



COLLEGE GUILD

Celebrating 21 Years of Building Community Beyond Prison Walls

Hey Celly! What's Cookin'?

College Guild is proud to share with you Part Two of this award winning piece of writing by our student, Leo Cordex. Part One came out in July and the entire piece is available on our blog at www.collegeguild.org.

Prince's, When Doves Cry, is playing as I get ready to begin chopping. I peel the top layer off the bites and summer dog before chopping them into tiny cubes. They are oozing grease from their time cooking in the hot pot. Once finished, I begin chopping the peppers and onion and am thankful for my gloves. You'd be surprised how often we unknowingly touch our eyes—I won't be making that mistake again.

Every now and again I hear the intercom click on as the correctional officer calls out for passes and movement. I strain to listen for my name. I can barely hear anything over the blaring Boy George. I sit for a quick breather and another cup of Joe. I figure I am about halfway through. The sun is starting to come around my building. I have less than an hour before it will become too uncomfortable to continue. I put a cool towel around my neck and I am ready to get back to it.

I clear a space on the desk to roll out the crust. I take my dough ball, I can feel it has set. I break in two, take the larger piece and place it into another chip bag. I start to roll out the dough using a plastic pop bottle creating a large single layer.

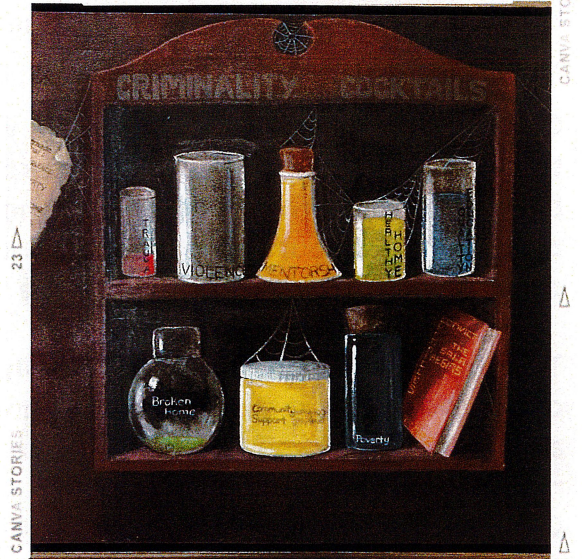
I gently remove the crust from the bag and place on the table where I can use the top of what will be my serving dish as a cookie-cutter. I gently massage the crust into the bottom of my cooking/serving bowl. I use the same technique to make the top of the bowl crust and set aside.

A familiar ache starts to radiate from deep in my spine. I must hurry before my back locks up and everything comes to a hard stop. The Karate Kid's theme, You're the Best, is pumping and it's just what I need to hear.

It is time to put it all together. The gouda goes in first. Lots and lots of gooey deliciousness coats the bottom crust creating a thick layer of cheese. The meats are separated into quadrants: carnitas, bites, summer dog, and the re-hydrated soft pork skins. Everything is topped with the chopped onions and peppers and drizzled with ranch dressing. I place the top crust on the pie and tuck in the edges. I smear a thin layer of cheese over the top then coat it with BBQ sauce and ketchup before adding the pepperoni slices and finally, a quick dusting of garlic powder and onion flakes and VOILA! My signature pizza-top crust is complete.

I hear Hoover at the door, "Celly?" he asks.

"Come in buddy, just finishing up." I yell out over Tina Turner asking what love has to do with it?
Continued on page 5.



*Artwork by Leo Cordex -
Author of Hey Celly! What's Cookin'?*

I'm not sure about you, but the end of the 2022 seems to have snuck up on me. We spent much of the year planning an in-person event that took place in September and I think that played a part. The day of the event, we had the most rain we'd had in months, a good two inches at least. That didn't keep people away! There was delicious food that was devoured, yummy beverages and lots of people who love the work of College Guild. We also had the honor of having Joseph Jackson, the executive director of the Maine Prisoner Advocacy Coalition and Inside Out share his story of how the opportunity for an education while in prison changed his life. Ray Randall, a former student, also joined us and shared how being able to take College Guild courses changed his life while in prison in Colorado.

