

# HOSPITALITY

Non-Profit Org.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Atlanta, Georgia  
Permit No. 1264

**FREE**

**Address Service  
Requested**

910 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212, 404-874-9652, www.opendoorcommunity.org

vol. 23, no. 5

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

May 2004

## The Spirit of Pentecost

### *Listening with the Eyes, Seeing with the Ears*

**By Nelia Kimbrough**

*(Editor's note: Nelia Kimbrough is a United Methodist Pastor and artist. She is, with her husband Calvin, a founding member of the Patchwork Central Community in Evansville, Indiana. The Kimbroughs are a regular part of Open Door Community life, and generously share with us their art, music, and friendship. She preached the following sermon at worship on Pentecost, 1999.)*

About this time of the year, five years ago, it was a humid and hot Saturday afternoon in Evansville, Indiana. I was working with a group of college students, cleaning up the neighborhood. We cleaned gutters and streets and sidewalks all afternoon long.

This is necessary to do in our neighborhood because most of the people who live in our neighborhood don't have rakes and shovels and things that you might use to clean out the gutters and the streets. When we get rain, it's easy for the streets to flood. It was an important work that we were doing.

I went home tired and hot, looking for something cool to drink and a shower. Calvin had been home all day chopping up some limbs that we had cut from an apple tree. As I walked in the yard and was headed straight for the shower, he said, "Wait, come out here first."

And I thought, "What could be more important than a shower?"

In the place where the limbs had been, sitting very puzzled and confused, was a huge box turtle. Now, turtles don't frequent our neighborhood. We had lived there 22 years and I had never seen one before in our yard and have never seen one since. But there it was, an old box turtle in our yard. I immediately forgot my need for anything cool to drink or a shower and instead sat

down to watch the turtle.

Finally, the turtle started moving and ambled off toward our compost pile and buried itself in between all the stuff we had collected. And I then went in and took my shower and got something to drink.

The next day I looked for the turtle, but I

didn't see it anywhere. And the day after that I looked for the turtle, but I didn't see it anywhere. The third day, I thought, "Well, maybe I should do some serious investigation of the compost pile to see if the turtle might still be there."

**Pentecost, continued on page 8**

## Starting with a Bus

### *Fifty Years After Brown v. Board of Education*

**By Nibs Stroupe**

*(Editor's note: Nibs Stroupe is the Pastor of Oakhurst Presbyterian Church in Decatur, GA. He is author of While We Run This Race and a leader in the movement to dismantle racism.)*

The modern civil rights movement is marked in history by two events in the 1950's. There were, of course, many, many people and events that preceded them and made them possible, but these two lit the fires of passion for justice. One was the Montgomery bus boycott, led by Rosa Parks, who refused to give up her seat on the bus. The other was the United States Supreme Court decision on May 17, 1954, overturning

segregation as the law of the land, a law that had been established in the "separate but equal" decision in *Plessy v. Ferguson* in 1896.

This year is the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of that decision – *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*. It was actually a group of five cases put together as one before the Court. The centerpiece of those cases was not the Brown case but rather a case

from South Carolina called *Briggs v. Elliott*, and it, too, started with a bus. Today I want to look at that case and at some of the people who were the driving force behind it. As always, there were many people involved, but I want to focus on one of them. He was an African Methodist Episcopal minister named Joseph A. DeLaine. He's almost forgotten, but we desperately need to recover our memory of him.

This is how one historian described his journey at the center of the *Briggs* case:

*Before it was over, they fired him from the little schoolhouse at which he had taught devotedly for ten years. And they fired his wife and two of his sisters and a niece. And they threatened him with bodily harm. And they sued him on trumped-up charges and convicted him in a kangaroo court and left him with a judgment that denied him credit from any bank. And they burned his house to the ground while the fire department stood around watching the flames consume the night. And they stoned the church at which he pastored. And fired shotguns at him out of the dark. But he was not Job, and so he fired back and called the police, who did not come and kept not coming. Then he fled, driving north at eighty-five miles an hour over country roads, until he was across the state line. Soon after, they burned his church to the ground and charged him for having shot back that night, with felonious assault with a deadly weapon, and so he became an official fugitive from justice. In time, the governor of his state announced they would not pursue this minister who had caused all the trouble, and said of him: Good riddance.*

**Fifty Years After, continued on page 9**



PENTECOST: THE WEDDING OF WIND AND FIRE  
BY NELIA KIMBROUGH



# Keeping Lena Alive

By Elizabeth Dede

On March 5, 2004, the Prison & Jail Project, Smithville Neighborhood Freedom Center, Greater Works Outreach Ministry, and friends and family of Lena Baker gathered at her grave to remember her life and legacy.

Lena Baker, an African American maid, was executed in Georgia's electric chair at the Reidsville Penitentiary on March 5, 1945. She is the only woman put to death by electrocution in Georgia. She was also wrongfully tried, convicted, and sentenced to death after she was accused of killing a white man in Cuthbert.

Lena Baker's trial lasted less than one day. She was convicted and sentenced to death by an all-white jury. It was clearly a case of self-defense: Ms. Baker was resisting the white man's sexual demands. But Ms. Baker's lawyer put up no defense on her behalf.

At the memorial service, we sang, prayed, and shared about the meaning of Lena Baker's life and death for us. Pastor Cynthia Edwards of Greater Works Outreach Ministry in Blakely, Georgia, encouraged us to keep Lena Baker alive through our memory and the way we live our lives. Pastor Edwards reminded us that Lena left a legacy for us. Reminding us of Dr. Martin Luther King's final speech to the garbage workers in Memphis, Tennessee, on the night before his murder, Pastor Edwards encouraged us all to find what we are willing to die for. This is Lena Baker's legacy to us: she was willing to die to protect her humanity and dignity.

Pastor Edwards went on to describe memory as a point of comparison for today. Through remembering Lena Baker's life and story we become aware of women today who are also harassed and molested. We know of the harsh punishment of women who dare to act for their humanity and dignity. We see again the racism that permeates our society, that controls the criminal justice system, that results in the death penalty, that allows white people to dominate African-American people.

According to Pastor Edwards, our gathering at Lena Baker's grave is also a "launching point for hope and change." If Lena Baker's legacy is to be meaningful in our lives, we must act

on her living memory. We must also be willing to die for our belief in a society that sees men and women as equals and that abolishes the poison of racism. We must live our lives as faithful witnesses to justice and equality, seeking to empower the oppressed, open the prison doors, and bring an end to the death penalty.

On March 5, 2004, we mourned for Lena Baker, but we also celebrated the power of her life as we gathered together, a band of whites and blacks, women and men, young and old, to pledge our lives to the vision that lets "justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream." ✠

*Elizabeth Dede, a Partner at the Open Door Community, works with the Prison & Jail Project in Americus, GA.*



would you like  
to receive  
*hospitality*?

If you or a friend would like to receive *Hospitality* every month, please fill out, clip, and send this form to:

**The Open Door Community**  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE  
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

\_\_\_ Please add me (or my friend) to the *Hospitality* mailing list.

\_\_\_ Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

\_\_\_ I would like to explore a six- to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please contact me. (Also see [www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org) for more information about RV opportunities.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

## HOSPITALITY

*Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to resist war and violence and nurture community in ministry with, and advocacy for, the homeless poor and prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard. For more information about the life and work of the Open Door Community, please contact any of the following:*

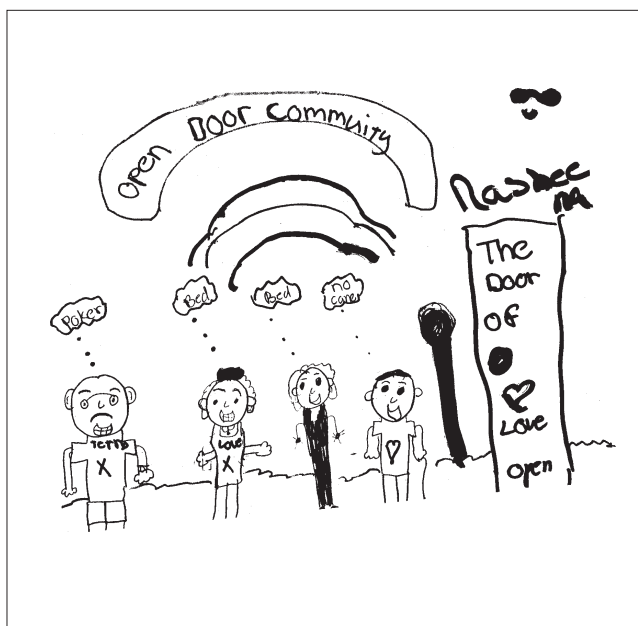
**Gladys Rustay:** Jackson Prison Trip and Food Coordinator

**Ed Loring:** Street Preacher and Word On The Street Host, Resident Volunteer Coordinator

**Murphy Davis:** Southern Prison Ministry, Worship and Music Coordinator

**Phil Leonard:** Administration and Finance, Hardwick Prison Trip, Resident Volunteer Applications

**Dick Rustay, Chuck Harris, Shari Fradenburgh, and Joe Taylor:** Dayspring Farm Coordinators



RASHEENA BANKS

### Newspaper

**Editor:** Murphy Davis

**Managing and Layout Editor:** Mary Byrne

**Associate Editors:** Ed Loring, Gladys Rustay, Diana George, Chuck Harris, Lauren Cogswell, Shari Fradenburgh, and Mark Bashor (Poetry Editor)

**Copy Editing:** Julie Martin and Charlotta Norby

**Circulation:** Chuck Harris, Ronald Williams, and a multitude of earthly hosts

**Subscriptions or change of address:** Charlotta Norby and Hans Friedrichsen

(A \$7 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing *Hospitality* for one year. A \$30 donation covers overseas delivery for one year.)

