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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-March 2016

From Black Jesus to White Christ

By Nibs Stroupe

As I write this article on the national holiday for Martin Luther King Jr., I do so in his honor. I write it not in honor of the sanitized and corporatized King who has been turned into a friendly if irritating uncle of the American Dream, but in honor of the King who, to borrow from James Cone's fine book, *Martin and Malcolm and America*, moved from love to justice, just as Malcolm X moved from justice to love. I write it in honor of the King who challenged the great and powerful triumvirate of racism, materialism and militarism in American life. One of the many ironies of King's ministry is the stained glass window of the white Christ behind the pulpit in Ebenezer Baptist Church, where he grew up and where his daddy, and later he, was pastor. Why? How did this happen? How could a tradition that had experienced and drawn strength from the Black Jesus adjust to the movement to make that Jesus into the white Christ?

It is a long and winding road that we are exploring in this series. I am indebted to Dr. Jacquelyn Grant of ITC who first brought this idea of a Black Jesus and a white Christ to my consciousness in her fine book on women's issues, *White Women's Christ and Black Women's Jesus*. Throughout its history, the church has been wrestling with the idea of the Black Jesus, of the Jesus on the ground, of the Jesus at the margins. Whatever our historical situation, we have usually sought to make the life and witness of Jesus of Nazareth apply only to life after death, not life on this earth. Surely we are supposed to be nice in this life, but the main goal of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ is what happens to us after we die, not what happens to us while we are living. That emphasis of eternity over temporality cuts across cultural and historical lines. This transformation from Black Jesus to white Christ is

Throughout its history, the church has been wrestling with the idea of the Black Jesus, of the Jesus on the ground, of the Jesus at the margins.

so strong that wherever and in whatever language you hear the Gospel preached, the main emphasis is on getting into heaven when we die. Though the terms "Black Jesus" and "white Christ" may not be as relevant in other cultures as they are in Western culture, the idea of divining Jesus at the expense of his humanity (and ours) is strong and pervasive. In making this move, we have sought to rob Jesus of Nazareth of his vitality and ability to transform human life from captivity to liberation. As indicated by Clarence Jordan, one of the founders of the Koinonia Community, the strong move to the divine side of Jesus helped us get rid of him much more than the Crucifixion did.

For the American context, it begins in the desire to hold slaves and still remain Christians, a powerful theme in American history but most prevalent in the white South. How could we hold slaves and call ourselves Christian? We moved the Black Jesus out of this world and made him the other-worldly



Please see artist Morgan Johnson's letter on page 9 for the story of this engraving on wood.

white Christ. We needed to make Christ white in order to indicate that God approved of our appropriation of whiteness and the whole system of race. This movement had staying power for obvious reasons — the God revealed in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth was not particu-

larly interested in our being witnesses for transformation and justice in this life. The God of the white Christ was only interested in our personal and individual passage from this life into eternal life. So, yes, we who were classified as white could hold slaves and be Christians. Many of our white forebears argued that not only could we hold slaves and be followers of Jesus, many argued that God had *ordained* white supremacy and slavery. This was the white Christ at its highest (and most demonic) power. This system offered something for everyone: For those of us classified as white, we were able to leave God in heaven, and all was right with the world, including and especially slavery. For African Americans held as slaves, who were treated so inhumanely and so unjustly, the idea of life after death being the main point of Christianity had deep resonance. Justice would be meted out then, if not in this life.

From Black Jesus continued on page 9

Horace Tribble

Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil!

By Murphy Davis

I first met Horace Tribble on the picket line at the Empire Linen Company in the summer of 1982. The workers — most of them Black women — had been on strike for several weeks, and the negotiations were wearing on. The strikers were getting tired. With our three-year-old daughter, Hannah, and Christina Johnson (also three), I had started taking lunch to the strikers several days a week. I would pack up what was left in the Open Door soup pot, gather sandwiches and look for whatever else we had. On a couple of occasions I took fruitcakes that the Koinonia Community had given us — last year's stock that they couldn't sell in the new season. No question about it, the fruitcakes were the best treat in town, a real hit with the strikers!

One day after lunch, I watched a tall man get off the bus and walk, leaning on his cane, up to the picket line. I met Horace as he worked his way up the line, greeting folks and sharing an encouraging word. Then he sat down quietly. He didn't seem to need to be noticed or thanked. He was simply there to lend his support. His presence was the gift, as it was so often with Horace. Around that same time, Ed Loring met Horace at a Saturday morning RainbowPush meeting. He came right away to volunteer at the Open Door and he was a steadfast presence all these years, until his death in September.

For these many years,
Horace Tribble has been our teacher.

For these many years, Horace Tribble has been our teacher. Every Tuesday and many Wednesday mornings, like clockwork, Horace appeared in our kitchen and before long was busily slicing oranges and counting eggs for Wednesday morning's breakfast for 250 hungry folks in the basement of Butler Street CME Church. Later, with a friendly word for each person, he handed out sandwiches to those who came to eat with us. As time went on, he took the role of standing behind the soup pot to serve up hot soup and wisecracks. Many other days, too, Horace joined us to mail out *Hospitality*, to help in the kitchen, to visit with folks in the living room and generally to pitch in with the life and work here.

But we knew Horace best through his prayers. When we came together for our noon worship after Soup Kitchen, we often called on Horace to pray. In a clear voice he would always begin, "Almighty God, we come to you today with an attitude of gratitude." The familiar greeting told us who Horace Tribble was. And it continues to teach us a straightforward lesson about the importance of living a life of gratitude. Thomas Merton says, "To be grateful is to recognize the life of God in everything God has given us — and God has given

Horace Tribble continued on page 8

Be Not Afraid

By Catherine Meeks

The story of Elizabeth May DeKonza gives me courage. She lived in Clay Center, Kansas until her death on January 6, 1959. She is reported to have been a musician, poet, playwright and a prolific letter writer. But she is the subject of this article because she spent 59 years as a member of the all-white St. Paul's Episcopal Church where she was the only African American member. She was not treated well by her fellow parishioners. They even had a separate chalice for her to use so they would not have to drink out of the same chalice.

When she was a child, Elizabeth had a bout with typhoid fever and had to use crutches to walk, but she was able to manage. On one Easter Sunday she walked 11 blocks to get to church, only to discover that the service time had been changed. When she arrived, the congregation was finishing up their Easter breakfast. No one offered her any food or even an Easter egg. What a way to celebrate the new birth of Easter.

She wrote numerous letters to the Bishop chronicling her treatment and as a result of her prolific letter writing, a very

full report based upon her letters and shared it with the parish.

After the 21st-century parishioners discovered what had been done in their church, they set about to repent. Since their parish continues to be exclusively white, they invited the nearby Ward Chapel AME Church to join them in a service of repentance and remembrance. Ward Chapel was

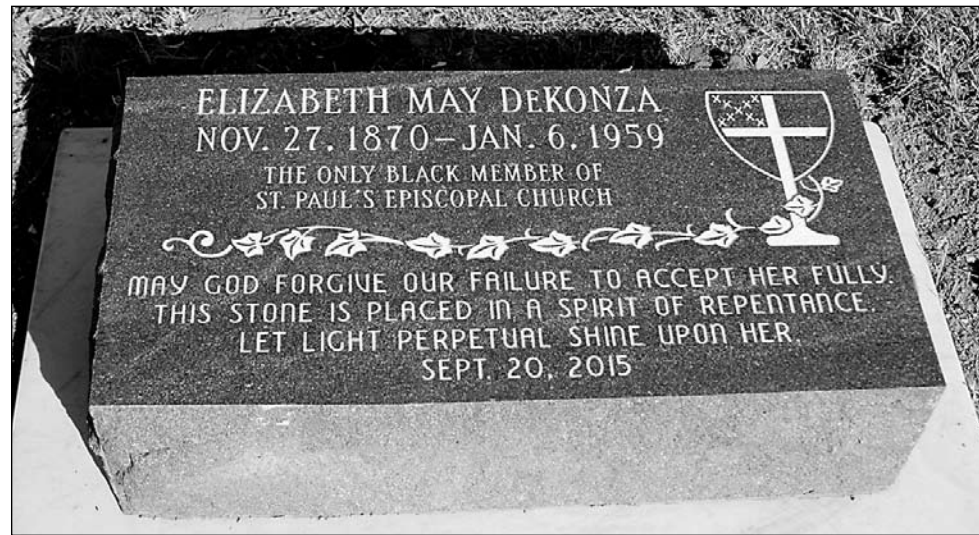
been brought to them in the witness of Elizabeth May DeKonza. There is no way to truly determine what kept her going back to a church that made it so clear that she was not welcome. Did she have some type of special call from God that gave her the courage and the strength to endure such an ordeal? One wonders where the answer may lie.

