

# Somerset County Jail News Letter

July 2016

Summer is in full swing.

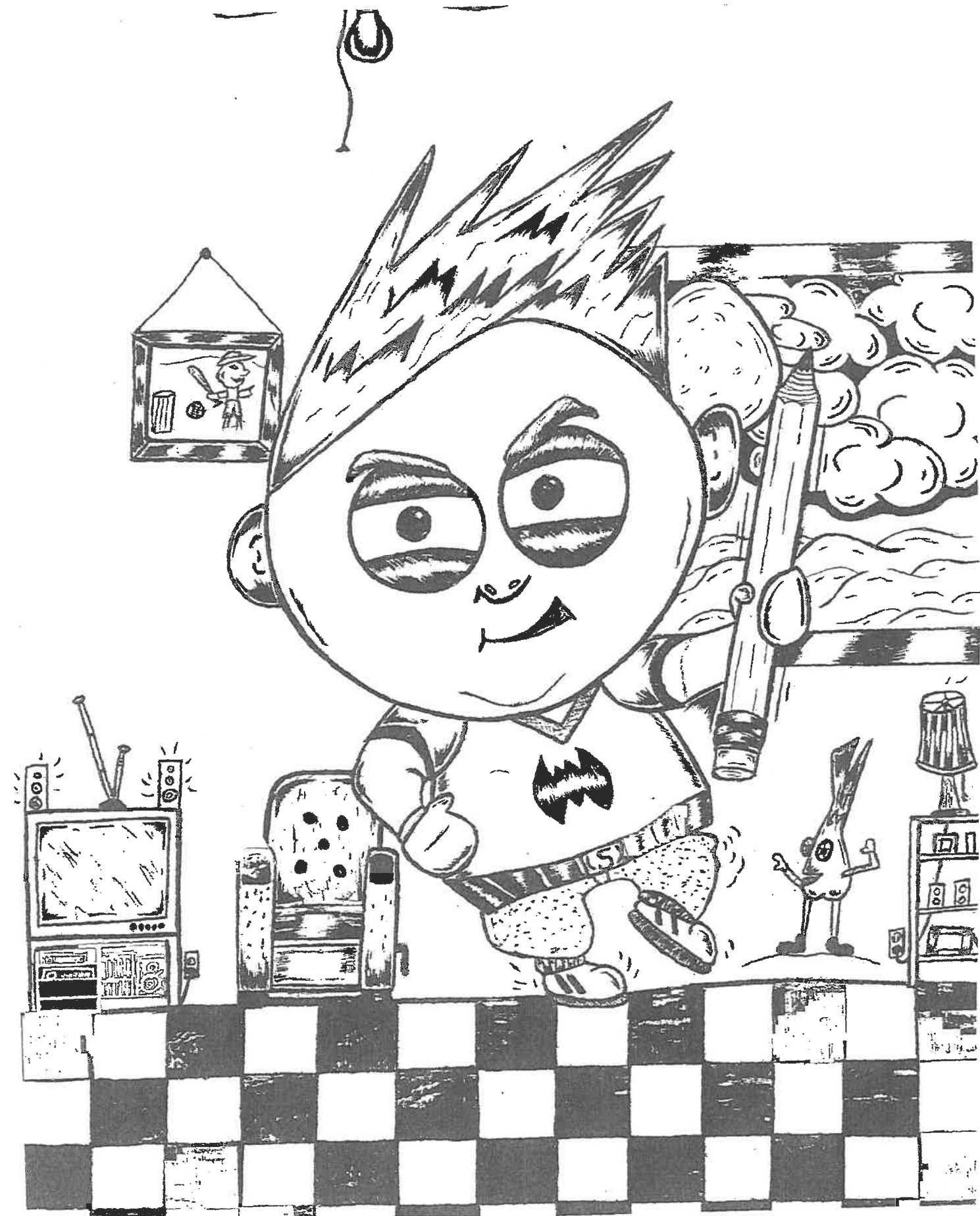


For those of you lucky enough to get out before it is over.

Please enjoy it.

