

HOSPITALITY

- Free -

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

Providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison, through Christ's love.
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 * 404/874-9652; 874-7964 (FAX)

vol. 16, no. 6

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

June 1997

Our Third Conversion: Moving into the Religious World of the Poor



----- by Richard Shaull -----

(Editor's note: Richard Shaull recently spent a week with us at the Open Door Community. The following is a transcription of his presentation to us on Sunday, March 9th. Shaull is one of the leading interpreters of Liberation Theology for North Americans. A Professor Emeritus of Princeton Theological Seminary, he continues his teaching for part of each year in a seminary in Mexico. He has published many books and articles including Heralds of the New Revolution: the Poor of South and North America.)

I first went to Latin America in 1942, as a missionary. Since then I have lived in three different cultures, one in Spanish-speaking Latin America, the other, Brazil, and the third, the U.S.A. As a result of so much movement, I have never felt quite at home in any of these cultures, and yet I have had the most extraordinary privilege in my life as I have participated in the process of formation of the most fascinating groups of young men and women in all the different places.

I'm especially grateful for the fact that God has given me the privilege also of being a part of two, what I would call, revolutions in our understanding and living of the Christian faith that have emerged in the 20th Century, primarily out of Third World experience.

You all are acquainted with the First revolution: Liberation Theology. Back in the decades of the '50's and '60's, throughout Latin America a new generation of young people, especially students, were awakening to what was

happening in their own countries. These were young men and women who were from the middle class, or who were aspiring to be professionals, who were perceiving the tremendous amount of poverty, injustice, oppression, and suffering that existed around them. As they were living in the midst of this, they began to read the Bible again. In their reading, they discovered something that was there all the time, but that we simply have never seen: The God whom we worship, the God to whom the Bible witnesses, is the God who is on the side of the poor, the oppressed, the victims.

Beginning with the story of Exodus, which has been the very center of the Hebrew scripture, there is the story of God, who is not on the side of the King, the rulers, and the powerful. This is the story of the God who is on the side of the slaves; the God who leads the slaves in a rebellion, a movement of liberation. This same theme continues throughout the Hebrew prophets. One by one, the prophets call the people of Israel to remember who their God is, and to remember that they are called to live justice, to be concerned especially about the poor, the widows, the fatherless, and the strangers in a strange land.

In Jesus of Nazareth we encounter God's incarnation, not just in a human being, but in a poor human being. Jesus is God in the flesh of a person who identified with the most marginalized and outcast in his society, and who gave his life in a struggle for them.

All of this thinking in Latin America during the decades of the '50's and '60's, suddenly broke in upon many of us as we were facing the problems

around us. It began to transform our understanding of our faith in Jesus Christ and our own lives. And it moved us to the conclusion that to believe in Jesus Christ, to be a follower of Christ, we were being called to participate in the struggle for liberation of those who were oppressed, who were suffering, and who were victims.

This was something I was working on, particularly in Brazil, without very much success. The more conservative elements in the Presbyterian Church decided that this was not for them, and 65 of the young pastors I had helped to train were put out of the church. The same thing happened in other places, and with other Protestant communities.

One of the most interesting things is that now (20 or 30 years later), throughout Latin America, the impact of this rediscovery of the Christian message in its social, liberating dimensions, has permeated all of our churches, including the mainline Protestant Churches. It may not be the dominant theme of the preaching; it may not be the most dominant in the lives of many people in the church. But the basic assumptions of Liberation Theology are now a given in these Latin American Churches. Last year, I took part in a meeting in Medellin, Colombia, with representatives of all the major Protestant theological seminaries in Latin America: those of the mainline churches and those of the more popular evangelical Pentecostal churches. The interesting thing was that the new generation of seminary teachers

(continued on page 2)

HOSPITALITY

MICHAEL SCHWARZ



910 Ponce de Leon

Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (OCUS), 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:

Brenda Smith—Volunteer Coordinator

Dick Rustay—Group Work Project Co-ordinator

Ed Loring—Correspondence

Elizabeth Dede—Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator; Guest Ministry;

Hardwick Prison Trip

Murphy Davis—Southern Prison Ministry

Newspaper

Editorial Staff—Chuck Campbell, Murphy Davis, Elizabeth Dede, Joyce Hollyday, Jennifer Lee, Ed Loring, Gladys Rustay, Brenda Smith, and Stan Saunders

Managing Editor—Michael Galovic

Layout—Michael Galovic

Copy Editing—Alice Alexander, Gabriella Boston, Murphy Davis, Elizabeth Dede, Jennifer Lee, Gladys Rustay, and Heather Spahr

Circulation—Phillip Williams and a multitude of earthly hosts and guests

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*.)

("Our Third Conversion," continued from page 1)

who were present from all over Latin America simply took for granted the revolution that has occurred in our understanding of our faith and of what the Christian life is all about.

But today, thirty years later, we are again in a new situation in Latin America. Just as the revolution of Liberation Theology has made a growing impact on Catholic and Protestant circles, now a new awakening is taking place.

The first awakening was largely among people who were white and formally educated: people who were not poor. Today in Latin America, the new awakening of conscience and of consciousness is taking place more among women, African Americans, and indigenous people. In Guatemala, 80% of the population is made up of indigenous people, so that is a rather important factor. But not only is this awakening taking place among new groups, it is also taking place in a much more desperate human situation.

Thirty years ago, the struggle for liberation and justice meant a struggle to organize people to take power in order to establish a just society. But today, something else is happening. Latin America, in the context of the neo-liberal market economy, is suffering the impact of what is called global capitalism: the very structures that have maintained the life of the majority of the people who are poor are almost totally destroyed. People are being pushed to the very margins of existence. The struggle now is not "How do we get political power in order to create a new society?" The struggle now is "How do we survive today?"

But it is not just a question of how we survive today. It is a question of "How do we begin to recreate the most elementary forms of human existence in community that make human life possible?" This question especially arises among people who are indigenous, African American, and women: the poorest of the poor.

More and more, the poorest people of Latin America are discovering that the only place they can turn for the resources for survival, for the struggle, and for the re-creation of life, is to their religious roots. They can turn to their religious heritage to find what is most profound in their own cultures, history, and being. It is here that what we have been doing in Liberation Theology for the last thirty years runs into problems.

With all that we had done to attempt to live in solidarity with the poor (especially those of us who were white, not poor, and who had academic training), one thing that we had not done was to enter into the religious world of African Latin Americans and indigenous people.

How did this happen? How could we not have seen it? How have we been unable to enter that world?

Most of us of European heritage are a product of the modern scientific world view, in which reality is what we see, feel, and touch every day in our lives. Reality is the day-to-day, the secular. The result is that there really is no need for God, and there is no place for God; and especially there is no need for an experience of God, an experience of another realm. The only realm we know, in which we live, which determines our thoughts, our struggles, our day-to-day concerns, is this realm of the secular, the material, the here and now.

When we try to relate to the religious, to the divine, we tend to do it intellectually. We rationalize, so that what becomes more important for us is that we do not speak with God; we speak about God. We don't speak with Jesus Christ, we speak about Jesus Christ.

It is from this background that we have failed to be able to discover how to enter into the religious world of people who are desperately struggling for survival. For them, reality is something very different. Communities that grew out of our efforts of a few decades ago are not growing very fast. And the Roman Catholic Church in Brazil, which was very much involved in the creation and development of Liberation Theology, is now not only cutting that off, but losing one-half million members each year.

