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HOSPITALITY

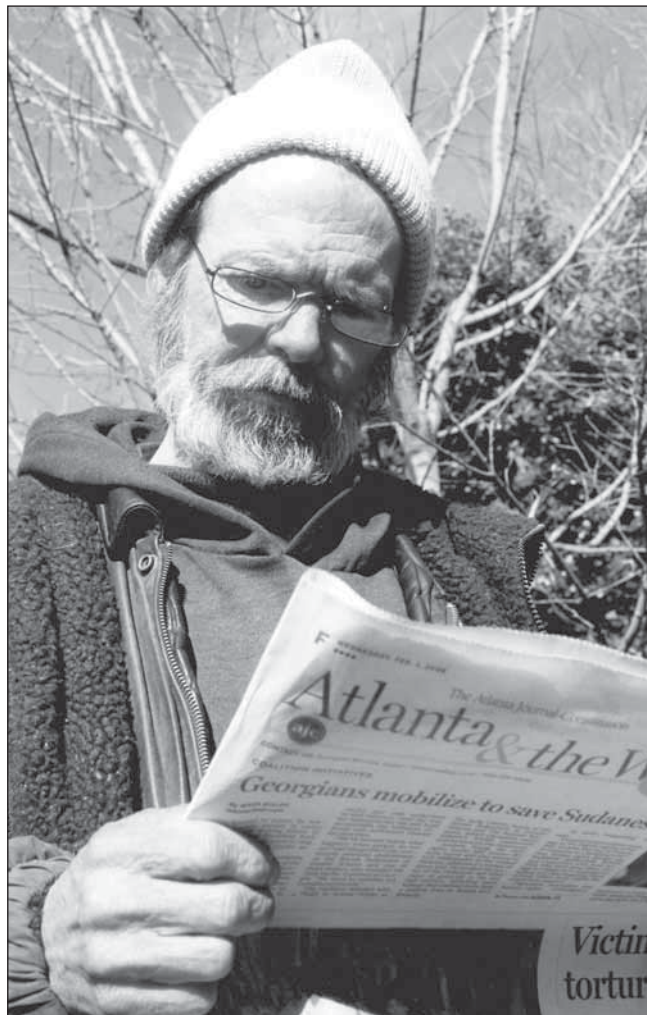
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The Open Door Community – Hospitality & Resistance in the Catholic Worker Movement

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February 2011



Randall Cook

Calvin Kimbrough

Frozen to Death

The week after Christmas and it is freezing cold in Atlanta. We have been opening our little dining room for a few people to come in and sleep during the cold nights. It is not enough for everyone.

Randall Cook was a close friend of the Open Door Community. So close that he was listed as our “trusted friend.” I had known Randy for years on the streets. He just laughed and shook his head whenever I invited him to move inside with us. He tipped. I called him “Short Order,” for he used to work as a short-order cook in this neighborhood before the times and places moved toward chefs and secret police.

Last night Randy was found frozen to death in Woodruff Park in downtown Atlanta. From the street news coming toward us we hear this: Randy was in the park drinking. He fell into the fountain in the section of the park across from Auburn Avenue, Martin King’s homeboy street. He climbed out soaking wet. He fell asleep. He froze to death.

I love Short Order. I have a gnawing sense of responsibility. And I wonder: “how do you like your bleary-eyed boy, Mr. Death?” (e.e. cummings, adapted) ♣

— **Eduard Nuessner Loring**
Christmastide 2010

Death on the Streets

By Murphy Davis

It has been a harsh and cruel winter: more ice and snow and subfreezing temperatures than we usually see in this Southern city. We have in this issue two stories of friends who have died on the frigid streets.

No human being should have to call the streets his or her home, but every night some unknown number (15,000? 24,683?) of men, women and children sleep on the streets of Atlanta. Some find an abandoned building to shield them from the cold blasts of wind; others sleep in their cars or an abandoned car left behind by someone else. Others crawl into holes or caves in the earth or under bridges or buildings or parking garages. Some sleep on park benches, sidewalks or in doorways. Some seek shelter in a church or service agency.

To be poor, says Gustavo Gutierrez, is to be dying. To be poor is to be without enough of the things that sustain life: food, housing, clothing, community, access to medical care and medicines.

But the numbers and the plight of the homeless poor got worse instead of better, and many people grew tired of working on an issue that seemed intractable and with people who seemed not to get any “better.”

Those who are homeless are the poorest of the poor in the United States. They are exposed to the heat and cold, the rain, snow and sleet; they are unprotected from tornadoes or hurricanes, floods or earthquakes; they are unprotected from others who would prey on their vulnerable condition or hurt them for sport or entertainment. To be homeless is to be in critical condition with no Intensive Care Unit in sight. To be homeless is to age much more rapidly than normal. To be homeless is to be vulnerable to physical and mental illness, addiction and injury every day. To be homeless is an ongoing emergency — a disaster outside the purview of the Red Cross or CARE.

But almost nobody talks about it anymore. It has been years since homelessness has been an “issue” in any political campaign on our local, state or national stage. President Obama made the January State of the Union address without a single mention of poverty or people who are poor or suffering — not to mention the homeless poor. (And it’s no wonder: the ensuing budget proposals from Democrats and Republicans alike attack nearly every program and allocation that helps the poor, the sick, the hungry, and especially children! The budget proposals will create more misery and more homelessness.) No, the homeless poor exist on the streets of our cities as an accepted, if unacknowledged, part of the landscape.

In the early 1980s, many people of faith and good will were horrified that we had people living outside. “Oh, no, this cannot be! Surely there must be something we can do to right this wrong!” Shelters opened in churches all over Atlanta. People of faith put shoulders to the wheel. But the numbers and the plight of the homeless poor got worse instead of better, and many people grew tired of working on an issue that seemed intractable and with people who seemed not to get any “better.” Some shelters in churches and synagogues have remained open for these many years serving the homeless poor with loving care. But the shelter “movement” in general waned as the political agenda of the Reagan era taught us that poor people are poor because of their own failings, if not sin. We learned to blame the homeless themselves for their plight. We learned apathy as a strategy for not caring as the distance between rich and poor grew, low-income housing disappeared, wages continued to shrink, mass imprisonment began its explosive growth, jobs were shipped off to Mexico and Asia, corporations, banks and other financial institutions were deregulated, and finally the distance between the very rich and everybody else grew into an impassible gulf.

Who cares about the homeless poor? What difference does it make that some of them die in the cold?

We are reduced to this: we speak of those who have died with appreciation and dignity. We know their names. When we do not know their names, we know others who did. We love them. We are angry. And we will continue to cry out.

Tonight a billboard on an Atlanta interstate proclaims more than 100,000 housing units available for rent or sale. But thousands of our sisters and brothers and children continue to live on the streets at risk to their lives and health. We have the resources to house each and every one. But we have not the will.

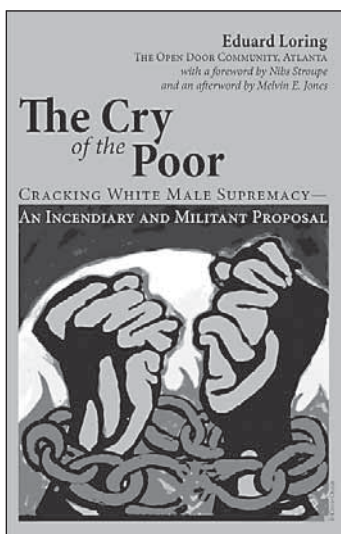
May the love grow among us until it becomes a fiery passion that will not be silent in the public square. We can offer no good reason that Randy and Tim and others unknown to us should have died such miserable and premature deaths, but their deaths stand as a judgment upon us all. ♣

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.