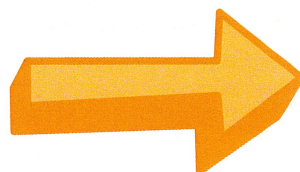


Our goal for September was to share with you the dreams our students have about their lives and their hopes. There were some real surprises in what students created and shared; some really beautiful and also haunting pieces. I hope you enjoy reading them and getting to know our students a little better through their writing. Your donations, volunteering and caring help our students to dream again. And we all need to have the hope that our efforts to do better matter!

Thanks to the generosity of people who attended the event and others who gave online or sent a check even though they couldn't attend - we met our goal to raise \$15,000. I want to thank each and every one of you for your generosity and support!!

Our Board of Directors has raised \$24,000 in 2022! Our very dedicated board has been very busy raising funds to help support our work through peer-to-peer fundraising, company matches, personal donations and sponsorships. I am so proud of the commitment of this extraordinary group of volunteers to make College Guild an organization that will be here for years to come.

And then there are our students - women and men who want to better themselves. To live a better life now and when they are released. And for those that will never leave prison, they find a powerful human connection by being a CG student. Students often share how hard prison life is and what a relief it is to be a CG student. This year, we heard from a student who lost his mom and was heartbroken by the news. We heard from multiple students about the dangers of prison life and its bleakness. The reality is prison is awful for so many our students. They've not just lost their freedom, but also family, friends and more on top of the threats of violence that are very real. As one student shared with me recently, "A boring day means there are no fights or stabbings taking place." College Guild provides relief from that misery for our students.



I Have A Dream ...Such an Ambitious Statement
by Joy Danielle Cornelison, Newport, AR

I have a dream... such an ambitious statement. This is a statement I do not hear often. Saying it brings questions to my mind. Is a dream and a goal the same thing? Can you dream more than one dream? Do people in prison get to dream?

Anyone anywhere can dream - even prisoners. That right can not be taken away from you - ever. And, yes, it is possible to dream multiple dreams. Arkansas doesn't encourage its prisoners to dream. I am part of a small group of inmates, which consist of handicapped, permanent residents. That group almost ceases to exist here. We are not eligible to work or for most programs. Finding ways to stay mentally active (and growing) takes determination and strength. Mentally surviving is such a challenge that dreaming is beyond a lot of us. Prisoners are still human. We weren't assigned a number and a new species identification.

Do I have a dream? Beyond going home? At first I would have said no. Yes, I thought about it and I do. I actually have more than one. One dream I have is to bring change to the Arkansas application of the Prison Rape Elimination Act - PREA- in it's prison systems. Arkansas, mostly, gives lip service to PREA, but not foot service. Being a survivor of prison rape makes this issue close to my heart. I would love to see Arkansas really apply PREA to the prison system. I dream one day that will happen. I have achieved some of the goals that go with that dream, so I have hope that one day Arkansas will get there.

I am a dreamer thanks to College Guild. I wouldn't have been brave enough to dream without College Guild. I was fortunate to be introduced to them early in my sentence. They have not only encouraged me to dream, but they have kept my mind active (and growing). They have encouraged me to believe in myself, find my passions, and to go for it - whatever "it" may be. College Guild is vital to my success as a person.



**COLLEGE
GUILD**

What We Do In A Month...



Averages from
August 2021 thru October 2022



*Hands in
Opposition
by
Sean White*



**I Have Had a Dream by Seth Ganahl,
Amarillo, TX**

I had a dream/
I had a lot of dreams.
Fragile trembling leaves
Clinging to branches
Of a tree
Was it the wind?
Or something more nefarious?
Gone now.
Brother can you spare a dream?