I have been spending most of the last two years studying one new Pentecostal movement in Brazil. This movement did not exist eighteen years ago, but it now has 3.5 million members, and is made up of the poorest of Brazil's poor. Eighty percent of its members are from the poorest rung in society, and yet this church has grown to 3.5 million members, and is supporting missionaries in thirty-five other countries in the world.

What is going on here? I have spent almost a year living and relating to people in this particular movement and other movements like it. I have begun to realize that the majority of people who are rooted in African or indigenous histories and cultures, or who are rooted in the culture of the poor, have never known this separation of the spiritual realm and the realm of the here and the now, or the secular realm.

For them, reality is one reality. Reality that embraces the realm of the spirit and everyday life. The fascinating thing is that these Pentecostal movements are not preaching to people about salvation in the sky by and by. They are preaching about God's presence in the struggle for survival here and now every day.

When you go to these churches, you see people who are the very poorest, who are the victims of a society that is threatening to destroy them. You find that what has happened is that through their movements they have been able to open themselves to the realm of the spirit, which surrounds them and permeates them and is present everywhere. This spirit is both a presence and a power: a power that turns their lives around and becomes a basis for a new life and a struggle for a new society.

After I had been in the midst of these groups for more than a year, I sat down and wrote just a couple of paragraphs, which express what suddenly broke into me as a result.

"I was among people who experience the reality of the Holy Spirit that penetrates, permeates, and encompasses reality as they know it and is a dynamic presence in all aspects of reality. As they have opened their lives to this presence and lived in this realm of the Spirit, oriented and empowered by it, everything around them is seen and experienced in a radically different way.

"They see the world and human life as infested with demons. At the same time, they firmly believe that their lives and their world are in the hands of God who acts to overcome these demonic forces. As they live out of this realm of the spirit, in the midst of all of the forces of destruction and death around them, their lives are centered fundamentally in an experience of God, who is very close to them, who is gracious and compassionate. To the degree that they live this reality, women and men overwhelmed by utter deprivation experience ecstasy and joy.

"For persons caught in impossible situations, time and time again, the impossible becomes possible. In their lives, miracles are happening and are expected to happen. Family members are transformed. Alcoholics and those on drugs break their addictions. Broken bodies and disturbed minds are healed. Those who have no worth and no place in society discover their

(continued on page 9)

Inch by Inch

a column by Murphy Davis

There is a certain type of writing that you can do in a column that does not qualify for an article. And it is column-type writing that I am most able to do: short takes, kernels, seedlings, random observations and half-baked notions. My admiration is boundless for our friend Jeff Dietrich, who is the Editor and writes regularly for the *Catholic Agitator*, (the newspaper of the Los Angeles Catholic Worker), and who, like Dorothy Day before him, is able to live the Worker life, to live in the midst of a loud, drafty, chaotic house of hospitality and manage to consistently write deep, thoughtful, reflective articles. Jeff's writing is based on the life lived and an apparently rigorous discipline of reading, study, and meditation. I never want to miss his writing, and I always learn something.

My writing life is in fits and starts: notes scribbled on little scraps of paper or on the back of something else, articles started but never finished, or a newspaper clipping tucked away with the intention of a cogent, persuasive commentary. Oh well. I have decided it is definitely time to get serious about a column that will allow for the shorter pieces and random reflections.

One sticky point has been my difficulty in coming up with a title for the column. Several times I have used "Ramblin' 'Round" from a Woody Guthrie song I love—

Ramblin' 'round your city,
Ramblin' 'round your town,
Well I never see a friend I know,
As I go ramblin' 'round, (y'all),
As I go ramblin' 'round [he sang "boys", I sing "y'all"]

I liked it okay but it never quite fit.

I must admit to some envy of friends who have names that lend themselves to word play. Some years back when Joyce Hollyday was trying to come up with a title for her column in *Sojourners Magazine*, she had a myriad of options. Remembering Dorothy Day's "On Pilgrimage" she thought of "On Hollyday". A suggestion from the peanut gallery was "Re: Joyce". There were others, but she settled on "Signs & Wonders". That is nice but I couldn't have resisted one of the name games.

It's kind of hard to play with a name like Murphy Davis. Murphy comes from the Irish for "potato". My first name, Martha, means "bitter". Somehow calling my work "Bitter Potatoes" did not seem too inviting. The only thing that appealed as a remote possibility was "Day-Vista". But that is plagiarized from another Davis family in Montreat (North Carolina) who gave that name to their mountain house.

But "Inch by Inch" came to me recently as just what I wanted for my column. It is from the song by Dave Mallet that I first learned from the singing of Pete Seeger (who sings it and changes the words a bit to this version):

Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
Gonna mulch it deep and low
Gonna make it fertile ground.
Inch by inch, row by row
Please bless these seeds I sow
Please keep them safe below
Till the rains come tumblin' down.

I like it for a number of reasons. (The verses are fine too.) First of all, it reminds me of Dorothy Day's frequent quoting of St. Paul, "It is by little and by little that we are saved"; and her saying that we do our work by little and by little. Nobody I know could ever figure out where Paul said any such thing, but that is definitely beside the point.

But then, too, this is one of my favorite songs. Very singable and one of our stock community songs. It is a lot like one of Jesus' simple parables about planting. It reminds us that the most we can do with our lives is plant seeds—knowing that if there is ever a harvest, it will be reaped by others. But then there are times in our lives that we get to reap the harvest of good seed planted by those who came before us.

It reminds us that the seeds we plant only grow if we patiently nourish the soil—deep and low. Most of the important work we can do with our lives is the slow, tedious, unremarkable work of tilling and mulching.



Dick Rustay has taken a renewed interest in composting at Dayspring Farm. Every now and then Gladys sighs and mentions something about what it is like to ride for that weekly two-hour drive to Dayspring with Dick and his big buckets of organic garbage from the Open Door kitchen. Stinky business. But, yes, the richest and best mulch is from rotting, decaying, organic waste. All of us can enjoy

the sweet, sumptuous black compost

that goes to the garden from the final bin, but only the zestful enthusiasts like Dick find the beauty in the slimy, fermenting, rotting slop of egg shells, coffee grounds, banana peels, and Lord knows what all.

But Dick with his pitchfork slinging steamy piles of garbage mixed with fresh cut grass is an apt image for the rather messy task of good living and good work. It takes time, all of the meaningful processes are slow, and sometimes it stinks.

And finally, the work of growing seeds depends on grace. We can plant the seeds and we can nourish the soil, but then we can only wait and pray: please bless the seeds I sow—please keep them safe below till the rains come tumblin' down.

We might sow good seed and sometimes not. The seed might lie safely below, but lots of things can happen there, too. And then it might or might not rain. Without the rain—which we can never control—even the heartiest seeds die. To carry it on, the fragile little plants might or might not sprout, they might or might not make it to maturity, and the fruit of the plants might not make it past all the bugs, worms, birds, raccoons, and various other critters. (And why is it grace seems always to abound for the zucchini but not so much for the tomatoes and watermelon?) Some of the heartiest seeds never make it and sometimes the seeds leftover from other years, that seem to hold little hope, bring a good harvest.

One year I worked a garden at Dayspring: tilled the soil up behind the creek and bought tender young tomato plants from Louise's Laundromat and Nursery back toward town on Highway 282. That same spring Dick Rustay and Amy Yackle hauled a wheelbarrow full of compost to a bald spot on the yard to try to nourish the grass. The harvest from my garden was tolerable but nothing to write home about. But while Dick and Amy's effort did yield a smattering of grass, they unwittingly spread compost that was full of seeds and accidentally created a stupendous volunteer garden. All summer long we harvested gazillions of cherry tomatoes and something like forty-two big round golden pumpkins. Hannah and I made pumpkin bread, pumpkin pies, and spread Halloween cheer all around. I guess you have to call that grace.

