

HOSPITALITY

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

vol. 17, no. 6

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

June 1998

Who Is That Knocking On My Door?

By Ed Loring

Revelation 3:20: "Listen! I stand at the door and knock; if any hear my voice and open the door, I will come into their house and eat with them, and they will eat with me."

The Open Door Community is a residential Christian community in downtown Atlanta, at 910 Ponce de Leon Avenue, about a mile and a quarter from the Fox Theater on Peachtree. A group of some 30 of us live together in an old apartment building that is owned by the Open Door Community and by Greater Atlanta Presbytery, (all the supporting churches in this Presbytery). In those walls and rooms, we struggle together to live a life of obedience and servanthood to the call and gift of Jesus Christ in our lives.

We are a community of diversity—a lot of different kind of folk coming to live together: joyful and grumpy, short and tall, mainline and marginalized, Black and white and brown, formally educated and street/prison educated, artists, poets, singers, cross bearers, brothers and sisters. Even our grumpy ones laugh a lot. We've all been mighty hungry and we are learning how to eat together. Recently we were honored to open our door to a knock: a knock to which we have listened several times over the last years, and in came a man named Amos Jones. He is also an embodiment of Jesus Christ. When we listen and open the door, Jesus comes in and lives with us, he eats with us, and we eat with him. Amos has cancer in both of his legs, and it is spreading. Amos has AIDS, and it is full-blown. Amos has just come to us from one of the holy places in this city—Grady Memorial Hospital—one of the most important institutions in this city for those who are poor and marginalized. I plead with you for your support and help for Grady Memorial Hospital. It is an institution under attack.

We are a community that lives with Amos, and Amos lives with us. We live with Jesus, and Jesus lives with us. We're a community that is Black and white; we are strong and weak; some of us are highly educated; and some of us are unable to read. We have women and we have men. Sometimes we have children—not all the time. We certainly have a number of us who are aging. And we are young people. We have people whose hope and energy is fierce and feisty and ready. And we have people



who are despairing, who think America doesn't give a damn about the poor, who think the church has turned its back, who think that Jesus doesn't knock on the door, but that Jesus is busy, off doing something else—like playing golf—and has forgotten about the cry of the prisoner, or the hunger of the hungry. So we are shaped by the goodness of God, by the cross of Jesus Christ, to live a life in community with diversity.

We are a community of worship. Each morning at 5:50 those journeying to the wonderful Butler Street CME Church to feed 200 men and women and a few children gather in a circle to hear the Word for the morning. After serving the awesome breakfast of coffee, cheese grits, a boiled egg, 3 quarters of an orange and a multi-vitamin we sweep and mop the floors. We clean the toilets and lavatories. We pick up trash and sweep the sidewalk in front of the church and along the sidewalk on Coca

Cola Place. Then we sit for our own breakfast. "The grits have God in them," Leo promises us!! We re-read the Scripture Lesson and then reflect on the morning's activities. Did you see Jesus today? How was our hospitality and welcome? What public policies must be changed to harness the devil and roll away the stone from the tomb of Christ? Who are the leaders and what are the values that create and sustain hunger in the midst of plenty? Then we beg Yahweh to get us going toward the wilderness and head home to nine-ten.

Every day we feed hundreds of people, and after our soup kitchen at nine-ten, we clean up. Then we gather together before we eat, for a time of listening and remembering those who have knocked on our door. We read the word of God, reflect, and pray. On Sunday afternoon at 5 p.m. we have a worship service with the Eucharist followed by a yummmmmmy meal prepared by Adolphus or Leo. Four times each year while on retreat at Dayspring we celebrate the sacrament of footwashing. We are "fools for Christ and wish we were more so," Dorothy Day teaches us as she sits amid the clouds as a witness.

We speak of our life together, sometimes softly, sometimes shouting out (Isaiah 58:1). Out of the hunger, desire, and the need to build a Christian life in the center of the city, out of a call to be witnesses and to give testimony, out of the thirst to say "Yes, yes!" we proclaim to those who are hungry, "There's plenty of food!" We stand in jails and prisons promising, "Yes, yes!" to those who are in prison, "There is a promise of liberty to captives!" "Yes, yes!" to those who work and cannot earn enough to pay both room and board, "There is an abundance at this table! Enough for all. Our God is a God who keeps promises! Yes, yes!" Out of this vocation we move into a mission—a love in action; for we have been taught by Jesus and Martin and Willie Dee Wimberly: "the only solution is love." That is what we're all about!

Most of us in the community would not be here if we didn't need the community. The difference between a church and a business corporation; the difference between a Christian community and a university is that we are shaped, sustained, and made deep and powerful through our brokenness and sin. So many other organizations are sustained through success, power, and strength. It is our weakness that

(continued on page 2)

God uses for God's glory.

There is no one who lives at the Open Door who doesn't have to be here. We are addicted and yearning for sobriety. We are broken and yearning for healing. We have learned that the way to get to the foot of the cross, and to touch the hem of the garment, to move into the empty tomb and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, is through our knowledge of death in our lives. So it is that we move to love in action. We have learned from the long loneliness that **the only solution is love, and love is found in community**, as Dorothy Day teaches us.

We go into prisons to put our love in action. Recently, the *Atlanta Constitution* had an article on Billy Neal Moore, a former death row inmate, who is now in ministry in Rome, Georgia. We were in ministry with Billy on death row for a number of years. In the hell-hole of prison, Billy was able to organize Bible studies, and to bring peace into one of the most heated furnaces in our culture. If there's any place where the Christian life is difficult, it's prison. People like Warren McCleskey, Billy Neal Moore, Jack Alderman, and other people of faith live and shape a Christian life on death row, and they witness time and time again that no one is outside the purview of God's love and redemptive purposes. We're opposed to the death penalty because we believe that no one is beyond God's grace, that God can save Adolph Hitler or Ed Loring.

Listen! "I," said Jesus, "I stand and knock. Will you open your door? Will you open your door? Will you open your door?" Jesus is knocking. Can you hear him? "If you open that door," said Jesus, "I'll come in and eat with you, and you will eat with me."

We do a lot of eating and feeding at the Open Door and downtown at the Butler Street CME Church. We understand that every meal we eat is related to the Eucharist, to the eschatological banquet, that promise by which we live that there is enough for everybody, and when we obey God's spirit who is moving across the earth there will be no hunger.

Sometimes children, hungry children, knock on our door. We've had a couple of six- and seven-year-olds coming to eat breakfast with us recently. They go to Cook Elementary School near I-20 in Capitol Homes. They eat with us at 7 a.m. They are clean, dressed, and with their daddy. After they eat grits, an egg, and some oranges, they go to school. Part of the heartbreak of our lives is that people come and people go. We decided to send them to school in a taxi on the days when the weather was bad, and they haven't been back since. Did the rain run them away? Was the cold too much? Is it easier just to

bypass the breakfast? Did we not listen while they were knocking on our door? God, forgive us. Forgive us when we claim your call in our lives to feed the hungry, and then we don't do it.

Another person who knocks on our door is a man I deeply love. I have known this man for ten years. His name, mysteriously enough, is Isaiah. In Hebrew, one of God's favorite languages, Yesha or Isaiah means God is salvation. He is exceedingly lame. He is crippled. He walks with a thump and a thud with his right shoulder bobbing up and down like an Olympic swimmer doing a slow motion crawl. He comes into our house and he mystifies me and loves me. I can see Jesus, healing me in him because he is always joyful. He is hungry, and he gets to eat, and I become joyful. Isaiah comes day after day, rain, snow, or heat to eat with us. It is so wonderful to have an Isaiah in your life. The poet-prophet Isaiah, as you may remember, is always promising that God is going to heal the halt, that God is going to take the weak limbs and make them strong. How wonderful it is to share breakfast with Isaiah.

