

HOSPITALITY

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Atlanta, Georgia: Beggars & Bankers Inside the Big Red Line

by Ed Loring

See how wicked people think up evil;
They plan trouble and practice deception.
But in the traps they set for others,
They themselves get caught.
So they are punished by their own evil
and hurt by their own violence.

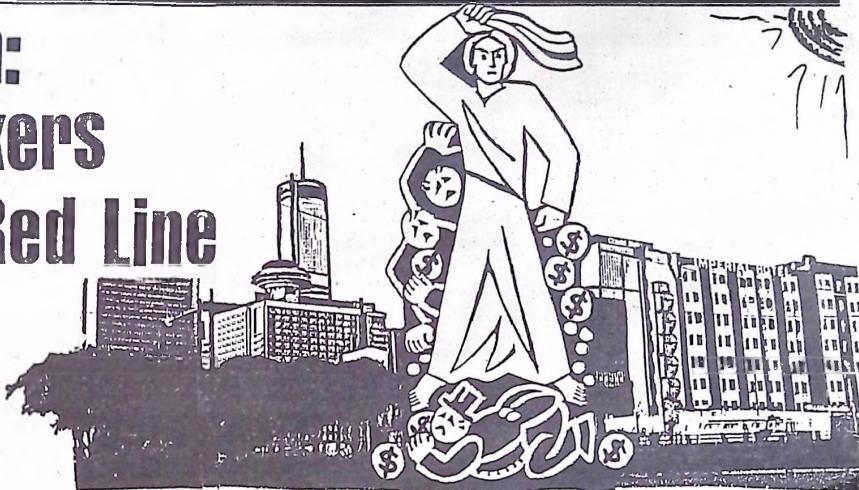
Psalm 7:14-16

We have a serious problem in downtown Atlanta. Hundreds and hundreds of people are so poverty-stricken and hopeless after years of abuse and blindness from those who have enough that they beg and lament for their daily bread. Broken, bent, mostly African-Americans, their presence is a negative downtown. How will we win the 1996 Olympics with hungry people in the streets? Fear stalks the well-to-do who have had no social experience except with those who look, smell, think, eat, dress and work just like they do. And fear distorts. Fear eats at the hope for security of life for which we all yearn. Yet, rather than feeding the hungry or housing the homeless, most folk want greater police visibility and new laws to make it easier to arrest and jail the hungry ones.

Amid all the controversy sparked by the idea of licensing beggars and the anger at several banks and law firms leaving the Five Points area, there is a deep divine irony. The Bible teaches us over and over again that we reap what we sow; and that the way we treat the poor and little ones among us is the way history will turn and treat us.

Now, where did all these beggars come from? They came, in 97.3% of the cases, from the economic policies of our city, state and nation. You see, these bankers who are afraid to come to work where they have to pass the poor are the ones who red-lined the poor and in-town neighborhoods (especially African-Americans) over the last 25 years. What is red-lining? Ask Fulton County Chairperson Michael Lomax! Red-lining is the designation of certain areas in our city for no loans, or for loans at extra costs, which make home improvement or home ownership impossible. Red-lining over the past 25 years has been a root or systemic cause of homelessness in Atlanta, Georgia.

Banks, thus, have created poverty and hunger. Today, many of the old neighborhoods are gone. Instead, we have the widest interstates in the South,



an obsolete stadium where players pout when asked to play there, lots of very tall buildings, and a playground for the rich underneath it all. In fact, Atlanta has made a name for itself the world over (Genesis 11: 1-9). But what about the beggars?

Many of the beggars' parents were home-owners before the advent of red-lining and urban renewal. So today, when we hear the bankers clamor about the big, bad beggars in front of the bank, we must simply say that they are God's ambassadors, asking the bankers to change their policies. By pushing the poor away from downtown 20 years ago the bankers created the beggars of today.

But how can the bankers respond to the beggars? First, invite them into the bank's coffee shop for something hot and nutritious to eat. Care for beggars; feed the hungry--that is basic to any spiritual life and common decency. Second, bankers need to call the Atlanta Zoning Review Board and say that they are ready for Single Room Occupancy Hotels--small and neat, with upscale design--to be built not only in their own neighborhoods, but in everyone else's as well. Third, call Joe Martin of Central Atlanta Progress and say they are willing to help him and others develop non-profit Labor Centers for full-time and temporary work. Fourth, let's have a city where no one makes less than \$5.00 per hour with basic benefits.

Finally, bankers need to go to their church, synagogue, mosque or psychiatrist and confess their responsibility for the hunger, homelessness and begging in downtown Atlanta. Then, they must promise never to red-line again, or to develop banking policies that favor the well-to-do at the expense of the poor.

As the above are put into practice, the beggars will no longer need to beg; the poor will begin to be hopeful and welcome the bankers and their secretaries to work each day. Joy will flow along the Peachtree Corridor--ah, it will be a Hospitality Zone.

"Dirty Work"

Editor's note: The following piece is from a letter by Marie Deans for the Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons. Deans' mother-in-law was a murder victim, but Deans has refused to support the death penalty even for her mother-in-law's murderer.

My work puts me in constant contact with the men on death row, their families and attorneys, and the corrections staff and chaplains who work with the death row prisoners. I have been in the death house with eight men until moments before they were killed. And I have spent agonizing hours with others who received last minute stays.

Their crimes were brutal and repugnant. But, some had undergone such change that it was near impossible to associate the man before me with a violent act. Others had changed less. But in each man, I still saw precious humanity and came to know their families well.

I know from experience with these families that state killing only adds more violence to a too violent world and leaves more widows and young children without fathers. Moreover, respected studies from around the world prove that if the death penalty has ANY impact upon the homicide rate, it is to increase it. Violence breeds more violence, even if it is state-sponsored and "legal."

From talking to many people in church basements and school auditoriums, I'm convinced support for the death penalty rests on runaway emotion and unfounded assumptions, not facts. The facts are completely the other way.

I remember speaking with a hardened old warden who expounded on what a "great thing" the death penalty is. I asked him how many people he had executed. When he told me, I asked him the tough question: "What did it do to you?" For a frozen moment he stared silently at me. Then tears came to his eyes as he struggled to tell me the personal toll on his own life.

First he told me no one had ever asked him that question. Government officials told him it wasn't supposed to do anything to him. He said he was expected to feed, clothe and take care of these people for years and then kill them.

"They tell me to do their filthy, dirty work and then, by God, don't let anyone see that it gets to me. Just go on like nothing happened." Sometime after we talked, that warden refused to take part in any more executions.

