

HOSPITALITY

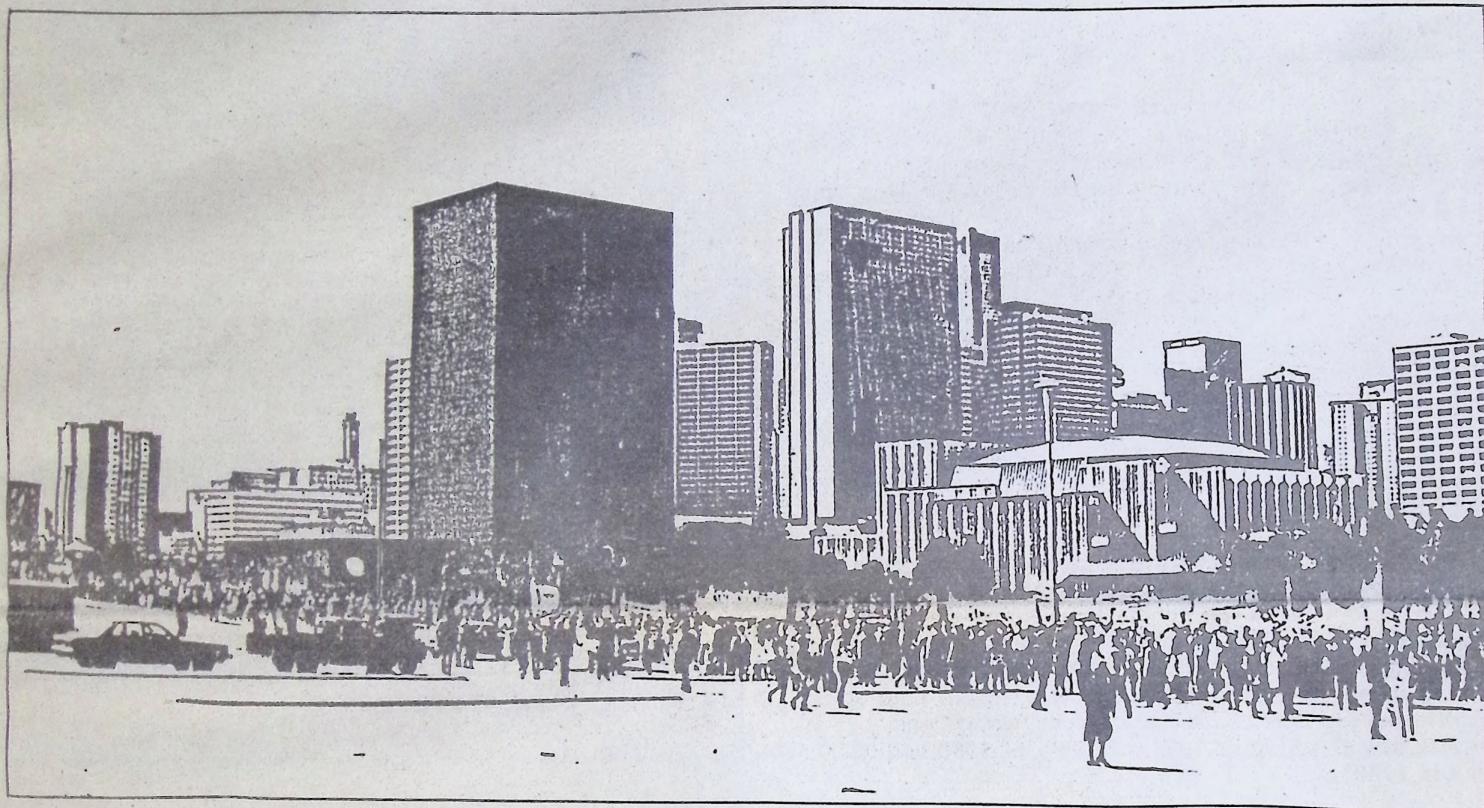
Volume 7 No. 4

April 1988

Nonprofit
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Atlanta, Ga.
30304

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Correction
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Providing hospitality to the homeless & to those in prison, through Christ's love.
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Photograph of Atlanta skyline by Curt Treska

Welcome to Atlanta?

by Ed Loring

Editor's note: Ed Loring addressed a crowd of 10,000 homeless people and their advocates at the Rally in Atlanta on February 27, 1988. The following is the text of his speech.

Welcome to the streets. Welcome to the Vagrant Free Zone. Welcome to these public toilets—Pee for Free with Dignity! I welcome you on behalf of the 8,754 homeless men and women, boys and girls who live on these streets and on behalf of the millions all over this nation who are abandoned, unwanted but ready to fight for equality and justice. Welcome.

Did you know that many folks in high places did not want us here today?... because we are the cry for justice, the holler for hope, the vagrants in this free zone. We are the NO to the pusillanimous programs and palaver of politicians who pervert the dreams of justice into the nightmare of war; we are the NO to politicians who, like the rich in every land and every system, lie on beds of ivory, while the poor pound the pavement with frostbitten feet and empty bellies. We are hands hungry for meaningful work and peace-filled play.

Yes, sisters, Yes, brothers, we are the people of the street. And on this historic day, we present our bodies as a living sacrifice. We present our hands and feet as instruments of justice, and we will remain in the fight until everyone is housed by right; until everyone is fed by right; until everyone is healed by right; until everyone is made free by right. And it don't matter if you're Black or white.

I welcome you to the streets of Atlanta here in the heart of the Vagrant Free Zone. I welcome you to the birth place and burial plot of Martin King, Jr. But I need to warn you on this day of historic commitment to the streets and the eternal struggle for housing and justice that Martin King has been cast out, rejected, denied in this city, in this nation. Blacks and whites together have conspired to make Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.—that mighty and moral man of the non-violent American Revolution—into a safe, acceptable, proponent of the American status quo.

