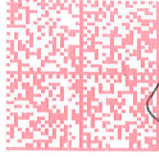


MR. BERNARD HENDERSON J80874
AUG 21 L
SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON
1 MAIN STREET
SAN QUENTIN, CALIFORNIA
94974

SAN FRANCISCO
CA 940
04 MAY 20
PM 4 L



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PRISON UNIVERSITY PROJECT
ATTN: JODY LEWEN
Post Office Box # 492

San Quentin, California



Mailed 5-3-20

94964



94964

HAVE A BLESSED DAY !!



MAR 5.3.20

BERNARD HENDERSON J80874

4W 27L

SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON

1 MAIN STREET

SAN QUENTIN, CALIFORNIA

94974

PRISON UNIVERSITY PROJECT

ATTN: MS. JODY LEWEN

POST OFFICE BOX # 492

SAN QUENTIN, CALIFORNIA

94964

MAY 3RD, 2020

DEAR MS. LEWEN,

GREETINGS AND BLESS YOU. MY NAME IS BERNARD HENDERSON, I'M A 62 YEAR OLD GENTLEMAN OF COLOR. THIS IS MY 16TH YEAR OF INCARCERATION, I AM SERVING A 31 YEAR TERM. I WAS ARRESTED 10.8.03 FOR A VIOLENT CRIME, MY EPRD IS 5.18.29. DOWN THE PARADE OF YEARS INCARCERATED I'VE COME TO REALIZE; THIS OFFENSE CARRYS A DIRECT NEXUS TO, A PARADIGM OF "SELF HATE" I EXISTED IN FOR 35+ YEARS. THE WORLD CAN TELL YOU, YOU POSSESS VALUE AND POSITIVE POTENTIAL; BUT WITH THE LENS OF "SELF HATE", YOU'LL ONLY SEE A PARIAN.

I FEEL ITS PRUDENT AT THIS JUNCTURE TO SAY, THANK YOU AND THE PRISON UNIVERSITY PROJECT FOR THE; CORPORAL BENEVOLENCE IN PROVIDING THE COODIE BAG, I RECEIVED MAY 1ST 2020 WITH THE INFORMATIVE READINGS RECONRODING THIS NEFARIOUS VIRUS (COVID 19) THAT IS HOLDING THE WORLD UNDER SEIGE, I WAS TAKEN ABACK BY THE "COODIE BAG". NOT SO MUCH WITH MATERIAL ITEMS AS MUCH AS, THE ACTION OF HUMANITY WITHOUT CONDEMNATION OR JUDGEMENT.

PERHAPS MY PERCEPTION IS FOSTERED BY, MY RECENT COMPLETION OF HUMANITIES II VIA CORRESPONDENCE COURSE OFFER BY UCSB. IN SHORT FORM, I'VE MIGRATED FROM A ONCE SEEMINGLY HOPELESS CONDITION TO DEMONSTRATE I AM; MORE THAN A NEGATIVE IMMUTABLE PAST OR SUM OF, DYSFUNCTIONAL CHOICES. MY NARRATIVE SUPPORTS A VIABLE PROPOSITION; ITS NEVER TOO LATE TO

BE SOME WHAT OF WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN. CHANGE OFFERS THE PRODUCTS OF: CHALLENGE AND INTEGRITY BUT MOST OF ALL; POSSESSION OF A CONSCIENCE AND AN ACCURATE COMPASS.

PLEASE NOTE UNDER COVER SEPARATE RELEASE AND AUTHORIZATION, TO USE THIS LETTER OR ANY OF ITS CONTENTS THEREOF TO PRISON UNIVERSITY PROJECT'S WEB SITE OR IN EMAIL OR, OTHER MEDIA AS DEEMED APPROPRIATE BY PRISON UNIVERSITY PROJECT.

I'M A FAIR WRITER, ^{WHY} IT WAS UPSETTING THAT MY EFFORTS TO ENROLL IN A CREATIVE WRITING CLASS IN THE EDUCATION DEPT. NEVER WAS ATTAINABLE. NEVERTHELESS ENCLOSED IS AN EXAMPLE OF MY ABILITY (UNTRAINED). PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING PREFECS.

