

# HOSPITALITY

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

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October 2006

## For Whom Shall We Vote In the Midterm Elections?

By Brother Eduard-the-Agitator Loring  
CW#91030306

### Thesis Statement

If you, my reader (and what a gift that you are reading this), are a person of faith in the tradition of the radical Hebrew Prophets and/or if you walk and talk the faith of Jesus, the barn-born Jew, and/or if you are a Leftist or a Progressive, then we are walking a road together in the battle for justice for all people. The ones to vote for are those who embody and pursue the Biblical demands and visions of a just society.

1) Those who love the poor and want to lift them out of poverty into houses, good jobs with wages that sustain family life (real family values), easy and accessible medical care, schools that are filled with curiosity-creating curriculums and peace. Vote for those who care for prisoners and want to help convicts regain and reclaim whole and mature lives, productive and loving in the Beloved Community. There is no excuse for poverty in the United States of America except mean, death-producing greed and a system that cares not for the suffering of the least of these, Yahweh-Elohim, Allah, and Jesus' special friends.

2) Those who work for Salaam/Shalom/Peace with alternatives to war and violence. The call for this world without the woe of war was deep in the bowels of the Hebrew Prophets and became a defining theme for Jesus, The Human One. In fact, if one claims Jesus as Leader and Redeemer and supports the war, that person, church, denomination, or theology is a lie.

### The Problem

Lots of my friends won't vote. But all of my enemies do. Many of our friends in the Catholic Worker Movement refuse to vote. Following Dorothy Day's analysis of the "filthy rotten system" in which she found that no real, fundamental change could come through the electoral process, lots of faithful folk today agree with Dorothy that the vote is the "opiate of the middle-class mind." Like Dorothy, they refuse to vote. With you, my fellow Catholic Workers and passionate radicals, I am pleading.

I agree with Dorothy Day that the electoral system does not open a door to fundamental change. Democracy, like every other system, is beholden to the powers of death and oppression. Nonetheless, through the system we can bring about "mitigating circumstances" that can help sustain life, even life abundant. George Bush's investment in the anti-AIDS work in Africa is an example.

When Dorothy Day was being formed as a Catholic and the Catholic Worker Movement was brought forth from



the heart of God as a most faithful form of Christian discipleship for the modern era, the electoral process was working well without her vote. In the year that the Catholic Worker Movement was founded, one of the most important dates in American religious history, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected president and he had beside him a woman who imagined and led this nation in risky, creative and just ways toward the common good for all people.

So as Dorothy Day was working to feed the hungry, the United States of America government was creating the first feeding programs for schools in our history. Frances Pauley, an Open Door Community saint, began a free lunch program in Georgia following the courageous work of a Black principal Mrs. Hamilton, who began the program in her school. This was the federal government doing the works of mercy. So when Dorothy Day refused to vote, she at least could look out her window and see less loving, but nonetheless nutritious, food being given by the government as well as the Catholic Worker soup line.

Today we need to keep our analysis radical and embodied in our lives and praxis. And we need to vote. Mitigation is the best we can do today. Let's do it. As

## Breadline

By Lauren Cogswell

The crucifix rests just below his breastbone,  
where his heart beats to a rhythm  
that began long ago.  
The rosary beads  
follow one another in a line of prayer  
around his brownskin neck.  
Whose hands have prayed these beads one after  
another?  
For the life of the world,  
for the liberation of the poor.  
*Kyrie Eleison.*

He walks in wanting a bowl of soup  
and a piece of bread.  
He is the Bread of Life,  
walking through our door,  
wearing a rosary as a necklace  
prayers encircling him,  
as though he were the earth.

A body broken,  
a life resurrected,  
all in this one,  
who sits down,  
gives thanks,  
and asks for more.

*Lauren Cogswell is a Novice at the Open Door  
Community.*



RITA CORBIN

Leonard Cohen sings, "There is a crack in everything. That's how the light gets through." Jesus says, "Do not keep your light under a bushel."

Secondly, along with radicals and Catholic Workers, most of our friends are in prison or in the streets. In prison, we cannot vote. On the streets, most folk have lost hope as they are being murdered in slow motion, a painful, violent, death of torture and abuse. They do not even believe that the electoral process offers mitigation. What is mitigation for the poorest of the poor?

**For Whom, continued on page 8**



# 25 Years of Discipleship: Follow the Women



By Jeff Dietrich

I have come here today to celebrate 25 years of discipleship in the Catholic Worker movement. What you do here at the Open Door Community and have done for 25 years is traditionally called “women’s work” — the work of welcoming the poor, of serving soup, of cleaning toilets and agitating for toilets. I brought a few props because I’m a Catholic Worker too, and what we do is the same kind of work. My first prop is an apron, which is emblematic of women’s work. And I brought my toilet brush. We have six toilets at our house and everyone takes a day to spend at least an hour cleaning toilets. I don’t know how many toilets you have in your house but I know it is more than six.

We have been studying the Gospel of Luke for a long time and what we came to see in our community is that this is a story really about women.

Traditionally we think Christianity is about men. Jesus called the guys, he ordains the priests, they all go off with him and do what he says, pretty soon we have the Catholic Church and we’re celebrating cathedrals and isn’t that a wonderful thing?

But that is not what it is. This is a story about how these guys don’t get it. They are almost like comic foils to the women in the story. Jesus says, “You look but you don’t see, you have ears but you don’t hear.”

Even when God comes down from the mighty mountains, even when Elijah and Moses are right there, and God says, “This is my own child in whom I am well pleased. Listen to him” — the next thing you know, the guys are saying “Can we sit one at your right and one at your left when you come into the Kingdom?”

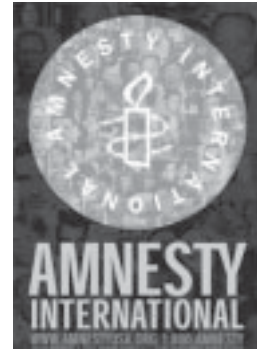
If Jesus Christ were king of the universe, this toilet brush would be his scepter. This is *definitely* the Catholic Worker scepter, and it’s for doing what is so often defined as women’s work. But Jesus wanted us to learn from the women who were his friends and followers — to know that for men and women, there is a clear alternative to the domination system. We are to live as servant leaders in solidarity with all marginalized people. ✚



Top: CALVIN KIMBROUGH; Bottom: BETTY JANE CRANDALL

*Editor’s note: Jeff Dietrich (above) and his wife, Catherine Morris have been leaders of our sister house, the Los Angeles Catholic Worker for more than 35 years. Jeff preached for our worship and celebration of the Open Door Community’s 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary. This is an excerpt from his sermon.*

## National Week of Faith in Action on the Death Penalty October 20-22, 2006



for information and an organizing packet  
contact  
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202.544.0200 ext 496



## US Catholic Worker Gathering October 19 - 22, 2006

Panora, Iowa  
contact

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713 Indiana Avenue, Des Moines, IA 50314  
515.282.4781  
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## 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.

A \$7 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing Hospitality for one year. A \$30 donation covers overseas delivery for one year.

**Open Door Community**  
910 Ponce de Leon Avenue NE  
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CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Tomatoes grown at Dayspring Farm.

