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vol. 15, no. 7

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July 1996

Olympic Atlanta: *Building a House on Sand*

by Murphy Davis

I. The Coming of the Games: Forfeiting the Democratic Process

It was probably late in 1989 before we started noticing that a funny pattern was emerging. Attendance at our breakfast, usually served to 250 or so, would suddenly drop off without explanation. One morning we looked up and only 95 people were in line. But there was no World Series game, no major convention we knew about. Police sweeps of the homeless were nothing new, but they usually take place before major commercial events to spiff up the city and render the streets unsullied by the presence of the Great Unwashed.

We started asking around. St. Luke's kitchen, which generally served 550 per day had fallen off to 350 on the same day we had 95. It was their smallest crowd in years.

Finally, the reality was pieced together: Atlanta was bidding for the 1996 Summer Olympic Games. Every time the International Olympic Committee (IOC) came to town the powers would have the downtown streets swept of the homeless. The international dignitaries would cruise through in stretch limousines, peruse the civil rights monuments, wine and dine in the City Too Busy to Hate, and move on. Then the homeless were sprung.

(The authorities will tell you that police sweeps don't happen. Anybody who really knows downtown Atlanta knows that they do!)

From these and other experiences, we learned early on that the effort to bring the 1996 Centennial Olympic Games to Atlanta would be based on two important assumptions: that herculean efforts would be made to hide the poverty of Atlanta; and that the process of decision-making for soliciting, planning, and staging the Games would be secretive and anti-democratic. What we have learned additionally along the way is that the scheduled event of the Games would unleash an unprecedented orgy of megalomania, greed and audacity; that the prospect of private profits would do profound damage to our city by draining public resources and assaulting the common good; and that the aura of Olympic grandeur would be manipulated to hurt and harass the poor and to benefit the same wealthy, white power structure that has benefitted from every major political and commercial event in the city's history.



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Atlanta, Georgia has one of the highest concentrations of poverty of any city in the United States. Our infant mortality rate is higher than the rate in many Third World nations. The Feds recently announced that we are the second most violent city in the country. Georgia is ranked near the bottom of the list of states that provide health and well-being for its children. Our rates of imprisonment and death sentencing are among the highest in the United States (and the United States is the prison capital of the world). The infrastructure of the city is falling apart: the bridges and streets have been crumbling for years; the water and sewer systems have been collapsing, and the city continues to pay millions of dollars in fines because we will not correct the problems that spill tons of raw sewage into the rivers and streams and endanger our neighbors downstream. Tens of thousands of men, women and children wander the

streets, double up with family, and camp in cars and abandoned buildings because of the lack of affordable housing. Many thousands more live in squalid sub-standard housing as we tolerate a public housing authority that has been acknowledged for 15 years as one of the worst and most irresponsible in the country (Two years ago the Atlanta Housing Authority was labeled the second worst in the nation.)

With our city in such a sorry state, it is no wonder that the entrepreneurs who conceived the notion of courting the Games for Atlanta felt that they could work more efficiently behind closed doors.

It is a long-established Atlanta tradition that the most important decisions about our city are made by wealthy white men in plush offices, wearing expensive suits and silk ties (Nowadays occasional token African Americans and women are included once they've proved allegiance to the party line.). Ideas are exchanged, deals are cut, decisions are made, winks and handshakes are exchanged—all far from the rabble of the *hoi polloi*. Democratic process is forfeited, the surface remains calm, and we proceed with business as usual.

(continued on page 2)

HOSPITALITY



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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, please contact any of the following:

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Subscriptions or change of address--Gladys Rustay

(A \$7 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing *Hospitality*.)

(Olympic Atlanta, continued from page 1)

And so it was with the XXVI Olympiad. Billy Payne (who describes himself as "a white boy from Dunwoody"—a wealthy northeastern suburb) had the idea, and he formed the Atlanta Organizing Committee (AOC, later to become the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games [ACOG], a private, non-profit corporation.). At first, it seemed far-fetched to most, and was given little attention. This made it even easier to work in virtual secrecy. The contacts were established, decisions made and the International Olympic Committee was vigorously courted before the people of Atlanta knew anything about it. When the IOC decided on Atlanta, one reason they acknowledged was that Atlanta was "unified" in its support: there was no dissent. Wow!

There was a drastic difference in the way Atlanta went about it from Toronto, Canada and Melbourne, Australia, two other cities vying for the bid. Reporter Bert Roughton noted: "The fact is that among the 3 leading contenders for the 1996 Olympics, Atlanta stands alone in its lack of vigorous public debate or public scrutiny of plans to host the Games" (*Atlanta Journal Constitution Perspective*, 4/15/90).

In the other cities the process was public and open. All plans were shared publicly. Dissent was heard and respected. A group of 40 advocacy groups organized in Toronto to form the "Bread Not Circuses Coalition," criticizing the city's obsession with "megaprojects." In Melbourne the city government asked honest questions about all possible negative effects of hosting the games: How many people would be displaced? What would happen to housing costs? And how would Olympic projects effect the environment? They paid neutral research groups to study the questions.

In Atlanta there has never once been a public hearing or forum on the Olympics that invited criticism, or even questions. There was never a public financial analysis by any independent group. The city and the public have relied solely on the figures from AOC/ACOG and their consultants (whose interests were obviously in keeping all the projections rosy and upbeat). When the deal was finally clear, and anti-poverty activists did begin to raise critical questions and issues, the local press cooperated in keeping criticism quiet.

Though it seems almost impossible to believe, by the time the Games were a done deal, the city and state governments had quietly handed over sweeping powers to a sort of super-governmental body: the Metropolitan Atlanta Olympic Games Authority (MAOGA). The 1989 Georgia Legislature passed House Bill 696, granting MAOGA power to condemn land, sell bonds, borrow and lend money, create its own police force, and contract with whomever, for whatever reason.

In other words, the state government, with unanimous support from the city government, and no public debate, gave away its own power and created an unrestrained super-governmental authority: no checks, no balances, no regulatory agency, no democratic input.

Once Atlanta had been selected as the host city, MAOGA delegated most of this unbridled authority to the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games (ACOG), a private, non-profit corporation headed by Mr. Billy Payne. Billy insists that ACOG can operate appropriately as a private business even though they operate (through MAOGA) with the power of a democratically-elected government. What a deal: they can make all the decisions privately and without accountability, and then turn around and use/abuse their enormous power, which was handed over to them on a silver platter by presumably lobotomized city and state elected officials. At times, even routine information has been difficult to pry out of the ACOG offices. Some meetings are public and open; others are not. They dispense information only when they choose. Even though nobody elected Billy Payne and his staff to anything, they hold power that will have a tremendous effect on the city of Atlanta and all its citizens for years to come.

ACOG's total projected expenditures for the Games will be over \$1.7 billion. Billy Payne's annual salary is \$669,112. The salaries of the other nine top officers range from \$223,000 to \$473,500 (that figure going to Operations Chief A.D. Frazier, Jr.). Billy is the highest paid head of any non-profit group in the United States.

The contrast is sad when we consider the many thousands of workers hired through labor pools to do the down-and-dirty Olympic work for the minimum wage, or less. I heard the representative of one labor pool cheerily chirp that the \$5/hour "security" jobs she offered provided "benefits." Benefits? Yes! Two security guard uniforms you can keep, a pair of Reebok shoes, and several commemorative pins. What a deal! While select individuals are lining their pockets with Olympic gold, the poor who work for the Olympic effort will be as poor after the mega-circus as they were before.

