

HOSPITALITY

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Band-aids and Beyond

by Ed Loring

Editor's note: The following article is an adaptation of an address Ed Loring recently gave at the Beyond the Band-Aid Conference at Hennepin United Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"There is a famine in the land.
There is a famine in the land."

When Mrs. Durant came to live with us at the Open Door Community, she most often came in the back door because that is where we have our handicapped access ramp. Mrs. Durant lacked a leg, so she rolled along in a wheelchair. Why? Because she was dying, like thousands here in Atlanta, Georgia, of "invisible starvation." Long and harsh years of lousy food and a trashy diet had ruined her body. Mrs. Durant had developed diabetes, and the sugar in her system left her sour not sweet. She stank. It is hard to move from a wheelchair onto a toilet, especially in a city which welcomes few poor and homeless to share its white porcelain commodes. Often she just peed in her pants and let it dry on her shabby clothes.

One day she rolled her wheelchair down the steps and out the front door of 910 into the cement canyons and asphalt rivers which are Atlanta, Georgia. I've never seen Mrs. Durant again. Street stories say she rolled that chair straight up I-75 to Detroit, Michigan. I don't know.

But I do know this:

Some years before Mrs. Durant came to the Open Door, she walked--strong of limb--and with a loud voice she entered my office at Clifton Presbyterian Church.

She wanted a bag of food from our food shelf. "Yes," I said and I went to the pantry and gathered cans and bags of food: beans, tuna, dried milk, five pounds of grits.

When I returned to the front of the church to hand her the "bag of life," she hesitated, and then in a wailing cry--like Rachel weeping for her children in Ramah--she said:

"Oh Pastor Loring
There is a famine in
the land

There is a famine in
the land."

"Yes," said she,
"I see children
stalking the streets
Women wandering in the
woods
Men motionless in the
morning
Attacked and beaten
bruised and broken
by violent death."

She wept and clamored
She stomped her feet
And like a wild woman
Set aflame with fear
and indignation
She reached down into the
Abyss of her soul
and touched the primordial
depths
of lamentation
like a woman whose breasts
have gone dry
while her little one starves
in her arms
She yelled
Alah beganda Abtu re Now
woc Tim la Kata
Alah beganda Abtu re Now
woc Tim la Kata. . .

And walked away.

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Because Mrs. Durant taught several of us that in the land of plenty "there is a famine in the land" and because Dorothy Day and Mitch Snyder led us to hundreds and hundreds of starving people in our streets, we formed the Open Door Community.

A home. A refuge from the storm. A sanctuary and shelter. And we feed folk. Yes, yes, we feed folk! We serve more than 10,000 meals per month!! (Thank you, Lord) This morning before the sun streaked saffron in the eastern sky, 250 cold and wet human beings tumbled and stumbled down the steps into the Butler Street CME Church basement. Elizabeth stood smiling at the door with a welcome on her face. Larry poured steaming hot coffee. John handed bright, white boiled eggs. Ruby Evans poured gallons of cheese-grits. Carol served oranges while Chet spooned out the Vitamin C tablets.

By 8:15am the sky was blue and the sun had peeped over I-85/I-75. The van headed home toward 910. Amidst those waiting for showers and soup, the empty pots were brought to Carl who waited at the pot sink. Sarah Floyd had already begun the soup and sandwiches for the 11:00am serving. In the hallway a woman cried as her feet bled. Thank you, Mrs. Durant.

Bandaids are receiving an unfair and bad press these days. During the 1960's the word for personal response and responsibility was charity. Like band-aids, charity was considered bad, weak, and the easy way out. The call was for justice. But during the 1960's those who called for racial justice could not quite meet the challenge of their own arguments. So rather than justice they chose to bus children across town and let them graduate and face the meaning of justice for housing patterns, jobs, and medical care. They did so: they elected Ronald Reagan as president of the U.S.A.

During the Classical Period, band-aids were called love. The Good Samaritan is the fullest image of the Christian love ethic which is charity and band-aids. However, as the rich and powerful became Christians, the opposition between love and justice arose. Some argued for love without justice (the opiate of the people theme) as a way to keep the status-quo safe from systemic change. In the last fifty years, liberals and activists have called for justice, not love (systemic change, not band-aids), as a way to force the powerless to change while at the same time keeping their own lives separated from God's poor, prisoners, and hungry friends.

The bandaid response to hunger and oppression is helpful in three overlapping ways. First, love brings healing and reconciliation. Interpersonal love, which is friendship, brings to the other what no law or revolution can do: understanding and acceptance. Band-aids heal us from our hurts and stop the bleeding of our wounds. Oh, how I hope that those who threw parties and filled their hate with rage as Ted Bundy was executed will find some good Samaritan who has time to help them from the ditch of their murderous way of living. Neither the abolition of the

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Layout—Ruth Allison
Circulation—Tim Wyse, Bettina Paul and a multitude of
earthly hosts and guests.



George Kraft spending a night in solidarity with our friends who live on the streets, Holy Week, 1987. Drawn by Bettina Paul.

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death penalty, nor the quick killing of killers, brings wholeness to the victims, or to those who thirst for revenge and feed off the carrion of the executed. Only love and friendship can redeem us from ourselves.

Second, bandaids bring us home to the poor, the stranger, the despised one. All of a sudden "the hungry and homeless" become Beth and Henry. We eat with them and they with us. Again, we make friends. We are transformed little by little into companions.

Finally, bandaids, charity, or love bring us toward conversion. It is in the voice of the poor that we hear the cry of Christ. The flesh of the hungry ones is the very body of our Lord who feeds us his broken body and serves us his spilled blood. We do not so much take the gospel to the poor as we receive the call to conversion through the poor. One reason so many leaders in this society are so arrogant and immature is that by belittling bandaids and the direct relationships of charity, they have grown deaf and blind and see only in the "white male system" the answer to the social problems of injustice.

But to stop with bandaids and not at the same time to move toward the demand for systemic change is hideous. Bandaids alone hide the structural roots of injustice from us. As Reinhold Niebuhr has written, "Love without justice is sentimentality." To say it another way, love without equality is oppression. Without the fight for justice, those of us who love the poor are likely to use them for our own purposes and agenda: ego-status, jobs, research, scapegoats, stoop-labor, guinea pigs for medical schools. . . .