You and I know, just like that warden, that killing is bad for us. That any kind of killing is wrong. And just as murder is a dehumanizing act for the murderer, "state-killing" is an equally dehumanizing act for those who kill by decree--and for those citizens who stand by and let it happen.



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

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Lord, when did we see you?
I was hungry and starving
and you were obese;
Thirsty
and you were watering your garden;
With no road to follow, and without hope
and you called the police and were
happy that they took me prisoner;
Barefoot and with ragged clothing
and you were saying, "I have nothing
to wear; tomorrow I will buy something new."
Sick
and you asked: "Is it infectious?"
Prisoner
and you said: "That is where all those
of your class should be."
Lord, have mercy!

Vetoing the Death Penalty

Editor's note: On March 20, 1989, Governor Cuomo delivered the following speech, vetoing the death penalty in New York. We reprint it from Lifelines, the newsletter of the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty.

It is difficult to imagine a more important subject for consideration than the one that brings us together this morning.

Together, the legislature and the Governor every year make thousands of judgments that are important.

But occasionally we are confronted with a question that has transcendent significance: one that describes in fundamental ways what we are as a people; one that projects to ourselves, and the whole world, our most fundamental values. . . one, even, that helps configure our souls.

The question that confronts us is whether this state should choose to kill human beings by electrocution, as punishment for commission of the crime of murder.

I have spoken my own opposition to the death penalty for more than thirty years.

For all that time I have studied it, I have watched it, I have debated it, hundreds of times.

I have heard all the arguments, analyzed all the evidence I could find, measured public opinion when it was opposed, when it was indifferent, when it was passionately in favor.

And always before, I have concluded that the death penalty is wrong. That it lowers us all; that it is a surrender to the worst that is in us; that it uses a power--the official power to kill by electrocution--which has never elevated a society, never brought back a life, never inspired anything but hate.

In recent years I have had the privilege of casting my vote on bills passed by the legislature to bring back the death penalty. And I have voted against it each time. On each occasion that I did, the Legislature might have passed the bill despite my disapproval by obtaining a two-thirds vote. So far they have chosen not to.

Now the death penalty bill is before me again, and there can be another chance for the Legislature of this state to speak on this subject in the name of the people they represent.

Because of the awesome significance of the matter, and the imminence of the decision, I sought a chance to speak directly to the public so that I could add my voice to and underscore the cogency of the arguments made by the Bishop the Assembly people and many of you, and made already so cogently, so forcefully, so eloquently.

Clearly, there is a new public willingness to return to the official brutality of the past, by restoring the death penalty. And it is just as clear what has provoked this new willingness.

Life in parts of this state, and nation, has become more ugly and violent than at any time I can recall.

Many, like myself, who have spent more than fifty years in this state, are appalled at the new madness created by drugs and frustrated by what appears to be the ineffectuality of the federal, state and local governments to deal with this new problem.

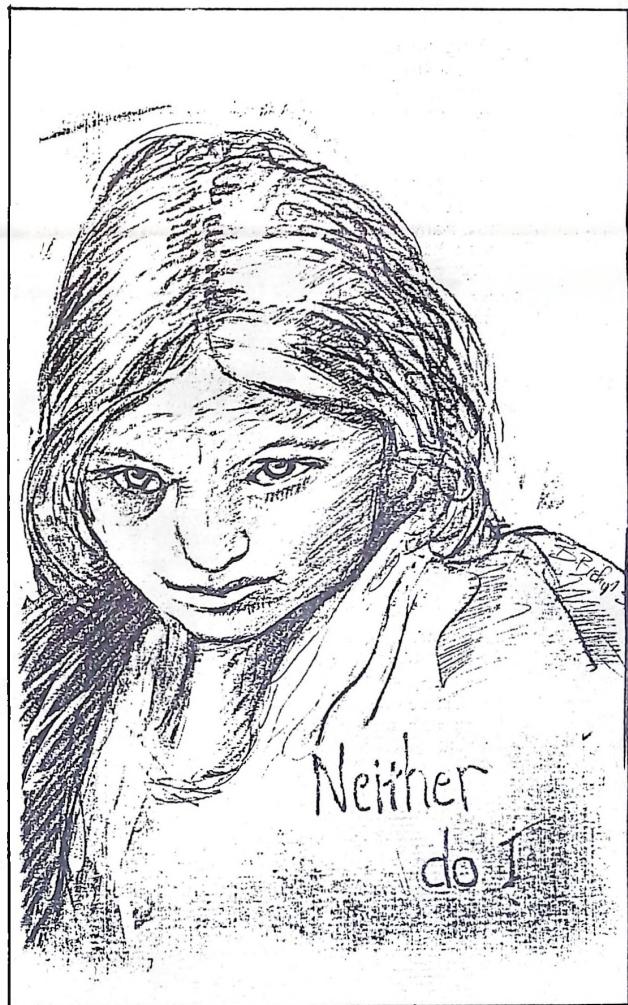
Savage murders of young, bright and committed law enforcement people, and other citizens, enrage us all.

Our passions are inflamed by each new terrible headline; each new report of atrocity.

We know the people have a right to demand a civilized level of law and peace. They have a right to expect it.

And when it appears to them that crime is rampant, and the criminal seems immune from apprehension and adequate punishment, and that nothing else is working--then, no one should be surprised if the people demand the ultimate penalty.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"Is there no one left to condemn you? Well then, neither do I" said Jesus. (John 8, 10-11)
Drawn by Bruce Bishop, former resident volunteer.

It has happened before. It will probably happen again.

To a great extent it is a cry, a terrible cry of anger, anguish born of frustration and fear in the people.

I know that.

I understand it.

I have been with the victims, too.

I have felt the anger myself, more than once.

Like too many other citizens of this state, I know what it is to be violated--and even to have one's closest family violated, in the most despicable ways.

I tremble at the thought of how I might react to someone who took the life of my son.

Anger, surely... terrible anger. I would not be good enough to suppress it.

Would I demand revenge? Perhaps even that.

I know that despite all my beliefs, I might be driven by my impulses.

So how could I not understand a society of people like me, at times like this, wanting to let out a great cry for retribution, for vindication... even for revenge, like the cry we hear from them now.

civilization.

And so, for a few moments, let's try to reason our way to a solution.

We need to respond more effectively to the new violence. We know that.

But there is absolutely no good reason to believe that returning to death will be any better an answer now than it was at all the times in the past when we had it, used it, regretted it and discarded it.

