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

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Freedom

By Anonymous

The author is a prisoner on Georgia's death row; we are withholding his identity for his protection. This essay originally appeared in the New Hope House newsletter.

Lately I have been witnessing one of God's little miracles. I got to watch the sparrows build a nest in front of me. The outside of the prison walls are checkerboarded with rectangular openings. Too small for a human head to get through, but just right for a little sparrow's nest.

The couple started out on March 22. They began to make three nests side by side. I had no idea what they were doing. There was talk among other prisoners of them being mentally challenged. But for four or five days they kept working, working hard from about 7:20 until 6-something, then they would fly off for the night.

They worked so hard that after a particularly active day of padding and weaving grass, the mama flew up to one of the holes and bounced back. She did this two or three times right in front of me. She was so exhausted from working that she could not bend another piece of grass through the hole. I had to smile and applaud her effort. (The author has only one good eye.)

And then I felt it.
As the last chick jumped off its nest,
it jumped off death row,
and took a piece of me with it.

A strong windy day proved too much for two of the framed — barely framed — nests and destroyed them. So the couple double-teamed the surviving nest.

I sat here and watched these tiny birds bring back long strands of grass and actually weave it: reach up behind their head and pull it down and cram it in place. After dropping clusters of a different grass into the center of the nest, the mama would use her head to push it around. As the nest got closer to being finished, she would jump into the middle of it and use her feet to stomp, her head to butt and her wings to flutter the center of the nest into the proper shape. She was pushing outward also, and this I could see was tightening the outer band of the nest. And I thought to myself how much genius that was to strengthen the whole structure. God prepares these creatures well.

After a thorough inspection of their new house by mom and dad, it was time to lay the eggs. I could not see down into the house. But over the next few days, she would sit for long periods of time.

I figured that on April 1 the first egg was laid, because that night she sat all night on the nest.

When I woke up, I could hear and see the daddy bird feeding the mother. Then he'd fly away and come back and



Mike Luckovich

Troy Davis Dying for the Sins of the System

By Murphy Davis

On September 21, our friend and brother, Troy Davis, was executed by the state of Georgia, more than 20 years after the murder of Savannah police Officer Mark MacPhail and in spite of compelling evidence questioning his guilt. The Georgia Board of Pardons and Paroles was presented with 1 million signatures on petitions calling for clemency, including letters and personal appeals from Pope Benedict XVI, former President Jimmy Carter, former FBI Director William Sessions and hundreds of other world leaders and luminaries.

On Friday, September 16, more than 3,000 protesters, led by Amnesty International, the NAACP, Georgians for Alternatives to the Death Penalty, local leadership from Ebenezer Baptist Church and elected officials, marched in downtown Atlanta demanding that the execution be halted. (See the photographs on pages 6 and 7.) During the week of the execution, vigils were held around the clock and around the world, praying and agitating for a stay. More calls, letters and messages poured in from around the country and around the world.

To the astonishment of many, the execution went ahead on the appointed day, only slightly behind schedule. It seemed that perhaps the power of world opinion against the Georgia death machine only strengthened the resolve of those in Georgia who would use this instrument of violence to exercise their will by killing those in their keeping and under their control. The prosecutors gathered their forces and blasted

their case into the press and the government decision-makers, ridiculing those who insisted that there was too much doubt about Davis' conviction. Nothing to be doubted, they said. The case against Troy was airtight. "Justice" and "closure" must be accomplished. The powers of domination took the side of the prosecutors — and is it any surprise?

Troy had to die to prove that the system can be trusted to make our decisions for us. Troy had to die because to take his side would be to admit that our judicial system is full of lies, coercion, deception and discrimination. Troy had to die because a police officer had been killed and somebody had to pay with his life, whether the *right* person paid or not. Troy had to die because the particular system of prosecution and condemnation in Chatham County (Savannah), Georgia, is infamous for wrongful convictions and a system filled with lies, carelessness, laziness and defiance on the part of police, investigators and prosecutors. (See "Something's Rotten in Savannah," *Hospitality*, June 2011.)

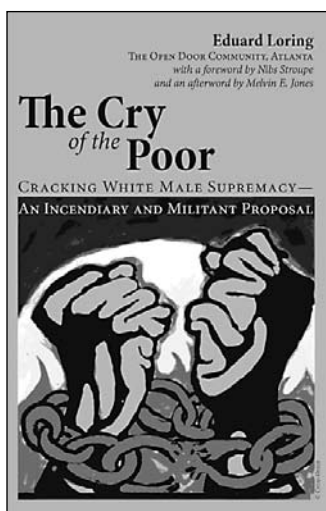
And so Troy died. He died not so much for his own sins but for the sins of the system. His blood is on our hands. Officer MacPhail was not brought back. His bereft family, though they might have experienced a fleeting rush of revenge amid the cheering of their supporters, cannot ultimately be comforted by this multiplication of violence, and the media feeding frenzy has now abandoned them: their pain and loss are no longer newsworthy.

Much was accomplished to spread the word about the Troy Davis case, and it has not been in vain. He died at the

Freedom continued on page 9

Troy Davis continued on page 9

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The Cry of the Poor

Cracking White Male Supremacy —
An Incendiary and Militant Proposal

By **Eduard Loring**

If you've not read Ed Loring's books before, you are missing one of the most passionate, prophetic voices in the Western world.

— **Neil Paynter**, Editor of *Coracle*, the magazine of the Iona Community in Scotland

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A Textbook for Finding Our Way

The Cry of the Poor:
Cracking White Male Supremacy —
An Incendiary and Militant Proposal
By **Eduard Loring**

Reviewed by **Ronald E. Santoni**

As Jean-Paul Sartre said to colonial Europeans in his preface to Frantz Fanon's "The Wretched of the Earth," I say to anyone who dares to call himself or herself Christian: "You must open this book and enter into it... Have the courage to read this book."

Just as participating even occasionally in the life of the Open Door Community changes forever one's expectations of what a Christian church or community should be, Eduard Loring's "The Cry of the Poor" awakens one to the prophetic call of the Gospel of Love and forces one to think of the often misplaced and distorted values, emphases and commitments of the majority of our churches — churches that, with considerable facility and hubris, label themselves "Christian."

Loring is right. It is high time to walk with and share with "the least of these" — the homeless, poor, hungry, imprisoned, humiliated and forgotten — and to cry out loudly against all forms of injustice and violence.

This book beckons us to get to the heart of Christianity. It is a biblically rooted manifesto to undo the domination of White Male Supremacy and to work against racism, poverty, sexism, war, capital punishment, civil religion, idolatrous nationalism, classism, unequal distribution of wealth, indifference to the marginalized, and all other forms of social injustice. It is a passionate call for what Nietzsche termed a "re-evaluation of values," or for what Loring repeatedly calls a "revolution of values," which in his view is an inversion of the values that rule the "me-first" and profit-driven system in which our churches are too often complicit.

Moreover, in keeping with this call, "The Cry of the Poor" reclaims — against the many voices that try to soften, sanitize or subvert it — the radical and comfort-shaking message and witness of Martin Luther King Jr. In short, it is a plea for all of us to do our utmost to "reduce our distance" from the disinherited, the victims of a "filthy, rotten system" (in the words of Dorothy Day), "the wretched of the earth." As Loring puts it: "The cry of the poor is a call to reduce the distance among us into the solidarity of a shared life for the common good" . . . a call "into the goodness of the Gospel of Jesus the Human One."

