

Fall 2011

You are a lion's cub, Judah; you return from the prey, my son. Like a lion he crouches and lies down, like a lioness—who dares to rouse him? The scepter will not depart from Judah, nor the ruler's staff from between his feet, until he to whom it belongs shall come and the obedience of the nations shall be his. He will tether his donkey to a vine, his colt to the choicest branch...

GENESIS 49:9-11

Robert S., CO

Sammy V., MI


Crossroad
Journal of the

Arts

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Fred F., PA

CALL FOR ENTRIES:

CBI students are invited to submit artwork for the Crossroad Inmate Art Gallery, located at CBI headquarters in Grand Rapids, Michigan. CBI also welcomes submissions of artwork and poetry for the *Crossroad Journal of the Arts*, a quarterly publication.

You must be a CBI student or graduate to submit material for the gallery or journal. If you are not a student but are interested in becoming one, please write to us and request an enrollment form.

When submitting artwork and poetry, include your name, your ID number, your complete address, the title of your work and, when applicable, the medium (material and/or technique) used. An artist statement is welcome, though not required. Only original work will be accepted. No depictions of Jesus or copyrighted images (such as Disney characters) will be published. All submissions become the sole property of Crossroad Bible Institute.

CBI regrets that, due to the volume of excellent work submitted, we cannot publish everything that we receive.

Crossroad Journal of the Arts
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Crossroad Bible Institute seeks to publish only original authors. However, the original authorship of the poems and artwork in *Crossroad Journal of the Arts* cannot be guaranteed.



President's Perspective

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| Tips for
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Addiction | 1 How Do I Know If I'm an Addict? |
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Run the Triangle Offense

by Dr. David Schuringa

Everyone knows that Phil Jackson is the greatest basketball coach of all time. Eleven NBA championships will cement his legacy in the Hall of Fame for years. The centerpiece of his winning ways was the triangle offense. In this article, you will learn how to run another version of the triangle offense—a version aimed at winning over addictions.

Jackson's triangle offense was complicated. This one is simple. Also an example of a "feedback loop," it is a game plan for overcoming addiction that provides you with an opportunity to become acutely aware of the details of your habit(s). This awareness breeds champions.

Rather than stumbling in the fog, with addictions sweeping you along, you take control with scientific precision to observe exactly what is happening. This is a vital way to go on the offensive and overcome your most vicious opponent, denial. The triangle offense contains three steps: record, review and reflect.

Step 1: Record

Every day, keep track of the extent of your involvement in the addiction(s). Count how many drinks or hits you take, how many cigarettes or joints you smoke or how much you gamble, recording this on a scrap of paper you keep with you.

At the end of the day, document the totals for each addiction on a calendar or in a diary. If you don't keep a log, you won't remember, or your figures will be imprecise. Then the fog remains; denial wins.

Keep your record confidential so that you have no reason to be dishonest in recording your data. You are wasting your time if you fudge the figures. And remember, the bad dog will be barking to blur your memory.

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Step 2: Review

The next step, perhaps best taken the following morning, is to review objectively how the last day went and how it compares to previous days. Graphing the daily stats will visually enhance your debriefing.

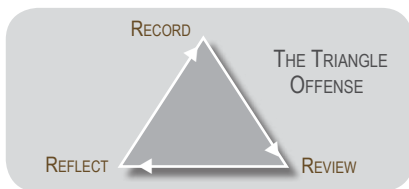
Carefully analyze the data you've collected. The data doesn't lie. Be unbiased and detached, not judgmental or hard on yourself, as you investigate. How much was consumed? Is it increasing or decreasing? Is there any pattern emerging? Are there certain days that it has accelerated or decelerated? Why? Do any particular events seem to cause fluctuations?

Write down a summary of your analysis.

Step 3: Reflect

Finally, in the last step, reflect on the day and your addiction(s), as well as the history that is accumulating. Consider what might happen if you continue this pattern. Weigh the consequences of your actions. Ponder the possibilities of progress. Do you desire to increase or decrease your involvement the next day? Consider how to set things in the direction you'd prefer to go. Contemplate what to do next. Visualize what the data will look like in your next entry.

