

CAN THE WORLD BE HEALED IN YOUR LIFETIME? •

the TRANSFORMER

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FALL ALTERNATIVES TO VIOLENCE PROJECT 2006

TRANSFORMING POWER FOR ALL PEOPLE



# TRUST GALLERY

A SECOND LEVEL EXERCISE



**Purpose:** For participants to explore and experience trust in ways that are both visual and kinesthetic.

**Time:** 30-45 minutes

**Materials:** None

## Sequence:

1. Divide participants into groups of 5-7.
2. Say *“Each group will be developing a sculpture that will show what trust looks like. You will use your bodies as the materials for the sculpture. When you go to a museum you can see many kinds of sculptures, and most of us are used to seeing statues carved from marble or stone. But you can go to a modern museum and see sculptures that have moving parts. Just like a modern sculpture, yours can have moving parts. The main idea is that the parts are interrelated and the sculpture will make us see what touch looks like. If someone were to walk into the room, they would immediately think, ‘Wow! This is what trust looks like!’”*  
Ask if there are any questions.
2. Say *“Each group will have five minutes to plan and practice their sculpture. When I call “time”, everyone will become silent and then all the groups will create their sculptures at the same time. Our room will become a Trust Gallery. The facilitators will move through the gallery looking at the sculptures. I will then come to each group one at a time and ask you to disband, so that you can walk around the museum and look at the other trust exhibits. When you are done looking, you will re-form your sculptures so that the other groups can see yours.”*  
Ask if there are any questions.
3. Follow the steps outlined in 2 and 3. When you disband the groups to allow them to look around, keep in mind the level of physical and emotional exertion that each group is undergoing. One group may need a break in the middle of the exercise to look at the other sculptures, while another group might well be able to last until the end.

**Processing:** *(rejoin the circle but remain sitting with your groups)*

What was the experience of being part of a trust sculpture like for you?

What made it easy?

What made it difficult?

What did you notice about the other sculptures when you were in the visitor role?

What did you learn about the concept of trust?

In January of 2006 the participants chose “trust” as the focus topic of the first Advanced Level workshop at Sierra Conservation Center, in Jamestown California. In our evening planning session, facilitators Bob Barns, Giri Sequoya, and Barbara Babin, felt that we wanted “a little something else” for the next day’s workshop and began to brainstorm additional exercises to illustrate the concept of trust. Giri put forward the idea of dividing into groups and creating sculptures using the participants’ bodies, Barbara rounded out the idea by suggesting that we create a gallery and have each group take a walk through the gallery to see the other sculptures. After allowing some planning time, we would have the activity take place in silence.

The Trust Gallery was a magical and moving experience for both the participants and the observers. Imagine walking through the gallery in the hushed silence to view these three exhibits:

< 1 > The first sculpture was a line of men, with each person leaning into the one behind him, so that everyone in the line was holding everyone else up. Then they straightened up, the last person moved to the front, and the process began again. Rhythmically and silently the group formed, leaned, and then changed position.

< 2 > The next exhibit was a trust lift, each group member participating in holding one man high above their heads and rotating silently as he kept his eyes closed.

< 3 > The final sculpture was a circle of men facing inward with their arms around each other’s shoulders. In the center, one man was blindfolded and stood with his arms crossed over his chest. He was protected and sheltered by their circle while the other groups silently walked around them and watched.

One of the loveliest aspects of the exercise was that our prison sponsor had come into the room during the planning portion to follow up on some logistical item. While she and Giri talked, Barbara went on facilitating the exercise. Our sponsor stayed to watch, and was astonished to see these prisoners, whom she knew from their various programs, interacting with each other in such a profoundly trusting way. Because they participated even with an “outsider” in the room, it is evident that the participants had a great deal of trust in her and in the facilitators as well.