There is also a man named Joseph at our door—Joseph, the panhandler. The biblical Joseph was Jacob's and Rachel's son. Joseph was sold into slavery by his envious brothers, demonstrating again the profound and uncomfortable answer to Cain's guilty question to his Creator: Am I my brother's or sister's keeper? My wife, Murphy Davis, has had a big bout with Burkitt's Lymphoma. We thought we were going to lose her, and we found out recently that the doctor feels like she's made it up the rough side of the mountain. Joseph didn't know Murphy when she started going to Grady Hospital to the oncology clinic. He would come down and eat breakfast with us, and he would see Murphy and shout, "Hey, don't you have a dollar for me?" And we built a loving relationship with him. "Thank you Joseph, you ragged beggar, for untying the bag of grain and feeding us with companionship as frightened disciples we walked into the stormy sea. Your gift of the silver cup rattling before us was a sign that 5 loaves = 5,000, that Jesus is ever near."

Another person who comes to our door hungry is Deborah. Her name means bee and she has a mean sting. Deborah is demented; she is insane; she is mentally ill. Her anger is beyond what we can endure. We do not let her come in. We refuse to feed her. She curses us. I look at her, and I see Jesus or the great woman prophet of the days of Israel's confederacy in the strangest of guises—a Black woman, who on one level is an enemy. We do not feed her. We can't handle her rage. We can hear her knocking on our door, and we don't open the

door.

That is the hardest part of our lives. We can't always say, "Yes." We distinguish, discriminate and make decisions. We say, "Yes," and we say, "No." We say, "Come in," and we say, "Go out." We say, "You are welcome," and we say, "If you don't move and stop what you're doing we'll call the police." It is harsh and dreadful. It is cross and finitude. It is filled with forgiveness, grace and love. We become urgent in our patience. We want justice and we want it now!!

We believe that something keeps bringing Deborah back; God is working in Deborah's life, maybe even through our "no." We pray for Deborah. We cry for Deborah. We tell Deborah's story. And we hope someday we can open the door and invite her in, and we can be more faithful as people of the cross.

Believe me. Jesus the Christ is knocking on our door. He asks us to listen. He asks us to step into hospitality, to welcome, to answer the door and invite people in, to eat together and discover in the breaking of bread the presence of Jesus Christ. Through eating, visitation in the prison, through volunteering at the Open Door, through honoring our Lord, we can hear in the cry of the poor, the cry of Jesus Christ. He leads us into a life of solidarity with our God and the poor and marginalized. And what a glorious life!! Full of energy and friendship and community and all you want of everything you need!!! The road is hard; the gate is narrow. But the journey toward justice is the journey to life, to salvation and healing.

In the movie "Amistad" there is a moment when Cinque, chained and shackled as a slave, stands up like a Black Jesus, like Amos, like Isaiah, like Deborah, like Joseph, like the little children, and says, "Give us free! Give us free! Give us free!"

Who is that knocking on my door?

Who is that knocking on your door?

(This article is an adaptation of a sermon Ed Loring preached at Mount Vernon Presbyterian Church on February 8, 1998. Ed is a Partner at the Open Door, and he was accompanied by many friends and members of the Community. Everyone had a wonderful time! Billy Neal Moore is a great public speaker who knows first-hand the terrors and graces of life on death row. To contact him, please write, Billy Neal Moore, 14 Wildwood Lane, Rome, GA 30161)

HOSPITALITY

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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Open Door Community

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Heather Spahr
Circulation—Phillip Williams, Joe
Miller, and a multitude of earthly
hosts and guests
Subscriptions or change of address—
Anne Wheeler
(A \$7 donation to the Open Door would
help to cover the costs of printing and
mailing *Hospitality* for one year.)

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The Bird and the Butterfly

By Tim Reis

(Editor's note: This is a reflection from Tim Reis during his time out with us during Holy Week this year. Tim is a father of two, a husband, a member of Roswell Presbyterian Church and owner of a very small advertising sales company.)

There is a story about a bird and a butterfly. The bird was boasting to the butterfly about the speed with which it could move from point to point. "Ah," the butterfly said, "But then you miss all the flowers I get to visit along the way."

On Wednesday, April 8, 1998, during the Open Door's observance of Holy Week, seven of us set out to spend twenty-four hours with the homeless. Eating, sleeping and moving with them. One of our party pointed out that the extent of his involvement in these neighborhoods was usually driving through and it occurred to me that the same was true in my life. This world was not mine. I'm a middle-class businessman from the suburbs. My life and those of these people simply didn't intersect.

That night we shared dinner with a hundred or so homeless men in a crowded room of hungry souls and passionate oratory. Then we wandered the streets seeking shelter from a gathering storm, tornadoes from which, we would learn the next day, wreaked havoc upon the suburbs. We were chased from the overhung doorways of the Fox Theater and came to rest beneath the eaves of a large skyscraper. The night was spent unmolested by security guards or police, but we were hardly comfortable as we lay on a cold, unforgiving stone

floor pelted by wind and rain and startled by thunder and lightening.

Throughout the night I woke and finally rose at about three to walk in circles to ease the pain in my back and sides. As I looked at the humps of cloth and plastic which incompetently covered those sleeping near me I thought, "I've seen this sight so many times in my life in cities from New York to Sydney." They were nameless, faceless forms to me. Symptoms of "a problem."

It is not as though I have not participated in trying to help. My father taught me that, although my line of work does not directly contribute to the better good of the world, there are ways to make a difference. "To begin with," he said, "You can conduct yourself in a moral and ethical manner in business matters. This may sound obvious, but I assure you it is not a given." And he was right.

My father continued, "Next, you can give of your time. I had an employee who arrived a little late for work every day. When I finally asked him why, he reported that it was because he first worked in a soup kitchen each morning before work. I never troubled him about being late again."

"Finally, as an employed person you control a modicum of the planet's wealth. It may not be much compared to all the money in the world, but you can do what you wish with the money you earn. Use it to support the causes you believe in." And I have. There are a number of organizations whose work my wife and I support financially. When a friend who worked as a physician at a medical mission in Central America e-mailed me that they were in need of a cafeteria for children, I wrote a

check. That's what I do.

But my charity is antiseptic. I don't know the people who benefit from these financial infusions. The truth is, when someone showed up at my door who had received an item from my wife and me — through a charitable organization — I was rather uncomfortable. I'm far more at ease writing checks in the emotional safety of my home and feeling good about the good it must be doing.

In the rain that Wednesday night, I looked again at those huddled shapes in the shadows and saw them in a new way. These were my friends. People I had come to know and care for in a short time. Suddenly it came clear to me that there was little distance between these friends and those nameless people I have passed on the street. They are all individuals. Real people who need, but who, perhaps, have something to give as well.

There is a story about Mother Teresa. A wealthy man came to her asking how he could help. "I have a great deal of money. I have connections and powerful friends. I could be a great ally to your cause. Just tell me what to do," he said. Mother Teresa suggested he should come work in her shelter serving food to the poor. "But I have all these assets, Mother," he protested, "surely they can be employed to your benefit." But she was obstinate. "Come serve food," she maintained.

"I don't understand," the now frustrated and bemused businessman said, "I thought that I could do you and your cause some good."

Mother Teresa said, "I was thinking of the good it would do for you."

ANDRE

By Dana Hughes

Last month I went to the jail with Ed to visit with a man I had never met, never laid eyes on. I spent thirty minutes with him, and I still have not seen him. The visitation "room" is a three by four foot cubicle. Through three layers of screen and Plexiglas I could see a man standing outside the room on the other side. He was waiting for us to decide which of the cubicles we would use. Ed called to him, and he headed into the cubicle in front of us. And that was the last I saw of him. At a distance of six feet, I could see through the screen that he was an African-American man of medium build. Once he entered the cubicle, he all but disappeared. The screen made it impossible for me to see anything but a dark shadow on the other side. I could not determine his age, I could not distinguish any features. From time to time he moved his face closer to the screen, and I could see the whites of his eyes, but not the color of his eyes or where his eyes were focused.

There was only one chair in our cubicle, and Ed, being a perfect gentleman, insisted that I sit down. He took his place beside me on his knees, and introduced me to our brother, Andre. We talked about how much longer Andre would be incarcerated, about a promised operation to mend his broken nose, about his dream of living clean when released. Andre talked about fellowship and faith, how he prays for his brothers on both sides of the bars, prisoners, and guards alike. He told Ed that he would like to stay at

the Open Door because he needs a home and a family and a place where people will care.

