



HOSPITALITY

Volume 6, No.4

April 1987

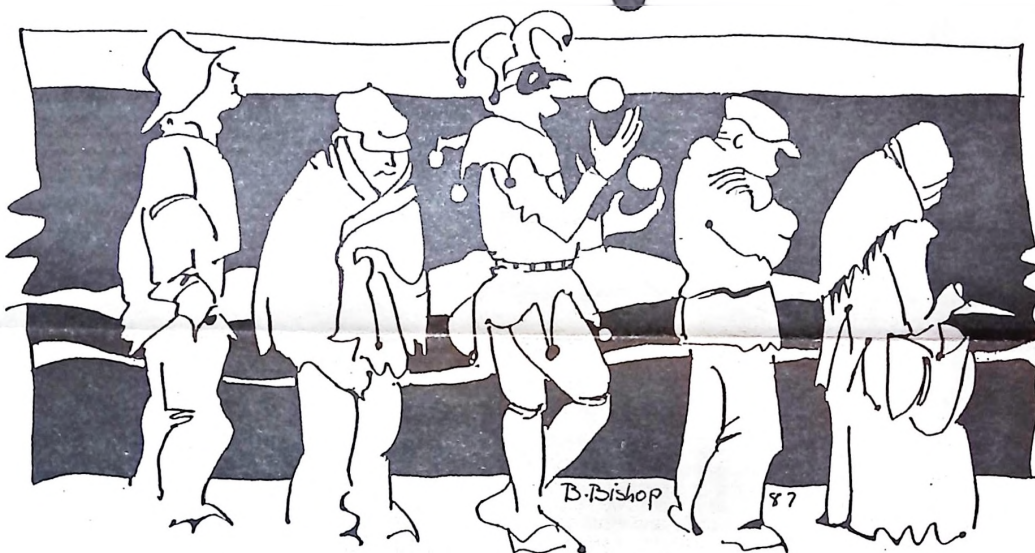
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Easter Foolishness

by Elizabeth Dede



The message about Christ's death on the cross is nonsense to those who are being lost; but for us who are being saved it is God's power. The scripture says, 'I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and set aside the understanding of the scholars.'

So then, where does that leave the wise? or the scholars? or the skillful debaters of this world? God has shown that this world's wisdom is foolishness!

For God in her wisdom made it impossible for people to know her by means of their own wisdom. Instead, by means of the so-called "foolish" message we preach, God decided to save those who believe.... We proclaim the crucified Christ...who is the power of God and the wisdom of God. For what seems to be God's foolishness is wiser than human wisdom, and what seems to be God's weakness is stronger than human strength.

- 1 Corinthians 1:18-25

A sense of the ridiculous, of the absurd, is a healthy thing, and necessary, as we have come to know. Therefore, in between the seasons of Epiphany and Lent, here at The Open Door, we observe the holiday called Mardi Gras on the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday. Mardi Gras is a day when we behave foolishly and celebrate together. This year some clowns came to entertain us; we ate turkey gumbo; everybody dressed in a silly way

with costumes provided by the clothes closet (I disguised myself as a tree, dyed my hair green with food coloring, and now, almost two weeks later, I still display the tint of ridiculousness.). We paraded around the house, banging pots and pans; and Joe Bottoms, wearing some lovely curtains, led us in the boogie contest. Even as Mardi Gras allows us to celebrate wildly before we enter the penitential season of Lent, when we fast, abstain, and consider our sinful human nature and the passion of Jesus, Mardi Gras also allows us to leap ahead to the joys of Easter—one of the most ridiculous, foolish, absurd days imaginable. It is good to reflect at Easter on foolishness and nonsense because it is on Easter that God's "foolishness" is shown to be God's ultimate wisdom, and God's "weakness" is displayed finally as God's strength.

So much of our lives seems foolish. Our community is formed of two partners, one novice, ten resident volunteers, one child, and 18 formerly homeless people. We all live together in a big, old house. Those of us on staff receive \$50/month stipends and survive on donations of food, clothes, and money. Most of us come from privileged backgrounds, and many of us have permanently, or temporarily, set aside careers as scholars. Our daily work here consists of cooking grits and eggs, making coffee, cooking soup, serving food, helping people find clothes, and calling out names for spaces in the shelter. Certainly, our disappointed professors, friends, and families will call this ridiculous.

