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

June 2005

She Was “That Kind of Woman”

By **Nelia Kimbrough**

(Editor’s note: The following is adapted from a sermon Nelia Kimbrough, a Novice at the Open Door Community, preached at worship on February 27, 2005.)

Tonight we will hear the story of the Samaritan woman. Not “The Good Samaritan.” That was a story about a man, and they called him “good.” The Samaritan woman doesn’t get a name, and we don’t call her “good.” She’s “that kind of woman.”

Jesus left Judea and returned to Galilee. This means he had to pass through Samaria. (John 4:3-4)

Samaria is part of what we call the northern kingdom, and in 722 B.C., that kingdom, named Israel (the southern kingdom being called Judea) was invaded by the Assyrians. Some of the Israelites were carried away and other people came in. And the Israelites who were there married some of the Assyrians and the Canaanites; in doing so, they become a people that the people of the southern kingdom didn’t particularly like. They were the Samaritans. Even though they worshipped the same God, and had many of the same traditions and they even built a temple, the people in the southern kingdom in Judea didn’t like them. Jesus is going through this land that the people of the southern kingdom don’t like.

Jesus stopped at Sychar, a town in Samaria, near the tract of land Jacob had given to his son Joseph. The well that Jacob dug was there and Jesus, weary from the journey, came and sat at the well and it was about noon. Then a Samaritan woman came to draw water. (John 4:5-7)

We need to think a minute about this. It’s noon. The women come to draw water at night and in the morning. They don’t come to draw water at noon. But this woman did, so what we learn is that this woman was a shunned woman – she was that kind of woman. What’s interesting is that women usually stick together. So for her not to come at the time that the other women did was a very significant thing.

Jesus said to her, “Give me a drink.” Now



“TAKE OFF THE COAT OF MOURNING (SHE WAS THAT KIND OF WOMAN)” BY NELIA KIMBROUGH © 2004-5

the apostles had all gone off to the town to buy provisions. The Samaritan woman replied to Jesus, “You’re a Jew. How can you ask me, a Samaritan, for a drink, since Jews have nothing to do with Samaritans?” (John 4:7-9)

They had so little to do with each other, in fact, that Jews would not drink from the same cup that a Samaritan had used. Think about our history. When I was growing up in the 1950s in Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, there were separate drinking fountains. When I went into the department store on the Square, my mom would always remind me, “You can’t drink out of that drinking fountain. That’s for the coloreds.”

Jesus answered the woman, “If you only recognized God’s gift and who it is that is asking you for a drink, you would have asked him for a drink instead, and he would have given you living water.” (John 4:10)

Then she challenged Jesus.

“You don’t have a bucket. Where do you expect to get this living water? Surely you don’t pretend to be greater than our ancestors Leah, Rachel, and Jacob, who gave us this well and drank from it with their descendants and flocks?” (John 4:11-12)

This woman challenged Jesus with a theological question, and Jesus took it on.

He replied, “Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but those who drink the water I give them will never be thirsty. No, the water I give will become fountains within them springing up to provide eternal life.” The woman said to Jesus, “Give me this water so I won’t grow thirsty and keep coming all the way here to draw the water.” (John 4:13-15)

She’s engaged him theologically, but she’s still stuck in the practicalities of the world.

Jesus said, “Go call your husband and then come back here.” “I don’t have a husband,” replied the woman. “You’re right; you don’t have a husband,” Jesus explained. “The fact is, you’ve had five and the man you’re living with now is not your husband. So what you’ve said is quite true.” (John 4:16-18)

Now I would wager that that is part that most everyone remembers. I mean, they wrote a song about it. *You’ve got five husbands* – she’s that kind of woman!

But we don’t know the circumstances of her five husbands. The text doesn’t tell us. Remember, in that time, if a woman was married to a man and he died, his brother was supposed to marry her. So maybe it happened five times and maybe the last one didn’t want to marry her. The text doesn’t say. We just assume this woman is a prostitute, a whore, a loose liver – that kind of woman.

“I can see you’re a prophet,” answered the woman. “Our ancestors worshipped on this mountain, but you people claim that Jerusalem is a Woman, continued on page 10

Medical Neglect in Parchman Penitentiary

By Elizabeth Dede

Recently I received a letter from my friend James who is serving a life sentence at the notorious Parchman Penitentiary in Mississippi. It may be the last letter I receive from him. He is indigent, and his elderly mother, his only living relative, resides in a nursing home. She also has no money. In order to hear from her, James has to scrape together a stamped, self-addressed envelope to send to her with his letters.

When I wrote to James, I used to send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope, but last month the prison returned it to me as contraband. So I sent James a \$10 money order, so that he could buy some stamps to send me a letter. James sent the money order back to me and explained that he is in debt to the state for medical care. As in Georgia, Mississippi charges its prisoners for medical care, and the poor, who cannot afford to pay for their care, go into debt to the state. Any money that they receive automatically goes to pay down the debt. By some fluke, the state did not see the money order that I sent to James, so he was able to return it to me.

I am opposed to the state charging prisoners for medical care, especially in states such as Georgia and Mississippi, where prisoners earn no income. Medical care should be provided for free because prisoners are wards of the state. In addition, medical care provided by the state to prisoners is very poor quality. James wrote to me, "I am completely well now from the two counts of the old flu bug I had in March and January of this year. Glad to be, too, for it is rough to be sick with no way of acquiring any medical assistance immediately here. It takes two weeks just to be seen at the Unit 32 medical clinic, and another whole week to receive any medications to

treat any medical problem I may have." Three weeks of medical neglect should not result in a charge to the prisoner.

I will continue to write to James. I hope that from time to time he is able to get a stamp to send me a letter in return. I enjoy hearing from him. He has a salty way about him, and I learn a lot about life in prison from him. I'll look forward to seeing the Parchman return address. ✦

Elizabeth Dede, a non-residential Partner at the Open Door Community, works with the Prison & Jail Project in Americus, GA.

In Memoriam

This month we remember infant Enestae Kessee Jr., who died of starvation in Atlanta at the age of 25 days, on June 30, 2003. For more on Enestae's story and the city too busy to care, see "Who Killed the Baby?" (by Murphy Davis) in *Hospitality*, August 2003.

We lovingly remember Mr. Jerry Weems, who died in April. Jerry ate with us since our early days at 910.

Son Fleming, the oldest person on Georgia's death row, died of an apparent heart attack in April. He will be deeply missed by all of us who knew and loved him.

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see www.opendoorcommunity.org for more
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HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta community of 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. For more information about the life and work of the Open Door Community, please contact any of the following:

Gladys Rustay: Jackson Prison Trip and Food Coordinator (with Tony Sinkfield)
Ed Loring: Street Preacher and Word On The Street Host, Resident Volunteer Coordinator
Murphy Davis: Southern Prison Ministry, Worship and Music Coordinator
Phil Leonard: Administration and Finance, Hardwick Prison Trip, Resident Volunteer Applications
Dick Rustay and Lauren Cogswell: Dayspring Farm Coordinators
Jodi Garbison: Volunteer Coordinator



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

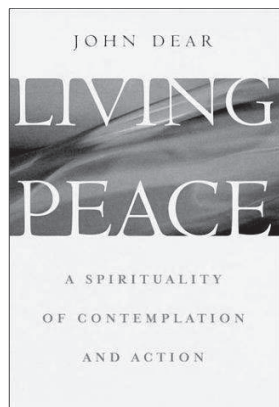
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John Dear and the Non-Violent Revolution

Book Review



Living Peace: A Spirituality of Contemplation and Action.