As Ed knelt and listened, and listened, and listened, I began to sense that our tiny cubicle was getting smaller. The air was stale, the light dim. As I struggled to look through the screen, my eyes began to swim. It was like trying to find the hidden picture in a Magic Eye puzzle; just when I thought I had a fix on an image, the screen demanded the full attention of my retina, and Andre receded into the shadows.

I was sweating freely and feeling dizzy. My brain was sloshing inside my skull. I could not look at the blur of Andre anymore, but there was no other place to look. Just as I began to feel like bolting, Ed said, "Let's pray."

Andre prayed first; adoration, supplication, lament, confession, intercession and praise. It was the voice of a lost child calling out to his father. It was a voice full of anguish and guilt and disappointment and innocence and hope and the certainty that God was leaning close and listening.

My prayer was next, and it was not much because there was not much more to be said. But we felt the presence of the Living God when we put our hands on the screen, and we spread our fingers wide on either side of that division, and we tried to touch, to talk to God with our hands clasped together, his and mine, Ed's and his.

Andre could be anyone. I could pass him a hundred times on the street and never know that it is him. If I see him, I will not know him. Unless he

speaks. Unless he prays. Unless he holds his hand up to mine. Then, like the disciples at the dinner table in Emmaus, I will feel my heart flame with recognition. Godspeed your release, Brother Andre, and grant you peace, a home, a family, dignity, employment, a future, a dream and a face.

(Dana Hughes is Minister of Evangelism and Mission at Covenant Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. She and her husband Bill have three children: William, John, and Rosie. Dana is a volunteer at the Open Door Community.)

*Every human being
has a great, yet often un-
known,
gift
to care,
to be compassionate,
to become present to the other,
to listen, to hear and
to receive.
If that gift would be set free
and made available,
miracles could take place.*

- Henri J. M. Nouwen



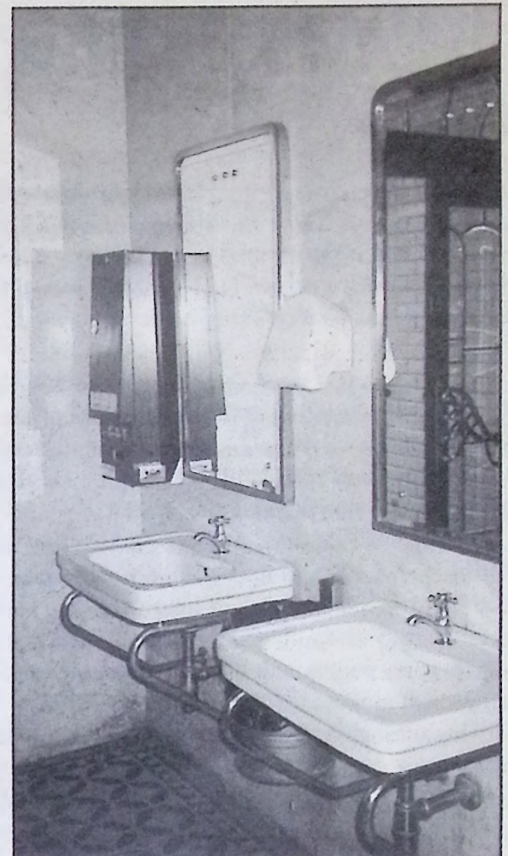
Renner and Randy Loney stand at the entrance to one of the public toilets in Vienna.

Public Toilets in Austria

In a recent visit to Vienna, Austria, four of us who are friends of the Open Door Community found that among the many amenities of that great, historic and beautiful city, public toilets are very much in vogue. We even brought pictures to prove it! some of which appear on this page. What is especially striking about the toilets is that they are located along the busiest streets, are easy to find, attractively appointed, well maintained and absolutely odor free. And there is no charge for the comfort (relief) they provide to weary travellers and local residents.

If we can pee for free with dignity in Vienna, why not in Atlanta?

- Lewis and Mary Sinclair



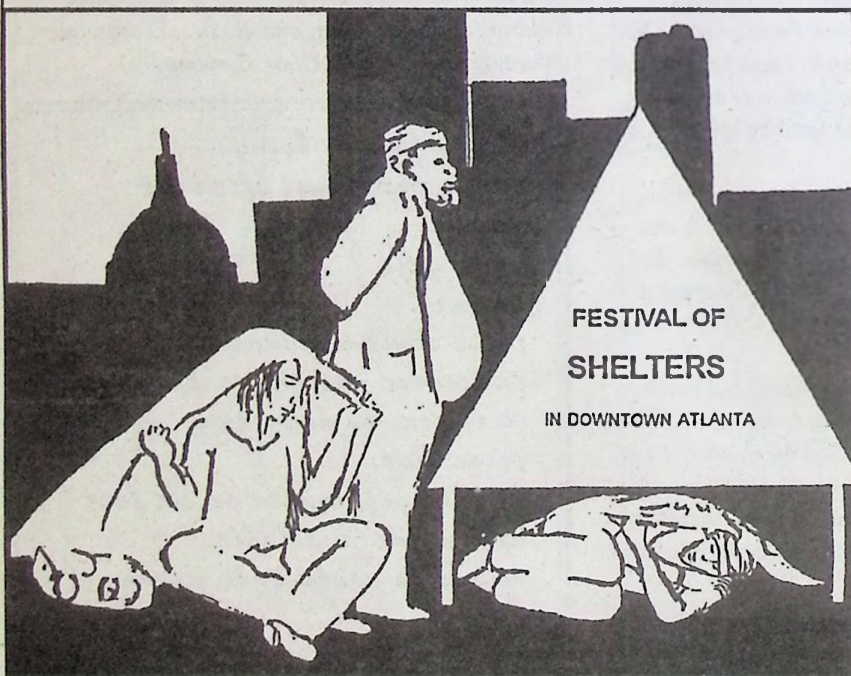
Vienna public toilet sinks are appointed with gold faucets and mirrors framed in gold.

Join Us for the Festival of Shelters

*(We will keep a presence in Downtown Atlanta,
September 13 - 15.)*

The **Festival of Shelters** is a celebration from ancient Israel, which commemorates God's instruction to Moses and the Israelites. It is a joyful harvest festival and a time of remembrance. After the Exodus from Egypt, God commanded the people: "You shall live in booths seven days; all citizens of the land shall live in booths. . ." (Leviticus 23:42). The Festival is meant to remind all of God's people, especially those who celebrate a prosperous harvest, that we were once homeless wanderers. God provided for us in our thirst and hunger, and as we remember, we are led to share of our bounty with the poor and homeless of our day.

So the people got branches and built shelters on the flat roofs of their houses, in their yards, in the Temple courtyard, and in the public squares. . . All the people who had come back from captivity built shelters and lived in them. . . And everybody was excited and happy (Nehemiah 8).



LEO MCGUIRE

Trash

(Sweet Garbage)

By Ed Potts

People who live in fancy houses, apartments, condos are always placing trash at the curbs in front of their places to be hauled away to the landfill. Other people see a use for that trash. Those people pick it up, redo it to keep or sell.

People in high places (so they think) do the same to the poor and homeless. They build more and more jails and prisons, pass insane laws so they will be hauled away like trash to be seen no more.

When those people end up on the wrong side of the great gulf and look across, they will see the sweet garbage they threw away.



LEO MCGUIRE

Ed Potts

A Holy Night and Day During Holy Week

by Adolphus Victrum

On Monday evening as we gathered at Grady Hospital to begin our journey of twenty-four hours on the streets of Atlanta, I and eleven other faithful sojourners were on our way, following the footsteps of Jesus.

We paused at Woodruff Park, the focal point of the city, to rest and reflect upon our journey. It brought us to Trinity United Methodist Church, where we were greeted by some of our homeless friends. They opened their space to twelve people, Black and white, whom they didn't know. But they were glad to have us sleeping with them in the parking lot of this church. The parking lot is their home, and we were their guests. Imagine—we were welcomed just as Mary was welcomed into the barn with all the cattle for the birth of Christ.

As we began to get our places on the concrete for the night, an angel by the name of Robert Garr appeared and told me where I could find cardboard to lie on for the night. As the night grew darker, over a ledge I could see Robert, watching and counting, as though he was guarding us to keep us safe as we slept. As the night passed, the asphalt in the parking lot got harder, and some of us began to toss and turn and sit up and wonder how our homeless brothers and sisters bear this suffering for days, weeks, months, and years. This is why they are so irritated with people and the system here in the city.