### Newspaper

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**Phil Leonard:** Administration and Finance, Hardwick Prison Trip, Resident Volunteer Applications  
**Nelia and Calvin Kimbrough:** Worship, Art, and Music Coordinators  
**Chuck Harris:** Volunteer Coordinator  
**Murphy Davis:** Southern Prison Ministry



# Inch by Inch

By Murphy Davis

We continue to bask in the happy memories of the July events celebrating our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a community on Ponce de Leon. It was a fine time for seeing lots of old and dear friends: volunteers, community members, supporters, coworkers in the city, friends from the Catholic Worker movement, and those who have come from the streets and prisons and death row — all of whom came to help us celebrate and recommit.

The only big disappointment of the time was that our dear friend Vincent Harding, civil rights historian, Movement theologian, mentor, and guide, developed a painful case of cellulitis in the week before the events. His doctor put him to bed in Denver (and later in the hospital), and he was unable to come. We missed him so much, but he promised to come later, and our friends Senator Vincent Fort and Dr. Ndugu T'Ofori-Atta ably filled in for the programs.

The only big surprise came for Eduard and me at the end of the Sunday brunch program. The community presented us with a couple of gifts and charges. One gift was a potted Lantana with a gift certificate for some plants, trees, and flowers to plant at Dayspring Farm. The charge was to spend more time planting and caring for the land of our community retreat in the northwest Georgia Mountains. (Dayspring Farm is the part of the community's ministry where we — homeless and housed — gather for prayer, rest, study and retreat, hiking, and caring for the land.)

The second gift for each of us was a stack of writing pads and ballpoint pens; the charge was to get on with our long-deferred plans for doing some more serious writing.

The next surprise came two weeks later. The Leadership Team reached consensus that there is never going to be a "good" time for Eduard and me to take the plunge and begin the work of study and writing. Therefore, we should just "Do It!" We were all shocked by the audacity of both the proposal *and* our consensus. So here we are. The Leadership Team (without us, at least for the time being) is strong and able. We are so grateful for the way they are continuing with the various ministries of compassion and agitation.

Eduard and I still live at 910 Ponce de Leon. We are still partners of the Open Door Community. We have not "retired" (though we did "retire from active ministry" with the Presbytery of Greater Atlanta one year ago). We have not left the community, and we have not quit the work.

But we have "changed stride." Dayspring Farm is another "home base" for us, and we are spending more time in study and writing. After 30 years of full-time work with prisoners and the homeless poor (25 years at the Open Door and six years as pastors at Clifton Presbyterian Church), we are picking up some of the quieter, more contemplative work that we have postponed and put aside over the years. We are, more than anything, activist pastors. The urgency and crisis mode of our work have carried ongoing demands to put aside plans for study and writing.

Eduard is 66 years old, I am 58, but in my ongoing struggle with lymphoma and fungal pneumonia, I am legally "disabled." Two years ago, my beloved doctor Amy Langston looked at me in my hospital room and said, "You know, don't you, that you're not *supposed* to be alive?" Then she ordered another grueling treatment in preparation for what we thought would be a bone marrow transplant.

When I began the journey with Burkitt's lymphoma in 1995, they gave me 6 to 18 months to live. What can I say after three rounds with the cancer, near death at many points, 11 more years, and feeling wonderfully alive, but "Thank You God for EVERY day!"

I never *did* have a bone marrow transplant.

Hundreds of friends and strangers gave money for and signed up in the Bone Marrow Donor Registry (and we anticipate that this will bless *many* people in the years to come), but my transplant was called off when I contracted fungal pneumonia. And then the cancer went into remission! The docs just shake their heads! I do still have fungal pneumonia, but I take a powerful (still experimental) drug called Pozoconazole, which keeps it at bay. The medical gurus do not anticipate that the pneumonia will be "cured," but the infection remains, blessedly "asleep."

I give thanks every day for life and the love that surrounds us; for God's healing miracles, for all of you who have hoped and prayed without ceasing, and for Eduard and our daughter Hannah, our family, and our community members who have stayed with me every step of the way. Now we are thankful as well for the time given us to make a shift in the focus of our work within the community.

And because we do believe in healing miracles, we come to you again, "knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door."



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

*Please  
Pray  
for  
MaryRuth*

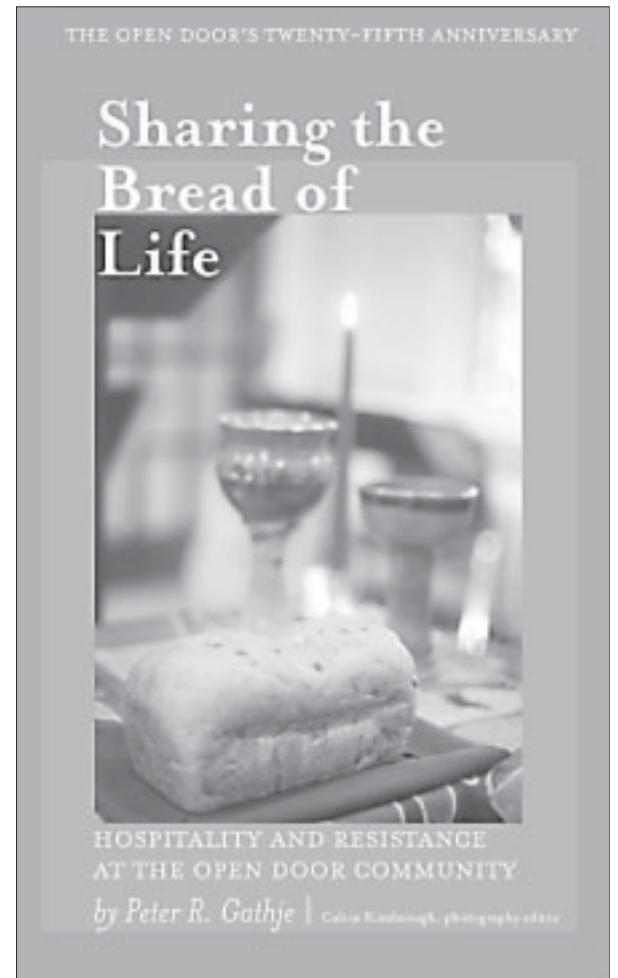
You can write to the Weirs at:  
PO Box 1213  
Griffin, GA 30224  
or at: [newhopehouse@accessunited.com](mailto:newhopehouse@accessunited.com)

Just as September was rolling around, our dear friend and sister MaryRuth Weir was diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor. We have shared the journey with MaryRuth and Ed Weir for many years. They were partners at Koinonia and founding partners at Jubilee Community. They raised four children and now have seven grandchildren. In 1989, they were blessed and commissioned by our three communities to begin a new work: New Hope House. Since then, they have provided hospitality for the families of prisoners on Georgia's death row, they have accompanied countless families through death penalty trials, and they have worked tirelessly for a moratorium on the use of the death penalty. For the past 16 years they have been a part of the Open Door worshiping and extended community.