Most of us "Christians" have lost our way. We have accommodated our faith too easily to *what is*, not to what ought to be. In doing so, we have perverted it. Loring is right. It is high time to walk with and share with "the least of these" — the homeless, poor, hungry, imprisoned, humiliated and forgotten — and to cry out loudly against all forms of injustice and violence. Not to speak out and act is "betrayal" of or indifference to the Gospel of Love. As Loring says, we must not remain hostage to our "comfort zones."

So I urge again: read this book and listen! Listen and act! Listen also to Murphy Davis, Ed's loving partner, who, even when her body is frail, screams out and works passionately for peace, nonviolence, equality and justice. Ed Loring and Murphy Davis are Christian prophets in our time. The Open Door Community represents dynamic testimony to their prophecy. It intimates the heart, soul and vitality of Christ's "Beloved Community." It is a model from which our churches can learn. And "The Cry of the Poor" is a textbook for such learning — a guide to help us find or rediscover the way. ✚

Ronald E. Santoni is Maria Theresa Barney Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Denison University in Granville, Ohio, and a Life Member of Clare Hall, Cambridge University. He and his wife Margo are associate members of the Open Door and members of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Granville.



Carlos Cortez

HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is published 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.

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Calvin Kimbrough

Nelia Kimbrough keeps the vigil for Troy Davis at 910.

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The Road *From* Emmaus

By Mark Harper

Mark Harper is the pastor of Covenant Presbyterian Church in Athens and served as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community in the 1980s. He preached this sermon at Open Door worship on July 24.

On that same day two of Jesus' followers were going to a village named Emmaus, about seven miles from Jerusalem, and they were talking to each other about all the things that had happened. As they talked and discussed, Jesus himself drew near and walked along with them; they saw him, but somehow did not recognize him.

Jesus said to them, "What are you talking about to each other, as you walk along?"

They stood still, with sad faces. One of them, named Cleopas, asked him, "Are you the only visitor in Jerusalem who doesn't know the things that have been happening there these last few days?"

"What things?" he asked.

"The things that happened to Jesus of Nazareth," they answered.

"This man was a prophet and was considered by God and by all the people to be powerful in everything he said and did. Our chief priests and rulers handed him over to be sentenced to death, and he was crucified. And we had hoped that he would be the one who was going to set Israel free! Besides all that, this is now the third day since it happened.

"Some of the women of our group surprised us; they went at dawn to the tomb, but could not find his body. They came back saying they had seen a vision of angels who told them that he is alive. Some of our group went to the tomb and found it exactly as the women had said, but they did not see him."

Then Jesus said to them, "How foolish you are, how slow you are to believe everything the prophets said! Was it not necessary for the Messiah to suffer these things and then to enter his glory?"

And Jesus explained to them what was said about himself in all the Scriptures, beginning with the books of Moses and the writings of all the prophets.

As they came near the village to which they were going, Jesus acted as if he were going farther, but they held him back, saying, "Stay with us; the day is almost over and it is getting dark." So he went in to stay with them.

He sat down to eat with them, took the bread, and said the blessing; then he broke the bread and gave it to them. Then their eyes were opened and they recognized him, but he disappeared from their sight.

They said to each other, "Wasn't it like a fire burning in us when he talked to us on the road and explained the Scriptures to us?"

They got up at once and went back to Jerusalem, where they found the eleven disciples gathered together with the others and saying, "The Lord is risen indeed! He has appeared to Simon!"

The two then explained to them what had happened on the road, and how they had recognized the Lord when he broke the bread.

— Luke 24:13-35 (Good News Bible)

We know this story. Some of us know it too well. And that's because sometimes we find ourselves moving away from what the Celts called "thin places."

We thought we were onto something big. We thought we had caught a glimpse or a whiff of God's realm of *shalom*. For a little while, the distance between our way and God's way, our thoughts and God's thoughts, had been drastically reduced. The glass we were looking through was not nearly as dark as it had been. Love and justice and joy were in the



R.F. McGovern

air . . . and then it all seemed to slip away. One minute our kitchen was smelling like bread fresh out of the oven, and the next it was more like a long-neglected grease trap.

As Flannery O'Connor might say, Jesus was flitting in and out of sight like an apparition in the trees. Now you see him, now you don't. And then comes a season when mostly you don't. And so you decide to move on. You sigh and shrug and go looking for some way of life that makes more sense or at least seems more stable. Discipleship gives way to disappointment.

Only when Cleopas and his companion share a meal with the street teacher are their eyes opened and their hearts and feet redirected.

Whether or not you've been there before, or whether you're in that place right now, I think that today's Gospel story can offer us wisdom. And the kind of wisdom it offers can be summed up in these words from a perceptive, road-tested teacher: "If, in moving through your life, you find yourself lost, go back to the last place where you knew who you were, and what you were doing, and start from there." That's the rich reflection of Bernice Johnson Reagon, early on one of the SNCC Freedom Singers and then for many years the guiding light of Sweet Honey in the Rock. I think Bernice may have sensed what Jesus was up to when he sneaked up on those two discipleship dodgers on the road to Emmaus.

That's what we call this story that we know so well, isn't it? The road to Emmaus. Or sometimes "the walk to Emmaus." And that's pretty accurate as far as it goes, because Luke does say that "two of them" were spending the first day of the week "going to a village called Emmaus." They had given up looking for Easter eggs — or empty graves. They had missed the text message from Dan Berrigan saying that, for followers of Jesus, "shrouds are only temporary costumes." Without consciously knowing it, for them, the day of resurrection had become a day of defection. Because Rome was not running short on wood for crosses the way the state of Georgia is having to hunt for execution drugs, they were getting out of Dodge and getting on with their lives. Yes, we know this story.

But for a story so familiar, there are parts of it that we still know very little about. For example, we don't really know where Emmaus was. Luke, of course, says it was about seven miles from Jerusalem. But that doesn't square with ancient traditions and some archaeological findings that put Emmaus more like 20 miles away. So Emmaus itself seems to have been lost along the way, a sort of "Lost Colony" of Palestine.

Another odd detail in this story is that we're introduced to only one of the two travelers by name. We meet Cleopas, which was a man's name, but we don't know who his traveling companion was. Maybe his wife, or his partner. Maybe Luke simply lost his notes. (If his desk looked like mine!) Or maybe the other traveler asked not to be named, because she didn't have the right papers and the governor had just signed a tough new immigration law.

But regardless of what we don't know about these two, we do know that they had one thing going for them: they had each other. Each had a companion to help them discern whatever they encountered along the way, another set of eyes and ears to lessen the chances of letting their inner dolt get the better of them. If they had learned nothing else from their time with Jesus, perhaps they had heard him say that his people should not try to do his work alone. He sent them out two by two because we need each other.

The Counternarrative to the Gospel

One of the deep lessons I learned when I lived in this place as a Resident Volunteer is that God continues to gift us with companions for the journey. Someone whose insight continues to guide my journey is Jim Douglass, whom I picked up from the airport one time when he was visiting Atlanta from the Ground Zero Community in Washington state. It's Jim, writing in an old Sojourners lectionary resource, who has opened my eyes to a remarkable dimension of the Emmaus story that I had never realized before. What he suggests is that Emmaus is not just a place name that Luke needed for his narrative, but that the name "Emmaus" is invoked by the Gospel writer because of its powerful symbolic value.

