

HOSPITALITY

Open Door: A Prophetic Discipleship Community Honoring The Black Jesus, Dorothy Day and Martin Luther King Jr.

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A Calloused Heart | Trulifeworks

A Calloused Heart

By Pete Gathje

Guests from the streets wait in front of Manna House. They sit on the curb of the sidewalk. Two men and a woman. All dressed for warmth in the layers of clothing that street people have as a uniform through the winter months, and that a few even wear through summer heat.

This morning is warmer. But the night chill no doubt lingers for these three who slept outside.

The woman looks up as I nearly reach the sidewalk. I have my key ready to open the gate. “Will you all do showers today?” she asks.

“Yes ma’am.”

“What time do you start?”

“Eight o’clock.”

“What time is it now?”

“Six forty-five.”

“Ooooh.”

Her weariness and resignation go out with her breath.

I unlock the gate, walk up the steps, unlock the front doors and go in to start the coffee and change over laundry from the day before. Her weariness follows me.

Two words from a nurse who volunteered at Manna House several years ago come to mind. “Calloused hearts.” She said that nurses have to develop calloused hearts, and she observed the same was true at Manna House.

A calloused heart. Skin callouses develop to protect the skin in areas of friction or pressure. A calloused heart develops to protect compassion and care from the friction of unending need and the pressure of despair from systematically imposed suffering.

A Calloused Heart continued on page 5

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The Widow of Zarephath

Sacrificial Generosity

By Joyce Hollyday

This is the sixth in a series of reflections on biblical women. It is based on 1 Kings 17:8-24

The sun was a mere glint of orange above the eastern mountains. I had just spent a short and restless night on the floor of the Baptist church in the Nicaraguan town of Ocotol. It was December 1983, and Nicaragua was at war. U.S.-backed forces known as *contras* were raiding vulnerable villages, terrorizing, kidnapping and killing *campesinos* in the countryside.

I was a member of the first U.S. delegation to journey to Nicaragua as part of Witness for Peace, a nonviolent, faith-based effort that established an ongoing prayerful and protective presence in that nation’s war zones. We were headed to Jalapa, an isolated village near the Honduran border. But soldiers in the people’s militia had stopped us at Ocotol, warning us that *contras* were attacking the road ahead.

We shared the church with refugees — mostly women and children — who had fled their homes scattered throughout the mountains. The night was filled with the sound of gunshots in the distance, and the cry of frightened children up close.

We awoke before dawn and washed our faces in the nearby rain barrel, ready to push on to Jalapa. The refugee women had risen even earlier. Firewood was stacked in the dome-shaped clay oven, and the women were already slapping out tortillas when the sun made its appearance.

They had fled with their children and little more than the clothes they wore, but they invited us to partake in their meager breakfast.

I was profoundly moved by our communion of tortillas and coffee at dawn, a sacrament of generosity. These women — many of whom were widows from the war — did not know for sure where they would spend the next night, or where their next meal would come from. But they shared everything they had with us, affluent strangers from a country that was sponsoring a war against them. Spiritual daughters of the widow of Zarephath, they lived for each day and trusted that God would provide.

We meet this biblical widow as she is out gathering sticks in a time of famine, likely a gaunt and stooped figure at the gate of the town. She is preparing to fire up the oven for her last meal. Elijah has just come from the wilderness, where ravens fed him with bread and meat morning and evening. Now this unnamed widow will be God’s instrument for the sustenance of the prophet.

Elijah calls to her for water and bread. The widow replies that she has no bread, only a handful of meal in a jar and a little oil in a jug. She explains that she and her son will eat what is left and die. But the prophet tells her not to be afraid and asks her to make him a cake, declaring that God will replenish the meal and the oil.

We know that the widow does not share Elijah’s faith. Much later, Jesus will mention her in his inaugural sermon in Nazareth

(Luke 4:25-26). The hometown crowd was filled with awe at his preaching about good news for the poor and release for the captives — until he spoke about prophets being rejected by their own people. When he reminded them that God could have chosen any of many widows in Israel to feed Elijah but chose a foreigner, their awe turned to rage, and the murderous mob drove Jesus to the edge of a cliff.

God chose the widow of Zarephath for her compassion and generosity, not her religious credentials. And she responded, at great sacrifice and risk. How difficult it must have been for this loving mother to deny her son food. How long had she saved this last crumb of sustenance until they could no longer bear not to eat? And how did she explain to her poor, hungry child that this stranger would eat before him?

Great must have been her fear. But she chose to trust, and she was not disappointed. The jar of meal never grew empty, and the oil never failed. Her trust enabled God to perform the miracle, and her entire household ate for days. Her circumstances went from desperate to abundant because of her faith in a God who was not even her own.

Many generations later, another poor widow crept up to the temple treasury and inconspicuously dropped in two copper coins — a penny’s worth, not even enough to buy a loaf of bread. She believed her paltry donation would go unnoticed among the big bills

that the rich folk had piled in the plate. But a prophet observed her generosity. Jesus said, “Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who are contributing to the treasury. For all of them have contributed out of their abundance: but she out of her poverty has put in everything she had, all that she had to live on.” (Mark 12:43-44)

Still more generations later, poor widows in Nicaragua participated in the daily ritual of making and sharing tortillas at dawn. Jesus surely noticed their sacrificial generosity, too. Receiving their gift forty years ago was the first of many experiences in which I discovered that the people with the least in this world are often the most generous.

The refugee women in Nicaragua knew what so many of us have lost sight of in this culture that screams at us incessantly about individualism and self-sufficiency, that uses every fear tactic to badger us to buy and grasp as much as we can, that relentlessly tries to convince us that our security lies in what we are able to own and hoard. The women understood that the opposite is true. Their survival depended on living for the common good, sharing all that they had, and trusting that there is enough for all. And so does ours. ✚

Joyce Hollyday has been a friend of the Open Door Community for more than four decades. She is the author of several books — most recently Pillar of Fire, a historical novel — and the editor of Murphy Davis’ memoir, Surely Goodness and Mercy. Joyce is part of an intentional community at the Kirkridge Retreat Center in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania.



The Widow of Zarephath | Micah Hayns

Recognize, Regret, Repent, Rejoice

By Wes McCoy

Deborah and I are always grateful for what the Open Door Community is able to accomplish. You give hope to so many people. Over my 38 years as a high school teacher, I told fellow educators that “hope is a superpower.” I don’t mean the “I hope they pick me for the volleyball team” kind of hope. I mean the kind of hope that empowers young men and women to get to school, read when they can, work a job when they must, and love themselves enough to become helpful to others. THANK YOU for working so hard to give hope to those who have misplaced theirs.

Bryan Stevenson’s talk November 10 at Trinity Presbyterian Church (to over 1100 Atlantans) was filled with real truth. I carried our copy of *Surely Goodness and Mercy* by Murphy Davis with me to the talk and I invited many people to read it. I also gave out copies of an information sheet about The Open Door Community. Bryan was very much preaching the message of Christ to us. The Truth centered on many of your favorite topics:

PROXIMITY: Bring yourself into close contact with prisoners to provide contact and conversations that differ from their day-to-day focus on survival in our legal system. The sentences that pass between friends are able to heal human hearts, while the sentences passed down by courts often break human souls.

GOD’S FAMILY: Since all of us are better than the worst things we have done, we all deserve love and a place at the table of plenty. Most of us have done hurtful things in private or in our minds, but only some of us have been apprehended, or had our deeds listed in the local newspaper or on TV.

