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The Open Door Community – Hospitality & Resistance in the Catholic Worker Movement

Vol. 29, No. 2

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February 2010

Walking With Jack, Pleading for Life

By Murphy Davis

In the many years that we at the Open Door Community have visited on Georgia's death row, we have met many men, women and children who have touched our hearts. One of the remarkable friends was Jack Edward Alderman, whom we knew for some 34 years. Jack's friends have been so touched by his witness and his death that the writing and artistic expressions have continued. In this issue of Hospitality, we are sharing several articles by and about Jack, a poem written by one of his friends (see page 7), and a lovely portrait by Jack's friend Simone Sandelson, a renowned portrait painter in London, England.

In September 2008, Jack Alderman was scheduled to be executed when he was granted his final hearing before the Georgia Board of Pardons and Paroles. The board held the power to grant a stay of execution, to grant clemency — commuting his sentence to life — or to proceed with the execution. Ed Loring, Lauren Cogswell and I were among those who accompanied Jack's elderly father and testified on Jack's behalf.

The following letter, which I sent to the board before the hearing, details the argument I made for Jack's life. The board was polite to us, with the exception of one member who slept through the entire hearing. But shortly after we left, they voted that Jack must die. He was executed and declared dead at 8:03 p.m. on Tuesday, September 10, 2008. May God have mercy on us all.

September 9, 2008

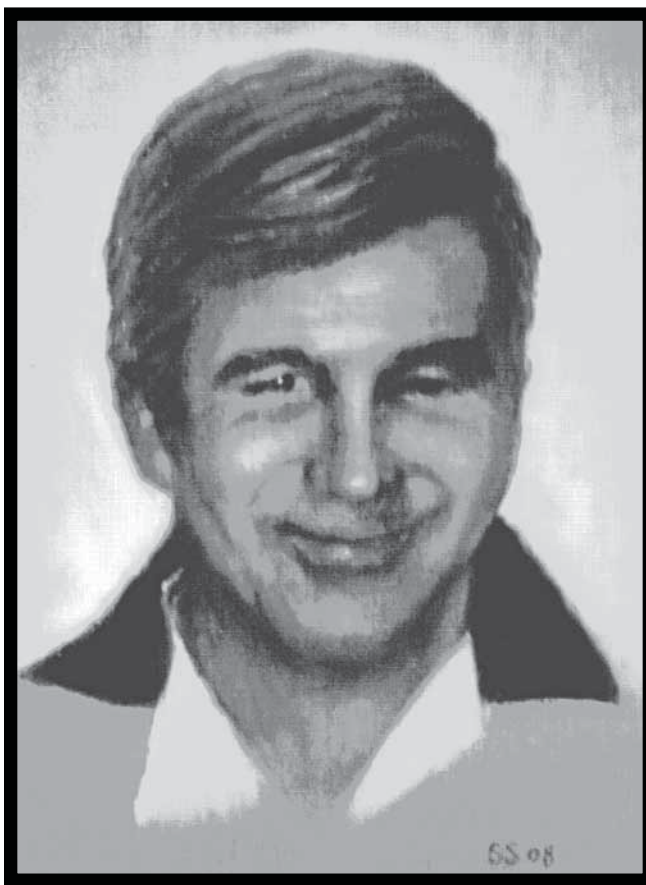
The State Board of Pardons and Paroles
Floyd Veterans Memorial Building
Balcony Level, East Tower
2 Martin Luther King Jr. Drive S.E.
Atlanta, GA 30334-4909

Dear Friends,

I have known Jack Alderman for 30 years and I am writing today to implore you to spare his life.

In my ministry as a Presbyterian pastor, I have visited several hundred men and women who have been sentenced to death in Georgia since 1977, and never have I known a finer human being than Jack Alderman. I have known him at Reidsville, in the Chatham County Jail, and for many years at the Georgia Diagnostic Prison in Jackson. I have seen him through countless appeals, trials, difficult tests in the prison, and I can testify that his faith is unshakeable and his character tested and solid.

Jack is a friend to all. He has been and become, over the



Jack Alderman

Simone Sandelson 2008

Holding Hannah

By Jack Alderman

Note from Murphy Davis: In 1998, after I had been visiting Jack Alderman about 20 years, he recounted this story to me; a few days later he wrote this account. I had never known until then what our family's visit in December 1979 had meant to Jack. We share it here because we believe that it tells more about who Jack Alderman was than any other written resource I know.

I have been asked to share an experience that occurred 19 years ago. I agreed, without too much hesitation, because of my love, respect, admiration and appreciation. It is next to impossible for me to say "no" to her — such is the esteem.

It was late November 1979. I was into my fifth year of incarceration-and-condemnation, enduring four-plus years at the Chatham County Jail in Savannah. I had recently transferred to death row at the Georgia State Prison in Reidsville. I was hurt, angry, bitter and confused.

Murphy Davis and her husband, Ed Loring, were ministers at Clifton Presbyterian Church in Atlanta and Murphy the initiator of the Southern Prison Ministry. On a regular basis they traveled to "The Bottom" to bring us evidence of God's compassion, strength, cheer and hope.

Their objections to capital punishment were as unpopular then as they are now, but they defied the critics to

Waiting for Death, Choosing Life

By Lauren E. Cogswell

Editor's note: Lauren Cogswell is a Presbyterian minister and former Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community. She now lives in Norfolk, Virginia and continues to work against the death penalty. This essay originally appeared in Journal for Preachers.

I really did not want to go. I had always saved Jack's visit for the last visit of the day, knowing that it would be a time of resting in his friendship, of listening, of laughing at his great and wild stories, of knowing something of the journey toward God. But this was the part of the journey I did not want to take. Then I remembered, this was not about me; and because I was not alone — I was accompanied by longtime pastors Randy Loney, Murphy Davis, Eduard Loring and Jack's longtime and faithful legal team — I knew there was nowhere else really I could be. Underneath my fear and rising

Muscle-pumped guards wearing full black uniforms and combat boots had replaced the regular prison staff, cement barriers blocked the roadway to make access to the prison difficult, and the prison was on lockdown.

grief, there was nowhere else I wanted to be. There is, after all, holy space at the foot of the cross.

On the hour drive from Atlanta to the prison in Jackson, Georgia, I asked myself, how in the world do I accompany someone awaiting their own murder? What does it mean to be a pastor for someone who awaits an unwelcome and unnatural death? It is a bizarre circumstance and one that I believe is an anathema to our God of Creation, our God of Life. I had no answers. Showing up and paying attention seemed like all I had to offer. Like so many other times, Jack would show me the way.

Jack Alderman had lived the last 34 years on Georgia's death row. The year I was born, Jack went to prison and hasn't touched grass or the earth since. I am an organic gardener, and holding the earth in my hands gives me life and hope. So I had been amazed and in awe that Jack had remained alive for 34 years without touching the earth. It's

Holy Week and Easter with the Homeless

We invite you to join us for worship with our friends on the street during Holy Week.

Palm Sunday

March 28
Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue

4:00 pm

Monday

March 29
Grady Hospital
Jessie Hill, Jr. Dr.

5:00 pm

Tuesday

March 30
City Jail
Peachtree St. SW

5:00 pm

Wednesday

March 31
Woodruff Park,
Five Points

5:00 pm

Maunder Thursday

April 1
City Hall
Trinity Avenue

5:00 pm

with celebration of the Eucharist

Good Friday

April 2
State Capitol
Washington Street

5:00 pm

Holy Saturday

April 3
Pine Street Shelter
Peachtree and Pine Streets

5:00 pm

Easter Morning

April 4
Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue

8:00 am

Breakfast with our homeless friends followed by worship and Celebration of Life Over Death and Oppression



Mark Harper from Fritz Eichenburg

Fast for Justice Close Guantanamo | End Torture

Editor's note: This information was obtained from reports from Chuck Harris and Witness Against Torture (www.witnesstorture.org).