There are dozens of studies that demonstrate there is simply no persuasive evidence that official state killing can do anything to make any police officer, or other citizen, safer.

There is, in fact, considerable evidence to the contrary.

Consider just this: For the decade before 1977, we had the death penalty in New York state. In that period 80 police officers were slain. For the decade after, without the death penalty, 54 were killed.

The argument for deterrence is further weakened by realization of how rarely and unpredictably it is applied.

For years and years, the arguments have raged over whether the death penalty is a deterrent. That used to be, frankly, the only argument when I first began debating it.

But the truth is now that because the proponents have never been able to make the case for deterrence convincingly, they have moved to a different argument.

It is phrased in many ways, but in the end it all comes down to the same impulse.

It was heard in the debates in recent weeks on the floor of the Senate and Assembly, which I listened to and read with great care. Things like this: "Whatever the studies show, the people of my area believe that the taking of life justifies the forfeiting of life." Or: "Our people have the right to insist on a penalty that matches the horror of the crime."

Or even this: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Where would it end? "You kill my son, I kill yours." "You rape my daughter, I rape yours." "You mutilate my body, I mutilate yours."

You treat someone brutally, and I--the established government of one of the most advanced states, in the most advanced nation on earth--will respond by officially, and deliberately, treating you brutally, by strapping you to a chair, and burning away your flesh, for all to see so the barbarians will know that we are capable of official barbarism.

And we will pursue this course, despite the lack of reason to believe it will protect us--even if it is clear, almost with certainty, that occasionally the victim of our official barbarism will be innocent.

Think of it: at least 23 people are believed to have been wrongfully executed in the United States since the turn of this century. Twenty-three innocent people officially killed. But it is not called murder.



I understand it.

But I know something else.

I know this society should strive for something better than what we are in our worst moments.

When police officers are killed, violence escalates and lawlessness seems to flourish with impunity, it isn't easy for people to hold back their anger; to stop and think; to allow reason to operate.

But that, it seems to me, is the only rational course for a people constantly seeking to achieve greater measures of humanity and dignity for our

And tragically, New York state--our great state, the empire state--holds the number for the greatest number of innocents put to death over the years. We lead all the states in the nation with eight wrongful executions since 1905.

The proponents of the death penalty in this state assume that the criminal justice system will not make a mistake.

They seem to be unconcerned about the overly ambitious prosecutor, the sloppy detective, the incompetent defense counsel, the witness with an ax to grind, or the judge who keeps courthouse conviction box scores. But that, friends, is the human factor, and it's the deepest, most profound flaw in their argument.

In this country, a defendant is convicted on proof beyond a reasonable doubt--not proof to an absolute certainty.

There's no such thing as absolute certainty in our law.

The proponents of the death penalty, despite this, say we should pretend mistakes cannot happen.

They do not discuss the infamous case of Isadore Zimmerman, who got so far as to have his head shaved and his trouser leg slit on the day of his scheduled execution in 1939, before Governor Herbert Lehman commuted his sentence to life imprisonment.

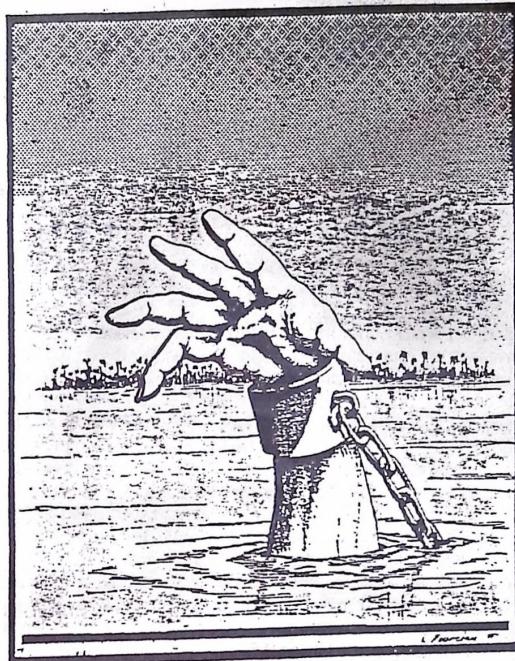
And then twenty-four years later, Zimmerman was released from prison, after it was determined that the prosecutor knew all the time that he was innocent and had suppressed evidence. Zimmerman died a free man just a few years ago.

And what would we tell the wife, what would the governor tell the wife then, or the husband, or the children, or the parents of the innocent victim that we had burned to death in our official rage? What would you say to them?



"We had to do it?"

Then we would be asked, "But why did you have to do it, if you were not sure it would deter anyone else, why did you have to do it?" And what would we answer? "Because we were angry. Because the people demanded an eye for an eye. . . even if it were to prove an innocent eye?"



What would we tell them? Should we tell them that we had to kill because we had as a society come to believe that the only way to reach the most despicable among us was to lie down in the muck and mire that spawned them?

I hear all around me that the situation has so deteriorated that we need to send a message, to the criminals and to the people alike, that we as a government know how bad things are and will do something about it.

I agree.

Of course we must make clear that we intend to fight the terrible epidemic of drugs and violence.

But the death penalty is no more effective a way to fight them than the angry cries that inspire it.

We need to do the things that will control crime by making the apprehension and punishment of criminals more likely.

I continue to believe with all my mind and heart, that the death penalty would not help us. It would debase us. The death penalty would not protect us. It would make us weaker.

I continue to believe, more passionately now than ever, that this society desperately needs this great state's leadership.

We, the people of New York, ought now, in this hour of fright, to show the way. We should refuse to allow this time to be marked forever in the pages of our history, as the time that we were driven back to one of the vestiges of our primitive condition, because we were not strong enough, because we were not intelligent enough, because we were not civilized enough, to find a better answer to violence than violence.

Today I will veto the death penalty bill sent to me by the Legislature and return it with my proposal for life imprisonment without parole with the hope and the prayer that this time the legislature will once again choose the light over the darkness.

Ramblin' Round

by Murphy Davis

Guess who's coming to breakfast. . .

Carol Schlicksup was running the door at the Butler Street breakfast in early February when she called out for ticket #131. She looked up to find a large man with no ticket. When she peered more closely into the early morning light she realized it was Hizzoner the Mayor Himself Maynard Jackson.

Wouldn't you know? She let him in--with no ticket! He came by to visit with folks and to listen to what the homeless had to say. Once again (he spent a couple of hours at the breakfast back before the fall election), he got an ear-full of complaints about labor pools and the unjust labor practices.