As I walked across the parking lot, Robert approached me to tell me that there would be a person bringing pizza. He said that I should let my friends know. This was the angel at work again. He had little, but he wanted to spread it around. We were up at 5:30 a.m. and started out on our journey, first to breakfast at the Butler St. CME Church. In the basement there we had grits,

coffee, a boiled egg and orange slices, which tasted mighty good after a night on asphalt. What a blessing!

We went from the grit line back to Woodruff Park, and as we were sitting there the angel appeared again briefly. Before he left us, he gave David Hill (at 11 years old the youngest person in our group) \$2.00. He said goodbye to everyone, and that was the last time we saw the angel Robert Garr.

Later we rested our hurting feet, and David gave us new energy by throwing a plastic bottle around to us. We began to play catch, running and forgetting that we were tired.

At the end of the day we reflected on our journey. All of the women said that they were afraid until Robert Garr made them feel welcomed and safe.

I asked David the following questions:

1. What does Holy Week mean to you?
2. What did you see that you didn't like?
3. How can we end homelessness?
4. What other reflections do you have?

He gave me these answers:

1. Holy Week is a time to be holy with God and with the homeless.
2. I didn't like the Labor Pools because the wages are unfair, and the homeless can't live on the amount of money they earn there.
3. We can end homelessness by renovating empty apartments and buildings to make them available for people who earn the minimum wage.
4. It is unfair that the homeless can't use the toilets in businesses. There should be public toilets around the city for the homeless and for people who are dependent on restrooms while

downtown. It is unfair that homeless people have to dress a certain way so that they will not be harassed by the police.

Our twenty-four hours with the homeless ended with great love and respect for our homeless friends—friends who are humans trying to live in desperate circumstances.

Adolphus Victrum is a Partner at the Open Door Community.



MURPHY DAVIS

David with his mother Hattie Hill during this year's Holy Week on the streets.

4th of July

Meal for the Homeless

- Needs -

For the Fourth of July, we will serve:

- barbequed chicken
- cole slaw
- baked beans, and
- bread, with
- watermelon for dessert.

We could use help with donations of any of these items, or money to purchase what we need.

Thank you.

A Wedding Celebration



MURPHY DAVIS

The Open Door Community celebrated the marriage of former Community members Jennifer Lee and Joe Dan Walker. They are pictured here with her parents (Jo and Dwayne Lee) of Cedartown, Georgia.



MURPHY DAVIS

Jennifer and Joe Dan Walker-Lee

Celebrating the Death Penalty and the Cost of Criminal Justice

By Michael Mears

(Editor's note: Attorney Michael Mears is the Division Director of the Multi-County Public Defender's Department of the Georgia Indigent Defense Council. He is the former mayor of Decatur, Georgia.)

*The Queen of Hearts, she
made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he
stole those tarts
And took them quite
away!*

During the infamous trial of the Knave for stealing the Queen's food, we learn the following:

[T]he King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them — all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: The Knave was standing before them in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it: they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them — "I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments."

Here in Georgia, the criminal justice system has been the subject of intense scrutiny during our current legislative session. It seems that our legislators are absorbed with finding new ways to punish people. Abolishing parole, increasing penalties for certain crimes, and creating new crimes have all been the subject of much activity and very little debate. In fact, many of the current members of the Georgia General Assembly have even gone on record as sanctioning the complete dehumanization of many of the inmates in the Georgia Prison System. The costs are evidently too high to treat some inmates as humans, so they are being reclassified as less than human beings. For example, at recent conferences held to discuss alternatives to abolishing parole, State Representative Mitchell Kaye and State Representative Sharon Cooper, both members of the Cobb County delegation, referred to prisoners in the state prison system as animals. Representative Cooper told the largely conservative audience, "[we] need more prisons for children who have no conscience and are basically animals." Representative Kaye used the same reference, and advocated the passage of legislation which would allow "law-abiding adults" to carry concealed



weapons in order to address the problems on crime. It is worth noting that Representative Kaye serves on the House of Representatives' Education Committee, and Representative Cooper serves on the House's University System Committee. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish between the fairy tales of Alice in Wonderland and the Georgia General Assembly.

Of course, the cost of criminal justice, which is certainly not a new issue, continues to engage the attention of taxpayers and members of the Georgia General Assembly. Actually, the costs of the criminal justice system, relative to inflation and relative to the new toys which penologists have invented to perpetuate and lengthen incarceration, have not increased, and that fact is rarely acknowledged. Of course when it comes to legislative piety about the costs of punishing criminals, the sky is the apparent limit.

Any time the cost of the criminal justice system is put on the table for discussion, the high price of death penalty trials and capital punishment is dragged out for public decision. The cost of executing a human being has been studied, discussed, examined and analyzed *ad nauseam*. However, there is little consensus about the actual number of dollars spent in the process of conducting a death penalty trial, of costs of the related appeals, and of carrying out the state-sanctioned killing of a human being. Obviously, there will be some variance among states and among cases. A report issued by the Death Penalty Information Center in Washington, D.C., recently reported that

For the states which employ the death penalty, this luxury comes at a high price. In Texas a death penalty case costs taxpayers an average of \$2.3 million, about three times the cost of imprisoning someone in a single cell at the highest

security level for 40 years. In Florida, each execution is costing the state \$3.2 million. In financially strapped California, one report estimated that the state could save \$90 million each year by abolishing capital punishment. The New York Department of Correctional Services estimated that implementing the death penalty would cost the state about \$118 million annually.

In spite of the outcry from the public and lawmakers to contain the costs of the criminal justice system, when the State of Georgia does carry out an execution, it is preceded and followed by a macabre party complete with the finest food that taxpayers' money can buy.

For many years, it has been a grotesque practice of the Department of Corrections to prepare a lavish banquet for the guards, wardens, law enforcement personnel, victim's family and staff members of the Attorney General's Office on the day or night of execution. Documents recently obtained from the files of the Department of Corrections reveal that not only does the State of Georgia not worry about the cost of capital punishment, the State also provides "a large dish of tarts" for those who participate in the execution.

During the death watch and the state-sanctioned killing of Timothy McCorquodale in September, 1987, the State of Georgia provided for both a breakfast and a lunch. The lunch spread consisted of the following:

- 20 lbs. of roast beef
- 3 cases of chicken (150 2-piece servings)
- 1 case of chicken nuggets (150 6-oz. servings)
- 30 lbs. of assorted lunch meat & cheese (375 slices of meat and 300 slices of cheese)
- 1 pan of barbecue sauce
- 1 pan of cheese straws
- 2 trays of hors d'oeuvres
- 3 trays of peanuts
- 2 lbs. of pimento cheese
- 15 loaves of bread
- 1 case of chicken salad
- 1 case of tuna salad
- 2 lbs. macaroni salad (2 pans)
- 10 gallons of coffee
- 1/5 gal Kool-Aid
- 1/5 gal tea
- 150 1/2 pints of milk
- 150 1/2 pints of assorted fruit juices
- 2 trays of cinnamon rolls
- 2 trays of doughnuts

(continued on next page, column 1)

"Celebrating..."

(continued from page 6)

3 trays of fresh vegetables
3 trays of *party* sandwiches (emphasis added)
150 paper plates
150 spoons, 150 forks, 150 knives, 150 cups,
150 napkins.

The breakfast menu for the same execution consisted of coffee, cinnamon rolls, doughnuts, sausage biscuits, bacon biscuits, individual juices, and milk. The costs of the food for the "luncheon party," was \$610.88 with an additional labor cost of \$108.62 and "paper product" costs of \$48.16. The combined cost for the "breakfast and brunch" was \$857.17 for an extended party paid for by the State of Georgia to celebrate the execution of Timothy McCorquodale.

The execution of Billy Mitchell, who also died in September, 1987, produced a party luncheon with a similar menu. At Billy Mitchell's execution, the State prepared a spread consisting of 10 pounds of turkey ham, 20 pounds of turkey pastrami, 10 pounds of turkey salami, and 225 pounds of chicken! Along with the other accouterments of the banquet at Billy Mitchell's execution, the cost of feeding the "execution party" was \$820.74.