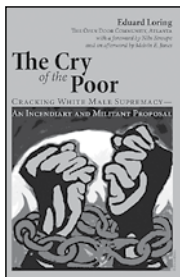
Jim points out that the only other place in Scripture where Emmaus appears is in the book of 1st Maccabees, a text that most Protestants aren't familiar with but which had become a popular nationalistic polemic in the days of Jesus. The story centers on Judas Maccabeus leading his completely outnumbered band of rebel Israelites against the powerful, well-oiled Greek army of Gorgias. And the location of this epic clash? A certain village called Emmaus. Here's how it reads:

"Now Gorgias took five thousand infantry and one thousand picked cavalry, and this division moved out by night to fall upon the camp of the Jews and attack them suddenly. Soldiers from the citadel were his guides. But Judas heard of it, and he and his warriors moved out to attack the king's force in Emmaus while the division was still absent from the camp. . . . Judas said to those who were with him, 'Do not fear their numbers or be afraid when they charge. Remember how our ancestors were saved at the Red Sea, when Pharaoh with his forces pursued them. And now, let us cry to Heaven, to see whether God will favor us and remember the covenant with our ancestors and crush this army before us today. Then all the Gentiles will know that there is one who redeems and saves Israel.'" (1 Maccabees 4:1-4, 8-11).

So do we hear the echo? Do we hear in the discouraged,

The Road *From* Emmaus continued on page 8

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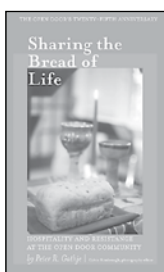
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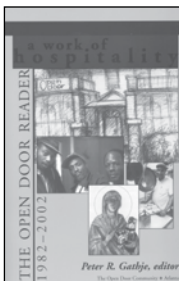
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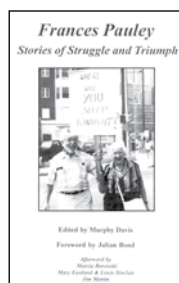
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Moving Toward Abolition New Column Tracks Fight Against Death Penalty



By **Mary Catherine Johnson**

Welcome to the inaugural column of a new series in *Hospitality* called "Moving Toward Abolition," which will address news and personal stories surrounding the campaign to abolish the death penalty in the United States and throughout the world.

My mentor and ardent anti-death penalty activist Murphy Davis named this series, selecting a dynamic title that embodies the forward-moving energy that drives the movement against capital punishment while incorporating our ultimate goal, abolition. I am deeply grateful to Murphy and to Eduard Loring for their love, support and wisdom: they teach me by the way they live their lives, and I dedicate this series to them and their work. I also dedicate it to Marcus Wellons, my dear friend and mentor who has lived on Georgia's death row since 1993. Marcus is the human face of this issue for me, and is an essential inspiration behind my activism.

I would like to use this first column to share some of my own beliefs, and as a point of reference. For me, the death penalty is a simple issue: it's simply wrong. It's wrong in every case, for every human being. No exceptions. I would like to think that I am open-minded about most things, but on the core premise of this issue, I will not negotiate.

I am frequently challenged by those who believe there should be exceptions, people who deserve a death sentence — exceptions for the "worst of the worst," an expression I abhor that is typically used to refer to people who have committed especially heinous acts of torture and murder. To this challenge, I always give the same answer: there is no one about whom I would agree that executing them is the right thing to do, regardless of what they have done. *No one.*

Let me be clear that my opposition to capital punishment is not a callous dismissal of the pain and suffering caused by violent crimes. My heart breaks for the victims and their families, and my activism on this issue is just as much for them as for the people under death sentences. I do not believe, however, that continuing the cycle of violence through application of the death penalty is a way forward for our society. The only way forward is through rehabilitation, compassion, acceptance and forgiveness, and through investment in people and their humanity as a deterrent to crime.

Violent behavior is usually evidence of deep wounds within someone whose burdens are more than they can

bear. Who is responsible when those wounds lead to violent crime? We all are! Crimes do not occur in a vacuum; each and every one of us must take responsibility for the society we have created to facilitate violence. When we address violence with more violence through the death penalty, we have shirked our responsibility in the worst possible way.

I understand that the issues surrounding capital punishment are not simple but incredibly complex, warranting focused attention and deep discussion. That is the purpose of this column, and it is my intention to explore topics ranging from innocence to forgiveness to severe discrepancies in the application of capital punishment, sometimes looking at the big picture and sometimes at specific cases. We will examine the pro-death penalty arguments, as well as the impact of the current political climate on the prospects for abolition.

For anyone seeking more information or needing to brush up on the issues, the fact sheet distributed by the Death Penalty Information Center (www.deathpenaltyinfo.org) is an excellent source for the most up-to-date information about capital punishment in the United States, including execution statistics by state, financial figures, graphs illustrating public opinion polls, a dispelling of the myth of deterrence, and sobering data illustrating the arbitrary and racially biased application of death sentences. Just about any fact or statistic in this document is enough to justify a worldwide moratorium on the death penalty; taken as a whole, it is a solid, fact-based argument for immediate abolition.

For my part, I pledge to fight to end the death penalty in every corner of the globe until I take my last breath: this is what I believe God has called me to do. There is much to discuss and much to do, in print and in the streets. I'm excited to be on this journey with you, the readers of *Hospitality*, and I look forward to the day when this column will no longer be necessary. I invite you to participate by sending me your questions, concerns, hopes and stories. If you disagree with me, please tell me so we can discuss it.

A world without the death penalty awaits. Let's get moving. ♦

Mary Catherine Johnson is on the Boards of Directors of Georgians for Alternatives to the Death Penalty and of New Hope House and is a volunteer at the Open Door Community. She can be emailed at mcjohnson78@yahoo.com.



Mike Luckovich

From Atlanta to Glasgow: A Tale of Tired Feet

By Ruth Douglas Shanks

Ruth Shanks is a member of the Iona Community (www.iona.org.uk), a Christian ecumenical community founded in 1938 and located in Glasgow, Scotland, and on the nearby island of Iona. In 2007 she worked as a volunteer at the Open Door Foot Clinic while her husband Norman, a former leader of Iona, studied as a Campbell Scholar at Columbia Theological Seminary. This article about that experience and what followed originally appeared in Coracle, Iona's quarterly magazine (www.iona.org.uk/coracle.php).

As we flew down the St. Lawrence River, with Quebec on one side and Maine on the other, with New York some miles ahead, the sky cleared, apart from a few clouds whose reflections on the water made them appear like floating islands on the sparkling sea. It felt like the final stretch down to Atlanta, where the adventure and life-changing experience would start — a chance for me to become a volunteer for three months at the Open Door Community, helping every week with the Thursday evening Foot Clinics and the Tuesday morning breakfasts, and sharing in the Sunday afternoon Communion and the fine meal that followed.

