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

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October 2008

Good Grief: Living With Loss in the Struggle for Justice (Part 1)

By Murphy Davis

Editor's note: This is the first in a series of articles based on a talk Murphy gave to a group of about 200 anti-death penalty lawyers at a conference hosted by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund.

(When I spoke to this large and wonderful gathering of lawyers last summer, it was during the closing hours of the meeting, after four days of seminars and work sessions. I was beginning to feel like I was in law school, but I was glad to learn so very much. I was reminded of the following story and had to begin with it.)

Clarence Jordan was the founder of the Koinonia Community in South Georgia. Clarence and Florence and another family bought farmland and moved into Sumter

... our friends on the streets and our friends in jails and prisons and on death row are the same people — suffering the same oppression at the bottom — under the heel of a society that has decided that they, all of them, are disposable. Trash. Garbage.

County, Georgia in 1942 to start an interracial agricultural community. If you don't think that turned some heads you probably don't know much history. For their work and their commitments they were firebombed, dynamited, machine gunned, various members were beaten and jailed, and of course they were endlessly threatened by the Klan and the business community (not that they often knew which was which!).

Well, of course, along with all that, they were always accused of being Communists. At one point a certain individual was staying at the farm and, since he was from the Northeast, some of the neighbors figured he must be a Communist. So when one of the brethren accused Clarence of being a Communist, he replied, "Well brother, how is it that you're so sure that I'm a Communist?" The man said, "Well, we all know that you've been hosting that So-and-So fella, and we know he's a Communist."

Clarence looked at the clouds and thought for a minute, and then he said, "Well, brother man, I reckon I just can't see how my talking to him makes me a Communist any more

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS MURDER



NATIONAL COALITION AGAINST THE DEATH PENALTY



than talking to you makes me a jackass!"

In that spirit, I definitely recognize that spending these four intense days with you does not make me a lawyer!

Holding on to Hope

Those of us who founded the Open Door Community have believed since the beginning that our friends on the streets and our friends in jails and prisons and on death row are the same people — suffering the same oppression at the bottom — under the heel of a society that has decided that they, all of them, are disposable. Trash. Garbage.

In fact, death row is not for us simply a place or a legal status. Death row is a metaphor for how we value — or de-value — the poor: Death as a *modus operandi*.

I don't need to ask this group if it's any wonder that we in the United States have become practitioners of torture and extraordinary rendition. Those of us who

Good Grief, continued on page 9

The Cry of the Poor: Cracking White Male Supremacy — An Incendiary and Militant Proposal (Part 3)

By Eduard Loring

Editor's note: This is the third in a series of articles based on a lecture Eduard gave at Stetson University in March 2006 as part of the Howard Thurman Lecture Series.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. took a faith statement by the great Abolitionist Theodore Parker and grounded his rock of hope against his stone of despair with it. "There is," Parker and King proclaim, "an arc in the universe which bends toward justice."

What Goodnews! No science here. No laws of history or insurance policies. No pie in the sky. The only verification comes by joining the fight for love and justice in the Beloved Community of God Movement. There you will find the "bend toward justice" in suffering and joy, and the gift will be a new life of blessedness as all things are made new.

This "bend toward justice" is the arms of Yahweh-Elohim, the God of the oppressed. This Holy One bends toward the world, bleeding for us; she chooses the poor against the rich, Black and Brown against white, people who walk to work over those who drive, Greyhound bus riders over those who fly...this God of the outcasts and disinherited is for us all! Loves us all. Hopes and prays for the liberation/redemption of us all and for the nations and corporations too.

What should we do? Oh, human being that I am, caught with the snake in my bloodstream and the dove in my heart!

Isaiah, old hoary-headed prophet, sings it the way of poets (he had put his clothes back on by this time):

Remove the chains of oppression and the yoke of injustice and let the oppressed go free. Share your food with the hungry and open your homes to the homeless poor. Give clothes to those who have nothing to wear and do not refuse to cellphone your parents, spouse, children and friends every few days.

(Isaiah 58:6-7, GNB, adapted by Open Door Community)

These words are from another poet in another time and another place. Now the words are for every place and for all time, so we can feed on these visions if our hunger is for the truth which slices through the tragic dimension of our winding wanderings with light for our paths. But never, let me warn you, shall we find a road, even the one less traveled by, without the snake in our bloodstream and the dove in our heart. How can we cage the snake and set the dove free?

God judges in favor of the oppressed,
Gives food to the hungry,
Sets prisoners free,

Cry of the Poor, continued on page 8

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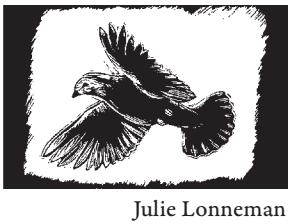
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This little book describes a profound biblical memory and prophetic practice that has been reimagined by the faithful disciples at the Open Door Community over the last two decades. They advocate a recovery and recontextualization of the great Jewish Feast of Sukkoth, believing passionately (and correctly) that this public liturgy of homelessness means to remind us of God's good news to the poor. When properly relocated among the "hell" endured by actual homeless folk on the streets of our cities, this liturgy can animate liberation, compassion and social change. I am deeply indebted to the Open Door's witness both to ancient scriptural wisdom and to the contemporary terrain of justice in our nation of housing apartheid.

Ched Myers
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poetry corner

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



Small Change

Dropped from the counter of globalization in the midst of economic transaction, these human coins, illegal tender get swept up into the dust pan of national identity and border security.

These small coins of labor fall through the cracks of caring, ending up in dank dark pens — smaller than pennies in the global wealth, taken as too small to matter, mere annoyances or possible threat to a sovereign nation.

These small coins are tossed into cages of fifty, sixty jumbled together on the floor, in corners, along barred walls. They do not fit into ATMs. They will not be received for deposit in the world economy. They are spare change tossed on the counter of globalization — and forgotten.

— Sr. Simone Campbell, SSS
Beirut, Lebanon
January 2008

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

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Amanda Petersen
Dayspring Farm butterfly and flower.

Newspaper

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Open Door Community

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Murphy Davis: Southern Prison Ministry
Heather Bargeron: Hardwick Prison Trip
Anne Wheeler: Mailing List & Administration

Bushs' America: The World's Lament

By Ronald E. Santoni

Having just spent part of another spring and summer first in England and then in France, and having spoken to people from many other countries, I cannot refrain from reporting once more some of my observations while there.

In short, people overseas cannot quite believe that a U.S. president and his administration could have wreaked so much damage on their own nation and the whole world. Not one person to whom I spoke had a good word to say about George W. Bush. But even the French, for whom Bush replaced french fries with "freedom fries," felt sad about the plight of an American people subjected to undemocratic rule by a deceptive, arrogant president and, they thought, demoniacal advisors. At so many levels, the



Ade Bethune

alleged "city on a hill" was becoming a symbol of darkness, not light, and the emerging Bush America has been digging its own grave.

