

HOSPITALITY

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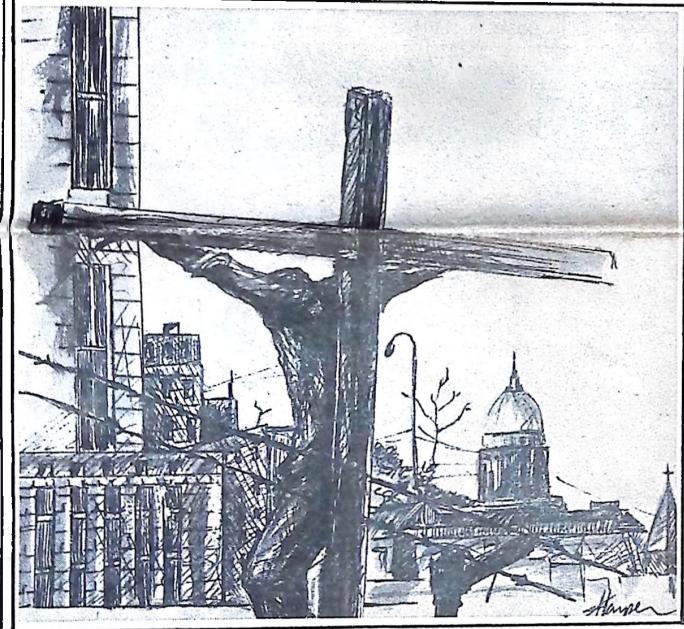
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From Carlisle St. to Plaza Park: Meeting the Vagrant Christ

by Ed Loring



Carlisle Street was a white sandy road in 1946. Our house was the first one after the pavement ended. Across the street was an abandoned cotton field not planted since the eruption of World War II. I used to run and play amid the scrawny Mimosa trees and hide from invading Germans beneath the flowering Golden Rod and hurtful blackberry bushes. Carlisle Street stretched on and on and less than a half-mile away a bend blocked the road from view. Somewhere around the bend resided the mill workers (called "lint-heads," I learned later) and then further down the road stood the clapboard houses filled with black folk.

The mill children I remember vividly. They came to school with no socks and ruined shoes. Unable to pay for lunch, many of my schoolmates carried a sweet potato to the cafeteria, and whereas I placed 15 cents on my plate for a school lunch, they timidly plopped down a yam. In these dusky days before Martin Luther King, Jr., my education was completely segregated—a fulfillment of the dreams of my Confederate forbears whose voices have echoed lately again in Forsyth County, Georgia. Yet, not only did the Bamberg County "lint-heads" find a home in my heart, so did the little

"nigger children" along with their extended families. All of them walked, rode horseback, travelled in mule-drawn wagons (along with an occasional broken down 1935 Chevrolet or Ford), and passed my home while I peered down from the large Mimosa tree or through the branches of the stately ligustrum.

There once lived an old, old homeless woman in Bamberg. I have thought of her almost daily since Christmas Eve when we carried our Black Vagrant Christ down the "spine" of Peachtree Street and hung him in the barbed wire which fences off Alabama Street from human habitation. Only the cross could symbolize the Christmas theme: "for there was no room in the inn."

The old woman was crazy. She could not stop her gurgled noises which scared me to death. When she came into our yard, I ran to my mother for comfort and interpretation of this event. Slowly, the old woman circled our backyard and then went into our garbage can. While she sorted through our waste, my mother scrambled two eggs and a thick slice of bacon for her. Mumbling, she ate. Her body shaking, she walked away; not to be seen for a month.

Carrying the Vagrant Christ upon my shoulders and with Mike gently sticking the nettles into Christ's arms and legs in a bizarre celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace on Alabama Street, I realized that the crazy, old, mumbling, woman was also my mother. Here in downtown Atlanta, forty-one years later, I met the old woman in the Black Vagrant Christ, and in the symbol of crucifixion I was grasped by the reality of resurrection. The crucifixion acted out on Christmas Eve became Easter.

And so, today, I sit in my home which is hopefully and joyfully named The Open Door. Having now met the Vagrant Christ, I shall walk the streets and fight the fight that is necessary to end hunger and homelessness in Atlanta. Knowing that the Vagrant Christ lives in my history and in my heart, I now cry out to you and invite you to join us in the life that Jesus gives us. March every Tuesday at 12:10pm along the Peachtree "Spine," which is part of the Vagrant-Free Zone. Join us in dramatic action if and when the fence goes up around Plaza Park and if there is no Al Smith Park designated. Help us feed the hungry at Butler Street CME and at 910 Ponce de Leon. Come and share life and worship with us.

As we obey the loving call of the Vagrant Christ, we shall find our homes in the heart of God. As we meet our God in the women of the street, we shall be healed, and justice shall shine on us like the noonday sun. Do you hear? The Vagrant Christ among us, mumbling old Black woman that she is, wants to come home.

“Crucify him!”

by Andy Smith

Adapted and paraphrased from the Gospel of Luke

(The Vagrant Christ was walking the streets when a former homeless person, now a rich man, approached the Vagrant Christ. The former friend of the Vagrant Christ turned him over to the authorities who had instituted a "Vagrant Free Zone.")

The business people who were guarding the Vagrant Christ made fun of him and beat him. They called him "wino" and "bum." They said many other insulting things to him.

When the time came, the business people brought the City Council and the Underground Development Corporation to pass judgement on the Vagrant Christ. "Tell us," they said. "Are you the Vagrant Christ, guilty of being homeless, drunk, trespassing and panhandling?" He answered them, "If I tell you, you will not believe me, and if I ask you a question, you will not answer. But from now on, the Vagrant Christ will be with God in heaven."

They all said, "You are then, the Vagrant Christ?" He answered, "You said it, man." "We do not need any proof against this scum, he called himself a vagrant!"

The whole group rose up and took the Vagrant Christ before the Mayor, where they began to accuse him: "We caught this man aimlessly wandering, trespassing on our property, and begging our people to give to the poor. He even claimed to be The Vagrant Christ." The mayor asked him, "Are you the Vagrant Christ?" "Ain't that what they jus' said?" he answered.

Then the Mayor said to the Underground Developers and other white upper and middle class business people who had gathered, "I find no reason to condemn this man! He is within his rights."

But they insisted strongly, "With his loitering and scaring shoppers and begging, he is creating chaos in the downtown business district. He is causing other poor people to ask for food and money. He is ruining the image of our city for wealthy suburbanites! If we let him go free, it will let others believe they can get away with being so lazy. It would look as though we support such filth!"

The mayor called all the business people, city council, and the developers together, and said to them, "You brought this man before me, and I have found him guilty of no crime. Everybody has a right to walk the street. This man has done nothing to deserve jail or death. I will have him processed and set free."

The business people, most of them rich and white, cried out, "Kill him! Kill the poor! Such drunken and lazy people do not deserve to live!"

The Mayor wanted to set the Vagrant Christ free, so he appealed to the business people again. But they shouted back, "Kill him! Keep downtown safe for convention-goers and respectable people with money. Keep Atlanta safe for Capitalism!" The Mayor responded, "But what crime has he committed? He is poor. He does not deserve death."

But the underground developers and other people with money and business interests to protect, continued to shout. They told the Mayor he would not receive their financial support, or their votes, if he continued to let "such people" walk the streets. So the Mayor passed the sentence on the Vagrant Christ that the business people were asking for.