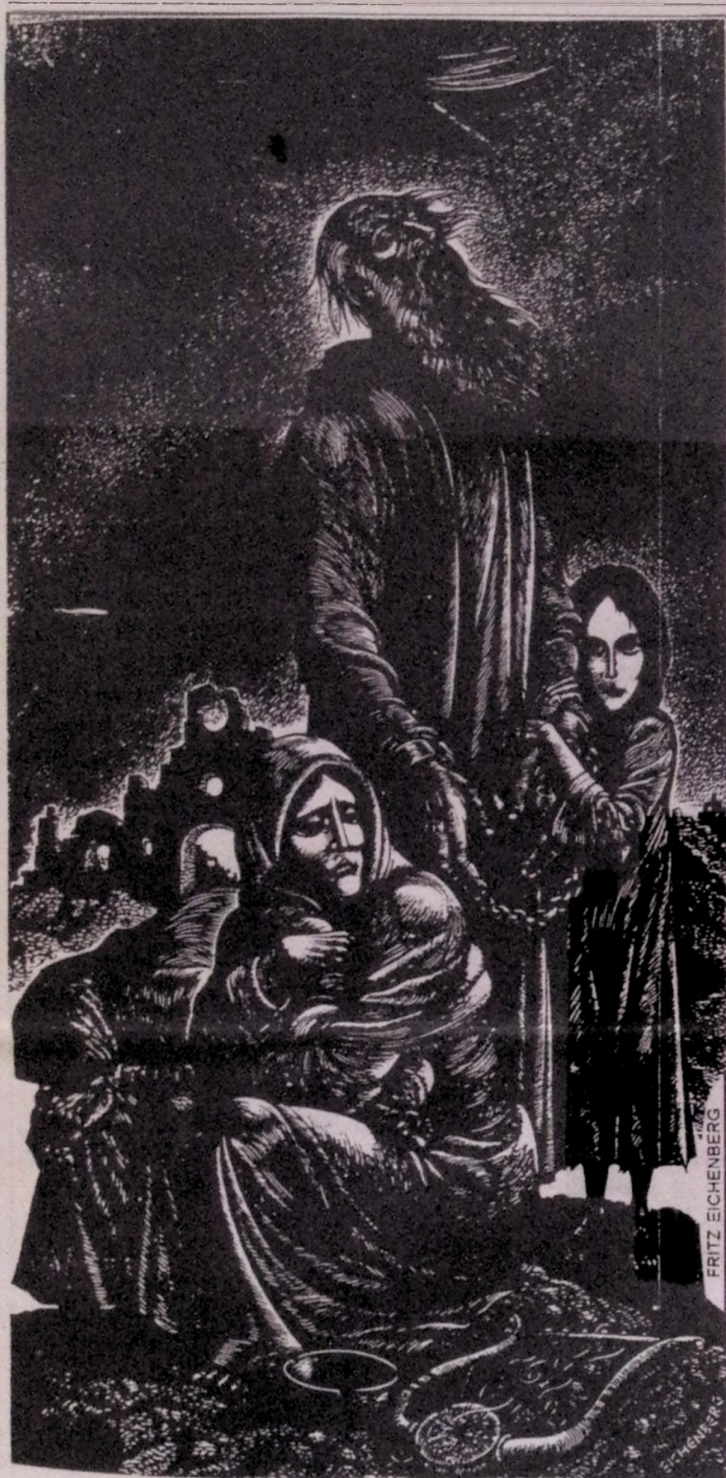
Inch by inch. So we live and work (and write).

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

I See Mordecai Weeping in Woodruff Park.

How Can We Make Him Laugh?

an Introduction



by Ed Loring

A good Friday it was when Gladys fell in the Conasauga River. She was crossing at a point where the cold water rushes and sings among the boulders, and it is deep. I had gone before her and the rhododendron limb held me fine. Was it because she weighs 75 pounds less than I that suddenly—CRACK!!!—KER PLUUPUP—Gladys was bobbing along in the white water? We fished her out with laughs and frowns. She was fine but soaking wet and freezing cold. Joe Dan gave her his shirt and every time we stopped over the next 8 hours for a break she was ready to get walking again.

The Friday before we went down to the river the Urine 8 (now 6) had gone before Judge John Mather for pretrial hearings. We had been arrested for taking toilets into the Mayor's office

on June 16, 1996, in an effort to get public toilets back on the city's agenda. Brian Spears, our wonderful friend and fine lawyer, had subpoenaed City Council President Marvin Arrington and the arresting officers for this hearing. We had a good time seeing each other again. Several of the police had apologized for having to arrest us and said they fully agreed with our cause. Mr. Arrington, who is an outspoken proponent for public toilets, stated in the courtroom that he encouraged us. So this was a time of thanksgiving and joy: one of those occasions that we feel the presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit in our lives and advocacy. When the DA and Brian came out with the deal that our case could be resolved if we were willing to take "youthful offender status," Murphy's eyes brightened and danced, but she was willing to settle for it only if Judge Mather would give her a copy of the document saying the court found her to be youthful. Judge Mather agreed to give us each a paper proving that in the Criminal Justice System of the great State of Georgia we are youthful. There are limits, of course. The DA said we could never, under any circumstances, or for any civil disobedience, ever, ever be considered youthful again.

We danced out of the court house and in a few days had a wonderful meal of Sarah's delicious sloppy joes while celebrating Brian and Ellen Spears and the good work and witness they are in our midst. We have recommitted ourselves to the Public Toilet Campaign and will be calling on you, again, for help in the months ahead. Thank you for your

prayers, letters, calls, and support over the months as we have dealt with the Mayor and the courts. We are now in our 15th year of this campaign and we look for public toilets to be in the Central Business District, and especially in Woodruff Park where Mordecai weeps, before He who rides to town on a donkey is born in a manger this year.

Back down by the riverside as Gladys was putting on Joe Dan's shirt and sounding so cold, I remembered the day before we went to court. Jennifer and I were swimming in the Gulf of Mexico while Elizabeth sat on the shore reading *Sojourner's*, *The Other Side*, and *The Catholic Worker*. We had spent the night in a wonderful motel, "The Gulf View," in Long Beach, Mississippi. We had a couple of hours before we had to hit the road again for Atlanta, so here we were the only people on the beach except for an inveterate sunbather some 50 yards away.

Elizabeth and I had spent the day before in prison at Angola, Louisiana with our beloved friend and partner whom we call Thony Green. The state of Louisiana calls him 102340. We had a wonderful time together!! Thony is happier and more hopeful than I have seen him since he was stolen from us in May, 1982. He is going to get out of prison in 2001 and the hope for freedom and a new life is transforming him. What a wonder to behold! Over the past decade and more Thony believed he would die in the penitentiary. He was living a life of survival and filled with despair. Now he is being made new by hope and his life includes a daily dose of doxology to Yahweh the God who promises release to captives and freedom to the oppressed.