Before the end of the month he had called Lewis Slaton, Fulton County District Attorney, to discuss calling a Grand Jury to investigate labor pool abuse.

You never know what will happen when people eat grits together.

* * *

Pretty late one recent Saturday night Lewis Sinclair called to pass along an invitation to the Friends Service Committee office at 7:30 the next morning. A group of folks were gathering there with Tandi Gcabashe to watch and celebrate the release of Nelson Mandela from South African prison after 27 years.

It was a privilege to be there. Tandi is the daughter of Chief Albert Luthuli, the founder of the African National Congress and 1960 winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. She has lived in Atlanta, exiled from the land of her birth for 18 years.

That morning Tandi told of her family's friendship with Mandela. He had, in fact, been at Tandi's home just before he was arrested. So she was one of the last people to see him before his long imprisonment.

What a celebration it was! A number of South Africans were there and there was lots of singing and Toi-Toi. To watch Mandela walk through the prison gate tall, dignified, unbowed and ready to carry on the struggle was reason for hope.

Three days later we sat with our friend Thony Green in the Louisiana State Penitentiary in Angola, Louisiana. We heard new strength and conviction in Thony's voice as he talked about Mandela.

The capacity of any one human being to endure suffering and remain hopeful builds up the hope in all of us. Thank you, Nelson Mandela!

* * *

Ed was in the front yard a few weeks ago, talking with folks in the soup kitchen line. A young man with a camera around his neck stepped out of a car and introduced himself. He was from Great Britain and explained that he had recently done time in a British prison for an act of civil disobedience to protest the nuclear arms build-up. While he was in prison someone gave him a copy of Hospitality. He read it and said it helped him keep going.

He was in Atlanta for a meeting and he couldn't stay. But he said he just wanted to drop by to see 910 Ponce de Leon and to say thanks.

* * *

Here's a nice one from Pete Seeger's column "Appleseeds" in the Fall '89 issue of Sing Out. Pete reprinted it from Sassafrass, the newsletter of the People's Music Network:

As everyone who rides the New York City subways knows, Ronrico Rum once ran a giant ad on public transit that took up three overhead posters and two on each side. The theme was "Enter your girlfriend in the Miss Ronrico contest," and the posters showed men on the street ogling a supposedly beautiful woman. Included in the crowd of oglers was a skinny, supposedly homely woman in a baseball outfit who looked on sadly, apparently feeling left out. The poster in general promoted the idea that ogling women on the street was good, clean American fun--presumably suggesting to young men that they should do this, and to young women that they should enjoy it.

Many women reacted angrily with graffiti or by tearing down the posters. After seeing this garbage intruding on my space for several weeks after I'd paid a good dollar to ride the subway, I decided to act. I spoke with women and tried to come up with what we should say and formulate a slogan. I also asked for contributions to finance the printing of a non-removable sticker. We finally came up with "Street Harassment Hurts Women--Don't Buy Ronrico" in English and Spanish. I had them printed and sold them at cost to women who wanted to post them (5 for \$1). The women in my chorus helped sell and distribute them, and we stuck them on the subway ads.

Within three weeks the Ronrico ads came down.

--L. Pinetree, NYC

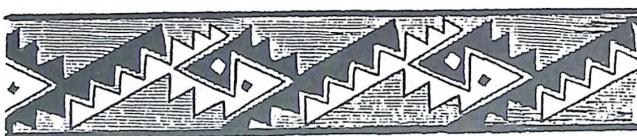
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Back in the fall a wonderful guy named Otis Scott spent a couple of months with us. Otis is about 6' 8" and played basketball for a while with the Harlem Globetrotters.

On the first Monday Otis was with us, we gathered around the table for community calendar check. We discussed the upcoming trial of the Underground 5. Otis looked very concerned as he realized that four members of our community plus one from Koinonia were charged with criminal trespass.

But his concern deepened when someone explained to him, "No, we don't want the trial to be postponed--we want to go to trial."

Otis stared off into space, rubbed his temple and muttered, "I think I must be in the Twilight Zone."



An Open Letter

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL PEOPLE, PARTICULARLY THOSE WHO LIVE ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE NUCLEAR WARHEAD TRAIN, INCLUDING RAILROAD EMPLOYEES, POLICE, GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, NEIGHBORS, AND OTHERS, AND ESPECIALLY TO OUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS IN FAITH:

Dear friends,

The ST. MARYS ACTION FOR LIFE AFFINITY GROUP greets you in peace, love, and the unity of a human family threatened with nuclear extinction. We greet you in the faith that nonviolence can change our family's conflicts from death to life. We greet you in the hope that you and we can be part of that loving, nonviolent transformation.

At sometime in the weeks ahead we expect that a train carrying nuclear warheads will seek to pass through our communities in the Southeast. At a time when our "enemy" is making unilateral troop cuts and relinquishing control of Eastern Europe, this train hauls a new generation of nuclear weapons from where they are assembled near Amarillo, Texas, to where they will be placed atop first-strike capable Trident II D-5 missiles and loaded into Trident submarines at Kings Bay Naval Base in St. Marys, Georgia. The U.S. response to Soviet military reductions is the deployment of these destabilizing weapons into the world's oceans, to be aimed at ... whom?

We are choosing to refuse to willingly cooperate any longer with the irrational death and destruction which this train carries. We take responsibility for stopping it. Some of us will put our bodies in the way of the train, demonstrating the awful reality of what this train is about: the running over of human lives by the military-industrial complex. We lovingly ask those persons who control the train to stop it, not only for us but for themselves, as a way of taking responsibility for our planet and the fragile life it holds. The rest of us will be supporting the people on the tracks in every way we can.

We will do this because it is the right and truthful thing to do, because we believe in the power of love, and because we have faith in a God who calls us to choose Life and not death. We do this because God allows us to do no less. Faith without action is dead (James 2:17). We act in faith for Life, thereby receiving life through the power of a God who as Christ Jesus also placed his body "on the tracks" for us all. We act in acceptance of this true salvation and in rejection of the false salvation and "peace as the world gives" of military might.

We do this because our nation's obsession with military power robs us -- and especially the poor among us -- of the money, brainpower, and other resources which should be going toward solving the problems of homelessness, hunger, disease, poverty, and pollution. Our great-grandchildren may still be paying the debt we have incurred for these unusable weapons. Good stewardship demands a halt to Trident and redirection of that money and labor toward meeting real human needs. Kings Bay can be converted to beneficial use. As we do it to the least among us, we do to Jesus (Matthew 25:31-46). It is time to feed Christ's sheep (John 21:15-17) rather than steal from them in order to aim missiles at others of them.