By John Dear. 240 pp.
Doubleday.

By Eric Garbison

"For many Christians," writes Fr. John Dear, "Non-violence

is no longer a pious option or a political tactic. It is the key to understanding Jesus."

Growing up in the church, I was never taught that Jesus was non-violence, let alone that this was "key" to his identity. Even today, I have come across few of Dear's "many" who follow this Jesus (though God only needs a few).

While talk of "crisis" echoes from all corners of Christendom, if the North American church is to repent for its complicity to state militarism, if it is to regain its grounding in the pacifism of Jesus, it will need much more than renewal, revival or reform. The church will need a conversion to Jesus' non-violent revolution.

Revolutionary non-violence is the pulse of Dear's book, *Living Peace: A Spirituality of Contemplation and Action*. If you personally need converting, this is probably not the place to start. It's exhortation, not apologetic. It's a book to read if you're already feeling a pacifist pulse. Dear's is a catechism for those who reject any form of armchair Christianity, those who see discipleship as synonymous with cross-bearing. Ultimately his goal is to root non-violent Christians deeper in prayer and activism.

Erik Erickson once wrote, "To truly leap, you must learn how to use the ground as a springboard, and how to land resiliently and safely...to outdo and yet not escape gravity." Our God-leap finds its purpose and fulfillment in a grounded life. Spirituality that strives to escape gravity is not a biblical spirituality. Discipleship is holding together this leaping and landing, the "inner" and the "public," as one movement, and so learning to blend these two movements into a life.

Dear's stories of activism and civil disobedience do this best. He shares of his early protests at the Pentagon and the White House against the bombing in Yugoslavia; pressuring the Smithsonian to demythologize the *Enola Gay*; working with Mother Teresa for clemency in death penalty cases; speaking against the SOA; protesting the launching of the Trident Submarine, *U.S.S. Rhode Island*; hammering on a nuclear fighter-bomber at Seymour Johnson Air Force Base; and leading an FOR delegation to Iraq. It's an

alternative history that needs passing on.

These stories make it clear that discipleship cannot be reduced to a linear movement from conviction to activism; it's "both-and." If you have reduced peacemaking to prayer, or are waiting for some epiphany for involvement, if activism is just "not your style," then you're not living a life of peace.

Likewise, activism no longer rooted in prayer and the cross-bearing Jesus has lost its spiritual depth. So Dear calls us to practice spiritual disciplines as a way to "disarm our own hearts." Only by "rooting out the violence within us" can we address a violent world. Living peace is a tandem of acting and praying, praying and acting, in concrete ways patterned after Jesus' life.

For someone who considers himself new to the movement, Dear's stories also inspire commitment and creativity in activism. They caution us against looking to organizations, projects, and programs to speak to the moment.

Commitment to concrete action grounded in our local context is non-negotiable. As Dorothy Day wrote, "Essentially the work depends on each one of us, on our way of life, the little works we do."

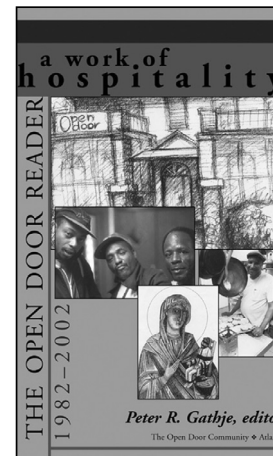
Reading through these stories also has a cumulative effect. Like Dear, we must have the courage to claim our actions as historically significant, as signs of God's work in the world, as "affecting the very course of history." We must continually challenge those who reduce history to the actions of governments, institutions, corporations, even denominations—as the polemics of the victor. The plot of God's reign follows the story of our faithfulness (or unfaithfulness) to Jesus. This account will seem unintelligible to the powers that be, but to those who suffer under their weight—the "noncombatant," the prisoner, the tortured, the homeless, the child, the worker—it will be good news.

Like all such books, I found myself needing to interpret Dear's understanding of the disciplines into my own life circumstances. Where does a parent surrounded by the noise of child's play find "hours" to read and pray? And I struggled to relate to his use of the word "contemplative." Yet every life requires discipline to carve out space for prayer and reflection. To a husband and father of two, this will look different than to a priest.

Dear concludes with a call to community, a place he could just as easily have started. By the end of the book, it is clear that it takes a covenanted community to weave the "inner" and the "public" into one journey. This includes the cloud of witness: exemplar disciples and martyrs the likes of Day, King, and Merton. And if non-violence is today's "cultural heresy," then non-violent disciples will have to journey beyond mainstream Christianity to find the strength, resources, and companionship they need. ✠

Eric Garbison is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community.

GIVE A Work of Hospitality: *The Open Door Reader*



A Work of Hospitality: The Open Door Reader, 1982–2002

384 pp., includes bibliography and index • ISBN 0-9715893-0-5

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There is a prophetic passion emanating from every article. Beware – the book is stimulating and at the same time induces anger at injustice accepted as the normal way of life in many places...For me, the third section devoted to "Hospitality to the Imprisoned" was one of the most moving and fiercely appealing for justice. Here are people who can see the desperate need of others and go to all lengths to meet those needs. Even when thwarted by the State's disregard for the humanity of people in prison, they plod on, using all means to befriend and help those even on death row.

Well written and well presented, even though disquieting in comfort.

Joan M. Morris
Touchstone Magazine



JULIE LONNEMAN

This Fourth of July, the Open Door Community needs help to provide a festive holiday picnic for 500 hungry friends:

For more
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watermelons
ground beef for
hamburgers
potato chips
baked beans
ketchup, mustard,
mayonnaise

A Proper Regard for the Soil

By Lauren Cogswell

*It is in fact impossible
for any culture
to be sound and healthy
without a proper regard
for the soil,
no matter
how many urban dwellers
think that their food
comes from groceries
and delicatessens
or their milk from tin cans.*
—from “Regard for the Soil,”
Peter Maurin

Peter Maurin, one of the founders of the Catholic Worker movement, preached and worked for a green revolution, called for a return to the land, “to make the kind of society where it is easier for women and men to be good.” By little and by little we are returning to the land here at the Open Door Community. Our garden at Dayspringfarm is growing and there is a kind of revolution at hand. There is a grace that dwells with us when we return our hands to the earth, when we care for the soil with love and tenderness. The more I dig, the more I find that returning to the land is creating in my life a space where it is easier to be good.

There is a man named Daniel Parsons who is part of this revolution. He is the organic farmer with Gaia Gardens, located at the Eastlake Co-housing Community in Atlanta. In that little part of our city, Daniel is making a space where it is easier for women and men to be good. Daniel taught a class last fall on organic gardening that I eagerly signed up for, and now I find myself continuing to be his student. He read about the Open Door and wanted to support our work for the poor in the city, so he invited me to share his greenhouse space to start some plants this spring.

