



2009 #3

KAIROS OF GEORGIA NEWSLETTER

How Kairos Opened the Cell Door to My Heart

By David Autry State Prison, Kairos Number Twenty, Family of Paul

Jim, a Kairos Volunteer and Clergyman, straddled in front of me on the bleachers in the prison's gymnasium. "I hate to stop you," he said.

I leaned in to hear Jim over music blaring from speakers.

"But let me ask you a question." Jim straightened himself, undoubting, as if certainty settled within him. "If you were to die today," he continued, "would you go to heaven or hell?"

I squeezed the aluminum bleachers.

I wasn't sure if I believed in heaven or hell anymore. I once believed. In my childhood. But bitterness and self-pity had long ago replaced my love for God. Skepticism had replaced my faith in God.

I didn't know God anymore, but I did know that guilt and unshed tears abscessed my spirit. That my life meandered with no purpose. And that without God in my life, I had failed — time and time again.

I spoke with Jim on the third day of the 20th Kairos Weekend at Autry State Prison in Pelham, Georgia. The Kairos Weekend — a long weekend of good food, God's Word, and fellowship with Christian volunteers from the "outside" — welcomes prisoners into the Kairos (Greek for God's special time) Prison Ministry Community.

I'll admit the "good food" part first attracted me to Kairos. The empty pizza boxes stacked outside after the previous Kairos Walk ignited in me a craving for pizza. Real cheese. Pepperoni. The taste of freedom.

But the days leading up to the Weekend, dragged with the monotony of routine. My prison library books were unread by me, and my passion for writing fiction had nearly extinguished.

On a Thursday night in April, thirty-five other prisoners, me, and around twenty Kairos volunteers

formed a near circle between the basketball goals in the prison's gymnasium. I munched potato chips, sipped Dr. Pepper, and said little to my sponsor David.

Curt, the leader of the Kairos Weekend, announced that everyone would stand and introduce themselves. Panic gripped me. I can't talk in front of these people. I'll get nervous. I'll say something stupid.

David handed me a short list of questions to answer. Just go down the list. Easy enough. But then, how do I answer the last question? The most important question. The only question I didn't have a clear answer for— "Why did you come to Kairos?"

Instinctively, I know "pizza" would not be a good answer. Besides pizza wasn't the only reason. So why did I come? What was I searching for? What did I need?

For three years, I had plodded through my past. I had grown tired of the hostility and impudence around me. I had recoiled from the shame and wretchedness within me.

But what did I...?

Hope. I needed hope. Maybe I could find hope again. The hope that flourished inside of me in my youth. I hoped for hope like hoping for the sound of the Coast Guard rescue helicopter thumping above you when you're drowning in a sea ravaged by storm.

I gripped the cordless microphone to my mouth. "I...I guess I came to Kairos... I glanced around at inmates and volunteers. I shrugged my shoulders. "For hope."



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Somehow I had survived speaking in front of a group of people, only three of whom I knew. And I had been honest. So I tried to relax and enjoy the rest of the chips and soda. But I couldn't. Not fully.

Most of those introductions are a blur now, but I'll never forget a white-bearded, blind man named Bob. He introduced himself then said, "I love you. I don't know you. But I love you. And there's not a thing you can do about it."

The next morning, I arrived with an empty stomach and an open mind, just like they had asked. And the volunteers greeted me with smiles and handshakes.

In front of the basketball goal in the gymnasium, around sixty of us men, read the Kairos Community Prayer aloud in near unison.

*"Jesus, come join us / in our journey
As we seek Your will / for this Community
In this environment / Teach us to love each other
As You love us / To give ourselves
As You give Yourself / That the Kingdom of God might be
Made present to all.
Amen"*

Six tables in the game room, next to the basketball court, were named after disciples of Jesus — Mark, Luke John, James, Paul and Peter.

I took my reserved seat at the table family of Paul with three Kairos volunteers — Thomas, Lucas, and Todd — and five fellow inmates. I ordered coffee from our server, an inmate who had previously gone through the Kairos Weekend, and I munched powdered donuts and honey buns. And we, mostly they, chatted.

I had volunteered to write summaries of the talks we would hear throughout the day. So I scribbled my summary after Keith, a volunteer, spoke about choices. The leader allotted time for each group to contemplate and discuss Keith's talk.