Payne's ACOG has assured us from the get-go that the Olympics would be staged entirely with private money. There was sufficient reason to question that for anyone who knew that Montreal is still struggling to pay off the \$500 million debt left to that city by the 1976 Games. Montreal, like Atlanta, had been assured that the city could not possibly lose money on the Games.

As we go to press, one month before the games begin, ACOG admits to being \$150 million short of the needed funds. Along the way, costs just seemed to mount up. The most recent estimate is that \$810 million will be spent from public funds: federal, state, county, and city. Governor Zell Miller, whose 1996 budget slashed aid to the poor, the sick and the disabled, assigned four officers of the State Patrol to serve as personal body guards to Billy Payne and A.D. Frazier at a cost of over \$300,000 to the citizens of Georgia. The city of Atlanta alone will spend \$327 million. This is the same city, remember, that is too poor to repair its crumbling streets and sewers, rescue its public schools, care for its children, or find alternatives for homelessness, violence and grinding poverty.

II. Payne-full Megalomania: An Orgy of Greed

There exists a basic and widespread misperception: the public generally thinks of the Olympics as a sporting event. But in reality the Olympics have become a multi-national corporation.

In 1993 I was on a panel at the Carter Center for a presentation on Atlanta poverty to a group from the World Council of Churches. I spoke of the way the Olympics meant destruction of poor neighborhoods and general harassment and bad news for the poor. After the presentation several people

came to me and said, "I was in Seoul (Korea) when the Olympics came there and it was the same story." Several other cities were represented and testimony of the same phenomenon was given. It seems to have come down to this: the sporting events are a focal point. But the real deal is about a marketing scheme to provide an elite group of corporations and individuals with an opportunity to make obscene amounts of money while they stomp on anybody who might get in the way of their profits.

"The Olympics have been transformed over the last two decades from an athletic event into a marketing event," said Michael F. Jacobsen, of the Center for the Study of Commercialism in Washington (quoted in the New York Times March 28, 1996). And the corporate interests started early to stand in line to cash in and purchase sponsorships. Most prominent among them is Atlanta's own Coca-Cola Company, which is sinking a half-billion dollars into a showcase and advertising blitz to link itself with the games. Some have begun to call the event the "Coca-Cola Olympics." NBC is paying \$456 million for the TV rights. NationsBank, hard-pressed to finance more than peanuts for affordable housing in poverty-racked Atlanta, did manage to come up with a \$300 million line of credit for ACOG.

Other corporations paid \$40 million for corporate sponsorships that give them the right to use the word "Olympic." (ACOG tried to say that nobody but corporate sponsors could legally use the word "Olympic. I always thought that it was a perfectly good English word—in the dictionary and all—but too many people were ready and willing to cooperate with this kind of audacious imperialism.)

The New York Times said the Atlanta Games represented "the brassiest commercialism ever" in the history of the Olympics. From its \$1.7 billion budget ACOG will spend at least \$10 million for ads just to discourage companies from falsely implying an affiliation with the Games if they did not purchase one—a practice known as "ambush marketing."

The first level of threatening ads are referred to as "pre-emptive strikes." Of the final level, ACOG's Darby Coker says, "This is sort of like the A-bomb. You don't ever want to use it, but you may have to."

Sporting Event? Marketing? Or war?

ACOG is also spending "tens of millions of dollars" to make sure that "consumers" know that ACOG is the official sponsor. (Atlanta Journal-Constitution May 30, 1996).

Bill Marks of ACOG estimates that \$5.1 billion will flow into Georgia. And ACOG and the corporate sponsors will be there to catch every dime they can get.

"The Atlanta Olympic Games will be the greatest peacetime event in history," Billy Payne preaches. What about, you might ask, the birth of Jesus Christ? the Renaissance? or perhaps a few other events we once considered "great" or "important?" Oh no.

Payne is vintage Atlanta. Megalomania and boosterism to the bone. He has made the whole endeavor sound like a religious crusade. "An idea founded on goodness," he calls it, invoking Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Funny talk from a guy earning \$669,112 a year for his trouble. Would it be closer to say "an idea founded on greed?"

III. Destruction and Construction on the Path to Olympic Glory

Atlanta has a long history of using civic projects as an occasion for obliterating poor Black neighborhoods. The white business community was honest in its documents in the 1950's that their purposes were to promote the Central Business District by the removal of "Negro" communities from the intown areas. Over a period of two decades tens of thousands of African Americans (many of them homeowners) were uprooted from several intown neighborhoods. The Fulton-Atlanta stadium and interstate highway system displaced 60,000 people—one-half of the residents of the once-thriving communities of Summerhill, Mechanicsville and Peoplestown. The many Black-owned businesses and the community base were destroyed, leaving only a few liquor stores and fast-food stands. Buttermilk Bottom was bulldozed to make way for the Civic Center. More recently a portion of Vine City including several thriving Black churches, homes and a shelter for the homeless made way for the Georgia Dome Stadium.

The Olympics provided another such occasion. That Techwood Homes, the nation's oldest housing project, stood across the street from the 26 story international headquarters of Coca-Cola had not gone unnoticed. The

decision was made to destroy 114 units of Techwood to build the "Olympic Village" to house Olympic athletes. While they had the bulldozer on the block, they went on and tore down the rest of Techwood homes—all 1,193 units. The plan is to re-build 900 units of mixed income housing—a loss of more than 800 units in that neighborhood. Where did all of Techwood's residents go? Federal law has required replacement housing, and the housing authority promises it, but none has yet been provided. The Atlanta Housing Authority has often been brash in its disregard of the law. Section Eight housing was provided for some, but how many other former residents might be on the streets?

And what was left of Summerhill and its surrounding neighborhoods was hit again. Never mind that Atlanta already has two mega-stadiums. We had to build another for the Olympics. And it had to be put in Summerhill. The neighbors fought with a group called Atlanta Neighborhoods United for Fairness (ANUFF). When they lost, Mrs. Ethel Matthews demanded, "Does money talk louder than lower-income black people?" Well...

And—almost at the last minute—Billy Payne decided that we needed a 72-acre Centennial Olympic Park. The area he seized on had numerous small businesses, shelters, and day-care centers, but it was a primarily Black low-income area. Chamber of Commerce President Gerald Bartels tactfully described the area as "a sore and a cancer on downtown." And so "surgery" was performed, the residents chased out and the park will—they promise—be ready three days before the Games begin!

The estimated expenditures on construction of the Olympic facilities is some \$550 million. But what are they building?

In the Sermon on the Mount we read the story of the foolish person who built a house upon sand. When the winds and rain came, the house collapsed "and great was its fall."

The same story could be told about Olympic construction in Atlanta. In September, 1995, several powerful wind and rain storms moved through Atlanta, which is not uncommon for summertime weather in this city. Shortly after the Georgia Dome emptied after a game, a section of the roof collapsed, with tons of water, cement, seating, and steel crashing down. Many people would have been injured, or killed, if the collapse had happened while people were in the stadium. As it was, many hundreds of thousands of dollars had to be spent to repair a new structure that cost millions to build.

As Atlanta raced to complete the Olympic Village Dormitories for the visiting athletes, inspectors found that the foundations of the buildings were sinking. One side was nine inches lower than the other. This sort of settling leads to cracks in floors, walls, and ceilings, doors that won't close, and elevators that stop short of their destination. What will happen when the rooms are filled with young people?