Continued on page 2

Continued from page 1

Blacks and whites together have made Martin King into a National Holiday. Cut into marble and celebrated with golf tournaments, he has become the Martin King of insipid symbols on sweet-scented sweat shirts sold at \$15 each in front of hungry and homeless prisoners of the streets; the Martin King who is used by many to make a safe and secure name for themselves and their investments in a nation always preparing for war with bigger bombs and less housing.

But listen! Martin King calls to us today from the halls of Riverside Church and says:

We need a revolution in American society and in American values. We need to depose the economic system that makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. We must, says Dr. King, end this madness of militarism, this greed of consumerism, this fatal racism and dehumanizing sexism.

Martin King... Not of the fancy brick building of the King Center, nor of the historic pulpit of Ebenezer, nor yet of the gala golf tournaments in his national holiday season... Not that Martin King, but the King on the way to Washington in 1968 with the Poor People's Campaign; the King holding his bloody head on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel...

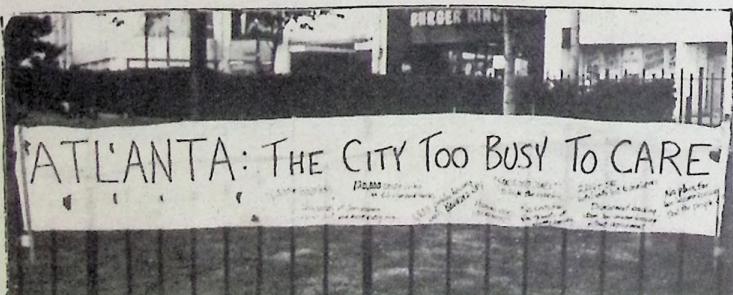
Martin King calls today! Why Black leaders—Andrew and Peter, James and John—Why have you sold your birthright of Revolution for the porridge of the American system of injustice, homelessness, and war? Martin calls today! Why is one of the fundamental causes of homelessness in the United States of America the abandonment of the homeless poor by the Black middle class and their leadership?

Why has the American Revolution and the Black Freedom Struggle become a debate at corporate headquarters instead of a non-violent revolution in the streets of Atlanta, in the jails of D.C., in the courthouses in every hamlet, in the housing and building offices everywhere? Why? Why, I ask you, do we have homelessness in this richest land on earth? Can you hear... Can you hear, sisters and brothers, the Dr. King of 1966, of 1967, of 1968 calling today in 1988?

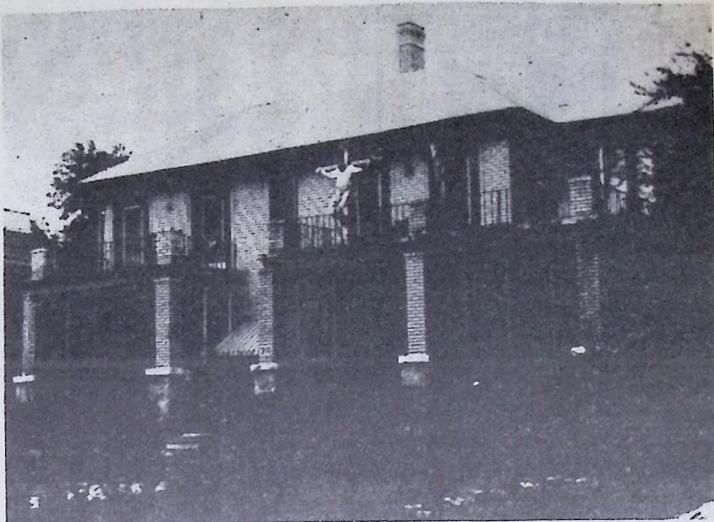
Martin calls today! Get in the streets! Get in the struggle! That's where the living spirit of Martin King is. Let's join together for the Revolution of Right, the Struggle for Justice, the End of Hunger, the Abolition of Homelessness.

Let us melt the military hardware into swing sets for our children. Let us join hands—Black and white, young and old, housed and homeless—and dance into this new day of life and love, freedom and joy, work and celebration.

And among the cloud of witnesses we shall hear Malcolm X, Martin King, Dorothy Day, Mother Jones, Homeless Sisters, Hungry Brothers. They'll all be calling: March on my children! March on my children! March on my children toward this Freedom Land!



2



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:

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Ed Loring - Correspondence & Resident Volunteer
Co-ordinator

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Elizabeth Dede; Ed Loring

Layout - Ruth Allison

Circulation - Tim Wyse and a
multitude of earthly hosts and guests.

“WHILE THERE
IS A LOWER
CLASS
I AM IN IT,
WHILE THERE IS
A CRIMINAL
ELEMENT
I AM OF IT,
AND
WHILE THERE
IS A SOUL
IN PRISON
I AM
NOT FREE.”

EUGENE DEBS

Speak a Word to

the Discouraged

Editor's note: Last May Murphy Davis was the Commencement Speaker for the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana. This is an adaptation of the sermon she preached for that occasion.

The desert will rejoice
and flowers will bloom in the wastelands.
The desert will sing and shout for joy;
it will be as beautiful as the
Lebanon Mountains
and as fertile as the fields of
Carmel and Sharon.
Everyone will see the Lord's splendor,
see God's greatness and power.

Give strength to hands that are tired
and to knees that tremble with weakness.
Tell everyone who is discouraged
"Be strong and don't be afraid!
God is coming to your rescue. . . ."