Another pitfall of love without justice, or bandaids without systemic change, is that we become confused and unable to identify the enemy. Most often in our society, and even among many good Samaritans, the hungry person, or the victim, rather than the structural reality of hunger, is deemed our enemy. When the hungry, rather than hunger, are the locus of the problem, and bandaids become an end rather than a means, then we find money in the treasury for new prisons: we want to punish the poor for their poverty! Or we hear 1960's liberals calling for the reinstitutionalization of the mentally ill. And we want to build homes for the aged and infirm and a multitude of other segregations of the hungry and poor rather than to encounter the economic and social structures that cause us to fear and flee the homeless and even our own parents who, try as they may, continue to grow old and withered and infirm. To stop at bandaids only leads us to see the hungry person as our enemy when our enemy is actually the political system which produces hunger.

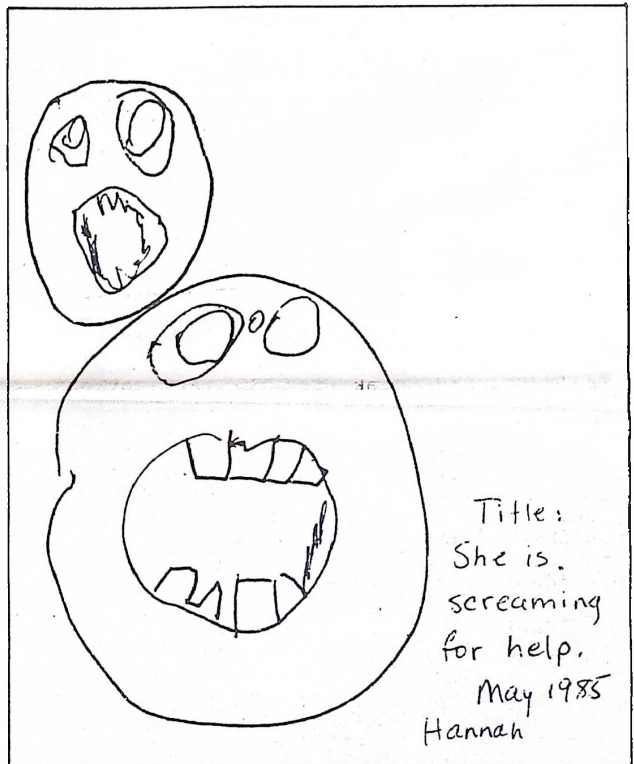
While we give charity and live our lives of personal responsibility we must also demand justice.

The great danger of bandaids is that they hide our hate of the hungry. Charity does not disguise the recipients, but it may cover up the investments we treasure in the status-quo. Love without justice can turn our aims and

purposes upside down, so that we despise the hungry and live with the reality of hunger. It is damnable that in the U.S.A. we tolerate hunger today.

What I am suggesting is that we must love the hungry and hate hunger.

We must make friends with those who do not have enough to eat, and we must declare war on the causes of hunger. I beg you to make a vow to go to war! Make a vow that you will not rest until the systemic causes of hunger are rooted out of our capitalistic system. Until the values of the American way of life will not tolerate the lack of three good, nutritious meals for every man, woman, and child everyday, make a vow that you will not rest.



Be lamb-like
gentle, kind, loving to
the hungry.
Be a snarling lion, or a growling
bear to hunger.
How? How shall we--
makers of Peace--
make Peace with the hungry?
How shall we--
demanders of justice--
make war on hunger?

First, let us never separate charity and justice, or bandaids and systemic change. Let us live out our lives with the poor as they set agenda for our personal and social decisions. Those of us who serve the hungry with bags of food from the pantry or bowls of soup from the kitchen must experience and feel

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hunger. We must know what it means to be hungry. Hunger is a great, though harsh, teacher. Before the filming of "Ironweed," Meryl Streep put ice all over her body for thirty minutes so she could know the agony and pain of the street woman Helen. Ms. Streep wanted to be Helen, to feel Helen--yes--to love Helen. We who feed the hungry must fast often. We must know hunger, be hungry, feel hunger, hate hunger. Personal hunger--my hunger, your hunger--must be our position: a committed stance in life by which we make decisions and live out our lives.

Charity and love are expressed and given to others as our hunger meets the hunger of the hungry. This shared suffering in our bellies and bowels becomes a fundamental source of passion and commitment to wage war on hunger.

But charity is not enough. We must travel beyond band-aids into the land of justice. Hunger is a political problem, not an agricultural problem. We have plenty of food and resources to feed everyone. Because hunger is a political problem we must change the economic structures by political means to feed everyone. We must wage a political war on our hated adversary: hunger.

Public education is not only a right in the U.S., it is a requirement to attend school between the ages of six and sixteen. This law is based on a Jeffersonian idea that the democratic process cannot maintain itself unless the voters are educated enough to make wise decisions for themselves and the nation. What about starving voters? Hungry citizens? And the soul of the nation that is so

anesthetized to the suffering of 20% of our sisters and brothers that we find funds for construction of a domed stadium while people perish on the streets.

The political response to hunger must be the same as our political response to ignorance: it must be against the law. We need to pass legislation which will guarantee three nutritious meals per day for everyone in our society for as long as they live. We need not only head start but stomach start and stomach finish, too.

This then is war against hunger in our democratic society. We must overturn the forces and the politicians who vote against such legislation. With good food available we may then listen to the empowered poor as we discern the next steps toward a more just society: housing, full employment, child care, medical care. . . . And each step will be fought for with love and band-aids by friends who care for each other, and forgive each other, and heal each other as we walk together on the road toward justice.

Therefore, let us go forward and meet the enemy. Let us say NO to this suffering.

Hunger is our enemy.
Hunger is violence.
Hunger is death.

This is a call to arms.
A call to war.
We are already on the way.
Let us come closer to the front lines.
Let us present our bodies
and get into the battle!



Run for Shalom

by Mike Stoltzfus and Jon Peachey

"Those who wait on the Lord. . . will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint." (Isaiah 40:31)

May the God of Isaiah give us all strength to wait on the Lord.

We want to share with you our plan for a cross-country run for the spring and summer of 1989. We run to raise awareness and to promote advocacy for the millions of homeless and hungry people in North America. We run for our own spiritual, mental and physical wholeness. And we run in appreciation and celebration for the diversity of people, cultures and traditions so present in this land.