Unfulfilled by James Martin, Abilene, TX

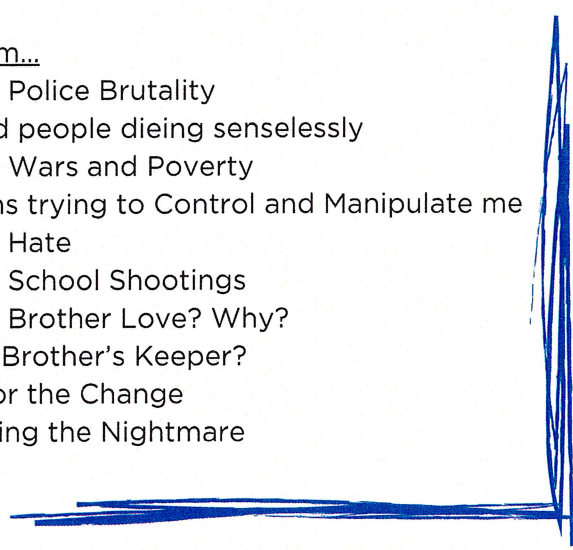
The Ultimate Dream...
Forty Acres and a Mule
Separate but Equal
No more "Strange Fruit hanging from the trees

His Dream...
Every man Not be judged by the color of his skin
Lifting every voice to sing Free At Last! Free At Last!
Blacks, Whites, Jews and Gentiles living in Racial
Harmony

My Dream...
No more Police Brutality
Riots and people dieing senselessly
No more Wars and Poverty
Politicians trying to Control and Manipulate me
No more Hate
No more School Shootings
No more Brother Love? Why?
Am I My Brother's Keeper?
Dream for the Change
While living the Nightmare



Fish in Opposition by Sean White



Hey Celly! What's Cookin? Part Two

Continued from Page 1

by Leo Cardez
College Guild Student in XX

He walks in and I can see his face drop as he looks over the cluttered cell. "Don't worry man, I'll clean it all up." I reassure him. He tries to play it off.

"No problem, I just came to grab something and then I will get out of your way. Smells good though." He tells me in his thick every-Russian-bad-guy-in-a-movie accent. For being essentially a large mass of muscles with legs he's surprisingly graceful as he passes by me and to his bunk without so much as a grazing touch. We have learned to anticipate each other's every move in our tiny home. We can sense each other and adjust ourselves accordingly. He closes the door behind him as he leaves to Madonna singing Borderline.

Nothing left to do now but throw the pie in the oven. I cover the bowl and place it inside my hot pot so that the bottom of the bowl is submerged in the hot water. I look at my watch, 10:30 A.M. It should be ready by the time the Bears game kicks off just after noon.

The sun is pouring in through my window, the heat is stifling. I grab both of our small fans and place them strategically as I open my cell door to try and create a crosswind. Now I begin my least favorite part of the day: clean up. My only salvation? Bruce Springsteen is crooning about his Glory Days.

The cell is spotless. The pie is done. The Bears game is minutes from starting time to eat.

Watching Hoover eat makes me cringe. He wolfs down his food as if to protect it against foreign invaders. I worry that he isn't enjoying it, savoring it, or tasting it. Hell, I worry he's going to choke on it. Minutes later he is finished, he looks over to me and says, "You showed your ass on this one celly." I have no idea what he means, maybe it's a Russian compliment? His demeanor and bright smile tell me it's a good thing.

Fifteen minutes later I've licked my bowl clean and we're both sitting on the edges of our bunks catching up on the prison gossip. Who went to the hole yesterday? Have you seen the new female C.O. and do you think she's cute? What's new at store? Finally, Hoover puts his fist out, "Thanks again celly, I'm gonna watch the Bears for awhile." I tap his fist with mine and wish him a happy birthday.

Tomorrow is Monday and the rumor mill is saying that we are scheduled to go to commissary store first thing in the morning. I look at my list. I already have the cheese and meats, but I forgot to add the Nacho chips. See, Santa's birthday is next month and he's asked me to make him one of my famous Nacho Bowls. I jot it down.

