

HOSPITALITY

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

vol. 25, no. 5

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May 2006

John the Baptist Misunderstanding Jesus Part One: The Feet

By Eduard Loring

John the Baptist had high hopes for Jesus the Messiah like Homeland Churches today which have national flags in the sanctuary or, like North Decatur United Methodist Church which has its American Flag in the Narthex. One can't get to the cross except by the flag. John the Baptist's hopes for Jesus were Kingly, nationalist, apocalyptic, and filled with an outraged heart toward the Religious Elite and Emperor Tiberius's puppets whose portfolios included resort homes in the Lebanon Mountains with knickknacks purchased with the mites of widows. God's call and religious money makers' vocations seem to wear out at around 65 years of age. So a second home in the midst of thousands upon thousands of homeless and landless covenantal members, though seeming odd given the Biblical Torah and Prophets, nonetheless was prudent for the "John 3.16" folk. John the Baptist felt what many do: outrage at the Homeland Church and rich Yahweh-Elohimites who claim Jesus and the stock market.

Jesus of Nazareth was a disciple of John the Baptist for 3 years, you can tell, if you read the three "one-eyed gospels" with two eyes. John the Baptist got carried away with his promising student and began to think more highly of him than he thought of himself. John felt inadequate, unworthy, soiled, maybe even shamed, before his Messiah, who came to set Israel free from itself and the Roman powers. John must have believed, oh, so erroneously, that Jesus was "The Son of David" and the longed for "Davidic Messiah." Jesus was not, is not, and will not be of David. (That is why Jesus was born of a virgin peasant girl from the margins. Dominate her as the Queen of Heaven or paint her as some rich noble lady as you will). The modern state of Israel is Davidic in its imperial intentions, its ferocious and murderous treatment of the Palestinians, notwithstanding Israel's place as a client state of the United States of America Empire and torturing machine. Modern Israel's story is the quest for the imperial center like the United States of America. Jesus and his Radical Remnant Church are at the margins.

Oh, how terrible that Herod took John the Baptist's head in thanksgiving for a little erotic titillation! I (who love John the Baptist with all my heart, for we understand each other) wish he could have seen Jesus at Martha, Lazarus, and Mary's home toward the end. The way she took on the entire system, loosed her hair, and washed his feet with her pleasing lotion. Mary, rebellious like her name, fierce like a lover, bent over like a servant saved for the work of liberation. (John 12:1-8) We must, every one of us, learn from the women who are ardently



SALLY ELLIOT

faithful to the radical Jesus. John the Baptist did not have the chance. He missed a major point.

John the Baptist got a lot right about Jesus of Nazareth. John is Elijah returned to tell us truth. He carried in his bone marrow and bowels the prophetic wildness and script that the Holy Spirit blows into the blood of everyone — woman and man — that God forms into a prophet from a gritty soil that offends most dust. Yet, old Holy Ghost inspired, fire-mouthed, river-bound, anticlerical John the Baptist got two things wrong about Jesus. The first was important; the second, not so much.

John, the locust eater and honey bibber, told the hungry, bedraggled crowd, ringed by the religious elite standing near the Roman Soldiers (just how close can you get to a unclean person?, a panhandler?).

"The one who will come after me is much greater than I am. I am not good enough even to bend down and untie his sandals."

This is a statement about the lowest work in society. Stoop labor. Dirty feet from walking on the streets. Slave

John, continued on page 8

The Foolish Inefficiency of Enemy Love

By Kyle Thompson

(Editor's note: This article is adapted from a sermon preached on March 19, 2006 at the Open Door Community on 1 Corinthians 1:18-25.)

Recently I was in Kansas visiting family. In accordance with tradition, we had a big meal together and caught up on the latest gossip. As I was sitting next to my great-aunt, she began to ask me about my life following graduation from college. I told her that I've been spending a lot of time with people who don't have homes, that I've begun to advocate for my friend Bobby who has no identification but needs significant medical care within the public health system, that I've been washing Barbara's feet on a regular basis and that I've been shouting in city council (I did, however, conveniently neglect to tell her about the outcome of shouting in city council and my night at the city jail).

In response to my excited description of post-graduation life she asked, "Don't you think that's a waste of your degree?" I thought about it for a moment and responded with a smile, "Yeah, I guess so." I took my great-aunt's critique as a compliment, a confirmation of my foolishness. I heard the echoes of Dorothy Day saying, "We are fools for Christ and wish we were more so." And the words of St. Paul, "The message of the cross is foolishness

So, when I first approached 1 Corinthians 1:18-25, I felt encouraged. In this passage Paul explores the foolishness of the message of the cross: God's strength and wisdom. If the message of the cross is foolishness, I thought, I must be doing a lot of things right. My great-aunt seems to think so.

However, one Lenten practice that I've taken on is reading Psalm 51 every morning, a Psalm of repentance. Having spent the last several weeks beginning each day with this prayer of repentance, I'm skeptical of my seeming conformity to the Paul's teaching. So, my task has been to ask how Paul's words challenge me toward change, not simply how they congratulate my foolishness. With this in mind, Paul's words have the ability to move our conception of the cross into deeper radicality.

The Domestication of the Cross

One of the challenges for us in making this move, however, is the domestication of the cross. You can see the domestication of this symbol central to our faith very tangibly by walking to the Wal-Mart that has destroyed the local businesses in your area and picking up your own "My Buddy

Love, continued on page 9

Parable on Taxes & Rents

By Houston Wheeler

(Editor's note: Houston Wheeler is a community organizer and researcher and friend of the Open Door Community. This is the third in a series of articles for Hospitality on the issues of displacement and affordable housing.)

Once upon a time there was a kingdom called Affordable. In the kingdom's charter it was written, "Taxes and rents shall not increase for poor people because we need our communities to be places that the rich and poor can live, work, and play together." So each year the government of the kingdom reassessed property taxes upward but kept them the same for poor homeowners. Each year the government of the kingdom raised income taxes but kept them the same for poor people. And each year rents stayed the same for poor people through subsidies, but increased for middle and upper income renters.

As a result of this law in the charter, most neighborhoods remained mixed income. Gentrification was not a word spoken. Racially and culturally each community was a melting pot with immigrant families from the world over. Neighborhood churches, synagogues, mosques, schools, and businesses reflected this dynamic. Everyone could walk to and from these places, thus reducing time and gas spent traveling.

However, one year the king of Affordable proposed doing away with this law in the charter. He said everyone should be considered equal. "Equality," had such a good sound. So the kingdom did away with the law, so now taxes and rents increased for poor people. After a few years the winds of change swept over the kingdom. Poor homeowners lost their homes or had to sell because they couldn't afford the increased property taxes. Middle and upper income families bought these homes and moved in or rented to higher income families. As a result, poor people were forced to travel great distances each day to work and shop. Gentrification became a household word. Racially and culturally, each community became homogeneous, with very little interracial and intercultural living. Neighborhood churches, synagogues, mosques, schools, and businesses relocated to areas where everyone had to drive. And, with increased sales and income taxes, poor people found it difficult to make ends meet. They

weren't needed in the kingdom in the same manner as before. So, as the cliché goes, the rich got richer and the poor got poorer.