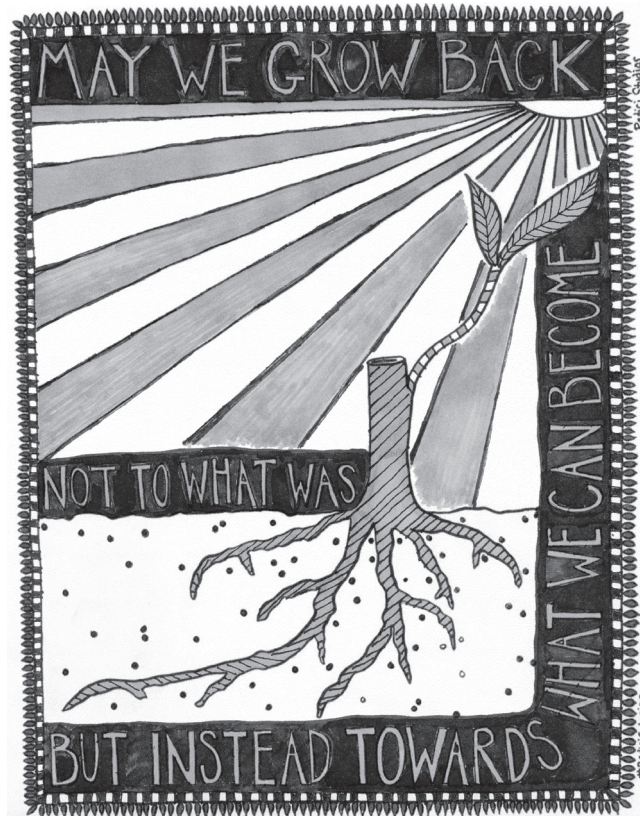
HISTORY: The best part of telling the truth about our history is that it gives us a chance to rebuild our classrooms, our hospitals, our police departments, our homes, our banks, our labor unions and (yes, Lord) our churches so that they avoid the painful deeds of the past and become places where all people are living and working in love. So, telling the truth about incarceration and lynchings can help us visualize what can happen when our relationships with other members of God’s family are ignored or defiled by hatred. As a result, learning our history can help us rebuild or reform ourselves.

I left Bryan’s talk filled with applications of his words and new ways to spread the Gospel. To address the present, Trinity Presbyterian has spent the past six months training teams of six church members to help prisoners re-enter the world outside prisons.

And we can address the past. As you know, here in Georgia, less than 15 miles east of Atlanta down Memorial Drive lies Stone Mountain, an enormous exposed mass of granite rock rising 1,686 feet above the surrounding Piedmont. That granite mountain sat there for over 300 million years minding its own business until

1915, when some Georgians decided to make it a monument to the Ku Klux Klan and the “Lost Cause” of the Confederate States of America. A sculpture memorializing three men who fought and killed American soldiers was started by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and finished by Governor Marvin Griffin, who promised to maintain segregation in Georgia forever.

By default, Stone Mountain Memorial Park serves as a proxy for the entire state of Georgia as all of us acknowledge, confront, apologize, condemn, denounce, recognize, regret, reaffirm and try



Radical Studios Design | Nelia Kimbrough

to forgive. I believe we will reach the goal of forgiving as well as asking forgiveness. Reverend Abraham Mosley of Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church in Athens, Georgia, is now the first Black president of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. This year, the Association has hired a team to find a way to build bridges by truth-telling. In December they announced that their team, Warner Museums Company, will renovate the old museum into a new space. Their hope is to provide a clear and accurate picture of the history of Georgia, especially the history of Stone Mountain Park itself.

The Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS), formerly the New

York Zoological Society, is trying to educate all people now and in the future about the many mistakes they made, based on very wrong understandings of what it means to be a human being. They wish to reach out in much greater depth and breadth than mere “regret.”

As an example of their work, I would invite you to read the “rough drafts” of letters scientists wrote to each other in an effort to explain their decision to display young Ota Benga of the Mbuti people of Congo at the Bronx Zoo in 1906. Their efforts were doomed to tragedy from the outset.

First, we apologize for and condemn the treatment of a young Central African from the Mbuti people of present-day Democratic Republic of Congo. His name was Ota Benga. Bronx Zoo officials, led by Director William Hornaday, put Ota Benga on display in the zoo’s Monkey House for several days during the week of September 8, 1906, before outrage from local Black ministers quickly brought the disgraceful incident to an end. The Reverend James Gordon arranged for Ota Benga to stay at an orphanage he directed in Weeksville, Brooklyn. Robbed of his humanity and unable to return home, Ota Benga tragically took his life a decade later.

The WCS has made all known records regarding their past history available free online. My hope, as a man born and raised in Georgia, is that the Stone Mountain Memorial Association will take similar steps and make similar assertions. A new documentary about the history of the Stone Mountain memorial is produced by the Atlanta History Center and available to view free at their website: <https://www.atlantahistorycenter.com/monument/> ♦

Wes McCoy has been a science teacher in Cobb County, Georgia for 39 years. He was Georgia’s Science Teacher of the Year and is a member of Trinity Presbyterian, Atlanta. He volunteers with the Georgia Justice Project and the Equal Justice Initiative’s Cobb County Remembrance Project. (wdmccoy@mindspring.com)



Ade Bethune

HOSPITALITY

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Open Door Community
PO Box 10980
Baltimore, Maryland 21234
www.opendoorcommunity.org



David Payne

*Ed at 83: still kicking like a mule
being fastened to a plow!*

Newspaper

Founding Editor Murphy Davis
Editor Ed Loring
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Photography and Layout Editor Calvin Kimbrough
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Associate Editors Peter Gathje, Catherine Meeks and John Cole Vodicka
Copy Editor Julie Martin
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Open Door Community

For more information about the life and work of the community, please contact either of the following:

Eduard Loring Activist/Advocate/Ally
He/Him/His
David Payne Office Manager

Please join us on Facebook for the continuing journey of the Open Door Community in Baltimore.



Murphy Davis ¡Presente!



Introduction

By Ed Loring

Murphy Davis was a radical Discipleship activist while President of the student body at Rose High School in Greenville, North Carolina. She took a stand toward solidarity with the African American students when integration came to town. Early, she paid a token or two of the cost of discipleship — later it got more expensive. She was ready to get her butt out of Greenville and so took what today is called a gap year and went to Brazil under the auspices of the PCUS (the ever-renewing Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States of America).

Upon return, Murphy was not who she was when she left, but it took a few years for the seeds to grow and bear fruit. From this point on and for the remainder of Murphy's life, the poor were the location of incarnation for her. Attending Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, Virginia, she joined an AME Church, played the organ there, joined the NAACP. During one of the NAACP street protests, Murphy gave her first public speech on the steps of City Hall. (I have a copy of the speech and will share it in the future.) When time came for students to travel to D.C. to testify before the Ad Hoc Committee, Murphy and her best friend and roommate, Carson Pease, were natural choices. Murphy was 22 years old when she spoke Truth to Power: I hope you will feel the cry of the anguish Vietnam brought to many of us; but nothing compared to the anguish of the Vietnamese — now our trading partner.