### Open Door Community

910 Ponce de Leon Ave NE

Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

[www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org)

(404) 874-9652; 874-7964 fax

# Building Community

## *Part III: Sacrament and Solidarity*

By Murphy Davis

(Editor's note: In November, 2003, Murphy Davis and Ed Loring traveled to Amsterdam, the Netherlands for the annual meeting of the European Catholic Worker Communities. Murphy gave the keynote address for the meeting. This is an adaptation of the third of three parts of the talk. Parts I and II appeared in the March and April 2004 issues of Hospitality.)

Building intentional communities of hospitality and resistance in the midst of a world of violence and oppression is a demanding task. We cannot do it alone, and communities cannot do it alone. We need a context, a community of communities, if you will. We need to know that others are about the same work and holding the same hopes for building a new world in the shell of the old. And of course this work has gone on throughout human history. We need to tell the One Story of faith, we need to remember it together, we need to get to know and to celebrate the great cloud of witnesses, and we need to encourage one another.

That is, of course a major part of what you are doing—you European Catholic Workers—by gathering every year to share your lives, your stories, your struggles and triumphs, and to know and love each other. The children have been such an important part of this gathering, and I know that it is a joy each year to see how each child is growing—physically, mentally, spiritually, and of course to meet and greet the new babies.

I trust that this is also what you are doing by inviting folks like us from the States to come and share with you the journey of our lives and our communities even as you share yours with us. This is good. We will leave here more deeply a part of one another.

The center of Dorothy Day's theology was her understanding of the Mystical Body of Christ. The liberation theologians call it a theology of solidarity, but it's the same thing. She taught and wrote all through her journey that we are a part of one another through our discipleship and our participation in the sacrament of the table. In the Mystical Body, the "dividing wall of hostility" has already been broken down because of the courage of Jesus of Nazareth in confronting the power of death and oppression with life and hope. We receive the gift of unity and community because of this life of "hope in scorn of the consequences" (Clarence Jordan).

We live in a world where the poor are being crushed; a world in which, as the Peruvian poet Cesar Vallejo says, "suffering and death increase 60 minutes to every second." It is hard to stay close to the suffering and death, but the promise is always there that we will not be given more than we can bear.

Of course, the gift of one another in community is one of the ways that we are helped to bear it and to keep our hand on the plow and our eyes on the prize. We are a part of one another. We live in solidarity with each other just as we live in solidarity with the poor.

But how easily we forget. The rhythm of

daily life has a way of whittling our attention down to the little picture. We can spend too much of our time wrapped up in our own realities and we so soon begin to feel alone and cut off.

This is surely one of the origins of liturgy. The ancient sages knew that our tendency is always toward self-absorption and forgetfulness. So all through the Hebrew scriptures, we hear again and again, "Remember...that you were slaves in Egypt...remember the stranger among you...remember the poor...remember that anything you have is a gift of God, not something that you earned...remember that you were homeless wanderers...remember that God brought you out of bondage with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm...Remember!" Jewish liturgical life is full of symbols and dramatic action: the shelters and myrtle branches of Sukkoth, the many foods, candles, and questions at the Passover Seder table. So Jesus was practicing his tradition when he broke the Passover matzah (the matzah of freedom) and said, "eat this and remember..."

For us, as for Dorothy, doesn't it begin and end at the table? We are about feeding and being fed—neither one without the other. Sharing food with the poor and hungry is sacramental. The Eucharist reminds us that every meal shared together in love is holy. The bread and cup are given to nourish us in our hunger and thirst on the journey and to remind us that we are not alone. We celebrate our unity with Jesus the Jew and with each other.

A few years ago we had a guest in the community named Herbert Rich. After he had been with us a week or so, he piped up during one of our intercessory prayer times, and he said, "One thing has become clear to me. At the Open Door Community, life is *in session*!" Life in community is intense and there are times we think it's going to do us in. But we have what we need for the task ahead.

We are called into a life of always dying and being re-born, of dis-illusionment and engagement. This is life to the full, abundant life: taking it on without fleeing the hard stuff or glossing it over. Sometimes the dying and being re-born is dramatic, and sometimes it's not. Along with the memorable times, there are little deaths and small resurrections, the tiny almost-missed miracles.

I have experienced the miracle of solidarity so many times in relationship to my most recent struggle with cancer. For example, when we arrived for this meeting, I heard from so many of you that I have not known before that you were praying for me through the time of my surgery and treatment. Now, I did not know at the time

that you were praying for me; but I do know for sure that your prayers and solidarity are a large part of what carried me through to the other side. Because  
**Community, continued on page 10**

### poetry corner



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

Mark M. Bashor, Poetry Corner  
The Open Door Community  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave NE  
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

## The Buddhist in Me

By Donald E. Byrne, Jr.

I walk once  
a day like a  
Buddhist monk—  
Not a hike—a

slow step, step  
to feel my feet:  
heel, instep,  
toes. I repeat

it slowly,  
trying to feel  
walking only.  
If I can steal

this present  
from fast forward  
and descent,  
the nervous bird

of my heart  
might calm, the rant  
of that part  
of mind that can't

be stilled, still.  
It's hard to do  
one thing well—  
to step into

the next step  
without thinking  
the next step,  
without thinking

how you do,  
whether you do,  
or once you  
are not all you. ♣

Donald E. Byrne, Jr. is professor of American Studies  
and Religion at Lebanon Valley College, Annville, PA.



# The Land of Prophets and Poets

By Lauren Cogswell

(Editor's note: Lauren Cogswell, a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door Community, preached this sermon at worship on March 14, 2004.)

*There is a place between the yet and the not yet.  
Between truth and imagination  
Between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing  
of the beloved community.  
It is a land known by poets, and walked by prophets.  
It is peopled by fugitives and the exiled, a land  
filled with wanderers.  
The welcome table is visible in every window.  
There are no prisons in this land,  
for freedom is everyone's middle name.  
No war planes fly there. Only kites.  
When the wind blows, I remember that I  
have been there once or twice myself.*

On Tuesday morning, I opened our front door here at 910 and I found myself there. It was that time when the earth is lit but the sun has yet to rise in the sky. Time between dawn and morning, what I think the sky must look like in that time between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing of the beloved community. Amy stood on the steps preparing to take tickets for breakfast and out of her mouth spilled the words of God from the poet/prophet Isaiah, "Come! Everyone who is thirsty—Here is coffee! Come you who have no money! Buy breakfast and eat. Come buy eggs and sausage, it will cost you nothing! Why spend money on what does not satisfy? Why spend your wages and still be hungry? Listen to me and do what I say and you will enjoy the best food of all. Listen now my people and come to me; come to me and you will have life!" (Isaiah 55:1-3)

Her words spiraled around the yard all week and echoed in our ears on Wednesday morning as our yard again filled with hungry and thirsty people. I was in the yard making the final call for the morning's sorting room, an offering of shirts, hats, socks and other daily needs. Two friends stood on the sidewalk, thirsty for work, hungry for a living wage, for wages on which they could sustain a life. But David needed socks.

"Could you bring me a pair of socks?" David asked.

"You can come in and get a pair of socks," I replied.

"I can't come in," David answered. "I am waiting for someone to drive by to pick me up for a job and if I am not there I might miss him. Could you just bring me some socks?"

I had just brought someone a razor and was quickly bombarded with a hundred needs for socks and toothbrushes. I ran for the door. In our life there is always the saying yes and the saying no.

"No," I said, "If I bring you some socks, then everyone in the yard will ask me for socks, and chaos will break loose. But you can come in, and I can give you a pair of socks." Round again we went.

"No," he said, "The socks might cost me my day's wages."

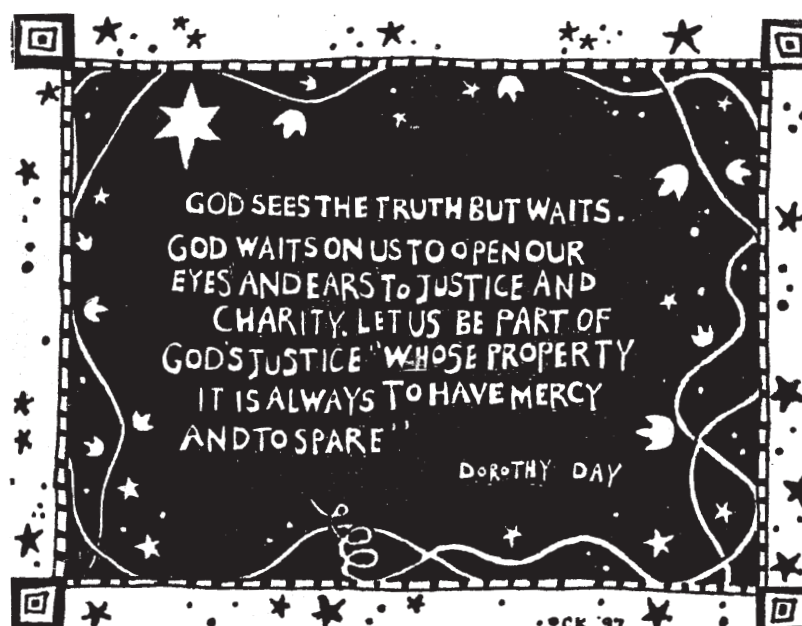
We were clearly in the land of not yet. I was the rich woman who had what he, a poor man, needed for survival and I could not or would not give it to him. We stood there in the barren land of not yet. I told him he could come in tomorrow and get socks, but that didn't help him today. Our front yard suddenly seemed barren and rocky.

"How can life grow in this desert?" I thought. Then the wind stirred. I think it was the Holy Spirit. Amy's words, the invitation of Isaiah the poet/prophet, landed at our feet: "Listen now, listen now my people and come to me; come to me, and you will have life!"

"Can I get socks at lunch?" David's friend asked.

"No," I said, "We don't serve socks with the soup."

"No, no, no, now, aw...don't, don't go there!"