This sense of wondering can grow each time we pick up a newspaper or turn on the news. We cannot help but wonder what is going on when good and faithful people such

power by her faithfulness.

There are so many instances in scripture where God's children are told, "Be not afraid." But there is so much to fear. Our environment is polluted, our government is corrupt, our country is always at war. Too many of our citizens don't have decent housing or housing at all. Too many of our citizens are imprisoned. There is too much illness and not enough access to reasonable health care. The list goes on and on. So how can we not be afraid?

Then we hear this story and we know that at the very least we have to take a deep breath and try again. Whatever the challenge lying before us might be, others have gone on tougher roads. Whatever the fear, someone has faced it before and lived. We will live also. Elizabeth May DeKonza lived 78 years and we can be inspired, encouraged, heartened by her faith and courage, and the ways in which they helped make the spirit existing today in that little church possible. It may never have awakened if she had quit. Carry on. ✠



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Elizabeth May DeKonza's grave stone which was dedicated on September 20, 2015 at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Clay Center, Kansas.

It was truly a day of atoning for the sins of the fathers and mothers and acknowledging the amazing gift that had been brought to them in the witness of Elizabeth May DeKonza.

good historical record regarding her experiences in the parish has been recovered. It all began with a short reference to her in a brief history of the church compiled in 1981. The reference caught the eye of one parishioner who happened to be a psychologist with a genealogy hobby. He began the search that led to her letters and to "her" chalice, found in the basement of the church. He wrote a

gracious enough to accept the invitation. St. Paul's also raised money to place a marker at Elizabeth's unmarked pauper's grave.

The service focused upon repentance and the chalice that was used for the Eucharist was the one used by Elizabeth over fifty years before. It was truly a day of atoning for the sins of the fathers and mothers and acknowledging the amazing gift that had

as Elizabeth have the life that she led. What a woman of patience and perseverance she had to be to spend 59 years in that church. Now her story is being told in many places. A new generation of people at St. Paul's Episcopal Church are looking at the world through a different lens. A lens that would not have been possible if Elizabeth DeKonza had been afraid to bear witness to God's vigilance and

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Thank You!

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

Ash Wednesday 2016

Newspaper

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Murphy Davis: Southern Prison Ministry

The American Dream: “The Death Bed of Us All”?

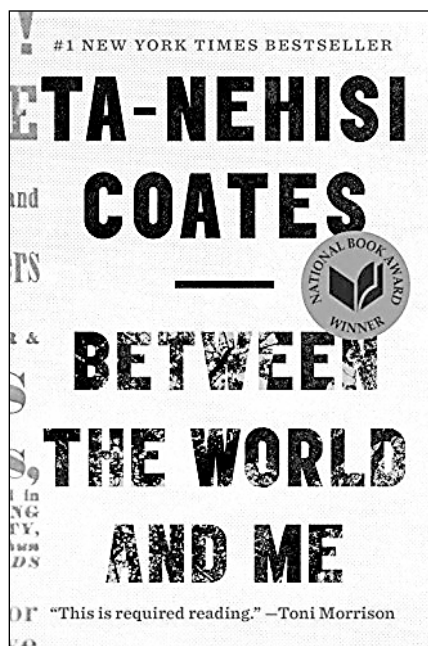
A Review by Ronald E. Santoni

I shall start where I would normally end. Ta-Nehisi Coates' *Between the World and Me* is a masterpiece: a masterly piece of writing; an incisive and telling account of what it is to be Black in these United States of America; a distinctly honest, hard-hitting autobiography and a penetrating indictment of White Supremacy and capitalism — partners that have corrupted the U.S. since its birth in slavery. Without a radical change in the dominant structures and institutions of America, Coates sees little hope for significant improvement in “race” relations or “well-being” of America’s “soul” (= “justice” for Plato). Yet this book, written as an emotionally charged letter to his son — much in the manner of James Baldwin’s letter to his nephew in *The Fire Next Time* — has the power to convert Coates’ targeted pessimism into a desperate call for transformative action by whites. For, as Jean Paul Sartre insists, where there is the possibility of action, there is Hope.

What is novel and relentless in this book is Coates’ emphasis on the *black body*. How to live “within the black body, within a country lost in the [American] Dream, is the question of my life” (p. 12). Having been born and raised in Baltimore, naked before the world’s many elements of violence — guns, rape, dope, disease and often assaults on the black body — he came quickly to understand “the predictable upshot of people forced for centuries to live under fear” (p. 17) and subhumanization. He readily came to recognize the

Between the World and Me By Ta-Nehisi Coates

New York: Spiegel & Grau, 2015
152 pages



of dominating and pillaging the black body in a manifold of ways. And the assault is normally blamed on the victim. Witness the case of Prince Jones, a brilliant Howard University fellow student, whose killing by a cop leaves Coates “on fire for the rest of [his] days” (p. 83); or of Trayvon Martin, Jordan Davis, Kajieme Powell or Eric Garner, whose murders by police were justified on trumped up or distorted charges by a judicial system originally composed and sustained by white elites in England. This all makes a mockery of “the Dream.” In or out of our system of “justice,” Black and colored bodies are not treated equally with those of whites. No wonder Coates tells his son Samori, “You have been cast into a race in which the wind is always at your face and the hounds are

always at your heels.” This is “the burden” of “living among the [self-deceiving] Dreamers” — that is, those who prefer to live white and privileged rather than free (pp. 106-7).

Coates had tastes of freedom in two notable places: “The Mecca” at Howard and later in his first visit to Paris, where earlier, James Baldwin had also felt liberty and the recognition of his personhood. In Howard’s research libraries, he devoured books about his Black roots and history. And in the Yard, his Mecca, he saw “everything I knew of my Black self multiplied out into seemingly endless variations” (p. 40) — the vastness of students all united under Africa expounding their views, discussing, dancing, expressing their mutual affections, and the like. He could, at last, confront the *truth* of who he was. Here there was not the distance between him and his “world.” Similarly, in Paris — at least at first — with streets “thronged with people [young and old] in amazing configurations,” alleys bursting with restaurants and cafes, he “melted into that city like butter in the stew.” This was a “defining fact of his life”: he recognized not only that he was alive, but that he had already been alive, even in Baltimore (pp. 122-23).

I mention these occasions — and there are others equally positive — for two important reasons. These sudden overtures to freedom mark for him not only moments of self-awakening and “coming to consciousness” but, I contend, a passage from seeming hopelessness to the *possibility* of hope for the “wretched of the earth” (Fanon) — an existential breakthrough, if you will, for him, and also a sigh of relief and new dreams for his brothers and sisters of color; perhaps even

The American Dream continued on page 8

Holy Week and Easter with the Homeless

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

Palm Sunday

March 20

4:00 pm

Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue

Monday

March 21

5:00 pm

Grady Hospital
Jessie Hill, Jr. Dr.