MaryRuth's tumor is called a Grade 4 Glio Blastoma Multi-Forme. It is the worst and most invasive form of brain tumors. Surgery is not an option, and it has already

## Available Now!

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**Sharing the Bread of Life**  
Hospitality and Resistance  
At the Open Door Community

By Peter R. Gathje

*"Sharing the Bread of Life," Peter R. Gathje's gift to The Open Door Community, Jerusalem to those who live on the street in Atlanta, is a marvelous recital of God's outrageous work of liberation and restoration. This book stands as a tribute to the faithful chosen to lead and to all members of the Community, past and present, who have stood in the circle, hand in hand.*

*Well, that's how this friend sees it. Jean Vanier wrote "Marginal people in community have very particular needs." "Sharing the Bread of Life" points that out clearly. The book also has a special message for each of us "We are all marginal people on the inside."*

*In God's Love, I trust,  
Bill Thomas  
Goldenrod, Florida*

272 pages  
45 photographs  
Paperback  
\$10.00 suggested donation

**Open Door Community**  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE  
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

*Inch by Inch, continued on page 9*





MEINRAD CRAIGHEAD

## Connections

# A Pilgrimage to the Deep South

Flannery O'Connor, the Open Door,  
and People Who Don't Know  
What They're Sayin' Sometimes

By Dan Miller

*Editor's Note: Daniel Miller (on far right with friend Sam Morgan to the left at 910) grew up in Minnesota where his dad, Jack Miller, is a Lutheran pastor. His mother, Pauline Redmond, was a gifted and beloved member of her community in Millville. Pauline's Open Door Community banner does indeed hang in our entry way (right). Dan has finished college and is striking out to discover the wonders of life and to seek glimpses of the Kin-dom of God*

Pulling into downtown Atlanta, I asked a middle-aged black man in my Minnesota nasal, "Can you tell us how to get to Ponce de Leon Avenue?"

"What'd you just say?" he replied.

"Ponce de Leon," I repeated.

"Aw!" his face brightening, "You mean Ponce de LEE-on. Okay, here's whatchyou gonna do ...." I didn't understand a word after that. I thanked the man for his help and got back in the car.

After an hour of driving, we finally found Ponce de LEE-on and still had no idea where we were. Frustrated, I pulled over next to a group of men on the sidewalk and asked how to find the Open Door Community. A gruff-looking bearded man told us to go up the block, pull in the alley, and there is the parking lot.

I had the connection to the Open Door through my parents, who have been longtime friends of the founders Murphy Davis and Eduard Loring, and my family stayed for a few days on a road trip when I was really small. My mom had sewn a banner for the house on that occasion and I had heard it still hung in their entryway.

But the main reason my friend Sam and I had come all the way to Georgia from Minnesota was to find the late Flannery O'Connor's possibly haunted farm in Milledgeville. Last year, while taking a college seminar on the frail Catholic novelist, we had vowed to make a pilgrimage.

The trip had been delayed when I moved home to Millville, Minnesota, in January to help fight my mom's losing battle to lung cancer.

By this June it had been two months since we buried her, my eyes were dry, and ghosts were calling from the Deep South. My mom's hero Dr. King needed a visit, the Open Door needed a new banner, and Flannery O'Connor was beckoning from her country hermitage.

As Sam and I crawled into his anonymous-looking 2001 Honda Civic and set out for Georgia, O'Connor's characters, like the one-armed handyman and the self-proclaimed backwoods prophet, were dancing in our heads.



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

During both of the morning devotions that Sam and I took part in at the Open Door, "mental illness" was a major part of the agenda. The community had had some recent problems with guests that were deemed

mentally ill and had even been violent. It seemed impossible to welcome people who had severe mental problems. Clearly, the Open Door wasn't set up to deal with such.

After a moment, one man in the group said he didn't think the term "mentally ill" was quite right. "Some guys," he said. "They just don't know what they're sayin' sometimes."

His words and "mental illness" stayed on my mind the next day as we made the two-hour drive over red clay out to Milledgeville and the O'Connor farm.

The huge prison in Milledgeville, of course, used to be the insane asylum. Literary critics have long used this fact as a possible explanation for the frequent appearance of grotesque and unsavory characters in O'Connor's fiction.

In one story, O'Connor tells of an old self-proclaimed prophet who believes it is his duty from God to baptize the idiot son of his psychiatrist/atheist nephew. When the old man dies, his successor, a 14-year-old named Francis Marion Tarwater, is expected to take on the duty.

In the battle to decide who's craziest, the reader clearly wants to side with the psychiatrist and declare the old man and his young protégé severely "mentally ill." But by the

We should have known at this point that we would be acted upon by unlikely and unseemly persons. We should have expected the "mentally ill" would be on the discussion table and that one of these misfits of the streets would give us the best directions to where we needed to go.

end of the story, as the psychiatrist becomes callous, cold and crazy, there's no sure bet about who is insane.

Many of O'Connor's characters are crazies and backwoods fanatics. And these characters, whom we would call mentally ill, are often the recipients and conduits of God's grace.

As we looked at the newly planted flowers in the front yard of the O'Connor house, which is now a museum, I remembered reading that there used to be more than fifty peacocks on the farm. They ate all of O'Connor's mother Regina's flowers, and made terrible shrieks and noises at all

hours of the night from their tree roosts next to the house.

But every once in a while — never when you want them to — a peacock will spread its fan and reveal a surreal universe of brilliant colors and orbs. When a priest in one of O'Connor's stories happens upon a peacock spreading its tail, he mutters in awe, "The Transfiguration." The bird then goes back to pecking the grass.

Every once in a while those around us are used as instruments of the Beloved Community, and they give us a glimpse of that Community, which we are promised has come near. Archbishop Desmond Tutu calls it transcendence. What O'Connor tells us is that we, like peacocks, are usually annoying, irritating creatures consumed by our

chronic illness — sin. But as we acknowledge that we all have the same illness, we will become ready to be acted upon at unlikely times, by unlikely people, and maybe get a moment of transcendence.

The man at the Open Door said, "They just don't know what they're sayin' sometimes." I thought: I know I've sure felt like that, and I'll bet everyone has.

We peafowl are fallen individuals constantly needing God's grace; and O'Connor's voice seems to be saying from beyond her farm's beautiful pine tree line, "We are all mentally ill."

So maybe it's no coincidence that the gruff-looking man who gave us the directions that actually got us to the Open Door turned out to be considered one of the most "mentally ill" frequenting the house.

Surely there's no easy solution as to how we should deal with our brothers and sisters who don't know what they're sayin' sometimes. But we have to make the effort or we risk not seeing through "mental illness" to The Transfiguration.

In any case, we will get better directions. ✚



TONY SINKFIELD



# It All Began With Footwashing

By Lauren Cogswell

*Jesus went into the temple and drove out all those who were buying and selling there. He overturned the tables of the moneychangers and the stools of those who sold pigeons and said to them, "It is written in Scriptures that God said, 'My temple will be called a house of prayer.' But you are making it a hideout for thieves!"*

*The blind and the crippled came to him in the Temple, and he healed them. The chief priests and the teachers of the law became angry when they saw the wonderful things he was doing and the children began shouting in the temple, "Praise to David's Son!"* (Matthew 21:12-15)

The last time I saw Robert, he had come into our Soul Foot Care Clinic because the aching of his tired and weary feet had grown into a deep, unbearable pain. He walked miles on worn-out shoes, as many of our friends do every week, in search of a bit of healing. Robert sat down in our dining room/worship room/foot clinic as Hannah Loring-Davis knelt at his feet to do the work that Jesus calls us all to do: to wash one another's feet (see John 13).

