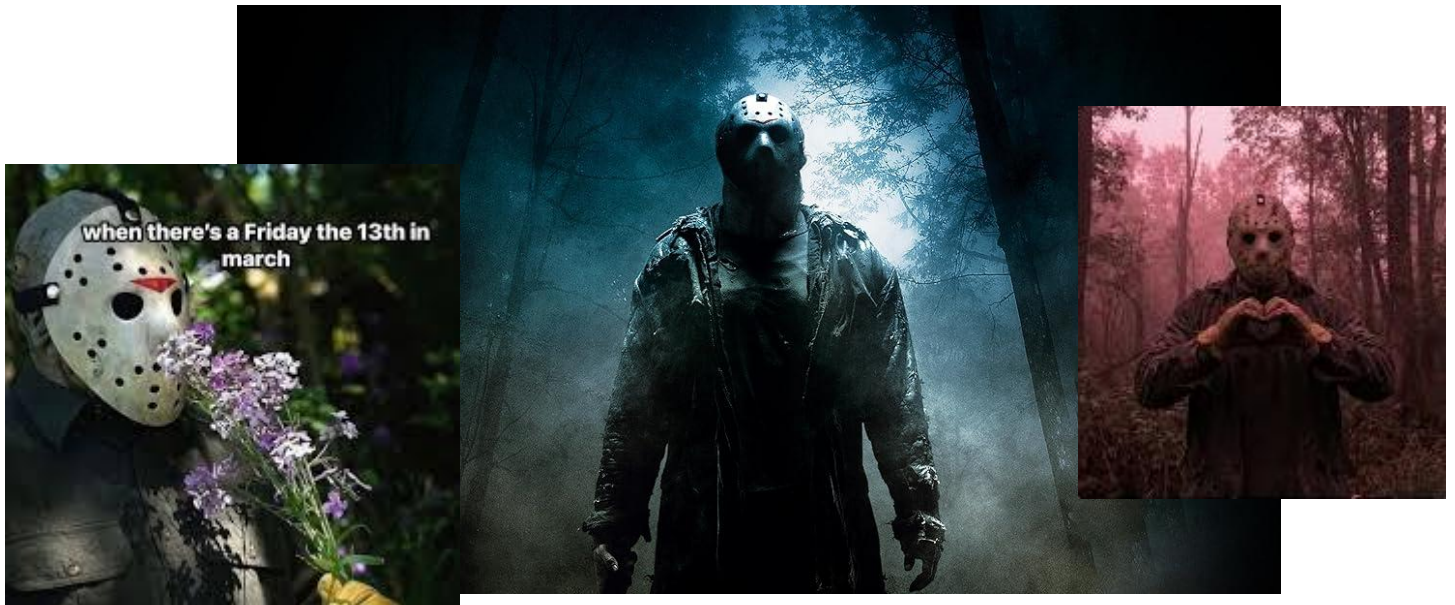


BCJ TIMES



All About Friday the 13th

While Friday and the number 13 had separate superstitions, their pairing likely gained traction in the late 1800s. Friday the 13th is a widely recognized Western superstition combining the unlucky number 13 with Friday, historically seen as a day of bad fortune. Occurring when the 13th day of a month falls on a Friday. The 1980 horror film *Friday the 13th* launched a massive franchise featuring the character Jason Voorhees, solidifying the date in modern horror. Friday the 13th is not rare. There is at least one, and up to three, every year. This year we have had one in February, March, and will have one in November. The next time we will have three Friday the 13th in the same year will be in 2054 and 2082. Many high-rise buildings, hotels, and hospitals skip the 13th floor, and some airlines omit a 13th gate. In Spain and Greece, Tuesday the 13th is considered unlucky, while in Italy, it is Friday the 17th. In a Biblical stand point the number 13 is considered unlucky because Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Jesus, was the 13th guest at the Last Supper. Furthermore, Jesus was crucified on a Friday, which has long been viewed as an unlucky day. The number 12 is often associated with completeness (12 months, 12 apostles, 12 zodiac signs), making 13 an "irregular" number that has been viewed with suspicion since ancient times.