Meditate on your ultimate Source of strength and courage.



Then, with the start of a new day, begin again at Step 1. Keep running the offense daily, as long as you have the addiction(s). Carefully keep your record and, in a few months, you will have valuable information demonstrating that your addiction is diminishing, or that more drastic measures are necessary.

The triangle offense works because it helps you clearly see your behavior. You are made in the image of God (Genesis 1:27). In Christ, you are experiencing the renewal of your mind (Romans 12:2). Therefore, you can change your behavior as you clear the haze that inevitably creeps in with denial.

Though we will also discuss how others can help you on your journey, the triangle offense is a winning strategy because at heart, a believer can in great measure be self-correcting. Never forget that you are a new creature; you are more than a champion in Him who loves you (Romans 8:37). Someday, you too will be in the Hall of Fame (cf. Hebrews 11).



Michael K., IL



Raymond M., AZ

God's Instrument

Carlos G., CA

I'm no more than God's instrument
It is for this that I have been given
These gifts of poetry and artwork
And the power and inspiration that generate from them

I am a spirit, an artist and a poet
Forming words to give light to people's minds
About this place and, of course, giving hope to those seeking it
Through God's gifts given to me

From this remote, redwood and sea-locked dungeon
My ideas and skills are sharpened to the hilt
Unlocking new doors and bringing new light
To this cold, dark dungeon of Pelican Bay

This I have seen in the stars and the moon
Heard it in the wind
God told me this I was born for

So ladies and gentlemen, my pen will continue to flow
Praying that the power and inspiration reach you
As my words and drawings continue to form
As God's instruments of hope

Luis M., CT



Henry C., CA

Guilty

Henry C., CA

He is gracious, merciful and most loving of all.
He is my Father, my everything, and He
sustains me each and every time I fall.

He is my soul mate, He is my dearest friend.
He is Alpha and Omega, He is the beginning
and the end.

He strengthens my spirit, He soothes my soul.
In Him there is peace, love and joy; He keeps
me whole.

He is God Almighty, the King of Kings, and
without Him I would fail
Just like a ship without a sail.

And my love for God is love in the first degree,
And for the crime of loving Him, I plead guilty!



Gene D., TX

Glimpses of Glory: A Poem of Testimony

Kevin B., NC

Afflicted and exiled, reaping the consequences of the wrong choices I've made,
Led to this place by a divine intervention, my life being rescued and saved.
My mind shackled with sin while darkness encompassed my shattered heart,
Temporarily chastised by a loving Father, essentially for my fresh start.
Exposing my faults while supernaturally empowering my talents so I may be
The man God has called me to become, while opening my blinded eyes to see.
Ever learning the truth as I mature in God's wisdom, love and grace,
Understanding for such a time as this, it is God's will for me to be in this place.
From selfish to selfless, by humbly allowing Him to increase while I decrease more,
With complete submission and dependence on Him, trusting He'll open the door
In God's perfect timing, when He sees the motives and purity of my heart.
Amidst the downpour of the storm, searching for the words of prayer to impart,
From a broken and contrite heart, I cried out, "O Lord, please allow me to see
The good Your Word promises these burdensome trials will bring to me."
Then I saw a great congregation with their hands raised high, feeling God's presence so nigh,
Praising my Savior with my loved ones by my side on a mountain of victory so high.
I now have hope through these glimpses of glory God has allowed me to see,
Through the heat of this fire, His sufficient grace will soon make it a reality.
This prison has brought me much pain and suffering, but through it all,
Here is where I decided to stop running and answered the Lord's call.
I know the plans He has for me are nothing but good, so here I am Lord—send me.
You've made beauty from my ashes, casting my sins into the depths of the sea.
Through this furnace of fire and the rains of the storms, I will proclaim the story,
That my Savior lives and loves me, reminding me through these glimpses of glory.