Slowly but surely, the cost of our war in Iraq is crippling the United States economically. And the continued hacking away of our personal freedoms by this group of corporation-possessed (in the name of "family values" of course!), "America Right or Wrong" neo-cons is making America's claim to love freedom sound either hollow or hypocritical.

In addition, the people I talked with overseas were at a loss to understand how extreme right-wing fundamentalist religion could come to define the direction of government in the USA. To oppose evolution, reject the fact of global warming, and justify or ignore the killing of innocent people! They asked: Have so many American citizens

and politicians lost all respect for thinking, for science, for biblical scholarship, for individual integrity? Why aren't the American people rebelling?

Watching a Nation Deteriorate

I have to acknowledge that I found little ground for disagreeing with my international interrogators. For the last seven-plus years, under Bush, I watched the United States deteriorate as a nation. I viewed all of the above, and more.

For example, our inept president, far from dealing seriously, or morally, with the issue of global carbon emissions, simply pulled out of the Kyoto Accord. Further, in the name of a "war on terrorism," he and his sycophantic administration have violated treaties and human decency by nurturing Guantánamo and allowing terrorist methods of torturing prisoners "suspected" of terrorism. And, usually, before trial! Moreover, this ideologue president has systematically stacked the Supreme Court to ensure that his views on prayer in schools, the legality of abortion, censorship, school integration, capital punishment, etc., will eventually prevail.

"Bipartisanship" is a word he occasionally uses but fails drastically to comprehend. In fact, George W. Bush will likely be recorded in history as the American president who most polarized his country and the world, who most naively saw the world in Manichean terms—the "good guys" ("us") and "bad guys" ("them," "the Arabs," "the Islamists"). And dare I mention Bush's 10-year tax cut, which offers paltry relief to the poor and dispossessed while putting \$1.35 trillion into the coffers of the privileged wealthy?

It is time to listen attentively to people around the world. It is time for our country to move in a new, creative direction; to return to the principles of democracy, kindness, generosity and inclusiveness on which we claim to be founded.

The World's Candidate

In this presidential campaign, Barack Obama is our only hope for a new day. Although not perfect by his own admission, he will break our present paths of self-destruction and narcissism and reach out to the world on behalf of mutual cooperation, justice and peace, rather than narrowness, national self-idolatry and conflict.

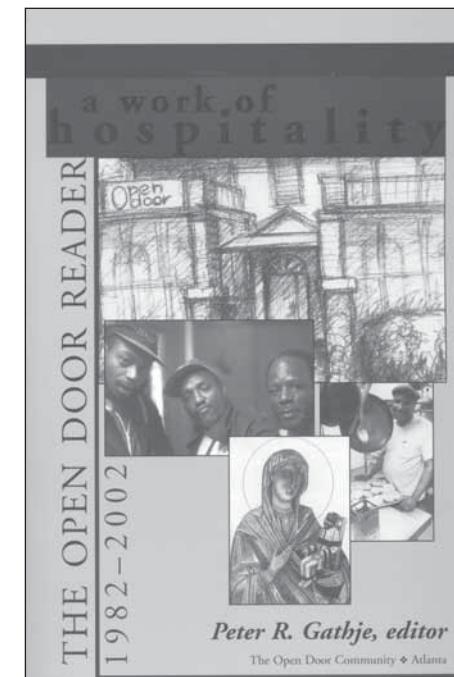
Obama is the world's candidate. He can restore our respect internationally. Let us put misinformation and prejudice aside and work for this candidate of reconciliation and humaneness, not tired militarism and corporation control.

Ronald E. Santoni is Maria Theresa Barney Chair Emeritus of Philosophy at Denison University in Ohio and is a Life Member of Clare Hall, Cambridge University.



Ade Bethune

Give A Work of Hospitality: The Open Door Reader



A Work of Hospitality: The Open Door Reader 1982-2002

Peter R. Gathje, editor

384 PAGES
INCLUDES BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX
ISBN 0-9715893-0-5

I write with enthusiasm and appreciation for your sharing your vital ministry of so many years in "A Work of Hospitality." It is obvious to me that no word better expresses what God calls us to be about in the urban world than the concept of Hospitality. But you make the word come alive and provide us with vital and helpful clues that make the concept have a reality and specificity that provides a real challenge.

*My grateful thanks,
Rev. Bill Webber
New York, NY*

Dr. George W. "Bill" Webber was President of New York Theological Seminary from 1969-1988.

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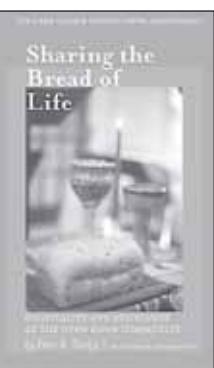


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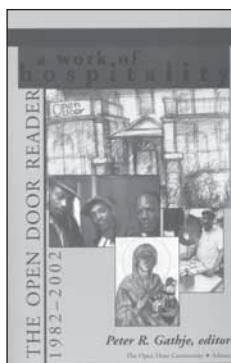


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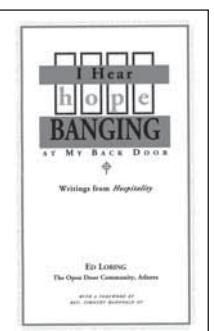


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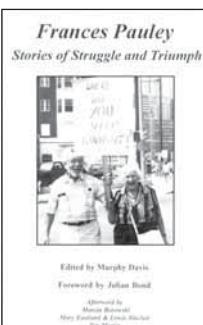


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Typical and Extraordinary

By Amanda Petersen

My life as a full-time resident volunteer at the Open Door Community in Atlanta has come to season. I have worked and worshipped here, and now I am able to call this place home.

Our days are typical and extraordinary. We clean toilets and make sandwiches. We fill up pitchers of ice water, sort socks and stamp envelopes. We wake up our friend who has slept on the drain outside the public restroom, and we drive families to visit their loved ones in prison. We rest in the living room and read the news. We eat lunch together, pick up paper cups and chicken bones that have been left in the yard, and make ourselves present as the state murders under the guise of punishment. We dust the chair rails, play the banjo and ladle soup into bowls.

On Sundays we vigil for peace in the public square—our front yard on Ponce de Leon Avenue Northeast. We hold signs that let passers-by know that we want Guantánamo shut down and for the torture to stop. We let them know that this war must end and that we believe in peace. As we do this, we remember all those who have died in this disturbing war and pray that our nation will engage in healthy and nonviolent conflict resolution. Our neighbors honk and wave, and sometimes give us unloving words and gestures.