**AND DON'T COME BACK.**

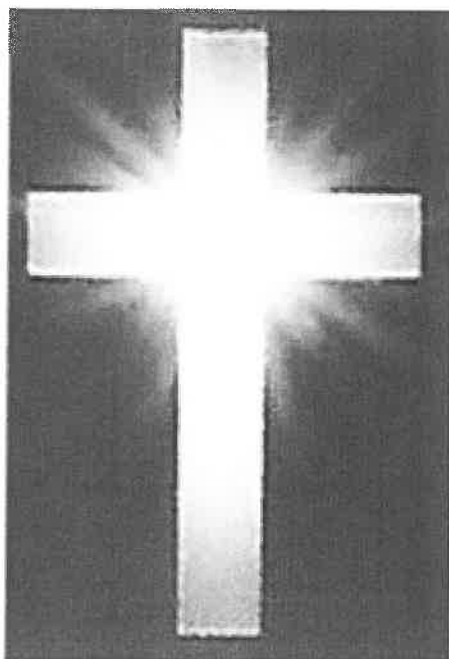


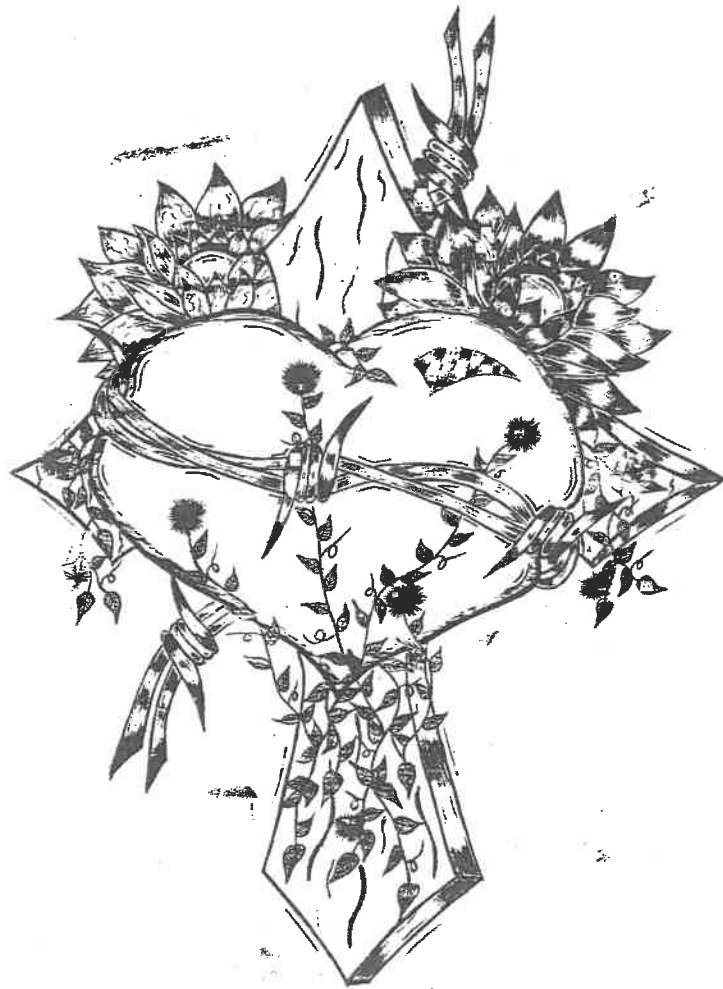
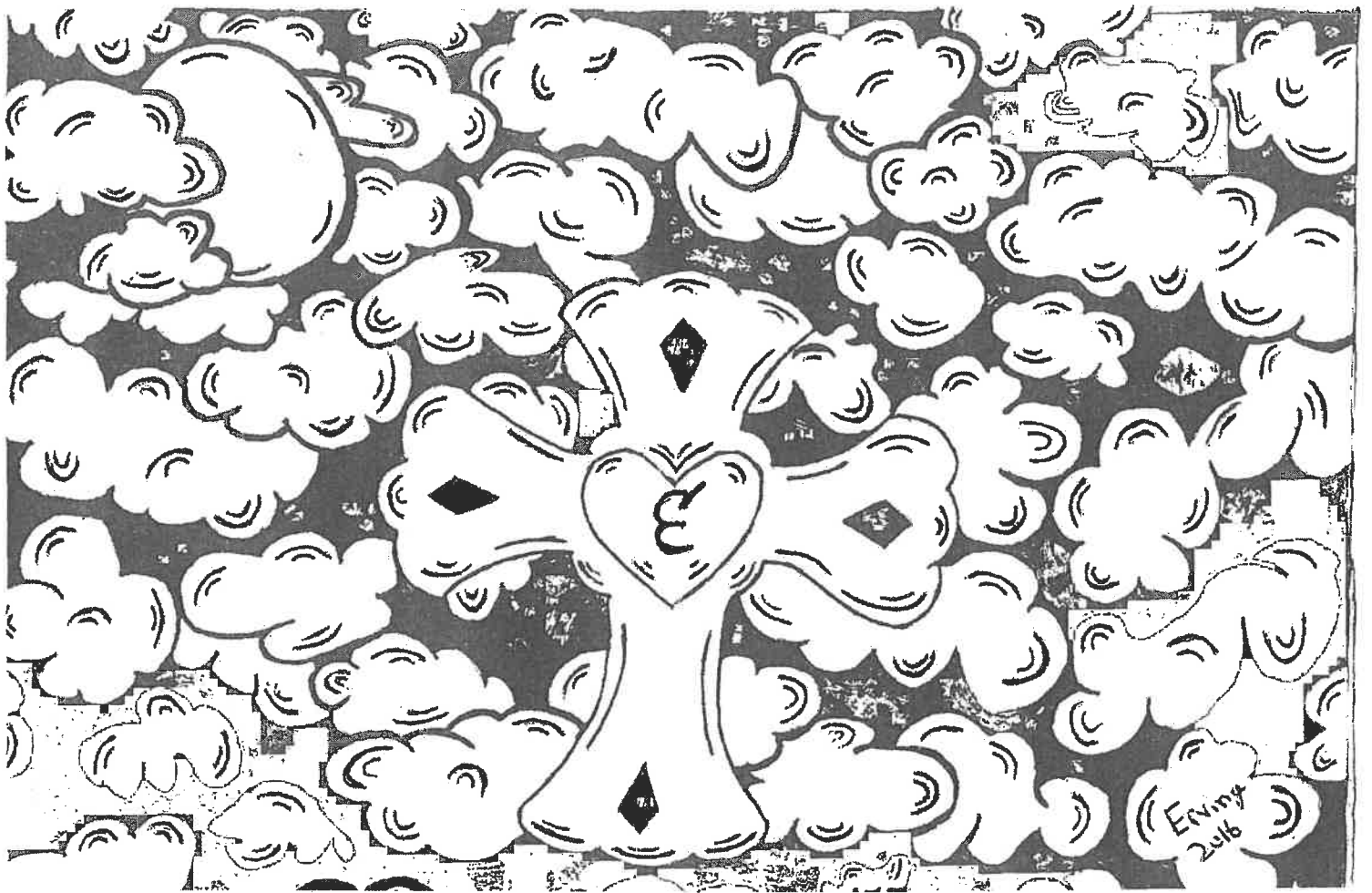


