

# HOSPITALITY

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Providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison, through Christ's love.  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 \* 404/874-9652

vol. 12, no. 4

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

April 1993

## Holy Week And Easter

# Setting Our Sights On Justice

by John Cole Vodicka

*It is part of the cost of discipleship to know the painful tension that exists between faithfulness and failure. Even as we try to set our sights on the hope of Easter morning, our vision is often blocked by the darkness of Golgotha, and the pain of displacement often seems more prominent in our daily lives than the hope of Resurrection. The road to Jerusalem mocks our attempts to proclaim the Resurrection: that it is time for the blind to see, for the lame to walk, for the prisoners to be released, for the homeless poor to be recognized as citizens of the Kingdom of God. --Murphy Davis*

Bobby Ford, Jerry King and Wayne White are gone. We will see them no more at the "grits line" downtown at the Butler Street CME Church. We won't grab their hands ever again to welcome them into our home for a bowl of soup, a shower, or a change of clothes. No longer will we find them on a bench in our backyard, playing basketball in our parking lot, nor will we step around them as they sleep on our back porch.

Bobby Ford died last November from a massive heart attack as he sat in our backyard.

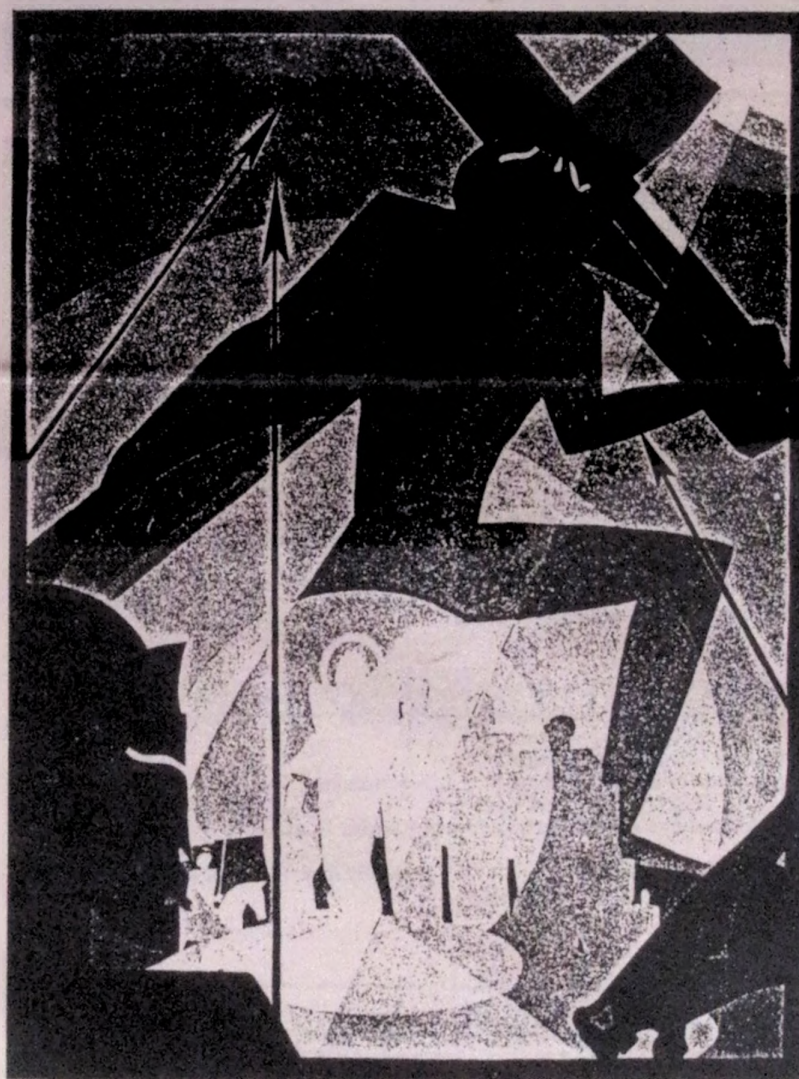
Jerry King was murdered in February as he slept just down the street on Ponce de Leon Ave.

Wayne White, who lost his legs to frostbite during a hard freeze in December 1983, froze to death during the first night of last month's horrible winter storm.

In their lives on earth Bobby, Jerry and Wayne knew firsthand the pain of displacement, the loneliness, violence, and oppression. They knew not justice, they knew not wholeness. They were never recognized as citizens of this city. Try as they might to set their sights on hope for better days, their vision was blocked by the darkness spread upon their world by powers and principalities that refused to acknowledge their pain, their addictions, their humanity.

Let us not forget Bobby, Jerry, Wayne.

This month we who live at the Open Door will once again--in a liturgical act of solidarity to join our homeless sisters and brothers--take our Holy Week worship to the streets of Atlanta (see schedule and location on page 2). From Sunday night of Palm Sunday (April 4) to the early morning of Easter (April 11) members of the Open Door Community and our extended family will live outside, walking the streets of Atlanta, sleeping in catholes, standing in soup lines, witnessing to the hell



that is homelessness, the hell that claimed the lives of our friends Bobby, Jerry and Wayne.

Throughout Holy Week we will gather each night for liturgy to welcome in folks from the Community who have been out for 24 hours and to send out others for 24 hours more. We will sing, read scripture and lift our homeless friends up in prayer. We will join Christ in union with all those our society would have us despise, or abuse, or imprison and execute. And we will have with us the memories of our fallen friends Bobby, Jerry and Wayne.