Because Jennifer is not on Thony's visiting list she could not enter the prison grounds. From the parking lot she was able to see the huge tents that had been put up for the convicts who had been moved to higher ground as the Old Man stretched forth his arms and legs just a month before our arrival. Angola is bounded on one side by the Mississippi River, but this flood did not cause the damage that was feared. We also saw something unusual today in the United States. That Wednesday, the press was just outside the first camp which is just inside the big gate to the 19,000 acres of prison-farmland. The next day, the day of our swim in the Gulf of Mexico, was the day of death for a prisoner. What is unusual is that the press paid attention. This was the day before the one who took the Hippocratic Oath, oh so many years ago now, with gentle hands and a well trained heart, took the needle, inserted the point into a vein, and pushed the fatal fluid into the blood of a man. Now, we are taught we are the richer for it: safer, more just, healed and whole. But what if the preachers and the politicians who tell us this are wrong?

From the muddy waters of the Mississippi to the blue salt wetness of the Gulf and suddenly returning to the sparkle and spangle of the icy mountain stream, I saw that Gladys finally had Joe Dan's dry shirt firmly fastened. Off we go along the Conasauga River Trail in the Cohutta Wilderness. Joe Dan and Jennifer lead the way, Dick (who is concerned about Gladys' wet pants and shivering body) and Gladys are next with Elizabeth and me falling behind to coach Zechariah the dog across the river fords—eighteen crossings! By the time we leave the river and turn up Tearbitches Trail, Dick and I are now last by a long shot (and I with my newly won "Youthful Offender Status!"). Nine hours and nine miles after entering the wilderness we are back in the car with the heater blasting us with hot air. Gladys laughs and laughs. I record in my journal "We're having fun."

We were in the Cohutta Wilderness because the day before we had, with the addition of Jim II. and Leo, driven from the Butler Street Breakfast to Dayspring for a study day. We are finding David Hilfiker's *Not All Of Us Are Saints* to be a foundational text for us. So we decided

to spend a day together studying the book and then to move from urban poverty and disease to the wilderness. Wendell Berry, a physician of the Soul of our Nation, prescribes the woods and wilderness areas as antidotes to the death of compassion and loss of love of life. We practice this rhythm often in our work at 910 and our rest at Dayspring, our Home of Hospitality and our Farm of play and working with the earth.

So this brings me to the introduction of a new series I want to write for Hospitality. We are now clear that neither CM Sherman, nor Ron Jackson, nor Tommy Davis are coming home. We are also clear that there is need for more concerted resistance to the Anti-Camping Ordinance passed by our frightened little city council last fall. This immoral law makes homelessness a crime; and uses the language of entertainment and recreation to describe the absolute abandonment of human beings by church and society. A premise of the Open Door Community is that the love and power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is verified by the church's response to the poor with charity and justice. In this instance, by housing the homeless. If not, the Gospel is rendered loveless and powerless.

This, though not yet Lent, is a season for grief. The words of Jeremiah, the prophet who loved his people and acted out their plight (wouldn't he sleep at the Curb Market tonight with those who have no choice but to sleep there?) are words for us:

My joy is gone, grief is upon me,
my heart is sick.

Hark, the cry of my poor people
from far and wide in the land:

"The harvest is past, the summer is
ended,

and we are not saved."

For the hurt of my poor people I am
hurt,

I mourn, and dismay has taken hold of me.
Is there no balm in Gilead?

Is there no physician there?

Why then has the health of my poor people
not been restored?

(Jeremiah 8: 18, 19a, 20-22 NRSV)

Homelessness is now an institutionalized reality in American society. We accept it. We expect it. Like the execution of a man by the state, homelessness is not news to us. Why have we lost our compassion? Where is the passion of our dreams and hopes for a land of liberty and justice for all? What has happened to the Puritan legacy of substantive justice where we, like the Bible teaches us, share our goods so that all have enough for a good and secure life?

Mordecai offers a picture for us as we begin again to find our obedience and faithfulness to the Jesus who calls us to follow him into a conversion toward the poor. Mordecai, you may remember from the Book of Esther, refused to bow down to Haman the Prime Minister of Persia. Xerxes had ordered everyone to bow as a sign of respect for Haman. Mordecai refused although everyone else was doing so. "I am a Jew," he explained. Haman was furious and devised a plan to kill all the Jews of the Persian Empire plus give Xerxes 375 tons of silver for the royal treasury. (What was Adolph Hitler's favorite book in the Bible?) "When Mordecai learned of all that had been done, {i.e. the terms and dates of the pogrom} he tore his clothes in anguish. Then he dressed in sackcloth, covered his head with ashes, and walked through the city, wailing loudly and bitterly, until he came to the entrance of the palace. He did not go

in because no one wearing sackcloth was allowed inside. Throughout all the provinces, wherever the king's proclamation was made known, there was loud mourning among the Jews. They fasted, wept, wailed and most of them put on sackcloth and lay in ashes." (Esther 4:1-3 TEV)

Like Mordecai we are called to refuse. We will not obey a culture that has institutionalized homelessness, poverty, and death. We will not bow down. We will not co-operate. But we must also go into the city and make known our grief and our resistance. What are our sackcloth and ashes? Where should we be "wailing loudly and bitterly?" Can we come together at the "entrance of the palace"; there to plead and plan a way to subvert and transform the city and the nation in its fealty to the institutionalization of poverty, homelessness, and death?

The answers are blowing in the wind. Somewhere near the Curb Market late at night when Jesse Tree stands up and tries to sneak a pee; or in our front yard in the early morning as a child too cold to stand whimpers in her father's arms, the answers hover. Somewhere near the places we kneel and pray for forgiveness and seek the power of love; perhaps near the "entrance to the palace" where we go to mourn and wail and dress the dress of sorrow for the poor and our people slain, there we can feel the breeze.

Ed Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

March 6, 1997

Sidney Dorse
DeKalb County Sheriff

Dear Sheriff Dorse,

Thank you so very much for removing the state flag and confederate symbol from the DeKalb County Jail. We know that it represents racism and hatred, and it should be removed from public places, as we hope it will be removed from private places.

The Open Door Community is an interracial Christian residential community in Atlanta, living and working with homeless people and those in prison. Whenever we sit together for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, we sit at table in the diversity of sons and daughters of slaves eating and communing with sons and daughters of slave-holders.

We live and hope for the undoing of racism, and we know that it is essential to remove the symbols of white supremacy, divisiveness, and hatred in order to come together in forgiveness and reconciliation.

Each day we live and work to build the Beloved Community that Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke, cried out, prayed, lived, worked, and died for. May it be so among us.

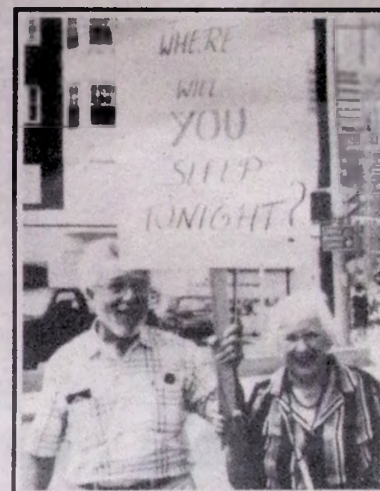
Thank you for your act of courage and commitment.

Peace to you,

Open Door Community

Frances Pauley

Stories of Struggle and Triumph



GLADYS RUSTAY

Edited by
Murphy Davis

Foreword by
Julian Bond

Afterwords by
Marcia Borowski, Mary Eastland & Lewis Sinclair, and Jim Martin

Frances Pauley: Stories of Struggle and Triumph is a rich collection of the highlights of this remarkable woman's lifelong commitment to justice and freedom. In an age when it's easy to feel overwhelmed and powerless about making change, and hard sometimes just to keep on keeping on, this treasure trove of stories is an inspiring balm for the soul.