We do not stand on the street to grab the attention of the president. He has never come by to ask us what we think. Rather, we grab the attention of ourselves and our neighbors as we proclaim that our voices will not fade silently beneath the sounds of the bombs that continue to fall. We will not become numbed by the oppressive grip of nationalism and militarism. Despite all the fear that is directed toward us, we still believe that nonviolence is the only sustainable way to live. We can't help but take notice that Jesus healed many folks, and managed to not kill any of them.

We ask ourselves what is happening in Atlanta because of our weekly Sunday peace vigil. Quaker mediator Adam Curle says, "No need to feel that unless we are demobilizing the armies or stopping the arms races or dismantling the multinationals, we are doing nothing. We never know what ripples spread from what seems the smallest action. Only let us be led by the Spirit and we will vanquish the philosophy of death."

Yes, on Sunday afternoons we create ripples. Which of our neighbors are made sensitive to the philosophy of death? Who amongst these drivers and passengers are able to nod their heads in agreement for the first time? Where are these ripples going forth towards?

I think of the first people in my life who demonstrated and spoke that one does not need to be a Republican to be a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. I met folks who said and showed that we do not have to kill innocent strangers to resolve conflict. Am I not but a ripple of the thought and choice of these brothers and sisters? Here I am on a Sunday afternoon, holding my sign that says "War Is Not the Answer," and it is because I believe that to be true.

Yes, our days are typical and extraordinary at the Open Door Community in Atlanta. May we continue to seek transformation and reconciliation in the form of food and honest conversation.

Amanda Petersen is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community.

The Un-Church

By Harold McCallister

When the Lord Jesus opens these prison doors for me (and He surely will someday), I'd like to get out and start a new kind of church. Jesus said I should call it the Un-Church.

All will be welcomed with open arms. I don't care what that person has done, what s/he may be doing now, or what s/he could be doing in the future. That is all God's business. Mine is only to pray, believe, love, and have faith in God.

Included in the Un-Church will be every kind of person living on this earth, especially the poor. The only ones who will be excluded are liars, deceivers, the prideful, the greedy, the selfish and self-righteous, and those who hate God and others, because their hearts are not right.

Engraved on the front of the podium—where whoever addresses the Un-Church will speak—will be, in big, blazing red letters for all to see and consider, the words "I AM THE CHIEFEST OF SINNERS AND NOTHING" It will be the solemn duty of all the Un-Church leaders to wash the feet of congregants before each service.

Jesus said He wanted to start the Un-Church because He was no longer in the traditional and mainstream "church." No one in this type of church cared to be in God's presence anymore or wanted to hear God's voice, much less obey. This has grieved the Spirit a lot when not welcomed in God's own house, around God's own family. Now God has no place to rest and abide.

"Being homeless is hell," declared the Lord. "But being unloved by My own creation is worse." Jesus seemed pensive as He continued: "This is exactly why I kicked Lucifer out of heaven. He stopped loving and worshipping me and began to seek worship for himself. Now Satan is condemned to hell and doomed forever. But instead of accepting his deserved fate, that old devil is now running all over the world trying to persuade people to worship him right inside My own sanctuary. Can you believe that?" God asked, knowing the answer already. I was dumb with silence.

I don't know how church services are in free society, since I haven't been out in a very long while. However, nearly all of the civilian volunteers who come into the prison to worship with us say that our church behind these prison walls is more vibrant, alive and full of the Spirit of God than outside!

Just at that moment I saw the biggest teardrops welling up in Jesus' sad eyes. Enough tears hung suspended in His eyes to flood the whole earth again. I silently looked on amazed, trembling! Then He wiped them away, as if His thoughts had suddenly turned to something more urgent.

As I heard the voice of Jesus, I remembered these words when He said, "Those who love Me will keep My commandments." I knew we must love the Lord God with our whole being and love others as we love ourselves.

As I stared at Him, Jesus' eyes, which were glassy only moments before, became opaque and dark.

"Go ahead and get Me that Un-Church started, son, while there's still time," Jesus continued. His tone rang with finality. "And when all those religious church folk come questioning you and doubting that I sent someone as messed up as yourself, who has committed murder, just say one word to them: REPENT!"

"I love you."

Harold McCallister is an inmate at Central State Prison.



Julie Lonneman

Mary Magdalen and the 'Old Boys' Club'

By Fr. Tom Francis

Editor's note: Tom Francis is a monk at the Abbey of Our Lady of the Holy Spirit in Conyers. This article is based on a homily he gave on July 22, the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen.

I feel like shouting, "Will the real Mary Magdalen please stand up!"

Ever since the second century, controversy has swirled around this name and this woman. The latest is "The Da

an angel tells her to go to the disciples; Peter and John run to the tomb; after they leave, only John reports the appearance and dialogue between Mary Magdalen and the Risen Lord. The note of firsthand authenticity in this account can be gleaned from the Aramaic diminutive Rabbouni, which is equivalent to the affectionate "my little Rabbi."

Brothers and friends, we, the church of 2000 years later, united with our Jesus, continue to love Mary Magdalen and



Brian Kavanagh

Vinci Code," read by millions as a book and seen by hundreds of millions as a movie. Though it's a thriller of the first class, its historicity about Mary Magdalen isn't worth a dime – but its author, Dan Brown, became a multimillionaire. At least he put Mary Magdalen and her story before the largest worldwide public ever.

I am not going to debunk the book, with its outrageous assertion that Jesus and Mary Magdalen were lovers who eloped to Gaul and had children, and that their secret progeny are with us to this day!

It is true that even within the four Gospels there is ambiguity about who this Mary Magdalen really was. She has been confused with Mary the sister of Martha, who anointed Jesus' feet; she is said to be the unnamed sinner who washed the feet of Jesus; and she is a third, independent Mary from the town of Magdala.

She is most prominent in the Resurrection narratives. The book of Mark, the first account of the Resurrection, says that Mary Magdalen, Mary the mother of James, and Salome were the first to go to the tomb and were greeted by an angel. Matthew has only Mary Magdalen and the "other" Mary going to the tomb. Luke mentions a group of women, naming only Mary Magdalen, Joanna and Mary the mother of James.

John seems to have an altogether different source for his account of the Resurrection narrative. Suffice it to say that he has Mary Magdalen, alone, go to the tomb;

appreciate her loyalty. May she in turn share some of her ardent love for Jesus with us.

Secret Codicil

(I did not say this in my homily, but saved it for another occasion or opportunity.)

Why was Mary Magdalen chosen to be the first to meet and greet the Risen Lord? In my "religious fantasy world," here is how it happened:

On Holy Saturday, the three Persons of the Trinity met to discuss the Resurrection and who would be the first human to whom the Risen Lord would appear. All three unanimously said, "Why, of course, He will appear first to Mary his Mother."