During this quiet contemplation, a few of my own choices sprung to mind and harassed me, as they often had. My choice to commit the crime I committed, for example. But also my choices to deny, to rationalize, to avoid dealing with my reality, to not reach out for help, to stifle the pain of my life, to cling to my resentments. These were my bad choices. And the pain I caused, the damage I had inflicted, the blue stripes running down my white pants — my prison clothes — these were the ramifications of those choices.

The next talk by Jim, the clergyman I later spoke with on the bleachers, assured us that we are not alone. God

promised to never leave us nor forsake us. And people as far away as Australia and Hong Kong, prayed for those of us within the Kairos Community.

Jim then showed us various agape, messages of love, from volunteers and prisoners. The walls were littered with postcards and posters. The youth from local churches had colored the placemats that were on the tables in front of us.

"Pity the man, who falls and no one to help him up," he said. "We cannot do it alone." And now we are not alone. Now we are part of the Kairos Community.

My cynicism reared its ugly head. This is all nice. These are all nice people who want to feel good about themselves. That's nice. Nothing wrong with that. But these emotional topics won't work on me.

Then I received a brown paper bag with my name on it. Agape filled the bag to the brim.

I read the agape. My eyes watered; my heart warmed. People who cared wrote these messages. They cared about me. My well being, my Soul. And these volunteers weren't paid to be here. They could have stayed home with their families. Watched sports. Gone fishing. Surfed the Internet. But instead, they were in prison, with me, all day. And love shined from each one of them.

The head of my cynicism bowed in shame.

We reverently walked back to the chapel on the basketball court where Ike, another volunteer, gave a meditation on how to approach Jesus. Ike told the story of how Peter, after denying Christ three times, approached Jesus with a contrite heart. He wept and wept, pouring the pain out of his heart, pleading to Jesus for forgiveness.

I had denied Christ many more times, but I had approached Jesus more like Judas, whom Ike also spoke about. Judas didn't repent. He didn't weep the pain out of his heart. And his guilt over betraying Jesus destroyed him.

Ike's analogy of a trapeze artist releasing one swing to grab the other, clarified for me that Peter let go of his pain and guilt and shame and grabbed Jesus. I imagine this made Peter feel as though Christ released him from prison.

I craved a release from prison. If the prison where I'm incarcerated opened its front door for me, I would bolt through the doorway, grinning as I go. Not looking back. However, I am guilty of my crime. I was caught and now I must serve my sentence. But more than a release from this physical prison, I craved a release from the prison in my spirit.

For lunch I wolfed hamburgers and hotdogs. Mustard and ketchup oozed onto my fingers. The juice of the hamburgers greased the roof of my mouth.

After lunch, Woody, another volunteer, played acoustic guitar and led us in songs. Members of the prison's church band joined him by playing the keyboard, electric guitar and bass. Thomas, who sat with me at the table of Paul, deemed the group, "Woody and the Termites".

"God longs for friendship with us," the next speaker said. I wasn't so sure. God knows what I did. He knows I denied Him for years.

The speaker reminded us that God's friendship, God's love, is unconditional. It doesn't matter to Him how far we've run away. He will always open His arms to us and

accept us as one of His sons or daughters. We only need to humble ourselves and open our hearts to Him.

The next speaker reminded us of what Jesus said the Church is really about — "As I have loved you, so must you love one another." John 13:34.

The Church is believers worshipping together, praying for each other, loving, and edifying and uplifting one another.

"Who is the Church?" the speaker asked.

"We are the Church!" the group answered.

Curt, the leader, invited us to speak with one of the several volunteer clergymen. No thanks. He'll probably just try to get me "saved". I'm pretty sure I'm unsavable, anyway. Christianity, after all, is for other people, not me. It works for some people, and that's great, but not me. Besides my incertitude is thick and backed by science. No one has proven God exists.

But then, no one has proven He doesn't. And I'm drowning in that sea, man. I'm going under. Science isn't helping me. Psychology has disappointed me. I've tried so hard for so long, to be the man I know I can be, but something inside of me ambushes me every time.

But could I? Could I swallow my independence and my pride and open my heart to God? Could God transform me into the man I'm trying to be? Could I believe?

To discover Jesus, the next speaker told us, we must respond to Him. We must open our hearts and minds and ask God to reveal ourselves to us.

In my cell that night, I tossed and turned on a lumpy mattress, about as thick as a two by four block of wood. And my wretchedness tormented me through the night like a migraine.