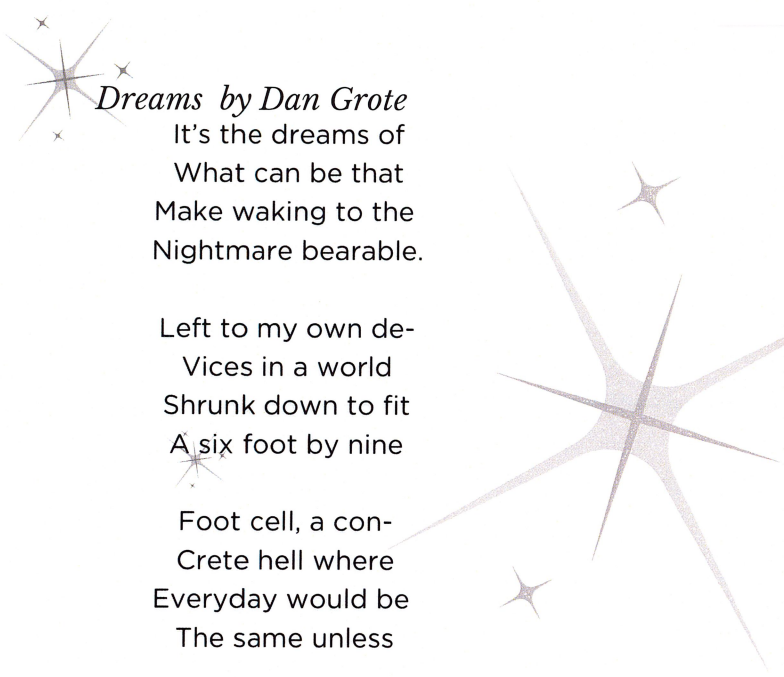
I peel off my clothes, wrap myself in a towel, and head to the showers before the afternoon "count" begins. The cold water is a jolt. I stand under it until it warms washing away the grease, sweat, and grime. I close my eyes as I begin to hum Cindy Lauper's, Girls Just Want to Have Fun. In that moment, I'm so happy I let myself forget where I am and start singing—I don't even care who's listening.

Thank You to Our Sponsors:



MANGUM ASSOCIATES





Dreams by Dan Grote

It's the dreams of
What can be that
Make waking to the
Nightmare bearable.

Left to my own de-
vices in a world
Shrunk down to fit
A six foot by nine

Foot cell, a con-
crete hell where
Everyday would be
The same unless

Somebody comes along
And helps you escape,
One word at a time,
Exercising your mind,

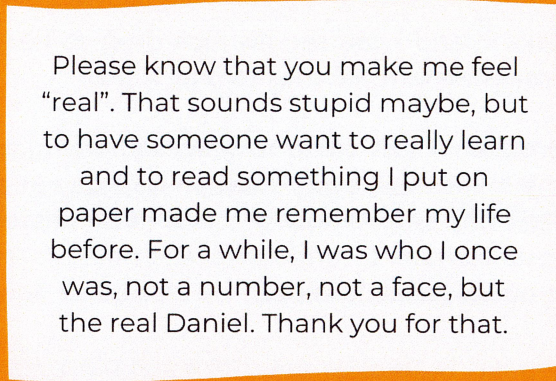
Exercising the demons
That have always
Helped me hold myself
Down, hold myself back

The kindness of people
I'll never meet, a
Soul forgotten by most
But encouraged by you

To keep firing poems
Over razor wire like
Literary hand grenades,
Cries for help, testaments

To the person I was and
A promise of the person
That you have helped me
Grow to be,

It's the dreams of
What can be that
Make waking to this
Nightmare bearable.



Please know that you make me feel
"real". That sounds stupid maybe, but
to have someone want to really learn
and to read something I put on
paper made me remember my life
before. For a while, I was who I once
was, not a number, not a face, but
the real Daniel. Thank you for that.

DANIEL

In Honor Of...

