

HOSPITALITY

Volume 3, No. 7

December 1984

Nonprofit
PAID
#1264
Atlanta, Ga.
30304

Providing hospitality to the homeless & to those in prison, through Christ's love
910 Ponce de Leon Ave. N.E. Atlanta, Ga. 30306 404-874-9652

Atlanta's Current Winter Less Room in the Inn(s)!

By Rob Johnson

Christmas 1984 is coming. Advent has begun for all of Christ's disciples. Here in Atlanta this time of waiting will again be special for several thousand volunteers in church night shelters. When one begins relating to the homeless poor, Christmas isn't the same anymore. Some of us are just beginning the ministry of hospitality. A few have been at it for six years. And certainly there are modest Christians in our midst who have been bringing the least among us into their own homes for years longer! Whatever the length, advent is different. Not only the fragile Christ child, but also the fragile Christ-among-us adults will be coming to our inns this season.

Two years ago, our lead story in December's **Hospitality** asked the question, "How much room in the Inn(s)?" We were excited then--as we still are--about the growing number of shelters being opened by concerned people of faith in Atlanta. From 1979 to 1982 we had seen one small church sanctuary for 30 people expand to 12 programs for about 425. Added to the city's "minimal cost agencies" (Salvation Army, Union Mission, Help House, Recovery Center), we were encouraged by being able to help about 950 of the projected 1500-3000 homeless.

Throughout 1983 and early 1984, the movement grew. But so did the problem. Estimates of those needing shelter grew to 3,000-5,000. Nine new churches opened.

The City of Atlanta opened a 300-space emergency shelter for nights when the temperature fell below 32 degrees. For at least a few nights, we had as many as twenty eight facilities offering 1520 spaces...though 650 of those were costing \$3 to \$8 a night. As in past years, most programs closed in the spring. Only 8 church facilities offered 140 free spaces this past summer, and most of those were to their "regular" guests.

Now in the winter of 1984-85 our growth has stopped. In fact, we have actually **LOST** ground. At this writing one new facility has opened--The Born Again Christian Center on Marietta St. downtown is taking 10 men each night into their nearly year-old day shelter. However, Central Presbyterian Church has reduced from last year's 100 to 75 people. And for the moment, the Southwest Atlanta Outreach Center at Calvary United Methodist Church is not serving 11 families as it was last winter. The net loss is about 45 spaces.

The other very distressing news is that the Samaritan House day shelter operated by the Central Atlanta Churches has closed permanently and its sponsoring coalition is disbanding. Unable to generate necessary sustaining funding, the cluster of churches announced their decision in October. Though renovations are nearing completion on the City's Day Labor Center, at the moment, Atlanta also has less hospitable space for the homeless during the day.

(Cont. on page 2 - LESS ROOM)

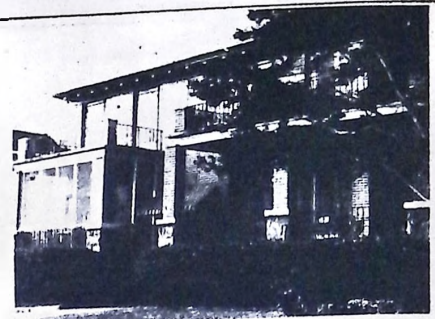


Less Room (Cont from front page)

2

Nevertheless, there continue to be signs of encouragement. A new day shelter for children of homeless parents is about to open at Immaculate Conception downtown. Like last year's program at All Saints Episcopal Church, this one will provide a place for children during the day for some of our families in crisis. Also St. Luke's Episcopal Church is working hard to pick up some of the pieces from the fallen Samaritan House day shelter. By early December, the Health Care Clinic will re-open in a new location at St. Luke's. And a new FEMA (Federal Emergency Assistance) grant has been approved that may help create a new day shelter (with showers!) at St. Luke's by February. Finally there is discussion outside the perimeter to open a church shelter north of I-285 where employment is expanding. For updating on these developments, contact Elizabeth Eve or Derick King at the Christian Council (622-2235)

Added to these developing projects are the hopeful discussions in several churches about extending their winter shelters into year-round facilities. There is no question that shelter is as much a need in the summer as in the winter. This season of advent is an appropriate time for Atlanta Christians to look ahead to all of 1985. Perhaps this will be a season when our gift to our homeless brothers and sisters will be to pledge more space for them this summer.



HOSPITALITY is a regular publication of 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 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 Resident Partners, listed below with their current administrative functions:

Murphy Davis - Southern Prison Ministry Director
Carolyn Johnson - Volunteer Co-ordinator
Rob Johnson - Treasurer, **HOSPITALITY** Editor
Ed Loring - Correspondence, Building, & Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator

Shelters and Space - Dec. '84

SHELTER FOR FREE						SHELTER FOR COST (\$3 - \$11)					
Men	Both	Women	Family	Couple	Women/ Children	Men	Women	Family	Couple	Women/ Children	
	All Saints Episc. (50)	1st Pres (12)	MUST (11)	Temple (18)	St. Marks UMC (13)	Union Mission (275)	Union Mission (90)	Help House (35)		Salvation Army (22)	
Born Again Christian (10)		Shearith Israel (16)	St. Bart Epics. (18)		Turner Monumental AME (13)	Recovery Center (150)					
Clifton Pres. (30)	Central Pres (75)					Salvation Army (87)					
Druid Hills Pres. (30)	Com. of Hospitality (3)					Powerhouse Ch. of God (23)					
Gospel Light Rescue (30)	Open Door Community (25)										
	Jonesboro Pres. (20)										
Morningside Baptist (20)	City Shelter* (300)										
Oakhurst Baptist (11)											
St. Anthony's Catholic (35)											
Trinity UMC (30)											
(196)	(173- 473)	(28)	(29)	(18)	(26)	(535)	(90)	(35)	(0)	(22)	
Total free - (460- 760)						Total For Cost - (682)					
						TOTAL (1142-1442)					

* Open in winter only when temperature is below 40 degrees



"Woe To You Who Are Rich"

by Ann Connor

3

Not long ago I spent a week at a plush hotel in the Buckhead area of Atlanta, in conjunction with my job. The hotel was opulent. On its walls hangs the largest collection of turn-of-the-century oil paintings in this part of the world; the elevators are decorated with brass sliding doors and Waterford crystal chandeliers; and one elegant bedroom suite, which was used by the group we were hosting, cost \$350.00 per night. Just being there made me feel uneasy.