On January 11, the eight-year mark since the opening of U.S. detention facilities at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, people from across the country began a 12-day, liquid-only Fast for Justice in Washington, demanding that the Guantanamo prison be closed and U.S. torture end. About 150 people joined the fast, which lasted until January 22, the day President Barack Obama had promised that the prison would be closed.

Chuck Harris, Volunteer Coordinator at the Open Door Community, was among those who joined the fast. "This will be the fourth time I've taken part in this January protest and vigil," Harris said. "I've never done fasting before. I think the longest I've gone without food was 30 hours after an action two years ago at the Supreme Court. A year ago I was hopeful there would be changes with a new administration. Unfortunately that has not happened, and I feel the need to be more active in opposition to the injustice at Guantánamo, Bagram, and in U.S. prisons."

Fasting is an important part of many religious and spiritual traditions. It has been used, notably by Mahatma Gandhi, as an expression of political principle, with the power to move hearts and minds and change policies. And it has a particular connection to Guantanamo, where dozens of inmates have engaged in hunger strikes to protest their abuse. Honoring all these traditions and meanings, the Fast for Justice is:

- ◆ An act of moral witness: against the crime and sin of torture, indefinite detention, rendition, and the denial of legal and human rights.

- ◆ A political demand:



Bill Ofenloch | www.witnesstorture.org

that Guantanamo close, torture be definitively banned, and that all U.S. detainees receive true justice and equality before the law.

- ◆ An act of solidarity: with the suffering of the men, boys and women, whether in Guantanamo or other U.S. detention facilities around the world.

- ◆ An act of atonement: for our nation's violation of domestic and international law, human rights and its own principles.

- ◆ An expression of hope: that President Obama will honor his words by closing Guantanamo and banning torture.

- ◆ An act of renewal: that calls America back to its senses and to its core values, that seeks to make those values stronger and inviolable, and that helps to reconnect America to the peoples of the world.

Participants took part in vigils, lobbying and public events in and around Washington. On Day 11, 42 protesters were arrested

at the Capitol. On the Capitol steps, 28 were arrested as they held banners reading "Broken Promises, Broken Laws, Broken Lives." Inside, 14 performed a "memorial service" for the three men whose deaths at Guantanamo in 2006 were initially reported as suicides and were callously described as "acts of asymmetrical warfare" by military officials. New reports provide strong evidence that the men may have been tortured to death at a CIA secret prison in Guantanamo.

"We were so hopeful last year," said Christine Gaunt, a grandmother and third-generation farmer from Grinnell, Iowa, who was arrested at the Capitol. "But Obama has broken his promise to close Guantanamo. I am acting today because I am horrified and ashamed that this illegal prison continues to exist, and that those responsible for torture have not been held to account. I am using my body to demand that my government stop the insanity of torture and illegal detention." ◆

HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community, Inc., an Atlanta Protestant Catholic Worker community: Christians called to resist war and violence and nurture community in ministry with and advocacy for the homeless poor and prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard.

A \$10 donation to the Open Door Community would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing **Hospitality** for one year. A \$40 donation covers overseas delivery for one year.

Open Door Community

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Josh Bleyerveen

Gunnar Gabrielsen reads Hospitality in the front yard at 910 on New Year's Day.

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Open Door Community

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Dick Rustay: Dayspring Farm Coordinator

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Nelia and Calvin Kimbrough: Worship, Art, and Music Coordinators

Chuck Harris: Volunteer Coordinator and Resident Volunteer Applications

Murphy Davis: Southern Prison Ministry

Heather Barger: Hardwick Prison Trip Coordinator

THE CRY OF THE POOR: CRACKING WHITE MALE SUPREMACY (Part 14)

More Love in Action: What Can We Do?

By Eduard Loring

Editor's note: This is the fourteenth in a series of articles based on a lecture Eduard gave at Stetson University as part of the Howard Thurman Lecture Series.

Last month we discussed two answers to the question "What can we do?" We invited folk to find or create their own Welcome Table with Table Talk as the location for discovering and preparing for love in action for the oppressed and the dismantling of White Male Supremacy. We then moved from our seats to the streets. We said, "Speak up and speak out. Shout as loud as you can at every form of domination and oppression you see, touch, smell, taste or hear. Engage!" This month we continue with two more answers to the question.

Those of us who care, those of us who give a damn, those of us who are alive with compassion and a hunger and thirst for justice: stop business as usual.

We can make a fundamental change against all injustice. We have the power and the love (do we not?) to root out the means of war against the poor, the nations and people of color like Henry Louis Gates. We cannot root out the causes of conflict. Conflict is a necessary consequence of the search for truth and freedom. Though ultimately lodged like a beehive in the human heart, a primary location of the rotten root is our capitalistic system and our business methods.

"The time is fulfilled, the Beloved Community is at hand" now (Mark 1:15a). President Obama has opened a door. Will we walk through it? Will he keep the door open? We have the latent power right now to bring about a revolution of values. Do we have the will? The courage? The vision? The supporters and the leaders who will follow the people? For people of faith it is a matter, in the words of Phil Berrigan, of "putting our asses where our doctrines are."

For all Progressives, Radicals and Human Hoppers, it is a matter of putting our BODIES where the revolution of values is calling us to be. We may not have the money. We may not have the votes. We do not have the guns and bullets, and would not use them anyway. But we do have our bodies, the political tool of the poor and disinherited. We do have our minds and our hearts. We do have our love and hunger to make it right for all people.

For all Progressives, Radicals and Human Hoppers, it is a matter of putting our BODIES where the revolution of values is calling us to be.

When we go to the streets together and put our bodies in the way of the traffic that crawls along killing the poor and frightening everyone in its path, then we will be reigniting and reviving Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s Poor People's Campaign. Remember? He was killed in Memphis on the way to D.C. to put bodies in the street and shut down the government. We can go to the streets today. And our grandchildren will have a future of grace and justice. I work and walk for you: Mia, John Thomas and Jack Eduard.

Go to jail.

Love in Action expresses itself in Civil Disobedience or Divine Obedience as radical poet-priest Dan Berrigan names it. Love in Action calls us to break unjust laws that oppress and put the lives of the disinherited in harm's way.

We are strengthened in soul and mind when we are arrested, go to jail, face the judge and do time. (See Don Beisswenger's book "Locked Up.") Spending time in jail is the most important pedagogical resource available in the United States of America for the class of "haves" (i.e., most of us) to receive an insight into politics, business schemes, domination, the war machine and, to the point, White Male Supremacy.

Civil Disobedience and going to jail can inspire us to know our police departments, their spiritual dimensions and their work in the dark. If the Progressives in Atlanta were regularly campaigning for poor people and facing the police, would the Atlanta police in 2006 have been able to kill a 92-year-old Black widow and plant drugs in her basement? I doubt it.

In jail we get to know jailers and, most importantly, the disinherited who spend large parts of their lives behind bars, guilty of being poor in a consumer economy. We can listen to criminals and gang members who teach us of the American Way of Life outside our usual haunts. As on the streets, so too in the jails lies a veracity and access to truth not found in the homeland-secured USA, which is constantly spending billions on cover-ups and fake advertisements.

In jail we get to know jailers and, most importantly, the disinherited who spend large parts of their lives behind bars, guilty of being poor in a consumer economy.

In jails there is a liberation pedagogy that opens up the gospel in ways not available elsewhere in America. The New Testament was written under persecution, in prison, in exile or on the margins. Without opposition to the Word in the flesh, the truth of the gospel cannot fully reach heart or mind.