She took his tender feet in her hands and found that they were turning black. Hannah asked Tony Sinkfield and me if we would take him immediately to Grady Hospital. We drove him to our beloved Grady, who opens her doors all day and night to the crushed, bruised and broken bodies of the poor of our city. Leaning on his walker, Robert staggered inside on that cold winter's night hoping his feet would find another pair of healing hands.

Eight months later, I drove into a shopping center and saw a one-legged man in a wheelchair in the middle of the sun-scorched asphalt. I looked as I have come to do at the beggars and the lame, expecting to see a friend. "That looks like Robert," I thought to myself, remembering his staggering gait into Grady that winter night. But this man only had one leg. It couldn't be Robert; Robert has both of his legs. I quickly pulled over, shut the door and ran over to where he was inching his way through this urban desert. It was Robert, Robert with only one leg.

"What happened?" I asked.

He told me that his pain continued to grow as his foot continued to die. The diagnosis: poor circulation. Part of Robert's body was not getting enough of the essence that sustains our lives. By the time he had returned to the hospital some time after his initial visit, there was nothing more that could be done, so the doctors cut off his leg.

Robert was in his mother's electric wheelchair, and told me that he had been using crutches but kept falling and knocking out his stitches. I imagined Robert wobbling on his new crutches, trying with all he had to

find balance in this world gone mad. Robert's chair was moving very slowly, inching along like the slow death of homelessness on that hot summer day. I walked with Robert for a while, bought us each a cold drink, and told him I'd hope to see him back at 910 real soon. Seeing my concern, Robert told me he's all right; he's on disability now and lives in a rooming house. It's poverty housing, it's not decent housing, but he's no longer on the streets or in the shelter. He is on a waiting list to get into Section 8 housing. It only cost him his leg.

We said goodbye and I turned around and walked back toward the truck. I wept. I wept for his lost leg. I wept for his feet that were too wounded for us to heal. I wept for the poor who must give a part of their body — one arm, one leg, both eyes — for housing in our city where apartments and lofts stand empty. I felt myself wobbling, trying to find my balance in this world gone mad.

In the Gospel story about Jesus in the temple, there is a direct correlation between Jesus disrupting the economic system that is crushing the poor and the healing of the blind and the crippled. The Gospel writer of Matthew makes a clear connection between

Jesus' act of resistance and the glimpse of God's New Order that is exemplified through the healing of suffering and the singing and shouting of children.

After Jesus turns over the tables of the economic system and the religious system that were crushing and justifying the crushing of the poor, the crippled and the blind gather around him and he heals them. They were people who were considered unclean and probably not even welcome inside the temple. In the Gospel story, these outcasts become the honored guests in the New Order that Jesus is ushering in and they are healed, freed from their suffering and oppression. And then the children begin to sing.

Jesus turned over the tables of the dove sellers in the temple because it was a double oppression for the poor. The crippled and the marginalized had to come to the temple to be cleansed because they were poor, because their poverty had made them sick. Like Robert, they traveled miles on weary feet, with worn-out shoes, to seek healing from the suffering and to hope

beyond hope for liberation for their oppression. If they were able to make it to the temple, they then had to purchase a dove to make a sacrifice.

Jesus turned over the system that charged the poor doubly for their oppression. In Atlanta, the double oppression can be seen most clearly in the Quality of Life ordinances, which are about death to the poor and real life for no one. These ordinances include prohibitions on panhandling, public urination, and urban camping. Atlanta refuses to house the homeless; then we arrest them, put them in jail and fine them for living on the streets.



HAROLD MCALLISTER

Robert lost his leg because he is poor. In 2006, more than 1,000 units of public housing in Atlanta have been destroyed and are not going to be replaced. In 2005, the Mayor of Atlanta announced a 10-year plan to end homelessness. Yet in 2006 our soup kitchen line grows longer. Because Robert was denied access to healthy food, because Robert walked the streets of Atlanta in wet socks, wearing shoes that too often had holes in their soles, Robert no longer has a leg.

One Wednesday, as I was welcoming friends into our front yard who had come to join us for lunch, Walter came up and asked for a lunch ticket. I reached out to shake his hand and he lifted his right hand up with his left. Several of the fingers on his hand were completely flat above the top knuckle. It looked like his fingers were slowly disintegrating from the knuckle up. I asked him what happened and his story made my heart scream.

Walter was working under the table for a car-wash and detail business. While he was working, he noticed that the gloves he had to use had holes in the fingers, so he

asked his employer for new gloves. He was told to keep working—that those gloves would be all right. His fingers began to burn and sting as he dabbed chemicals on cars to make them shine like the noonday sun. He asked again for new gloves and told his employer about his burning fingers.

"Just wash your hands" he was told, "and get back to work."

He did. The new gloves never arrived. Walters' burning fingers kept him from returning to work. Very soon his fingers started shrinking, almost dissolving back into his body. He went again to Grady, which is splitting at the seams with the poor and their broken and abused bodies. The doctors at Grady couldn't save Walter's fingers. They cut off two of them. Walter no longer has full use of his hands. He is unable to work in the same way. Walter returned to his workplace and showed his employer his hands. He asked for worker's compensation, for unemployment. Unable to work, Walter had not been able to pay his rent and lost his housing.

Walter was hired and paid under the table, as are so many of the working poor in our country. For these workers there is no workers' compensation, no unemployment, and no health insurance. Walter's fingers were cut off because of the exploitation by his employer and because of our national love of cars and hatred of the poor. Our greed and selfish pride cost Walter his hands. Walter's employer put out a jar at the workplace asking for donations to pay for Walter's medical care. A few dollars to ease the guilt of the oppressor? He lives on the streets of Atlanta. What will it cost him to get housing? Will two fingers be enough? Or will the system demand more? What part of your body would you cut off for a roof over your head?

On our way to Dayspring Farm we drive past a billboard that has a changing tally of the number of houses in metro Atlanta that are for sale on a given day. In mid-August the sign read 93,000 homes. There are tens of thousands of apartments, lofts, condos that sit empty night after night while our dear friends are pushed out of parks, driveways and alleyways and can find nowhere to lie down and rest. There is no shortage of housing in Atlanta. There is no shortage of housing in Atlanta! Mayor Shirley Franklin has a 10-year plan to end homelessness. We can do it in one, Mayor Franklin. House them. Just house the homeless. Housing first. Just house them.

In 2006, as I write this article, the cost of housing in Atlanta for the homeless today is one half of a human leg. May God have mercy upon us.