Who are we?

Mike Stoltzfus--an interdisciplinary Goshen College senior with an emphasis in Peace Studies and Communication. An avid runner for years, Mike's motivation for the run stems from a love of diversity and adventure and also from fourteen months spent living and working among the homeless poor in Atlanta.

Jon Peachey--a Goshen College senior Physical Education major with concentrations in Sports Communication and Athletic Training. Having already completed a cross-country bicycle ride following the Run For Shalom route, Jon is now motivated to run from coast to coast.

Working together, we hope to successfully tackle the physical and mental challenges of this run from the Pacific to the Atlantic. We also hope to carry with us a new vision of justice and liberation for the homeless and hungry of North America.

Our run is jointly endorsed by the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) headquarters in Akron, Pennsylvania and its regional affiliations and by the Open Door Community in Atlanta, Georgia. MCC is a relief and service branch of the Mennonite Church. The Open Door is an intentional Christian community providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison.

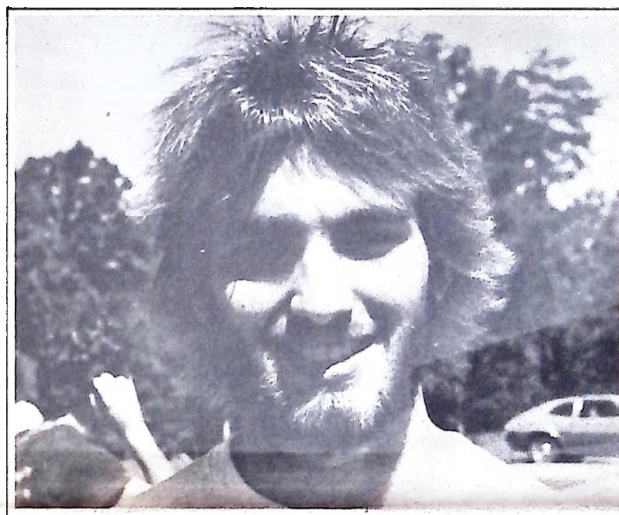
"Hunger and homelessness have no place in a society as rich as North America. Mike and Jon are to be congratulated for highlighting this persistent societal issue." (John Lapp--Executive Director of MCC)

"Everyday in our nation four million people run a race against hunger, homelessness and the pain of oppression. Mike and Jon's four month race in solidarity with the poor will help raise awareness of the injustice in our land. Those of us who share concern for the oppressed, but are not actively running in either race, can support both by donating one

to five pennies for every mile that Mike and Jon run." (Ed Loring--Co-founder of the Open Door Community)

Your donations are welcome in this race against injustice and oppression. A donation of one penny per mile that we run will add approximately \$32 to the cause; five pennies per mile will contribute \$160.

All money received above cost will be equally distributed among MCC's Hunger/Relief programs in North America and the Open Door's ministry of hospitality in Atlanta.



Mike Stoltzfus

Beginning April 24 from the coast of Oregon near Portland, we plan to arrive in Boston, Massachusetts roughly four months and 3200 miles later. From Glacier Park, Montana, we will follow U.S. Highway 2 through the northern plains states through Michigan. From there we will briefly journey through Ontario, Canada until Niagara Falls. Then we will finish the run through New York and New England, arriving at the historic port of Boston in the latter part of August.

Throughout the trip we will be periodically writing articles for The Elkhart Truth in Elkhart, Indiana and Hospitality published by the Open Door in Atlanta. We will also write a newsletter every few weeks on the progress, developments and insights of the run, sending a copy to each contributor to the Run For Shalom. We are also open to speaking engagements during and after the run. If you are interested in being a part of this venture, please send your donation and/or correspondence along with your address to:

Run For Shalom
c/o Janelle Nofziger
Goshen College
Goshen, IN 46526
219/535-7676 or 219/535-7634
after April 12, 219/535-7562

Thank you for your interest and support.

Shalom from Mike Stoltzfus and Jon Peachey.



Nine -Ten

by Murphy Davis



Patrick

Ron

Patrick Burke (formerly of Patrick's Restaurant in Little Five Points) and Ron Elder came from Nantucket to spend the month of January with us. Their spirits cheered us; their tireless labor in the kitchen made everybody happy!



On January 30 we celebrated John Howard's 46th birthday. It was his first birthday celebration since he was 13. Two weeks later John was found to have an inoperable tumor. We look forward to John's return to us when he leaves Grady Hospital.

All photographs by Peter Stinner.



Betty Smith enjoys a Christmas present from St. Jude's Catholic School. Right after Christmas, Betty left the Open Door family to live in Detroit to help care for her parents.



Columbia Seminary students Colleen McCullough, Will Smith, Wil Howie and Peter Shelley gather with Ed during their three-week January term at the Open Door.

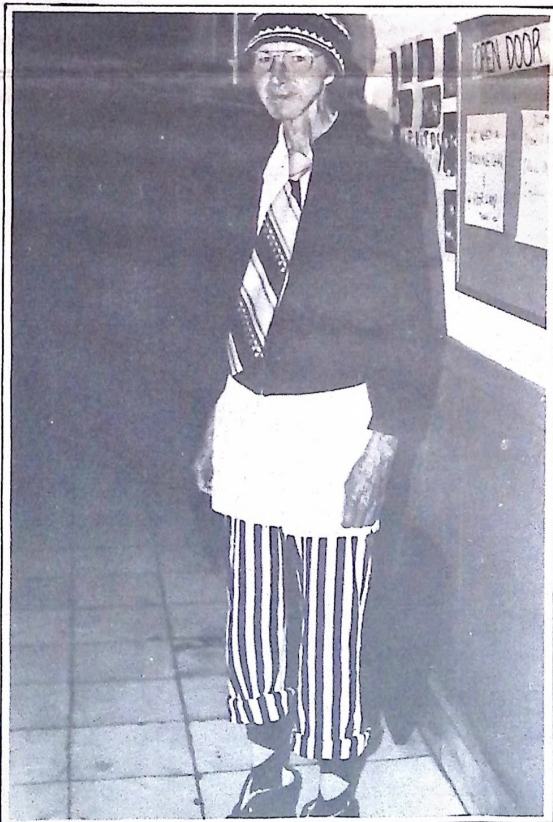
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The rewiring is underway. Thanks to so many who responded to our appeal for help. The week after we began this project we learned



that we must also replace our 300 gallon hot water tank. So it is with life in a wonderful old house!