During Holy Week, The Open Door Community keeps a 24-hour presence on the streets in solidarity with our

CONT. ON PAGE 2

homeless sisters and brothers. Throughout the year, several of us go out once a month to spend 24-hours with our friends on the streets. We are taken in the police wagon to the city night shelter; sometimes we sleep outside in the park or on the steps of the Fulton County Health Department; we eat at the grit line; we sit in the labor pools; we watch the bent and broken struggle into Grady Hospital; we eat at the soup kitchens; we observe the proceedings at Municipal Court, and grow sad when friends are sentenced for public urination because no public toilets are available, or for criminal trespass when there is no place to go. Often, indeed, this experience of time on the streets seems like so much nonsense.

I remember one cold, rainy night in August when we huddled close to the doors of the Fulton County Health Department, hoping that the pouring rain wouldn't blow in on us, shivering from the cold, not sleeping from discomfort and fear, and praying for the morning to come quickly so that we could get inside. How ludicrous, I thought, that we sit in these foul conditions across from a hospital and in front of a health department, when the healthy, human thing would be to sleep in a bed in a warm, dry home. What a weakness in our society that John, the Preacher, and Pork Chop spend most nights in the summer right there on those steps because nobody cares enough to help provide them with homes! And most people who sleep in beds in warm, dry homes would laugh derisively at the ridiculous suggestion that they spend a night on the steps of the Fulton County Health Department and so begin, maybe, to understand this weakness.

Right now we are struggling for a park, the Al Smith Park, in downtown Atlanta. Plaza Park, where many of our homeless friends live, will soon be closed as part of the development of Underground Atlanta. We want a new park with toilets, water fountains, and shelter so that our sisters and brothers on the streets can continue to find sanctuary in downtown Atlanta. It is foolishness to me that a city which will host the Democratic National Convention--a sign of the liberty and justice of our country--will not host its own children, will not provide even the most meager home afforded by a park with toilets and water fountains. How nonsensical that we must struggle for a park when justice requires warm, dry, safe homes for all of God's children!

As we struggle for this park, we march down Peachtree Street every Tuesday during the noon rush-hour. We bang on an old soup pot, ring a bell, carry signs, and pass out leaflets about the Park Campaign and about our Solidarity Marches. When we are ignored as though we were invisible, when people shove their hands in their pockets to avoid taking a leaflet, when we are greeted with blank stares, when people laugh and shout, "Get a job!", we feel foolish. And I suppose we are a ridiculous band of fools, making music with unlikely instruments, and wondering if this is what it means to sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

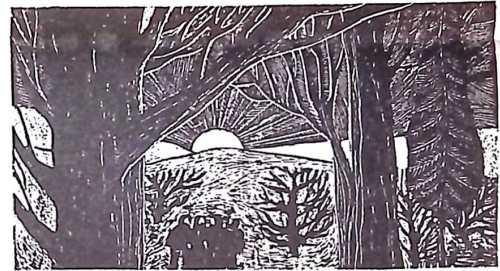
And yet, it is a great privilege to do all these foolish, weak things. As I reflect on the nonsense of our lives, I am given resurrection joy, even when, in the cold light of reason, all of our efforts seem defeated and ridiculous. It is a wonderful gift that God gives us to share in her weakness and foolishness. What a seeming weakness that God came to us as a helpless baby and couldn't find room at the Hilton but was born in a barn instead! How foolish that God's own son should die for the sins of humanity! And yet God is strong and wise because that same weak baby who grew up and met a humiliating death also overcame death by rising again on Easter--amazing strength and wisdom to overcome death!



HOSPITALITY is published 10 times a year by The Open Door Community (P.C.U.S.), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to ministry with the homeless poor and with prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard. For more information about the life and work of the Open Door and about others involved in ministry to Atlanta's homeless, please contact any of the following:

Murphy Davis - Southern Prison Ministry Director
Ed Loring - Correspondence & Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator
Joanne Solomon - Administrative Assistant (Volunteer Co-ordination, Hardwick Prison Trip)

Newspaper:
Editors - Elizabeth Dede; Mark Harper; Ed Loring
Layout - Mark Harper; Susan Grine
Circulation - Dietrich Gerstner and a multitude of earthly hosts and guests.



It may be that the day of judgment will dawn tomorrow; in that case, we shall gladly stop working for a better future. But not before.