I am not sure of all the reasons that caused me to be uneasy, but I do know that some of my uneasiness comes from my increasing involvement with poor people on the streets here in Atlanta. My uneasiness also increased as I reflected on the passage in the sixth chapter of Luke, which contains the phrase "woe to you who are rich." Those words have always been troubling to me. They seem to be difficult to understand. But, as I looked around at the people who frequented this elegant hotel, it seemed to me that some clarity was given these words "woe to you who are rich." I looked at the fancy folks parading in and out with silk suits and Christian Dior dresses, and I began to think "Yeah, woe to you who are rich," and I was feeling very different and apart from those who could afford this hotel.

But then I was jerked back to the reality of who I am as a North American white woman and, even though I can't afford that hotel, I live in the wealthiest country on this whole planet. I am richer than most of the people in the whole world. So, woe to me who is rich, woe to me. I may not fit into the Gucci mold, but I am a lot closer "relatively" speaking to those at the top of our world economic scale than to those at the bottom. Woe to me.

And so I began to pray over and recite during the week "woe to me who is rich" and I said "Jesus, help me to better understand this passage." I needed some more understanding. It came to me that Jesus had written a letter to us. And it began:

Dear Sisters and Brother in Hospitality,

Woe to you who are rich, not because I love you less. Surely you know that I love you dearly.

Woe to you who are rich, not because you alone sin more than my other sisters and brothers. Surely you know from your work with my brothers and sisters on the street that all God's children, rich and poor, turn away from me.

Woe to you who are rich, not because I love the misery of poverty. Surely you know that I want all of you to enjoy the abundance and full measure of my Kingdom.

No, my sisters and brothers, you are not to be cautioned because I love you less or because you have been born with a greater tendency toward sin or because of the wealth in which you sit. But I say, "Woe!" I say, "Watch out!" I say, "Change your ways!" - because you are so secure in your worldly riches that you don't have to depend on me. You think and act like you can do without me. That's why I say "Woe to you." So, friends, think about it.

I remain your brother,
Jesus

This letter from Jesus really hit home for me. I know very little about being dependent on anyone. Now, believe you me, I've had short term experiences when I was very dependent on God - holding on, praying, reaching out, and I am sure each of us has had experiences like that. But that utter and absolute need, desire, necessity for God fades for me after I'm over the hump. I am once again surrounded by the worldly securities of job, health, money, family, food, entertainment. What do I need -- very little. Because ultimately I feel in control, in charge.

But there is a woman who is helping me understand the need for God. This woman is not Mother Theresa or Dorothy Day or Saint Catherine of Sienna. She is a woman named _____, and she is serving a life sentence for murder at Hardwick State Prison. And she - this woman with no money, no certainty about her future, no education in formal theological study, no security - is teaching me about God and faith, and I am truly thankful for her.

I mean, "Thank you, Jesus," for admonishing us to visit those in prison, because, if it had not been a command, I doubt that I would have gone to prison and met You through _____. Because she is without, she knows what it means to be dependent and she has turned to You in that need, and You have given to her abundantly, and she has brought Your Word to me. And it is amazing indeed!

But I am still afraid to give up myself to become poor in all for Jesus. I must confess that I am afraid to pray for You to take me and shape me, because I don't want to give up control. Even more than not wanting to give up my "stuff," I don't want to give up my control and become dependent on You. I'm afraid to pray, "Lord take me, I give You my life," because I know You answer prayers.

What if You take me away from here and all that I know? What if You want to shape my life in a way I've never imagined before? Or, what if You might take away some of my strength or health in order that I be more dependent on You? What if You want me to give up work at the Hospitality House? What if, Lord...? I can't stand not knowing what might be, I mean, I've been so "in charge" so far.... Maybe someday I will pray, "Lord, take my life....," but now I am still afraid.

_____ is teaching me what poverty and dependence can bring. I never imagined she would give so much. I thought I would be the giver and she would be the receiver. But she can't make it through a few hours without You, Jesus, and I can make it for weeks on my own. She's an incredible 35-year-old woman. She's suffering right now with gallstones, which is a terribly painful problem. She told me when I was with her, "You know, Ann, I am beginning to understand and to be thankful to the Lord for this pain 'cause I know something good will come out of it. I know this suffering will bring good. That's not to say I won't be mighty thankful when God takes this burden from me."



Let me share one more account of _____. But, first, let me preface it with a bit of background information. In my Catholic tradition, we have a time when we recite the Litany of the Saints. The whole congregation prays:

...Saint Jude, help to those who are sick-
Pray for us.
Mary, help to all women-
Pray for us.
Thomas, help to those in doubt-
Pray for us.
Jesus Christ, Lord of all, be with us....

It's beautiful, all the people praying in unison, and it's literally like incense rising to God as we lift our sins and burdens toward heaven.

Well, _____ spends a lot of time with a group of women prisoners. They pray together, support one another, love God and call one another "Spiritual Sisters." As I was leaving the prison a few months ago, a powerful example of God's presence in that prison shown forth. As we visitors left the gate and the women inmates gathered to leave, _____ and her Spiritual Sisters gathered near the fence. Holding hands and bowing heads they began to pray. And I could hear them out in the distance of the yard:

"Oh, Jesus, be with us,
Oh, Jesus, pray for us,
Dear God, keep us strong,
Blessed Lord, thank you for our
friends that visit."

And it was just like the Litany of the Saints. They were raising up, like incense, their burdens toward God and it was Spirit-filled, and I was moved to tears.

And so I pray - God, help us to know better the bounty You give to those who have nothing. May we some day give up our lives to You. *

Amen

NINE-TEN

4

A SALUTE TO "THE SLICER"

by Thea Jarvis

There is a slicing machine that sits quietly on the counter in the Open Door kitchen. Oversized and shiny, its sharp blade is handy for cutting blocks of cheese that volunteers use daily for sandwiches, breakfast grits and scalloped potatoes.

Sarah Floyd showed me how to use The Slicer on Tuesday morning when things were hopping at the soup kitchen. Since then I have become reasonably adept at shaving my share of cheese as well as teaching others the fine art of slicing.

It must be said, however, that although The Slicer does a commendable job in its own right, it harbors a major character flaw that no one but a summer visitor from Koinonia--Cadmon the Barefoot--has yet overcome: The Slicer refuses to succumb to the cleansing strokes of the kitchen rag. It is impervious to soap, water and the goodwill of the kitchen staff.