*March 2006*

*Barbara Babin • Giri Sequoya • Bob Barns*



# transforming power rap

*Facing Anger and The Urge to Kill and Finding the Path to Peace . . . by John Floyd*

Back in the day in my community, I guess all the way up to around the 90's, snitching (telling on each other) was considered one of the worse things we could do to each other. It was also a cultural thing. Snitching was a crime among us that was punishable by death! Which was my exact intentions to do against someone who snitched on me.

Many years ago, I had someone whom I thought was a best friend. We did everything together, he slept in my house, my wife would feed him like she fed us, she would refer to him as her brother-in-law, and my kids would call him uncle. That's how close we were. Then one day we get locked up for some guns, and during the course of our court proceedings, we all were in court, including my wife. And this guy sat on that witness stand and pointed his finger at me and began to say that all of the guns belong to me, and that it was me who was shooting at these guys who we had a beef with, and he just went on and on about situations that I was involved in that had nothing to do with this case, my wife and I were in shock! We couldn't believe our ears. I made a promise to myself that I was going to kill him. And when I got out of jail, nothing else matter to me but to find and kill this guy, I had so much hatred and anger in my heart for this guy, that I would roam the streets all night, sleeping in my car, my life revolved around finding him so I could kill him. Well, many, many years later, in prison, unrelated to this incident, I was sitting in church around 2002, and I happen to glance over to my left, seated in that section was no other than this guy who had consumed, or I allowed to consume so much of my life. It was actually him! The guy I searched for so many years to kill. All type of emotions were going through my head.

I sat there quietly with my thoughts, questioning myself about maybe this is a test of my faith. With a silent prayer, I asked god to direct me and give me the strength to overcome the feelings that was trying to enter my heart, and the thoughts in my head. Then I began to think about my family, especially my grandchildren. I also began to think about the consequences of any poor decisions I might make, all of these emotions seemed like I was going through them for a long time, but all of this took only a matter of minutes, we were asked to stand for our prayer before church let out. As we were leaving, I walked up to him, extended my hand, and said; *"God bless you, Brother. How have you been?"* We continue with some small talk, but I could tell that he didn't feel comfortable, but I just told him before he went back to his block that if he needed anything to let me know. And I never saw him again. My guess was he got a transfer because I was here. I realized a lot things because of that experience, but I think the most important thing that I learned about myself is that the more my faith is tested, the stronger it gets. ❧

# transforming power rap

## **“Out of the Darkness”**

*Observations about Karla’s God and the Light of a Changed Life  
Even as Death Row Took its Toll . . . by Larry Langston*

They showed her on television the day before they killed her. She looked pretty and healthy and her smile, as always, was heartwarming as she waved and called out, "bless you," to the cameras. Her beautiful, long dark hair contrasted with the white, prison jumpsuit she was wearing. Her arms were folded around her ever-present Book as she walked toward the prison van. Stepping up into the van, she stopped and looked back at the small group of prison guards that had gathered to say goodbye to her. "God bless you all, I love you and thank you," she said. "Bye Karla, we all love you too." someone called out.

She was allowed to travel without restraints to the Unit where the execution would take place. She seemed to be at peace. One of her concerns, before being moved to the death Unit, was finishing a pair of house slippers she was making for one of her guards, a guard she had come to know and love during the years of languishing on death row.

The accounts from witnesses who were present at her death said she entered the death chamber calmly, said words of forgiveness to her executioners, expressed sorrow for her crimes and the damage done to her family and the families of her victims. She turned pale momentarily, maybe allowing doubt and fear to creep in, then regained her composure and lay down unassisted on the table. The needles were inserted in her arm. The order was given to release the lethal liquid and within minutes, she. breathed her last. Witnesses said she . died with the trace of a smile on her lips.

In that summer of 1997, the news was flooded with reports of the execution of Karla Faye Tucker, the first woman put to death in the state of Texas in 150 years.

All of us doing time have a story—our reason for being in prison. Almost always the story is about someone else; it's not about us and what we've done.

It's stories about cops who went out of their way to bust us, or prosecutors and judges with nothing better to do than ruin our lives. Spouses, in-laws, lovers and friends who just didn't understand us and wouldn't do what we told them.