Eddie A., AR



Trees of Life

Steven P., IN

Look at the trees
The way they move to and fro, praising God
The way the leaves turn like hands in the desert
When they know God will quench their thirst
The way the leaves fall to the ground to give new life
In the new season, new life begins
The way the birds, squirrels and raccoons seek shelter in them
As we seek shelter in our Father
The way the oak stands firm with its strong roots
Like God the Father builds up our sure foundation
The way the willow tree drinks from the river
As we drink from God's Word
The way the pine grows tall toward heaven
As we lift our hands and voice toward heaven
The way the acorn nut grows from the very start
As we start from the seed of faith
The way the cedar tree has such beauty and smell
Like our beautiful Father in heaven
The way the wind blows through the small bush
As our Father breathes life into us when we are low
The way the hedges are trimmed away
As God the Father trims off our pain and sorrow
The way the bark protects the trees
As our Father protects our souls
The way the tree lays down its life for our homes and shelter
As the Father laid down His life for our eternal shelter in heaven
God's love is higher than a pine tree
Stronger than an oak tree
His love goes deeper than the roots of a willow
Praise God for all of His love as
He whispers to my soul
As the wind whispers through the trees

Stevan W., CO



John S., TX

God's Creation

Robert P., MI

What a beauty of God's creation,
What a blessing and gift of grace.
We are all to be thankful for
God allowing a secret and quiet place.

Where I can look at all the golds and reds
On the trees that change color from year to year,
Where I realize I have the perfect artist,
Who created all landscapes so precious and dear.

Every scene that I happen to gaze upon,
God created it especially for me.
He did this to bring me a moment of peace
So I can live out my life abundantly.

So the next time you stumble upon some site
That seems too beautiful to be true,
Remember that God created that place
And sculpted it especially for you.

Mi Amigo Fiel

Vallon S., SC

Sola, yo estoy en este triste mundo.
Fui a las montañas altas hasta al mar profundo.
Mis lágrimas de la soledad yo derramé,
Y mis esperanzas y mis sueños, casi las tiré
Hasta que mi Amigo Fiel me inspiró
Y me contó que Él vivió en este mundo.

Sus palabras me dieron más fe
Y Él me dijo que será conmigo ahora y siempre
Y aunque no soy perfecta ni santa,
Él me seguirá amando aunque mucho me falta.
Él me mostró Sus manos y yo ví
Un hombre lleno del amor y yo le di...

Estas palabras: "Yo creo en Tí."
Él, mi Amigo Fiel, se puso muy feliz.
Y aunque mis lágrimas sigo derramar,
Mi Amigo Fiel siempre me va a consolar.
Pues, Él dio Su vida para salvarme,
Para que yo pueda ser Su amiga ahora y siempre.