Oh, how sweet Peter's release must have felt. Could Christ really be the supernatural-strength Tylenol I need for my own release?

And God I've made a mess of things. I've caused so much hurt. I've wasted so much of my life. My selfish and Godless mind dragged me into prison.

Perhaps a selfless and godly mind will drag me...some place better.

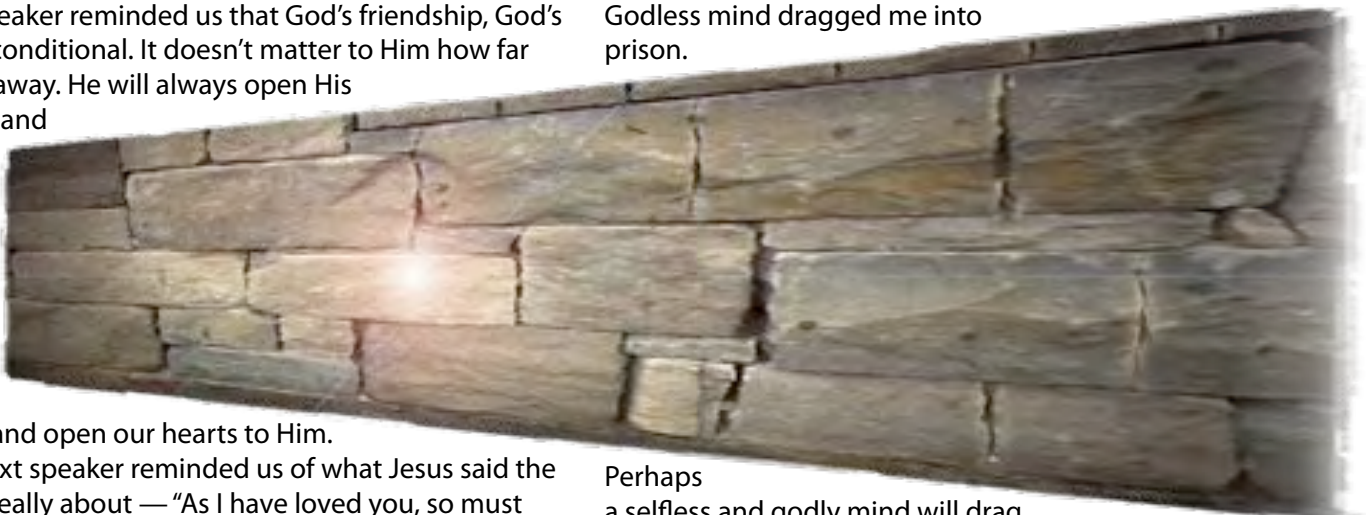
White-bearded Bob fought through tears. "Excuse me," he said, "I get a little emotional when I talk about this." Bob's hand swept the Braille on the podium in front of him.

Bob spoke of building a stonewall. Of living behind that stonewall. And of polishing the stones.

I too built a stonewall. And live behind it. And polish the stones. My stonewall stands high and steadfast. It protects me from the strong winds of rejection. No one can climb over it. No one can hurt me again. No one can see my hurt, my weaknesses, my loneliness.

But my polished stonewall imprisons me. It isolates me. And it's killing me. If I don't knock it down, I'll never flourish with hope again. But I can't knock it down by myself. I need help from others. I need to open my withered heart to another human being. And I need to grab Jesus. Even though I'm skeptical. Even though things don't make sense to me. I need to believe.

Funny how a blind man can help another man to see.



Action! "Action cements everything into place," the next speaker said. "We need to trust Jesus and take risks."

I took a risk. I told Curt I wanted to speak with a Clergyman.

What on earth did I do that for? What was I thinking? Too late to back out now, I guess. It's a risk I'll have to take.

The grease from fried chicken smothered my lips. The smell of it reminded me of Sunday afternoon trips to Kentucky Fried Chicken.

I wiped grease from my mouth and hands with a napkin, grabbed the styrophone plate, and stepped back to the serving table. Just two more pieces of fried chicken. Maybe three. I should get a drumstick this time. And another piece of that fluffy cornbread. Beats the heck out of chain-gang cornbread. More mashed potatoes, too.

Before I made my way back to the serving table, Jim introduced himself to me and shook my hand. He said we could talk on the bleachers.