On a typical soup kitchen morning, once sandwiches are made and breakfast cheese has been stored, The Slicer sits back on its haunches daring anyone to take it on. It has, once again, come through in the clinch. Hundreds of sandwiches filled with thick slices of government-grown cheese sit in trays for lunch guests. In The Slicer's cracks and crevices lie the spoils of its daily war on the dairy delight--crumbled shreds of golden yellow that defy detection and destruction.

The unwitting volunteer who, by obvious default, approaches The Slicer with an eye to a bit of a wash is in for a major surprise. Not only does the mighty machine resist soap and water; it actually produces more cheese crumbles when no one is looking.

As quickly as a hot, soapy rag ferrets out the offending lumps of yellow, The Slicer spits out a few more. As soon as the crumbly leavings are dispatched to the nearest garbage bin, new chunks of big yellow take their place. The by-now-befuddled volunteer, moving handles and turning blades, pivoting The Slicer round on its funny rubber baseball shoes, is quickly overcome by frustration. The ornery hunk of metal, with a will all its own, claims its would-be cleaners body and soul, dishrag and detergent, in its never-ending-drive to be the ultimate mystery machine.

Last week, at the Tuesday soup kitchen, while my comrades in cuisine stood serving and seating our friends from the street, I found myself eyeball to eyeball with The Slicer. It looked at me and I at it and we knew our time had come: by a stroke of ill-luck I had drawn Slicer duty.

I cautiously revved up my hot water and shampoo (yes, that's what we're using for dishwashing liquid these days), grabbed a sturdy rag and went in for the kill. True to form, The Slicer put up a good fight, eluding my ablutions at every turn. A dab of water here, a spray of soapy bubbles there, and The Slicer still wouldn't quit with its neverending crumbles of yellow cheese.

When at last I could take no more, my energy spent and my spirit ebbing, I stood back to give The Slicer my haughtiest look. I had, it seemed, done a fair job of whipping the little bugger into shape. I replaced my soggy rag at the sink and was hanging up my dishtowel when, out of the corner of my eye I spied a cascade of fine yellow cheese crumbs oozing from the left side of The Slicer blade.

I bolted from the kitchen into the sanctuary of the dining room and never looked back. The Slicer, as usual, had had the last laugh... *

*Thea is a regular volunteer--part of our Tuesday morning crew recognized in last month's HOSPITALITY.



Resident Volunteer Caroline Craig takes on The Slicer!

NEW DIRECTORY PUBLISHED

A cooperative effort on the part of some interested individuals and several of Atlanta's helping agencies has led to the publication of a new United Way Help Book. The Directory of Emergency Assistance to the Homeless and Hungry in Metropolitan Atlanta has approximately 300 listings of community kitchens, day and night shelters, food pantries, showers and restrooms.** There are descriptions and times of operations of agencies that provide legal help, government benefits, employment assistance, medical services, financial and in-kind aid, and alcohol and drug assistance. The final chapter is devoted to hunger organizations in the Atlanta area.

The idea for the book came from similar, less comprehensive listings done by the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, the Christain Council, and INSA (International Nursing Services Association). Telephone verification was conducted by INSA and the original typing was completed by volunteers. SEEDS of Decatur contributed the typesetting. The motivating force for the combined effort was provided by Alan Harris, a volunteer who recognized the need for a comprehensive listing and was committed to seeing the directory through to completion. He presented the idea to the Task Force on the Homeless in the Spring of 1984 and they agreed to endorse the project. The first copies were printed under the auspices of the United Way of Metropolitan Atlanta in September 1984. They will be responsible for printing and distributing the directory. Those service providers who would like to receive a complimentary copy should contact:

Tina Ward
Information and Referral Department
United Way of Metro Atlanta
P.O. Box 2692
Atlanta, Ga. 30371
Telephone: 404-522-7370

by Patricia Harrell
International Nursing Services Association
404-634-5748

**Editor's Note: Many of the "300" listings are duplicates--a few agencies and churches which are crossed-referenced. We feel it important to note, also, that most services mentioned are still available to a minority of those needing them. Hopefully this new directory will encourage Atlantans to do more...not give us the illusion that we really have places where the majority of the homeless can go.

Confessions of a Racist

by Jim Carter

Some years ago when I was a member of the Unitarian Church, Julian Bond was our speaker at a Sunday morning service. Lester Maddox was the titular head of the state of Georgia, and Mr. Bond was a freshman member of the legislature. The auditorium was covered up with people and those of us that had arrived late were standing in the lobby listening over the public address system. During the question and answer period that followed his talk, a woman asked Mr. Bond, "Don't you find it almost impossible to work effectively in a senate that has Maddox as governor?" The tone of the question seemed condescending to me, with a, "This will shake him up," flavor about it (an unfair impression since I didn't know the person or even see her as she spoke). Julian Bond's answer was emphatic: "No, not really. I know where I stand with Lester, which is more than I can say about most of you liberals."

I was horrified at the question while smugly pleased at the answer—an answer that has stayed with me over the intervening years. After all, I was not in the camp of the rednecks, but neither was I in the hero-worshipping group that thrilled at the prospect of knowing a real black person. I placed myself in that select society of folks with whom Mr. bond would "know where he stood." Like the Pharisee of old, I thanked God that I was not like other people. I thanked God that I was not a racist.

God, however, seemed to have a viewpoint that was different than mine and began to give me some clues. I remember going to a church supper and sitting at the same table with an inter-racial couple. He was black and she was white. I was not aware of how intently I was staring at them until he gently said to me, "You've never seen a marriage quite like ours, have you?" We were able to have a good talk on the difficulties of a black-white relationship after that, and I put his question in the back of my mind. Far, far in the back.

I remember once driving back from a long road trip. I had just passed Atlanta Stadium when a man driving a Rolls Royce cut in front of me. It wasn't all that close, but I cursed him good (I cursed a lot of drivers in those days). This guy, though, got the full treatment though he was a mile in front of me. The thought crossed my mind that the driver was well dressed and black and driving the finest machine on the road, and I was in work clothes and stuck in a ramshackle six-year-old van. I didn't think about myself as white, however. That would have completed the equation and I might have understood. In spite of God's nudging I was not ready for that insight, so I filed the incident away as unimportant.