The Atlanta City Police led the Vagrant Christ away, and they gave him a cross to carry. A large crowd of people followed him. It included business people and demonstrators protesting the persecution of the poor. Many men and women were weeping and wailing for the Vagrant Christ. Some discussed the racist overtones of these rich white people killing a poor black man. One woman yelled "Stop nailing out the homeless!" A man carried a sign that said "Underground Atlanta is stained with the blood of the Poor."

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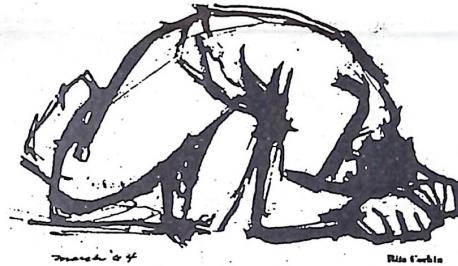


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earthly hosts and guests.



Prayer and love are learned in the hour when
prayer has become impossible and your heart
has turned to stone.

Thomas Merton



Danziger, The Christian Science Monitor ©1985 TCSPS

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Waiting for Sunrise

I woke from another dream of trying to walk through a crowd that was pressing me, shoving me, trying to push me down onto the sidewalk. Sighing, I rolled over and tried to wiggle into a comfortable position on the thin mat that lay between my body and the gym floor. A glaring fluorescent light shone in my face; the plastic cover over the bare bulb had been broken or removed. Finally I threw my arm over my eyes and tried to drift into sleep again, but it was too noisy. Even when I dozed for a few seconds, the sounds remained, and I dreamed again of trying to push through a crowd.

I was staying overnight at the city-run shelter on West Hunter Street. Christopher, who was visiting the Open Door, and I had been unable to understand why many of our street friends would rather stay outside all night than take refuge in that shelter. After all, we reasoned, it was warm and safe there. Why roam the streets when such a place was available?

There was only one way to find out: stay there ourselves. So at 7:30 that night, we sat on the front steps of 910 while the house duty person called the shelter to request transportation for us. The city shelter owns a van, but that night the driver said he wouldn't come for only two people, so we ended up taking public transportation.

It took us nearly an hour to make the bus-train-bus connections, and by the time we got to West Hunter Street we were too late for supper. When I saw staff people eating in their separate room, I asked for food. "None left," they told me, although they made no effort to hide that fact that they continued to eat until after midnight. There was a large window between the staff room and the gym, and all night guests and staff-people stared at each other through the window.

Soon after we arrived, a staffer approached us and asked us to sign up for a shower time. When we told him no thanks, he frowned at us for a moment before moving on. (A few weeks later, other Open Door volunteers spent a night there and were told that everyone was required to shower. They were each given three paper towels to dry themselves.)

The only other person we saw leave the staff room all night was a uniformed policeman who occasionally strolled around the gym warning people not to start trouble. He frisked several newcomers at the door, seemingly at random.

We put our mats next to a wall and lay down, using our jackets as pillows. It was only about nine o'clock, but we were tired from spending even a little while in the windy cold outside. Soon, we expected, someone would turn off the lights, things would quiet down, and we could get some sleep.

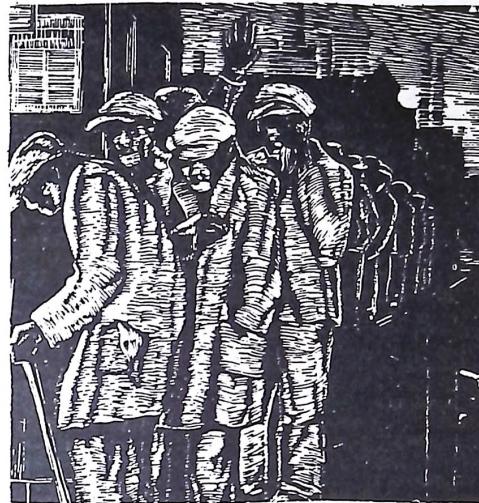
A man who introduced himself as Terry put his mat next to mine and told us not to expect to sleep a lot. "Why?" I asked. He smiled and said "You two are new at this, aren't you?"

I glanced up at the balcony on one end of the gym, where "unescorted" women slept; someone had attempted to gain some privacy by hanging a blanket over the waist-high railing.

Terry lay back on his mat and told me he had just gotten a job laying bricks. "I'm trying to save enough for first and last months' rent," he said, looking at the rafters, "but I don't know...I'm tired. I get maybe two hours sleep here, and then I work eight hours, sometimes more. I can't always get back here in time to eat, and I ain't got my first paycheck yet to buy food. Maybe tomorrow I won't go in. I can eat at St. Luke's and look for work that's closer to here." Didn't he have to show up at work tomorrow? "Yeah," he said, "but I'm tired."

A man named Bill put his mat beside Christopher's and told us he'd "look after" us. "The guards know me," he said. "They'll let me out and in all night." Sure enough, he slipped outside later and came back in with a bottle of Apple Jack in a brown paper bag. Making no effort to conceal it from the staff, he passed it over our heads to Terry, who had been trying unsuccessfully

by Paula Clegg



to sleep. "Maybe this'll help," Terry mumbled.

The noise never stopped: a radio played all night long, and Bill complained loudly about the two lights that were left on when the staff turned the others off about eleven. A loud bang awoke me every time I dozed, the next morning we realized it was a faulty restroom door. Once during the night I got up to use the restroom, but discovered that the women's was full of men, and no one was attempting to monitor its use. Several times I was awakened by babies crying.

At five a.m., the lights flashed on and a policeman yelled, "Get up! Up! Up!" I was more exhausted than I had been when I arrived, and his military bark made me want to shrink beneath my blanket. Beside me, Terry stirred, rubbed his eyes, and said to no one in particular, "You don't drink, you don't sleep. You drink, you're sluggish come morning." Bleary eyed, he looked at me. "I'm tired," he said.

The policeman came over to our side of the gym, shouting, "Up and out! Come on, get moving!" He stopped at Bill's motionless form and poked him roughly with his boot. Bill half-sat up and mumbled, "Coming, Sir." When the officer moved on, Bill lay back down, muttering, "Fucking cops. This is a jail, you know?"

Unlike Bill and Terry, Chris and I had the luxury of bus tokens. As we left to catch the bus back into town, Chris told me he had spent the night staring at the windows, waiting for sunrise. "I got it in my mind," he said, "that the sun would come up any minute, and the sky would start to get light. I had this weird idea that I had to see the sky getting light, that if I didn't miss seeing it, everything would be okay." Ironically, at five a.m. the only light still came from the neon street lights that lined the deserted roads.

When Chris and I got back to the Open Door, we went to bed and slept until noon. Bill and Terry had no such privilege. I think of Bill surviving on the streets that day, probably drinking to block the pain and humiliation he lives with. I think of how he probably returned to the shelter that night to be yelled at, maybe frisked, and kicked awake the next morning. I think of Terry trying to lay bricks after two or three hours of light sleep. I think of many brothers and sisters who say they'd rather hole up in an abandoned building or huddle shivering in the park all night than go to the city shelter. And I know that the sun will not rise for our homeless friends until they have homes to go to, where they can sleep in peace and not have to leave in the five a.m. darkness, still watching the sky for a pale, spreading light.