These examples of poor design, engineering, and construction are not just inconveniences; they are dangers and tragedies happening and waiting to happen. Jack Falls, an iron-worker at the Olympic Stadium, fell to his death when a light tower he was working on collapsed. Faulty design and inferior materials were to blame, and it appears that the builders knew of the dangers weeks before Jack Falls fell.

Another roof collapse, caused by a steel beam that gave way, occurred at an addition to the \$2.3 million Georgia Tech Aquatic Center. The roof span covered 11,000 seats. This time the iron-workers felt the beam swaying and heard it screeching in time to save themselves. Again, faulty design was to blame.

If the city of Atlanta, the business community, and ACOG care so little for the poor who have been displaced, or for the construction workers who are building their temples to the God of Greed, then what makes us think that they will care for the safety and well-being of the millions of guests who will come to Atlanta this summer?

Woodruff Park, in the center of downtown Atlanta, was recently remodeled at a cost of \$5 million for the specific purpose of making the space inhospitable for homeless people (see the March, 1996 Hospitality). But already in the park that was re-opened in November 1995, sections of stonework are falling apart and rats have chewed up portions of the plastic sprinkler system.

While ACOG and city officials keep tense smiles on their faces, tempers are flaring and legal papers are flying. ACOG is suing the design firm over the Olympic Stadium accident. The design firm is counter-suing

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There exists a basic and widespread misperception: the public generally thinks of the Olympics as a sporting event. But in reality the Olympics have become a multi-national corporation.

(Olympic Atlanta, continued from page 3)

ACOG, complaining that too many costly changes were made. Bureaucrats galore lined up to yap cheerily that the 9-inch sinking of the Olympic Village is "not a problem—not in the least."

It is a vivid reminder: what we are willing to do to the poor, we are eventually willing to do to each other and even ourselves.

In the rush for the gold, they have rolled and stomped over the poor with no thought or caring for their welfare. Now they are rolling and stomping over each other. Suits and counter-suits. Finally people on such a path will self-destruct. Yes, oppression and greed are ultimately self-destructive. As Proverbs says: "If you plant the seeds of injustice, disaster will spring up, and your oppressions of others will end." (Prov. 22:8)

But in all this frenzy of construction, is there nothing for the poor?

Yes indeed! In January, 1995 the city proudly opened a brand-new eight story jail. The announced cost, \$56 million. (The truth is that with interest on the Certificates of Participation the cost will reach \$120 million by the time it is paid off in 2010.) We would be hard-pressed not to include the jail as Olympic construction for we will desperately need the increased space to hide the poor as the world comes to town.

IV. The Games

There is no way around it: the Olympic Games will be hell on the poor—especially the homeless. It has been clear for all the years of preparation that the homeless had better be out of sight when the world comes to town.

The police have long been enlisted to hassle and move the homeless poor. City Council has passed one after another "nuisance ordinance" to increase police discretionary power and hassle the homeless. With every day closer to the Games the pressure increases. The harpies of the local media provide the sing-song complaint about homeless people and their obnoxious presence in downtown, in the airport atrium, etc.

Fulton County has recently provided some \$200,000 for one-way bus tickets out of town for homeless people. For a while (until they got caught and publicly embarrassed) they required participants to sign a promise never to return to Atlanta.

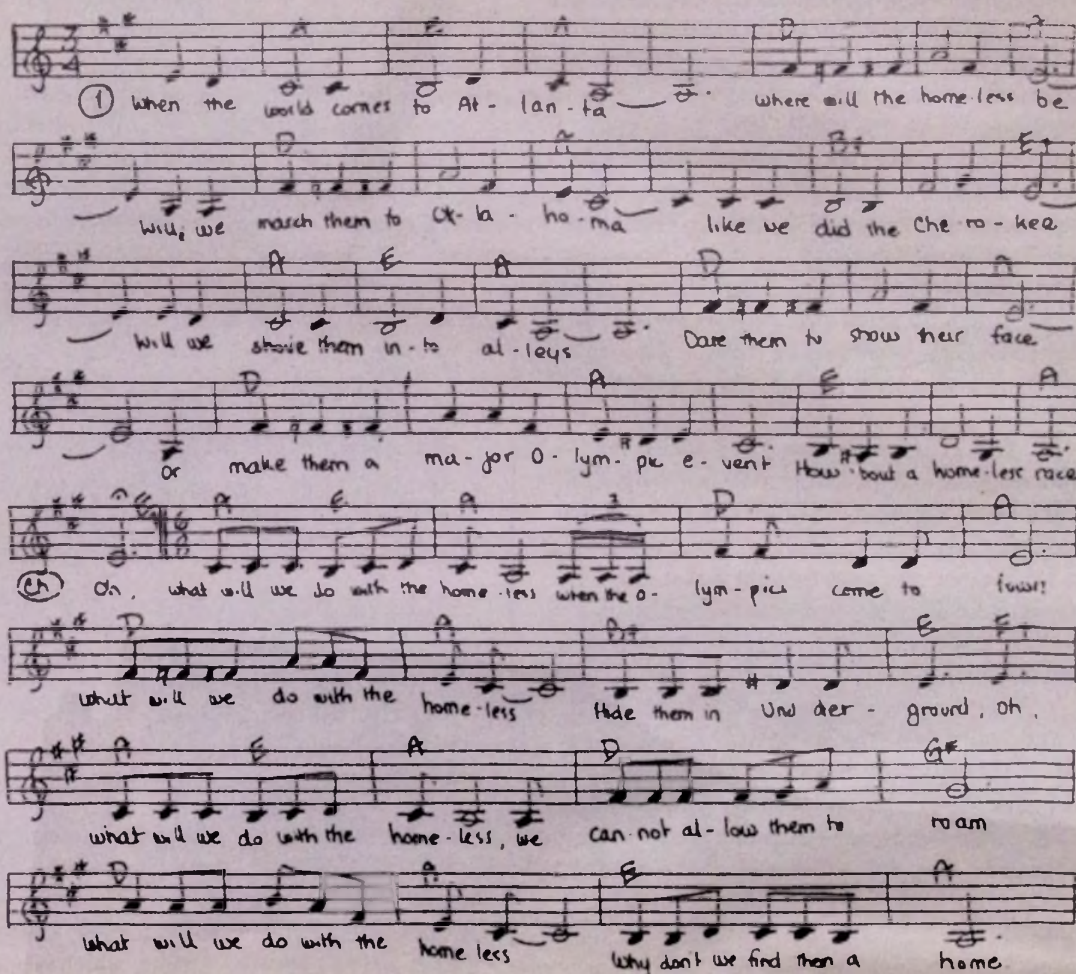
The city will be literally an armed camp. The Pentagon is dispatching at least 10,000 troops. With local and state resources, the number of law enforcement officers will be somewhere over 25,000. All of this will be under the direction of the FBI since local law enforcement will be federalized. The Georgia Department of Corrections will contribute 1,400 staff to be credentialed for assignments to Olympic activities—including the "Tactical Squad" on stand-by alert for assignments by the Governor or the Olympics Security Chief to special problems (The Security Chief, by the way, is Bill Rathburn, one of the former henchmen of Daryl Gates, infamous racist Los Angeles police chief).

It raises interesting questions. Many of the state's prisons are understaffed already. What will be the expectations for safety when 1,400 staff members are pulled from the system for more than two weeks?

The state will also have officers from the State Patrol, the GBI, the Department of Natural Resources, etc. They will roll into the city with

What Will We Do With the Homeless (When the Olympics Come to Town)?

by Joyce Brookshire



2.