People just wouldn't leave us alone, either. Everyone wanted to act like they cared, but we knew they really didn't. That was just a game they were trying to run on us. They were jealous and wanted a piece of our action, that's all. Nobody really cares about anyone else.

When we enter the prison gate to begin our sentence we have only one thing on our mind: the day we will be getting out.

Most of us enter prison full of hate and bitterness. Filled with resentment toward anything that moves or breathes. Looking for something or someone we can lay blame on for our misery.

We have left behind a trail of broken promises, hearts and dreams as we suffer the consequences of the "game" with no good reason to even get up in the morning.

Our twisted and deluded minds tell us our only problem is being in prison. We've certainly done nothing wrong and if we could just get out of prison, everything would

transforming power rap

*"Out of the Darkness" continued from page 5*

be fine. We could get back to that great life we were leading "on the streets." We'd do a couple of things differently for sure, but our dreams are dreams of the same destruction that brought us to prison. We need new dreams.

I remember the first evening that I saw Karla Faye on the network news. After hearing the description of her heinous crime, I expected to see a partly deranged prisoner in ill-fitting jail coveralls, babbling incoherently. Instead, sitting calmly behind the glass of her prison's visiting room was a calm, neatly dressed, articulate young woman. She was openly talking about the crimes she had committed, while fully accepting responsibility for her crimes and her punishment. She talked about her upcoming death as if it were a walk in the park. It made me wonder if I could be that courageous in the same situation. And sadly, recognizing my own cowardice gave me doubts about Karla Faye's courage.

And something else was strange about this situation: I wasn't hearing the usual legal rhetoric from lawyers. There was no screaming about women's rights. No one seemed to be making a fuss over the fact that Karla Faye was a woman. And I never heard Karla Faye say that because she was a woman, she should be spared. She did say that she was not the same woman who had committed those murders in Houston in the early Eighties. She said she had changed, but she didn't view her changing as a reason to escape punishment. I had never heard that kind of talk from someone facing execution.

And then Karla Faye started talking about her faith in God. Oh, of course: another prisoner who has found Jesus in a prison cell and believes He is going to deliver her out of the belly of the beast. But, then again, Karla Faye wasn't saying anything about deliverance; she was talking about acceptance of life and all that life brings. Neither was she acting like John the Baptist, screaming from the rooftops for the world to repent. All she was saying was that her life or death was in God's hands and that she believed this to be true with her whole being.

As the weeks passed and Karla Faye's execution date grew nearer, I found myself watching more closely, waiting for her to crack. Surely, she couldn't maintain that false bravado much longer. Or was it false bravado?

In one of her last interviews, Karla Faye was told she could have a few minutes to look into the camera and make a plea to the governor for mercy. She looked at the interviewer, hesitated for a moment and said, "Oh, I couldn't do that. That would not be relying on God."

I couldn't understand her. Her attorneys had exhausted all legal remedies and were still trying to find more. Her family was begging anyone who would listen for help in trying to save her life. Scores of concerned citizens, clergy and anti-death penalty people were working non-stop for Karla Faye's cause, and she wouldn't even look into a camera and say a few simple words that might save her life?

Like a runaway train with no brakes, Karla Faye was headed to a sure death. Over this time I had become so deeply involved in her plight that I was in turmoil. By then, I knew all the broadcast times for the news on television and radio and would drop what I was doing to catch one, expecting to hear that she had been given a stay of execution. I just couldn't believe that they were not going to spare her life. How could the governor let that girl die?

It was at that point that I caught myself, realizing that I had become obsessed with

## transforming power rap

"Out of the Darkness" continued from page 6

Karla Faye and not any death penalty issue. I didn't care about the death penalty, as through the years I had seen many prisoners who had met the same fate and as long as it wasn't me, I didn't care. I had to come clean with myself; Karla Faye had won me over with her goodness. No matter how hard I had fought against it, I finally had to admit she was the real McCoy, the real thing.