The Open Door has the best Mardi Gras party this side of New Orleans. Joe Bottoms sponsors a Jitterbug contest each year. Competition is fierce, but Joe always wins!



. . . and Peter Wasel doesn't usually look like this when he runs our Tuesday bag lunch. But then, he was disappointed that he did not win the Jitterbug Contest!

How Happy You Will Be!

by Elizabeth Dede

In the church year, we are now in the middle of the penitential season known as Lent. It is a time of inner reflection, of repentance and change. Often when we repent, we reflect on mandates because we become aware of the laws and commandments that we have broken as sinful people. Thus, as we go through Lent, we often give things up and take on disciplines in order to conform our lives to the will of God.

Indeed, mandates are an integral part of Lent. During this season there is even a day called Maundy Thursday--the Thursday of Holy Week. Maundy is a Middle English word that means mandate. Traditionally, on that Thursday many churches celebrate the Lord's Supper, remembering that on the night he was betrayed, before he was handed over to be killed by the state, Jesus shared a meal with his followers, and gave them the mandate to continue to share that bread and cup in his memory.

The Gospel according to John gives a different account of Jesus' last Thursday with his followers. In addition to the meal that he shared, Jesus also bent down and washed the dirty feet of his disciples. When he was finished, he gave his followers the mandate to do the same--a mandate that we rarely follow. So during this season of Lent, I think it is important to reflect on footwashing and to put it into practice.

At the Open Door we often practice footwashing at our community retreats. For me, it has become a sacrament every bit as important as baptism and the Lord's Supper. And unlike the Lord's Supper and baptism, I have several memories of footwashing.

I remember the first time I practiced footwashing how awkward I felt when we began. It was the middle of February, my feet were cold, and I thought it was pretty ridiculous to perform this ritual that no other church I had ever attended practiced. But then I was a staid and sedate Lutheran. When it was over I was completely surprised to find that footwashing had become for me a holy ritual with as much, or more, meaning than the Lord's Supper.

Then there was the time when Gabriel Cole-Vodicka, a little baby at the time, plopped himself down by the tub of water, and smiling and giggling, splashed himself from head to toe. We wondered if he felt like Peter: "Lord, do not wash only my feet, then! Wash my hands and head, too!"

Once Rob Johnson preached a mini-sermon on footwashing and coined a phrase that floated around the community for a time. Footwashing, he said, was a "novelty of niceness." It is something new and different

for the leader to bend down and serve. And while it may not be necessary to wash each other's feet, it sure is a niceness to have your feet soaked in warm water and rubbed dry with a towel. After that, we went through our days looking for novelties of niceness to perform for each other.

Perhaps the strongest impression I have of footwashing is the unsophisticated, uninhibited sense of joy I always experience. Somebody struggles with stifling the giggles as their feet get tickled, but the laughter always wins, and the room is full of happiness.

However, footwashing is not just a laughing matter for me, and I have often thought about its sacramental qualities. Even as there is more to the Lord's Supper than a piece of bread and a cup of juice, so there is more to this mandate to wash each other's feet than soap and water. It is, as are the traditional sacraments, a means of grace instituted by Jesus. Jesus says to his followers, "I have set an example for you, so that you will do just what I have done for you. I am telling you the truth: no slave is greater than their master, and no messenger is greater than the one who sent them. Now that you know this truth, how happy you will be if you put it into practice!"

Just what was it that Jesus did for his followers? It was a fairly amazing, yet simple act. Jesus, the Lord and Teacher, the master of the slaves, the sender of the messengers, the one who is Greatest, stooped down and washed the lowest and dirtiest part of the body of his followers, his students, his slaves, his mere messengers. Then he instructed them to do the same for each other, and to learn the truth: that he had sent them to serve the lowly, not those who are typically served. And Jesus promises happiness to his followers if they put into practice the truth he has just taught them. So there is grace--a fitness, a blessing, a mercy granted--in the simple act of servanthood.

Here we are in Lent with a mandate to serve, not the rich and the powerful (who typically have servants), but the poor and the oppressed (who typically are servants). And how will we know that we are following Jesus' mandate? Jesus tells us clearly through the gracious gift of joy: "How happy you will be if you put it into practice!"

Traditionally, Lent is a time of sadness and mourning. The hymns we sing are somber--telling of Jesus' suffering and death for us. Often we practice a discipline of giving something up for Lent so that in some small way, through deprivation, we can experience the suffering of Jesus.

Perhaps this Lent we should focus more on Jesus' mandate to practice the truth and find happiness. Perhaps we should spend this season of Lent reflecting on our daily activities and the amount of happiness in our lives. Is there joy in what we do, or are we merely occupying our time so that we can be numb to the dread that fills our days? Do we

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go to work because it makes us happy, or are we trapped by the need to make money so that we can buy a new car, or a newer, bigger house, or a television, or a computer, or anything else that fills our lives with a false sense of happiness--false because it masks the pain and struggle of our world, false because it is self-serving, false because it might break, or crash with economic failure. Most important, are we serving the poor and the oppressed? That is where we will find happiness according to Jesus' mandate.

To those of us on top, it seems strange that Jesus would suggest a life of servanthood as the source of happiness. There is so much suffering, so much pain, and it is felt keenly by the poor because they cannot buy their way off the streets or out of prison; the poor cannot comfort themselves with material goods to forget the struggle of their lives. And those who live their lives in service to the poor must know and feel the suffering and pain, too. How can there be happiness where there is suffering and pain?

In the January/February 1989 issue of The Other Side, an interview with Elizabeth O'Connor touches precisely on this question. In answer to a question about vocation, O'Connor says, "I have been listening to Bill Moyers interviewing Joe Campbell on PBS about the power of myth. Campbell says that we need to be in touch with our bliss. Of course, he's right. Our vocation, if it is truly a call for us, is bliss. But because we carry the opposites in us, the way of finding out our vocation in life is to be in touch with our pain. Our pain will put us in touch with our bliss and with what will heal us."

There is so much pain in the world--war, starvation, race hatred, homelessness, poverty, prison, broken relationships, death--and it is in those places of pain where we find the people Jesus calls us to serve; and when we serve in those places of pain, we know not only our own pain, but we know the happiness that Jesus promises.