The Department of Corrections refused to divulge the costs of the celebratory meals at the last two executions. However, considering inflation, it can be assumed that the execution party costs increased significantly by the time the State *feled* the participants in the executions of Wayne Felker and Larry Lonchar in late 1996.

Of course these costs are minuscule compared to the legal fees, court costs, transcript costs, etc., which are associated with the millions of dollars expended in each capital case. Given the overall budget of the Department of Corrections, or is it now the Bureau of State Prisons, quibbling over the banquet costs at executions could be considered petty. It is not petty, however, when you consider the fact that the State of Georgia is willing to spend more than \$850.00 for banquet food to celebrate the execution of a human being, while each year the state and county governments combined only grudgingly allot \$212.00 per case for the defense of poor people accused of committing crimes (including death penalty cases).

However, the mere fact that such banquets have taken place at each of the past 22 executions in Georgia should give everyone great cause for concern about the attitudes and policies of the State of Georgia with regard to the respect for human life. A policy which encourages the purchase of two hundred twenty-five pounds of chicken and twenty pounds of roast beef to celebrate the execution of a human being is certainly revealing. Perhaps the existence of these banquets shows that the Department of Corrections and the State's invited guests to the past twenty-two executions are as serious about the value of the life of a human being as the King and Queen of Hearts. Alice said it best: "*I wish they'd get the trial done, and hand round the refreshments!*"

The Weedpatch Gospel

by Murphy Davis

(Editor's note: This portion of the *Weedpatch Gospel* is an adaptation of Luke 6:27 - 49, inspired by Clarence Jordan's *Cotton Patch Gospels*. Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.)

But let me tell you something—you
who are listening to me
(a word to the Church—the ones
who listen to Jesus)

Love your enemies
deal kindly with those who hate you
give a blessing to those who curse you
pray for those who insult you.

When somebody slaps you on one side of
the face, offer the other side too.

If someone takes your coat
offer them your sweater as well.

Give to everyone who asks you for
something; and when somebody
takes your stuff (property, possessions) don't ask
them to bring it back.

Think about how you want
folks to treat you.

That's how you ought to
treat everybody else.

(Do unto others
as you would them do unto you)

If you love only the people who
love you—
why should you be thanked or blessed
for that?

Any old sinner can love the people
who loved them first!

And hey, if you are kind and do good things only
for those who are kind and do good things for
you—

why should you get any credit for that?
that's a cinch.

Any old sinner can do that!

And if you lend only when you have
the hope getting it all back
what's so great about that?

Most anybody will do business that
way—making a secured loan—in the
confidence of getting
back every penny (plus some—?)

But,

No! Ya'll—come on!

You all

love your enemies

be kind

and lend—without ever expecting to get
your stuff back.

When you live like this
you'll get paid all right.

'Cause you'll be the spittin' image
of Almighty God,

Who is friendly and kind to
the ungrateful and the mean.

Be tender, merciful and compassionate
just like your creator who is
is tender, merciful and compassionate.

(Now listen to this)

Don't go around putting the blame
on other people

and God won't put the blame on you.

Don't condemn other people
and run other people down
and God won't condemn you
and run you down.

(Sounds like a good deal to me!)

Forgive others

(vote for acquittal!)

and God will forgive you

(you'll be acquitted and set free!)

Give and it will be given to you
plenty of gifts

good gifts

So many they'll have to be
tromped down

shaken together

and running over

into your hands—into your lap
more than you can hold

Spilling over

and filling every nook and
cranny of your heart.

(Listen carefully now)

The measuring cup you use to dish it out
for other people
is the same one God will use
to dish it out for you.

A good healthy tree doesn't produce
rotten fruit

and you won't find a rotten

dying tree

that produces good healthy fruit.

Every single tree

is gonna be known

by the fruit it produces

You don't pick peaches

from a sticker bush do you?

or you think you could

pick grapes from kudzu?

Good loving people bring goodness

out of the treasure of

goodness stored in their hearts

Mean people produce evil

out of the treasure of

meanness stored up in their hearts

(And let me tell you why)

Because the mouth speaks

what the heart is full of

Why are you all the time

coming up to me and

saying, "Oh, Professor

this" and "Oh,

Honorable Doctor that."

But you don't do

a doggone thing I say!

Anybody who hangs with me—

really LISTENS to me—

and then gets going,

I'll tell you what they're like.

They're like a family who built a house.

First thing—

they dug way down

and they laid a ROCK foundation.

The time came that the river flooded—

the water hit that house like

a ton of bricks.

But the house didn't even

BUDGE.

You see it was built

tight and solid.

But anybody who listens to me

(but you know, doesn't

really listen)

and then goes on about

their business with no change

in their lives

They're like a family who built

a house—

But they forgot the hard

sweaty work of digging a foundation.

The house *looked* fine but

when the flood waters hit it

it fell in on itself—

I mean it flat caved in.

It was one awful crash.

holding vigil

by dave devine

(Editor's note: Dave Devine is a member of the André House of Arizona community. He wrote this piece in response to the execution of José Roberto Villafuerte on April 22 of this year.)

We've been standing here a long time, and my legs are getting tired. The close circle of vigil-keepers lapses into the dance of the weary, shifting weight from one foot to the other, bending knees and shaking our muscles. No one sits down. Off in the distance, a portable generator hums steady, rhythmic noise, occasionally coughing as the gas backs up in the choke. Sodium lamps, attached to the generator, kick out long, emaciated shadows towards the pale of the night. Flustered moths and locusts flit about, smacking audibly into the bulbs and scaffolding of the lighting tower. Every few minutes, a muted police car slides past on the nearby road, its sirens illuminated but emitting no sound. Somewhere up that road, that dark, anonymous prison road, the death house sits.

I am not someone accustomed or inclined to stand in one place for very long. Inertia leaves me edgy and distracted. In spite of this, I have been standing in this one place, on this one god-forsaken patch of dirt outside Florence State Prison, for the better part of two hours. My legs are beat. I wish I had worn shoes with more heel support. My calves grow tight with the plodding inactivity. I am damn tired of standing. And then I think about the legs of the condemned man. I wonder how José Roberto Villafuerte's legs are doing right about now. In a few minutes, when he asks his limbs to carry him from his holding cell to his execution room, will they make the trip? Most likely, he has been sitting the balance of the day, or perhaps pacing the narrow distance between the walls of his cell. When the appointed hour arrives, when the warden and the strap-down team come to escort him to his death, will his legs buckle through the final steps?

Time turns liquid. Minutes and seconds, which mean so much to a dying man, have disappeared in the night. Their passage is marked now by the melting of candles, the dripping of wax. The luminaries in the hands of the assembled, once long-wicked columns, have been reduced to stumps held by waxen fingers. Anyone unfamiliar with this waiting could approach the circle, look at the candles, and know what is happening, know that we have been here awhile. All around me, feet shuffle the gravel, toes poke through the dirt. No one sits down. We greet every slow-passing car with expectant glances, awaiting word from an official, eager for this thing to be over. Opposite me in the circle, an old preacher removes his glasses, wipes them clean with his thumbs, and squints prayers into the darkness. The vigil turns impatient.

And then the act is done. The announcement is brief and noticeably absent of details. "The execution has been completed. José Villafuerte died at twelve-eighteen a.m. Thank you for coming."

A man has been killed tonight, and my legs are tired.

by Christine Raslavsky

(Editor's note: Christine Raslavsky is a Holy Cross Associate at the André House of Arizona. She wrote "Pray For Us Sinners" and "lights" in response to this year's executions by the state of Arizona on January 21 and April 29, respectively.)

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.

Last night, at 12:05 a.m., the state of Arizona killed José Jesus Ceja.

We were standing outside the prison at the time — our candles lighting up the dark and cold desert night, our presence a protest against the barbarity of a system which attempts to prove that killing is wrong by killing, our prayers falling on deaf human ears but rising up to heaven...

Waiting. Such an injustice, such a major part of the life of the poor. Waiting for buses, for clothes, for food. Waiting. Such a part of life on death row. Waiting to die.

