

HOSPITALITY

Volume 7 NO. 3

March 1988

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Providing hospitality to the homeless & to those in prison, through Christ's love.
910 Ponce de Leon Ave. N.E. Atlanta, Ga. 30306-4212 404-874-9652



Artwork by Siman Coleman Jr.
Georgia State Prison
Reidsville, Georgia

Let Your Hope Keep You Joyful !

by Elizabeth Dede

Why should a 24-hour vigil kept with the homeless during Holy Week fill you with hope? This year will mark my third Holy Week observance with the Open Door Community, and I still ask myself that question.

My first experience of 24-hours on the street without a home, without a bed, without a toilet, without a dining room, without a shower gave me no apparent reason to be filled with hope. I got no sleep. I was told to get up and move on. I talked with friends who had nothing to do all day. I saw violence. I felt sick from the food that was served to me. When I tried to imagine a reason for my being on the streets (other than solidarity) I felt

even worse, as I realized that my friends were living those situations that I horribly imagined for myself: they were unemployed; they were abandoned by their family, their friends, their society; they were beaten by their husbands; their lives seemed utterly hopeless.

Even Easter did not fill me with Resurrection Joy. That year we served breakfast to about 550 people at the now-destroyed Plaza Park. The songs of hope and joy and promise filled me rather with despair. How could our homeless friends sing and dance and look up and see our Lord rising? Their heads are so bowed down with weariness and

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grief. Certainly we provided a special meal with the extra joy of steak and eggs. But many of those same people were hungry again, and lined up at our door for dinner on Sunday evening. Where was the hope and joy in that endless cycle of hunger and neediness?

That year, after Easter, in the late spring a woman and her three children began to eat breakfast with us at the Butler Street church. I remember them well because a family is an unusual sight at the breakfast. Most of the people who eat with us are young, strong men who are waiting and hoping to be sent out for day labor. Women are few and far between, and a family is very rare. This family struck me and made my heart hurt because they were always joyful.

In those days, I served the Butler Street breakfast twice each week and gave out the oranges. I was a sad and angry person because I saw the same hopeless situation everytime I went to the Butler Street church, and I saw the same people oppressed by our sinful society that didn't care for them at all--that discarded them like bags of trash on the curb.

But every time I served the breakfast I saw the family. They smiled cheerfully, wished me a happy day, and thanked me profusely for the simple breakfast I offered them. The youngest child was a little girl, about four-years-old, nicknamed "Pockets". She was so tiny that she couldn't carry her

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Dietrich Gerstner

Holy Week '87



HOSPITALITY is published 10 times a year by The Open Door Community (P.C.U.S.), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to ministry with the homeless poor and with prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard. For more information about the life and work of the Open Door and about others involved in ministry to Atlanta's homeless, please contact any of the following:

Murphy Davis - Southern Prison Ministry Director
Ed Loring - Correspondence & Resident Volunteer
Co-ordinator
Joanne Solomon - Administrative Assistant (Volunteer
Co-ordination, Hardwick Prison Trip)

Newspaper:
Editorial Staff - Ruth Allison; Murphy Davis;
Elizabeth Dede; Ed Loring
Layout - Ruth Allison
Circulation - Tim Wyse and a
multitude of earthly hosts and guests.

GOOD NEWS:

God loves alcoholics seventy times more
than alcoholics love alcohol.

--Henry Dolittle

Update on Brian Willson

In the last issue of the Ground Zero newspaper several articles reflected on the experience of Brian Willson, Vietnam veteran and peace worker who was hit by a Navy weapons train as he sat on railroad tracks outside Concord Naval Weapons Station in California. Brian was seriously injured, losing both legs and sustaining head injuries as well. We are happy to report that Brian is recovering well, moving around on artificial limbs and remaining focused on his desire for peace in Central America.

In a recent visit to Ground Zero Brian shared some of his experiences of the last few months: undergoing physical therapy, dealing with publicity, and having 40 pages cut from his testimony before a House Armed Services Committee. Brian still faces more physical therapy and surgery to implant a protective plate over the wound in his skull.