The king woke up sputtering, thrashing, and in a cold sweat. The queen turned to the king and said: "Are you alright? You were having a terrible dream and I couldn't wake you!" "Yes," the king exclaimed, "I dreamed we did away with the law in the charter. Taxes and rents increased for poor people. They were calling it 'equality,' but it was a nightmare!"

Think about it. What would it take for churches, synagogues, mosques, governments, and businesses to say to poor people — to homeless people: "We need and want you to live, work, and play in our community. Therefore, for this to happen, we will do the following" ✦

coming soon
National
Catholic Worker
Gathering
October 19 - 22, 2006
Panora, Iowa

The Catholic Worker Movement: Where
We've Been and Where We Are Going

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Did You Know?

By Brian Terrell

(Editor's note: Brian Terrell, with his wife Betsy Keenan, lives at the Strangers and Guests Catholic Worker Farm in Maloy, Iowa, and Brian is Director of Catholic Peace Ministry in Des Moines. This piece first appeared in the April 2005 via pacis, a publication of the Des Moines Catholic Worker.)

...it was not Saddam Hussein, but Sir Winston Churchill who first introduced the use of chemical weapons to Iraq.

In 1920, as Arabs and Kurds rose against Britain's brutal post-World War I occupation of Iraq, Churchill, then Secretary for War and Air, first suggested the use of "asphyxiating bombs" to put down the rebellion. (Geoff Simons, "Iraq: From Sumer to Saddam," London, 1994)

Some in the British cabinet demurred, citing the misery and revulsion that such weapons caused in Europe in the first World War. In response to these considerations Churchill insisted, "I do not understand this squeamishness about the use of gas. I am strongly in favour of using poison gas against primitive tribes" and argued that the use of gas was a "scientific expedient" that should not be prevented "by the prejudices of those who do not think clearly."

Winston Churchill's "clear thinking" prevailed and chemical weapons were used in Iraq "with excellent moral effect."

"The Arab and Kurd now know what real bombing means in casualties and damage," reported wing Commander Sir Arthur Harris of the RAF's 30th Squadron. "Within forty-five minutes a full-sized village can be practically wiped out and a third of its inhabitants killed or injured." Harris, later as head of the RAF Bomber Command, gained heroic stature for using the skills he honed in Iraq to destroy entire German cities.

I cannot but wonder at a society that demonizes Saddam Hussein while it makes heroes of the likes of Winston Churchill and Arthur Harris. ✦

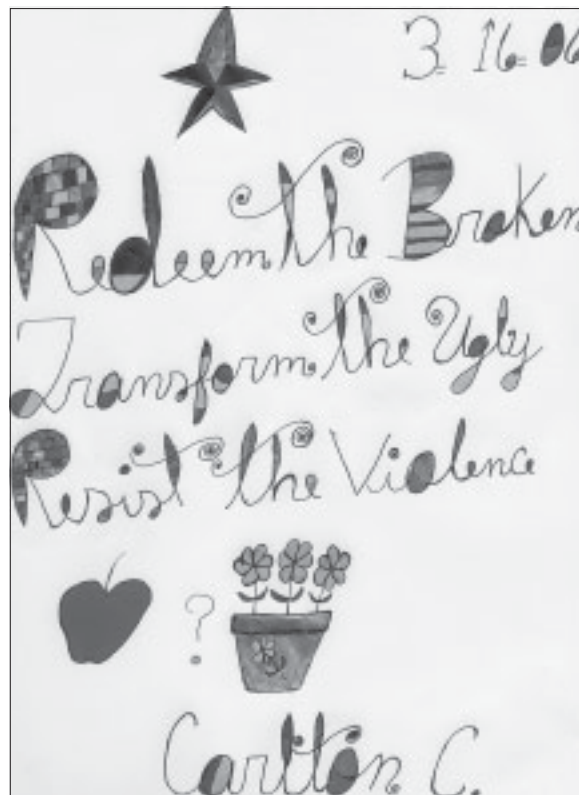


HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta Protestant Catholic Worker community: Christians called to resist war and violence and nurture community in ministry with, and advocacy for, the homeless poor and prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard.

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CARLTON CARMICHAEL

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Eduard-the-Agitator Loring: Street Preacher and Word On The Street Host, Novice and Resident Volunteer Formation

Phil Leonard: Administration and Finance, Hardwick Prison Trip, Resident Volunteer Applications

Nelia and Calvin Kimbrough: Worship, Art, and Music Coordinators

Jodi Garbison: Volunteer Coordinator

Murphy Davis: Southern Prison Ministry



CHARLES HINKLE

The Open Door Community 25th Anniversary Celebration July 11-16, 2006

You're invited to join us for our 25th Anniversary Celebration July 11-16, 2006.

Tuesday • July 11 • 6 a.m. at 910

A special breakfast with our homeless friends.

Friday • July 14 • 6 p.m. at 910

Supper and storytelling with Partners, Residents, Resident Volunteers, volunteers and friends from over the years, to share memories and stories from the journey.

Saturday • July 15 • 4 p.m. at First Iconium Baptist Church

542 Moreland Ave. SE, Atlanta.

Worship, music and supper. Our special guests will include Jeff Dietrich and Catherine Morris from the Los Angeles Catholic Worker, dear friends and great leaders in the movement for justice for God's people.

Sunday • July 16 • 11 a.m. at 910

Brunch and a panel conversation about the roots of our community: Koinonia Partners, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Civil Rights Movement, and the Catholic Worker Movement.

Please call, write, or e-mail if you can join us for any of these events. Our overnight space for guests at 910 is full, but we will have some accommodations with local friends of the community.

Above:
The Open Door
Community
December 1981
(top row, from left)
Christina, Carolyn and Rob
Johnson, Robert Barrett
(bottom row, from left)
Murphy Davis, Hannah
Loring-Davis, Eduard,
Susan and Neely Loring

Right:
The Open Door
Community
December 2005



MURPHY DAVIS

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Henri Garbison, one of the younger members of the Resident Volunteer Garbison family, calls for more Resident Volunteers!

Live in a residential Christian community.

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

Join street actions and loudandloving non-violent demonstrations.

Enjoy regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring Farm.

Join Bible study and theological reflections from the Base.

You might come to the margins and find your center.

Contact: Phil Leonard

For information
and application forms, visit
www.opendoorcommunity.org



volunteer needs

- ♦ People to accompany community members to doctors' appointments
- ♦ Groups or individuals to make individually wrapped meat and cheese sandwiches (no bologna or pb&j, 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
- ♦ Volunteers to sponsor T-shirt drives
- ♦ Volunteers to staff our foot clinic on Thursday evenings

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

Potsie: Handyman and Poet

By Gladys Rustay

The call came through from the coroner's office in Lexington, Kentucky. Did we know an Ed Potts? He had listed Murphy and me as next of kin. Did he have other family members?

Memories came — of Dick leading me into the Open Door living room where this man with a long beard sat. Dick said he had been a "regular" at the shelter in Asheville, North Carolina, when Dick volunteered there — that this was the only time Dick had seen him quiet. And so it was that Ed Potts, "Potsie," came to live at the Open Door over fifteen years ago.

Most everyone in the neighborhood knew Ed. He would make his daily rounds, going to Ace Hardware on Highland Avenue and buying something for the Open Door whether we needed it or not. (When he left we found at least



MURPHY DAVIS

**Trash
(Sweet Garbage)**
By Ed Potts

People who live in fancy houses, apartments, condos are always placing trash at the curbs in front of their places to be hauled away to the landfill. Other people see a use for that trash. Those people pick it up, redo it to keep or sell.