Mostly, as I look back to the years when I self-righteously championed the black cause, I think about a friend I have known for over twenty-five years. I was a Unitarian with all the intellect and sophistication that implies (again, my viewpoint and not God's) and she was a conservative Episcopalian. Every time we talked on the subject of race, which was every time we got together, she would use her idiomatic southern language and become furious with me as I smiled at her from my lofty height. I tried to tell her such things as "blacks are people just like we are," that "blacks are also God's children," and probably I said something really soul-searching like, "God will ultimately judge us by the way we treat our black brothers and sisters." Those of us in the know had just begun to learn that "black" was preferable to "negro." My friend looked at me in exasperation. Then she calmly pointed out to me that she lived in an integrated neighborhood, while mine was lily white. She let me know that she drank coffee with her black friend next door almost every morning and that I hardly even knew anyone black. She told me, in effect, that about all I did was talk. I'm not sure how I answered her. I do know that I put it down to her lack of understanding and perception. Once again, the Pharisee

These memories, from the days when being a liberal was more respectable than it is today, have come flooding back into my consciousness in the past few weeks. They have come back as a direct result of an intensive workshop called, "Think Black," that I participated in not long ago. This day-long session, ably led by the Reverend C.T. Vivian, was one of the most edifying experiences I have ever had and conversely, it was also one of the most shattering. For many days afterwards, I felt vulnerable and naked; in the midst of folks that I love, it was as though I were alone. I reacted to people as if I believed they despised me, and I saw myself as unworthy and unlovable. I was angry and confused. In a very limited way I gained some understanding of the way many black people must feel all their lives. I had just a glimpse of how subtle racism can be and how utterly evil it is. The most devastating blow of all was to see in cold clarity that I was a part of it; to know myself as white and middle class and racist and no different than brother Lester except in matter of degree.

It was not, however, just the negative memories that came back to me. Though I am a racist in the small insensitive ways, (even while trying to love unequivocally) my relationships with blacks have not been entirely meaningless. I draw on two recollections, one many years ago and one recently, in which two different blacks accepted me as brother, even if just for a moment. I would like to share these with you.

I was a salesperson of toys and I called once-a-month on a Dr. Warren who operated a pharmacy on the northwest side of Atlanta. He was a huge black man, about six foot three and maybe two hundred and seventy five pounds. I had worked his store for a couple of years and we had achieved a trusting business relationship, so I usually just said hello and worked the children's section in his place and presented him with the bill. While he filled out his check we would talk about the weather or football or some other innocuous subject. He was a man of cheerful disposition and often stopped, when he wasn't rushed, and shared a coke with me. I always looked forward to seeing him.

One day, though, as I worked his store, I noticed that he was withdrawn and seemed depressed. As he handed me his payment, I asked him, "Are you OK, Dr. Warren?" He raised his huge gray head and I will never forget the sadness of his expression or the passion of his voice as he said, "Sometimes, Carter, I get so damned tired of being a nigger." I stood there, stunned, enveloped in some kind of warmth. Our eyes held for a moment and I looked down. After a few minutes I told him goodbye and left. We never again met in the middle of the river, but because he shared his pain with me we were kin.

(Cont. on page 6 - CONFESSIONS)

This summer at the Open Door we ran into a difficult situation with one of our black friends. It rose out of the failing we at times have in how we relate with people. Because he felt discriminated against in how we gave out shoes, our friend, who I will call Henry, began carrying a large wooden club around the property and threatening folks. One day in the driveway beside our house, Rob Johnson and I were quietly trying to deal with his anger as he waved the club in the air. Suddenly I became angry, and told him I was tired of his threatening people and if he didn't stop I was going to take the stick away from him. Instantly he fell silent and stared at me for what seemed the longest time, while I watched, frightened at what I had blurted out without thinking. He handed me a club which left me at a complete loss. As he stood there calmly, I glanced at Rob, and then handed the weapon back to Henry. The three of us stood there for a few minutes talking in even tones, and then Henry walked off down the street, the club by his side. It was a time of rare intimacy in which, I think, we saw ourselves as brothers and not strangers and so the fear left us.

Confessionally, it seems clear to me now that no matter how earnestly I try to overcome the evil in me that makes me look on myself as superior to another, I fall short. Only when we allow Christ into our circle are we able to bridge the chasm and say, in effect, "We are the same, you and I." Only in the presence of Jesus are people equal.

Fifty years of a patronizing, demeaning way of relating to other races is not completely wiped away in one eight-hour session. It would be naive for me to assume that, but it does allow for a start. This was brought home to me forcefully while I was visiting the Sojourner's community in Washington. Two of the community members, myself, and three black women from the area shared a Bible study one evening. It was obvious from the start that one of the women, who I will call Mrs. Wilson, is much loved by the others. She is a very affectionate person herself, which was brought home to me in a painful way as we all walked toward our houses. The two community members each kissed her goodbye when we got to the corner where they lived. Both of them kissed her on the mouth as she raised her face to theirs, and then she and I walked in the same direction. As it happened, she lived directly across the street from where I was staying, and so we stopped to talk a moment. As we were about to part, she put her arms around me and raised her face to me as she had with the others. I kissed her on the cheek. Immediately I knew what I had done, and I knew if she had been white, I would have kissed her as a sister. I would have given a lot to have that moment back. Not by any change of expression did she indicate to me that she knew, and for that I am grateful. I have much growing to do. I hope Mrs. Wilson and I, or one of her sisters, meet again.

At the Open door all of us that are partners, novices and resident volunteers are white, as are a great majority of the folks that come and devote their time to our work. I am beginning to get a new perspective on how this must look to the black street person who comes to us in the morning for clothes, showers, and lunch. As this person starts through our routine, he is handed a pair of trousers by a white woman, or she is given a towel and soap for a shower by a white person and they are directed when to come in and where to sit in our dining room for lunch by a middle-class caucasian. No matter how loving, there is an element of the sameness they are used to: whites leading and blacks following.



Jesus seems to have a way of pointing to our sins so we can begin to recognize them. It is a paradox to say that because I have begun to acknowledge that I am a racist, I now have the chance to become less of one. I am becoming aware that only through the ones I have oppressed can I become free, and that though the road is narrow, it is straight.

Some days after I had the encounter with Reverend Vivian, I was talking to a friend and getting his views on how black people see themselves and the white world they live in, and he asked me, "Jim, when you look in the mirror each morning, do you say to yourself, 'I am a white male?'" I told him I never thought about it one way or another. He said, "Well, I do. Everyday, either forcefully or subtly, I'm reminded that I am a black man. I'm never allowed to forget it."