We do this because the manufacture and use of nuclear weapons are direct assaults upon God's good creation. Even if the bombs are never used, so that the Nuclear Winter does not kill most planetary life, we are already poisoning our Earth through the creation and release of radioactive and toxic contaminants in the weapons production process. We have no way of handling wastes which remain deadly for tens of thousands of years. What we have already done will be killing people for uncountable generations.

We do this because Trident is illegal under both divine and international law. Its first-strike capability and awesome destructive power give credibility to Seattle Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen's summation of Trident as "the Auschwitz of Puget Sound". On the East Coast it is the Auschwitz of Cumberland Sound.

Along the tracks it is the Auschwitz of your particular town. For all of us, it is an Auschwitz in our hearts. The ovens are being taken to the people this time. The trains which rolled to Auschwitz in the 1940's were tragically ignored by the citizens of the villages through which they passed. This time the train rolling through our lives and towns carries the elements of a holocaust which will have no walls, no barbed wire, no boundaries at all. We cannot ignore this train and still think ourselves human.

Our God calls us to peacemaking. Basing ourselves on the principles of non-violence and international law, communities of people around the world have been campaigning since 1975 to stop Trident's criminal assault on life. We now appeal to your conscience, to the consciences of all government leaders, and to the crews of the Nuclear Death Train, to stop this criminal weapon. In this open letter we appeal for further support from the public at large, which has been persistently deceived concerning the first-strike nature of Trident.

We ask that you choose life over death and join us in whatever nonviolent way you can to stop the train. Some of the things you can do include writing your congressional representatives, making it an issue at your union meeting, refusing to be a crew member for this train, passing a local ordinance prohibiting these shipments through your town or county, refusing to arrest or prosecute non-violent protesters, passing this letter along to friends, refusing to pay taxes which buy these instruments of death, and praying without ceasing for God's great Kingdom of love and peace to become reality in our lives and in the world.

We in the ST. MARYS ACTION FOR LIFE AFFINITY GROUP believe in the transforming power of God's love working in human hearts. We will use no other force than this love, in the form of our own bodies, in front of the Train of Death. We know that the train can stop before hitting us, and that Trident can be stopped before hitting the future. We are asking that you make a personal decision in conscience to stop the Nuclear Death Train.

The Trident system can and will be stopped and converted to meeting human needs when you choose not to participate in a crime against humanity, when you choose Life instead.

May God's Spirit of Peace be with you as you reflect upon this letter.

The members of the St. Marys Action For Life Affinity Group
c/o 1702 Highway 40 East
St. Marys, GA 31558
912-882-4820



The Trident II will be the most destabilizing first strike weapon ever built.
Congressman Tom Downey, 1982

TRIDENT II

BLUEPRINT FOR DISASTER

The Trident II (D-5) missile is the centerpiece of the U.S. military build-up. The D-5 program cost \$3.5 billion in 1988 alone and is projected to cost \$25 billion between now and the year 2000—making it the single most expensive weapons system in the entire military budget. It is also one of the most deadly, most dangerous weapons ever deployed. Here's why:

NUCLEAR OVERKILL

Each D-5 missile carries 8 nuclear warheads with the combined destructive force of 3.8 million tons of TNT—250 times that of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Each Trident submarine will carry 24 of these missiles. That's enough firepower to destroy every major city in the Northern Hemisphere.

FIRST STRIKE CAPABILITY

The guidance system on the Trident II missile is so sophisticated that it can make the missile strike within 400 feet of its projected target. Such accuracy for so powerful a weapon is only necessary if its purpose is to destroy targets hardened to withstand nuclear blasts—missile silos. Targeting missile silos, not softer military targets or population centers, indicates a shift in military policy away from deterrence towards "first use" or "first strike" capability.

Regardless of whether the US is actually planning a first strike against the Soviet Union, the Soviets can't afford to believe otherwise. As former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has said, "Our newest submarine force will soon carry missiles accurate enough to destroy Soviet missile silos. When the Soviets follow suit, as they surely will, for the first time, [the Soviet arsenal will] pose a simultaneous threat to our command centers, our bomber bases, and our Minuteman ICBMs."

"U.S. naval nuclear weapons intended in the past only for retaliation are now being redesigned and given the capability to fight a nuclear war."

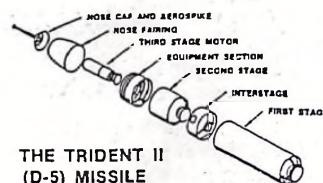
Rear Adm. Gene R. La Rocque, USN (ret.), 1986

ESCALATING INTERNATIONAL TENSIONS

A Trident II missile can reach its target in 15 minutes, half the time it takes an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBMs) to reach its target. This reduction in reaction time poses a dangerous threat to world peace in time of international crises.

THE FLOATING LOOSE CANNON

Commanders of nuclear-equipped submarines are given extraordinary power. To launch a nuclear weapon, they face no technological restraints (such as the special codes known as Permissive Action Links, or PALs, on land-based missiles) that would prevent an unauthorized or accidental launch.



| D-5 STATISTICS | |
|----------------|----------------------|
| Length: | 44 FT. |
| Diameter: | 83 IN. |
| Weight: | 130,000 LBS |
| Range: | 4000+ NM |
| Propellant: | Solid Rocket Fuel |
| Guidance: | Inertial and Stellar |

the Nuclear Train

Specially constructed railcars owned by the U.S. Dept. of Energy will be used to transport nuclear warheads for the D-5 missile from their assembly point at the Pantex Plant near Amarillo, Texas, to the Kings Bay Trident Sub Base at St. Marys, GA. These railcars have been altered, at a cost of \$5,000,000, to accommodate the larger W-88 warheads of the Trident II. Security systems on most of the cars were also modified.

The heavily guarded and armed train will head its way from Amarillo to Kings Bay by way of Memphis and Birmingham, if it follows the route used in the mid-'80s when it was transporting Trident I warheads. It will be powered by Burlington Northern engines as far as Birmingham, and then by CSX Railroad to Kingsland, Georgia (possibly by way of Jacksonville, FL). In Kingsland the St. Marys Railroad will take over and pull the warheads into Kings Bay.

All along the way this train will pass through many of our poorest communities -- the very communities already hurt hardest by the misdirection of this money away from meeting human need and into preparing for human destruction. The nuclear death train, heading toward global death, will pass by the dead hopes and dreams of our own neighborhoods... hopes and dreams which could have been met -- could perhaps yet be resurrected -- if we will but stop this train and put its wealth toward human need.