Then on Easter morning in the parking lot beside the

(continued on page 2)



# HOSPITALITY



## 910 Ponce de Leon

**HOSPITALITY** is published 11 times a year by The Open Door Community (PCUS), 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*  
*Ed Loring--Correspondence*  
*Ed Loring--Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator; Guest Ministry*  
*Dee Cole Vodicka--Hardwick Prison Trip*  
*Phillip Williams & Dick Rustay--Volunteer Co-ordinators*

### Newspaper:

**Editorial Staff**--John Cole Vodicka, Murphy Davis, Elizabeth Dede, Ed Loring, Dick Rustay, Gladys Rustay, CM Sherman, and Phillip Williams

**Layout**--John Cole Vodicka

**Circulation**--Phillip Williams and a multitude of earthly hosts and guests

**Subscriptions or change of address**--Gladys Rustay

A \$5.00 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing *Hospitality*.

If you have found *Hospitality* helpful and would like to know more about the Open Door Community, please fill out, clip and send this coupon to The Open Door Community • 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE • Atlanta, GA 30306.

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☐ I'm interested in volunteering. Please give me more information.

☐ I would like to make a six to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please send more information.

Name

Address

City  State  Zip

Phone

(continued from page 1)

Municipal Market on Butler Street (or under the nearby 75/85 viaduct if it is raining) we will gather with hundreds of the city's homeless to sing, dance, preach, pray, shout and celebrate: Jesus Christ is risen from the grave! Freedom! Oppression is overcome! Love is stronger than death! And we will all feast together, sharing a huge breakfast of ham and eggs, grits, coffee and bread.

Our Holy Week experience helps stir in us the passion to continue to struggle for justice. It is a time that calls us to be in even closer relationship with our imprisoned and homeless sisters and brothers. It is a time that increases our faith, that enables us to keep alive the memory of our friends like Bobby Ford, Jerry King and Wayne White, knowing that someday all of us--all God's children--will find the doors open wide so that we can come in and sit at God's table and be warm, safe, and loved while we all feast together.

\*

*John Cole Vodicka is a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door.*



## Holy Week And Easter

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

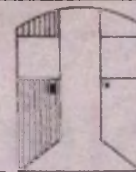
### Services of Worship:

PALM SUNDAY, April 4	Open Door Community, 5pm
MONDAY, April 5	Grady Hospital, Butler St., 5pm
TUESDAY, April 6	City Jail, Peachtree St., 5pm
WEDNESDAY, April 7	Trust Co. Bank, Park Place, 5pm
MAUNDY THURSDAY, April 8	Woodruff Park, 5pm
GOOD FRIDAY, April 9	City Hall, Trinity Ave., 5pm
HOLY SATURDAY, April 10	City Shelter, Jefferson St., 5pm
EASTER MORNING, April 11	23 Butler St., 6:30am
Worship of the Resurrected Lord, followed by a ham and eggs breakfast.	



# THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

910 PONCE DE LEON AVE., N.E. ATLANTA, GA 30306-4212 (404) 876-6977 OR 874-9652



## SPRING APPEAL



Dear Friends,

There is little new or trendy about the work of hospitality. In our twelfth year in the old house on Ponce de Leon the pots still clatter on the stove early every morning because people are still hungry. The warm shower water still flows because people are still tired and dirty from life on the streets and in need of the healing balm of flowing waters. Shoes no longer needed by one person line our hallway and offer relief to another person whose ill-fitting or worn out shoes cause pain or no longer keep out the rain and cold.

The work of hospitality is simple and requires only that each of us share what we have. God promises always to come to us hidden in the guise of the poor and the stranger. What we have to share is only what you give us.

There is so much need. The rhetoric of economic recovery cannot hope to cover the continuing misery of the poor and homeless. It is our hope as a community to continue as your representatives in this good place to respond to the needs of our sisters and brothers who suffer homelessness, hunger, oppression and imprisonment.

The need is very great. Will you help us?

In gratitude and solidarity,

The Open Door Community

Hannah Davis

D. Amb Hunt

Barbara Schenk

John C-V

Ira Tenell

Kay Gale

Phillip Wms.

Gladys Rustay

Rommie L Brown

M. L. Landon

Murphy Davis

Shirley Cole

Amy Wineburger

Leo E. McFarlane

Dick Rustay

Gino Williams

Carol Barker

Tommy Davis

CM J. H. H. H.

W. K. H. H. H.

Ronnie Harley

John H.

Marcel

see Cole Todicka  
SAM



## Frances Pauley

# Stories Of Struggle And Triumph

*At 87, Frances Freeborn Pauley remains an active part of the Open Door extended family. Her life has been dedicated to the struggle for human rights and dignity and she continues to find ways to carry on in the struggle. Her stories are a constant source of encouragement, enlightenment, and good fun. We continue here with the second installment of her Stories of Struggle and Triumph.*

--Murphy Davis

## Part II

When Jesus taught us to love our neighbor I think one of the things he meant by that was that we need to believe in people. It's been interesting to me in my life to find out what believing in people can mean.

One time in World War II, I was a gray lady at the Army hospital. There was a guy in the hospital that everybody called Frenchie, a Cajun from South Louisiana who had always made his living hunting and fishing. Now in the war he had lost both legs. What a terrible thing, especially for a young man who spent all his time out in the woods. So I spent as much time as I could with Frenchie. One day he said, "I want to learn to read in English." And I said, "Sure, sure, I can teach you to read." So I



Frances Pauley and Open Door member Leo McGuire.

went down to the Red Cross and got some simple reading books.