Two people, both guilty of murder, were also led out to be put to death with the Vagrant Christ. They were taken to Plaza Park which used to be a rest haven and sanctuary for homeless people. It was now surrounded by a large barbed wire fence so no more people, homeless or not, could relax there. They crucified the Vagrant Christ on the barbed wire fence. The Vagrant Christ said, "Forgive these rich people God, they don't know what they is doin'."

The people stood there watching while many business leaders made fun of the Vagrant Christ. They offered him cheap wine, "Beg for some of this, you drunk wino!"

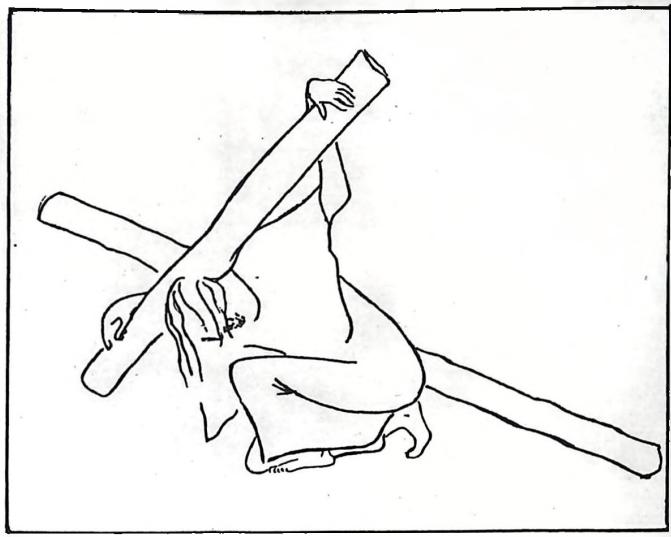
Above him were written the words, "This is The Vagrant Christ." One of the criminals mocked him. The other said, "We deserve this but the Vagrant Christ is an innocent victim of capitalism. He is just A POOR HUNGRY MAN!" To the Vagrant Christ he said, "Remember me in heaven." The Vagrant Christ said to him, "We will go to heaven together."

It was about 12 o' clock when darkness covered all of Atlanta until about 3 o' clock. A curtain hanging in a nearby church was torn in two. The Vagrant Christ called out, "God, my God, why have you abandoned me? Lord, it is to you that I give my soul." He let out a loud cry and he died.

One police officer saw what had happened and said, "Lord, I praise you, for this was you among us, the Vagrant Christ."

When the people who had gathered to watch saw what had happened, they returned home, feeling bitter sadness and sorrow. All those who had known the Vagrant Christ personally, including some of the demonstrators, stood at a distance to watch.

Andy Smith is a resident volunteer at the Open Door.



Laurie Findlay

A Commitment to Biblical Living

by Dietrich Gerstner

"The kind of fasting I want is this: remove the chains of oppression and the yoke of injustice, and let the oppressed go free. Share your food with the hungry and open your homes to the homeless poor. Give clothes to those who have nothing to wear, and do not refuse to help your own relatives. Then my favor will shine on you like the morning sun, and your wounds will be quickly healed. I will always be with you to save you; my presence will protect you on every side. When you pray, I will answer you. When you call to me, I will respond."

-Isaiah 58:6-9

"My friends, what good is it for you to say that you have faith if your actions do not prove it? Can that faith save you? Suppose there are sisters and brothers who need clothes and do not have enough to eat. What good is there in saying to them, "God bless you! Keep warm and sleep well!" -- if you do not give them the necessities of life? So it is with faith: if it is alone and includes no actions, then it is dead."

-James 2:14-17

When I arrived in the United States a little over a year ago I had no idea what was going to happen to me. I intended to travel within four months from the east coast to the west coast and back again. Afterwards, I wanted to go back to West Germany and study Agrarian Biology.

But it all turned out very differently. In Washington D.C., I stayed with a friend in a house of the Brethren Church that he shared with some other young Christians who were involved in various volunteer services. There I got by chance (or was it by Providence?) the address of The Open Door Community. On

February 24 I arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, intending to stay between three days and two weeks. Or so I thought. Already then I was very impressed by the vivid, credible, joyful, convincing, active, politically engaged, and compassionate expression of the faith of this community. The encounter with The Open Door was kind of like an enlightenment for me--a sign of hope in the face of my helplessness about how to do real and helpful social service apart from the giant and impersonal charity institutions.

For the first time in my life I got an idea about the biblical teachings concerning communities of Christians, about living, working, and sharing together in a Christian context. Here I found a lived-out truth that is missing in many of the traditional mainline churches of the US and West Germany, as well as in all the evangelical missionary groups that I have come to know so far: as Christians we are called not only to talk about Jesus and evangelize other people but to practice what God teaches us through the Bible and especially through the Gospels. These two weeks gave me back a lot of my formerly lost faith and even awakened totally new dimensions of my spiritual and religious life.

It was a very encouraging and important time for me, fundamentally the beginning of a faith pilgrimage that would carry me, geographically speaking, through the US, and spiritually speaking, towards a whole new way of life. Most of the time between my first visit in February/March and my return to The Open Door at the end of June I stayed with communities similar to this one; to be sure, nearly all of them are Catholic Worker Communities who helped me to come to terms with my "old" resentment towards the conservative Catholicism I had so often experienced in West Germany and Europe. It was refreshing to stay with these folks who showed me that Catholicism is not all that bad but that there are rather a lot of essential social teachings and beautiful elements in the way the Catholics celebrate their worship that are missing in the very "sober" service of the Evangelical Reformed Church of West Germany.

I began to read the Bible with new eyes and an awakening sensitivity for my personal call as I listened to the word of God. Those were months of a rising and deepening commitment to the message of the Gospels and the biblical prophets that urges us to serve the least among us, and especially the poor.

After I had returned to The Open Door Community, I realized at once that, of all the Christian communities I had visited in the US, this little family of fools for Christ would be my family, too.

More than anywhere else I feel my vocation here to do this kind of ministry of service to the urban poor. This has partly to do with the particular combination of the different ministries of this community as well as with a strong feeling of spiritual guidance at The Open Door.

I perceive it as evil if there is any poverty in a rich country. Now, the US is, at least materially, the richest and mightiest country in the whole world, and yet there exists a terrifying amount of poverty and destitution amidst all this abundance. I think the roots of this utter inequality and injustice lie in the philosophy of a pure capitalism as it is practiced over here in the States. A society that agrees to spend billions of dollars on weapons and military aid to obscure "freedom fighters" in Third World Countries for causes that should have nothing, at least in my mind, to do with the US; a society that at the same time allows that people "at home" are under-nourished and sometimes even at the edge of starving; a society that allows people to freeze to death in the streets because there is no place for them to go; a society that furthers injustice and violence by killing people in electric chairs and celebrates as heroes killers in the movies, like "Rambo" or Clint Eastwood (just to name two examples); a society that subsidizes death, destruction and terror even by giving so-called "humanitarian aid" to appalling dictatorships in Central and South America and Asia; and a society that is willing to rely on the threat of nuclear annihilation of humankind and the whole world because of its inability to settle political disputes with a very different political and economic military superpower by peaceful means. . . . is spiritually impoverished and actually dying!