I would like to tell him publicly how powerful that statement was for me. I would like him to know that I see my whiteness now as I shave. And I would ask him to pray this prayer for me: That I can begin to incorporate inside my being the grace of the God who said, "there is neither Jew nor Greek, male or female...or in our times, black or white." *



EDUCATIONAL AID TO NICARAGUA

The Quixote Center has begun collecting educational materials for distribution to the school children of Nicaragua. We ask you to collect items such as: notebooks, pens and Pencils, scissors, rulers, glue, crayons and construction paper. Send them to our warehouse at:

Quixote Center Educational Aid
United Export Co.
13946 Park Center Rd.
Herndon, VA 22720

(PLEASE INCLUDE AN INVENTORY)

Quixote Center will ship these in cargo containers to Nicaragua. FUNDS are also urgently needed to pay for shipping. It costs \$5,000 to send a 20-ton container. Please send contributions to Quixote Center PO Box 5206, Hyattsville, MD 20782.

What It Means To Follow and Believe In Jesus

By John Pickens

I am writing this article to share with you the following quote from a sermon by David O. Woodyard, an author of several books on contemporary Christian faith and an assistant professor of religion at Deison University. As I understand it, Professor Woodyard's sermons and books focus on Jesus as the pattern for our own personhood in this current age that is making particular and unique demands upon our humanity. The following quote appeared several months ago on the front of our weekly church bulletin and it seemed to me to be such a profound and powerful statement about why we call Jesus our Lord and Savior that I really have not been able to get it out of my mind ever since. This statement probably made such a profound impact upon me because for several years now, as a lay person without any formal theological training and little in-depth Bible study, I have been trying to discover the real meaning of the humanity and incarnation of Jesus, and appropriate for myself what it really means to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. As I have re-read and reflected upon this statement over the last several months, I have come to the awareness that Mr. Woodyard's description of Jesus and his call on our lives captures the true essence of the meaning of Jesus' life and ministry and clarifies in a profound way why I call myself a disciple of Christ.

With these words of introduction let me share Mr. Woodyard's statement about Jesus and what it means to believe in him:

I don't consider myself a Christian because I embrace certain creeds; they often confuse and confound until faith itself is dried up. I don't consider myself a Christian because I worship on Sundays; churches often seem more like tombs than temples. But I do struggle with being a Christian in joy and humility because in the event of Jesus Christ I find the depth and breadth of what it means to be a human being. And I find it nowhere else with the same clarity and contagion. What this event of words and deeds does is to provide me with an image of what my life is called to be. Jesus for me is not an article in a tattered creed, but a way to be in the world. By standing against me in all the imperfections of my being, he stands for the person I could become.

What I mean to suggest is that Jesus gets in the way of my being a lesser self, of falling short of the very humanness I could achieve. Jesus stands against my impulse to hate another who has offended me and challenges me to accept in another the defects I tolerate in myself. He challenges me to confirm their goodness and sustain their dignity. He stands against my desire to possess everything for myself and challenges me to share my abundance with others. He stands against my unruly love of self and challenges me to love my neighbor with the same ardor. I have given my allegiance to him because he is forever calling forth a depth and breadth of humanness in a way no one else can. And from time to time in his claim upon my life I recognize more than the action of a man. I must confess to seeing the glory of God in the face of Christ.

David O. Woodyard.

If the above statement rings a note of truth for you, I invite you to take a few moments and reflect upon Jesus Christ and the ways you have encountered him and to then write out in a format similar to Mr. Woodyard's above the different ways that Jesus challenges you in your life. Make this your own personal statement so you can claim it for yourself and know in your heart that

this is what Jesus really means to you and why you have decided to follow him as your way in this world. As an example of how to start on this type of reflection, here are a few thoughts I had as I did what I am suggesting that you do:

Jesus challenges me to respect all life and to do no violence, in word or deed, to anyone. In the way he respected and loved the women whom he encountered, he calls on me to show full respect and equality to my sisters and to take no action that would make them feel less worthy or valued than the men of this world. From his humble beginnings and his life with and his ministry to the poor and common people of his day, Jesus challenges me to cast off my middle-class feelings of superiority and snobbery and to go and live and work with the poor and subject myself to the same risks and pain that is their lot in life. By his courage to stand against the powers and principalities of his day, Jesus lends to me a similar courage to be a force of resistance against the powers and principalities of my day which are leading people into blinding ambition, unhealthy competition, sinful greed and materialism, crippling and potentially world-destructive violence, and intolerance and insensitivity to people of different races. The many miracles of healing that Jesus performed calls me to minister to the broken, hurting and disabled homeless brothers and sisters in Atlanta and makes me dare to believe that by simple acts of kindness and mercy similar miracles of healing can and do take place. By calling as his disciples men and women of differing status and backgrounds and inspiring in them a desire and a commitment to live with him and with each other in community as children of God sharing one with the other what ever they had, Jesus challenges me to shed my egotistical love and desire of the self and its attendant individualism and instead to seek a life of servant-hood and mutual submissiveness in community with other brothers and sisters of the faith. Finally, by his example of seeking solitude for prayer and communion with God, Jesus teaches me the value and the necessity of finding in this hectic and busy world places of silence and solitude where in prayer I can open myself fully to God and receive the discernment of God's will for my life.

(Cont. on page 10 - FOLLOW JESUS)



Reaching Out To Our Fellow Human Beings

The Movement from Hostility to Hospitality

Editor's Note: The following article is the last of three chapters on "hospitality" from Henri Nouwen's wonderful book, *Reaching Out* that we have been permitted to reprint. The first chapter, "Creating Space for the Stranger," appeared in our April/May 84 issue. The second, "Forms of Hospitality," was in the September 84 issue. The entire book, published by Doubleday, is highly recommended. In it, Nouwen traces three "movements" of the spiritual life--the first being the movement from loneliness to solitude (a reaching out to our inner most self); the second being the movement from hostility to hospitality (a reaching out to our fellow human beings); and the third, which we are reprinting here, being the movement from illusion to prayer (a reaching out to our God). Many thanks to Henri Nouwen, currently at Harvard's Divinity School, for enabling us to share these reflections.

by Henri Nouwen

Part 3

HOSPITALITY AND THE HOST

At Home in Our Own House

The movement from hostility to hospitality cannot be thought of without a constant inner connection with the movement from loneliness to solitude. As long as we are lonely, we cannot be hospitable because as lonely people we cannot create free space. Our own need to still our inner cravings of loneliness makes us cling to others instead of creating space for them.