The text on Jesus and the moneychangers is the guiding scripture for the Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice that was founded on the

**Footwashing**, continued on page 9





# *In, Out & Around 910*

Compiled by Calvin Kimbrough



## *At City Hall 8/15/06*

### A Call to Justice for the City of Atlanta

*Whereas*, today, August 15, 2006, is the one-year anniversary of City Council's passing the Commercial Solicitation Ordinance; and

*Whereas*, The City of Atlanta Police arrested a monthly minimum of 343 listed homeless; and

*Whereas*, The City of Atlanta Police reported that they did NOT use the Commercial Solicitation Ordinance; and

*Whereas*, the Commercial Solicitation Ordinance is indefensible as public policy; and

*Whereas*, the City of Atlanta criminalizes its poor rather than providing affordable housing; and

*Whereas*, there is a shortage of more than 300,000 housing units affordable to low income families; and

*Whereas*, all people deserve affordable housing, living wage income, health care; and

*Whereas*, The City of Atlanta Police arrested a minimum of 15 people each month for Public Urination or related charges; and

*Whereas*, The City of Atlanta has no public toilets;

*Therefore, be it resolved* that the Movement to Redeem the Soul of Atlanta demands:

*That the City Council of Atlanta* repeal the Commercial Solicitation Ordinance; and

*That the City Council of Atlanta* repeal the ordinance criminalizing Public Urination; and

*That the City Council of Atlanta* provide a minimum of 50 public toilets immediately available to all citizens; and

*That the City Council of Atlanta* open a minimum of 500 units of emergency housing immediately; and

*That the City Council of Atlanta* require an immediate moratorium on the destruction of public housing; and

*That the City Council of Atlanta* authorize and fund a housing trust fund for housing people at 30% of minimum wage down to 30% of a TANF (Temporary Assistance to Needy Families) benefit for a family of three; and

*That the City Council of Atlanta* legislate a Living Wage Ordinance for all agencies and entities contracting with the City.

*The Movement to Redeem the Soul of Atlanta is a coalition of many groups and individuals who came together in 2005 to oppose the City of Atlanta's harassment of the poor through the Commercial Solicitation (anti-panhandling) Ordinance. (See: "Atlanta, Georgia: Is it Really a Crime to be Poor?" Hospitality, August 2005; "A Broad Coalition Stands Against Panhandling Ordinance" Hospitality, August 2005; "All the News Not Fit to Print" Hospitality, September, 2005; "Yes. It Is a Crime to be Poor in Atlanta, Georgia" Hospitality, October 2005.)*



*On August 15, we took our regular Tuesday Morning Breakfast to the steps of City Hall. There we joined with others from the Movement to Redeem the Soul of Atlanta to call the City of Atlanta to do justice and to repeal the Commercial Solicitation Ordinance which the City Council passed in 2005.*

*Bemene Baadom-Piari (above), a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door, serves hot grits. William Dunaway (below) enjoys his breakfast grits.*



Photographs by CALVIN KIMBROUGH





Photographs by CALVIN KIMBROUGH



*During our Worship, Rev. Tim McDonald, Pastor of First Iconium Baptist Church, led us in song (left). Tony Sinkfield, a novice at the Open Door Community, serves Deborah Bonapart, a member of the Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice, during the Eucharist service (below).*

*Following the Breakfast, the Rally and the Eucharist, a delegation of advocates and homeless delivered "A Call to Justice for the City of Atlanta" with song and prayer to the offices of the Mayor and City Council members. We then moved through downtown Atlanta asking for alms as we made our way to the offices of Central Atlanta Progress, the business lobby which called for the passage of the ordinance.*



## *With the Terrell County N.A.A.C.P.*



*On Saturday, July 29, Rev. Ezekiel Holley brought members of the Terrell County N.A.A.C.P. by the Open Door Community on the way to the Georgia N.A.A.C.P. State Banquet. Open Door Partners Murphy Davis, Eduard Loring, Nelia and Calvin Kimbrough, all members of the Terrell County Branch, joined the group for the evening at the Gala.*

LAUREN COGSWELL



For Whom, continued from page 1

### The Context

Damn, I hate to write this. We are living in the Days of Noah and his family. The world is coming to an end. We are in the last days. We are running out of water, as the U.N. announced in late August. The air is poisoned and we are sick. The earth is filled with toxic chemicals, as is the sea. The MoneyBoys, as Murphy Davis likes to say, continue unabated, destroying the earth for profit, and we have few prophets. Montreat, North Carolina (a gated community since 1921), traps people who confess Jesus Christ on Sunday into building one-million-dollar homes on Monday through Saturday with very wide driveways for their gas-guzzling SUVs. Our food is contaminated by the easy and fast methods of feeding the earth crap called fertilizers with toxic chemicals, planting, harvesting, processing, and production so that profits will be maximized for the rich.

Al Gore's "An Inconvenient Truth" is an inspired seeing and reading for these days. Our fundamental personal and communal question today is a rebounded one from William Stringfellow: How do we live humanly and with integrity at the End of Time? Or *shall* we live with integrity at the End of Time?

### The Biblical Witness in Response to the Question, "For whom shall we vote?"

First: The biblical warning. All powerful leadership is abusive. Liberal or conservative, the systems are fallen and are yoked by powers in the sky. Our enemies are not flesh and blood, but the powers and principalities of death — the Confuser, as Satan is named in the New Testament, that cut off John the Baptist's head, crucified Jesus Christ, put a bullet in Gandhi's body, burned Anne Hutchison, blew off the side of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s head and put a hole in Jonathan Daniel's chest while he worked for the Voting Rights Act of 1965. We live in the land of Nod, East of Eden, all of us. Gated, fearful, greedy, dying well-to-do people, and poor, ghettoized, hungry, homeless people. And everyone between in this wide gap, as big as the gap between Abraham and Dives. All of us.

So Yahweh-Elohim had an old woman on the margin of the campfire write this:

The People Ask for a King, II Samuel 8  
Yahweh-Elohim told Samuel to "give them strict warnings and explain how their kings [elected officials] will treat them."

Samuel told the people who were asking him for a king everything that the Lord had said to him.

"This is how your leaders will treat you," Samuel explained. "He will make soldiers of your sons; some of them will serve in his war chariots, others in his cavalry, and others will run before his chariots. He will make some of them officers in charge of a thousand men, and others in charge of fifty men. Your sons will have to plough his fields, harvest his



crops, and make his weapons and the equipment for his chariots. Your daughters will have to make perfumes for him and work as his cooks and his bakers. He will take your best fields, vineyards, and olive groves, and give them to his officials. He will take a tenth of your corn and of your grapes for his court officers and other officials. He will take your servants and your best cattle and donkeys, and make them work for him. He will take a tenth of your flocks. And you yourselves will become his slaves. When that time comes, you will complain bitterly because of your king, whom you yourselves chose, but the Lord will not listen to your complaints."

The people paid no attention to Samuel, but said "No! We want a king, so that we will be like other nations, with our own king to rule us and to lead us out to war and to fight our battles." Samuel listened to everything they said and then went and told the Lord. The Lord answered, "Do what they want and give them a king." (Good News Bible, 1992)

### Keys and Signposts to Guide You to the Candidates Who Embrace Biblical Justice and Good Government: Psalm 72

The leaders and the Government must be practitioners of the Works of Mercy. This is a prayer at election time.

Teach the elected officials to judge with your righteousness, O God; share with them your own justice, so that they will rule over your people with justice and govern the oppressed with righteousness.

May the land enjoy prosperity; may it experience righteousness.

May our political leaders judge the poor fairly;

may they help the needy and transform their oppressors.

May your people worship you as long as the sun shines, as long as the moon gives light, for ages to come.

May our government be like rain on the fields,

like showers falling on the land.

May righteousness flourish in our lifetime, and may prosperity last as long as the moon gives light.

Those who deserve to hold office will rescue the poor who call to them, and those who are needy and neglected.

They have compassion on the weak and poor;

they save the lives of those in need. they rescue them from oppression and violence;

their lives are precious to them.