Tuesday

March 22

5:00 pm

City Jail
Peachtree St. SW

Wednesday

March 23

5:00 pm

Troy Davis/
Woodruff Park
Five Points

Maundy Thursday

March 24

5:00 pm

City Hall
Trinity Avenue
with celebration
of the Eucharist

Good Friday

March 25

5:00 pm

Central Presbyterian Outreach Center
201 Washington Street

Holy Saturday

March 26

7:00 am

Pine Street Shelter,
Peachtree and Pine Streets
Worship with coffee and sandwiches

5:00 pm

Open Door Community,
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue
Worship continues with supper

Easter Morning

March 27

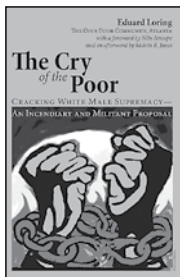
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Breakfast with our homeless friends
followed by a Celebration of Life
Over Death and Oppression



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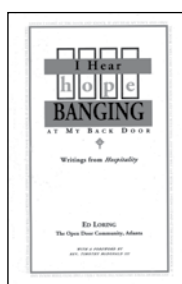
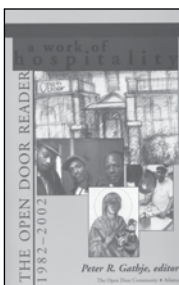
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A Work of Hospitality

The Open Door Reader
1982 - 2002

Peter R. Gathje, editor

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I Hear Hope Banging at My Back Door

Writings from Hospitality

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

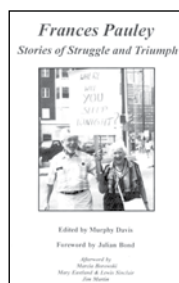
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Timothy Schmalz

“The Man Has No Shoes.”

By **Kurt Ashermann**

A longtime friend of The Open Door, Kurt Ashermann spent a few days with us recently and wrote a report for his small Christian community, followHim. Kurt explains that followHim was born when a few folks trying to encourage each other in “the way” decided to come together at least monthly to do that. The group is a theologically mixed group, so the format for the evening followHim sessions is to meet for fellowship, then pray an Evening Prayer using the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, followed by conversation on one thing Jesus told us to do, more fellowship through a pot-luck meal, and finally, a Night Prayer from the Roman Catholic Liturgy of the Hours. The group has been together three years now. Kurt is a Companion at Our Lady of the Holy Cross, a Cistercian monastery in Virginia. If interested in learning more about how to form your own followHim group, email Kurt at the monastery: kurt@virginiatrappists.org.

My dear followHim friends, I am long overdue to say thank you for the beautiful Homeless Jesus statue you gave me for Christmas, which I have on my desk next to our followHim cross [the followHim community uses the Pope’s pectoral cross, the Good Shepherd cross, as its symbol of community], in front of our bumper sticker from St. Francis telling us to “preach the Gospel at all times — use words if you have to,” (attributed to but not actually written by St. Francis) and below Fritz Eichenberg’s “Jesus in the bread-line.” This small statue of the homeless Jesus is as important to me as anything else in my home, and I look at it daily and think of the poor Christ. I think if the house caught fire I would run to save it first.

I had to turn away and cry when a family not much older than my own children and grandchildren came to us with no coats and no place to go.

Last week I spent three days at the “Catholic Worker” house in Atlanta. (Actually, they are Protestants living the model Dorothy Day gave us.) In those three days I served the homeless individually at the door of the house, providing everything from razors to underwear, and served food and coffee under bridges and viaducts in the city. I joined with many others on the steps of the Capitol to protest the state’s killing of another man, which they did late Tuesday evening. It was a busy three days that included a lot of time with my children Kurt and Kristin. Kristin volunteers at the house soup kitchen on Tuesdays.

In a driving rain in the streets of Atlanta, we served coffee and sandwiches to men, women and families (oh, the

families) outside a shelter that was to open at 8:00 a.m. We were there around 6:15. There I had to turn away and cry when a family not much older than my own children and grandchildren came to us with no coats and no place to go. They had obviously slept the night in the streets. We gave them what we had and directed them to a shelter, but as Ed Loring, said, “We should have taken them in our van. WHY didn’t we take them in our van!?”

I didn’t think it could be worse until we went to another street where men and women were waiting in front of another shelter. We served our coffee and sandwiches, making sure to look each person in the eye and speak directly to them. I felt good that we were serving there. The rain was relentless and many of our homeless brothers and sisters had no shelter.

But then a man came up to us for coffee and — he had no shoes.

Ed said, “The man has no shoes, the man has no shoes.” It was heartbreaking, and a signature moment where Jesus tested me and I failed him. Because I didn’t give the man my shoes. I have more shoes than any person could ever need; I was about to return to the warmth of the Open Door with breakfast, my own bed and another pair of shoes; and I didn’t give him my shoes.

I have been haunted ever since, because I know that was Jesus...I know it. And I didn’t give him my shoes. The shame has been unbearable. Jesus came to me with no shoes, and I didn’t give him mine.

The three days in Atlanta changed me. I can’t explain it, actually. I have served the homeless in Atlanta with the Open Door Community many times; why was this time different? I think it is because I didn’t give Jesus my shoes. I am struck by my betrayal.

We have no more important work to do for Jesus than to serve the poor and fight for justice for the poor. As Pope Francis says, “By loving and helping the poor, we love and serve Christ.” Let us serve Christ in the poor. Let us be the ones putting food in the mouths of children. Let us make following Him real by serving Him.

Thank you again for the “Homeless Jesus.” I love you all. Pray for the poor and the 30,000 people in the world that will die today of hunger, 20,000 of them children. They are all Jesus. ✚

Black Jesus, Jews and the White Christ

Segregation Is the Most Abominable Sin in the History of Christianity.

By Ed Loring

I

The aim and purpose of Jesus Christ is not to save souls from the heat of hell. Jesus is our peace; in his flesh he has made Jews and Gentiles, people of color and white people into one and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility between us that is White Supremacy. He has abolished the law with its commandments and ordinances, that he might create *in himself one new humanity* in place of the two, thus making peace, and might reconcile both groups to God in one body through the cross, thus putting to death that hostility through it, as did Martin Luther King Jr. in his martyrdom. So he came and proclaimed peace to you who were far off and peace to those who were near. (from Ephesians 2:14-17)

“For in the one Spirit we were all baptized into one body — Jews or Greeks, slaves or free — and we were all made to drink of one Spirit.” (1 Corinthians 12:13)

“There is no longer Jew or Greek, there is no longer slave or free, there is no longer male and female; for all of you are one in Christ Jesus.” (Galatians 3:28)

“Civil rights is a moral issue as old as the Scriptures and as clear as the American Constitution.” (JFK, June 11, 1963. Earlier that day, JFK forced George Wallace to open the door and let Vivian Malone and James Hood into the University of Alabama.)

Notwithstanding Jesus the Palestinian Jew and Paul the former Pharisee, segregation is still a fact, as is the doctrine of the White Christ who is the antichrist.

Press Club in Washington, D.C., Thursday, July 19, 1962)

On Friday evening, January 15, Martin Luther King Jr.’s birthday and the beginning of Shabbat, Murphy and I joined our god-daughter, Tabatha Holley, at The Temple in Atlanta for the Martin Luther King Shabbat. During the supper, Dr. Gloria Wade Gayles presented a deeply moving song/dialogue/visionary presentation of claiming Dr. King today, especially for young folk. Dr. Gayles wrote, produced and directed the choral reading presented by Spelman and Morehouse College students; yea, the entire group inspired us as several hundred leapt to our feet in thankful and humble response.

This hallowed event retains the Radical King as one might expect when Jews and Black Jesus Disciples get together. For both Jews and Black Jesus followers, creation in the image of God (equality) and Exodus (freedom) are the basis of all theology and practice. Not saving souls from hell.

The King Shabbat is not a part of the domesticated corporate King you find in the local news and in celebrations at venues filled with politicians and ministers who have little acquaintance with the “inconvenient hero” who is Martin King. Yet, these yahoos are the ones who interpret, praise, and make the democratic socialist revolutionary of nonviolent justice into an icon of servility and the American Empire.

In the beginning was the Nobel Peace Prize, December 8, 1964. The White Christ of the Atlanta elite and their vassals, including bank managers and the Ku Klux Klan, where horrified. “This uppity n—r. What the



Luke Devine

Hear ye, hear ye, in the center of the city is a Shabbat to form and inform all who have eyes to see and ears to hear the Radical Prophetic Tradition, the Radical Black Jesus, and the Radical Martin Luther King Jr.