Meg Crocker-Birmingham

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The Cry of the Poor

Cracking White Male Supremacy —
An Incendiary and Militant Proposal

By **Eduard Loring**

"The Cry of the Poor" both engages and confronts the reader with difficult and critical issues of our day. It reiterates what has been done by the Open Door Community in addressing the plight of the poor, the imprisoned and the disinherited, but it also speaks to the crucial issue surrounding the community's continued action. This writing testifies to the presence of Jesus in humanity. And Loring's prophetic question "What ya gonna do?" suggests that the Open Door has begun its own long approach towards an answer.

— **Brenda Smith**, Theologian and Peace Activist

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poetry corner



Julie Lonneman

The Death Penalty

Society turns a deaf ear, in fear, to those on death row,
As prisoners wait with many tears
For many years for their time to go.

Some die of innocence, some die of shame,
Some die wondering who really was to blame.

Anyone can change, if given a chance,
Starting with society taking the first stance.

Why can't we come together, religion and state,
And follow Jesus' words in Matthew 5:43-48?

Lethal injection should be seen as inhumane,
Making prisoners look like they're animalistic insane.

Voting against the death penalty is a step toward forgiveness,
Walking into the state Capitol with a banning petition list.

Who are we to play God and decide someone's fate,
Judging the bad people because of our own inward hate?

We are no different from those committing the crimes,
With our sinful hearts and our judgmental minds.

Society has lost ALL sense of the word synergy
By turning a blind eye to those facing THE DEATH PENALTY.

— **James B. Pittman**

James Pittman is a prisoner at Phillips State Prison in Buford. He dedicates this poem to the Open Door's ministry and to those on death row. He requests prayers as his time of deliverance draws near and hopes to become part of the Open Door's ministry upon his release.

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.

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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Murphy Davis

Ready for Christmas at 910.

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Angels in Atlanta

By Gary Charles

Editor's note: Gary W. Charles, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, preached this sermon on December 19, 2010. Central Presbyterian provides a hot dinner and shelter for 90 men every night from November through March.

Now the birth of Jesus the Messiah took place in this way. When his mother Mary had been engaged to Joseph, but before they lived together, she was found to be with child from the Holy Spirit. Her husband Joseph, being a righteous man and unwilling to expose her to public disgrace, planned to dismiss her quietly.

But just when he had resolved to do this, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, "Joseph, son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary as your wife, for the child conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit. She will bear a son, and you are to name him Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins." All this took place to fulfill what had been spoken by the Lord through the prophet. . . .

When Joseph awoke from sleep, he did as the angel of the Lord commanded him; he took her as his wife, but had no marital relations with her until she had borne a son; and he named him Jesus.

(Matthew 1:18-25, New Revised Standard Version)

Twenty years ago, Tony Kushner penned the play "Angels in America," in two parts, "Millennium Approaches" and then "Perestroika." This play exposes the devastating social, political and personal costs of AIDS. Each part of it is intense and often hard to watch, but not nearly as hard as watching loved ones dying from this international health tsunami called AIDS.

Almost two weeks ago now, another angel died in America, but this angel did not die of AIDS. His name is Tim Wilson and he was a guest of the Central Outreach and Advocacy Center. On Monday, December 6, Tim died of exposure to the cold, not much more than a stone's throw from my house.

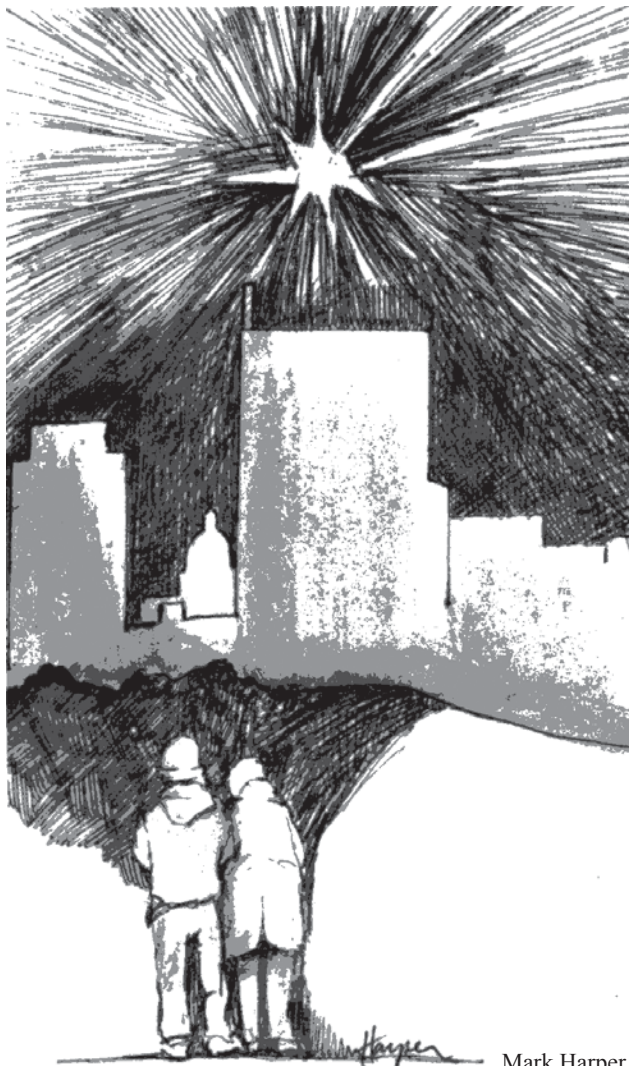
Unfortunately, no matter how much we dress up Christmas and sprinkle it with tinsel, the birth story of God's love incarnate into the world has an ugly, harsh edge to it.

So what do Tony Kushner's crusade against AIDS and Tim Wilson's death from exposure to the cold have to do with the last Sunday of Advent?

This is traditionally the Sunday when we focus on the love of God incarnate in Christ. We listen to heartwarming music at home and watch sweet Christmas movies that stir the heart. By this point in Advent, family traditions are in full swing, the house is being readied or travel plans are being confirmed, great smells of the season waft in the air. Just today alone, we have the pageant to practice after worship and caroling to do tonight. Just six days before Christmas 2010, we're ready for God's love to overshadow living through these tough economic times.

Unfortunately, no matter how much we dress up Christmas and sprinkle it with tinsel, the birth story of God's love incarnate into the world has an ugly, harsh edge to it. Angels will sing, but Herod will not join the chorus. Joseph and Mary will look for a warm night's shelter, but there will be no beds available on that holy, ordinary night.

I did not know Tim Wilson, but our own Alan Harris did. On Tuesday, December 7, Alan wrote these words: "Yesterday . . . a man I am helping to get his SSI benefits



Mark Harper

was found dead under a parking deck that borders Peachtree Creek and . . . the Peachtree Battle shopping center." Alan arrived at the scene of death soon after Tim was found. He went on to write, "I just want you to know how hard it was to see my friend Tim Wilson lying dead, apparently having frozen to death about 48 hours after voluntarily leaving Piedmont Hospital, only three blocks from where he died."

There were no testimonies about Tim in The Atlanta Journal-Constitution the next day, no public mourning of his passing, no scurrying about to tend to his funeral services. Tim was one of the thousands of anonymous angels living on Atlanta's streets. The only reason I know about Tim is that Alan Harris was moved to write some of us after this urban tragedy, asking, "Why do I tell you all this? . . . Because . . . decent shelter with holistic services, namely mental health and addictive disease services, is the answer until all are decently housed."