The trains which carry the Trident II missiles themselves (the solid rocket propellant) pass on these same tracks from Birmingham eastward. These Class A explosives pose yet one more danger to the people along the tracks.

TOGETHER WE CAN STOP
THIS TRAIN

Counting Homeless People: Census 1990

by Anita Beaty

Editor's note: Anita Beaty directs Atlanta's Task Force for the Homeless.

Here we go again! All of us old radical types objecting to the census! But before we dismiss the objections as sour grapes or as the always astute *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* editorial assessment, "radical chic," we owe ourselves the opportunity of trying to understand what this administration is setting out to do.

We were told two years ago that there would be two separate nights (separate in that it had been determined that "the homeless" could not be counted with the regular folks) to "count the homeless". We objected then as now that all Americans might be counted in the same procedures. We said that to count "the homeless" as a separate population necessitated counting all people who have no housing--those who live doubled and tripled up with relatives and friends; those who live in abandoned buildings or in cars or in tents; as well as those who live in shelters and boarding houses and SRO's and motels and jails and hospitals and catholes.



The only change in the original plan is that there is a plan now to count "certain segments of the homeless population." At the same time we are urged to cooperate fully as a network so that as many as possible of "the homeless" can be counted. We have been urged constantly to cooperate because Federal funding for services to homeless people will be appropriated based upon the numbers resulting from this census!

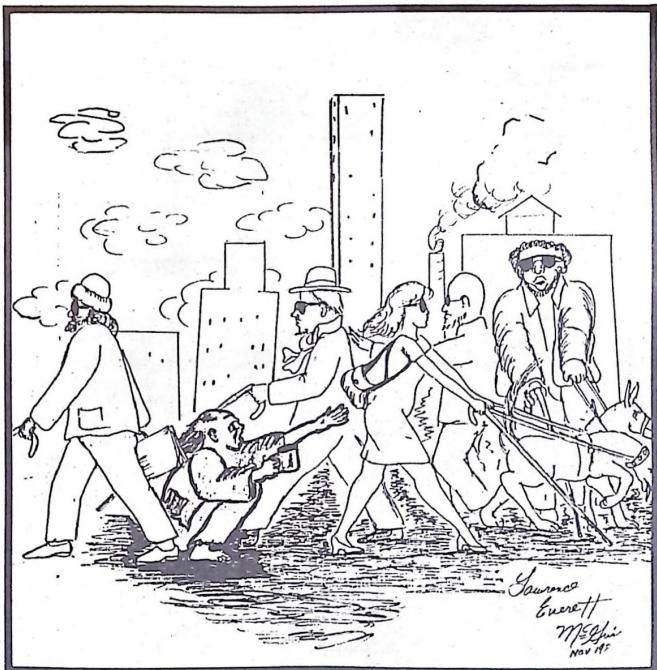
We are aware that the plan to count certain segments of homeless people will result in a considerable undercount--nowhere close to a complete count of homelessness. Why, then would we not figure out the intent to undercount will result in intentional underappropriation of funds? We may be advocates, activists, non-profit types, but we are not stupid. Some of us have chosen this work as a way to devote our lives to seeing that there be a voice for the pain--an opportunity for those of us who cannot turn blind eyes to the pain to stand in solidarity with our brothers and sisters and children who are being oppressed.

We hear and read the census plans to "stand outside abandoned buildings and count the people who go in and out." If the issues weren't so serious it might be funny. If we hadn't read on the back of a public relations document that one of the economic development uses of the census information is to plan for the development of LABOR POOLS, we might laugh.

But we know only too well the importance of these numbers to legislators, to planners, to those who control the resources. So what we can do we must do. We must object--loud and clear. We must let the press record our objections so that when the numbers are in and the stars are reported, we can say, THOSE NUMBERS ARE NOT VALID. THEY DO NOT REFLECT ANYTHING ABOUT HOMELESSNESS EXCEPT THAT THE PLAN WAS TO UNDERCOUNT THIS POPULATION.

We have said many times that homelessness is a condition of living, not a blood type! Homelessness describes the pain and the deprivation of the way people live not who they are. For that reason we try to be careful of our choices of descriptive terms. Words are power. We will not willingly give power to the intentional disenfranchisement of millions of Americans. We will not call those millions of Americans "the homeless." We will take time to describe the condition--we will say "people who are homeless," or "homeless people." The mental imagery can be changed with words.

We will ask those people who are experiencing homelessness to inform our planning and our advocacy and to lock arms with us as we protest the methodology of this massive operation called The Census. We will say, "Count all Americans or none!"



Laurence McGuire sometimes eats in our soup kitchen as he continues to look for work. His drawing "Blind City" graphically illustrates just how invisible our homeless brothers and sisters are to most folks.

One Guest's Awakening

by Sharon Schwenk

Editor's note: Sharon Schwenk lived and worked with us during October and November, 1989. We are grateful for her time with us and for the following piece that she shared with us.

Last autumn I was privileged to be a guest for seven weeks at the Open Door Community. Those few weeks were among the most powerful and moving of my life. Many nights I lay awake into the dawn with my mind spinning as I tried to sort out the events of the day and my actions with persons who made those events so rich. One such event which became for me a notable occasion was the Butler Street Breakfast.

Breakfast would begin the evening before--counting out grits bowls and coffee cups, quartering 200 oranges, measuring the grits for the cook who would come at 4:00am the following morning, packing the towels and vitamins and napkins and spoons into laundry baskets in preparation for carrying in the van to the Butler Street CME Church at 6:00am. A note on the community notice board would read, "Butler Street loading: 5:55am."

Dick Rustay said the morning of my first Butler Street experience, "You hate it, and you love it." I came to feel both. We never knew what glance of gratitude that would be a source of our own thanksgiving would come our way. We never knew what form or expression the righteous anger of those who came would take--in that was fear, perhaps even dread. The love for the Butler Street breakfast did not come easily for me. It was well into my visit before I learned something about that.

It was, however, a source of pleasure, if not an act of love, to serve breakfast and to serve it well. After each person would receive the cup of coffee, the bowl of grits, and the hard-boiled egg, I took a certain pride in offering the salt and pepper, three small packets of each. And with the salt and pepper came a, "Good morning, sir!" But pride and complacency go hand in hand. The unexpected and I had yet to tangle.