CK OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES CATHOLIC WORKER

he laughed. Through his laughter, the spirit moved me onward.

"We don't serve any sock soup here. We tried it once you know but it wasn't very popular on the menu. The soup was all stringy and pretty hard to swallow."

"No, no no..." he laughed.

"I am sorry you'll have to go somewhere else if you'd like socks in your soup; we have a reputation to uphold here."

We laughed together as we suddenly found ourselves living in the land of prophets and poets, in the land between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing of the beloved community. We all knew the reality; there were enough socks for everyone to have socks. I had all the socks I needed. He didn't. But David's friend recognized me from the land of prophets and poets. Though we all felt the pain of our brokenness, we remembered and imagined sitting at that welcome table as we had done before and where we will gather again someday. The sidewalk had become the place between the yet and the not yet. In our laughter there was space for prophets and poets to live and these three wanderers had found home. We shared goodbyes and blessings for the day and wandered our way back through the wilderness of Ponce de Leon.

*There is a place between the yet and the not yet.  
Between truth and imagination  
Between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing  
of the beloved community.*

*It is a land known by poets, and walked by prophets.  
It is peopled by fugitives and the exiled, a land  
filled with wanderers.*

Last November I found myself there. Just before joining the Open Door Community, I took a pilgrimage to Guatemala. I was in Guatemala on a journey between my old life and my new life and found myself for just a few minutes in the place our poet/prophet invites us to, between the yet and the not yet. I had spent the afternoon walking through the brightly colored market stalls of San Lucas Toliman along the shores of Lago Atitlan. Weary from the hot sun, I boarded a ferry that would carry me home.

Women and children surrounded the boat selling popsicles, scarves and bracelets for 50 cents or just a few dollars, but these tourists with hundreds of dollars in their pockets bought nothing and neither did I. The role of being a rich American consumer had worn me thin in this street of children and women beckoning, at times almost begging for us to buy anything, a bracelet, a scarf, a blanket, anything. Over and over again I was the rich American and she was the poor Guatemalan, two objects playing our role in the economic machine that was robbing life from the both of us. I hated it. As I sat on the boat weary from the system, a woman came up to the top deck and asked one more time if I would buy a scarf or a bag. "No," I told her, "No gracias, no gracias." The boat left the shore. She too was weary and stopped her vending. The wind whipped across the deck as we plowed through the water. I think it was the Holy Spirit.

She spread out her blanket, sat down next to me, and we began to talk. She asked me where I was from and where I was going, if I had children, how long I would stay in Guatemala. I asked her about her work and her family, about how far she travels each day to sell her wares. I opened my bag and we shared some bananas that I had bought from a little girl. She reached into her bag and put a shawl over my head to shield me from the hot afternoon sun. As we crossed the lake, we talked and she told me about her children and about her town. She invited me to stay with her on my next visit if I didn't mind sharing a bed with her daughters, as they only had two beds in their home. I accepted the invitation. We were no longer rich American and poor Guatemalan, consumer and exploited vender. We were sisters, Lauren and Juanita, living into some small glimpse of the beloved community. The lake had become the land between the yet and the not yet. Under our shawls was space for prophets and poets, and these two wanderers had found home.

Our boat reached the shore and I helped Juanita carry her wares to the next market. As we found ourselves back in the market place surrounded by the need for survival and the flowing change of the empire's tourists, the system again took hold. Juanita asked if I would like to buy a scarf for my friend. I bought two of them. "How about a headband," she said, "or another scarf?" The market machine had taken over. My exhaustion returned. Then she reached out

*continued on next page*

*continued from page 4*

and tied a bracelet around my wrist. "For you," she said. She too remembered that we had once lived together in the land of prophets and poets. We hugged goodbye and wandered on our way through the market wilderness.

*There is a place between the yet and the not yet.  
Between truth and imagination*

*Between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing  
of the beloved community.*

*It is a land known by poets, and walked by prophets.  
It is peopled by fugitives and the exiled, a land  
filled with wanderers.*

On Tuesday I received a postcard from this strange land; it came to me through the mail of *The New York Times*. It was a postcard from Stephen Todd Booker, a poet who lives on death row in Raiford, Florida. The postage stamp from the system read: "he is a murderer"; "his crime was especially despicable." But I am learning not to trust the stamps of the system and to read only the unwritten text. I remembered Stephen from home. We have never met, but I know him from the land of prophets and poets. I remember that he sits at the same welcome table when he finds himself there. "Come and you will have life!" God says. Even on death row, life cannot be stopped or silenced. From somewhere between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing of the beloved community, Stephen found his way home. In his postcard he sent us a poem, of course. Stephen said, "I remembered thinking one time – I'd already been here (on death row) awhile – and I realized that I hadn't seen a star in 12 years. And I started to wonder about them, thinking they'd changed or something, and I wrote this poem imagining stars but from the perspective of a bat" (from "A Poet's Spirit Springs to Life on Death Row" by Bruce Weber. *The New York Times*, March 9, 2004).

*I, When a Bumblebee Bat*

*Only once in twelve long years  
Has the Self in me transformed  
To weighing less than a cent,  
And blended with the evening,  
Or heard ringing in my ears,  
Or seen a star do its thing  
Umbrellaed aloft on air.  
Swooping into a huge swarm  
Of mosquitoes and gnats, there,  
On velvety wings, I went  
Gliding and eating until  
Chilled to my buoyant marrow,  
Convinced not to eat my fill,  
To leave some for tomorrow.*

It is the last two lines in his poem that reveal where Stephen lives: "Convinced not to eat my fill, to leave some for tomorrow." In the empire, there is never enough, there is always a need to consume more, and competition: you must always eat your fill lest someone else come along and eat it all. But Stephen lives in the beloved community, where he remembers that God fed the Israelites day by day in the wilderness. He remembers that, at the welcome table, there is always enough, God always satisfies the hungry heart. For a moment death row becomes the land between the yet and the not yet. In Stephen's poetic imagination there is space for prophets and poets to have life and he has found home.

*There is a place between the yet and the not yet,  
Between truth and imagination,*

*Between the groaning of creation and the rejoicing  
of the beloved community.*

*It is a land known by poets, and walked by prophets.  
It is peopled by fugitives and the exiled, a land  
filled with wanderers.*

*The welcome table is visible in every window.*

*There are no prisons in this land, for freedom is  
everyone's middle name.*

*No war planes fly there. Only kites.*

*When the wind blows, I remember that I have been  
there once or twice myself. ✠*

## How to Welcome the Homeless at Your Church

By Clive Bonner

Do Christians want to solve the problems of poverty and homelessness or are we doing just enough to salve our consciences and feel good?

Many churches are enclosed behind tall security fences; paths through church grounds are fenced off so that nobody can use them. These fences are there for only one reason: to keep the homeless out. Yet the congregations of these very churches give generous donations of money, time, foodstuffs and clothing to organizations that help the poor.

Homeless people often have nowhere to defecate and urinate other than in bushes and behind dumpsters. They are unwelcome in the shopping malls and do not have the cash to enter public transit stations and use public bathrooms.

For a small outlay of funds, and in a very short time, churches could reduce the number of destitute people going to jail for having to perform essential bodily functions in the open air – by providing facilities within their property. ✠

*Clive Bonner is a retired English police officer who volunteers at the Open Door for about eight weeks each year.*

## Join us as a Resident Volunteer!

Live in a residential  
Christian community.

Serve Jesus Christ and the hungry,  
homeless, and imprisoned.

Join street actions and  
peaceful demonstrations.

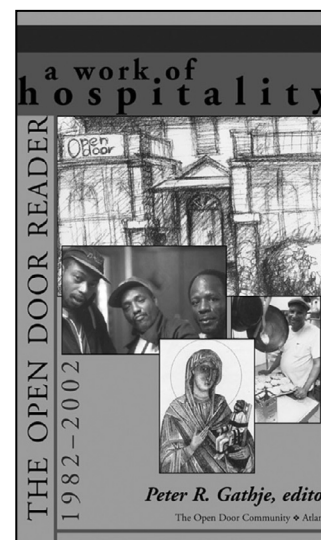
Enjoy regular retreats and meditation  
time at Dayspring Farm.

Join Bible study and theological  
reflections from the Base. You might come to  
the margins and find your center.



For information and application forms,  
visit [www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org)

## 20TH-ANNIVERSARY ANTHOLOGY NOW AVAILABLE!



## A Work of Hospitality: The Open Door Reader, 1982–2002

384 pp., INCLUDES BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX ✠ ISBN 0-9715893-0-5

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Gift amt.: \_\_\_\_\_ # of copies: \_\_\_\_\_

The following amounts are suggested as donations: \$15.00 per single copy, up to 10; \$12.00/copy for 10–29; \$7.50/copy for 30+. Make donations payable to "The Open Door Community," 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., N.E., Atlanta GA 30306-4212. If funds are not available, copies will be sent at no expense. Shipping & handling included.

*We would like to express to  
you, the Open Door Community,  
our enjoyment and use of your  
book, The Open Door Reader.*

*All June and July, at our  
mountain retreat, we used it for  
our morning meditations. We  
have favorites among the essays  
and stories, a collection which  
spoke to us spiritually and showed  
us how the Beatitudes can be lived  
with compassion.*

*Thanks to all.*

Joyce and Jim Parkhurst  
California Catholic Workers



# The Gospel of Prosperity in a Land of Famine

By Chuck Harris and Diana George

*In the first centuries  
of Christianity  
the hungry were fed  
at a personal sacrifice,  
the homeless were sheltered  
at a personal sacrifice.  
And because the poor  
were fed, clothed, and sheltered  
at a personal sacrifice,  
the pagans used to say  
about the Christians  
“See how they love each other.”  
In our own day  
the poor are no longer  
fed, clothed, and sheltered  
at a personal sacrifice  
but at the expense of the taxpayers.  
And because the poor  
are no longer  
fed, clothed, and sheltered  
at a personal sacrifice,  
the pagans say about the  
Christians  
“See how they pass the buck.”  
—Peter Maurin, *Easy Essays**

Just after Thanksgiving, we traveled to a friend's wedding and on Sunday morning were checking out some of those TV church programs. One show that caught our attention we initially assumed was a clever satire. It featured a preacher named Reverend Dollar and a worship space filled with prosperous looking people. During the show, Reverend Dollar invited testimony from the congregation, and folks were going on about how, because they had lots of money, an important job, a fancy house, and two or three nice cars, they must be right with God.