- Joyce Hollyday

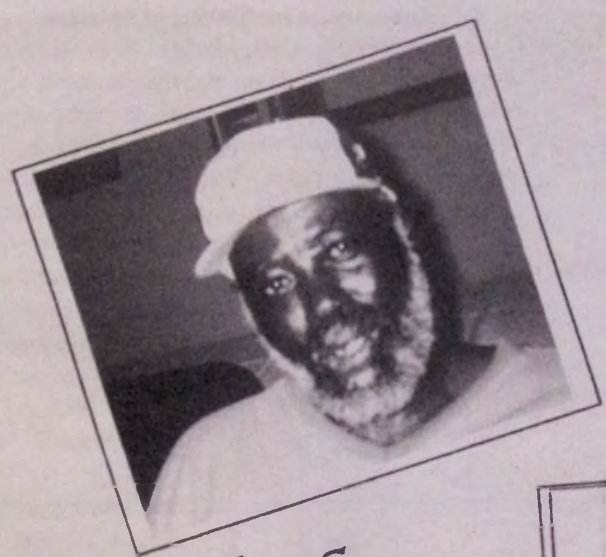
- An Open Door Community Book -
for your copy, please send a \$10 donation to the
Open Door Community

African-American History Tour

Phillip
Williams



Phillip remembered being at the Lincoln Memorial for Dr. King's "I Have a Dream" speech.

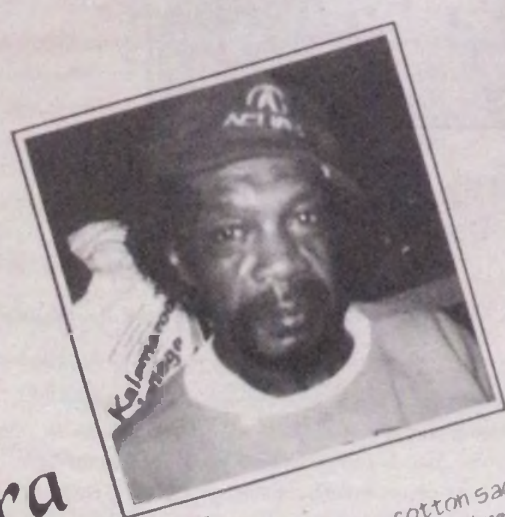


Adolphus
Victrum

Adolphus remembered playing high school football for four years in the Herndon Stadium, but didn't realize that the Herndon house was just a block away.



LEO MCGUIRE



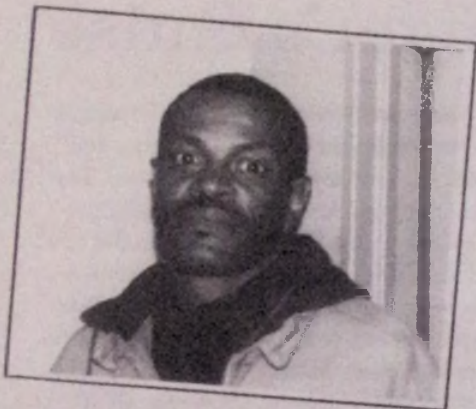
Ira
Terrell

Ira saw a cotton sack at the Apex Museum and remembered picking cotton and cutting cane as a child in South Georgia.



Willie
London

Willie remembered that he didn't learn African-American History in school.



Joe Dan Walker

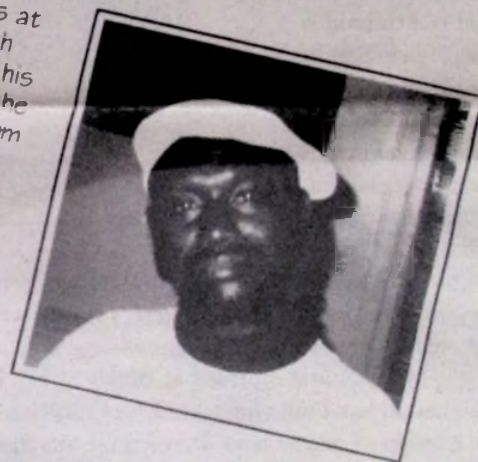
Joe Dan remembered his father who, like Alonzo Herndon, was born in Walton County and started off as a farmer.



For the past few years, the Open Door Community has taken an African-American history tour. We have gone to Savannah, Birmingham, and Charleston. Phillip Williams suggested that this year we do our tour in Atlanta. So...we toured Dr. King's birthplace, the King visitors' center, the Sweet Auburn District, the APEX (African-American Panoramic Experience) Museum, and the Alonzo Herndon Home. The sharing after the tour was rich with the history within our community. Here is some of what was shared...

Tony Johnson

Tony saw slave shackles at the Apex Museum which brought to mind with pain his grandfather showing him the indentations on his legs from where his chains were.



PHOTOS BY GLADYS RUSTAY

Leo McGuire

Leo, Tony, and Adolphus all remembered being in the huge processional crowd at the funeral of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.



Chuks Okeke

Chuks' family, exiled from Nigeria, lived for many years in the Ivory Coast. He embodies for us the link with the rich heritage of African history and culture.

The Christ Who Comes in the Stranger's Guise

by Joe Hinds

(Editor's note: Joe Hinds is a student at Columbia Theological Seminary, in Decatur, Georgia, and has been participating in the life of the Open Door Community. He recently shared this reflection during our noon worship.)

I first heard of the Open Door in 1994 as an undergraduate student in Birmingham, Alabama. In researching for a sociology paper on homelessness, I came across a copy of *Hospitality* in my Presbytery's resource center. For a year or so I followed the work and ministry of the Open Door through the newsletter. I enjoyed reading the articles and letters but one thing that made a striking impression on me was a copy of the print that hangs on the wall here in the dining room. It depicts Jesus standing in the soup line, or perhaps the grit line, the Christ who comes in the stranger's guise.

In September of 1996, I moved to Atlanta to attend Columbia Theological Seminary, and I made my first trip to the Open Door and the Butler Street breakfast. I remember standing in the circle in the dining room at 6 a.m. on a Monday morning, and being challenged to look for Jesus in the grit line. Jesus has been there, I have seen him, and I know you have, too.

On my first morning at Butler Street, I was assigned to hand out vitamins. I was surprised at the number of guests who declined the vitamin. Some of them seemed to just not want one, but there were some who seemed suspicious. That reminded me of whom I represented to the people eating in the basement of the Butler Street Church. As inconspicuous as I tried to be, I could not hide the fact that I am a white male. Several of them asked me what kind of pills they were, as if they were experimental or meant to harm.

One morning, I was assigned to stand outside with Leo and help with handing out tickets. It was cold that day, and I had on my warmest down-filled coat. One of the guests, after getting his ticket, walked up to me and asked me for my coat. He said he was cold, and shook my hand to prove it. He was deeply cold, and his old coat was so thin and worn that it was not doing much good. I did not know what to do. I was not prepared to give my coat away. I told him that I did not think I could help him, but he could go to 910 and get a coat later that day. He persisted and finally said that he was going inside to eat breakfast and give me time to think about it.

After he left, I prayed and thought about what to do. The fact was, I was not willing to give away a coat I had paid \$150 for. Besides, it was

warming up and he had a coat (even though it wasn't much of one). As promised, the man returned after he ate breakfast and asked me if I had thought about it. Yes, I said I had thought about it. I told him that I just couldn't give him my coat because if I did, then I would not have a coat to wear to Butler Street anymore. But I had a coat at home that I would give him, if he would come back the next Monday. He was obviously disappointed, but he agreed, thanked me, and walked away. I never saw him again.

