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

Vol. 29, No. 3

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March 2010

Psalm 118 King Litany

Editor's note: This litany, with readings from Psalm 118 and from the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., was adapted for Open Door Community worship by Elizabeth Dede. We use it for our Palm Sunday worship each year.

**O give thanks to God, for God is good;
God's steadfast love endures forever!**

In my distress I called to Yahweh-Elohim,
who answered me and set me free.
Our God is with me, I will not be afraid:
what can anyone do to me?

"The cross is the eternal expression of the length to which God will go in order to restore broken community. The resurrection is a symbol of God's triumph over all the forces that seek to block community. The Holy Spirit is the continuing community-creating reality that moves through history."

("Stride Toward Freedom," Martin Luther King Jr.)

**O give thanks to God, for God is good;
God's steadfast love endures forever!**

It is Yahweh-Elohim who helps me,
and I will see my enemies transformed.
Many enemies were around me,
but I engaged them by the power of the Lord!

"Structures of evil do not crumble by passive waiting. . . . Evil must be attacked by a counteracting persistence, by the day-to-day assault of the battering rams of justice."

("Where Do We Go From Here?," Martin Luther King Jr.)

**O give thanks to God, for God is good;
God's steadfast love endures forever!**

My adversaries swarmed around me like bees,
but they burned out as quickly as a brush fire;
by the power of God I stood my ground.

"Hate begets hate; violence begets violence; toughness begets a greater toughness. We must meet the forces of hate with the power of love; we must meet physical force with soul force."

("Stride Toward Freedom," Martin Luther King Jr.)

**O give thanks to God, for God is good;
God's steadfast love endures forever!**

The Long Night Between the Lines The Torture of Jesus the Jew



The Tortured Christ
sculpture by Guido Rocha (1975)

Photo Oikoumene in
On a Friday Noon

By Murphy Davis

Jesus' arrest was, of course, a long time coming. It was foreshadowed in some of his earliest interactions with the authorities. In fact, his public ministry began when John the Baptist was arrested by Herod's boys and dragged off to jail, where he was later executed by having his head cut off at the whim of a drunken, titillated crowd at one of Herod's famous parties.

So, of course, Jesus had a long time to know it was coming. How much did he dread it? How often did he awaken during the night wondering what they would do to him? He saw so much that his community simply could not see and would not understand. Truth be told, they still held to the frantic hope that he would, in fact, turn into the Glorious Liberator on a Great Steed who would sweep in and set them free from the cruelty and oppression of living under the Roman Imperial Bootheel. But it was not to be. And because the others could not/would not understand, Jesus' isolation and loneliness were accentuated.

So they made their way to Jerusalem. What was that parade when they came into the city? A triumphant entry? Or a political parody? Was it meant to call up the heroic deeds and aspirations of the Hebrew military tradition and its revered leaders? Or was it street theater meant to parody the Military Solution?

Because Jesus' community was hard-pressed from start to finish to understand the radicality of their leader's

Alternative Way — a way of peace and nonviolence — they were hardly equipped to grasp what he was doing when he rode into the capital city on the foal of an ass. (For more on the "triumphant entry" as street theater, see Ched Myers' "Binding the Strong Man," Chapter 10.)

Jesus' final week in Jerusalem is high drama as he leads his community into and out of the city. Jerusalem was of course filled with pilgrims who had come to celebrate the Passover in the Holy City, so there were many witnesses to Jesus' skirmishes with the Judean Elite: into the public space for engagement, out of the city to safe underground space.

Passover is the climax. Jesus and the women and men who traveled with him secured the room, the food and the time to celebrate the old, old story one last time. What an agony it must have been for him to hear the questions asked, the story of Exodus told, and to understand that the New Exodus was about to be acted out in his own body.

There is a large part of the story that is wedged here between the lines. Do you know anyone who has been left alone with the police all night long?

After they ate and sang a hymn, they were back to the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane, a garden tucked away there. This was the setting for Jesus' final personal agony. He knew what was coming like a fast train down a straight track. And he knew that this time there was no turning back. Could he remain faithful to the Vision? Could he carry out this witness to the Nonviolent Truth without folding?

'Enough of This!'

He had to pray. He knew that he would have to be as centered and focused as he would ever be. He did not want to face what was coming, but he prayed with all his strength to accept this destiny that had been sealed again and again as he confronted the powers of death and oppression with the words and deeds of life.

He wanted his community to help him, but they were exhausted and simply could not stay awake. He wanted them to join their prayers to his, knowing that they needed to pray for their own faithfulness in the terrible hours that were to follow. He went to them, time and again, to find them asleep while he sweated blood in his lonely anguish of confronting and standing his ground in face of the icy cold fear that loomed ahead.

And then there was the noise — the clanging of swords and armor against themselves, the faint light of torches coming nearer and nearer: it was the clatter of officialdom.

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
Jesse 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

Intimidating Prison Visitors

By Gladys Rustay

You turn off the main road past the truck stops and drive down a long, tree-lined drive. On either side is a pond with Canada geese about; the larger pond also has ducks on it. At times when we have visited in the past, there have been fisher folk on the bank, trying their luck. A house or two can be seen on the right side of the road. The general mood is one of beauty and rest.

On this particular Saturday, January 23, Dick, Joan Dewitt and I were on our way to visit friends on death row at the Georgia Diagnostic and Classification Prison in Jackson. And there was something new ahead that we hadn't expected. The car in front of us was stopped, and 10 men were spread out across the road, two holding Doberman pinschers. They were searching the car while its occupants stood beside. Their jackets prominently displayed the letters "CERT," which we later found out stands for "Correctional Emergency Response Team."

What were they searching for? Drugs? Surely they wouldn't search our car, with the three of us being shiny, upright, middle-class Presbyterians, and Dick even an ordained minister. But as we drove up, we were told to get out of the car and, yes, the dogs had a sniff of our vehicle.

While this was going on, Joan, in her abrupt, open way, said to the men, "I heard it was you guys that are bringing the stuff in." Joan has nerve! One of them simply replied that he was not an officer.

We were given the go-ahead. At the prison, as we passed through the metal detector and our coats were sent through an X-ray machine, we asked the guard in attendance what all this was about. She said that everyone, even the guards, is stopped and searched periodically. We continued the

process of signing in, declaring that we didn't have the H1N1 virus before we washed our hands within sight of one of the guards.

The rest of the process was as usual until we reached the waiting room upstairs. Previously we would buy food and drink from the vending machines and take some in to our friends for the visit, but now we could no longer do this, because "contact visits" have been ruled out. We wondered whether lunches for the prisoners on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays will now be restored. Some say that they were discontinued because prisoners were expected to receive food from their visitors.

Finally our names were called and we were ushered in, one by one, for the new experience of "non-contact visits," separated from our friends by a screen. It was worse than we had been told. If you got close enough to the screen to hear the person, you couldn't see him well. If you moved back enough to see well, the two of you couldn't hear each other. Dick said he felt like he was the prisoner who was caged.

As we left, we wondered how many relatives and friends of prisoners will be discouraged from visiting by the new regulations and how many will be intimidated and scared off by the dogs.

In Cornel West's book "Restoring Hope," Maya Angelou says, "I know that because of rampant child abuse we are becoming reluctant to put our hands on children and young folk. But we have to take that back. We have to. Children want to be touched . . . lovingly . . . Everybody wants to be touched."

We have a biblical mandate to visit the prisoner. May it be so. ☩

Gladys Rustay is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

Sabbath Economics

New DVD

From Mammon to Manna:
Sabbath Economics and
Community Investing

Ched Myers
Andy Loving
\$27.50
2009

From Mammon to Manna:
Sabbath Economics and
Community Investing



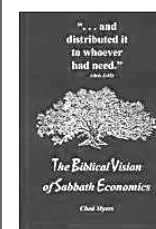
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This 2-disc set features six 30-minute sessions, ideal for adult study groups interested in exploring biblical faith and practical economic justice. Comes with downloadable contents page and study/facilitation guide.

A two-disc set with six 30-minute sessions, ideal for adult study groups interested in exploring biblical faith and practice. Comes with downloadable contents page and a study/facilitation guide.

the books

The Biblical Vision
of Sabbath Economics



by Ched Myers
\$7.50
2001

Sabbath Economics:
Household Practices

by Matt Colwell
\$9.50
2007



available from
www.ChedMyers.org
323.449.5170

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.