People in high places (so they think) do the same to the poor and homeless. They build more and more jails and prisons, pass insane laws so they will be hauled away like trash to be seen no more.

When those people end up on the wrong side of the great gulf and look across, they will see the sweet garbage they threw away.

10 door knobs, 20 different electrical plugs, etc., a virtual hardware store in his room!) Next, Ed would find his way back down St. Charles Street and stop by the Sisters of Mercy hospice. One memorable time, Mother Theresa was at the hospice. Murphy was having her first struggle with cancer. Ed was out walking Elizabeth Dede's dog Zechariah in the neighborhood. He bumped into Mother on the sidewalk and received a Saint Christopher medal from her with a blessing for Murphy — and one for the dog as well!

Over the years Ed wrote many poems. Some of them appeared in *Hospitality*. "Trash (Sweet Garbage)" and "A Legacy" are two of them.

One day in November, 2003 Ed got very mad. The inevitable conflict of life in community was a big problem for him. He was often hard to get along with and he had very little patience to go through the time-consuming but necessary task of conflict resolution. On this particular day he got mad, put on his coat, left behind everything and walked out the door without a goodbye. It was very clear that we were the only real family he had ever had, but he left us behind and resumed his solitary journey. We wondered where he'd gone and how he was doing. No one had seen him in Atlanta. Several months went by and then we received a phone call from our friend Robbie Turner in Lexington, Kentucky. He said he'd seen this man on the street who looked like Ed Potts so he'd driven around the block three times to check it out and sure enough it was our long lost partner in Lexington. What a gift to know he was alright.

The call from the coroner's office was an inquiry about living family members. I told the caller that Potsie had a very unhappy childhood on a farm in Ohio. His alcoholic father had continually beaten him up. The first chance he had, he left home to join the Navy and never wanted to go back or get in touch with family members. So we mourn Ed Potts's death. He died alone in Lexington, Kentucky on March 9, 2006. We wish Saint Peter patience and a good sense of humor. ☿

Gladys Rustay is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

A Legacy
By Ed Potts

Back in 1960's, the big boys got an idea.
Let's build two roads thru town.
They came ripping and snorting bulldozing
everything down except - - -
steps going to nowhere
just a lot of room to roam
steps going to nowhere
they once led up to a home

The big boys rolled and rolled
until they came to a fault.
The people in some neighborhoods
brought them to a halt. Leaving - - -
steps going to nowhere
just a lot of room to roam
steps going to nowhere
they once led up to a home

They came up with a new plan
the roads were built as far as they can
with paths for bikes and those who hike past
steps going to nowhere
just a lot of room to roam
steps going to nowhere
they once led up to a home

Transforming Moments: A Story About Life at the Open Door

By Sally Campbell-Evans

(Editor's note: Sally Campbell-Evans is a former Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community. She is now Associate Pastor of Faith Presbyterian Church in Pensacola, Florida. She and her husband, Clarke Evans [a United Methodist pastor], have three children. This sermon was written the week of Jim Campbell's eighty-fourth birthday, twenty-two years after his visit to the Open Door.)

Jesus said, "Mary." (John 20:16)

But now thus says the Lord, he who created you, O Jacob, he who formed you, O Israel: Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine. (Isaiah 43:1)

I have called you by name, and you are mine. Wow! Jesus called Mary by name, and she recognized him.

What's in a name? Why is it significant? I have called you by name and you are mine.

Back in 1983, I spent the summer in South Africa and on my return to the U.S., immediately started seminary. Throughout my entire first year of seminary, I was struggling to make sense of what I had learned, seen, and experienced about blatant racism and the challenging realities in that country. And I was having a difficult time parsing Greek and Hebrew verbs when my friends and acquaintances in South Africa were struggling with Apartheid every day. I needed to put a little human flesh on my Jesus. So, after finishing my first year of seminary, on the advice of my friend and professor Wellford Hobbie, I took a leave of absence and went to work with some of the "down and out" in this country, some of our homeless at the Open Door in Atlanta.

The Open Door Community is a ministry with the homeless — those who are struggling from the effects of racism, mental illness and discrimination every day. While there, I lived, ate, worshiped, worked, laughed, and cried with homeless strangers who became my friends. I made \$50 a month (of course they took out your phone bill first, so I really made about \$ 35 a month). Anyway, it was a powerful five months for me. It changed me. I want to tell you about that transformative time for me — and for my father.

Early on in my time there, I was assigned to welcome our guests to the soup kitchen. One day, I met a man named Gary. He was shy and tried to appear invisible, so the only conversation I got out of him was his name.

The next day, he returned and I said, "Hi, Gary. How are you today?"

With those words, he froze. His

eyes grew large and watery. He looked at me and said, "No one has called me by my name since I've been on the street." No one had called him by name. No one had treated him like a human being, created in the very image of God. No one acknowledged his presence or valued his dignity. I was stunned. I had never thought about it before, but from a very deep place, I knew that God spoke to Gary — by name. Just like he spoke to Mary at the tomb; just like he spoke to the disciples on the road to Emmaus who recognized him in the breaking of the bread. Yes, God called Gary, a homeless man living in Atlanta, Georgia, by name.

I learned a lot about Gary over the next few weeks. Among other things, I learned he was a guitar player, but had no guitar. Well, just three months earlier, I had bought a guitar (that I still have and still have never learned to play), and as the days passed, I would bring my guitar down to the soup kitchen and let Gary play it. He serenaded all of the guests. He became a different person. He became known. He was valued. He was called by name. He was transformed.



Clarke Evans, Hannah Loring-Davis, Sally Campbell-Evans, Murphy Davis, and Eduard Loring at the wedding of Murphy and Ed's nephew, Will Moye to Sarah McVoy in Appalachicola, Florida. Sally officiated at the wedding and we had a wonderful reunion.

Months later, when I eventually left the Open Door, Gary said, "I have a present for you," and he handed me a brown paper sack with something inside. It was a copy of C.S. Lewis's book, "Mere Christianity." He said, "Have a good trip, and remember, we were your first congregation."

Well, being at the Open Door was powerful for me and during this experience I was calling and writing my parents, telling them about all of the homeless men and women that I was getting to know. I was always telling them tales of conversations, as well as stories of arguments that would break out in the clothes closet or in the soup kitchen. My dad, Jim Campbell, a loving, stubborn, concerned child of God, had to find out what his little girl had gotten into. So he came and spent a week with me at the Open Door in

the fall of 1984.

He drove in early on a Sunday morning and I took him to the Majestic Diner down the street for a cup of coffee. A fight promptly broke out in the booth next to us — between two men I recognized from the soup kitchen — and my dad, peering over his coffee cup, said, "You planned that one well, didn't you?" I said, "Welcome to the neighborhood."

Back at the Open Door, I introduced him to everyone and began to explain how things worked around the place; we relaxed most of the afternoon, ate supper together, and participated in our Sunday evening worship services and went to bed.

On Monday morning, Dad and I were assigned to the Soup Kitchen. Dad was a master in the kitchen; he could chop massive quantities of onions and celery with the best of them. He opened can after can like a real pro, and although he was a little scared and cautious and apprehensive, he served the men and women with kindness, dignity, and respect.