I tossed the plate in the trash, hoping there would be more fried chicken left when we finished talking. But this was more important than fried chicken. I needed to take a risk.

Jim and I straddled on the bleachers. The music blared.

"So what's going on with you, David?" Jim said. The migraine of old wounds and a shark-infested conscience concentrated within me. "I, uh...I've been messed up for a long time and..." I gazed at the empty, caged prison barber shop. "I hurt someone really bad." Dammed-up tears threatened to burst out of me.

The sharks attacked.

Oh, God, what did I do?

I rambled on as if I could talk the hurt and sharks out of me.

Jim stopped me and asked me if I would go to heaven or hell when I died. I paused, and then said, "Well, I'm certainly not going to heaven."

Jim told me I needed to open my heart to God and forgive myself.

His words sounded like a thumping rescue helicopter, but I needed to reach out for the life saver.

I repeated the sinner's prayer with a heartfelt voice. I starved for a Peter moment, but I had invested years in

maintaining my stonewall. It would take time to knock it down. Nevertheless, hope hovered over me.

The forgiveness meditation unlocked my heart the way a prison guard's key unlocks a cell door. I wiped tears from my eyes with the palms of my hands, and then glanced around. Other prisoners shed tears as well.

On the large projector screen, Don Henley, one of my all time favorite singers, along with the rest of the Eagles, sung about forgiveness.

I've been trying to get down

To the heart of the matter.

But my knees get weak

And my thoughts seem to scatter,

But I think it's about

Forgiveness.

Forgiveness.

Even if.

Even if.

You don't love me anymore.

Christianity, the next speaker said, is a relationship with God, not a religion. It's also loving and forgiving others. But first, we have to love and forgive ourselves.

The next speaker told us that Jesus is our lighthouse in the storm. God never withdraws His love from us. And the speaker gave us steps to stay close to God.

Brain freeze! I devoured the ice cream Kairos gave me. And I had piled on the toppings – caramel, M&M's, crushed Oreo's, nuts. Better than Baskin Robbins.

After the ice cream treat, Curt invited us to come to the podium and share our testimony.

Something nudged me to get up there. To tell everyone that Christ now lives in my heart.

I tried to reason with this "Something." I'm no good at talking in front of a group of people. My hands get clammy. I can't remember what I'm going to say.

Write it down. You're a writer aren't you?

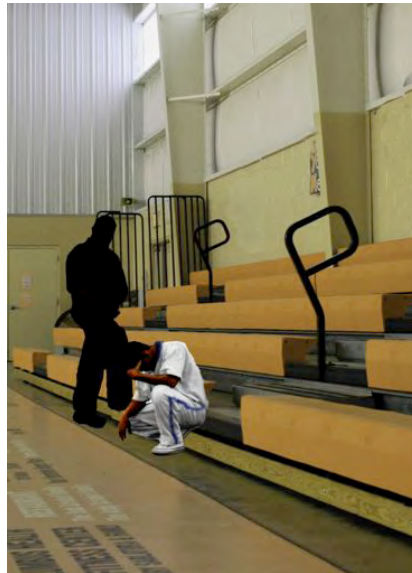
Well, I like to think I am. But reading in front of strangers, that's a whole different thing.

You need to cement your decision. What better way than to tell a group of men?

All right, all right, I'll do it. But it's going to be short.

I glanced up at the group. Then shot my eyes back to the small piece of paper in front of me. I leaned in toward the microphone on the podium. "David... Autry State Prison, Kairos number twenty, Family of Paul."

The group applauded.



When the applause stopped, calmness fell over me. I leaned toward the microphone. "For a long time, I've been hopelessly stubborn...."

I read my three short paragraphs.

I knelt in front of the cross in the gymnasium and prayed.

God, I know I haven't prayed much these last twenty-five years or so, but I need Your help....

I asked God to forgive me, to help me forgive myself, and to help me forgive the man that caused me harm.

I dropped a crumbled piece of paper into the bucket in front of the cross. I had written on it the names of those I needed to forgive. My name was number one the list.

Curt put a wooden-cross necklace around my neck. Then we all formed a large circle, held hands, and prayed for forgiveness. For forgiving ourselves and others.

Chaplain Simmons closed the forgiveness ceremony by burning the crumbled pieces of paper, around sixty of them, outside in front of the gymnasium.