Events that occurred on Friday the 13th:

- **Sept 13, 1940:** Buckingham Palace was bombed during World War II.
- **Nov 13, 1970:** The Bhola cyclone hit the Bay of Bengal, resulting in the deaths of hundreds of thousands.
- **Oct 13, 1972:** Uruguayan Flight 571 crashed in the Andes.
- **Jan 13, 2012:** The Costa Concordia cruise ship sank

3 more Feet

By Bridgette Miller

“At just the right time we will reap a harvest if we don’t give up.” Galatians 6:9

Talking to Jamie Ryan, she told me a story of this man. He spent his life digging for gold. Spent all his family’s money, gave up years of his life, and was absolutely dedicated to finding the gold. Till one day he gave up. He just gave up and sold the land. The land he knew whole heartily would surpass all his dreams and be everything his family ever needed. The new crew took to the task and on the very first day of digging, they struck gold. Turns out the first guy had stopped just three feet away from what he had given up everything for.

How many times have we quit on ourselves or loved ones? How many times have we had nothing left to give? We pour our whole hearts into something and do not want to give up. Having things taken because we just couldn’t do it anymore. And sometimes the ones we love do better when we are not there anymore. The next person gets the best of that person.

I personally never seem to get to the “gold”. It’s not that I quit, it’s just I gave so much to keep going and my feet finally gave up. In those moments I’d like to encourage you to dig into the word. He promises us a harvest if we don’t give up. Even if you need to rest and pray that’s not giving up. That is letting go and letting God handle it.

In the last two weeks I’ve lost my Mamaw and my mother-in-law. I don’t even know if my ex-husband is alive after he was told about his mom, they found him unresponsive and he was on life support. All this while I’m in jail. I went from a power house in my home and family to nothing. I don’t feel like I exist to those who should need me. I do appreciate those who have tried to help me. Today, God sends me a verse about not giving up. My harvest is coming and so is yours. Please don’t give up. Whatever is coming your way, God will get you the “gold”. He will give you the strength to go those 3 more feet.

Recipe during your Stay

Jail House Brick

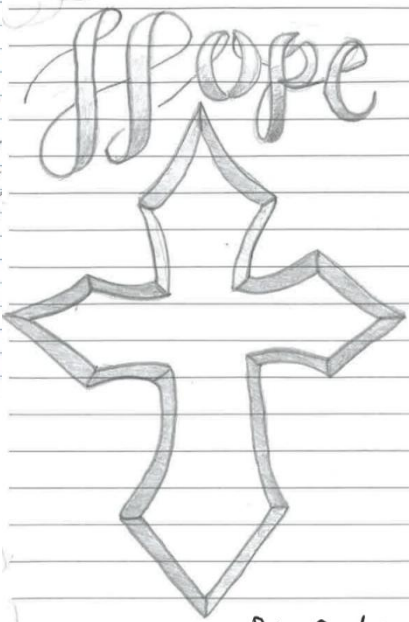
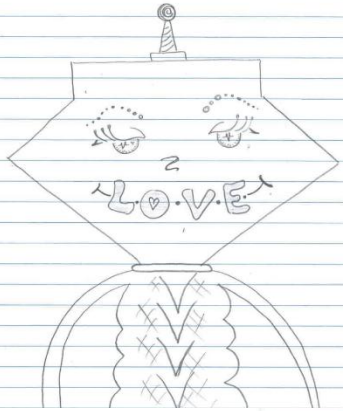
By Koah

What you’ll need:

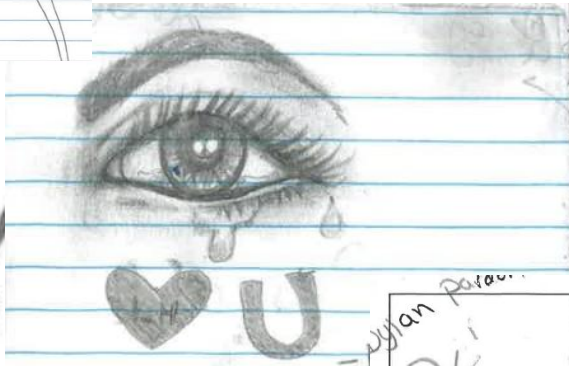
- 2 bags of Cheetos (jalapeno or flaming hot)
- 4 packs of noodles (chili)
- ¼ summer sausage
- Ranch or BBQ
- 1 pack of tortillas
- 1 trash bag