When I went back to the ward, I had to wonder how I was going to do this since I was only there one day a week. There were a couple of old sergeants who were as grumpy as any storybook sergeant, and I went to them and said, "We've got to teach Frenchie to read." And they said, "Yeah, yeah, Frenchie can learn to read!" So every week, I'd make the assignments and the sergeants would make sure Frenchie did his homework. Well, you just can't imagine what it did for the ward. Everybody got interested in helping Frenchie learn to read, and of course Frenchie did learn to read. And Frenchie learned to write, too.

Well, everything was going along just fine until one day I went to the hospital and somebody said, "The Colonel wants to see you." Now I had left home that morning in a real hurry and my uniform had a hole under the arm. I didn't have time to fix it, and there I was. So all I could think about was, "Will he notice this hole in my uniform under my arm?" So I thought to myself, "Keep your arm down, keep your arm down, and try to behave like a lady."

So I went in and he said that everybody knew about

Frenchie learning to read, and he wanted to know what method I had used to teach him to read. Well, I didn't know there were methods for teaching, and I had no idea what to say to him. I don't know how I got out of that meeting, but as far as I know, he never did find out that I had a hole in my uniform.

But I think the reason that Frenchie learned to read was because we all believed that he could read. If we hadn't, I wouldn't have bothered to find the books and persuade the sergeants to help. Frenchie really didn't seem all that bright and he could hardly speak English. But because we believed, he learned and he learned fast. And he taught many of us a whole lot.

It makes me think of another kid who was really a sight. It was during the 60's in Moultrie, I believe. The people were having marches and the kids were very much a part of things, demonstrating and singing freedom songs. So we had a meeting and I said, "Let's think about what we want to accomplish." (You know me, Ms. Practical!) So we said, "There are those signs downtown at the courthouse for white and colored water fountains, and we want those signs down."

So first thing you know, this gangly kid named Inman left the room. Next thing we know, they called and said Inman was in jail. He and a few others had quickly left the meeting and had gone down and yanked the colored water fountain out of the wall by the roots, which, of course, left the water spewing all over the courthouse. Needless to say, I loved it. So we got Inman out of jail and went on.

About five years ago at the big march up in Forsyth County, Georgia, this big, well-dressed man came up to me and said, "Frances, you're still alive!" And I said, "Yes, I pray every night, 'Please God, take me 'fore morning.'" But God says, "No, you're too mean!" And I said, "But you have to tell me who you are."

Well, it was Inman, and he had done just great. But he said, "But you know what? I couldn't have done anything if it hadn't been for you." I said, "Inman, why? I never did anything for you. I never helped you get to school or get anything to eat. I didn't do anything." He said, "Yes, but you believed in me." I said, "Inman, you were one of the brightest kids I ever saw." And he said, "But you told me so."

Well, that paid me for everything I ever did in my life just to hear Inman say that to me. He noticed that day a bracelet I was wearing with all my children's and grandchildren's names on it. About a week later I got a package in the mail with a little head like the rest of them on my bracelet with Inman's name on it. That is something I will forever treasure, treasure, treasure.

All along the way are these happy stories, but there were, of course, scary times, too. About as scared as I've ever been was one time in Baker County: we used to call it, "Bad Baker." Most of the county was made of a hunting preserve where rich people would come in and hunt. The people who made the most money in that county were the dog trainers. The Black people lived in what they still called, "the quarters," and they looked like the quarters, too. Well, some things started happening down there, and they called me to come and help, so I went.

There was a little, bitty, tiny march--about twelve people trying to register to vote with a few little signs in front of this measly looking courthouse. And that was the demonstration. But then there was a great mob of white folk over here and another mob of Black folk over there: one on one corner, and one on the other.

(continued on page 5)



(continued from page 4)

Well, I didn't know where to go. I couldn't join the white mob; and I was afraid that if I joined the Black mob, it would bring more trouble on them, and they already had a plenty without me making it worse. The white people were saying uglier things to me than I knew could be said to a person. I was standing in front of a man's store, and he said that I couldn't stand there anymore. When he said, "Move!", I moved to the front of another store. The store owner there said that I couldn't stand there. Then a man came with a gun pointed straight at me, and he said, "You leave town, or I'm going to kill you." Since



Joyce Brookshire, Elise Witt, Murphy Davis and Frances.

he had the gun, and he was pointing it at me, it was hard not to believe him.

I went to the police and I said, "You see that man with the gun? He said he'd kill me if I didn't leave town." The police officer said, "I advise you to leave." So I went to the F.B.I. agents who were there. (They were there because I had called them.) I said, "See that man? He's got a gun. You see the gun?" Yes, they saw the gun. "He told me to leave town or he'd kill me." The F.B.I. said, "Well, we advise you to leave."

Well, I didn't want to leave town, but I didn't know where else I could go. So I left. I got to the edge of town, and I was immediately sorry for leaving. I really don't think I should have. But anyway, I pulled over, and I called the Governor. I had been to see him a little while back--I had known him when he was over in Augusta and helped him when he had a problem over there--and I told him that I was working on civil rights. He said, "Well, I admire what you're trying to do, but I can't help you any. But I will promise you this: if you ever plow a furrow, I'll help you keep it, and I'll give you protection." So I got him on the phone, and I said, "You remember what you told me? Well, I need help, and I need it fast. There are going to be a lot of people killed here if you don't get some people here fast to protect us." I put it as strongly as I could, and then I headed back to Albany. But it wasn't two hours before the State Patrol arrived in Baker County. Some people had been badly beaten and hurt by then, but nobody was killed.