1. BLACKSTONE ~ SOCIAL/POLITICAL POEM
2. WISHING ~ SELF EXPLANATORY POEM
- * 3. "HOPE AND SAND" - A POEM/LYRIC ABOUT CANCER (I HAVE STAGE 4 PROSTATE CANCER THAT HAS METASTASIZED)
- * 4. "A CUP OF GRACE" - "

* FOR THE WHOLE MONTH OF APRIL, COULDN'T "WRITE" ANYTHING WITHOUT IT BEING ABOUT CANCER. OUT OF 6 PIECES THE ENCLOSED 2 SPOOKED ME. ESPECIALLY "A CUP OF GRACE" WHICH WAS IN MY HEAD @ 2AM. ... SCARY BECAUSE HOW IT STARTS "I'M (GOD?) UP HERE LOOKING THROUGH THE SKY. SOMEDAYS I CLOSE MY EYES, THE TEARS BECOME RAIN. ALL MY TEARS SAVED UP FOR, MORE GRACE IN THE CUP." VERY POIGNANT IMAGE EVEN IF I SAY SO. I'VE BEEN VERY SPOOKED BECAUSE, I DON'T KNOW WHERE INSIDE A CONCEPT LIKE THAT WOULD COME FROM?

IN CONCLUSION, AGAIN THANK YOU FOR YOUR BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY, WHICH IS ABLE TO PROVIDE CHICKEN SOUP FOR EVERY INCARCERATED PERSON HERE AT "HELLWALKIE". HAVE A BLESSED AND PRODUCTIVE DAY. IN EVERY ENDEAVOUR PRISON UNIVERSITY UNDERTAKES, I SIMPLY AFFIRM GODS REED.

REGARDS,
BERNARD HENDERSON JS0074

~~BH~~
SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON

MAY 3RD 2020


SAN QUENTIN, CALIFORNIA

RELEASE & AUTHORIZATION

I BERNARD HENDERSON J80874 HOBBS BY
PRISON
GIVE, CONSENT AND PERMIT UNIVERSITY
PROJECT

TO PLACE OR USE AS SEEN FIT ANY WRITINGS
OR CONTENT I SUBMIT.

THIS RELEASE IS EXERCISED THIS 3RD DAY OF MAY
2020 AND REMAINS IN EFFECT TILL MAY 3RD
2025.


BERNARD HENDERSON J80874
4W27L SAN QUENTIN PRISON
SAN QUENTIN, CALIFORNIA 94974
MAY 3RD 2020

"A CUP OF GRACE"

I'M UP HERE LOOKING THROUGH THE SKY.

SOMEDAYS I CLOSE MY EYES,
THE TEARS BECOME RAIN.

ALL MY TEARS SAVED UP,
FOR MORE GRACE IN THE CUP.

GRACE COMES POURED AS LIGHT,
UPON OUR SOULS TO MAKE US BRIGHT.

PERFECT HEALING FROM ABOVE,
AROUND US EACH ITS LOVE.

I'M UP HERE LOOKING THROUGH THE SKY.

IN YOUR DOUBT AND PAIN,
I SEE YOU CRY.

YOUR HEART'S THIRSTY,
DON'T GIVE UP.

THERE'S ENOUGH GRACE TODAY,
FOR YOU IN MY CUP.

A CUP OF GRACE,
TO FILL YOUR HEART.

IT'S THE LIGHT,
PUSHING THROUGH THE DARK.

A CUP OF GRACE,
FILLING THE SOUL;
MAKING BROKENNESS WHOLE.



© 4:20:20

"A CUP OF GRACE"
BY BERNARD HENDERSON



CANCER AND
RUNNING OUT
OF TIME.

THE HOURGLASS
METAPHOR



"HOPE AND SAND"

HOPE HELD AN HOURGLASS, ITS BROKEN HEART STILL DREAMED.
THOUGH ITS LOSING GRAINS OF SAND, ALL AIN'T WHAT IT SEEMS.
IN EVERY SITUATION, WORDS OF YORE LAST.
PROVIDENCE SAYS TO ALL, THIS TOO SHALL PASS.
AND BELIEVE, OH BELIEVE, FAITH BRINGS YOU THROUGH.