"No," said the human Jesus. "I have my own plan. I will indeed appear to my Mother first, but it will be in secret. My first public appearance will be to a woman, preferably Mary Magdalen, and to tell her to inform the 'Old Boys' Club' that I have risen. Of course they will not believe a woman, as usual, so we will then plan the other appearances."

The Father and the Holy Spirit wholeheartedly endorsed Jesus' scenario – and thus we now have the full story!!!

(This was "revealed" for the first time to Tom Francis in Conyers on July 22, the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, as he was preparing his homily. But we agreed that it was not time to divulge it to the public, but only to a few "select" individuals, like you, the reader of this document.)

Living in a Dead World

By A Georgia Prisoner

If there is a hell on earth, it is spelled p-r-i-s-o-n!

Recently, I wrote to Eduard "The Agitator" Loring and screamed out to him that he could never truly know the stress that a prisoner must endure after years and years of imprisonment in the concentration camps in Georgia. A "bed" in a county may be frightening, depressing and lonely, but nothing on this earth can compare to the ennui that some prisoners experience after having torn up a dozen or so outdated calendars.

At [the prison where I'm confined], the warden thrives on being the most inhumane person to violate the oath of wardenship. Part of that oath says that he will uphold the laws of the United States and the State of Georgia.

Five days a week, twice a day, and sometimes on weekends and holidays, the warden dispatches his sons and daughters on a "reign of terror." The "shakedown mob," twice a day, enters the front doors or sneaks through the rear doors of predetermined buildings and menacingly hollers for everyone in that building to "lock down for shakedown." In teams of two, they go to each cell to watch prisoners disrobe, search their clothing and then order them to spread their butt cheeks. My usual response to the last command is to tell the guard that he must be some type of freak to go from cell to cell looking up butts.

Not knowing when and where the evil mob will strike on a twice-daily basis keeps a person on pins and needles. After personal property is mishandled and tossed around the room, we must again fold and sort our clothing and other items and place them in a metal locker in accordance with a standard diagram. Very seldom does the shakedown mob find any contraband of a threatening nature. The shakedowns are a form of harassment that serve no legitimate penological interest.

Have you heard of the "significant other tax" that is forced upon the friends and loved ones of prisoners who are in-KKKarcerated in Georgia? Among many other forms of thievery, a monthly "account maintenance fee," outrageous phone call charges, and unscrupulous medical costs are taxed to Georgia prisoners' significant others who send hard-earned money to their loved ones.

The Georgia Department of Corrections charges each of its 50,000-plus prisoners \$1 a month to maintain individual accounts. Prisoners with money left after the maintenance fee is taken are taxed again by the usury-fixed commissary purchase prices. If a prisoner has only 98 cents in his account on the day of monthly maintenance fee withdrawal, all of it is taken, and he still owes the prison 2 cents! Fifty thousand-plus dollars a month times 12 is ... you do the math!

Telephone service for prisoners is contracted by the Georgia Department of Corrections. All calls must be collect. The phone carrier charges an outrageous "connection fee" plus an exorbitant cost per minute of conversation. The GDC receives a huge kickback from the mountain of money generated from prisoner phone calls to family and loved ones.

If a prisoner catches a cold or the flu (common seasonal ailments), he/she is charged \$5 for each medical visit. If the prisoner is seen by a nurse and scheduled to see a doctor a month later for treatment, the prisoner is still immediately charged \$5. Right now, half of the 96 men in my building are suffering from the flu. The number crunchers will be busy tomorrow morning running sick call while gloating.

Besides inhumane personal treatment, the greatest schism between prison and the free world is the "mess" that is served in the mess hall. Although "mess hall" may be an idiomatic expression, only an idiot would classify the victuals (vittles) served therein as food. I have been incarcerated for 14 years, and I haven't seen or eaten a real egg (with a shell) in that time. I haven't seen a pork chop in 13 years. Substandard milk is produced and packaged by prisoner serfs at Rogers State Prison. Vegetables are canned and tasteless. Baked chicken, served once a month, consists of a leg and a thigh as large and as tough as a pterodactyl's hind leg. It is said that the chickens we eat are so full of steroids that in six weeks they're ready for the frying pan. Our chicken is as large as a non-steroid chicken is in six months. It's also said that the chickens we eat get large so quickly that when they're killed they haven't even developed feathers.

Not long ago, a group of inmates at [this prison] were told that Georgia has a budget of \$10 billion a year. They were further told that \$1 billion of that money is used to maintain the prison system. One billion dollars for 50,000 prisoners. You do the math. These people are thieves.

This is a close-security concentration camp. The American Correctional Association mandates that states establish a stratification system in housing their prisoners. Here, close-security prisoners are housed with minimum-security and trusty-security prisoners. Prisoners with life without parole are housed with short-timers, some with less than six months left. That set-up is indicative of all close-security prisons in Georgia.

Frustration, depression and ennui set in when prisoners begin to realize that the gulags in Georgia create a hopeless situation for those inside the belly of hell. Many prisoners then begin to live as zombies, sustaining from day to day in a world without sunlight ... a dead world governed by the dead.

In, Out & Around 910

Compiled by Thomas Monahan
& Calvin Kimbrough

On Sunday, August 31, we recognized the struggle for justice in the work place with the Singing Labor Movement led by Calvin Kimbrough during our worship. The Open Door Band that evening included (left to right, below): Heather Bargeron and Rod Palmer on drums, Murphy Davis leading singing and playing guitar, Calvin Kimbrough leading singing and playing banjo, Dick Rustay on clarinet, Peter Crooke and Adam Shapiro on guitars, and (right photo) Betty Jane Crandall playing the bowed psaltery. We sing these songs to remember those who died to bring an end to children working 12 hour days, seven days a week; to remember the many in this country and around the world who do not make a living wage; and to remember that we still enjoy the benefits of prison slave labor in this country. We sing these songs to be inspired. We sing these songs to enjoy the singing. We sing these songs to remind us that we can do more in union with each other than individually.



All photos by Amanda Petersen



Everyone who lives at the Open Door Community has a pastoral friend. Nelia Kimbrough and Emily Hayden (left, left and right) are pastoral friends. On July 17 they got to spend four hours of quality pastoral time together at the Atlanta City Jail, where they went to bail out our friend and frequent visitor Pete Gathje (left, center). Pete was arrested in the front yard at 910 when police entered the yard and arrested one of our friends who had come for lunch. Pete asked why they were arresting this man, and for asking the question, he got arrested, too!



All photos by Betty Jane Crandall

We celebrated Labor Day, Monday, September 1, by serving 500 friends a picnic of hamburgers, baked beans, slaw, potato chips, watermelon and iced tea in our back yard. Another 120 were given bag lunches. Blues Man (right) entertained by playing his harmonica. Lauren Scharstein (left) helped entertain one of our young guests. James Walker (below) came to make iced tea. Andrew Quinn and Harley Hayden (below left, left to right) cooked burgers all morning. Ira Terrell and Chuck Harris (bottom, left to right) shared hugs. And Ronald Williams (below right) brought his wonderful smile.