One morning after breakfast had been served, Ed invited me outside the church to sweep up the bits of paper and orange peel and cigarette butts, away from the packages of salt and pepper, from the chanting of "Good morning." Now as I swept I was on the streets with the breakfast guests. It is one thing to be offering salt and pepper on familiar turf and quite another to be in the wilderness of the street, bowing down to brush a butt into a waste pan and feeling compelled to converse with those of the wilderness.

All at once, a man in tatters stood before me waving his arms madly in the air and shouting. I later supposed that it was not important what he was shouting. Of greater significance it seemed was my reaction to his rage. I simply didn't believe him, and I told him so. That disbelief came out of my own middle-American criteria for credibility, and this man didn't meet those criteria. He spoke not in calm tones of reflection and reason but in a loud, harsh craziness. His gestures were not measured but flailing. His clothing was ragged, torn, and smelled of sleep. His words attacked what I believed infallible. I hissed, "You just keep on yelling. I'm not going to believe you!"



Fritz Lichenberg © 1945

Afterwards I reflected long on those few seconds of conversation with that person. The scene replayed in my mind for days. I knew I had to find something to learn in that experience that would excuse me.

Several weeks later on my day off, I was strolling in downtown Atlanta toward the High Museum of Art, far from the scenarios of Ponce de Leon: the person curled up on the porch of the Open Door, clutching his coat around him to keep warm; the line of bowed shoulders, waiting for showers, clothes, and soup; the little man near the garbage can, scraping the last bits of food from a styrofoam McDonald's tray; the murmured "thank you" for a peanut butter sandwich of the weary-eyed old woman who would come for lunch. I had reflected much on that Butler Street encounter with my doubt of the man with the flailing arms and was still trying to explain it away. I remember once Tim Wyse said that grace comes in unexpected ways. So it was now. As I walked, in a matter of seconds, I was overwhelmed with a perspective that rang true. My response to that other human being, the man with the flailing arms, was a discrediting and a denial. Instead of hearing the cry of a brother, I had in my disbelief of him suspected him, derided him, scorned and mocked him. I had been the executioner in a crucifixion. The man's outward appearance had been a metaphor for the inward condition of my soul.

In those seconds of revelation I knew that I was not worthy to offer the packets of salt and pepper to the one and the One coming through the line at Butler Street. I could only hold out that small gift because I had first received it. I had no call to take pleasure in giving because what I offered was not mine but belonged to the true Host of the breakfast. I was the one so deeply in debt to those individuals who would allow me to serve them, and I was so deeply in debt to the One who allowed me to serve Him. In that awareness I knew something of love. The man with the waving arms and I were children of the same God. We had more in common than not. We shared a heritage. We shared our humanity.

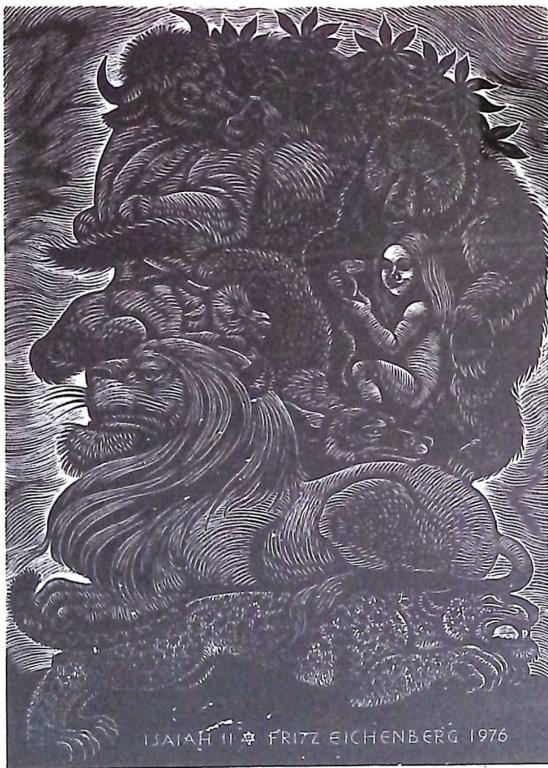
I only wish I knew his name. We might have a good deal to talk about.

Outrageous Connections

by Elizabeth Dede

Last month seemed to be the time for alternative magazines and newspapers to devote their issues to the subject of the environment. While I was finding rest in the beauty of the North Georgia mountains at Dayspring Farm, I read *Sojourners* and *The Agitator* with interest as they discussed humankind's destruction of the earth and what this means for justice and peace in the world. Not wanting *Hospitality* to be out of touch with the issues of our time, I have decided to reflect a bit on the earth, the forests, the trees, the lakes, and some books I have read, some radio shows I have heard, and some people I know.

One thing I enjoy about my time at Dayspring is that I can listen to all of National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" because I don't have to do anything before nine o'clock. I have learned many things during the month of February. Last week there was a series on the Amazon Rain Forest. One morning the reporter interviewed a scientist who has been conducting a study of deforestation and its effect on small plots of forest that were being spared in the midst of the char of forest-turned-ranch-land. These plots ranged in size from two acres to fifty acres. The scientists discovered that even the smallest plots retained particular species of birds because they were afraid to cross an open space as small as 100 meters to get to the untouched forest. The small open space is much too dangerous, so the birds prefer to remain in their tiny portion of forest. However, the scientists also found that many larger animals were not staying in the limited plots of forest, even those as big as fifty acres, because their food supply was too small.



Then there were some seemingly inexplicable disappearances of species. For instance, in one larger plot of forest, five species of frogs disappeared. Following a careful and thorough study, the scientists

discovered what the one being interviewed termed an "outrageous connection" between wild pigs and frogs. After the plot of forest was isolated by deforestation, the wild pigs left because they could no longer find enough food. Now, we all know that pigs, even the wild variety, like to roll in the mud. This behavior creates wallows, which fill up with water, where five species of frogs live. When the pigs leave, nobody wallows, the wallows dry up, and the frogs leave in search of their wallowing friends. "An outrageous connection," the scientist said. "Who would have thought that frogs and hogs would have anything to do with each other?"

Outrageous connections, indeed! I'm here to tell you, Dr. Scientist, that life is full of outrageous connections. That's what fills us with hope and makes life worth living. Just think about all the amazing things you can learn if you keep your eyes and ears and mind and heart open to all the outrageous connections in our world!

The Amazon Rain Forest has long been connected to our lives at the Open Door. Two summers ago we observed, with much sadness, the disappearance of song birds from the woods around Dayspring. So we read with keen interest an article which appeared shortly thereafter in the newspaper about the disappearance of song birds and connected that phenomenon with deforestation. Destroying a forest as far away as the Amazon affected our North Georgia song bird population because of the destruction of their winter habitat. Like the hogs and frogs, the disappearance of the forest explained the disappearance of the song birds.