Unfortunately, Reverend Dollar is no satire but a pastor based right here in Atlanta—a proponent of the gospel of prosperity. (The folk singer Tom Lear once said satire died when Henry Kissinger got the Nobel Peace Prize, and you could really see the truth of that in Reverend Dollar's show.)

The gospel of prosperity is a theology that many of the new mega-churches embrace. It is a gospel message that supports materialism and the conquests of American empire. It also tells people who aren't doing so well that the fault is with them and their relationship with God. It ignores the role a failing economic system plays in poverty and joblessness.

The gospel of prosperity is a worldview counter to what we see living at The Open Door where guests in our shower lines struggle to work their way out of homelessness. We are thinking particularly of a homeless person we got to know shortly after moving here. He came regularly for meals, showers, and clean clothes. He always tried to keep himself looking presentable enough for work—

not an easy task for someone living on the street. Eventually, through a temp agency, he did get a job, but he continued to come here for breakfast and a change of clothes.

The business finally hired him for a “permanent” part-time position, which meant that he had a bit more money because the temp agency was no longer taking its cut. He was even able to save enough money to rent a room, and so we only saw him occasionally when he came by to check for mail. And, when we did see him, he would tell us how grateful he was for the ways The Open Door had helped him while he was on the streets.

He even found a way to give back to The Open Door. When the business he worked for had a box of promotional t-shirts left over from a recent ad campaign, he managed to have them donated to us, and for awhile our friends in the streets all looked like they were playing for the same team because just about everybody who came through here ended up wearing one of those t-shirts. Things were going pretty well for him. He had a job and a place to live. He was finally off the streets and not having to line up at 5:30 in the morning for a breakfast.

But this isn't one of those rags-to-riches American Dream stories. In January, he got sick and missed several workdays. And, though the company has kept him on in his part-time job, he still has no benefits, so he wasn't paid while he was sick. He lost his room when he lost his pay, even temporarily. So he's back in our breakfast line, back waiting to eat and get a shirt change so that he can look clean when he goes to work in the morning. Through it all, he remains optimistic and patient (the heartbreaking patience of the poor).

Of the many readings we hear during Lent, the story of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15: 11-32) is the one that keeps coming back to us when we think of this man's life. The Prodigal Son claimed his inheritance early, wasted it all, and then found himself tending hogs in a country sapped by famine. Suddenly homeless and starving, he realized even his father's servants had it better than he did and so he set out for home to ask his father's forgiveness and to be treated, not as a son, but as a servant.

We all know the end of that story. His father, seeing the lost son's return, kills the fatted calf, welcomes him home, and celebrates. Even the older brother's anger at what seems an injustice cannot dampen the father's joy, for what was lost has been found; what was dead has returned to life.

In one of his Easy Essays, Peter Maurin wrote about how the early Christians fed, clothed, and sheltered the poor at personal sacrifice. Some of us, like The Prodigal Son, have a family to fall back on when times are tough. People in gospel of prosperity churches could offer that same kind of safety net, but the gospel of prosperity doesn't preach community. It preaches personal wealth, and when you are preaching personal wealth, then it must be somebody else's business to take care of the poor.

In the 1930s, this government decided that it

was everyone's business to take care of the poor. But the public social safety net established then is now being brutally dismantled, leaving nothing to take its place. Our friend from the streets, out of work and down on his luck, kept chipping away at the few resources he had. He could get breakfast and a change of shirt here. Then he could go to a temp agency and hope for an assignment. Then he could get a part-time job. Then he could get a room to live in.

What he couldn't get was sick.

The Prodigal Son is a story about forgiveness, of course, but more than that, The Prodigal Son is a story about community, about helping one another through community, about never turning our backs on those who need us. The Prodigal Son had someone to go to when there was nothing else. He could go home and, as Robert Frost once wrote, home is “something you somehow haven't to deserve.”

Something you haven't to deserve. That is what Peter Maurin wrote about so many years ago—that Christians loved each other so that they treated each other as family, they took each other in, they didn't ask questions, they took care. At the time, Peter Maurin worried that handing that responsibility over to the government in the form of taxes was just a way for people to forget family and community, and, of course, he had a point.

But, today, we see the breakdown of so many social systems. There is no responsibility in many of our churches; none in many families; none in most communities. Worse yet, our government which is supposed to be of the people, by the people, and for the people seems to be none of those. Instead, it seems to be of Corporate Interest, by Corporate Interest, and for Corporate Interest.

We don't know if our friend is at all like The Prodigal Son. We don't know how he landed on the streets or what kind of family resources he might have. All we know is that he has done his best to get himself off the streets, to keep a job, to pay for a room. And, when even a brief illness can throw him back onto the streets, then this country, these churches, our people have all become morally bankrupt. That's where the gospel of prosperity leads: To big houses and small hearts. ✠

*Chuck Harris and Diana George are Resident Volunteers at the Open Door Community.*



This Memorial Day, the Open Door Community needs help to provide a festive holiday picnic for 500 hungry friends:

watermelons  
ground beef for hamburgers  
potato chips  
baked beans  
ketchup, mustard, mayonnaise

For information about donations, call 404-874-9652

# The Wednesday Report

## *Practicing Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*

By Ed Loring

### I

#### First Presbyterian Church

The name Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. feels like sweet honey in my mouth. He is a street preacher, a follower of Jesus the Christ, a prophet filled with compassion, an activist demanding Justice, a child of slaves seeking liberation for all: slaves and powerful folk alike. But he is not is. Martin King is dead. He is was. The bullet was bad enough. His twisted head, fallen flat on Lorraine's hard concrete porch. A mile away the dumpster-diving garbage workers were eating the "left-overs" tossed so carelessly into the metal cans. Yes, the bullet was bad enough. But to have man-stealers take the gifts of his life and domesticate this peacemaker and radical Christian has now become one of the deepest wounds in our churches and nation. Dr. King called for a "revolution of values" which means a restructuring of our social and economic institutions from bottom to top:

remaking what Dorothy Day named this "filthy, rotten system" in the "shell of the old" according to the Wobblies and Peter Maurin. What a horrible, evil sin it is to domesticate this man who stood opposed to war and the war-making President Lyndon Baines Johnson. The man-stealers have stolen Jesus and made him into a rich conservative supporting the Empires of the United States of America and Israel. The Religious Elite have taken the Bible and made our handbook for radical resistance, liberation, and salvation into a praise and blessing book for the rich. This is the lie among lies straight from the bowels of Beelzebub: The Prosperity Gospel. Yuck.

Sunday morning, eight of us Open Doorers attended First Presbyterian Church to hear Rev. John Lewis preach: "The Living Legacy and Influence of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr." John's words and deeds put the domesticators to shame. We thank Yahweh-Elohim for our Congressman John Lewis. Rev. Lewis is the opposite of our nation's foremost domesticator of King: Rev. Andrew Young. Young is remythologizing Dr. King into the image of the servant of Corporate America. Most recently, Rev. Young endorsed Bush's war of Iraq. According to *The Atlanta Journal Constitution*, Young said that King's (meaning Gandhi's and Jesus', too) non-violence was not workable in this terrorist situation. Shortly thereafter Young was given a contract to get medical supplies to Iraq.

Before the sermon by the Alabama-born and bred minister John Lewis, who began following Jesus by proclaiming the Prophetic Word, "thus sayeth the

Lord" to his mother's chickens some 50 years ago, Rev. Charles Black oversaw the feeding of over 300 hungry and homeless folk in the very center of the church building. First Presbyterian is directly and immediately related to the poor like few other mainline churches in this busy city. Surely this daily walk with the poor must be a resource to opening the door to such a prophet as Rev. John Lewis, who knows no "good ol' boy" Dr. King, and who follows a fiery-eyed disrupting Son of God. Thank you, Revs. Charles Black and

George Wirth. You are courageous.

So, John

Lewis did what he came to do: opened the Good Book to the Gospel of Matthew chapter 10 verses 34 to 39 and read:

*Do not think that I have come to bring peace to the earth; I have not come to bring peace, but a sword. For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law*

*against her mother-in-law; and one's foes will be members of one's own household. Whoever loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and whoever loves son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and whoever does not take up the cross and follow me is not worthy of me. Those who find their life will lose it, and those who lose their life for my sake will find it. (NSRV)*

Pro-public toilet, anti-death penalty Lewis did not whitewash Brother Martin, nor did he bring a passive white mainline Jesus into the pulpit at First Presbyterian Church. (Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Who will build the bronze monument and a museum for John Lewis a few years after he is dead and domesticated?) He said simply, with illustrations from Martin King's life and his own, that Jesus brings tension, a spiritual, non-violent sword. The sword forces folks and nations to choose between life or death, compassion or greed, war or peace, racism or the Beloved Community. The clearer the radicality of Jesus and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. became, the more directly and concretely we heard of love and acceptance and grace for all. The cost of discipleship was evident. Jesus' cross, King's assassination, the terrible beatings on buses and bridges that John Lewis took unto his body with love and forgiveness on his lips as he crumbled to the concrete—the signs, symbols, and costs are real for those who come with non-violent swords to make peace. Jesus, Martin, and John did not come to earth with worldly peace. They

brought swords. John was making space for the journey for justice, for the means of prophetic love and direct action within the household of faith. Dorothy Day and Phil Berrigan were surely smiling down from heaven as they watched and listened to John on God's cable TV.