Martin Luther King Jr. wrote, “It is true . . . that Old Man Segregation is on his deathbed. But history has proven that social systems have a great last-minute breathing power, and the guardians of a status quo are always on hand with their oxygen tents to keep the old order alive. Segregation is still a fact in America. We still confront it in the South in its glaring and conspicuous forms. We still confront it in the North in its hidden and subtle forms. But if Democracy is to live, segregation must die. Segregation is a glaring evil. It is utterly unchristian. It relegates the segregated to the status of a thing rather than elevate him/her to the status of a person. *Segregation is nothing but slavery covered up with certain niceties of complexity. Segregation is a blatant denial of the unity which we all have in Christ Jesus.*” (“Facing the Challenge of a New Age,” December 2, 1956)

And, says the King: “It is still true that the church is the most segregated major institution in America.” (Address to the National

hell is going on?” Well, we are still fighting to bring about the Beloved Community. That is what is going on, though Trumpet and his strumpets prefer the Hateful Community.

In the midst of the disgust that a n—r could receive the Nobel Peace Prize for dismantling racist laws in the hallowed land of Dixie, a small group of Atlantans, Black and white, proposed that a dinner reception be held in Dr. King’s honor. An organizing committee was formed comprised of Ralph McGill, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, Rabbi Jacob Rothschild of The Temple, Morehouse President Benjamin E. Mays, and Archbishop Paul Hallinan.

Invitations went out to the moneyed men and women, people of “The Atlanta Way” and civil rights workers, too. Almost no one responded. This is, after all, the city of *Gone with the Wind* that is too busy to hate.

When the powers need help in Atlanta

they take the pause that refreshes. Mayor Ivan Allen called the mogul Robert Woodruff. The giant brown-sugar-water corporation knows the market needs for image. Not the hoodlums of the dead Confederacy and the

memory shall lengthen.”

This occurred on January 27, 1965. It was the first such interracial, interfaith dinner in the history of the city. At the Dinkler Hotel, the children of slaves and the children of slaveholders sat together at the Welcome Table.

II

The meal and Shabbat service at The Temple with Ebenezer Baptist Church and those who were able to get tickets (always a sold-out event) is a long tradition rooted in the Nobel Peace Prize dinner. This year, Murphy and I attended for the first time. How good it was as white Gentiles to be included in an African American and Jews’ meal and the King Shabbat service on his birthday in the year 2016. This in a city that is working to remake King into a fluffy Panda bear to tame the radical democratic socialist and Biblical prophet that he was.

Using the worship book of Reformed Judaism, we read over and over the basic faith and prophetic theology: The image of God the Creator in each of us is our foundation. All people are created in God’s image. We are equal. And, yes, I am my sister/brother’s keeper. (So long, Republican platform.) The Exodus story was told over and over again throughout the service. Freedom for God and neighbor, freedom from oppres-

Strom Thurman Dixiecrats, but the seductive image of the New South and its softer, kinder paternalistic racism must be the international image of the city where Coca-Cola houses its national headquarters. Said Mayor Allen to Mr. Woodruff, “We have a real problem with this dinner. We’re not selling any tickets. It’s going to be an embarrassment to Atlanta.” Well, one phone call can lead to another while the heathen raged against the King. J. Paul Austin, Coke’s CEO, threatened to move Coca-Cola out of Atlanta if the elite did not respond immediately. Atlanta without Coke would be like Delta Airlines with no planes. The *New York Times* quoted Mr. Austin as saying, “Coca-Cola cannot stay in a city that’s going to have this kind of reaction and not honor a Nobel Peace Prize winner.” Shortly thereafter the event was sold out, and 1600 people attended. Helping Atlanta cover her behind, King started his remarks, “This marvelous hometown welcome and honor will remain dear to me as long as the chords of

Black Jesus continued on page 10

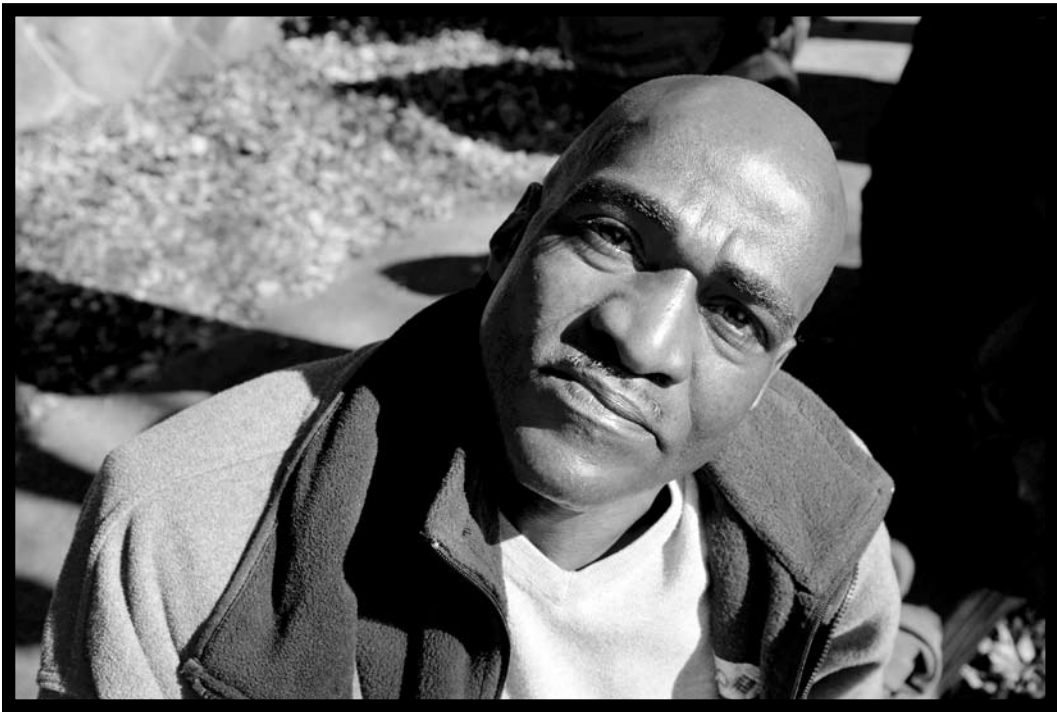


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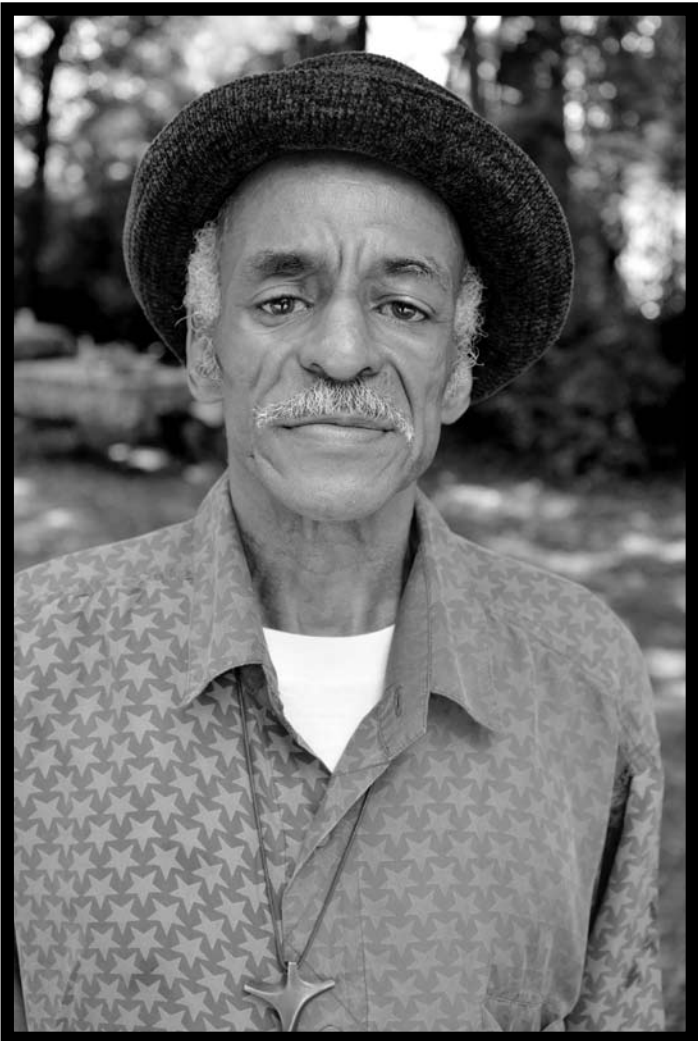
At Our Home
photographs by Calvin Kimbrough



