

HOSPITALITY

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Providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison, through Christ's love.
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July 1993

Over My Head



by Elizabeth Dede

Leo McGuire and Sam Cole Vodicka enjoying the ocean. Leo first went to Savannah as a seven-year-old and didn't understand why he wasn't allowed to go to the beach.

Whenever Frances Pauley comes to the Open Door to tell us stories from her rich life of struggling for civil rights we sing the freedom song, "Over My Head," because it is one of her favorites. Frances has shared memories from the movement in Savannah, and it was at her suggestion that the Open Door Community planned a trip to Savannah to go on the Negro Heritage Tour. During the first weekend of May the Open Door with friends from New Hope House took the tour, and I found new meaning in "Over My Head" there.

We began with a trip to the beach, and for many of our members it was a first time to see the ocean and to swim in it. Even in my lifetime, and I am one of the younger members of the Community, beaches were closed to African Americans, so while going to the beach was a regular part of my growing up in South Florida, my African American sisters and brothers were excluded from the joy and pleasure, as well as the awe, of the ocean.

After we played on the beach for a few hours, we concluded with a short worship and Eucharist there. Our friend, Ed Weir, took us down to the water's edge, where we gazed across the ocean to the unseen, far-distant shores of Africa. In Savannah, many of our ancestors, first came to North America as slaves. We thought about their fears, their hopes for freedom,

their despair, their death and suffering, their strength and will to live. On the beach we sang, "Over my head, I hear music; I see Jesus; I see freedom in the air; there must be a God somewhere." And I could hear those ancestors singing with us, way over on the other shore.

That night, Kay and I took a walk down to the riverfront, and as we were going down the steep embankment, we remarked on how rough the cobblestones were, how hard they were to walk on--it was difficult to keep your footing, to keep from stumbling over them.

The next morning we learned about those stones while we were on the tour. They came over as ballast in ships--a cargo similar to slaves, a weight in the ship's hold. And those stones, like the slaves, were needed to build the city here. They paved the streets; they shored up the riverbank to keep it from eroding; and the slaves laid those cobblestones in such a way as to make hauling easier. Knowing they would be used as mules to haul carts, the slaves built good foot-holds into the cobblestones. So the stones over which Kay and I stumbled turned out to be important in the building of a city. They are filled with a living history of our African American ancestors. The cobblestone streets and embankments became holy places for me as I

(continued on page 2)

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910 Ponce de Leon

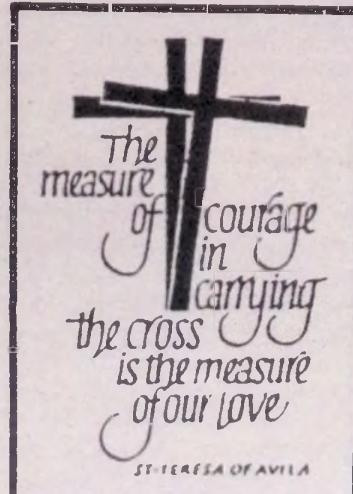
HOSPITALITY is published 11 times a year by The Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to ministry with the homeless poor and with prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and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

*Murphy Davis--Southern Prison Ministry
Ed Loring--Correspondence
Ed Loring--Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator; Guest Ministry
Murphy Davis and Elizabeth Dede--Hardwick Prison Trip
Phillip Williams & Dick Rustay--Volunteer Co-ordinators*

Newspaper:
Editorial Staff--Murphy Davis, Elizabeth Dede,
Ed Loring, Dick Rustay, Gladys Rustay, CM Sherman,
and Phillip Williams
Layout--Gladys Rustay
Copy Editor--Elizabeth Dede
Circulation--Phillip Williams and a multitude of
earthly hosts and guests
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Drawings on page three and nine are by Chris Cole, a resident of the Open Door Community.



(continued from page 1)



GLADYS RUSTAY

Looking across to Africa

remembered the oppression these ancestors suffered. It was their feet and ankles that were cut, bruised, and twisted on the stones. On their backs a great city was built. I wondered if they had the strength, courage, and life to sing about freedom while they worked so hard to build streets.

For me, the other really impressive stop on the tour was the First African Baptist Church. It was built by slaves over a period of four years, and they built it at night after working 12-16 hours for their slave-masters. The church was built carefully and lovingly with brick walls four bricks deep. The slaves wanted a church that would be alive for many generations to come. Imagine the commitment, the strong desire to have this place of worship that was their own and could be used even as a place to hide slaves, riding on the Underground Railroad, escaping to freedom.

We saw the holes drilled in the floor of the church which allowed air and a small amount of light into the crawl space where escaping slaves hid. They literally could sing, "Over my head, I hear music in the air," and they knew that their hopes for freedom depended on the people who walked over their heads in that church.

Sitting above that hiding place, I was filled with awe for the history of this church and its people, and then we went on to learn how that history has an impact on its people today. The deacon described for us how members of the church, after working all day (just like their ancestors), come in to tutor children in after school programs. The pastor recently successfully challenged our criminal control system that sentenced some African American high school students to 30 days in jail for fighting. We know that the powers and principalities in the form of our courts want to jail and imprison African American men, and jail and prison is really no different from the slavery of the ancestors who built the First African Baptist Church. The students, instead, were given supervised community service with the pastor at the church, and the vision of freedom for which the slaves suffered and sacrificed is kept alive.

I imagine that the freedom song, "Over My Head," is sung in that church, and from now on when I sing it, I'll think of the First African Baptist Church and the slaves and free people who touched my life in Savannah. *



Elizabeth Dede is a partner at the Open Door Community.

First African Baptist Church, Savannah, GA.