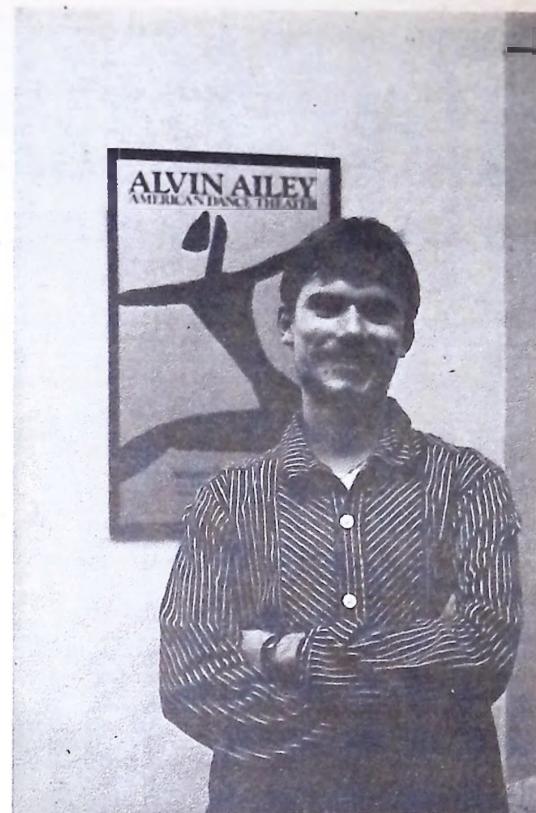
But if nothing happens to reverse this process, our Western society will not only die spiritually but also physically--either suffocating in our own trash and pollution or being blown-up in an all-destroying nuclear blast. Everybody, and especially those who believe in a loving and merciful God, must do something against this tide of evil. God clearly urges us to feed the hungry, give drink to the spiritually and literally thirsty, shelter the homeless, visit the prisoners--or even better, set them free--and the sick, be a people who love God and our neighbors as ourselves.

This doesn't seem to be a political message. Nevertheless, Jesus was persecuted and eventually killed by his enemies for political reasons. God doesn't tell us to side with one political party or another but to speak out against injustice and try to live out the hope of the coming reign of God. We are called to be Peacemakers; in an inhumane, unjust and violence-breeding culture this automatically means we are in opposition to the political and economic powers and authorities that be.

There are different ways of struggling for a "better" world that are equally valid: some people are called to sit on railroad tracks to stop "nuclear trains"; others blockade roads leading to nuclear missile bases; some enter missile bases and try to create a better world by disarming at least one of these deadly and costly weapons; others help people by providing low-cost housing; some are called to be good preachers of the word of God; and still others try to follow God's call by daily opening the doors to a "soup kitchen" and by providing showers, clean clothes and a place to live to our homeless brothers and sisters.

I see myself right now called to work with and for the poor of this materially rich nation because it is, for me, a more tangible way of working for peace and justice than to organize or participate in big demonstrations for an end to the arms race.

This concern for the poor also has to do with an apparent concern of the historical figure of Jesus for



Rob Johnson

the poor of his time. And his concern for them was not a mainly spiritual one that comforted them to wait for the fulfillment of their right till the heavenly kingdom of God arrived. Instead he was a very practical advocate for their rights, pointing out the inequalities and injustices of his culture, accusing the evil-doers by their names, telling his listeners what they should do for the least among them, if they wanted to do the will of God. Jesus not only called us to do charity but requested us to go further and to do justice, which means to me that the poor should be given back what was taken away from them. Jesus Christ's message was and is very clear to the poor people and not only to the rich. That's why the "establishment" finally had to kill Jesus (and they do it today over and over again) as they were not willing (and they still aren't) to share their established wealth, power and privileges with those whom they exploited and oppressed.

But who are the "established" ones today? So often we tend to disassociate ourselves from "them", accuse others of their faults, point out injustice and oppression we have to suffer in and from our "system", and feel pretty self-satisfied with our way of life. Yet we all as citizens of First World countries are guilty of dealing out hunger and starvation, thirst, oppression, economic deprivation and poverty, violence, suffering and death to the majority of peoples living mostly south of our hemisphere in Third World countries. Even living a decent middle-class life in Europe or North America already means privilege, wealth and power that we do not share with our poorer and exploited sisters and brothers in the industrially less-developed countries. Our thoughtless waste of food, energy and other resources makes each of us complicit in the suffering of those poor, although we might not aspire to gain huge riches.

But we do not have to go so far to talk about the global North-South gap. The problems and gaps our way of life produces are also visible right here at home in Atlanta--on Peachtree St., on Ponce de Leon Ave., on Edgewood and Auburn, in the waiting rooms of Grady Memorial Hospital, in the Municipal Court, at the many labor pools of this city. . . . it is the same in any other American city. Isn't it a serious sign of a profound lack of conscience and compassion in us that we can walk daily by our homeless sisters and brothers without spending even so little as a thought on the crying injustice, oppression and exploitation that become so prevalent by their forced existence in the streets of our cities?

Sharing was to replace possessing as a value in Christian community. And I believe that it ought to do that still.

The Bible is full of teachings on economic justice and injustice. As a matter of fact, economics is the most-often mentioned issue in both testaments, but it was and is avoided carefully by our mainline churches, and by ourselves as well.

Isn't it a shame that we so often refer to these disadvantaged sisters and brothers of ours only as bums, derelicts, vagrants? Isn't it a sin to meditate and, even more, to work on the imposition of a so-called sanitized, vagrant-free or safe-guard zone in any part of a city?

Doesn't that mean the creation of a new segregation—an apartheid system of haves and have-nots in the heart of this city, this country?

Is it a crime to be poor, deprived of the basic necessities for a life with dignity by a profit-oriented and cold-hearted society, and at the same time to be in the "wrong" place in town? If so, then I want to join the ranks of the criminals!

Did you, either as an individual or in a group, ever think about reaching out to one of those people who are the least among us? The Gospels urge us to stand in solidarity with the least among us--may they be living thousands of miles away or walking the streets of our cities. At the same time, we become aware of our deeply-rooted middle class desires and needs. For me it is an issue of faith in a loving and caring God to give up my security and convenient way of life and to step down to serve the poor around me, and to give up my wasteful consumer lifestyle. The question is whether my faith is firm enough that I will be able to stand in solidarity with those who suffer, or whether my attachment to "luxury" and privileged standards will prevent me from doing so.

I know the problem of homelessness seems to be overwhelming and there are no easy solutions, certainly no solutions that are not going to hurt us in our complacency and self-righteousness. It is not enough to listen to sermons on biblical teachings about oppression, God's justice and Christian love of neighbors, and nod our heads in indifferent appreciation. But it is time to put our faith in action. Clarence Jordan once said to church people concerning the sharing of their wealth, "You ought to spend at least as much trying to help house your poor brothers and sisters whom you have seen, as you do trying to house God whom you have never seen." Yeah, preach it, Clarence! Or listen to John Chrysostom, a Constantinople church father, who spoke against legalized and institutionalized injustice fifteen centuries before Clarence Jordan: "The rich are in the possession of the goods of the poor, even if they have acquired them honestly or inherited them legally. . . . Do not say, 'I am using what belongs to me.' You are using what belongs to others. All the wealth of the world belongs to you and to others in common, as the sun, air, earth, and all the rest."

Basil, a contemporary of John Chrysostom, expressed the same truth in more concrete terms: "The bread in your cupboard belongs to the hungry person; the coat hanging unused in your closet belongs to the person who needs it; the shoes rotting in your closet belong to the person who has no shoes; the money which you put in the bank belongs to the poor. You do wrong to everyone you could help but fail to help."