When I arrived with my handful of seeds in tow, I found Daniel at a house neighboring his farm. He was wrestling an exploded lightbulb out of the porchlight socket for an older woman who lives there alone. Daniel’s teaching had begun: the soul of a farmer is made of love and generosity. God’s good green earth is generous and so we are to be generous too.

Now we turned our attention to the soil. He taught me how to mix seed starter soil and how to start my seeds in the greenhouse. Every step of

the process was guided by teaching, an explanation of how each step works, and often a humble story about how he learned this practice. Once I was done with my seeds, I helped Daniel start some of his own.

On my next visit, Sally from Oakhurst Community Garden was starting her seeds in the greenhouse for their plant sale. In the greenhouse I found that I had more seedlings than I needed so I sent some home with Sally for the community garden. I could already see God’s abundance at work in

plant, and how to care for the soil. Our culture would put thousands of dollars on the education that I have received from Chuck, but here it is the gift of simple abundance that comes from life in community. His love for the earth empowers my love for the earth and the green revolution goes on. Chuck’s return to the land is creating a space where it is easier to be good.

Over a meal I was telling our friends and longtime extended community members Mike and Amy Vosberg-Casey about my learnings at

wellies to dig up blueberry runners in the mud. So we dug in the cold rain until we had enough blueberry bushes to start a patch here at Dayspringfarm. We warmed up over a hot lunch and then Blake walked to Jubilee’s farm with me, teaching me about organic gardening, fruit trees and sweet potatoes. We came home with a bag full of sweet persimmons to share with the community. There is a green revolution at hand. Blake’s return to the land is creating a space where it is easier to be good.

Every Thursday, Chris Scott spends his morning making soup with Tony Sinkfield for our soup kitchen. In between the chopping of vegetables we share stories about our love of gardening. Chris shares with us his love and compassion for the poor who come and eat with us and I shared with him a bucket full of blueberry bushes. I was telling the news of my planting with Monica Gaughan, who joins in the work of houseduty once a week, and she asked if I would like some raspberry bushes. She wanted to order some but didn’t need the thirty that make it the cheapest way to order. She is going to give us raspberry bushes and I am going to give her blueberry bushes. There is a green revolution at hand. Our return to the land is creating a space in the city where it is easier to be good.

Peter Maurin knew something of God’s grace that comes when we have a “proper regard for the soil.” With each dig of my shovel, my love for the earth grows deeper. Through my garden, God is teaching me how to be generous. Through my return to the land, God is teaching me how to love my neighbor. I found my neighbor’s dog’s footprints in my newly planted pea bed, and now God is teaching me how to love my enemies.

The stories here are not miracles; they are very ordinary, very small and simple acts of love. But it is through small acts like these that the revolution of the heart is happening. I know because it is happening in my own heart. It is through our return to the earth at Dayspringfarm that we are finding, just as Peter said, “a kind of society where it is easier for women and men to be good.” ✠

Lauren Cogswell is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community.

Support Local Farmers: Buy Locally



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

One of the best things we can do for the earth and for our communities is to buy from local organic farmers. Join Gaia Garden’s Community Sustained Agriculture or visit Daniel at the Morningside Farmers Market on Saturday mornings. Keep the green revolution alive! For more information, see:

[www.eastlakecommons.org/
MainPages/GaiaGarden.html](http://www.eastlakecommons.org/MainPages/GaiaGarden.html)

www.morningsidemarket.com

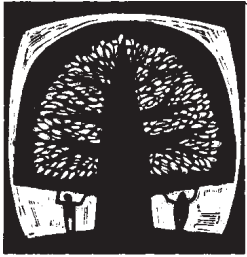
these seedlings, so I started dreaming of who could make use of some plants from our garden. God’s good green earth is generous and so we are to be generous too. I helped Daniel plant some broccoli and he sent me off to Dayspringfarm with a flat of broccoli seedlings for our garden. I helped Daniel with some of his work and he is teaching me how to be an organic gardener. There is a small revolution afoot in our city, a green revolution, an exchange of knowledge and goods without commodification. Daniel’s return to the land is creating a space in the city where it is easier to be good.

Just at the beginning of the new year I received a huge box in the mail. There is such joy in receiving surprise packages! It was from Chuck Harris, who has spent many years of his life as an organic farmer and gardener and who has also been one of my teachers for the last year. He sent us part of his organic farming library: books on pruning, on building greenhouses, on planting and caring for plants. He is the one who planted the first garden with me last year, who taught me how to

Gaia Gardens, but lamented that I didn’t have any seeds yet. They pulled out their box of seeds and offered me what they were not going to use. The next week I returned and shared with them the bounty of my own box of seeds. I am planting the Nebraska Wedding Tomato seeds that they gave out as a gift to the guests at their wedding.

A few weeks ago Mike, Amy and our drummers for worship, Katie Aikins and Danny Malek, came to Dayspring and spent the day preparing the garden beds for spring planting. There is a small revolution here afoot in our city, a green revolution, an exchange of knowledge, goods and work without commodification. Our friends’ love of the land is creating a space where it is easier to be good.

We’ve just finished planting and tucking in with love and care sixty-eight blueberry bushes that have come to us from Jubilee Partners, a sister community in Comer, Georgia. Meridith and I traveled out there one cold rainy winter day and Blake Ortmann met us in his raincoat and



MEINRAD CRAIGHEAD

Connections

Zdenek Rossmann

Czech Republic

(Editor's note: Zdenek Rossmann was a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door from 1993-1994.)

I send you many greetings from the Czech Republic!

Recently I read an article about the Open Door Community in the *Creative Loafing* magazine – you sent me a copy of it a couple months ago. It reminded me again of my stay in the Open Door eleven years ago. It was interesting to read about the changing of the surrounding area. I remember that poor, sometimes shabby urban spirit of Ponce de Leon and Little Five Points. Is there still that small library close to the Open Door building? It's strange: it has been more than ten years since I was in Atlanta for the last time, but even today I could easily walk from the Woodruff Park to the Open Door and I think I would not lose my way – I walked on that route many times on my days off.

My life has been quite adventurous in the last year. I spent six and a half months in Africa – in Congo-Brazzaville. I worked in the middle of a tropical rainforest on the bank of the river Congo for a humanitarian organization called Medecins Sans Frontieres (Doctors Without Borders). I took part in a project that deals with an epidemic of so-called "sleeping sickness." It's a tropical disease which is caused by a little parasite called Trypanosoma and transmitted by the tse-tse fly. We were a team of five expatriates. We lived and worked in an area with almost no solid ground, surrounded by rivers and swamps – no roads, no cars at all, only small wooden boats called pirogues. We made long boat trips on the rivers of the whole region (mostly tributaries of the main Congo river), stopped in every little fishing camp, and made special laboratory tests for the sleeping sickness on the whole population.