GLADYS RUSTAY

I Hear Hope Banging On My Back Door: Why Homelessness Exists in America

Part IV,

Space and Time

by Ed Loring

Space

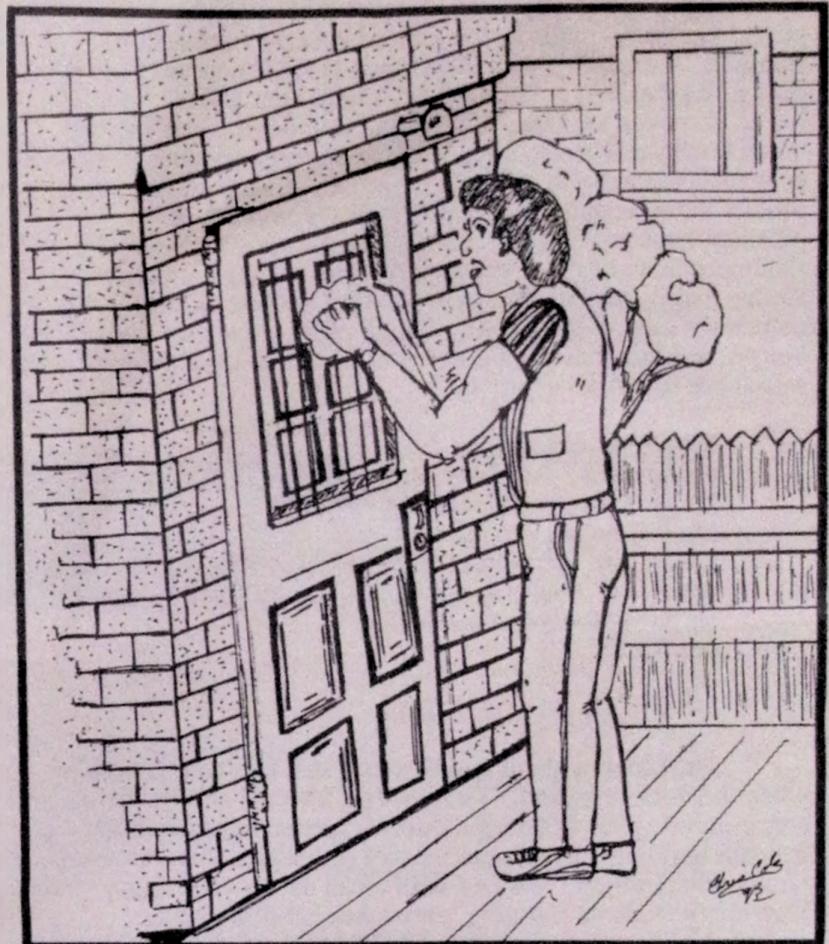
I love the name, "The Open Door Community." God gave us that name just as She gave names in biblical times. Early one morning an angel of the Lord appeared to me and said: "When the Lord God Almighty gives birth to a new community, for the sake of Atlanta, you are to name it 'The Open Door Community.'" "Yes, sir!!" I responded. I ran and told Murphy. She believed immediately. Later when I saw Rob and Carolyn they danced for joy when they heard of the new gift breaking and banging forth into our lives.

Friends and family bang on our doors because they are often locked. The name Open Door points to a reality for 200 or so people each day as we eat, shower, dress, talk, use the phone, counsel, plan, worship, pick up mail, receive donations, label these newspapers, rest and wait on God's Word to melt us and mold us into more faithful forms of the Beloved Community: a time--like a slow train coming--when housing will be a human right and locks will be melted into fish hooks. The thrust and magnetic power of our name--The Open Door Community--is eschatological--a vision and belief of things to come by the will of God, the dance of Jesus and the fire of the Holy Ghost. The name points to a reality which is breaking into our lives and is pulling us into the future where the crucified God, enfleshed and hidden in the homeless poor and steel caged prisoner, meets us with Hope and empowers us for daily struggle with death and its authorities of hunger, homelessness, violence, the death penalty, hardness of heart, rape, greed, exploitation of the earth, and . . .

So we are only partially The Open Door; only partially inside the Beloved Community. Our vision is little better than 200/20. Our ears often hear the cry of Christ in the cry of the poor as a murmur although, like the schizophrenic in the insightful movie "City of Hope," Jesus is screaming all over our cities: "Help! Help!! Help!!!" As we pray at 910 our paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, we say:

"Thy Beloved Community come
Your way be done
Inside the system as it is
Outside the system."

Praying for the Beloved Community--Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s articulation of Jesus' Kingdom of God--we are crying the cry of the poor and all God's children for God to open the Open Door. An open door is a central symbol of the Beloved Community's entrance into this tired old world in which we are waiting and working for renewal.



CHRIS COLE

Elizabeth Dede is a courageous, eschatological woman. She is one who hears hope banging on our back door. During the recent blizzard she wedged a piece of wood in our doorway so that the Open Door would, of necessity, remain open. For three days people came to our home through the snow and wind. The dining room kept meals going all day and at 10:00pm became a shelter for men. Women filled the front living room and men spilled out, filling our main long hall. Wayne White, a friend who welcomed us to Ponce de Leon in 1981, froze to death 3 blocks from us. "Oh, why? Why? Why?" We lament. If just one police person, one friendly eater at the Majestic Restaurant, if just one . . . had brought him to the Open Door. Elizabeth and other community members opened the door while most of the Leadership Team was snow bound at Koinonia in Americus, Georgia.

God keeps banging at our back door. Elizabeth (which means God is my oath) keeps listening, keeps hearing, keeps believing, keeps opening the door. At 5:00am on May 19, a terrible storm stumbled and tore into our backyard. Lightning danced across the blackberry sky and thunder roared like a god outraged at hunger and homelessness. Ponce de Leon Avenue was filled with troubled waters racing for gutter holes already overflowing their brims as is the women's and children's shelter each and every night. Our brothers and sisters who live and wait in our backyard were washed from their cardboard beds and sleeping bag bungalows. Some made it to our public bathroom, others to the front stoop and stood under our elongated roof. I did not get to our dining room until 8:00am when I returned home from taking Hannah to school. I turned into the room where we eat, worship, meet, serve the soup kitchen, party, watch movies and funeralize our dead and it was full of wet homeless friends filling themselves on grits and steaming coffee. More people were coming in as I spoke to our friends. How good! How right! Elizabeth was on House Duty. In response to the flood she simply opened the Open Door and in the early morn our home filled up. The lightning shrieked; the thunder crashed, homeless friends were awash and Elizabeth heard hope banging on our back door. She opened the Open Door! And for several hours our old and needy building became "Elizabeth's Ark."

A basic reason for the continuing existence of the dirty, diabolical, dumb, demon designated HOMELESSNESS IN AMERICA is that our doors are locked. Noah's Ark is available only for the very rich and in certain dormitories of our godawful

(continued on page 4)

(continued from page 3)

prison system which is nothing more than the basement of Babylon. Elizabeth's Ark--The Open Door Community--is open only a few hours per day. "Time," sings Bob Dylan, "is a jet plane; it moves too fast," but for those under the non-judicial death sentence who are homeless and sleepily nodding in the land of wandering without even the grace of the mark of Cain to protect them from predatory police or the policies of pusillanimous politicians, "Time is the fire in which we all burn" (Delmore Schwartz). Time experienced from the streets moves so fast that it loses its relationship to the reckoning of life and commerce among those who (though often homeless) live in houses with windows and doors that lock and dogs that bark when a stranger like Abel appears.

Where is your brother Abel? I don't know! Am I my brother's keeper? My sister's helper? Who are you anyway to question me, God? Call the police. Lock the door. Let Abel rot, the lazy, no good, food stamp cheating drunkard.

Time

The clock without hands stands still for there is nothing when the door is locked. Time rushes forward and flows like an angry tumid river, flooding the tiny, crammed-tight catholes beneath buildings that scrape the sky or hospital ward areas at Grady where at last, in a bed with clean sheets and Emory University students shouting, an occasional death occurs undisturbed by open doors locked tight at the final unwinding of God's clock. This is, from the shelters, streets, and labor pools, synchronicity.

