

Released's Hours of

Operation:

M,W,Th: 8:30am - 4:30pm

Tues: 10am - 6pm

Fri: 8:30am - 3pm

RELEASED REENTRY

4104 NW 13th St

(352) 432-8600

releasedreentry.org



2026

March

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

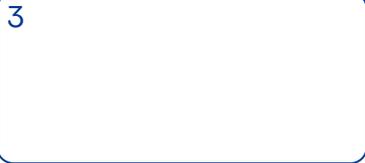
Thursday

Friday

2

Seeking Safety
2 PM - 3 PM
@ Released Reentry

3

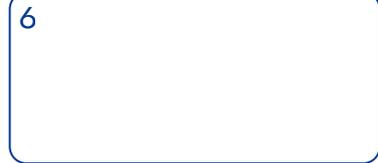


4

Justice-Impacted Collaborative 5pm - 6:30pm **@ Headquarters Library**

5-Computer Lab Support & Mock Interviews 2 PM - 4 PM
-Substance Use Education Group 4 PM -5 PM
Both @ Released Reentry

6



9

Seeking Safety
2 PM - 3 PM
@ Released Reentry

10



11



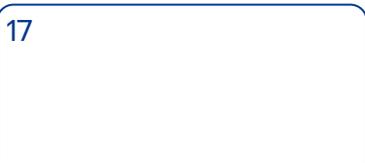
12 Seeds of Change: A Spring Gathering
4 PM- 6 PM
@ Released Reentry

13 Peer Support Group
4pm - 5:30pm
@ Cone Park Library - 2801 E University Ave

16

-Freedom to Learn 11 AM - 1 PM **@ Released Reentry**
-Seeking Safety 2 PM - 3 PM **@ Released Reentry**

17



18



19-Computer Lab Support & Mock Interviews 2 PM - 4 PM
-Substance Use Education Group 4 PM -5 PM
Both @ Released Reentry

20

Tabling
3:30 PM- 5:30 PM
@ Cone Park Library

23

Seeking Safety
2 PM - 3 PM
@ Released Reentry

24



25

Meridian Homeless Outreach
2 PM - 4 PM
@ Released Reentry

26-Computer Lab Support & Mock Interviews 2 PM - 4 PM
-Substance Use Education Group 4 PM -5 PM
Both @ Released Reentry

27



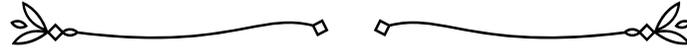
30

Seeking Safety
2 PM - 3 PM
@ Released Reentry

31

-Gardening Group 4:30 PM - 5:30 PM
-Peer Support Group 5:30 - 6:30 PM
Both @ Released Reentry





Post-Incarceration Peer Support Group

Join us on the 2nd Friday and last Tuesday of every month for a peers only support group for those returning from prison or jail.

Substance Use Education Group

Join us every Monday for a harm-reduction & compassion group aimed at managing and exploring your relationship to substance use.

Seeking Safety Group

Join us every Thursday for a coping skills group focused on trauma and substance use struggles for formerly incarcerated people.



The Wild Iris By Louise Glück

At the end of my suffering
there was a door.

Hear me out: that which you call death
I remember.

Overhead, noises, branches of the pine shifting.
Then nothing. The weak sun
flickered over the dry surface.

It is terrible to survive
as consciousness
buried in the dark earth.

Then it was over: that which you fear, being
a soul and unable
to speak, ending abruptly, the stiff earth
bending a little. And what I took to be
birds darting in low shrubs.

You who do not remember
passage from the other world
I tell you I could speak again: whatever
returns from oblivion returns
to find a voice:

from the center of my life came
a great fountain, deep blue
shadows on azure sea water.