Joseph Miller Sr., a longtime friend of the Open Door, died on August 30. He came to live the last few weeks of his life with us. On Thursday, September 4, we celebrated his life with a Memorial Service at 910. Joe's niece, Sherjuana Davis, and his sister, Shirley Davis, (left, left to right with Joe's photograph) were among the family members who joined us for the service. Joe also leaves behind many friends in and around the Open Door Community. We were honored to remember our friend Joe, and all of us — family and friends — will hold him in our hearts with gratitude.

Cry of the Poor, continued from page 1

Gives sight to the blind,
Protects immigrants who live in
our land,
Helps widows and orphans
When developers take their homes
and space,
And turns the ways of the rich
and politicians
Upside down.
(from Psalm 146, GNB, adapted by
Open Door Community)

Jesus, the Foot Washer, makes the point this way:

Jesus looked round at his disciples and said to them, "How hard it will be for rich people to enter the Kingdom of God!"

The disciples were shocked at these words, but Jesus went on to say, "My children, how hard it is to enter the Kingdom of God! It is much harder for a rich person to enter the Kingdom of God than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

At this the disciples were completely amazed and asked one another, "Who, then, can be saved?"

Jesus looked straight at them and answered, "This is impossible for human beings, but not for God; everything is possible for God."

(Mark 10:23-27, GNB)

Grace at 700 mph

We at the Open Door Community have been empowered and sustained by rich folk, white and Black, who have gotten through the "eye of the needle." Without the generosity of several very wealthy friends and institutions, who give lovingly and generously to us and to the poor through us, I would not be sitting here writing this today. We of the Beloved Community of God Movement, and the Open Door Community in particular, are God-praising disciples and deeply thankful for those who are moneyed and give their wealth for the building of the Way of Jesus and the breaking down of White Male Supremacy.

As a testimony, let me share a vignette with you of one family that graces us out of their abundance. They were converted and transformed, went straight through the "eye of the needle," because "everything is possible for God."

During the final stage of the Angolan Revolution, the Portuguese were finally being driven out of the country in 1975. Portugal was built upon the sandstone of White Male Supremacy and colonialism, which go together like the Ku Klux Klan and white racism. The rich Portuguese had for centuries stolen and cruelly oppressed Black Angolans. First they stole human beings, then they stole oil, as George W. Bush hoped to do in Iraq. Is Iran next?

(When Jesus said to love your enemies, he obviously didn't really mean it.)

When the Angolan revolutionary troops began to enter Luanda, the capital, the white businessmen, Portuguese and American, got

into their planes and flew away as quickly as the iron birds would carry them. Except one. One, only one, businessman waited to make sure his workers would get out safely. The others thought he was crazy. After all, the poor are disposable. Capitalism demands profits. To care for workers hurts the bottom line. Against the screaming to "come on, let's get out of here," against the warning that "you're going to be killed," against himself, husband, father and leading businessman in oil, cattle and land, he stood in solidarity with the poor. He was "up against the wall." He did not board the iron bird until every one of his workers was present and accounted for. He was considered, like Jesus, a fool.

Stercoraceous matter happens. So does Grace! Aboard the iron bird, amid the clouds, at 700 mph (truth can move at only 3 mph), the Holy Spirit completed the work begun at the airport. This profit-making businessman died, but he did not fall into the aisle. He was made anew and committed his life to a life of love and solidarity with the poor. He divested most of his holdings and wealth, but he kept enough to do good. He became a teacher of English literature in a small junior college where most of the students are just beginning to learn the global language of Empire.

He and his wonderful wife have generously nourished the Open Door Community for 20 years. His story of transformation is an abiding source

for me. Sometimes when the police are beating their billies into their leather-gloved hands, and looking like they want to crack a head hard, I remember this man's guts and courage. I know of his love for the poor. He, a Southerner, knows that there is no such thing in all creation as "poor white trash" or a "ni--er." He is one who rode right through "the eye of a needle" into the Beloved Community of God in solidarity with the poor and the prisoner. He is "reducing the distance." He and his wife are guiding lights.

Listen, you white rich folk, to the Goodnews of the radical gospel: you can "go through the eye of a needle."

An Obscene God

I am an Abolitionist. I beg those of you who are not to become so. I am also a rich, highly educated white male of racist and sexist privilege. I live in the Old Confederacy

of the United States of America, which has been for 40 years now shaped by the values of the Republican Party, the party of white supremacy. By the political structures, cultural values and religious practices of my nation, I accrue benefits from my patriarchal and racist society every time I step among the 170 disinherited people, hungry and exhausted at 5 a.m., in my front yard on Ponce de Leon Avenue.

My great-grandparents owned slaves and worked them in the cotton fields in Orangeburg and Bamberg Counties of South Carolina. One of my women ancestors made love with a Black African from the Ibo tribe one hot and lazy afternoon back behind the corncrib where the jaybirds screamed and a sleepy hoot owl slowly blinked in recognition that the risk of passion is like



Meinrad Craighead

diving for a rabbit already in the mouth of a cottonmouth moccasin. His name was Walker; hers Anna. (Walker's identity as an Ibo continues to live in our family. My mother and now my grandchildren call me "Ibo." Anna is a Hebrew name meaning "grace." Our daughter's name is Hannah, a Hebrew name meaning "graciousness." We named her, in part, for Anna.)

Daily, Anna sang about her love, after the morning sickness passed, while her slightly demented and immature husband would later, like all killer-soldiers, kill Yankees for the glory of the pro-slavery god whose will is to undo the Exodus story and join all the blind pharaohs of history.

This god became the god of the white South, from Pentecostals a-yellin' down by the riverside to the frozen, ah, but chosen, Presbyterians, U.S. (i.e., the Confederate Church till April 9, 1865), who refused to embrace Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s

1963 March on Washington. This wrathful, tyrannical god, who put up signs along the roads beside ruined cornfields and snag-oak-filled bottomlands screaming "Repent or go to hell," is the same god of the Ku Klux Klan. This god burned crosses for the sake of terror as the mainline Christians, scared to death of losing Klan dirty workers, remained silent. Silence is consent. We know that silence equals death. Do you?

But the followers of this obscene god, stealing the name of Yahweh-Elohim, Jesus and the Holy Spirit, were not satisfied with the sacrilege of burning crosses. It was the rope they loved, and the gasoline can, and the castration knife. The white mob gathered for a picnic: boys, girls, women and men eating barbecue seasoned with Devil's Delight.