Late one afternoon our living room was piled high with folk afraid, questioning, praying and discerning. The question on the floor bouncing against the walls of our hearts was: given the 3 months that the Vagrant Free Zone "No Trespassing" sign has been posted on the chain link fence at a nearby church, what should we do? One said let's wait for another month and give their session more time to discuss the problem. Another suggested that we all join the church and influence the policies and choice of another pastor by the power of the ballot. Finally, our new partner Marcus spoke. Marcus, formerly homeless and knowledgeable of the distinction between a clock with white hands and a calendar of street and prison time, and, who once reflecting on his prison life said, "I know what it is like to be prey among predators and have absolutely no one to turn to" (That turned the corkscrew in my heart.). Marcus said, "For street people, three hours are three days. Three days are three weeks. Three weeks are three months and three months are three years." We were silent as time paused and nodded his bony head. The signs had already been posted for three years of street time. "Let's rip the evil, prejudicial, malevolent signs down!" we sang, most of us, not all of us. And we did.

A basic reason for homelessness in America is the time is not yet--neither white time nor street time--for the housing of the homeless, the homing of the houseless, nor the building of home for the over-housed. So like the slaves of old and the suffragettes we must resist daily, we must work constantly, we must, as Mother Jones teaches us, "Pray for the dead and work like hell for the living." But we must also wait for the conjunction of white time and street time:

Our God (who is on the side of the homeless) "gives power to the faint, and strengthens the powerless. Even youths will faint and be weary, and the young will fall exhausted; but those who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint." (Isaiah 40:29-31)

Our aim and purpose is a constitutional amendment which will guarantee safe, decent housing in a hospitable setting for every citizen of the USA. Perhaps if he had known women's history, Mitch Snyder would not have hung his courageous body from the chandelier; and perhaps if white men preachers knew women's history they would spend more time in the streets and less on the golf course. The suffragette story and its victory--though not conclusion--is a gift and resource for all of us who hope to house the homeless. The struggle for voting rights is never concluded in a world shadowed by the stalking monied moguls of church and state--neither Caiaphas nor Pilate voted for the 19th Amendment or the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and today on the 16th hole they make plans to thwart motor voter registration. And we all know why.

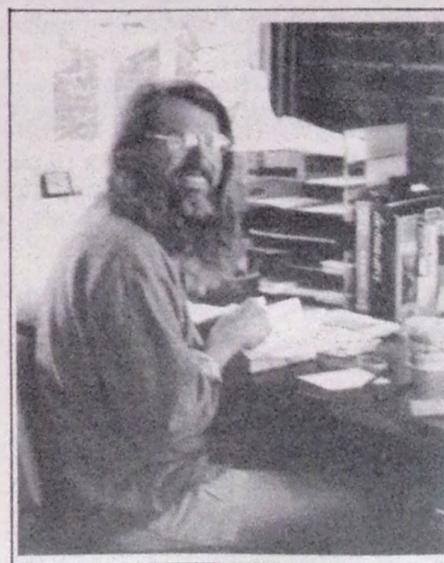
The 19th Amendment states: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." The amendment was first introduced into Congress in 1878. Every year after that for 40 years the amendment was reintroduced and failed. Only a few men wanted women to vote just as today only a minority want to house the homeless. Because women were very supportive and surprisingly useful for the war machine during World War I (1914-1918), which made the world safe for democracy, Congress decided to reward women with the vote (This is one reason the civil rights leaders turned on Martin Luther King for his antiwar stance in Vietnam. The military is the arena for the advancement of social justice for the marginalized. Women now can bomb cities and homosexuals are historically accurate in believing that their acceptance in the military precedes their acceptance in society at large.). After the U.S. Senate wavered for a year, women's right to vote passed in 1919. By 1920 enough states had ratified the amendment so that our constitution was most significantly altered to include women in the electorate.

Time and Space

For most of the hours of each day our doors are locked. The time does not yet appear to be at hand for unlocking them. Yet, we hear hope banging at our back door. Shall it take a war as it did for women to get the vote? Will women now fiercely advocate for a human right to housing for all women and children? For all of us? A male-led Congress and Senate finally passed the 19th Amendment. A Congress of well-housed folk--male and female, African American, European American, Hawaiian, Mexican, Chinese, and others--will someday vote to make housing a human right guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution. What will it take? What will it take? When will street time and white time become God's time?

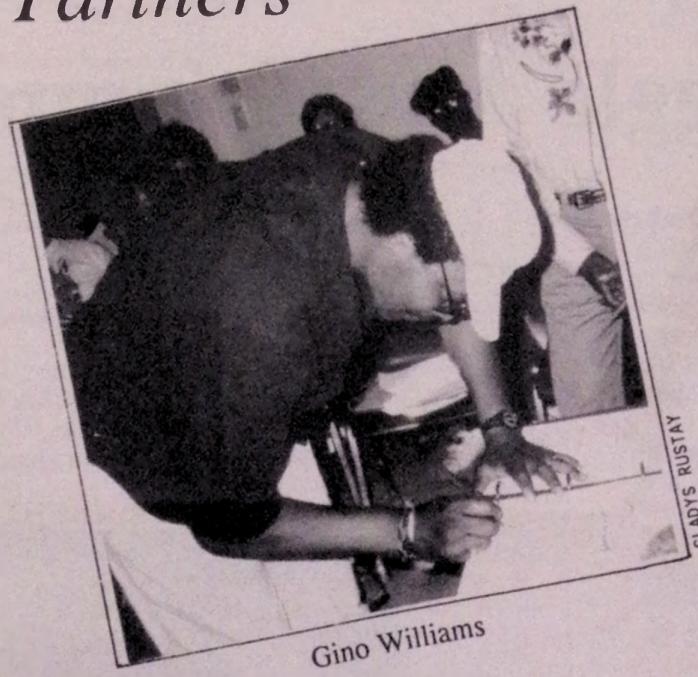
Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door Community.

The author at work at his desk.



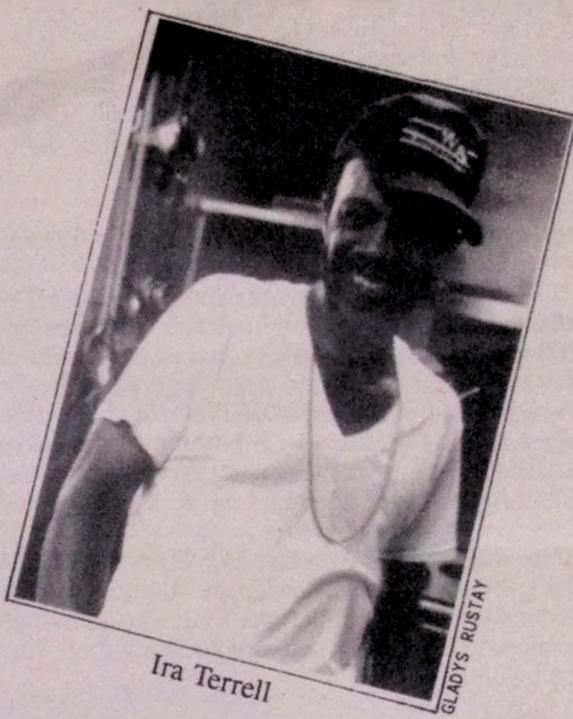
SALLY VANDER STRAETEN

New Partners



Gino Williams

GLADYS RUSTAY



Ira Terrell

GLADYS RUSTAY

by Gladys Rustay

Ira Terrell and Gino Williams became partners at the Open Door Community on Sunday, May 16, 1993.