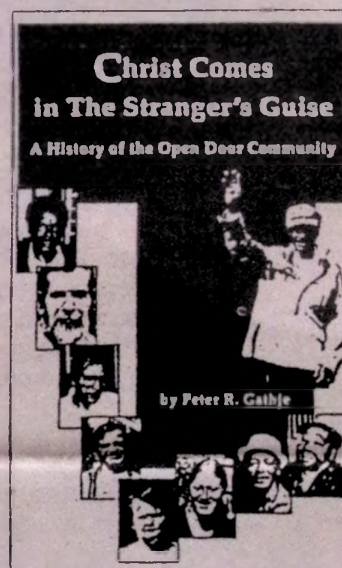
I had a real hard time going back to Baker County because I felt like I had run away. But I did go back. About a year later I was invited to the graduation of an integrated class of adults who had been in some kind of training course for factory work. The graduation was on an upper floor at the courthouse and when I got there they had blocked off the main stairs and routed us up a little narrow stairway. This made me a little nervous, to say the least, and then I looked across the room, and there was the man

who had threatened me with his gun. My feelings were not eased one little bit.

But it turned out to be a lovely ceremony. A Black man presided over the graduation of the group of Blacks and whites who had gone through the training together with Black and white teachers. The man who had pulled the gun on me was just there to see his neighbors graduate and take part in the ceremony. I think it was a real triumph for the people who stayed and worked in Baker County to have an integrated graduation in those years. And after that day I always felt some new freedom. \*

Frances Pauley's stories will continue in the May issue of *Hospitality*.

*Your donation  
will assist us in  
feeding the hungry  
and  
visiting the prisoner.*



Please send a \$10 donation to:

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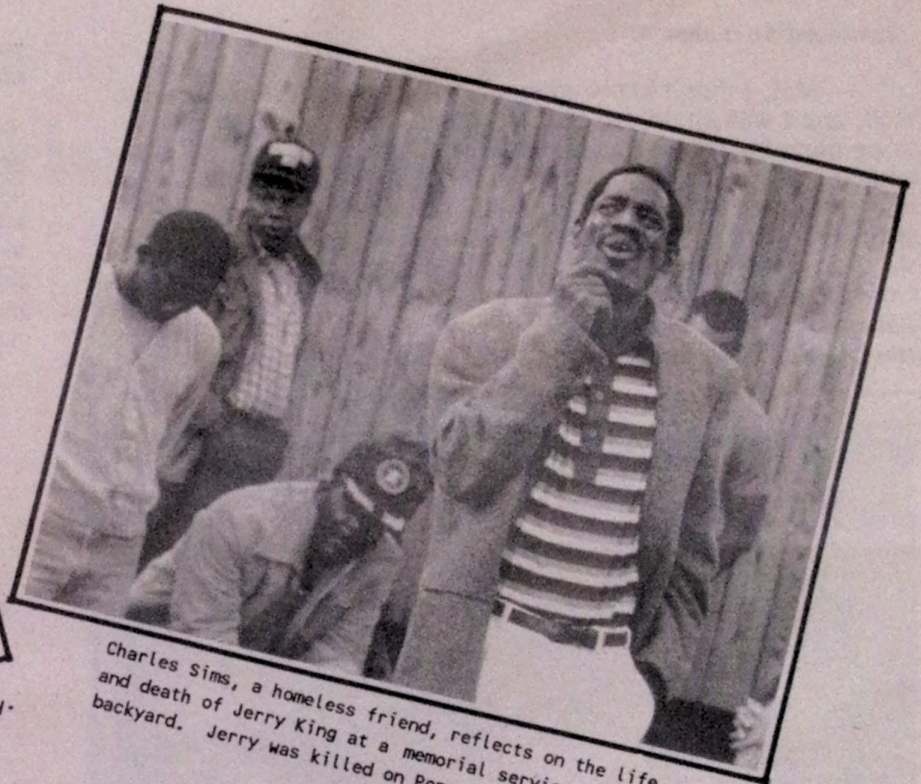




# 910



Students and staff from Presbyterian College, here with us for three days in January to share life with the Open Door Community.



