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

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April 2010



He is Risen!

Brian Kavanagh

The Empty Tomb and the Empty Rifle

Jesus and Martin, April 4, 2010

By Eduard Loring

Mystery and meaning? Coincidence that will happen again in 2021? Confusion? Light in darkness? Truth crushed to the ground rising in darkness? (William Cullen Bryant)

For those of us (and we invite you too) who come to Martin Luther King Jr. via the Via Christus and to Jesus via Martin Luther King Jr., this year presents a difficult challenge. April 4 is Easter this year. The highest day of celebration and political engagement of the Christian Year. Jesus is Risen In Deed. The power and sting of death are defeated.

On this date 1,935 years after Jesus was executed by the state and rose again from the dead, Martin Luther King Jr.'s murderer blasted his rifle's bullet into Martin's head. Finally J. Edgar Hoover had a smile on his sad face. Pilate and Herod Antipas likely had smiles when Jesus was put down and terror when he arose.

Like Jesus, Martin is alive when radicalized folk are doing the work of justice for all.

Jesus knew — did he not? — after he had returned from three days in hell to earth that he would have to leave again. A movement must move beyond the founder(s) so that those who are prepared and ready can lead and guide in an ever-shifting historical framework which requires a new shot of imagination.

Jesus grasped the necessity of the Ascension, his second departure from earth, shortly after his last breakfast on the shore of Galilee. He turned it over to his 11 disciples and floated back like a lazy dirigible to his hometown named heaven. Of course, he needed a bit more help. One day he knocked Paul off his horse and sent him to Damascus to begin the long journey of restorative justice. Jesus called Paul to build the movement with Jesus' vision of desegregation and an ultimate unity which loves differences but keeps them from becoming divisions (Enns and Myers). Letting go and returning to heaven or upstairs is fraught with struggle and risk. Most of the history of the radical church has been made on the margins where a few followers stick with the revolutionary movement.

Martin Luther King Jr. did not rise from the dead. His crypt is full. Now Coretta lies in mortal silence beside the man who is "free at last."

But is he? King, like Jesus, lives in the "radical remnant" (Michael Eric Dyson). King did little to prepare his followers

Easter Faith and Empire

Recovering the Prophetic Tradition on the Emmaus Road

By Ched Myers

Editor's note: Ched Myers is an activist theologian who works with Bartimaeus Cooperative Ministries (www.bcm-net.org) in Southern California. He is the author of numerous books and articles, most recently (as co-author with Elaine Enns) "Ambassadors of Reconciliation: New Testament Reflections on Restorative Justice and Peacemaking." This article is a shortened version of one that appeared in the book "Getting on Message: Challenging the Christian Right From the Heart of the Gospel," edited by Peter Laarman (Beacon Press, 2006). We are publishing it in two parts.

"And Abraham said to the rich man, 'If they don't listen to Moses and the prophets, neither will they be convinced even if someone rises from the dead.'" — Luke 16:31

In the first-century Pax Romana, Christians had the difficult and demanding task of discerning how to cling to a radical ethos of life — symbolized pre-eminently by their stubborn belief in the resurrection of Jesus — while living under the chilling shadow of an imperial culture of domination and death. Today, in the 21st-century Pax Americana, U.S. Christians are faced with the same challenge: to celebrate Easter faith in the teeth of empire and its discontents.

"The words empire and imperialism enjoy no easy hospitality in the minds and hearts of most contemporary

We have forgotten that the resurrection accounts in our Gospels themselves took place under the Shadow of Death.

Americans," wrote the great historian William Appleman Williams in his 1980 book "Empire as a Way of Life," his brilliant re-reading of U.S. history. Yet today, because of the ascendancy of the New Right's ideology, the word is increasingly used approvingly in regard to U.S. policy. We are indeed well down the road of imperial unilateralism, and are seeing clearly that this means a world held hostage to wars and rumors of war. The conquest and occupation of Afghanistan and Iraq have had an enormous human and political cost. Meanwhile, the United States has military bases on every continent and some form of military presence in almost two-thirds of the 189 member states of the United Nations.

Williams believed that we have only just begun our confrontation with our imperial history, our imperial ethic and our imperial psychology. Americans of the 20th and 21st centuries like empire for the same reasons their ancestors favored

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The Empty Tomb continued on page 9



Nelia Kimbrough

The Open Door Community Spring Appeal

Dear Friends and Partners,

Holy Week is drawing to a close, and we creep closer to the Radiant Hope of Easter Morning even as the green buds on Atlanta's trees are waiting to burst open with the golden green of spring beauty.

Very little that we have seen this week is beautiful: forgotten homeless brothers and sisters struggling still to find a safe place to sleep, looking for a nutritious and satisfying meal, waiting endless hours to see whether medical care will be available or not. Meanwhile, our friends in prison wait to see if there will be a letter or a visit or some word of hope in an endless or deadly prison sentence. Many of our brothers at Jackson have asked their families not to come, so that they will not have to endure visiting through bars and a tangled mess of wire mesh. Death row visitation since January has become a nightmare as the "no-contact" visits have transformed loved ones and advocates into fading shadows and distant voices. Despair has grown in the midst of 23-hour lockdown and very limited time outside. We are working with other advocates for changes in these rules that batter the spirits of all of us.

But the cycles of nature's rebirth and the gospel word that finds life in the midst of suffering and death lift our sights to remember the promise that a New World is coming in the shell of the old. The oppressors will not have the last word. We claim that hope and pray for the grace to live into it. You who support and help us — you who work with and alongside us — are an important source of our ever-renewed hope.

The needs are great. Nothing new there! Our old building gives us the ongoing gift of home and sanctuary as well as an ongoing demand for repairs. This year we've had major repairs to the aging boiler, emergency work when the plumbing has tangled endlessly with tree roots, and surrender to the reality that our trusty commercial clothes washer finally had to be rebuilt. These unanticipated repairs hit the budget hard, and we do our best to do what we must and keep the soup pots simmering and the shower waters flowing.

We give thanks every day for your faithful friendship and support. Without your help we would not be able to offer home, advocacy and hope among those whom God has sent us. We thank you for this rich partnership even as we humbly ask once again for your continued help.

May the blessings of Eastertide — hope and joy — be with you and yours,

The Open Door Community

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

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Open Door Community

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Sophy and Jane: Black and White Together, 1943

By Eduard Loring

Two years before my kitty cat Gabriel's skull was crushed, my mother suddenly stopped the car and jumped out. We were on Highway 287 south toward the Navy shipyard outside Beaumont, Texas, where we lived in 1943. She ran up the highway, the motor stilled in our black 1939 Ford, scooped up something, did a 180-degree turnaround and bounded back to the car.

She turned the ignition key, the same key that, years later in 1952 in Gaffney, South Carolina — the place where the long-dead father of my father had impregnated my young grandmother during a piano lesson at Limestone College in 1907, on the floor in the practice room — would cut my mother's knee so deeply that she never fully recovered, plastic knees not bending during that season of human suffering, when, 39 years old heading toward 93, she crashed like a building wall in Haiti, earth quaking, into the back of a dump truck, blinded by her father's death and our furious trip from Charlotte to Greenville to his now-cold body.

