

Our mission is to free individuals from the cycle of crime and despair by providing them with holistic support after prison that generates hope, self- sufficiency and connection to the community.



Director's Corner

The month of October 2008 marks the Ten Year Anniversary of The Way Home! As I look back, it seems hard to believe that we have been serving the community for this long! For over 10 years we have been reaching out to those in prison and working with men and women as they leave the gates. I pray that The Way Home will continue to be at those gates as long as there is need for us to be there.

I will never forget the early days of The Way Home! Under the leadership of the Reverend Jim Lewis, we left the shelter of our church of St. Martha's of Bethany, and went through the prison gates. We heard that cold steel clank shut behind us, looked up at the coils of barbed wire, saw the dogs, felt the presence of men looking out behind the bars....but as we entered the Chapel, and began to share our stories and prayers with the inmates gathered there, the walls of fear and uncertainty started coming down.

Our work is tough work, challenging work. The men and women coming out of prison often are still

shackled by addictions, by emotional instability, by "prison thinking". But little by little, working together, being accountable, learning to trust, perhaps for the first time, learning to reach out for help when it is needed- we see Way Home participants taking giant strides – we see miracles! Many have been dismissed from the system for the first time in their lives; many are driving legally for the first time, many are gainfully employed, re-united with their families, going back to school and earning degrees and certificates, giving back, rather than taking from society. But change does not come easily. It takes work – persistent work. It takes encouragement. It takes someone walking along beside you when times get rough. In this newsletter, you will hear from some of our participants who are not only "talking the talk", they are "walking the walk".

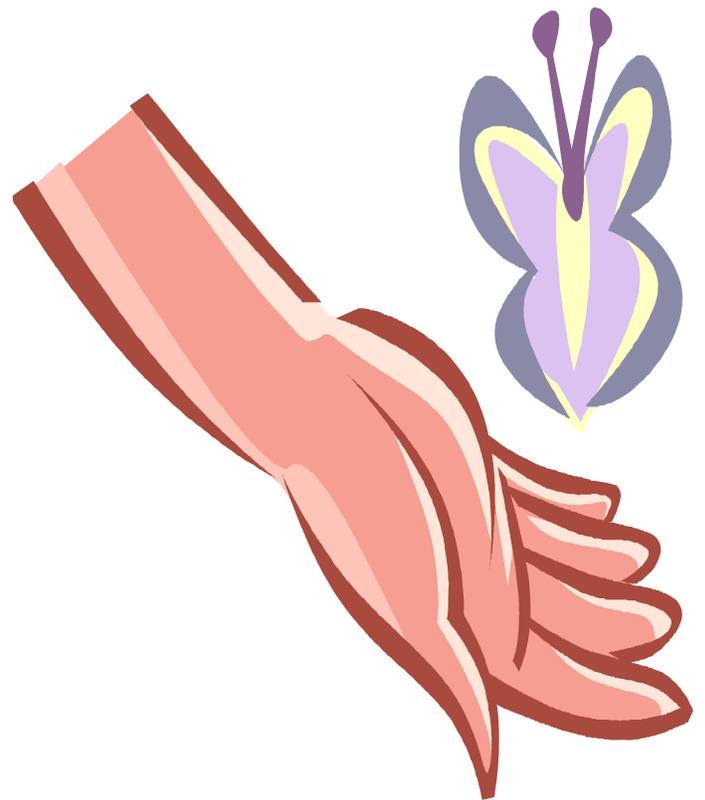
Our participants are some of the most creative, energetic, resourceful people that you might find anywhere. We encourage them to shift the focus of that creative energy – to bend it toward good, positive pursuits rather than negative ones.

When a brother or sister *does* fall, we are there to help them reflect on how they might have done things differently, and how they plan to boost their chances of success next time. No one is perfect. Sometimes we all have to repeat some of life's lessons until we get it right.