Today many tables have turned, and though the turntable is still playing gospel, there is a new mob. They gather not under the chinquapin oak but in modern megachurches. Shiny preachers spouting their god's will for global capitalism, these men encourage their congregation, Black or white, to drink Coca-Cola and buy a Humvee and be a real man like a pro football player loving up on pit bulldogs.

This god was able to keep the United States of America's Congress from ever passing an anti-lynching law. This god willed the death penalty and the torture chamber. Mars, better known, wrongly, as Jesus the Lamb of God, is powerful, and dead. He is Jim Crow. He is White Male Supremacy wearing many-colored faces today.

This god is as filled with hate and fear as the Israelites of old hated and feared the Ammonites. Wonder why we committed "shock and awe" in Iraq? Why on May 1, 2003, W proclaimed to the world, "Mission Accomplished"?

I live part of my life at Dayspring Farm. In that county the evangelical Christians recently established a Christian academy. They do not want their children defiled by the Mexicans who now live there to pick apples. To name this segregationist, fear-mongering, racist school "Christian" is a worse blasphemy than shouting "Goddamn" in the courthouse square. But the god of White Male Supremacy believes that taking their god's name in vain is a much greater sin than racism and segregation. Earlier I said this god is dead. Nope, it is the most powerful religious force in America today. It is a lie.

Therefore I cry out: HELP, HELP, HELP. Please join the Abolitionists who live near the center of the margins in the Beloved Community of God Movement. Let us in love, for justice, with nonviolence put this god of White Male Supremacy to everlasting sleep.

Part 4 will appear next month.

Eduard Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

Good Grief, continued from page 1

work in the Gulag Americano know that we are well practiced in the methods of death for the poor and the outsider: those whom we fear and must control.

Use of the death penalty helps us at every point to expand the police state at home and around the world. In fact, executions are most certainly a part of the necessary underpinnings of Empire.

Like a few others in this room, I was visiting on death row before some of the rest of you were born. And yes, it has been decided that the time has come for us to speak frankly about our losses as a community. How are we to go on in the face of what we know is upon us? And in the face of very significant and very painful losses?

Recent articles and studies on lawyers and mental health have made clear, for those who weren't already aware of it, that lawyers are high achievers and perfectionists. You expect so much of yourselves, and you are often driven. As a profession, you've been studied and found to be among those most likely to be clinically depressed, most likely to abuse alcohol and/or drugs, and at particular risk for suicide. And we know all too painfully from recent experience the horror of suicide in our abolitionist community.

We suffer the added pain that most Americans are totally oblivious to the dangerous winds of change sweeping our culture as we lose the basic structures of a democratic society.

Grim indeed.

You also tend to be self-sufficient and less likely to ask for, seek or admit that you might need help.

All generalizations. But worth noting.

And I have been asked to address this particular dilemma.

Now I am, like many of you, a person who depends upon my faith and my faith community for nurture, sustenance and accountability. But there are many of us here who do not speak the language of faith, nor do you have any desire to.

Don't get anxious: I am not here to force my beliefs on anybody, but to struggle to seek a common language as we hopefully grapple with the tragedies we face together. I'm hoping, in other words, to find language that binds us rather than separates us as we seek to name and engage the significant and painful losses we have known and will know as a community.

How do we acknowledge these losses and allow them to become part of our story — indeed, part of who we are — and go on with the struggle holding on to hope?

The Long Haul

Forty-two of our folks in Georgia [as we go to press the number has grown to 44] have gone down the hall to H-5: the first of those to the electric chair, and more recently to the gurney and a deadly needle. Besides this, there have been hundreds of death watches, suicides, and deaths by prison.

And colleagues have left the work: some of them with sudden and painful departures and some of

them simply drifting away to other work. Some of our colleagues have died (and I still talk to Patsy Morris, whose picture hangs on my office wall and whose friendship and collaboration I will miss as long as I live).

I have also myself stared down the barrel of a gun — or, perhaps more accurately, stared up from a gurney with needles in my own arms. Mine was cancer: three times over the past 13 years.

In 1995 I was diagnosed with Burkitt's lymphoma, and in the first days after surgery, I was given six to 18 months to live. Burkitt's is common in boys and young men in the low-lying tropical areas of East Africa. Go figure!

But I knew, when they told me I would probably die, that I could do that without losing my wits, because I had already had such amazing teachers — Warren McCleskey, Ivon Ray Stanley, Jerome Bowden and others: my friends who had died in the execution chamber after years of torment on death row. So many of them died at the hands of professional executioners and found a way to take responsibility for their lives and actions and remain full of faith and gratitude for life. And those friends still on the row enfolded me as one of their own in a new way, and they prayed for me to get a stay! And I did. The cancer returned with similar grave prognoses in 2001 and 2004. Neither my doctors nor anyone else can explain why I'm alive. But I know that every day is grace.

... it would be easier for all of us if we could turn around and "go back" to a time when we believed that our country was a good neighbor in the community of nations and that we hear the truth from our leaders and that our legal system is "fair" and that we are not the sort of people to lie and torture and kill.

For those of us in this room, there have been so many losses. We have lost our people: by execution (and so many more are coming); by suicides among prisoners and colleagues; we've known the sudden and untimely deaths of colleagues and family; and we've known the deaths of colleagues and family that were perhaps neither sudden nor untimely, but nevertheless bitter losses.

We've lost cases at trial, and our clients are sentenced to death or interminable prison sentences despite our best efforts. We've lost appeals. We've lost friends, and many have had family members who walk away or turn their backs because of the work we do and how it shapes us. We've lost people we love to jails and prisons, to mental illness and addictions.

We've lost basic civil rights and struggles on the streets of our cities. We've lost decent and fair judges at every level of the state and federal courts: many of us have lived through losing the Elbert Tuttles to the likes of Edith Jones and Ed Carnes (have mercy!). We've lost the conviction, or perhaps the illusion, that ours is a fair and just

Join us as a Resident Volunteer

Amanda Petersen

Resident Volunteer Lauren Boasso joined the community in August. Besides having a wonderful smile and lots of helpful energy, she is also a fine cook — and 910 is always in need of folks who can fix a tasty meal for a bunch of people!

Live in a residential Christian community.

Serve Jesus Christ in 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: Chuck Harris
at odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627

For information and application forms visit
www.opendoorcommunity.org

Please Help!

**The Open Door
needs 2,000
sandwiches to
serve each week!**

**We need
meat & cheese
sandwiches
(no bologna please)
individually wrapped
on whole wheat bread.**

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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://opendoorcommunity.org) for more information about RV opportunities.)

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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 (5:50-9:30 a.m.); Wednesday soup kitchen (9:50 a.m.-1:30 p.m.); Thursday showers (7:30-11:00 a.m.) and bag lunch (8:00 a.m.-12 noon).

Volunteers to help staff our foot clinic on Wednesday evenings (6:45-9:15 p.m.).