All day Tuesday, we worked in the showers and clothes closet ministry, giving out

With enthusiasm, my dad said, "Yes!"

The next morning, we rose way before dawn. As we walked to the bus stop, we saw people sleeping in boxes, in fields or vacant lots, trying to stay warm.

Our first stop was the Day Labor pool. Lots of young men stood in line waiting for a job. We were trying to act like we fit in, so we made up a story about "Harold." We were all waiting for Harold, when Harold got there, then we would stand in line for a job.

We didn't sit near each other, because we were the only white people there. I remember my father holding up a newspaper and peering over the top. He was trying his best to take it all in, but he had never done anything like this before.

At the day labor center, we learned that the men selected would get paid \$3.35 hour — but the guys behind the glass window, the labor pool "bosses" hiring the laborers, got \$10 an hour from the contractors. Quickly, my dad realized somebody was clearing \$6.65 an hour. In addition, these laborers did not have a car or a ride, so someone would drive up and say, "I'll give you a ride to your work site. It's ten cents a mile." So my dad was beginning to realize that if you worked all day, every day, at minimum wage, it would be impossible to ever get off the street.

Next, we went to Butler Street CME Church for the breakfast cooked and served by the Open Door folks. We got in line for our cheese grits. I knew or recognized many of the men, but they didn't know my dad, Jim; they just thought he was a new guy on the block, a new kid in the neighborhood.

A gentleman named Al sat next to him and they exchanged greetings. Al offered my dad some salt. Then, when he had finished his grits, Al stood up and reached in his back pocket and pulled out a smashed packet of cigarettes. He had a total of about five.

He pulled one out for himself and then looked at my father and said, "Jim, would you like to have a smoke?" My dad said, "No," because he didn't smoke, "but thank you."

The rest of the day, we walked around Atlanta. We went to the Plasma Blood Bank and the Municipal Court. By the end of the day, my dad, Jim Campbell — *Educated Man, Businessman, Elder in the Presbyterian Church* — realized that no one had looked him in the eye all day, no one held the door open for him, and no one treated him like a human being. Except for Al, who called him by name and offered him a smoke.

To this day, with tears streaming down his cheeks, my dad will reflect on how that day, that very encounter at the Butler Street CME Church, changed his life.

Transforming, continued on page 10

clean towels, soap and razors and one new outfit of their choosing. Then folks would leave their dirty laundry and one of us in the household would wash them.

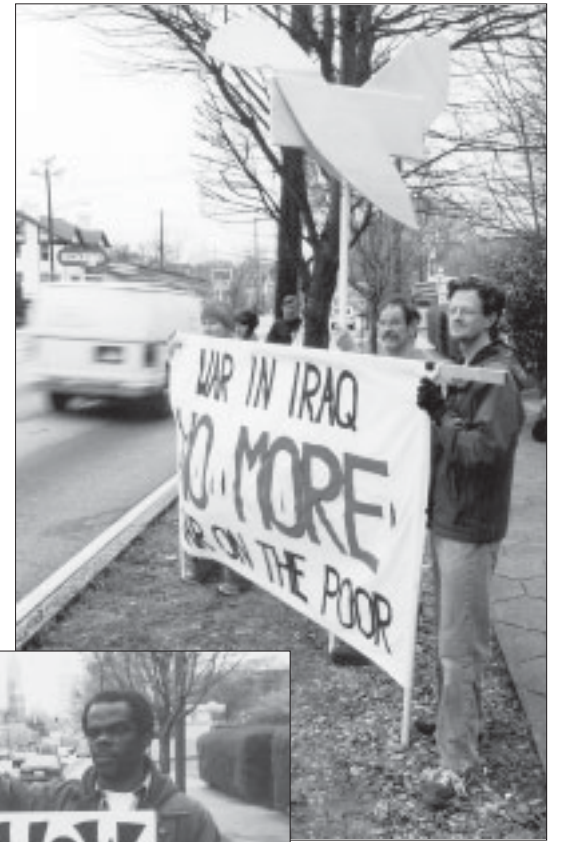
We even met a man who had gone to high school with my mother in Corinth, Mississippi. We later found his photograph in my mom's annual! He had been an antiques dealer, became an alcoholic, ended up losing his job and his marriage and was on the street.

I remember my dad saying, "There but for the grace of God go I."

Later that night, Ed invited us to go with him on the street the next morning. Going with Ed meant that my father and I would dress as if we were homeless folks, travel and eat as if we were homeless folks, and basically become homeless for the day.

In, Out & Around 910

On March 20, 2006 the Open Door Community joined with the Global Call Iraq Campaign to mark the third anniversary of the invasion of Iraq. A vigil was kept at 910 during the morning rush hour. Crosses had been created commemorating by name the Georgia men and women who have lost their lives in Iraq. We marched several blocks down Ponce de Leon to an Army Recruitment Office. There the crosses were hung along the balcony of the building and we prayed:



A large crowd of people followed Jesus; among them were women who were weeping and wailing for him. Jesus turned to them and said, "Women of Jerusalem! Don't cry for me, but weep for yourselves and your children. For the days are coming when people will say, 'How lucky are the women who never had children, who never bore babies, who never nursed them.'" (Luke 23:27-28)

The day has already come for many mothers and fathers in Georgia and the United States who weep for their daughters and sons whose lives have been sacrificed in the name of the "war on terror." We gather as disciples of the crucified Christ to weep for ourselves, for our children, for the children of Iraq, and to say "No More!" to the war on terror abroad and the war on the poor at home.

*Holding the banner and the dove (top right, right to left)
Brian Payne, David Christian and Lauren Cogswell.
Ray "Stonewall" Walker asks "How Many Sons?"*





The Southern Regional March for Peace in Iraq and Justice at Home was Saturday, April 1, 2006 in Atlanta. The Open Door Community joined thousands of others as we called for an end to the war, civil and human rights for all, and people before profits. The Rev. Al Winn (right with Eduard Loring and Murphy Davis), former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church (US), pastor, teacher, and friend joined us for the weekend.



On February 21, 2006 eleven people were arrested in the square at Little Five Points, about a mile from 910. While nuns from the Missionaries of Charity were serving sandwiches to homeless friends, the Atlanta Police Department arrived and ordered the sisters to leave. Those being served, however, were ordered to stay. The eleven were arrested for obstruction of the sidewalk and disorderly conduct.

April 4, 2006 the Open Door Community and the Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice remembered the martyrdom of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., by serving a meal in the square at Little Five Points and celebrating the living legacy of Dr. King. Serving soup and bread (top two pictures, right to left) were Nicole Lambelet, Kyle Thompson, Mike Curtis and John Hatten. David Smallwood (left) was one of the men arrested on February 21. Speakers included fellow activist and former Atlanta City Council member Derrick Boazman (left).