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Calvin Kimbrough
February in Atlanta

Newspaper

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Open Door Community

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Eduard Loring: Founder and Elder Works
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 15)

We Must Choose Our Teachers Well

By Eduard Loring

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

We must choose our teachers, lovers, preachers, friends, rabbis, poets, imams, novelists, musicians and filmmakers carefully. If those from whom we are learning have not been to jail in solidarity with the disinherited, BEWARE. They may well be nice people and their products may have impressive footnotes in very small print, but if they have not been to jail in solidarity with the poor, or suffered some other form of costly social retribution for reducing the distance, they will betray us unknowingly, for they do not know the truth that will set us free.

It is precisely these good and well-intentioned folk who have traded love-in-action for respectability and comfort, unaware of what they are doing. Among these good liberals and conservatives the blockage is not what the Bible calls hardness of heart; their wound is what Jesus called blindness. (See "Binding the Strong Man" by Ched Myers, 20th-Anniversary Edition on Blind Bartimaeus.)

For those who are hungry for alternative learning, six weeks at the Los Angeles Catholic Worker in its summer program with Catherine Morris and Jeff Dietrich, seasoned jailbirds both who have learned the gospel behind bars, will give you insights and practices not available at the top or bottom schools in the USA. Jürgen Moltmann, one of the greatest and most helpful theologians to our movement, was a Nazi soldier in an Allied prison camp when he met the Crucified Messiah of Hope. His work will help you get to jail with both Jesus and Judas.

In Atlanta? Worship at First Iconium Baptist Church. Rev. Timothy McDonald, Black as coal, often jailed, will give you a message that will help you jump up and shout loud for the Beloved Community of God. Visit the Open Door Community, or become a Resident Volunteer there, where several of the members practice civil disobedience. These convicted criminals know the inside of both the Atlanta City Jail and the D.C. holding cells for protesters.

If those from whom we are learning have not been to jail in solidarity with the disinherited, BEWARE.

Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, for the sake of solidarity with the condemned, refused to escape from a Nazi prison when the opportunity for fleshly freedom opened the door. No "Free Dietrich" movement here.

Martin Luther King Jr. was removed from the scene for following the faith of Jesus and doing the Word as one of the greatest preachers in American history. His love-in-actions led him to jail. His faith led him to dream of the Welcome Table for all: "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons [and daughters] of former slaves and the [daughters and] sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at a table of [sister and] brotherhood."

Dorothy Day, another of the most helpful disciples of Jesus Christ in American history, learned of jail as a Communist marching for women's suffrage and experienced jail again as an alleged Wobbler (IWW) prostitute, falsely charged. Over and over again, as a Christian who was led by the Christ of the poor to say "no" to this "filthy rotten system," she was caged in filthy rotten jails.

Elaine Enns and Ched Myers of Bartimaeus



Bob Fitch
Dorothy Day being arrested in 1973 during a farmworkers action in California.

Cooperative Ministries live the alternative gospel. They teach, write and practice the radical faith day by day. A session with Ched and Elaine at the Bartimaeus Institute will pole-vault you over the top of the wall and down into the streets of anguish and joy.

Georgia state Sen. Vincent Fort and former Atlanta City Councilperson Derrick Boazman, Christian leftists both, lead us in Atlanta and pay the price of arrest, courtroom drama and jail. Joe Beasley of Concerned Black Clergy is another Atlanta leader for peace and justice under the banner of the Beloved Community of God. Find such African-American leaders in your community and learn from them. If there are none in your community, move.

Again a warning: increasingly there are African-Americans who make money and build power off their Black heritage. They join the Republican Party and preach the gospel of prosperity. Have they been to jail? Do they live among the poor? Have they sold their birthrights for a mess of putrid pottage.

Heroes, Mentors and Criminals

Notably, one of the awesome mentors of our movement is Murphy Davis. In 1995, her journey turned a crooked corner into Cancer Alley. At times the road signs warned of an approaching "Dead End." Erroneously thus far, God be praised. Yet, for us all, dear reader, "One day, [we] know, it will be otherwise" (Jane Kenyon, "Otherwise"). Since 1995 Murphy has not been to jail but once, due to her daily walk with cancer care. Before that fateful year, she committed a number of gospel-inspired crimes, such as sleeping on a park bench, for which she was incarcerated. Today, at 62, without stoop or visible scars from her many surgeries, she remains a beautiful and magnificent woman. Murphy is my sweetheart.

Ms. Davis is now writing a seminal manuscript on illness and solidarity with the homeless and death row prisoners. Her book will bring healing to many, insights into the politics of cancer, and hopefully an end to the death penalty in the USA and China.

Don Beisswenger was in federal prison for freedom shortly after retiring from Vanderbilt Divinity School. He is a primary mentor of the Open Door Community. So is Pete Gathje of Emmaus House in Memphis, activist scholar, professor of theology and friend of the prisoner and the homeless in Memphis and Atlanta. Recently Pete was handcuffed and whisked away to jail for asking two policemen why they were beating a mentally ill man to the ground in the front yard of the Open Door.

Mike Vosburg-Casey, prisoner for Jesus and for his action against the School of the Americas. Eric Debode, one of the founders of the Oak View Catholic Worker Community in California, knows jail for the homeless, for peace and against the abuses of the Los Angeles Police Department, notorious for its violence and corruption. Martha Scarborough of the Los Angeles Catholic Worker, Liz McAlister of Jonah House, Dan Berrigan, Frank Cordaro of Phil Berrigan House and Jerry Zawada of Plowshares.

These are a few of us. There are over 1,912 of us.

Jails and prisons are a core location for the presence of God in the United States of America.

We invite you to visit houses of hospitality and communities of resistance, read newspapers and books from these communities, and attend conferences and lectures. Most important: join actions of resistance and for justice for the victims of White Male Supremacy. Go to jail for peace and justice, for the love of God. Begin your journey by "visiting the prisoner"; go to jail and visit her.

Jails and prisons are a core location for the presence of God in the United States of America. Here one meets Jesus and can find life anew in word and deed, or to say it as Dorothy Day does: "love-in-action." There is no salvation, no seeing and hearing the gospel, apart from solidarity on the margins, solidarity with those with their backs against the wall. (See Jon Sobrino's "No Salvation Outside the Poor.") Here we are born again, transformed with each encounter. Here we participate in tearing down the prison system as we know it today. If 5 percent of the prisoners in every county jail and state prison were prisoners for actions for peace and justice, the system could not stand.

We have lost our faith. The power we have for good, righteousness, a revolution of values, for an economy of sharing and justice, is simply unbelievable. Herein lies the rub. We have the people. We have the power. But the powers and Empire have a tight lid on the dynamite of peace. We pit Ella Baker against Martin Luther King Jr. instead of following either of them to the streets. Our going to the streets and jail for the sake of justice and love, for the victims of White Male Supremacy, is the only way this nation will achieve freedom and justice.

Justice and the overthrow of White Male Supremacy is a matter of faith. Tragically, we do not believe in our capacity to achieve equality, freedom and justice in the social order. We do not believe we can shut this Domination System down as the people of East Germany busted the Berlin Wall to smithereens.

Therefore . . .

Go to the streets. Go to jail. Go to public hospitals. Go to poor people's nursing homes and day centers for the mentally ill. Go to labor pools. Then go to church, synagogue

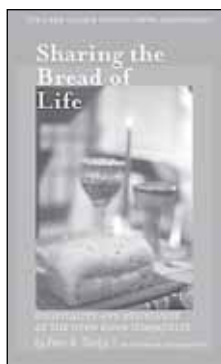
We Must Choose *continued on page 10*

The Open Door Community Press Books

The Festival of Shelters A Celebration for Love and Justice

By **Eduard Loring**
with Heather Bargeron
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19 color photographs
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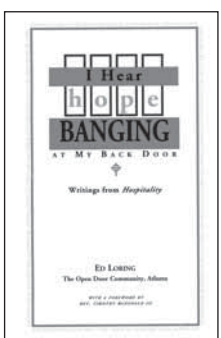
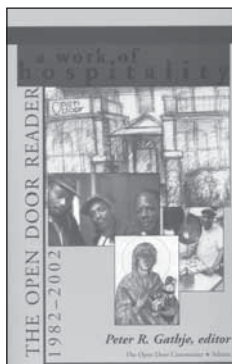
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A Work of Hospitality The Open Door Reader 1982 - 2002

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I Hear Hope Banging at My Back Door Writings from Hospitality

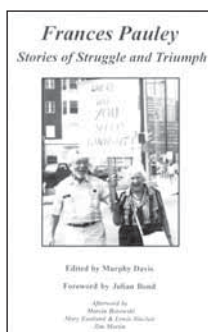
By **Eduard Loring**
Foreword by Rev. Timothy McDonald III

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21 photographs
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Frances Pauley Stories of Struggle and Triumph

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poetry corner



Julie Lonneman

Canaan

We smelled the river first.