From prison moving toward execution by the white supremacist Nazis, Dietrich Bonhoeffer teaches us the naked truth of "the cost of discipleship." Martin Luther King Jr. does the same years later. On April 16, 1963, moving toward the balcony of the Lorraine Motel, King sat languishing in solitary confinement in an Alabama jailhouse. There he penned a sacred text that is now a part of the American canon, "Letter From the Birmingham Jail." Writes King as he calls all people of good will to act for love and justice:

I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.

Unless we go to the streets and to jail, there will be no revolution of values, no Poor People's Campaign, no justice,



Tom Lewis

no single-payer medical care, no end to the death penalty, no end to the White Male Supremacist system. We are living and dying in the midst of a historical disaster and an ecological catastrophe. In the midst of madness and killing, there can be no justice and peace without our going to jail and going often.

We are called by the inner voice of our humanness to be one people in love and harmony. Sings poet Robert Frost:

My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

("Two Tramps in Mud Time")

"The time is at hand!" shouted John the Baptist before he lost his head. Let us hope to keep our heads, but step out in this most crucial time for "mortal stakes." Let us go and put love into action. "Where there is no love, put love" (St. John of the Cross). Where there is no action, put action. Sit at a Welcome Table with Table Talk. Speak up and speak out. Engage the powers and principalities. Stop business as usual. Go to jail. See ya at the front of the bus. ✠

Next month: This series will conclude with Part 15, "We Must Choose Our Teachers Well."

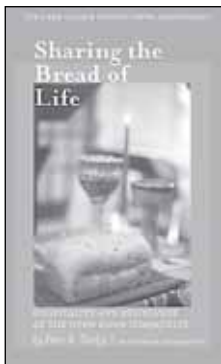
Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

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for Love and Justice

By **Eduard Loring**
with Heather Bargeron
preface by Dick Rustay

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Hospitality and Resistance
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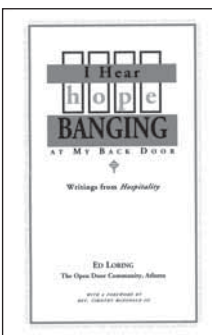
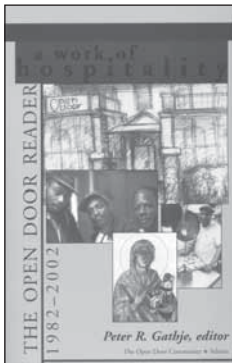
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Peter R. Gathje, editor

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copies will be sent at no expense.*



Murphy Davis

Clinic Coordinators

The Harriet Tubman Medical Clinic at the Open Door is coordinated by medical students from the Emory University School of Medicine. Each year these coordinators change. In December, **Becca Gunter** and **Eve Lake** assumed leadership of the clinic from **Caleb Rutledge** and **Elissa Poorman**. Pictured at 910 for that occasion (left to right) are Caleb, Becca, Elissa and Eve.

In, Out & Around 910

Compiled by Calvin Kimbrough

Thank You!

St. Jude the Apostle Catholic Church in Atlanta blesses the residents of the Open Door with gifts every Christmas. We each get to request two gifts, and members of the congregation provide these presents, which we open one by one on Christmas Day in the late afternoon as we sit in a big circle in the dining room. This year, **Mary Pat Davis** and **Lori Wright** (right) from St. Jude brought these wonderful gifts to 910. They are pictured with our Christmas tree, cut from Dayspring Farm. We are also blessed each year with wonderful gifts of new winter clothes from our friends at St. Thomas the Apostle Catholic Church in Smyrna.



Calvin Kimbrough



Diane Wiggins

Open Door Partners **Ira Terrell** (above) and **Barbara Schenk** (right) enjoy their presents: a certificate for new fishing gear for Ira and a Bob Dylan CD for Barbara.



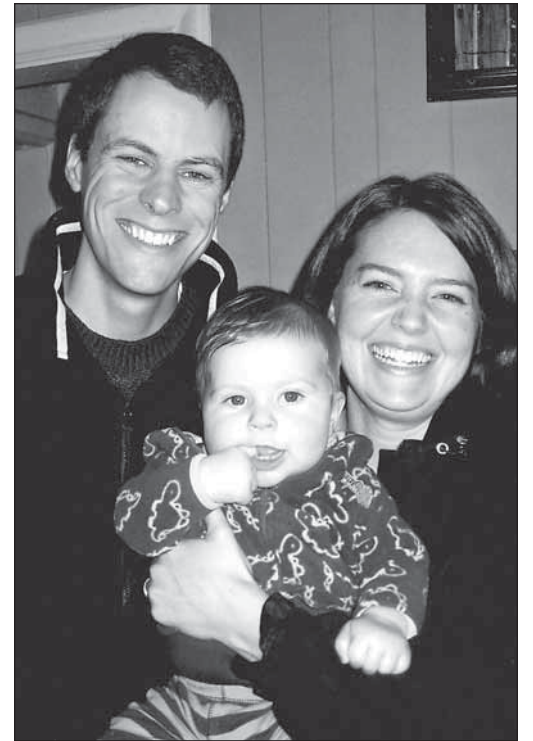
Johnny Devlin



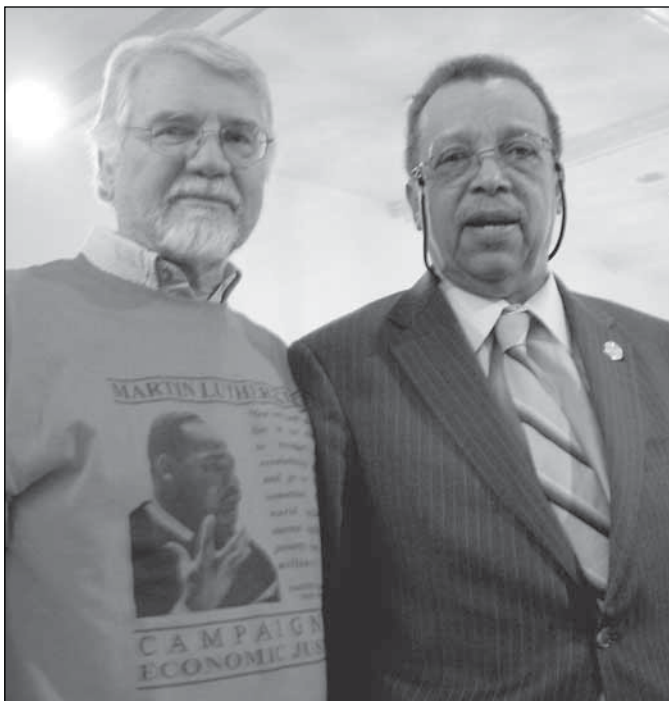
Photographs by Calvin Kimbrough

Families Who Serve

Former Open Door resident **James Mosley** brought his family to help with the serving of our Christmas Meal. We were quite pleased to have them join us and to see how well James was doing. Gathered for a family portrait (*left*) are **James Mosley Sr.**, daughter **Chantel Glover**, grandson **Jason Pope**, James' wife **Judy Glover** and son **James Mosley Jr.** Joining us on New Year's Day to serve were **Ben and Liz Albert** (*below*). Liz is a regular soup kitchen volunteer and brought her son, Ben, who is a student at the University of Georgia.



Murphy Davis



Murphy Davis

Benjamin Is Growing!

Joseph, Benjamin and Suzanne Hobby-Shippen are regulars at our Sunday Worship gathering, so we are enjoying watching Benjamin grow. He and his parents live at New Hope House and work with Ed and Lora Shain Wier in New Hope's ministry of hospitality and accompaniment for prisoners and their families.