Our first contact with the Open Door, a big house at 910 Ponce de Leon Avenue near downtown Atlanta (known on the

After three months of working with destitute men and women in Atlanta, I realized that this was something I could do on returning home, using my skills as a physiotherapist in the sort of way I had been looking for since retiring.

street as simply “910”), came in 2000 when Norman, my husband, spent a month of his “sabbatical” as a Resident Volunteer there. He’d been back for a couple of short visits since, and some of the Open Door people had visited Glasgow and the Iona Community, including a week that Murphy Davis and Ed Loring, two of the Open Door’s founders, had led at the Abbey in 2002. But now, during Norman’s three months as a visiting scholar at Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur — just half an hour’s bus ride from 910 — I was to have the chance myself to find out what he was so enthusiastic about.

At 910, for over 25 years now, there is a community of committed people, some of them formerly homeless, who provide hospitality for homeless people, mostly male, African-American or Hispanic, inviting them into their home for meals, 120 or so each day, and offering them support in the form of counseling, showers, clothing, toiletries and so on. All of the Open Door’s work is rooted in prayer and worship, and it includes prison ministry and political activism — campaigning against poverty, racism and the death penalty.

It was a very powerful, heartwarming and memorable experience for me, out of which grew the idea of starting a Foot



Brian Kavanagh

Clinic in Glasgow. After three months of working with destitute men and women in Atlanta, I realized that this was something I could do on returning home, using my skills as a physiotherapist in the sort of way I had been looking for since retiring. So I approached the Lodging House Mission, a church-related day centre in Glasgow’s East End, mostly for folk who are homeless or in

hostels or supported accommodation, about the possibility of starting a Foot Clinic there, and they readily agreed.

The plan was to base the work broadly on what happens at the Open Door, although I recognized that there would be significant differences due to context and culture (and I’ve certainly discovered that most of the people who come to the Foot Clinic are better off than those we dealt with in Atlanta, owing to the lack of welfare benefits in the U.S.). Some of the local churches helped with donations of foot baths, sprays, scrubs, cream, towels, scissors, clippers, etc., as well as giving money, and this generosity is ongoing. Initially Alison Macdonald helped me, then Duncan Finlayson, before he moved back north. Now, with Iona Community members Katy Owen and Carolyn Smyth making up the team, the Foot Clinic continues to thrive.

What happens each fortnight on Tuesday mornings? We rely on people referring themselves, so introductions, initial conversations and explanations of what we do are important. Naturally, people who come can be apprehensive taking off their socks and shoes, for this makes you vulnerable (and you can’t escape in a hurry!), people can

be embarrassed about dirty feet, and so on. Clearly, we are not trained podiatrists. What we offer is footwashing using foot spas, basic chiropody (cutting nails and removing hard skin and corns), massage and general advice on footwear, foot care and other minor problems (e.g., muscle strains and infections). We have a supply of shoes and socks. If there are more serious problems, we encourage people to attend a nearby medical clinic. The maximum number of people we have treated in the two-hour period is 12, and it tends to vary each time, depending on how long it takes to deal with each person.

We deliberately sit at a lower level than the folk who come. Apart from being more comfortable and the practical reasons relating to foot treatment, it puts the relationship on a more level playing field, and we feel this is important. After all, in what’s happening the vulnerability is mutual, for the giver as well as the receiver, and this helps achieve a sense of sharing and equality in this basic and intimate task.

Why is this important to us and how does it relate to our faith? In general the folk who come initiate, and are keen to engage in, conversation about their story and circumstances, and we often have the sense of opportunities missed and young lives wasted. Occasionally they ask us why we are doing this. Sometimes they tell us about their family and how they became homeless — very often because of family breakup and addiction problems. They often speak of their dream to be in some sort of employment (even more difficult, of course, in the present economic situation) and mention people who have helped them at some point along the way.

As far as the faith dimension goes, I feel that there is something sacramental in what we are doing. Jesus cared for the marginalized and needy, washed the feet of the disciples and told his followers to do likewise in loving and caring for one another. One example of that is Mary, who according to

the Gospels washed the feet of Jesus, using expensive ointment, even before he washed the disciples’ feet. So Mary can be seen as the model disciple. And I’m reminded too of the old saying, which happens to be prominently displayed just inside the entrance of the Open Door, “Often we meet Christ in the stranger’s guise.”

As I finish this reflection, I’m continuing to ask myself why it has taken so long, since Neil (the editor of Coracle) first suggested it, to put pen to paper and write about something that has meant so much to me. I still don’t know the answer. But I do know that it is a good thing to do, it’s fulfilling and most of the time it’s fun. ✦

Please Help!

we need **shoes**



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.

and **backpacks!**



Thank You!

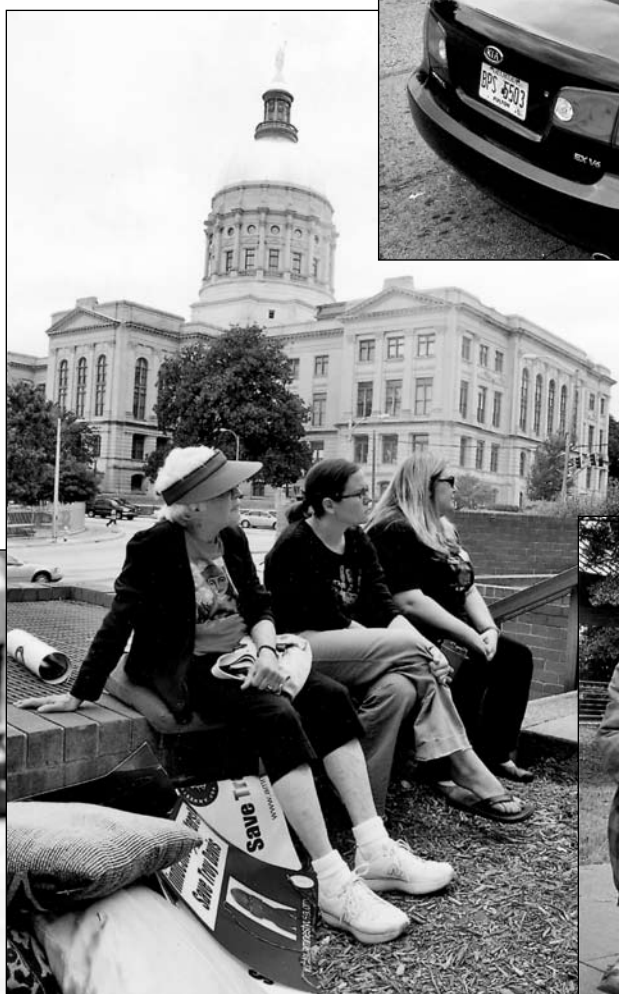
9/16/11: March

On Friday evening, several thousand folks marched from Woodruff Park down Auburn Avenue to Ebenezer Baptist Church. *Below:* **Axe Johnson** holds a sign. *Below right:* **Murphy Davis** waves as she and **Mike Vosburg-Casey**, **Mary Catherine Johnson** and **Eduard Loring** walk in the march. *Bottom:* **Cordell Collier** holds his "We Are Troy Davis" sign.