The engine started. "We slowly drove. She knew no haste." (Emily Dickinson, adapted.) Suddenly, without warning, "a shot rang out in the morning" (Bob Dylan). At least that's what it sounded like. I screamed at the top of my three-year-old lungs and tumbled to the floorboard howling. She jerked the steering wheel to the right as her Germanic feet stormed clutch and brake. Careening into the mud, the old Ford came joltingly to a halt.

She, scrambling out the door, in high-pitched Southern melody demanded, "Ibo. Hush. Get up. Now." Twirling, she pushed the back of her front seat forward and disappeared from my sight. She leaned into the car like a child peering into a black cave, eyes unrubbed, glare-filled, and grabbed the monstrous turtle's bone-body behind the back of its outstretched angry neck. She had picked up the turtle beside the road for me to play with.

For a second only the ferocious face, with wide-open jaws, crossed my vision. The red left eye was filled with hate. I sat stunned, silenced, darkly afraid. Even today, 67 years later, occasionally horror lurks at me as I watch the sky bleed to death in the west and dip my feet into the holy waters of the Edisto Swamp. Sometimes I, Ibo grown old, hear the turtle call my name, then snap its jaws like a Saturday-night special. "In short I am afraid" (T.S. Eliot). I am turtle-stubborn opposed to handguns.

"Wow," said she, "I had no idea it was a *snapping* turtle! I am sorry. I'll find you something else to play with."

On we rolled, on down the flat, swamp-bordered Texas highway. She stopped her rolling on in 2006. I am leading from third base heading toward home plate, which is heaven.

"Here, Ibo,
this is your very own doll.
She is yours forever and ever."

Wasn't long. There she lay, skirt up over one of her heads, motionless, abandoned. She flopped as a truck lumbered past, roaring at 45 miles per hour. Mom without impulsion soft-pedaled the brake, smoothly reining in all 85 horses "Wait, Ibo," she all but whispered, "I found my present for you."

Slowly, she lowered herself to the ground like an angel descending upon asphalt. Walking with a slight skip, she, young mother, one child, out on her own, husband working at the Beaumont Pennsylvania Shipyard on Navy radar installation, reached the baby girl. Picked her up. Carried her to me and tenderly put her into my arms.

"Here, Ibo, this is your very own doll. She is yours forever and ever."

"Mom," I screeched, "her bottom is a nigger!"

Confused and then bemused, Mom reiterated what I learned over the years to be a mantra of white respectability, a creator of distance from our first cousins the Ku Klux Klan: "Say 'nigra,' son, not 'nigger.'"

Happy as a lark in a pea field was I. In Beaumont we knew not one single person except the very old white-haired African-American woman who cleaned house and taught my young mother to cook gumbo. Mom and I had driven out to find someone somewhere for me to play with. I was so lonely I would cry. Instead of another human child, we found a snapping turtle and a doll. Making a U turn on the forlorn highway from south to north, we went home.

We went home. Yet I have never gotten home, because the turtle and the doll will not let me get there. In years that unrolled ahead, I would develop a snapping turtle personality. Yet it is the box turtle, as in the Aesop's fable of the tortoise and the hare, that defines my character. I am slow, persistent, long haul and steadfast.

I named the white girl Jane.
God, it took a long time
to play with the Black girl.
Much later I named her Sophy.

But it was, is, and will be the doll. I named the white girl Jane. God, it took a long time to play with the Black girl. Much later I named her Sophy. At first I would turn Jane upside down and stare at the Black girl. Should I? Sometimes I felt dirty, sometimes sly, always at dis-ease. Slowly and with a strange encouragement from my mother, which never occurred when Dad was in the house, I began to play with Sophy. Love Sophy. Prefer Sophy as a playmate.

Growing up, I never had a human Black friend until I was 24 years old, and Ruth Suggs began to teach me ways out of my white supremacy. But even unto this day I have Sophy and Jane before me.

I seldom see Jane. She is hidden under the long dress stitched together around 1943. But Sophy journeys with me all my days long. Sophy screamed through my throat on April 4, 1968 when Martin Luther King, Jr. was murdered. She has accompanied me into pulpits Black and white. She sits on the bookcase beside my bed, watching and reminding Murphy and me who we are to become. She is gospel for me. Plans are to put her in my casket when I have rolled on and out.

Agitator: Ah, my little Ibo. Have you not left out a wee bit of the story? How on the evening of June 15, 1943, the butchery began with the race riot? Were you and your young parents still in Beaumont? You remember departing and crying so hard when you left in the heat of a hot day. Did you know? Have you not heard? Was your dad there? Kicking Black ass and standing behind white Texas cops? Isn't it true your father thought you a sissy to play with Jane? And after he left for work, to explore, Ibo, at dangerous moments, the Black face and wiry hair of Sophy, just two years younger than you? Was not this act of white terrorism etched into your Confederate pride and family story of white superiority? No? Ah, how the selective memory puts us at ease in the sleepy old South. No wonder it took Langston Hughes, a Midwestern Black, to call us out of our dogmatic slumbers. Now, Ibo, you may be 70, you may be able to quote Martin Luther King Jr., but listen, son, you got one hell of a lot of work to do if you want to help heal the wounds of Beaumont, Texas from the war year of 1943. Lot more than Nazis going down. That year when your mother found and gave to you your doll Sophy and Jane, Black and white together. ♣

Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.



Sophy

Murphy Davis



Jane

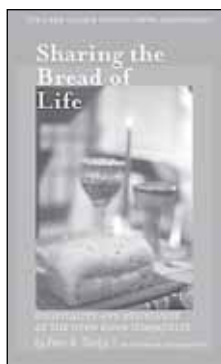
Murphy Davis

The Open Door Community Press Books

The Festival of Shelters A Celebration for Love and Justice

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

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Sharing the Bread of Life Hospitality and Resistance at the Open Door Community

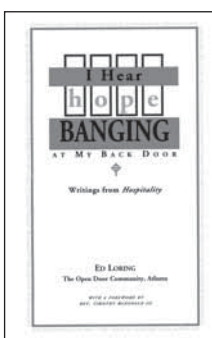
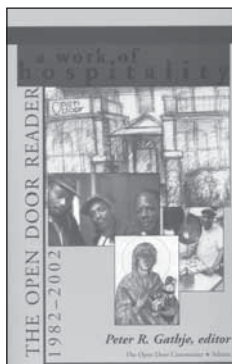
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A Work of Hospitality The Open Door Reader 1982 - 2002

Peter R. Gathje, editor

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I Hear Hope Banging at My Back Door Writings from Hospitality

By **Eduard Loring**

Foreword by Rev. Timothy McDonald III

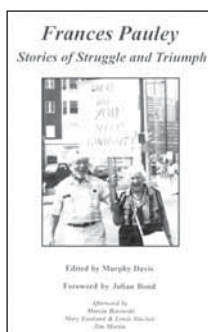
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Foreword by Julian Bond

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poetry corner



Dandelions

a symbol for the long haul ahead

You see, I've always identified with
the neat grass,
the charming roses,
and the carefully tended gardens.

But perhaps,
in the grand scheme of things,
women really have more in common
with dandelions.

It feels like lots of folks keep trying
to get rid of us
or shut us up
or pull us out
of the places we want to be.