By the time the benediction reached the roof, the breakfast eaters were standing in a long line, waiting for gracious soup and love-made sandwiches. They stood across the street from city hall, hugging the wall of Trinity United Methodist Church. Even during King Week, there is famine and starvation in the land.

### II

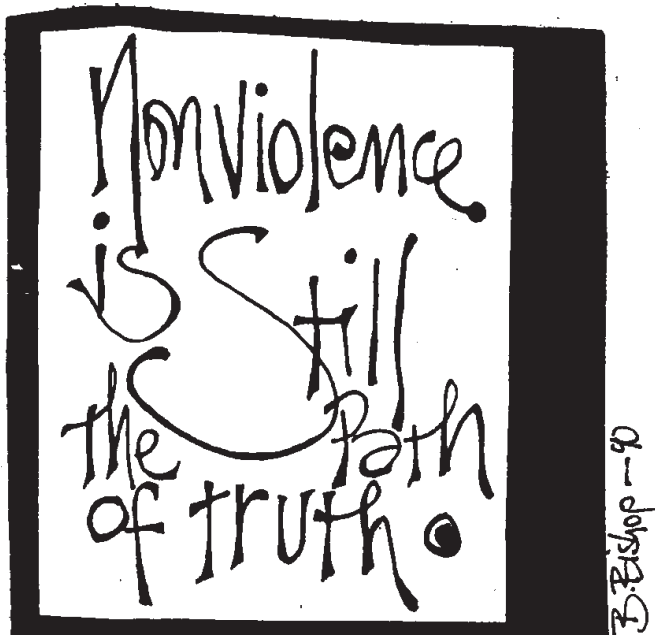
At 5 pm, same day King Sunday, our little raggedy band gathered in our dining room sanctuary to honor Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and to serve the Lord with gladness. At the center of our worship space stands the Eucharist Table, our center too. "Justice is important, but supper is essential."

Lauren Cogswell is a new resident volunteer among us. She is a Presbyterian minister who comes to us from Westminster Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, VA, where she has been on the staff for the past 2 years. Lauren is a gifted worship leader; she has budding street savvy too! She got us focused and fireful with a reading of Amos 5:21-24. Look at this if you have eyes to see:

*I hate, I despise your festivals, and I take no delight in your solemn assemblies. Even though you offer me your burnt offerings and grain offerings, I will not accept them; and the offerings of well-being of your fatted animals I will not look upon. Take away from me the noise of your songs; I will not listen to the melody of your harps. But let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream. (NSRV)*

Amos was a favorite of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Both of these prophets exposed the shame of easy gospel religion and opulent buildings while hunger and oppression stalk the cities. They spoke of a loving God whose worship is in feeding the hungry, visiting the prisoners and the sick, clothing the tattered, housing the homeless, stopping war and being kind. This God of love and mercy is the God of Justice where none have too much and none have too little. Where racism pales, sexism shrinks, homophobia is hung in the closet, and childcare workers are the highest paid servants of society, followed by sanitation workers and artists. Amos said it; he lived it. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. quoted it; he lived it. "Let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever flowing stream."

We, too, are people with a vision and a practice. We believe, like Amos, Jesus, Dorothy Day, and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., that the root cause of poverty is wealth—having more than we need. We believe that our non-violent Jesus is on the side of the poor, that compassion and justice are the way, the truth, and the life. We believe that the war in Iraq is wrong; it is a sin for any Christian to support war and killing. Like the **Wednesday Report**, continued on page 10



BRUCE BISHOP



**Pentecost, continued from page 1**

So I went out and sifted through the compost pile, lo and behold, there was the turtle. Only the turtle looked very different. The turtle had all of its extremities out and its head was over to one side and the mouth was gaping open. Horrified, I dropped all of the brush back.

I spent the rest of that day and evening feeling bad: how could I have not provided hospitality for the turtle in my own yard and instead have allowed the turtle to die? Somewhere in the night I decided, well, I am, after all, a minister, and there is one thing I know how to do, and that is conduct funerals. I could at least give the turtle a decent burial.

So the next morning I went to the shed, got the pitchfork, went over to the compost pile, moved the brush over, and found the turtle was in the same state.

As I started to pick up the turtle with the pitchfork, I raised the leg, and the turtle moved! I threw down the pitchfork, ran in the house, got a bowl, ran to the faucet outside, got some water, ran to the turtle, put it down beside the turtle, poured some water on its head, ran back inside to get some lettuce leaves, and by that time the turtle was drinking out of the bowl of water. As I put the lettuce leaves down beside it, it lifted its eyes and looked at me with drops of water pouring off its head, as if to say, “It took you long enough.”

Well, the turtle spent the whole summer with us, and there are many stories about the turtle and me, but not enough time to tell them tonight.

Just a few months ago, Joe, one of the persons with whom we work, went shopping with me to get him some art supplies. Twenty-some years ago, Joe was an art and music student at the University of Evansville. He was involved in a bad automobile accident in which he sustained very serious brain injury. For a long time, they didn’t think he would live, but he did. He went through a brain trauma rehabilitation program and now he is able to live in his own apartment. He is a client at the mental health center, and they offer wonderful services for him.

What they don’t provide much of is encouragement for his art, and his art has been coming back to him. About seven years ago he started coming into Patchwork, and I couldn’t understand a word he was saying. But after several slow, painful conversations, for both of us, I began to get a sense of his story.

Three years later I was teaching a bead making class for adults, and I invited Joe to come make beads with us. He’s a very nice man, so he came and sat down with us and tried making beads, but it was a disaster. Some moment of grace came to me and I said, “Joe would you like to draw?” All I could come up with was some newsprint and charcoal; he sat there and quickly drew this amazing drawing of Christ looking over his shoulder at the bare cross.

Since that time, Joe has produced hundreds of drawings of Christ. He has also begun to draw Mother Theresa. For all artists, it’s important to show our work. And so I wanted very much to have a showing of Joe’s work. We scheduled an exhibit last summer. We had a fine article in the newspaper and a reception. Many members of his family came. It was the first time Joe had been able to host his family at an event where he was being honored since the accident. It was a wonderful afternoon.

During the time that the newspaper reporter was there doing the interview with Joe, she was called away to the phone several times. Each time Joe would call me over and he say, “You’re going to get rid of me aren’t you?”

At times Joe is paranoid, but it had never been directed at me before. Each time, I said, “No, Joe, we are doing this show,” and I would explain all the reasons why we were not getting rid of him. And he would say, “I’ve heard what you have been saying about me, I know that you are getting rid of me.” Sometimes it has

been difficult for me to communicate with Joe.

It is also important for an artist to sell his work. During the exhibit, we did not attempt to sell his drawings because receiving money might jeopardize his disability check. But by that time of our annual Holiday Sale in November (where we sell art created by Patchwork and neighborhood artists), we had figured out that we could set up a special trust account for Joe, and use the money specifically for art supplies. So he sold about \$250 worth of his drawings—which enabled us to have the shopping trip.

Right before Christmas, Joe and I went to the top-of-the-line art supply store in Evansville. We got new paints and canvases. Just as we were getting ready to check out, I asked Joe about brushes, and he said, “Oh sure, that would be fine.” He picked out some brushes, we checked out, and he carried all of his new canvases home with him — huge canvases — because he loves big paintings.

I didn’t see him a lot during the days around Christmas, both he and I were away with family. On the first Sunday in January, Calvin and I arrived at Patchwork in the afternoon to prepare for worship. The minute we opened the door, there was Joe with a new painting that he had made with his new art supplies. All during the evening, I kept looking at this painting and was really struck by how much better Joe’s technique was. He was able to define things that I had not thought would be possible because of his brain injury. And I kept commenting on the painting, how good it was, and how the definition was so good.

Finally, Joe looked at me and said, “Well, it really helps having new brushes.”

It took me years to realize that new brushes would make a noticeable difference in Joe’s ability to paint. I had been looking at the visuals of Joe’s painting and connecting it with the brain injury and thinking that this was all he could do, given the extent of the injury.

You see, I didn’t speak the turtle’s language, so I couldn’t hear what the turtle was telling me that it needed. And likewise, I don’t speak Joe’s language, because Joe speaks the language of painters. I’m not a painter. I don’t know anything about painting. I don’t think about brushes as being an important part of the work of making paintings.

The turtle and I, and Joe and I. We have been suffering from that disability that was visited on God’s people at the tower of Babel. The failure to understand, the lack of communication, speaking but not hearing, listening but not understanding,

One of the sins of the people at the tower of Babel was that they made no attempt to listen to God. If you remember the passage in Genesis, there is no mention of God at all. They didn’t say, “Hey God, would you like for us to build a tower up to you? What do you think?” No. Like we often do, like the city of Atlanta often does in its wealth and affluence, we think, “We can do this, we have the money, we can do this!” But what about God? What does God think?

If there is a crisis at Grady Hospital and it involves money, we can figure this out. We can just make everyone pay \$10. But what does God think? If God is with the poor, wouldn’t it have made sense to talk to the poor about how to solve that problem? But until the poor started talking, that didn’t happen.

I learned something about a certain kind of listening with the turtle. Because the turtle and I didn’t speak the same language, the way I began to listen to the turtle was to spend the summer with the turtle, watching the turtle. And gradually I began to understand what the turtle was saying. And I began to understand what the turtle was telling me was going to happen. But it was a listening that I had to develop with my eyes.

The listening, the seeing I was doing with Joe, had been a seeing with my eyes. I had looked at his paintings, I had seen him as a brain injured person, I

had decided that this is all that this person can do. But what I needed to do was to be able to hear Joe.

The difference between the people building the tower of Babel and the followers of Jesus as they lived through the resurrection and the coming of the Holy Spirit was that the disciples were continually seeking God. They were continually listening to Jesus as he appeared to them. They were constantly giving thanks and praise to God for this wonderful thing that had happened. And the gift that came was the blessing of the Holy Spirit: a blessing that enabled them to hear one another—even though they were from different places and spoke different languages and had different cultures.