May prayers be said for them at all times; may God's blessings be on our elected officials always!

May there be plenty of corn in the land; may the hills be covered with crops, as fruitful as those of Lebanon.

[before Israel's brutal and inexcusable attack]

May the cities be filled with people, like fields full of grass.

May just elected leaders names never be forgotten;

may their fame last as long as the sun.

May we ask God to bless all nations as God will bless the United States of America

when justice is implemented and wars have ended forever.

Praise the Lord, the God of the Poor and Liberation!

She alone does these wonderful things.

Praise Yahweh-Elohim, the God of the Oppressed

May her glory fill the whole world.

Amen! Amen!

(Good News Bible, adapted and edited for the November elections)

There are 1000-plus more verses in the Bible that will guide us as we, who vote, decide for whom we shall vote. They all point in the same direction as Psalm 72. However, in parting, let us remember another one who never voted: Jesus, our movement leader.

### Poor Jesus of the Poor

Jesus never got to listen to Hank Williams' great protest song against the FBI bugging Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., "Why Don't You Mind Your Own Business?" So Jesus poked his nose and heart into the center of business — the wealth of those who have money left over at the end of the month. Jesus was so horrified by what he saw that he told his Movement and the whole wide world: "You can't serve God and money." He knew very well that wealth is the root cause of poverty and oppression and that wealth is a rejection of God and the Beloved Community. Well, they nailed him to a tree on that one.

### Conclusion

Vote. Vote for the candidate who comes closest to the vision and values of Biblical justice. ✚

Brother Eduard-the-Agitator Loring CW#91030306 is a Partner at the Open Door Community.





*Footwashing, continued from page 5*

anniversary of King's martyrdom on April 4, 2005. We organized this little group of disciples to come together to practice this text of resistance and revolution. Often I am so overwhelmed by the moneychangers and dove-sellers that swarm around selling death to the poor for a taste of the crumbs of life that I do not know which table to turn over or how to loosen it from its roots. Their tables often seem cemented into our society.

I remember then how this story began. It began with foot washing. Though in John's Gospel, the account of Jesus washing his disciples' feet comes long after Jesus turns over the tables in the temple, Jesus' entire journey and ministry was one of the washing of feet. Every time Jesus extends healing to those who are oppressed, to the blind, the crippled, the marginalized, he is practicing the way of discipleship that is exemplified through footwashing. We would not know which tables need to be turned over if we did not wash one another's feet. We would not know Robert's pain, which leads us to the streets, unless we washed one another's feet. Our hearts would not be broken knowing how the exploitation of the poor took Walter's fingers unless we practiced footwashing. Jesus turned over the tables of the economic system that was crushing the poor, because he had held their crushed, wounded and broken bodies in his own hands.

It all began with foot washing. Our foot clinic is

*Inch by Inch, continued from page 3*

spread. But her dedicated and loving medical team at Emory is hopeful about helping her to have some good time for a full life while they shrink the tumor with radiation and a light regimen of chemotherapy (consisting of pills taken at home). The Weirs' daughter, Rachel, has left her home in Celo, North Carolina, to help and accompany her parents.

Please join us in steady fervent prayers for MaryRuth and her family. She is strong and prepared. She has hope and joy in her heart, and — as all of her friends and family know well — a determination and deep faith that will see her through whatever comes.

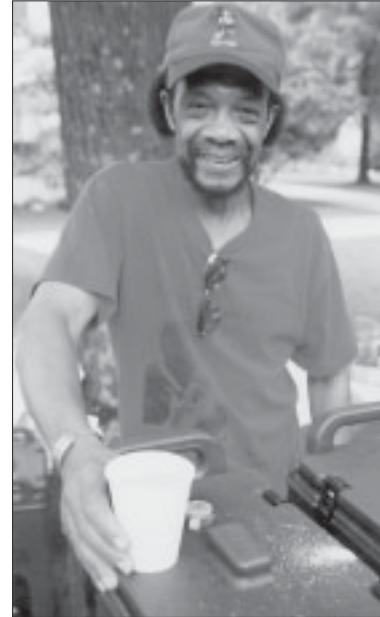
Let us honor MaryRuth by working for a Moratorium on Executions and the Abolition of the Death Penalty. And let us pray and hope that her love and perseverance will grace us for a long time to come. ✠

*Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.*

every Thursday night at 7 p.m. Won't you come and join us in our work of liberation? Come, let's wash feet and turn over the tables of oppression; let us create a city that is full of hope, healing and the joyous song of children. ✠

*Artist Harold McAllister is serving a life sentence in the Georgia Prison System. Lauren Cogswell is a Novice at the Open Door Community.*

## Join us as a Resident Volunteer



*Open Door Partner Ira Terrell has a cup of java waiting for you!*

CALVIN KIMBROUGH

*Live in a residential Christian community.*

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

*Join street actions and loud and loving 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  
at [opendoorcomm@bellsouth.net](mailto:opendoorcomm@bellsouth.net)  
or 770.246.7625  
For information and application forms  
visit [www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org)

# November 17-19, 2006

## Converge on Fort Benning, Georgia

### Thurs., Nov. 16, 2006: Benefit Concert in Atlanta, GA

## OTRA AMERICA ESTA EN MARCHA

Social movements are changing the Americas



Human Rights Defenders from across the Americas will gather at the gates of Fort Benning, Georgia to speak out for justice, dignity and reconciliation.

## School of the Americas Watch

## SOA Watch Benefit Concert

**Thursday**  
**November 16, 2006**  
**7:30 PM**

Holly Near  
Charlie King & Karen Brandow  
Elise Witt  
Chris Chandler  
Pat Humphries & Sandy O.  
Ann Feeney  
Francisco Herrera  
Colleen Kattau  
and more

**eyedrum gallery**  
**Atlanta, Georgia**

[www.soaw.org](http://www.soaw.org)  
[www.eyedrum.org](http://www.eyedrum.org)



# this year give HOSPITALITY

A \$7 donation covers a year's worth of *Hospitality* for a prisoner, a friend, or yourself. To give the gift of *Hospitality*, please fill out, clip, and send this form to:

**Open Door Community**  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE  
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

\_\_\_\_ Please add me (or my friend) to the *Hospitality* mailing list.

\_\_\_\_ Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

\_\_\_\_ I would like to explore a six- to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please contact me. (Also see [www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org) for more information about RV opportunities.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_



## Grace

Recently, I returned from my "other earthly home," Israel, after an eight-month hiatus from Atlanta, where my calendar on Thursdays says, Open Door. George [Britt] was among the first guests I caught up with. His opening question: Tamar, how do you say, in Hebrew, "pray for the peace of Jerusalem?" Grateful for the gift of his question, I slowly enunciated the three words of the Hebrew text, "sha-alu shlom yerushalayim." (George practiced saying the Hebrew after checking whether "sha-alu" has a double "a" sound... it does, with a pause separating the two letter "a's.") It had been too long since I had reflected on this text, and I immediately wondered, what is the source of the expression? And what text precedes and follows the part that George asked about?