Listening Like Joseph

Read just a few verses into Matthew and you realize that Mary could have been one of the anonymous angels of her day, walking the streets, homeless, dependent on the mercies or victim of the callousness of whomever she met. Joseph was within his legal and religious rights to give up on Mary, to set her into the streets to fend for herself after having caused him and his family such public embarrassment. As a sign of his decency, Joseph planned to dismiss Mary quietly, trying to decrease her public shame.

But everything changes when, like his namesake in Genesis, Joseph has a dream from God. After which this righteous man does something that he would never have dreamed of himself. In Matthew's Gospel, Joseph does not confuse being righteous with "looking up a rule in a book," writes Tom Long, "and then doing the 'right thing.' Joseph is the model showing us that righteousness means wrestling with the complexities of a problem, listening for the voice of God and then doing God's thing."

Could it be that Joseph is the model for how we should

act and live with Atlanta's angels, like Tim? Could it be that the story of Joseph calls us to listen more closely for the voice of God? As another Christmas approaches, could God's love be asking us to sacrifice something on behalf of those with little left to sacrifice, as surely as Joseph sacrificed something to honor his commitment to Mary after he learned she was pregnant? Could it be that this old story is calling us as a church, a city, a state, a nation, to listen anew for the voice of God?

The morning I received Alan's poignant message about Tim's death, I was not thinking about those trying to stay warm despite frigid temperatures outside. My mind was consumed with seasonal heartburn: Is everything ready for the Christmas Eve services and the Christmas morning Shelter breakfast and worship? Will we enter the New Year in the red or the black, and how can we persuade more people to make even a modest pledge no matter their circumstances? Those questions faded into the background as I read Alan's poignant prose.

"Why do I tell you all this? Because . . . decent shelter with holistic services, namely mental health and addictive disease services, is the answer until all are decently housed."

And so, that morning I wrote to Alan: "First, Alan, thank you for reminding us that Tim was not another anonymous victim of homelessness, but had a name, a family, a story — was as much a child of God as anyone on this e-mail list.

"Second, Alan, thank you for the work you do on behalf of the Tims and countless other children of God living on our streets and under our bridges and tucked away anywhere they can try to keep warm on days like today.

"Third, Alan, I thank you for reminding us that as those baptized into the life, death and resurrection of the child born in a makeshift shelter in Bethlehem, we are called to ministry on behalf of and with the Tims living on our streets who need more vocal, relentless, passionate advocates, especially when their needs are often the last on the list in the face of scarce federal, state and local dollars.

"And fourth, Alan, I, for one, am tired of being a goat. In the great vision of the kingdom of heaven in Matthew 25, it is about the goats that Jesus says, 'When I was naked you did not shelter me.' I am sick and tired of being a goat. I want to be numbered among the sheep in Jesus' vision, those who see the hungry, the naked, the imprisoned, the innocent and do something about it."

Joseph could have easily played the goat in the Christmas story, insisting on his right to dismiss Mary, even feeling proud that he did so quietly. Instead, Joseph does not do the right thing, but the righteous thing, after listening to the voice of God.

Not Angelic, but Angels Nonetheless

You may have noticed over my years at Central that I am poor about sending Christmas cards or letters, even though I love to receive them. This year, I want to make an exception, but I need your help. Here is what I have in mind.

I want to invite you to join me in sending a Christmas card to our new governor and our mayor, asking them to play the role of Joseph. Let's send them a Christmas card asking them boldly to take on what some see only as an intractable

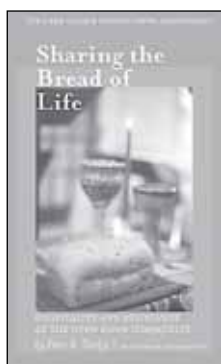
Angels in Atlanta continued on page 9

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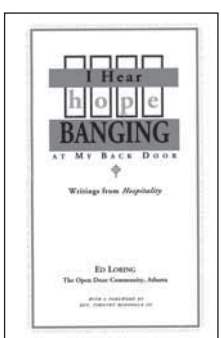
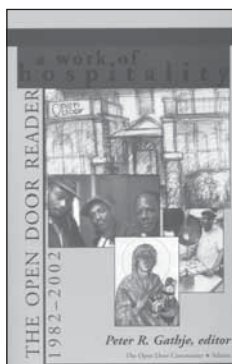
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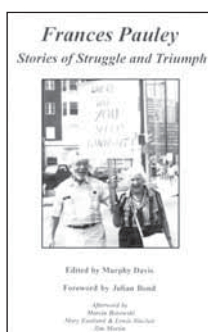
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Looking Through a Glass Darkly

Random Observations by **Eduard Loring**

Too easy

Non-eschatological hope, which is hope in human leaders and the idea of progress, often leads to a cheap optimism and a naïve view of human nature and evil.

Too hard

America is moving deeper and deeper into hardness of heart. The slaves suffer first. Then the walls come tumbling down again.

The housing market

I am writing this the week after Christmas. The results are in: American consumers did their job. Spending is up 5 percent from this time last year, and the gods are jumping for joy at the continued takeover and domestication of Christmas and Hanukkah and the consumer.

One slight wrinkle in the report: housing. Costs going down for existing houses and new permits sit languishing on the shelf. The primary reason is homelessness, which is a direct result of houselessness. According to Amos 5:11: "You have oppressed the poor and robbed them of their grain. And so you will not live in the fine stone houses you build or drink wine from the beautiful vineyards you plant."

Of course we do have a structural problem, as Herbert Marcuse wisely reveals: "The housing crisis does not exist because the system isn't working; it exists because that's the way the system works."

Add a word and deed

Discipleship: witness, live thankfully, be not afraid, solidarity with the poor, slowly, hope, Beloved Community . . .

Please send *your* word to eduardloring@opendoorcommunity.org.

How we can't get there

Rev. Mac: "We cannot lie our way to truth; we cannot spend our way out of debt; we cannot war our way to peace." Rev. Timothy McDonald of First Iconium Baptist Church, on January 15, 2009, Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday.

A letter from prison

In a recent letter from a prisoner who found a copy of *Hospitality* lying in the dayroom of his cell block, I was asked several questions. Here are a couple of them.

What is wrong with peanut butter and jelly and bologna sandwiches? He is referring to the "Please Help!" ad that appears in every issue of *Hospitality*, where we say, "We need meat & cheese sandwiches (no bologna, pb&j or white bread, please)."

There is nothing wrong with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Pete Gathje of Manna House in Memphis eats one every day for lunch (bless his soul), and I had one yesterday for lunch on 100 percent whole wheat bread.

In our Soup Kitchen, which we serve three days a week, we place large and full five-pound buckets of peanut butter on our Welcome Tables. These buckets are bottomless. When a bucket is less than half full, we bring another one. We follow Jesus the almsgiver and feeder of 5,000, though we serve only 130 to 150 per meal. Being disciples of this prophet and justice-demanding peacemaker, we also keep the tables full of bread and jelly. All you can eat; all you can carry out in your hands.

We therefore do not have a need for donations of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. We are, however, most thankful when we receive donations of jars or buckets of peanut butter



Tom Lewis

or jelly or loaves of whole wheat bread.

Do you, oh prisoner and follower of Jesus the Messiah, like peanut butter and jelly sandwiches?