-Dietrich Bonhoeffer

We know that Jesus for whom there is no room in Plaza Park. We know that Jesus who dies in humiliation when there is no public toilet to use, no home that has a bed, no meaningful work to perform. We know that Jesus because he comes to us in the homeless poor.

So our foolishness and weakness become wisdom and strength as we know the hope and promise of the resurrection. We will continue to do ridiculous things with the knowledge that we'll have victory--we will have a park, and all God's children will have homes and clothes and food--even as God is victorious on Easter--that foolish, weak death on the cross is overcome by the mighty rising from the grave.

And God rejoices with us on Easter morning at the foolish sight of 500 people, gathered in an ugly parking lot decorated with ludicrous balloons, at a ridiculously early hour of the morning, singing, dancing, eating, and celebrating the taste of the victorious banquet that is ours.

Responding to Hunger:

Butler Street Breakfast

Who among you, if your child asks for a loaf. . .

by Mary Bartholomew

There were more than 200 guests for breakfast at the Butler Street CME Church on Monday morning. This Monday morning, as on every weekday, the Open Door Community--one of the hunger programs supported with PATH contributions--came with breakfast in the van to serve Atlanta's homeless at the Butler Street CME Church near Grady Hospital.

Our jobs were near the end of the serving line: past the pile of trays, past the coffee laced with milk and sugar, past the hard boiled eggs. Harry scooped grits, and I was responsible for putting three pieces of cut up orange quarters in a napkin on the trays as each guest came by, just before the vitamin lady and the salt and pepper.

The men filed from the street into the room past the Open Door's resident volunteer Mike. We recognized the faces as resembling those of guests we had met in other years at the Central Night Shelter. This morning's guests were young men who grinned in response to our "Good Morning"; old men whose eyes smiled; men who hid their eyes behind their caps pulled down low over their faces. The men had come, this cold, beautiful February morning, from the Labor Pool next door, where they had waited out of the five-degree wind chill for their one hot meal of the day.

It was easy to guess who they were: a young man still looking with hope for work, fresh from another part of the state or the Southeast; an old man with red-rimmed eyes and a too-familiar greeting; a man whose hands shook the tray he held--already anesthetized by drink or drug in this early morning against what he will encounter in the day. There were an identifiable number



Dietrich Gerstner

of men whom we label "deinstitutionalized"--men whose minds can not quite meet the expectations of the rest of the world on this new day of sunshine and things which must be done.

They kept coming, the line of men for breakfast at the Butler Street CME Church. We said "Good Morning" and they smiled and responded, or looked away and were silent. I wondered if my two big buckets full of cut up oranges would hold out.

A man said, "I'd like some for my son, too," and I looked at him while the vitamin volunteer responded, "We can only give the same to everybody." The man repeated his request even more respectfully than before, and then his wife (I hadn't noticed they were a couple) pointed to a child sitting toward the end of the table by the door who was looking our way. She said, "He's too little to go through the line."

The father had two hard boiled eggs and two styrofoam cups of grits on his tray. I gave him six pieces of oranges and the vitamin volunteer gave him two vitamins--for their son.

You have helped to serve meals like this. You have stood with the eight of us: Mike at the door; a new seminary graduate now working at the Open Door as a resident volunteer; an elder from the CME Church; PATH's Local Projects' chair, who is a Presbyterian pastor; the "vitamin lady" who is another Open Door resident



Rob Johnson



Dietrich Gerstner

volunteer from Wisconsin; a second CME elder at the kitchen sink, and me. You are a member of the Body of the Church who is serving in Christ's name.

And you are all the men and women in that endless line--and the little boy too--who come, hopeless and hoping, begging for food to face the day's terrors and the day's expectations, asking respectfully for food for your child and for yourselves.

Who among you, if your children ask for a loaf, will give them a stone? What Parent, if their children ask them for bread, will not feed them, as God has fed us with the body and blood of God's child Jesus Christ. . .

"Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of these my brothers and sisters you have done it to me."

Mary Bartholomew is a staff person for PATH--Presbyterian Answer to Hunger. We welcome her to the pages of *Hospitality* and are grateful that she shared in our breakfast serving at Butler St. C.M.E. church. Her reflection reminds us of PATH's many gifts to this community, and we celebrate all your support.