Those long wilderness years
Scraped across our lives like sandpaper,
Stripped us to essentials:
We learned first the scent of
Three drops of water trapped under the sand.
We scooped mysterious flakes of starch that hardened on the
Unyielding earth into our mouths like animals,
And sometimes quail, light and sweet against our teeth.
We ate the meat first,
Then the fragile bones, one by one.

We had not all survived.
Some fell and asked us to leave them
Alone in the sun and the silence.
There were those who left at night
To find their way back
To the fleshpots of Egypt.
We did not speak these names aloud
Because our wills were as thin and torn as reeds.

When we got to the great, trackless mountains,
We sat down and sobbed without tears
For two moonless nights,
Then, knowing nothing else to do,
Still alive, climbed into the light air,
But found no green, no spring under a rock,
And came down, cursing ourselves
For not joining those we left in the desert,
Or risking return.

It was over the last ravine,
Cutting the horizon like a flint knife,
That the oldest ones stopped,
Raised fingers in the air, put it to their mouths.
Wordless, but our feet moved fast enough
To stumble over the last rise until it spread before us.

We had forgotten the heady smell of rivers, seas,
The way the light dances on it.
We had forgotten green, the velvet of moss,
How rocks can hold coolness instead of heat.
The leaves on the willow shuddered with joy,
We stretched ourselves out in it,
Long, cool, silent with joy.

— **Dee Dee Risher**

*Dee Dee Risher is a writer and editor living with her husband
and two children in Philadelphia. She hopes to have some
chickens someday.*

Hospitality welcomes poems from people in Georgia prisons or living on the streets in Georgia.
Send submissions to Eduard Loring, Open Door Community, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. N.E.,
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 or by email to hospitalitypoetrycorner@gmail.com.

Cowardice Among 'Christian' Leaders

Why the Churches Are Largely Mum on Torture

By Ray McGovern

Editor's note: Our friend Ray McGovern is a retired CIA officer turned political activist, speaking truth to power. He is a member of the Church of the Savior in Washington, D.C. and co-director of its Servant Leadership School. McGovern served under seven presidents over 27 years, presenting the morning intelligence briefings at the White House for many of them. By 2002 he was publicly critical of President George W. Bush's use of government intelligence in the lead-up to the Iraq war; and in 2003, with other former CIA employees, he founded Veteran Intelligence Professionals for Sanity (VIPS). Ray's writings and interviews can be found regularly at democracynow.org, alternet.com and many other Web sites. The following article is a shortened version of one published by ConsortiumNews.com in August 2009; the full article can be seen at www.alternet.org/story/141714.

Anyone harboring doubts that the institutional church is riding shotgun for the system, even regarding heinous sin like torture, should be chastened by the results of a recent survey by the Pew Research Center.

Who but the cowardly crew leading the "Christian" churches can be held responsible for the fact that many of their flock believe that torture of suspected terrorists is "justified?"

Those polled were white non-Hispanic Catholics, white evangelicals and white mainline Protestants. A majority (54 percent) of those who attend church regularly said torture could be "justified," while a majority of those not attending church regularly responded that torture is rarely or never justified.

I am not a psychologist or sociologist. But I recall that one of the first things Hitler did on assuming power was to ensure that there was a pastor in every Lutheran and Catholic parish in Germany. Why? Because he calculated, correctly, that here would be a force for stability for his regime.

Thus began another horrid chapter in the history of those professing to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth but who forgot his repeated admonition, "Do not be afraid."

A mere seven decades after the utter failure of church leaders in Germany, their current American counterparts have again yielded to fear and have condoned evils like torture by their deafening silence.

What kinds of folks make up this 54 percent? An informal "survey" of my friends suggests that these are "my country first" people — like the fellow who recently gave me the finger when he saw my bumper sticker, which simply says "God bless the rest of the world too."

They are people accustomed to hierarchy and comfortable being told what

they should think and do to preserve "our way of life." They place a premium on nationalism, which they call patriotism.

It's a problem that has existed for almost 1,700 years, ever since fourth-century Christians jettisoned their heritage of nonviolent resistance to war and threw in their lot with Constantine.

Nowhere is the phenomenon of obeisance to hierarchical power highlighted more clearly than in the Grand Inquisitor story in "The Brothers Karamazov" by Fyodor Dostoevsky, who could plumb the human heart like few others.

In the tale, Dostoevsky has Jesus joining the "tortured, suffering people" of Seville during the Inquisition. The cardinal of Seville immediately jails and interrogates Jesus, telling him that the church has "corrected" his big mistake.

Rather than donning "Caesar's purple," Jesus gave us freedom of conscience.

While it has been 130 years since he wrote "Brothers Karamazov," Dostoevsky captures the trap into which so many American "believers" have fallen in forfeiting freedom through fear. His portrayal of Inquisition reality brings us to the brink of the moral precipice on which our country teeters today. It is as though he knew what would be in store for us as fear was artificially stoked after the attacks of 9/11.

Here is how the cardinal ridicules Christ for imposing on humans the heavy burden of freedom of conscience:

"Didst thou forget that man prefers peace, and even death, to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil? ... We teach them that it's not the free judgment of their hearts, but mystery which they must follow blindly, even against their conscience. ... In the end they will lay their freedom at our feet [and] become obedient. ... We shall tell them that we are Thy servants and rule them in Thy name. ... We shall tell them that every sin will be expiated if it is done with our permission."

Recently, prominent Baptist layman and distinguished senator from South Carolina, Lindsey Graham, gave a hat-tip to the Inquisition. At a May 13, 2009, Senate hearing discussing interrogation techniques like waterboarding, Graham explained that "One of the reasons these techniques have been used for about 500 years is that they work."

I was reminded of one of the things Gandhi said about Christians: "Everyone in the world knows that Jesus and his teachings were nonviolent except Christians."

No! Not *That* Luther!

A progressive Lutheran pastor in Dallas asked me to give a talk to his parish on the issues I had been addressing

What is waterboarding?

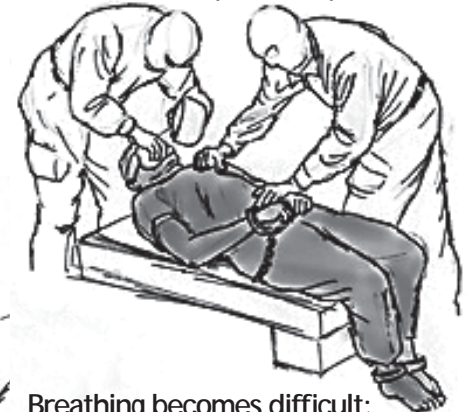
Waterboarding is a harsh interrogation method that simulates drowning and near death. Its origins can be traced to the Spanish inquisition.

The subject is strapped down.

A cloth is held tightly over the subject's face; water is poured onto the cloth, over the face.



©2006 MCT



Breathing becomes difficult; the subject's gag reflex is stimulated; the subject feels close to drowning, close to death.

The subject begs for the interrogation to stop.

Source: *The Nation*, *ABC News*, *McClatchy Washington Bureau*
Graphic: Lee Hulteng, Judy Treible

in my writings. It struck me that since George W. Bush had moved into their neighborhood, I might ask the congregants how they thought they should relate to someone who had given written approval to torture.

I was too clever by half — actually, naïve. I would show them the "smoking gun" memorandum signed by Bush on Feb. 7, 2002, which the Senate Armed Services Committee has determined "opened the way" to all manner of detainee abuse, and then I would challenge them by quoting Martin Luther, who, after all, was one of their guys.

I chose this passage, cited by George Hunsinger in a 1987 essay that appears in his book "Disruptive Grace":

"If," wrote Martin Luther, "I profess with the loudest voice and clearest exposition every portion of the truth of God's except precisely that little point which the world and the devil are at the moment attacking, I am not confessing Christ, however boldly I may be professing him. Where the battle rages, there the loyalty of the soldier is proved, and to be steady on all the battlefield, except there, is mere flight and disgrace if one flinches at that point."

Hunsinger emphasizes that faithfulness to Jesus of Nazareth is always situational, that one can spout impeccably orthodox theological truths and still be "fatally disloyal." Genuine loyalty is proven where it counts — in the pitch of battle, where it really costs something. Writing 22 years ago, Hunsinger was already addressing what he called "an overwhelming spiritual collapse, in which we have lost touch with even minimal standards of morality."

"The prevailing sense seems to be that, if the demands of biblical morality contradict the dictates of national security, so much the worse for biblical morality. ... Dungeons ...

torture and death are described as belonging to the free world. ... War criminals in high places we honor. ... Acts of aggression we celebrate as noble deeds. ... of pre-emptive self-defense. Orwell has become our destiny.