Esperar. In Spanish, the same word means to wait and to hope. When I first learned Spanish, I could not understand what waiting and hoping had in common. Finally, I rationalized it as there's no point in waiting for something if you do not have hope. For example, why wait for a bus if there's no hope that it will arrive?

Last night's situation was completely different. Waiting — with no hope.

Pray for us sinners.

Now and at the hour of our death.

Theoretically, we knew that he was going to die. We knew that he would be murdered by the State. It still came as a shock when they

announced:

"He was executed." EXECUTED. What a euphemism. KILLED. By the state. Which represents ALL of us.

Leecia grabbed my arm and we held onto each other tightly ... the horror of the situation too great to bear alone.

José Jesus Ceja had to face last night alone, as we will all someday have to step into the next world ALONE.

I centered my 7th grade CCD [Sunday School] class yesterday on the death penalty. We began by reading the gospel according to John about the adulterous woman, and Jesus' declaration of "the one who is without sin cast the first stone." They were all horrified that back then a woman would be put to death in such a manner. When we talked about what it means to be without sin they were all vehement "NO ONE! No one is without sin! No one has the right to kill another in punishment." Then I said, "fast forward to January 20, 1998. What is going to happen tonight?" Sonia replied "they're going to kill someone." So we proceeded to read the *Arizona Republic's* coverage of the case and discuss it. When we got to how Governor Jane Hull still had the power to grant clemency, but most likely would not, I switched over to the gospel of Matthew where Pontius Pilate (the Governor) had the chance to set Jesus free but didn't because the crowds clamored for blood. We compared how Jane Hull would not let Ceja go because she wants to be re-elected and the people of Arizona clamor for blood.

I had all my students write what they thought and I brought those with me to the protest, where I read Kennya's out loud. "God forgives us so why can't we forgive each other?" she wondered.

Last night was so disturbing. As one woman said, I was there for myself, for my soul.

Pray for us sinners.

lights

lights lights everywhere, fighting the darkness of this late hour

fluorescent lights, elevated by steel, tower above us, glaring at our peaceful protest

red and blue flashing lights sing their silent warning of what the Strong State does to those who break the law

lights over television cameras approach our faces disturb our intent prayer invade our privacy the media gathers it's story

in the distance, surrounded by barbed wire, a solitary light shines above the bubble shaped tower underneath that light guards, medics, and politicians, all representing the state

all representing us the light of a human life

in my hands, the light of a candle flickers soft, weak, practically powerless it cries out to God and to all hearts that care enough to listen against the barbarity of the actions of the Strong State on this dark night

lights lights everywhere fighting the darkness of this late hour one by one they are extinguished by outside forces, by powers beyond their control we return home, the breath still in our bodies The condemned inmate returns Home, the breath taken out of his body the light extinguished.

USA Isn't World Gun Capital for Nothing

By Robert F. Drinan

It must be sobering even for the most ardent free-traders to realize that every time a death squad somewhere massacres peasants, or an army devastates a village with artillery, the odds are 50-50 that their weapons were "made in the USA." Death is one industry in which the United States doesn't face a negative balance of trade. We now produce and sell almost 50 percent of the world's armaments.

In the four years after the end of the Cold War, the United States negotiated \$83.1 billion in arms exports agreements, up from \$34.5 billion the previous four years. The White House's new policy on arms transfer in 1995 turned out to be ineffective. Even the 20-year policy of restricting the flow of arms into Latin America was shelved.

The United States seems driven by the economic demands of the arms industry to peddle tanks, missiles and combat aircraft to all but a handful of outlaw states. This bazaar continues to sow the seeds of inevitable future conflicts.

But it's not just missiles and machine guns where the United States leads the pack. We're also among the world's top merchants in small arms, weapons that are portable and usable by an individual. Our best customers are the uniformed armed services that numbered 23 million in 1995. The secondary market is a wide variety of private armies, insurgent groups and criminal organizations who can't snap up our handguns and other light arms fast enough.

A startling recent study on this subject by Michael Renner for Worldwatch estimates that the number of firearms in worldwide circulation is now about 500 million. This estimate includes the 192 million guns owned by Americans, according to a recent Justice Department study. The theft or discarding of some of these weapons, often to be resold secondhand, constitutes one of the major

sources for the proliferation of guns throughout the world.

But the global origin and the transfer of small guns is, incredible to say, not adequately documented. There is no reliable source of information for these guns as there is for major weapons that are listed in the United Nations register of conventional arms.

Former Costa Rican president and Nobel Peace laureate Oscar Arias has initiated a campaign for a global code and registry for the transfer of small arms. The United Nations General Assembly is being asked to approve it. A comparable bill is being considered by the U.S. Congress — to the dismay of exporters of weapons.

A vast array of public and private organizations working for the control of mass weapons of destruction is having significant impact — witness the recent global ban on land mines. But light weapons are the orphans of the arms control movement.

Any effort in Congress to control the export of guns is certain to raise all the fury that opposed the Brady Bill. The argument that exporting small arms puts guns in the hands of extremists in Rwanda, Somalia and Bosnia seems to fall on deaf ears.

Some believe that restraints on gun sales abroad are futile since the insurgents and the repressive governments will get their weapons anyway. But this is incorrect thinking. If the United States expressed the same determination to regulate and resist small arms that it has to the dispersal of atomic, biological and chemical weapons, the impact in the world could be dramatic.

A UN panel recently reported that there is a close relationship between the availability of small arms and high levels of violence in a given area. As simplistic as this sounds, fewer guns equals less violence. Indeed, there are few steps the United States could take that would lead so directly to improved quality of life in the Third World than restricting the gun trade.

America could mobilize the international community in support of buying up the guns in countries where they're already pervasive. That is what Australia did after a massacre of 35 persons in that nation in April, 1996. The disappearance of 600,000 firearms will almost certainly lessen the homicide rate there.

America has questionable credibility on this issue since more people are killed every week in the United States than in all of Western Europe in a year. But the United States, the direct or indirect source of many of the world's small weapons, is the only nation that has the political power to lead the world to reduce the number of lethal weapons.

The problem is intense and ancient. It goes back to the anger that prompted Cain to kill Abel. But as the anti-land mine effort demonstrates, the concerted efforts of the human rights community can bring the world to conversion.

(Jesuit Fr. Robert Drinan is a professor at the Georgetown University Law Center. This article was reprinted with permission, National Catholic Reporter, Kansas City, Missouri. Subscriptions 1-800-333-7373.)

America has questionable credibility on this issue, since more people are killed every week in the United States than in all of Western Europe in a year.

Join us as a Resident Volunteer!



GLADYS RUSTAY

JoAnne Lingle has joined us recently as a Resident Volunteer.

*Spend 6 to 12 months 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 Dedo
910 Ponca de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212
404/874-9652; 874-7964 (fax)

SPEAK UP

C. Tipton-98

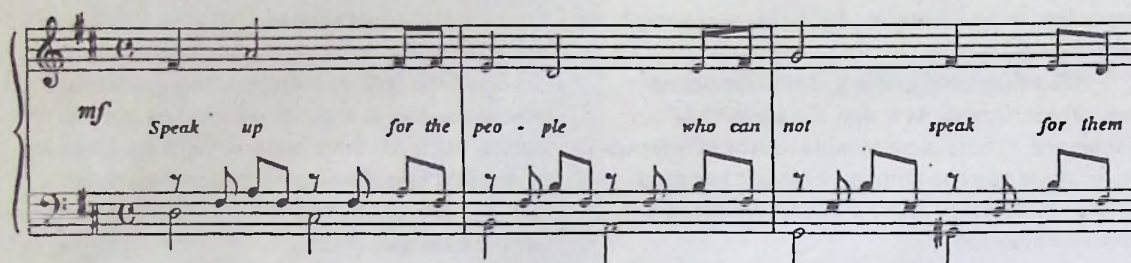
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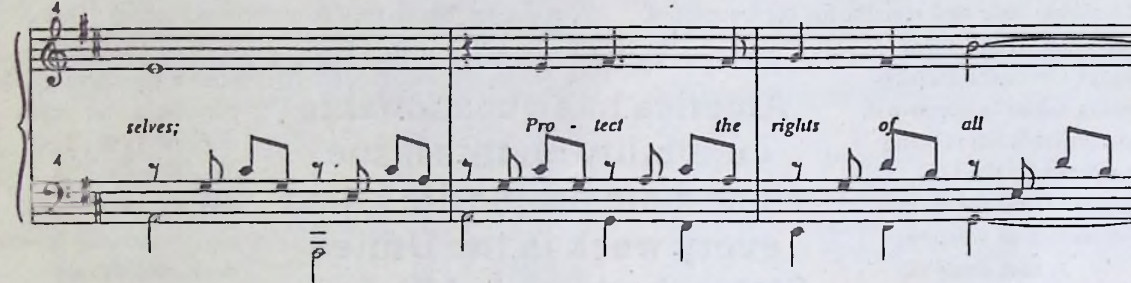