We were impressed by his gentle spirit and his determination. His doctors, he says, keep telling him to slow down, "But how can I, when this is the work I'm doing? And when I love it so much?"

If you would like to help with Brian's medical expenses, you can send a gift to The Brian Willson Fund c/o Larson & Weinberg, 523 Octavia St., San Francisco, CA 94102.

tray. Every morning, though, Pockets would pick up her tray and try to balance the grits and egg and oranges, and she would beam with joy and thanksgiving. And then her mom or big brother would help Pockets carry her breakfast to a place at one of the tables. I've always been sure that Pockets was such a joyful child because she looked forward, full of hope, to the day when she would be big enough to carry her tray by herself.

And that paradox always made me sad for Pockets. How could she be joyful about such a dim, hopeless future?

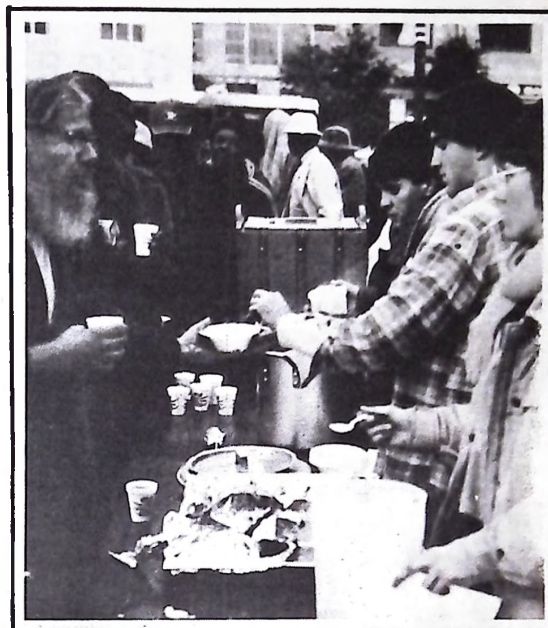
Pockets and her family no longer eat at the Butler Street church. I don't know what happened to them. I pray that they are living in a home, that they have beds to sleep in, and that they have a table filled with good things to eat for breakfast. I hope that Pockets' face is still graced by the same joyful smile.

You see, Pockets taught me a lot about hope and Resurrection Joy. I was sad and angry because I saw Pockets each time I went to serve the breakfast, and that seemed to be a hopeless situation. Pockets was joyful and thankful each time I served her because the breakfast gave her reason to hope: for that morning she was filled with good things, and she could look to her future and have the hope of a new and different day.

Now I have served the breakfast many times since that first spring I spent with the Open Door Community. I know that it is easy to despair; it is easy to be sad and angry; it is easy to throw up my hands and give up; but that leads me nowhere.

It is precisely in those places that seem most hopeless that we must have hope. We cannot feed every hungry person until they hunger no more. In fact, we can serve breakfast to Bobby and Gail at 7:15am, and then open the door to see their hungry faces again at 11am. Seeing them day after day could drag us down into dark depression, and that is the simple response. The challenge in the call of Resurrected Lord is to have hope and to let that hope keep us joyful. Rather than despair when we see the same faces again and again, we should remember the hope. Rather than allow ourselves to be ruled by the powers of death and darkness that we feel as we wander the streets with our friends, or sit in a labor pool, or bring them grits yet one more time, we must throw off that gloom and live in the hope and joy of a bright dawn that waits for all of us, that has, in fact, already dawned. God has filled the hungry with good things.