Now, when you ask me what is wrong with bologna and white bread, you have cut through a thicket and peered into the domination system of the American Empire. The erroneously named American Way of Life is in fact the domination system's Way of Death. All the while, Jesus of Nazareth, barn-born, cross-crucified, resurrected servant leader, is our Way, our Truth and our Life. This Palestinian-loving Jew calls us out (exodus) of the American Way of Death and domination.

America has many weapons, including Glock 17s (often used to shoot congresswomen), drone airplanes and torture chambers. But among the domestic murderers and sources of slavery, sugar and white bread bound toward the top of the grocery shelves. That is to say, the way most food is produced and imported in the USA leaves it mostly depleted of nutrition and, like sugar, full of empty calories.

An additional reason for our refusing to serve this kind of dead food at the Open Door is our relation of love and solidarity with those who are or have been in jail or prison. The captives in our prisons and jails are often slopped white bread and bologna sandwiches. We have experienced the Beloved Community and the Kingdom of God as another Way than prison. We refuse to serve white bread, no matter what is between the slices. We refuse to serve bologna to anyone at any time. When we are in jail for Divine Obedience, we try not to eat white bread or bologna, all the while admitting that we must eat, unless a fast has been planned and prayed for by the community.

Could you share with our readers what food you are served in your pleasant prison?

The peasant view of the Cancun talks:

"They want to turn the air into a commodity"

As the world's politicians gather, protesters march against the Cancun climate change summit's "false solutions"

By John Vidal

December 8, 2010

Critical negotiations are under way here in Cancun, under the auspices of the United Nations, to reverse human-induced global warming.

"What they are proposing is good only for capitalists," says Luis Gomes de Maura of the Brazilian landless workers' movement, Movimento dos Trabalhadores Rurais Sem Terra. "Capitalism has caused climate change and now it wants to make new business from it. They want to turn the air into a commodity. They want to put a price tag on everything. These are false solutions to climate change." ♦

Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community. This is the first in a series of occasional columns.

'Pie in the Sky,' or 'Pie' Here and Now?

By Aelred Dean

Editor's note: Aelred Dean is a member of the Episcopal Brotherhood of St. Gregory and is on the staff of the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany in Atlanta. He is a weekly volunteer at the Open Door Community and helps cook for our holiday meals.

This past summer, as several of us Gregorian brothers drove back in a van from New York to the Deep South, we discussed theology, life, literature, movies and much more. These trips are always fun and engaging, because of the conversation and laughter we have during that long ride home.

But one of the conversations turned somber and reflective when one of the brothers made the statement that he doesn't necessarily believe in life after death. Most Christians of course would simply reply, "Of course there is life after death." But the brother was asked, "Tell us why you believe that there may not be life after death."

The American dream seems to be pitted against the radical good news of Jesus Christ, with many placing their trust in the greenback and the allure of power and privilege that it pretends to offer rather than place their trust in God.

Such statements and questions can be scary, because they go to our most basic assumptions about our faith. Questioning one's faith isn't easy, because it's human nature to assume that our beliefs about our faith are correct and right. But questions about one's faith help to define and refine that faith.

The brother explained that his statement was based on casual observation of many Christian denominations, especially the more conservative and fundamentalist ones, whose theology seems to emphasize life after death more than life before death. He said it appeared to him that, for certain Christians who worry about saving their hides from "hellfire," that is as far and deep as their faith goes. With some prompting from his captive audience in the van, he called this a faith of self-preservation and narcissism, because it has to do with oneself and not others. He called this kind of faith egocentric and immature. To be honest, I had to agree with him.

But I had to disagree with him that Christian fundamentalists care little about living life now. I have seen how they have embraced the American dream of independence and personal wealth over interdependence (or community), self-sacrifice and giv-

ing. Novelist and playwright Sinclair Lewis wrote, "When fascism comes to America, it will be wrapped in the flag and carrying the cross," and I have witnessed what he was talking about. The American dream seems to be pitted against the radical good news of Jesus Christ, with many placing their trust in the greenback and the allure of power and privilege that it pretends to offer rather than place their trust in God. I've always thought that placing "In God We Trust" on our money negates the message of Jesus that "One cannot serve God and wealth." Many have been trying to prove that Scripture wrong so that they can feel good about serving self . . . and that includes me.

As we rode down that long highway back to Georgia, the brother continued. He told us that helping the lost, lonely and least in society, right here and right now, is enough for him. He said that he can faithfully serve God in others and that that is reward enough, and he doesn't care if life ends in the grave where he will become food for earthworms. He doesn't work with and for the homeless and marginalized in order to receive a reward from God, he repeated, because that type of theology is self-serving. And he wonders how many Christians support and engage in causes for social justice simply because they are looking for a piece of "pie in the sky" after death.

I had to agree with much of what he said, though I didn't feel that I could give up the idea of heaven. He made me think, and now I often find myself thinking about what he said and questioning my presumptions and constructs about my faith.

I have never met a person who came back from "the other side" of death to report back to humanity. There is not one shred of empirical evidence, which is to say, evidence from the scientific model, that life goes on after death. People may quote the Bible to "prove" their faith, but faith alone is not proof but an assurance of a different kind. I'm aware enough to know that faith is not proof, and as a person who is expected to use the gray matter between my ears, I have to question, think and try to answer — and sometimes there are no answers. I, like many others, live with paradoxes about such statements and questions about life and death.

Actualizing God's Reign

Whatever anyone believes about life here and now versus life after death is between that person and his or her God. But the kind of thoughts expressed by my Gregorian brother have significant implications regarding social justice.

As one who is shaped to my very core by Incarnational theology, working for the reign of God and making that reign realized in the here and now is far greater for me than the hope for something after we die. If

we truly believe that the reign of God is in the here and now, and surrounds us and is closer to us than our very breath, then we want to actualize that reign in tangible ways for all people, regardless of gender, sexual orientation, age, race or religious beliefs, to name just a few categories. This belief implies that we will pick up the mantle of justice and wear it, because we will want people to enjoy their "pie" in the present rather than wait for something that might or might not exist.

Sinclair Lewis wrote, "When fascism comes to America, it will be wrapped in the flag and carrying the cross, and I have witnessed what he was talking about."

It means that we will wage peace and oppose the corporate war machines that destroy life. It means that we will love those who differ from us in the same way we claim to love God. Christians will try to make sure that everyone has a home for comfort, rest and support. Christians will demand that the money used to support the war machines be turned over to health care, so that everyone can receive health care and nobody is turned away because they can't afford it. Christians will support education as a way to improve society and not fear it. Christians will stop arguing about theological nonsense that doesn't affect the lives of the poor, hungry and lonely, and will concern themselves with right actions in the care of all of creation. This type of faith in action would remove privilege and hold everyone equal, and every person of faith could answer "yes" to the age-old question, "Am I my brother's (or sister's) keeper?"

I am reminded of the song "Imagine" by John Lennon:

"Imagine there's no heaven, it's easy if you try. No hell below us, above us only sky. Imagine all the people living for today. Imagine there's no countries; it isn't hard to do. Nothing to kill or die for, and no religion too. Imagine all the people living life in peace. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us, and the world will be as one. Imagine no possessions; I wonder if you can. No need for greed or hunger; a brotherhood of man. Imagine all the people, sharing all the world. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us, and the world will live as one."