And maybe we do have to be like the dandelions
that are willing to return
proudly
the very next day
after the lawn has been mowed.

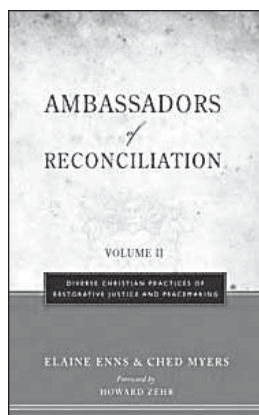
Perhaps the dandelions have a lesson for us
in their ability to splash the yard with color
immediately after they have been mowed down.

And our words,
thoughts,
feelings
and actions
are maybe just as subversive and uncontrollable
as the light seed puffs of the dandelions
that ride the wind to take root
in every imaginable spot on earth.

— **Nelia Kimbrough**

Nelia wrote this poem after the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment. It was first published in August 1982 in The Flyer, the newsletter of the Commission on the Status and Role of Women in the United Methodist Church. Nelia served for eight years on that commission in the late 1970s and early 80s. Nelia Kimbrough is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

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.



Ambassadors of Reconciliation

Vol. I: New Testament Reflections on Restorative Justice and Peacemaking
by Ched Myers and Elaine Enns

\$15.00 | Paper | 192 pp. | Orbis Books, 2009
This volume offers four N.T. studies on restorative justice and peacemaking (2 Corinthians 5-6; Mark 1-3; Matthew 18; and Ephesians).

Vol. II: Diverse Christian Practices of Restorative Justice and Peacemaking
by Elaine Enns and Ched Myers

\$18.00 | Paper | 190 pp. | Orbis Books, 2009
This volume offers three social-analytic models and nine profiles of contemporary practitioners of restorative justice and peacemaking.

available from: www.ChedMyers.org | 323.449.5170

Testimony of a 20th-Century Martyr



Franz Jägerstätter Letters and Writings From Prison

Edited by Erna Putz

Orbis Books
2009
252 pages

The Jägerstätter family was living in St. Radegund, a small farming village in northwestern Austria, when the Nazi Party spread across their homeland in the late 1930s. Franz strongly opposed the Anschluss, the annexation of Austria, which was fast approaching. In January 1938, in a vivid dream, he saw a train filled with people and jovial youth scrambling to get on board. Suddenly he heard a voice cry out, "This train is bound for Hell!" Yet no one tried to get off. This dream haunted Franz. He perceived that the voice had come from God and that the train represented the National Socialist Party.

It became increasingly hard to resist the Nazi takeover. In April 1938, Franz was the only one in his village who voted against the Anschluss. But local officials submitted a 100 percent yes vote, out of fear of reprisal.

Franz was initially called up for active military duty in 1940, but after completing basic training, he was given a deferment to manage the family farm. This allowed time for him to fully form his position with respect to serving in this war. He concluded that to serve for the Third Reich would be a direct affront to his conscience and his ultimate obedience to God. So when he was again called up for active duty in February 1943, he knew what he had to do.

Knowing full well how serious this decision was, Franz sought the counsel of his parish priest in St. Radegund, who told him that he should join the army for the sake of his family. Franz then was granted an audience with the bishop in Linz, who also advised him to join up because his first allegiance should be to his family. The bishop told him that the church had not made any official statement that the war was unjust and that Franz did not have access to the information needed for such a determination on his own.

On March 2, 1943, Franz reported to the induction center in Enns, Austria and said he would not fight for the German army. He was immediately arrested and incarcerated in Linz. In May he was transferred to a prison in Berlin, where he was tried for sedition, found guilty and executed on August 9, 1943. Despite numerous attempts by his relatives, friends, pastor and defense attorney to persuade him to sign the oath of allegiance, he respectfully declined and calmly went to his death by guillotine at age 36. He left behind his wife, Franziska, and their three daughters, ages 3, 5 and 6.

"Franz Jägerstätter: Letters and Writings From Prison" provides a compilation of written texts and correspondence primarily from the last four years of Franz's life. The first part contains 128 letters between Franz and Franziska, while the second consists of essays and commentaries on the Christian life and the moral dilemma of Catholics in the Third Reich.

Franz knew that his yes to God would be an instantaneous death sentence, separating him from everything that was near and dear to him.

The couple exchanged many letters while Franz was in basic training and later during his incarceration in Linz. After his transfer to prison in Berlin, he was permitted to write only one letter to Franziska each month, with another on the day he was executed, written with his hands in chains. Jim Forest, in his stirring introduction to the book, notes that these last four letters bear witness to Franz's extraordinary calm, conviction and even happiness. The chaplain who ministered to Franz before his execution later told some Austrian nuns, "I can say with certainty that this simple man is the only saint that I have ever met in my lifetime."

One of the highlights of our trip to Austria was meeting Franziska, who is now 96. She was full of life, with a beautiful smile. We were deeply touched at the beatification Mass, attended by 5,000 people, when a tearful Franziska kissed the urn containing some of Franz's ashes before handing it to the bishop to be permanently enshrined in the Cathedral of Linz. It was as if Franziska was releasing her husband from a lowly farm village in upper Austria into the hands of the Church Universal. Mary Jean said she felt as if we were in the presence of two saints.

In the letters between Franz and Franziska that are reproduced in this book, the reader is privileged to enter into a very private and poignant love story that transcends the physical attractions of marriage into the realm of sacrament. The centrality of their belief in



Photograph: Diocese of Linz
Franziska's farewell to Franz.

God and a life beyond the present was the binding force that enabled them to accept the ultimate sacrifices that lay ahead.

Franz knew that his yes to God would be an instantaneous death sentence, separating him from everything that was near and dear to him. It was an agonizing decision that required bravery that few can fathom. He was also painfully aware of the impact that his decision would have on his young wife, who would have to assume the sole responsibilities of the farm and the care of their three young daughters.

The hectic pace of farm life is depicted with great clarity in these letters. Taking over farm duties may not have been an unusual occurrence in these villages while husbands were away for a tour of duty, but all hoped it to be temporary. Few had to farm as their sole means of survival, without any subsidy, as was the case with Franziska. She felt the whispers and often incurred the pity or even disdain of a few of the neighbors. Many in these small villages, where everyone's views are known, were supportive of the war and Hitler's regime.

It is not hard to feel the pain that Franziska must have often endured, knowing that a simple yes to the authorities was all that was needed from her husband to eventually find his way home again. She learned, however, what he already knew to be true, that by saying yes to his supreme authority, his way home was assured. Franziska, quite like Jesus, may have wanted this cup to pass her by, but it did not. Her unwavering love and support for Franz, and his for her, never passed away either.

We had the privilege of visiting Franz and Franziska's farmhouse in St. Radegund, which is now maintained as a museum. We saw many of the letters Franz wrote from prison, his Bible, rosary beads and notebooks in which he recorded his spiritual reflections. He was deeply grounded in his Catholic faith and served as sacristan of his small parish church. He was known to often pause for prayer during his day of farming. His writings show a strong familiarity with Scripture and the importance it played in the formation of his conscience. One has to

Reviewed by Joe and Mary Jean Goode

Editor's note: Joe and Mary Jean Goode are longtime friends and supporters of the Open Door Community through St. Jude's Parish and their work with Pax Christi. Joe is a member of the Open Door Advisory Board.

