Law. Margie got into treatment in the county jail, and received a suspended sentence of 42 years and 4 months if she went into the tough program at Delancey Street Foundation.

After 2 years in Delancey Street and three years working in the recovery field, Margie joined a company which provides programs on change to corrections staff and inmates as well as corporations. One of Margie's strongest beliefs is that change is possible, and she now dedicates her life to that belief. By taking control of her own life, and with support from people who could see the potential in Margie, which had been buried by over 27 years in California institutions, Margie transformed her life.

Margie and her husband, David Lewis, who created the *Free At Last* program in East Palo Alto (David was profiled in an earlier issue of this newsletter), visited our headquarters in North Carolina recently. Bo & Sita then visited *Free At Last* during their California prison tour. We all feel very fortunate to be friends with such great examples of personal change through hard work and deep faith. Keep up the good work, Margie!



Sita & Bo, Mary Hogden, David Lewis, & Margie Candelaria at Kindness House

NEWS, NOTES, AND OFFERINGS

HALF-PRICE BOOKS AVAILABLE

For years we have been selling hard-to-find spiritual books and tapes, both to fund our prison work and to provide a service. We cannot afford to give them free to prisoners like we do our own publications. Because of many requests, though, we will now make them available to prisoners at our cost, which is roughly half of what we charge for them in our catalog. If anyone in prison is interested in purchasing something from our catalog, please write to us and request the half-price catalog.

OUR NEW ADDRESS

Some of you may have noticed that we have a new address. The postal service is ending the old "route, box" system, so we're gradually changing our books, tapes, letterhead, catalogs, etc... For now, both addresses will work, but eventually the rural route address (RR1, Box 201-N), will be meaningless, so please take note. If you pass on our address, pass on the new one (please note that the zip is slightly changed as well). The new address is:

**Human Kindness Foundation
PO Box 61619
Durham NC 27715**

CORRECTIONS WORKERS RETREAT A HIT

In May, we hosted our second annual corrections workers retreat for anyone who works or volunteers in a correctional facility. Many of the participants feel like lone rangers in their jobs, and came for the support of other like-minded people in their field. They got what they were looking for! We enjoyed hosting everyone and look forward to next year's retreat.

KRISHNA DAS PERFORMS IN PRISON

In May, Bo & Sita brought their old friend Krishna Das and his group into the Maryland Correctional Institution to lead a *kirtan* – Hindu chanting. Inmates of all faiths, mostly Christian and Muslim, participated in the three-hour session in a wonderful experience of interfaith friendship and worship. Krishna Das is known around the world for his unique blend of ecstatic devotion, rock & roll gutsiness, and soulful voice, so it was an amazing evening at MCI-H. We are grateful to the staff and inmates for their openness to new ideas and unique programs.

Krishna Das's tapes and CDs are available to the general public through our catalog, but they do not conform to prison regulations, so we have none yet for prison use.

a little good news

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Carl Marshall, Huntsville, Texas

We who lived in concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms — to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way.

Viktor E Frankl, *Man's Search for Meaning*