There is another scripture that we read at Pentecost. That scripture talks about the variety of gifts that come through the Spirit. Each of us has a different variety of gifts and each of us has a unique gift. Through the gifts, we are all called into service.

One of the gifts that has been given to me is the gift of being a visual artist. And one of the gifts that you give me at The Open Door is the permission to pursue a discipline when I am here. The discipline I set for myself while I have been here was to learn the art of paper collage. Thanks to you, I did have the time to practice this discipline.

This is the piece I completed. It is called “The Wedding of Wind and Fire.” This piece is made of hundreds of tiny pieces of paper. And the paper comes from all of you. They are fliers from past actions you have taken on the street, the calendar that Brenda designed this year, the newspaper one day from the sitting room—the stock market, because money seems to be such an evil. There are other pieces that I cut from an old Cokesbury catalogue—pictures of liturgical stoles and bibles in bright reds and purples.

The images are of the wind. The spiral of the wind coming in. And of the flame coming out of the spiral of life. And the wind and fire come and meet in the spiral of life and celebrate the energy of the Holy Sprit.

Thank you for your allowing me to practice this discipline. I give this piece to you, The Open Door Community, with much love and appreciation for who you are in celebration of Pentecost.

The function of the gifts is for all of us to practice service. The day before Calvin and I came here, we were at Patchwork. Joe came by, and Calvin asked Joe if he would be willing to send one of his drawings and poems to a very special person here at The Open Door. Joe was delighted. He chose the drawing and wrote a note on it, and he made us promise that we would bring the poem back.

Joe went on and the next thing I knew, Joe had made iced tea for everybody in the building and he was going around from office to office serving everyone iced tea. (And if you think you make strong, sweet iced tea here, you should have some of Joe’s!) I had given him an angel food cake from our pantry earlier in the day, and I discovered that he had gathered several people into the kitchen and he was serving cake and iced tea. Not just little dainty pieces of angel food cake, but big hunks of cake and big glasses of tea. As I stood there and watched Joe serve, I realized that because we had been able to receive Joe’s gifts of the spirit—his art and poetry, Joe was enabled to serve all of us. I saw that small group gathered around the table in the kitchen, breaking apart the angel food cake and serving the tea, and I learned again what Eucharist really looks like.

And so we come to this Eucharistic table. All that has been torn apart has been re-membered, re-gathered, re-claimed, in the person of Jesus Christ. And all that is broken about us, that is separated, that is difficult to understand, that causes discord between us, is gathered together here in the person of Jesus Christ. ✠



**Fifty Years After, continued from page 1**

*All of this happened because he was black and brave. And because others followed when he had decided the time had come to lead.*

Joseph DeLaine was fifty years old when he decided that the time had come to lead. He grew up in Summerton, South Carolina in Clarendon County. In many ways, South Carolina symbolizes the hopes of white supremacy. It fired the first shots of the Civil War, and Governor Strom Thurmond ran for President as a Dixiecrat in 1948 to protest President Harry Truman's leanings toward racial justice, and South Carolina is the home of the late Lee Atwater, who designed the Willie Horton strategy for the first President Bush. It was the centerpiece of the strategy to pull white Southerners out of the Democratic Party and into the Republican Party, and as we saw in the 2000 election, it has worked.

So, Summerton, South Carolina, is in the belly of the beast, located just off I-95 near the Santee River, halfway between Charleston and Columbia. In the 1940s, it had a dual school system with far, far more money spent on white kids than on black kids. It had thirty buses for white children and none for black children. Its superintendent of schools was a Presbyterian minister named L. B. McCord. He resisted every effort to improve education for black children. It is depressing to note the number of Presbyterians who resisted justice in the *Brown* case. The superintendent in the *Prince Edward* case from Virginia that was one of the five in the *Brown* case, was T. J. McIlwane, son of Presbyterian missionaries.

Joseph A. DeLaine got his ministry degree and was working as a teacher in public schools, and he was appointed pastor of a small AME church. He and others had been trying to get buses for their children to ride to school, but Presbyterian pastor L. B. McCord believed that God had ordained him to keep black folk in their places. He refused the request, citing budgetary limitations. In the summer of 1947, the Reverend DeLaine heard his name called at a minister's conference. It was not quite the same as the burning bush that called to Moses, but it was close.

The Reverend James Hinton, another AME pastor and also president of the South Carolina NAACP, was a featured speaker at the conference, and he preached about the need for courage and justice. He wanted to start simply in South Carolina, to seek equal treatment in school bus allotment. He wasn't seeking to overturn "separate but equal." He wanted the "equal" part to be enforced rather than just the "separate" part. He lamented the fact that few people in South Carolina had the courage to step forward to sue in federal court for equal treatment. Such a move would surely lead to job loss, economic reprisals, and the threat of violence and death. He called out: "Can I get a witness?"

And he got a witness. Several days later Joseph DeLaine decided to act. He drove out to the farm of his friend Levi Pearson, a black man who owned a farm. Mr. Pearson was fifty years old also. Since he was a property owner who paid taxes for the school system, he had a good chance to bring a lawsuit that might be heard.

Here we get a glimpse of the many people who stepped forward to support the movement. At age fifty, with a family to support, Levi Pearson agreed to file suit to try to get school buses in Clarendon County for black kids. The case was *Pearson v. Clarendon County Board of Education*, and it was heard in June 1948 in federal court in Charleston. Levi Pearson's credit had already been cut off, and he had been threatened many times. Reverend DeLaine and other ministers took up offerings to support Pearson.

The case was thrown out on a technicality, and DeLaine and Pearson were greatly discouraged. White leaders came to them to tell them that if they stopped all this nonsense, then all would be well; if they did not stop, it would be hell. Both refused, although

their circumstances were difficult. Pearson was in financial ruin, and Reverend DeLaine and his wife lost their teaching jobs. The white folk had noticed them and were watching them closely. But black folk had noticed them, too. Thurgood Marshall came to meet with them and told them if they could find twenty families willing to sue – rather than just one family – then he would lead the NAACP to sue for equal treatment in the whole system, not just for buses.

"Twenty families!" DeLaine thought to himself. It was hard enough to get one family, but

now twenty! Reverend DeLaine found his calling, though. He threw himself into the task of finding twenty families in Clarendon County willing to sue for equal treatment in their separate schools. It took him eight months, but finally he got the list and delivered it to Thurgood Marshall in November 1949. The lead name on the case was Harry and Liza Briggs, a couple in their thirties with five children. He was a Navy veteran of World War II. He had fought for his country, but he couldn't get a school bus for his kids. Both lost their jobs as a result of putting their names on the suit. The case became *Briggs v. Elliott*, and Thurgood Marshall was set to argue the case in Charleston before federal judge Waites Waring.

As Marshall prepared to argue the *Briggs* case, he had a difficult decision to make. In the eight months since he had spoken with the folk in South Carolina, he and the NAACP had decided that suing for "separate but equal" was no longer productive. Any further suits would attack segregation itself. Now, however, he had twenty courageous families ready to go to court, and if he argued against segregation itself, he would have to go before a three-judge federal panel – where he knew he would lose – rather than before a sympathetic Judge Waring.

He decided to try to do both before Judge Waring: to honor the work of Joseph DeLaine and the other families, he would argue for "separate but equal" with the emphasis on "equal." He would also seek to raise the issue of segregation itself, that "separate" was inherently unequal. In 1950 he went

before Judge Waites Waring in Charleston and tried to argue both for equality and against segregation. Judge Waring told Marshall that he could not have it both ways. He dismissed the case, but he invited Marshall to re-file the case and attack segregation itself – it was a bold move by a southern, white federal judge. Thurgood Marshall re-filed the case and argued that the idea of segregation was inherently unequal in *Briggs v. Elliott*. It was the first time the NAACP did this in court. It was the first time for Dr. Kenneth Clark to use his doll experiments as testimony.

Joseph and Mattie DeLaine and Harry and Liza Briggs and all the other Clarendon County families on the lawsuit lost this case 2-1, as Marshall knew they would. The NAACP appealed this case to the United States Supreme Court, and it became the centerpiece, the main argument against segregation, *Brown v. Board of Education*. Five cases were argued before the Supreme Court in December of 1952. It took eighteen months for the Court to make up its mind. The Republican Chief Justice Earl Warren knew what he had on his hands, and he wanted a unanimous decision. It took him eighteen months to get it. On May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court announced its unanimous decision that *Plessy v. Ferguson* of 1896 and its "separate but equal" doctrine was unconstitutional and was therefore overturned. Joseph DeLaine's work and the work of many, many others has brought great fruit – integration has been established as the law of the land.

What happened to Joseph DeLaine, this witness at the center of *Brown*? He fled for his life to New York, as many other black folk had fled a century earlier. He died in 1974, never being able to return to his home state because there was an outstanding warrant for his arrest. In October, 2000, Governor Jim Hodges of South Carolina finally granted Joseph DeLaine a pardon, and in 2003 Senator Fritz Hollings of South Carolina nominated DeLaine for a Congressional Medal of Honor.

Joseph DeLaine and many, many others led us to the waters of the Jordan River, asking us to cross over into the land of equality. Have we done it? What is the meaning of *Brown v. Board of Education* fifty years later? Have we honored the memory and work of Joseph and Mattie DeLaine and Harry and Liza Briggs and Thurgood Marshall and Barbara Johns and many others? This is the fiftieth anniversary of the *Brown* decision, and there have been and will be many discussions of its meaning and its legacy. If you would like to read about it, there is a great book on it called *Simple Justice*, written by Richard Kluger, published in the mid-1970's and re-issued this year. I want to lift up briefly three areas of meaning and legacy.