**Photographed
and Compiled
by Calvin Kimbrough**

Coming Soon !

for our 25th Anniversary
a new history of the Open Door Community
written by Peter Gathje



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Sharing the Bread of Life

**Hospitality and Resistance
at the Open Door Community**

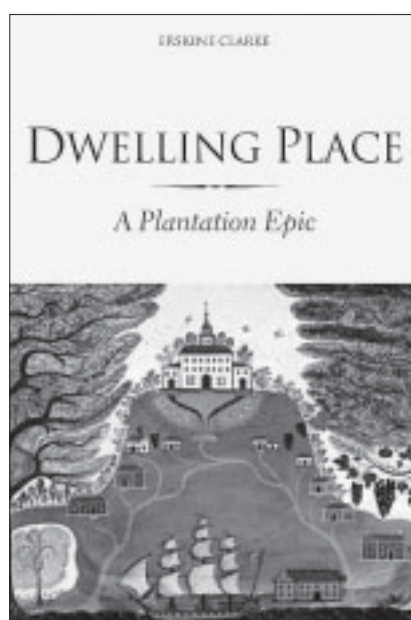
Dwelling Place A Plantation Epic by Erskine Clarke

Yale University Press

2005

624 pp.

\$35



...The Reverend Charles Colcock Jones and his wife Mary Jones...were two of the more formidable and interesting minds that the [Southern white] master class had to offer. Members of large extended families from coastal Liberty County, Georgia (and first cousins), they presided over several plantations and, led by Charles, established Christian missions to the slaves there. Yet, as Erskine Clarke reveals in his beautifully conceived and penetrating book, they not only struggled over the morality of slavery to important political effect; their struggle was shaped by long and complex relations with generations of slaves.

A scholar of Southern religious history — his books include “Wrestlin’ Jacob” (1979) and “Our Southern Zion” (1996) — Clarke has now produced one of the finest studies of American slavery ever written. His achievement is owed to many years of research, to serious reflection about the social dynamics of slave societies, and to a determination that his narrative really be a history of “two peoples living together.”

Excerpt from “Divine Rights”, a review of “Dwelling Place” in The New Republic, February 6, 2006 by Steven Hahn.

Erskine Clarke is a member of the Open Door Advisory Board and a longtime friend of the Community. His book “Dwelling Place: A Plantation Epic” was a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize in History. And in April, Erskine was presented the prestigious Bancroft Award in History from Columbia University.

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labor. Hospitality demanded that when a guest arrived at one’s home, a slave or servant was to bend over, untie the thongs of the sandals and wash the visitor’s feet.

Who knows why John had such low self-esteem? Why did he need to push Jesus way up on a pedestal? Was it that he was defending himself from the call to discipleship? “Oh I’m not good enough; I can’t be like Jesus. He is the Son of David and God. I can’t do like Jesus. He walks on water and I keep falling in the two feet deep Jordan River.” How much safer it is to have *faith in Jesus* (Apostles’ Creed) than to follow the *faith of Jesus* (Radical Remnant). The *faith of Jesus* leads one to radical discipleship and a fierce battle against capitalism, homelessness, the death penalty, and the deconstruction of literature.

John was plenty good enough to untie Jesus’ shoe strings and wash his feet — we all are. That is part one of Jesus’ message: We are good enough to come before God and live in covenantal partnership. But the radical part is that Jesus, in his preferential option for the poor, washes our feet and then teaches us to wash one another’s feet. John 13.14-15: “I, your leader and teacher, have just washed your feet. You, then, should wash one another’s feet. I have set an example for you, so that you will do just what I have done for you.” The Homeland Church cannot wash feet. Their membership would flee, their parking lots would not have a Humvee in sight. Seminaries cannot do it, for those who make a killing with footnotes refuse to wash feet. Why? Are they, like John the Baptist, too humble and weak of self image? Or is it pride?

Like John the Baptist, Jesus calls us to public acts of solidarity with the poor, slaves, the abandoned ones, prisoners, panhandlers, and street prostitutes. For as God takes on stoop labor for us, she, in turn, calls us to serve each other “from the bottom up.” We are to wash each other’s feet. Foot washing is a basic expression of Discipleship. Without foot washing one is believing and practicing a washed-out Christianity. Like scholars who write footnotes instead of practicing foot washing, John the Baptist made a mistake about himself and Jesus. We all do.

The Verbs of Jesus of Nazareth

On Thursday of the last week of Jesus’ life as an ordinary human being, he gathered his disciples together for the Passover meal. He taught us that although justice is important, supper is essential. We all know about the Eucharist or the Lord’s Supper. Christians have always been comfortable with eating and drinking; so this act of solidarity and transformation of Passover into a celebration of non-violence — a covenant of love and justice — is well known and practiced from once a day (Catholic) to once a week (Episcopal) to once in a while (most Protestants who don’t protest).

On that same night and with similar

intensity Jesus taught his disciples through the Verb of God that his followers are to wash each other’s feet. He began as he always did when teaching others by praxis: he washed feet himself then said now *you* do it.

“I, your leader and teacher, have just washed your feet. You, then, should wash one another’s feet. I have set an example for you, so that you will do just as I have done.... Now that you know this truth, how happy you will be if you put it into practice!” (John 13:14-17, TEV)

Christians are to wash feet just as we are to share food and hospitality. With the takeover of the Church and theology by the well-to-do and academics (in distinction from scholar activists like Jeff Dietrich) foot washing was pushed aside and forgotten. Some lower class Christians and oddballs, like Primitive Baptists and Mennonites, practice the Truth.

What a loss! The Gospel is new life and abundance. But one can’t get that from a book or a sermon — not even from the Bible alone (Sola Scriptura). We must put love into practice. We must do what Jesus says do to “get it,” “be it,” “do it.” Mostly the Church is on the side of the powers which have taken John the Baptist’s sense of unworthiness and turned it upside down. Not that we, hard working, upstanding, quiet, legal citizens are not good enough to wash Jesus’ feet or his followers’ feet. Rather we believe, because we have been taught, we are too good. Stoop labor. Poor people. Welcome strangers, ungated communities, wash feet. No Siree!

Feet and the Powers and Principalities

On August 15, Atlanta’s pitiful City Council (with three exceptions) under the intoxicating influence of the liberals’ darling and stealth bomber, Mayor Shirley Franklin, resegregated Atlanta: The Civil Rights Capitol of the World. With the passage of the Anti-Panhandling ordinance and the Vagrant Free Zone, named by A. J. Robinson “The Tourist Triangle,” Atlanta, now led politically by African Americans, continued the war on poor Blacks begun in the Atlanta Race Riot of 1906 for the white and rich control of downtown Atlanta. The Homeland Church was silent. Civil rights groups were basically silent. The Movement to Redeem the Soul of Atlanta was loud and 7 shouters were manhandled, womanhandled, and hauled off to jail. Bernie Marcus, owner of Home Depot and builder of the Aquarium, was the loudest of all, saying that he did not allow his wife to walk downtown because she might give a nickel to a bum. He got the Vagrant-Free Zone for his fish, but he lost the NASCAR Museum for Atlanta by scaring the peejeebies out of those macho white male race car drivers who had the misfortune of believing Marcus and Robinson. In February, 2006 both men began to dance to another tune saying Atlanta was not all that scary and crime-ridden by poor homeless beggars after all. The race car drivers would not have to mix with the poor and Blacks. Marcus and Robinson, with David Miller, were only pulling the legs of Atlanta City Council last

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summer. Who knows? Maybe Black men and women are nice and friendly after all. Could be. Why not call Central Atlanta Progress (404-658-1877) and ask?