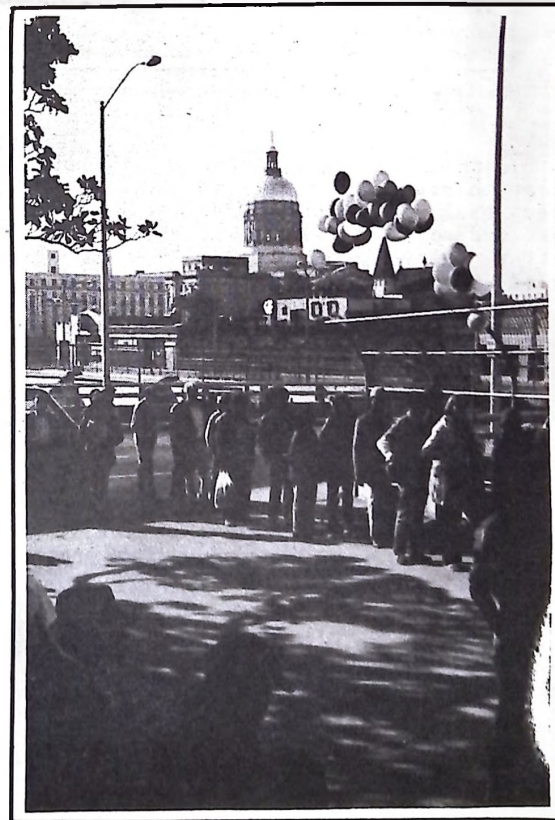
After we have kept the vigil with the Vagrant Christ, we also have a party and celebrate that Christ who has a glorious mansion prepared for us where the table is spread with heavenly food. So when we wander in the dark night, and when we see our hungry



Dietrich Gerstner

Easter '87

friends day after day, we can catch a glimpse of that bright day when all our hopes will be fulfilled--when all God's children will have homes and plenty of food. And our hope for that happy day will keep us joyful during Holy Week, at Easter, and throughout the long season of Pentecost. Join us on this joyous journey.



Dietrich Gerstner

Easter '87

Bread and Crosses:

GIFTS OF FRIENDSHIP FROM THE TRAPPISTS

by Murphy Davis



Brother Leo Francis of Conyers

In this kind of work you pretty much expect to eat stale bread at least part of the time. What comes from thrift stores, food banks and sometimes donations was really a bit tastier yesterday (and surely it didn't have any of the green fuzz last week!).

Imagine our surprise and delight when, not long after we opened the soup kitchen on Ponce de Leon, our friends at the Monastery of the Holy Spirit in Conyers offered to deliver delicious loaves of freshly baked whole wheat bread! Now that, my friends, guarantees the best sandwich around.

For six years we've served it up and the bread has become an important symbol of the loving friendship we share with our brothers the Trappist monks.

The vocation of the Trappists is prayer, manual labor, and meditation on Scripture. Every day in their prayers, the community--together and individually--holds the aching and broken world before God the healer. Along with many other concerns, they often pray for our community, our work, and the many homeless people and prisoners we struggle to serve. A relationship is often articulated between the prayers of the monks and the hands of Open Door volunteers. This is so important to us, for the work depends on grace.

The bread is one of the important connections. Every week it is baked by Father Abraham and his crew. It has to be the best, and Abraham's standard is high. Then it goes into the back of a truck and is delivered to markets and grocery stores around the Atlanta area. And so every Thursday morning the truck pulls into our driveway. Trays and trays of the yummy loaves are stacked in the bread bin, and over the following week they become thousands of sandwiches for the hungry. What a joy to serve sandwiches on bread that is not only nutritious and tasty but baked with love!

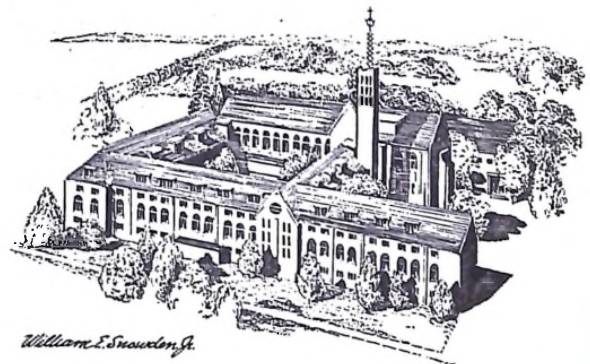
The monastery was founded in Conyers in 1944 by the Abbey of Gethsemane (home of Thomas Merton), which is near Louisville, Kentucky. In the past year the Trappists of Conyers established yet another monastery--this one in Venezuela--and sent four monks to join several others in the work there.

We, like many, have found the monastery's guest house and grounds a gracious and welcoming place. Over the years we have enjoyed community and personal retreats or just stopping off for an afternoon of silence. Our special friend Father Tom Francis urges us on in the struggle for a more disciplined silence and prayer life.