If we deal with the homeless problem
Make low income housing our goal
When the eyes of the world are upon us
We'll fare so much better I know

We'll show them our closets and corners
No homeless folk will they find
Then we'll all share a Coke and a peach pie
And have an Olympic good time

armored personnel carriers, other heavy military equipment, and plenty of extra barbed and concertina wire! We will be a city under siege.

Access to downtown will be severely limited. The Open Door Community will not be able to serve breakfast at the Butler Street C.M.E. Church as we have done every weekday morning for the past thirteen years, because the church is within the "Olympic Ring" to be closed off by 7:30 each morning (So we will serve the breakfast every morning at our home on Ponce de Leon and keep our home and yard as open and hospitable as we can.).

We wonder if it ever occurred to Billy Payne, A.D. Frazier, Bill Campbell, Andy Young, Shirley Franklin, and their cohorts that there are limits to the resources of the city of Atlanta. Or has greed, and the quest for fame and fortune, made them unable to comprehend? Already in May, long before the dry, hot summer days of July and August, the city has had water restrictions in place. Our city normally consumes 90 million gallons of water per day. The estimated need during the Games is 190 million gallons per day. How many visitors to Atlanta will it take this summer to dry up our water reserve? What will we drink? I suppose they think Coke will satisfy our thirst.

And how many flushes of toilets will it take before Atlanta's ancient, inadequate sewer system is overwhelmed? Piedmont Park has reeked for years with its open sewer running through the field. That

has been fixed at last, but will the whole city be awash? Will guests stroll down Peachtree Street to hours of entertainment at Underground Atlanta where the toilets have backed up onto lower Alabama Street?

The streets are collapsing all around Atlanta. Two years ago a sinkhole swallowed up two people when a parking lot caved in. Nearby, Georgia Tech began to report that their ball fields were full of bulges and pits where sewer and water lines were collapsed and caved in. Everywhere you look in Atlanta you see barricades and bright orange warning cones, marking another sinkhole, another collapsed sewer pipe.

A year ago Mayor Campbell had to ask the people of Atlanta to limit their showers because damaged water mains were leaking thousands of gallons of water throughout the city. In May a water main burst and produced a 100 foot geyser on Peachtree Street, leaving several businesses without water for hours. Do they really think this couldn't happen during the Olympics?

Perhaps the Olympic wheelers and dealers have become so focused on promoting their own interests that they are blind to the reality. Atlanta is falling apart, and we might not even have the Olympics. Or maybe after the 3,976th flush the world will have to go home.

(Olympic Atlanta, continued on page 9)

Olympic Shadow

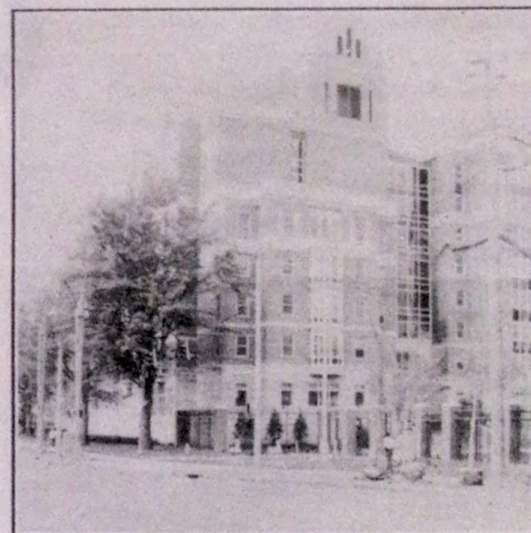
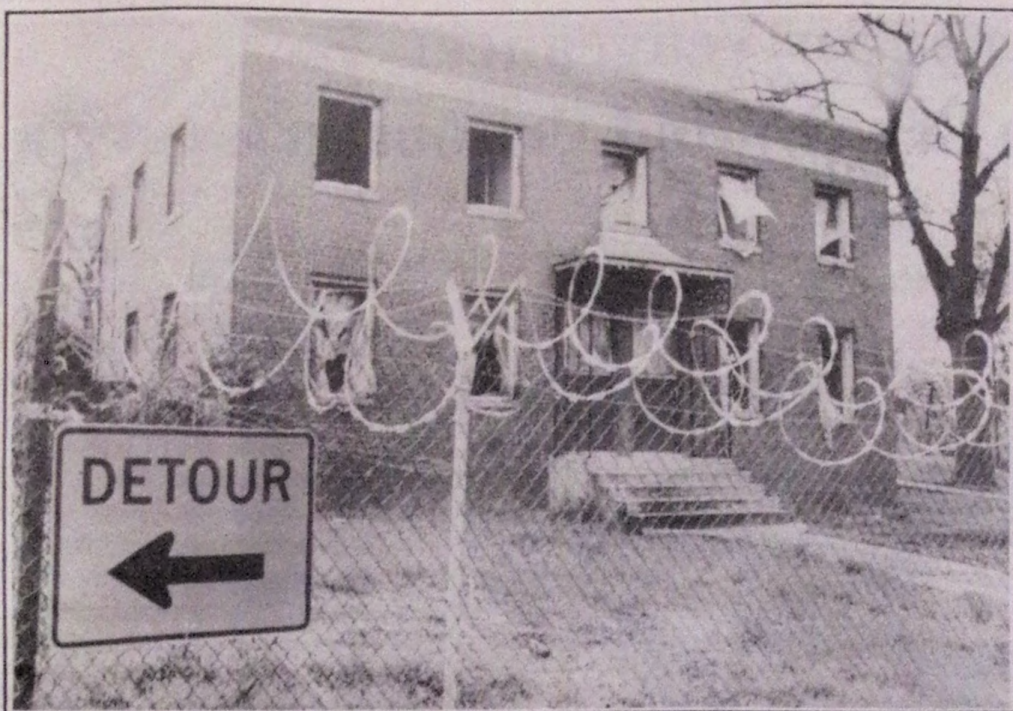
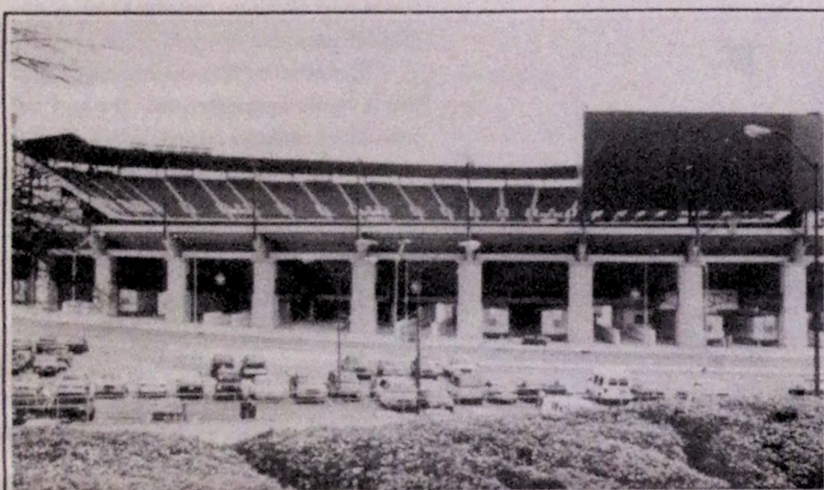


Photo Essay by
Hannah Loring-Davis



A Preference for Vengeance: A Report on the Death Penalty and Prisons in Georgia

part 1

by Stephen Bright

(Editor's note: Stephen Bright is the Director of the Southern Center for Human Rights located in Atlanta, Georgia, a nonprofit, public interest human rights organization which focuses on the human rights of prisoners and those facing the death penalty in the South. While there are a number of areas in which Georgia needs to improve its human rights record in order to live up to its promises to the world, this report describes the issues with regard to capital punishment and prisoners.