HOPE SAVED AN HOURGLASS, ITS BROKEN WILL PUSHED ON.
LIFE AND LOVE WITH OTHER THINGS, MADE EACH FALLEN GRAIN STRONG.
IT BELIEVED OH BELIEVED, FAITH BRINGS YOU THROUGH.

HEALING HANDS
TOOK FALLEN SAND,
BUILT A CASTLE IN THE HEART.
HEALING HANDS
MOLED THE SAND,
TO SHINE BRIGHT IN THE DARK.

HOPE LOVED AN HOURGLASS, ITS FRACTURED FRAME MADE WHOLE.
THE GRAINS OF SAND INSIDE, NOW SHINE LIKE LIVING GOLD.
ITS REDEEMED, IT SIMPLY MEANS ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR TIME.

© 4.14.20

HOPE AND SAND
BY BERNARD HENDERSON!

"WISHING"

I WISHED LONG AGO TO BE PLAYING IN A NORMAN ROCKWELL COVER-SCENE,
NOSTALGIC EVEN THEN AS INSIDE THE MAGAZINE CHRONICLED A WAR IN PROGRESS.

I WISHED THE COST OF CIVIL RIGHTS HADN'T BEEN SO HIGH FOR THAT WHITE
GIRL WHO DARED TO LEARN; WHO OPENED LOCKED DOORS OF A, DEFIANT SCHOOL
BOARD IN THE FACE OF BULLDOGS AND HATING EYES.

I WISHED MAMA DIDN'T CRY AND DROP A POT OF HOT SOUP ON HER FOOT THAT,
FATEFUL FRIDAY IN 1963. HER WISHFUL HOPE ENTOMBED IN A ONE WORD
TRAGEDY "DALLAS".

I WISHED A DREAMER DIDN'T VISIT MEMPHIS, THE ONE WHOSE IDEAS
ENGENDERED SPIRITUAL LIGHT; ILLUMINATING EVERY FACE THEY SHONE
UPON WITH HOPE AND PURPOSE.

I WISHED PEOPLE I NEVER KNEW WEREN'T BURNED BY NAPALM. DEVoured
BY WATER'S INSATIABLE HUNGER; DISFIGURED BY Gaping WOUNDS OF SORROW
AND SACRIFICE, TILLED IN THE DIRT OF AN UNWON WAR.

I WISHED THE DESERTS OF THE MIDDLE EAST WEREN'T USED TO EXTRACT OIL
AND DEPOSIT BLOOD; AND THAT PRISONS WEREN'T NEEDLESSLY FULL. I WISHED
THAT EVERY MOUTH HAD FOOD AND EVERY FACE COULD SMILE.

I WISHED WE'D ALL HAVE ONE COMMON DREAM, THE SAME THAT PATRIOTS
OF OLD DREAMED, A DREAM WHICH LIBERATES PEOPLE AND OPENS THE HEARTS
OF A COUNTRY TO GENEROSITY.

BUT THEN / / / /

IT'S WISHING.

"WISHING"

BY BERNARD HENRISSON

© 2008

" BLACKSTONE "

MY NAME IS ONYX.
AN AGELESS SPIRIT,
MY VOICE AND BREATH;
NOT BOUNDED BY THE NIGER RIVER,
I AM THE CONVICTION
OF A TIMELESS PEN.

MY NAME IS ONYX.
A GEM HENED FROM,
YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND INDIFFERENCE.
I AM A WELL SET STONE,
IN A WORLD WHERE
INJUSTICE REMAINS INDIGENOUS.

MY NAME IS ONYX.
I CARRY THE FLAWLESS GLEAM OF,
RESILIENCE RISING THROUGH,
THE FLIGHT OF YEARS
FOR EXISTENCE.

MY NAME IS ONYX.
I AM THE POLISHED
BEAUTY,
OF A BLACK STONE.

" BLACKSTONE "

BY BERNARD HENDERSON

~~BAH~~

© MAY 1, 2020