There is perhaps no time that I experience the prayers of the monks more clearly than around executions. There have been times when I wondered how we would put one foot in front of the other to go on. I have wondered if the prayers from Conyers carried us when we could no longer carry ourselves.

Knowing of the Jubilee cemetery where we have buried several of our friends from the Open Door and from death row, Dom Armand, the monastery's Abbot, has seen to it that each grave is marked with a beautiful cross made at the monastery and bearing a name: Joe Mulligan, Ivon Stanley, Harold Wind. . .

We are blessed by our friendship with the monks of Conyers and grateful for the many gifts we know through their prayerful witness.



The Monastery of the Holy Spirit
Conyers, Georgia

COMING HOME

by Ruth Allison

When James Barr was born in Tampa thirty-nine years ago, most of the events which were to shape his life so sharply not only did not seem probable, they did not seem possible. Ike was in office, unemployment was two and a half percent, the draft had been eliminated after a terrible war, and the economy and the birth rate were both booming. The headlines focused on the record number of houses being built, and homelessness was never mentioned. Vietnam might have seemed unthinkable to the people who, through the Marshall Plan, were rebuilding war-stripped countries. Being born in the U.S.A. in 1949 was almost a magic guarantee for "success"--a family with two and a half kids, a life-time of steady employment, and a rose-covered cottage with an attached two-car garage.

Nothing in James' early life gave any indication that none of these things waited in his future. An average student who hated English, James was very involved in sports at Blake High School. By the time he graduated in 1968, James had played baseball, basketball, football, and run with the school's track team.

It was only after graduation that James noticed that the system was in the process of change. Employment was not easy to find, and the alternative--registering for a draft for the brutal war in Asia--was worse. So James worked at part-time or short-term jobs until the numbers caught up with him, and he was drafted into the Vietnam War.

James was an infantryman in Vietnam during '70 and '71. He does not like to talk about his tour of active duty. He was not sure why he was in Vietnam, and neither were his friends, many of whom he saw killed in action. As soon as he could get out of the army, he did.

After James was discharged, he returned to his family in Tampa. Still believing that the system could save him from itself, he went to trade school on the G.I. Bill. Once trained, he worked for ten years for the same plumbing company. After ten years, it was very clear the company was not going to promote him any further. As work slowed up, just the opposite happened--in spite of his ten-year history as a good employee, James was asked to work less and less.

James tried to find jobs out of labor pools and temporary services. The darker things looked, the more he tried to brighten them up with alcohol. His parents, who were near retirement age, kept begging him to get a "permanent" job.

Rather than watch things go "from bad to worse," James decided to move to Atlanta, where his sister lived and worked. He got a job with a company, working on the Georgia State Capitol building, and was employed for eight months. Then, in the state that wanted

to spend a quarter of a million dollars to gold-plate the dome of a building James had worked on, he was again out of work.

When our friend and brother James talks about this time in his life, he uses words and ideas that are universal to the homeless. With no income, and not wanting his sister to know he was unemployed, James moved out into the streets. He tells of not being able to sleep at night--any night--for fear of being attacked and killed in his sleep. He was very aware of not having any place where he could attend to personal hygiene, and the awful effect this had on other people, who assumed he was dirty by choice. He soon had trouble eating because he ate the haphazard diet offered by soup kitchens. Accustomed to being a part of a middle-class family, James now was avoided pointedly by the middle-class people he passed in the park, or who passed him as he waited in soup lines.



It was last August that Elizabeth saw James in our soup line and offered him a home in the Open Door Community. James moved in with us the same day, and has been a much-loved member of our community ever since. Instead of eating breakfast at Butler Street, he now goes with us at 6:55am, dishing up grits with a smile and a good word for everyone. In the afternoons, James is usually the one who answers our phone and door, again with a word of cheer for those in need.

James recently visited his family in Tampa. He is visited frequently here by his sister, and now he is also a part of the larger family here at 910. When asked what he likes best about the Open Door, James began, "The people, and the chance to express myself, and going to Butler Street. . . ." He could have gone on a long time, but those few phrases, and the way he said them, made it clear that James had not just "come to the Open Door." James has come home.