We run here the first of 3 parts of this report by Stephen Bright.)
- Atlanta, June, 1996 -

Introduction

In its application to host the 1996 Olympic games, Atlanta described itself as "the birthplace of the Civil Rights Movement," and "birthplace of the modern human rights movement," and "for many, the modern capital of human rights."

Unfortunately, the ideals of human and civil rights are often not practiced in Georgia's courts and in its prison and jails. Georgia has executed more people in this century than any other state in the United States. Georgia has one of the highest rates of incarceration in the United States. Although African Americans are only 27 percent of Georgia's population, almost seventy percent of those in Georgia's prisons are African American. Twelve of the twenty persons executed in Georgia's electric chair since 1976 have been African Americans.

Georgia's court system fails to provide fairness and equal treatment for racial minorities and poor citizens accused of crimes. A recent report by the Georgia Supreme Court's Commission on Racial and Ethnic Bias concluded, "there are still areas within the state where members of minorities, whether racial or ethnic, do not receive equal treatment from the legal system."

The Commission also found that poor citizens of Georgia did not receive fair or equal treatment in the state's courts. Poor people seldom receive adequate legal representation from underpaid and overworked court-appointed lawyers.

GEORGIA'S DEATH PENALTY: VIOLATIONS OF THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF THE RACIAL MINORITIES, THE POOR, AND THE DISADVANTAGED

Once visitors to the Olympics leave the state, Georgia will return to the business of executing prisoners by electrocution. Georgia has carried out more executions, 675, than any other state in the United States in the twentieth century. The



REY DAVID VARGAS

death penalty was struck down in 1973 in a case from Georgia, *Furman v. Georgia*. Georgia was among the first states to enact a new death statute, which was upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court twenty years ago. Georgia has carried out twenty executions since then and would have carried out many more were it not for decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court and the lower United States courts preventing executions in particular cases. Over 100 people condemned to death await execution on Georgia's death row.

The use of the death penalty varies greatly throughout Georgia. While many cases are potentially capital cases, the death penalty is sought in only a small percentage of those cases. Whether to seek the death penalty is left to each of Georgia's 46 prosecutors, elected in judicial districts throughout the state. All 46 prosecutors are white. There are no state-wide guidelines or standards governing when prosecutors may seek the death penalty.

Due in large part to the wide discretion given Georgia's prosecutors in deciding whether to seek the death penalty, capital punishment in Georgia is characterized by gross racial disparities. The death penalty is imposed primarily in cases in which the victim is white. If the one accused of the crime is of African descent, it increases even further the likelihood that death will be imposed.

There are also great geographical disparities within Georgia. Some prosecutors seek the death penalty frequently. Some seldom or never seek it. The most death sentences have come from the Chattahoochee Judicial Circuit, which includes Columbus. Four people sentenced to death in Columbus, three of them African Americans, have been executed. That is more than in any other judicial circuit in Georgia. There are nine death penalty cases pending trial in the courts in Columbus at this time.

The death penalty is almost exclusively for the poor. A person facing the death penalty who cannot afford a lawyer is given a lawyer appointed by the court. Those lawyers are inadequately compensated for the demanding task of defending a capital case and often provided no funds to investigate the case or present expert testimony. Many of the attorneys appointed to defend capital cases lack the competence and skills necessary to try a capital case.

Because of the inadequacy of the lawyers appointed and the lack of resources, mental retardation and mental illness are often not adequately addressed in many cases in which death is considered as a punishment. Georgia put to death two mentally retarded men before passing a law that prohibits further execution of the mentally retarded. Georgia law still

allows the execution of persons suffering from schizophrenia and other major mental illnesses. Georgia law still allows the execution of children as young as 17.

All of Georgia's judges, at both the trial and appellate level, are popularly elected. As a result, capital cases are often tried before judges who are more interested in winning the next election than in enforcing the protections of the Bill of Rights. Capital trials in Georgia are usually tried before a white judge sitting in front of the Confederate battle flag. People of color are underrepresented in the judiciary, in prosecutors' offices, and in the bar.

Georgia adopted the Confederate battle flag as part of its state flag in 1956 to symbolize its rejection of the federal constitution and the United States Supreme Court's decision requiring integration of the public schools. The flag was described as follows by a United States District Court judge in Atlanta:

The predominant part of the 1956 flag is the Confederate battle flag, which is historically associated with the Ku Klux Klan. The legislators who voted for the 1956 bill knew that the new flag would be interpreted as a statement of defiance against federal desegregation mandates and an expression of anti-black feelings.

Despite the fact that the flag stands for white supremacy, denial of equal protection of the laws to African Americans, and defiance of federal authority, it is displayed in most Georgia courtrooms. A few judges, mostly those of African descent, have removed the flag from their courtrooms.

The case of Wilburn Dobbs

The case of Wilburn Dobbs, one of the condemned on Georgia's death row, starkly illustrates the racial discrimination and incompetent legal representation that is found in capital cases in Georgia.

Dobbs, an African American man, was referred to at his trial as "colored" and "colored boy" by the judge and the defense lawyer and called by his first name by the prosecutor. Two of the jurors who sentenced Dobbs to death for the death admitted after trial to using the slur "n_gg_r."

Dobbs stood trial for his life only two weeks after being indicted for murder and four other offenses. He was assigned a court-appointed lawyer who later admitted that he did not know for certain until the day of trial that he was going to represent Dobbs, and "didn't know for sure what he was going to be tried for."

On the morning set for trial, the lawyer asked for a postponement, saying that he was "not prepared to go to trial" and that he was "in a better position to prosecute the case than defend it." Nevertheless, the trial court denied the motion and the case proceeded to trial.

A federal court described the defense lawyer's attitude towards African Americans as follows:

Dobbs' trial attorney was outspoken about his views. He said that many blacks are uneducated and would not make good teachers, but do make good basketball players. He opined that blacks are less educated and less intelligent than whites either because of their nature or because "my granddaddy had slaves." He said that integration has led to deteriorating neighborhoods and schools and referred to the black community in Chattanooga as "black boy jungle." He strongly implied that blacks have inferior morals by relating a story about sex in a classroom. He also said that when he was young, a maid was hired with the understanding that she would steal some items. He said that blacks in Chattanooga are more troublesome than blacks in Walker County [Georgia]. . . .

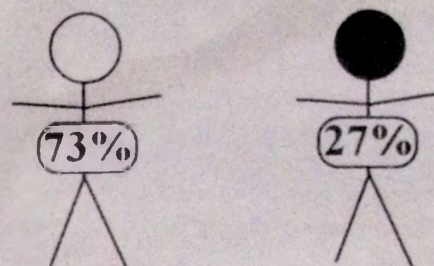
The attorney stated that he uses the word "n_gg_r" jokingly.

During the penalty phase of Dobbs' trial when the jury could have heard anything about his life and background and any reasons Dobbs should not have been sentenced to death, the lawyer presented no evidence. Nonetheless, despite the racism and the wholly inadequate legal representation, the courts of Georgia and the United States have repeatedly upheld Dobbs' conviction and sentence.