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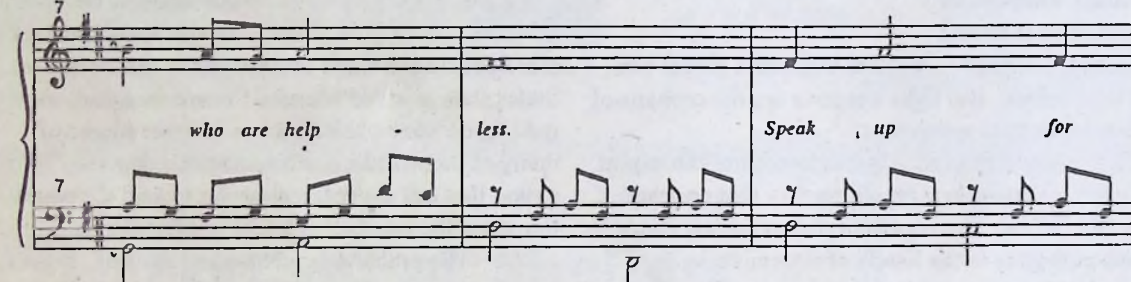


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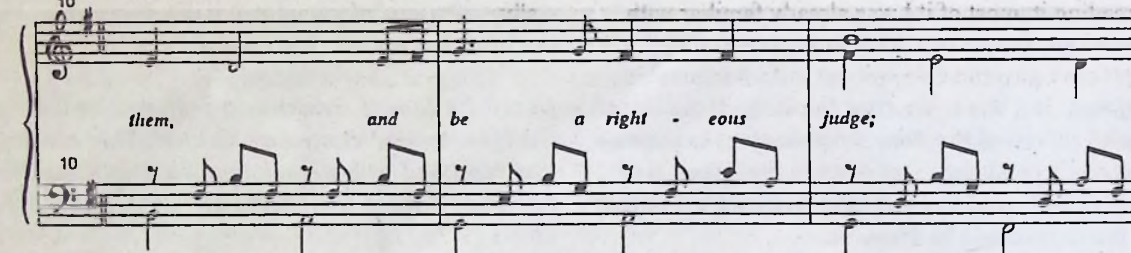


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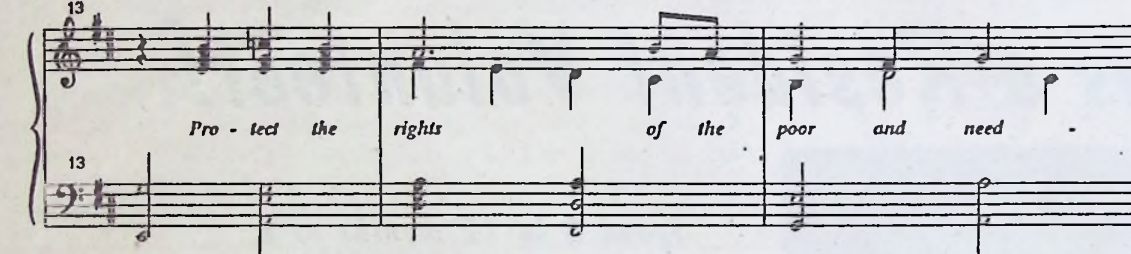
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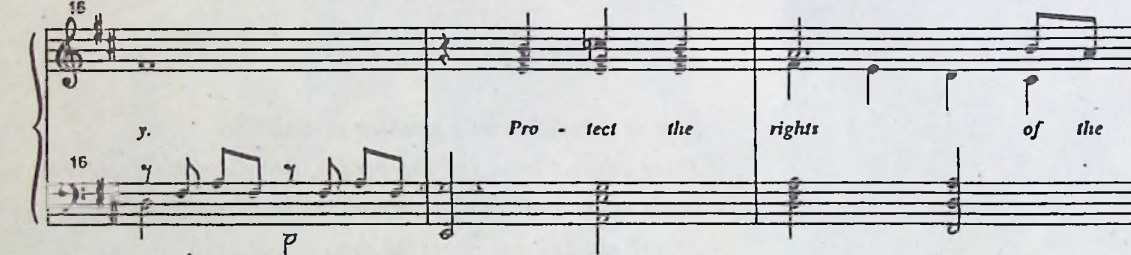


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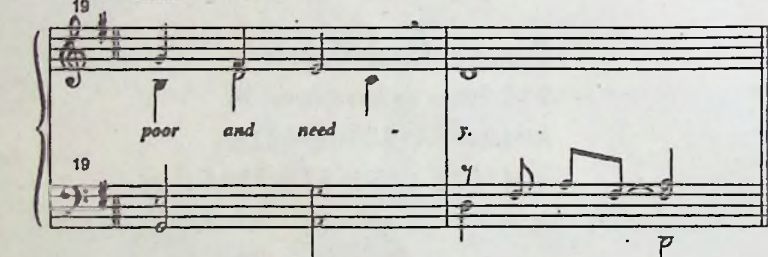
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**Grace and Peaces of Mail**

Dear Friends,

Thanks for printing Lewis Sinclair's address in the April issue [*"Lewis Sinclair: The Highlander Center,"* page 1]. Not only do more folks need to be taught this history by people still with us who lived it, but his insights for the future need to be heeded as well. Apart from scattered refugees from the Left still mumbling the Party line, few people seem to have any vision for an international labor movement.

Here in Americus, the biggest move was out of town when the Manhattan Shirt Company finally closed its doors. Prior to the shut-down, local workers there were bagging partially completed shirts for shipment to Guatemala, where seamstresses were paid a pittance to put on the collars and cuffs. Then Wal-Mart would market the finished product as "Made in America." Now the building that was formerly home to one of the first garment makers' unions in the South is housing a Speedee Cash operation. Workers, most of them African American, can now get a high interest loan where they once voted on collective bargaining.

Lewis is right. Workers in other nations will have to tell us all when they've had enough because we Americans seem to have lost the ability. If current trends continue, we will eventually be exporting our prisoners to them so they can have guard jobs in private prisons after the international corporations have discovered an extra-terrestrial labor force that will sew commercial clothing cheap. We won't have to worry about jobs then, we'll be sewing prison uniforms.

In Solidarity,

Barry Lee Burnside
Americus, GA

(Editor's note: Barry Burnside is Director of the Victims-Offender Reconciliation program in Americus, Georgia.)

Beloved Ones!

Hospitality is a banner waving in the best fight. We look across the cluttered battlefields of our lives and see it waving, reminding us that we all belong to God, especially the poor, the young, the old, the prisoners, those whom darkness tries to push further into the shadows. But Jesus says, "Bring them to me."

Blessings upon you!

Pat Jobe
Boiling Springs, SC

(letters are continued on next page)

A gifted composer of many works, Clyde Tipton is a Professor of Music at Georgia College and State University, and Director of Music for the First Presbyterian Church of Milledgeville. This piece is one of three musical settings he wrote in response to Open Door Community Calendars.

Dear Open Door Community,

Thank you for all the important work you do and live. Below is a poem I wrote several years ago one Sunday after attending a downtown church in Nashville. Thank you for helping me in the opening of my eyes.

Peace and Joy to All of You!

Nancy Junkin and Dede
Hunt, TX

Where three churches meet downtown, many well-dressed people — very polite and very proper — were on their way home. But somehow, I as one of them, hadn't met Jesus this day — even at the Hispanic Mission. Disappointment, but acceptance, filled my being as I entered my car. Jesus has been hard for me to find.