Street Scenes

by Ed Loring

As a little boy in the Baptist Church Sunday School in Birmingham, Alabama, I heard the story. "God," said the Sunday School teacher (who was much like my third grade teacher but older, and she gave us cookies just before the loud clang of the dismissal bell). Yes, she said "God" (and I was afraid as often I still am) "said to Abram," (Sari was lurking unacknowledged in the shadows of tents and cedar trees for in Alabama in 1947 Sarah and her sisters stood silent among men). "God said to Abram, 'GO.'" Little did the lady know, and nothing had I learned as yet about the beginning of the biblical story of God's covenant with the Hebrews right there in Genesis 12. Nonetheless, it was there in black ink on white paper (and it still is) in the beautiful King James English: "Go from your country and your kindred and your parents' house to the land that I will show you." I learned that story in the horrible aftermath of World War II as the statue of Vulcan, the Roman god of fire, stared down at me and belied the Baptist teachings that physical idols were old and gone. Vulcan even spoke to me some mornings as I rode the bus to school. But that was forty-one years ago.

Go from your mother's and father's house to the land that I will show you is an early word--even a first word--of God's covenantal hope that God can lead us to "reduce the distance" between rich and poor, black and white, old and young, strong and handicapped, mentally stable and those diseased of mind.

The life and work of the little family of God (We now have six partners and novices--a 300% growth rate in just eleven months. Thank you Ruth, Pat, and George!!) at the Open Door Community is a response to Yahweh's invitation to "GO" from our parents' home to the community and family that God will show us, and there to "reduce the distance" between Jews and gentiles, blacks and whites, men and women, and yes, the clean and unclean.

Therefore we go (to use a favorite word of God) to the streets from time to time in obedience, fear, and joy to reduce the distance between ourselves, who sleep in beds with sheets and blankets, and those who wander the wilderness of the urban night or sleep upon mats on the concrete floor among many.

Virgil was right when he told me, with a glint of anger in his eye, that I could never know what it is like to be a homeless, hungry outcast going nowhere on the streets of the forsaken city. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to go from your parents' home of white middle-class America to the land of poverty and oppression where Yahweh is sending us. So I agreed with Virgil as the first purple and saffron finger tips began to reach across I-85/75 and gently touch the top of the food-laden Municipal Market dumpster, where rotten food and hopeless men had rested

in the dark of night beside the roar of cars and trucks, speeding their way out of the city in a futile and desperate, not to mention faithless, attempt to increase their distance from the cries and flesh of the Vagrant Christ who lives under the bridge.

"But Virgil," I said, "I can smell the odors of hunger and homelessness though I cannot taste the truth of that hell." "Man," said he, "You don't know nothin'." Then he turned and walked away.

It is truth, of course. And yet God's words: "GO" and "Reduce the distance" and "Follow me" come to me and you each day. It is the smelling of hunger on the streets and in my home that leads me forth into the night on the streets. The hurt and pain of homelessness has a pungent and painful smell, and the odors can make us human if we open our lives and accept the painful truth of why we hurt each other so badly in our country.

We must reduce the distance. We must build houses and let the land again produce the fruit of justice and love. We must, and the good news is we can, by God's grace, reduce the distance. . . . Pardon me, please. I hear Virgil calling. Won't you join us on the streets?



Grace and peaces of mail

Dear Friends,

Thank you for keeping my name on your subscription list. I am enclosing a check to help--wish it could be a lot more.

I have many prison correspondent friends--quite a few on death row. I was touched to see Bill Tucker's and Jerome Bowden's names in Murphy Davis' article; both were friends of many years, as is Jack Alderman, whose "Hoje on Death Row," was also printed in the last issue. Not a day passes that these friends--as all my others--are not in my thoughts and prayers.

May I share just a wee remembrance of Jerome Bowden, who worked so hard to make Jesus known to his brothers in prison and to convince them that Jesus loved them, many times with discouraging results. Shortly before he died, he wrote that if he got to heaven first, he'd watch for me and then find the softest cloud so that we could talk and talk until we were caught up. I'll be looking for him when that day comes!

God bless you in all that you do for God's treasures.