I had fallen in love with her heart and mind, with her integrity and honor. I had fallen in love with all the qualities she possessed that reminded me that I didn't. I had no courage of any convictions; I had no courage nor convictions; I had no honor, no integrity and I felt like the Darkness standing next to the Light when I saw her on television. She was truth. She walked in love.

My only love was for myself and now that I think about it, I was my own worst enemy, so it couldn't have been love. Let's try self-hatred, that fits. I deserved the death penalty for my own crime, but weaseled and manipulated until I found a way out with a plea bargain.

I couldn't stand up and accept responsibility for my actions because doing the right thing, was not an option in the way I lived my life. We in prison, base our concerns and decisions on how something squares with our personal agenda; our agenda being our self centered, selfish desires. I pled guilty to my crime to literally escape a fate *worse* than death: sitting on death row for 20 years waiting to die. Doing the right thing was not within the realm of my reality.

Karla had to live. I wanted her to live because she gave me hope. I wanted her to be around to continue her personification of faith. I wanted Karla to live so people could see that it was possible for someone to change. And that maybe, if she had changed (and I believed that she had with all my heart), there might be hope for a loser like me.

After her death, I went through what I can only describe as mourning. For the longest time, I just couldn't believe they had gone through with it. I guess I always felt that they would give her a pardon and it would all go away.

One night, after lights out, unable to sleep, I was lying in my bed listening to the night sounds of the prison as I watched the reflection of one of the hall night lights -playing against the walls of my cell. I was thinking about Karla and the turn of events since first seeing her on television. I thought about what I knew of Karla's past before prison—her alcohol abuse, like mine; her rebellion against authority, also like mine. I wondered if she knew where she made *her* wrong turn in life because I wasn't sure where I made mine.

I began to look back to see if I could find where it happened in my life, the turning. I was thinking about my life and many years in prison. Thinking about people I had known, things I had done and places I'd seen. I wished that I could go back in time and relive my life. Maybe things would have turned out differently. And then, for the first time in my life, I became sorry, genuinely sorry, for my life and the terrible things I had done. A tape of my life seemed to be playing in front of my mind as I was seeing all the horrible and cruel acts I had committed. I welcomed that experience because in my struggle with Karla's situation, I had come to realize just how *unsorry* I was for my own past. Up to that point my only sorrow had been getting caught and having to pay for what I'd done.

This experience ended some time later with me broken, face down on the concrete floor of my cell. With no tears left, I cried out to whoever or whatever it is we cry out to,

See "Out of the Darkness" on page 8

transforming power rap

"Out of the Darkness" continued from page 7

"Help me stop being this way! Help me change!" Looking back it seemed I was always trying to rid myself of the *something* that was constantly haunting me. It felt like something was missing, and I couldn't find it because I didn't know what it was. Heavy alcoholism, meaningless sex, total disregard for all other human beings did nothing to fill the void, but wreaked havoc on those around me. I had committed every crime on the books trying to satisfy it, but the *something* still silently screamed to be fed.

I didn't want to be that person anymore. I was sick of what I had become, I wanted to be a good person, I wanted to feel to care to love, I wanted to be like Karla.

After this experience, although, too late, I knew that if I had had the opportunity, I would have joyfully taken Karla's place in her execution. Her Book teaches that there is no greater love than to give one's life for another. I never thought that those words would ever have meaning to me as I experienced the liberation of forgetting myself.

They say that when we reach a bottom and cry out for help, it will come. It might not come in the way we expect. It could be a word from a friend, an unexpected book that is handed to us, or a stranger who appears to show us the way—but it comes. It came to me.

Through the passing years, I have carried the sweet memory of Karla in my heart. Sometimes, I think of her and wonder how I might let people know what a beautiful soul was executed that summer, long ago. I'd like to tell people about Karla and the good she accomplished in the way she lived and died.