"The passive acquiescence of a Christian community which has lost its moral conscience in matters of state contributes substantially ... to misery and oppression. ... 'Seek your own welfare above all else' has become the maxim of the day."

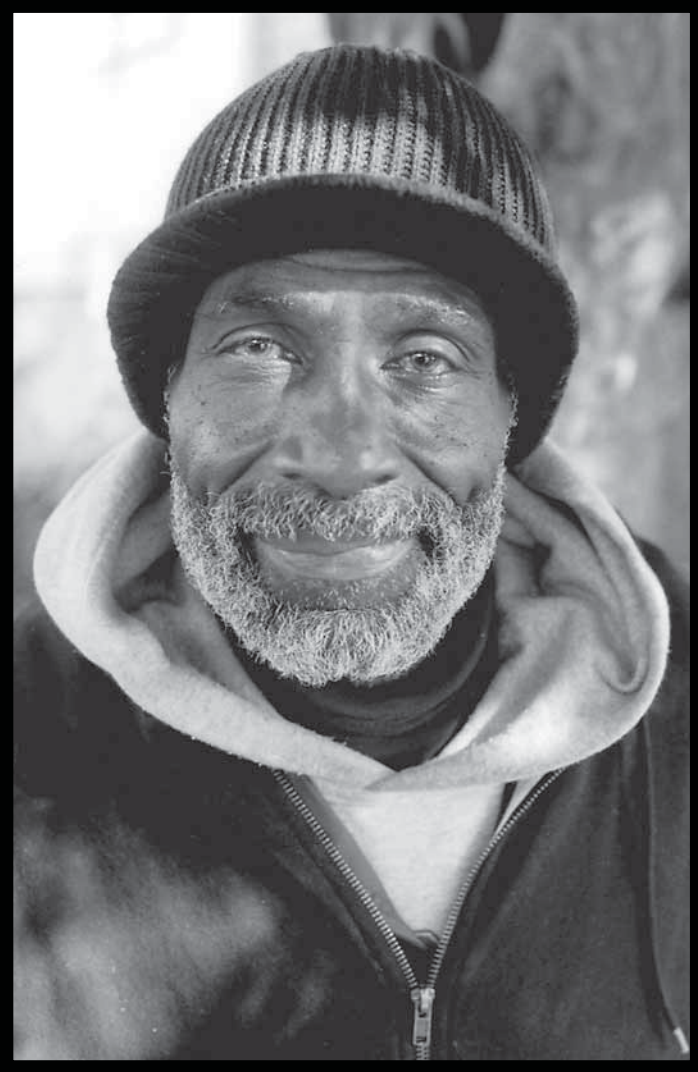
Hunsinger has earned the right to criticize those who confess Jesus of Nazareth "from the safety of some remote enclave, where confession may be true but costs nothing." He is professor of systematic theology at Princeton Theological Seminary, but was so aghast at the U.S. practice of torture that he devoted untold time and energy to founding the National Religious Campaign Against Torture.

I suggested to the gathering of Lutherans that Dallas, where the "decider" on torture is now their neighbor, might be where the battle rages for them. I had very few takers.

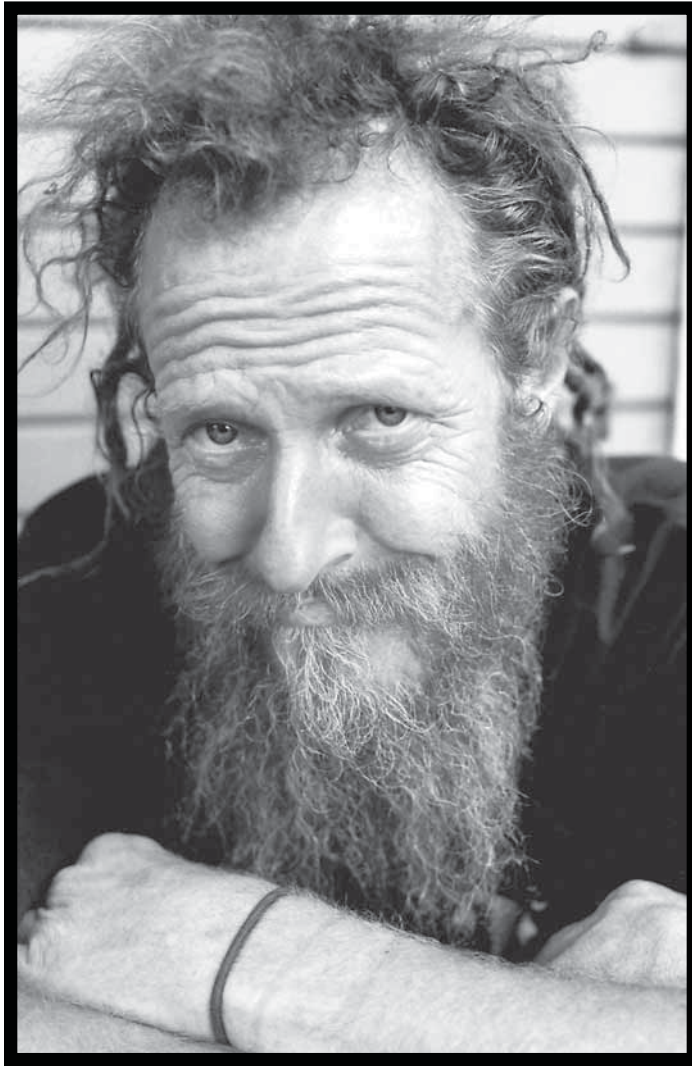
"But he kept us safe ... isn't it better to fight the terrorists over there than to fight them here?"

There was little appetite to listening to *that* Luther in that Lutheran church. The pastor shared with me later that he had encountered all manner of criticism for having invited someone disrespectful of George W. Bush. Despite the turbulence I caused, the pastor thanked me for coming, but noted that "torture is not high on anyone's agenda."

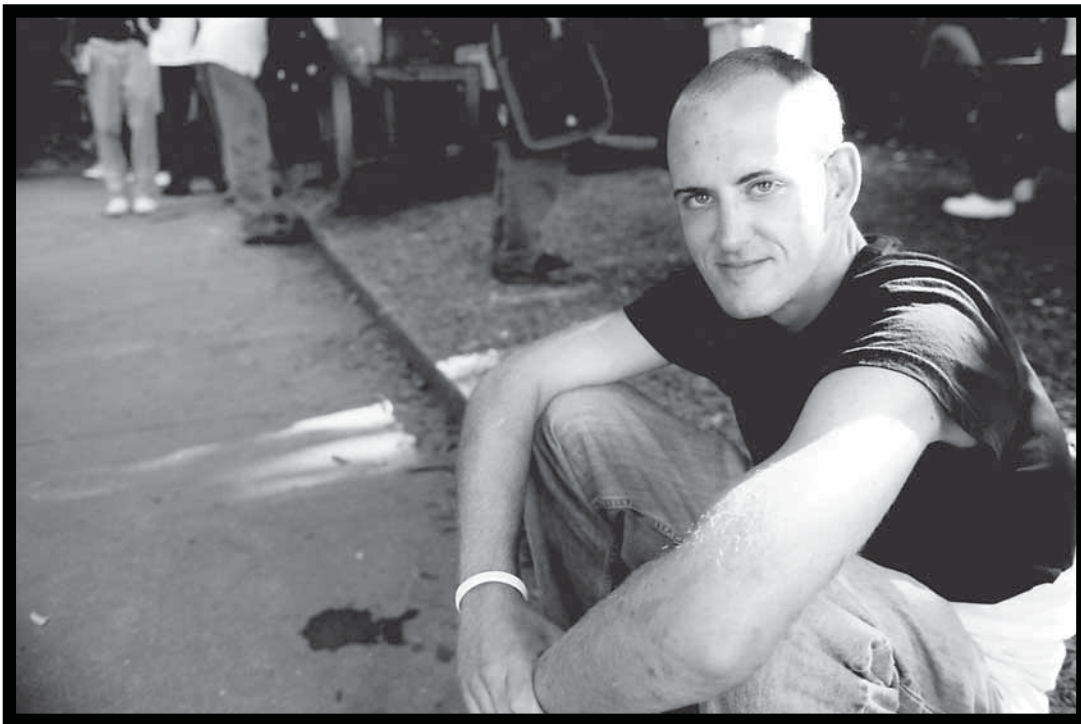
In a brief thank-you note he wrote, "I believe that if the full scope of the nation's