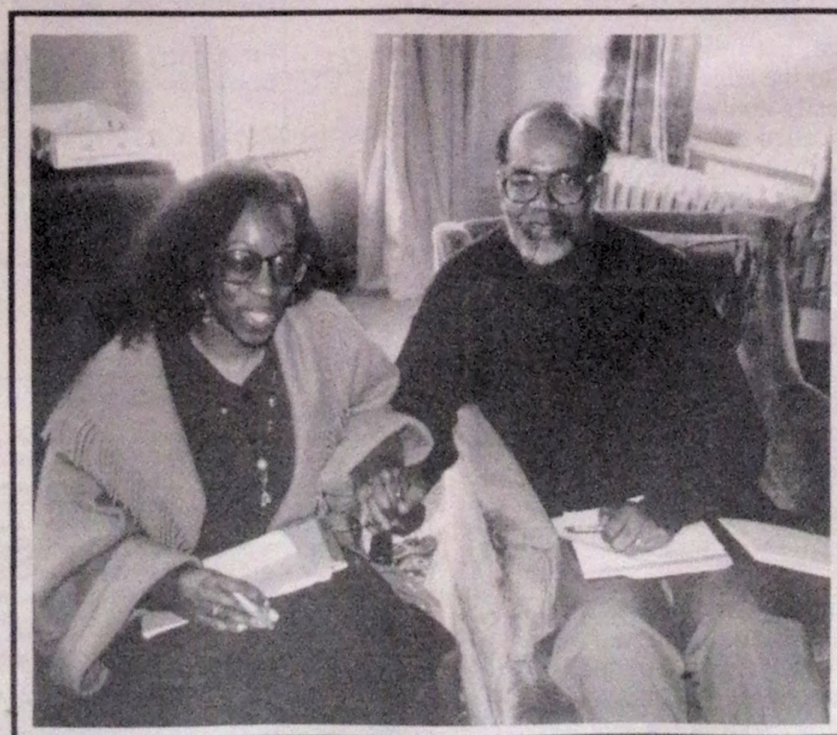
Charles Sims, a homeless friend, reflects on the life and death of Jerry King at a memorial service in our backyard. Jerry was killed on Ponce de Leon Ave.

by John Cole Vodicka

Life at 910 Ponce de Leon is a tapestry where the lives of those of us who live together are woven into the lives of many others: our homeless friends whom we serve; prisoners, especially those on death row; "extended family" members who participate in our ministry and who support us through love, prayer and countless other ways.

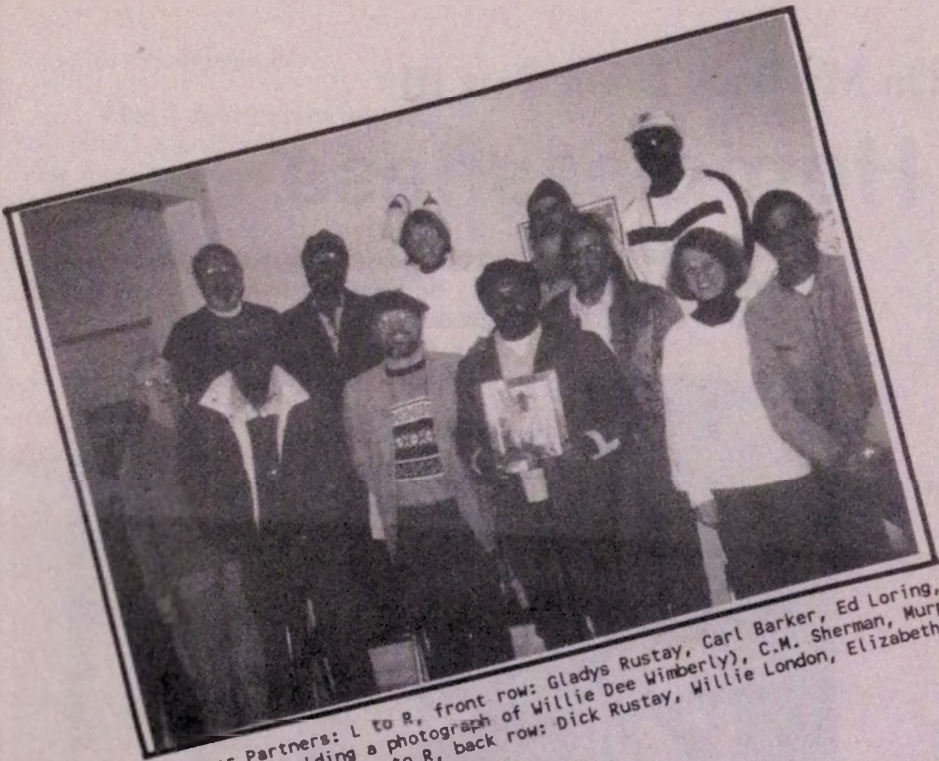
It is a rich life we live here at the Open Door. It is a life of great joy and of sudden sorrow, a life of struggle but also one that holds great promise. Each day, each week, each month brings us a taste of what we will be fed at God's welcome table.

Let us share with you in these photographs some of the most recent happenings here at 910.

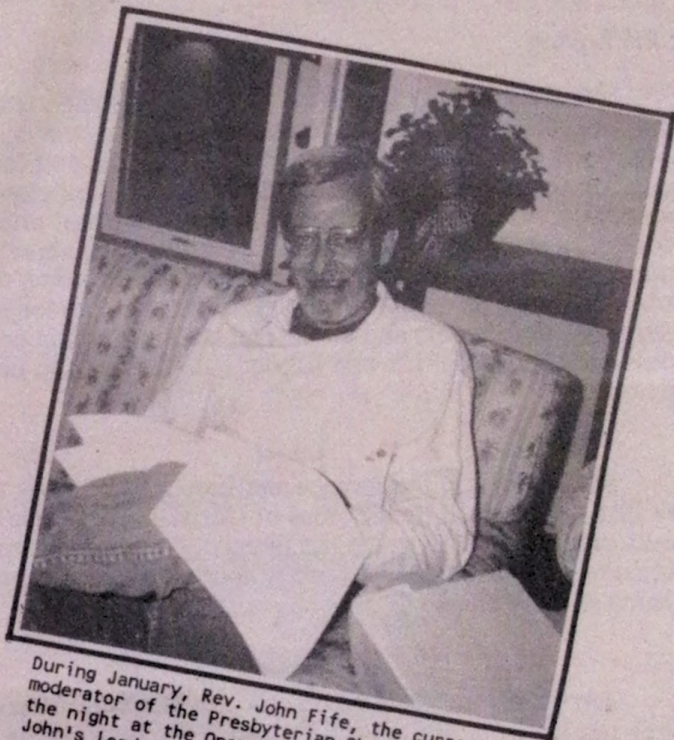


Jackie and Ron Spann were with us for a pastoral visit in February, a visit that focused on racism and the barriers it creates in community.