I am not the one to proclaim ready-made and perfect solutions. Nevertheless, I am committed to a lifestyle that is already offered to us by the Bible (see Acts 2:44-47; 4:32-35). I am committed to a life in a community of Christians who share their economics and their common concern for the needy among them. It is a life that is determined by "needs" rather than by "wants." I want to live a life of compassion for and solidarity with the least among us--a life of love, hope and joy.

Jesus Christ asks us to care about each other as a sign of our faithful expectation of the coming day of complete joy (as Henri J.M. Nouwen puts it). So let us all work together for a world of justice, compassion, dignity and love, sustained by a hope for the time of fulfillment when God will be all in all. And let us not be discouraged by any setbacks, but let us endure those valleys of darkness in patient expectation of the light, proclaiming that the coming Reign of God has already begun, here and now on this earth.

Easy Essays



Out of the Temple

Christ drove the money changers out of the Temple.
But today nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple.
And nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple because the money lenders have taken a mortgage on the Temple.

Creating Problems

Business folk say that because everybody is selfish, business must therefore be based on selfishness. But when business is based on selfishness everybody is busy becoming more selfish. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish, we have classes and clashes. Business cannot set its house in order because business folk are moved by selfish motives. Business folk create problems, they do not solve them.

-Peter Maurin

Blood Money

by Elizabeth Dede

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MONDAY - FRIDAY

7:30 AM - 3:00 PM

Recently, one of our friends received the above card in the mail. It recalled for me a few stories about blood donation.

For several months I have been reading a book about the slums of Calcutta. In this book, called The City of Joy, the story of one poor farmer, named Hasari Pal, is recounted. Hasari Pal came to Calcutta, hoping to find work to support his family, after a terrible drought had destroyed his farm. But there was no work in Calcutta, and Hasari and his family were homeless, forced to live on the sidewalk and dig through the garbage to find food. Day after day, Hasari Pal searched for work...

"He offered his services to dozens of traders and transporters. Several times he even followed overloaded carts in the faint hope that one of the coolies would eventually keel over with exhaustion and he might take his place. With his belly screaming with hunger, his head empty, and his heart heavy with despair, the former peasant eventually collapsed against a wall. Through his dizziness, he heard a voice, 'Would you like to earn a few rupees?'

The small man with spectacles looked more like an office employee than a trader from the bazaar. Hasari stared at the stranger in astonishment and motioned that he would. 'All you have to do is to follow me. I'll take you somewhere where they'll take a little of your blood and give you 30 rupees for it. That's 15 for me and 15 for you.'

'30 rupees for my blood!' repeated Hasari, paralyzed with amazement. 'Who's going to want to take blood off a poor bum like me and on top of that give me 30 rupees?'

"Don't be a fool! Blood is blood!" replied the man with glasses. 'Whether it comes from a pandit or a pariah, from a marwari bursting at the seams with money or from a bum like you. It's all still blood.'

Struck by this logic, Hasari made an effort to get back on his feet and follow the stranger.

The man belonged to a profession practiced in a city where the slightest suggestion of profit inevitably attracted a swarm of parasitical intermediaries known as 'middlemen.' For every transaction or service provided there were one or more intermediaries who each took their cut. The individual with the glasses was a procurer. He tracked down donors for one of the numerous private blood banks that flourished in Calcutta. His technique was always the same. He went prowling around the entrances to the work sites, factories, markets, anywhere he knew he would find men without work, ready to agree to anything for the sake of a few rupees...

For a man at the end of his resources, the sale of his blood represented a last chance of survival, and for astute and unscrupulous businessmen this meant the opportunity to make a fortune...

Hasari was invited to sit down on a stool. While one male nurse knotted a rubber tourniquet around his biceps, another stuck a needle into the vein in the hollow of his elbow. Both of them watched the flow of red liquid with a measure of fascination that grew as the level in the bottle rose. Was it the sight of the blood, the idea that he was being 'emptied' like the goatskin bottle of a water vendor in the Bara Bazaar, or the lack of food? Hasari's strength began to fail. His vision blurred and he started to sweat thick beads of perspiration, despite the fact that he was

shivering with cold. The voices of the attendants seemed to reach him from another planet, through a strange clamoring of bells. Through a halo, he could just make out the glasses of his 'benefactor.' Next he felt the grip of two hands holding him on his stool. Then everything went blank. He had passed out.

So banal was the incident that the attendants did not interrupt their work. Every day they saw men exhausted by deprivation faint as they sold their blood. If it had been up to them they would have pumped the inert bodies dry. They were paid by the bottle. "The City of Joy," Dominique Lapierre, Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York, 1985, pp.51-54.

The story of Hasari Pal horrifies me, even though it is removed from me because I can only read about it in a book, and I live in a completely different world.

And yet, the "Plasma Saves Lives" card represents the same type of exploitation and horror to me. On a Monday in the middle of December, I went to a blood bank to spend some time with my homeless sisters and brothers, trying to get some feeling for the struggles in their lives. In the waiting room, I met a friend of mine, Sherry, who eats lunch in our Soup Kitchen often. She was waiting for her husband, Will, who was donating plasma. Sherry is unable to donate plasma; years of drug abuse have wasted her veins. On Monday, Will was paid \$8.00 for his plasma. He will be back on Friday to donate again, when, for a bonus, he will be paid \$11.00.

That \$19.00 is their only income. Sherry and Will are homeless. They spent the previous night at the City Shelter--a gymnasium where every available inch of the floor is covered by people sleeping on mats. If they were lucky, Sherry and Will probably got four hours of sleep. They were up and sitting at the Labor Pool early--5:30 am; but at this time of year, Will cannot find houses to paint or gutters to clean--the kind of work he knows is not available in the winter. So, after lunch at St. Luke's Soup Kitchen, Will goes to the blood bank to donate plasma.

Sitting among perhaps forty other people, Will's blood is sucked from his arm. The plasma is then spun from the red blood cells, which are returned to Will's veins. He then collects \$8.00.

While we were waiting for Will, I asked Sherry if he ever felt sick after donating plasma. "Once he fainted," she said, "but they gave him some orange juice, and he was all right. They're usually real nice and give him orange juice." I asked her if they ever turned Will away. "No. Every third day Will gives plasma," she answered.



Rob Johnson

Contrary to the promise on the card, donating plasma does not save lives! It destroys the lives of our homeless sisters and brothers. The life-blood of the homeless is exploited as the Plasma Center makes at least a ten-fold profit on the plasma they have taken from Will and so many others.

As I read about Hasari Pal, or watch as Will's blood is drained from his veins, I am reminded of the donation of blood Jesus gave for us. "While they were eating, Jesus took a piece of bread, gave a prayer of thanks, broke it, and gave it to his disciples. 'Take and eat it,' he said; 'this is my body.' Then he took a cup, gave thanks to God, and gave it to them. 'Drink it all of you,' he said; 'this is my blood, which seals God's covenant, my blood poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins.' (Matt. 26:26-28). As we celebrate this feast, let us seek transformation in our lives. Let us go from the table as forgiven people, and let us live as forgiven people. As forgiven people, who celebrate life, we must make homes for the Hasari Pals, the Sherrys, and the Wills of this world. We must help them find meaningful work. Let us remember the donation of blood Christ gave for us to save lives. Let us end the exploitation of Hasari Pal, Sherry, and Will.

A Monk's View of the Forsyth March

by Brother Thomas Francis

My name is Brother Thomas Francis of the monastery of the Holy Spirit in Conyers, Georgia. I joined the monastic brotherhood there in 1951.