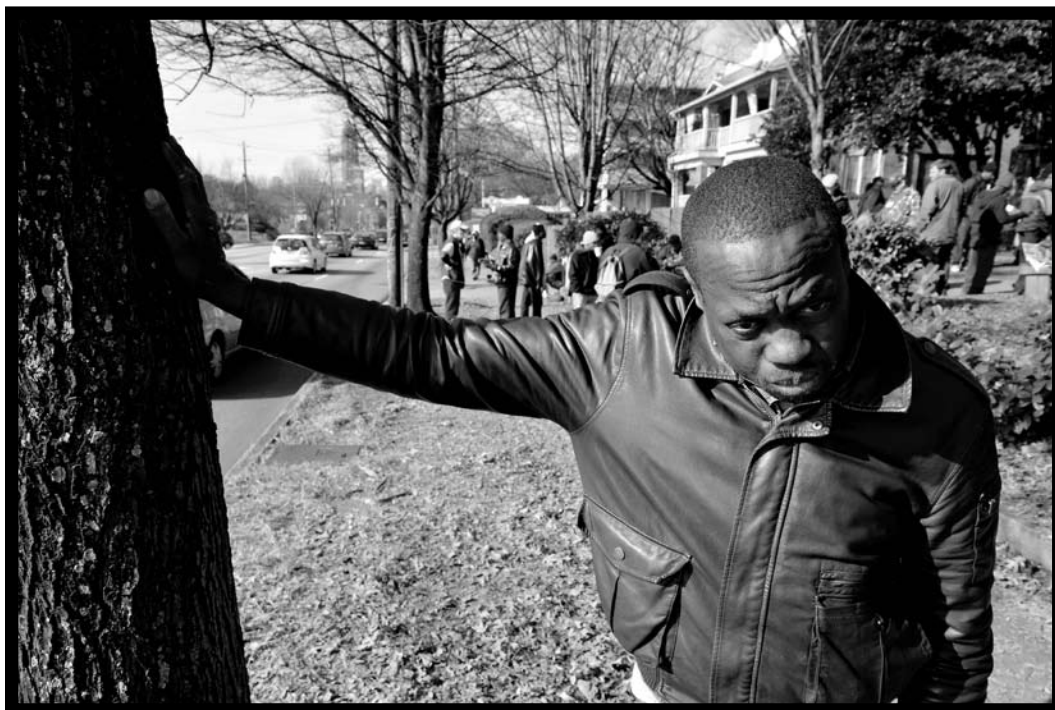
Anthony 11/15



Steven 11/14



Waddell 5/13



Robert 1/15



Lusha 12/15

Phyllis 11/15

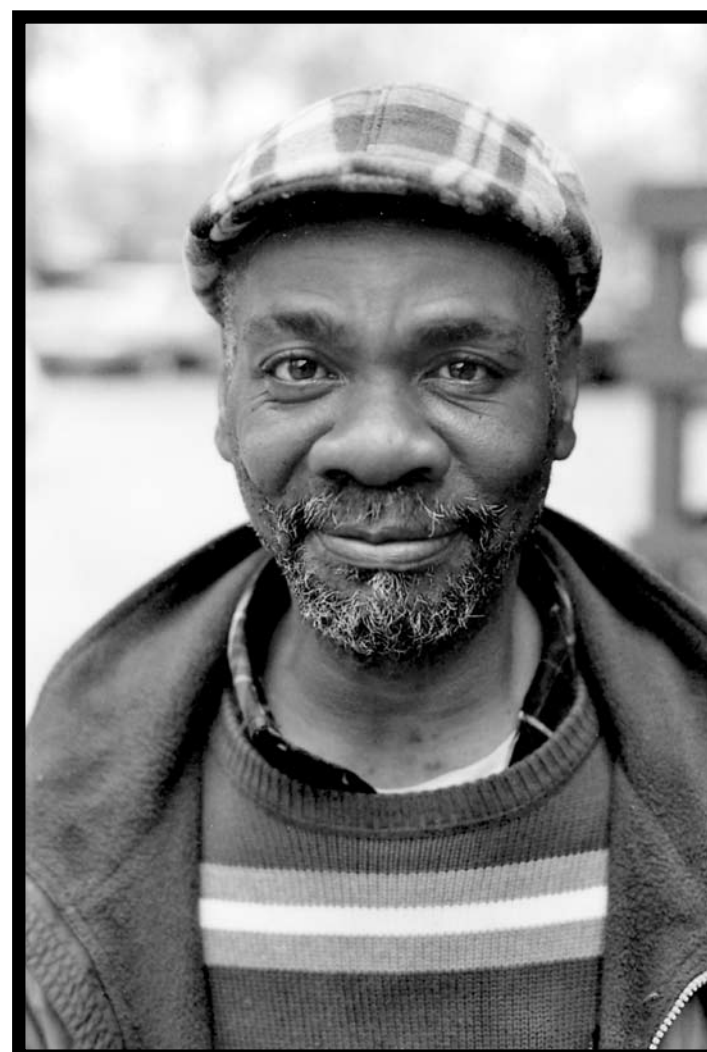


Created in the image of God,
 we are created in the image of God.
 Human beings all over God's earth,
 created in the image of God.

As a photographer I make images with cameras, lenses, pixels, light, my eye, my vision, another's visage, their eyes. This work, inspired by God's spirit, sometimes opens a door into the soul, revealing God's image.

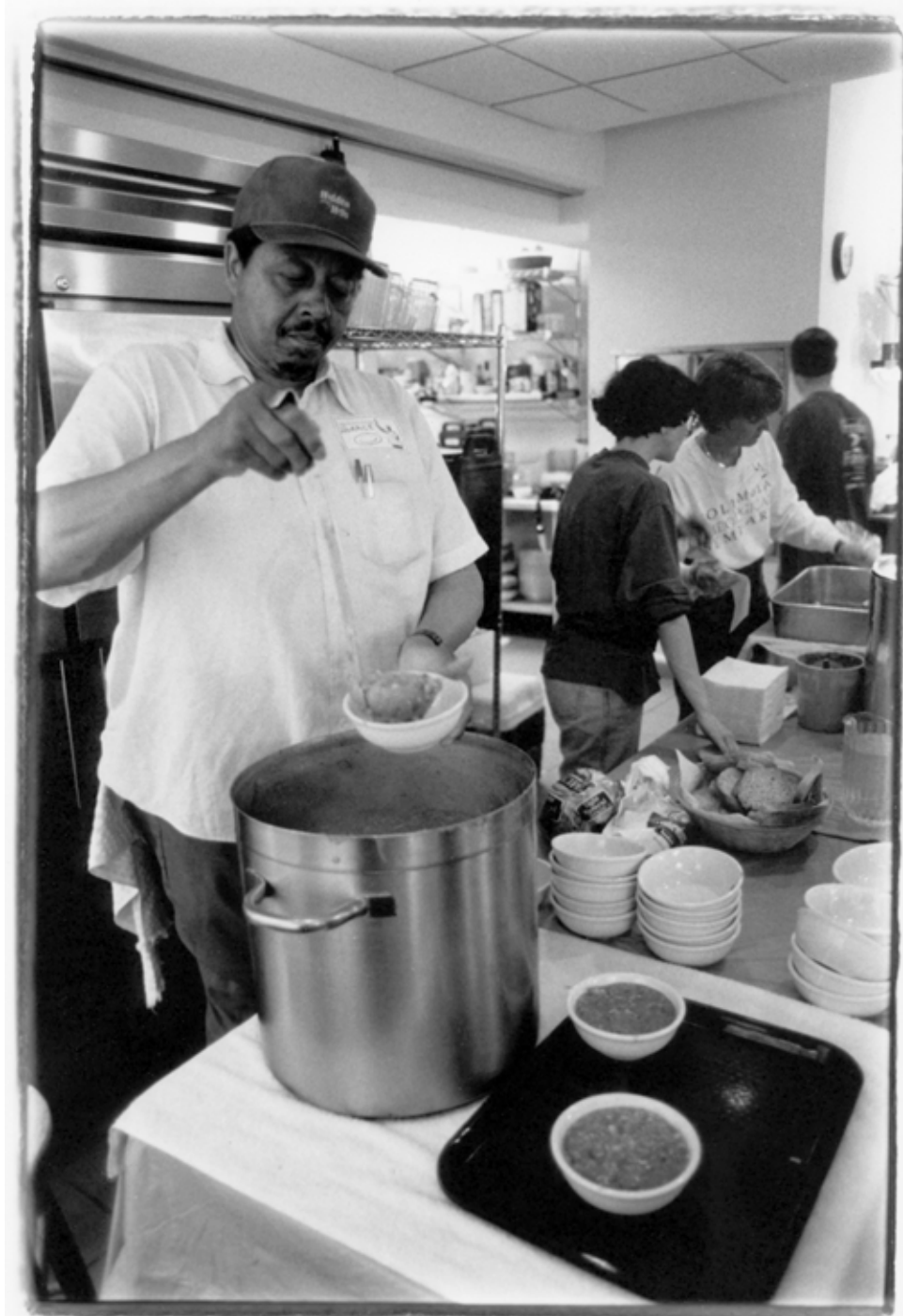
I began making portrait photographs at the Open Door Community in 1992. In 2004 I moved into 910 Ponce de Leon to live, work, sing, play and pray. These images of our friends from the streets come from our yard. They flow from the works of mercy and justice which are the work of our household. Created in the image of God, these men and women open doors into God's soul. All are deserving of housing, food, health care and a living wage. What is so difficult about sharing God's given abundance for the building of the Beloved Community among us?