Even though this song doesn't come from a Christian context, its message is based in holy imagination of a changed world. That type of faith takes courage and strength, because it goes against the social norms. Social norms are about making people compliant to the will of the dominant power. Faith, however, requires us to be dangerous and to stand up against that power and demand justice and mercy. A just and merciful society is a society worth living for, as it reflects God's reign in the here and now. ✦

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
April 17**

Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue
4:00 pm

**Monday
April 18**

Grady Hospital
Jesse Hill Jr. Drive
5:00 pm

**Tuesday
April 19**

City Jail
Peachtree Street SW
5:00 pm

**Wednesday
April 20**

Woodruff Park,
Five Points
5:00 pm

**Maundy Thursday
April 21**

City Hall
Trinity Avenue
5:00 pm

with celebration
of the Eucharist

**Good Friday
April 22**

State Capitol
Washington Street
5:00 pm

**Holy Saturday
April 23**

Pine Street Shelter
Peachtree and Pine Streets
5:00 pm

**Easter Morning
April 24**

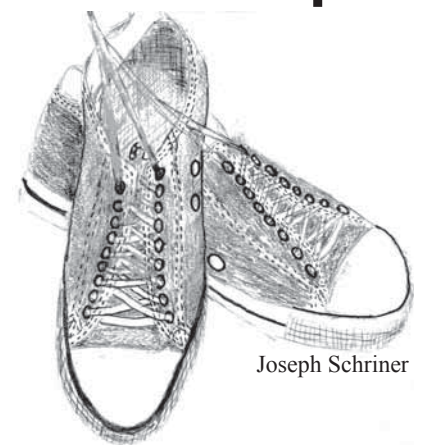
Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue
8:00 am

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



Mark
Harper
from
Fritz
Eichenburg

Please Help!



Joseph Schriener

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!



Murphy Davis

In, Out & Around 910

Compiled by Murphy Davis
and Calvin Kimbrough

Brothers in Spirit

Ira Terrell, James Dickey and James Walker (left to right) are part of the foundation of the Open Door Community. They paused for a moment during our Christmas Meal to share a smile.



Photographs by Calvin Kimbrough

Visitors Brighten Our Days

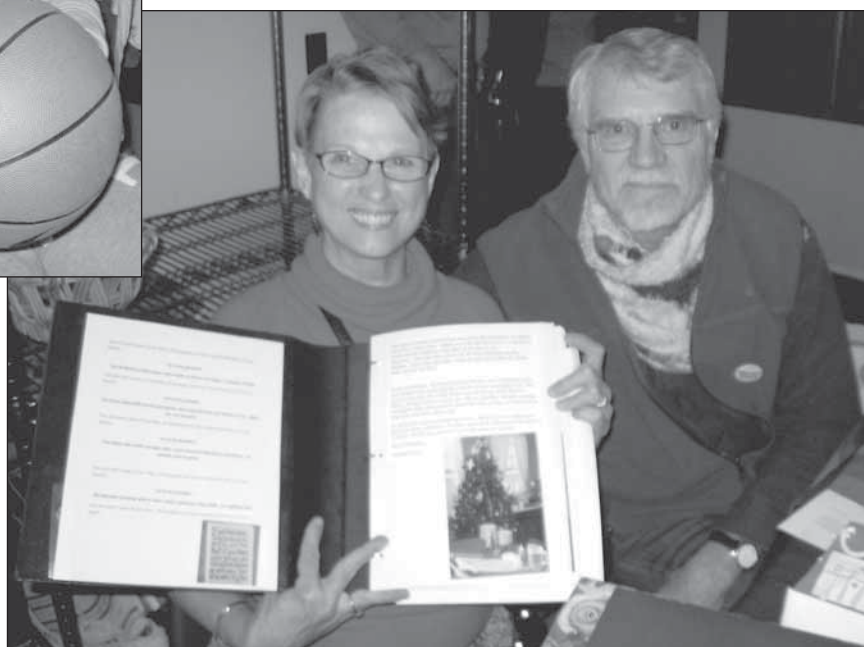
We enjoyed many visitors before and during the Advent and Christmas season. *Left: Conner, Jimmy, Angela, Austin and Becca Shaw (left to right)* came from Searcy, Arkansas for several days before Christmas. The Shaws are forming a community with **Jacob and Laura Edwards** (below left) and several others. The house was filled with happy sounds as we prepared our holiday feasts and giving with lots of children as the Shaw children joined the Schriners and some other visiting little ones.



Photographs by Johnny Devlin

Thank You, St. Jude's

Thank you, St. Jude's parish! Once again on Christmas Day, each member of our community enjoyed gifts thanks to the personalism and generosity of our friends at St. Jude the Apostle Catholic Church in Sandy Springs. *Right: Sarah Schriener* with her new basketball. *Above right: John McRae* shows off his gift card. *Below right: Murphy Davis and Ed Loring* share an album containing photos of Christmases Past, prepared by our dear friend Roseanne Bowen, who started this tradition of gracious giving in 1982.



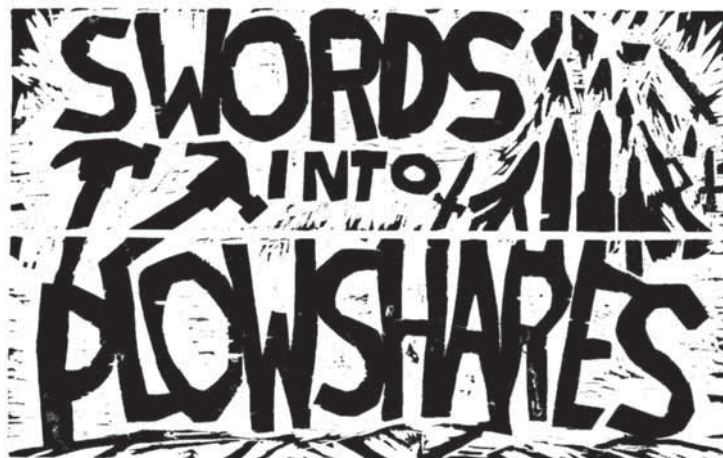


Serving Up a Feast

The kitchen and dining room were buzzing around the clock as we put on “the big pot and the little pot” for the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year’s Meals. *Left:* Full-time Volunteer **Jenny McBride** worked hard to find the knack for cooking 30 to 40 gallons of turkey gravy at a time. *Below:* **Char Weissman** sets a festive table while our friends (*below right*) anticipate the banquet outside, where coffee was served while they waited.



Photographs by Calvin Kimbrough



Tom Lewis



Photographs by Gladys Rustay

Remembering a Friend and Peacemaker

Frank Ostrowski cooked soup with us for many years, and we continue to miss him *and* his soup. Cooking good food for the poor was one part of Frank’s life work as a peacemaker, which also included his work as a clinical psychologist and with the United Nations. On February 13, **Sarah Lopez** (*right*), Frank’s wife of many years, gathered friends and family with the community (*above*) to plant a “peace pole” in his memory in our front yard. The beautiful pole is an unrelenting prayer: “May Peace Prevail On Earth” in four languages. It joins us with peacemakers around the world who pray and work to plant the seeds of peace, and we are deeply grateful to the Lopez-Ostrowski family for helping us all to remember Frank in this way.



'Atlanta Soup Kitchen Serves Up Zero-Waste Thanksgiving'

Editor's note: The above headline appeared on the following article in the January issue of BioCycle magazine, which is devoted to composting and the recycling of organic material.

This past Thanksgiving, the Open Door Community in Atlanta served around 300 homeless men and women a full Thanksgiving meal. The annual feast included everything one would expect at a traditional holiday meal, with one exception — there was no garbage left over at the end. The Open Door had committed to the idea that zero waste would be sent to the landfill.

The Open Door event was able to be waste-free by using mainly reusable plates, cups and cutlery, as well as some certified compostable products.