Gino is a survivor, having lived through many ups and downs. The ups were jobs as a cook. The downs were dish washing at \$3.05 an hour, doing drugs, and being in jail.

When we have visitors from Philadelphia, Gino lights up. He was born there 49 years ago, the child of a Cherokee mother and African American father. There were 14 children in the family. Gino considers himself the black sheep of the family. Now he has a daughter living in Atlanta and four grandchildren.

His first experience of homelessness was when a Florida employer moved him to Atlanta for a new business but never showed up. It was then that Gino learned what "catting" is (finding a place by the railroad tracks, in the kudzu, or in an abandoned building to sleep and store belongings).

Stop by the Open Door. Gino has endless stories to tell, and he's a great storyteller.

He says that he came back to life at the Open Door. CM Sherman brought Gino into the house. "I fell several times, but CM and God helped me."

Recently Gino said, "All my life I've been struggling--getting into trouble--I thank God for seeing me in that backyard."

Ira's roots are in South Georgia. He can tell you with pride about his Daddy's ability to find just the right spot to put his knife to start skinning a hog. He also tells of watching the white kids swim in the local swimming pool when he wasn't allowed in. When the facilities were integrated the pool was filled with cement.

Ira moved to Atlanta several years ago. His daughters are 11 and 14 years old. He was a janitor until an arrest and jail sentence caused him to lose his job.

CM Sherman brought Ira into the house, too. Ira says he made a promise to himself that he wouldn't be drinking. He says if it wasn't for the Open Door he doesn't know where he'd be, but "I had to make the first step. Y'all couldn't make it for me." When Ira came here he didn't know about the leadership skills which were hidden deep inside him, but now Ira is a responsible leader. Ira reflects, "It's not easy!" And we say, "Amen."

Gladys Rustay is a partner at the Open Door Community.

by Houston Wheeler

Editor's note: Houston shared the following reflection on community with us at the partnership celebration of Ira Terrell and Gino Williams.

Houston Wheeler is a member of the Open Door worshiping community and a United Church of Christ minister.

Scott Peck in his book, The Different Drum: Community Making and Peace, says this about community:

It may seem odd to refer to community as a laboratory. The word implies a sterile place filled not with softness but with hardware. A laboratory can better be defined, however, as a place designed to be safe for experiments. We need such a place, because when we experiment we are trying out--testing--new ways of doing things. So it is in community: it is a safe place to experiment with new types of behavior. When offered the opportunity to such a safe place, most people will naturally begin to experiment more deeply than ever before with love and trust. They drop their customary defenses and threatened postures, the barriers of distrust, fear, resentment, and prejudice. They experiment with disarming themselves and within the group. And they discover that the experiment works.

When I think of the Open Door Community I don't think of an organization, I don't think of a church, I don't think of an institution, but I do think of the Open Door as a safe place where love and trust abound. While distrust, fear, resentment, and prejudice have not disappeared, the Open Door is a safe place where we all can become better human beings.

Living in community is truly a miracle that we all should recognize and experience as the gift and grace of God. The fact that Gino and Ira are living here and becoming partners of the Open Door is another one of God's miracles in our midst.

As a community I charge you to continue to be the caretakers of this wonderful laboratory of love and trust. I charge you to give Ira and Gino the utmost care as they commit themselves as partners in the Open Door Community. I charge you to nurture Gino's and Ira's leadership qualities with good communication so that expectations are clear and that when there are disagreements all parties will work toward reconciliation.

And finally, I charge you to praise God that Ira and Gino have reached this milestone in their lives, and that the Open Door Community is indeed a safer and more humane place where love and trust have grown. Gino and Ira have given of themselves to this ministry and they have touched each of us in some unique way.

Our journey of faith leads us to the cross, and I, for one, rejoice that we have friends and partners like Gino and Ira and all the rest of us around this circle. Taking communion together each week is like a renewal of marriage vows--in sickness and in health, in plenty and in want, in joy and in sorrow, as long as we shall live--a covenant which we need to prayerfully and publicly renew over and over again because God knows we are prone to forget and not forgive one another.

Let us press on and use this opportunity of partnership with Ira and Gino to renew our covenant of love and trust in one another and in the God who redeems us.

Frances Pauley

Stories Of Struggle And Triumph

Edited by Murphy Davis

Transcribed by Elizabeth Dede

I've learned so much from the people I was so fortunate over the years to work with. I've never seen or felt the compassion that I felt from some of the older Black women I've known, and I will always appreciate what they've taught me. It's always been a marvel that with all the discrimination against them they wouldn't be filled with bitterness and hatred. But even in the face of this, there was so often a beautiful love that seemed to overcome everything else.

Rev. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of the wonderful Black men who worked with me when I worked for the Georgia Council on Human Relations. He was a United Church of Christ minister in Savannah, and did he teach me! We also had a lot of fun together.

Francesca Boaz was a marvelous woman who chaired our Council in Rome, Georgia. She was the daughter of Franz Boaz (who was known as the father of anthropology), and she was an accomplished dancer. She danced in New York about the same time as Martha Graham, and when she got too old for that circuit, she came down to teach dance at Shorter College in Rome.

Well, Mr. Holmes and I used to stay at her house when we would go up there on business. Once Mr. Holmes went up and there was a Black yard man out raking the front yard. Mr. Holmes went to the front door and rang the bell. Well, the yard man thought this was pretty strange. "He looks mighty nice, but what's he doing going to the front door?" So he stopped raking and was leaning on his rake when Francesca came to the door and greeted Mr. Holmes, threw her arms around him and gave him a big hug. The yard man was so astounded that the rake fell out from under his arm, he completely lost his balance, and fell flat on the ground.

Francesca had several big dogs and they seemed to always stay under the dining room table. One night when Mr. Holmes was there they started eating, but the cook hadn't been in the dining room, so she didn't see who was in there. Well, she came in the door with a plate of hot biscuits, and she saw Mr. Holmes sitting at the table (That was not exactly customary in Rome in those years, to see a Black man sitting at the white lady's table!). Anyway, it surprised her so much that she spilled the biscuits on the floor, and the dogs rushed out from under the table and ate them all up. So Mr. Holmes said that was one of the times they missed having good biscuits on account of him being Black.