I Am Troy Davis

Compiled and Photographed by
Calvin Kimbrough



9/18-19/11: Vigil

People kept vigil at the office building where the Georgia Board of Pardons and Paroles met on Monday to consider clemency for Davis. *Top right:* **James "Mo" Mosley** holds a sign for the passing traffic. *Above left:* Every hour, the group joined hands in a circle to pray. *Above center:* **Elizabeth Neil**, **Emma Stitt** and **Mary Catherine Johnson** listen to a speaker. *Right:* **Ed** and **Lora Weir**, from New Hope House near the execution prison in Jackson, kept vigil during the day on Monday.

9/20/11: March and Rally

On Tuesday evening, after the parole board denied clemency, another march was held, from Woodruff Park to the state Capitol. *Left:* **Gregory Williams, Eduard Loring, Mary Catherine Johnson, Jeff Autry, Mike MacDonald and Ira Terrell** lift our banner at the rally. *Below:* The march moves up Mitchell Street in front of Atlanta City Hall. *Bottom right:* The crowd gathers at the Capitol.



Left and below: Photographs by Tabia Parker
www.tekaphotography.com



9/21/11: Vigil for Life at the Death of Troy Davis

We gathered again on Wednesday night at the Capitol for the vigil the Open Door Community leads every time there is an execution in Georgia. This time, for the first time, there were hundreds of people present. The Open Door shared leadership of the vigil with Amnesty USA. *Top left:* **John McRae and Quiana Hawkins** share a reading of Psalm 146. *Above:* **Eduard Loring** hosted the vigil on behalf of the Open Door. *Far right:* **Calvin Kimbrough** leads singing. *Right:* **Billy Neal Moore**, who after 16 years on Georgia's death row had his sentence commuted and then was paroled, spent the day and evening with us and shared his powerful presence and witness at the vigil.



The Road *From* Emmaus *continued from page 3*

disappointed voices of the two defectors on the road to Emmaus the same old desire for a warrior savior? Standing there, spitting in the dust of the road that they were sharing with this clueless stranger, Cleopas and his friend sigh with the sigh of those who had thought they were close to something big: “We had hoped that Jesus would be just like Judas; we had hoped that Jesus would be the one to redeem Israel.” But for them, nothing good had come out of Nazareth. They had tried, or at least they had observed, the way of love and compassion. And they had seen what Jesus got for his trouble. So now they had turned their backs on the way of the cross and set their face towards Emmaus, a place that may have been invoked like the beaches of Normandy, or a rallying cry like “Remember the Alamo!” Put plainly, they were looking for a way that had worked in the past and might work again.

But as Jim Douglass reminds us, it was a way that had never lasted and often had ended in disaster. To remember the glory days of Emmaus was to practice selective memory at best. According to the Jewish historian Josephus, not long before Jesus was born, a small group of Jewish guerrillas had attacked a Roman garrison stationed at

life-giving and sometimes it’s not.

In the case of the angel of Emmaus, I’m wondering if it’s the voice we hear that’s always telling us that might makes right, and that the only way to be free in this world is to shoot first, ask questions later if at all, and by all means keep reloading. In the immortal words of Dick Tracy, “Violence is golden when it’s used to put evil down” (as Obama did with bin Laden). At the core of Emmaus, then, is the myth of redemptive violence, a myth I heard articulated recently by a 10-year-old boy at a youth center in Mobile, Alabama. I was trying to break up a fight, and he said, “I *have* to hit that punk. He hit me. I ain’t nothing if I don’t take him down.”

In addition, the voice of Emmaus may be the one that teaches us to listen to our fear and to do whatever it takes to keep strangers and aliens and the Other out of our lives. It’s what motivates some in the church these days to hyperventilate about sexual orientation as the defining criterion for ordination. It also motivates one of my neighbors to send me breathless emails about possible drug dealing going on at our church basketball court every time he sees young black men playing there.

The voice and pull of Emmaus may also simply be what we feel when we grow

Three Ways of Resisting

Now it seems to me that our text is offering us at least three disciplines for resisting Emmaus and embracing Easter.

One is to read history and pay attention to the news from the perspective of the poor. As Howard Zinn and journalists like Amy Goodman teach us, our world does not need to be interpreted exclusively through the lens of the winners and the powerful, as we have been trained to believe. When we view life from the top, we usually miss God’s movement toward justice and joy that is playing out on the edges and in the shadows and from the bottom. The reason the two travelers could not recognize Jesus was that he had not acted like any messiah they had ever been invited to imagine. Immersed as they were in the myth of redemptive violence, the Crucified One only came off looking like a pitiful loser. But as the Risen Christ reschooled them on the road, God is always working to redeem the world through those the world has deemed expendable. For further evidence, see Fannie Lou Hamer, Rosa Parks, Rachel Corrie and Billy Neal Moore.

A second discipline for resisting Emmaus is the practice of hospitality. Only when Cleopas and his companion share a meal with the street teacher are their eyes opened and their hearts and feet redirected. Only when we make the welcome and well-being of our road-weary neighbors

to the community is to share their news of meeting the risen Jesus. In a world that works hard at manipulating what we see and hear, we need the encouragement that comes from hearing from our trusted sisters and brothers that Jesus is in our midst.

I remember with gratitude the story of a mechanic friend in Pennsylvania who came into the church one day and said, “I just saw Jesus in the checkout line.” Evidently he had been having a day to forget — shafted by a customer, an upset stomach, frustration with a teenager. On his way home from work, he had stopped off at the grocery store to pick up a few things and found himself standing in line mad at the world. Right at that moment the person in front of him turned around and smiled. It was a young woman with Down’s syndrome. And the way he tells it, peace washed over him like never before. “I don’t know what happened, but I do know that the Spirit of Christ was right in front of me,” he said. “I went out to the car and I was so different that my daughter just stared at me and said, ‘What happened to you?’”

Christ was made known in the buying of the bread, that’s what happened.

My sisters and brothers, it’s gonna be a long walk home, but God has given us the good shoes, and the good wheelchairs, and the good canes and the good hope we need to make the trip. I’m going to assume that the road to Emmaus is wider and more inviting than the road back. I’m also going to assume that traveling with the risen Christ is not only joyful but costly. At the very least, it’s going to force us to confront our deepest assumptions about who we are and what we think we



Rita Corbin

Emmaus. And then when Jesus was a young boy, a similar raid had occurred not far from Nazareth, in Sepphoris. Both of these efforts at winning liberation through violent means had ended with the Romans burning those villages to the ground and crucifying hundreds of suspected rebels.

These memories may have led Jesus to warn his followers repeatedly that just such a sequence of events would be in store for Jerusalem unless they could find an alternative means of resisting their oppressors. In Jim’s words, Luke is saying that “the road to Emmaus is the way of messianic violence and self-destruction. So long as the disciples are on it, their eyes are kept from recognizing Jesus, as he tells them why the Messiah must suffer and die, not kill.” In other words, the road to Emmaus is the road away from the realm of God; it symbolizes the counternarrative to the gospel of Jesus.

But it also should not be underestimated. Its pull is powerful and seductive and ever present. In fact, it somehow seems appropriate that we don’t really know where Emmaus was. Because if Emmaus is nowhere, then it can also be everywhere, always at work tugging us away from Jesus’ call. To draw on the thinking of Walter Wink, every place has an inner and outer spirit, a kind of angel that exerts more influence than we usually imagine. Sometimes this angel is

weary of serving a God we can’t always see, while dealing day in and day out with all the weird, cranky people we do see. I think of Dorothy Day and one of her reflections on the difficulty of long-haul discipleship. Apparently she was writing at the end of a long day, and she found herself fantasizing about a little loft apartment, all to herself, with fresh flowers and coffee that she didn’t have to share, and a quiet sunlit writing desk. There would be no more wounds to dress, or smelly feet needing shoes, not even any more need for daily Mass. We know this story, right? Oh, how easy it is for our internal GPS to point us to Emmaus!