What you’ll do: start by smashing all dry ingredients to powder. Cut up the summer sausage into small pieces. Mix all ingredients into trash bag. Add ¾ tumbler of water in the bag. Mix with hands and let sit for 10 minutes but every 2 to 3 minutes mix. Unwrap and roll into a log. Shape and cut into 4 pieces. Put into tortilla wraps. Add ranch or BBQ as desired. Spice it up. Add your own touch. Enjoy :)

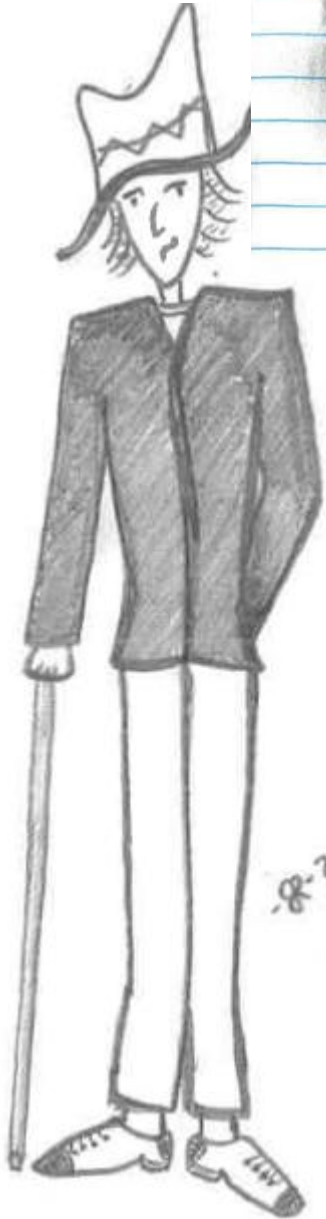
Artwork



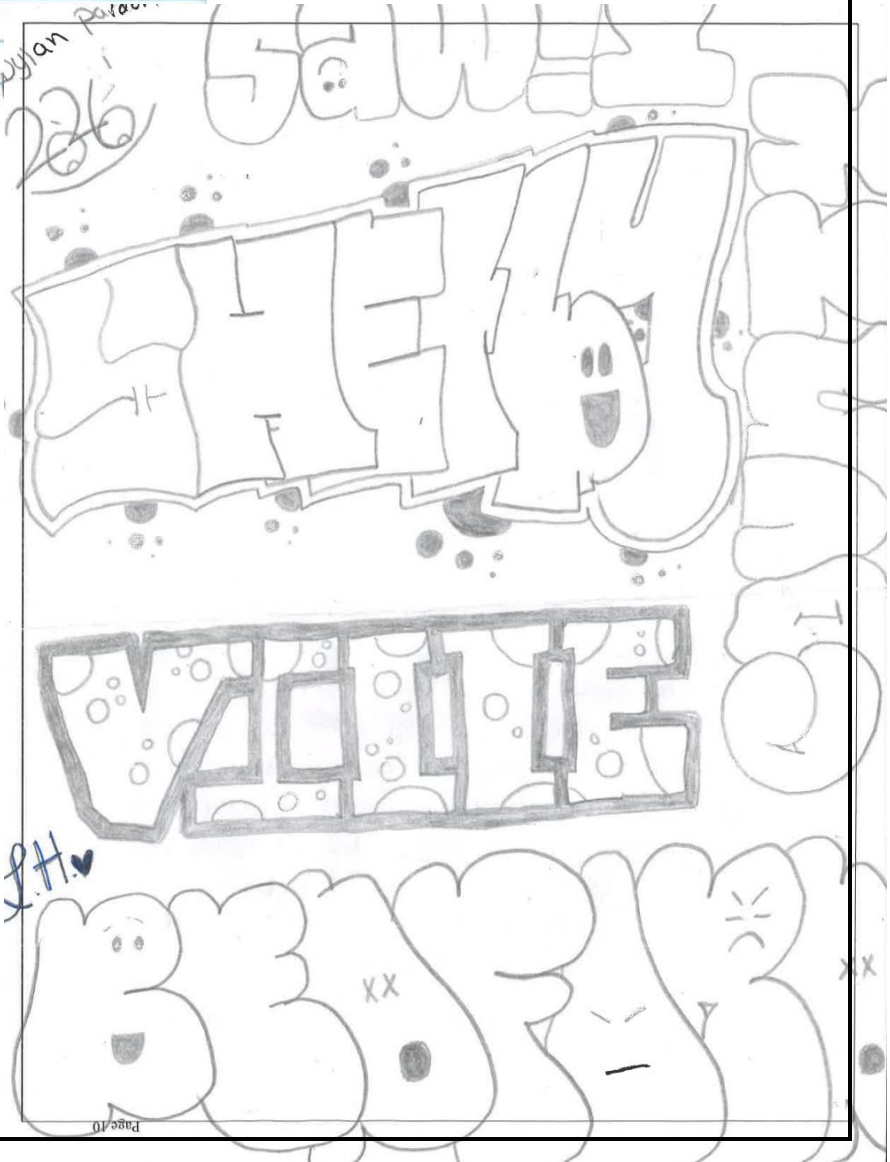
Dylan Pardon



- Dylan Pardon
206



R.26



J.H. ♥

Poetry

I Apologize

By Terrence Boughton

To those whose eyes are so wide open and keen, I apologize for the inhumane things you've seen. Even while our vision could be turned another way, let's not let go of those prizes brought every day.

For those whose legs have traveled treacherous miles, I apologize for some people to not see your smiles. It were the many walks which took shape to start, Start that inner compassion that is deep in your heart.

Now for us who have painstakingly made that change, don't let anything come in to make you feel strange. Once everyone else can truly feel and forever realize, let those come up and hear them say I apologize.

Remind me

By Dylan Pardon

These are the consequences of my decisions, My anticipation has risen for an outcome that likely results in prison.

I won't let this define me, I'm locked up but locked in and the past is behind me.

Remind me, what are we here for?

A second chance at life only gifted by the Lord. And it's up to us if we take it. This can be a good thing. It is what you make it.

Jail, a dark place full of light and with Jesus in your life you can be what shines bright.

I sleep all day and stay up all night, just trying to find something that makes me feel right.

Surrounded by many but still feel so alone, just trying to do what's right so I can go home.