My thirty-five years as a monk have been rather quiet and peaceful, as the main service of the monk to the civil and ecclesial community is to be a person of prayer and hidden sacrifice, witnessing to God's total love for all peoples by living on the margin of society, yet truly at its heart. Twice I was called upon to live in Africa with my fellow monks there: from 1965 to 1970 I lived at our monastery in Kenya, and in 1978-79, I was at our monastery in Nigeria.

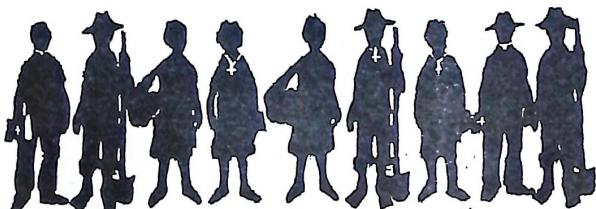
At the height of the civil rights struggle, I had often wanted to go on a Protest March, but then our superiors insisted that our job was to back up the protesters by our prayer, and not to appear in public. By the middle of the 70's we naively thought that the major values of the civil rights movement had been achieved.

But the recent events at Cumming demonstrated unequivocally that there is still deep hatred in the hearts of people over racial issues. And so my abbot and some of the monks felt that it was appropriate, almost necessary, that some of us show our solidarity with our Black brothers and sisters by repudiating any and all disrespect and animosity to any person because of their race.

But when one thinks a bit, monks have been from their very origins a Protest Movement! In the 4th century, thousands of men and women became monks and nuns to "protest" the imperial policies of conquest, exploitation, pleasure-seeking. Then, during the great Christological controversies of the 4th and 5th centuries, monks often left the desert to march in protest, particularly at the councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon. Even the Father of Monasticism, Anthony, twice came to Alexandria to protest the Arian heresy. So, some of us monks went to Cumming to protest the cruel heresy-in-action of racial hatred (far worse than merely Christological dogmas), and to add our small, but hopefully effective voice, to the truth that we are all equal as God's children and in our human dignity. Let us respect and love one another, in the name and in the Spirit of Jesus Christ, who died for us all, equally.

The distressing, painful news of what happened in Cumming on January 17 filled us monks with sadness. We had thought that sort of ugly event would never happen in Georgia. But no one thought of participating in the march that was being prepared, as we had never made that kind of response before, even at the height of the Civil Rights Movement in the 60's. Two days before the march we received a telephone call asking us to participate, to show our solidarity with the Black Community. The abbot said that he would consider it seriously, but the next day's newspaper proclaimed that we were going to march. The abbot then consented and wanted to go himself, but having previous commitments, he gave permission for two of us to represent the community of monks. Brother John Albert and I volunteered.

We arrived at the Martin Luther King Center in Atlanta at about 8:30am, and we were amazed at the number of people and buses there. We boarded one of the buses and started out at about 9:00. Little did we know that we were headed for the Civic Center and that we would have a three-hour wait there in order to get the bus-caravan better organized. A marshal from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) was appointed for



Rita Corbin

each bus. During our long wait this marshal instructed us on the seriousness of the event and on how we were to conduct ourselves. The women were to take off their earrings. We were to march six abreast, arm locked in arm. There was to be silence during the march. We were to be prepared to be spat upon, or even to have objects thrown at us, but we were not to retaliate, either verbally or physically. After another hour's delay, we finally got moving, and it took over an hour to get to Cumming. We did not know that we were one of the last in the line, that nearly 200 buses preceded us.

For me, the march was a significant liturgical procession. I was in between Brother John and Cory, a young Black man. Row upon row, thousands upon thousands ahead of us, and hundreds more behind. Instead of acolytes with candlesticks, there were the rows of police and National Guard with their riot sticks, helmets, visors, and guns. But they were there to protect us, for behind them were the hostile spectators. The presence of evil, even the demonic, was tangible: it could be heard and seen--in the white-robed KKK--but mostly in the eyes and sullen faces of the inhabitants of Forsyth County.

But the Christ-Presence was even stronger, more palpable. While I was marching down that mile of road that led to the Court House, I had a vibrant sense of the living Body of Christ such as I had never experienced in any previous liturgical procession. Communing with God was easy in such a situation; the prayer of love, compassion, petition rose and swelled in my heart. I became aware of being caught up into something far beyond my puny action, or even the great event unfolding around me. My hope and prayer for the day is that Christ, and His Good News of reconciliation, was spread among all people.

Being a Catholic Worker

100 Suggestions

by Bill Kellerman

The author of "100 Suggestions for How to be a Catholic Worker" is Bill Kellerman. Bill is a Methodist pastor in Detroit, Michigan, where he is active in the Detroit Peace Community and Day House--the Detroit Catholic Worker. Bill is an outstanding biblical theologian who brings life experiences from jail, prison, the streets, the pulpit and soup kitchens to the study of scripture and history. We welcome Bill's writing to our pages. He wrote this article to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Detroit Catholic Worker Day House.

take the sermon on the mount very seriously.
don't take yourself too seriously.
convene the kingdom of god over soup.
compel them to come in.
ask how far the line goes back.
embrace holy mother poverty.
try and figure out where your allowance went last month.
consider vigiling in the hospital emergency room to be an intercession.
pray in places where it is forbidden.
draw a line. stand on it. get arrested.
do jail time as a monastic retreat or at least a vacation.
reside in the margins.
receive mail for guests who left years ago.
suffer thievery.
persevere in non-sequitur conversation.
bless those who curse you, including guests.
clarify your thoughts. be stunned at the phone bill.
always carry a spare bulb with the slide show projector.
honor conscience, in yourself and others.
swing the mop like a flashy dance partner.
be skeptical of forms, bureaucracies, institutions, and people who put you on hold.
refuse to be called a saint.
cry out for the unborn.
keep an advent journal and share it with your friends.
create a tradition, and nourish it.
plot the demise of small rodents.
try writing an easy essay.
find out it's harder than you think.
learn to say you're not on house today.
think about installing a shower.
agonize over your church.
rage against patriarchy.
never prepare a pre-sentencing statement.
take your chances on the holy spirit.
hold small children on your lap.
find love a harsh and dreadful thing.
find love.
bless the food in the making.
be civil when answering the phone at 3am.
(you may swear if it rings again immediately.)
make the run to gleaners and try not to bring back too much ice cream.
devise new recipes for zucchini.
discern the times. take time. give time. do time.
add thyme.
there's no such thing as too much garlic, but take it easy on the red pepper.
dress (tastefully) from the free box.
build a new society in the shell of the old.
be counted a laughingstock.
try and figure out who is pilfering toilet paper.
find a new place to hide on your day off.
read gandhi in jail.
after awhile, throw away the i.o.u.'s.
reach your limit and put a guest out.
argue over where the limits are.
keep a stash of banners (liturgical and political) in the basement.
don't let the principalities get you down.
whip up a carrot cake for someone's wedding.
walk the way of the cross through the streets of your city.
study the faces of folk down and out.
curse the filthy, rotten system.

marvel at the survival skills of your guests.
weep quietly in your room when necessary.
stay in touch.
sweat.
beg.
track down a foul smell. (look behind the couch).
endure drunken tiger fans.
pick through crates and trash at eastern market for edibles.
be a go-giver.
loan your car to excess.
call yourself a personalist.
clean wounds.
figure out who keeps turning up the heat.
scrounge for pampers in a crisis.
practice non-violence.
tipple the communion wine only on rare occasion.
learn to juggle.
refuse to keep records to get government money.
refuse government money.
hell, refuse to pay taxes.
argue economics over coffee.
argue over economics and coffee.
pray more or less faithfully.
do things for the love of christ.
have a painting party and serve burritos.
work on your homily before sunday afternoon.
put a candle in a jar. take it to a missile factory.
wait for people to come and go.
negotiate a household truce.
scrub soup pots as an exercise in contemplation.
visit prisoners. be one.
buy a farm.
layout the paper with a flair for graphics.
mark anniversaries.
celebrate the incarnation.