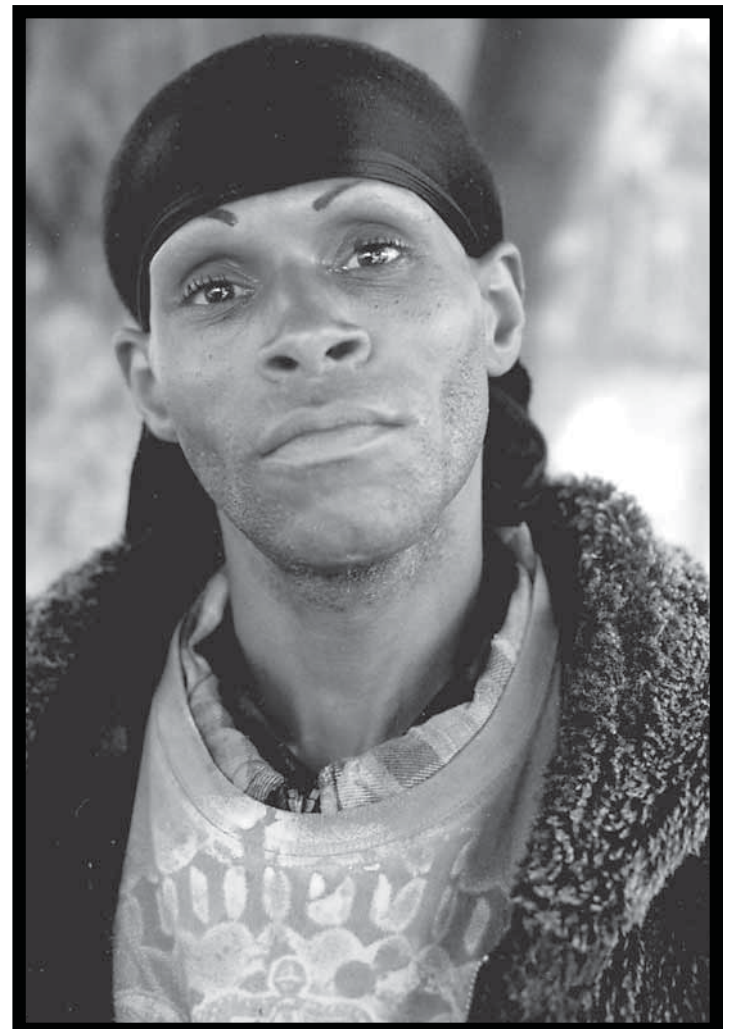
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John 7/09

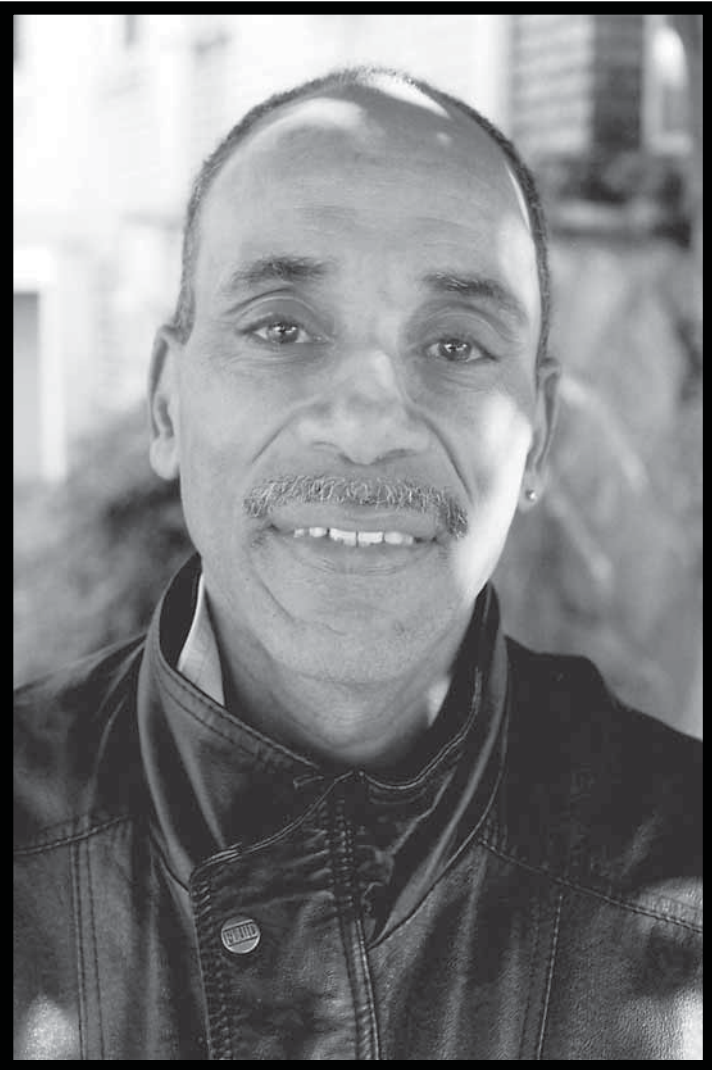


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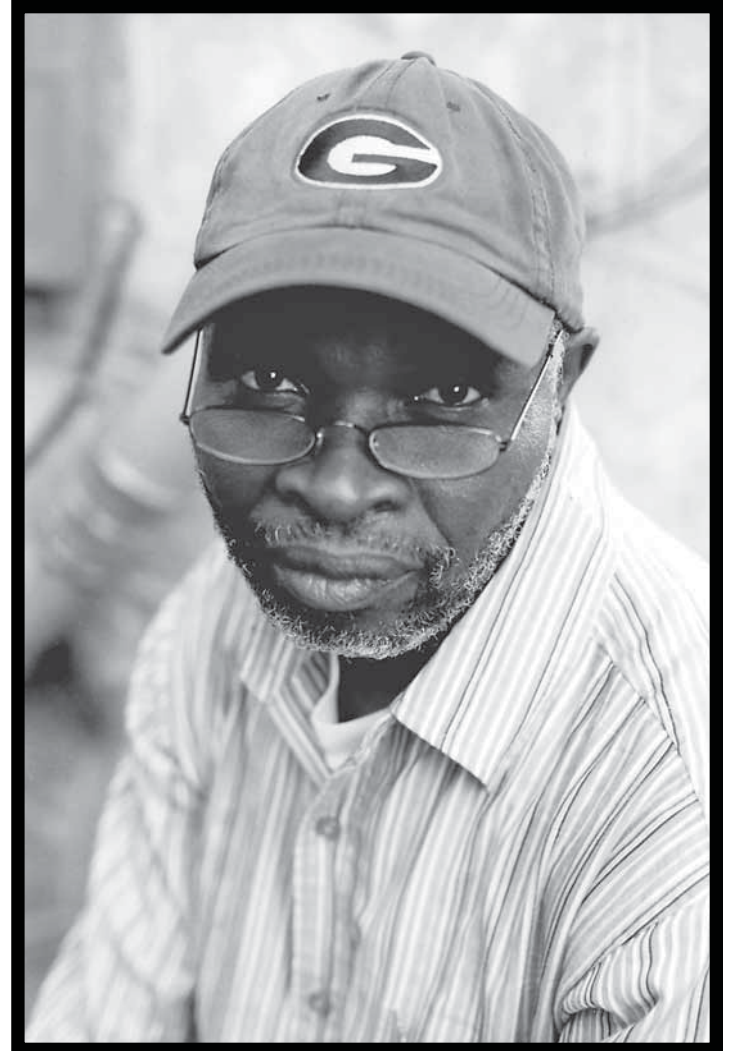
Patrick 1/10

At Our Home
photographs by Calvin Kimbrough



Rick 1/10

Matthew 7/09



Steven 9/09



William 5/09

Cowardice Among 'Christian' Leaders *continued from page 5*

use of torture comes to light, there may be need for churches to propose confession and repentance, as a positive witness for the rest of the world."

Blank Presbyterians

To their credit, the Presbyterians have been more outspoken — some of them at least.

In 2006, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) called on Congress to convene an independent investigative body to establish responsibility for the abuse of detainees and, if appropriate, to recommend the appointment of a special prosecutor.

The clerk of the General Assembly followed up on April 23, 2009, with an appeal to President Barack Obama to work with Congress to establish a nonpartisan Commission of Inquiry to bring "an understanding of what happened, how it happened, and who was accountable," adding, "If those responsible are not held accountable, nothing beyond wishful thinking and admonitions exists to compel future leaders to resist the temptation to torture in times of fear or threat."

Good for the Presbyterians, I thought. I led off a Sunday evening talk to a Dallas-area Presbyterian congregation by complimenting those assembled on the gutsy appeal of April 23. I was greeted by blank stares.

Shame, shame, shame on any Christian who could imagine there is any justification of torture against another human being.