Emancipation Day

While the community dished out the New Year's feast, **Ed Loring** and Murphy Davis brought in the New Year with the Terrell County, Georgia NAACP. Ed preached for the annual Emancipation Day service, this year at Sardis Baptist Church in Dawson. It was a rousing and inspiring time, with great music provided by "K.C. and the Southwest Georgia Mass Choir." Ed and Murphy, along with Nelia and Calvin Kimbrough, are members of the Terrell County chapter of the NAACP. Here Ed is pictured with our friend the **Rev. Ezekiel Holley**, president of the Terrell chapter.



New Mayor, Same Old Same Old

As the sign says, "Poverty: Whoever you vote for it still exists." Atlanta has a new mayor, and the same policies of criminalizing the poor. On a very cold January day, **Marshall Rancifer, Johnny Devlin and David Christian** (*below, left to right*) represented the Open Door Community by welcoming folks to the inauguration of our new mayor, Kasim Reed. At left, David and Johnny work at painting the banner.



Photographs by Josh Bleyerveen



Julie Lonneman

poetry corner

Clarence Jordan (1912-1969)

Cups rattle,
Backs bake,
Laughter echoes.
What sweet, sweet music.

For this man stands like few.
Never alone even in the loneliest of all places.
Bible in hand,
Crusted red clay.
Matching his boots.
For he hammers down walls we cannot.

He walks on.
Never alone.
He is reborn.

A teacher, a laborer,
Silhouetted by the beauty that his spirit leaves in the hearts of others.
He walks on.
As southern as grits,
Laugh lines curl under his ear.
This man couldn't be happier.

He stands on the top of the world,
And screams out in his divine satisfaction.
He was brought to this sinful planet with a message, for not the least bit of despair or isolation
covers his
faith.
He shares it.
He will never fall but always remain standing.

This man stands with God.

— **Gabe Harper**

Gabe Harper, 14, lives in Athens and has been volunteering at the Open Door since his family moved back to Georgia in 2004. This poem won first place for seventh-grade poetry from Clarke Middle School in the Young Georgia Writers Competition.

Your Enemy

I'm your Enemy but hold me like I love you.

It's not your fault you need me ... you're just not
strong or wise enough to know you can handle dilemmas
on your own.

I was made for the weak man, just squeeze me and
I will show you the damage I can do ... and when
I'm through with you, you will have numbers just
like me.

Fools, I was designed to kill, you was made to
love, but since I'm a 38-Special and you are
behind the trigger

You will learn, the Gun is your Enemy!!

— **Michael DuBois**
Telfair State Prison

Execution

For Jose High d. November 2001

Feathers final flutter
Caught by wind of
Final wing-flap

Neck wrung
Incarnadine

She
Falls
Dead.

Final.

In red dust
Twitching....

Final.

— **Eduard N. Loring**
Open Door Community

In Memory of Mrs. Harriet Ross Tubman

I have seen your portrait, however, never your likeness.

Why did you always return to the opaque forest,
to the moonless, nameless trail,
Near, always too near, the precipice and the
hangman's cul-de-sac?

You were the absolute, astute conductor,
freedom's divine engineer.
They thought to immure and mold you dumb
with patters and whip:
They thought to make you fear and shamble by
the roadside.

Mrs. Tubman, I have seen your profile, however,
never your character.
All aboard. She is able, still tangible and still
relevant.

Mrs. Tubman, I have seen your sketch, never
your outline.
Know they not, she never lost no passenger nor
run her train ever off the track.

Yes, Mrs. Tubman, I have seen your portrait, it is
beautiful, however, never your likeness.

— **Samuel Jackson**
Georgia Prisoner

Despair

Your widest dreams
Have grown nimble
Under the weight
Of homelessness.

In the kick-ass rain
Might as well be naked
The skimpy attire
Is insufficient.

You pull up your collar
Nature dogs your steps
There is no retirement
From this despair.

You almost wish
For incarceration
A bed, three square meals,
Some measure of comfort.

— **Arnal Kennedy**
*Arnal Kennedy is a resident of the Los
Angeles Catholic Worker house.*

The Missed Insultists

and so we come again
to bear witness that
not every citizen approves
the state killings which
the more fascistic elements
of the government ram through

we stand and hold a candle
or a sign or banner
and we sing and pray
and preach and reminisce
and beat a drum slowly
or else we stand still silent

we face the west
the scenic setting sun
just like lifeless lady liberty
atop the dome behind us
as the nervous ag peers
from his corner window

and the cars and trucks
and buses and hikers
go by at rush hour's end
the audience of our vigil
and the weather's fine
but the traffic's light subdued

maybe it's the hard times
people just don't go as much
but several honks for peace
and many waves and thumbs up
and friendly smiles but no birds
and something's definitely missing

where are the shouters of
kill 'em all get a job
you mealy-mouthed bleeding
hearts go back to Russia
they don't show and
they're missed they're missed

is this a sign
an absence to portend
a mounting of opinion
a rise of consciousness
a flowering of conscience
we hope therefore we're here

— **Miss Louisa Adelaide Turnipseed**
Georgia Poet

Teacher

Jack Edward Alderman
05/29/1951 – 09/16/2008

A triumvirate of Deities
Gus, Grace and Buddha
Reached a conclusion
Jack became their response

There was too much evil
Darkness reigned unopposed
They sought a redress
Jack became their light

It was agreed between them
Each contributed three virtues
Equally measured into the mix
Jack became their instrument

Buddha meditated
Gained insight
Kind, Wise and Generous
Jack was all of them

Grace quested the stars
Perceived nourishment
Spiritual, Eloquent and Gracious
Jack was all of them

Gus struggled for clarity
Consulted His father
Visionary, Truthful and Apologist
Jack was all of them

They observed progress with delight
Results exceeded expectations
Goodness began sprouting
Jack set an example

Counterattack by the opposition
Battered, bruised but unbowed
Caged, never conquered
Jack set an example

Stripped of everything
Peace obtained in hell
A flame of enlightenment
Jack set an example

The spark ignited a conflagration
It is spreading, burning brightly
With these words
"I'll love you as much as you let me"

Carried a message from the Divine
Accomplished the Mission
With these words
"I'll love you as much as you let me"

— **Ward Brockman**
Death Row

Walking With Jack, Pleading for Life *continued from page 1*

years, a brother, an elder brother and even a father figure to many. He has cared for others in prison who are retarded and mentally ill and has mentored many a young man into finding peace in the most difficult and trying circumstances. Jack Alderman's role as a peacemaker is well known to all: prisoners and prison staff alike. I have witnessed prison staff who confide in Jack and even seek out his wisdom. It would be my fervent hope that you would not proceed with your considerations without talking with those who have staffed the prison and especially death row over the years. They know and care for Jack and all can attest to the fact that he is and has long been a leader, a friend, and a source of peace in all circumstances.