We took all people who were sick back to our little village where we organized our own hospital to treat the disease. I worked there as a medical doctor – I organized the hospital, ordered all necessary drugs,



ZDENEK ROSSMAN

looked after the patients, etc. It was the most beautiful and rewarding job I have ever done. During the six months that I stayed in Congo, we were able to treat 270 patients. Without treatment, sleeping sickness is 100% mortal, so we actually saved 270 lives.

Life in Congo was a little bit like life at the Open Door. Our team (five people on average) shared one house. Everybody had his or her own room but we shared bathroom, kitchen, living room and a beautiful porch with armchairs. We lived in a very remote village with no bars, restaurants, or cinemas, so we stayed at home almost every evening. Sometimes it wasn't easy to get along well with the colleagues who had quite a different cultural and social background but, as I said, I had already had a fairly good practice from the Open Door.

We had no electricity and no running water. Every evening it got dark very quickly around 6 p.m. and then we lit eight petrol lamps to have enough light for reading and for dinner. We didn't have a well; we drank the water from the Congo river and it had a kind of brown color. We called it Congo Cola. Of course, we boiled it and filtered it before drinking, but the strange color remained.

For me, it was a deep experience. Africans showed absolutely no hint or sign of racism in spite of the colonial history of that region (millions of slaves were taken from Congo to Brazil and North America). We even joked about our differences and it was always pure

fun with no tension at all. Before they learned my name (which was as difficult for them to pronounce as it was for you in Atlanta), they called me Mundele or Le Blanc, which means "The White." I called them Mohindo or Le Noir, which means "The Black." Could you imagine walking on Ponce de Leon Avenue and greeting people "Hello, White" and "Hello, Black"? In Africa, this was absolutely normal.

You would not believe how many Christian churches there are in Congo. There is at least one church in every little fishing village along the river. I visited several Sunday services. I usually stayed one hour but the services took at least three. They had a very beautiful way of singing, accompanied by at least two tam-tams (large wooden drums). Sometimes, the whole thing turned into a dancing party – the whole church danced, including the pastor, and it had a very joyful and happy atmosphere. They always prayed for me and for Medecins Sans Frontieres, which was very well-known among them.

The sermons were usually spoken in their native language and the pastors often talked about sexual abstinence and the danger of HIV/AIDS. Sometimes it was quite bizarre – I remember seeing a leaflet distributed by some missionaries that included the following: "When Jesus Christ said you should love your neighbour, he certainly did not mean

that you should sleep with all the neighbouring females in your village. He meant something else."

Now I am back in the Czech Republic, settling in again with my wife Zorka, and working as a doctor here in a town near the mountains called Jablonec. I like the work here. I have very good colleagues – young doctors of my age who are very enthusiastic and friendly. Zorka and I are buying a little house right now and will move sometime at the end of May. Our new house is quite small, with a little garden, but is situated on a beautiful quiet place with a great view of some green hills from the garden and a beautiful fireplace in the dining room.

I think of the whole Open Door Community very often, even though on the June 3rd, it will be exactly eleven years since I saw you all the last time.

Love and peace to you all,
Zdenek ☙



volunteer needs

- People to accompany community members to doctors' appointments
- Groups or individuals to make individually wrapped meat and cheese sandwiches (no bologna, please) on whole-wheat bread for our homeless and hungry friends
- People to cook or bring supper for the Community on certain Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday evenings
- Volunteers for Monday and Tuesday breakfasts and for Wednesday and Thursday soup kitchens

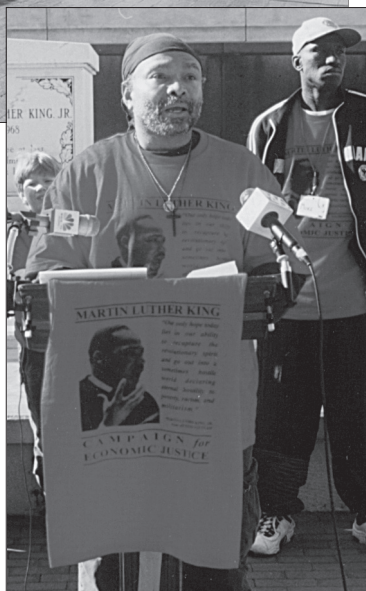
For more information on volunteer opportunities, contact Jodi Garbison at 404-875-1472 or odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net.

The Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice

Photography by Calvin Kimbrough



Members of the MLK, Jr. Campaign for Economic Justice started the day early on April 4, by serving breakfast to some of Atlanta's garbage workers. Counter-clockwise from the upper right photo: Luz Mestas-Nunez serves orange juice for the workers. Matthew Hyatt plays checkers with some of the workers as they wait for their trucks. Lauren Cogswell welcomes members of the press at the grave of Dr. King on Auburn Avenue. Next, Tony Sinkfield speaks to the crowd, and finally, Rev. Timothy McDonald fires up the crowd with a reminder of the centrality of the struggle for economic justice in Dr. King's life and work.



By Lauren Cogswell

Dear friends and members of the Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice,

What a day, what a birth day!

We had such a powerful day on Monday April 4th launching the Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice on the 37th anniversary of the death of Martin Luther King Jr. Dr. King's spirit is truly alive in the lives of the people.

The Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice is a movement for economic justice and No War in the city of his birth, Atlanta, Georgia.

However, our understanding and following of King has little to do with his birth, and everything to do with his martyrdom in Memphis, TN, on April 4, 1968, while standing for the union and with the sanitation workers. King was gunned down while moving to shut down Washington, D.C. until poverty was eliminated from the wealthiest nation on face of the earth: The Poor Peoples' Campaign.

We began April 4 at the Lakewood sanitation substation, sharing breakfast with a hundred sanitation

workers. We had some great conversations with the workers, shared food, sang some movement songs, and Tony Sinkfield, Mike Reece and I spoke about the significance of the day and the beginning of the movement for economic justice.

The management was concerned right away with our political message on our signs that said "Honor Dr. King, End the War, End the Death Penalty." Their concern grew as we received quite a bit of TV coverage.

In the end, they remained caught in the system and said, "We are used to churches coming in on this day and honoring sanitation workers, but there was never this political message. It's fine for you to honor the sanitation workers and honor Dr. King, but don't bring in your message about economic justice."

We told them that we couldn't separate Dr. King and the call for economic justice. Dr. King didn't and neither could we.

We then moved on to our press conference at Dr. King's gravesite. We had a great turnout of people from the MLK Campaign for Economic Justice, all wearing our red t-shirts with King's quote: "Our only hope today lies in our ability to recapture the

revolutionary spirit and go out into the sometimes hostile world declaring eternal hostility to poverty, racism, and militarism."

We welcomed all to the press conference and spoke about the oppression of the poor in our city and about the fire in our bones to continue Dr. King's work of ending poverty and racism.

We were greatly blessed by words from Rev. Timothy McDonald, Rev. Fred Taylor of the SCLC, Vice President of the MLK Campaign Tony Sinkfield, and Open Door Partner Ed Loring.

With at least three cameras from each of the major news stations, it was an exciting beginning. The Spirit is moving; justice is on the move!

Let's keep it moving, let's meet, and talk and pray as to where the Holy Spirit is leading us.