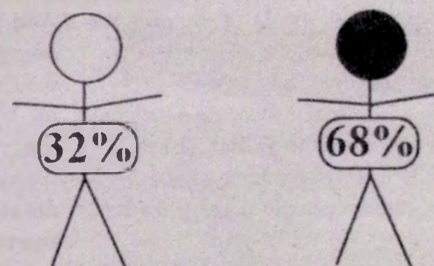
(See the next issue of Hospitality for part 2 of this 3-part series by Stephen Bright.)

Georgia Facts

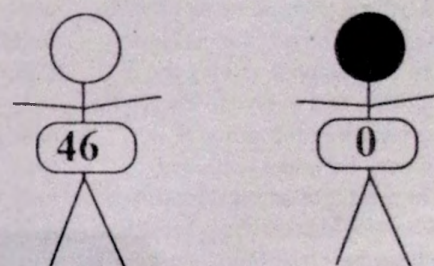
Total Population



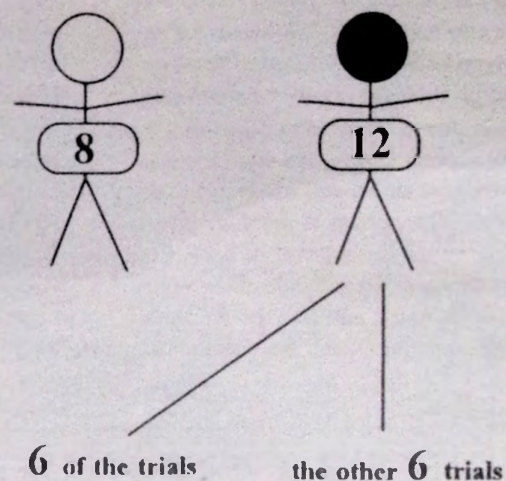
Prison Population



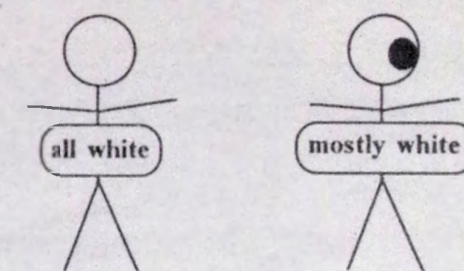
District Attorneys



Persons Executed under the current death penalty statute (upheld in 1976 by the U.S. Supreme Court)



Jury make-up in the above executions of African Americans



Sin, Grace, and the Basement Door

- part 3 -

by Chuck Campbell

(Editor's note: Chuck Campbell teaches preaching and worship at Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia. This article is the third part in a six-part series in which he reflects on experiences he had while working with the Open Door Community during his recent sabbatical.)

At 6:20 a.m. nine of us stood in a circle at the Open Door and heard the words of the prophet Micah: "What does Yahweh require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?" Then, following a prayer, we boarded the van and drove to Butler Street C. M. E. Church, where we planned to share breakfast with the homeless people waiting for us there.

On this particular morning, however, the line of men and women gathered for breakfast was disorderly. As I unlocked the basement door, the rest of our group was trying to bring some order to the line. When these efforts failed, the decision was made to return to 910 without serving the meal. I relocked the door, and everyone except Ed Loring and I climbed back into the van and returned to the Open Door. Ed and I remained behind and listened to the anger and frustration of the hungry people who would receive no breakfast that morning. "I've been here waiting since 5:00!" "I'm hungry man, and I've got to go to work!" "And you call yourselves Christians!" "It's not fair. I wasn't causing any trouble. Why can't I get something to eat?" All Ed and I could reply was, "No, it's not fair, but we have to have some order to serve the breakfast. We know we're sinners. We'll be back in the morning."

Although this was my first time to go to Butler Street on one of those rare occasions when the meal is not served, I have had similar experiences on a smaller scale while "working the door" at the breakfast. The person at the door checks for tickets, determines the number of seats available at a given moment, and decides how many people come inside to eat and how many remain outside waiting. In many ways the basement door

is a joyful place—a place of handshakes and conversation and fellowship. However, the door also brings with it times of conflict and, almost always, a sense of failure and a glimpse of the cross.

The person working the door is the one who has to say, "No." "No, you can't come in yet. . . . I know it's 35 degrees and pouring down rain, but there's no room at the tables right now." "No, you can't use the bathroom right now. We're too busy." And, worst of all, "No, we're not serving breakfast anymore; you're too late." The scale is smaller than it was on the morning we did not serve breakfast at all, but the anger, frustration, and conflict are just as real. And the feelings of failure are much the same.

In Revelation 3:20 Jesus says, "Listen! I am standing at the door, knocking; if you hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to you and eat with you, and you with me." The person working the door at Butler Street is the one who often has to say "no" to that knock—"no" to the Jesus who comes to the door hungry or thirsty or naked. And, as Ron Jackson, a member of the Open Door Community, commented, "It just breaks your heart."

For every "no," however, the person at the door gets to say "yes" dozens of times. Indeed, this "yes" is the larger context of every no: "We're back. The grits and eggs, oranges and coffee are ready. Welcome!" This "yes," however, also has its cost. Even the "yes" is, in a profound sense, unfair; for it is spoken in the context of an unfair system that forces some people to live on the streets and wait in grit lines. Even the "yes" poignantly reminds me, in particular, that I am serving as yet another white, male "gatekeeper" for many poor African-Americans. Even the "yes" can break your heart, for it must be spoken face-to-face with the poor. Indeed, each "yes" brings an encounter with the crucified Jesus, who comes to the door hungry and rejected.

Within this context, I heard the words of Micah: "What does Yahweh require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?" The order of these three demands, I realized, is important: justice, kindness, humility. In the process of continually seeking to do justice and

love kindness, we are led to humility before God. As we seek to be disciples of the poor, hungry, rejected Jesus, we encounter our sinfulness and our reliance on God's grace.

The basement door at Butler Street C. M. E. Church has brought this reality home to me time and again. I suspect I began volunteering at the breakfast in order to feel like I was doing some "good works," like I was being a more faithful disciple. I know I did not volunteer to have my heart broken. Ironically, however, at the basement door I have come not to greater confidence in my own "good works," but

to a deeper awareness of my limitations and sinfulness, as well as to a greater dependence on the grace of Jesus Christ. What a revelation this has been! I had always assumed that discipleship followed the confession of sin and acceptance of forgiveness. The basement door, however, like the text from Micah, has taught me that this process is actually reversed: we do not fully know the depths of our sin and the reality of God's grace until we put our bodies on the path of discipleship. The door at Butler Street makes a person humble.

The text from Micah also forced me to think more deeply about justice and kindness in relation to the Butler Street breakfast. On the morning we refused to serve breakfast to hungry people, our actions seemed to be anything but just and kind. On one level, we could only respond, "We have failed. We are sinners. Lord have mercy upon us." At another level, however, Micah reminded me that the Butler Street breakfast is not just about giving food, but about sharing meals. The purpose of the breakfast is not simply to throw food at hungry people as if they were animals. Rather, the purpose is to share meals together, day after day, which requires some order. Providing a peaceful meal for the homeless, I realized, is a greater act of kindness than slopping food on a tray in the midst of chaos. Similarly, treating people as responsible human beings and inviting them to come to the table with dignity is an important way of doing justice. For when people sit together at table in peace and dignity, God's shalom begins to become a reality.