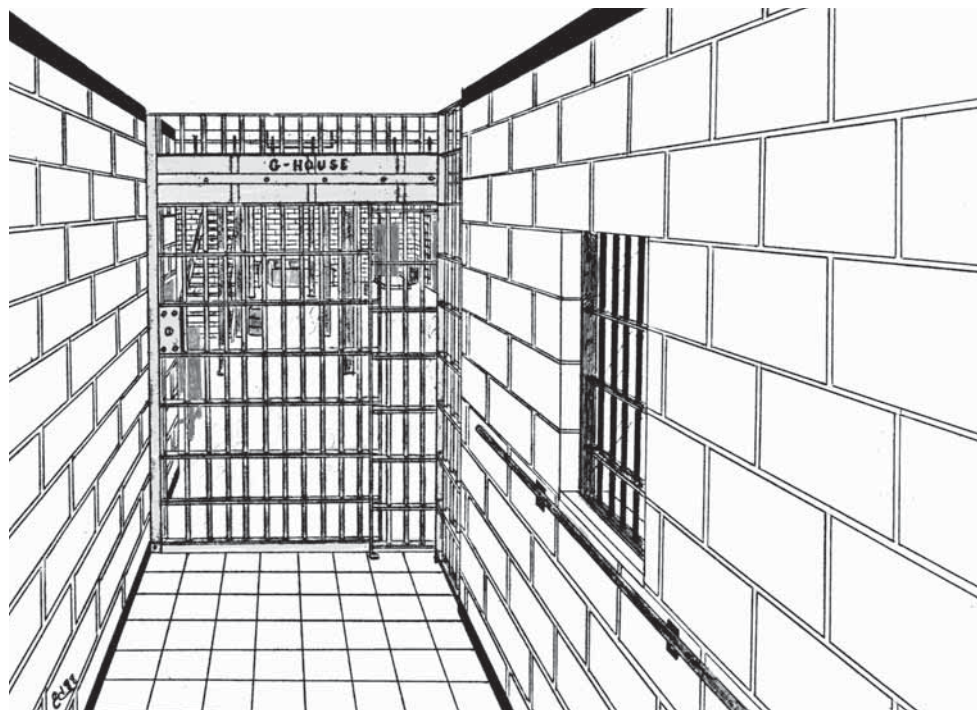
Jack Alderman's years on death row have not found him idle. He reads widely and his correspondence reaches around the globe. He has worked very intentionally to grow in his faith and understanding. We have had deep and meaningful conversations over the years about the joy of faith and the power of God to sustain our lives when all seems lost. He has never given up on himself or anyone else because he holds a firm faith that God is never quite through with us. Such hope is a precious gift.

During his years on death row, Jack has made friends around the world. His skills as a writer and poet have communicated his beautiful soul to many in Georgia, across the United States and in many other countries. I visited Jack one time when he had received several hundred cards and letters at one time from a group of children in the Netherlands. He was dumbfounded but as always, humble in his response. He learned that someone who admires Jack very much had spoken to this group of youth and

with some who seek his counsel.

How can I explain what a wonderful friend Jack Alderman has been to me? He has prayed without ceasing for me and my family through the years as I have struggled with cancer. He held my 29-year-old daughter when she was a tiny six-week-old baby in the rotunda of the Georgia State Prison at Reidsville. He has faithfully cared for and prayed for the poor and our ministry on the streets of Atlanta. He makes peace and provides guidance to his companions in prison. He lives beyond himself and the confines of a prison cell. The world would be a colder and more desolate place without the warmth and light that comes from Jack Alderman.

I must raise an additional concern that I believe should be a major consideration for you who are members of the Board of Pardons and Paroles.



Death Row

Eddie Crawford

Since the current death penalty law has been in effect in Georgia, five men have been exonerated: shown to be innocent of the crimes for which they have been sentenced to death. Two (40%) of those five men, Earl Charles and Gary X. Nelson, were tried and convicted in Chatham County (Savannah), Georgia. Both Earl and Gary lived in our home in Atlanta after they were released from their wrongful imprisonment. I have known their legal cases in great detail.

Jack Alderman is also from Savannah and was convicted and sentenced in Chatham County. He too has consistently maintained his innocence. I also knew John Brown, for whom a preponderance of physical evidence proved guilt in the murder of Barbara Alderman. But John Brown, who could have been convicted on the basis of physical evidence alone, gave the only testimony which convicted Jack of the crime. There was no physical evidence to support a judgment of Alderman's guilt. John Brown, in spite of his guilt and conviction for the crime, was released from death row and then released from the Georgia prison system faster (only 12 years) than any other case I

have known in observing the death penalty process of Georgia more than 30 years. John Brown, it should be further noted, killed himself in New York as the local police came through his door to arrest him for the violent abuse of his wife and children. Because John Brown was obviously "rewarded" for assisting the Chatham County District Attorney's office in "getting" Jack Alderman, he was free to inflict more violence — serious violence — on his family.

I believe that this case is one of many that shows us that the politicization of the death penalty drives the judicial process at times to care more about "getting someone" for the crime than about the victim of the crime, her family, or the safety of our society.

Because there is abundant reason to question Jack Alderman's guilt in this crime; because Troy Davis' case is also before you with a claim of innocence, again

Holding Hannah *from page 1*

brighten lives. Their protest was often public, but their caring was very personal.

On a clear, calm Thursday I was summoned to the visitation room, where I was greeted with firm handshakes and warm embraces. It was with astonishment that I acknowledged six-week-young Hannah Loring-Davis! She was definitely "out of place" in the Georgia State Prison Rotunda: quite a contrast to the environment!

Ed chuckled, Murphy smiled as she held Hannah out to me.

As we sat in a loose circle of chairs — Murphy, Ed, another inmate and me — I kept glancing at the beautiful baby cuddled in her mother's lap, seemingly undisturbed by our conversation.

Of a sudden she became animated, garnering our attention. Ed chuckled and Murphy smiled as she held Hannah out to me. I was shocked!

Really!!!

Voices screamed in my head. "She's so tiny, so delicate, so fragile . . . what if I break her?" Then she was in my arms.

Murphy spread a blanket on the floor, where Hannah and I played. I would steal a look at Murphy and Ed to see if they were nervous or afraid. They were paying us no mind! I still remember how incredible that was to me.

They entrusted the care of the most important person in their world to me, a virtual stranger. Had they missed the media portrayal of my horns and tail? What of the prosecutor's warning of madness and depravity? Were they not being foolish?

Hannah giggled and beamed, even held onto a finger. On that small fabric, through a sparkling child and trusting parents, God re-introduced the Oneness to me.

This gift epitomized grace. In the harsh, cruel, merciless light of social damnation, there was the soft, gentle, brilliant illumination of divine favor. Everybody was not against me, nor had God forsaken me.

Through Hannah a seed was planted. I honestly believe that was the moment the healing began. It was a long, slow, painful struggle, but Murphy's immeasurable kindness and unanticipated confidence served as a beacon . . . a balm.

My memory remains vivid.

My gratitude is eternal.

This account fails to describe the impact and the import of that event. I needed to be reminded of God's presence, and I was.

It is extremely personal because of what was given and why.

So many talk of love and its wondrous elements; Murphy showed me love.

Biased? Indeed, I am. Christ visited me through this family, and their commitment to the truth of the gospel gave me the courage to eventually seek a second chance with Jesus.

And Hannah had no idea! ✠

What does it mean to execute a man who could in fact be innocent of the crime? Whose hands bear the blood of guilt? Who answers for such a crime? Is it not any/all of us who stand back and deny mercy?

they responded to hearing Jack's story by an outpouring of love and care through the mail.

As a mentor and wise counselor, Jack has extended his ministry even through his letter writing. On numerous occasions, I have seen troubled parents bring their teen-age children to Jackson, Georgia for a visit with Jack Alderman. His words and his counsel have been tender and healing, and broken relationships have been helped to mend. He has also maintained faithful correspondence

from Chatham County; and because this is the fourth case in Georgia to come out of Savannah with a compelling claim of innocence, I believe that it is imperative that you closely examine any and every case from this judicial circuit. Something is clearly wrong in Chatham County.

What does it mean to execute a man who could in fact be innocent of the crime? Whose hands bear the blood of guilt? Who answers for such a crime? Is it not any/all of us who stand back and deny mercy?

Perhaps my words seem harsh. I hope, rather, that they can appeal to all that is true and just and right. The responsibility that you hold in your hands is literally awesome.

Please, spare the life of Jack Alderman.

And please call on me if there is any further information or assistance I might provide in your deliberations.

May God bless and keep each of you as you hold the power of life and death,

Reverend Murphy Davis
Southern Prison Ministry in Georgia

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community

Waiting for Death, Choosing Life *continued from page 1*

something I never brought up with him. It seemed all too close to a living death for me to talk about.