A large portion of the food for the event came from donations recovered from other Thanksgiving meals around the city,

including the private and progressive Paideia School, which had run its own annual zero-waste Thanksgiving meal for 1,000 students, alumni and teachers the previous day. The Open Door event was able to be waste-free by using mainly reusable plates, cups and cutlery, as well as some certified compostable products.

All plastic, aluminum, glass and paper were collected for recycling in four 95-gallon totes. With help from Greenco Environmental, a regional commercial composting facility, all kitchen scraps and plate scrapings — even the turkey carcasses after they were used to make soup — were collected in BioBags for composting. "Having Greenco's composting facility has made zero waste possible," said Tania Herbert, whose son attends the Paideia School and who helped organize both trash-free turkey dinners. "They are putting us on the map, and we're catching up with the rest of the country. It was a great partnership, because the Open Door Community doesn't think there is any waste in this world. They see value in everything, whether it is food residuals or people."

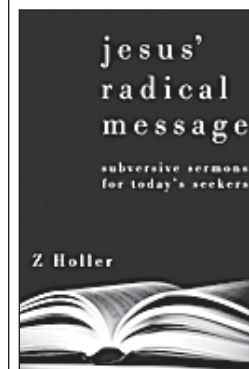
Other ongoing sustainability initiatives at the Open Door include composting fruit



Gladys Rustay
After recycling and composting, Tania Herbert holds the garbage following our Thanksgiving Meal for 300.

and vegetable scraps daily to make compost for its garden, and low-flow toilets and showerheads, with much of the energy for heating the huge water heaters coming from solar panels on the roof. ♣

Recommended Reading



Jesus' Radical Message

Subversive Sermons for Today's Seekers

By Z Holler

\$16.00

172 pages

paperback

Wipf and Stock Publishers

"With a heart trained by scripture, Z Holler listens to the pain of the oppressed. Bearing the particular burden of white Southerners, he has painstakingly translated the pain of racial and class injustice into these sermons along with the dangerous memory of Jesus the Radical Messiah and Z's particular rendering of his demanding call to discipleship. Fresh and urgent, here is a wonderful gift to the discipleship movement — inspiration to engage the word in all times and places."

—Revs. Murphy Davis
and Eduard Loring
Open Door Community

Preparing for Spring With St. Brigit

By Marie M. Fortune

Editor's note: Marie Fortune is a minister in the United Church of Christ and the founder of the FaithTrust Institute, based in Seattle, Washington (www.faithtrustinstitute.org).

I look forward to the beginning of February, not in anticipation of February 2 as Groundhog Day (which I have never understood anyway), but in celebration of February 1 as the Feast Day of St. Brigit — she who breathes life into the dead of winter.

In Celtic Christianity, St. Brigit is celebrated as a spiritual leader whose generosity, hospitality and peacemaking were widely known and revered in fifth-century Ireland. She founded the monastery at Kildare, which became a community of women serving the needs of the people.

Like community activists and nurturers, Brigit wove the fragile threads of life into webs of community.

Like community activists and nurturers, Brigit wove the fragile threads of life into webs of community. She invented a shriek alarm for vulnerable women traveling alone, she secured women's property rights when



Orthodox Church in America

a judge threatened to abolish them, and she freed a slave-trafficked woman. Above all, her bountiful nature (23 out of 32 stories in one of her biographies concern generosity) ensured that the *neart*, or life force, was kept moving for the benefit of all and was not stagnated by greed.

The stories of St. Brigit reveal a woman

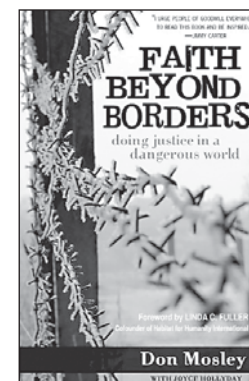
of faith deeply rooted in the mundane of daily life and attuned to the needs and vulnerabilities of women.

Brigit's Table Grace

I should like a great lake of finest ale
for all the people.
I should like a table of the choicest foods
for the family of heaven.
Let the ale be made from the fruits of faith,
and the food be for giving love.
I should welcome the poor to my feast,
for they are God's children.
I should welcome the sick to my feast,
for they are God's joy.
Let the poor sit with Sophia
at the highest place
and the sick dance with the angels.
Bless the poor, bless the sick,
bless our human race.
Bless our food, bless our drink, all homes
O God embrace.

Thanks to Diann Neu of the Women's Alliance for Theology, Ethics and Ritual, or WATER (www.hers.com/~water), for sharing this prayer.

As I celebrate February 1 in memory of St. Brigit, I am inspired by her faithful witness to new life even in the midst of the dark days of winter in our hearts and minds. ♣



Faith Beyond Borders

Doing Justice in a Dangerous World

By Don Mosley
with Joyce Hollyday

\$15.00

142 pages

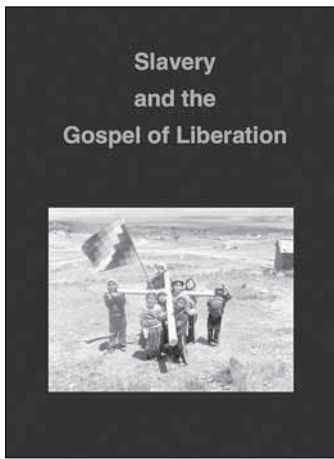
paperback

Abingdon Press

For more than thirty years, Don Mosley has traveled the globe, working for the cause of justice on behalf of two organizations he helped to found: Habitat for Humanity and Jubilee Partners, a community of believers who have welcomed 3,000 refugees from danger zones around the world.

In this book, he uses stories from his remarkable walk of faith to issue an action call for Christians to live out the teachings of Jesus, no matter where they take us or what they require us to do.

Book Review



Slavery and the Gospel of Liberation

By Kurt Greenhalgh

Reviewed by Brando Hall

Editor's note: Brando Hall was a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door in 2010. He has gone home to Kentucky with his sweetheart, Lulu Whitaker, also a former Resident Volunteer.

"No, O people, G-d has told you what is good, and this is what G-d requires of you: to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your G-d."

(Micah 6:8, paraphrased from New Living Translation)

In Kurt Greenhalgh's new book, "Slavery and the Gospel of Liberation," we are shown exactly how, and why, Christians in America today are not living up to this Hebrew passage. Greenhalgh addresses the prison system, "slavery by another name," speaks up about white guilt and points his finger at our racist government. The book is rooted in Liberation Theology and a radical critique — some would say a Christian Anarchist critique — of our penal system, and it calls on the followers of the way to stand up against injustice. In a time when, for many, being a Christian means nothing more than attending "church" on Sunday, Greenhalgh has welcomed the voice of the Holy Spirit and is shouting that something is definitely wrong.

As long as the criminal justice system continues to target people of color, slavery remains in effect.

"One of the perpetual crimes of the state and its legal system is oppression of people at the bottom of social hierarchies," he writes, and goes on to form an impressive critique of how the American government has used and still uses a form of slavery against poor folks, especially those of color. As long as the criminal justice system continues to target people of color, slavery remains in effect. We put incarcerated folks to work for our cities, picking up trash, hauling lumber and, in certain places such as Louisiana's Angola prison, even picking cotton, all for little or no pay. We still run our cities, states and country on the backs of poor and incarcerated people.

But Greenhalgh goes beyond the prison system. He also speaks out against mainline churches' portrayal of Christian women and against the oppressive nature of our government itself. He certainly agrees with Lord Acton's dictum that "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely," and he gives many examples, such as the mistreatment and manipulation of Native Americans and the stealing of their land. He also addresses the fear that encompasses many ignorant folks when they are fed bad theology by "The 700 Club" and similar organizations.