Open Door Partners: L to R, front row: Gladys Rustay, Carl Barker, Ed Loring, Marcus Gill (holding a photograph of Willie Dee Wimberly), C.M. Sherman, Murphy Davis, Ralph Dukes. L to R, back row: Dick Rustay, Willie London, Elizabeth Dede, Ed Potts, Phillip Williams



During January, Rev. John Fife, the current moderator of the Presbyterian Church (USA), spent the night at the Open Door. We are thankful for John's leadership in the denomination.



Blues Brothers Elwood Loring and Jake Cole Vodicka at the Open Door Mardi Gras Party!



Open Door Birthdays in February and March! L to R: Ed Loring, Murphy Davis, Rommie Brown, Dee Cole Vodicka, Kay Gale, Phillip Williams.



Blackgrass blues band played twice in our dining room recently--once for our soup kitchen patrons!



# I Hear Hope Banging On My Back Door, Part III

## The Hell Of Homelessness

by Ed Loring

We are gifted because we comfort one another, which is to be strengthened. We are gifted because the servanthood power of Jesus and the prophetic empowerment of Moses comfort us: strengthen us for the journey toward justice and the Beloved Community. We present our bodies in the streets and prison corridors so that we may be comforted, to give and share comfort, to pass out comforters to the cold and forsaken ones and to open and provide comfort stations. Little acts, no longer noteworthy, of kindness and love. Just the simple moments and endeavors that redeem life and fill our cups to the brim of love and hope.

But where? In the furnace and Lion's Den; along the alley that is shadowed by the cross of Christ. Where else? In the bowels of hell itself. If grace has pierced your sinister armor and calm comfort has cuddled you in her courageous arms, then you understand that homelessness is hell.

Jerry King is dead. He was beaten to death in early March not far from our home. He had no house to go to, but he often made his home on our back porch. He was one among many who bangs on our back door. He was a source of hope, but he could not last long enough for justice to arrive. Sometimes, for the kingdom of God to be at hand is not close enough. Sometimes it is hell. Jerry was murdered near the lot which used to house the pulpit of Peter Marshall. When the members of the old Westminster Presbyterian Church heard the African drum beat of the changing housing rhythms they fled to the sterile jungles of suburbia. I dream: Westminster Church is still there. They have not posted their property, nor built iron fences to ward off the poor from the House of God. Jerry, attacked, runs into the church and is greeted warmly by several members who give him succor. Later Jerry--another King who has joined Martin though beat like Rodney--is playing basketball at 910 Ponce. He hits a long outside shot and everyone dances with glee. I awake: Faye, his lover, lies on the floor of our public toilet, gurgling booze and weeping for her man. His head was crushed. This week I pray: Oh, God, please let me hear hope banging at my back door.

We comforted comforters know the lies and stereotypes that attempt to hide the hell of homelessness from public imagination and personal compassion. We know that the deepest social analysis that can penetrate the souls of selfish golems is **Blame the Victim**. Homelessness is not hell; it is a place of choice we are instructed. People desire to suffer the elements and to be despised by the majority of hard working Americans. Yet, these same fornicators with truth travel with police and politicians to fence out any wanderer who might cross the threshold of their neighborhood.

Or again, "The poor are lazy," say some who sip nectar from golden goblets after shooting four above par. Yet, there is no more demanding way to live and die than, stripped of dignity and rejected, in the poverty of North America. Why do we separate out and fear, then hate the homeless? What is it in the mainline American way of life that causes hunger when there is no food shortage? Homelessness when there are plenty of homes? Fear of strangers while we are so. . .?

Jerry calls to us from the county morgue. He invites us, once again, to reduce the distance between us and among us: even the distance between the quick and the dead. When we have buried our friends at Jubilee, Murphy reminds us that we are standing on hallowed ground, as God, Our Beloved Friend, is having the last word. For away from electric chairs and the Ku Klux Klan, miles from the mean streets and cat-holes, we lay a

body down. Scripture, song, cornbread sacraments, proclamation and silence have the last word. So we stand in a graveyard and hear hope banging on our back door.



Meg Crocker-Birmingham

What is the last word? A word of love and truth and hope that will overcome the hell of homelessness some day. Therefore, we must be with the homeless and the prisoner as comforters and to be comforted--strengthened much. For love, truth, and hope issue politically and spiritually in solidarity. "Here by your grave I stand for I can do no other." We understand something of the hell of homelessness. Yet even beside the cold gray caskets down in the Jubilee woods we hear hope banging on our back doors. Do you? \*

Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door Community.

### Lines

Lines. . .  
grits lines,  
soup lines,  
shower lines,  
shelter lines.

by Barbara Hamilton

Get in line to get your ticket.

Lines. . .  
Grady card lines,  
X-ray lines,  
lab lines,  
examining lines,  
surgery lines.

Take a number and wait in line.

Stand in line. . .  
keep moving,  
slow down,  
stand still.

Only cross between the lines.