We will hold no golf tournaments for fund raising or hobnobbing with corporations or the military.

We will beg and ask for support for our disrupting activities even as we eat beans and rice to fund our movement. ✦

Lauren Cogswell is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community.

In, Out & Around 910

Compiled by Murphy Davis
Photography by Calvin Kimbrough

On April 24, we sang along once again with our friends Elise Witt, Mick Kinney on piano and fiddle, and 95-year old Stranger Malone on clarinet, flute and bass fiddle. We have been more than blessed to have these good friends with us on many occasions, but this time it was all caught on film by documentary filmmaker, George King, along with some of his students from the Atlanta College of Art. We look forward to this concert film that will be coming up. Stay tuned.



Below, our long-time friend, Franciscan Friar David Buer spent the first week of May with our community. He led us in daily reflections on Franciscan Spirituality, 25 years of work among the homeless, and his most recent year among the Apache people of Southern Arizona. He also taught us the Franciscan liturgy for Morning, Evening, and Night Prayers. We were richly blessed by sharing such good food for the journey.



MURPHY DAVIS

Keith Young, a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door in 2001, recently visited the community after completing a three-year term with Christian Peacemaker Teams in Colombia.



Bruce and Lyn Pederson recently came from Sydney, Australia for a week's visit at the Open Door. Bruce is the pastor of the Pendle Hill Church of Christ, and both are active in the church community, which works with and among Sydney's homeless people. We shared lots of laughs and a bit of commiserating about our governments' growing war on the poor.



Benedict XVI and George W. *We Are Not Leaving!*

By Bill Quigley

(Editor's note: Bill Quigley teaches at Loyola University New Orleans School of Law.)

Within minutes of the media announcement that Cardinal Ratzinger was selected Pope Benedict – I refuse to call a process whereby less than 1% of 1% can vote an “election” – I received an email asking if I was going to switch churches or wait to be excommunicated! My friends laughed and said, “A progressive American Catholic is now a double oxymoron!”

The first Pope joke is already racing around Rome. When gregarious and generous Pope John XXIII was made pope, his first words were “Be not afraid!” Now, when Pope Benedict is sworn in, his first words will be “Be afraid! Be very afraid!”

For those of you who are not Catholic, selecting Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger as Pope is a lot like selecting Attorney General John Ashcroft as President. Ratzinger has been the enforcer of orthodoxy for years. No women priests. No gay unions. No questioning authority. Fall in line.

As a progressive American Catholic I feel uncomfortably out of place – both in country and in church. While the last Pope spoke passionately about poverty and peace and solidarity, these principles were undercut by the practices of protection of the all-male clerical hierarchy.

Likewise, we have a president who speaks boldly about freedom and democracy and opportunity – yet these same principles are undercut by practices of global military and economic domination and widespread denial of social and human rights at home and abroad.

Yet I, and millions of others, are not leaving – country or church.

Millions refused to give up and go to Canada when our current

fundamentalist president was elected. And we millions are not leaving the Catholic Church just because the fundamentalists have assumed power there as well.

Our church and our country have wandered far away from the principles of respect and justice and equality that are supposed to be the foundations of each.



RITA CORBIN

Yet we will not leave.

It is time to stand and struggle for the soul of church and country – and, I am afraid, more frequently than I would like, to struggle with both our church and country to force them to stand consistently for their principles.

If our country will not stand up for justice for civilians in Iraq, prisoners here and abroad, a living wage, racial justice, quality public schools, fair healthcare, and reigning in national and international corporate power – then it is up to us to do it. Our country is the one of Harriet Tubman, Patrick Henry, Eleanor Roosevelt, Cesar Chavez, and Martin Luther King. They inspire us and they give us hope to push forward in these times.

If our church will not stand up for women leaders, accountability for abuses, democracy in our institutions, healthy sexuality, equality for people of all orientations, and real respect for all life – including the born – then it is up to us to do it. Our church is the one of Archbishop Oscar Romero, Joan of Arc, Philip Berrigan, Dorothy Day and Francis of Assisi. They inspire us and give us hope to push forward in these times.

Benedict and George. We are not leaving. It is our church and our country. We are going to stay and struggle for the soul of both, with love and justice for all. ✠

poetry corner



JULIE LONNEMAN

Send us your poetry!
We especially welcome poetry from
people in prison and on the streets.

Mark M. Bashor, Poetry Corner
The Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Ave NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

Grady Homes: War Against the Poor

By Ed Loring

White suburbanites exhausted from long hours in ever larger, 120-mile-per-hour cars and SUVs that barely move fifteen miles an hour on the long polluted unfree freeways head back to frozen zones of gated compounds filled with fences.

Ennui slips slowly around the barbeque grills like mist over the morning meadow, or the final time the shroud was gently placed on your grandmother's homemade casket.

Within this fog and burnt-meat-smoke the wisps of a dream appear: life in a “beautiful” city, no commute and time to hoot at Hooters in Underground, that pit in Atlanta that Joe and Andy and Shirley dug for the rich so long ago.

But first the homeless poor must be expunged, and the merely poor driven out by bought politicians slinking after the nods of Central Atlanta Progress, while greedy developers wait for the wink of the callous counters of cash in tall bank towers.

Capitol Homes is disappeared and
Grady Homes is next,
homes for the poor
in the way of the rich,
and in the ways of the rich
their mercenaries are sent to
blast the homes with
steel balls like bombs or mortars,
mauling what once were homes to
death heaps of rubble while
terror fills the hearts and minds of the
brutalized poor now homeless in Atlanta
(Afghanistan, Iraq, Palestine, and ...).

War and death abroad...

War and death at home...

War against the poor,

the least

of these

my brothers

my sisters ✠

Ed Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

U.S. Catholic Bishops Launch the “Catholic Campaign to End the Use of the Death Penalty”

By Mark M. Bashor

(Author's note: *The Catholic Campaign to End the Use of the Death Penalty* has a new website, www.ccedp.org, which includes among its resources a basic brochure, a clear explanation of the Church's teaching opposing the death penalty, resources for education and action, and powerful statements by individual U.S. Bishops. The USCCB press releases and media packages on which this article is based may be found at www.usccb.org/comm/archives/2005/05-064.shtml.)

On March 21st, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops (USCCB) launched a new initiative, the “Catholic Campaign to End the Use of the Death Penalty,” an outgrowth of their 25 years of opposition to the death penalty.

Announcing the new initiative

at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., Cardinal Theodore McCarrick, Archbishop of Washington, speaking on behalf of the Conference of Bishops, said, “We cannot teach that killing is wrong by killing. We cannot defend life by taking life.”

He said, “The Catholic Campaign will work to change the debate and decisions on the use of the death penalty: building a constituency for life, not death; calling on our lawmakers to lead, not follow; to defend life, not take it away... This cause is not new. Our Bishops' conference has opposed the death penalty for 25 years. But this campaign is new. It brings greater urgency and unity, increased energy and advocacy, and a renewed call to our people and to our leaders to end the use of the death penalty in our nation.”