Then, as I drove down the alley, there were the three of them that I saw. It was a most private time — yet, for all the world to see. At least for those that had eyes to see — and, not turn away.

How gently, but how completely, he held her sullen face in his rough hands. Kneeling in front of her as she sat on the stone wall — he looked so intently into her downcast eyes. Despair, emptiness — what pain had she revealed to him? Words so personal I could not — dared not — hear them as I drove carefully past. What deep caring and gently compassion from this kneeling stranger as the third looked on.

I saw him there, Jesus I mean. He was present in the holding of this woman's face so tenderly, yet with strength that comes from somewhere I know not. But, how could these street people know Jesus?

Was I the only one to see Jesus there today?
Where we were all so well-dressed — and very polite — and very proper?

Dear Open Door Community,

The January [1998] issue of *Hospitality*, with Murphy Davis's discourse on Dorothy Day and your lives, intertwining through the roots of the vision of loving community based in sacramental living of hospitality from the Lord's table, profoundly moved me. This expression of your life stance has caused me to reflect much deeper in this Eucharist experience which I too participate in. I am challenged by your convictions to renew my own connection, as Dorothy found strength and enlightenment, by going to Mass and communion daily. Yet there is more—to go, in turn, daily to be among the people in need and share real presence with them, extending the communion table to them, and receiving from them, in return, their body of Christ.

God bless each of you, for all you do and say, to strengthen each of us, whether homeless, imprisoned, or otherwise in the readership of your newspaper.

Ellen McCoy
Marietta, GA

Dear Ed,

How is everyone doing? I do hope that all is well. Be sure to give all the fellows my regards when they come to the Open Door.

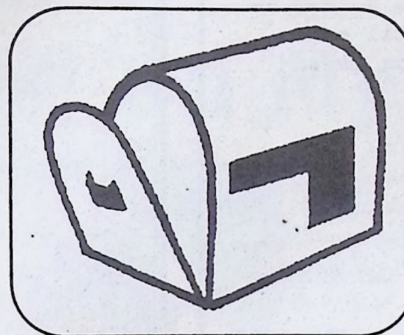
Oh yes, about the article on "Slave Catchers" [*Hospitality*, February 1998]. As I was reading it, most of it I was already familiar with. But what surprised me the most was to find out that people up north kidnapped free Blacks and brought them down south to be sold as slaves. So what I've learned here is that Blacks, although they were up north, weren't safe and totally secure from bondage. The same thing is happening today but at a more advanced level. The intercommunication of those in

power and the news media send out messages that attract more minorities to the south, and thus keep the show going. The perpetrators have reversed their strategy. They now have Blacks and other minorities coming south without use of force, believing that a glorious opportunity awaits them. I would say about one out of every ten reach their goal, while the remaining nine find themselves in prison and doing free labor from which the state profits. Within six months or a year after they arrive here, and also in several other southern states, the same thing's happening there as well.

I'll close here my friend,
take care.

Your friend,

P.J.
in a Georgia prison



Dear Friends,

A dear friend of mine, who is a death row prisoner at Riverbend Maximum Security Institution in Nashville, sent me two issues of *Hospitality*, and I absolutely love it! May God bless you all and the wonderful work that you're doing. It is so important to keep alive the sacred traditions of understanding, compassion and forgiveness that all of the Blessed Ones came to teach us in a world that is overflowing with negativity, violence and misunderstanding.

I hold a prayer for you all in my heart, and look forward to the day that I can meet you personally.

God bless you,

Ronald Kenigson
Nashville, TN

Dear Open Door:

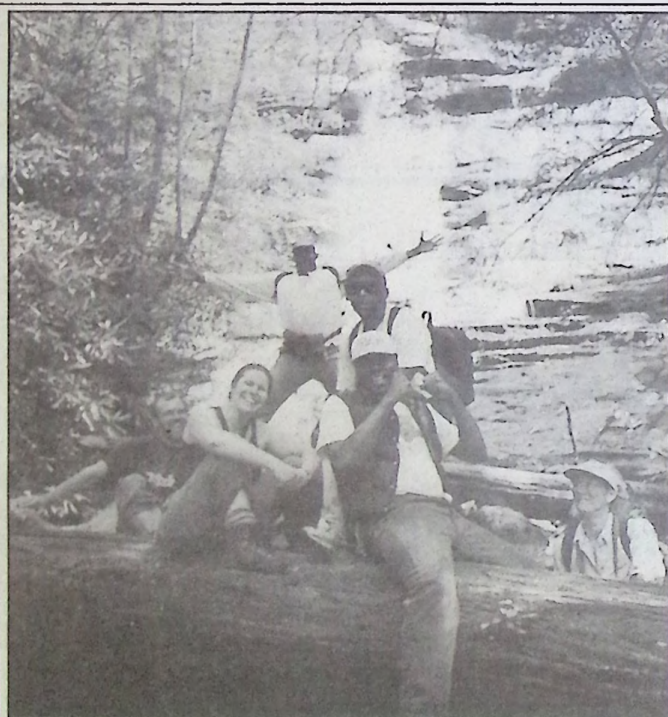
I am a Christian prisoner here at Rivers State Prison in Hardwick, Georgia. Our Chaplaincy Department is in need of a set of drums, electric guitars (lead and bass), stereo speakers, tambourines and microphones. We need this equipment for the glory and praise of God in our worship services.

If anyone can help or knows someone who will, please tell him or her to contact Chaplain J.A. Maloney, Tuesday through Thursday, from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., at Rivers State Prison, P.O. Box 1500, Hardwick, GA 31034. Phone: (912) 453-4591 or 453-4592.

God bless you.

In Christ,

Harold McCallister
Hardwick, GA



MURPHY DAVIS

Open Door Community members enjoy the view from Panther Creek Falls, Cohutta Wilderness Area in north Georgia. Left to right is Jim Hinshaw, Elizabeth Campenelli (Warren Wilson College intern), Tim Felder, James Williams, Tonnie King, and Elizabeth Dede.



MURPHY DAVIS

Left to right is Jeff Ertel, Brian Kammer, and Steve Bayliss (not pictured is Jimmy Hardy) are attorneys who represent prisoners on death row. They took time out one Saturday in May to prepare buffalo chicken wings for the Open Door lunch guests.

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 noon prayers and lunch break from 12:30 until 2:00). Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. **On Sunday we 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
 CLARIFICATION MEETINGS: Alternate Tuesdays, 7:30-9pm.
 WEEKEND RETREATS: Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), next retreat is our Summer retreat, July 10 - 12.

Our Hospitality Ministries include: visitation and letter-writing to prisoners, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, 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 _____ St _____ Zip _____ + _____

Phone _____

Open Door Community Worship

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

Please join us!

May 31	5 p.m. Pentecost Worship at 910; Marie Fortune, preaching
June 7	5 p.m. Worship at 910; Jennifer Walker-Lee, preaching
June 14	5 p.m. Worship at 910
June 21	5 p.m. Worship at 910; Ed Loring, preaching
June 28	5 p.m. Worship at 910

Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

Tuesday, June 9, 7:30 p.m.	JoAnne Lingle will report on her three months in Hebron with the Christian Peacemaking Teams.
(Monday, June 22, 7:30 p.m.)	Film "Slingblade")
Tuesday, June 23, 7:30 p.m.	Rev. Aubra Love will lead us in a discussion of the film "Slingblade." (Aubra Love, human rights activist and ordained minister in the United Church of Christ, is the Project Director (in Atlanta) for the Black Church and Domestic Violence Project for the Center for the Prevention of Sexual and Domestic Violence.)

Are You 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 Needs

JEANS
 T-Shirts
 Men's Work Shirts
 Quick Grits
 Cheese
 Coffee
 Multi-Vitamins
 MARTA Tokens
 Postage Stamps
 Underwear for Men
 Men's Shoes (all sizes)

Meat for the soup in
 our Soup Kitchen
 Sandwiches
 Table and Floor Lamps
 Soup Kitchen Volunteers*
 Butler St. Breakfast Volunteers*

Disposable Razors
 Women's Underwear
 Toothbrushes
 Deodorant
 Vaseline
 Towels
 Socks
 Shampoo
 Men's Belts
 Washcloths

* 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!