When the goal is meal fellowship, sometimes food won't be served. To be sure, confession is required whenever the grits are returned to 910, just as confession is necessary each day at the door. However, in the midst of failure, humbled before God, we are reminded by Micah of our purpose and our hope.

See the next issue of *Hospitality* for part four in this six-part series from Chuck Campbell.

WE SHOWER OVER 150 PERSONS PER WEEK,

SO WE NEED

150 RAZORS PER WEEK
DEODORANT
VASELINE
TOWELS



For an information packet on how to develop a Festival of Shelters in your community, please write to:

Ed Loring

910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

(Olympic Atlanta, continued from page 4)

The psalmist sings about evil people who build traps for others. They end up falling into their own traps. The city of Atlanta won't provide public toilets, so it might just end up down the sewer.

V. Post-Olympic Atlanta

The frenzy is far from over. The construction crews fly in different directions around the city. Tenants of intown apartments are evicted to make room for landlords who want to enjoy outrageously inflated rents throughout the summer. Signs litter the light posts: "Rent your house—up to \$1,500 per day." The enormous energy, resources, and expertise of our city are being dumped into what promises to be an insane (and perhaps unmanageable) mega-event. All of this, and the revellers will go home and nothing will be left for the poor (except probably more bills to pay).

The Games are being staged by a private group, but enormous public resources have been marshalled and co-opted to serve private interests. All of the construction and renovation, and in the end, not one single room will be available for the poor.

Nibs Stroupe, a local pastor and author of the acclaimed *While We Run This Race*, says that the Olympics are about white people taking back the city of Atlanta. I believe he is right. Pat Buchanan spoke for many privileged white people

when he cried out at the 1992 Republican convention: "We must take back our cities..."

One local media commentator casually referred to the widely accepted assumption that the Olympics are "just the thing to rebuild the central city or advance the war on homeless people..." (my emphasis).

Indeed, the Olympics have provided a golden and unprecedented opportunity to solidify the spirit of this city: to accelerate the war on the poor, to further co-opt public resources to serve private interests, to circumvent and undermine democratic institutions and democratic process, to consolidate the power and privilege of the city's elite.

But in the mad rush for fame, glory, glitz, and riches, we have violated the common good and every standard of human decency and dignity. We have stolen homes from thousands of poor people. We have abused the working poor, driving them ever harder and paying them less and less. We have abandoned our children and left the sick and mentally ill without care. We have caged our sisters and brothers, spitting in the face of justice and liberation. We have silenced the prophets and maximized the profits.

But the house of gold is built on sand. It will fall. And great will be its fall.

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS!!!

If you are homeless and have been arrested in Atlanta for any of the following:

- * Loitering or prowling
- * Unauthorized persons entering vacant buildings
- * Unauthorized persons on a parking lot
- * Aggressive panhandling/begging
- * Washing automobile windows
- * Urinating in public
- * Drinking in public
- * Disorderly conduct while under the influence
- * Blocking a public way
- * Criminal trespass
- * Use of "fighting words"
- * Being in a known drug area

your constitutional rights may have been violated!

As our city prepares to host the Olympic Games, there is concern that the police may be using these ordinances to sweep homeless people from public view. The ordinances may be unconstitutional and can be challenged in court—but **only with your help!**

If you have been homeless while arrested for any of these ordinances or if you have been harassed by Atlanta police, please call Greg Payne at the Task Force for the Homeless (1-800-448-0636) immediately.

PLEASE HELP PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF ALL ATLANTANS!!!

We need

hosts who can help us serve food and coffee to the homeless during the Olympics. We will be prepared to keep our house and yard open for sanctuary for our homeless friends during this time.

We Can No Longer Accept Collect Calls

We are sorry. With de-regulation of the phone companies, we are not able to control the flow of collect calls into our voice mail. It has become too expensive to maintain, and we have had to put a block on our phone line. If you are in prison/jail, please try to write us a letter. We would love to hear from you.



Jennifer Lee has recently graduated from Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia. Jennifer was ordained on Sunday, June 16, and will spend the next year with us as a Resident Volunteer.

Join us as a Resident Volunteer!

- Live in a residential Christian community.
- Serve Jesus Christ and the hungry, 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: Elizabeth Dede
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212
404/874-9652; 874-7964 (fax)

Spend 6 to 12 months as a Resident Volunteer



Columbia Seminary Professor Stan Saunders holds a picket sign, declaring "Pee for Free with Dignity" while Nibs Stroupe, pastor of Oakhurst Presbyterian Church in Decatur, addresses the crowd.

Public Toilet Actions

People for Urban Justice



PHOTOS BY GLADYS RUSTAY

During the past few months, People for Urban Justice has been active in the struggle for public toilets in the City of Atlanta. Public toilets are necessary for all people, but an extra burden is placed on the homeless poor, who are arrested for public urination, even though without public toilets they have no other recourse. Advocates for homeless people in Atlanta have been engaged in this particular struggle for more than 13 years.

On April 29, nine members of People for Urban Justice took to the streets with their toilets, setting up in Woodruff Park during lunch. After the park went through a \$5 million facelift, including a 17-foot cascading waterfall, there's plenty of water, but none for drinking or flushing. In 1994, the City signed a contract for 25 public toilets. "Where have all the toilets gone?" we asked.

Shortly after that action, a businessman gave a \$1.5 million donation to Atlanta for portable toilets during the Olympics. The City should be embarrassed that it only has to offer those smelly, temporary toilets to all of its visitors and nothing for its own citizens when the world leaves after the Olympics.

On June 17, People for Urban Justice brought the toilet action to City Hall, where the responsibility for public toilets lies. Eight members of People for Urban Justice were arrested when they tried to speak with Mayor Bill Campbell.

Please write to Mayor Campbell and to City Council President Marvin Arrington, 55 Trinity Ave., SW, Atlanta, GA 30335. Ask them to renegotiate the contract for public toilets.



Attorney Brian Spears (standing) observes the toilet action on June 17. Ed Loring, Ron Jackson, Ed Potts, Phillip Williams, and Jennifer Lee (l. to r.) sit proudly on their toilets.



People for Urban Justice protestors sit on toilets in Woodruff Park. Jennifer Lee and Ed Potts are shown here, while Rev. Timothy McDonald leads us in freedom songs.



Inside City Hall, Murphy Davis leads singing with Alycia Erickson and Adolphus Victor (l. to r.).

Dear Ed, Murphy, and Friends,

I've been meaning to write since Christmas when you sent that wonderful gift of the spirit, the 1996 Calendar—Do Not Be Afraid, but my own walk has been so dramatic, difficult in the way of emotions, but magnificent in the way of purifying the heart and soul for Christ, that only now am I getting it finished. My life is still topsy-turvy, it's not over yet, this new level of discerning matters, but I will write a brief greeting anyway.

I think about all of you a lot. And even though I don't know you all personally, I know you in the spirit, as I have since 1988 when my former husband and I joined the March for the Homeless in February of that year.

I think there are many readers like me who want to be there physically with you because we know you in our heart, and therefore long to be with you in person as well, much as we long to be in communion with Jesus. For as you know, in Christ we do not meet in the mind as the world does, but in the heart.

After visiting the Open Door in 1988, I immediately identified myself in a different way than before, as a member of a new family. And nothing has swayed me from that greater sense of who I had become and what my purpose on earth would be, even though the details of such are almost never clear ahead of time... "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isaiah 42:16).

Truly, truly, these words have come to pass since I stepped out of the world and into that divine darkness.

