November 29, 1989

^F1^
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Dear ^F2^:

"I cried unto the LORD with my voice; and with my voice unto the LORD did I make my specific prayers...When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path...Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living...Teach me to do Thy will...for Thy righteousness sake bring my soul out of trouble. **The LORD is near** unto all who call upon Him, **to all who call upon Him in truth.** He will fulfill the desire of those who fear Him; He will also hear their cry and will save them."

- Selected from Psalms 142-145

The evening sky was echoing the bright heat of a violent fire. Helicopters, flashing lights and armed authorities encircled the chaos. Silhouetted men raced through the heat and smoke. A war fueled by Someone's inspiration was begun. Camp Hill State Correctional Institution was under siege. By Saturday morning, October 28, 1989, a smoldering fortress was crying to be understood.

Whose cries were to be heard? Were the guilty of this revolt the powerful keepers or the powerful kept?

The public watched with wonder. The rhetoric of politics, both liberal and conservative, began. Administration was disciplined, the incarcerated were locked down. Through it all, a grievous wound had called for a mature analysis of both the inmates and staff.

I personally grieve for both keeper and kept, whose lives have directly suffered in the revolution. Somehow I still believe that godly authority makes the difference. All people of this orientation, whether administration or residents, understand that a commitment to righteousness yields order. Evil is in the heart of all men: some allow it to rule.

Aleksandr Solzhensitsyn, the famous Russian freedom fighter, said to America, "...the fight for our planet, physical and spiritual, a fight of cosmic proportions, is not a vague matter of the future. It has already started. **The forces of Evil have begun their decisive offensive.** You can feel their pressure, yet your screens and publications are full of prescribed smiles and raised glasses. What's all the joy about?"

David's Psalm, quoted above, is for the ruler and the ruled. Its truths and promises are for either man whose heart is bent on His God.

I resist being bold with Corrections authorities because I honor their God-given privilege of leadership. As this letter closes, however, I want you to know that I am always available to your concerns. Resources abound that would comfort and strengthen you and your institution. All you need to do is call us.

May the revolutions that **always** involve authority be brought under the control and blessing of a God Who alone has delegated the privileges of power. My personal heart aches for the wounded lives now casualties of Someone's misunderstanding of God's authority.

I thank God for you!

Jack Crans
Director

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Enclosure