And yet, according to Luke, the two travelers don’t stay on that road. The good of today’s story is that Emmanuel trumps Emmaus. God is with us and thankfully is stubborn. God won’t give up on us, nor will God leave us alone. Instead God comes after us and keeps offering opportunities to resume our parts in the script of the Beloved Community and Jesus’ way. God in the vagrant, stranger Christ keeps inviting us to turn from the lie of Emmaus and go back to the promise of Easter. The real story here is not about the road to Emmaus but the road *from* Emmaus, the movement back to the last place where we knew who we were and what we were doing and to whom we need to be giving thanks for the gift of life.

My sisters and brothers, it’s gonna be a long walk home, but God has given us the good shoes, and the good wheelchairs, and the good canes and the good hope we need to make the trip.

our primary passion will our nation begin moving towards peace. And only when the church opens its pulpits and communion tables to all women and men and transgendered followers whose hearts burn with the fire of the Lord will we regain credibility as an instrument of God’s transforming power and love. Even so, as rock ‘n’ roll psalmist Bruce Springsteen has put it, “It’s gonna be a long walk home.”

A third discipline is embracing the gift of life in community. While the particular form and structure of Christian communities will invariably be as diverse as those who submit to life together, the core practices of praising the God who loves the poor, actively loving our neighbors, working out reconciliation and sharing our resources will enable us to remember that we are children of Emmanuel more than creatures of empire, and that we are dependent on God’s grace and the forgiveness of God’s people.

In particular, our story calls us to be intentional about offering testimony to our experiences of the living Christ. The very first thing the travelers do upon returning

know. Which means we may find ourselves crying along the way, but also learning to laugh at ourselves too.

“If, in moving through your life, you find yourself lost, go back to the last place where you knew who you were and what you were doing, and start from there.” I am so grateful that on this Sunday afternoon, quite a few years down the road from when I lived here, I can return to this place. I wish I could say that along the way I’ve figured out how to fully turn my back on the false promises of Emmaus and walk freely in the promise of Easter. But I suspect that I will continue to live in the daily tension described by this text: the struggle of giving in to my fears and doubts and then, by God’s grace, finding my way back into the embrace of the One who refuses to accept my faithlessness. Which, come to think of it, may be the real reason why Luke doesn’t name the companion of Cleopas. Maybe he leaves it blank so that all of us would-be disciples can insert our own names there, and so re-enter this story of hope.

Thanks be to God! Amen. ✠

Freedom *continued from page 1*

feed her again. He did this until the air warmed up enough for mama to leave for long periods herself. He fed her every day after that. That was cool. He's such a romantic. He'd fly up and stand on the rim of the nest. She would begin chirping and fluttering her wings. The she would open her mouth and he would regurgitate from mouth to mouth. That's bird romanticism.

This went on till April 16, when after dad had fed mom, on the second trip she got up on the rim and he stood up and leaned way down into the nest. I can only imagine him prying open the newly hatched chicks' mouths and inserting dabs of food. He did this for a couple of hours; then mama got in on the action. Within a day or two, you could see little fuzzy heads popping up, three of them.

Now feeding became a full-time job for the parents. Especially the father, early in the cool mornings. Then another fuzzy head popped up, making it four.

It was fun watching them grow. You could almost see the feathers popping out and getting bigger. Finally, after a week or so, three of them began stretching their wings and practicing the movement of their tails. Two were outgrowing the others and getting braver and braver. They would walk around the rim of the nest and really flap those wings. Sometimes to the point of liftoff; then they would sit down real fast as if it scared them. I laughed a lot watching those chicks doing their thing.

I watched closely as mama and daddy fed the growing chicks. Most of the time the fourth chick was covered by the larger three. The biggest on down was the order fed. And most of the time dad or mom could not hold enough food for all of them. And since most of the time mom and dad came a few minutes apart, the biggest would be fed again while the smaller ones did without. That bothered me for some reason. But then, a short time later dad would show back up and feed a small amount to the larger ones and the rest to the ones that earlier did without.

I sat for hours on end, day in and day out, watching this nature series right in front of me. The TV was on in front of my cell, but hardly anything came between God's gifts and me.

Early in May, mom did something unexpected and alarming . . . to me. She flew to a checkerboard rectangle a space away from the chicks, who were stretching and flapping, and then flew around to the nest, flapping in place, it seemed, and flew back to where she had been. Needless to say, all the chicks sat down, the big ones on the edge of the nest. Then she did it again. And the chicks just sat still. I guess they thought mom had gotten hold of a bad worm or something. So she left, came back a while later and fed them.

For the next day or so, everything seemed normal except for the preening of feathers. The two biggest chicks were reaching around grabbing feathers all over their bodies.

Then one day as the preening was going on, mom came to feed. While that was happening, I heard someone upstairs yell, "There's another one!" So I went up, and sure enough

there was a small white-tipped little chick with its head up, feeding with the others. Now you tell me where this one came from. Not one of us had suspected such a thing. I guess it was being sat on and stepped on the whole time. Poor little bambino. So now we had five chicks and two parents. A nice big family.

Later that day, dad came along and did the same thing mom had been doing. I figured it out now. The parents were trying to scare or kick the big ones out of the nest.

On May 4 about 7:30 a.m., I am getting ready for the daily warden inspection, cleaning up, making my bunk, the normal routine. I'm watching the birds as I'm doing my stuff, and the two big chicks are preening like crazy. I mean they are hitting places I didn't think they could hit. They even get their tail feathers. So now I'm thinking, these guys are getting ready to fly. So I'm really watching hard as I'm doing my work.

I turn to shave. And when I finish shaving, I turn around and one of the upstairs men walks by and says, "Now there are only three." I say, "What!" I look up and sure enough the big ones are gone. My buddy tells me that dad came along and chased them out.

Well! Well! Well! I missed it. From the time I turn to shave and back all this takes place. And I'd made up my mind to spend all day watching those two. Oh, well, two down and three to go. Maybe I can catch sight of one of them leaving in the next day or so. Maybe the middle kid will be ready tomorrow morning. So I spend the day watching the little guys now. The smallest gets up and stretches his or her little wings and gives them a flap or two while the bigger ones preen and do the same.

After lunch — my lunch — the birds are up and busy doing their bird calisthenics. The little one is now preening also. I think it's just copying the bigger ones. Normal feeding all day.

Late in the day, close to 8 o'clock, there is some commotion around the nest. I look and there is mama again flapping her wings and carrying on like she expects everybody to just jump out of the nest.

All I can see now is the biggest of the three chicks, on this side of the nest. It's getting dark, and I know mama's not going to kick them out at night. Sure enough, I hear someone upstairs shout, "There goes one!" At my angle I can see only the big one. Then someone else upstairs shouts, "There goes the other one." Well, I'm not about to go running upstairs. Not after the way I missed the two big ones this morning. I'm not taking my eye off this last bird.