In his statement, Cardinal McCarrick emphasized the Church's commitment to victims of violence and their families as a central part of the

campaign. Appearing at the National Press Club with Cardinal McCarrick, Bud Welch, whose daughter Julie Marie was killed in the Oklahoma City bombing, made an impassioned plea: “My conviction is simple: More violence is not what Julie would have wanted. More violence will not bring Julie back. More violence only makes our society more violent. The Catholic Campaign to End the Use of the Death Penalty is another way for the Church to say ‘no’ to more violence and ‘no’ to our culture of death.”

Cardinal McCarrick said the campaign is about “justice... The death penalty in our land is deeply flawed.” To illustrate this reality, former death-row inmate Kirk Bloodworth told his story of coming into the Catholic faith on death row: “I spent 8 years, 11 months and 19 days behind bars before DNA testing proved my innocence. Since 1973, more than 100 people have been exonerated from death row after being cleared of their charges... Every bit of my story exemplifies the problems of the death

penalty system. The same systemic flaws that led to my wrongful conviction... plague the cases of innocent people in prison and on death row.”

Cardinal McCarrick said, “The use of the death penalty cannot really be mended; it must be ended.”

And he pledged that the Catholic Campaign will “educate—in our parishes and schools, universities and seminaries.

“We need to share Catholic teaching with courage and clarity, reaching out to those who teach our children, write our textbooks, form our priests, and preach in our pulpits. This is a work of formation and persuasion, not simply proclamation... The Catholic Campaign will act—with continued advocacy in the Congress and state legislatures, in our legal briefs before the courts... This is just a beginning.” ✠

Mark Bashor is the editor of Hospitality's Poetry Corner and a lay minister at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Atlanta, GA.



Where Once We Feared Enemies: Inclusive Membership, Prophetic Vision, and The American Church

By Nibs Stroupe
CSS Publishing Company
0-7880-2351-9 / 166 pages / 5.5 x 8.5 / \$14.95
Ordering info at www.csspub.com

A collection of sermons by Nibs Stroupe on the experience of Oakhurst Presbyterian, a multi-cultural congregation in intown Atlanta.

“We have listened to one another's stories here, and we have discovered that the people we feared, those monsters we thought would destroy us - because of different skin colors, different genders, different sexual orientations, different economic categories - they are really our sisters and brothers, the folks for whom our hearts long.”

-Nibs Stroupe, pastor of Oakhurst Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, GA

What Wondrous Love is This!

The movement for LIFE continues in our search for a bone marrow match for Murphy Davis. We thank all of you for your loving kindness in leading and participating in bone marrow drives!

Central Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, GA
Christ First International Christian Community Church, Gainesville, GA
General Theological Seminary, New York

If you would like to become a donor or organize a drive, information is available through the National Marrow Donor Program at www.marrow.org (1-800-627-7692). In Georgia, you can call Stacy Tony 404-250-3583 x2173.

We are happy to announce that funds are available at the Open Door Community for those who would like to register as a donor (the processing fee is usually \$75) or organize a bone marrow donor drive. If you have questions, feel free to contact Lauren Cogswell, lauren_cogswell@yahoo.com, at the Open Door Community.



Longtime friends and volunteers Amy Cantrell and Chrystal Cook have sold their condo and moved into the Open Door Community. What joy! Both Amy and Chrystal are ordained ministers and bring many gifts to our common life.

Join us as a Resident Volunteer

Live in a residential
Christian community.

Enjoy regular retreats and
meditation time at Dayspring Farm.

Serve Jesus Christ and the
hungry, homeless, and imprisoned.

Join Bible study and theological
reflections from the Base.

Join street actions and
peaceful demonstrations.

You might come to the margins and
find your center.

Contact: Phil Leonard
For information and application forms,
visit www.opendoorcommunity.org

Woman, continued from page 1
place where God ought to be worshipped.” (John 4:20)

She understands that Jesus is a prophet not because he can foresee the future, but because he can see the reality of her life. We mistake prophets to be magicians, soothsayers and fortunetellers. Prophets are really the people who see what is happening right now, right here, and they can call us back to right relationship with God. We have prophets living in our midst and prophets in other places we want to listen to – people who can see what is happening and call us to right relationship with God.

Jesus told her, “Believe me, the hour is coming when you’ll worship Abba God neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem. You people worship what you don’t understand. We worship what we do understand; after all, salvation is from the Jewish people. Yet the hour is coming and is already here when true worshippers will worship Abba God in spirit and in truth and indeed it is such worshippers whom Abba God seeks. God is spirit and those who worship God must worship in spirit and in truth.” (John 4:21-23)

Here Jesus has broken apart that great class-based divide that was separating the two of them. Jesus is saying, “No longer do the land boundaries make any difference; no matter does race make any difference; no matter does gender make any difference. There will be no more boundaries and we will all worship God together.”

The woman said to Jesus, “I know that the Messiah, the anointed one, is coming and will tell us everything. And Jesus replied, “I who speak to you am the Messiah.” ... The woman left her jar immediately and went off in the town and she said to the people, “Come and see someone who told me everything I have ever done. Could this be the Messiah?” And with that, everyone set out from the town to meet Jesus. (John 4:25-26, 28-30))

This woman has now become not only someone involved in theological discussion; she’s an evangelist. She just called the town out to see Jesus.

Many Samaritans from that town believed in Jesus on the strength of the woman’s testimony that “He told me everything I ever did.” The result was that when these Samaritans came to Jesus and begged him to stay with them a while, Jesus stayed there two days and through his own spoken word many more came to faith. They told the women, “No longer does our faith depend on your story; we’ve heard for ourselves and we know that this really is the Savior of the world.” (John 4:39-42)

With that, my friends, the shunned woman, that kind of woman, became an accepted part of the community.

* * *

We knew, when she moved into our neighborhood in Evansville, a few houses away from the Patchwork Central building, she was that kind of

woman. She was skinny as a rail and she had hair dyed so black that any punker would eat their heart out to have the dye job she had, and she had a laugh that wouldn’t stop. It actually was a cackle and when she let it out, you could hear it for blocks. She found a can of blue paint and painted the outside of her rental property – designs around the windows, doors, and the edge of the front porch and all the posts. Because she didn’t have any money for seeds or to buy some nice plants, she found some blue plastic flowers and planted them all up and down her sidewalk leading up to her newly painted house.

And then she started her work. She was that kind of woman – she started moving through the neighborhood. Wherever somebody had dumped a bunch of trash on the street or had moved out and left a bunch of stuff, she’d go through it. If there was a door left open in a house after somebody moved out, she’d go through it too; if there was anything there she thought she could use, she’d take it and bring it

back to where she lived and clean it up and paint it. She had a lot of blue paint. She was a redeemer. She redeemed all the junk, put it out on the porch and the front yard, and hand lettered a sign that said YARD SALE. She was in business. She was that kind of woman.

The yard sale went on and on and on. She lived where one of the main streets from downtown intersected another main street, and some of the city fathers – there weren’t any women on the city council then – would go by and they would look at her

front porch and her yard day after day after day. One night one of them went back to the city council and said, “I propose that we ban ongoing yard sales.”