Later that night, I crouched at the mounted table in my cell and I prayed.

God I can't take this anymore. I need You.

The sharks sunk their teeth into me. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." I cried. I had a Peter moment. My stonewall cracked.

Pizza! Cheese. Pepperoni. Sausage. Hamburgers. One of each please.

The pizza tasted great, but not as good as the release in my spirit.

We heard more talks and meditations that last day. And the closing ceremony drove home for me the importance of a personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

I have since nurtured my relationship with Christ by staying in the Word, daily devotions, worship services, daily prayer and meditation, talking to God, asking God, begging God, loving God and Kairos every Friday night.

The volunteers come on Friday nights when they can and it's always great to see them. We share with each other what's on our hearts and pray for one another.

I get impatient with God sometimes, but then I look back and see how far He's carried me, and amazement and gratitude swell within me. God is my rescue helicopter. He's flying me to dry land and nourishing my soul with love and hope.



How to: **Team Recruitment**

By Mike Jones

Team recruitment is as much science as art. Here are some basic Who, Where, How, When and What of Team Recruitment for your consideration.

Who: It goes without saying, potential team members must be professing Christians, fully committed to their faith and active in their local church. And two-thirds of the members of each Kairos team must be alumni of a Cursillo type weekend – Walk to Emmaus, Tres-Dias, Catholic and Presbyterian Cursillo. If they are Cursillo alumni, then they should already be demonstrating their commitment through current and active participation in

their Cursillo community and be involved in a Prayer and Share Group. If they're not currently involved, then sometimes that's indicative of their future commitment to Kairos. But then again, perhaps the Holy Spirit wants them involved in Kairos — it will ultimately be His decision. Focus on active believers who already demonstrate their faith by involvement in Christian activities.

Where: I'm neither a fisherman nor a hunter, but even I understand the basic principle — you go where the game is. That is, you don't hunt for quail in a Wal-Mart parking lot or fish for tuna in

the North Georgia mountains. Jesus commanded us to be fishers of men and to cast our nets. Likewise, when it comes to recruiting potential Kairos team members, one should look first in existing Cursillo communities. In Georgia, there are many Cursillo communities – check out the links at kairosfgeorgia.org. Contact leadership in those communities and offer to come and speak. Attend community gatherings, weekends and walks. If you have current advisory council members who belong to a Cursillo community, have them start and focus first in their own

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DEATH ROW KAIROS

By Lee Turner

My Death Row Kairos began with a simple e-mail from our State Chairman, Jim Miller, that simply said, "I will be serving on a very special Kairos weekend that I want you to consider joining me on." He added, "As some of you know I have been planning to approach the Chaplain and Warden at Jackson State Prison in Georgia about the possibility of our conducting Kairos Weekends on Death Row in Georgia. I decided before I broached the idea with them I would be better prepared to talk intelligently if I had the personal experience of serving on a team in that environment."

Jim went on to explain as many of the details that he knew, but the one detail that stood out above all the others, was "DEATH ROW." This was not going to be an ordinary weekend by any measure. After consulting with my wife, I agreed and set in motion a life changing experience in my walk with God and my service to the Kairos Ministry.

We arrived on Death Row on June 19, 2009 — Jim Miller, Paul Caruso, Kevin Ellis and myself. Up to that point, I was the only one of the four of us that had never seen an inmate cell, much less one on Death Row. Matthew 25:36 describes Christ's views when "you visited me in prison." In the institutions I have served in, on a Kairos Team, I did not ever have a sense that I was "in prison." I was in a gymnasium, and education building or the prison Chapel. From most appearances they were no different than a high school gymnasium, a large classroom or the fellowship hall of many churches.

There is no mistaking a Kairos Death Row weekend. It is real, it is prison, and it cannot be mistaken for anything else. The Day Room for Kairos #4 on Death Row at the Donaldson Correctional Facility in Bessemer, AL was our Community Room and our chapel. God's Special Time in this special

place with these special people. 24 cells, 23 Death Row inmates, 21 outside Kairos volunteers. For most of the weekend, I sat right in front of Cell #4.

During Team formation for a general population weekend, we are always admonished to not ask them what they did or how long their sentence is. This is not an issue at DCF. You know generally why they are there, and barring any extraordinary set of circumstances, you know how each one of their lives will end. Not necessarily when but how and by whom. It was very difficult to get past those thoughts during introductions, and for the first few hours those thoughts were foremost in my mind. I did not feel threatened, uncomfortable, or uneasy in any way. The participants were eager to share a handshake, a hug and talk about things that helped us get to know them.