I brought that coat to give away for several

There are friends of ours in the streets who are politically and economically poor and oppressed, but they are not the only ones. The poor and oppressed Jesus speaks of include me—spiritually. Poor and oppressed in the creatureliness and sinfulness common to all human beings: middle-class and rich as well as poor; oppressors as well as oppressed; powerful majorities as well as powerless minorities. The good news is that God loves all people, all of whom are poor in one way or another.

There are captives whose family and friends we drive to Milledgeville, or visit on death row and in county and municipal jail. But they are not the only ones. The captives Jesus speaks of include me—captive in bondage to my comfortable life, enslaved by possessions. The good news is that Jesus has proclaimed release to the captives.

When Jesus speaks of the blind, it is not just those who cannot see, but those who will not, or do not see. I did not begin this work blind to the plight of the poor, but blind to the ways in which this culture perpetuates the poor.

Although I was aware of the dehumanizing wage imposed at the bottom of the capitalist system, and the ways in which corporations are quick to invest in profits and slow to invest in humanity, I was blind to the ways in which particular individuals experience these indignities. The good news is that Jesus recovers sight to the blind.

Through my experience at the Open Door, the Christ who comes in the strangers' guise has made changes in the way I see, live, work, and do ministry. I have been taught to put my body in the places occupied by the homeless poor. To personally experience sleeping in the streets and eating in soup kitchens. To know something about how it feels to spend my waking hours on my feet, or resting in the park *without looking like I'm resting too much*. To pass up food because eating or drinking might make me have to sneak into somewhere to use the bathroom.

My coursework at the seminary is important as I prepare for ministry. Church history, Greek, Hebrew, pastoral care, polity, and spiritual formation are important classes which will provide me with valuable tools for ministry and hopefully help me pass ordination exams. However, my education for ministry would have a giant gap in it without the learning that takes place at the Open Door: from practical knowledge like how to make soup for 150 to how to pray for and with the homeless poor.



A view of some of our homeless friends partaking in the Butler Street Breakfast.

weeks after that, but he never came back. I remembered the challenge to look for Jesus at Butler Street, and I remembered Matthew 25: "I was naked and you did not give me clothing." I had seen Jesus at the Butler Street Breakfast and I had rejected him.

There are other moments that I remember: guests share food with each other, pray over their meal, or take advantage of a safe place to sleep for a while. Friends greet each other and share news. Old friends are remembered, some have died, some are in jail, some are eating or sleeping somewhere else now. Somebody is HIV+, somebody got robbed. There are mornings when hospitality abounds—those of us from 910 give it and receive it. There are also mornings when anger abounds or violence erupts. In any event, what happens is life and death. And it is real.

As I hand somebody a ticket or an egg, or shake their hand, my "How are you?" is often answered with the customary "Fine, and you?" But I am sometimes ignored or grunted at. Once I asked a man how he was and he said, "Not too damn good", I hear "I'm cold" or "I'm sick". One morning at Butler Street, a friend of mine asked a man how he was doing. "I'm dying," he said. Real life.

In Isaiah, it says Jesus has been anointed to bring good news to the poor, and to proclaim release to the captives. To let the oppressed go free, and restore sight to the blind. Who are these people?

Sometime ago, I walked with Ed through the parish from Woodruff Park to 910. Our walk took us through the downtown business district that buzzed with activity and commerce, through low income areas dulled by unemployment and despair, and across groomed urban hiking paths which traversed property that could house many, many people (but that was hardly a consideration when urban planners decided how to *improve* that land). In a few hours, I saw people struggling to survive addictions and mental illness while living in the streets, and I saw indifference in the averted glances of successfully dressed, busy-looking people downtown. I saw people who had been marginalized and forgotten by a country that promises liberty and justice for all. There were glimpses of hope along that walk as well, like that of a young man who got a job and was now able to provide a home for his children. This would have pleased the wealthy people who are only interested in seeing the poor *pull themselves up by their own bootstraps*, but the level to which anyone is able to pull one's self is so far below the level to which power and privilege elevates some others that it makes a mockery of the family of the children of God.

I do not know where I will end up after I finish seminary. But my sense is that I am learning about my poverty, my captivity, my blindness, and my oppression to prepare me to minister to other recovering white middle-class people. I am learning to claim my place as a member of the oppressor class, yet to be a witness to the love and grace of Jesus Christ which liberates and restores me; and puts me in places from which I can begin to bring the great needs of the marginalized together with the great resources of the privileged and powerful.

I am willing to participate in the struggle for justice, and I am hopeful for small glimpses of the kingdom of God. Yet, tomorrow morning the line will still form at Butler Street and people will walk to 910 for Soup Kitchen. People will be ripped off by a labor pool, and more poor people will be put behind bars. And another year will pass without the Jubilee—the year of the Lord's favor.

The struggle, then is to continue to advocate—to hold our society accountable for the marginalized, to be present to and value the dignity of the poor—the homeless—and the prisoner. To keep our lives focused, we must worship with the whole community of God's people, and serve those who have been forgotten or ignored. We must continue to pray for God's shalom. ♦

"Our Third Conversion"

(continued from page 2)

worth before God and feel empowered. And many, thus transformed, find new openings for richer human relationships, the restructuring of their lives in the community, and the improvement of their economic situation. They are connected vitally with this realm of the Spirit which serves as the very center of their every-day existence in this world. They experience miracles, and begin to perceive the world in a very different way. With all the demonic forces around them, they experience something even greater—the presence and the power of the Spirit. As this becomes a reality for them, and their experience is not blocked by imported, rigid, fundamentalist theology (usually taken from the U.S.A.), their world is opened, and life is oriented toward a new future, the coming Reign of God. They are thus enabled to trust their lives into God's hands in the midst of change and insecurity. Their lives are focused on God's call to them and

joining God's struggle, and on the promise of God's continued guidance. Having experienced the impossible, they are energized for the struggle of daily life. They see all that is happening, and all that they do, as related to and sustained by the God who is in the process of establishing, and in many instances, takes part in struggles for social transformation."

That is what I have been living and experiencing in the midst of people in these movements in Brazil in the past two years.

What does all this mean for us? To the extent that we are dominated by a modern scientific world view, and our faith is intellectualized, we are in a situation in which we need to undergo a third conversion. If our second conversion was to the poor, as happened in Latin America for so many of us, we now need to undergo a third conversion: a conversion to the perception and living of our lives from the realm of the Spirit, in which all of our being and our struggle is set.

To do this, we will probably have to have the help of the people who are on the front lines of this perception of the world. They might be African American, or women who have discovered how to be liberated from much that we have insisted was Truth in

Christian Theology, or poor people who are part of Pentecostal movements. We must find the way to live now in some sort of communion, solidarity, and relationship with people who are able to open our minds and our whole being to this reality of the realm of the Spirit.

As I have learned personally in my contact with the Pentecostal movement in Brazil, we must have a new experience of God. It is not a matter of having the right language about God, of being able to express our faith in God in the right intellectual way; it is a matter of discovering how to have an experience of God in

worship, in prayer: an experience of joy and an experience of the presence of a reality that is all around us.

Pentecostals have also taught me in a very dramatic way how this is an experience, not just of presence, but also of power. In the realm of the Spirit, what we are dealing with is the reality of a power which brings broken lives together, which reconciles families, which transforms our existence, which brings healing in the midst of sickness, and which casts out demons.