The death machine was at full throttle at the prison, where the state's death row is housed. Muscle-pumped guards wearing full black uniforms and combat boots had replaced the regular prison staff, cement barriers blocked the roadway to make access to the prison difficult, and the prison was on lockdown: no family visits for the diagnostics, no visits for anyone else. There was a cold sense of a long and hard wait that we were all in.

Two guards had come to Jack's cell, with a chart several pages long, to collect his belongings so the prison could list them, bag them up and, after his execution, deliver them to an appointed family member. When the guards asked for Jack's belongings to make their inventory, he said that he had none. The guards didn't know what to do. "What do you mean you don't have anything?" "I don't have anything," Jack replied. They looked around his cell for what he might be hiding. It was empty.

From his place as a prisoner on death row, Jack took a moment of suffering and turned it into grace. Jack brought out the best in both of us and made us all more human and more fully alive.

Bewildered, they turned to the next form. "What do you want for your last meal?" "Nothing," Jack answered. "Nothing?" they asked again with bewilderment. Knowing he was from Savannah, they asked, "Not even a pile of fried shrimp?" "No, nothing," Jack replied. They wrote down, "No meal request." Bewildered and unsatisfied, unable to complete their task for the machine of death, they left Jack's cell.

Later, as Jack was recounting this story to us, he said, "Of course I would love a pile of fried shrimp, but not here, not from the people who are going to murder me. If I wasn't about to be murdered here in this prison, I would want a spoonful of every kind of ice cream that has been invented in the last 30 years that I've never tasted. But not here. I will not allow the ones who are killing me to pretend that they can both be kind to me and kill me at the same time. And I will not give those who love death the satisfaction of reading about my meal in the papers."

Before the guards had come to Jack's cell, he had given away all of his belongings. He gave away the cross he wore around his neck every day to a loved one. He gave away his shoes, his books, his towel, his cup — every little thing he had, he gave to another prisoner on death row. In the last weeks, as loved ones had made sure he had money on the books to buy snacks and personal items at the commissary, Jack emptied his account and bought food for everyone on his cell block. He gave away everything he had so that, even as the prison tried to murder him in shame, he would walk toward God with love, compassion and dignity.

The week before Jack's death watch, I came to visit him. He was already under protective custody, and the death squad that had been brought in to supervise him under his death warrant ratcheted his handcuffs so tight that for the first time I saw Jack wince in pain. When removed, in our visiting room, the cuffs left deep red imprints on his wrists. Yet when Jack was being humiliated and harmed, he remained rooted in

love and compassion.

After the death squad left, he rubbed his wounded wrists and then, with a warm smile, he introduced me to the prison guard who stood outside the door. He introduced us like a pastor introduces parishioners at the churchhouse door. We greeted one another. At the end of our visit, the guard turned to me and said with honest sincerity, "Thank you for coming to visit. It was nice to meet you, and I'll hope to see you again sometime." I thanked her, and we shook hands as we departed. From his place as a prisoner on death row, Jack took a moment of suffering and turned it into grace. Jack brought out the best in both of us and made us all more human and more fully alive.

In the Lenten journey towards the cross, Jesus resists the empire that oppresses the poor and the most vulnerable. Jesus embraces life and transforms moments of suffering and judgment into life-giving moments of grace. Yet the cross looms ahead of him as the death machine begins its rumble.

Those two days with Jack seemed like an entire 40 days of a Lenten journey intensified into two. And yet all the while we were waiting for death, we were immersed in life and life abundant. Jack was able to spend all day with his 83-year-old father, his closest loved ones, his pastors, his lawyers who fought so hard for his life at every turn, and over and over again in the face of death, Jack chose life.

I remember the story of the Hebrew people's long journey to the Promised Land and the last teaching Moses had with the people before they entered the Promised Land, just before his death. Moses, who had been guilty of murder as a young man, says to his people, "I am now giving you the choice between life and death, between God's blessing and God's curse, and I call heaven and earth to witness the choice you make. Choose life." (Deuteronomy 30:19, Good News Bible)



Where Love is Sown

Susan MacMurdy

Jack was allowed to make a visiting list of those he wanted to visit him on his last two days. Along with all of us, Jack wrote the names Jesus and Buddha. This was both his wry sense of humor and his deepest truth. The guard looked at the form and laughed. "Seriously, Jack? You want me to turn it in like this?" "Yes," Jack said. "You asked me who I wanted to visit with me in my last two days, and I want them on my visitation list." "Okay, Jack, whatever." Not understanding that he was a vehicle for grace, the guard took the form as it was written and turned it in. Yes, Jesus and Buddha were there with Jack, and by grace, with us too.

Jack Alderman was killed by the state of Georgia on Tuesday evening, September 16, 2008.

He had given away his clothes, his watch and all his meager personal items to his fellow inmates. In the weeks following his execution, his friends remarked on what a joy it was to see everyone walking around with a little piece of Jack Alderman. Yes, even in the longest and darkest wait for death, there is life and, yes, hope of resurrection. ✦

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



Calvin Kimbrough

Josh Bleyerveen, John McRae, Mark Merritt and Johnny Devlin enjoy our Advent Retreat at Dayspring Farm in December.

Live in a residential Christian community.

Serve Jesus Christ in the hungry, homeless, and imprisoned.

Join street actions and loud and loving nonviolent demonstrations.

Enjoy regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring Farm.

Join Bible study and theological reflections from the Base.

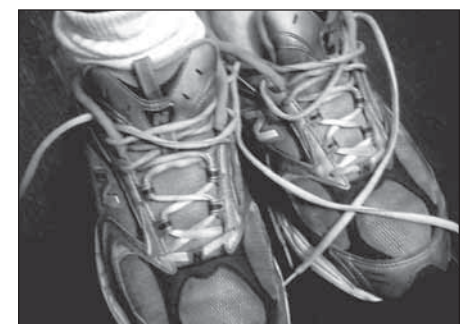
You might come to the margins and find your center.

Contact: Chuck Harris

at odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627

For information and application forms visit www.opendoorcommunity.org

Please Help!



We need gently used running and walking shoes for our friends from the streets.

Men's shoes sizes 11-15 are especially helpful.

Thank You!

this year give
HOSPITALITY

A \$10 donation covers a one-year subscription to *Hospitality* for a prisoner, a friend, or yourself. To give the gift of *Hospitality*, please fill out, clip, and send this form to:

Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

____ Please add me (or my friend) to the *Hospitality* mailing list.

____ Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

____ I would like to explore a six- to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please contact me. (Also see www.opendoorcommunity.org for more information about RV opportunities.)

name _____

address _____

email _____

phone _____



volunteer
needs
at the
Open Door Community

Volunteers for Tuesday and Thursday
Soup Kitchen (9:45 a.m.-1:30 p.m.),
Wednesday Soup Kitchen and Men's
Showers (1:30-4:00 p.m.)

Volunteers to help staff our Foot Clinic on
Wednesday evenings (6:45-9:15 p.m.).

Individuals to accompany Community
members to doctors' appointments.

Groups or individuals to make individually
wrapped meat and cheese sandwiches on
whole wheat bread for our homeless and
hungry friends (**no bologna, pb&j or
white bread, please**).

People to cook or bring supper for the
Community on Tuesday, Wednesday or
Thursday evenings.

For more information,
contact Chuck Harris at
odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627

Open Door Friends Join Gaza March

JoAnne Lingle, a former Open Door Resident Volunteer who now lives in Indianapolis, and John Dear, a leader in the peace movement who is a longtime friend of the Open Door, were among about 1,400 people from 42 countries who traveled to Egypt in late December to take part in the Gaza Freedom March. Others in the group included Pulitzer Prize-winning author Alice Walker, Nobel Peace Prize winner Mairead Maguire, 85-year-old Holocaust survivor Hedy Epstein, and European Parliamentarians Luisa Morgantini from Italy and Eva Quistorp from Germany.