In the meantime, I know that everything is going to be all right, because I too have come to believe that my life or death is in the hands . . . of Karla's God.

Blessings. ☪

**AVP ON THE INTERNET WORLDWIDE**

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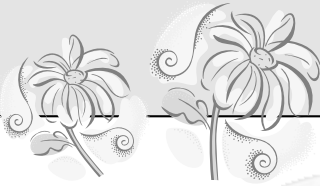
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**A GLOBAL SEARCH WILL FIND MORE**





## *Ann Goodgion*

**September 3, 2006**

Ann Goodgion lived a life devoted to making the world a better place for and with her friends, her family and her community. She was born in New York City April 19, 1946 to Dorothy and Gilbert Goodgion. When she was ten she learned the value of social skills when her mother Dorothy married William Holman, giving Ann and brother Gerry five new brothers and sisters, who later married and added to the large integrated family.

Ann became a social worker with a special gift and powerful will to see what needs to get done and doing it. After graduating from Michigan State University she worked in Texas where she started the first 'night care center' for the children of women who cleaned the offices of San Antonio's military bases. Ann came to Syracuse in the early 1970s and set to work advocating for people in need. She worked with prisoners through the Alternatives to Violence Program, at Vera House with women who needed shelter and protection from domestic violence, and with Enable backing physically challenged people in their fight for independence and dignity. Ann worked at Upstate Medical Center and the Onondaga County Health Department, counseling and guiding. Having touched so many lives she was frequently called on as a consultant and facilitator for non-profit organizations trying to make a difference. She was active not only in repairing the damages done by injustice and violence through her social work, but she advocated forcefully for social change with the Syracuse Peace Council, the Syracuse Community Choir and as a supporter of Native American rights and our obligation to uphold Indian Treaties. Ann was former clerk of the Syracuse Friends Meeting. She faithfully served on many Quaker committees locally and statewide, particularly contributing creatively to efforts against racism.

Ann loved to pass on her knowledge, commitment and social work skills, so she taught at Syracuse University and LeMoyne and Cazenovia Colleges. At the end of her life Ann was a Ph.D. candidate at Syracuse University. She was chronicling the lives of women with cervical cancer, so that their experiences and voices would be heard and understood through her research. In February Ann was diagnosed with ovarian cancer.

Ann is lovingly remembered by her sons, Edric H. Smith and Mathieu Saint Louis, her mother, Dorothy Holman, George Saint Louis, her siblings William W. Holman jr., Jeanne H. Thomsen, Margaret H. Ross, John W. Holman, Scott W. Holman, and Moira Daggett, numerous friends and colleagues. She was pre-deceased by her father Gilbert and her brother Gerry Goodgion.

A memorial service and potluck was held by the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) on September 17, 2006 at 10:00AM beside the Lily Pond in Syracuse's Thornden Park. All are invited to join in the celebration of Ann's life.

Memorial remembrances may be made to the Syracuse Society of Friends or Alternatives to Violence program in lieu of flowers. ☪

# Presenting Transforming Power

Transforming Power is the central concept in Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP). It is not a power we use but rather a power that uses us if we open ourselves to it. How we open ourselves to this power is best described in the Transforming Power mandala.

The elements in the mandala, (Respect for Self, Caring for Others, Expect the Best, Think Before Reacting, Ask for a Nonviolent Path) are all things that only we can do for ourselves, no one else can do them for us. Others may help us accomplish these tasks but in the final analysis the action taken is ours and it is then that we become open to a transforming response.