Isaiah 35:1-4

What an honor it is to be able to speak to you, the graduating seminarians of 1987, with your friends and family, your faculty, and your community. I am grateful that you invited me and grateful for a relationship that has continued over the past several years between the Open Door Community and the Mennonites of Northern Indiana. It would be hard to say how important it is to us that many of you, your friends and family members have visited us, lived and worked with us and stood with us, resisting the powerful forces of death that crush human life and dignity and make the lives of the poor hell on earth. Thank you.

The thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah speaks to us of beauty—of flowers blooming in the wasteland, streams of water on parched earth. "The desert," Isaiah tells us, "will sing and shout for joy."

What beauty is represented here for us; and what an image of the rightness of everything, the Reign of Justice.

For Justice and Beauty are in the scriptures and in life experience so deeply intertwined.

Our good friend Will Campbell is a Mississippi-born, self-described steeple drop-out Baptist preacher who now does a little farming in the hills of Tennessee and writes good stories.

Seven or eight years ago Will was invited to Florida State University for what he expected to be a "general discussion" of the death penalty. (The story is well-chronicled in his latest book Forty Acres and a Goat, but I heard it first the morning after from friends in Tallahassee who were there.)

When he got to Tallahassee, Will discovered that this "general discussion" was in fact a formal debate on the death penalty and televised, to boot!

His horror grew when he learned that his opponent was an internationally-known professor, philosopher, theologian, and author.

The professor presented a long and scholarly position paper—quoting quite a lot from Hobbes—saying why the death penalty was such a nifty idea.

And then the TV camera turned on Brother Will. The moderator announced solemnly, "Mr. Campbell will now present his position in opposition to the death penalty." He claims he was seized with a sudden deep empathy for the people whose plight they were there to discuss. He moved on wobbly legs to the microphone.

He gripped the podium, looked out at the audience, and finally drawled:

"I just think it's tacky."

And he sat down.

After the cheering audience quieted a bit, the shaken moderator proceeded, in the finest academic form, with an attempt at exegesis on the word tacky (and at salvaging the debate!)

Quoting now from Forty Acres and a Goat:

"Tacky is an old Southern word, and it means uncouth, ugly, lack of class."

"Yessir. I know what it means," (said Will). "I try not to use words if I don't have some vague notion of what they mean. . . . My worthy opponent chose to pitch this discussion on a philosophical level. . . . I wouldn't have done it that way myself. I'm a bootleg country preacher from the hills of Tennessee, by way of Mississippi. Don't know much about philosophy. But in my limited exposure to the subject, I do seem to recall that there was something called aesthetics. And if your synonyms are correct, if a thing is ugly, well, ugly means there's no beauty in it, there is no truth in it. And if there is no truth in it, there is no good in it. Not for the victim of the crime. Certainly not for the one being executed. Not for the executioner, the jury, the judge, the state. For no one. And we were enjoined by a well-known Jewish prophet to love them all."

The world will be saved by beauty, says Dostoevsky. Isaiah seems to agree as he weaves his words into the Biblical vision of justice and salvation.

Flowers bloom in the desert
Springs water the parched earth
The lowly are lifted up and called
by name
The blind see
The captives are set free
The lame dance and leap for joy
Healing comes for the broken victims

Tiny fragile flowers of Hope
bloom in the wasteland
of death and despair.

Archbishop Oscar Romero, the great pastor of El Salvador, described his pastoral mission as feeding the hope of the poor.

"My aim," he said "is to encourage a hope that I honestly glimpse. My work has always been to support the hope of my people. If there is even a spark of hope, it is my duty to nourish it, and I believe that every person of good will must likewise nourish it."

Continued on page 4

This is beauty.

There is, on the other hand, a prosecutor in Eastern North Carolina named Joe Freeman Britt. His circuit includes Robeson County, one of the poorest counties in the South.

Britt has become famous around the U.S. for his ability to win death sentences, and it has won him the title "The Deadliest D.A."

Joe Freeman Britt has made a statement that, I think, helps us to think clearly.

"There is," he says, "within every person a tiny flicker that says we should preserve life. It is the prosecutor's job to extinguish the flame."

Now that is what we call tacky!

Compare it, if you will, to the beauty of Romero's pastoral mission of feeding hope.

Mr. Britt's description of his own task is gross and crass, but it only exaggerates the social and political forces of our day that would extinguish the hope of the people.

For every time the cry of condemnation and alienation rises from the people, the flowers wither, the darkness rises, the hope fades—

"I am not my sister's/brother's keeper!"
cry the people.
And hope fades.

"People stand in soup lines because it's
the easy way out,"
pontificates Ed Meese.
And hope cringes.

"To guard our profits," cry the businessmen of Atlanta, Georgia, "we need a Vagrant Free Zone in downtown."
And God's heart hurts,
And hope gasps for breath.

"We will never trust the Russians,"
cries Ronald Reagan.
"Give me a Star Wars budget!"

And hope rolls toward the grave.

We try and try to shut our eyes to the violence against women and children in the American home.