The testimony below is from Murphy Davis' appearance as a witness before the Ad Hoc Committee on U.S. Southeast Asia Policy on May 21, 1970. That month was a volatile one in American history — the USA had invaded Cambodia in conjunction with its failing war in Vietnam, and protests broke out all over America. White students at Kent State in Ohio and Black students at Jackson State in Mississippi were killed by National Guardsmen in response to the protests. Rep. Paul Findley, a Republican from Illinois, chaired the Ad Hoc Committee. As he put it, "I have the gavel because I first had the idea and acted upon it." He was an early opponent of the Vietnam War and later became the author of the War Powers Act, which limited the ability of American presidents to wage war without approval from Congress. In the midst of that chaos in May 1970, Murphy took her seat in the Rayburn House Office Building and gave her testimony.

STUDENT VIEWS TOWARD UNITED STATES POLICY IN SOUTHEAST ASIA

HEARINGS BEFORE AN AD HOC COMMITTEE OF
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
NINETY-FIRST CONGRESS SECOND SESSION
May 21 and 22, 1970

Statement by Murphy Davis, Mary Baldwin College

There have always been difficult problems in discussing U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia because our policy is deeply entrenched in rigid conceptual patterns, clichés and stereotypes. It is imperative that we come to clarity on what we mean by such terms as "freedom," "honor," "self-determination," "aggression." And "democracy." When President Nixon addressed the nation on November 3, 1969, his speech was heavy with emotion-laden abstractions of this sort; he spoke of preserving American "honor" and "prestige" and "saving face" in the world. As a result of this tendency in policy speeches, it has been extremely difficult for many people in the country — indeed, some of the policymakers themselves — to extricate themselves from an emotionally based premise in order to make some rational evaluation of our situation in Asia.

We encounter a problem of somewhat the same nature often in speaking of history. We cannot be bound in our thinking by equating present situations and conflicts exactly with what has gone before. We would of course be more than foolish to ignore historical precedent, but if we cannot use history as a tool for creative thinking and a creative seeking of new ways to approach problems, then we become slaves and pawns of history.

The U.S. war in Southeast Asia is symptomatic of a very rigid method of thinking about world situations. Much of our policy in Vietnam seems to have grown from the simplistic and somewhat distorted notion that we are fighting against a government that is Communist and evil, and on behalf of a government that is "democratic" and "good" and in line with what is in the American ideology a duly-elected government. Our official position — up to the President's most recent policy statements — has remained one of inerrancy. We have made no mistakes in our policy, and we have no apologies to make to any nation or people of the world. The official picture of this war still presented to us is one of the "good" war to overcome the "evil." This is a rigid position to say the least. From such a basis, it perhaps makes sense to think in terms of pure military strategy rather than a negotiated peace. Our country has blatantly ignored provisions of the Geneva Accords; we have assumed a military obligation to Saigon that never had any legitimate basis for its existence. We have kept Vietnam divided when it was never intended that the country be two political entities. Now years after our first advisers were sent to Saigon, the situation still requires more than 400,000 American troops and the kind of firepower that far surpasses anything that North Vietnam can put on the field — even with Chinese and Russian aid — just to keep the Thieu-Ky regime in power. Of course, the policy of Vietnamization is designed to get us out of the present situation without being "humiliated," but the question of how many more years and lives it will require and what will be finally established by it is another issue indeed.

Within the past month the President has sent troops to war in

Cambodia on his own decision. He did this because he felt that it was strategically necessary, and he personally assumed all responsibility for the move, with a subtle implication that all should admire his courage. But the important issue is that in such an action the President blatantly ignored the constitutional provision for division of power. Moving into Cambodia to clear out enemy pockets that had been there for quite some time was no immediate emergency, and it seems very strange indeed that he consulted with not even one Member of Congress before taking such a decisive step. This was the crossing of an internationally recognized border by American and South Vietnamese troops into a country to which we were never invited. This seems to be a serious usurpation of power by the President, and it seems imperative that the Congress immediately reassert the power it is constitutionally due. The Constitution was written with the specific idea of protecting the American people from the misuse of military power by making the dispatch of military power a joint responsibility of the executive and legislative branches of government. The President's appeals to patriotism making the Cambodia move a test of "our will and character," encourage emotionalized evaluation of the situation. But we must come to grips with the actual realistic implications of this unprecedented move. For Congress to continue to abdicate its power will perhaps mean political self-destruction. We must face up to the fact that this has been a president's war from its very beginning. It remains an officially undeclared war and all policy, objectives, troop commitments, bombing orders, and withdrawals have been made from the Presidency. Congress has voted appropriations to support the war, but the basic decisions have all been made by the Chief Executive.

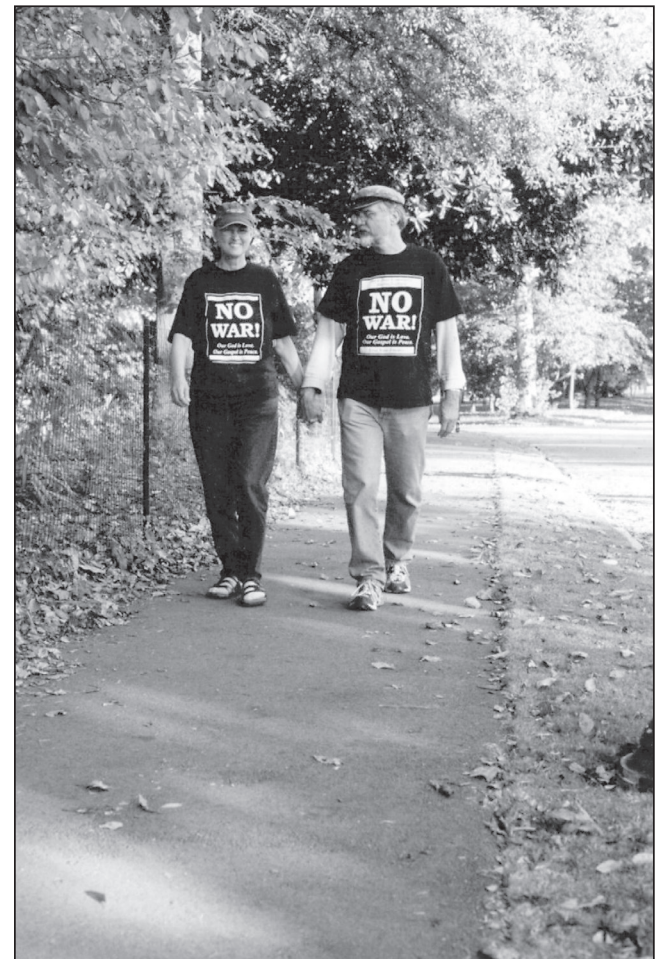
So America is still idealistically trying to bring freedom to Vietnam, when she herself is enslaved by conceptions of herself and set solutions to her problems which are no longer applicable. Freedom depends upon devising new alternatives for the present, unique situations. A real leader should be able to undercut the assumptions of posed historical situations and think creatively about new alternatives. This means a resolute refusal to be bound by whole-system views and assumptions from historical alternatives. History must be no more than a tool in our policymaking; when it comes to control our thinking, we are enslaved indeed. Our present situation — whether domestic or foreign — must be seen as unique and requiring its own evaluations and attention, not dependent upon methods of thinking and action from past situations. Such a method requires careful scrutiny of these present situations and abandonment of the rigid patterns of conceptualization.

The war issue is driving deep wedges between sectors of our society. In spite of President Nixon's inaugural promise to "bring us together," we are more divided than would have ever seemed possible to many. Students are dying on their own university campuses at the hands of "law" enforcement officials, and our president tells us that "violence begets violence." In Augusta, Georgia, six black men are dead of gunshot wounds in the back, also in the name of the law. The war — or something in our national ethos — has instilled within us a warlike spirit. Our Nation officially sanctions violence, and that violence comes out in all the My Lai's, the murders at Kent State, Jackson State, Chicago and now Augusta.