Now it's only one. Mama, daddy and all the rest are gone. So I start yelling, "Fly, fly! Go on, jump! You big scaredy cat!" And a minute passes so slowly it feels like days. My last bird. All I want is to see one bird fly off the nest.

Then it jumped! Right in front of my eyes, it jumped off the nest. And then I felt it. As the last chick jumped off its nest, *it jumped off death row*, and took a piece of me with it. I just stood there and smiled, and enjoyed my freedom. ✠

Troy Davis *continued from page 1*

hands of the bureaucrats and functionaries of a broken and futile system. The threatened beast reared up on its hind legs to defend and justify itself by killing Troy.

But the outrage over this execution has been powerful enough to create new levels of involvement. Troy's deepest hope was that if he had to die, his death might be a turning point in the movement for abolition. These days are an important time. Our hope for these days is that, because the world paid close attention to the ugly lies and deaf ear of our "justice" system, the experience is giving birth to a wider and deeper commitment to abolition of this institution of death that is rotten to the core. What an important sign of hope it has been that, when Occupy Atlanta established an encampment in our downtown Woodruff Park, the activists renamed it the "Troy Davis Park"! I interpret this as an acknowledgement

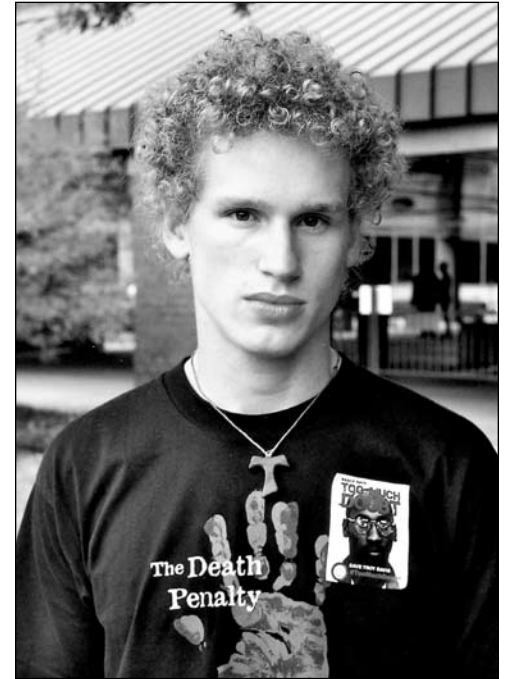
that the death penalty is part of a powerful anti-democratic system bent on the control and abandonment of any and all of us who are not members of the privileged elite.

It has been my conviction for more than 30 years that if we look carefully at any death penalty case — even those of the people most clearly guilty of the "worst" crimes — we will find something so distorted and troubling that we will oppose any and all use of death as punishment. In theory and in practice, capital punishment is inherently wrong, futile, and a violent institution that undermines democracy.

We will share more in the January issue about the experience and effects of the execution of Troy Davis. Please join us in a recommitment to the movement for abolition. ✠

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



Calvin Kimbrough

Jason Ebinger began a term of service as a Resident Volunteer in July. He graduated from the Marist School in Atlanta in May.

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.

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

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:

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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 (**6:00 p.m.** for supper, **6:45-9:15 p.m.** for the clinic).

Individuals to accompany community members to doctors' appointments.

Groups or individuals to make individually wrapped meat with 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 opendoorcomm@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7618

poetry corner



Julie Lonneman

Censored

For Jon Sobrino and Miguel Rincón

Censored yes,
silenced no.
That would leave the goat
shivering, shorn of blame.

What do you expect
when you have journeyed
where the church can never go;
casting your dice, your shadow,
with those risk-takers and beggars
who understand that losing
is the true seed of liberation?

— **Diane Leslie Wiggins**

Jon Sobrino is a Jesuit priest and liberation theologian who has lived and taught in El Salvador since the 1970s. Miguel Rincón is a political prisoner in Peru. Diane Wiggins is a nurse and a former Open Door Resident Volunteer who spends her time among Peru, West Virginia and 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.

Guatemalan Clinic Named for Open Door Volunteer

A birth clinic in Guatemala has been named for the Rev. Anne Sayre, retired Presbyterian minister and Open Door Community volunteer, who played a major role in its construction.

The clinic is in Cahabon, Guatemala, where having a baby has long been a dangerous thing to do. The area has one of the world's highest death rates of mothers giving birth and the second-highest infant mortality rate in Guatemala. Sometimes women in labor would be turned away by a local clinic after walking miles to give birth. And the Presbytery of Greater Atlanta's Guatemala partnership has contributed money, sweat, tears, time and talent to try to help.

Seven years ago, the Guatemala Presbytery Committee decided to take on the mission of building the birth clinic. Carrollton, Decatur, Morningside, Oakhurst, Pleasant Hill, Radcliffe, Rice Memorial and Trinity-Decatur are among the Presbytery of Greater Atlanta churches that have donated money and recruited volunteers to carry out the work of Jesus Christ by saving the lives of women and babies.

Anne led the presbytery partnership with ecumenical partner CEDEPCA (the Spanish acronym for Evangelical



Diana del Valle

Anne Sayre (center) at the new clinic named for her in Guatemala.

Center for Pastoral Studies in Central America), the Nazarene Church and the government of Guatemala in building and equipping the clinic. In May, the Nazarene District and the congregation in Cahabon surprised Anne and the Atlanta team by naming the facility in her honor, unveiling a sign on the building that reads, roughly translated, "Anne Sayre Birthing Clinic."

Blessed are the peacemakers and life-givers! ✠

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Friends,

This is a comment on Murphy Davis' "The Civil War as Current Event" (August-September *Hospitality*).

I agree with Murphy. When Alice and I lived in Atlanta in the early 1960s, and African-American youngsters picketed downtown department stores and ventured one by one into hitherto segregated schools, the Civil War was still going on in people's minds.

There is an earlier connection among slavery, racism and the Civil War that may be of interest. At the time of the American Revolution, there were about 600,000 slaves in the 13 colonies. The Revolution did essentially nothing for them, and the Northwest Ordinance and Constitution created the conditions for the expansion of slavery into the Southwest. Thus the Civil War became inevitable.

When our one great president had occasion to comment in his Second Inaugural Address, he said: "Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk [paid for], and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated a little over a month later. He could not have known, but he intuited, that the number of Union and Confederate soldiers who died in the war would be just over 600,000.

Staughton Lynd
Niles, Ohio

Staughton and Alice Lynd lived in Atlanta in the 1960s when he was on the faculty of Spelman College. Staughton is a noted American historian and a lawyer; and he and Alice are fearless activists and organizers for civil rights, labor rights and prisoners' rights. Among other achievements, he directed the "Freedom Schools" in Mississippi during the summer of 1964 and made a controversial visit to Hanoi at the height of the Vietnam War, which cost him a teaching position at Yale University. Among Staughton's published works are "Lucasville: The Untold Story of a Prison Uprising," with a foreword by Mumia Abu Jamal, and (with Alice) "Stepping Stones: Memoir of a Life Together." A biography, "The Admirable Radical: Staughton Lynd and Cold War Dissent, 1945-1970" by Carl Mirra, was published in 2010 by Kent State University Press.