This congregation was no exception to the general rule that courageous statements at high official levels do not find their way into Sunday sermons, much less workshops. A disappointment, but hardly a surprise.

Deaf Methodists

The United Methodist General Board of Churches and Society, acknowledging the results of the Pew survey, is also supporting an independent inquiry into torture. Top Methodist executive Jim Winkler has been very direct: "Shame, shame, shame on any Christian who could imagine there is any justification of torture against another human being. I cannot conceive in my wildest dreams of Jesus Christ giving any blessing to torture."

It is another question, of course, as to whether Pew reaches the pews.

As for the Dallas Methodists, Southern Methodist University has shown itself eager to host George W. Bush's presidential library and an independent institute to sponsor programs to "promote the vision of the president and celebrate" his presidency.

The protests of thousands of Methodists, including prominent alumni of

SMU's School of Theology, pointing to the policy of torture, fell on the deaf ears of the Methodist bishops and trustees who blessed the enterprise.

Clueless Catholics

Sadly, the U.S. Catholic bishops cannot find their voice on torture. This is history repeating itself, for Hamlet-like Pope Pius XII kept trying to make up his mind on whether he should put the church at some risk in Germany, while Jews and other minorities were being tortured and murdered.

In 1948, the French author-philosopher Albert Camus addressed a Dominican monastery of friars who had asked what an "unbeliever" thought about Christians in the light of their behavior during the 1930s and '40s. Camus said:

"For a long time during those frightful years I waited for a great voice to speak up in Rome. I, an unbeliever? Precisely. For I knew that the spirit would be lost if it did not utter a cry of condemnation. . . .

"It has been explained to me since that the condemnation was indeed voiced. But that it was in the style of encyclicals, which is not all that clear. The condemnation was voiced and it was not understood. Who could fail to see where the fault lies in this case?

"Christians should voice their condemnation loud and clear, in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could rise in the heart of the simplest person. . . . They should get away from abstraction and confront the blood-stained face history has taken on today."

And today? True to form, laudable statements and papers have been produced and placed in in-boxes in the bowels of the bishops' bureaucracy, but they rarely find their way to the pulpit on Sunday.

I am a Catholic, and initially was happy to find, by a search of the bishops' Web site, that there is a Catholic Study Guide titled "Torture Is a Moral Issue." It was developed in collaboration with the National Religious Campaign Against Torture, the group Professor Hunsinger founded.

This was news to me. Had any of my Catholic friends heard of this? The answer from a representative sampling, including progressive parishes, was no.

So I called the bishops' staff to inquire as to why the study guide on torture had not been published and made available to pastors to use in their preaching or workshops.

I was told that it was "not designed as a publication, because there was uncertainty as to how much demand there would be for such a study." A publishing run would not be cost-effective unless it produced at least a thousand copies, and this particular issue might not warrant that kind of run. (There are 70 million Catholics in this land.)

As for Pope Benedict XVI, he arrived here in April 2008, a week after media reports that the most senior officials of the Bush administration had met regularly at the White House to plan which torture techniques might be most appropriate for which high-value

detainees. He said nothing.

All the more strange, it would seem, since Jesus of Nazareth, after all, was tortured to death. If the pope had an opinion on torture, he kept it to himself.

In sum, with respect to the Christian churches, I believe author Chris Hedges summarizes the situation neatly, if sadly: "The utter failure of nearly all our religious institutions — whose texts are unequivocal about murder — to address the essence of war has rendered them useless. These institutions have little or nothing to say in wartime because the god they worship is a false god, one that promises victory to those who obey the law and believe in the manifest destiny of the nation."

A Hero Within the Military

Who would have thought we would have to turn to the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to carry the moral ball on torture?

Admiral Mike Mullen has called his commanders on the carpet. He is reliably reported to have been so "appalled" and "disgusted" after viewing some of the abuse photos being kept under wraps by the Obama administration that he warned senior military officers on July 10, 2009: "We haven't all absorbed or applied all the lessons of Abu Ghraib."

Mullen ordered that more be done to halt detainee abuse. He is quoted as saying, "We're better than this; and now we have to show it."

Hopefully, Admiral Mullen will stay around long enough to start a thorough clean-up of the torture mess — at least in the military.

He has acted responsibly and with integrity on a number of issues; the country is lucky to have him in that very senior post. For it is clear that, as long as demagogues keep insisting that we are "at war" with global terrorists, all manner of abuse can be heaped on "the enemy."

Don't wait for the churches to speak out against such violence. We have seen enough of their vacillation to know that, for us, this would be a cop-out.

Sad to say, the same challenge facing Salvadoran Archbishop Oscar Romero before he was assassinated faces us. And we must have the courage and honesty to act, like him, in putting ourselves where the battle rages:

"A church that doesn't provoke any crisis, a gospel that doesn't unsettle, a word of God that doesn't get under anyone's skin, a word of God that doesn't touch the real sin of the society in which it is being proclaimed, what kind of gospel is that?"

We cannot avoid the challenge; it is up to us. We have to supply what is lacking in the institutional church.

There is hope. As St. Augustine warned 1,600 years ago: "Hope has two children. The first is anger at the way things are. The second is courage to do something about it."

With those two, well, yes we can. ✠

Psalm 118 *from page 1*

I was fiercely attacked
and was being defeated,
but God helped me.
Our God makes us powerful and strong;
God has saved me.

"Jesus knew that the old eye-for-an-eye philosophy would leave everyone blind. He did not seek to overcome evil with evil. He overcame evil with good. Although crucified by hate, he responded with aggressive love."
(*"Strength to Love," Martin Luther King Jr.*)

**O give thanks to God, for God is good;
God's steadfast love endures forever!**

Listen to the glad shouts of joy and victory:
"God's power has brought us
to a place of blessing —
God's right hand is doing mighty acts!"
No, I will not die;
instead, I will live
to proclaim the deeds of our God.
Though I have been disciplined,
I am not abandoned to Death.
Open the gates of justice for me,
Let me come in
and give thanks to you, O God.

"I've seen too much hate to want to hate, myself, and I've seen hate on the faces of too many sheriffs, too many White Citizens Councilors, and too many Klansmen of the South to want to hate, myself; and every time I see it, I say to myself, hate is too great a burden to bear."

"Somehow we must be able to stand up before our most bitter opponents and say: We shall match your capacity to inflict suffering by our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. Do to us what you will and we will still love you. . . . Be assured that we'll wear you down by our capacity to suffer, and one day we will win our freedom. We will not only win freedom for ourselves, we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that we will win you in the process, and our victory will be a double victory."

(*Christmas Eve Sermon, 1967, Martin Luther King Jr.*)

**O give thanks to God, for God is good;
God's steadfast love endures forever!**



Daniel Nichols

The Long Night Between the Lines *continued from page 1*

And then they were there. Judas emerged from the crowd to kiss him — the long-dreaded betrayal of one who had been a well loved brother. How to account for all this pain?

And one of the guys — some accounts say it was Peter the brash — pulled out a sword and attacked the slave of the High Priest. Jesus had had all he could take:



Sally Elliott

ENOUGH OF THIS! Enough of this violence, this retribution, this fighting hate with hate! ENOUGH! Haven't you heard anything? The way to the Beloved Community is a way of Nonviolence and Healing, Transformation and Truth. These are our "weapons." We have no need of swords and armor. And he reached out and healed the ear of the slave. He healed one who had come to take him away in chains to his torture and death. "There is no way to peace; peace is the way." There is no way to the Beloved Community; the Beloved Community is the way (thank you, A.J. Muste).

Then Jesus stopped to name the truth of the moment. Though the gaggle of soldiers and Temple guards, slaves and hangers-on came to drag him away by force, Jesus was in charge.

"So, here we are. We have been together in the Temple every single day. I've been right there in the light and in the public. But you could not arrest me then and there. Let's be clear here: You needed the cover of darkness to do your dirty deeds. You needed to stage a drama with swords and weapons to treat me like an outlaw. Your hour is always when the shadows are the deepest. Because you are not based on any 'truth' that could bear the scrutiny of the light."

Angrier than ever, they put Jesus under arrest and took him by force to the home of the High Priest. The community fled. The men had boasted and made one macho claim after another. "Yes, leader, I'm with you all the way. I'm ready to go wherever you go and suffer anything that you suffer."

Well, forget that. They were gone in a flash. This was SERIOUS. Peter followed along, far enough back that he hoped he wouldn't be noticed. But he was noticed — three times. And three times — just as Jesus had told him — he said, "I don't know the man."

But here is where the story fails us. Or does it? Is this perhaps one more place where the story is there, but only for those who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear?

Reading What Is Not Said

Jesus was in custody. The Big Boys went to bed.