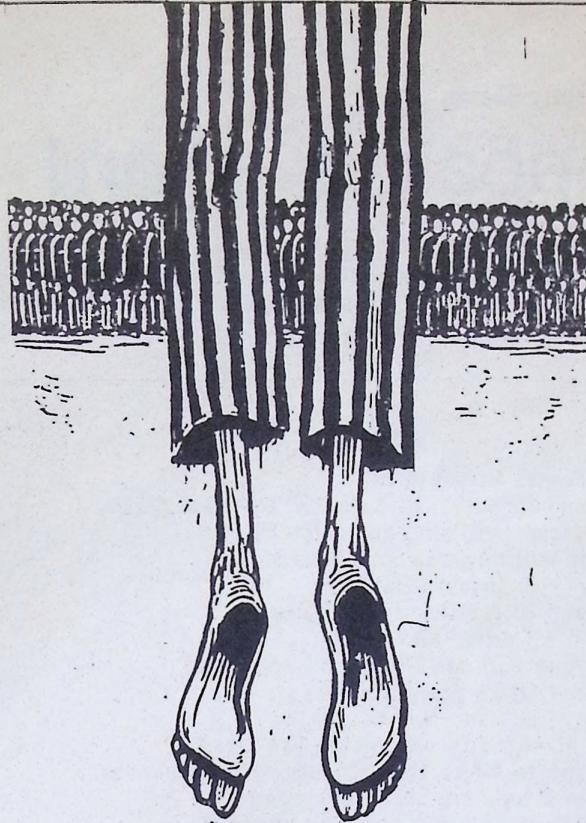
And the darkness encroaches
and hope sneaks out the back door.

And our hands grow tired
and our knees tremble with weakness,
and we become so discouraged.

The irony about hope—and encouragement—is that when we struggle to keep hope alive in someone else we keep it alive in ourselves.

And hope grows and flourishes
like unlikely flowers in the wasteland.

My friend Alpha Otis Daniel Stephens was executed in December, 1984.



Alpha grew up poor and black in Macon, Georgia. He was regularly and severely beaten by an alcoholic father until his mother, fearing for his life, dressed him, packed him a lunch, and put him out. Alpha became a six-year-old homeless wanderer.

It would not surprise you to learn that Alpha became a violent man. He learned to pass along what life had dished out. And finally, he became a murderer. He took the life of one Mr. Henry Asbill—a human being, a child of God.

And for that crime he went to death row and lived for ten years. And finally, for that crime, he was killed—in our name.

But that is not all!

God was not finished with Alpha Stephens when Alpha committed murder. Just as God did not give up on Moses, David, or Paul when they committed murder. Just as God did not give up on Jacob the thief or Rahab the hooker. God has such an odd sense of humor and loves to embrace the worst offenders to show the beauty and power of redemptive love.

In the case of Alpha O. Daniel Stephens, God used another prisoner—Charlie—to move Alpha toward hope and redemption. Alpha described it like this:

"Yeah. I changed. The thing that made me change the most was what Charlie did.

When I came to Jackson (prison) I was violent. Goodgawda'mighty, I was violent! Most everybody jus' lef' me alone. 'Cept Charlie.

I stayed in my cell all the time. He started comin' sittin' in front of my cell. Jus' sittin'. Lookin'. At me.

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Finally I say 'What you starin' at?!!'
 'You,' he say. 'Jus' tryin' to figure how can anybody be so mean. You crazy or jus' ain't got no sense?'

I didn't say nothin'. He didn't go 'way. He didn't never go 'way. Seem like he jus' work so hard to make me be his friend. So finally I jus' give up. Me an' him was always friends after that. That changed me. Man, I jus' couldn't be mean aroun' ol' Charlie.

Everybody in prison call me Daniels. But Charlie, he call me 'Brother Alpha.'"

Brother Alpha is dead now. But if I have nothing else to say to you, may I just be a witness to the Beauty of hope reborn—of life restored. The beauty of State Prisoner #D-9164 being called Brother Alpha. The beauty of the word of life spoken to one discouraged to death—of life-giving water on the parched earth of a human soul.

Surely you have seen it! Surely you know the vision of flowers in a wasteland.

You—graduating senior seminarians—are being sent out by your friends, your teachers, your families. After some years spent here in reflection, study, prayer, and work, you are being sent into places where you will be needed very much.

You are very beautiful because you are full of life and hope. And you hold in your hands and your hearts a great power. This is good because you are very needed.

There is much ugliness in this world of ours:
 Apartheid has just won a victory. Its grip is not diminished but strengthened here lately.
 Lies and the assumed doublespeak and overtalk are not only tolerated but have become a source of pride in all levels of government.
 A President who has thumbed his nose at the laws of the United States government and every law of human decency has not even slipped in the popularity polls—God help us!

The poor?

The poor are being crushed.

From the borders of Nicaragua to the homelands of South Africa. From the hamlets of El Salvador to the farms of the United States.

From the squalid streets of Los Angeles to the bulging, overstuffed, rat-infested jails of Louisiana.
 From the teeming projects of Chicago to the migrant camps of Naples, Florida.

By policy in the boardroom and interrogation in the back room.

By threats and homelessness, hunger and exclusion. By endless imprisonment and racism that kills.

By military games and disease without health care. By state execution and death sentences on the streets.

By sexism that violates us all and abuse that bruises the souls and bodies of our children.

By labor pools that extract slave labor and blood banks that suck the life flow from those who have no other way to get \$10.

The poor are being crushed. In our midst. In our name.

Their flesh and their blood is the grist for our endless greed, our insatiable hunger to blame somebody, to use somebody, to sacrifice somebody because we do not want to be who God has called us to be. Because we do not want to claim our kinship with one another. Because we do not want to pay the price of building a beautiful world where justice and mercy can reign.

Because it is expensive, and unpopular, and hard, and uncomfortable, and you can get hurt.

The poor are being crushed.

"Inasmuch," says Jesus. . . (Oh! how we wish he wouldn't say it!)

"Inasmuch," says Jesus. . . (Oh, maybe he meant something else!)

"Inasmuch," says Jesus, "as you have done it to one of the least of these my sisters or brothers, you have done it unto me."