On November 15th, we will be celebrating our service to the community, and thanking all of you who have been of such tremendous help to this mission! We thank you- truly thank you- for every bar of soap, every hour spent in mentoring, every encouraging word, every tank of gas, every evening spent in sharing at the Men's House, every pair of work boots, every dollar, every prayer. Our dinner and program will be held at Saint George's Chapel in Harbeson, and will begin at 5:30 p.m in the Parish Hall. We would love for you to join us! Please RSVP to our office by November 10th.

In this time of harvest, when the fields are vibrant in golden and amber and the air is cool at night, when the trees are beginning to turn, and the morning fog burns off to reveal such astonishing beauty, we give thanks for the work God has given us to do – and

pray for the strength, discernment, and passion to serve well on this journey of transformation toward freedom, justice, and peace.





Look at the world, everything all
around us

Look at the world and marvel
every day.

Look at the world: so many joys
and wonders,
So many miracles along the way.

*Text from John Rutter's anthem
"Look at the World"*

Up Coming Events

November 15th
10 year Anniversary
Celebration

December 18th
Holiday Quarterly
Dinner
Georgetown Presbyterian
Church
6:30–8:30 p.m.

Ongoing support groups

Everlasting Hope

Wednesday nights 6–7:00 pm
Booker Street Church of God
Georgetown

Bridges to the Future

4th Monday of the month
7–9pm
Georgetown Presbyterian
Church
North Bedford Street
Georgetown

Way Home Women's Group

2nd and 4th Sundays
6:30–8pm
All Saints Episcopal Church
18 Olive Ave.
Rehoboth Beach





WAYNE'S WORLD

2009 Quarterly
Dinners/Community Gatherings

When:

March 19 6:30- 8:30 pm

June 18 6:30- 8:30 pm

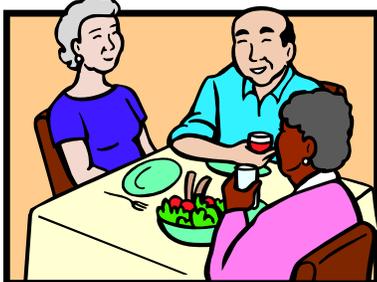
Sept. 17 6:30- 8:30 pm

Dec. 17 6:30- 8:30 pm

Where:

Georgetown Presbyterian Church
Tunnell Hall
North Bedford St.
Georgetown, De

**PLEASE make plans to
join us!**



My name is Wayne and this story is about me and how I changed my life. It began in prison just over 11 years ago. I was 47 years old and had already served 8 years of a 40 year sentence when a problem arose and I decided to take a man's life. As I returned to my cell to get the weapon, something or someone spoke to me with these words~ "WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT TO DO??" Well, I was sure I wasn't going to get out and I did not care what was going to happen with me. I was having thoughts of what I was really going to lose, my family being number one. On that day, September 17, 1997, I became a new person. I looked for a future outside the prison fences, my life inside became a goal to get out. I surrounded myself with the most positive people I knew. I started attending church and I joined the many groups that were there for me.

In 2004 my second parole date came and on that day all of my efforts to become a positive person in and out of prison were recognized. I was granted parole

with the conditions that I attend a program called The Way Home, Inc. I wrote to them and told them of my parole conditions and asked what they wanted of me. Shortly after, while I was going through the Crest Program, I was interviewed. It went well for being the person I had worked so hard to become. I was open and honest with Ms. Barbara with every question asked. When I finally got to the point in Crest where I finally could attend The Way Home meetings, I went eagerly to meet others in the program. I found it very easy to open –up, to tell of my journey and my life change. Most of all, I found The Way Home staff to be caring and loving people. They were there when I ran into a few problems; where to live, and clothing. The Way Home has been my support, my family—they look out for me. They are always concerned about my well-being and are always there when I need them!

My hat goes off to this wonderful group of people that entered my life as strangers and became family. Thank you for all your efforts and for caring for me. This has made a big difference in my life just knowing that there are

people who care for me!! Thanks and keep up the good work!! I love you all!!