I vividly remember the story of a student who was invited to stay with a family while studying at a university. After a few weeks he realized how unfree he felt and slowly he became aware that he was becoming the victim of the crying loneliness of his hosts. Husband and wife had become strangers to each other and used their guest to satisfy their great need for affection. The hosts clung to the stranger who had entered their house in the hope that he could offer them the love and intimacy they were unable to give to each other. So the student became entangled in a complex net of unfulfilled needs and desires, and felt caught between the walls of loneliness. He felt the painful tension of having to choose between two lonely partners and was being pulled apart by the cruel question: Are you for him or for me? Are you on her side or on mine? He no longer felt free to go and come when he wanted; he found himself gradually unable to concentrate on his studies while at the same time powerless to offer the help his hosts were begging for. He had even lost the inner freedom to leave.

This story illustrates how difficult it is to create free space for a stranger when there is no solitude in our lives. When we think back to the places where we felt most at home, we quickly see that it was where our hosts gave us the precious freedom to come and go on our own terms and did not claim us for their own needs. Only in a free space can re-creation take place and new life be found.

The real host is the one who offers that space where we do not have to be afraid and where we can listen to our own inner voices and find our own personal way of being human. But to be such a host we have to first of all be at home in our own house.

Poverty Makes a Good Host

To the degree in which our loneliness is converted into solitude we can move from hostility to hospitality. There obviously is no question of chronology. The complex and subtle movements of the inner life cannot be neatly divided. But it remains true that loneliness often leads to hostile behavior and that solitude is the climate of hospitality. When we feel lonely we have such a need to be liked and loved that we are hypersensitive to the many signals in our environment and easily become hostile toward anyone whom we perceive as rejecting us. But once we have found the center of our life in our own heart and have accepted our aloneness, not as a fate but as a vocation, we are able to offer freedom to others. Once we have given up our desire to be fully fulfilled, we can offer emptiness to others. Once we have become poor, we can be a good host. It is indeed the paradox of hospitality that poverty makes a good host. Poverty is the inner disposition that allows us to take away our defenses and convert our enemies into friends. We can only perceive the stranger as an enemy as long as we have something to defend. But when we say, "Please enter--my house is your house, my joy is your joy, my sadness is your sadness and my life is your life," we have nothing to defend, since we have nothing to lose but all to give.

Turning the other cheek means showing our enemies that they can only be our enemies while supposing that we are anxiously clinging to our private property, whatever it is: our knowledge, our good name, our land, our money, or the many objects we have collected around us. But who will be our robber when everything he wants to steal from us becomes our gift to him? Who can lie to us, when only the truth will serve him well? Who wants to sneak into our back door, when our front door is wide open?

Poverty makes a good host. This paradoxical statement needs some more explanation. In order to be able to reach out to the other in freedom, two forms of poverty are very important, the poverty of mind and the poverty of heart.

(Cont. on page 9 - REACHING OUT)



The Poverty of Mind

Someone who is filled with ideas, concepts, opinions and convictions cannot be a good host. There is no inner space to listen, no openness to discover the gift of the other. It is not difficult to see how those "who know it all" can kill a conversation and prevent an interchange of ideas. Poverty of mind as a spiritual attitude is a growing willingness to recognize the incomprehensibility of the mystery of life. The more mature we become the more we will be able to give up our inclination to grasp, catch, and comprehend the fullness of life and the more we will be ready to let life enter into us.

The preparation for the ministry can offer a good example. To prepare ourselves for service we have to prepare ourselves for an articulate not knowing, a *docta ignorantia*, a learned ignorance. This is very difficult to accept for people whose whole attitude is toward mastering and controlling the world. We all want to be educated so that we can be in control of the situation and make things work according to our own need. But education to ministry is an education not to master God but to be mastered by God.

I remember the educational story of a thirty-year-old Methodist minister from South Africa. When this man felt called to the ministry and was accepted by the church, he was sent as an assistant pastor to work in a parish without any formal theological training. But he was so convinced of his insights and experience, and his enthusiasm and fervor were so great that he had no problem in giving long sermons and strong lectures. But then, after two years, he was called back and sent to the seminary for theological education. Reflecting on his time in the seminary, he said, "During those years I read the works of many theologians, philosophers and novelists. Whereas before everything seemed so clear-cut and self-evident to me. I now lost my certainties, developed many questions and became much less certain of myself and my truth." In a sense, his years of formation were more years of unlearning than of learning and when he returned to the ministry he had less to say but much more to listen to.

This story illustrates that well-educated ministers are not indi-

viduals who can tell you exactly who God is, where good and evil are and how to travel from this world to the next, but people whose articulate not-knowing makes them free to listen to the voice of God in the words of the people, in the events of the day and in the books containing the life experience of men and women from other places and other times. In short, learned ignorance makes one able to receive the word from others and the Other with great attention. That is the poverty of mind. It demands the continuing refusal to identify God with any concept, theory, document or event, thus preventing man or woman from becoming a fanatic sectarian or enthusiast, while allowing for an ongoing growth in gentleness and receptivity.

What is true for the ministry is also true for other forms of human service. When we look at the daily life and work of psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and counselors, we can see how much of their skill consists of a careful listening, with or without instruments, and a continuing concern for not being in the way of their patients. A voluntary poverty of mind makes professionals open to receive constantly new knowledge and insight from those who ask their help. This in no way denies the importance of very concrete and visible help, or the urgency of new structures to alleviate the hunger, thirst, lack of clothes or shelter of millions of people. The contrary is true. When we can work for the poor in a spirit of receptivity and gratitude our help can be accepted without shame. Many people in physical, mental or spiritual need are making it increasingly clear that it is better to refuse help and maintain self-respect than to accept it while being reduced to the status of a beggar or a slave.