This is not a typical Death Row. For various reasons, the inmates spend more time outside their cells than many of their counterparts across the country. I won't bore you with many of the details of the physical structure of Death Row, but suffice it to say, it was prison. It was not dungeon-like and it wasn't hospital white and antiseptic, but it was clearly prison. It wasn't a special type of cellblock; it looked exactly like the Administrative Segregation and Mental Health cell blocks. No "Death Row" sign over the door. Simply... "Cellblock U." The participants were generally very open about their daily lives and living conditions. Some were very proud of their ingenuity in making a 6' x 9' cell more livable.

The other huge factor that affected this weekend was the fact that out of 23 participants, 17 had already been through a Kairos weekend. Kairos started 15 years ago at DCF and I was part of

weekend #4. You can do the math. Turnover at Death Row at DCF is low and slow. I recognized early that exceptions are made. Did the weekend have structure? Some. Did it look like Kairos? Mostly. Was the food awesome and more than any human being should eat in 3 days? Absolutely (They were even allowed to take the leftovers to their cells). Was it different than any general population weekend I have ever been part of? Definitely.

These men have developed into a family. Even the 6 that had not been on a Kairos weekend before were members of that family. I got a sense that the privileges that the staff and warden had extended to these 23 men was in direct response to their decision to develop into a healthy family structure to the extent possible on Death Row at DCF.

They share a fate; they share the same hope, their future has things in common. I heard unity, family, cooperation (with each other and with the staff). I heard and saw these things from those that had been on Death Row for just a few months to those that had been on Death Row for years.

Table conversations were a major concern of mine. What would they want to talk about during table discussions, would they even want to talk at all, or would they simply say why bother.

The answers were clear. They wanted to talk about situations that they faced. Not the death penalty, but custody issues, family issues, quality of life issues. But mostly there was a sense of peace. Not resignation (some were VERY active in their appeals process) or despair. I saw hope, hope in Christ. During one of the breaks, I jotted down these thoughts and for me, this summarized my experience on Death Row:

Daniel and the Lions

I felt and believed that when I was asked to go to Death Row in Alabama for a Kairos weekend that I was like Daniel going to the lion's den. When I got there, I set next to James and my first impression was that he was a lion. I found out quickly, he was a Daniel. Mario was on the other side of me and I suspected that whatever the circumstances that caused him to end up being on Death Row, probably qualified him as a lion, but he wasn't a lion either. He was also a Daniel. I was in the lion's den with some other Daniels. Then it hit me, I was not in a lion's den, I was in Daniel's den. I was spared from what many would consider a lion's den, not by closing the lion's mouth but by experiencing a change in the lion's hearts.

Team Recruitment Continued from page 5

backyard. If there are no current relationships with local Cursillo communities, then go out and establish those relationships. Rotary Clubs and Kiwanis and other service organizations are great for increasing awareness and fundraising, but team membership is going to come from Christian organizations.

How and When: In order to be an effective fisherman, one must also purposely cast his or her net. The fish aren't normally going to jump into the boat without at least some urging. If you don't seek and ask, they won't volunteer. Asking face-to-face, one-on-one is great, but a formal presentation at a Cursillo function, or a church supper or

worship service spreads a wider net. Churches, men's groups, other Christian service and fellowship organizations are always desperate for programs. Your offer to present a program will excite the Program Chair or President of virtually any Christian organization. Trust me, I've been one!

What: Use KPMI resources to make your pitch. Go to the kairosforgeorgia.org Internet site. Go to "Forms and Downloads/Advisory Councils" and download the following documents: Volunteer Recruiting and Resource Building Guide, Outreach2 Presentation Guide, Interest Card, and KPMI DVD Resources listing for a summary of

what's available and how to get it. There are Microsoft PowerPoint presentations, videos and handouts that can make you look organized and professional — use them. Include personal testimonies. People are truly motivated by first-person witness accounts. There are several Kairos-Inside alumni who are willing and effective in sharing what their Kairos weekend meant to them.

Most important and don't forget — pray. Seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Ask to be used and directed and then surrender to who, where, how, when and what He points you.