— Calvin Kimbrough 2/16



Albert 3/13

Horace Tribble: Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil! *continued from page 1*



Horace Tribble 4/98 by Calvin Kimbrough

us everything. . . . Gratitude, therefore, takes nothing for granted, is never unresponsive. Gratitude is constantly awakening to new wonder and to praise of the goodness of God. The grateful person knows that God is good, not by hearsay but by experience. And that is what makes all the difference.” (from *Thoughts in Solitude*) Horace knew the goodness of God because he was grateful for every good gift of God. He was a person who never complained. He often prayed, “We thank you, God, for two good eyes to see with, for two good ears to hear with, and two good legs to walk with.” Horace

town in 1996, Horace helped form an organization of public housing residents called Tenants United For Fairness (TUFF), which opposed the public housing demolitions which were put forward as part of the plan. “We don’t want to lose our homes. It’s not fair,” he told the *Christian Science Monitor* at the time. Like so many of our struggles, the Olympic powers and principalities got what they wanted — to remove the “unsightly” public housing projects that were too close to Coca-Cola’s Headquarters and Georgia Tech. But Horace and the other tenants gave it a good fight.

We knew Horace best through his prayers. When we came together for our noon worship after Soup Kitchen, we often called on Horace to pray.

had only one leg and always walked with some difficulty and pain. Nevertheless, he was grateful to be able to walk. For the last ten years or so he got around in a motorized wheelchair, but that did not slow him down.

In the years that Horace rolled his chair up the ramp at our back door and came down the long hall to the kitchen, he would yell out to get Dick Rustay’s attention: “Hey, what’s that? I smell somethin’ burning. Dick, did you burn that soup *again*? Tell the truth and shame the devil.”

Horace Tribble got around the city better than most of us with two strong legs. He was a longtime member of the Board of the Fulton Atlanta Community Action Authority — another place where he advocated for “the least, the last and the lost.” He rarely missed a meeting of Concerned Black Clergy, and he was a faithful member of Antioch Baptist Church North. Before the Olympics came to

When there was a vigil during an execution, Horace was there. When there was a rally for the homeless, Horace was there. When there was a meeting about fighting apartheid in South Africa, Horace was there. Friend, brother, encourager. “It’s simple,” he said. “There’re too many people who talk Christianity but don’t live it. Why talk the talk if you’re not going to walk the walk? We got to *live* the Scriptures: Feeding the hungry, shouting out for the prisoners; that’s reality and I want to be a part of it.”

What a tremendous gift Brother Horace Tribble was to us and so many. We miss him terribly, but we hold his memory close in hopes that we can continue to “tell the truth and shame the devil” and maintain “an attitude of gratitude.” ♦

Murphy Davis is a partner at the Open Door Community. (murphydavis@bellsouth.net)

The American Dream: “The Death Bed of Us All”? *continued from page 3*

an actionable resolve to make their bodies accepted as equal with their countrymen. But the first thing they must do is what the vast majority of American whites have not done; namely, recognize that the American dream is a living lie. For, as Coates tells his people, “You can no longer be lied to when you have rejected the Dream” (p. 116). This is a necessary precedent to and turning point in Despair’s path toward the light of Hope.

But how about the white privileged who continue to accept the Dream, plunder the earth as well as bodies, and continue to amass wealth, power, honors, prestige, food and other abundances while societal inequities and injustices expand beyond any compassionate understanding?

Hardly optimistic, Coates seems understandably negative here. Yet I still see in his pronounced doubt glimpses of hope, and what I call a “dialectic of pessimism and optimism.” “I do not believe we can stop them, Samori, because they ultimately must stop themselves. . . . Do not struggle for the Dreamer. Hope for them. Pray for them, if

you are so moved (Quite a statement from a self-proclaimed atheist!). But do not pin your struggle on their conversion. They must learn to struggle themselves [and] understand that the [White] field for their dream . . . is the deathbed of us all” (p. 151).

Surely, Coates is right. We who “call ourselves White” must act arduously to change the overall arrangements of America — its social, economic, legal, artistic, educational, sexual structures; put away our unjustifiable arrogance; acknowledge our multi-dimensional gluttony, as well as our neglect, fear and destruction of the black body. We can make an important start first by repentance, then by giving up our pretense of the American Dream and trying resolutely to *live* the teachings of the Black Jesus of Nazareth, often made transparent in the lives of Martin Luther King Jr., Dorothy Day, the Berrigan brothers, and Bishop Tutu, among others. This is the hope with which Coates, the religious unbeliever, leaves all self-proclaimed believers as well as the Dreamers. When will white America finally open its eyes to reality,

and work for the wholeness and equality of all human beings? ♦

Ronald E. Santoni is Maria Theresa Barney Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Denison University in Granville, Ohio and Life Mem-

ber of Clare Hall, Cambridge University. Among other publications, he is author of Sartre on Violence: Curiously Ambivalent. He is a non-residential Partner of the Open Door Community.

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This is a self-published manuscript version. As a next step, I am seeking a bright young reader/writer, or several, to collaborate in editing and condensing it radically to create a reader’s version appropriate for mainstream commercial publication.

From White Christ to Black Jesus *continued from page 1*

Lest this seem to be old, outmoded analysis, let us note the ongoing police dominance of African American communities that has been revealed recently through social media. It is a powerful reminder that this system of the elevation of the white Christ at the expense of the Black Jesus remains deep in the soul and behavior of America in all communities, not just white communities. The idea of the whiteness in the Godhead, as seen in the white Christ, has seeped into all communities, i.e., the stained glass window in Ebenezer Baptist Church.

It definitely seeped into my soul in the 1940s and 1950s as I grew up as a child of the segregated South on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi River. I grew up in what Doug Blackmon called “neo-slavery” in his fine book, *Slavery By Another Name*. Though slavery had been officially banished (except in prison — a significant and demonic part of the 13th Amendment), it was alive and well in the white South in my childhood and adolescence. It was just called something else — generally “Jim Crow,” but I prefer the connection to slavery that is found in the name “neo-slavery.” Though its political power was evident, just as important was its psychological and theological power. I was so captured by this system that I could not imagine that African Americans were human beings like me. Segregation was viable not only because of naked political and military power; it was viable also because the hearts and imaginations of most white people had been taught and had come to believe that it was God’s will as the white Christ. Woven through this and undergirding it was the idea that the work of the white Christ was to get me into

heaven when I died. I went to a white, segregated Presbyterian church every Sunday, and I never heard about or even dreamed of the Black Jesus, a Jesus who might be interested in this world, a Jesus who might be asking me to engage the God of the Jewish prophetic tradition, a Jesus for whom the domination of the American system of slavery and the idea of whiteness itself was an abomination.