In October 2007, we traveled to Linz, Austria to attend the beatification of Franz Jägerstätter, an Austrian farmer who was executed in 1943 for refusing conscription into the German army.

Joe first learned about this remarkable man 30 years ago in Father David Knight's "His Way," a book about the spirituality of the laity. It was stunning that a simple farmer with a wife and three young children would give up his life for his faith.

When Joe heard in the summer of 2007 that Franz would be beatified that fall, he ordered the book that had introduced him to the world: "In Solitary Witness: The Life and Death of Franz Jägerstätter," published in 1964, by Gordon Zahn, himself a conscientious objector in World War II. Franz's heroic witness probably never would have been known outside his Austrian village had his story not been discovered by Zahn.

After reading that book, Joe casually said to Mary Jean, "Why don't we go to Austria for the beatification?" Envisioning "The Sound of Music," she said OK. It was a great decision.

Joe and Mary Jean Goode in St. Radegund, Austria.



Bartimaeus Institutes

Folks from the Open Door Community were able to attend both of this year's Bartimaeus Institutes in Oakview, California. **Murphy Davis** and **Eduard Loring** were part of the January institute (*right: the entire group*), focused on the recent *Ambassadors of Reconciliation* book project (*see ad on page 4*). That group was made up of 21 people from six states and two countries, representing 13 ecumenical traditions. It was a rich time of Bible study, social analysis and storytelling.

Open Door Resident Volunteer Johnny Devlin attended the second institute in February. That group focused on how to integrate creation spirituality with liberation ecojustice, studying the lections from Luke related to economic and environmental justice. You can find out more about Bartimaeus Cooperative Ministries at www.chedmyers.org.



Murphy Davis

In, Out & Around 910

Compiled by Calvin Kimbrough



Johnny Devlin

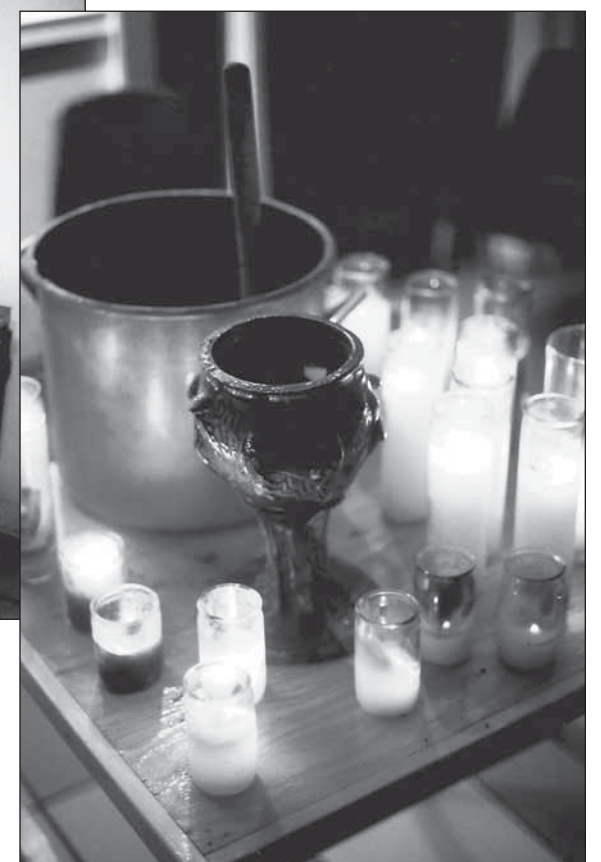
King Day in Atlanta

The celebration of Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Atlanta always includes a march down Peachtree Street and Auburn Avenue. **John McRea**, **Marshall Rancier** and **Kate Dixon** (*left, with banner*) were part of the Open Door group that joined the march on January 18.

Mardi Gras and Ash Wednesday

The Open Door celebrates the beginning of Lent every year with both a wonderfully raucous Mardi Gras gathering and an introspective, solemn Ash Wednesday service. For many years until his death in 2008, Lewis Sinclair prepared our Mardi Gras gumbo. Last year and again this year, **Ray Quinnelly**, **Joel Fowler** and **Anne Nicholson** (*above, left to right around Lewis' picture*), all friends of Lewis, prepared our feast. Then, early on Wednesday morning, we gathered to receive the ashes. We usually do this in our back yard, where the ashes of several formerly homeless people are scattered.

This year, rainy weather moved us into our dining room for the service (*right*). Dick Rustay does a beautiful job of shepherding us through these two contrasting but complementary times.



Photographs by Calvin Kimbrough

Singing with Elise

After our Eucharist service on Sunday, February 21, we enjoyed a fine time of singing with our friend **Elise Witt** (*right and below*). Elise's new CD, "Valise," features two songs she has been singing with us as she has written them: "Blessed Nation" and "Set Us Free." They are both wonderful new movement songs. The Open Door Choir always sounds great when Elise comes to lead us! You can find out more about her music at www.EliseWitt.com.



Photographs by Calvin Kimbrough

70 Years, 70 Candles!

Eduard Loring and grandchildren **John Thomas Loring** and **Mia Suprenant** (*right*) created a lot of smoke and laughter as they puffed hard to blow out 70 candles on Eduard's birthday cake. Every crumb of the chocolate cake was enjoyed by the family and our friends in the soup kitchen.



Murphy Davis



Photographs by Johnny Devlin



Seder Meal

In 1978, Rabbi Harvey Winoker and Murphy Davis wrote a Seder service, "Haggadah Against the Death Penalty," for use at The Temple in Atlanta. The Open Door Community continues to use an adapted form of this service for our Seder. The lighting of the festival candles takes place early in the meal. This year, **Katie Lynn Connerly**, one of Dick and Gladys Rustay's grandchildren, and **Jonathan Schriener**, who was visiting with his family, lighted our candles (*above, left to right*). The service also included songs, which were led by (*left, left to right*) **Calvin Kimbrough** on guitar, **Dick Rustay** on clarinet and **Mike Vosburg-Casey** on piano. We thank Dick Rustay for his leadership of our Seder meal each year.

Easter Faith and Empire *continued from page 1*

it in the 18th and 19th. It provides them with renewable opportunities, wealth, and other benefits and satisfactions, including a psychological sense of well-being and power.

Predictably, in the religious sphere, a brand of Christianity that fits hand in glove with imperial America is flourishing. It is and has been a discouraging time indeed for those in our churches who were distressed by the manipulative religious rhetoric and posturing exemplified by the George W. Bush administration.

The Obama Administration has done little to turn us away from this disastrous drift. To combat it, we need to turn to deeper sources of critique and hope. I believe our scriptural tradition offers such resources for our struggle to recover a non-imperial faith and to imagine a non-imperial future. But we must wrest these sacred stories back from the clutches of the Religious Right, offering a more compelling reading. This essay means to be a small contribution to that task.