The officers of the guard went to bed. Jesus was left with those who are disparagingly referred to in the military as "the grunts": the low-level police recruits, the enlisted men, the hired guards and security guards, the mercenaries, the Blackwater contract torturers.

Do you see? Can you hear? There is a large part of the story that is wedged here between the lines. Do you know anyone who has been left alone with the police *all night long*? Do you know anyone who has been interrogated for endless dark hours with no let-up? Do you know anyone who has been a victim of torture or police abuse?

How you answer that question probably depends on your life experience. If you live a life protected by wealth and privilege, if you are a distance from even knowing what happens when police and soldiers are left on their own and without accountability, perhaps it will remain a mystery to you. You might never know what happened to Jesus during that Long Night Between the Lines.

**No. Stop.
Live in this moment.
We are with our Jesus
and he is being tortured.**

But oh, if your brother or your daughter has been arrested and the police or soldiers think they might have some information, or if they are simply left alone in a prison like, say, Iraq's Abu Ghraib or Mississippi's Parchman or your local county jail, you might have another way of "reading" what is not said here. The night shift can be very long for the police and the military and for prison guards. No wonder it is during "the hour of darkness" that so many of the worst tortures and abuses take place.

The three synoptic Gospels tell us that the guards mocked him, beat him, spat on him, slapped him, blindfolded him, and insulted him. "Prophesy for us, Messiah! Guess who hit you!" What power they must have felt over this pitiful prisoner, bound and bloody and abandoned before them. Why, just a few days before, he was teaching in the Temple and fomenting rebellion. Boy, we sure got the upper hand with him now. Yeah, buddy, who's in charge now?

What is not spelled out is that this was a very long night. Jesus was in custody all night long, and the torture went on. How can we even imagine the physical, spiritual and emotional pain and exhaustion? How can we imagine the longing for an end to it, the simple longing for daylight and the hope of relief if only momentary?

We turn back to the story, desperate to rush on. You know, Easter is coming! No. Stop. Live in this moment. We are with our Jesus and he is being tortured. In the hour of torture, there is no relief. There is no promise of tomorrow. There is no assurance of another day of life. In the moment of torture there is No Hope. Let us not leave Jesus in this hour. He cannot be sure in this hour that there will be any Easter. Torturers always want you to believe that they are your god and they hold the key to your future, be it life or death. We know that his community *did* leave him, and we understand why. We too are afraid. We too want to say, "No, I don't know this man. I have nothing to do with him and nothing in common with him."

But he peers out at us — through the sweat, the blood and the tears. And he says once more, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my sisters and brothers, you have done it to me. Again, and again, and again, you have done it to me. How long will it go on before you raise your voice and take your body to the street to stop it? Inasmuch." ♣

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



Johnny Devlin

Come explore Atlanta, a "world-class" city, which houses its homeless citizens on abandoned bridges with a view of downtown skyscrapers. Johnny Devlin will take you urban touring on bicycles to see all the sights.

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.**

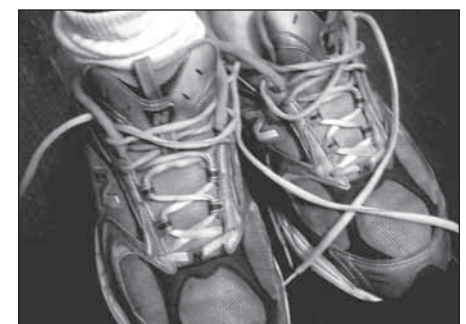
**You might come to the margins
and find your center.**

Contact: Chuck Harris

at odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627

For information and application forms visit
www.opendoorcommunity.org

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

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____ 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.)

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volunteer
needs
at the
Open Door Community

Volunteers for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Soup Kitchen (9:45 a.m.-1:30 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.

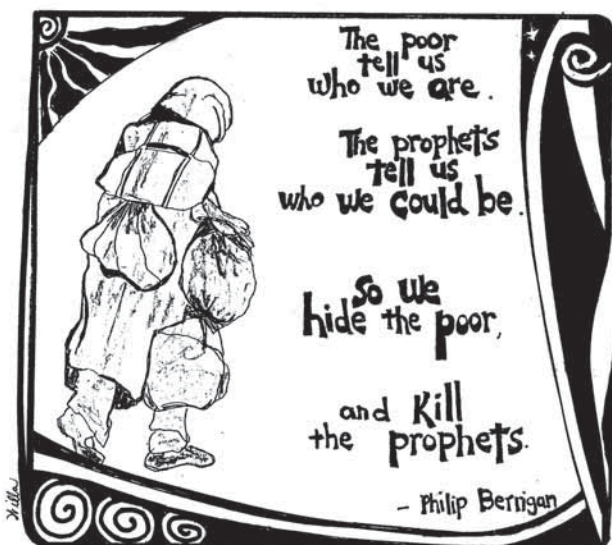
**For more information,
contact Chuck Harris at
odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627**

We Must Choose *continued from page 3*

or mosque. Then go to high school, college or nursing school. Then go to Radical Remnant Communities and act, learn and be transformed as you are transforming.

But beware: the function of education in the USA is to separate the streets and the academy. The function of religion in America is to separate the poor and the rich, to separate the truth about capitalism and Coca-Cola from the hardball play of the gospel. We must find a way out of mainline religion and education or this nation will continue its ravenous hunger and obesity until we have eaten ourselves up and vomited ourselves out. President Obama notwithstanding. There is little truth and only softball hope apart from the streets of the disinherited, those who live with their backs against the wall.

While in and out of jail and prison, let us stand up to White Male Supremacy's macho male-ism. Be one with gays, lesbians, bisexuals, the transgendered and tender loving men of all sizes and shapes. Wear buttons and T-shirts supporting homosexuals. Hold hands in public with same-gender friends. Kiss your relatives. "Civil marriage is a civil right." Exodus: come out of homophobic churches and synagogues. Beware of those who politely bash Queers. ("Oh, I love homosexuals, just not their homosexuality.") And run from churches that refuse to ordain women and homosexuals.



Willa Bickham

Remember this: "The only solution is love, and love comes with community" (Dorothy Day). Each of us and all of us, to be fully human and free in the belly of the domination beast, must find community with others whose lives are shaped by radical Words, incendiary and militant, for peace and justice for all people. We cannot live alone. We must hold hands and circle up to the Welcome Table.

The goodnews is that there already exists a community for you. There are Catholic Worker Houses all over the United States and in several cities in Europe and Africa. There are many discipleship communities, residential or gathered, Bible study groups who express their studies and prayer in radical action for the poor and for peace. Find yours. Build love, courage, passion, anger and commitment.

If you give a damn, if you hope for others and the earth, if you love and care, you will suffer under the reign of the American Empire. You will be persecuted; it is a given of the gospel, it is the nature of love and truth. In the midst of, not apart from, shared suffering and persecution we will know the peace of God, the power of joy and the kinship of solidarity.

Phil Berigan again: "The poor tell us who we are. The prophets tell us who we could be. So we hide the poor and kill the prophets." Let us go to the streets. Let us go into the valley toward the mountaintop. Let White Male Supremacy be gone with the wind as we listen to and act on the cry of the poor. ✦

THE END

Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community. He would like to hear from you at edloring@opendoorcommunity.org.

Reflections on a Week of Love and Laughter

By Kay Hart

Editor's note: Kay Hart has known Eduard Loring since they were in grade school together in Charlotte, North Carolina. She has retired from her work as a Professor of Nursing (University of Virginia and University of Utah) and recently came from her home in Utah to visit the Open Door. Kay sent us this account of her time with us.

From the moment Hannah Loring-Davis and I found each other at the airport in Atlanta, I knew that the coming week was to be like no other week I'd ever experienced. Our constant conversation during our ride on the train almost made Hannah forget to call Anne Wheeler — our "Wheels" to the Open Door Community, where we picked up a car. The drive to Dayspring Farm was delightful, with all kinds of "getting to know you" conversation and stories about Ed and our high school days and Murphy, whom I'd yet to meet. Our closeness continued during the time we were both at the Open Door.

The 2½ days at Dayspring were filled with all kinds of adventures for me, from driving Logan to Ellijay in Tom's pickup truck to sitting by the fire on Friday night after dinner and talking over old times. These days were also very memorable as I had the opportunity to begin to know Murphy. What a marvelous, strong, intelligent, brave and loving woman she is. I found that many of my ideas about women and the culture of womankind coincided with hers; however, we were able to listen to each other even when our perceptions and thoughts were not the same.

Ed and I walked the farm, and I was introduced to the many projects in progress — a lot of work involving a lot of people. Needless to say, I was impressed. My stay at Dayspring ended with a farewell dinner at Edna's in Chatsworth. Delicious fried chicken, yams and topped off with the last piece of coconut pie!