Now listen up, beloved reader: if the Church practiced foot washing we would have no homelessness in the USA. If the church practiced foot washing, children would not live under bridges, their mothers would not do sexual tricks for \$25 (tax free) for milk (and too often for crack cocaine). Foot washing frees us from the fear that generates the death penalty and conservatism. If we washed feet, we would feel each other’s bodies and medical care would be available to all.

But, alas, it won’t happen. The vested interest of the theologians and church investments, and preachers who eat so much chicken they become one, is too strong toward comfort, prestige, money in the bank, and homophobia.

So, what can we do? Join a radical Christian community, and live out a life of resistance and joy among the Radical Remnant, washing feet, sharing food, going to jail, and understanding what the hell is going on.

Heather, Larry, and the Radical Way

At 6:00 a.m. on a recent Monday, 15 of us sat in a circle in our dining room. Five bowls of water, 5 towels, 5 bars of soap. Heather raised her sleeves and stooped before Larry. Black, bare feet shone before her. Larry had just arrived in Atlanta from a prison on the coast of Georgia where earlier slaves were worked to death on rice and sea island cotton plantations. Larry was dressed in the cheap dress of an ex-con. He had heard one could get a change of clothes at 910. So, from the land of chattel slavery and prison slavery he came to our home. Gently, Heather washed each of Larry’s feet. Slowly then, in turn, Larry washed Carlton’s feet, his first intimate touch and stoop labor in Freedom Land.

After performing the sacrament of foot washing, Gladys gave us our morning assignments. Later, as we reflected on our foot washing and breakfast serving, Heather told us of her experience. “After the foot washing, while we were putting our shoes and socks back on, I began to think, what great ‘job training.’ We are ready to serve the hungry now.” What would it be like if on death row the prisoners and guards washed each other’s feet regularly? What if we Grits gone. We moved along into our day. ✚

Eduard-the-Agitator Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.



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Jesus Action Figure.” Jesus has been cast as a plastic figurine that has a nice smile and can be carried in your pocket.

While popular culture provides a revealing anecdote, it is the educational academy and the institutional church — and to the extent that we have participated in these systems, all of us — that have most readily propagated the domesticated cross. The cross always presents us with a challenge. The words of Jesus are too hard, the way of the cross is too difficult, the death of Jesus too gruesome. We’d rather have faith in Jesus than the faith of Jesus.

So, the cross has become a quaint symbol to put on a white steeple or to hang around ones neck or to put at the front of a sanctuary. It is not that these displays of the cross are bad in and of themselves, but they contribute to our becoming far too familiar with the cross as a nice symbol that encourages us to simply be nice to one another. These sentimental displays prevent us from understanding the cross as what it is: an instrument of cruel and gruesome execution.

Paul asks (v. 20): “So then, where does that leave the wise? Or the scholars? Or the skillful debaters of this world?”

If we are able to reject the push from the academy and the homeland church toward faith *in* Jesus instead of the faith *of* Jesus, we may begin to see that the cross is a very particular kind of death, a death that was reserved for traitors of the state, for political dissidents, for threats to homeland security, for folks who raised too much hell. The cross was not a death that was given to people who were too nice, but a death given to people who were such a destabilizing presence to the religious and political establishment that an example had to be made of them.

Thus, as we begin to think about the foolish message of the cross, we must leave behind “My Buddy” Jesus and begin to remember Jesus on the way toward a very specific kind of death reserved for those who were a significant threat to the establishment.

The Foolish Message of the Cross

If this is the cross, then what is so foolish about the message of the cross?

An alternative to the domesticated vision of Jesus’ life and death is to remember Jesus as a radical social reformer. Jesus was a man who saw the grave injustice of the world and sought to invite change. As such, it seems that Jesus would have been presented with several options for “effective” social change.

We might expect that Jesus would start a political campaign, begin to work his way up into a place of influence, and eventually earn himself a place at the table of power where he could really change things. He might have run for city council or even mayor. He might have bought the three-piece suit and \$1000 ticket to Central Atlanta Progress’s Annual Meeting. He might have held a golf tournament to benefit a respectable charity and invited all the powerful people of Jerusalem. As we know, however, this is not what Jesus did.

Another option for Jesus might have been to take the route of the zealot, the route of military might. Certainly, there were zealots who followed him. Jesus might have organized meetings of revolutionary fighters to train and strategize. He might have assembled an elite force of skilled guerillas and begun to wear down the Roman occupiers. He might have gathered together swords and spears and shields and stormed Herod’s palace with the support of the crowds and brought a new Davidic reign. After all, this is what the people expected and hoped for. But again, we know this is not what Jesus did.

Jesus did not choose the seemingly “efficient” options. And herein lies the foolishness, the weakness: Jesus died. God died! The man who was able to liberate others could not, would not, did not liberate himself. Why? Why did he not choose one of these options of efficiency, of what would seem like wisdom? Jesus gave himself up to the authorities; which seemed to mean not only death to himself, but death to his movement, death to the hope for real change, death to the hope for healing and wholeness. Jesus died on a Roman cross. Why?

Enemy Love as the Foolishness of the Cross

There are many ways that we could answer these questions. Probably many of them would be good answers for us to struggle with. Probably some of them would be unhelpful. As I have struggled with these questions, and tried to struggle within Paul’s letter to the divided Church in Corinth and our Lenten seasonal context, I have come to think that Jesus went on this foolish path to the cross for the sake of love. Love? Love.

Now, love often gets a bad rap at the Open Door. And rightly so, for love too often means just being nice. If “My Buddy” Jesus is telling us what love means then we won’t come to any other conclusion. The love of “My Buddy” Jesus is a love that extends only to people like us. People that think like us, that act like us, that look like us. But, if we allow the cross to provide us with the definition of what love is, then, like Paul, we might come up with a very different conception of love. Not the bourgeois love of friends; this is cross love, the love of enemies.

This ain’t no namby-pamby love. This is a love that brings Jesus into such conflict with his enemies that they kill him. It is out of this love that Jesus called his disciples, he walked with them and healed the sick and gave liberation to the enslaved, all while crossing the boundaries of race, of gender, of class. It is out of this love that Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount, out of this love that he gave his disciples a new way of living together. It is out of this love that Jesus called all people to repentance, called Zacchaeus down from the tree and into relationships of justice, out of this love that Jesus overturned the tables in the temple, and told Peter to put away his sword. This is a harsh and dreadful love. A love that hopes for the rebirth of all the world and knows that such a rebirth will not come by violent means.

Enemy love rejects the efficiency of force and power by influence, and as such it is foolishness to the scholar (the Greek) and offensive to the religious establishment (the Jew). Instead, the cross is a place of great weakness, a place of emptying, a place of foolishness where God’s wisdom can be most clearly made visible. “For what seems to be God’s foolishness is wiser than human wisdom, and what seems to be God’s weakness is stronger than human strength” (v. 25). It is this foolish, weak love that invites enemies to the table where the cross of Christ is remembered, where his body and blood are shared, where we are all converted to live a new life together.

Conclusion: the Challenge of Foolishness

So, what does this mean for us? How does this challenge us? How does this inspire us to shed the old and embrace the new? I think a question that moves us in this direction more concretely is, who is our enemy?

In an abstract sense we may say that the people of Iraq are our enemies, as they seem to be the declared enemies of the United States. But, there are few of us who can say this in a tangible or personal way. When we march down to the Army Recruiter Office to declare “NO MORE” to the war, we declare our solidarity with the

Love, continued on page 10

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people of Iraq and proclaim that they are not our enemies. We might also say that the “terrorists” are our enemies. But we know that the Catholic Workers are on the “domestic terrorist watch list” so I guess terrorists can’t be our enemies either.