Sadly, this violence also calls forth and nurtures an equally irrational counter-violence in the streets of our cities and all over the country. A movement has begun in this country, and I cannot believe that it will be stopped now.

I appeal to you as Members of Congress to give us the kind of responsible leadership we need. We are tired of the inconsistencies and unfairness we see in our national policies. We are told that we must not be humiliated in Asia and that we must remain there in order to "save face." What face are we saving? We are being humiliated by our government's unwillingness to admit to any error. I am not ready to believe that our system is beyond hope of being saved; I do believe that in the matter of the war in Southeast Asia we have not been a responsible enough citizenry, when we should have long ago brought public pressures on you our Congressmen to reassert the legislative power that you are constitutionally provided.

We must do everything within our power to immediately bring to a close our involvement in this hideous war we have helped to create. Only when we are out of this war altogether will we be able to reorient our priorities and seriously deal with the domestic problems which, if left unaltered, will *rip us apart as a nation*. ♣



Calvin Kimbrough

Murphy Davis and Ed Loring | 2004



Join our Joy

By the Joyful Ed Loring in discussions with Michaela Murphy Buc

Long were the years, sometimes down in the valley, but Hannah Loring Murphy Buc prevailed and overcame. She kept her hand on the plow and her eyes on the prize and now Hannah's not very little light is shining. Hannah knows it takes a community of family and friends. She is as full of gratitude as Horace Tribble ever was. And she sends her love to all of you who in different ways have supported her in her living of these days. This is to say: Hannah now has earned her Doctor of Philosophy degree!!!

The ceremonies were fun and meaningful. On April 17, 2023, I accompanied Hannah to Catholic University for the defense of her dissertation. I sat down the hall drinking coffee and conferring with the Holy Spirit about my wonderful daughter. After a time, Hannah joined me. The committee discussed her defense, voted, brought us in and we had a party. I fell in love with Dr. Patricia McMullen, Hannah's advisor, who is even more playful than I. What fun.

Thursday, May 11, we attended the beautiful Hooding Ceremony. Many of the Bucs and I joined for supper then journeyed to the University for a house full of serious faculty, provost, president and a rowdy group of family and friends as they received their colorful hoods. As Hannah stepped forward for hooding, University President Dr. Peter K. Kilpatrick shook her hand and thanked her for researching such an important topic.

Then along came Saturday, May 13, and Dr. Hannah Buc graduated!!!!

The materials below are selections chosen by Dr. Hannah to share with you, our readers. Please join our joy in love and thanksgiving. To celebrate this achievement, Michaela, Hannah and I will go to Europe for the first 3 weeks of July to visit Open Door folks who lived with us and have since lived in us.

Ain't never been cared for

A grounded theory of receiving hospice and palliative care for homeless and vulnerably housed individuals

A DISSERTATION

Submitted to the Faculty of the Conway School of Nursing Of The Catholic University of America In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements For the Degree Doctor of Philosophy
Director: Dr. Patricia McMullen, Ph.D., JD, CRNP, FAANP, FAAN
By Hannah Loring Murphy Buc

Hospice and palliative care are difficult to access for patients who experience homelessness or vulnerable housing. These care models assume that patients are housed and have access to electricity and running water as well as food, safety and social support. This constructivist grounded theory analysis examined the process of receiving hospice and palliative care for homeless and vulnerably housed individuals (HVHI). Addressing a gap in the literature, this study examined this process from the patient's perspective; while there is a growing body of literature that documents the barriers to care that this vulnerable group faces, very little evidence represents the patient perspective.

Intensive interviews with nine participants provided the basis for a substantive theory: *"Ain't never been cared for": Receiving hospice and palliative care*. The three-phase process experienced by participants and described in this dissertation includes Phase 1: Complex and Intersectional Trauma; Phase 2: Losing Health and Home; and Phase 3: Ain't never been cared for: Accessing Care and (Re) Creating Family. This theory of the process of receiving hospice and palliative care provides a framework for the improvement of clinical care, development of policy priorities and clarification of educational needs for clinicians and other service providers.

Through the lens of trauma-informed care, clinicians can better serve this population by focusing efforts on harm reduction strategies, reducing barriers to care and providing care in environments where HVHI feel safe; implementing harm reduction across care environments would additionally improve engagement with this population. Legislative priorities should focus on local, state and federal policy development and funding to house the homeless. Additionally, policy to support the clinical practices of harm reduction strategies where HVHI can be reached and services can be adequately provided is essential. Educational interventions for clinicians, students and service providers will help to reduce barriers to care that impact the experience of bias and stigmatization by health care and other providers. Without a doubt, *what people experiencing homelessness need is housing*, and with housing, palliative and hospice services can improve the quality and quantity of life for this vulnerable population.

Dedication

This dissertation is dedicated to my mom, Murphy Davis (1948-2020). Her ability to live a full, creative and inspiring life in the face of complex life-limiting illness drew me to the work of nursing, initially, and then to palliative care. The opportunity to care



for her over the 25 years that she lived fully, embracing her own mortality, is one of the most important gifts I have received. And the love she gave me, and allowed me to return, has shaped me into the person, and the nurse, that I am today. She would have loved to celebrate this accomplishment with me.

I also dedicate this work to my own daughter, Michaela Lillian Murphy Buc. I began my PhD journey when she was 9 months old, and she is celebrating this completion with me at 9 years old! Michaela, your joy, compassion and empathy light up my world. Thank you for supporting me, even when it meant less time together. I can't wait to live the rest of my life in your glow.

Acknowledgement

To say that it took a village to complete this dissertation would be an understatement. But I begin by thanking my esteemed dissertation committee. The mentorship and encouragement that Dr. Patricia McMullen, committee chair, has shared with me has challenged me, pushed me and inspired me. Dr. Agazio's careful attention to detail, and Dr. Selway and Dr. Gourley's questions helped me think more deeply and to make what I hope is a meaningful contribution to this area of practice and research. Each one has encouraged me and helped me to rise to this occasion.

The participants and the staff at each of the research sites met this project with interest and

excitement. Many of my participants thanked me for featuring their voice and experience in this work. I hope that I am doing justice to their stories and that the work that I begin with this study can impact the care that is available for this population. Special thanks to Sherry Campbell, Alexis Loudenslager, Michelle Gobel and Carol Noon of Welcome Home of Chattanooga; Karen Frank and Rachel Sherman of Hospice of the Chesapeake; and Leta Davis of Joseph's House who offered more support than I could have asked for and who are doing such important work caring for patients receiving palliative and hospice care.

And a very special thanks to Susan Miller, who I first knew when she was my graduate teaching assistant and is now a palliative nurse practitioner. She has helped me with many aspects of this project and has offered ideas, suggestions and friendship all along the way. Thank you, Susan!

My family and friends held me up as I struggled, at times, to stay on task, to believe that I could finish and to keep pushing through. Jason kept our house running, offering me time away to work and encouragement when I returned. Michaela kept me laughing. My Dad has cheered me on, fretted over me and taken interest in every detail of the process. My lady crew (you know who you are) has sustained me physically, spiritually and mentally throughout it all.