The march was organized to mark a year since Israel's three-week military assault on the Gaza Strip and to demand an end to its economic blockade of the enclave, home to 1.5 million Palestinians, which is controlled by the militant Palestinian group Hamas.

The group planned to march from Egypt into Gaza on December 31, where the marchers hoped to be joined by as many as 50,000 Palestinians. But Egypt insisted that the border was closed and said the marchers would not be allowed to cross, calling the march illegal and a threat to national security.

In response, the group staged protests in different parts of Egypt, surrounded by a heavy police presence. Hundreds gathered on the front steps of the Egyptian Journalists Syndicate in Cairo, holding "Free Gaza" signs and chanting "Let us go!" Some declared a hunger strike. About 100 French citizens staged a sit-in in front of the French Embassy, and some Americans pleaded for help, without success, at the U.S. Embassy.

At the last minute, the Egyptian government allowed 84 people to pass through its Rafah border crossing to participate in the march. They traveled by bus to Gaza City, where some were disheartened to find that, instead of the march being led by the protesters, it was led primarily by members of Hamas. The marchers were joined by several hundred, rather than thousands, of Palestinians, while hundreds more protesters demonstrated on the Israeli side of the Israeli-Gazan border (see accompanying article).

Christian Peacemaker Reflects on Gaza Freedom March

By Drew Herbert

Editor's note: Drew Herbert is a member of Christian Peacemaker Teams (www.cpt.org), an ecumenical initiative to support violence reduction efforts around the world. This article previously appeared in Independent Catholic News (www.indcatholicnews.com).

One year after Israel's three-week war on Gaza, around-the-world protests have been taking place to re-centre Israel's continuing siege on Gaza in the minds of the global public.

Six members of Christian Peacemaker Teams' Palestine team attended a rally at the Erez border crossing between Israel and the Gaza Strip on 31 December. More than one thousand people took part, and the message — solidarity with the entrapped people of Gaza — was evident. A familiar chant at rallies, "The people, united, will never be defeated," resonated particularly clearly with me as I listened to the songs and chants in Arabic and envisioned the rally that was simultaneously taking place on the other side of the 24-foot cement wall. United in purpose and spirit, these rallies were more than isolated acts of resistance; they are symbolic gains for the movement toward peace.

On the Israeli side of the wall, green, red and black Palestinian flags waved, with the wind synchronizing their

While the march was less successful than organizers had hoped, it gained international attention and raised the profile of the Gazan cause in the United States. And on January 1 the organizers issued the "Cairo Declaration," calling for international "boycotts, divestment and sanctions" to end "Israeli apartheid" against Palestinians.

As she headed for the march, the Open Door received this letter from our friend JoAnne Lingle:

Dear Murphy,

Lordy, it's so good to hear from you and to know you're still kicking — and I am as well. Got you beat by a number of years, but the spirit is still going strong. Praise the Lord!

I will be staying on in Gaza for a while after the march, working with other internationals. Hopefully, they'll put me to work accompanying farmers to their fields because they have a difficult time trying not to get shot at while they're plowing.

Other folks will be accompanying fishermen, working with children, hospitals, videotaping and doing repair/construction.

When I get home sometime in January, my friend Tim and I hope to have a number of speaking engagements lined up. I'm planning to do another Georgia road trip, but it may be later in the spring. I'll let you know for sure later.

Boy, things are really getting to be a mess — there must be a message in all this, and we better figure it out soon. I'm calling my congressperson so often that he's saying, "We have to stop meeting like this — people will soon be talking." But "he sure do" need some prodding from time to time. Guess we're all going to have to take to the streets and check out the food in the pokey again.

Take good care of yourself.

Wishing all at the Open Door a Blessed Christmas.

Love,

JoAnne Lingle
Indianapolis, Indiana

movement. The bearers of these flags — children, women and men — came to the Erez crossing with varied pasts, but their common purpose united their voices as they called out in support of friends and family locked behind the walls.

Seeing this unity was a healthy experience for me and other non-Palestinians present. The dominant narrative of Palestinian resistance, which depicts Palestinians as violent and unorganized, was proven false here. Palestinians led their own peaceful nonviolent rally and conveyed a clear message to the world: "The people, united, will never be defeated."

Protruding above the wall, beyond the concrete and barbed wire, the rolling hills of Gaza exposed the fraudulence of the artificial border. Though the size and scope of the wall causes immense pain and suffering, it cannot block Gaza from our conscience. From our vantage point we were able to peer into a region that the Israeli government has attempted to make invisible to its own people and the rest of the world.

A government can attempt to make people invisible, but it cannot make them silent. After the rally concluded with a prayer, and chants turned to casual conversations, we could hear Gazan voices lofting over the wall. The lyrics of their songs and chants were indecipherable at this distance, but the message remained clear: "The people, united, will never be defeated." ♣

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Murphy:

I haven't heard from "Nino" yet regarding my letter (published in *Hospitality* August-September 2009) on capital punishment and excoriating Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia.

This awful governor here in Louisiana, Piyush Jindal, is a convert to Catholicism, which also happens to be my own confession. He has come out criticizing the recent Supreme Court decision holding that it is cruel and unusual punishment to execute a person for rape, and he mentioned that he is a Catholic and the church endorses capital punishment.

This is a complete falsehood. The Catholic Church has consistently condemned capital punishment, because it ends up being used against poor and non-white persons. Some very limited circumstances may allow its imposition, but these are operable only in time of war where it is used as a defensive measure in self-defense.

I am considering petitioning the Bishop of Baton Rouge to disallow Jindal's taking Holy Communion, because he has taken a public position against a matter of faith and morals which the church has set its face firmly against. After all, if some bishops can demand that Sen. John Kerry not take Communion because of his position on abortion, why can't this be applied to Jindal?

I see from the latest issue of *Hospitality* that you are to be up and about. If I find myself in Atlanta in the next few weeks, I would like to see you and other people there. Please take care of yourself; as one who had to be put in the hospital recently, I am conscious that health is one of the precious blessings given us by the Lord. I am now in good health, incidentally, and I never was in any dire straits.

Faithfully yours,

Donald Juneau
Hammond, Louisiana

Donald Juneau is a human rights attorney in Louisiana.

This is in response to the appeal letter sent out in December by Eduard Loring: a contribution in response to your humble and simple appeal. We don't have much to give, but this contribution to your very needed agency satisfies our hope for social justice.

Please pray for us. We are praying for you.

Judith and Robert Boardman
Atlanta, Georgia

Sincerely Reverend Loring,

The Festival of Shelters is sobering business. At present, I lack this type of sobriety and courage. The Open Door Community is quite an anomaly as far as my exposure within the Christian communities. You are a very brave man, Reverend Loring. I am studying your ideals.

I thank you so very much for this correspondence. To be honest, at first I found the information annoying, because it exposed my life on the streets as wasteful and fraudulent. I spent many years on the streets chasing a good time and a dollar. I lived and would have died incognizant.

Coming to prison this time probably saved my life.

Again, sir, I thank you for caring about me and so many others.

Samuel
Georgia prisoner

To my friends at Open Door:

In my office at home, over the door so I have to look at them each time I leave the room, are two small items. One is a stone plaque with my favorite quote from the Rule of St. Benedict: "Listen with the ear of your heart." The other is Fritz Eichenberg's woodcut "Christ of the Breadlines." These simple displays are my gospel. They say all I need to hear about what Jesus called me/us to ... listen (love) and serve.