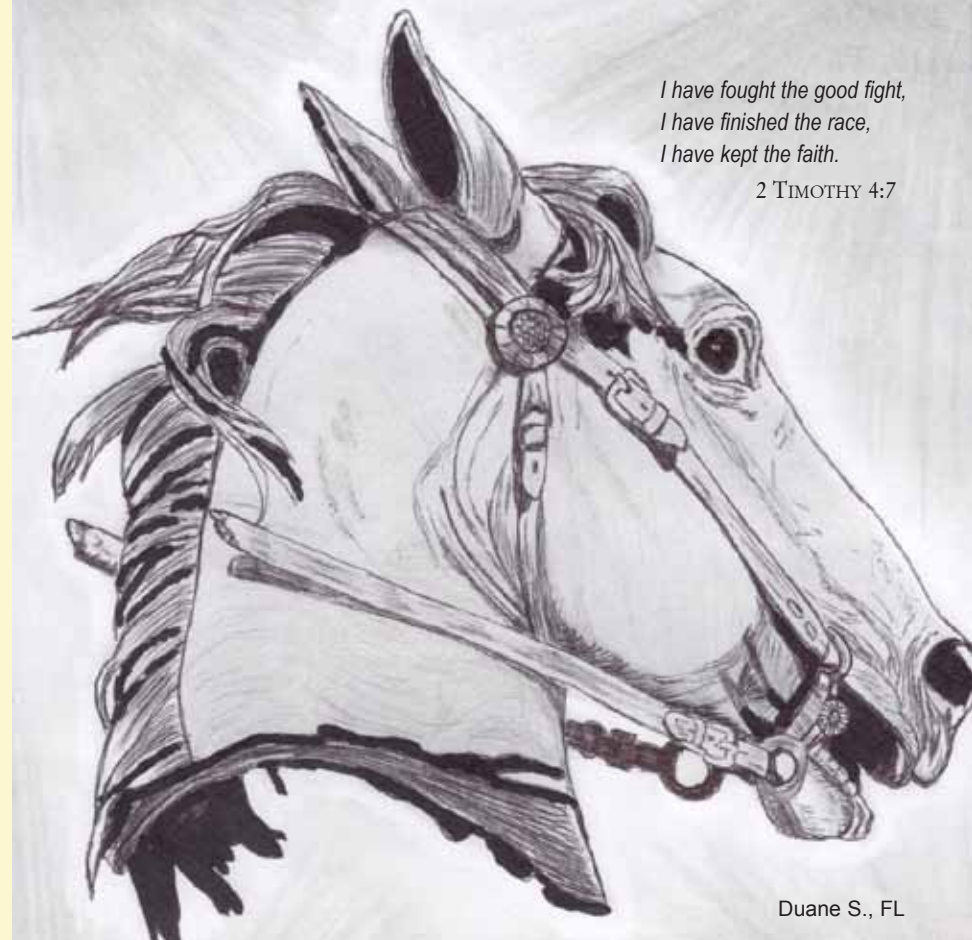
My Faithful Friend

Vallon S., SC

Alone I am in this sad world.
I went from the tall mountains down to the deep sea.
My lonely tears I shed,
And my hopes and my dreams I almost threw away
Until my Faithful Friend encouraged me onward
And told me that He once lived in this world.

His words gave me more faith
And He told me that He will be with me, now and forever,
And although I am not perfect nor holy,
He will keep loving me even though I fall short.
He showed me His hands, and I saw
A man full of love. And I offered Him...

These words: "I believe in You."
He, my Faithful Friend, was happy.
And although my tears keep streaming down,
My Faithful Friend will always comfort me.
You see, He gave His life to save me,
So that I could be His friend, now and forever.



*I have fought the good fight,
I have finished the race,
I have kept the faith.*

2 TIMOTHY 4:7

Duane S., FL



Ricardo V. Jr., OR

Going Home

Tony E., Australia

I'm drifting back in my mind
To the things I left behind
Remembering hot summer days
The games we used to play
Days of laughter and rope swings
There were bumps, scrapes and bee stings
Running so fast you thought you could fly
There wasn't anything you wouldn't try
The world was yours to explore
Those days are gone forevermore

I'm all grown and old
Maybe there's one more adventure to be told
One more horizon to head for
To be free once more
When it's all been done
As the last dance ends and last song is sung
I will be going home to God in heaven
With the new body I'll be given
There'll be running, singing and laughter
This will begin my greatest adventure



Charles G., AL

ARTIST STATEMENT

In all of the darkness, in the midst of the bad luck, the guilt, the shame, all of the close calls, there was always a candle of hope burning. That candle was and is my precious Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

You Found Me

Hannah S., AL

You found me in the dark
When evil blew my candle out
You took my hand and walked with me
Since then I've had no doubt

You found me in the depths
When evil pushed me off the pier
You wrapped me in Your peace
Since then I've had no fear

You saved me from sin
When temptation sought my heart
You touched my cheek and smiled at me
I know we'll never part

CBI

Forrest M., TX

Crossroad Bible Institute,
Where soldiers are true!
We fight the enemy
With the sword of truth.

The armor of God,
From head to toe,
In the midst of battle,
We never run nor fold.

Jesus our Savior,
He leads our force.
We're an army of one
And forward we march.

The Watchman stays ready,
All day and night.
He died on the cross
So we may know life.

Crossroad Bible Institute,
Where soldiers are true!
Our light shines bright
And we're waiting for you!



Michael S., OH

Anxious

Michael P., NY

As I await my release, I'm filled with anxiety.
I wonder what they'll think, what they'll do—
I'm talking about a fearful and angry society.