I have discovered that I never really believed that miracles would happen even though I prayed all my life. The Pentecostals have at the very center of their worship and their life, the assumption that you go to church, and you live your life every day expecting miracles to happen. I had fascinating conversations with people who went to a particular Pentecostal church, asking them why they went there instead of a

Presbyterian, Lutheran, or Methodist church. "Oh," they said, "we go to this church because every time we go something happens!"

When I told this in a Lutheran church, the pastor who was sitting next to me said, "Everybody comes here because they know nothing is going to happen."

We do not live in a closed world. I can begin to perceive this in spite of the rational definitions I have created out of my scientific, rational, and theological understanding. Even the discipline of modern physics tells us that this world is not a closed world. We live in a world which by our faith is open: a world that is unfolding. Our lives are profoundly Christian and lived in the Spirit to the extent that we are living lives that are unfolding, and which we expect to unfold.

From this has come something we never imagined in the Liberation Theology movement two or three decades ago: at the present time, the most compelling force for social change in Latin America is largely Pentecostal. This is difficult to recognize because preachers in Pentecostal churches do not talk specifically about social issues. They do not analyze the structures of oppression in society and talk about liberation. A former student of mine in Brazil was for many years a leading Marxist intellectual. He left that and became an anthropologist, and he is now director of an institute for the study of religion. My friend said that he is convinced that the most significant social force in Brazil is the Spiritual movement in Pentecostal churches.

The most exciting part of this experience for me is trying to put this faith in an open unfolding realm into practice. I try to face each day, saying, "I expect something to happen. I expect the future to be open. I expect that the work I do will be guided by God in ways that I do not know." ♦



Richard Shaull, (right) with Kenneth Brown. Kenneth is on home leave, with his wife Kim and their two children from their work in Nicaragua with the Presbyterian Mission.

GLADYS RUSTAY

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

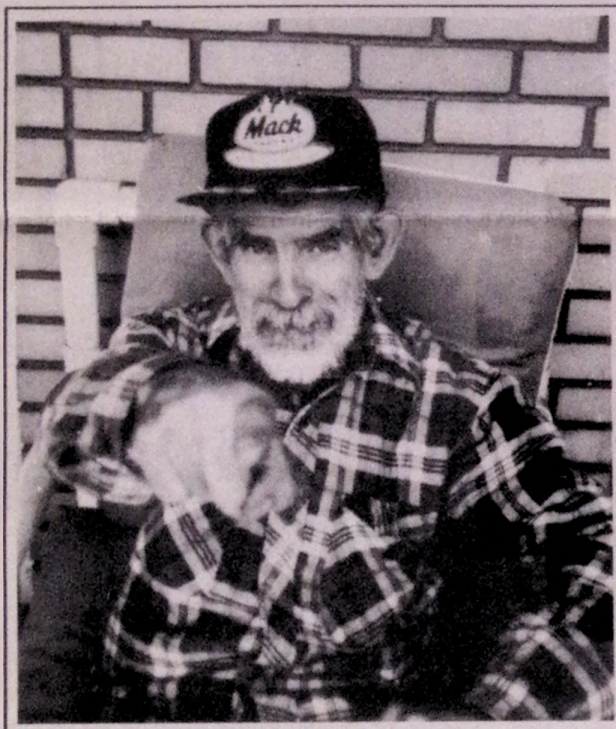


EC Says: Come Closer to Calvary

by Elizabeth Dede

People who have been dropped usually have broken places. (Remember Mephibosheth, 2 Samuel 4:4) Sometimes they're dropped on their heads so their minds are broken. You might see them waiting at Grady Hospital with the nonsense of TV blaring in their senses. Sometimes they stick out their arms to stop their fall, and they break their hands so they can't hold on anymore. They lose their grip and fall farther and farther down the dark hole (like Cary who fell from a 20 foot roof), where the nights are too cold for sleep, the days are too long to contemplate. They hit the bottom hard and break their feet. To be homeless is to be crippled; you limp through life, from the Butler Street Breakfast to Grady Hospital to St. Luke's Soup Kitchen to the park, where you might sit in the sun and nod off, but you never really sleep, you never really rest, you're always tired, you're broken, and the fall's been so great that you might not be put back together again.

Ed Potts wants *YOU* for a Resident Volunteer!



MURPHY DAVIS

*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 Dede
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212
404/874-9652; 874-7964 (fax)

The sign at the Butler Street CME Church says, "Each day brings Jesus closer to Calvary. Will you follow his bleeding footsteps?" I try. I want to be faithful. But I might be like Judas, a thief, who didn't care about the poor or Jesus. Money (or possessions, or the desire to keep the smell and noise and stench and pain and hunger and dread and fear and truth of poverty a long way away) is all that matters.

Eric sings, "Guide my feet," and another homeless man moans and leaves the wall where we sit. "So long, Lucifer!" Eric smiles, laughs, waves, dances. "Touch someone. Make them laugh. That's how we know God is here," Eric preaches.

"But what about those bleeding feet?" I wonder. Certainly Jesus is not laughing. He's preparing for burial. Sweet perfume fills the whole house. It covers the stench of racism that rots: we were the only white people in the Grady Hospital waiting room. People with money and insurance go to a private hospital. ("I wondered why they were looking at us," one in our group reflected.)

The bloody footprints lead us to St. Luke's Soup Kitchen and JC from KC. Yes, we learn that Jesus Christ is from Kansas City (Missouri and Kansas), only this time his names are Greg and Chester. New to Atlanta, and feeling lost and alone, they find communion at the St. Luke's table. Laughter rings out in the glum silence.

My feet hurt! My back hurts! I'm tired. The sun is warm; the grass is soft.

"Hey! You gotta sit up! No lying on the grass in the park! It's called the 'Urban Camping law.'"

The blood leads to Municipal Court, and then to the city jail. Jesus will spend four more days in jail for public urination (since he couldn't find a public toilet), unless he can come up with the \$80 fine. I guess we'll be seeing him again on Good Friday.

We follow the trail back to Grady Hospital, and make a circle of our day. Jesus still limps and hobbles on a cane. You can still see her old and bent over a walker. He is young with his leg in a cast.

Why are we here at Grady Hospital? We've followed the bloody footprints. Will Jesus find someone to care for his feet? to comfort him? to prepare him for the agonizing road ahead?

Grady Hospital is the only place where the poor and oppressed, the hungry and homeless, the sick and the dying can be anointed for healing. And we need to know that there are evil forces, betrayers of the Holy One, a Fulton County Commissioner, who want to close this public hospital. And so we are here with Jesus. We don't want to drop him. We stand here against the powers and principalities. We know that Jesus' bloody footprints lead him to death. Let us anoint his feet with love.

Elizabeth Dede is a partner at the Open Door Community.

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.

Dear Honorable Mayor Campbell,

The below signed, representing numerous faith communities of Atlanta, would like to express the grievance we have concerning the anti-[urban]-camping ordinance that the City Council passed and your office signed. We, as students of theology, believe that this ordinance is in opposition to our Christian understanding of providing hospitality to those who are hungry, thirsty, or naked (Matthew 25: 35-38). Furthermore, we believe this ordinance is in opposition to its proposed goal of ridding our city of the homeless. We detest homelessness, and we would like to work with the City Council and your office in any way possible to rid our city of homelessness.