First, *Brown* has been an astonishing success – its status as a pillar of the civil rights movement is well deserved. It has brought major changes in almost every institution of American life. Only private country clubs and churches remain relatively untouched by *Brown*, but a place like Oakhurst Presbyterian Church would be unimaginable without the *Brown* decision. Looking back fifty years, it is unbelievable what people like Joseph and Mattie DeLaine and Liza and Harry Briggs and Levi Pearson had to go through just to get school buses for their children. Our amazement is testimony to *Brown*'s impact – it seems unbelievable what people had to do and to endure. *Brown* was a major blow to the legal structures which undergirded white supremacy, but it did not, and perhaps it could not, change the hearts of white people or the cultural structures of the white imagination. White resistance to the *Brown* decision was almost immediate fifty years ago, and it continues

**Fifty Years After, continued on page 10**





**Fifty Years After, continued from page 9**  
to this very day. In Decatur it continues – resistance to the idea of putting white and black kids together in elementary schools. That continuing white resistance has led to two very difficult results of *Brown*, results that were unintended by the people who pushed the cases.

The first result was the failure of “integration.” Though integration became the law of the land, white folk have continued to believe in white superiority. And because of the continuing power of the idea of white supremacy, we have never really tried integration. What we have tried is to bring black folk and Latino folk and Asian folk and Native American folk into the “white” way of life. What we’ve tried is assimilation, not integration. “Integration” means bringing all the parts into a new whole, into a new way of thinking and imagining. But the white reaction to *Brown* has been to believe that white supremacy still holds, that black kids must be with white kids in order to learn. Thus, a consideration of the “black” way of doing things, a consideration of the African approach to life – these have not been a part of the discussion. We’ve continued to assume that the white approach to life is the norm, and thus we’ve worked on assimilation, not integration. That was not the intent of Joseph DeLaine and Thurgood Marshall and many others. Their sense was that justice was due, that the power and the money that flowed to the white kids in the system must flow to the black kids as well.

The white resistance to the idea of equality and the continuing belief in white superiority has made it very difficult to carry out *Brown*’s intent. One of the main and difficult results of the reaction to the *Brown* decision is a general consensus that black kids, indeed black people, need white people to teach them how to learn and to live. It is one of the difficult results of *Brown*. All over the Atlanta area and all over the country white people are seeking to mentor black and Latino people, to teach them how to live. Underlying this effort, of course, is the idea that white people know how to live. And the result has been the destruction of many black communities and black institutions which previously had told their people and especially their children – under very difficult circumstances – that they were somebody. And now, they hear that they aren’t anybody. There is not much discussion in the public sphere that black and Latino cultures are equal to white culture.

We continue to accept the idea that white culture is the norm, is superior. That is a cause for great sadness. And, it’s also ridiculous, almost laughable. How can anyone believe that white people have a superior culture when we are sucking the life out of the world, polluting land, air and water in a never-ending quest for more and more? We’ve sent the troops to the Middle East to protect “our” oil, and we are exporting our culture all over the world – McDonald’s and Coca-Cola and cigarettes for everybody!

So where are we fifty years after *Brown*? Is the power of racism too strong? The machinery of white supremacy still operates – it’s cleaned up a bit. We don’t call it white supremacy anymore in respectable circles – we talk about socioeconomic factors now. Is that power so strong that it cannot be overcome? Well, on many days, I’m tempted to say “yes,” that the idea of race, the idea of white superiority is so deeply rooted in all of us that it’s overwhelming. But, on those days, I remember Joseph and Mattie DeLaine. And I remember Fannie Lou Hamer and Thurgood Marshall and Waites Waring and Myles Horton and Anne Braden and Berniece Johnson Reagon and many others. I’m reminded on those days that I’m being faithless, that I’m forgetting Paul’s words about the struggle that we read in the sixth chapter of Ephesians. And I’m forgetting the words from Psalm 71 that God is our refuge and our strength.

And I remember that God has called forth many witnesses and will continue to do so. And I remember that the God we know in Jesus Christ is deeper and broader than any principality or power, including racism. Some of those witnesses are in our midst today, and we give thanks for you.

And, somewhere in our culture, somewhere even here at Oakhurst, there are some girls and boys of all colors and backgrounds whom God is calling now and nurturing now to be our next generation of visionaries. Let us not forget – Joseph DeLaine heard his name called not at age fifteen but at age fifty. So it doesn’t matter how old or young we are. God can and does call our names at any age, and on this fiftieth anniversary of the *Brown* decision, God is calling our names as God called Joseph DeLaine’s name. God is calling us to step up and step out. It will always be a struggle, as Paul reminded us. We wrestle not just with the Rev. L. B. McCord, a Presbyterian minister, but also with the power that captured his heart and made him believe that God didn’t want him to provide any buses for black kids. Those are the kinds of powers with which we struggle. But we can discover – as so many have discovered before us and have witnessed to us as Joseph DeLaine did – that we have the power of the risen Lord with us and in us. God is calling us to claim our true heritage not as the children of racism but as the people who claim the glorious freedom of the children of God.

So, in these days, as we hear the *Brown* decision discussed and praised and criticized, let us remember racism remains, and yet let us remember that God is calling our names to be witnesses, to tell the truth that we belong to God and not to race, that we belong to one another and not to racism. Let us, too, be like Joseph DeLaine. Need one family? I’ll find one. Twenty families? Is it possible? Yes, it is. We’ll find those, too, through God’s power. Let us, too, say “yes, send me.” Let us join that great cloud of witnesses. Amen. ✠

### **Community, continued from page 3**

we are a part of the Mystical Body, we are a part of one another. Your suffering is ours and the life and joys of one community are shared among us. There are these blessed times that we realize we were with each other even when we did not know *how* to be with each other. Bread for the journey.

I leave these musings with a final story. Ginetta Sagan died a few years ago in California. She was one of the founders of Amnesty International and had worked throughout her long and fruitful life for human rights and dignity.

She was a young woman when Mussolini came to power in Italy. Both of her parents had been active political leftists and resisters, and they were executed in the early days of Mussolini’s power. Then Ginetta herself was arrested and put into solitary confinement. For five or six weeks she was repeatedly raped and tortured. Her suffering was beyond imagination. Before she was left to die, she was slipped out of the prison by the Resistance and spirited away to a monastery where the nuns nursed her back to life.

But before she was freed, the torture seemed to be without an end. She told of one night when she lay in a crumpled heap on the floor of her cell. Someone threw a piece of bread that landed on the cold stone floor beside her. When she broke open the bread, there was a little matchbox inside. And inside the matchbox was a tiny scrap of paper. On the paper an unknown hand had carefully lettered: Couraggio!

Courage! Couraggio. She lived. She thrived. She fought all her life for the lives and rights of human beings all over the world. Couraggio.

It’s in the bread. Break it open. Look for it. Taste it. Savor it. Treasure it. It’s in the bread: Couraggio! ✠

### **Wednesday Report, from page 7**

flawed Martin King before us, we, too, are broken and often fail for lack of love. Like Dr. King, we, too, get up and go again and again with the Eucharistic taste of repentance and forgiveness in our mouths.

Throughout our King Day worship, Murphy and the Open Door Band led us in singing freedom and Gospel songs. At the close of the service we made a holding-hands-circle, and at the top of our loud and joyful voices proclaimed: “We Shall Overcome.” We are, in practice, Black & white, rich & poor, housed & homeless, gay, lesbian, and straight, illiterate and formally educated. Through the powerful Word of God, from the lives and deaths of the prophets, through our life together, we struggle to meet and follow the wild, feral God who is outside the sanctuary, on the streets walking in Jesus, who lives in the memory and practice of the Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. of the antiwar movement, of the Poor People’s Campaign, who was struck down while working with garbage strikers in Memphis, Tennessee.

### **III**

Finally came the government’s appointed King Holiday. We began with a special breakfast with our hungry friends: Dick, Diana, and Michael Shapiro on French Toast (freedom toast?), Murphy on eggs, Judy up one side of the wall and down the other. Joy and friendship abide in the midst of the hell of homelessness. King lives in the midst of assassination and death. Outside our dining room, in the front yard, we showed the BBC video “The Crucified King,” linking Jesus and King, cross and bullet.

Noon. Our little band of believers headed for downtown for the King March. We had a blast! A major theme of the march was “Stop the war in Iraq” – a theme faithful to Dr. King’s vision of peace and anti-Vietnam War witness. We marched with the anti-death penalty contingent. (How sad for the world that Rev. Andy Young now favors the death penalty.) For all his public life, thirteen years, Dr. King opposed the machinery of death and death as penalty. He said, wrote, preached, and marched with the message that war and the death penalty are parts of the powers that want to dominate our destiny. “Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.”

Lauren, later joined by Heather and Sara Jane, led our chants: “Stop the death penalty,” with the continual refrain, “Honor Dr. King.” “Stop the War; honor Dr. King.” “House the homeless; honor Dr. King.” “Fund Grady Hospital; honor Dr. King.” “Get the golf carts off Mars; honor Dr. King.” “Support Gay & Lesbian marriage; honor Dr. King.”

The march ended at the two Ebenezer Baptist Churches. On our right was the federal government’s Ebenezer Museum. On our left was Yahweh’s new place of worship, where Sunday after Sunday Rev. Joe Roberts preaches against the war and the death penalty and the government policies that create homelessness and poverty all over our land. Nearby was Dr. King’s Crypt, which President George W. Bush had desecrated only a few days before.

The King Week celebrations were over for us. We turned and headed home, some by foot, others by train. We did what 15,000 homeless people in Atlanta and tens of thousands of people in the prisons of Georgia cannot do: We headed home. We left him “free at last” among the cotton candy vendors and pennant sellers. Suddenly, I remembered a hard saying from the Gospel, “Wherever the corpse is, there the vultures will gather” (Matt. 24:28). ✠

*Ed Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.*



# Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear, Dear Friends (of the inside community).