Elizabeth O'Connor gives as an example of a person who found bliss in his vocation the inventor Thomas Edison. When asked, "What do you fear?" Edison answered, "I fear only one thing. I fear the dark." Through the pain of this fear, Edison became the inventor of the electric light bulb and gave us a way to have light in the dark.

Unlike Edison, I fear many things, but I have a particular fear of separation and loneliness that causes me great pain. That pain is one reason that I have a vocation to visit in the prison. In some small way, I feel the great pain that my friends in prison know as they are locked away from family and friends. And the loneliness of their lives shut away from the world makes my heart hurt because I fear the loneliness of a life cut off from friends and family and the world. Sometimes seeing the daffodils bloom in the field at Dayspring makes me cry. They are so beautiful and the thought of never seeing them again is too painful. Yet my friends on death row live with that pain everyday.

I remember once planning a visit to my friend Jack on death row and looking forward to it with a sense of dread. I was afraid of being locked inside for so many hours; I didn't want to wait for the guard up in the tower to notice me and unlock the big, heavy iron gate; I didn't want to sign in; I didn't want to go through the metal detector; I didn't want to give up my keys and license; I didn't want to wait for two more big, heavy iron gates to be opened for me; I just didn't want to go. I even had nightmares. I dreamed that after I had visited Jack I got into the car to go home, but I couldn't get off the prison grounds. I kept driving around, but there was no way out. On the free side of the fence, friends kept walking by, but they were all wearing prisoner's uniforms, and nobody would look at me, or help me. I was utterly alone and completely separated from everybody I love. Perhaps Jack sensed my dread because a few days before the scheduled visit I received in the mail an invitation from him to a picnic. That lightened my heart. I went to visit Jack, and we imagined our picnic and laughed and talked, and I was in touch with my bliss that day. Certainly, Jack's life on death row is no picnic, but he has taught me and given me much joy, even in the midst of pain and suffering. I'm sure that is exactly the kind of happiness Jesus promises to us if we follow the mandate he gave to us on that last Thursday of his life.

As we fast and pray and confess and repent this Lent, let us remember Jesus' mandate that we wash each other's feet. Let us look for the places of pain in our world where we can serve and find our bliss. Let us find the tired, sore and dirty ones among us and know the promise of happiness as we soak them, tickle them, rub them, and make them clean again. "How happy you will be!"



Hope for the Hopeless: Homes for the Homeless

by John Dear, S.J.

Editor's note: John Dear works with homeless people at the Horace McKenna Center and St. Aloysius Church in Washington, D.C. He is the author of Disarming the Heart: Toward a Vow of Nonviolence (Paulist Press, 1987) and Jean Donovan: The Call to Discipleship, (available from Pax Christi USA, 348 East Tenth St., Erie, PA 16503.)

Here in Washington, D.C., where I work at a church shelter and drop-in center for the homeless, we see daily the passion of Jesus played out before our eyes. Christ comes to us: homeless, broke, without any friends, evicted, wanted, an illegal refugee, a torture victim of South Africa or Guatemala, a mother with nine children and no food, an elderly woman with no heat in her place, an AIDS victim, a victim of violence. It is in these poor that Christ comes to us in our little center, three blocks from the U.S. Capitol.

As we live and work with the homeless, we see the pressing issues of justice become connected before our eyes. The streets of Washington, D.C. become a sort of death row--a new form of apartheid. Marshalls evict fifty families a day in this city which has 15,000 homeless people. Drug squads stalk the streets like Salvadoran death squads or Filipino vigilante groups. The sufferings of women with children in the makeshift shelters resemble the dislocated lives of Nicaraguan women or Ethiopian families. And everyone feels the effect of a nuclear bomb already detonated in their lives.

Under this "distressing" guise of the poor, Christ also comes with good news: a word of hope. It is particularly exhilarating that among people who are experiencing so much pain and poverty, there is hope. In Washington, D.C., where there is much power and wealth and military might, few seem to exude that spirit. Instead, we find cynicism and despair, and a general lack of enthusiasm for justice among people in government positions who work "for the common good." These days, it is primarily among the poor and homeless where one finds hope. But when those who are able to share their resources with the poor do so, the hope of the poor catches on and spreads around like a pleasant contagious disease. It can be like salvation. Homes are granted to the homeless; hope is granted to the hopeless.

It is difficult to comment on the spirit of hopelessness in our first world country. In many ways, it is so pervasive as to seem normal. "What is hope?" is a modern version of Pilate's question, "What is Truth?" Do people really think there is something to hope for? Do people really believe there is Someone to place our hope in? Do people really believe in the resurrection of Jesus, in life after death (in Life at all), in a world without war? What does such hope look like in the U.S., on the streets of Washington, D.C., the nation's capitol, or any other city street?

I met Ronald Nelson several years ago. Ronald is in his early thirties and has spent most of his life in a violent family and addicted to drugs. Through the miraculous touch of some concerned people, Ronald was delivered from his addiction and has found a deep faith in God. In the process, he has decided to join a Catholic Worker community to share the compassion of Christ with others. He has become a model for us all.

Hope comes alive in my heart when I see or hear the good news of resurrection played out in the lives of the poor. It happened when I heard that an old abandoned building was being rehabilitated into apartments for homeless women and children. Hope happens in my heart when I can find shelter for a homeless person who comes begging in the cold. Hope is alive when poor people smile and laugh and resist and demand their rights and show mercy to one another and when I find that I can do the same.

Christ is risen from homelessness when the homeless are given homes. Christ is risen in Washington, D.C. when the homeless, the hungry, and the poor vigil at the Department of Housing or the U.S. Capitol or the Mayor's Office and demand better service, as I have seen done. Christ is risen when these

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



EACH EASTER, THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY GATHERS AT SUNRISE WITH THE HOMELESS IN OUR CITY, AMIDST FLOWERS & BALLOONS, TO SHARE IN A STEAK & EGGS BREAKFAST.

WE NEED & APPRECIATE YOUR HELP IN PROVIDING THIS EASTER MEAL WHICH IS SERVED TO 500 OR MORE FOLKS. OUR NEEDS INCLUDE:
STEAK - EGGS - GRITS - SWEET ROLLS -
GROUND COFFEE - MONEY - FLOWERS & BALLOONS.