HELP WANTED

The Way Home is always looking for individuals would be willing to:

~be mentors to a participant

~visit someone in prison who receives few visits

~be a pen pal to a participant

~help with transportation

~help organize a clothing/coat/necessity drive

~work with your church or civic organization to hold an annual fundraiser or give an annual pledge to The Way Home

~serve on one of our committees

~ help with job search/job contacts for Way Home Participants

~pray for prisoners, ex-offenders, all work in our correctional institutions, and the community

~financial donations

~identify a house or a piece of land that could serve as a Transitional Home



NEWSLETTER

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Thank you to everyone who is playing
such a vital role in helping The Way
Home
keep reaching out to those leaving the
prisons!

This list cannot name everyone. **Please
know that you are truly appreciated.**

The many individuals who give of their
time, talent, and treasure!

Churches, Synagogues, and centers of
Worship across

The State of Delaware

Individual Donors

Episcopal Diocese of Delaware

Our anonymous Patron

Lewes/Rehoboth Association of

Churches

Speer Trust Foundation

The Southeast Sussex Ministerium

Good Samaritan, Inc.

The Christian Storehouse

Cooperative Mortgage

All Saints' Church &

St. Georges Chapel

Discover Bank

Laffey-McHugh Foundation

St. Mark's and St. Martin's Churches

Georgetown Presbyterian Church

Sussex County Council

Booker Street Church of God

Dagsboro Church of God

St. Paul's Episcopal Church,

St. Martha's Episcopal Church,

St. Vincent de Paul Society

Milton & Hattie Kutz Foundation

Female Benevolent Society

Village Improvement Association

Megee Motors

Westminster Presbyterian Church

Ocean View Presbyterian Church

Lewes Presbyterian Church

Children & Families First

Episcopal Church Women of Delaware

Quota International Club of Wilmington

Dept. of Corrections

The Office of Probation

Criminal Justice Council

RSVP

God's Way

Georgetown/Millsboro Rotary Club

*Our Dedicated Board, staff, volunteers,
and mentors!*

**We cannot thank you
enough!!**

The Healing Arts

For over four years, I have been leading or co-leading sessions in the educational wing of the Delores J. Baylor Women's Correctional Institution in New Castle. These sessions are entitled "Expressive Arts for Healing & Empowerment", and spring from a true belief, not only of mine, but of many others, that the arts often hold important keys to self-knowledge and healing.

While leading the sessions in the women's prison, I am struck, time and time again, with the incredible feeling of freedom and release that is actually palpable in the room. The women often open up; uncovering old wounds and finding new pathways and new resolve to move forward. We cannot heal until we can allow our wounds to speak; until we give ourselves space to listen. We can truly rejoice as we reach new depths of understanding and reconciliation. This work is an on-going process that goes right to the core.

Before each session, I encourage the women to dismiss their inner critics. Yes, we all have them! It might have been a teacher, a parent, a supervisor, a spouse - it doesn't matter who they were or are. For the hours that we are together in our Expressive Arts class, I ask the women to send their inner critics out for coffee – preferably to the far reaches of Minnesota and beyond!!! "From your heart to the paper!" is a favorite mantra, and as we write, sculpt, paint, draw, do collage, play musical instruments, or sit respectfully listening to our sisters sharing their work, we are truly in a different world. In the presence of that collective creative spirit and

energy, the prison walls melt away, and we are together in a sacred space.

Last year, one of the teaching assistants passed away suddenly and tragically. She had just been approved for Parole; she was focused on going home to be with her daughter and new grandbaby. For years, Maria had been such a helpful, encouraging presence in the classroom, working with those who had trouble reading, getting out supplies, clearing up the debris from our creativity – all with a smile, and such a warm, respectful attitude and way of being. The writings from inmates and guest artists alike are being gathered into a special Anthology in her memory. She will not be forgotten.

Various artists and poets have accompanied me into the women's prison and into the Sussex Correctional Institution for Poetry Festivals, writing workshops, and Expressive Arts classes. Some of these artists are Carol Peck, Poet of the Schools from Maryland, Judith Prest, my dearest childhood friend, fellow poet, LMSW and Expressive Arts practitioner, who is from upstate New York, and Marco Hernandez, musician, social activist, and passionate advocate of Fair Trade, from Bethany Beach.