AS I LOOK BACK I LEARNED FROM THE PAIN OF LOSS IN MY LIFE, THE HARM OF THE LOSS AND THINGS THAT BROUGHT ME DOWN. I LOST EVERYTHING. IT WAS A LESSON TO SHOW ME THE LOVE OF JESUS. THE LOVE OF JESUS PULLED ME BACK FROM THE HELL I WAS HEADED TOO. SO I CAN TAKE ALL OF THE LESSONS AND HELP TEACH THE ONES LOST LIKE I WAS. I CAN SHOW ALL OF THEM THAT EVIL CAN STOP ACCEPT THE SHAME AND MOVE ON. DON'T GIVE UP. TOGETHER WE CAN HELP MAKE A DIFFERENCE AND HELP OTHERS TO GET MORE ENJOYMENT OUT OF LIFE. AT THE END OF THE DAY LOVE IS ALL WE REALLY NEED NOT DRUGS.

ONE TIME LOVE MEANT A NEW BIKE, DAD'S CARS AND MOM'S DRINKING. AT TIMES I SHOWED OF WHAT EVER I HAD THAT WAS NEW. I THOUGHT THAT WAS LOVE. MY KIDS CAME AND FOR A LONG TIME I THOUGHT WHEN THEY SAID I LOVE YOU DAD I HAD TO GET THEM SOME MATERIAL THING. THEN I MET SOMEONE THAT WAS VERY SPECIAL. I THOUGHT I HAD TO GIVE HER SO MUCH TOO. ALL THEY TRULY NEEDED WAS LOVE NOT THE MATERIAL THING. I LEARNED WHAT LOVE IS BY THE PAIN I HAVE CREATED FOR SO MANY OTHERS AND FOR MYSELF. THE LESSON I LEARNED ABOUT WHAT LOVE REALLY WAS MADE ME HAPPY.