I wonder who'll cast that first stone.
I wonder if they'll let me coexist with them.
I wonder if they'll come running and chase me from my home.

I wonder if they'll greet me with a "Welcome back!"
I wonder if I'll hear, "It's good to see you."
Or will they turn a blind eye, and mumble this or that?

I wonder how soon their fingers will point, how soon their mouths will judge.
I wonder if there is one that will greet me with
An easy smile and a gentle hug.

Yes, I'm filled with anxiety, that's for sure,
But I also remember what Jesus said in Matthew 5:44.
To everyone reading this, please pray for me
as I get ready to walk out of this prison door.



Anthony S., IL

Set Apart

Charles M., TX

Set apart from all that's dark
Called out from what you used to be
Your name has been spoken
by heaven's own voice
Today is the day to render your choice
To walk a new walk and dance a new dance
It's not easy to always choose the right
Old ways and ideas still struggle and fight
Be diligent in all you do and everything you think
God's Word is living water; it's free for all to drink
So before you leave your bed and all the temptations start
Remind yourself each morning—you've been set apart

CROSSROAD INMATE ART GALLERY

New Art on Display

Congratulations to the following CBI students for the recent addition of their artwork to the gallery, located at CBI headquarters in Grand Rapids, Michigan!

Allen V., PA	<i>Woman's Faith</i>
Antonio P., GA	<i>Christ's Love</i>
Brent M., TX	<i>Ephesians 4:22-24</i>
Brian K., PA	<i>Cross</i>
Bruce P., WV	<i>Psalms 34:6-7</i>
Carlos A., OH	<i>Envelope</i>
Charles A., IL	<i>Angels</i>
Christopher G., OH	<i>Envelope</i>
Clyde T., PA	<i>Den of Faith</i>
Darrell J., AR	<i>Eve</i>
Donald N., CO	<i>Peace in the Kingdom</i>
Earl E., SC	<i>Fish</i>
Ed H., PA	<i>Envelope</i>
Eddie A., AR	<i>Envelope (4)</i>
Ezequiel L., WI	<i>Indian Cross</i>
Fred F., PA	<i>Envelope</i>
Gene D., TX	<i>Noah</i>
Gilford A., TX	<i>Mountain River</i>
James D., IN	<i>From Prison to Praise</i>
James F., CA	<i>Envelope (2)</i>
Johnny V., MI	<i>Beauty in a Dark Storm</i>
Luis M., CT	<i>Envelope</i>
Martin M., TX	<i>Missing You</i>
Michael S., OH	<i>Celtic Cross</i>
Michael S., WA	<i>Pray</i>
Miguel C., CA	<i>Envelope</i>
Moses T., VA	<i>Psalms 18</i>
Onyx M., PA	<i>My Little Angels</i>
Ramon B., WA	<i>Envelope</i>
Robert A., OK	<i>Envelope (2)</i>
Robert S., CO	<i>The Coming of Shiloh</i>
Robin W., PA	<i>Envelope</i>
Ronnel S., NY	<i>Pray Always</i>
Ronnie M., CA	<i>Say Your Prayers</i>
Tyrone G., TX	<i>Tear</i>





Anthony W., IL

Students Write In...

Sin landed me in prison, while in prison I found CBI, through CBI I found my way to Christ.

Bryan D., TN

You teach the important teachings of the Bible brilliantly, and you have a fantastic crew of people marking and commenting on these studies.

Peter, Australia

These Bible studies help me a lot. They bring peace to my body, rest to my soul and food for my spirit.

Sonya A., TX

Instructors' Input

I find it refreshing to read what students have written, and I am encouraged to see them having a desire to follow the Lord.

We Yen L., Singapore

The greatest blessing comes when I write the letter. I am sure I have nothing to say, but the Holy Spirit does—and so I write at His direction.

Nancy L., CA

Thank you for this opportunity you have given me. I am thankful to God for opening my eyes to this ministry.

Herb R., MI

Looking for help with reentry?



The Crossroad Reentry Program helps returning citizens locate housing, employment and a church home in the area of their release. Contact CBI to learn more.