We do not feel there is an empathy for persons who are homeless. We believe that the homeless are wrongfully viewed as a public nuisance, rather than citizens who are in a desperate situation. We work in the soup kitchens, the homeless shelters, the food and clothing pantries. We have seen the faces of our homeless brothers and sisters, we hear their stories of being harassed by the police brutality, we hear their dehumanizing stories of having to defecate in the streets. We also hear their stories of frustration over being caught in a cycle of poverty. We have seen the homeless population grow: from 1,500 in 1979 to the present conservative estimate of 20,000 - 25,000. This is an unjust situation.

The homeless have no political power, and therefore they have no voice in our city's affairs. Homeless people are a vulnerable population that need our city's protection. The homeless are not the threat that we think they are, for they are being used as a scapegoat for problems that we have not even begun to work to change. We, as servants of God, wish to raise our voices of compassion to ask you to use your power to repeal the anti-camping ordinance. We are prepared to work with you and the City Council to help you repeal this ordinance, and we are committed to implementing a program that will rid this city of homelessness.

Respectfully,

Concerned Students of Candler School of Theology at
Emory University

Tom Livengood,
President of Amnesty International
at Candler School of Theology

Chris Copeland,
President of Candler Coordinating
Committee (C3) at Candler School
of Theology

Larry Wynn,
President of Social Concerns
Network at Candler School of
Theology

Steven Portes,
President of Candler
Evangelical Society
Candler School of
Theology

Michael Brubaker,
President of Sacred
Worth at Candler
School of Theology

Dear Brothers, Sisters, and Friends,

I just read an article on depression in a newspaper. It was saddening to realize that there are many "common symptoms" of depression exhibited by many prisoners.

The emotional degradation and general abuse within prison walls is always detrimental to the human soul. It even affects the prison staff.

Judicial and penal systems are desolating men, women, and children with powerful negative effects to the minds and spirits of all who come behind these walls.

A philosophy of punitiveness is at the helm, with citizens inflicting punishment on fellow citizens through the vengeance of imprisonment and executions. This kind of retribution is destructive and accomplishes little.

On the other hand, forgiveness and reconciliation accomplishes healing, which is the ground work for real rehabilitation and "constructive" retribution.

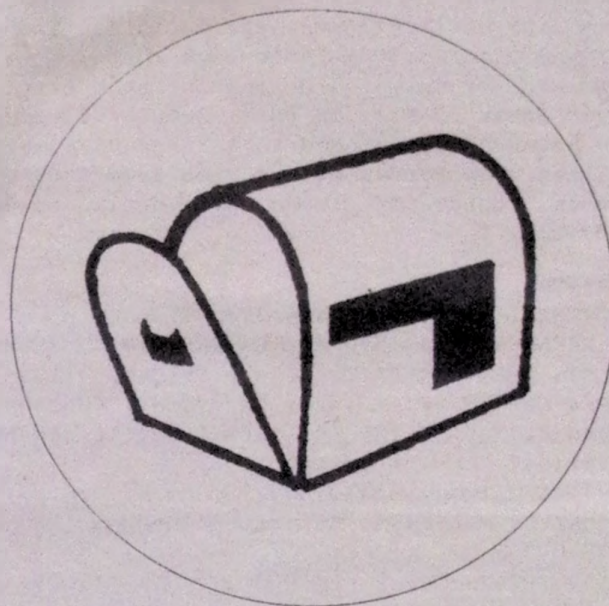
It's good to know there are still people, such as yourselves, and the organizations who demonstrate compassion, wisdom, and deep understanding, who are working to reverse the revenge mentality and replace it with counseling, training and a philosophy of restoration and new beginnings.

God be with you in all of your efforts.

Sincerely, with love,

Dan Reeves
Leesburg, GA

- Grace and Peaces of Mail -



Dear Open Door,

Let me start off by saying that it was a delightful surprise to see you, Ed, and to meet Chuck and Tim in the prison tunnel; then to join you with our death-row friends in that barred and bolted echo-chamber they call a visitors' room. The Lord Jesus seems to specialize in bringing his people together in the unholy, craziest places!

As promised at that time, I am finally getting around to writing my appreciation for your splendid issue of *Hospitality* in February, 1997. Every article or report radiated with insight, compassion and good theology; however, I do want to single out your piece, Elizabeth. What a concise, penetrating, even prophetic identification of the evil and anguish of all executions! "The death-penalty is a matter of our hearts. And we are all heartsick." So glad that your message was retold in the New Hope House newsletter.

Finally, a word to you, dear Murphy. Much gratitude and admiration from us for your editing job on the book, *Frances Pauley, Stories of Struggle and Triumph*. John Cole-Vodicka passed a copy to us. We wept and whooped all through it. The enclosed...includes a donation toward four copies for our kids. Also, please add our names to your *Hospitality* mailing list.

The peace of Christ is with you all!

Jim and Ginny Handley
Americus, GA

Female Victims of Violent Crime - Facts -

From 1973 to 1994 the violent victimization rates of women and men converged

In 1994 women were about two-thirds as likely as men to be victims of violence. Of the 10.9 million crimes of violence in 1994, 4.7 million were against women. The rate of victimization was 43 per 1,000 women about two-thirds the 60 violent victimizations per 1,000 men.

Twenty years ago women's likelihood of victimization was less than half that of men. The overall trend indicates that the rates of victimization for men and women converge — the rate for men decreasing and the rate for women remaining relatively stable or increasing.

Rates of violent crimes (including murders, rapes, robberies, and assaults) per 1,000 population

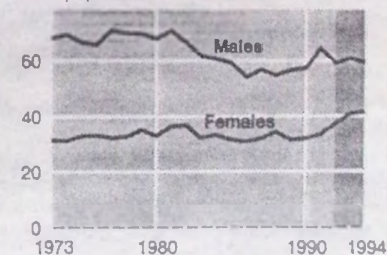


Figure 1

Sources: BJS, the National Crime Survey (NCS) data, 1973-92 and the NCVS data, 1992-94, for rape, robbery, and assault; FBI, UCR data for homicides.

The 1973-91 rates were adjusted for comparability to data collected under the redesigned survey method, 1992-94. See BJS, *Criminal Victimization, 1994*, April 1996, NCJ-158022.

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, June 27 - 29.

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

Open Door Community Worship

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

Please join us!

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| June 1 | Worship at 910;
Stan Saunders, preaching |
| June 8 | Worship at 910;
Ed Loring, preaching |
| June 15 | Worship at 910;
5:00 Eucharist, Marie Fortune, Celebrating
5:45 Singing with Elise Witt |
| June 22 | Worship at 910;
Jennifer Lee, preaching |
| June 27 - 29 | Summer Retreat at Dayspring Farm
No Worship at 910 |

Open Door Community Needs

JEANS	
T-Shirts	
Men's Work Shirts	
Quick Grits	
Carpeting	Disposable Razors
Cheese	Women's Underwear
Coffee	Car Seats for Infants
Multi-Vitamins	and Children
MARTA Tokens	Toothbrushes
Postage Stamps	Deodorant
Underwear for Men	Vaseline
Men's Shoes (all sizes)	Towels
	Socks
	Shampoo
	Men's Belts
	Washcloths

Sandwiches
Chests of Drawers
Table and Floor Lamps
32-cup Coffee Percolator
Soup Kitchen Volunteers*
Butler St. Breakfast Volunteers*
Gutter and Cleaning Maintenance
Carpenter and Building Maintenance Person

* 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!**

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!*



*according to the gift
that each has received
administer it
to one another
as good stewards
of the manifold
grace of God.*

1 Peter 4:10

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 _____