We are the Church

“And now I give you a new commandment: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. If you have love for one another, then everyone will know that you are my disciple.”
John 13:34-35

I have attended over 30 Kairos functions since becoming a volunteer in 2001. The result is I have witnessed John 13:34-35 lived out in person by hundreds of Kairos volunteers.

My 2-year term as Kairos of Georgia State Chairman will end December 31, 2009. Friends and family (especially my wife, Karen) have been asking “what are your plans for the future?”

My answer is simple, “I plan to serve in Kairos.” It just doesn’t get any better than this.

I recently attended a Kairos closing ceremony at Hays State Prison in Trion, Georgia. In attendance were: 42 participants, 42 Kairos team members, 80 residents and 50 guests.

There was a special glow on the faces of everyone in that gymnasium. It is hard for me to capture the feeling other than to say I have never felt more like we were in the presence of the Holy Spirit. It was perfect!

One member on the team was Pastor Frank Lewis from Zion Missionary Baptist Church in Roswell, Georgia. Why do I mention Pastor Lewis? Well, let’s just say:

- ❖ 23+ years serving in Kairos of Georgia
- ❖ Zion Missionary Baptist Church has over 60 active men and women serving in Kairos of Georgia at Hays, Hays Annex, Walker, Phillips, Hancock, Metro, Pulaski, Lee Arrendale, Central and in Kairos Outside
- ❖ During his 23+ years in the ministry he has brought more than 200 volunteers to serve in Kairos.

Being in the presence of Pastor Lewis is one of the reasons I will always serve in Kairos.

When one serves in a position such as this it is impossible to acknowledge everyone because you risk the chance of forgetting to mention those volunteers who serve above and beyond in this ministry.

But let me say how much I love and appreciate:

Karen	Bill	Alice	Corrie
Paul	Lee	Pete	Carl
Chris	Dave	Leonard	Dennis
Gordon	Tom	Pat	Beth
Mike	Frank	Ruthie	Walt

And to everyone else who at one time has stood up and yelled:

“We are the church.”

I am not sure everyone will agree, but I believe my background in business management has been helpful these past two years as I carried out the responsibilities of the state chair.

I am absolutely certain I would have made a much better leader in the business environment if I had first served in Kairos and brought the lessons learned in the ministry into the workplace.

The opportunity to serve as state chair has been one of the best experiences in my life. Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to serve in this ministry.

Jim Miller



What's a PDF?

By Lee *"HOT ROD"* Turner
Web Master

A PDF file is a type of file that can be viewed by any kind of computer and is a fairly universal standard for sending documents electronically from one person to another. The IRS uses it, lawyers use them (I recognize that this may not be a ringing endorsement for PDF files), there are almost no limits to who can benefit from using PDF files. In Kairos, a PDF file can be very useful for sending documents between weekend leaders and team members. Kairos Donor uses PDF files to send financial reports to the Financial Secretary. Every document that can be downloaded from the website is in PDF form. The program (Adobe Acrobat Reader) comes preinstalled on almost every computer, and if isn't installed it is free to download and install.

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Editor's Note: If you have a Mac, Create PDF is included in OS X.

CHANGE

By Rev. Dennis Silvernail

Change. It is inevitable, like the weather, the four seasons, young to old, life to death. Some of us embrace it like we embrace a new born baby; others of us resist it like the plague. So I asked myself recently, How has change affected me? And how has change affected Kairos? But more importantly, how does God accept change?

I like to feel that I am one who goes with the flow and readily accepts change in my life. But after deep reflection and meditation over my life, (remember this exercise during our weekends!), I realized that if I was to be truthful to myself and others, I deeply resented any change in my life. Looking back I can see where I would shut out others that did not agree with the same way I did, didn't believe the same things I believe, care for the same things I cared for. I see where I would fight anyone or anything that tried to change me, my beliefs, my feelings, my desires, or anything that I held firmly to.

I also look back and see where, had I not changed, I would not be here today. I was a hopeless alcoholic, lost in my own self pity. I spent my whole life looking back to the past and trying to see where things had gone wrong, who could I blame, who could I use as a scape goat? Why did my life have to keep changing?