I'm filled with gratitude for each of you. Thank you. ✨

Dr. Hannah Loring Murphy Buc



Photographs by Ed Loring

Freedom to Dominate

A review of *Freedom's Dominion: A Saga of White Resistance to Federal Power*

By John Cole Vodicka

Near the conclusion of Jefferson Cowie’s important Pulitzer Prize-winning book *Freedom’s Dominion*, the author shares anti-racist activist and writer Ta-Nehisi Coates’ definition of “white supremacist” freedom:

It is, Coates explains, “freedom without consequence, freedom without criticism, freedom to be proud and ignorant; freedom to profit off a people in one moment and abandon them in the next; a Stand Your Ground freedom, freedom without responsibility, without hard memory, a Monticello without slavery, a Confederate freedom, the freedom of John C. Calhoun, not the freedom of Harriet Tubman, which calls you to risk your own; not the freedom of Nat Turner, which calls you to give even more. Freedom in the United States is a conqueror’s freedom.”

Freedom’s Dominion: A Saga of White Resistance to Federal Power, is a powerful and sobering history that explores the close association between America’s rhetoric of liberty and the politics of white supremacy. Jefferson Cowie, a historian at Vanderbilt University, documents that whenever the federal government intervened on behalf of the oppressed, many white Americans fought back to maintain their freedom to dominate.

In telling about this more than 200-year-old American saga, Cowie connects it to the eastern Alabama county of Barbour, which borders the state of Georgia along the Chattahoochee River and Lake Eufaula. The county seat of Barbour is Eufaula. Barbour County is the birthplace of George Corley Wallace. In *Freedom’s Dominion*, Cowie helps us understand how significant Barbour County has been to both the South and the nation’s claim that a “free” white people should have the capacity to wield power over others.

After independence, white Americans “used their freedom to seize the continent and replace the existing continent with both themselves and human beings stolen from Africa,” Cowie writes. “Any opposition to white sovereignty became an enemy of the people.” Cowie shows us from the 1830s on how white men in Barbour County, Alabama responded to this “enemy” by dispossessing land and removing Native Americans, fomenting mob political violence, seceding from the country, overthrowing Reconstruction, administering the vigilante justice of lynching, implementing convict leasing, establishing Jim Crow laws and resisting the Civil Rights and Voting Rights Acts of the mid-1960s. According to Cowie, the white man’s “freedom” in Barbour County — and in all of America — has always been a freedom to dominate others.

For Barbour County’s whites, Cowie writes, “the cry of freedom” also meant to be free of federal tyranny. This is a recurrent theme of the book, and Cowie explains how anti-federal government sentiment took root in eastern Alabama. The feds came to be seen as a protector of minority populations from white people’s dominion, thus presenting a constant threat to white people’s liberty. In essence, the federal government became the usurper of individual and state’s rights.

Much of *Freedom’s Dominion* focuses on Barbour County’s most famous son, George Corley Wallace. Cowie opens the book with an introduction titled “George Wallace and American Freedom,” and uses the book’s last one hundred pages to recount Wallace’s version of racialized freedom and his demand for freedom from federal “oppression.”

Cowie informs us that Wallace’s infamous 1963 inaugural “Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever!” speech was focused mostly on the newly elected governor’s belief that “freedom meant freedom from any threat or fear of government.” As one reviewer has noted, Wallace believed that “leaders in Washington, D.C. were not harbingers of democracy but a rotating swarm of interlopers whose efforts should be thwarted and undermined.” (Cowie points out that in Wallace’s inaugural address in Montgomery, he mentioned “segregation” only one time and invoked “freedom” twenty-four times! “Let us rise to the call of the freedom-loving blood that is in us,” he bellowed from the Capitol steps, “and send our answer to the tyranny that clanks its chains

Freedom’s Dominion
A Saga of White Resistance to Federal Power

by **Jefferson Cowie**

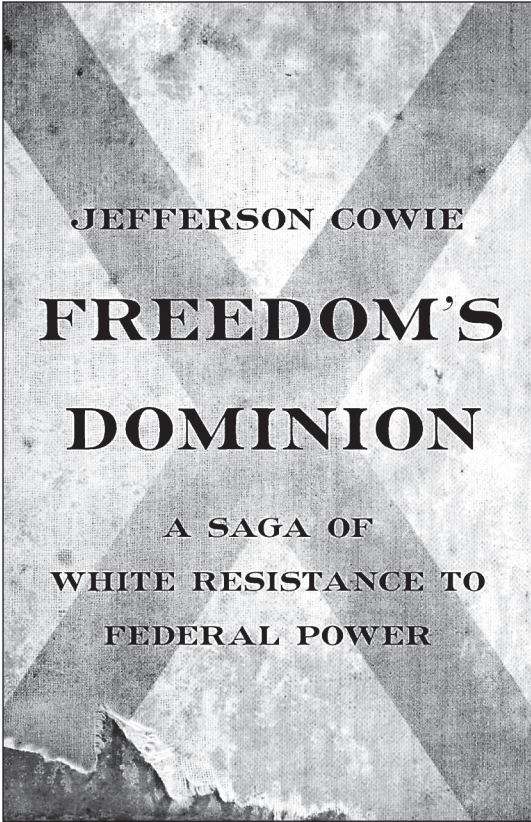
The 2023 Pulitzer Prize Winner in History

November 22, 2022
Basic Books
512 pages

upon the South!”) In other words: Listen to me white people! The federal government is coming for your freedom!

Using Barbour County, Alabama, as its lens, *Freedom’s Dominion* also apprises the reader of the federal government’s often tepid response to the county’s white supremacists’ efforts to dominate and oppress persons of color. Throughout its history, Barbour County’s elites managed to enroll their fellow white citizens in a fight against federal troops, federal courts, federal economic planning and federal political control that threatened their authority over non-whites. Federal power, according to Cowie, was at best “a dubious ally” of eastern Alabama’s oppressed peoples. Whether it was stealing land from Native Americans, slavery, resistance to the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution, or Barbour County’s systematic disenfranchisement of Black voters and refusal to integrate its schools, the federal government usually showed little stamina for the struggle. Cowie writes that federal officials have often acquiesced to the demands of the “white freedom” crowd.

Throughout *Freedom’s Dominion*, Cowie makes sure to let us know who the “heroes” are in his tale. “They are actors on the ground who battled to achieve better lives for themselves and their families,” he writes, “and a more just union for us all.” Some of those heroes are A.E. Williams, Thomas Clark and Samuel Fantroy — Black men from Barbour County elected to the Alabama legislature in 1872. And Henry Fraser, who sought to enable African Americans to vote in Eufaula in 1874, only to be met by mob violence where dozens of Blacks were killed. There is white Judge Elias Keils — a Republican called “the most hated man in Barbour County” in the 1860s and ‘70s — who hired Blacks as court officers, freed African Americans jailed on petty charges, and found for Black sharecroppers cheated by the planter class. Then, almost a century later, enter Montgomery attorney Fred Gray. Gray, who



is 92 and still practices law today, filed dozens of federal lawsuits in the 1950s and ‘60s — many of them successful — challenging Barbour County’s systemic institutional racism involving school desegregation, land ownership and voter fraud. “I was determined to destroy everything segregated I could find,” the African American lawyer said.

Freedom’s Dominion’s narrative spans nearly three centuries, and at its conclusion Jefferson Cowie argues that not only has the federal government been an unreliable ally of non-whites in the past, but continues to be an open enemy of people of color seeking their rights today. White supremacist ideas of freedom continue to be

deeply embedded in American politics.

Speaking to our nation’s current crises, Cowie writes, “Cries for American freedom so often exist in an uncomfortable embrace with concentration of power, racial bigotry, religious intolerance, misogyny, land hunger, violence and a belligerent form of gun rights.”