Sincerely,

Sister Aimée Marie, O.S.F.
Mount Saint Francis
Dubuque, Iowa



Dear Friends,

I was delighted to find my poem "City Streets" in the wonderful pages of *Hospitality* when it arrived. I thank you so very much for feeling my poem merited publication. I also want to thank you for sharing *Hospitality* with us all each month.

Until next month, take good care, and do keep me in your prayers as I do you.

Sincerely,

Byron A. Parker, Sr.

Byron Parker is on death row in Jackson, GA.

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

The Border Patrol raided the Catholic Worker soup kitchen here in Tucson a couple of weeks ago. I wasn't there that particular day--I wish I had been. They forcibly removed four undocumented young Mexican men, but the agents were prevented from entering the soup kitchen house where seven other undocumented men were, having been let in as the raid started. A few years ago the soup kitchen was consecrated by the Catholic Church as a chapel, so the INS decided to back off. I think they also realized that about 100 soup line people were willing to block the door if they decided to enter. There are very strong feelings against the border patrol in this area, especially among Hispanics. A few of us feel the patrol should all resign and find useful work. I have felt for a long time that borders are unnecessary and stupid, causing hate and wars.

My monthly dollar is again cheerfully enclosed.

In solidarity, love, peace, and hope,

Jerry Robinett



To our friends at the Open Door,

We really enjoyed our day at the Open Door! It was nice meeting all the people we didn't know. Thank you for a wonderful and fulfilling day. We also enjoyed the prayer service and lunch. We regret that there aren't more people who care about the homeless. We love the way you are doing things and what you are doing! We will come and help again. See you then.

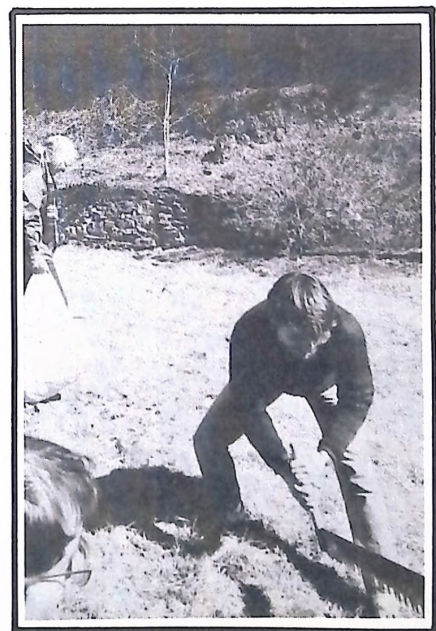
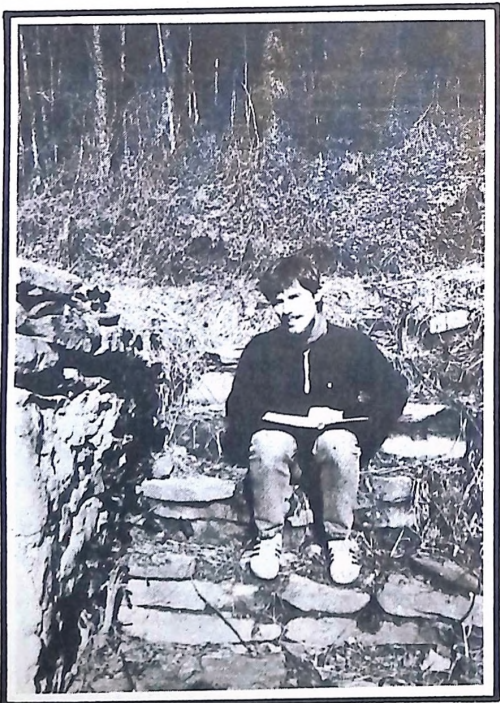
Love and Peace in Christ,

The Lynch Family--Lori, Joey, Addie, Bill, and Terry--from Pius X Church in Conyers, Georgia.



“Bon Voyage”

Dietrich Gerstner left February 22, for an eight-month visit with his family in Germany. For the last eighteen months Dietrich has been a blessing to our ministry and our home. We miss him very much, and we are already looking forward to his return in October.