It is essential that I make clear here what is often misunderstood when we Americans, especially those of us who are classified as white, talk about race relations or even racial justice. I was taught the racism that undergirds whiteness and the white Christ not by mean and devious people, although there seemed to be plenty of them immersed in this system. I was taught this system by good white people, people who supported me and loved me, people who taught me and indeed embodied to me the love of God, even if that God was white. And, here is the bad news and the good news of this series on the Black Jesus and the white Christ. The bad news is that this system of the white Christ is deeply imbedded in all of our consciousnesses, and it will take much work and grace to begin to move out of its captivity. It is not just a matter of the will; it involves the imagination also. The good news is that the God we know in the Black Jesus is not confined to our systems, and God’s love and power are calling us all out of captivity into liberation. More on that process next time! ✠

Nibs Stroupe is the pastor of Oakhurst Presbyterian Church in Decatur and a longtime friend of the Open Door Community. (nibs.stroupe@gmail.com)

About the engraving on page 1 and the artist Morgan Johnson.

Dear Murphy Davis,

We, Morgan and Rosalie Johnson, used to volunteer in serving some meals at the Open Door back in the ‘90s. It is hard to believe that was twenty years ago! Rosalie was then working as a doctor in the AIDS clinic in Atlanta. Both of us had already retired from 30 years as United Methodist missionaries in Zimbabwe and Zambia. After Rosalie’s retirement from the clinic, we moved to be near our children, but we have enjoyed keeping up with the Open Door Community through *Hospitality*.

When I saw Ed Loring’s article in the September edition, “White Christ/Black Jesus,” illustrated with the familiar “Head of Christ” by Sallman, I remembered a wood engraving I made 52 years ago when my wife and I were in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). I was not trying to picture a Black Jesus, but was trying to draw a Jesus that was less European in his features. I was preparing an illustration for our church paper, *Umbowo*, which in the Shona language means “Witness.” I had never made a wood engraving before (and have not made one since). The process involves engraving across the end wood grain, which when printed with black ink becomes white lines on black. So the resulting block ended up much more black than white. I presented it to the then missionary editor and it was printed on the first page of the Easter issue. The translation of the Shona line above the engraving is “Umbowo for Easter, April 1963,” and below, “Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing. Luke 23:34.”

The next year Ezekiel Makunike returned from study in India with a degree in political science plus a diploma in journalism. He was appointed to head the conference literature, which included being editor of *Umbowo*. He transformed it from a church publication to a popular national newspaper. The Rhodesian government kept banning African newspapers, but were a little less likely to ban church papers. Ezekiel followed the very good example of the Catholic paper *Moto* (Shona for “fire”). Ezekiel asked me if I could draw political

cartoons and I said I was willing to try. He had me send the cartoons to a professional block maker so I no longer had to depend on lino cuts and wood engravings. I drew cartoons for the next 10 years until one of them got us deported. After six years in Zambia we were able to return to what had then become Zimbabwe. One of my former students had an important post in the immigration department and he was able to eliminate the deportation order and restore our permanent resident permit. Ezekiel by this time had become the Minister of Information for Zimbabwe.

Both my wife and I grew up in Atlanta and can remember the really “bad old days” when White Supremacy was enshrined in law. Even though the old Jim Crow laws have now been abolished, feelings of white superiority have not disappeared and African Americans remain disproportionately at risk and disadvantaged. When I first arrived in the British colony of Southern Rhodesia in 1951, I wrote home that I felt uncomfortably at home. From the rigid segregation of “White” and “Colored,” I had entered a society with a more complicated racial division called “separate development” (a local adaptation of apartheid). There were basically four divisions: European, African, Asian and Coloured. In the American South, whites were conceived of as a pure race, one drop of Black blood and you were out. “Colored,” on the other hand, was everybody else.

The strong presence of European ancestry in the African American population is basically a product of white male [rape of Black women]. In the bad old days, just the appearance of a Black male admiring a white woman could lead to capital punishment. For the white male before the end of slavery there was no legal barrier to having sex with a female slave. There was even an economic reward for increasing the slave population.

The only hope for us white southerners is that the prayer of that man with the crown of thorns gets a positive answer.

Your *Hospitality* reader,
Morgan Johnson
Washington, D.C.

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Calvin Kimbrough

David Payne, a Resident at the Open Door Community, lights candles at our Seder Meal.

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needs
at the
Open Door Community

Volunteers for **Tuesday** and **Wednesday**
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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 medical 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 food for our **6 p.m.** household supper on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday evenings.

For more information,
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at sarah@opendoorcommunity.org
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Black Jesus, Jews and the White Christ *continued from page 5*

sion — themes more radical for Blacks and Jews than the emphasis of the White Christ's hell-or-heaven choice.

Rev. Raphael Warnock of Ebenezer Baptist Church preached a powerful sermon bringing together the radical themes of the Black Jesus and Jewish Moses. A major point that he stressed was "false religion." This is what I call White Christ religion, namely, the religious lies that the meaning of Christianity is to keep people out of hell. That to be saved by faith is just a relationship with an angry God that has no connection to one's political, economic, or cultural life, or to the military, banks and hospitality to the stranger. Rather, proclaimed Rev. Warnock, by the image of God we are equal. By the power of Exodus and liberation we are free to create the Beloved Community on earth as it is in heaven, what Dr. King called Democratic Socialism. We all need to stand up to the pro-slavery, heaven-or-hell status quo of the rich-affirming theology of the White Christ who, as Dr. Pete Gathje says, is the antichrist.

III

We live by hope in these difficult and disappointing days. Old white man that I am, I experienced deep, abiding, faithful hope that night. Eating and worshiping among hundreds of African Americans and Jews, I knew this God of personhood and Exodus is my God also. The U.S. empire and those who work so hard to transmogrify Moses, Jesus and King into nice, status quo leaders who want you to pick up the trash in a poor neighborhood once a year to honor King, will

fail if the words of that night are heeded and acted upon. Hear ye, hear ye, in the center of the city is a Shabbat to form and inform all who have eyes to see and ears to hear the Radical Prophetic Tradition, the Radical Black Jesus, and the Radical Martin Luther King Jr.

Nonetheless, I did have a problem worshipping the God of inclusion and Exodus in the sanctuary of The Temple. Discomfort kept punching me in the gut with the two large flags behind the worship leaders. This failure of faith by proclaiming nationalism undercut the themes of liberation for all and inclusion of all. The diminishment of the witness was painful to me, as the White Christ of America has slithered into the front of the sanctuary. Here the symbols of war and domination on behalf of the U.S. and Netanyahu's all-but-totalitarian Israel stood tall and silent. The flag of the U.S. and the flag of the nation of Israel are both deniers of the God of Love and Justice whom we know in the Old Testament Prophets and in the life and teaching of the Palestinian Jew named Jesus. The American flag in a church or flying outside the church is an outward symbol of allegiance to the White Christ in the American Empire keening for Trump. The Israeli flag flying in a Jewish synagogue is a failure of faith and a turning to war, violence and land stealing in a nation that refuses to honor Yahweh and the Prophets. Martin Luther King Jr. decries all this horrible Bible-denying segregation. We long for a better faith. A better day. ✦

Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.



Vigils for Life at the Deaths of Brandon Jones and Travis Hittson

Brandon Jones was executed by the state of Georgia early in the morning of February 3. Travis Hittson was executed by the state of Georgia on February 17. The Open Door hosted vigils at the Capitol for each execution to call for the abolition of the death penalty. *Top: Kurt Ashermann (far left) anchors the banner as people gather for Brandon Jones' vigil. Top right: Kathy Dawson calls for an end to the death penalty at Travis Hittson's vigil. Right: Also at that vigil, Lisa Baker joins in reading the names of the 61 people executed in Georgia since 1983, following the reinstatement of the death penalty.*



Photographs by
Calvin Kimbrough

poetry corner



Julie Lonneman

Economics

The first mornings of my first job I see
 how different our white brick house is from theirs —
 rundown porches that dangle broken stairs
 onto Nelson Street and Techwood. While we
 drive to my father's business each day,
 I look at him and ask myself what deal
 is involved, what unwritten principle.
 A click of the tongue is all he might say.
 Neither of us looks at the other, his hand
 on the wheel, mine in my lap. Outside, men
 pass a brown paper bag, an omen
 of unsteady peace we can't understand,
 a sign of our unequal station.
 Neither of us is up to the question.