Charito Calvachi-Mateyko, Restorative Justice Practitioner from Lewes, will join us this month to lead the women in a Circle meditation, which will be followed by creative writing exercises and art work. In this issue, we hope that you will enjoy some writing that comes from deep within us.

No matter if it is music that we create with Marco's colorful and resonant instruments and drums, art work made with hands, or words stitched onto the paper from the depths of our hearts, this work is healing work that somehow takes us far beyond the prison walls, and far beyond ourselves. Please enjoy some of our offerings.....and keep this very special ministry in your thoughts and prayers.

~Barbara Del Mastro



Reflections on Expressive Arts "Inside the Walls"

Judith Prest, LMSW, October 13, 2008

July 2008 marked the fourth year I have traveled to Delaware (my birth-state); to visit my dear friend Barbara AND to do expressive arts work in the Dolores J. Baylor Women's Correctional Institution. I feel very

fortunate to have the opportunity once a year to do this work.

I came to expressive arts through poetry, starting about 12 years ago when I began writing again after a 20+ year detour. I have found creative writing, collage and many other forms of artistic expression to be soul nourishing and healing for me. Several years ago, I chose to pursue a certificate in Expressive Arts Therapy so I could bring this into my social work practice. I have done expressive arts work with groups in middle and high school classrooms, in addiction treatment centers, inner city after-school programs and retreat center workshops, and thanks to Barbara, in the Delaware prison system as well.

I think that what I love the best about bringing expressive arts "inside the walls" is the sense of freedom that comes to the participants as they enter their creative minds and begin to work with form, with color, with sound, with words. Every year I am humbled by the depth and breadth of talent, creativity and resilience that I see expressed by the women we are privileged to work with at Baylor. I feel much honored to be able to witness and facilitate this process. And in expressive arts, although the "products" may indeed be deeply moving and breathtakingly beautiful, the real treasures are the shifts that happen for people as they enter into the PROCESS of allowing their creativity to emerge.

This July, we focused on "Peace", as each individual participant defines it - inner peace, peace in relationships, communities, countries and civilizations. I came with wedges cut from poster board, markers, stickers and thousands of images from magazines and calendars - each woman got a "piece of the pie" and every eight pieces created "Peace Mandala" - a circle about two feet in diameter, which represented individual and collective visions for peace. This was followed by a "free write" in which participants continued the creative process begun with the collage work and wrote from the visual images they had made. Many women were willing to share their words with the group, and so were able to give voice to their visions for peace, their reflections on the process and/or whatever this process touched in them.

Once again, the education room was filled with the magic of women creating, risking, reflecting and sharing. I could hear each woman's authentic voice emerging. It was clear to me that many of the participants truly desire to transform their lives and are working hard to do so. I believe that opportunities for reflection and creative expression are vital parts of this process, and am grateful to Barbara and The Way Home for allowing me to be a small part of it once a year.



Metamorphic

Is it sick
or strange I wonder
to hold the
memory of pain
gently in my palm
turning it
over and over
a precious gem?

If I hold pain
in my hand
will it warm to body temperature?
Will it respond
to the heartbeat
echoing so faintly
in the tiny veins of my palm?

Is it strange to squeeze
the jewel of pain
in my fist, to crush
it with its own weight?
Is it crazed to wish this
lump of suffering
into a sparkling diamond,
into a vehicle of light?

Judith Prest

Catonsville

Coming down from Catonsville
Big Sky....
Your Gaze
steadying my descent....
Did I hear what I thought I heard?

Catonsville mud
baptizing my sneakers...
river rock-warm greeting...
my body rested, fed
long strides, salt, sweat...
fawns flashing up,
melting into summers open arms...
beech leaves suspended
in the thick air
like silent haiku...

little wrens-
flitting apostrophes
in rambling garden prose...
tangible sweetness...

Did I hear what I thought I heard
sitting on the tree at dusk
drinking in your strength, your peace,
your patience?

Evening bell...
round, golden sound
gathering the loose ends of the day...
Peace coming in like high tide...
Breath of God in the ancient poplars...
O, my teacher...
Better to be called a fool
than to turn from You
pretending not to hear
the words
that fill my heart
that melts my bones
that brings me to my senses more
and more...