Dietrich Gerstner

Welcome

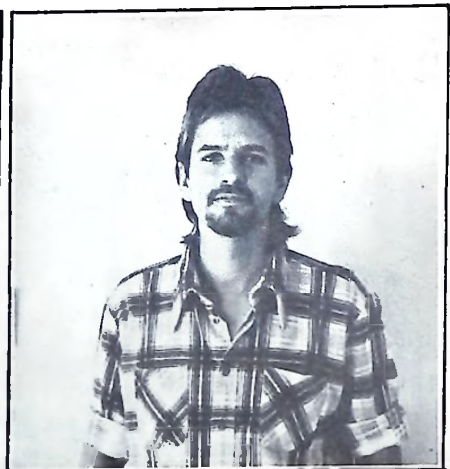
by Bruce Bishop

"Where's my coat?" I asked as we were closing the morning breakfast at the Butler Street CME Church. The basement there is the setting for a daily drama of hungry, poor, and cold people, who come inside for a short time to get a bowl of grits, an egg, some oranges, and coffee. I knew where I had put the coat, and soon I also knew that it was gone. Gone forever, my wonderfully light-super-warm-Great-Peace-March-tested-very expensive-Eddie Bower-100% goose down-coat. A stab of grief flicked across my heart and mind. I did my best to put a good face on for the students from Wake Forest who were helping. "Well, that's the way it goes," I said.

Driving back in the van (a little on the chilly side), I mused: maybe this is my real welcome to this latest adventure in my life. It was a gentle reminder of how much I own (I had a warm jacket back at the Open Door), and of where my treasure is.

God has been good to me: good from the days at Goshen College in Indiana, where I studied Art, to Mennonite Service work at a small shelter called Diakonia, to a cross-country march for peace--the Great Peace March. Now at the Open Door, I've found new friends, good folk songs, Mardi gras dances, home-made pizza, and lessons from the poor.

Bruce Bishop arrived at the Open Door on February 20 as a resident volunteer. He plans to travel to Leningrad this summer for the US-USSR Friendship Peace Walk.



Dietrich Gerstner

An Easy Essay

by Peter Maurin



Wealth-Producing Maniacs

When John Calvin
legalized moneylending
at interest
he made the bank account
the standard of values.
When the bank account
became the standard of values,
people ceased to produce for use
and began
to produce for profits.
When people began
to produce for profits
they became
wealth-producing maniacs.
When people became
wealth-producing maniacs
they produced
too much wealth.
When people found out
that they had produced
too much wealth
they went on an orgy
of wealth destruction
and destroyed
ten million lives besides.
And fifteen years after
a world-wide orgy
of wealth and life
destruction
millions of people
find themselves victims
of a world-wide depression
brought about
by a world gone mad
on mass-production
and mass-distribution.

Jesus Lives at Our House

Here at the Open Door Community we talk a lot about seeing Christ in the faces of our homeless brothers and sisters. We look at Matthew chapter 25 with a sense that when we are blessed enough to serve "the least of these" in Atlanta and also in prison, we are actually serving our Lord. This philosophy has taken on new physical reality for me in getting to know one of our house guests, and as I discover the significance of his being named Jesus.

Jesus Roman came to the United States from Cuba in 1980. He left his wife, mother and two children, who hope one day to join him in this country. I can always see Jesus' love and faith in his family as he often comes to me to get two stamps to send a letter to his mother or wife. I wish the look in his eyes which comes from eight years away from his family could be adequately described with words. As I sort through the mail one afternoon, Jesus comes to me anxiously hoping a letter has come from home. If only I could tell him in Spanish how much I hope he gets a letter.

One day at lunch I asked Jesus how to say "water" in his language. He joyfully told me, and went on to give me a tour of the dining room, telling me the Spanish words for knife, plate, curtain, peanut butter, cup and several other items around the room. I could not remember all the new words after a few minutes, yet it gave me immense joy to see the eager, smiling manner in which Jesus gave me my first Spanish lesson.

We have a few Spanish-speaking people who eat in our soup kitchen, and Jesus is always around chatting with them and answering questions about the house. It was wonderful to see a woman named Christina, who visited us from Wake Forest University, practice the Spanish she is studying in frequent conversations with Jesus which he so obviously appreciated. Dancing around the kitchen one afternoon during supper preparation, Jesus came to boogie with me, wearing a striped clip-on tie with his usual plain white t-shirt. Praise be, we worship a God who gives us a time for dancing.