Chocolate-Coating Easter

For the churches of the Northern Hemisphere, the fact that Eastertide is celebrated at the heart of springtime has been a mixed blessing. On one hand, there is a powerful resonance between this season of surging new life in nature and the story of Christ's resurrection. On the other hand, the liturgical and theological meaning of Easter has often been lost amidst other, more popular rites of spring. For Christians in the United States, however, our greatest problem in this time of war is the omnipresent temptation to conflate Easter's story of God's power over death with the triumphalistic pretensions of omnipotence that characterize American empire.

The second Iraq war was called by the Bush administration "Operation Iraqi Freedom," but it has been more accurately referred to in Britain as the "Fifth Anglo-Iraqi War." Though it is official U.S. policy not to tally the Iraqi soldiers, insurgents and civilians killed in this conflict — "We don't do body counts," as General Tommy Franks put it — the number is estimated to be anywhere between 25,000 and 104,000 (see iraqbodycount.org).

Statistics, however, don't have the power to move our hearts and minds. For this, a story might suffice to bring home the cruelty of this war. On April 16, 2005, Marla Ruzicka of California and her Iraqi colleague Faiz Ali Salim were killed when their car was caught between a suicide car bomber and a U.S. military convoy. Marla had founded the Campaign for Innocent Victims in Conflict (CIVIC) in 2003, an organization that began as a one-woman operation and grew to include dedicated Iraqis who compiled statistics of Iraqi civilian casualties. Marla and her colleagues pursued this difficult, heart-wrenching job by going door to door in a country that had already sent most other aid agencies packing.

In an obituary in *The Christian Science Monitor* (www.alternet.org/world/21780), Jill Carroll wrote that Ruzicka

made a name for herself working for Global Exchange, the U.S. organization that sent field workers to Afghanistan to count civilian casualties. After the Iraq war, she moved her push for an accurate count of civilian casualties to Baghdad. At a time when the International Committee of the Red Cross and United Nations were leaving Iraq, Marla started CIVIC. Through that, she helped Iraqi families navigate the process of claiming compensation from the U.S. military for injuries and deaths. When she died, Marla was traveling to visit some of the many Iraqi families she was working to help. . . . She would point out that this happens to Iraqis every day and no one notices or even cares. There are no newspaper articles or investigations into what happens to them. For most of them, there was only Marla.

The tragic fate of such an advocate for justice invites thoughtful Christians to come to terms with the Shadow of Death, especially in the midst of Eastertide. Unfortunately, our churches are not particularly adept at navigating such difficult and distressing terrain. Instead, we tend to sugar-coat — or should I say chocolate-cover — this highest of Christian holy days, burying it under flowers and swelling hymns and egg-hunting.

Our public theology of Easter is, consequently, experiencing diminishing returns. We have forgotten that the resurrection accounts in our Gospels themselves took place under the Shadow of Death. It is because these Bible stories narrate a real world like our own that they can offer us true hope to resist the reign of death, rather than some sort of religious inoculation against its consequences. To recover this tough character of our Scriptures, however, demands a little re-contextualization.

Fleeing the Shadow of Death

Let us take as an example Luke's famous account of the road to Emmaus — perhaps the church's most traditional and beloved Easter text (Luke 24:13 ff). This moving story narrates a conversation between an unrecognized Jesus and two obscure disciples. As the exchange along the road makes perfectly clear, Jesus' execution presented a crushing blow to the movement he founded — a chilling Shadow of Death. Nevertheless, this little vignette has managed to become profoundly sentimentalized in our churches, every bit as domesticated by our pious traditions as the Last Supper story.

A "chocolate-covering" obscures the Road to Emmaus. It exists in popular churchly imagination as a contemplative stroll through a shaded landscape, a casual tête-à-tête delightfully interrupted by the Risen Lord, a warm and tranquil scene

concocted by the Hudson River School of romantic art. The scenario portrayed in Luke's Gospel, however, is far more suggestive of present-day Iraq!

Only 48 hours earlier, Jesus of Nazareth had been summarily executed by the Roman military, in a fashion all too familiar to Palestinian Jews of the time: as a dissident prosecuted for resisting the occupying authority. A little narrative common sense, therefore, would suggest that the two disciples in our story would be neither leisurely nor calmly reflective at this moment. Rather, they would be on the lam, hustling down a back road, getting the hell out of Dodge so they won't meet the same fate as their leader.



Tom Lewis

What does the text tell us about these co-conspirators trying to "melt into the countryside" (as the Pentagon routinely says of Iraqi insurgents)? Their destination is interesting: Emmaus, a village so obscure that it receives no other mention in the Scriptures.

There are no fewer than four different traditions concerning its location, ranging from four to 20 miles outside Jerusalem. Emmaus is attested to elsewhere only in two ancient sources. In the book of Maccabees, it is a site where the vastly outnumbered Jewish guerrillas heroically defeated the

Syrian invaders (I Maccabees 3:40-4:15). And the historian Josephus notes that the victorious Roman Emperor Vespasian, just a few years after vanquishing the Judean revolt in 70 A.D., made a political point by settling 800 Roman military veterans at "a place called Emmaus" ("Wars," VII:6:6).

These references suggest that our little village had a reputation for home-grown resistance, which the empire later felt some need to control by turning it into a military colony. (Such a scenario is certainly familiar in our own imperial context.)

As our disciples are "high-tailing it for the border" so they can lie low for a while, Luke tells us they "were discussing all the things that had happened" (24:14). No doubt! This was likely an animated conversation between labored breaths and anxious glances over their shoulders. They were probably blaming each other for the mess they had gotten into, wondering what their next move might be, lamenting Roman kangaroo justice, cursing the colonizers, even cursing Jesus for failing to deliver on his promises of a new social order. They had a lot to talk about, but this was no peripatetic philosophical wander. Rather, this was a grief-laden, scared-stiff and contentious debriefing under the Shadow of Death.

The disciples' preoccupation with this intense and even desperate discussion may explain why they didn't immediately recognize their teacher. Or, as Daniel Berrigan has suggested, perhaps they didn't know Jesus because he was so beaten up and disfigured by his torturers. Indeed, Luke tells us later in his account that the Risen Jesus' scars were still visible (Luke 24:39), and after all, tradition holds that he had "been to hell and back"! Or it may be that Luke is working here in the midrashic traditions of the "incognito Second Coming"; the rabbis often speculated that the prophet Elijah would return anonymously, to see if the world was ready to receive him.

In any case, the Stranger's response makes it clear that he has walked in on a heated debate, for 24:17 reads literally: "And he said to them, 'What words were you throwing back and forth at each other [Greek *antiballete*, only here in the New Testament] while you were making your way?' And they looked gloomy [Greek *skuthroopoi*]."

Jesus perceives them as struggling with each other, and in a bad mood. And Cleopas' retort betrays a distinct tone of impatience: "So are you the only one in Jerusalem who doesn't know what's been going down these last few days?" he asks dryly (24:18). Or maybe he is exhibiting a wary defensiveness. They are fugitives, and who is this unknown person asking prying questions?

Power and Timidity

Now that Luke has established sufficient angst in the scene, we can detect a certain delicious irony in how the Stranger plays dumb (given what he's just been through). "Huh?!!!" he says with a straight face (24:19a). "Do tell!" Cleopas, passion-

ately if a bit recklessly, launches in to the whole sordid affair: how Jesus of Nazareth had resuscitated the prophetic tradition, igniting hope in people longing for shalom. And how his own leaders (bloody collaborators!) had railroaded him and sold him out to the imperial oppressors, who strung him up (24:19b-20). Finally his frustration boils over: "And we had trusted that he was the One to liberate Israel" (24:21).