Somebody let her know that she was about to be put out of business. So she decided she was going to have a little political action down at the courthouse. She hand lettered another sign, this one about how unfair it was to her, as a citizen, to have her livelihood threatened. Since it was summer she took her umbrella to protect herself from the sun, put on a dress, and, when her feet got hot, she took off her shoes. She protested in front of the courthouse barefooted with her umbrella and sign. And that was the picture they printed in the newspaper.

But they passed the ordinance. One morning I heard her behind our house. I heard that laugh and went outside to greet her. I noticed she had something in your hand. It was the tiniest kitten I’ve ever seen. It was all matted and its eyes were closed and it was crying.

“Mary, what are you going do with that kitten?”

“I’m going to take care of it.”
“Do you think it will live?” I said.
“Oh yeah,” she replied.

She turned and headed down the alley. “You know me. I’ll take care of it. It doesn’t matter if they’re animals or humans, I take care of them all.”

She was at the end of the block by the time I replied, “God blesses you, Mary.”

There was an older couple who lived in our neighborhood – Hallie and Ruthie. Ruthie had suffered a stroke and didn’t move or speak very well, but Hallie took care of her. They moved from apartment to apartment very frequently. It was not

unusual in our neighborhood for folks to move every 90 days. We would take them food from time to time. I would go into their apartment and would often have to hold my breath from the stench of rotting food and collected garbage. They were always happy to see me. After a time Hallie figured out how to work all of us Patchwork folks in the neighborhood. He learned which door to knock on to get what he needed.

One day he knocked on our front door and said, “I was wondering about all this stuff on your porch.”

“You mean my pottery?”
He said, “Yeah. I thought I’d sell it for you at my porch sale.”

“Hallie, that’s not rummage, that’s my art!”
He said, “Well, could you give me some canned goods then?”

* * *

After a time Ruthie died and Hallie was alone. One day Mary told me, “I’m going to take Hallie in. I’m going to clean him up.”

Now the only time Hallie got a shave and haircut was when he was jailed for public drunkenness. I first said, “Good luck, Mary.” But then I remembered that she was that kind of woman and she was a redeemer.

He let her take him in. And she worked on him. Cleaned him up. One day I was coming back from downtown and I saw Mary’s front porch. Hallie was sitting there in an old chair. Mary had cut his hair and washed it. She had shaved him and scrubbed his hands and cut his nails and found him some shoes. She had him dressed in a pair of white pants and a white shirt. The sun was shining that day, right on Hallie. I thought for a moment that he looked like some successful CEO that had just retired without a worry in the world, with all his needs met and his retirement secure. He looked fine. I had never seen Hallie look that way.

Mary’s dream was to go to Florida. She kept saying, “If I can only get to Florida, everything will be okay. Florida is my kind of place. Florida will be good to me.”

One day she drove up to the Patchwork building in a rickety old truck that was more falling apart than it was together, and she said, “I’m taking Hallie to Florida.” And they left.

It made some people in our neighborhood really mad. Hallie had social security and everybody just figured Mary would get down there and dump him and get his social security. She was that kind of woman. She would do that.

Sure enough, Hallie didn’t stay long. He came back. And he was ill. Shortly after his return he died.

Mary didn’t come back for a long time. But right before we moved to Atlanta, I heard Calvin say, “Come see who’s here!” There was Mary. She gave me that big skinny hug and cackled, “I’m home!”

She said, “I’ve been a lot of places since I left. I’ve lived in a lot of neighborhoods. You know, this one’s the best. Best place I’ve ever been.”

People in the neighborhood never really forgave Mary. But I don’t know. Maybe Hallie wanted to go to Florida. Maybe Hallie enjoyed her touch. I don’t know. What I do know is that I will never forget seeing Hallie that day, seeing him all clean and radiant and content.

She was that kind of woman. ♡

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Mr. Andrew McCaskill,

You wrote Murphy and suggested that instead of trying to get in front of a camera to oppose the death penalty, she should do actual ministry (in *Hospitality*, Letters, March 2005). In Matthew 25:31-46, Jesus tells the parable of the sheep and the goats. He talks about hungry people, thirsty people, homeless people, sick people and people in prison.

What does The Open Door Community do? Feeds, clothes, gives medical help to homeless, hungry, thirsty and sick people. What does Southern Prison Ministry do? Visits prisoners and brings their families to see them once a month.

Now for a personal note to you. In 1983, shortly before my 19th birthday, I sat on Georgia's death row. I am the youngest female to ever be sentenced to die. My prison was in Hardwick. My two babies and family were six and a half hours away. I had received Christ as my Savior on 12/12/81. I had a church group from the county I was sentenced in who claimed to be my spiritual advisors. All they wanted was to write a book about my crime and come view my execution.

I received notification from the warden that I would be visited by Murphy Davis and Ed Loring. I had no idea who they were. I thought Murphy was a man's name. I got to visitation and there was this wonderfully warm smile and hug, the first since my arrest in September 1980. Murphy has been my pastor every year since that day. I haven't seen Murphy in person in several years. I'm not on death row anymore and I'm housed way in south Georgia. But she faithfully writes me. I don't always faithfully write back. But for all eleven years of my incarceration on death row, Murphy ministered to me. She showed me and still shows me what a Christian is. So guess what? You're a Presbyterian. So was my mother. Me? I grew up going to a Southern Baptist Church.

Today I'm a Christian. My Savior, Jesus Christ was condemned to death, was crucified, died, buried, and rose again. If you support the death penalty then you're in the crowd who shouted, crucify Him!

Janice Buttrum
Pulaski State Prison
Hawkinsville, GA

Ed and Murphy,

Greetings from LA, where I am working on a subway extension project. Thanks for keeping me on your mailing list. I appreciate your monthly paper, telling about your wonderful, enduring witness.

Love and prayers,
Curt Treska
Cleveland, OH

Dear Ed and Murphy,

With great interest I read your article about "Motorcycle Diaries" (by Ed Loring, *Hospitality*, February 2005). There is a lot to think about it. Whenever that film will be shown in our pictures, I am going to see it. The photos on page 6 and 7 of *Hospitality* are very impressive and remind me of our visit to 910 Ponce de Leon Ave long ago.

I include Murphy in my prayers, wishing with all my heart that her condition improves and that she can find a suitable bone marrow transplant.

Best wishes to you both and peace.
Margot and Manfred Gerstner
Pforzheim, Germany

Dear nonviolent radical sisters and brothers:

How do we face up to these times – especially if we understand we are nonviolent radical Christians? For myself, while I know that I am a radical Christian do I have enough courage and love and compassion to back up those words when facing fierce resistance? I have to admit that the answer is perhaps not, but with help from Bro. Jesus and others, maybe yes. I wonder how you feel in your hearts about this?

Thanks for your commitment to peace with justice. Keep on resisting the system.

See you via pen next month. Adios.

In solidarity and love,
Jerry Robinett
Tucson, AZ



Hi Folks,

I came across this passage from Flanery O'Connor's selected letters, penned in 1953, and thought I'd pass it along:

Anyway he had studied philosophy at Fordham and taught German there and knew Fr. Lynch and was much interested in Dorothy Day, only he couldn't see, he said, why she fed endless lines of endless bums for whom there was no hope, she'd never see any results from that, he said. The only conclusion we came to about this was that Charity was not understandable.