Daniel Nichols

Let me tell you about what we have going on here in Bryan, Texas. Every Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, we have pot-luck meals. We meet at a park. We have no funding or official group name, but people bring food and it works out. We also have a community garden at the park, where anyone can come and harvest.

In addition, we bring breakfast to the street-corner day laborers from Latin America three days a week, fixin' to be four days a week.

Just wanted to let y'all know you have a "sister community" in Bryan and that we're encouraged by and thankful for you and your work in Atlanta.

Peace,
Dan Kiniry
Bryan, Texas

Amanda Ellison, former Mission Year Volunteer who volunteered with us from September 2009 to August 2010, is part of this group.

Dear Murphy and Ed,

We read in *Hospitality* of Murphy's latest health situation, and our hearts go out to you all. We love to keep up with news from the Open Door Community — we will always remember our time with you last year during my sabbatical. Please pass on our love to all who remember us. We trust that the work is going ahead and God is guiding the plans for the future and enabling you to make your mark in showing a different way of living.

This card is written from the Lake District, where we are spending a few days break in a friend's caravan.

You are in our thoughts and prayers and always will be.

Judith and Lloyd Wray
Blackpool, England

Judith Wray is a deacon in the United Methodist Church. She and Lloyd spent a month at the Open Door in 2010.

Dear Open Door Community,

I want to write you a very grateful message thanking you for helping me get through college with the extremely inspiring newspapers you sent me regularly all the way up in Minnesota. Reading your articles really meant a lot to me, and you have helped transform my ideas about God to a much more radical, justice-focused faith.

I graduated from Carleton College in June 2011, and now I am getting ready to spend the next year or two working for La Raza Centro Legal in San Francisco, working for Spanish-speaking immigrant workers' rights, through the Lutheran Volunteer Corps.

Can you please continue to mail me copies of your newspaper?

Jane Stitt
San Francisco, California

Once again, you folks have really knocked one out of the park! The articles about the Civil War in the August-September issue are especially timely for me. A few days ago I was riding my bicycle a few miles west of Jubilee, in the Colbert area, and found in quick succession a monument to the hundreds of young men from Madison County who served in the Confederate army and a cemetery in the woods that seems to contain lots of poorly marked graves of slaves. One prominent marker is over the grave of a man who was born in 1836 and died in 1866. Thirty years of life, 29 as a slave and one as a free man!

I rode home on my bike feeling weighed down by the tragedy of evil systems that pit people against each other like this, suffering and inflicting suffering. I left the next day on a speaking trip to Indiana, where I preached to a lot of very receptive audiences about going out and putting our *love* into action — the only thing that will overcome all that hatred and fear. I'm happy to say that I have received quite a few messages in the days since I got home, saying that the message got through to a lot of folks.

So let's keep up the good work, my brothers and sisters! We have a message of hope that cuts right through all that darkness like a shaft of light.

Don Mosley
Jubilee Partners
Comer, Georgia

Dear Murphy and Eduard,

We are distressed to learn of your multiple health problems, Murphy, and offer prayers for you and Eduard.

We are loyal readers of *Hospitality* and appreciate supporting your vital work and writings.

Our prayers and love,
Andy and Jenny Carhartt
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Eduard,

Our class visited the Open Door several times over the course of our journey to try and understand homelessness. We just wanted to say thank you for welcoming us into your community. Thank you for all the work you are doing to help the homeless and the way you are doing so, by building relationships. Thank you for your passion and your drive, because both are necessary if we plan on ending homelessness.

2011 Experiment in Living Class
Paideia School
Atlanta, Georgia

Hello Murphy and Ed,

I just received *Hospitality* and hold you up for yourselves and for your beautiful ministry.

Recently, several members of our Holy Wisdom Inclusive Catholic Worker Community went to a wonderful pot-luck celebration of hope for the Plowshares action defendants the night before their sentencing and incarceration. At the Mass in the morning, they were all "commissioned" to federal prison by their respective orders and lay ministries. All good! They seemed uplifted, though I'm sure it will not be easy.

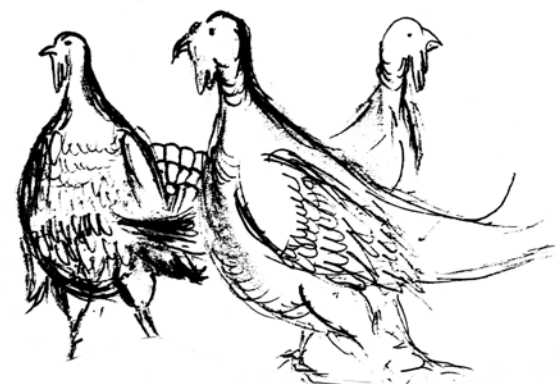
Thank you, Ed, for your amazing book "The Cry of the Poor." My internalized white male supremacist is challenged and convicted.

Blessings on you both for your generous lives.

Fondly,
Saima Scott
Olympia, Washington

Turkeys & Hams

The Open Door Community needs turkeys and hams to serve for our holiday meals for our friends from the streets!



Leo McGuire

turkeys for our
Thanksgiving Meal
Friday, November 25
Christmas Meal
Monday, December 26
Turkeys already cooked and sliced are most helpful.

hams for our
New Year's Day Meal

contact **Sarah Humphrey** at
opendoorcomm@bellsouth.net
or **770.246.7618**

Open Door Community Ministries

Soup Kitchen: Tuesday and Wednesday, 11 a.m. – 12 noon
Men’s Showers: Tuesday, 10:45 a.m.
Trusted Friends Showers & Sandwiches: Thursday, 10 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 – Thursday, during services
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.

November 6 4 p.m. Worship at 910 Eucharistic Service	December 4 No Worship at 910 Advent Retreat at Dayspring Farm
November 13 4 p.m. Worship at 910 Eucharistic Service	December 11 4 p.m. Advent Worship at 910 Service of Lessons & Carols Nelia & Calvin Kimbrough leading
November 20 No Worship at 910 Join us for the SOA Watch Vigil at Ft. Benning, Georgia www.SOAW.org	December 18 4 p.m. Advent Worship at 910 Visioning Christmas in a Cage Murphy Davis & Eduard Loring leading
November 27 4 p.m. Advent Worship at 910 Eucharistic Service	December 24 6:00 p.m. Christmas Eve Eucharist & Supper Saturday (please call ahead if you would like to join us)
	December 25 No Worship at 910

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
acetaminophen
Lubriderm lotion
cough drops
non-drowsy allergy tablets
cough medicine (alcohol free)

Foot Care Clinic

Epsom salts
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.!**



Rita Corbin

Needs of the Community



we need **blankets!**

Living Needs

- ☐ jeans
- ☐ work shirts
- ☐ short & 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, 2XL-5XL)
- ☐ 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 with cheese on whole wheat bread

Special Needs

- ☐ backpacks
- ☐ MARTA cards
- ☐ postage stamps
- ☐ Futon sofa
- ☐ single bed - box springs & mattress
- ☐ goose-neck floor lamp for our clinic exam room
- ☐ a scale for our medical clinic
- ☐ Cross Trainer exercise machine

Pill containers: Your generosity has supplied us with enough pill containers for the next several months.
We ask that you **NOT** send any more until we again request them. **Thank You!**