Cleopas' bitter disappointment, his sense of betrayal, his confusion is palpable. It is not difficult to feel empathy for Cleopas here. He had staked his life on the hope that this messianic movement, unlike so many others in recent generations, would finally break the yoke of oppression that had strangled his people for centuries. He had committed himself to the risky business of challenging the native aristocracy and its imperial overlords. But things had turned out all wrong.

Jesus' march on Jerusalem (Luke 19:28 ff) had resulted not in a popular uprising (toppling a tyrant's statues on global television!) but instead had come crashing down in a vicious counterinsurgent thrust by the colonizers. The leader had been publicly executed, and his followers had fled for their lives, an all-points bulletin hanging over their heads.

And if that weren't enough, miserable Cleopas concludes his sad tale by relating, with apparent aggravation, a rumor circulating among some of his dispirited companions — women's rumors, mind you — about visions of angels and an empty tomb (24:22-24). The authorities had probably hijacked Jesus' body, everything was falling apart, the movement was in disarray, and they had been arguing about it all day, and frankly, he'd had it.

In our own recent history, the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. is another example of the real world of COINTELPRO and conspiracy, of imperial "justice" meted out by good old boys who can hardly contain their glee at the prophet's demise, of stern calls for "law and order" in the wake of a "tragedy" by the very ones who engineered it. It is the world of popular movements on the verge of a major social impact being aborted in the face of State repression.

This was hardly a stroll in the park! But it is this world that Luke's story also inhabits, not the fantasy world we so often imagine in our churches. We North American Christians rarely grapple with such matters! We are too preoccupied with institutional survival to entertain the possibility that our whole nation might be captive to the same Powers that took out Jesus and King.

We talk about "power in the name of Jesus" but are too timid to interrogate public addiction or high corporate crimes. We speculate blithely about the "last days" while endorsing world-historic shifts in U.S. military and economic policies that are chewing up millions of the lives we say God loves, and that are destroying the land and sea and air we say God created, and that are usurping the glory we say belongs to God alone. We are content to keep our heads down and examine the finer points of doctrine or liturgy or church demographics, well insulated from the Shadow of Death.

Jesus, on the other hand, as portrayed in Luke's beautiful story, embraces the trauma. His response to Cleopas is instructive. He doesn't scold them for mixing religion and politics, nor does he redirect them to turn inward to a life of the spirit, nor does he console them with pat theories of history. Instead, he walks with these poor boys for a few miles, inquiring, listening to their pain. And then he responds with, of all things, a Bible study (something that makes modern theological liberals blush, yet which hardly fits into the hermeneutic program of conservatives). To be precise, the first recorded Bible study in the life of an Easter church, which hasn't even been birthed yet at Pentecost. "OK, fellas," Jesus says, "it's a bad time all right. So open your Bibles to the prophets and let's reread history together under the Shadow of Death." ♣

Part 2 of this article will be published next month.

The Empty Tomb *from page 1*

at the Southern Christian Leadership Conference for the second generation of leadership. (That is why we have so many monuments, museums and street names rather than street actions and campaigns.) Like Jesus and Paul, so too Martin and Dr. Joseph Lowery. Since Dr. Lowery's retirement, however, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference is to the justice movement what the conformed church is to discipleship.

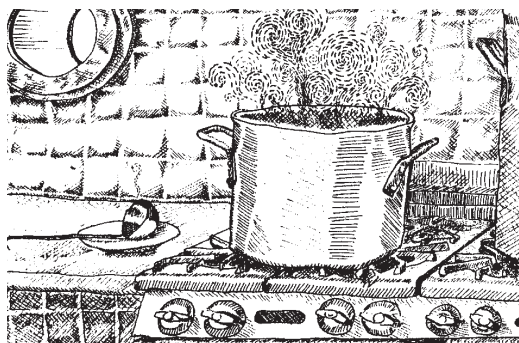
But, however and nonetheless, Martin Luther King Jr. lives today on April 4, 2010 and will be *pro nobis/in nobis* in 2021 and beyond whenever on April 4 Jesus' Easter and Martin's "murder day" collide in our history and hearts.

Jesus and Martin live when we sit at Welcome Table and share our lives and visions for love and justice over a bowl of soup.

Like Jesus, Martin is alive when radicalized folk are doing the work of justice for all. For example: a letter from jail when some of us are "ambassadors in chains." Or putting our bodies outside Vandenberg Air Force Base making the American flag into a peace symbol. Jesus and Martin live when we sit at Welcome Table and share our lives and visions for love and justice over a bowl of soup. Always, Jesus and Martin feel life flowing through them when the next generation of agitators, radicals, cancer-fighting theologians who write for healing and solidarity, socialists, discipleship scholars, street walker-talkers, and anarchist primitivist Christian farmers are mixing it up in the streets and banking the bankers.

So feebly said, with the taste of Eucharistic wine on my tongue and King saying "I may not get there with you" in my ears, we wish you a Blessed Easter and a sacred time of dangerous memory for Martin. They have Risen In Deed. ♣

Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

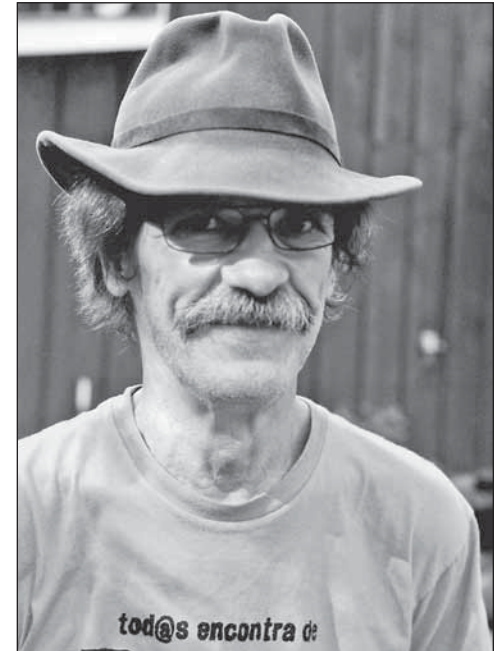


Testimony *continued from page 5*

wonder whether World War II and the Holocaust would have occurred if millions of Christians had read Scripture in the same way Franz did and had been willing to take the same stand, regardless of the consequences.

Shortly after Franz's death, Franziska received a letter from a priest in Berlin who had served as a chaplain for Franz. He told her that Franz's body had been cremated and the ashes placed in an urn and buried in a Berlin cemetery. (Austrian nuns relocated the urn to St. Radegund after the war.) In thanking the priest, Franziska added these words: "This is painful for me because I have lost a good husband and an exemplary father for my children. I can assure you that our marriage was one of the happiest in our parish. Many people envied us. However, the loving God had ordained things to be otherwise, and our beautiful union was lost. I already look forward to our reunion in heaven when no war can ever separate us." ♣

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



Calvin Kimbrough

Come to the Open Door Community and learn how to be a Catholic Worker from David Christian. David is a longtime volunteer at the Open Door and a teacher of radical politics and history.