Big Charity, that is. I'm so grateful to be on your mailing list! *Hospitality* is a wonderful paper. In recent issues I've especially appreciated Lauren Cogswell's poem "Prayer Flags" (*Hospitality*, October 2004) and Ed Loring's article "Good Samaritan and Medical Care" (*Hospitality*, August 2004). I can always tell the article I'm reading is by Ed, when my heart races and my eyes open.

Ms. Murphy, that was a great picture of you in the previous issue. *Hospitality* has a skillful mix of articles to spread the word and pictures to show the souls behind the actions. In each issue, I look to see if any of the people I met are shown. I think of Mr. Ralph, Mr. Willie Carter, Ms. Judy, Mr. Phil, Ms. Gladys, Mr. Ira, Mr. Dick R. and other faces I've slipped the name from.

May we all be Guided,

Love,
Libby Prince
Gainesville, FL

Dear Friends,

Black on white and white on black took on a powerfully new meaning for me this Tuesday morning. I rushed home after serving breakfast at the Open Door to write about what I had seen and heard, lest I forget. How soon we forget what we have just witnessed!

This morning it was my assigned privilege to place a small white vitamin tablet into the hands of my homeless brothers and sisters. What a powerful image it was for me to see the little stark white supplement sitting there on the black, broken, gnarled, rough, and beautiful in the sight of God hands. All the while, I was silently praying that this little "100% of your daily needs" might help make a difference.

We do want to make a difference, to help and heal, don't we? We are a people who are conscious of staying healthy. We want to "do the right thing," don't we? At least we say that we can fix things. I want to tell you that we still have a lot of fixing to do, don't we? What I saw and heard very clearly this morning is that there is brokenness enough to go around, isn't there? For many there is sadness, there is pain, there is frustration, there is helplessness, there is misunderstanding, there is self-doubt, there is injustice, there is no place to call home. I saw it with my own eyes, heard in with my own ears, and wondered about it in my own heart.

I also saw and heard about the possibility for healing and wholeness. I heard "hope banging." I heard about a crack in the wall – a glimmer of light in the darkness. I saw tears of sorrow and heard shouts of jubilation when a prodigal returned home. I became part of a whole. I sat in a circle. I spoke and I listened. I sat in silence with my brothers and sisters in Christ. I prayed that somehow the "supplement" would offer better health and wholeness. Yes, I did. Yes I did.

Nancy Clarke
Atlanta, GA

Nan Clarke is a longtime friend and volunteer at the Open Door Community.

Dear Ed and Murphy,

Continuing to keep you close in my thoughts and prayers! *Hospitality* is like water to a thirsty soul – your writings (and I don't have any word superlative enough) are always remarkable. Thank you!

With many good wishes to you all!

Joanne Solomon
Perry, GA

Joanne Solomon was Volunteer Coordinator at the Open Door from 1985 to 1990.

Brother Ed:

I think I wrote you before but I want to express my deep appreciation for your article "Motorcycle Diaries" (Ed Loring, *Hospitality*, February 2005).

But here I am in the fleshpots of this wicked city! I'm 87! I came here in 1997 to preach! (I'm technically a Lutheran minister – was brainwashed in North Dakota!) Of course the politicians don't listen to me!

I'm furious! Che would be furious that we let Bush be elected to another term! How stupid can we get?

Cordially,
Vernon Schroeder
Washington, DC

Open Door Community Ministries

Soup Kitchen: Wednesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. – noon.

Weekday Breakfast: Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 a.m.

Showers: Wednesday and Thursday, 8 a.m.

Use of Phone: Monday – Tuesday, 6:45 a.m. – 7:45 a.m.,
Wednesday – Thursday, 9 a.m. – noon.

Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic and

Soul Foot Care Clinic: Thursdays, 7:00 p.m.

Clarification Meetings: some Tuesdays, 7:30 – 9 p.m.

Weekend Retreats: Four times each year (for our household, volunteers and supporters).

Prison Ministry: Monthly trip to prisons in Hardwick, GA, in partnership with First Presbyterian Church of Milledgeville; The Jackson (Death Row) Trip; Pastoral visits in various jails and prisons

We are open...

Monday through Saturday: We answer telephones from 9:00 a.m. until noon, and from 2:00 until 6:00 p.m. The building is open from 9:00 a.m. until 8:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday for donations. (We do not answer phone and door during our noon prayers and lunch break from 12:30 until 2:00.) Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times.

On Sunday we invite you to worship with us at 5 p.m. and join us, following worship, for a delicious supper.

Our Hospitality Ministries also include visitation and letter writing to prisoners, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, daily worship and weekly Eucharist.

Join Us for Worship!

We gather for worship and Eucharist at 5 p.m. each Sunday, followed by supper together.

Our worship space is limited, so if you are considering bringing a group to worship, please contact us at 770-246-7621. Please check www.opendoorcommunity.org or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

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| June 5 | Worship at 9:10
Chad Hyatt preaching |
| June 12 | Worship at 9:10
Lauren Cogswell preaching |
| June 19 | Worship at 9:10
5:00 pm Eucharist
5:45 pm Houston Wheeler speaks:
"Fifteen Years Since the Imperial Hotel Takeover" |
| June 26 | Worship at 9:10
Ed Loring preaching |



Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

We will meet for clarification on selected Tuesday evenings in June from 7:30-9 pm.

Plan to join us for discussion and reflection!



DANIEL NICHOLS

For the latest information and scheduled topics, please call 404-874-9652 or see www.opendoorcommunity.org.

Medicine Needs List

(for our Thursday Evening Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic and Soul Foot Care Clinic)

We are also looking for volunteers to help staff our Soul Foot Care Clinic!

ibuprofen
lubriderm lotion
COUGH DROPS
non-drowsy allergy tablets
COUGH MEDICINE (alcohol free)

FOOT CLINIC NEEDS
epsom salt
anti-bacterial soap
shoe inserts
corn removal pads
exfoliation cream (e.g. apricot scrub)
pumice stones
foot spa
cuticle clippers
latex gloves
nail files (large)
toenail clippers (large)
medicated foot powder
antifungal cream (Tolfanate)

Needs of the Community

JEANS	hams and turkeys for our Soup Pot	disposable razors
men's work shirts	sandwiches	deodorant
underwear for men	quick grits	vaseline
women's underwear	cheese	COMBS
men's belts	coffee	HAIR BRUSHES
socks	multi-vitamins	toothbrushes
EYEGASSES, READING GLASSES	MARTA tokens	toothpaste (travel sized)
WALKING SHOES for men and women (especially 9 1/2 and up)	postage stamps	LIP BALM
T-SHIRTS: LARGE, XL, XXL, XXXL	alarm clocks	SOAP (any size)
BASEBALL CAPS	DOUBLE BED SHEETS	SHAMPOO (FULL SIZED)
		shower powder
		lotion (small bottles)

From 11am 'til 1:30pm, Wednesday and Thursday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11 or after 1:30, it would be helpful. THANK YOU!