So often I wonder how I can continue to live in this increasingly heartless society, the agony of being in the world but not of it is becoming too much at times. In a Pendle Hill pamphlet titled "In the Belly of a Paradox: Contradictions in the Thought of Thomas Merton," by Parker J. Palmer, Merton says we don't have possession of our hearts... "because they have been seized by concerns of self-preservation and self-enhancement, and by the maintenance of institutions which serve these ends." He goes on to lay a challenge to us, "One of the most difficult things in life today is to gain possession of (our) heart in order to give it."

Indeed, the strain on the hearts of those of us who have regained them, is massive. That is why we seek relief through fellowship with one another, and that is why your newsletter and spiritual caring means so much to me. Since my walk has often been a walk alone or with my spiritual brother, James, and since it's often been strenuous to the point of breaking down, we two still find our way again, on the same road, a road that seems like one headed toward the community of the Open Door. So even though it seems like a few years yet before we join you, still I carry you lovingly in my heart until that time.

Manifold blessings,
Your sister in Christ,

Constance Wells
Charlotte, NC

Grace and Peaces of Mail

To Ed Loring, Murphy Davis and the rest of the Open Door Community,

I would like to take time to thank you. I have visited the Open Door only a few times. Most recently, I attended the worship service (with the youth group from North Decatur Presbyterian Church) when Ed delivered the sermon published in the May 1996 Hospitality. It moved me that Sunday night, and in reading it I was able to take more time to think and respond to it. In fact, this entire issue of Hospitality moved me, as your newspaper always does. When I take the time to sit down and read it, Hospitality gives me a peek into your community and reminds me not to get trapped in mine. Each article, poem, fact, and letter you publish opens my eyes a little wider to our greater community in Christ and my responsibility in that community. I would like to thank you for the work you do and thoughts you inspire.

Abby Hickox

P.S. To Hannah—

Your article about Mr. Sye Pressley [May 1996 Hospitality] impressed and inspired me.

Dear Friends,

Thank you for your faithful presence not only to the homeless of Atlanta, our brothers and sisters, but also to people like me who live far away who are touched and blessed by you. God be with each of you and all whom you serve, especially during the coming difficult months.

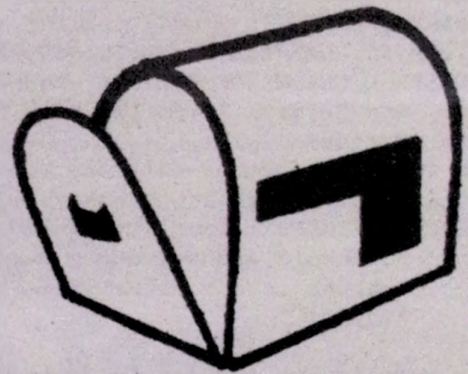
Gratefully,

Dawn Buckwalter
Goshen, IN

On the Woodruff Park action for public toilets

My first encounter with Woodruff Park occurred several weeks ago when I joined the Open Door Community's action to raise awareness of the need for public toilets. As our overcrowded van pulled up to the park, my first thought was—a park?! The city calls this plot of grass a park? And after spending two hours producing sweat and freckles while distributing leaflets in the broiling Atlanta sun, my impression of Woodruff Park remained much the same. In my opinion, Woodruff is no park; it is rather a tree-deprived, waterless, shadeless, inhospitable chunk of grass and cement located amidst an ocean of yuppies and bankers.

But perhaps I am a bit spoiled when it comes to parks. I come, after all, from San Francisco, a city known for Golden Gate Park and other such beautiful public spaces. Although San Francisco certainly has a long way to go in its treatment



of homeless people, its public places do provide shade, water, privacy, and perhaps even a bit of dignity to those persons who wish to find respite from the city. Even in the middle of San Francisco's poverty-stricken Tenderloin neighborhood, a small park exists to offer folks a place to sit down, to play chess, to slide down a slide, to drink from a water fountain—in short, to claim a moment of rest away from the relentless intensity of the streets.

And so, arriving in Atlanta with the eyes of a San Franciscan, I approached Woodruff Park with the sense of one who knows what public spaces can and ought to provide for city residents—both those with homes and those without homes. Thus when I learned that the city of Atlanta had just spent millions on Woodruff Park in order to make it impossible for homeless people to "loiter" there, I found myself outraged. Woodruff Park is not a park; it is merely a lunchtime stomping-ground for the wealthy elite. It is enough to make us all long for San Francisco.

Stacia M. Brown
Student
Candler School of Theology
Emory University
Atlanta, GA

*The third and concluding part of
"Wealth, Faith and Poverty" will be
in the August issue of Hospitality.*

Strength without compassion is violence
Compassion without justice is weakness
Justice without love is totalitarian
and charity without justice is baloney

Cardinal Jaime Sin
Manila

WE ARE OPEN. . .

Monday through Saturday: telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 2:00 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 12:30 until 2:00). 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, 2:00pm-5pm

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

WEEKEND RETREATS: Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), next retreat is our annual planning retreat in August.

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.

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 30306-4212.**

____ 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 explore a six to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____, State _____ Zip _____ + _____

Phone _____



Rita Curbin

Moving?

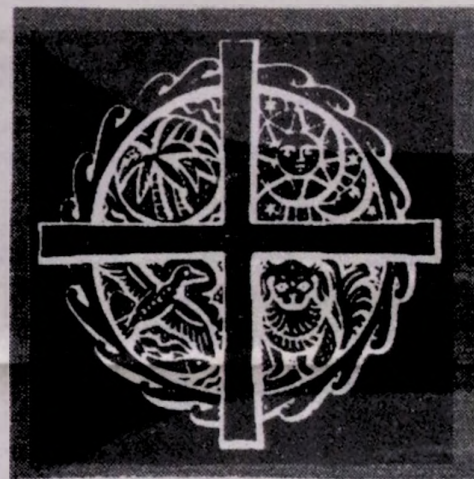
Bulk rate mail is not forwarded by the U.S. Postal Service. Send Hospitality, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA, 30306-4212, your new mailing address as soon as you know it. Please enclose the mailing label from your most recent issue. Thank you!

Open Door Community Worship

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

Please join us!

- | | |
|---------|---|
| June 2 | Worship at 910; Marie Fortune, preaching |
| June 9 | Worship at 910; Murphy Davis, preaching |
| June 16 | Worship at 910; Ed Loring, preaching,
Ordination of Jennifer Lee |
| June 23 | Worship at 910; Stan Saunders, preaching
The Dedication of Carson Smith-Saunders |
| June 30 | Worship at 910; Todd Cioffi, preaching |
| July 7 | Worship at 910; Joyce Hollyday, preaching |
| July 14 | Worship at 910; Jennifer Lee, preaching |
| July 21 | Worship at 910; Music night |
| July 28 | Worship at 910; Ed Loring, preaching |



Open Door Community Needs

JEANS
T-Shirts
Men's Work Shirts
Men's Underwear
Quick Grits
Cheese
Coffee
Multi-Vitamins
MARTA Tokens
Postage Stamps
Women's Underwear
Men's Shoes (all sizes)
Disposable Razors
Toothbrushes
Vaseline
Socks
Shampoo
Men's Belts
Washcloths
Sandwiches
Vacuum Cleaner
Soup Kitchen Volunteers*
Butler St. Breakfast Volunteers*

* contact our Volunteer Coordinator, Brenda Smith at 404-874-9652

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 or after 1:30, it would be helpful. THANK YOU!