And in the book’s final paragraph he leaves the reader with this appeal: “[*Freedom’s Dominion*] stands as an argument for a vigorous, federally enforced model of American citizenship that is not afraid to fight the many incarnations of the freedom to dominate. The solution is to change the narrative clearly and aggressively, to commit to a bright, sharp, militant defense of the one single, unambiguous thing that federal government should do: defend the civil and political rights on the local level for all people — cries of freedom to the contrary be damned.” ♦

John and Dee Cole Vodicka and sons were Resident Volunteers at the Open Door Community in 1985-86 and 1992-93. John founded and, for 15 years, directed the Prison & Jail Project in Americus, Georgia. Today he is an activist, writer and community organizer who lives in Athens, Georgia. (johnvodicka@comcast.net)

A Calloused Heart *continued from page 1*

A calloused heart loves the people who come for hospitality and hates the injustice that grinds them down.

A calloused heart maintains boundaries needed for long-haul hospitality. Hospitality, to last, needs order, along with a humility that accepts that not every need can be met, even as a community of people can faithfully meet some needs.

A calloused heart maintains boundaries needed for long-haul hospitality.

A calloused heart is innocent as a dove and wise as a serpent. Grace gives the innocence in which everyone who comes is welcomed. No ID is required. No means testing takes place. No distinction is made between “worthy” and “unworthy” poor. No demand is made to change or to be evangelized. But with wisdom gained from experience, stories that seek to create sympathy for special treatment are discarded. With wisdom, people who threaten hospitality’s decorum and the dignity of others are asked to leave.

A calloused heart still weeps. Jesus wept. I weep. I hear the stories of loss that pile up in the lives of our guests. The death of

loved ones. No work. Exploitative work. Agony in addiction. Torment in mental illness. Beatings. Harassment from police or passing strangers. Physical suffering from cold, rain, heat, mosquitoes and rats. Bad food.

I weep as our guests die. Sometimes alone. Always too early. I weep from the harsh dismissal of any care for people on the streets

and the calls to punish them further. At eight o’clock the Manna House door opens. A calloused heart. I have one. With a calloused heart I can make it through this morning. ♦

Peter Gathje is Vice President of Academic Affairs/Dean of Memphis Theological Seminary, and a founder of Manna House, a place of hospitality in Memphis. He wrote Sharing the Bread of Life: Hospitality and Resistance at the Open Door Community (2006) and edited A Work of Hospitality: The Open Door Reader 1982 – 2002. (pgathje@memphisseminary.edu)

How Could This Happen?

A review of *Jesus and John Wayne: How White Evangelicals Corrupted a Faith and Fractured a Nation*

By Elizabeth Dede

How could this happen? Many people (in the U.S. and all over the world) awoke on Wednesday, November 9, 2016, and asked themselves this question. How could the people of the United States elect Donald Trump to the presidency? *Jesus and John Wayne* offers a clear and decisive explanation of the history of white Evangelical Christianity, leading to a damning answer to that question. Quite simply: white Evangelicals and their leadership perpetuated and nurtured (and still do — witness the mid-term 2020 elections of ultra-rightwing conservative Republicans to the House, and the more current debt ceiling crisis) a belief in violent, macho, patriarchal, warmongering, racist politics and culture in the U.S.

I grew up in the Missouri Synod Lutheran Church, an ultra-conservative branch of Lutheranism in the U.S. My dad is a retired pastor, so I am steeped in evangelicalism. I’ve read that Martin Luther coined the use of the word “evangelical” to differentiate Catholics from other Christians. In Chapter Two, “John Wayne Will Save Your Ass,” Kobes Du Mez writes:

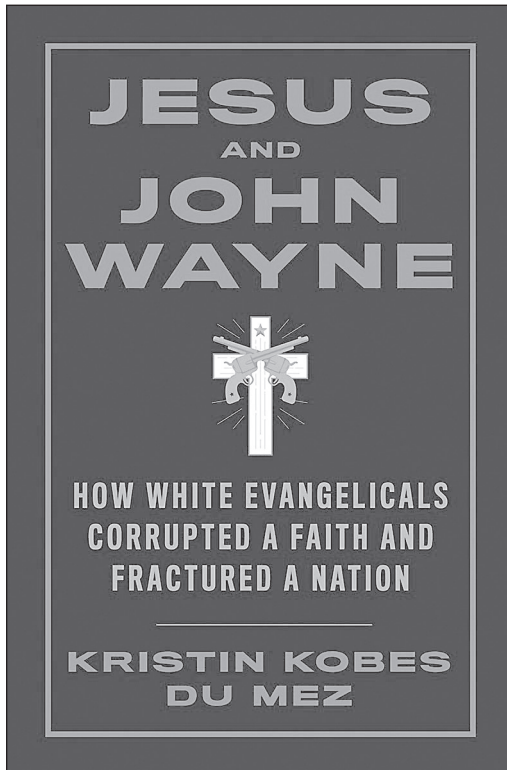
The Vietnam War was pivotal to the formation of an emerging evangelical identity. For many Americans who came of age in the 1960s and 1970s, Vietnam demolished myths of American greatness and goodness. American power came to be viewed with suspicion, if not revulsion, and a pervasive antimilitarism took hold. Evangelicals, however, drew the opposite lesson: it was the absence of American power that led to catastrophe. After the Tet Offensive in the summer of 1968, a poll revealed support for continued bombing and an increase in U.S. military intervention “among 97 percent of Southern Baptists, 91 percent of independent fundamentalists, and 70 percent of Missouri Synod Lutherans.”

After reading *Jesus and John Wayne*, I am grateful to be able to say that, even at the age of 6 in 1968, I was a budding peace activist, and that I have thrown off the shackles of evangelicalism completely, thanks in large part to my 15 years of life in community at the Open Door.

You might be asking yourselves, why John Wayne? In the introduction to the book, Kobes Du Mez lays her thesis out clearly. In film, the actor John Wayne played the roles of masculine cowboy hero and soldier. In real life, he was “an outspoken conservative activist.” Through the years, politicians have quoted him and claimed his characters as formative in their lives. For Evangelical Christians, John Wayne is the embodiment of patriarchy, traditional gender roles and “toughness and swagger” that characterize their “nostalgic yearning for a mythical ‘Christian America.’” However, John Wayne’s life did not embody any of the spoken values of conservative white Evangelical Christians. He was a womanizer, divorced three times, drank heavily, smoked heavily and probably didn’t even claim belief in Jesus. Nevertheless, this did not dissuade evangelicals from latching on to his ethos.

Kobes Du Mez traces the path of evangelicals in the U.S. from Teddy Roosevelt, the “cowboy president,” to Donald Trump, a racist, misogynistic bully. She writes that Robert Jeffress, pastor of First Baptist Dallas, TX (Billy Graham’s home church), appeared with Trump on a campaign stop, telling evangelicals that they would “have a true friend in the White House,” and also said that he wanted “the meanest, toughest, son-of-a-you-know-what” there. Kobes Du Mez tells us that Baptist scholar Alan Bean reflected in the *Baptist News* that Jeffress:

... embraced a “Jesus/John Wayne dualism.” Trump’s biblical ignorance was boundless, but



Jeffress wasn’t interested in a president who would govern according to Jesus’ Sermon on the Mount. . . . The role of government was “to be a strongman to protect its citizens against evildoers.” Sure, Trump was a notorious womanizer, married three times. So was John Wayne. Wayne was “an unapologetic racist,” Bean added, “and Trump stands proudly in that tradition.” Both men represented white manhood “in all its swaggering glory.” Trump was “the John Wayne stand-in” his evangelical supporters were looking for.