Dr. Hubert Thomas was another great man and great friend of mine. He wasn't soft-spoken and sweet like Mr. Holmes was. He was hard. He had been brought up by a Garveyite and taught to hate white people, and his father told him he shouldn't ever work for anybody white. So when I offered him a job with the Council, I'd have to say he came to work with me, not for me. He was absolutely marvelous and we became very good friends. He died not very long ago and his family called and offered to meet me if I would fly down for the funeral. How I wish I could have gone.

Constance Baker Motley was somebody I admired and enjoyed so much. She was a Federal Judge (and she should have been put on the Supreme Court--she would have been so great there.). I had a time once when she came down to hear a case in Columbus. It came time for lunch, and I realized that because she was Black, there was not a single place in town that I could take her out to eat. That was one of the times I just didn't think I could stand it. Here was this terrific woman, and we couldn't eat together in a public place! So finally I ran as fast as I could back to the motel to get food and got somebody else to take her to the

Part V

YMCA because I knew we could eat there. I got a whole bunch of food, and we had lunch and a whole bunch of fun, too.

Once I was down in Burke County, and I had checked into a motel expecting to stay several days. My friend Herman Lodge came down and got me right quick. He said, "You can't stay here! They'll kill you. You know, they hate n-gg-s, but they



Frances and Joe Hendricks, talking with Clarence Jordan, 1966.

hate n-gg-r-lovers even worse. You come on home with me." So I went home with Herman Lodge and his family and stayed at his house. After that, whenever I went to Burke County, I stayed with Herman Lodge.

We organized Burke County's first interracial meeting. It was in a church, and I'd gotten about five white preachers. I didn't want to overpower them, so only about five or six of us went. The first meeting was very difficult: everybody was scared to death. The white men kept saying, "Well, what is it you all want anyway? We know you wanted a swimming pool, so we got you a swimming pool. Now what do you want?"

Every single Black face sat there, and nobody opened their mouth. So the meeting ended, but we decided to meet again. We all went to Herman's house where the rest of the crowd was waiting for us to get back. Well, I said, "I'm not going to another meeting with you unless you say something. The next meeting, you decide what you're gonna say ahead of time, and when we get there, you're gonna talk." We just yelled at each other and had a wonderful time together.

Sure enough, the next meeting rolled around. One guy there was a particularly impressive figure. He was very dark skinned, had on the whitest, stiffest starched shirt I ever saw, and he was carrying his Bible. He looked like a million dollars. We started the meeting, and the other side said something, and then this man said, "I've got something to say." He stood up, held up his Bible, and said, "This book--THIS BOOK--this is the book we go by. We read this and try to do what's in this book. I been thinkin' a lot since the last meeting about what I want to say to y'all, but I've got one question: What book do y'all use in your church?"

That had to be one of the highlights of my life! *

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

The Good Life

Dear Frances:

I am enjoying reading your series, "Stories of Struggle and Triumph."

Reading your words about Warren Fortson, and reading lately about his situation with the Atlanta School Board and his recent letter to the Editor of the Atlanta Constitution, have brought back floods of memories of my father Lloyd A. Moll (now deceased) who during those days in Americus was president of Georgia Southwestern College.

He and Warren left Americus around the same time, and I still have the Bill Shipp article from the Atlanta papers when he covered their leaving and the situation in Americus.

My father had several interesting developments in his position as president of Georgia Southwestern. First of all, he had already made Bo Callaway angry when he had fought Bo's attempts as Chancellor of the University System of Georgia to close down the small junior colleges, as well as some of the four-year colleges in Georgia in order to place budget emphasis on the University of Georgia. My pop and Jimmy Carter worked hard to persuade the Georgia Legislature to not follow Callaway's wishes, and instead Georgia Southwestern became a four-year college, with an established special nursing program. Punishment began. It took a while for my father to realize that his salary had been reduced \$100 a month. Next demand was that he retire a year early as college president, and he was put in charge of a special aging study for the University of Georgia, I believe. Finally, the threats, bombings of Koinonia, and ostracism by many of the townsfolk became unbearable for my mother and my father, and when many offers of jobs came from across the United States because of the news stories which were carried throughout the country, my father accepted a teaching job at Youngstown University in Ohio, and taught there until his final retirement to his home state of Pennsylvania.

The only time I had ever heard of my father violently losing his temper (He was a gentle and quiet spoken man, although a boxer and a coach of collegiate wrestling.) was when a delegation from the First Methodist Church of Americus came to the house to discuss several things with him: 1) Asking that he stop teaching the Sunday School class he had taught for over ten years and that it no longer be called the Lloyd Moll class; 2) Asking that he resign from the Church Consistory, where he had served many years; and 3) Asking that he return the Bible Encyclopedia set that they had given him for his years of service in the church. My mother told me she came running down the steps when she heard my father's shouts, ordering the group from our home, because never in their long life together had she ever heard him raise his voice to others or order someone from their home. I recall seeing this same Consistory--as I recall all men, and of course, white--standing with arms folded, shoulder to shoulder, to prevent any Blacks from getting past the top step at the church front door.

Our dear dog, Sam, is buried in a field at Koinonia. Clarence Jordan and Pop were dear friends, and my parents spent a great deal of time with the Jordans through the years.

My pop, Lloyd A. Moll, changed the lives of our small family when he received his appointment as a Naval Lieutenant during World War II, and when asked where he wanted to start his service, indicated with a V20 program based at Georgia Tech; he had three choices--all three he indicated as South, South, South. I asked him years later why he had made that decision. He said, "Gretta, I knew that the South would be where all the civil rights action would be based, and I wanted to be part of it." He got his wish and was able to live to see many, many changes that have taken place. How interesting to remember that the first house we rented in Atlanta (the second floor) was on Copenhill Avenue at the site of the present Carter Center. And how my life was changed, as well, to go to the church of my future father-in-law, and to work and raise a family, and become thoroughly involved, following my father's footsteps, with a south Georgia gentleman named Jimmy Carter.

I look forward to your next articles, Frances.

Many thanks for your life.

Gretta M. Dewald
Coordinator
Superior Court of Dekalb County
Pretrial Services
Decatur, GA

by Lewis Sinclair

Editor's note: Lewis Sinclair is a dear friend of the Open Door Community. Along with Mary Eastland, he cooks Thursday night supper for us, is passionately opposed to the death penalty, and has spent his "retirement" in the struggle for human rights. We are grateful for these words he shared with us about the "good life."

About fifteen years ago, a retiree moved from the hills of Tennessee to Atlanta in search of the "good life." Having worked hard all his life and not being sure what he was looking for, or what he would find, he was nonetheless sure that he had earned, and would soon begin to experience and enjoy, a carefree and fun-filled life.