There is, however, hope throughout the book, and Greenhalgh quotes many people of radical faith, such as Dorothy Day and Jacques Ellul. He is in good company and reminds us that, while the voice of Jesus may currently be drowned out by the right-wing voice of the Christian elite, all is not lost.

Some have chosen to follow the example of the Messiah as pacifist — believers in Jesus were misled by the sword of Constantine and are still being misled today. But with a grass-roots movement of folks living radically for the gospel and turning swords into plowshares, our G-d still chooses to be a G-d of liberation and grace. Christians are called to solidarity with prisoners, and no one can deny this. "For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me." (Matthew 25:35-36)

As a wise man once said, "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere." The man who said it followed in the way of Jesus, and like Jesus he was killed for doing so. His name was Martin Luther King Jr. ✚

To purchase "Slavery and the Gospel of Liberation" or for more information, go to www.slaveryorliberation.com.



Angels in Atlanta *continued from page 3*

problem. Let's ask our elected leaders to make a commitment to all of "Atlanta's angels," the most vulnerable women, children and men who are roaming our streets. They are usually not angelic, but are often "angels" in the biblical sense, messengers from God who have something to reveal to those of us who will pay attention, to those who dare believe that Love Incarnate was born in a Bethlehem barn.

These Christmas cards will pledge our prayers, state our gratitude, and offer our support of our mayor and new governor in their challenging work and will invite them to lead us in an initiative to end homelessness in our city and state. The cards will say with no hint of ambiguity: "Not on our watch." It is never acceptable for any of God's children to die of exposure due to a lack of shelters and transitional, affordable housing in our city or in our state. "Not on our watch." It is never all right for the most vulnerable of God's children to be denied the most basic mental health and housing services because economic times are tight.

When you walk downstairs today, you will find two such large Christmas cards that await your signature. Young or old, member or visitor, socially conservative or politically progressive, I invite you to sign those cards on behalf of all of Atlanta's angels.

The church's responsibility is not to tell the state or city how to develop sound public policy, nor is it our expertise. But surely the church's job is to be a moral voice for those whose voices stopped mattering long ago and will never matter as long as they live on the streets.

The Gospels tell us next to nothing about Joseph, but they tell us all we ever need to know. Joseph was righteous, faithful to God and attentive to God. I imagine that were Joseph here today, he would be the first person to sign those Christmas cards on behalf of all the angels in Atlanta.

I encourage you to do the same.

Amen. ✚

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



Calvin Kimbrough

Resident Volunteer John McRae invites you to join the work at the Open Door Community.

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 770.246.7618

For information and application forms visit
www.opendoorcommunity.org

Please Help!

The Open Door needs **2,000 sandwiches** to serve each week!

We need **meat & cheese** sandwiches (no bologna, pb&j or white bread, please) individually wrapped on **whole wheat** bread.

Thank You!



this year give
HOSPITALITY

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

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

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

____Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

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

name_____

address_____

email_____

phone_____



volunteer
needs
at the
Open Door Community

Volunteers for Tuesday (9:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.) and Wednesday Soup Kitchen (9:30 a.m.-2:00 p.m.).

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

Individuals to accompany community members to doctors' appointments.

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

People to cook or bring supper for our household on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday evenings.

**For more information,
contact Sarah Humphrey
at odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7618**

Proclaim Liberty

Let praise leap from the lungs,
ascend the throat
rattle the teeth and
flutter the tongue.
The Blessed Haunt of Zion
calls out to all flesh.

To this Embrace, everything
that has breath shall come.
The God who lingers in slave
quarters assails every
Pharoah's palace:

Let my people go!
Proclaim liberty throughout the land!

Independence from the
Reign of Death has been declared!
The boundaries of transgression
have been breached.

The Liberty Bell of Creation
echoes across hills and plains.
The God who forges a people
of redemption sets the covenant
of freedom as the bond of bounty:

Proclaim liberty throughout the land!

The very edges of the earth hear
the sound of God's Rousing.
The sun's rising is a gateway
for the Beloved's Voice,
and the evening stars
burst into freedom song.

The God who waters the earth
and sprouts the Abundant harvest,
who clothes the meadows and silences
the roaring sea, makes this demand
of every citizen of Mercy:

Proclaim liberty throughout the land!

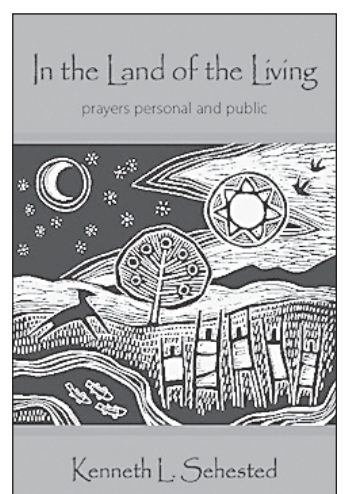
Let no one lift a coin of gold and say:
In God We Trust.

The shekel's rule and the shackle's
restraint shall feel the wrath of the
One who sets prisoners free. In this
confidence, sing and shout together,
lift every voice and sing:

Proclaim liberty throughout the land!

— Kenneth L. Sehested

Kenneth L. Sehested is a writer, activist, co-pastor of the Circle of Mercy Congregation in Asheville, North Carolina, former director of the Baptist Peace Fellowship of North America, and a friend of the Open Door. His books include "In the Land of the Living: Prayers Personal and Public," from which this poem is taken. For information on obtaining a copy of the book, go to www.prayerandpolitics.org.



Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

Blessings on your work and life among those who are suffering, for sharing their journeys and inspiring others to be witness to God's love in the world.

Shalom,

Gail and Edwin Steiner

Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

(Gail and Edwin Steiner are former Partners in the Koinonia Community.)

Dear Friends at the Open Door:

Greetings to you in the Name of Jesus, whose coming we await during this Advent season.

Enclosed please find a check from our group, Action by Christians Against Torture-USA. This is sent in appreciation for the work you do, not only for the homeless in your city, but for the love you share with those on death row.

May your work continue to be blessed and may you all have a blessed Christmas and may the New Year bring peace and a change in the hearts of our citizens, so that the homeless may be housed and the death penalty abolished.

Yours very sincerely,

Jeri Abbott

Pleasant Hill, Tennessee



Anna Hogan

Dear Friends,

We count it an honor to be able to participate in this way in your life-saving and affirming gospel ministry. Please give our greetings to our friends and seminary classmates Nelia and Calvin.

Yours in the Light of Christ,

Dick & Melanie Scott-Welch

McMinnville, Tennessee

Dear Open Door Community,

I just wanted to write a note to say Thank You for all you do for the poor in your community.

Please keep providing physical food as well as spiritual food. Stay true to the pure milk of the word of God. In this climate of spiritual lukewarmness, it is so important that we Christians stay in pure belief and not deviate with the wind of political correctness.

May we all remain in Christ Jesus as true believers.

Love,

Jannis Barrieffe

Jamaica, New York

Dear Folks,

So sorry to hear about your financial situation. Enclosed is a small check (wish it could be a *big* one!). I hope it will help. None of us could imagine a world without the Open Door! I'll ask everyone I can to help.

Peace,

Liza Farmer

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Things are looking up. I got a job cleaning a *church*! Here's a tithe of my first paycheck. Wish I could send more. Keep up the good work.

You are saving the world.