The Poverty of Heart

A good host not only has to be poor in mind but also poor in heart. When our heart is filled with prejudices, worries, jealousies, there is little room for a stranger. In a fearful environment it is not easy to keep our hearts open to the wide range of human experiences. Real hospitality, however, is not exclusive but inclusive and creates space for a large variety of human experiences. Also here the ministry can serve as an example of the value of this form of poverty. There are many people who claim to have had a religious experience which showed them the way to God. Frequently, the experience is of such an intensity that it is no longer possible for such a person to realize that his or her way is not necessarily the way. Just as God cannot be "caught" or "comprehended" in any specific idea, concept, opinion or conviction, he cannot be defined by any specific feeling or emotion either. God cannot be identified with a good affectionate feeling toward our neighbor, or with a sweet emotion of the heart, or with ecstasies, movements of the body or handling of snakes. God is not just our good inclinations, our fervor, our generosity or our love. All these experiences of the heart may remind us of God's presence, but their absence does not prove God's absence. God is not only greater than our mind, he is also greater than our heart, and just as we have to avoid the temptation of adapting God to our small concepts we also have to avoid adapting him to our small feelings.

Not only in the ministry but in all other helping professions as well we have to remind ourselves constantly that an inflated heart is just as dangerous as an inflated mind. An inflated heart can make us very intolerant. But when we are willing to detach ourselves from making our own limited experience the criterion for our approach to others, we may be able to see that life is greater than our life, history is greater than our history, experience greater than our experience and God greater than our God. That is the poverty of heart that makes a good host. With poverty of heart we can receive the experiences of others as a gift to us. Their histories can creatively connect with ours, their lives give new meaning to ours, and their God speak to ours in mutual revelation.

(Cont. on page 10 - REACHING OUT)

Open Door Schedule

WE ARE OPEN....

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 7:30 a.m. until 6:30 p.m. and from 7:15 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. The building is open from 9:00 a.m. until 8:30 p.m. those days. Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are closed until 5:15 p.m. Then our phones and door are answered from 5:15 until 8:30 p.m.

OUR MINISTRY....

SOUP KITCHEN - Mon.-Sat. 11-12 noon; Sunday 5:15-5:30pm. BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST Mon-Fri. 8-8:30am

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHING - Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday 9 a.m. -11:00am.

USE OF PHONE - Mon.-Sat. 9:00a.m.-4p.m. SHELTER REQUESTS - Mon.-Sat. 9:00a.m. - Noon

SUNDAY WORSHIP - 7:30p.m. BIBLE STUDY - Wednesday 7:30 - 9:30p.m. Beginning again Jan. 2

Johannes Metz describes this disposition well when he writes:

We must forget ourselves in order to let the other person approach us. We must be able to open up to him to let his distinctive personality unfold—even though it often frightens and repels us. We often keep the other person down, and only see what we want to see; then we never really encounter the mysterious secret of his being, only ourselves. Failing to risk the poverty of encounter, we indulge in a new form of self-assertion and pay the price for it: loneliness. Because we did not risk the poverty of openness (Matthew 10:39), our lives are not graced with the warm fullness of human existence. We are left with only a shadow of our real self.¹

Poverty of heart creates community since it is not in self-sufficiency but in a creative interdependency that the mystery of life unfolds itself to us.

Boasting of Our Weakness

So hospitality requires poverty, the poverty of mind and the poverty of heart. This might help us to understand the importance of a "training" for hospitality. There are many programs to prepare people for service in its different forms. But seldom do we look at these programs as a training toward a voluntary poverty. Instead we want to become better equipped and more skillful. We want to acquire the "tools of the trade." But real training for service asks for a hard and often painful process of self-emptying. The main problem of service is to be the way without being "in the way." And if there are any tools, techniques and skills to be learned they are primarily to plow the field, to cut the weeds and to clip the branches, that is, to take away the obstacles for real growth and development. Training for service is not a training to become rich but to become voluntarily poor; not to fulfill ourselves but to empty our selves; not to conquer God but to surrender to his saving power. All this is very hard to accept in our contemporary world, which tells us about the importance of power and influence. But it is important that in this world there remain a few voices crying out that if there is anything to boast of, we should boast of our weakness. Our fulfillment is in offering emptiness, our usefulness in becoming useless, our power in becoming powerless. It indeed belongs to the core of the Christian message that God did not reveal himself to us as the powerful other, unapproachable in his omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence. Instead he came to us in Jesus Christ who "did not cling to his equality with God, but emptied himself . . . and became as men are; and being as all men are, he was humbler yet, even to accepting death, death on a cross" (Philippians, 2:6-8). It is God himself who reveals to us the movement of our spiritual life. It is not the movement from weakness to power, but the movement in which we become less and less fearful and defensive and more and more open to the other and his world, even when it leads to suffering and death.

While the movement from loneliness to solitude makes us reach out to our innermost self, the movement from hostility to hospitality makes us reach out to others. The term hospitality was used only to come to a better insight into the nature of a mature Christian relationship to our fellow human beings. Words such as creating space, receptivity and confrontation, poverty of mind and heart were used to show that the spirituality of the Christian not only is rooted in the reality of everyday life, but also transcends it by relying on the gift of God. To help, to serve, to care, to guide, to heal, these words were all used to express a reaching out toward our neighbor whereby we perceive life as a gift not to possess but to share.

This finally leads to the most important and difficult aspect of spiritual life, our relationship to him who gives. God has been mentioned already, in fact more and more as we moved from loneliness to solitude and from hostility to hospitality. The emphasis until now, however, was on the question: how to reach out to our innermost self and to our fellow human beings? But can we reach out to God, the source and giver of our own and our neighbor's life? If the answer is no, then solitude and hospitality remain vague ideals good to speak about but unreal in daily life. The movement from illusion to prayer, therefore, is the most crucial movement of the spiritual life undergirding all that has been said thus far.

*

Copyright (c) 1975, Henri J.M. Nouwen
Used by permission

Before concluding, I feel compelled to mention another dimension of what I believe it really means to follow and believe in Jesus. From my experience, this probably is the most difficult aspect of discipleship and confessionally one that I have not yet incorporated fully in my own life. This dimension stems from this simple and undeniable fact: The Jesus who walked and wandered through Galilee poor and homeless himself was not a Jesus who, figuratively speaking, lived in the "Buckheads" and "Dunwoodys" of our society (these two areas in Atlanta are where the affluent upper middle-classes live). Jesus did not try to accumulate wealth and possessions and go off and isolate and protect himself and his possessions from the common people who like Jesus wandered the land with little or no possessions. Instead, Jesus went to live with and minister to the poor and common folk and called people from their lives of comfort to a life of servanthood for and among their fellow brothers and sisters so all could share in God's abundance. And this sharing was to and did take place not in "Buckhead" or "Dunwoody", but on the plain where each has only what one needs and no one goes wanting. I believe that until each of us is called out of the "Buckheads" and "Dunwoodys" of our lives, we are not fully being true to the call and demand of Jesus on our lives and must acknowledge that we are still a part of the injustice and oppression that makes it so some do go wanting. Thus, to follow Jesus as Jesus intended is to leave our safety and security and go to those places where people are wanting and suffering, there to share in their pain experientially, and there, miraculously, to find the sacred joy and delight that is the true Kingdom of God.