FRITZ EICHENBERG © 1951

THE LORD'S SUPPER 1951

City (ghost figures moving)

After a rain
ghost figures move on the streets
reflections broken in pools of oily water

They move
in and out of hollow, rusted buildings
condemned structures for
condemned soldiers
fighting to see something
through cracked window glass
blank eyes straining to make out
a scaffold where welders work

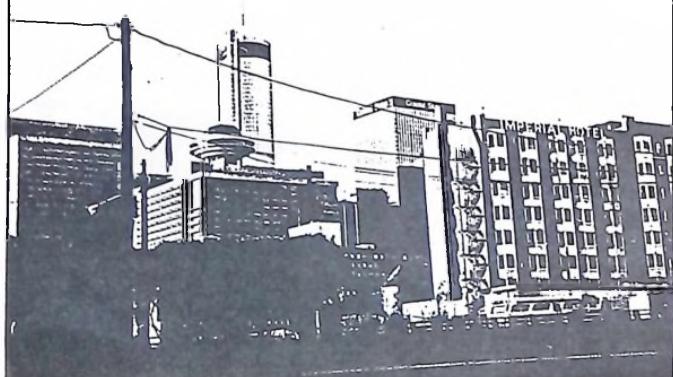
At 2pm
skilled welders piece together
the skeleton of an important tower
piece by piece by the hour
their little flames begin to do something
with space
and then
explode
flamethrowers
awesome and hideous and quick
nothing is left but the screaming
echoes of the village, the goddamned stench

From restless, wrecked sleep
ghost figures awake
tossing the heavy weapons from their shoulders
confused when they hear the bottles break
At 3am
the boulevard is empty
and only lined with telephone poles
crosses strung with barbed wire

5am
ghost figures have moved again
their reflections broken in labor pools
their veins breaking in blood banks

A rain washes away work
and the traces of a violent night
Quietly
this city swallows its children

- Mark Harper



Rob Johnson

10

Grace and peaces of mail

Dear Editor:

"Lord Jesus Christ, you said to your apostles: 'I leave you peace, my peace I give you.'" Those are the words spoken at Mass. Those are the words of a Christ who was quietly confident that this world had hope. The words Jesus spoke were not theories. We live in a world where theories seem to reign, such as "might is right," and "peace through strength." But Jesus appeared, shattering those people-made finite theories, and injected into humanity an infinite God-made truth. The truth that peaceful, tranquil love was the only hope for survival and salvation.

There must be a clear distinction between our democratic form of government and the Christian gospel. In our enthusiasm for both, we sometimes forget that they are not one and the same. By the same token, we should remind ourselves that the Christian faith is not committed to, sustained by, or dependent upon any particular form of government. Throughout the centuries the Church has lived and functioned under every conceivable political system and social order, including fascism on the far right to communism on the far left. Grateful as we are for our democratic society, let us not fall into believing that the future of the Church is inseparably bound to the future of democracy.

One over-zealous speaker once described America as "The last stronghold of God." That is sheer absurdity. I love my country, and I love most of the things it stands for. But God is not dependent on this nation or any other nations for the survival of his cause. God's kingdom is not found in any particular geographical boundaries but in every human heart.

For Jesus, peace was a conviction that could not be compromised. In his blueprint for the future, nothing was as valuable as a person - any person - man, woman, or child. That, in essence, is the golden thread which weaves the international Catholic peace movement together. As Catholic Christians we are called, by Christ, to denounce anything that will threaten or injure another human. It is the method of "national security" maintenance with which a Christian takes issue, and not the people who work on any base.

If Christ asserted that Peace was the only hope for the future, then we must be Peacemakers. Each of us must choose, and work, to build a world without war and nuclear suicide, and must settle for nothing less. A man by the name of Peter Forsythe once said: "Unless there is within us that which is above us, we will soon yield to that which is about us." Each one of us must be a new Christ, unwilling to abandon our conscience. Those who choose to be Peacemakers, in the image of Christ, decline to bear the responsibility of our country's military actions and nuclear madness.

There is a definite cost to discipleship that any person, willing to believe in the "way of Christ," will endure: mockery, intimidation, dislike, stereotyping, isolation, misunderstanding. All for the kingdom. All of what Jesus endured.

Jesus must certainly be crying in heaven when he sees the distortion and destruction of the only words that will save the world - "my peace I give you."

Father Gabe Cummings
St. John the Evangelist Church
Valdosta, Georgia

Feb. 16, 1967

Hello Ed,

I hope and pray this letter finds you in the best of health. I'm doing fairly well, thanks to God. Things could be better, but I also realize that things could be worse. I'm fortunate enough to have a few people that give support when it's needed. Thanks, for being one of a few. I've been doing quite a bit of studying, and the one thing I definitely recognize is the fact that I've fallen into a bad situation getting

CONT. ON PAGE 11

MAIL CONT. FROM PAGE 10

involved with the Department of Corrections in South Carolina. They use a different trend, and it's harming the mentality of the inmates. This system breeds criminals. I've never seen a state that has so many brainwashed, institutionalized blacks. This is not to say there are no unfortunate whites, but I'm sure you're aware of the black/white ratio in prisons throughout the country. They say, "You can take a horse to water but you can't make him drink." As you know, you can make that horse drink if you choose to by controlling the circumstances and environment which leads him to the water. Everyone regardless of race, religion, etc. has one thing in common: a desire for something better. One way or the other we all strive for excellence. It's part of our nature. This particular system deals with the inmates in a way that makes them throw their towels in as far as society is concerned. How can one adapt if you haven't been prepared? If I was taken from Miami to Alaska, in order for me to adapt to the change, certain preparations must be made. If not, I'm going to search for something similar to that which I'm accustomed to. Is anything similar to prison? I enjoyed reading the paper (Hospitality). I hope you subscribed for me. I wanted to share it with a few other inmates, so I have given it to the inmate over at the Save the Children program. Keep in touch, tell the others "Hello", and thanks again for everything. Don't worry about me, I'm up on myself, so I avoid everything negative.

"As-Salaam Alaikim"
Peace,

Clint-Q Thomas
Columbia, SC

Ed,

I trust and hope that all's well with you beyond the usual turmoil you must cope with in your struggle.

Please find enclosed a copy of the missive which I composed for Commissioner Baker. The afore-said letter is the gist of what was written to Mayor Young and Council President Arrington. But you must bear in mind that the stigma of being a prisoner causes my voice to seldom be heard. Yet, I pledge, I shall assist you in any matter that's within my power. For I find it to be a profound pleasure to share in your struggle and maybe be a help to the needy brothers and sisters. I immensely enjoyed reading the paper Hospitality and I seek the privilege to continue to do so. I gathered from the articles concerning your organization that your endeavor to aid the homeless is indeed a large task. I raise my fist in salute to you Ed! It's appalling that we live in such a cold world, that so few people are inclined to help the individuals who are so unfortunate as to be without a place to dwell. I can readily identify with their struggle; for it's what I've been doing for the past eleven years.