Remind me, is this the path destined for me? Or do I have a greater destiny?

Love Doesn't Conquer All *By MC ****Trigger Warning*****

I'm certain I'll always think of you. You and I are best friends for life; we promised with child like innocence. Who knew life would sweep in carrying us apart as if we could ever say we were best friends once? The two people who made that promise no longer exist. Strangers walked away from each other. We had a lot of laughs. All the memories are tainted. The stranger I walked away from had the face of my best friend I grew up with. Maybe a little, thinner and older, but definitely your twin. I used to repeat over and over hate the addiction not the addict. It wasn't the Heroin's mouth that spit out lie after lie. It wasn't Meth's hands that hurt everyone you claimed to love. It wasn't Xanax's body that gave me a hug after months of disappearing. It wasn't all the drugs that you used that kept me up many nights worrying. Tearful moments of uncertainty. That was all you. You fed yourself the poison and proceeded to beg for me to see it was a disease. All the drugs were supposed to be an appropriate excuse for being treated the way you treated me. I was supposed to forgive you. I did. A lot. When you called, I never hesitated. When you left again pieces of my faith in you went with you. Eventually you took it all and I could no longer be best friend to the addiction. Maybe, I failed you some how or some way. Maybe, I saw things in a way that got in your way. Maybe, we were supposed to be best friends for life. I'm certain that when I think of you, I'm glad we are strangers now.

Spiritual

The Bible

By author unknown. Submitted by Paul Sanford

This book is the mind of God. It reveals the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers.

Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It's the travelers map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christians charter.