With that said, I urge each of you to reflect upon Jesus' call on your life and to literally come out of your "Buckheads" or "Dunwoodys" whatever and wherever that may be and come to a place where you can meet Jesus in the face of the poor. Such a move will likely not be a quantum leap taking you the full way, and it is probably best that it is so, but do take a step in that direction if you have not already done so and then take another step, and another, and another. Before too long, your journey will be over, even though it has consumed your brief stay in this world. As you contemplate such an action, remember what our gracious God and Jesus said to us over and over again "Be not afraid - I go before you always." Jesus indeed did go before us and by his life calls us to follow his example as a pattern for our own lives.

*



Rita Corbin

PEACE PRISONERS FAST

In response to the cry of the poor, the hungry and the oppressed of the earth, we choose to set aside each first day of the month as a day of fasting, and we invite those beyond prison walls to join with us in this act of awakening conscience. We believe that in the cry of the oppressed God speaks to us, calling us to take personal and resolute action in resistance to the arms race, the cause of so much violence, starvation and contempt of life, and of that which threatens the ultimate violence. Our hope is that those who read this appeal will join us in prayerful fasting and be moved to take the next steps of faith: 1) to build communities of prayer, study and searching out the will of God, 2) to personally and collectively respond to the needs of the oppressed and poor neighbor, and 3) to undertake acts of resistance to the "lawfulness" of nuclear destruction and to the systems of injustice which make possible their creation. As we share in this monthly day of fasting and prayer, reflecting on the vision of a peaceful, non-violent world and repenting of our unfaithfulness in failing to embody that vision, "hungering" in the desert for peace and challenging one another to the work that lies before each of us, may our commitment to act for justice and peace be renewed and strengthened.

Please tell us of your own response to this call. Write to
Jim Perkins, Danbury Prison Camp, Pembroke Station, Danbury CT 06810

Dean Hammer
Vern Rossman
Todd Kaplan
Jim Perkins
Kathleen Rumpf
Elizabeth McAlister
Christin Schmidt

Per Hengren
Barb Katt
John LaForge
Paul Magno, Jr.
Jean Holladay
Bill Boston

Frank Panopoulos
John Pendleton
Leo Schiff
Rev. Phil Berrigan
Ellen Grady
Peter DeMott
Janice Kuenning

Most of the signers of this statement are in prison in various institutions throughout the United States. They have been labeled criminals for acts of conscience in opposing the nuclear arms race. The majority of these are members of the Griffiss, Sperry Software Pair, Trident II and Pershing Plowshares recently sentenced to two or three years in Federal Prisons for acts of disarmament.

Alert !!!

State Digest

Alpha Otis Stephens' execution now set for Dec. 12

From Staff and Wire Dispatches

A judge has set a Dec. 12 execution date for convicted murderer Alpha Otis Stephens, whose scheduled execution last year was stayed at the 11th hour by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Stephens last faced execution on Dec. 14, 1983, for the 1974 killing of a Bibb County man. The Supreme Court halted the execution the day before it was scheduled to take place, but lifted the stay Monday.

Bleckley County Superior Court Judge James B. O'Conner set the new date Thursday. A lawyer for Stephens, William Sumner of Atlanta, said efforts to stop the execution would continue.



Alpha Otis Stephens, also known as James Daniels, is a 38 year old Black man whose family resides in Macon, Georgia. He has been under sentence of death for 8 years.

Stephens was convicted of killing Roy Asbell, a white farmer in his 60's. Asbell came upon Stephens and an accomplice in the act of burglarizing Asbell's son's home in Twiggs County in August 1974. An all-white, all-male jury imposed the death penalty on January 21, 1975, after a trial in which his previous record was a primary issue of the prosecution. Stephens confessed and pleaded guilty in the incident but maintained that he did not fire the murder weapon.

The Georgia Supreme Court upheld Stephens' death sentence in November of 1978. The 5th Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals however, overturned his death sentence in 1980 citing that "one of the aggravating circumstances" considered by the jury at the time of his trial had been struck down by the Georgia Supreme Court as unconstitutional. They further stated that "it is possible that even if the jurors believed that the other aggravating circumstances were established, they would not have recommended the death penalty" if they had not considered Stephens' background.

This vacating of Stephens' death sentence was appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court which reversed the fifth circuit decision and reinstated the death sentence.

Stephens has utilized his long stay on death row to advance himself spiritually and educationally. By his own evaluation, at the time of his conviction he had the equivalent of 2 years of formal education. He has since deepened his religious convictions and become a prolific writer on religious and moral issues.

Stephens' consistent efforts to address the dismal conditions on death row culminated in Daniels-v-Zant, a federal lawsuit. The settlement in the suit improved conditions affecting occupants of Georgia's death row at Jackson prison.

Alpha Otis Stephens wants to live.

Editor's note: As we go to press, the discouraging word comes to us about Alpha Stephen's likely execution here in Georgia. We ask our readers to pray for his life. Though the Pardon and Parole Board turned down a clemency appeal when Alpha neared execution a year ago, phone calls (404-656-5651) and letters to them asking for his death sentenced to be changed to a life sentence (in Georgia, no parole could be granted) would be appropriate (Floyd Building Fifth Floor East, 2 Martin Luther King Jr. Drive SE., Atlanta, Ga 30334)

Please listen to local news or call the Georgia Committee Against the Death Penalty for updated info (522-4971). If there is an execution, there will most likely be an interfaith service the evening before, followed by a vigil on the steps of the State Capital. On the day of an execution, we are committed to being at the Capital again as well as to have people down at the execution site outside of Jackson, Georgia. **PLEASE** join us with your prayers and bodies in resisting this atrocious behavior of the State. 5224971



Turkeys

Again this year we will be serving a special meal on Christmas Day for our homeless sisters and brothers. We need your help. We are looking for folk who will donate a cooked TURKEY and/or a pan of DRESSING. Please call Carolyn Johnson, 874-9652 if you can help.

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 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. Atlanta, Georgia 30306

Name _____

Street Address _____

City, State, Zip _____