Most people pronounce Jesus' name HAY-SEUSS, and for a time in my life I thought it was bordering on blasphemy to call somebody Jesus. But one day when Ed said in a familiar voice, "Hey, Jesus!" it struck me. We could call him HAY-SEUSS, but his name is just as much "Jesus". And what does all that Matthew 25 intellectualizing mean if we do not realize Jesus in the very midst of us, so obvious it would seem, in someone named Jesus?

I think of Jesus sitting at worship with his Spanish translation of the Bible under his chair, in a service where he can hardly understand any of the words. But he sits, not because he is discovering some new theological revelation, but because the Holy Spirit is present wherever two or more people are gathered in Christ's name. Jesus is there because he can feel the Spirit. And as we pass the bread and the wine—the body and the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ broken and poured out for us—Jesus clearly understands. Our ritual reaches a level where no barrier of language can limit the love of God. Again it is the look in Jesus' eyes which expresses his love for the man for whom he is named.

On Easter morning we celebrate with joy that God has overcome death and that Jesus lives. Jesus does not just live in our hearts. Jesus lives in the flesh of the poor and suffering people of our world. In fact, Jesus lives at our house.

by Andy Smith



Dietrich Gerstner

The Waiting

Bent over herself, dozing
unable to see the lights
along the clean corridor ceiling
This ancient woman
blinks and waits to be
noticed
and then pushed through
sets of double doors to
an examining room.

A thin gown and light blue
cloth robe do not cover
from the knee down
weary, many-miles-walked,
at-many-bus-stops-stood,
so-many-winters-left-cold
legs
and as white-dressed interns
hustle by in front of her
This woman who had come to Atlanta
at nineteen
shifts her weight
and pulls up the athletic socks that
had fallen around her dark
ankles.

Mark Harper



Meinrad Craighead

Confession

by Susan Grine

Where was the pain? Where was the horror, the outrage, the righteous anger at the indecency of poverty? I stood on the footpath looking at plywood boards that were really too flimsy to offer any secure shelter, and yet they were joined to form a house. It wasn't a house like any I had lived in, but it reached out to me and, in my mind, claimed the word "house" because it was obviously someone's home. Somebody lived there in that rough shelter, hugging the inside of a gully underneath a bridge, and somebody cared enough about the place to mark out a footpath and construct a tiny window in one board of the house.

I groped in my limited experience to relate on any level to the person living in such a place, but I came up empty. The only image that floated to my mind was of the Once-ler, a Dr. Seuss character from *The Lorax*. Hidden away in a dark forbidding part of reality, the Once-ler existed as a living memorial of humankind's careless disregard for gifts. The Once-ler had become consumed by consumerism and, in a frenzy of selfish ambition, had destroyed a place of pure air and water and land, all free gifts from the Creator.

The story of the Once-ler is the story of our society, of course. It is my story, and it is your story. I can picture the arm of the Once-ler reaching out of the window of this meager shack in the gully, reaching out to extract a price for the telling of a story. Only in this case the roles are reversed, and the person living under the bridge is not the greedy consumer, but the victim. Yet the figure of the Once-ler, that faceless, wasted reminder of a lost opportunity for repentance lives again in the heart of Atlanta, under a bridge in a home made of plywood scraps. Even as the Once-ler called future generations to be wiser than he had been, the person living under the bridge calls us to wise up. He or she carries the weight of a sinful people, a people who discard human beings as refuse, unsuitable to decorate the streets of society. And so, a tiny hidden space under a highway becomes home.

It's not pleasant to come face to face with the ugliness of one's own sin. As I stood on the footpath waiting to feel shock and outrage, I realized I had a longer journey to travel than I had anticipated. I simply could not claim the person living in that



condition as a sister or brother of mine. I wanted to-- I wanted to feel, on some level of relatedness, the pain of being an outcast from society because I believe Christ reveals himself there in the identity of the outcast, the discarded--but I couldn't. I am the true Once-ler, the one who takes and takes without regard for another's need, and I can't escape that. All of my middle-classness nails me to it. My journey as a middle-class white woman begins at that shack; I can't go any further until I can face the humanness of the window and the tended footpath and cry for what I've done to another human being.

Easter comes slowly this year for me, but not slowly enough. O God, the person under the bridge carries the weight of my sin for me because I am too cowardly to take it upon myself. I have everything I need in life, and still I reach out to take rather than to give. Is there an Easter for someone who carries daily the burden of a society's collective sin? Is there an Easter for a people who continually crucify the poor and the powerless? The time has come for me to point a finger at myself and claim an identity with the oppressors. Only then can true repentance enter my life and sweep out prejudices and pride to make way for a glorious Easter.