When I got home, I searched the sacred source texts, and found the expression in Psalm 122. The following Thursday, George asked me to test his pronunciation (it was perfect), and he told me that he taught Barbara the Hebrew text and pronunciation. So, my "homeless" pal George rekindled my interest, piqued my curiosity, returned me to the sacred texts, and reminded me of the gifts I get from the ODC world and its denizens. Thank you George, and thank you ODC. When I return to Israel, and to Jerusalem, I will tell everyone who will listen ... about these gifts.

Tamar Orville  
Atlanta/Tel Aviv

Hello from Lexington, Kentucky! We hope and pray you all are well. How was the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary? Joyful, wonderful, full of gratitude, I'm sure. We are so sorry we couldn't make it.

We are doing well. We're past the half way point of the pregnancy. Thankfully, all is well with Melissa's and the baby's health. We are having a boy, and his name will be Caleb.

Melissa starts part-time in the Masters of Social Work program at University of Kentucky in about two weeks. I'll resume part time classes at Lexington Theological Seminary too. I'm working at the Catholic Action Center warehouse where we have a free clothing store and sell donated books on Amazon.com to raise money to help people pay heating bills.

The check enclosed is for 5 copies of the new Open Door history book.

We miss you all and love you all very much. Please say hello to everyone, and keep in touch.

Peace and love,  
Robbie Turner  
Lexington, KY

P.S. Today is St. Lawrence's Feast Day. During a persecution he was told to bring the treasure of the Church to the official persecuting him. He returned with the poor and said, "Here is the treasure of the Church."

*(Robbie and Melissa Genord Turner are former Resident Volunteers at the Open Door Community.)*

Hi Ed and Murphy,

We SO enjoy getting *Hospitality*, always food for thought and a good prod! Continued strength in all you guys do. Viva Open Door.

Lots of love from the Southern part of Africa.  
Sal (+ Rob) Goldman  
Durban, South Africa

Dear Ed and Murphy,

Thank you for keeping me on the mailing list for *Hospitality*. Writings that come from the Open Door Community are indeed a gift of hope and inspiration.

We now live closer to Washington. We listen daily and cringe at actions and comments regarding the poor from Congress. The most recent on the compromise giving tax breaks to wealth in order to approve increase in the minimum wage is outrageous!

At the new church that I joined, Burke Presbyterian, I asked to be on the committee that works with homeless persons in the winter (there is no summer program). If this works I will tell you more about it. Churches work together in this very wealthy county. We moved here when my husband taught at George Mason and have returned to live with my daughter in our retirement. You can't imagine how the cost of living has whirled out of reach.

May God continue to bless your work. I think often of Murphy, the courage and patience she has.

Pray for Peace,  
Vera P. Swann  
Burke, Virginia



RITA CORBIN



## volunteer needs at the Open Door Community

- ◆ 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
- ◆ A Dentist within a 40 mile radius of Atlanta who would provide care for long-term Partners at the Open Door Community
- ◆ Volunteers to staff our foot clinic on Thursday evenings

For more information, contact Chuck Harris at  
[odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net](mailto:odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net)  
or 770.246.7627.

Dear Friends,

Thank you for sending me *Hospitality* all these years. It's always a reminder that the struggle for peace, justice and brotherhood is going on in Atlanta at least.

About a year and a half ago I left Israel and now live in Spain. I have to admit that apart from the personal reasons for this move, I have also felt that life in Israel under the circumstances was becoming unbearable for me. Europe in general and Spain in particular have their share of problems of injustice and mistreating of the poor (new immigrants — especially from Africa, and old — the gypsies, the rural lower classes etc.), but at least here I don't have to carry the burden of privilege.

One of the consequences of the move was that I received your newsletter very late if at all (It arrives to my parents house in Israel) so I recently read the April 2005 issue which had Tamar Orville's letter from Tel Aviv and also a mention of the Israeli resistance to the occupation of Palestine in Ed Loring's "A Discipleship Offering of the Other Way." I am not a Christian and wouldn't even define myself as a believer of any religion, but Jesus the human one and the Radical theology as it is revealed in your life and work speaks to me and gives me something to aspire to.

I'd like to make two requests:

- 1) Please keep sending me *Hospitality* to my new address.
- 2) Give my greetings to Ed and MaryRuth Weir.  
Shalom,  
Zohar Regev  
Spain



# and Peaces of Mail



Thank you again for inviting me to [talk about my book, “Undaunted by the Fight: Spelman College and the Civil Rights Movement 1957-1967”] last evening (Book Review, *Hospitality*, March 2006). I enjoyed the supper and evening very much. Here is a story that I didn’t get to tell last evening that I think you will appreciate.

When Bernice Johnson (Reagon) was arrested and jailed in Albany in December of 1961, she said she was comforted by the thought that she was in a situation similar to that experienced by the New Testament characters, Paul and Silas, nearly two thousand years ago:

“My father preached about Paul and Silas.... They sang and prayed until the jail’s door opened. Well, the same thing happened to us in Albany.... I always thought from then on that Paul and Silas [were] like SNCC workers. I said, now I know what organizing the Christian church was like. They were a bunch of SNCC workers, you know. No wonder they got arrested!”

I thought you would be comforted to know that Paul and Silas were AGITATORS.

Harry Lefever  
Professor Emeritus  
Spelman College  
Atlanta, GA

Thank you, Ed, for introducing us to Neely McCarter and for your beautiful stories of Mary Alice Neussner Loring (and of Walker, your Ibo father! and Aunt Edna).

I grew up going to services and meetings at Black churches, not exactly certain of what I — a young Jewish girl — was doing there but, as you say, what comes with our mothers’ milk is powerful potion.

We’ve grown close to Frida Berrigan, who works against the American killing machine with a dear friend and is the life partner of 2004 Petra Fellow Ian Marvy.

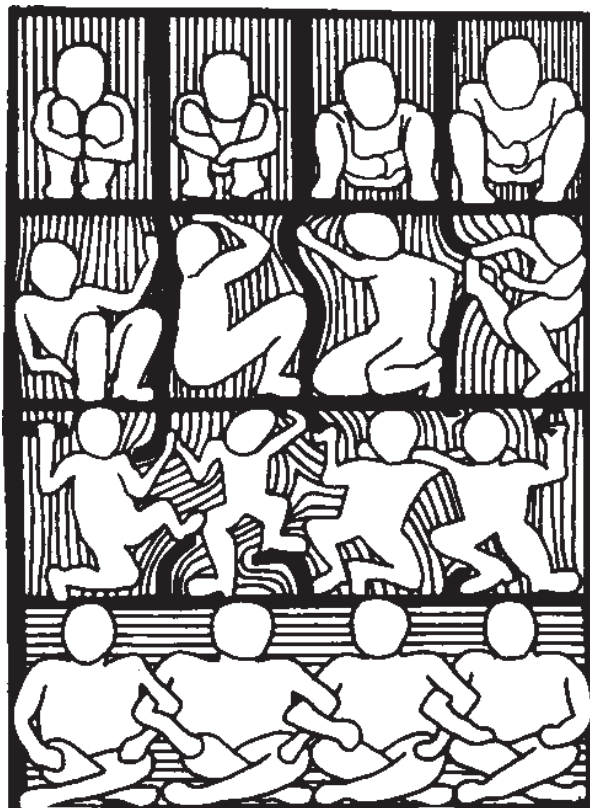
Also pleased that Ned Lamont beat Lieberman in the Connecticut primary last night, but wish it had been a landslide.