Lewis at a demonstration on Ponce de Leon along with (L-R) Frances, Lora Shain, Mary Eastland, and Phillip Williams

Following the advice of one of his good Appalachian friends, the retiree sought out two particular Atlantans. These two people took the retiree in tow and began to tell him all of the things that he should do in his search for the "good life." Not being even casually aware of the salesmanship abilities of his new-found city friends, the ever-trusting retiree soon found himself committed to a year of service in the VISTA volunteers. This experience in VISTA led to what turned out to be a new career of service for the Poverty Rights Office at Emmaus House, where he learned a lot about living the "good life." Before long, the retiree also became involved in work on other societal problems such as homelessness, hunger, and the criminal justice system.

Strangely enough, the now rapidly aging retiree does not feel betrayed by his Atlanta friends. Instead, he is grateful that Frances Pauley and Gene Guerrero had such a large part in teaching him what the "good life" is all about--helping the less fortunate among us to achieve a degree of security, comfort, and well-being.

Gene has left Atlanta for work with the ACLU in our nation's capital. But Frances and the retiree are still in Atlanta, and it is a source of pleasure, comfort, pride, and assurance to the retiree to have Frances with him, continuing to show him and all of us what the "good life" is really all about. She knows because she has lived it, preached it, and practiced it a heck of a lot longer than many of us have lived. And knowing Frances, we can be sure that she is nowhere near ready to quit.

Frances, please keep inspiring the old retiree and all the rest of us. Never let us forget what the "good life" really is.

Police Pay And Peace

by Ed Loring

Central to the Christian life is sabbath rest:

The Lord says, "If you treat the Sabbath as sacred and do not pursue your own interests on that day; if you value my holy day and honor it by not traveling, working, or talking idly on that day, then you will find the joy that comes from serving me." (Isaiah 58:13-14a)

Joy is the fruit of sabbath rest just as joy is the promise for footwashing (John 13:17) and facing the cross (Hebrews 12:2b). There is little space in our world for sabbath rest, footwashing, and the cross. Where is our joy? We need, as prophetic servants of Jesus Christ, to struggle for structures which make joy more accessible, which make the world a place where "it is easier to be good," as Peter Maurin said.

The Problem

Manyfold are the problems and issues for the police in our nation and the Atlanta Police Department. Police are front-line operators and policy implementers of the City Council, the state legislature, the white business associations (e.g., Central Atlanta Progress, the Chamber of Commerce, Georgia State University), and the mayor. If a police department is mandated to uphold racist, sexist, and homophobic laws and societal mores, they must do so.

In a city where it is all but impossible for homeless people--most especially an African American man--"to pee for free with dignity," injustice is rooted in the City Council, the municipal judges and the compassionless, frightened citizens of Atlanta who elected the officials who devise our laws. It is not the police who cause their arrest, the court appearance, the time in jail, the loss of dignity, and the slow death of American culture. When a police person makes such an arrest with the glee of a bully finding a small child alone and away from home, when they use unnecessary force and damaging language, when, in fact, the police get pleasure from such a sad and diversionary action (and let me tell you it happens over and over and over again--the Atlanta Police Department is mean, violent, intimidating, and undisciplined toward the homeless), then the officer needs to be sent to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference for re-education in the fundamentals of life and love in the Beloved Community.

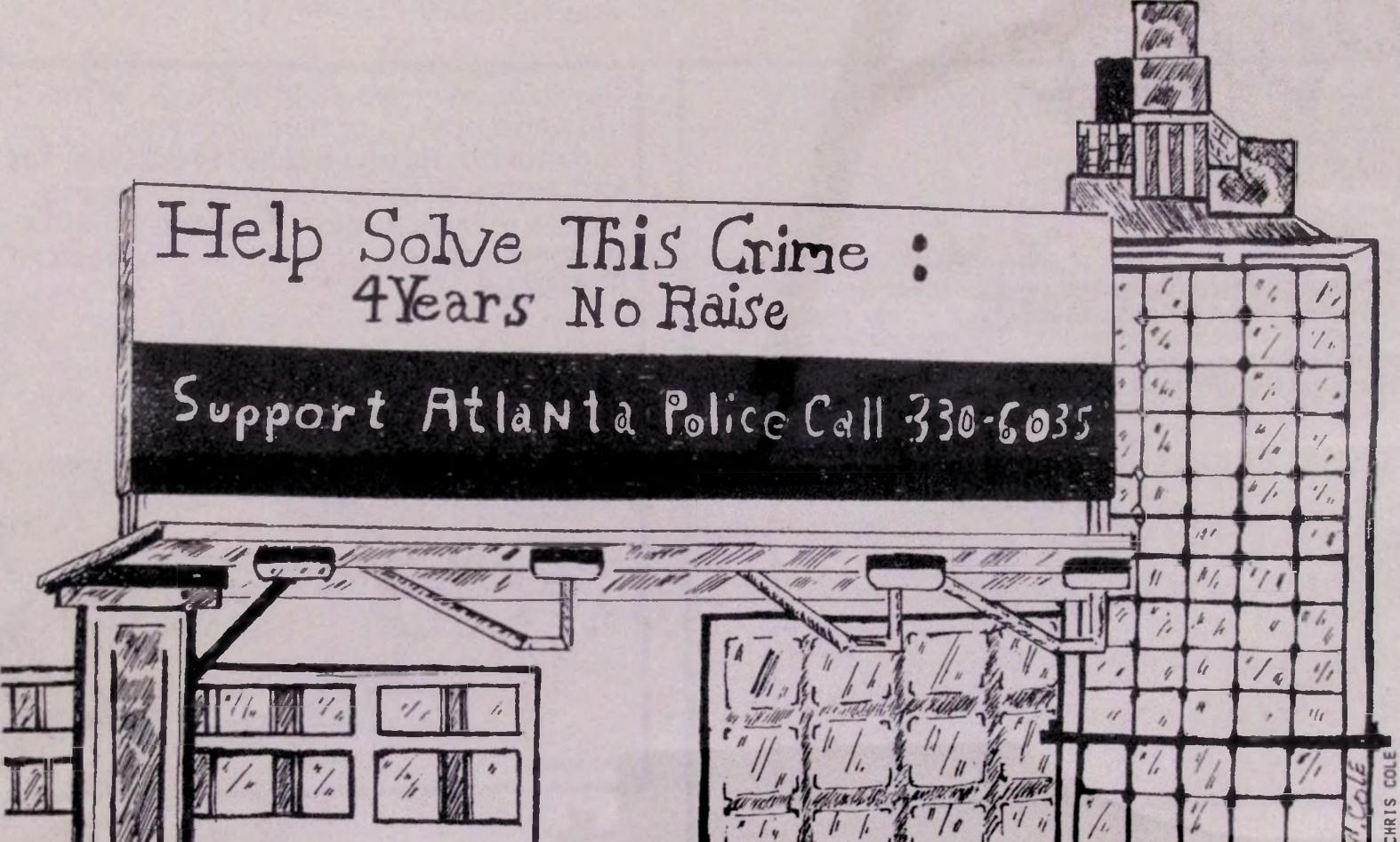
There are exceptions. The Open Door lies in Zone 6, and we work with several officers who are kind and compassionate. A few in the department believe that the Vagrant Free Zone laws are wrong and unjust. But enforce them they must, or be fired.