Grace and peaces of mail

to whom it may concern:

I woke up this morning, and I began to praise God for the wonderful love and grace and the great mercy God had sent me.

God gave me life and not death when I repented of my sins. I have never killed anyone, but I have had it in my heart, and that made me guilty in the sight of God for the Bible says in James 2:10: "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all."

You know if everyone would do some repenting and get their own lives cleaned up, there would not be so much judging, for the Bible says in Matthew 7:1-4: "Judge not that ye be not judged for what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, but with what measure ye measure it shall be measured to you again, and why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy neighbor's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye; or how wilt thou say to thy neighbor, let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye."

Read the whole chapter. It will do you good. It did me. The 8th chapter of St. John will help, too. Remember those self-righteous scribes and pharisees who brought the adulterous woman before Jesus. How many stayed to judge her after Jesus said to them, "The one that is without sin among you, let that person first cast a stone at her." And what did Jesus say when he lifted up himself and saw no one but the woman? "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." It's time we all learn a lesson from God's word and stop judging. There are many precious men in prison on death row that need someone to care and to show them love in place of knocking them down everytime they try to get up. Consider just what would you do if one of them were your son? Would you say, "Kill him," or would you say, "Give my baby back to me"? There is no way to bring back those who are gone, but if we have mercy on them, we just might save a soul from hell. Just think of what that would mean when we stand before Jesus, the righteous judge.

Mrs. Thelma Woods
Mother of a Death Row Prisoner

Dear Sisters and Brothers:

Time again for our monthly solidarity dollar, and it is sent with lots of love.

In about a week I'll get hearing aids and am eagerly looking forward to this. I spent 8 years in a steel mill and 23 in a copper mill working amid lots and lots of noise. This caused my hearing to get weak. Now

CONT. ON PAGE 7

new types of hearing aids can correct this type of hearing loss--the old ones couldn't. It is so extremely important to be a good listener--as you folks know, and it has really bothered me that I couldn't be. You get so you even hate to be in a group because you felt so uncomfortable at missing so much good conversation.

Things are O.K. at Casa Maria--the Catholic Worker here. Very cold weather, though, hit our homeless sisters and brothers hard!!

See you next month.

Love.

Jerry Robinett
5642 E. Scarlett St.
Tucson, AZ 85711

Marist High School students have joined the campaign to build the Al Smith Park! Below are two letters from among the many written to Betsy Baker and Andrew Young.

Dear Ms. Baker.

I understand that Plaza Park is being closed to make a new entrance to Underground Atlanta. This park is the only park in the metro Atlanta area in which the poor and homeless can rest or lounge and not be hassled by police. If the park is closed the homeless will have no place of recreation. This is wrong! All people should have a place to gather or rest legally. I do understand that you can not stop progress, but you can delay it. I recommend that Plaza Park remain open until a new park is built. I also recommend that the park be named for Al Smith, a homeless person who was killed. This park should have bathroom and shower facilities so that the homeless people can survive there in the park.

Sincerely,

Mario Watkins

Dear Mayor Andrew Young.

Since you have successfully won the race for the Democratic Convention, I am sure you are in a hurry to finish Underground Atlanta. I urge you not to forget the homeless. The entrance to Underground Atlanta will be where Plaza Park is now. Plaza Park is the home and residing place of many deprived Atlantans. Please consider a new park with facilities for the homeless. These people need a place where they can sleep, clean, and relieve themselves. They are humans with wants and needs, too.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Auslander



Open Door Community Worship

5:00 - 6:30 pm

Sundays

Followed by supper together

We gather each Sunday for worship, prayer and the Lord's Supper. We invite you to join us.

Every 6th Sunday the Community has a full day retreat outside the city. This replaces our evening worship at 910 Ponce de Leon Ave.

March 22 Community Retreat
Camp Calvin

March 29 Worship at 910

April 5 Worship at 910
5-5:30 Eucharist

April 12 5:30-6:30 Tandi Gabashi on South Africa
Palm Sunday Worship at 910
Commissioning to the Streets

Nightly Holy Week Worship
(see Holy Week schedule)

April 19 6:30am
Worship at Municipal Mkt. Pkg. lot
on Butler Street
Steak & Egg Breakfast with the Homeless
(no evening worship)

April 26 Worship at 910

May 3 Worship at 910 Willie Coleman preaching

May 10 Worship at 910

Open Door Schedule

WE ARE OPEN...