Something there is that doesn't love a line.

Barbara Hamilton is a student at Columbia Seminary and a good friend of the Open Door Community who shares life and work with us.



# Family

by Terri Rachals

Ancestors, you ask-  
Ancestors, hmmm,  
My kindred souls are  
Incest Survivors,  
Adult Children of Alcoholics,  
Every screwed-up-dispirited-child-of-the-world.

You mean Family, you say-  
Kin,  
Lineage,  
No kinfolk, I say,  
No legacy.  
Birthright was denied.  
Regurgitated back into my father's lap  
from whence it spewed forth so violently...  
Heaps of rot.  
Legions of lies.  
Crammed into every orifice  
like a plunger unstopping a toilet,  
Legitimizing my insaneness.

Parents, you ask-  
I have none, I say.  
Brothers and sisters?  
Yeah, I say.

They flood the homeless shelters  
As a burst dam  
searching a place to rest.

They horde the jails and prisons  
Camouflaged with tough, meaner-than-thou suits  
To sequester their tears.

The misfits-  
The rejected of society  
that fill the looney bins  
with splayed fingers and dead eyes--  
Pushed into insanity by apathy  
and averted heads.

Yeah,  
They belong to me.  
No,  
I'm not ashamed.

We've hid, crawled, screamed, endured...  
We've been slapped, beat, raped, stepped on, trampled on  
enslaved,  
while blind eyes gawked, indifferent.

Ashamed,  
No way...  
A Solidarity.

We are FAMILY!



*Terri Rachals is a prisoner at the Georgia State Prison at Hardwick.*



# The Man Who Got Too Small For His Head

The Rich Man  
1993 Feb. 5

Once upon a time, there was a tremendously rich man who wouldn't give one cent to people who hadn't any homes. One night, he went to bed and woke up the next morning. He found out that his head had grown at least 5 times bigger than the rest of his body! From that point on, he was giving as much money as words there are today.



*Story And Artwork By Gabe Cole Vodicka*

*Gabe Cole Vodicka is in second grade.*

## JOIN THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

A North American Base Community



SPEND TWELVE MONTHS  
AS A RESIDENT VOLUNTEER



Live in a residential Christian community. Serve Jesus Christ and 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.

Contact: Ed Loring, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 \* 404/874-9652 or 876-6977.

□ We desperately need  
□ JEANS  
□ for our clothes closet.  
□ Can you help?





# Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Ed,

Just in case you think you're always just pissin' in the wind, I went right over to my old record case and pulled out Jimmy Reed right after finishing "Angola Bound." You do good work, Ed, but I dispute that Nibs is the world's shortest Presbyterian minister--unless you mean in a Biblical sense.

Happy New Year,

Strat Douthat

□□□□□□□□

Dear Folks of the Open Door Community--

Yesterday your newsletter, Hospitality, arrived in the mail. I have received your mailings for several years. When I take time to read it I always feel spiritually connected to those of you who give of yourselves in the ministry and all who receive in this ministry, as well. Thank you.

Today, as I sat at my desk, reading "When the Master Returns" by Jeff Dietrich I received an answer to some of my present-day struggles. I serve a small rural Maine pastorate and sometimes find myself despairing about my lack of success. I want to run away, go to school, run successful programs, fill the church, develop sophisticated fund-raising techniques. Jeff's sermon reminded me of my humanity and my call. "To be an instrument of God's grace is to be human and to respond to hurt in a human manner, which is to say personally and communally."

Grace and peace to you--

Rev. Constance S. Chase Wells  
Sebago Lake, Maine

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Dear Ed,

I was very glad to see you when you visited me last week. I am glad that you could find time to come.

There is a rumor going around the streets where we congregate that the City of Atlanta officials, such as the mayor and others, plan to warehouse the homeless people and put them in jail or build some kind of concentration camp. Homeless people will be put away until after the 1996 Olympics have come and gone. They are trying out the arrest part now for effect. There have been homeless people and vagabonds and poor people and beggars around forever. And these people are not going to simply disappear or vanish from the face of the earth. In these modern days, this government and this city do have the ways and means to prevent 75% of the poverty and homelessness in this country and city if they will only use it.

Just look at the situation in Somalia. It's pitiful, but it's a good thing that America is going to do something about it. Meanwhile back in the States, people in America and in the City of Atlanta still go hungry, homeless, jobless, and poor, but they say everyone has an equal chance to get their share of the American dream. It sounds good; but it's far from true.

Remember me in your prayers around the table at supper time, and may God bless you.

Until we meet again--

A Homeless Friend in Jail in Atlanta

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Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I'm Pete Freiburger, a 38-year-old man living in Fort Wayne, Indiana. I was reading the Open Door newspaper at Concordia Seminary here and it said you needed items for the poor and needy so I'm sending this. Also, I want to express my appreciation to you for the work you're doing for the poor. I read your Hospitality newspaper and it has some very good thoughts that are well worth taking to heart and living in our daily lives.

You are doing a lot to help others grow in the Lord through your ministry. Jesus actually fed the hungry, helped the poor and needy, not just philosophized about how somebody else should do it.

Now that we're into the New Year, the Christmas season is past. But the joy doesn't have to be over if we have Christ in our hearts. Our deepest yearning of the heart is to love God and others and to be loved by God and others. And if the fellowship with Jesus and others was our greatest joy at Christmas, it will last long after

the other Christmas stuff is past.