MARK TASKER





Damien  
2016

*They say we can't look, smile, or kiss.  
They say we can't touch love or wish.  
Bars, steel, concrete between  
Were shooting stars almost never seen  
That's okay if we never speak.  
Maybe one day we will actually meet.  
We both have people on the outside.  
But you have opened my eyes wide.  
Time, what a strange thing  
Maybe all I desire is just one sting.  
I think about it and hear the whip.  
Listen and don't trip.  
I think I need a bottle with a genie in it.*



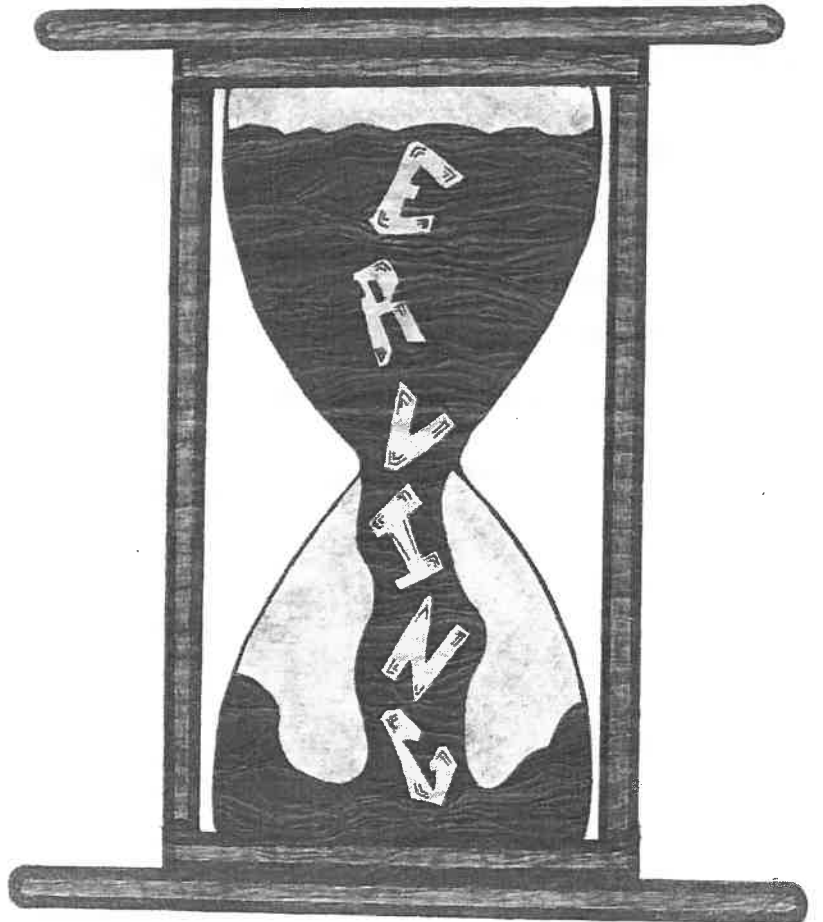
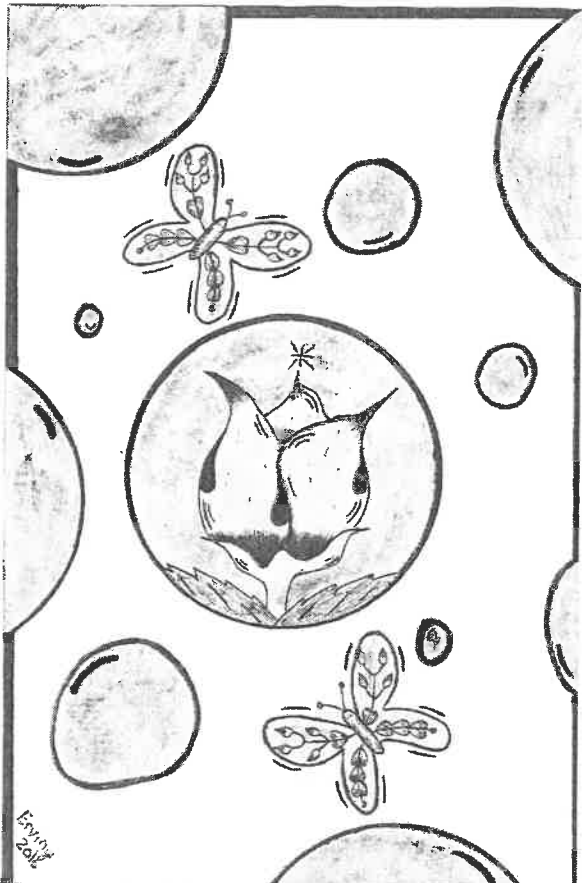
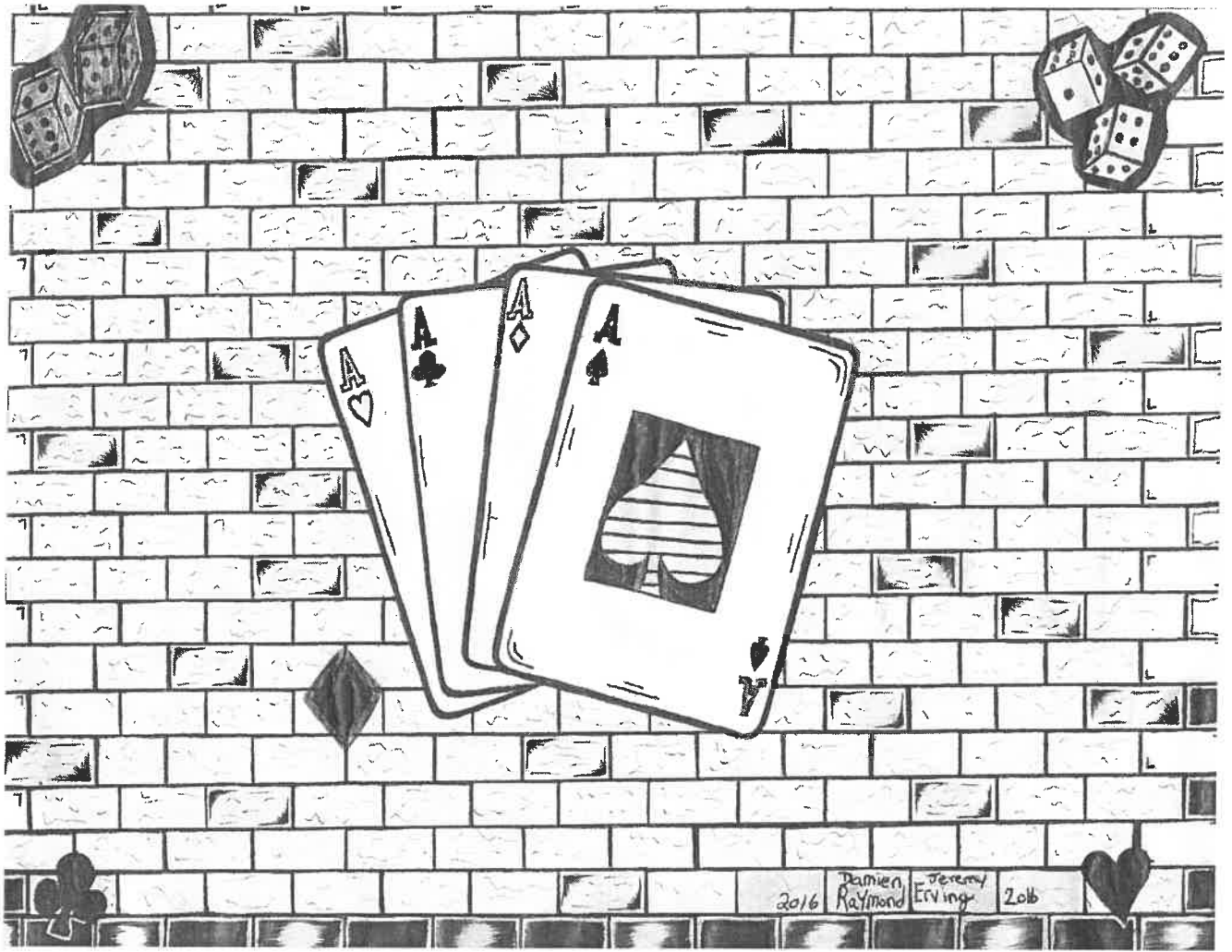
*Kayla S.*

Hearing for yesterday  
Desire takes me by the hand  
Leading to distraction  
Such a beautiful master plan  
Suspended in time  
A reminder of your face  
A whisper of what is  
Seems to echo in this place  
In the stillness  
I AM  
Tempted by tomorrow  
Trapped for eternity  
In the hopefulness that follows  
Present; This moment  
Searching only for the truth  
Knowing; I can rest  
For always  
It's been you.



M. Anderson









So this is the beginning of an experiment called a Potato Crib. The idea is to increase yield in a small area, often used in urban settings. Once the pallets were secured together, the dirt was filled in and a pound of potato seedlings were buried.



And here is the transplanting of daylilies...this donation of perennials will hopefully survive and flourish.