As I look back on my stay at the Open Door and the gift of meeting and getting to know the partners, residents, volunteers and visitors, I remember that my throat became very full as I observed the respect and love everyone shared with me and each other. An aura of caring filled every room in the house; I seemed to be accepted at once. My own spirituality and thoughts about God's love were heightened through my interactions with everyone. I felt so useful as I put eggs and turkey sausage into bowls for the soup kitchen, participated in discussion at morning Bible Study, and accompanied Ralph to Grady Hospital for his doctor's appointment. (I hadn't seen Grady since 1967 — WOW! Some things have changed; others seemed the same.)

I really enjoyed giving my presentation on Monday night. I felt very blessed as it was well attended and questions were raised that were important to members of the group. Sharing my life as "one of Ed's high school sweethearts," a lesbian and a non-Mormon living in the state of Utah was the first time I had discussed all those things with a large group. The responses of the Open Door family were validating and reminded me again of how much love is shared between and among members of that family. That love and validation were extended to me without reservation. Thank you.

Thanks to Ed and Murphy, Hannah and all of you who made my stay with you an unforgettable and rewarding experience. I am stronger and more secure in my own faith and the joy of serving others in need. I hope to return another time.

May God bless and keep you in love. ✦

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Rev. Eduard Loring,

I received your book "The Festival of Shelters." I finished reading it yesterday and once again, I'm astounded. Reverend Loring, God has blessed you with some powerful teachings. You aren't afraid to talk about things that go on which usually get swept under the rug. Things commonly forgotten about and ignored, like white supremacy, racism, sexism, classism, capitalism, homophobia and consumerism. You talk about how we have these big houses and big cars . . . big cars which we drive right past the poor in. "Festival of Shelters" helps us remember that we were once homeless, in the wilderness. And that's where God told us not to forget about Him when "prosperity" came.

But many of us have forgotten. Forgotten the journey through the wilderness, where conditions were bitter and harsh. Where we had to remain heavily conscious of God, because God provided our necessities directly.

Your book explained the Festival of Shelters as a separation . . . a separation from the American culture, which promotes materialism, individualism, greed, selfishness and social status so well.

I'm not "sold out" for the Lord like I was in the past, but each time I read something you write, I get inspired to fully commit myself totally to God. I'll usually read something you wrote, smile and laugh to myself, re-read it, talk to myself, then read it again. I do that because my spirit agrees with what you write. As I read "The Cry of the Poor" and "The Festival of Shelters," all I could say was "yup, Amen, yes, that's right."

I also get inspired by the pictures in the book as well as those printed in *Hospitality*. They show how y'all invite the poor in to eat. They show y'all in support of Troy Davis. They show y'all sleeping outside in tents. Worshipping the Lord in public. Praying together in front of City Hall. Y'all practice biblical principles. It's more than words, words, words. Y'all take action. Y'all do the Word.

So my last thanks is to you and everyone at the Open Door Community. Thanks for the penetrating literature y'all provide. And thanks for the wonderful example y'all set. Your letters are always welcome. Take care of yourself, Reverend. Best wishes to you and everyone at the Open Door Community.

Respectfully,

A Friend in Prison
Abbeville, Georgia

Hello everyone,

Among your many excellent articles, "Walking With Jack, Pleading for Life" and "Waiting for Death, Choosing Life" in the February *Hospitality* are the best. Jack Alderman's life can only best be described as Christlike. He could have been mired in misery and pessimism, yet he chose life, to uplift those around him, even his captors. A powerful testimony to the fact that our lives are brief, delicate and in God's hands. I choose to focus upon this, for the outrage of state-funded killing of such a man is beyond comprehension.

Peace,

Andrew Quinn
Grayson, Georgia

Would that all of us, individually and as a beloved world community, could respond as did the editor to "Anonymous" from North Metro Georgia [*Hospitality* Letters, January]. Those ugly comments, filled with anger and frustration, were met with a nonviolent Christian response. I hope that this acceptance of the feelings of a fellow wayfarer will foster understanding and the hope of reconciliation. True love of neighbor can turn enemies into friends.

Sister Mary Jude Jun, OSU
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Eduard, Murphy et al.,

Your paper has nurtured my spirit ever since I visited the Open Door during the Journey of Hope From Violence to Healing in the mid-1990s. I have shared some and saved most of the papers for continued reflection.

Keep up your necessary witness and work and be well, especially Murphy.

Sally Peck
Livonia, Michigan

The Door Is Open

The Open Door is full of love
An open ear
A warm warm hug
Water to drink
Water to bathe
A peaceful yard
With rest we crave.

A bowl of grits
A bowl of soup
A place to pee
A place to poop.

A place that's always kept so neat
A place to go to fix your feet
A place to check on all your ills
A place to get your life-saving pills
(gotta go to Grady).

A place for clothes
A place for shoes
A place for mail
A place for worship
A place to meet
A place full of love
That no place can beat
When you're living on the street.

— Judy
Fulton County Jail



Tom Lewis

Dear Open Door Community,

Just to say thank you for your hospitality at your home. You are my family for life. You helped me to get my life and family back. You gave me something to live for. It was really great being with you. I love you all. Tell everyone I love them all.

I was homeless but now I have two families, and I won't forget you all. I have expressed what it means to meet and serve my friends at the Open Door Community.

I love you (all).

Your friend,

James "Mo" Mosely
Riverdale, Georgia

Dear Ed,

Reading your letter of December 2009 and Part 11 of your "Cry of the Poor" series, "Hope Against Hope, and Possible Possibilities" [October], I remembered back 25 or 30 years ago when I first met you one Sunday night at Druid Hills Presbyterian Church, where you were director of the Sunday night meal.

I was a very reluctant volunteer to serve a spaghetti dinner that night, because I expected a rowdy and angry crowd of hungry homeless people. Instead, everyone was humble, thankful and grateful for our being there and serving them hot food. You gave a memorable service that night of hope and assurance to that crowd of people, which opened my eyes to the problem of the poor. That meeting opened a new outlook for me on the needs of the homeless, who are not lazy bums looking for an easy handout.

I later met Jim and Anita Beaty and their work with the homeless at Pine Street and the battle with the Atlanta mayors to keep the facility open.

Also we learned of the work at your old church, Clifton Presbyterian. It was a similar problem everywhere, and it is now common for us to meet the homeless at the malls and outside the Publix and Kroger stores.

Thankfully our church, Clairmont Presbyterian, is aware of the problem and is reaching out to organizations with food and helping to get jobs.

Although our company continues to give to several worthy causes such as the Open Door, it never seems enough for the growing need. I know it must be discouraging to you at times, but you and Murphy have really accomplished a difficult service, and I know at times you wanted to quit. I wish you well and thank you for opening a "door" for me to help too.

In His Service,

Myron Ball
M.L. Ball Company, Inc.
Norcross, Georgia

Dear Friends,

I have been a supporter of the Open Door for a long time. I like what you all do. I believe that you are action Christians and are cognizant of the real and persistent challenge of loving one's enemy. I am opposed to the death penalty.

On the other hand, I wish that your newspaper reflected the complexity and the loss of folks who have needlessly died at the hands of death row inmates. Not all those incarcerated are innocents.

Nonetheless, I believe in you all, and I hope to see a more complete and balanced view of good, evil, crime, punishment, victims, victims' friends and families, and the judicial system. I also hope to become more involved with the Open Door.

My best wishes to your community.

Rex Batson
Atlanta, Georgia

Open Door Community Ministries

Soup Kitchen: Tuesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. – 12 noon.
Wednesday, 11 a.m. – 1 p.m.

Men's Showers: Wednesday, 10:30 a.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, Wednesday and Thursday: 8:30 until 9:30 a.m. and 2 until 8:30 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.

March 7	4 p.m. Worship at 910
Lent 3	Nelia Kimbrough preaching
March 14	No Worship at 910
Lent 4	Worship at Dayspring Farm 3/13
March 21	4 p.m. Worship at 910
Lent 5	Anthony Granberry preaching
March 28	4 p.m. Palm Sunday Worship at 910 Call to the Streets
April 4	8 a.m. Easter Morning at 910 Breakfast with our homeless friends followed by Worship and Celebration of Life Over Death and Oppression
April 11	No Worship at 910 Worship at Dayspring Farm 4/10
April 18	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Eucharist Service
April 25	4 p.m. Worship at 910 Eucharist Service



He Is Risen

Lavrans Nielson

Please see the Holy Week on the Streets worship schedule on page 2.

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)
- lip balm
- soap (small sizes)
- disposable razors

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
- high chair (yes, for a baby)
- toaster oven