Jesus is being crushed. Jesus needs you—your life, your hope, your body presented as a living sacrifice. Jesus needs your prayer, your attention, your love.

Go. Go and find Jesus.

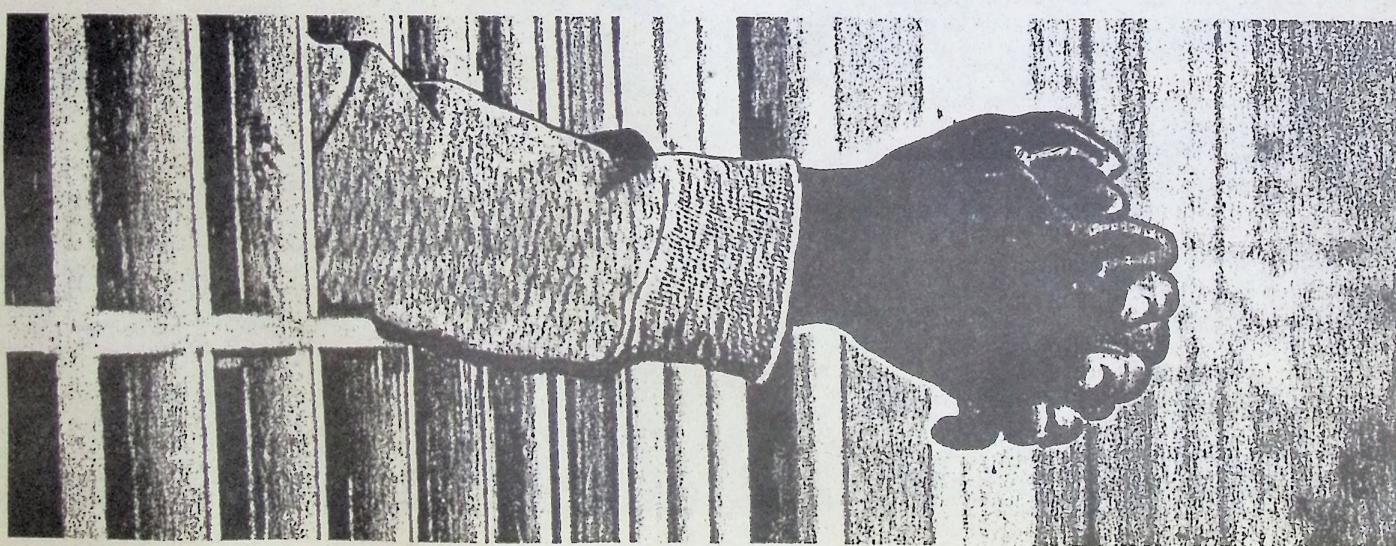
Speak the word: "Be strong. Don't be afraid. God is coming to your rescue."

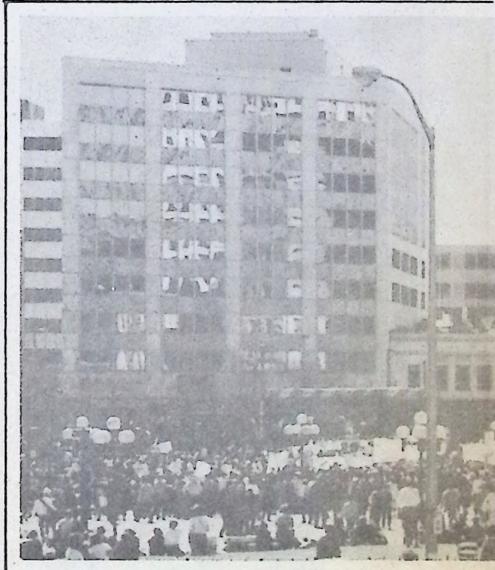
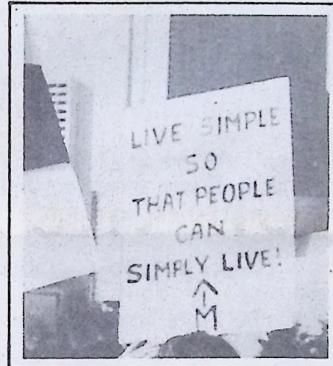
And the flowers will bloom even in the desert of this land. The flowers will bloom even in the wasteland of your own loneliness and confusion.

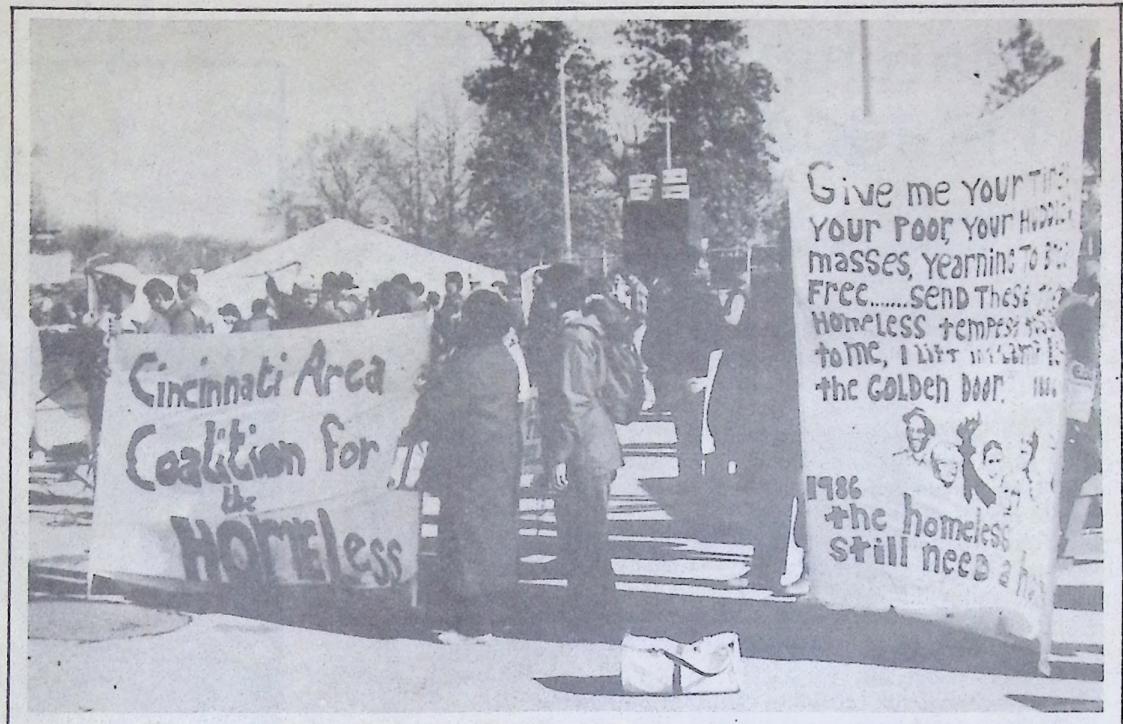
The tender, living, fragile, beautiful flowers will bloom.