Although Atlanta has many violent and immature people on its police force, it is the power and policy of the business community under the leadership of Central Atlanta Progress that is behind the severe measures and police state tactics of our city government and its Atlanta Police Department. Long before Mayor Maynard Jackson moved his home from his African American neighborhood to one of the wealthiest and whitest sections of the city, and Mayor Andrew Young shifted his passion from civil rights to the rights of capital, Central Atlanta Progress had defined and gained acceptance among most of our leadership (Rep. John Lewis excepted). Their position is that homelessness is an issue of public safety (i.e., criminalization), not an issue of justice and human rights. They do not see that homelessness is linked to social structures in need of amendment.

Atlanta has all but fully accepted Central Atlanta Progress' definition of the problems of homelessness. Known as the city too busy to hate and the Civil Rights Capital of the World, Atlanta has not been able to find viable public policy alternatives to the Vagrant Free Zone and police power and prison punishment. The increasing reality of a police state among the homeless, the project poor, and the strangers within our gates is the result of a public policy accepted and even applauded by most of our leaders and many of our citizens.

A Response

There is, however, another side to the police brutality and meanness of many in the Atlanta Police Department. That is, **lack of sabbath rest**. Our police are overworked for too little pay. Most of our officers have to work two or three jobs. The rules state the police can only work 20 hours on a second job--60 hours per week performing the most stressful work in the city! Many, however, must take additional traffic-directing jobs, or bodyguard jobs to simply survive. Is it any wonder that the police are short-tempered, prone to violence, rude, always in a hurry after they answer a call too late? Demeaned by their leaders into being hasslers of the homeless rather than protectors



Help Solve This Crime :
4 Years No Raise

Support Atlanta Police Call 330-6035

of the common good, the police are driven by the fatigue, exhaustion, and rage that accompanies unfair wages and the necessity of moonlighting to make it.

On March 23, 1993, the City Council gave the Atlanta Police a 7% increase plus an additional \$200.00 for clothing allowances. We are thankful for that raise, but it is not enough. We must be fair and pay our police enough money so they may have their needs fulfilled with only 40 hours of work. In fact, the city needs to give the police an additional 6.5% raise and require that the officers have no additional jobs. Sabbath rest and its blessing of joy would then be available as our police persons played with their children or spent time at Piedmont Park on picnics. Rest and recreation are necessary ingredients for peace and justice.

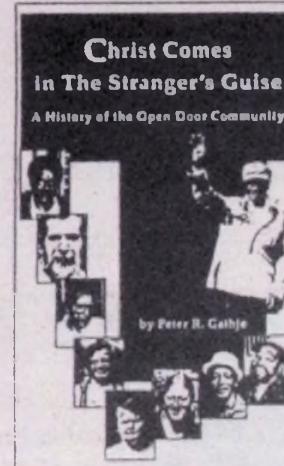
Along with more pay, the Atlanta police need required training in non-violence as well as teachings in advocacy for the poor, the drunk, the hungry, the prostitute, and the prisoner. With more pay and non-violent training, the police might join us in the dismantling of the Vagrant Free Zone and help us create a New Jerusalem of justice. The alternative is frightening: a stressed-out, underpaid, ill-trained police force that is increasingly violent and brutal. The pain in the lives of the poor is an indicator of the success of the strategies of the racist business policies. Let us join forces to grant the police their God-given rights: SABBATH REST.

The word *police* comes from the Greek *polis*, which means city. The police are the people of the *polis* who are to protect and help the citizens. The police are to be a blessing for the just and a terror to evil-doers. They are not to frighten the weak and homeless, but to enable and advocate for those whom the system oppresses and neglects. The police have the toughest of vocations. On the front-line they are called and empowered to be defenders of the Beloved Community.

Atlanta needs such a vision.

*

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



Please send a \$10 donation to:

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

for a copy of our 10th Anniversary Book, or call 404/874-9652.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____, State _____

Zip _____

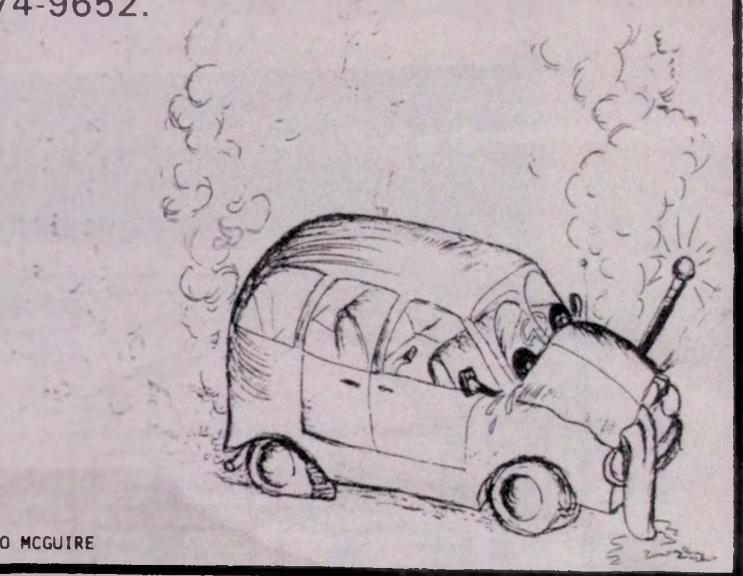
BUTLER STREET BREAKFAST

Five days each week, twelve months every year (for the last 10 years), we feed up to 250 people a breakfast in the basement of the Butler St. CME Church (across from Grady Hospital). The following list indicates approximate costs of supplies for a breakfast of cheese grits, one egg, coffee, vitamins, and 3/4 of an orange.

	Month	Year
Coffee	\$220	\$2,640
Grits	\$310	\$3,960
Sugar	\$35	\$424
Milk	\$238	\$3,564
Eggs	\$396	\$4,752
Cheese	\$176	\$2,112
Oranges	\$264	\$3,168
Vitamins	\$161	\$2,640
Butter	\$18	\$232
Pepper	\$44	\$528
Salt	\$33	\$396
Cleaning Supplies	\$166	\$1,992
(toilet paper, paper towels, soap, bleach, brooms, mops, garbage bags)		
Total	\$2,061	\$26,408

For help with this ministry we need: volunteers, donations of the various food items, money, cleaning supplies.

Our mini van made hundreds of prison trips and other journeys with the community. It had nearly 140,000 miles and finally gave up the ghost. Do you have a reliable station wagon or mini van to donate to the Open Door? Please call 874-9652.



New Hope House

New Hope House provides support for family and friends of people on Georgia's death row. We publish a bimonthly newsletter about our experiences in prison, the courts and our house of hospitality. New Hope House would like to share this newsletter with others to create a network of encouragement for death row prisoners and their families in Georgia. Send your name and address to New Hope House, PO Box 1213, Griffin, GA 30224.