**For more information,
contact Chuck Harris at
odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627**

Good Grief, *continued from page 9*

system. We've practically lost "the Great Writ" of habeas corpus: they've cut the guts out of habeas and hemmed us in, limiting appeals in all sorts of new and brutal ways.

We suffer the added pain that most Americans are totally oblivious to the dangerous winds of change sweeping our culture as we lose the basic structures of a democratic society: we fight our hearts out and most "educated" people are busy watching TV, shopping or playing golf. And when we speak of the truth as we see it, they tell us that we're exaggerating or that we're imagining things and becoming paranoid.

It's enough to knock the wind out of our sails. So many of those who come to work with us leave too soon. And to be brutally frank, some come to the movement as tourists. We train folks, they get it, they develop the skills and expertise and become useful to our movement; and just about the time they are really making an important contribution, they move on to get a "real job." They go teach, or write a book, or work for a big firm and make big money. While we muster everything we can to be supportive and wish each one well, there is a very real pain and loneliness when we keep looking around and see how few people have stayed on. We're not being mean or judgmental to those who have left when we simply acknowledge that this is part of a very significant pain and cost of being long-haul people.

A Death-Dealing System

The first thing that we always need to do in the face of significant loss is to name the loss: give it voice. Speak to each other about it, and acknowledge the pain. Grief and loss are part of our life. This is a fact, and there is no way to be part of this movement without acknowledging this truth. But it is at this crucial juncture that we come to the questions that must be faced by the long-haul people.

We do have the capacity to make choices about what to do with the pain and the loss. We can deny it. We can be crushed by its power. Or we can engage the pain. Denial and being crushed or overwhelmed are, of course, the danger zones. To deny the depth of the pain is to risk being hit from behind when we least expect it and then lose ourselves to depression, addiction, despair or even suicide.

Engagement is the choice, indeed, engagement is the discipline, for long-haul people. To engage the grief and loss that are a given part of our life is to mature in the struggle. But it also leads us to a deeper radicalism in our critique. Because when we engage the pain of this particular system of death sentencing, we have to take seriously what the larger system is about, and that

**We must put down deeper roots
to sustain the harsh winds that
we face.**

is death. When we come to this acknowledgement, everything changes. We step into new levels of loneliness and distance from those who have been friends and sometimes from our families.

I often think of a song that a friend named Carole Etzler wrote years ago. The first line said, "Sometimes I wish my eyes hadn't been opened; sometimes I wish that I just couldn't see...." Indeed, it would be easier for all of us if we could turn around and "go back" to a time

when we believed that our country was a good neighbor in the community of nations and that we hear the truth from our leaders and that our legal system is "fair" and that we are not the sort of people to lie and torture and kill. Of course, American Indian people never held these illusions. Nor did enslaved Africans. Nor do the deported immigrants, nor any of those who have found themselves under the heel of Imperial America.

Ours is a particular place among those who are particularly marked for death. And this is a specific pain. Because we learn new depths of love among those who are said to be the most unlovable. And we lose our people.

Every human and religious tradition has a name for what the Christian community calls "the great cloud of witnesses." These are the ones who have preceded us in death, but whom we claim as not lost to us. We call on these witnesses to remain a part of us in all that we do.

We remember their suffering; we remember their courage; we remember all that they have taught us; we remember the love that calls us to go on.

And with Dag Hammarskjold, we say, "For all that has been, thanks; for all that will be, yes."

Deeper Roots

I want to suggest that to survive deep and ongoing loss with hope, we have to go deeper. Down: down to where Truth lives, at the root of things. We do indeed need information, technique, new skills that help us do the work. But we also need to nurture ourselves and each other so that we have the heart to go on.

We must put down deeper roots to sustain the harsh winds that we face.

First, we need to deepen our analysis of the Big Picture. The death penalty is a window through which we look at ourselves as a people, as a nation. Because of what we see, we have to give up our illusions and come to grips with what America is and what we have become.

Second, we need to deepen our solidarity with those who are suffering and dying. Solidarity means knowing that we are kinfolks: understanding, as the Wobblies always said, "An injury to one is an injury to all."

And third, we must deepen our roots in community. Now I live in a very structured and intentional community. We share the daily work, meals and family life across the lines of race, class, gender and sexual orientation.

We work like hell to grow in our understanding of each other and ourselves, to dismantle the idols of race and class, patriarchy and heterosexism. And we draw strength from each other. We lean on each other. We talk to each other. We struggle every day to grow in love and the commitment to building the Beloved Community.

Not many choose to live this way, but we all have to have some form of community on which to depend, to share our joys and our sorrows: a community of folk in which we can tell the truth about how things are with us and all our anger, pain, disappointment, rage, depression, disheartened moments, grief and searing loss. We need a community who knows who we really are and loves us anyway.

Part 2 will appear next month.

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community and the Director of Southern Prison Ministry in Georgia.

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Murphy, Ed and the Open Door Community,

Here is a little note from a voice you have not heard from for a while. I am still a parish priest, just over 11 years now, currently in a small farming community of mostly Dutch and Belgians who came here after WWII and their descendants. For the past five years my mother, now 92, has been living with me, along with a small cocker spaniel that one of my nieces thought her grandma should have after she moved in.

I was talking about you, and our little meeting in Holland, Michigan, probably 25 years ago now. Rolland was here because one of his brothers had died, and the funeral director called to see if I would do a service for a handicapped man who had died in a nursing home. Of course it was no problem, but I was surprised when he told me who it was. You remember Rolland. He told people at your workshop, Murphy, that he had been in institutions, and being in prison was not nice. It was sad in a way. Rolland and Ronald, two of David's brothers, were there, but no one knew how to contact the "normal" brother and sister. I am sure you have had lots of those funerals.

Anyway, this note is just to let you know I am still alive, a little less hair (OK, a lot less hair), stiffer than I was, but still in love with Jesus. I have moved around so much that I have not seen a newspaper of yours for years, but trust you are all well.

I remember years ago I was visiting on one of my trips to Florida to visit my mother and you folks showed me a limousine that someone, Tom T. Hall I think, had given you. I loved your question, Murphy, when you asked if I had any ideas on how to turn it into soup and sandwiches. That question has helped me keep somewhat grounded over the years. I know that I keep you in prayer from time to time, and feel free to say one for me.

God Bless,

Tom Donohue
Parkhill, Ontario

Dear Open Door Community,

It is a world so convulsed with contradictions, injustice and harshness that only people like you make God's translucence in Goodness shine uninhibited.

Thank you for materializing my intense sense of solidarity with those cast out by indifference and neglect.

In Christ,

Tere Pagés
Athens, Georgia

Dear Ed,

The only one you agitate is the devil, including the devil in some of us!