WALKING A FENCE LINE

by Ed Weir

A few months ago our van broke down just two exits from Hammond, Louisiana at three in the morning. After what was a long, involved process, we finally got ourselves and the van pulled to a truck stop at 4:30am. We slept in the van until eight o'clock, when the mechanic started to work. The other four people were able to wander around the surrounding area, but I needed to stay with the van to make continuing decisions about the repair of the van engine. At about 4:30pm it became obvious that we had reached the last decision: a new engine would need to be installed.

Katelin suggested I take a walk with her to get away from the truck stop. That sounded like a relaxing thing to do. She had found a peaceful cemetery where we, too, could rest. When we got there, Don already was sitting on a grave stone, reading a book under some large, beautiful live oak trees.

After about a half hour, we decided that it was time to head back to the truck stop. When I stood up I saw a policeman standing next to a police car in a nearby driveway. We took about three steps in the opposite direction, and the policeman shouted, "Come back here!" We walked over to a fence, and he drove the car to the other side of the fence. He got out and greeted us with "Get your hands out of your pockets!" Then he asked for our ID's. After he got those, he said, "If we don't have anything on you, I want you to get out of here and never come back!" I already had explained that we were waiting for repairs on our van.

When he decided that he had nothing on us, he became a little more friendly. So I posed a problem for him: "We plan to walk up to the next exit where the fast food places are to get something to eat. Which route would you recommend we take so we won't 'terrorize' the neighbors?" I didn't use the word terrorize, but this situation made me feel like a terrorist. The policeman thought for a moment, and then he suggested, "Why don't you walk up the interstate." After another pause he said, "But I guess the state patrol will pick you up there." He had no further solutions for the problem I posed, so we left.

On our trip to the fast food restaurants, we decided to walk along the interstate frontage road, sometimes looking over our shoulders to see if the police were coming. The road ended in a new subdivision, which probably would not have welcomed us, so we climbed the interstate fence. We were able to walk along the fence hidden from view by trees. It was getting dark, and we were beginning to feel like fugitives. Finally the tree coverage ran out, and we were forced to walk closer to the interstate. At one point the fence came close to another road, but there was a church with some outside event

going on. Some of the others wanted to cross the fence again, but I kept plodding along because I felt that a church was not the place to go. In this neighborhood, people who enter church grounds by climbing the interstate fence certainly would be met by the police.

We made it without further incident, but I was impressed. Where can the poor walk? A person jogging along the road is obviously a person of means. Where can the poor walk? The only safe place, it seems to me, is on top of the fence.

At the First Christian Church Sunday School, Pastor Ray Austin led us in a discussion of Matthew 9:35-37: "And Jesus was overwhelmed with compassion for the crowds that came because they were so harrassed and helpless. They didn't know where to go for help."

In my experience in Louisiana I felt a little of that harrassment, but it was nothing compared to the harrassment homeless folk experience on a daily basis. They cannot sit and rest on church steps; they are arrested for sleeping in public parks; they are arrested for urinating in dark alleys when there are no public toilets. Where is the compassion that Jesus experienced so overwhelmingly? Why do so few have concern for the homeless who are so harrassed and helpless?

Verse 37 goes on: "The harvest is so great, and the workers are so few. Pray to the one in charge and ask for more recruits to help in the harvest." For so long we Christians assumed that this meant that if everyone stood up and said, "I believe in Jesus," then this passage would be fulfilled. But verse 37 cannot be separated from verses 35 and 36. We are called to help in the harvest, and that work is to bring justice to the helpless and harrassed. The harvest includes providing homes, food, shelter, safety, and toilets for people who cannot even walk without being harrassed. Jesus did not separate the crowd into the believers and the nonbelievers. He recognized a crowd of people who were rejected and poor, and he felt compassion because they were helpless, not because they said, "We believe in Jesus."

Jesus calls us to have compassion for the harrassed and helpless. Whenever people are forced to move on from safe resting places, whenever they are hindered from walking freely on public streets, whenever they suffer the indignity of having no place to urinate, then we must cry out for the harvest of justice. If we do not seek to harvest justice, we may as well attempt to walk along the top of the fence.