The AVP workshops help us accomplish the application of these guides in the following ways through thought provoking exercises and interpersonal activities. Under (Respect for Self) some activities challenge us to be trusting, to risk changing ourselves, avoid self depreciation, acknowledge the good in others, be honest, hold loving thoughts, etc. Under (Caring for Others) we are challenged to really listen, to look for the good in others, avoid using put downs, offer help to others, be careful with our words, and in many other ways be caring. With (Expect the Best) we look at how to accentuate the positive, trust our inner self, think positive, stay calm, speak our truth and expect inner power to succeed. In (Think Before Reacting) we learn how to

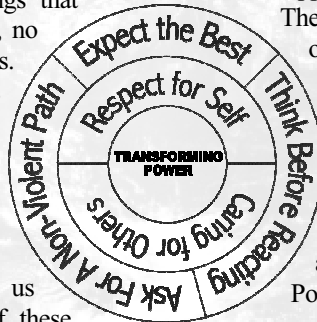
seek common ground, be patient, avoid using put downs, risk being creative, use humor appropriately, show respect, and many other needed and helpful reactions. And finally (Asking for a Nonviolent Path) helps us with how to stay cool and positive, avoid getting caught up with fear, the importance of positive body language, avoiding negativity, willingness to suffer for what is right, ways to talk it out and many other approaches to a conflict situation.

There are times when withdrawal or avoiding involvement is the wisest way to proceed if a transforming power response is or may not be forth coming.

Cited above are only some of the multitude of ways in which we can be sensitive to and open to Transforming

Power.

Certainly one of the very important tasks we have as AVP facilitators is getting this concept of TP across to a workshop group. I have found that the mandala helps me to do this and in a way can involve the whole workshop team. By cutting the mandala into six pieces you are able to assign the task to all members of the team with various team members in turn speaking to the piece they have chosen and placing it in the center of the circle.. Whether you start from the outside and build in or the inside and build out is a matter of choice and preference. I prefer going from the inside out because you start building from the self to the outer aspects of the concept and, particularly because it allows for the definition of TP



before you start describing it. The definition I like to use, but everyone has to find his/her own, is

"Transforming Power is a power we all have, whether we know we have it or not that allows us to change a relationship or a situation that might become violent into a nonviolent outcome." Our manuals suggest a TP talk and give some examples but I find the above method works best for me.

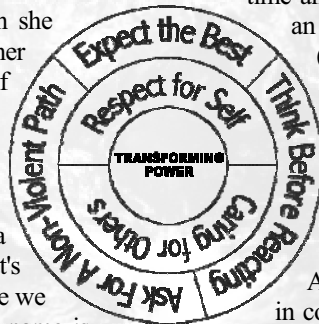
Along with the above are many excellent TRUE stories that demonstrate a transforming response. Some of these are in the Basic Manual but one I particularly like to use is about Ruth (not her real name). She had taken the AVP Basic workshop a while back and was going home to her apartment in Brooklyn. When she entered the elevator to go to her apartment she found herself alone with a man who once the door had closed said, "I'm going to rape you." Having no way to escape or scream for help, Ruth thought for a moment and then said, "If that's the way it is going to be maybe we should know one another my name is Ruth, what is yours?" and put out her hand. He took her hand and gave her a name and they started talking. Soon the elevator had reached her floor. As she stepped out of the elevator, he did too and they continued their conversation.. After about an hour she said to him, "I really have to go now." Her apartment was right nearby. He then asked, "Before I go may I just give you a kiss?" She allowed him to kiss her and he left. In this encounter we can see all the elements in the mandala being used. This is true of many of the TP stories.

Something that has worked for me is to combine this introduction of the mandala with first doing the Sharing a Conflict I Solved Nonviolently exercise which is done

by **Smiling Steve Angell**

in small groups with each group selecting a story to tell to the whole group. I debrief this by just listing on newsprint a one or two sentence description of each story and leaving some space between the various stories for later notations. Stop the debriefing at this point and do the presentation of the TP Mandala and guidelines. After this go back and debrief the Sharing a Conflict exercise noting the elements in the mandala that applied to resolving the various conflicts. In this way we reinforce the aspect of TP that it is a power we all have whether we know it or not. This process can take a good piece of time and may need to be lightened by an appropriate Light and Lively (e.g. Frogs and Alligator) We don't generally debrief L&Ls but this can be debriefed to point out the cooperation in saving frogs, if such was the case, or the contrary, if possessiveness took over.