Harold McCallister
Central State Prison
Macon, Georgia

Ed,

Thanks for your latest edition of Hospitality. Again, you guys and gals are at the cutting edge of urban CHRIST-ianity. I especially noted your humility (a la the Rule of St. Benedict) in printing that letter severely critical of your so-called "anti-Catholic bias." So out in the public eye are you that you are bound to get criticism (as do all authentic prophets).

Attached are my two latest homilies – not the fiery type your Spirit dictates to you, but for people who think, something to ponder.

Appreciatively of you and your arduous ministry,

Father Tom Francis
Monastery of the Holy Spirit
Conyers, Georgia

Dear Friends,

Thank you for the "Festival of Shelters" book by Ed, and for your ongoing witness to God's justice and promises of peace through your work of walking with the marginalized folks in our midst. In a time when good is becoming ever more scarce, thanks for providing it in abundance.

Shalom,

Edwin & Gail Steiner
Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

Dear Murphy, Eduard and community,

Thank you all for yet another cover-to-cover issue of Hospitality. We read it all, hungrily, every month. This one (August 2008) is especially good.

It's regrettable that Eduard's "Angola Bound II" (March 2008) was taken by some as criticism of the Pope. To us it read like Eduard once again challenging all of us to examine our consciences. It's not that an embryo is more important than Thony; it's that Thony Lee Green 102340 is just as important as an embryo.

Ed, you do go on when you're ticked off. That's why we love you so much. It takes hyperbole to get us to pay attention.

We send lots of love and a wee check and thanksgiving for what you're about.

Peace,

John and Nikki Parfitt
Greenville, South Carolina



Julie Lonneman

Dubious Caesar has sent forth a stimulus – more bread, same circus. As with the earlier sop, I'm sending it on to y'all. Keep fighting the good fight.

Grady Harris
Atlanta, Georgia

My Sisters and Brothers,

Thank you and God bless you for the copies of Hospitality that I have received. I have enjoyed each one because they are not only informative, but truly inspiring. Dorothy Day must be smiling down on each one of you.

Your care of the "least of My brothers and sisters," as well as your dedication to the works of peace and justice, must give encouragement to all you meet. It reminds me that in years gone by my sister and brothers-in-law helped prepare and serve Thanksgiving dinner to those in need in their parish in Richmond, Virginia. John died recently, after a five-year battle against lung cancer. Perhaps you would remember him in your prayers. His name is John Melia. He and my sister Pat were married for 56 years.

The Lord bless you and keep you!

The Lord let His face shine upon you, and be gracious to you!

The Lord look upon you kindly and give you peace!

Sincerely,

Sister Anne Michel
Brentwood, New York

Dear Friends,

I am always so moved and blessed when your Hospitality welcomes me in my own house, yet challenges me to do more. Thanks! Enclosed is another occasional all-too-small contribution from this retired (but never retiring!) Presbyterian minister. I always remember the brief visit my wife and I made there several years ago.

I have two requests. First, would you send me a copy of "The Festival of Shelters"? And second, will you be printing the rest of Nibs Stroupe's sermons on "Jesus Died for Our Sins"? I have come to be where he and obviously you all are on this most important theological topic. If we "buy" that Jesus did die for our sins, I think far too many folk just wait for the end time. And don't get involved in the struggle Jesus led and leads to be God's agents for justice and peace. Let me know about this or how I might contact Nibs about getting his further word.

I am enclosing a copy of a brief presentation on this by a good friend of mine, Rev. Dick Harrison, retired Presbyterian clergy now in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Please share it with Nibs and others.

I long for a place to worship where I can be fed more fully/truly by God's word in the manner you do there. But I carry on so that I don't become "carion."

Please give my regards and blessing to Dick and Gladys Rustay.

Peace/Justice,
Jim Ray
Poland, Ohio

Hey Ed,

I am so sorry to hear about Murphy's cancer. Please tell her I am praying each day for her.

I am really wrestling with all that God is throwing at me about what Christ really expects of the church with the poor. Everything looks different now, like I know too much now and can't go back to that old way of thinking. I just stirred up our community pastors' meeting and told them the burden God has placed on my heart. You could hear a pin drop ... we had some deep challenges ... we'll see what God does with it. I spoke the word; may we not return it void!

God is doing something, pray I stay out of the way.

God bless,
Rich Robinson
Charleston, South Carolina

Thank you for your ongoing faithful ministry, the monthly Hospitality and the annual calendar. It is a privilege to feel a part of your ministry, even in my limited way.

Blessings to you,
Dawn Buckwalter
South Bend, Indiana

Hospitality/Catholic Worker – Hello!

A friend lent me a copy of your most recent issue. Fantastic work! I love the layout and the in-depth coverage. Can I get on the subscriber list?

Thanks,
Roy Rohlfing
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

We think of your ministries often, and continue to be prompted and encouraged here by all that you are doing there.

In shared faith, hope and love,
Mary Lynn and Clay Oglesbee
Northfield, Minnesota

Open Door Community Ministries

Breakfast & Sorting Room: Monday and Tuesday, 7 – 8 a.m.

Women's Showers & Sorting Room: Wednesday, 8 a.m.

Soup Kitchen: Wednesday, 10:45 a.m. – 12 noon.

Harriet Tubman Medical and Foot Care Clinic:

Wednesday, 7 p.m.

Men's Showers & Bag Lunch: Thursday, 8 – 11:30 a.m.

Use of Phone: Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 a.m. – 8:15 a.m.

Wednesday and Thursday, 9 a.m. – 12 noon.

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; monthly 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 until 11 a.m. and 2 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.

If you are considering bringing a group, please contact us at 770.246.7628.

Please visit www.opendoorcommunity.org or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

October 5	Worship at 910 Eucharist Service Nelia Kimbrough preaching
October 12	Worship at 910 Festival of Shelters Edward Loring preaching
October 19	Worship at 910 Eucharist Service Anthony Granberry preaching
October 26	Worship at 910 Eucharist Service Murphy Davis preaching



Katy Quigley

Needs of the Community



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

Living Needs

- jeans
- work shirts
- belts (34" & up)
- men's underwear
- socks
- reading glasses
- walking shoes (especially 9 1/2 and up)
- T-shirts (L, XL, XXL, XXXL)
- baseball caps
- MARTA cards
- postage stamps
- trash bags (30 gallon, .85 mil)

Personal Needs

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

Food Needs

- fresh fruits & vegetables
- turkeys
- hams

Special Needs

- backpacks
- blankets
- carpet for hall (call for specifics: 404.874.4906)

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.

Medicine Needs List

Harriet Tubman Medical Clinic

- ibuprofen
- lubriderm lotion
- cough drops
- non-drowsy allergy tablets
- cough medicine (alcohol free)

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 Foot Care Clinic on Wednesday evenings from 6:45 - 9 p.m.!