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.

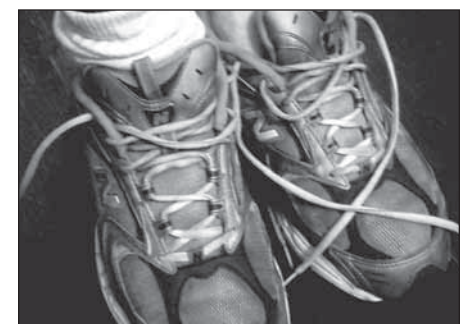
Join Bible study and theological reflections from the Base.

You might come to the margins and find your center.

Contact: Sarah Humphrey
at opendoorcomm@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7625

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!

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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
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____ 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, 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**

Remembering Frank Ostrowski

By **Murphy Davis**

Nobody can really remember how long Frank Ostrowski was with us. It seemed like forever. But he was like that — brilliant, accomplished, world-traveled, but just quietly slipping into a soup kitchen and finding his place. Wednesday was his day, and everybody knew the soup would be especially good that day, because Frank took such special care to prepare the best meal he could.

And he always brought stories and accounts of his travels. After leaving the Catholic priesthood, he practiced for many years as a clinical psychologist, but he spent much of his retirement energy working as a representative to the United Nations for the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. He wrote extensively about matters of war and peace and the pressing need for new ways to think about our relationships as people and nations — always seeking ways to reduce violence.

Frank and I shared a journey with cancer. His cancer of the thymus was treated in 2005 and seemed to be gone. But in 2007 it came back, and in a very lethal form. The doctors told him there was not much to be done at that point except to help him manage the symptoms. So Frank and I had a Wednesday routine. He would come down the hall from the back door, and I would yell, "Hey, Frank, you're still *here!*" He would return, "Well, by golly, Murphy, so are *you!*" And so it went. We were always just two friends who carried a bit more awareness than many about our finitude and knew how just plain *good* it was to get to see each other (and *be seen*) one more time.

The diagnosis never kept Frank from living his life every day to the full. He simply kept doing what he had been doing all along with great gusto and joy. His mind was sharp, his smile was ready, his laughter was quick, and his quest for a more peaceful and just world was passionate. And every Wednesday he cooked soup for his friends at Nine-Ten. He sometimes wondered aloud how long he would be able to keep it up, but he just kept coming.

Toward the end of January, Frank's good friend Dick Rustay received the news that Frank was too weak to come that week. He hoped to be back the following week. But before the following Wednesday, Frank had slipped away, with his wife, Dr. Sarah Lopez, and their two sons and grandchildren around him. He missed only one Wednesday soup kitchen before his death!!

Frank had told Sarah that one way he especially wanted to be remembered was with a big celebration meal for his homeless and hungry friends at Nine-Ten. So on March 10, Sarah came with a number of friends and family to serve a bountiful feast: fried chicken with all the trimmings followed by huge chocolate brownies and ice cream. It was a happy day of feasting on good food and telling Frank stories. But oh, what a hole there is in the kitchen on Wednesday mornings!

We are thankful for sharing the good journey with Frank, and we give thanks for the Peace of the Beloved Community which awaits us all. ✦

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

By **Dana Goldman**

Editor's note: Dana Goldman worked for many months with Frank Ostrowski in the Open Door Community Soup Kitchen. She is a graduate student at Emory University and works as a newscaster at WABE public radio.

I can't claim to have known Frank Ostrowski well, or long enough. When we met at the Open Door he was already living with cancer, a reality that abruptly entered my consciousness one day when Barbara asked for our prayers for him. By then, we had spent hours together with our forearms submerged in mounds of cooked turkeys, trying to feel for the small bones with our greasy fingers.

As Wednesday Soup Kitchen followed Wednesday Soup Kitchen, I learned from Dick Rustay about Frank's so-called prestigious background, but Frank never dwelled

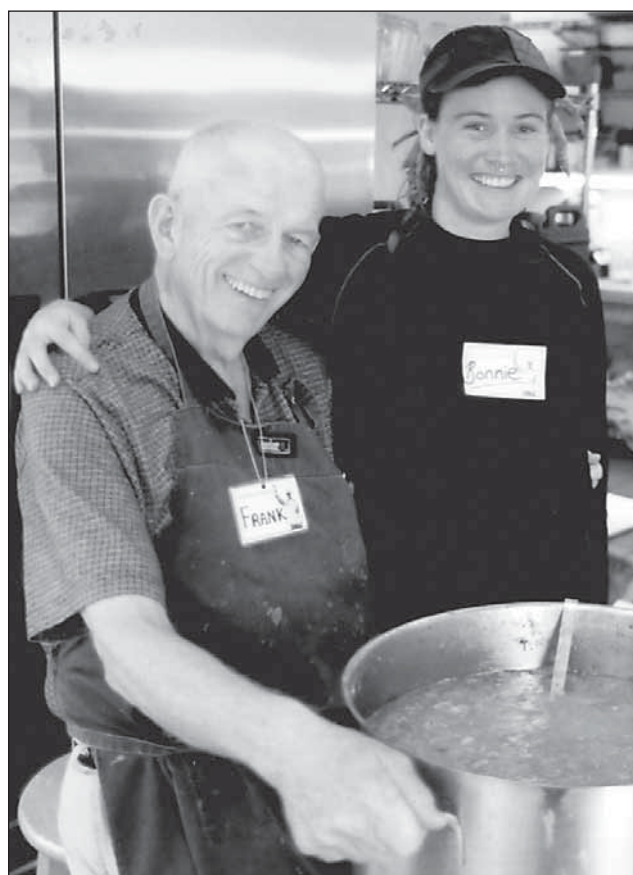
on the past or his own worldly accomplishments. Instead, he was interested in the present. When the U.S. Social Forum came to town in 2007, I ran into Frank downtown, walking from one workshop to another. No matter that his body was weakened from cancer or that many of his peers had decided their time of activism was over; Frank was determined to engage, determined despite his age and cancer.

It was from Frank that I learned an important lesson: People who don't offer unsolicited advice usually are the best people from whom to solicit advice. Unlike many of my elders and peers, Frank didn't tell me unsolicited about

the many dangers of bicycle riding in downtown Atlanta. He didn't tell me how to have a good marriage, what work to do, or what god, if any, to worship. He didn't presume to know any of the answers for me. Instead, he offered me his friendship and unconditional positive regard, creating space for me to find answers on my own.

Frank was a rare man who seemed to avoid fundamentalism in both thought and action. He refused to live his life based on any particular dogma, as well intentioned as it may have been. Instead, it was enough for him to simply walk his own path. He put soy sauce in his Open Door soups to add salt and depth, but didn't care if others made the soup another way. He played golf and liked President Obama — a combination I hadn't known was possible! He believed in psychology and studied experiences of the afterlife, looking for clues about what would happen after he died.