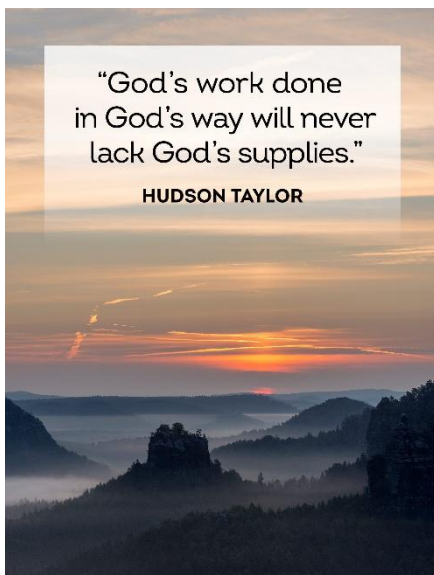
Here paradise is restored, heaven opened, and hell disclosed. Christ is its grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. Read it slowly, frequently, and prayerfully. Let it feel the memory, rule the heart and guide the feet. It is the mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened in the judgment, and remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the highest labor and will condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

God Bless You All

By Demtrius Dotson

I am here to tell you; I won't stop till I reach the true likeness and image of God. I won't stop till my faith is unwavering. Work through me Lord to show me true humility, true love, true faith, true integrity. Use me to imitate Christ even though I am a sinner. Shine through me in a dark world. In Jesus name I ask and pray.

Amen



H.O.P.E

By Miranda Fuller

At one point in my life when I thought of recovery I thought of words like impotent or inalienable for so long, I had convinced myself that true freedom was inaccessible to people like me. That is until I caught my first set of big boy charges and my first offer was 20 years at 30 percent. I felt defeated and angry. Angry at everything and everyone except the one person I should have been angry with, myself. I was mad at the system for trying to take my life away, but really, what life I was living. I was blind to the blessings that God was giving me at that point of my life. That was until 2 years later when I was granted a furlough to rehab, I will never forget that day mainly because it was my birthday and the first in two years, I had felt the sun on my face and heard the birds sing. That was the first time in a very long time that I had felt a sliver of HOPE. That word and feeling have stayed with me ever since. Even through the relapse and heartbreak because now I know it is possible. That we are all worthy of the life that we have always dreamed of and it is in reach. No matter how many times we stumble or even fall flat on our face as long as we keep hope and stay resilient, we too can experience the meaning of true freedom. My word is **Healing Odyssey Peace Endurance**, what is yours?

Day in the life of an Inmate





By Miranda Bumpus

I ain't even gonna lie, its 5 am in the morning and here I am sitting at this table, got about a hundred thoughts flowin through my head, looking at the phones, the boxes, wtf have I let my life come to. Yea, yea I know what you are thinking when you read these words: you gonna either roll your eyes or nod and agree. How about you don't do either. Try something new and listen to what you are hearing in your own head and heart. Me personally, I am tired of not having a door knob that everyone can open, a knob in the shower, and a toilet that doesn't need indigent deodorant to shine. I crave a new high and its hope. I am lucky enough to be given that chance and I am holding on with both hands or maybe a leg. You don't have to be in a program to get started. There is no better feeling than that smile in your heart when you get that "O Lord" moment and you think to yourself, I am gonna try this because if I fail, I fail myself and I'm gonna pick me up, no one else can pick you up. Because guess what? You control you, top to bottom. What you put in is up to you but I'll let you know whatever you put in make sure you can speak on it, be proud of it, you got to let go, give up the driver seat in order to get that control. I am done ranting and headed back to bed. Sorry about that and all before coffee.

ATTENTION

We are confident that BCJ is full of talent and we want to show that talent off inside and outside of these walls. We ask that you submit your talent! If there are any issues that you think we can fix to get more involvement let Transport Off. Caldwell know, please. All submissions need to be addressed to Transport Off. Caldwell. Here is a little of what we can put in the paper: artwork, poetry, recipes, testimonies, inspirational, spiritual, sports, news, mental health, wanting to know jail information, and much more! This paper is for YOU made by YOU! The more voices we have the more representation we will have.

The Weather

<u>Monday</u> 37/22	
<u>Tuesday</u> 40/22	
<u>Wednesday</u> 54/31	
<u>Thursday</u> 67/41	
<u>Friday</u> 75/47	

Thank you to everyone who made issue 7 possible! We are finally getting participation from a lot of different voices, so please be patient. If you do not see what you submitted keep reading. If you need pencil or paper to contribute to the paper let Transport Caldwell know.