See them. Love them. Thank God for them.

Go.



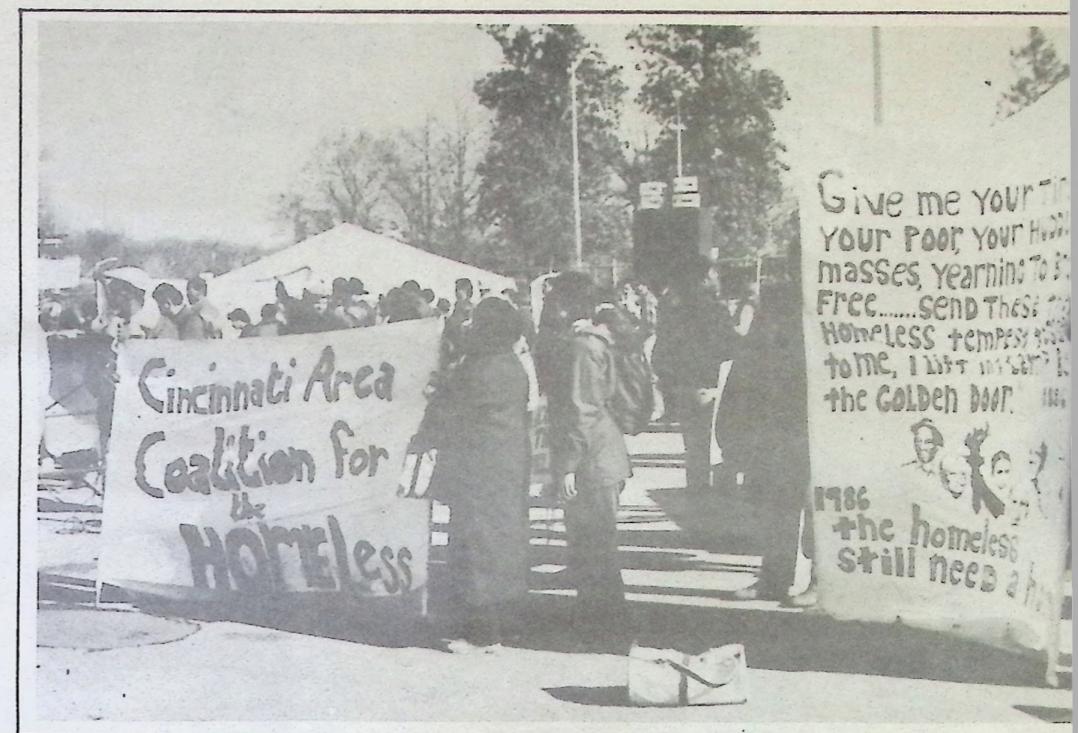
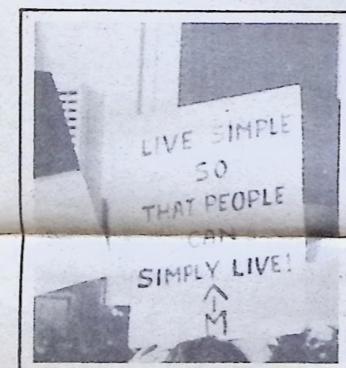




March for the Homeless Atlanta, 1988

All photographs by Curt Treska





March for the Homeless Atlanta, 1988

All photographs by Curt Treska



Marchin' on to Freedom Land

by George Kraft

Woodruff Park, in the center of downtown Atlanta, was overflowing with homeless folks, advocates, union organizers, and politicians from all over the country on the afternoon of February 27. The March and Rally, which was organized by Keith Summa of the National Coalition for the Homeless, was the largest demonstration that I'd ever seen in Atlanta.

On Thursday afternoon before the event, folks began arriving in Atlanta from as far away as Washington State. Schools and gymnasiums opened their doors for the ten thousand who came to participate. Here at the Open Door people from Roanoke, Des Moines, and Savannah stayed for the event. Bus loads of folks came from Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, and many other distant places.

The day began at the parking lot behind the Atlanta Civic Center. Here everyone gathered to get started and to hear speeches from homeless persons, political candidates, and activists. At a little after noon the march was led by children who live in shelters. The rest of the marchers stretched out behind them.