Love,

Mary Jo Pfander

Dayton, Ohio

Dear Ed,

First question. Ed, you asked what I am doing to break the bonds of white racism. Well, I'm yielding to the spirit of God inside me each day to live not like a racist. Love, true and sincere, is the answer. I am not too weak, foolish and ignorant to love anyone. My flesh is interested only in itself: self-gratification. I purpose in my heart every day to live my life as a witness for Christ, who loved everyone enough to die for them. I am not perfect, but the one who lives inside of me is. *Love is the only solution.*

When we love someone, it is hard for that person to hate and distrust. When [our] ways please the Lord, it will make [our] enemies to be at peace with [us]. When I take a stand for love, hate always follows. But if I humble myself, remain in faith and refuse to be offended or moved, love will conquer all, even white racism.

My greatest fight with white racism, or what the Bible calls a spirit of division, does not occur among Caucasian people. My greatest fight with white racism is when I'm around black racism! Maintaining my spiritually correct posture without being a hypocrite in the face of the devil — so many harsh, unfair, evil and cruel realities. So how do I break the bonds of white racism? By not being a racist myself and forgiving as I have been forgiven (Luke 7:47).

How do I wash the feet of those who walk all over me? I can't and don't want to do it, but Jesus can want to desperately. I will follow him.

As Murphy told all of you prison stories this past December while you were at New Hope House, I wish I could have heard them from her perspective and shared a few of my own.

I have learned, from living 32 straight years in an environment that is hostile and violent nonstop, that the way to deal with it is not to fear it but to trust God. The most violent men I've met were, strangely, the most fearful. A spirit of fear can make someone very dangerous. Hatred is not the driving force behind someone who carries a weapon. The real culprit is fear. This is why people who are not perceived as a threat are never in danger from someone with a weapon.

There are so many 18- and 19-year-olds where I am now. Deep down inside, most of them are afraid. So they run in packs (gangs) together. Protection.

Ed, when I left the streets in 1978, there was no crack cocaine out there, nor any rap music, nor any AIDS or homelessness. The 1980s, I believe, were the most devastating decade for black folks since legal slavery. Reaganomics and the policy of "get tough on crime" have forever left their mark on society. We all suffer because of this.

I had a white friend named Jeff who is a racist, but who loved me because of or in spite of the fact that I am black. He stood by me for 10 years after he was released from prison. Strange, huh? The reason our relationship worked was our mutual concern for each other and our faith.

I forget whether it was Zora Neale Hurston or Toni Morrison who said that the white man's hatred of blacks stems from envy. Interesting theory, huh?

I ceased to be a racist when I read and believed Ephesians 6:12. According to God, people are expressions and instruments of the problem of social discord, but *not* the root cause.

Second question, Ed. You asked why there is homelessness in America. The money spent by our government to bail out the big banks and corporations was enough to have made every man, woman and child in the U.S. a millionaire! Homelessness could have been eliminated with the stroke of a pen. So why wouldn't government do this instead of making the rich richer? Folks in this country are paranoid about socialism. No system is perfect. Maybe our government needs to flip-flop between capitalism and socialism, say, about every 10 years?

There is homelessness in America, I believe, because of greed, fear, pride, selfishness, guilt and unforgiveness. The love of many has waxed cold. People don't love or care for one another as they once did. These are the last days of this age.

When I was growing up, there was no such thing as homelessness. If someone did not have a place to stay, just about anyone would take him or her into their home until he could find a place for himself. Nowadays, finding a decent job is harder than to find decent housing. Unemployment and homelessness are closely linked, just like crime and imprisonment.

Third question. Ed, you asked why the church doesn't demand housing for the homeless. Let me respond to this question with a question: why doesn't the world demand housing for the homeless? The church, especially in America, is pretty much like the world! The world's systems and ways of doing things, which are aligned against God, are among the causes and perpetrators of homelessness. Our churches are not listening to the voice of the Lord. If they were, we would all be hearing the same thing and be on the same page. The most segregated day in this country is still Sunday! Our churches know not that thou art wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked (Revelation 3:17). Like racist people, our churches, as a whole, are in denial and have rejected God for self.

So, Ed, I pray that you understand where I am or where Jesus has me. Being a disciple of the Risen Savior that we die. Dying ain't easy.

A Friend on Georgia Death Row
Jackson, Georgia

Hello,

I am making this donation because I played a gig at the Georgia Aquarium this week. I wanted to donate a portion of my paycheck to the Open Door to support those brothers and sisters whose humanity was ignored when the aquarium was built. Thank you for all the good work you do on their behalf.

Peace,

William Scruggs

Atlanta, Georgia



Rita Corbin

Eduard the Rapper,

My friend, there is no doubt that you are a multi-dimensional individual. In poetic style, you have rapped to me in several letters. Thank you for mailing the books for me.

Every time I read "The Cry of the Poor: Cracking White Male Supremacy," I say that it doesn't get any better than this. Then after I close my eyes and reflect on its contents, the book gets better to me. That book could be used in any undergraduate or graduate theology course.

During my stay at Hardwick, I was Chaplaincy Clerk. During last year's Christmas season, I sat in the visiting room for six weekends and distributed free books to visitors' children.

A Georgia Prisoner

Open Door Community Ministries

Soup Kitchen: Tuesday, 11 a.m. – 12 noon.
Wednesday, 11 a.m. – 1 p.m.
Men’s Showers: Wednesday, 10:30 a.m.
Women’s Showers: by appointment
Harriet Tubman Free Women’s Clinic:
1st and 3rd Tuesdays, 7 p.m.
Harriet Tubman Medical and Foot Care Clinics:
Wednesday, 7 p.m.
Mail Check: Tuesday – Wednesday, during Soup Kitchen
Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 1 p.m.
Use of Phone: Tuesday – Wednesday, 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.

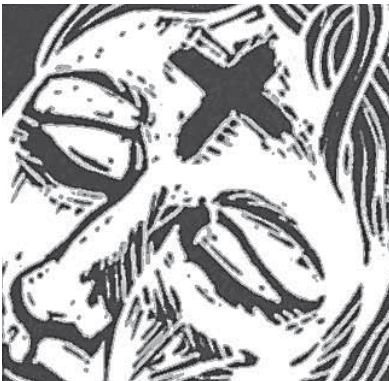
Sunday: We invite you to join us for **Worship** at **4 p.m.** and for supper following worship.
We gratefully accept donations at these times.
Sunday: 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.
Monday: 8:30 a.m. until 8:30 p.m.
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday: 8:30 until 9:30 a.m. and 2 until 8:30 p.m.
Friday and Saturday: 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 U s for Worship!

We gather for worship and Eucharist at 4 p.m. each S unday, followed by supper together.
If you are considering bringing a group please contact us at 770.246.7628.
Please visit www.opendoorcommunity.org or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| February 6 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Nelia Kimbrough leading |
| February 13 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
New Hope House Community leading |
| February 20 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Heather Barger on preaching |
| February 27 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Chris Grataski preaching |
| March 6 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Murphy Davis preaching |
| March 13
Lent 1 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Eduard Loring preaching |
| March 20
Lent 2 | No Worship at 910
attending “Cotton Patch Gospel”
at S hallowford Presbyterian Church |
| March 27
Lent 3 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910
Nelia Kimbrough leading |



Suzanne Novak

A sh Wednesday S service
March 9
6:30 a.m.
back yard
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue

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!



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
 - ☐ long sleeve shirts with collars
 - ☐ belts (34" & up)
 - ☐ men’s underwear
 - ☐ women’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 - box springs & mattress
 - ☐ rack for 2 bikes that fits onto a trailer hitch