Jesus is standing at the door of our hearts, knocking so anxiously, waiting for us to open the door and let Him in. We do this by loving and believing in Him, serving others, and trying to do our best to live life the way God intended for life to be lived. When we do this our faith is strengthened and we grow in a deeper, more meaningful relationship with God. Life becomes more meaningful. We see many things from a more clear perspective as to who God is and what God wants from us. We become more motivated to do what God wants.

God bless Open Door in the New Year, and everybody involved there. May God continue in you the good work God has begun.

Your brother in Christ,

Pete Freiburger  
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

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Dear Ed and Murphy,

How I miss receiving Hospitality!! Please put me back on your roll call! I feel like I've lost a friend through my own negligence. Some day I'll become a life-time subscriber, but for now sign me up for a year.

We never know the extent of God's purpose in our lives, or how God intricately weaves people and events to bring about the kingdom. I pass this on to encourage you. Eleven years ago, with only six months left in our stay in Georgia, God brought me to the Open Door to volunteer at lunch, one day each week. Those six months on the outskirts of your community bonded me to a path I have never been able to, or can even imagine, ever leaving. Within six months of arriving in Canada, I was back in a serving line--Hope Cottage this time--and now after a decade God has slowly but surely drawn me and my family (5 kids now!) deeper and deeper into the lives of people who are on the outer edges of society.

Canada's social system is truly a kinder, gentler one than the States, allowing most people health care and a roof over their heads, the death penalty outlawed. Still, racism, injustice, abuse, alcoholism... take their toll. I guess I believe these will always be present in the hearts of men and women, the Spirit of Jesus being the only one I've ever witnessed, able to cleanse and renew. Still, the Spirit of Jesus sure needs us people to reach out and love and call and love and pick up over and over again. I guess that's what God wanted to show me from you folks at the Open Door. So from the Open Door another little ripple outward.

My husband and I bought a farm last year--Grace Farm--in a tiny little village in Nova Scotia, with the hope and desire that God will start yet another community of love and resurrection where maybe more ripples will fan out until the knowledge of the Glory of the Lord covers the earth as the waters cover the sea!

Please know that you and your friends are in our prayers and would always be welcome through our open door if God sends you northward!

Hang in there! God Bless--

Mary Schlech  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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Dear Friends at the Open Door,

As usual, we are enjoying our Open Door calendar--a good reminder. Murphy, your article on women's prisons was powerful. Several of the volunteers/staff here also read it. Thanks for keeping us in touch with the reality of America!

We're keeping busy with administrative work, budgets, reports, and mailing lists, as well as renovations to the house, and leading group training sessions.

Graham enjoys helping out and sometimes likes to sit and look at books all by himself. Glynis helps out, too, especially making volunteers feel at home.

Thank you for your prayers and letters. God loves you all.

Love,

Norm and Donna Heinrichs-Gale  
Austria

Editor's note: Norm was a volunteer at the Open Door from 1984 to 1986. He now runs a retreat center in Austria with his wife Donna and their two children Graham and Glynis.

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## WE ARE OPEN. . .

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 1:30 until 6:00pm, and from 7:00 until 8:30pm. The building is open from 9:00am until 8:30pm those days. (Both phone and door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 1:30.) Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are open from 7:00am until noon. Sunday afternoon our door is answered until 5:00pm.

## OUR MINISTRY. . .

SOUP KITCHEN--Wednesday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon

SUNDAY BREAKFAST--Sunday morning at 910, 7:15am

BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST--Monday-Friday, 7:15am

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES--Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 2-4pm (Be sure to call; schedule varies)

USE OF PHONE--Monday-Saturday, 9am-noon, 1:30pm-5pm

SHELTER REQUESTS--Wednesday-Friday, 9am-noon

BIBLE STUDY--Alternate Tuesdays, 7:30-9pm.

WEEKEND RETREATS--Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), April 23, 24, 25.

*Our Hospitality Ministries include: visitation and letter-writing to prisoners, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, medical services, and daily worship and weekly Eucharist.*

## Open Door Community Worship

*We gather for worship and Eucharist at  
5:00pm on Sunday evenings  
followed by supper together.*

*Join us!*

- April 4                      Worship at 910  
Palm Sunday: Commissioning to  
Holy Week on the streets  
Rev. Timothy McDonald, preaching
- April 11                     6:30AM  
Municipal Market Parking Lot  
Easter Sunrise Service with Ham and Eggs  
Breakfast with the Homeless  
Rev. Albert Love, preaching  
(In case of rain we will move under the I-75/85  
viaduct at Edgewood Ave.)  
No worship at 910 on Easter Sunday
- April 18                    Worship at 910  
5:00 Eucharist  
5:30 Music Night
- April 23-25                Spring Retreat at Dayspring  
No Worship at 910



Meinrad Craighead

## We're Cooking With Gas!



*Do you have a home-size gas stove to donate?  
Call 874-9652.*

## NEEDS

### JEANS

- Men's Work Shirts  
Men's Underwear  
Quick Grits  
Cheese  
Mayonnaise  
Multi-Vitamins  
MARTA Tokens  
Postage Stamps  
Men's Large Shoes (12-14)  
Coffee  
Non-Aerosol Deodorant  
Toothbrushes  
Toothpaste  
Disposable Razors  
Shampoo  
WINTER COATS  
SWEATERS  
HATS  
GLOVES  
Straight-back Wooden Chairs

*From 11am til 1:30pm, Monday through 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 1:30, it would be helpful.*