Hold me fast, Lord
Forever.

~Barbara Del Mastro

The population here at Baylor Women's Correctional Institution has thoroughly enjoyed the partnership that has been established between BWCI and The Way Home Program's creative writing workshops. Barbara Del Mastro has enabled our women to express their feelings, some for the first time, through free-style poetry. Being in a prison environment, our women have fought to conceal their emotions past and present. Through their poetry, the women have expressed their grief and sorrow around immeasurable layers of loss. In many cases this has been the beginning of the healing process. On occasion, my students have expressed to me how much better they felt finally being able to convey their innermost thoughts. We have cried together, laughed together and in many cases shouted to the world – I AM SOMEBODY.

~Harriette Rensch
ABE Instructor- BWCI



I AM A WOMAN

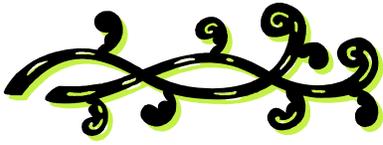
I AM A WOMAN WHO ENJOYS
PEACE,
MY WORD I KEEP
I'VE BEEN KNOW TO STAND FOR
THINGS
I BELIEVE IN.

BEING HUMBLE IS SOMETHING
I'M BEGINNING TO LEARN,
IF YOU WANT MY LOVE,
IT'S SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO
EARN.

I AM A WOMAN, WHO SEES
THE BEAUTY BENEATH THE SKIN.
WE ALL BLEED RED
AND,
HAVE A BEATING HEART
THAT
HOLDS
COMFORTS
AND
HURTS WITHIN.

SO IF YOU WANT TO JOURNEY
WITH ME IN A LIFE THAT IS FREE
YOU GOT TO
ACCEPT MY KIDS,
MY GOD AND MY FAMILY
BECAUSE
THEY ARE ALWAYS GOING TO BE
WITH ME!

~TAMMY E. BWCI



I USED TO.....

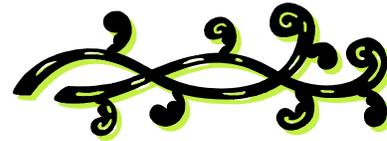
I USED TO BE DEAD INSIDE
 BUT
 NOW I AM LIVING
 I'M LEARNING,
 WHO I AM.

I'M LEAVING EVERYTHING IN THE
 PAST

I'M BRINGING MY CHILD AND
 MY HEART WITH ME
 INTO THE FUTURE.
 I'M LOOKING
 FORWARD TO LEARNING
 AGAIN

YESTERDAY,
 MY NAME WAS –
 SHAME!
 TODAY,
 MY NAME IS –
 NEVER ENDING!
 TOMORROW,
 MY NAME WILL BE –
 FORGIVENESS!

~CHRISTINA M.
 BWCI



Who Am I

I am loved by God.

I am a child of God.
 I am precious and part of a royal
 priesthood.

In me lies dreams and hopes.
 There has never been another me.
 There is not another me and there
 will never be another me.

I am UNIQUE.

~Sussex Correctional Institution
 2002 Poetry Festival

Tony's Time

Wow! Look at the time! Where has it gone! It's something, about Time and Prisons. But the time I spend with the people in The Way Home Program has made an impact on my life.

The Bible says that there is a time and a season for everything and a time to every purpose under heaven. This program has helped bring broken people together, and throughout the broken pieces there have been found many blessings of healing.

I have seen people go through pain, struggle, misunderstanding....and they didn't know if they were coming or going, but through it all, they held on to the broken pieces.

Paul says in Acts when he was on the ship with the prisoners, "Except you abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." By listening to Paul, and riding out the storm, and holding on to broken pieces after the ship was damaged, they made it.

It reminds me of purpose. We all have a purpose but sometimes that purpose comes in a lot of broken ways.

If we can just hang in there and hold steadfast – if we can be unmovable – then we can say with Job, "I am going to wait until my change comes. It may be today or it may be tomorrow, but I'm going to wait."

Tony Neal Lead Case Manager