I was up at the top of Pine Street near Peachtree and had a clear view of the march. It looked tremendous from the top of that hill. As the march progressed, I moved a little slower than the main body to be able to see all the folks. Saying "Hi" to people from all over the country certainly encouraged all of us, and I'm sure all the folks from out of town were encouraged also.

When the entire group arrived at Woodruff Park, it completely filled the place, and people overflowed onto the streets. This was the biggest cross section of folks I've ever seen—there were homeless people in rags, politicians wearing suits, Minnesotans in shorts, Floridians in coats, students, Communists, Republicans, and Democrats. The people of the country seem to be united against homelessness.

While politicians were speaking on a stage on one side of the park, the Salvation Army was dispensing food on the other. By far the most applause was for Joseph Lowery, Jesse Jackson, and Ed Loring.

At around 4:00pm the crowd started to disperse, and many buses took folk home.



After the March and Rally, some participants came over to the Open Door for dinner. God always provides, and we never seem to run out of food. This day was no exception: a caterer in town brought over lots of finger food. It was exciting to have folks from Ohio, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Virginia, Colorado, and Georgia together to share experiences.

One after thought—on Monday morning we received a call from an officer of the Justice Department, who said that it was one of the most well-behaved demonstrations he'd ever seen. What a disgrace homelessness is in this country! If those who are the poorest and have the most reason for being angry and for striking back behave with dignity, while those in power flagrantly abuse it and deny the very least essentials to the poorest of their country folk, then the God of Justice will take the side of the poor and lift them up.



Grace and peaces of mail

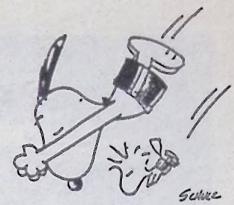
Dear Friends,

Yes, you are in the tradition of Isaiah 42, and for that we are glad and admiring. Also enjoyed and was impressed by your last issue of the printed page. Sometimes I wonder, though, whether in our effort to get away from the wrong exegesis of the Puritan ethic (God makes you rich, so that means God is on your side, and everything is o.k.), we lean a bit too heavily on the other side, i.e., God loves the poor, so they are the saints; society and all others are the sinners, period!

I always like your theological nuggets.

Stay well and God bless!

Rev. Ludwig R. Dewitz



1)

Dear open door,

We sold a picture to get a dime. He want it to be for the homeless people. Here is the dime.

Mary Dunn and Carl Ceruzzi,
age 7 and 8. two

P.S. There is a dollar and 10 checks
and a quarter.

TWO POEMS

i was hungry and you
blamed it on the communists

i was hungry and you
circled the moon

i was hungry and you
told me to wait

i was hungry and you
set up a commission

i was hungry and you said,
'so were my ancestors'

i was hungry and you said,
we don't hire over 35

i was hungry and you said,
God helps those...

i was hungry and you told me
i shouldn't be

i was hungry and you told me
machines do that work now

i was hungry and you
had napalm bills to pay

i was hungry and you said,
the poor are always with us.

Lord,
when did we see you hungry?

--reprinted from
Free Flowing, January 1976

God, our Creator—
Breath of Life to all humankind;
Recreate your image within us—
In your love our saving Grace find.
Make complete our love for each other,
That we might set the captives free—
Binding up the brokenhearted,
Proclaiming your Liberty.

God, our Redeemer—
Lift our eyes to the harvest that waits;
Let the "Good News" resound with thanksgiving—
Fill our hearts with a spirit of praise.
In acts of justice and mercy,
Break asunder all deeds that assail—
Restore us with your Grace and Goodness,
Let the work of your Kingdom prevail.

God, our Sustainer—
With your Wisdom enlighten our souls;
Give us new joy and peace in believing—
In forgiveness let our lives be made whole.
May our spirits be quickened to do your Will,
In servanthood-living help us grow—
In our weakness perfect your power,
In trust, your Faithfulness know.

Bring your Truth to our innermost being—
to strengthen and to heal;
Set our feet in paths of Righteousness—
Let the Mind of Christ be revealed.
And let us rise in the Name of our Maker,
A faithful witness to bear:
Of the Savior's Presence among us—
God's "Hope of Glory" to share.

by Joanne Solomon



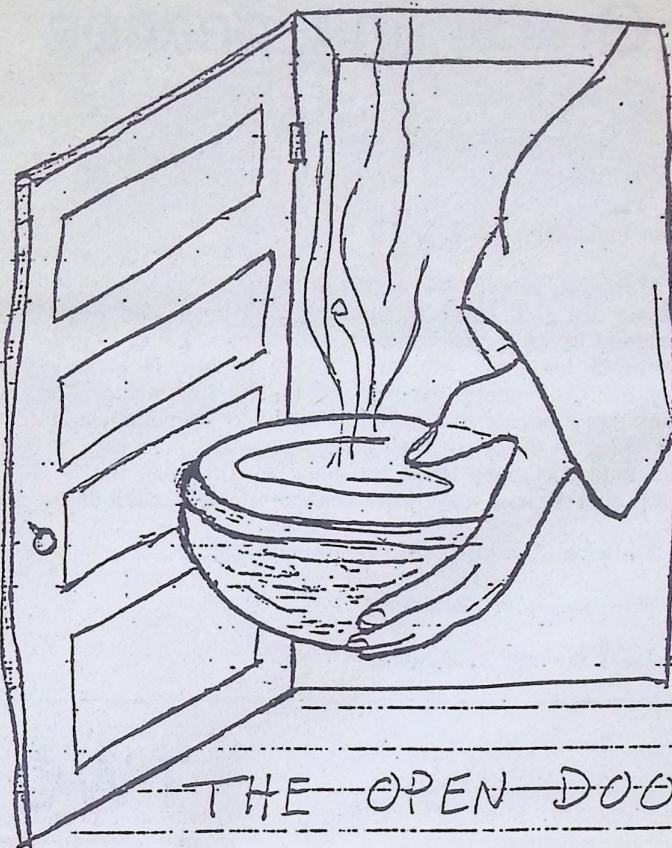
**Lead me from Death to Life
from Falsehood to Truth**

**Lead me from Despair to Hope
from Fear to Trust**

**Lead me from Hate to Love
from War to Peace**

**Let Peace fill our Heart
our World, our Universe**

Peace Peace Peace



THE OPEN DOOR

*Dennis Hoffarth
2-23-88*

Dennis Hoffarth is a carpenter whose work and joyful presence at The Open Door frequently remind us that Jesus was also a carpenter.