On the campaign trail in 2016, Trump appeared in Winterset, Iowa, at the John Wayne Museum and said, “When you think about it, John Wayne represented strength, he represented power, he represented what the people are looking for today, because we have exactly the opposite of John Wayne right now in this country.”

John Wayne’s persona as strong white man, patriarch and warrior has been the model for the Jesus of conservative white Evangelical Christians since the early 1960s. From his attendance at a rally for Barry Goldwater in the 1964 presidential race, to his radio ad for Phyllis Schlafly in her failed 1970 bid for Congress, to his friendship with Ronald Reagan, who called John Wayne, “a symbol of our country itself,” John Wayne both directly and indirectly had his hand in U.S. politics. Kobes Du Mez reminds us that “at the 1984 Republican National Convention, a video recounting Reagan’s first-term achievements opened with a series of clips from John Wayne films, lest anyone forget what Reagan represented.” She goes on, “around 75% of white evangelicals voted for Reagan.” In the new millennium, George W. Bush’s administration saw a “cowboy president . . . back in the saddle,” and the attacks of 9/11 transformed his evangelical “compassionate conservatism” to a crusader mentality. Kobes Du Mez writes of 9/11:

The events . . . called for all the manly strength men could muster. As Phyllis Schlafly put it, one of the unintended consequences of the attack on the World Trade Center was “the dashing of feminist hopes to make America a gender-neutral or androgynous society.” When the firemen charged up the stairs of the burning towers, the death tally was: “Men 343, women 0.” Clearly this was no place for affirmative-action women. Fighting the Taliban, too, was a job for “real men.” Fortunately,

Jesus and John Wayne

How White Evangelicals Corrupted a Faith and Fractured a Nation

by **Kristin Kobes Du Mez**

2021 Orwell Award Winner

June 23, 2020
Liveright Publishing
356 pages
15 black-and-white illustrations

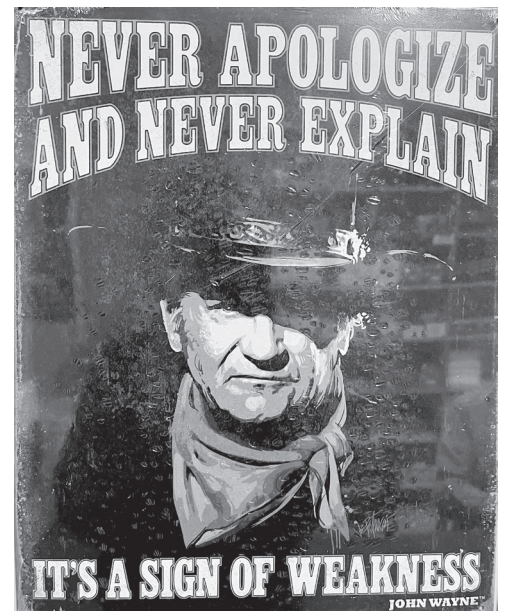
a “warrior culture” had survived thirty years of feminist assaults, so there were still some men “macho enough to relish the opportunity to engage and kill the bad guys of the world.” Watching the war unfold on television, Schlafly almost expected to see “John Wayne riding across the plains.” America needed manly heroes.

After the George W. Bush years, white evangelicals once again faced eight years of uncertainty. We read in *Jesus and John Wayne*:

An African American with the middle name of Hussein, Barack Obama challenged the values — spoken and unspoken — that many white evangelicals held dear. As an adult convert to Christianity, he could speak with eloquence and theological sophistication about his faith, but for many evangelicals this mattered little. For some, racial prejudice shaped their political leanings. But even for those who did not hold explicit racist convictions, their faith remained intertwined with their whiteness. Although white evangelicals and black Protestants shared similar views on a number of theological and moral issues, the black Protestant tradition was suffused with a prophetic theology that clashed with white evangelicals’ Christian nationalism.

We know how the vast majority of white evangelicals voted in 2016. We’re aware of the disastrous consequences that Trump’s presidency brought for peace, justice and equity in this country and throughout the world. Please read *Jesus and John Wayne*. Please register and vote. Please remove the scourge of conservative white evangelicalism from this country. ✦

Elizabeth Dede is a member of Koinonia Farm, an 81-year-old intentional community in Americus, Georgia. She received her faith formation at the Open Door Community from 1986 to 2000, and at the Prison & Jail Project from 2000 to 2007.



HOSPITALITY Prays

Prayer is the heart of a genuine Christian radicalism.
— Ron Ferguson

A Prayer to the God of Freedom*

By Lee Carroll

O Liberating God,
We live in a world dominated
by the lust for power,
by personal and corporate greed, and
by the exploitation of our most vulnerable neighbors.

And in such a world, we are often content to remain silent,
To accept things as they are.

So today, we dare pray to You that we may be bold enough to break our silences,
to hope for Your justice,
to challenge the status quo,
to proclaim Your liberating truth, and
to join you in Your mission.

Indeed, You are the God of freedom —
the One who through the ages has liberated us from bondage
to the likes of Pharaoh, slave masters, Fascism and even ourselves.

Please free us yet again,
so that we shall proclaim that Your truth and justice are far stronger
than the power or wealth that any of us amass;
so that we shall strive for an alternative community
that embodies Your love and peace;
so that we shall break the silence
that makes us timid disciples and champions of the status quo.

May the sounds of our breaking free from silence, amidst so much bondage and idolatry,
be music to your ears, O liberating and loving God. Amen.

*Thanks to my friend, Walter Brueggemann (*Interrupting Silence*), for inspiring this prayer.

Lee Carroll is an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church (USA) and Associate Professor Emeritus of Columbia Theological Seminary, Decatur, GA. He is the current chair of the Board of Directors of the Open Door Community. (lcarroll@ix.netcom.com)

poetry corner



Julie Lonneman

Baltimore

Nobody got in nobody’s way
So I guess you could say it was a good day
At least a little better than the day in Baltimore
Does anybody hear us pray
For Michael Brown or Freddie Gray?
Peace is more than the absence of war
Absence of war

Are we gonna see another bloody day?
We’re tired of the cryin’ and people dyin’
Let’s take all the guns away

Absence of war, you and me
Maybe we can finally say
Enough is enough, it’s time for love
It’s time to hear
It’s time to hear the guitar play, guitar play
Baltimore, ever more

If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace
If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace
If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace
If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace

Are we gonna see another bloody day?
We’re tired of the cryin’ and people dyin’
Let’s take all the guns away

If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace
If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace
If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace
If there ain’t no justice then there ain’t no peace

We have to interrupt the regular scheduled
programming to bring you up to date on a
developing situation in Los Angeles

— Prince

Baltimore, a song by Prince Rogers Nelson, was released in May 1995, following the death of Freddie Gray by fatal injuries sustained while in police custody. Featuring Eryn Allen Kane, the song is on the album *HITnRUN Phase 2*, ©2015 NPG Records. A powerful *Baltimore (Official Music Video)*, directed by Ralston Smith, can be viewed at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hMLI7LFf84w>.