But, maybe our enemy is not the enemy of the United States. Maybe our enemy is the rich, or the republican. Maybe our enemy is those who reject the ways of God. Maybe our enemies are the police, the corrupt judge, or the government authorities. Maybe our enemies are those who oppress the poor. Maybe our enemies are Bernie Marcus, Shirley Franklin, and the Fish Tank Gang (for whom Cleveland Sasser faithfully prays). If these are our enemies, what does it mean to love them in the pattern of the cross? It sure doesn’t mean just being nice, but it might mean an invitation to table.

Our world is lost in the mire of madness, hatred and fear. Jesus has shown us a new way: the Way of love, which is the cross. Can we step into that love in order to invite our enemies to this table? For this we hope and pray. Amen. ✠

Kyle Thompson is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community.



Something Better than a Garbage Can

Friends,
I have received the March 2006 copy of *Hospitality*. I do appreciate that you’ve included me on the mailing list. I am always trying to educate myself regarding all angles of important issues, especially those who are homeless.

I try to impart to my officers the importance of seeing all people as individuals and to avoid stereotyping. However, one of my kind, compassionate officers pointed out to me how hurtful the cartoon was in this issue of *Hospitality*. The cartoon depicts a police officer throwing a man into a garbage can. The dialogue balloons refer to the meanness of Atlanta to its homeless citizens.

My HOPE Team officers were recently presented an award at the Carter Center, an award presented by Rosalyn Carter, for their work with the homeless and people with mental illness. On the day before Thanksgiving they were taking a ham, pie, fruit, etc., that they had bought out of their own very shallow pockets to a family in the public housing on Boulevard. This family consists of an elderly woman, hearing impaired and in the beginning stages of dementia and her profoundly mentally disabled 50 year old son. Just as we were leaving a fire call came up two buildings away and my team rushed into a fully engulfed building, carrying out half clothed children, alerting all the residents and surely saving many lives.

Every day these officers are out in the street, giving information about the Gateway to people in need. Every day they are convincing people with mental illnesses that there are services at Grady. Every day they do some act of kindness and generosity.

I have been talking to and meeting with your staff to find ways we can be helpful. I know we have a long way to go to find solutions to our problems of homelessness, poverty and mental illness. But we’re trying.

It hurts to be stereotyped.
Lieutenant Trudy Boyce
Atlanta Police Department

Reply to Lt. Trudy Boyce:
Thank you for writing to us and for your careful attention to Hospitality. We greatly appreciate the political

Transforming, continued from page 5

How could it be that this man, Al, who had nothing, offered him, a wounded man, a searching man, so much? Okay, it was only a flat cigarette, but it was a true treasure.

Years later, my dad would say, “At that time, it really didn’t dawn on me what he was saying, what he was really offering. Somehow, I really didn’t get what Jesus was all about until that day, when I recognized Christ right in front of me. And as the years go by, I have realized we’re all God’s people, not just some of us. And I have had to ask God for forgiveness for those that I have harmed along the way.”

I thank God that my father, Jim, took a risk to come to Atlanta and be transformed. I thank God that God broke in and touched my dad, and continues to call him by name, and who continues to call the Garys and the Als and me and you, by name. Friend, let us listen to the many ways God is calling you by name and telling you that you and I belong to God — along with every person we have ignored or dismissed because they are poor, dirty, or smelly or “not like us.” When we acknowledge our belonging, our kinship, then we begin to take personally the apathy and injustice that distorts and crushes the lives of the poor — the lives of the Garys and Als. As kinfolk we then must live our solidarity by working for justice and resisting the powers of greed, oppression and domination that create poverty and homelessness.

Do not fear, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine. ✠

cartoons of Sam Rawls and the fact that he — like any good political cartoonist — is provocative. We work hard not to stereotype folks, but I would like to tell you about a characterization of police work that I heard some 20 years ago. Then Atlanta Police Commissioner Lee Brown and I were on a panel together and he said to the audience something to this effect: “People expect the police to be janitors. Our society makes a mess of things socially; and rather than dealing seriously with the mess, people want the police to come in and just ‘clean it up.’ There are people with all kinds of problems out there. We don’t really want to ask what the problems are, or why — we just want the police to sweep the problems under the rug or get them out of sight so we won’t be bothered.”

We believe that this attitude is — in general — the one that Atlanta city government has showed for some years now. The men and women and children on our city streets are not there by any fault of the police, but our various mayors, council members, and business “leaders” are asking you, the police, to “get them out of sight.” The fact remains that jails are the city’s primary response to our homeless brothers and sisters.

When we’re honest, we all know that the answer to homelessness is not good police work, as important as that is. No number of gracious invitations to the Gateway Center will solve the problem. The Gateway is hardly doing what it was designed to do, and surely is not a “solution.” The only thing that will solve homelessness is affordable housing, which becomes a more critical problem in this city every day. Atlanta Police officers are not even paid enough to afford average housing in the city.

We all know that there are police officers who are kind and helpful. Others are cruel and abusive. We know both kinds, and we are deeply appreciative of the efforts you are making to train your folks to be helpful. But all of us need something much more comprehensive than police training so that we can begin to house our friends who are homeless rather than “throwing them in the garbage can,” as SCRAWLS depicted.

Murphy Davis, Editor

Grace and Peaces of Mail

(via voice mail)

Thank you for the incredible article you wrote in the March issue of *Hospitality* about Five Points ("A Few Points About Five Points"). I think it's really wonderfully done and I'm just so pleased you took the time to articulate these issues so powerfully and persuasively. Just know that we are thinking about you over here at Equal Justice Initiative and we love you all and appreciate all of your witness and advocacy.

One of our lawyers, Kathleen Price's mother, has a letter in the March issue and she passed away recently. I know Kathleen would love to have an extra copy.

All the best,
Bryan Stevenson
Equal Justice Initiative
Montgomery, Alabama

Usually I resist the urge to answer issues raised in *Hospitality* but I wish I could sit with Glenn C. for a few minutes or an hour or two and give my point of view (see Grace and Peaces of Mail, *Hospitality*, January 2006). It is slightly different from his, a little more to the "left." I will limit my words to his "I know hundreds of politically right minded folks." I wonder if there is such a person or ever was one, besides Jesus. Is there a Christian or believer in God that can be "politically right minded" without compromising his or her stand with God?

I do agree that for anyone with one or two feet planted in the world, and dependent upon its claim to sovereignty, it is difficult to read your words without flinching. Certainly it takes most of us a few years of hearing truth before we can accept it. I pray your Mr. C. does continue to support the Open Door and that God's Spirit leads him back to the pages of *Hospitality*.

Your friend,
Bill Thomas
Goldenrod, Florida

There's a terrifying scene in "Fahrenheit 911" when a young woman is brought out of a bombed house in Baghdad covered with blood. She is on a gurney and is looking directly at the camera. My God, I thought, she is my sister. What in hell has our military done to her? I don't think I'll ever forget her. This is why it is so necessary to put faces on the victims so we see them as sisters and brothers. How else can we realize the absolute horror of war and put our bodies on the line to stop war and disarm our empire?