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00 am until 6:00 pm and from 7:15 pm to 8:30 pm. The building is open from 9:00 am until 8:30 pm those days. (Both phone & door are not answered during our lunch break from 12:15-1:00. Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are closed until 1:00 pm. Please do not make unscheduled drop-offs of clothing, food, etc. on Sunday mornings. Sunday afternoon our phones and door are answered from 1:00 until 5:00 pm

OUR MINISTRY...

SOUP KITCHEN - Monday-Saturday, 11-12 noon; Sunday 3-4pm

BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST - Monday-Friday 7:30-8:30 am SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES - Monday, Wednesday,

Friday - 9:00 - 11:00 am (Be sure to call-- schedule varies) USE OF PHONE - Monday-Saturday, 9am - 4pm.

SHELTER REQUESTS - Monday-Saturday 9am - noon.

BIBLE STUDY - Alternate Wednesdays 7:30 - 9:00 (call for winter schedule)

ALL-DAY RETREATS - Every 6th Sunday (for our household & volunteers/supporters) - June 27 & 28

Stations of the Cross

A Good Friday Pilgrimage in solidarity with the oppressed

10 a.m. Begin at Martin Luther King, Jr. Grave
Auburn Avenue

12 noon Woodruff Park

The stations of the Cross will be recalled at various
sites around the city. The pilgrimage ends at Fort
McTherson.

Sponsoring Groups:

Concerned Black Clergy, Clergy and
Laity Concerned, SCLC, Community
of Hospitality, Open Door Community



Friday April 17, 1987

Southern Prison Ministry in Georgia

IS TEN YEARS OLD.

Join us for an evening of

Celebration, Songs, Storytelling & Refreshment with

WILL CAMPBELL

and other friends.

Friday, May 15

7:30 p.m.

Central Presbyterian Church



BENEFIT-CONCERT

The Open Door will be the beneficiary of a benefit concert sponsored by the Social Concerns Committee of the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Atlanta on Saturday evening, May 15th at 8 pm. Participating in the concert will be Elise Witt and the Small Family Orchestra; Joyce Brookshire, singer and composer; and Akbar Imhotep, story-teller and puppeteer. All are contributing their artistic services.

To meet and guarantee expenses of the concert, sponsors are invited to contribute \$25.00. Sponsors will receive 5 tickets to the concert and be listed in the concert program.*

The concert will be held in the sanctuary of the Unitarian Universalist Congregation, 1911 Cliff Valley Way N.E. (on the access road north of N. Druid Hills, exit I-85). The church is providing facilities for the event.

This is a great opportunity to enjoy yourself and support the homeless. A free-will offering of a pound of coffee will be welcomed.

*Mail sponsorship checks to Concert for the Homeless, Joe Gross, 1196 Converse Drive, Atlanta, GA 30324. Phone (404) 237-4361.

NEEDS

HAMS - TURKEYS - MAYONNAISE - CHEESE

COFFEE (DRIP GRIND)

DISPOSABLE RAZORS

KNIT HATS

SOCKS

UNDERWEAR

MEN'S COATS

Holy Week with the Homeless

We invite you to join us for worship
and/or a 24 hour period of solidarity
with our friends on the street during
the week of April 12-19.

Services of Worship:

Apr. 12 Open Door 5:00 p.m.

Apr. 13 Fulton County Admin. Bldg. 6:30 p.m.

Apr. 14 City Jail, Peachtree, SW 6:30 p.m.

Apr. 15 Southern Supplemental Labor Pool 6:30 p.m.

Apr. 16 Trust Co. Bank Park Place 6:30 p.m.

Apr. 17 City Hall 6:30 p.m.

Apr. 18 Woodruff Park 6:30 p.m.

Apr. 19 Municipal Market Parking lot
6:30 a.m.



910 Ponce de Leon Ave. S.E. Atlanta, Ga. 30306 404-874-9652

Newspaper Requests - If you or a friend would like to receive HOSPITALITY, please fill in this form and return to Ed Loring at the Open Door Community, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30306

Name _____

Street _____

City, State, Zip _____