In the end, I believe he found his peace with the death he knew was inevitable. Still, I mourn his passing. His soup was delicious and wholesome and filling, but we all know that was about more than the soy sauce and carefully deboned turkeys. He didn't just put his foot in it (the supreme compliment for excellent soup at the Open Door); he also imbued the soup with his gentle heart, tender wisdom, and grounding love. Frank, you are already missed. ✦



Calvin Kimbrough

*Frank Ostrowski, with soup maker apprentice
Bonnie Wykman, in November 2007.*

Grace and Peaces of Mail

“The power of God to sustain our lives when all seems lost.”

I read Murphy's words in her plea to the Parole Board for Jack Alderman (*Hospitality*, February). Personally I have no idea how life after this life works, but I instantly imagine Jack and so many others praying for Murphy now, as I have upon reading that she is once more struggling with cancer.

What powerful witnesses you all are to God's healing, overflowing Love, in your own life, through the lives of so many, many you have touched. And I remember your offering people the beautiful gift of physically touching your lives when at the FOR convention in Berea [in 1980] you passed your Hannah to all, blessing and being blessed.

I just need to say “thank you” and I honor you.

Judy Collins (formerly Cumbee)
Lanett, Alabama

Dear friends at the Open Door,

Yesterday at our meeting of Action by Christians Against Torture, I gave a short presentation about the Open Door and your ministries. Three members of the group were moved to make contributions toward your work.

We all appreciate your good work and pray for God's blessing on your ministries.

Shalom!

Jeri Abbott
Pleasant Hill, Tennessee



Ernesto de la Vega

My dear, dear Friend Ed,

I could not put down the February issue of *Hospitality* without reading it through from front to back.

The extended articles about and by Jack Alderman were a sensitive and compassionate expression of his life and his impact on you, Murphy, Hannah and others. It is also a subtle but withering indictment of the “culture of death and retribution” in which we are embedded.

Needless to say, the extended section of poetry warmed my heart. It awakened in me again the stirrings to write political and satirical poems that cut through the thin veneer of civility that masks our underlying fear and anxiety. Alas, the muse is still musing, but when she deigns to speak through me again, you will be among the first to hear.

Love,

Roger Cooper
Lady Lake, Florida

As usual, I enjoyed every word of the March issue. I hated to read how prison visitors are being intimidated and how this may affect the prisoners. I'm so glad that (my friend) Larry is out of that Jackson prison. May he get parole SOON!

I loved the beautiful photos by Calvin Kimbrough in the centerfold — especially the eyes that reveal the souls of those wonderful people. Also, Judy's poem “The Door is Open” is priceless. I hope she is not in the Fulton County Jail much longer.

Of course, that wonderful conclusion of Eduard Loring's “The Cry of the Poor” was challenging. When you say “We Must Choose Our Teachers Well,” I'm choosing you (all) as mine. And I cut out the Philip Berrigan quote to keep in my Bible.

I just read where Harris County Judge Kevin Fine has publicly said that the death penalty as it is applied in Texas is unconstitutional. I'll forward you his article in case you want to read it.

A blessed Holy Week and a triumphant Easter to you and all at the Open Door.

Love and prayers for peace,
Mary Jude Jun, OSU
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Friends,

Enclosed please find a check for \$97.85 to be used for your ministry. The money was raised at our annual “Souper Bowl” party on Sunday, February 7. Everyone brings a pot of soup. We eat, choose a team and watch the game. When a team scores, those pulling for the opposing team have to put money into a soup pot.

We have chosen the Open Door as the recipient of our collections. We wish the amount could be more, but I know that every gift counts. (One of our mission groups collects cotton socks once a year to donate to your foot care ministry.)

We trust that you experience continued blessings and success in your ministries.

Sincerely,

Linda McCullough
First Baptist Church
Lithonia, Georgia

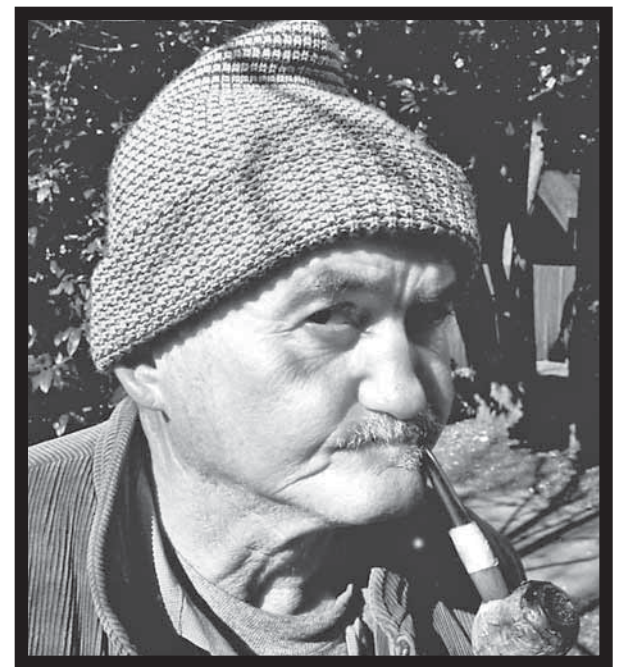


Susan MacMurdy

Prayer for David Smallwood

By Richard Rustay

Editor's note: Open Door Community Partner Dick Rustay delivered this prayer in February following the death of our friend David Smallwood. David was homeless for many years and spent a lot of his time on the benches in the front yard of the Open Door Community. He was a quiet and reserved man who rarely spoke but was often seen in our front yard puffing on his pipe. We miss “Smallwood” and honor his memory among us.



David 10/4

Calvin Kimbrough

Dear God:

Your child Jesus told us that where two or three are gathered in your name, you would be in the midst of them. Well, we don't have two or three; we have a whole yard full of folks, folks waiting to come in and have some soup after we finish praying to you.

But why are we praying here, outside on these steps and in this yard, instead of inside in homes? Why is it that so many here do not have a home? Why aren't there homes for all? Why didn't David Smallwood have a home?

Nonetheless, we gather here today to remember and honor our friend David Smallwood. God, we know that David was small. There wasn't much of him. He didn't want to be noticed. But you, O God, remind us that Jesus said, “As much as you've done it unto the least of these, my brothers and sisters, you've done it unto me.” David was one of the least of these, one of the little people that the Big People overlooked.

So, God, we don't want to overlook David. We want to remember David Smallwood to you. When the chariot comes to pick him up, remind David that it's OK to get in. It's not a Grady Hospital ambulance coming to take him to Grady because of one of his frequent seizures; You're taking David to a different place, a place of rest and peace. Also God, that thing that's sticking out of his mouth isn't his tongue, it's his pipe! Remind David that he doesn't need it anymore. Lastly, O God, help David know that he doesn't have to be a loner any longer. He is free to be with you and share himself with you, something he couldn't do with us.

Thank you, God, for David Smallwood, who is now David Bigwood and huge in your presence.

Let the people say “AMEN.” ✠

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.

- April 4 8 a.m. Easter Morning at 910
- April 11 6 p.m. Worship at 910
Eucharist at Table
Dick Rustay leading
- April 18 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Nelia Kimbrough preaching
- April 25 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Suzanne & Joseph Hobby-S hippen leading
- May 2 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Eucharist Service
- May 9 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Eucharist Service
- May 16 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Ann Lister preaching
- May 23 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Ron Lister preaching
- May 30 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Eucharist Service



They Recognized Him Lavrans Nielsen

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