I had to put this down in words because there's also a war going on against people of color and very poor people all around us. We cannot shut our eyes to this. You certainly don't and I thank you deeply for that.

Your paper, *Hospitality*, always inspires me to write better thank you notes to those who donate to the Catholic Worker House here in Tucson. Your articles have perhaps the best descriptions of street sisters and brothers anywhere. It is vitally important to pass these portraits on to other sisters and brothers who are on the side of outcast peoples.

To close this, here are some words from one of our prophets:

"Many people say it is insane to resist the system, but actually it is insane not to."

Mumia Abu-Jamal, innocent brother — over 23 years in the torture cell on Death Row.

To each and everyone much love and many abrazos and may you always keep standing on the side of the voiceless and being a voice for them.

Adios, Hasta Luego
Jerry (Robinette)
The ancient sorta weird little guy
Tucson, AZ

Dear Murphy,

Thank you so much for your excellent article, "A Few Points About Five Points" (*Hospitality*, March 2006). It is so interesting to me, having grown up in Atlanta.

My family moved to Georgia in 1935. However, I never knew about the 1906 Race Riot, but I do remember seeing the KKK march on Peachtree Street in full regalia.

I've seen a lot of what you speak of and your article brought back many memories. Thanks again for reminding us that in spite of "progress" some things remain the same.

I'm so glad that your health has improved so much. . . what a blessing.

Love to all,
Lillian Corrigan
Marietta, Georgia



FRITZ EICHENBURG

Dear Eduard

What timing! I just finished reading the *Catholic Agitator* and now *Hospitality*! I was in the city today and a woman came up to me and begged for money for food and I gave her lunch money. In your Mom's obituary it was asked to give to the first three beggars in lieu of flowers. So this counts as the first? Instead of waiting for the next two can I send the Open Door some money for coffee? When I read your Mom's obituary, I thought, well the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it.

I love reading your paper. It is always so full of love and passion.

("A Catholic Worker's Response to Government Surveillance," *Hospitality*, April 2006) reminded me of how joyful Dorothy Day felt knowing Hoover had a file on her. She made it! God Bless the Pilgrims.

My love to . . . all at the Open Door. I can't wait to see you in October at the National Catholic Worker gathering.

Sarah Melici
Red Bank, NJ

. . . I have a sense that in the mainline (where I live day to day) there is a deep numbness to poverty and radical discipleship and the inherent conflict between God's realm and this world. There needs to be a jolt to bring people to their senses. I don't think it's your job to make it easy on mainliners to figure out how to live their (our) faith. I think you are called to bear witness to what your eyes have seen and your ears have heard. The Spirit will work through you and some people will change and many won't. I've been thinking a lot lately about Dorothy Day's line, "All our problems stem from our acceptance of this filthy, rotten system." My perception is that most of us who benefit from the system are blind to how it kills and maims.

Mark Harper
Athens, Georgia

I have just returned from Vidalia, Georgia, to have a tooth removed. I'm doing well.

When I arrived at the dentist's office I walked into a room that had a real mirror. Our mirrors are shined metal or very, very small plastic ones with aluminum foil attached. Anyway, the real mirror revealed I'm old with wrinkles: it was an awakening to the 11 years I have spent incapacitated behind prison walls — prior to which I was a young thirty something young man.

I will continue to pray for you and yours.

Thanks for everything!!!
Arnold, in a Georgia Prison

Dear Murphy,

For years I've been reading with interest your articles in *Hospitality*. But you really have outdone yourself with this latest "A Few Points About Five Points" (March 2006). I have read lots of material about the 1906 race riot, and have lived most of the last 50 years in Atlanta. During that time I have seen the destruction of many older neighborhoods, never replaced with adequate low income housing, the steady growth of homelessness, and the constant pressure by the establishment and the local power structure to enhance Atlanta's image. Image is everything to the city, and though there is much to attract one here, one has to feel a hollowness, a spiritual emptiness beneath the veneer. Through the YMCA and SCLC, I was quite involved in the civil rights movement, and think we never have lived up to the vision of those memorable days.

I have always also appreciated your involvement in prison issues, and still correspond with Joe, the prisoner you initially referred to me when he was on death row. I have another regular correspondent serving a life sentence, and whenever any inmate appeals to the Atlanta Friends Meeting, I seem to be the person asked to reply. I just wish I could do more to help with our wretched prison system.

It is very good news to hear that your cancer is now in remission. We certainly need your continuing input in the community!

With love and appreciation,
Janet Ferguson
Decatur, Georgia

Thanks for your article on the "Negro Removal Program" ("Atlanta Georgia: Is it Really a Crime to be Poor?," *Hospitality*, August 2005). We have the same program here, only they call it: "Helping the Homeless." At least in the old days they weren't hypocrites!

Jeff Dietrich
Los Angeles Catholic Worker
Los Angeles, California

Open Door Community Ministries

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

Showers: Wednesday and Thursday, 8 a.m.

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

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

**Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic and
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Clarification Meetings: some Tuesdays, 7:30 – 9 p.m.

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Prison Ministry: Monthly trip to prisons in Hardwick, Georgia,
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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 dona-
tions. We do not answer phone and door during our noon prayers and
lunch break from 12:30 p.m. until 2:00 p.m. Please call in advance if
you need to arrange to come at other times.

**On Sunday we invite you to worship with us at 5:00 p.m. and join
us, following worship, for a delicious supper.**

*Our Hospitality Ministries also include visitation and letter writing to
prisoners in Georgia, 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.

- | | |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| May 7 | Worship at 9:10
Short Eucharist
Music with the Yes Virginias |
| May 14 | Worship at 9:10
Short Eucharist
Music with Joyce Brookshire & Elise Witt |
| May 21 | Worship at 9:10
Andrew Legare speaking |
| May 28 | Worship at 9:10
Nelia Kimbrough leading |



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

We will meet for clarification
on selected Tuesday evenings
in May from 7:30 - 9:00 p.m.

*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

Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic

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

Soul Foot Care Clinic

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

**We are also looking for
volunteers
to help staff our
Soul Foot Care Clinic
on Thursday evenings!**

Needs of the Community



CHAD HYATT

Living Needs

- ☐ jeans
- ☐ men's work shirts
- ☐ men's belts
- ☐ men's underwear
- ☐ women's underwear
- ☐ socks
- ☐ reading glasses
- ☐ walking shoes
for men & women
(especially 9 1/2 and up)
- ☐ T-shirts (L, XL, XXL, XXXL)
- ☐ baseball caps
- ☐ MARTA tokens
- ☐ postage stamps
- ☐ alarm clocks

Personal Needs

- ☐ shampoo (full size)
- ☐ combs
- ☐ hair brushes
- ☐ lip balm
- ☐ soap
- ☐ multi-vitamins
- ☐ disposable razors
- ☐ deodorant
- ☐ vaseline
- ☐ toothpaste (travel size)
- ☐ shower powder
- ☐ lotion (travel size)

Food Needs

- ☐ coffee
- ☐ turkeys
- ☐ hams
- ☐ sandwiches
- ☐ quick grits
- ☐ cheese

Special Needs

- ☐ double bed

*From 11:00 a.m. until 2:00 p.m. 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 11:00 a.m. or after 2:00 p.m. it would be helpful. THANK YOU!*