Neither of us is up to the question,
 so we plunge into the day and dismiss
 the gap between home and work — stickiness —
 as if closing your eyes makes you virgin
 again. My father strides to his glass walls
 while I slip to the stockroom where Roger
 is bragging about his night with a whore
 eating bananas while he was in thrall,
 to the Monday morning joy of Leslie,
 Oscar, and Jack, my new-appointed clan,
 who have now pronounced that I am *the man*,
 at thirteen — *boss's son*, crowned easily.
 The black patriarch calls me Mr. Steve,
 a status I don't know how to receive.

A status I don't know how to receive
 becomes a mystery I can't comprehend
 each week — an envelope of bills I spend
 as I wish, suddenly off childhood's leash,
 without rent to pay, or loan sharks. No boss,
 at least that I can discern or admit,
 except for my father, whose face is split,
 Picasso-like, between grim and serious.
 I can buy whatever I want. Nothing
 like the late bus, landlords I hear about,
 broken teeth and cars, currencies of doubt.
 In my calculus, dread comes from dreaming
 not a lack. Having much is the riddle,
 unlike that of my new friends' too little.

Unlike that of my new friends' too little,
 my job is designed as a teaching game
 in my dad's economics, with the aim
 of showing me ropes, firming my mettle,
 and enshrining in my mind the dollar —
 its girth, its weight, and sacramental
 meaning, being a holy, visible
 sign of invisible worth. My father
 explains: A one-spot is not real, but rather
 the market's homage to a person's trust,
 a show of faith that societies must
 have for people to survive together.
 While my father rarely expresses zeal,
 the greenback shines bright for what is most real.

The greenback shines bright for what is most real —
 a balance of trade, a quid for each quo,
 he says, though I see we can come and go,
 where Jack and Oscar can't. Something's unequal
 about the scales, making the caustic grace
 for the boss's son less blessing than curse.
 My new friends become my nighttime's new ghosts:
 The patriarch plants a smile on his face
 in an economy of polite lies
 I have no clue for how to navigate.
 I do my dance, sing along with my fate,
 listening to discordant melodies,
 one foot in our red-shuttered, white brick home,
 one foot in what I'm programmed to become.

One foot in what I'm programmed to become,
 I divide into the stockroom bat boy
 and — learning from peers — trash-talking bad boy.
 The fresh-faced kid flies away with no home,
 that part of me like cardboard planes I cut
 from stock and launch out the warehouse window.
You're a tough age, my father says. *You'll grow*
past this, as if I could keep my eyes shut
 some day. I wonder what he himself sees
 driving to work, or in a stockroom face.
 He looks like he's longing for a safe place
 so much that he watches his employees
 with one eye, the other on the future,
 his job in life to see the big picture.

His job in life to see the big picture
 means he lives ahead of the rest of us,
 loses sleep, carries his worries close —
 spends weekends over his calculator.
 To me he is a silent mystery
 when we drive home with the radio off.
 Unasked questions bounce off the Chevy's roof.
 It's pointless to press my inquiry
 too far, since to untie even one knot
 might unravel the underlying net
 that, holding our family up, won't let
 us loose without our house falling apart.
 Silence seems the best way to live safely
 the first mornings of my first job, I see.

— Steve Rhodes

Steve Rhodes is a poet, scholar and essayist who lives in Charleston, South Carolina. His collection of poems, The Time I Didn't Know What to Do Next, is available from bookstores and Amazon. This poem first appeared in The Alabama Literary Review. His web site is www.jstephenrhodes.com.

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.

Open Door Community Ministries

Soup Kitchen: Tuesday & Wednesday, 9 a.m.
Women’s Showers: Tuesday, 9 a.m.
Men’s Showers: Wednesday, 9 a.m.
Harriet Tubman Free Women’s Clinic: Tuesday, 7 p.m.
Harriet Tubman Medical Clinic: Wednesday, 7 p.m.
Harriet Tubman Foot Care Clinic: Wednesday, 7 p.m.
Mail Check: Tuesday & Wednesday, during serving;
Monday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday, 8:30 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Use of Phone: Tuesday & Wednesday, during serving
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; and pastoral visits to
death row and various jails and prisons.

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

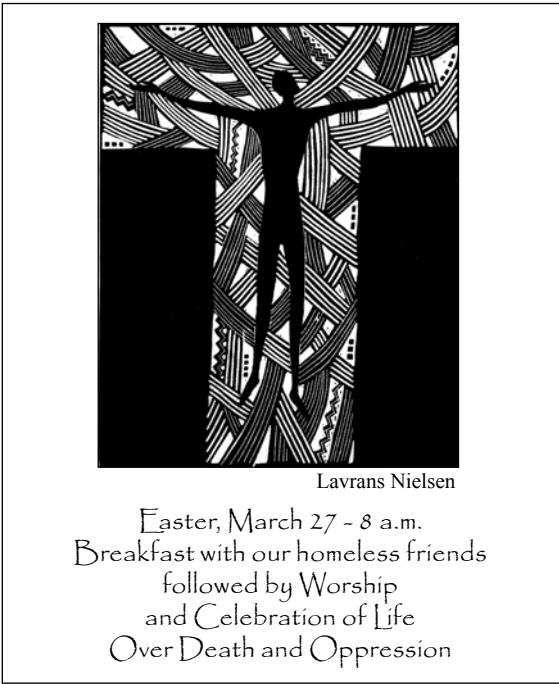
We gratefully accept donations at these times:
Sunday: 9 a.m. until 3 p.m.
Monday: 8:30 a.m. until Noon and 3 p.m. until 8:30 p.m.
Tuesday: Noon until 8:30 p.m.
Wednesday: Noon until 6 p.m.
Thursday: 8:30 a.m. until 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. until 8:30 p.m.
Friday and Saturday: We are closed. We are not able 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 404.874.9652 -ext 106.
Please visit www.opendoorcommunity.org or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| March 13 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910 |
| Lent 5 | Calvin Kimbrough |
| | On a Friday Noon: a meditation |
| March 20 | 4 p.m. Palm Sunday Worship at 910 |
| | Call to the Streets |
| | Eduard Loring preaching |
| March 21 - March 26 | daily worship (schedule on page 3) |
| March 27 | 8 a.m. Easter Breakfast & Worship |
| April 3 | No Worship at 910 |
| | Spring Retreat at Dayspring Farm |
| April 10 | No Worship at 910 |
| | Spring Retreat at Dayspring Farm |
| April 17 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910 |
| | Eucharistic Service |
| April 24 | 4 p.m. Worship at 910 |
| | Eucharistic Service |



Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

We meet for clarification
on Thursdays 3 pm. - 5 p.m..



Daniel Nichols

For the latest information and
scheduled topics, please call
404.874.9652 option 8
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 salt
non-scented/allergen-free soap
(*Dr. Bronners Baby Mild or similar*)
shoe inserts
(*especially men's larger sizes*)
apricot scrub
(*St. Ives or similar*)
pumice stones
vitamin A&D ointment
lavender essential oil (pure)
tea tree essential oil (pure)
Smart Wool (or equivalent) socks

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

blankets



We need blankets for
our friends that are
washable and can be
dried “hot.”

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!*

Living Needs

- ☐Your prayers for the Open Door Community
- ☐jeans 30-34 waist and 46-60 x 32 long
- ☐women’s pants 16-24
- ☐cotton footies
- ☐sweat pants 1x-3x
- ☐work shirts
- ☐hoodies
- ☐belts 34” & up
- ☐men’s underwear M-L
- ☐women’s underwear
- ☐walking shoes especially sizes 11-15
- ☐baseball caps

Personal Needs

- ☐shampoo (large)
- ☐disposable razors
- ☐nail clippers
- ☐nail files
- ☐cough drops
- ☐toothpaste (small)

Food Needs

- ☐fresh fruits & vegetables
- ☐hams & turkeys
- ☐sandwiches: meat with cheese on whole wheat bread (NO PB&J, bologna or white bread, please)

Special Needs

- ☐blankets
- ☐backpacks
- ☐MARTA cards
- ☐reading glasses
- ☐trash bags (30 gallon, .85 mil)
- ☐postage stamps
- ☐a home for every homeless person
- ☐Abolition of the Death Penalty