In 1993, the prayers of a dying mother were answered. After two whole years of battling Colon Cancer, and going to the church everyday and praying with the pastor, not for herself, but for her alcoholic son. He came to know God and Jesus again, in a whole new relationship. God changed my life by introducing me to who is still today, Praise

God, my wife. Through her, God started to open my eyes and to see my pattern of destruction in my life. He showed me that there was a better way, but only if I would relinquish the controls of my life and let Him guide me. To this day, she still encourages me, humbles me, and loves me and, more than anything, reminds me that God Loves Me.

I look at Kairos in the same ways. In 2005, I was invited to my first Kairos, by a cousin of my wife's that we had never met before. I attended Kairos #42 at Donaldson Correction Facility in Birmingham, Al. I was on the kitchen team Living so far away, I could not attend the weekly team meetings to participate inside, but I was overcome by the presence of the Holy Spirit that was with us during that whole weekend. This is something so beautiful, so God inspired, I have to find out if there is one closer to me. Behold, there is Autry S.P. not more than 30 minutes away. I was hooked; I could not get enough of Kairos. And then it happened, International came down with a new manual, changing talks, changing how we operate, changing how a lot of us feel about Kairos.

A lot of us resented all the change and fought back, some are still fighting today, and some even gave up and left. We wanted our old Kairos back, the Kairos that God designed, the Kairos God inspired, the Kairos God gave us. I too started out that way, until I realized that it still was God designed, God inspired, and God gave it to us. God had me recall how He had to make change in His Life. He had to make a change or none of us would be here today. He realized that if He was going to have a personal relationship with us, He would have to have an

intercessory for us. He would have to send His only Son to die for our sins. Imagine that, God changed!! Have there been some mistakes in the changes that have come through Kairos, perhaps. Have there been some benefits and growth from the changes? I can clearly see them.

Kairos is sitting down and drawing up some more changes to the manual. Some we will dislike, some we will put up with, some we will like. All are designed and inspired by God. It is Kairos, God's Special Time, and that will never change. How are you going to accept the changes that are inevitably coming in the near future? Are you going to buckle

down and fight them tooth and nail? Are you going to sit passively by and see how others react? Are you going to give up Kairos because it's not the Kairos you know? I pray that everyone will come to embrace the changes that God will bring, because He is in control of our lives, and He has called me into this ministry, just as he has called all of us!

May The Blessings of The Lord Be Upon You,
Rev. Dennis Silvernail
Kairos of Georgia State Secretary/ Spiritual
Advisor

SCHEDULES AND INFORMATION

For a calendar of Kairos Weekends and events plus listings of State Committee members, and Advisory Council Chairmen, or to make a contribution, visit our website:

<http://www.kairosgeorgia.org/>



We now have embroidered Kairos logo'd shirts for sale. We have Men's and Ladies denim long sleeve shirts and Men's and Women's Polo shirts.

More pictures, prices and ordering details are located on the Kairos of Georgia website at

<http://www.kairosgeorgia.org/shirts.html>

Please help us get the word out to our volunteers. If you have any questions that the website does not answer, email

Beth Maycumber, shirts@kairosgeorgia.org.

Proceeds go to support Kairos of Georgia.



2010 marks the twenty fifth anniversary of Kairos of Georgia.

In honor of this milestone marker, a special committee will be putting together an anniversary booklet that will be made available to all volunteers on the [Kairosgeorgia.org](http://www.kairosgeorgia.org) website. It can be downloaded and printed to be used as a tool to interest, encourage and invite new people into the ministry. The booklet will include the history of Kairos of Georgia, our mission statement, what we do and all the vital information needed to get involved. Be watching for it.

KAIROS IS LOOKING FOR (QUITE A) FEW GOOD MEN AND WOMEN

Kairos of Georgia is very pleased to announce our plans to expand the ministries.

We are in need of a large number of new volunteers to serve in newly established communities immediately:

1. Walker State Prison of La Fayette, Ga. (Men's Inside)
2. Baldwin State Prison of Hardwick, Ga. (Men's Inside)
3. Burruss State Prison of Forsyth, Ga. (Men's Inside)
4. Coastal State Prison of Savannah, Ga. (Men's Inside)
5. Burruss State Prison of Forsyth, Ga. (Torch Inside)

Please visit the Kairos of Georgia website for more information,

Kairosofgeorgia.org

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ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Newsletter Publisher
Carol Crankshaw
102 Ashley Marsh Drive
Brunswick, Ga 31523

*Amen, I say to you, whatever you
did for one of these least brothers
of mine, you did for me.
Matthew 25:40*

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