I sit here, warm, dry, clean, and I think of all those (friends of the outside community) you introduced me to who are not dry, warm, and clean...But they (or some of them) do have an address where they can receive mail, they can take a shower, they can get clean clothes, they can get lotion, tooth brushes, toothpaste, cold medicine, Vaseline, and they can sit down to a beautifully appointed table and be served delicious, hot, homemade soup, sandwiches, coffee and other good things. And all of the above are wrapped in love and tied with welcome, and touched with acceptance, and given freely and joyfully.

You also gave all of this to me, when I was a stranger who came to you, although I was a stranger of privilege. I was also locked up, and as you welcomed me to work and live with you, my soul was beginning to be liberated and bound up with all souls at the same time. I LOVE YOU ALL.

Betty Jane Crandall  
Pendleton, SC

Dear Friends,

I was deeply moved by Lauren Cogswell's beautiful (New Year's) letter. Your work is splendid and if I were 38 instead of 83—I would join you. I pray for you daily.

Good and happy 2004 to all. Thank you Lauren.  
Cordially,  
Sister Fara Impastato, OP  
New Orleans, LA

Dear Friends,

Thanks for sending *I Hear Hope Banging at My Back Door* to my friend at Huntsville, Texas. You will be amused to hear his comments on the "little book" he received: "I felt right at home reading from that little book."

Thanks, Lord, and now let's see if we get the newspaper through the cell doors.

One of your friends in Orlando,  
Bill Thomas  
Orlando, FL

Dear Ed and Murphy,

Here's a long-overdue expression of support for your tremendous work and devotion to the truest ideals of Jesus. Deborah and I are members of All Saints Episcopal church pastored by a righteous Georgia boy, Ed Bacon.

We've been away from Atlanta for six years now. California is everything Georgia ain't. Even Governor Terminator is a damn site better than Chickenman.

I remain inspired by your example. Fight on!  
Boyd Lewis  
Altadena, CA

Dear Members of the Open Door Community,

Please accept the modest check enclosed as support for your latest appeal. I have recently moved from Atlanta to Cincinnati and I miss you. Please keep my family on the mailing list for *Hospitality*.

Please keep up the great work. You remain in our prayers.

Robert and Anne Ramsay  
Cincinnati, OH



RITA CORBIN

Although the Department of Corrections was quick to say that fifteen "facilities will be phased out" (within three years) in the Georgia prison system, I do not see many inmates getting released here at Dooly. Supposedly this is a medium/minimum prison which contains many nonviolent inmates or otherwise classified (stigmatized) inmates who have displayed good conduct over many years. One would think that a release program would effect many housed here in the "Unadilla Beast." I have yet to see any attrition of the numbers.

Warehousing of inmates, as opposed to rehabilitating (habilitating) inmates is par for the course here in the Georgia Prison System. If inmates were again allowed to make crafts to sell to the public (as they are allowed to do so in many states), we could be self-sufficient and possibly even be able to save money for a start upon release. As it is, this is the most ridiculous situation I've ever been part of in my life. I ask, "How long?" I am afraid that the answer might discourage me.

Inside these fences (is) found melancholy, ennui, and even depression. Hurry tomorrow—tomorrow, I need you now. Stay safe.

Best wishes,  
A Friend in Prison

Hi Murphy,

I am sitting in our tiny Dawson, Georgia office this afternoon before I drive over to Cuthbert to visit with the Randolph County Jail prisoners and offer cool drinks and moral support to the prisoners' families. We all stand at a razor-wired fence and holler over to our incarcerated friends and loved ones; it's one of two hours the prisoners are allowed outside (weather permitting) each week.

I'm writing you today because I just read and re-read your powerful and keenly perceptive piece in this month's *Hospitality* ("Building Community"). Thank you (again) for giving me much to chew on. Your words nourish and encourage me and come to me at a time when I've felt particularly famished as I struggle on against this filthy, rotten criminal "justice" system in SW Georgia.

Give my love to everyone at 910.

Regards,  
John Cole Vodicka  
The Prison and Jail Project  
Americus, GA

Dear Murphy,

Your piece in the March 2004 *Hospitality* ("Building Community") struck me as being an especially strong example of your ongoing commitments! Thank you. I am ever grateful to you for the phrase "warrior culture," which I had not seen or heard before. My phrasing to myself (and to others) on that point is a tragic move from a culture of advocates to a culture of adversaries. Isn't it of the nature of institutions that they perpetuate themselves?

All best wishes,  
Joe Garrison,  
Staunton, VA

(Editor's note: Dr. Joe Garrison was Murphy's English professor at Mary Baldwin College.)

Hi,

I found a copy of the December 2003 *Hospitality*. I enjoyed reading it. So I want to start my new year of 2004 off right by getting a subscription of the *Hospitality*.

I am in the H.C.F. here at Nelsonville and do not have a family left anymore or a loved one. I have accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Savior just three days before my 67<sup>th</sup> birthday.

On June 27, 2003, I got baptized and am living a Christian life which is hard to do in a place like this. So I will be looking forward in getting the *Hospitality* for me to read.

Sincerely yours,  
A Friend in Prison

Dear Friends,

Thank you again for your good work and for letting us share in the news and message from Atlanta.

Shalom,  
Ross & Gloria Kinsler  
Altadena, CA

Dear Murphy,

I've just read part I of your address in the Netherlands ("Building Community, Part I: Resistance and Peacemaking in a World of War," March 2004, vol. 23, no. 3), and how to tell you how it hits home. It expresses what I have long felt—how Jesus pointed so often to Isaiah – for example 54:15, "justice and righteousness will make you strong. You will be safe from oppression and terror" – an everlasting truth, still awaiting our response. How cultures swing over the centuries! I ask, with you, "who are we?" and "What might we become?"

Having been born shortly before the First World War, I find this a most exciting period of my life. Through science and technology our awareness of the possibilities and needs of human kind become much keener. I find now, in this age of a World War, more meaning to "thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies" (Psalm 23).

How can we Christians continue to ignore "the ministry of reconciliation" to us (Corinthians 17)?

I'm ever grateful to you at the "The Open Door" for continuing to stimulate our thinking in a way that encourages our *right* response.

Thankfully and Faithfully,  
Charlotte Reinke  
Athens, GA

# Open Door Community Ministries

**Soup Kitchen:** Wednesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. – noon.

**Weekday Breakfast:** Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 a.m.

**Showers:** Wednesday and Thursday, 8 a.m.

**Use of Phone:** Monday – Tuesday, 6:45 a.m. – 7:45 a.m.,

Wednesday – Thursday, 9 a.m. – noon.

**Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic and**

**Soul Foot Care Clinic:** Thursdays, 7:00 p.m.

**Clarification Meetings:** Tuesdays, 7:30 – 9 p.m.

**Weekend Retreats:** Four times each year (for our household, volunteers and supporters).

**Prison Ministry:** Monthly trip to prisons in Hardwick, GA, in partnership with First Presbyterian Church of Milledgeville; The Jackson (Death Row) Trip; Pastoral visits in various jails and prisons

**We are open...**

**Monday through Saturday:** We answer telephones from 9:00 a.m. until noon, and from 2:00 until 6:00 p.m. The building is open from 9:00 a.m. until 8:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday for donations. (We do not answer phone and door during our noon prayers and lunch break from 12:30 until 2:00.) Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times.

**On Sunday we invite you to worship with us at 5 p.m. and join us, following worship, for a delicious supper.**

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

## Join Us in Worship!

We gather for worship and Eucharist at 5 p.m. each Sunday, followed by supper together. Our worship space is limited, so if you are considering bringing a group to worship, please contact us at 404-246-7621.

May 2	Worship at 910 5:00 pm Eucharist 5:45 pm Just Voices singing
May 9	Worship at 910 Lauren Cogswell preaching
May 16	Worship at 910 Ed Loring preaching
May 23	Worship at 910 Anthony Granberry preaching Followed by a celebration of Dick Rustay's 75th birthday
May 30	Worship at 910 Murphy Davis preaching

Please check  
[www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org)  
or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

### Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

We will meet for clarification on selected Tuesday evenings in May from 7:30-9 pm.

*Plan to join us for discussion and reflection!*



DANIEL NICHOLS

For the latest information and scheduled topics, please call 404-874-9652 or see [www.opendoorcommunity.org](http://www.opendoorcommunity.org).

### Medicine Needs List

(for our Thursday Evening Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic and Soul Foot Care Clinic)

**We are also looking for volunteers to help staff our Soul Foot Care Clinic!**

ibuprofen  
lubriderm lotion  
**COUGH DROPS**  
non-drowsy allergy tablets  
**COUGH MEDICINE (alcohol free)**

**FOOT CLINIC NEEDS**  
epsom salt  
anti-bacterial soap  
shoe inserts  
corn removal pads  
exfoliation cream (e.g. apricot scrub)  
pumice stones  
foot spa  
cuticle clippers  
latex gloves  
nail files (large)  
toenail clippers (large)  
medicated foot powder  
antifungal cream (Tolfanate)

## Needs of the Community

JEANS	hams and turkeys for our Soup Kitchen	disposable razors
men's work shirts	sandwiches	deodorant
underwear for men	quick grits	vaseline
women's underwear	cheese	combs
men's belts	coffee	toothbrushes
socks	multi-vitamins	lip balm
men's shoes (all sizes)	MARTA tokens	SOAP (any size)
EYEGLASSES	postage stamps	SHAMPOO (travel size)
BLANKETS	MINIVAN IN GOOD RUNNING CONDITION	alarm clocks
WALKING SHOES for men and women (especially 9 ½ and up)	two mountain bikes for Dayspring Farm	REFRIGERATOR
LARGE and X-LARGE T-SHIRTS	2-drawer file cabinet	stainless steel pots and pans

From 11am 'til 1:30pm, Wednesday and Thursday, 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 or after 1:30, it would be helpful. THANK YOU!