JOIN US FOR WORSHIP & BREAKFAST
MARCH 26TH - 6:30 A.M. - 23 BUTLER ST.

IF YOU CAN HELP, PLEASE BRING YOUR
DONATIONS TO THE OPEN DOOR BEFORE
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22ND.

suffering people are able to alleviate the suffering of one another and to do so in a spirit of nonviolent love. Such things are terrific signs of hope in this city, a place where hope is a rare bird, rarely seen.

The inner-city parish which sponsors our shelter has been providing bed space to elderly homeless folks for six years now. The parishioners worship the God of Justice and Peace--Christ in the Eucharistic Community--at one end of the sanctuary and serve Christ in the homeless poor at the other end of the sanctuary. Our little parish, comprised of poor minority people, has become a beacon of light and hope in the city. People flock to the church to visit and to serve and to celebrate at one of the most joyful liturgical experiences I've ever been to. In this setting, people find hope for a new world because a new world is emerging in this setting. Christ rises among us and sends us forth to proclaim the good news of justice, peace and nonviolent love. The church becomes "the place we go from," as Dr. King used to say, and people go out to share the hope of God's reign coming among us.

Last fall, in this spirit of hope, seven of us went to the U.S. Capitol and unloaded two couches, chairs, lamps, and other furniture into the middle of the street, in a symbolic eviction, to call attention to the housing crisis. We sat down in those couches in the middle of the street and began to sing. We said, in effect, "Congress, look at an eviction. Look at homelessness. For the love of God, grant us affordable housing now." We were arrested, jailed, brought before a judge, and faced one year in jail. We pled not guilty, saying that we did not commit a crime; the crime was the lack of affordable housing, the daily evictions in this country, the money for bombs not homes.

On January 24, 1989, after a four-day trial, a twelve member jury found the seven of us not guilty. The jury reached an historic verdict, sending a signal to Congress and to the nation that we were right to act and call attention to the urgent crisis. We had testified that homelessness is a spiritual matter; a matter of life and death. The jury heard us; we hope the message helps prevent further human suffering. Since then several jurors have called us and asked if they could get involved in our work with the homeless.

Easter is breaking forth daily. People are getting involved in the lives of one another and the lives of the needy and acting on the Gospel message. In the city which shelters the president and the C.I.A. and accommodates the Pentagon and the Center for Naval Surface Warfare and the Department of Energy, Christ is rising among the poor who overcome the spirit of death in homelessness and violence. Such a spirit is contagious.

May we all heed the good news of nonviolent love, persistent reconciliation, service towards the poor and peace with justice. Christ beckons us to follow his way toward life. Let us be faithful to the calling and filled with hope.

Isaiah 40:31

This melody was composed by Joanne Sclomon.

Isaiah 40:31

THOSE WHO WAIT ON THE LORD SHALL RE-NEW THEIR STRENGTH, THEY SHALL

MOUNT UP WITH WINGS AS THE EA-GLES; THEY SHALL

RUN AND NOT TIRE - SHALL WALK AND NOT BE WEARY, THOSE WHO

WAIT, THOSE WHO WAIT ON THE LORD.

© JOANNE SLOMON, 1989

Open Door Community Worship

We gather for worship and Eucharist at
5:00pm on Sunday evenings
followed by supper together.

Child care available.

Join us!

February 26 Worship at 910
Celebration of Pat Fons' Partnership

March 5 Worship at 910
5:00pm Eucharist
5:30 Music Night at the Open Door

March 12 Worship at 910

March 19 Passion Sunday Worship at 910
Commissioning to the Streets for Holy Week
Rev. James Milner, Pastor of Chapel of
Christian Love, preaching

March 26 Easter Celebration!
6:30am
Worship followed by Steak and Eggs Breakfast
with the Homeless
(No evening worship)

March 31-April 2 Retreat at Dayspring Farm

April 9 Worship at 910

April 16 Worship at 910

April 23 Worship at 910

April 30 Worship at 910

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

Grace and peaces of mail

Dear Friends,

Remembering how you ministered to me, I enclose a small gift to help another--one who is homeless or in prison--you'll know best. I fully support your fine, dedicated work, and rejoice that I can now give a little toward it.

I was released from the Salvation Army half-way house in February, and am now free--Praise God!

In gratitude and with Christ's love,

D. Dirk Davenport
New Haven, CT

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

I call you friends because I feel I know you; through your newspaper and your activities you are communicating who you are and what you believe.

Thanks again this year for your support of all of us who labor on behalf of people in need. By writing of the reality of the effects of our "systems," by speaking the truth with love, by sharing your own hope, expectations, dreams and disappointments and especially admitting the pain involved in these works. Your perseverance against all odds and your laughter and gentleness are lights shining in the world.

I believe every step you've taken is making a difference, is bringing about change. Every hour you have spent is an hour of fruitful, life-giving energy and hope. Though it is sometimes not evident to those closely involved, God has an open door to enter in and give the increase, to multiply the effect.

I believe especially the scripture which says in a worldly way it seems of no account yet in God's eyes it is the most important of all.

My work is with people who are near to losing house and home-place. A lot of it is spent in "walking along" through the crisis, helping with referrals to any existing resources, and financial help. I find the biggest help is in affirming the person, encouraging them in what plan they see to work things out, letting them know someone cares about them. It seems to give them hope and dignity.

I am with you in the unity of the Spirit.

Ellen McCoy
Marietta, GA

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

A lot has happened in our lives since we first picked up a copy of Hospitality one and a half years ago.

We began to hear Christ's radical gospel message, and as we did, we became more and more aware of the unjust plight of the disenfranchised. This awareness led us to volunteer at the Franciscan House of Mary and Joseph, an over-night emergency shelter for 250 of Chicago's 40,000 homeless. And now we are answering God's call and have sold our home and business and in February will become members of the lay community at the House of Mary and Joseph.

We thank you for the inspiration Hospitality has been for us during our months of discernment. You have given us insights and hope and courage that we never knew we had. Please know that you will always be mentioned in our prayers of thanksgiving.