Another excellent activity to do in conjunction with the presentation of Transforming Power is the reading of the Aikido Story or better yet have the team members read the various parts with appropriate intonations. Also you can introduce the TP Guidelines and Queries. If these are going to be read, go around the group reading them. The more group Involvement you can get the better. Throughout the workshop, the gatherings used and the L&Ls chosen can very appropriately tie in with the TP concept. After having presented TP to the group, questions raised in debriefing exercises and, of course, role plays can and should interject the concept of TP. See other exercises in manuals. With these ideas in mind "Here's to more productive workshopping!" ☪



# South Africa

**HARTBESPOORT DAM**  
27 August – 1 September 2006

**2006 AVP INTERNATIONAL GATHERING**



At the start of spring, 104 people from 23 countries have gathered at Hartbeespoort Dam between Johannesburg and Pretoria, South Africa: a rainbow gathering in the Rainbow Nation. We have come together at The Good Shepherd Retreat Centre, a place of welcoming hospitality, peace and spirituality. In this beautiful place we have found new friends and old friends, hugs and laughter, singing and dancing, and a dazzling array of

talks, workshops and shared wisdom. We have been moved by personal testimonies and fired by the many visionaries in our midst.

The Gathering was designed, organised and facilitated by an inspiring team of South African staff and volunteers based at Phaphama Initiatives. An essential part of the experience has been the South African context in which we have shared the food, the culture, the languages, the history and current concerns of our host nation. For five days we have all been Africans. We have lived the concept of ubuntu: umuntu ngumuntu gabantu, the interconnectedness that makes us human.

Three themes, or 'strands', have woven the fabric of the Gathering. The work of the first strand has been to establish the AVP International Development and Resource Committee to 'gather and provide resources to the AVP community to increase its full potential for peace and nonviolence worldwide'.

In the second strand we have shared experiences and skills gained through the unique AVP learning process. Our 'Grandfather', Steve Angell, has been with us to encourage and inspire us as we look at ways to improve, refine, expand and develop AVP in ways appropriate to our differing cultures and societies. Despite our obvious differences, we have been amazed by the common



underlying spirit and processes of AVP.

The third strand has explored strategies for local organizations to achieve stability and sustainable growth. Those of us from outside Africa have been impressed by the energy and growth of AVP in African countries – countries with appalling experiences, past and present, of war, genocide, apartheid, poverty, disease and crime. These countries have used AVP imaginatively in locally relevant ways. In Rwanda 1,400 newly elected local Gacaca judges have received AVP training. In Sudan, where AVP started in December 2005, 13 workshops have already helped to bridge the gulfs between Christians and Muslims, men and women and among the many tribal groups. The Franciscan Damietta Initiative in Africa, a grassroots movement promoting non-violence, reconciliation and care for the environment, uses AVP for its initial training programme. In South Africa, amongst AVP's many partners and projects, is the HIPP (Helping Increase Peace and Positivity) Club, where young people take their own version of AVP into schools and offer skillful facilitation and powerful role-models. The list is endless.

The Gathering has, above all, affirmed our vision of AVP and its transforming power. In small and large groups we have learned from each other that we can be infinitely creative and flexible with this precious gift. We also recognise the many organizational challenges that face us.

The messages from U.S. prisoners have reminded us of all our brothers and sisters incarcerated around the world. Many other AVPers were not able to be with us in person, but we feel your spirit has been with us. *Epistle Submitted by Nancy Shippen*

**With blessings and a warm South African Hug!**



For further reporting on the 2006 International Conference  
by Nancy Shippen and others, visit . . .

<http://avpig.blogspot.com/2006/09/nancy-shippen-reports-on-avp.html>

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Trumansburg, New York, USA

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To subscribe, send an e-mail message indicating where and when you obtained your AVP facilitator certification, where you currently train, and any other pertinent information you care to include to the list owner, Peter Hoover, at [prh4@cornell.edu](mailto:prh4@cornell.edu).

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