Cordially,

William Bellamy

Power to the struggle....

11

Betsy C. Baker, Commissioner
Department of Parks & Recreation
236 Forsyth St. SW, Suite 3500
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

February 14, 1987

Dear Commissioner Baker,

As a former Atlanta resident, I was shocked to learn of the closing of Plaza Park. Homelessness is not a simple wart which can be surgically removed by the city planners and police. Homelessness is a social problem which can be hidden by forcing the homeless out of view, or into jail. Like a cancer, sooner or later the malady must be dealt with.

The logic used to justify the hounding of the homeless is false. How many tourists refuse to come to Paris because there are homeless men and women in that city's parks (not to mention the men and women who beg in the Subway)!? Atlanta is already a segregated city. North Atlanta is completely free of the problem of homelessness. Buckhead is not only socially pure, it is racially pure as well. Thus if the idea is to create an Atlanta perfect for the tourists, your job is done.

However, the Department of Parks and Recreations is not the bureau of tourism nor the police department. It is the citizens of Atlanta who utilize the services of your department and not the tourists. And like it or not, the homeless are citizens.

The creation of another park in downtown Atlanta to replace Plaza Park, seems to me not only necessary but a moral and humanitarian obligation. Given public toilets, drinking fountains, and the access to shelter, the homeless might just be able to find a home of their own, and that is the real solution to the problem of homelessness.

Sincerely,

William C. Bellamy

Open Door Community Worship

5:00 - 6:30 pm

Sundays

Followed by supper together

We gather each Sunday for worship, prayer and the Lord's Supper. We invite you to join us.

Every 6th Sunday the Community has a full day retreat outside the city. This replaces our evening worship at 910 Ponce de Leon Ave.

March 8 Worship at 910

March 15 Worship at 910

March 22 Community Retreat
Camp Calvin

Open Door Schedule

WE ARE OPEN...

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00 am until 6:00 pm and from 7:15 pm to 8:30 pm. The building is open from 9:00 am until 8:30 pm those days. (Both phone & door are not answered during our lunch break from 12:15-1:00. Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are closed until 1:00 pm. Please do not make unscheduled drop-offs of clothing, food, etc. on Sunday mornings. Sunday afternoon our phones and door are answered from 1:00 until 5:00 pm

OUR MINISTRY...

SOUP KITCHEN - Monday-Saturday, 11-12 noon; Sunday 3-4pm

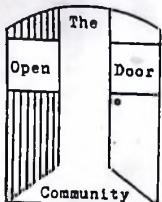
BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST - Monday-Friday 7:30-8:30 am SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES - Monday, Wednesday,

Friday - 9:00 - 11:00 am (Be sure to call— schedule varies) USE OF PHONE - Monday-Saturday, 9am - 4pm.

SHELTER REQUESTS - Monday-Saturday 9am - noon.

BIBLE STUDY - Alternate Wednesdays 7:30 - 9:00 (call for winter schedule)

ALL-DAY RETREATS - Every 6th Sunday (for our household & volunteers/supporters) - Mar. 21 & 22



February 28, 1987

Dear Friends:

We are hopeful people. Our meetings with Joe Martin of Underground Festival Development Corporation, Shirley Franklin, Connie Curry and others from Andy Young's office show some promise. We believe that we will be able to replace Plaza Park with the AL SMITH PARK BEFORE THE FENCE GOES AROUND PLAZA PARK about March 16, 1987. We shall be meeting on March 5th to make concrete our joint proposals in our combined efforts to serve those without homes who walk and wander our streets with nowhere to go.

We are hopeful people. We believe the compassionate citizens of this city are ready and prepared to open a new park, to say "NO" to the frivolous arrests which are increasing in Atlanta, and to demand a year round city shelter in the central city area.

If these current proposals concerning the AL SMITH PARK do not bear fruit prior to March 16, we shall consider litigation with the Underground Festival Development Corporation. We also shall perform dramatic actions in response to the presence of the fence--a veritable Berlin Wall--dividing the homeless poor from those who pursue their own interests on the backs of the poor and reek death upon those already broken and bent.

Please turn your ears to the cries of the voiceless who shout in pain against their unjust treatment. Please open your eyes and see the sights that many believe must be hidden for their profits to prosper. We are hopeful people. We hope that you will join us in establishing the AL SMITH PARK and ending the needless hunger and homelessness in Atlanta, Georgia.

Peace to you,

Eduard N. Loring

P.S. Please call and ask "Why not?"

Andy Young and Shirley Franklin	527-7000
Joe Martin, Underground Atlanta	586-2396
Betsey Baker, Parks & Recreation	653-7130
Marvin Arrington	658-6300

Holy Week with the Homeless

We invite you to join us for worship and/or a 24 hour period of solidarity with our friends on the street during the week of April 12-19.

Services of Worship:

- Apr. 12 Open Door 5:00 p.m.
- Apr. 13 Fulton County Admin. Bldg. 6:30 p.m.
- Apr. 14 City Jail, Peachtree, SW 6:30 p.m.
- Apr. 15 Southern Supplemental Labor Pool 6:30 p.m.
- Apr. 16 Trust Co. Bank Park Place 6:30 p.m.
- Apr. 17 City Hall 6:30 p.m.
- Apr. 18 Woodruff Park 6:30 p.m.
- Apr. 19 To be announced 6:30 a.m.

910 Ponce de Leon Ave. N.E. Atlanta, Ga. 30306 404-874-3652

LET'S BUILD A NEW PARK

To replace our loss of Plaza Park

THE AL SMITH PARK

A HOMELESS BROTHER



AL SMITH DIED OCTOBER 17, 1986

FIVE POINTS FOR FIVE POINTS

1. A new park in the Five Points area
2. A memorial for Atlanta's Homeless
3. A place for all who share Atlanta's streets
4. Water fountains
5. Public toilets

SAY YES!

PLEASE CALL AND WRITE TODAY:

Betsy Baker, DEPT. OF PARKS, 224 PONCE DE LEON STREET, ATLANTA, GA 30308 404-874-3652
 Andy Young, OFFICE OF THE MAYOR, CITY HALL, ATLANTA, GA 30333 404-874-7000
 Marvin Arrington, 300 CITY HALL, ATLANTA, GA 30333 404-874-8200

ATLANTA ADVOCATES FOR THE HOMELESS
876-6977

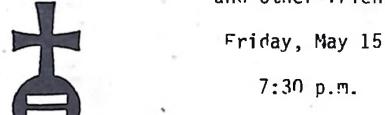
Southern Prison Ministry in Georgia

IS TEN YEARS OLD.

Join us for an evening of
Celebration, Songs, Storytelling & Refreshment with

WILL CAMPBELL

and other friends.



Central Presbyterian Church

NEEDS

HAMS - TURKEYS - MAYONNAISE - CHEESE

COFFEE (DRIP GRIND)

DISPOSABLE RAZORS

KNIT HATS

SOCKS

UNDERWEAR

MEN'S COATS

Newspaper Requests - If you or a friend would like to receive **HOSPITALITY**, please fill in this form and return to Ed Loring at the Open Door Community, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30306

Name	<input type="text"/>
Street	<input type="text"/>
City, State, Zip	<input type="text"/>