Christ of the Breadlines

Fritz Eichenberg

Obviously Eichenberg reminds me of the Catholic Worker, which reminds me of Dorothy Day, which reminds me of you guys ... a simple straight line. I am reminded of standing in your breadline (back when you were serving on Sunday and I was in Atlanta), and I am reminded of how essential it is that the Open Door exist and show the face of Christ to the world. (Hyperbole? Nope ... not a bit.)

So enclosed is a small check to help you keep the breadline going. And the love-line going, which is more important, probably, than bread. Because while there are more people than ever needing bread, and there are more people than ever who need love. These, as Mother Teresa called them, are "the true poor." The "true poor" need their own line ... it's the line you folks have been providing for many, many years.

Next time I'm back in Atlanta I'll run by and say hi. In the meantime, know you are in my thoughts and prayers. And special prayers for Murphy, who seems to be doing well!

Pax,

Kurt Aschermann
Leesburg, Virginia



Susan van der Hijden

My Dear Murphy,

By this time, I thought I would have been back to worship at the Open Door. Somehow, I just can't seem to follow through with the things I need to. The Open Door is dear to my heart.

We lift you up in Prayer Group all the time, and I keep you in my personal prayers. Six months after Bill passed, I lost my oldest daughter, Sue. She was in a nursing home almost 17 years, never able to speak. It's all I can do to get through the day sometimes, but God is good. I know I will be all right.

Love,

Thelma Thomas
Decatur, Georgia

Hi Ed and Murphy,

I always enjoy receiving *Hospitality*, and it is especially meaningful when one of the folks who are associated with the Open Door is a person from my past, too. Your November-December cover article about Ronnie Rudé really struck a chord. I knew Ronnie 30 years ago when we were making our film about Lila Bonner-Miller and one of the features was her Community Fellowship at Druid Hills Presbyterian Church. Ronnie was a regular there on Sunday afternoons, and he appears in the film. He looks very young, but then I was a young adult then, too!

Ronnie was always helping at the supper and with the singing and music and always listened carefully as Lila did the "teaching time" each week. I remember seeing him through the years along Ponce de Leon Avenue and remembering that he was one of the "movie stars" in the film. I did not know he had died in 2001.

Another person in the film that I still see from time to time is Danny, who bags groceries at Publix on Ponce.

Lila was a pioneer in working with the homeless and organized

Community Fellowship, as she says in the film, when she saw people in the 1970s walking up and down Ponce and when she asked them why they were doing that, they said they had no place to go since they had been "let out from Milledgeville." So she organized a Sunday afternoon time of food and fellowship at Druid Hills Church. She enlisted all her Presbyterian Women friends to help at the dinner, and nobody really knew what to do but they did it.

Making the Lila movie and returning on my own on Sunday afternoons to help out at Community Fellowship at Druid Hills Presbyterian, and meeting the two of you at Clifton Presbyterian when Fran Terranella and I were working on a media project there, was my introduction to the homeless in Atlanta and made me more willing to volunteer at Central Presbyterian's night shelter a few years later. Thanks for all the years you have provided leadership in our city!

Cheryl A. Gosa
Atlanta, Georgia

Open Door,

Murphy's article in your October issue ("It's About Time") should be submitted to the Nobel Prize Committee in Oslo. Whether they take it or not, whether they honor her or not: it lifts all our sights, quickens all our steps, and swells all our hearts.

Enclosed find a donation.

Blessings and prayers,
George Black
Morris, Illinois

Greetings Open Door!

I greatly appreciate your sending me *Hospitality* and I enjoy the advocacy for the homeless, poor and incarcerated citizens! Thanks for richly blessing my days — and I am so much more humble about the things I do have or receive.

I look forward to each issue of *Hospitality* and I hope to receive the 2010 calendar soon. Sometimes I don't and I wonder where it goes.

God Bless you all!

Kitrich A. Powell
Ely, Nevada

Open Door Community Ministries

Soup Kitchen: Tuesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. – 12 noon.
Wednesday, 2:15 – 4 p.m.

Men's Showers: Wednesday, 2:15 p.m.

Women's Showers: Tuesday and Thursday by appointment

Harriet Tubman Medical and Foot Care Clinic:
Wednesday, 7 p.m.

Mail Check: Tuesday – Thursday, during Soup Kitchen
Monday, Friday and Saturday, 11 a.m.

Use of Phone: Tuesday – Thursday, during Soup Kitchen

Retreats: Five times each year for our household, volunteers and supporters.

Prison Ministry: Monthly trip to prisons in Hardwick, Georgia, in partnership with First Presbyterian Church of Milledgeville; monthly Jackson (Death Row) Trip; pastoral visits in various jails and prisons.

Sunday: We invite you to join us for **Worship at 4 p.m.** and for supper following worship.

We gratefully accept donations at these times.

Sunday: 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.

Monday: 8:30 a.m. until 8:30 p.m.

Tuesday and Thursday: 8:30 until 9:30 a.m. and 2 until 8:30 p.m.

Wednesday: 8:30 a.m. until 1 p.m.

Friday and Saturday: We are closed. We are not able to offer hospitality or accept donations on these days.

Our **Hospitality Ministries** also include visitation and letter writing to prisoners in Georgia, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, daily worship, weekly Eucharist, and Foot Washing.

Join Us for Worship!

We gather for worship and Eucharist at 4 p.m. each Sunday, followed by supper together.

If you are considering bringing a group please contact us at 770.246.7628.

Please visit www.opendoorcommunity.org or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

February 7	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Calvin Kimbrough Singing the Road to Freedom
February 14	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Ed Weir preaching
February 21 Lent 1	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Eucharist Service singing with Elise Witt
February 28 Lent 2	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Murphy Davis preaching
March 7 Lent 3	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Nelia Kimbrough preaching
March 14 Lent 4	No Worship at 910
March 21 Lent 5	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Calvin Kimbrough On a Friday Noon a meditation in song
March 28	4 p.m. Palm Sunday Worship at 910 Call to the Streets



Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

We meet for clarification on selected Tuesday evenings from 7:30 - 9 p.m.

Plan to join us for discussion and reflection!



Daniel Nichols

For the latest information and scheduled topics, please call 770.246.7620 or visit

www.opendoorcommunity.org.

Medical Needs List

Harriet Tubman Medical Clinic

- ibuprofen
- acetamenophen
- lubriderm lotion
- cough drops
- non-drowsy allergy tablets
- cough medicine (alcohol free)

Foot Care Clinic

- epsom salt
- anti-bacterial soap
- shoe inserts
- corn removal pads
- exfoliation cream (e.g., apricot scrub)
- pumice stones
- foot spa
- cuticle clippers
- latex gloves
- nail files (large)
- toenail clippers (large)
- medicated foot powder
- antifungal cream (Tolfanate)

We also need volunteers to help staff our Foot Care Clinic on Wednesday evenings from 6:45 - 9:15 p.m.!

Needs of the Community



we need **backpacks!**

Living Needs

- jeans
- work shirts
- short sleeve shirts with collars
- belts (34" & up)
- men's underwear
- socks
- reading glasses
- walking shoes (especially sizes 11-15)
- T-shirts (L, XL, XXL, XXXL)
- baseball caps
- trash bags (30 gallon, .85 mil)

Personal Needs

- shampoo (all sizes)
- lotion (all sizes)
- toothpaste (all sizes)
- combs & picks
- hair brushes
- lip balm
- soap (small sizes)
- multi-vitamins
- disposable razors
- deodorant
- vaseline
- shower powder
- Q-tips
- used prescription containers for lotions

Food Needs

- fresh fruits & vegetables
- turkeys/chickens
- hams
- sandwiches: meat & cheese on whole wheat bread

Special Needs

- backpacks
- MARTA cards
- postage stamps
- Futon sofa
- single bed mattress