The Waitress

BY LIZ HOLLER

I am a waitress.

Yesterday, I waited on the rich. They gave me money.
 Five, ten, fifteen dollars.
 But I earned it.
 I returned warmth and harsh words the same smile.
 Kind gestures and sexist glances the same words of politeness.
 But they didn't know. . . or care.
 I expected 15% for my good behavior.

Today I waited on the homeless.
 They gave me understanding.
 And I didn't earn it.
 They gave me strength through their strength.
 Shame through their politeness in poverty.
 They gave me heartache. Though they didn't mean to--and would demand it back.

They took my thoughts to another waitress:
 The waitress of all days.
 Of the rich and of the poor. The shameful and the shameless.
 The waitress who returns the customers of good and of evil the same smile.
 Who returns the righteous and the self-righteous the same love.
 Who is always genuine and always faithful.
 And who does not expect 15%.



Editor's note: "The Waitress" was written by Liz Holler, a Koinonia volunteer who visited the Open Door last Fall.

Open Door Community Worship

*We gather for worship and Eucharist from
 5:00--6:30pm on Sunday evenings
 followed by supper together.*

Join us!



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

March Worship at 910

March 6	Worship at 910 Willie Coleman preaching
March 13	Worship at 910
March 20	Community Retreat, Dayspring Farm
March 27	Palm Sunday Worship at 910
April 3	6:30am Easter Worship Steak and Eggs Breakfast with our Homeless Friends at the Municipal Market Parking Lot (No evening Worship)
April 10	Worship at 910
April 17	Worship at 910
April 24	Worship at 910

JOIN THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

a North-American Base community

SPEND SIX TO TWELVE MONTHS AS A RESIDENT VOLUNTEER

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



OR

VISIT THE OPEN DOOR, for one week or several months for servanthood work, joyful worship, with room and board, in a city where Christian love is so needed.

Contact: Ed Loring, 910 Ponce de Leon N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30306

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 7:15am SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES - Tuesday and 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 Tuesdays 7:30 - 9:00pm (call for winter schedule)

WEEKEND RETREATS - Every 6th Weekend (for our household & volunteers/supporters) - March 18, 19, 20.



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 March 27 - April 3rd

Services of Worship:

SUN. MAR. 27 OPEN DOOR 5:00 P.M.
 MON. MAR. 28 ALL SAINTS EPISCOPAL, W. PEACHTREE 6:30 P.M.
 TUES. MAR. 29 CITY JAIL, PEACHTREE, S.W. 6:30 P.M.
 WEDS. MAR. 30 DAY LABOR CENTER, COCOA COLA & EDGEWOOD 6:30 P.M.
 MAUNDY THURS. MAR. 31 TRUST CO: BANK, PARK PLACE 6:30 P.M.
 GOOD FRIDAY APRIL 1 CITY HALL, MITCHELL STREET 6:30 P.M.
 SATURDAY APRIL 2 WOODRUFF PARK 6:30 P.M.
 EASTER MORN TO BE ANNOUNCED 6:30 A.M.
 WORSHIP OF THE RESURRECTED LORD
 SHARING STEAK & EGGS WITH THE
 HOUSED & HOMELESS



910 Ponce de Leon Ave. N.E. Atlanta, Ga. 30306 404-874-9652

Easter Morn

You are invited to join the Open Door Community, Atlanta Advocates for the Homeless, and the homeless men, women, and children of this city

to celebrate our Lord's
Resurrection!



Worship 6:30 a.m.

Steak and Eggs
Breakfast

at the MUNICIPAL MARKET
PARKING LOT ON BUTLER
STREET

APRIL 3rd

910 Ponce de Leon Ave. N.E. Atlanta, Ga. 30306 404-874-9652



NEEDS

HAMS AND TURKEYS	EASY CHAIRS
CHEESE - DESK	RUGS - LAMPS
MAYONNAISE	DISPOSABLE RAZORS
COFFEE	SHOVELS AND RAKES
MEN'S UNDERWEAR	LOTS OF GRITS!!!!
COMPACT CAR	SOFTBALL EQUIPMENT

Please bear with us...

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



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 _____

Street _____

City, State, Zip _____