JOIN THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

A North American Base Community



SPEND TWELVE MONTHS
AS A RESIDENT VOLUNTEER



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

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

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Pals at Open Door,

Hello! You're wonderful! I love you! My buddy, Gary Phillips and I attended a Ministry of Money Workshop at Decatur in March '91. We toured your shelter then and were totally knocked out by Murphy. I have been receiving your tabloid since then and have recently sent you some money. Your "thank you" notes are all wonderful. I especially like the one which has Jesus in the line with the homeless people. I work for a small newspaper/shopper here in Forest City, and we have used the Jesus picture twice as a filler. That part of Matthew 25 is the scriptural center of my life, and I hold it as my ideal in daily life.

You are in my prayers.

All the best--

Pat Jobe
Forest City, NC

Dear Ed,

Thank you for continuing to mail your newsletter to me.

What glorious memories I have of my summer at the Open Door!

And only one regret: I did not have an opportunity to spend a night on the streets. Such a precious experience you are offering to your more fortunate friends in Atlanta.

So often during the years I have told the story of my first meeting with you--that bear hug I got the evening you were released from jail for carrying the toilet into city hall.

And since you were still in jail when I arrived, I had not met you! How dear you are to God. How very, very dear.

I continue my jail ministry at the Jefferson County Jail in Louisville three days a week. I am now in my sixth year. It is the joy of my life. No previous ministry in my 77 years can touch the fulfillment this gift gives to me.

Peace--

Sister Barbara Dwyer
Nazareth, KY

Editor's note: Sister Barbara Dwyer is a Catholic Sister and a former resident volunteer at the Open Door.

Dear Ed:

Thank you for your letter and all your efforts and energy, talent and resource which is expended for the "greater good." I think our beloved "church" has lost the old sense of stewardship, seeing one's life and ability (including the ability to make money and prosper materially) as a sacred trust to be invested not for personal affluence but for the good and gain of the whole community, even the world. This "get and greed" idea that has taken such a hold of us lately will surely be our death as a culture. It grieves me to see politicians at every level of every party pandering and playing to it. It makes me ever so thankful for the witness of you and Murphy and Open Door in investing the wealth of personality and ability for the common wealth.

There is a good strong group of us here that have taken a personal commitment to ensure the continuation of Festival of Shelters. As with anything which is started with good motives, the church involvement must ever be watched over to make sure it doesn't dilute the effort into another feel-good program. We are insisting that homeless persons take full, if not major, leadership in the festival, and that the encounter produce good things for all participants as needed. We are trying to form the committee to do something very ambitious this year, and I hope we will be successful. I would like to talk with you sometime and see what you think. We want to get city and state political leaders together on a panel with homeless folk and let a dialogue take place. In order for this to really be effective, we know we need to do some training among us and develop an increased level of political awareness.

I will miss John Fife as moderator very much. I hope that the General Assembly will create a new awareness among us that this institution leaves much to be desired and that it is perhaps not too late to "wake up." Thank you for all your encouragement, Ed. Thank you for the strong force you are, and for Open Door, and for years of unconditional love.

Shalom,

Carl Mazza
Meeting Ground
Elkton, MD

Hello to everyone:

Before we get buried in magazine production, Sue and I wanted to send off this quick thank you for the short time we had together. All of us who hear the cry for justice and compassion and respond with our hearts, bodies, souls and our very lives, know times of gladness, fruit, and frustration, and most all the time know the strain of eyes, heads and arms wearied by work that we dare not give up. We so much appreciated your hospitality at a time immediately following Easter, hoping that we could respond as generously following a non-stop schedule of trips to Mexican shanty towns, phone interviews, writing, and rewriting, and so on.

The solidarity we share in Christ, the vision of past, present and future that calls us to act now, graces us with bonds not so easily broken, and assures us that wherever we practice our faith--in the streets of Atlanta, in the prisons, in Haitian slums, or at the typewriter in San Diego--we never act alone. We never are alone--no matter how hard the work or long the days may become. It was so good seeing all of you again.

Pax Christi,

Sue and Marc Worthington
Coronado, CA

Dear Open Door Community,

God bless you for all the gifts you share. I read "Hospitality" from front to back and am inspired by the many articles that have helped me focus on my own Christian commitment. Thank you for being such an inspiration.

Sincerely,

Sheila Roch
Cleveland, OH

Dear Ed,

Thank you for your very nice note. I love the Open Door Community. My first knowledge of it was when you talked at (what was then) the Western Electric plant. That was long ago--I've been retired 9 years. I've always been impressed by your love and care for the homeless.

There are several fine soup kitchens and homeless shelters here in Baltimore. It is sad that despite dedicated efforts everywhere there is never enough and the need worsens.

"Hospitality" is an inspiration. I've especially enjoyed the articles about Frances Pauley's work, and "Something There Is That Doesn't Love A Wall."

Love, best wishes for Open Door,

Doris Wachter
Baltimore, MD

Dear Mr. Loring,

I am writing just to let you know how much we enjoy receiving the Hospitality newspaper you publish. I just read the March and April 1993 editions and as usual, have passed it around to several of my co-volunteers.

We were struck by the feature you did on Frances Pauley. We, as a Movement committed to the poorest families, have also experienced the need for friends and supporters. It is true that people working with the poor often find themselves isolated in what they are doing, and may feel frustrated. It is through the encouragement of people like Ms. Pauley that many individuals and community groups find the strength to continue their work.

Part of our work involves trying to learn from others who are committed to the poor. Your newspaper is a voice for people who do not often get an opportunity to speak up. But how wonderful when people begin to feel that they have something to say and that what they think is important to others.

Best wishes to all the members of the Open Door Community

Sincerely,

Susan Devins
New/Fourth World Movement
Landover, MD

WE ARE OPEN. . .

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

OUR MINISTRY. . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WEEKEND RETREATS--Four times each year (for our household a volunteers/supporters), July 9-11.

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

NEEDS

JEANS

Men's Work Shirts
Men's Underwear
Quick Grits
Cheese
Mayonnaise
Multi-Vitamins
MARTA Tokens
Postage Stamps
Men's Large Shoes (12-14)
Coffee
Non-Aerosol Deodorant
Toothbrushes
Toothpaste
Disposable Razors
Shampoo
Silverware

From 11am til 1:30pm, Monday through Saturday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11:00 or after 1:30, it would be helpful.

Open Door Community Worship

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

Join us!

July 4	Worship at 910
July 9-11	Summer Retreat at Dayspring Farm No Worship at 910
July 18	Worship at 910 5:00-5:30 Eucharist 5:30 <i>Stories of Struggle and Triumph</i> Dr. Clinton Marsh
July 25	Worship at 910



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

Please ADD to the Hospitality mailing list.

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

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____, State _____ Zip _____



910 Needs A Paint Job

Can you donate paint, brushes, scrapers, and other supplies?

Can you spend an afternoon painting with us?

Please call Elizabeth at 876-6977.