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 7:15am SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES - Tuesday and 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 Tuesdays 7:30 - 9:00pm (call for winter schedule)

WEEKEND RETREATS - Every 6th Weekend (for our household & volunteers/supporters) -

JOIN THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

a North-American Base community

SPEND SIX TO TWELVE MONTHS AS A RESIDENT VOLUNTEER

Live in a residential Christian community. Serve Jesus Christ among the hungry, the homeless and prisoners. Bible study and theological reflections from the Base. Street actions and peaceful demonstrations. Regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring Farm.



Dietrich Gerstner

OR

VISIT THE OPEN DOOR, for one week or several months for servanthood work, joyful worship, with room and board, in a city where Christian love is so needed.

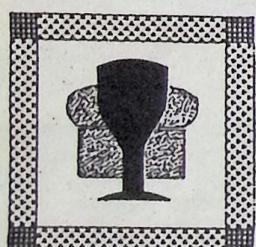
Contact: Ed Loring, 910 Ponce de Leon N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30306

Open Door Community Worship

We gather for worship and Eucharist from

5:00--6:30pm on Sunday evenings
followed by supper together.

Join us!



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

April and May Worship at 910

April 3	Easter Celebration Steak and Eggs Breakfast 6:30am
April 10	Worship at 910
April 17	Worship at 910 Jurgen Moltmann Preaching
April 24	Worship at 910
May 1	Worship at 910
May 8	Worship at 910
May 15	Worship at 910
May 22	Worship at 910 Pentecost Celebration

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

Vince Eirene, Duncan & Porter House
Box 99332, Pittsburgh, PA 15233
412-231-2766



Here in the Steel (Rust) Valley of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we are trying to start a house of hospitality and resistance. The overwhelming unemployment has made this need necessary and resistance to our city's growing dependence on military contracts.



Recently a house has been provided; there is already a soup kitchen and all that is needed is a handful of enthusiastic people.

DON'T KILL FOR ME

THREE GROUPS OF FOLKS WHO ACTIVELY PROTESTED THE STATE KILLINGS OF JOHN YOUNG, VAN SOLOMON AND JOE MULLIGAN, ARE FINALLY COMING TO TRIAL. 10 PEOPLE ARE BEING TRIED IN THE FIRST GROUP, 8 IN THE SECOND, AND 3 IN THE THIRD. MONEY IS NEEDED TO PAY MANDATORY TRIAL EXPENSES. PLEASE HELP! DONATIONS CAN BE MADE TO:

PAX Fund
c/o Clifton Presbyterian Church
369 Connecticut Avenue
Atlanta, Georgia 30307

NEEDS

RUGS	HAMS AND TURKEYS
LAMPS	EASY CHAIRS
SHOVELS AND RAKES	CHEESE
LOTS OF GRITS!!!	MEN'S UNDERWEAR
SOFTBALL EQUIPMENT	COMPACT CAR
SHRUBS, SMALL TREES, PLANTINGS FOR THE BACK YARD	

Please bear with us...

From 11am - 1pm Monday- Saturday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11:00 or after 1:00, it would be helpful. Thanks.

Hutterian Brethren in New York, Inc.

WOODCREST BRUDERHOF ROUTE 213 RIFTON NY 12471 • TEL (914) 658-3141

BRUDERHOF WILL HOST NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH CONFERENCE.

RIFTON, N.Y. -- The Bruderhof is hosting a conference titled A New Testament Church in the 21st Century: Searching for Answers in a Troubled World. Participants will join Bruderhof host families in work, worship, meals and recreation. Workshops will explore the gamut of current issues: Hunger, homelessness, prisons, death penalty, substance abuse, abortion, family life, third world, labor, race, nonviolence, church unity, church discipline and forgiveness, and the church in relation to the state.

Hutterian Brethren live in Christian communities of 100-400 people. Each community (Bruderhof) shares work, income, and property in common. The sole objective of the Brethren is to live out Christ's teachings unconditionally like the early Christian churches.

Conference co-sponsors include Dale Aukerman, Brethren Peace Fellowship, Dale Brown, Vernard Eller, Jim Forest (IFOR), Georgetown Center for Peace Studies, Ernest Gordon (CREED), David Hostetler, John M. Perkins, Jubilee Partners, Congressman Matthew McHugh, Mennonite Central Committee U.S. Peace Section, National Urban League, New York State Council of Churches, Henri J. M. Nouwen, Arthur Simon, Dolphus Weary, Tom Sine, and Dorothy Clarke Wilson. Many will serve as workshop resource persons.

The same conference will be hosted separately on four Hutterian Bruderhofs: Rifton NY June 10-12, Norfolk CT June 17-19, Farmington PA June 24-26, Robertsbridge England July 1-3.

Write Woodcrest Hutterian Brethren, Box C88, Rifton, NY, 12471, or phone (914) 658-3141.



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 _____