The Box

Compiled by Ed Loring

From Cathy & Randy Hoover-Dempsey

Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a modern brick school in more than 30 cities. It is two electric power plants, each serving a town of 60,000 population. It is two fine, fully equipped hospitals. It is some fifty miles of concrete pavement. We pay for a single fighter plane with a half million bushels of wheat. We pay for a single destroyer



with new homes that could have housed more than 8,000 people.
— President Dwight Eisenhower, 1953

**Truth matters.
Doing the right thing matters.
Decent behavior matters.**

From Catherine Meeks’ blog “A Few Shades Braver”

Fear is the cheapest room in the house / I would like to see you living/In better conditions. ... God wants to see /More love and playfulness in your eyes / For that is your greatest witness to the Divine. Fear is the cheapest, shabbiest, and most uncomfortable place to live.
— Hafiz

Dr. King’s call, understandably and rightly so, was to move from the margins to the center. This is the call of social justice and most dangerous and tempting it is. We could lose our lives as we gain access and place in the center.

I saw this billboard in Nashville.



“And love comes with community.”

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Love Her Dear Ed, in everlasting memory of Murphy I am sending my love and blessings to you.

I'm glad you all came to celebrate my birthday with me. Celebrate. I turned 97 years old on April 8, which is unbelievable to me. Actually, I should have been dead 80 years ago, when in 1943 on the Alster flak the friend next to me was killed by the bomb.

I'm surprised every morning that I'm still there and go with the love of life into the new day. Naturally, I think of my death in the evening hours. That cannot be so far away. But I believe because of the resurrection Christ, whom we celebrate on Easter, in the resurrection to eternal life at the hour of death, not from the grave. This became a certainty for me in the death of Elisabeth 7 years ago.

To die is to let go. I'm preparing for it. Dying also means to surrender this life to God. I'm preparing for it.

The resurrection to eternal life is my hope in life and dying. God's eternal life is also lived. It's life in the new creation of God. So death is like a birthday to the new living in God's kingdom. That gives me a new day every morning, fresh courage to face life: But I didn't invite you to ponder with me, but to rejoice with me.

Let's toast to life here and there!

Thank you!

Jürgen Moltmann
Tübingen, Germany

Dear Ed,

Hospitality introduced me to the poet Mary Oliver. Thank you for publishing one of her beautiful poems. I've already bought four of her books to give as gifts. The appreciation of nature, of stillness, of observation and calmness soothes my soul.

Don and I think of you and your ministry to the homeless often. I pray the hole in your heart is beginning to heal.

Please accept the enclosed donation for your timeless work. Would you mail us the book, *A Bag of Snakes*?

With a prayerful heart,
Don & Sally Owen
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Dear Ed,

Two or three days ago I received the Catholic newspaper. Two days before that I received *Catholic Worker*. Yesterday *Hospitality* came in the mail.

The first two newsletters got filed in the passenger seat of my car. Whenever I am having to wait at an office or in line in the store, I have something to read. But *Hospitality* was read cover to cover last night! Couldn't put it down! Was especially touched by the photo of the soup line. Good to see both of you.

Can only imagine what Ed's kneeling performance in an orange jumpsuit must have been like.

Where do you guys get all that energy? Am passing along this issue to one of our men at church who does prison ministry.

Happy Easter season!
Mary Jo Pfander
Kettering, Ohio

Dear Michaela,

Thank you for your important and insightful article, "Black Men, White Violence," in the May/June 2023 issue of *Hospitality*. I remember you were working on this piece last March when I visited your grandfather Ed. It is a great joy to see your finished work and I look forward to reading many more. The banner of justice once lifted high by your grandmother Murphy Davis is now in your capable hands.

In Solidarity,
Barry Burnside
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Ed,

"Proud of Michaela"

I'm glad to see that we have a new generation of activists/advocates coming along. There's plenty to do and the workers are few; I'm glad 9-year-olds are willing to step up. Murphy is smiling.

Peace,
Sally McDonald
Chamblee, Georgia



Julie Lonneman

Dear Ed,

Thanks for your note. I didn't use Facebook much either, but it can be helpful. I just got back from the LA Catholic Worker where I visited Jeff and Catherine. They had good and funny things to say about you, and I saw Murphy's name on their memorial mural.

We often get asked where we got the idea for Lydia House and I tell people of the Open Door. Thank you for your witness and inspiration.

Mary Ellen Mitchell
Lydia House
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear David,

Good Day! I am sorry for the delay in writing. I did get your note yesterday. Let Ed know that I did get a copy of Jenny McBride's book, *You Shall Not Condemn*.

I truly enjoyed it.

Back when we could write other prisoners I wrote Kelly from time to time. We (all of us on death row) thought she would get commuted because the last woman's (Janice Buttram) sentence was commuted.

I truly hated to see Murphy and Ed leave Atlanta. I miss their visits, but we get where life leads us!

The Open Door has a book I have considered asking about for years, *Raising Our Voices, Breaking The Chain*. I would love a copy if possible.

I don't know if Ed has said anything about me. I spent 26 years on death row. I left in 2018. Sometimes I wish I was back on the row, not facing death, just no drama.

Ray Ward
Georgia Prisoner

Today is the day Murphy Davis was born into this world. I've been spending time this Lent with her book *Surely Goodness and Mercy: A Journey into Illness and Solidarity*, and so have been reminded daily of what an incredible human being she was. I miss her each day and am so grateful for all that she taught me — including a lot of great songs.

To be in solidarity with the poor is to experience poverty, and one of the basic realities of poverty is powerlessness. Not having money is one thing; powerlessness is quite another.

By judicial decree, by neglect or deprivation, what we do to the poor is threaten their lives and well-being.

Gustavo Gutierrez and other liberation theologians remind us that to be poor is to be dying — living every day, every moment, in the presence of death — and in the presence of the threat of death. Before physical death comes, the poor experience the death of health and well-being, the death of power and choices, the death of human dignity, and for many the death of hope itself.

— Murphy Davis, *Surely Goodness and Mercy*

Happy birthday, friend. Thank you thank you thank you.

Nathan Dorris posted this remembrance on Facebook on March 5, 2023. Nathan was a Resident Volunteer with the Open Door Community in Atlanta from 2012-2014. He currently lives in Searcy, Arkansas, and is a doctoral student in Memphis Theological Seminary's Land, Food, and Faith Formation track.

A Table Prayer

by Salesian Missions

This is the prayer that Michaela reads at meals at her house and Ed's house.

Oh, God, when I have food,
help me to remember the hungry.
When I have work,
help me to remember the jobless.
When I have a warm home,
help me to remember the homeless.
When I am without pain,
help me to remember those who suffer
And remembering,
help me to destroy my complacency,
and bestir my compassion.
Make me concerned enough to
help by word and deed,
those who cry out for what we take for granted.
Amen.

Las Vegas Catholic Worker
mail@lvcw.org www.lvcw.org
(702) 647-0728
500 W. Van Buren Ave.
Las Vegas, NV 89106

Welcome Pantry Needs:

- ☐ Canned Goods, Small OJ Bottles, Shelf Stable Milk
- ☐ Pop Tarts
- ☐ Single Serve Oatmeal Packets
- ☐ Assorted Small Cereal Boxes
- ☐ Pretzels
- ☐ Crackers
- ☐ Granola Bars
- ☐ Baby Wipes
- ☐ Travel Tissue Packs and Toothpaste
- ☐ Tampons
- ☐ 2 in 1 travel shampoo - 1oz. size
- ☐ small hand sanitizer containers

We have an Amazon Wish List: https://www.amazon.com/hz/wishlist/ls/1Q9TWJ0HZPJAX?ref_=wl_share

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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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