In love and peace,

Bert and Nancy Schroeder
Chicago, IL

Dear Friends,

Greetings from Tallahassee! I have been thinking of you often, as we here at Good News Ministries do some related work. For the first time in maybe 10 years I can actually say I am happy with how I spend my time each day, after 10 years of college and graduate school, and now working for nothing! Our efforts include crack addicition in a poor black section of town, homelessness of both families and individuals, food, clothes and furniture collection and distribution, and in general trying to learn what it means to love as Jesus loves.

I have been attending a Presbyterian Church here, and today a woman spoke who is the moderator for 1988-89. She said the church was doing well--healthy and alive. I asked her if she knew about the Open Door, and she said no. So I feel that the best leaven in the Presbyterian church is not a factor in her judgment, which is too bad.

So long and peace and love to you.

David Headly
Tallahassee, FL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Dear Ed,

I just finished reading your article, "In Defense of Band-aids." It came at a time when several of us are finishing up plans for a five-day fast and vigil. The purpose of our action is to challenge our city government (and the general public) to amend the budget and give the needed money to the prevention of homelessness and to the maintaining of shelters and other basic support services.

I am writing to you of our activities because for the past four years I have looked to you and other writers of Hospitality to help me clarify thought. It was through your writings and the Holy Week vigils in Atlanta that David Buer (another shelter provider) and I were moved to organize similar actions here. It is your bandaid article which has renewed my energy for our fast and vigil. It is not

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surprising that the folks who have signed up for the midnight to 8:00am hours of the vigil are the folks who spend most of their time in bringing "charity band-aids" to the homeless.

One of our posters reads, "It is 10:00pm, do you know where 40,000 Chicagoans are?" We know they are homeless. We know they are in need of funds to look at the root causes of their homelessness. And we know, on a winter night in Chicago, finding no "available beds," they are in need of charity.

Thank you, Ed, for your writings. They both challenge and inspire me. Please keep us in your prayers during our fast and vigil.

Peace to you and the Open Door Community,

Audrey Thomas
Chicago, IL



Third Annual Georgia Interfaith Conference on Central America

March 31 - April 1, 1989

Purpose: to bring together all Georgians who want to understand the complex issues of Central America. Part of nationwide Central America Week (March 24 - April 1, 1989). All countries and peoples of the region will be covered in talks and workshops. Our special focus this year will be El Salvador. Time will also be set aside for small group reflection.

All events are at Oakhurst Baptist Church, 222 East Lake Drive, Decatur.

Worship

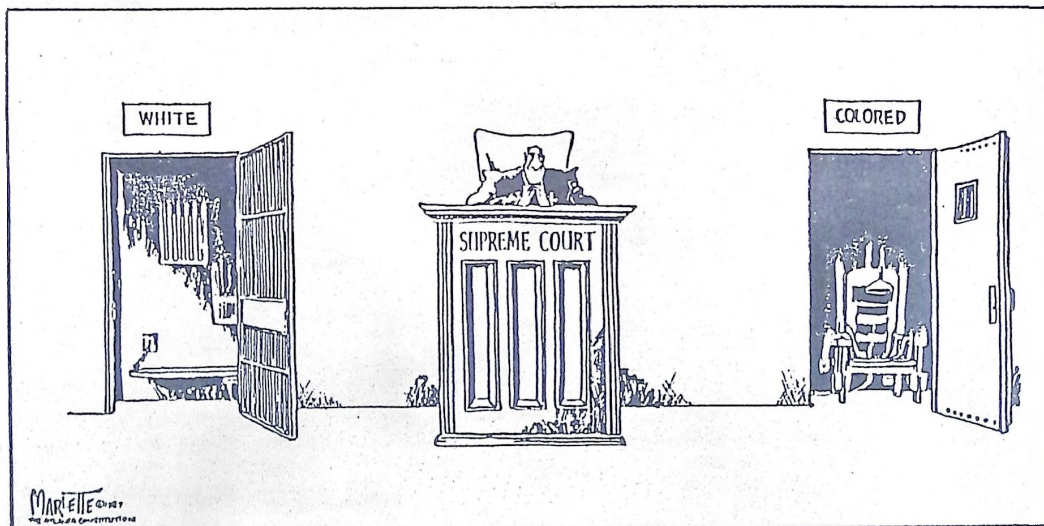
Interfaith Worship Service for Central America with
Mirna Anaya, Salvadoran Human Rights Activist
Friday, March 31, 7:30 pm.

Central America: Information for Action

Multi-Issue Seminar
Saturday, April 1, 9 am - 5 pm

For more information call CALC 404/ 377-6516 or 377-1983.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR
REGISTRATION FEE



The Dialogue Continues ...

READERS CONTINUE TO RESPOND TO ALTERNATIVES TO THE DEATH PENALTY

Dear Editor:

Your front page article by Ed Loring, "Alternatives to the Death Penalty: Signs of the Times," in the September issue of Hospitality (vol.7, #8) was long overdue. And perhaps it is right on time.

The article, I think, really addresses the loggerhead that the abolition movement is in. Ed Loring cited two major problems facing the movement:

1. the perception by the public that abolitionists are unconcerned about victims and would pamper criminals

and

2. the failure of abolitionists to offer an alternative to the death penalty.

The ineffectiveness of our movement to make greater strides toward ending the death penalty is related to the issues pointed out by Ed, as well as to the persistence of racism and economic and moral deprivation in our society. This society hates poor people and has never gotten over its fear of people of color. Politicians, coupled with the media's practice of traumatizing citizens with the bloodiest and goriest details of murders, rapes, and other violent crimes, insure the average citizen's embrace of the death penalty, motivated almost solely by fear. Their fear of becoming a victim of a violent crime is supported by what the right calls, "revolving door justice." As a movement, we have not offered suggestions for what should be done with the people we would not execute that would offset the public's fear.

Some abolitionists are proposing that we become more active and consider civil disobedience as a legitimate act to raise the level of consciousness, while other abolitionists are proposing linkages of the efforts to end executions to slavery and the struggle for civil rights.

I do not know that these proposals will not work, and I personally feel that people should explore all methods which will save lives. However, as a descendant of slaves, a former sharecropper on Mississippi plantations, a human rights activist, and a person who is totally opposed to the death penalty, I think our future efforts should be aimed at legislative remedies on the state and national levels. We

have to find consensus within our ranks on an alternative to killing citizens and sell it to the people who elect lawmakers. If we employ civil disobedience measures, they must begin with and end with the laws which make it possible for the State to kill its citizens and to kill them in such a chaotic fashion as to allow one of two people convicted of the same crime to turn state's evidence to insure a death conviction of the other. Or to have a system where a sole prosecutor will decide who he/she will seek death penalty indictments against.