Talking to Jewish progressive activists and a girl friend who is a rabbi about strengthening a not-in-my-name response to Israeli insanity. Visualizing impeachment . . . when will we ever learn?

I send you all our love,  
Meg Fidler  
New York



JULIE LONNEMAN



Dear People,

When I first came to The Open Door Community, it was as one of those whom Dorothy writes about in “Loaves and Fishes” — “college students who are more interested in talking than working.” Of course, I hadn’t yet read “Loaves and Fishes,” and when I did, just months after that summer spent around The Open Door, it was with a twinge of shame that I read that line. But that feeling quickly shifted to gratitude, and I had to laugh at the number of times that someone gently put a broom or rag into my hand when I was inclined to keep sitting back discussing Catholic Worker philosophy.

That summer was an essential piece of my formation, and put me well on the path of finding my vocation in the Catholic Worker Movement. It was so wonderful to be able to celebrate your 25<sup>th</sup> with you, and see the many, many people that have seen the grace of God shine through you, enabling them to see their true selves as children of God.

Much love and blessings,  
Sheila McCarthy  
Duke Divinity School  
Durham, North Carolina

Dear Friends,

Greetings to you. I’m the grandson of one of your long-time passengers on the Hardwick Trip. I’m sure my grandmother has made you aware that I’m no longer at Scott State Prison. I would still like to stay on your mailing list (the *Hospitality* paper). Also, I would like to take this time to thank you and your organization for bringing my grandmother to visit me during my time in prison. You have truly been a blessing to people who are incarcerated and their family alike.

With the grace of God next year this time I’ll be a free man, I’m up for parole again. When I’m released from prison I would like to do some kind of volunteer work for your organization, just to show my appreciation for what you do. If it’s nothing but sweeping floors you have my word that I’ll be there to do it.

In closing, I’d like to thank you for your time, and may God Bless you!

Sincerely,  
A prisoner in the Georgia system

Dear Ed,

You don’t know me, but I have been getting a copy of *Hospitality* for some years now. I follow your work with interest, sometimes agreeing, sometimes not, but your recent article “Am I an Abolitionist?” prompts the following questions.

First, a little about me. Like you, I am the great grandchild of a slave holder from Abbeville, South Carolina (another great grandfather signed the Secession). I grew up in a typical segregation household and was sent from the table on numerous occasions for arguing with my father on the subject. I graduated from Agnes Scott in 1953, never thinking of myself as a civil rights activist. I married, settled in Laurens, became the mother of four children, and have been active in the Presbyterian Church for my whole life. I am an Elder as was my late husband and three of my four children. The fourth is a Presbyterian minister.

I have had no experience working with homeless people, so when I reference work like yours, I am sometimes at a loss to answer questions that arise. With your experience informing you, I hope you will be willing to educate me. Here goes.

In spite of the horrors of slavery, why are 2006 African-Americans not grateful that their ancestors’ situation made it possible for them to be living in relative safety in the United States as opposed to their cousins on the West Coast of Africa who are starving and/or losing limbs to the followers of dictators?

Granted that some of your clients are probably too ill to work or suffer from mental instability; do any of them find day work? The illegal Hispanic population seems to have little difficulty doing so.

Why can’t the governments of sub-Saharan Africa produce more leaders that are not corrupt?

I wish that the Atlanta City Council would see its way clear to installing public toilet kiosks throughout the city — I have used those myself in Paris — but how long would it be before they were vandalized to the degree that no one would want to use them? Some people seem incapable of caring for any public property. I can’t fault Shirley Franklin for supporting an aquarium — it is her job to try to raise Atlanta’s national image.

I realize that, as Jesus said, we will always have the poor with us, but a lot of African-Americans have done well in the United States, and I wish I could see more of them concerned about helping their less fortunate brothers and sisters — I have read that most of the volunteer groups going to the Gulf coast have been white.

Maybe you can clarify my thinking. One last favor — don’t automatically connect racist and Republican — I am disappointed in much that Mr. Bush’s administration is responsible for — but all Republicans are not racist, and all Democrats are not saints.

I’m enclosing a small contribution to bribe you to read this whole letter, and, I hope, respond.

Cordially,  
Anne Sheppard  
Laurens, South Carolina



MEG CROCKER-BIRMINGHAM



# Open Door Community Ministries

**Weekday Breakfast:** Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 – 8 a.m.  
**Showers:** Wednesday and Thursday, 8 a.m.  
**Soup Kitchen:** Wednesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. – 12 noon.  
**Use of Phone:** Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 a.m. – 8:15 a.m.  
Wednesday and Thursday, 9 a.m. – 12 noon.  
**Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic and  
Soul Foot Care Clinic:** Thursday, 7 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, Georgia,  
in partnership with First Presbyterian Church of  
Milledgeville; The Jackson (Death Row) Trip; Pastoral  
visits in various jails and prisons.

**We are open...**  
**Sunday:** We invite you to worship with us at 5 p.m., and join  
us following worship for a delicious supper.  
We are open from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. for donations.  
**Monday through Thursday:** We answer telephones from 9 a.m.  
until 12 noon and from 2 until 6 p.m. We gratefully accept  
donations from 9 a.m. until 8:30 p.m.  
**Friday and Saturday:** We are closed. We are not able to offer  
hospitality or accept donations on these days.

*Our Hospitality Ministries also include visitation and letter writing  
to prisoners in Georgia, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy  
for the homeless, daily worship 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  
please contact us at 770.246.7628. Please visit [www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org)  
or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

- |            |  |
|------------|--|
| October 1  | Worship at 9 10<br>Rev. Timothy McDonald preaching<br>Festival of Shelters |
| October 8  | Worship at 9 10<br>Jeannie Alexander preaching                             |
| October 15 | Worship at 9 10<br>Rev. Sylvia Carroll preaching                           |
| October 22 | no worship at 9 10<br>Catholic Worker Gathering in Iowa                    |
| October 29 | Worship at 9 10<br>All Saints Day/Día de los Muertos                       |

### Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

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

*Plan to join us for  
discussion and reflection!*



DANIEL NICHOLS

For the latest information and  
scheduled topics, please call  
404.874.9652  
or visit  
[www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://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



**we need sandwiches!  
meat & cheese  
on wheat**

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <b>Living Needs</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> jeans</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> men's work shirts</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> men's belts</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> men's underwear</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> women's underwear</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> socks</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> reading glasses</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> walking shoes<br/>(especially 9 ½ and up)</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> T-shirts (L, XL, XXL, XXXL)</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> baseball caps</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> MARTA tokens</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> postage stamps</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> trash bags<br/>(30 gallon, .85 mil)</li></ul> | <b>Personal Needs</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> shampoo (full size)</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> shampoo (travel size)</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> lotion (travel size)</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> toothpaste (travel size)</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> combs &amp; pics</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> hair brushes</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> lip balm</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> soap</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> multi-vitamins</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> disposable razors</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> deodorant</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> vaseline</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> shower powder</li></ul> | <b>Food Needs</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> turkeys</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> hams</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> sandwiches</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> quick grits</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> cheese</li></ul> <b>Special Needs</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li><input type="checkbox"/> backpacks</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> double bed</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> bed pillows</li><li><input type="checkbox"/> digital camera</li></ul> |
|--|--|--|

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