\$500 in memory of
Henry "Gimme" Nichols, Jr.
from Julie Zimmerman

Gimme! You will be missed.

\$100 in honor of
Julie Zimmerman
from Sarah Ward

\$750 in honor of
Julie Zimmerman
from Edie and Ed Overtree

\$50 in honor of
John Todd
from Cynthia and John Todd

College Guild is open to all
incarcerated people regardless of
gender, race, religion, sexual
orientation, details of sentence, or
socioeconomic status.

We're grateful for your support that enables College Guild to continue to keep our courses free for incarcerated students all over the country. It might not surprise you to know that 2022 has been a very challenging financial year for College Guild. Inflation and the growing costs to get units in the mail to students has led to a budget shortfall of \$40,000 as we approach the end of the year.

Would you consider increasing your annual donation by 20% this year?
Or becoming a monthly recurring donor?

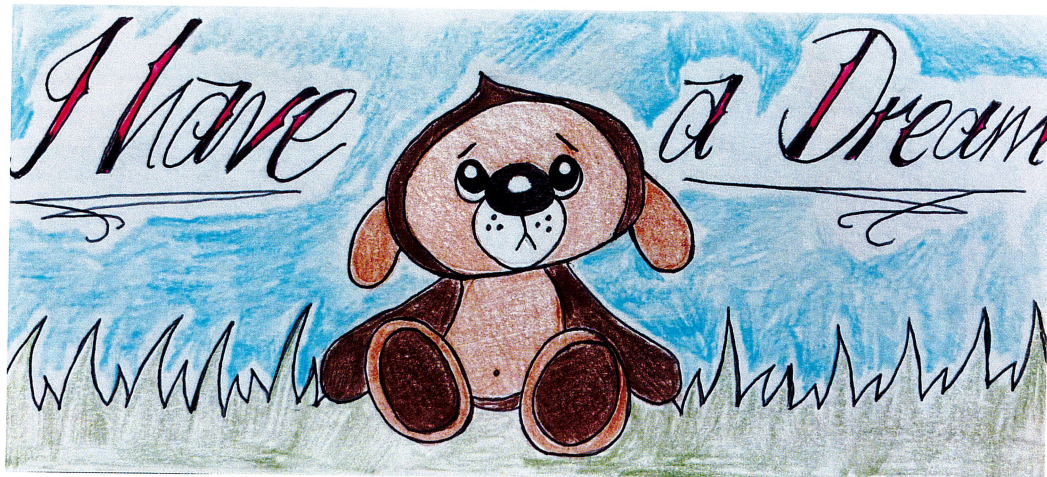
Pledging a recurring monthly donation can be done easily on our website through automatic withdrawal from your bank account or by credit card. It is convenient, easy, and generates a steady stream of support to keep College Guild courses free to our students. Monthly amounts of any size add up to a significant gift over the year and are deeply appreciated.

If you'd like help setting up a recurring monthly donation on our website please call our office at 207-729-0043 and leave a message. Our executive director will get back to you to help you set it up.

Thank you for everything you do to support the work of College Guild!

PS: Please take a moment to reply with your gift today, or donate online to support free education for incarcerated men and women across the country. Education changes the lives of people in prison! Join us in helping to change the lives of people who really need some hope in their lives today.

DONATE ONLINE AT WWW.COLLEGE Guild.ORG



Artwork by Ruben R.

The mission of College Guild is to provide free correspondence courses that connect incarcerated people with a community beyond prison walls fostering mutual respect through a shared passion for learning.
College Guild is a 501c3 tax-exempt organization.

- Hey Celly - Part 2
- Update from the Executive Director
- I Have A Dream Student Pieces
- What We Do In A Month Infographic
- In Honor Of Donations

I Have A Dream Issue
COLLEGE GUILD | Educating Incarcerated People for 20 Years
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If we have your email, we can send you a digital version and you can help us save on postage and keep our courses FREE for our students.

Sign up on our website or send back the enclosed donation card with your email address!

www.collegeguild.org