Our voice in support of the victims of violent crime has been weak. The media has to a large extent ignored our efforts to sponsor reconciliation, and we have been bashful about tooting our own horns. We do, however, need to collectively define how we will speak to the issue of victims and their rights in ways which are meaningful and which are conciliatory.

We are not soft on crime and criminals. Rather we are experts on this 200-year experiment of penal containment and executions. We are not safe in our homes, churches and communities, despite containment and executions. And yes, some of us think we could design a better system; and some of us like to think we could make the world community better by attacking some of the causes of crime: poverty, lack of education, limited opportunities, and the perception of hopelessness.

What is being soft on crime anyway? Is it harder to teach inner city kids to read than it is to let them grow up believing that being killed by a gang or by the police are their only options in life?

Whether abolitionists should embrace more dramatic messages to convey their anti-executions positions will be decided by abolitionists. However, the issues raised by Ed Loring's article are timely and should also be addressed in the public and private forums on the death penalty.

Sincerely,

L.C. Dorsey, D.S.W.



Rita Corbin

Editor's note: L.C. Dorsey is a member of the Mississippi Coalition Against the Death Penalty and a former staff member of The Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons, and served as former editor of "Not In Our Names," the newsletter of the D.C. Coalition Against the Death Penalty. She is currently on the faculty at The University of Mississippi as a researcher in the rural Health Research Program.



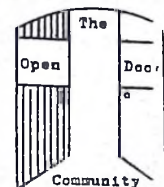
Holy Week with the Homeless

We invite you to join us for worship
and/or a 24 hour period of solidarity
with our friends on the street during
Holy Week of March 19 - March 26

Services of Worship:

SUN. MAR. 19	OPEN DOOR 5:00 P.M.
MON. MAR. 20	GRADY HOSPITAL, BUTLER ST. 5:00 P.M.
TUES. MAR. 21	CITY JAIL, PEACHTREE ST., S.W. 5:00 P.M.
WEDS. MAR. 22	DAY LABOR CENTER, COCA COLA & EDGEWOOD 5:00 P.M.
MAUNDY THURS.	MAR. 23 TRUST CO. BANK, PARK PLACE 5:00 P.M.
GOOD FRIDAY	MAR. 24 CITY HALL, MITCHELL STREET 5:00 P.M.
SATURDAY	MAR. 25 WOODRUFF PARK 5:00 P.M.
EASTER MORN	MAR. 26 23 BUTLER STREET 6:30 A.M.

WORSHIP OF THE RESURRECTED LORD
SHARING STEAK & EGGS WITH THE
HOUSED AND HOMELESS



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

404-876-6977



EDUCATION IN SERVANTHOOD

THE CATHOLIC WORKER SUMMER INTERN PROGRAM '89
JUNE 17 - AUG. 13

The Catholic Worker Summer Intern Program is an education in servanthood. Interns live and work with the poor, in the Catholic Worker community, participating in the service at the soup kitchen, free medical clinic, hospitality programs and outreach activities.

In order to become citizens of Christ's kingdom, we must find

Him among the least of our brothers and sisters.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State _____
Phone _____

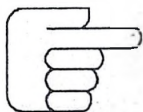
Return to L.A. Catholic Worker, 632 N. Britannia St., Los Angeles, CA 90033.

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Author Madeleine L'Engle calls *The Other Side* "an open-minded, open-universe magazine where God's love is paramount." Jim Forest of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation calls it "one of the few magazines that gives me energy rather than exhaustion." Benedictine prioress Joan Chittester is so addicted to it that she says, "If *The Other Side* didn't exist, it would need to be invented." Joseph Lowery of SCLC calls it "the other side of the insidious insensitivity" that so plagues our world.

Praised by Dorothee Sölle and Gustavo Gutiérrez, *The Other Side* has been providing refreshing, creative leadership to the church since 1965. Frequently quoted by Martin Marty, its award-winning pages are filled with real people, sharing real struggles, engaging in real dialogue. If you've had enough of dull writing and bland thinking, glib pronouncements and simplistic slogans, *The Other Side* is for you. It's regularly \$21.75 a year, but you can have a full year—free—if you act now. Don't delay! Offer expires April 5, 1989.



THE OTHER SIDE

A magazine to challenge your heart,
lift your spirits . . . and give you courage

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Mail promptly to: *The Other Side*, 300 W. Apsley, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144. Offer expires April 5, 1989. Not valid for anyone who has been subscriber anytime during the last 12 months. Only one free subscription per household. No exceptions. Allow up to 8 weeks for subscription to start. L914

Open Door Schedule

WE ARE OPEN . . .

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 1:30 until 6:00pm, and from 7:30 until 8:30pm. The building is open from 9:00am until 8:30pm those days. (Both phone & door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 1:30.) Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are closed until 1:00pm. 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 5:00pm.

OUR MINISTRY . . .

SOUP KITCHEN—Monday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon; Sunday 2-4pm

BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST—Monday-Friday, 7:15am

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES—Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 9-11am (Be sure to call; schedule varies) USE OF PHONE—Monday-Saturday, 9am-4pm.

SHELTER REQUESTS—Monday-Saturday, 9am-noon.

BIBLE STUDY—Alternate Tuesdays, 1:30-3pm.

WEEKEND REDEATS—Every 6th Weekend (for our household & volunteers/supporters)—March 31 - April 2

the Nuclear Resister

Defending Civil Resistance Under International Law, by Francis Anthony Boyle. Special paperback edition for pro se protesters. Theory, practice and sample trial materials regarding South Africa, Central America and Nuclear Weapons protests. \$8 postpaid from the Nuclear Resister, P.O. Box 43383, Tucson, AZ 85733.

NEEDS

COFFEE	SMALL CAR
DEODORANT	CHEESE
MEN'S COATS	MAYONNAISE
HAMS AND TURKEYS	VITAMIN C
LAMPS	MARTA TOKENS
POSTAL MONEY ORDERS	POSTAGE STAMPS
CHAPSTICK	MEN'S LARGE SHOES (12-14)

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 Willie London at the Open Door Community, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30306-4212.

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____