Not long after this article appeared, Ed Loring began to reflect on the connection between deforestation of the Amazon Rain Forest and his and Murphy Davis' 50th Wedding Anniversary. It seems that predictions have it that if deforestation continues at its present rate, the Amazon Rain Forest will be completely destroyed by Murphy's and Ed's 50th. Since the complete destruction of the Amazon Rain Forest most likely would signal the end of the world, Ed was somewhat worried that he might miss out on the celebrations and gifts accompanying the big anniversary. Not one to suffer in silence, Ed began to solicit early gifts. I happily obliged and planted a weeping willow tree by the creek at Dayspring in honor of their 50th Anniversary. I do not know how many song birds its spreading branches will accommodate.

How's this for outrageous connections? During my time at Dayspring I finished a collection of Flannery O'Connor's writing and speaking entitled Mystery and Manners. It begins with a wonderful piece about her peacocks. She describes how they are really quite ugly (or at least unexceptional), except for the awesomeness of their tails, and yet somehow they carry an aura of immense beauty. She disdainfully tells a few stories about people who are unable to appreciate peacocks. Now, I don't suppose that any peacocks will ever come to roost in the weeping willow tree at Dayspring, so I'll have to look for connections elsewhere.

I first came to know Flannery O'Connor during my first year of college. We read Wise Blood along with Job and some other loosely connected works in a course about Theology and Literature. I don't remember much about the class, but I began to read everything by and about Flannery O'Connor after I read Wise Blood. At the time, I liked her stories because they were so weird, I thought. Now I find my life peopled with characters from O'Connor stories, so it's kind of like reading about a day in the life of the Open Door Community.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PIP* Fact Sheet #1

1. As of September 1989, the Georgia State inmate profile looked like this:

- Total Population: 19,000
- Sex: male 95%
- Race: white 35%
- Average Age: 32.05
- 00-21: 9%
- 22-39: 73%
- 40-54: 15%
- 55-99: 3%
- WAAT reading score below 6th grade: 47%
- % not graduated from high school: 59%
- Drug Problems: 57%
- Alcohol Problems: 47%
- % that had absent fathers: 55%
- % with other criminals in family: 34%
- 1
- % with children: 69%

2. During the years 1980-1988, the Reagan years, the total population of imprisoned persons (in state and federal prisons--i.e., not including county and city jails) in the United States increased by 90.2% (from 2

329,921 to 627,402).

3. The rate of imprisonment in 1980 in the United States (the year in which records were first kept on the size of prison population) was about 120 per 100,000 citizens. In 1988 it was more than 300 per 3 100,000 citizens.

4. Close to 9 million people are incarcerated in the 3 United States each year.

* (Prison Information Project)

1

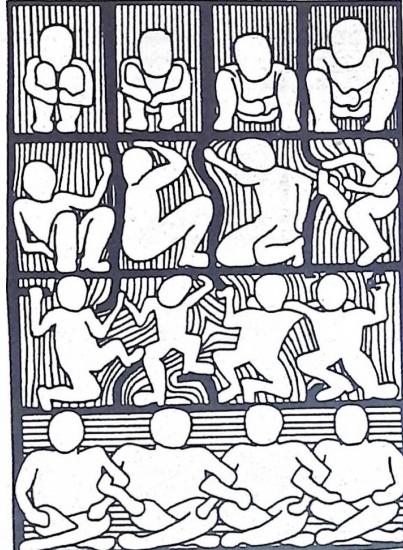
"Fact Book", September 1989. Georgia Department of Corrections, p.22.

2

"Prisoners in 1988." A bulletin of the Bureau of Justice Statistics, p.1.

3

Irwin, John and James Austin. "The Crowded Cage: It's About Time." The Angolite (November-December, 1988) pp.41-50.



CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

When I went to graduate school in Amherst, Massachusetts and heard some more lectures on Flannery O'Connor, I never thought, even in my wildest imaginings, that I would ever see her hometown of Milledgeville, Georgia, hold one of the tail feathers of her precious peacocks, or gaze in awe at their offspring. Yet, I have done all of these things.

In fact, for the past three years I have driven to Milledgeville almost every month, not to visit Flannery O'Connor's hometown, although I think of her and some story everytime I go there. Instead, I drive families and friends to visit in the state prisons at Hardwick, Georgia, and I often visit a friend named James.

One of my favorite passengers is a little, old, bent-over, toothless woman named Ollie Mae. For many years now she has faithfully visited her son in prison. Ollie Mae is a sweet old soul, who, when she is not sleeping, chatters incessantly. Sometimes her conversation makes some rational sense; other times I can't find the connection between what she's saying and what's going on around her.

The trip down to Milledgeville is a lovely one as we drive through some bucolic farming areas. Ollie Mae never misses a chance to "Ooh" over the lazy cows. "Ooh, look at them pretty cows, Honey," she says. "We used to have cows and chickens and pigs." And then she laughs to herself. Perhaps some memory from her childhood amuses her. When we cross over some lakes, Ollie Mae inevitably cries out, "Ooh, look at the mens fishin'! I loves to fish! They must be catchin' them dinner." And I always picture Ollie Mae, dipping snuff, wearing a beat up straw hat, standing by the side of a canal with her cane pole, catching blue gills, mostly, for her supper. Ollie Mae never has much to say about her visit with her son except, "We had us a nice time. He ate popcorn. Ooh, that boy loves popcorn. He shore do love popcorn. Yes, Honey!"

An outrageous connection! Who would have thought that an English Literature student from Valparaiso Universty and a little, old, toothless woman who visits her son in prison every month would have anything to do with each other?

While I was listening to that radio show about the Amazon Rain Forest, I was also reading Joyce Hollyday's book Turning Toward Home. When the scientist was talking about outrageous connections, I was reading these words:

The Word of God and its promises are our weapons in the battle for justice. It unites the struggle against apartheid in South Africa with the struggle against racism in this country, last century's movement to abolish slavery with this century's movement to abolish nuclear weapons, the refugees fleeing Central America with those who welcome them here.

Our lives are full of outrageous connections. On Sunday, February 11, 1990, Nelson Mandela was freed from his captivity of twenty-seven and a half years in South Africa's prisons. I wonder when Ollie Mae's son will be released.

Perhaps all these outrageous connections just go to show you that, as Paul wrote to the Galatians, "Through faith all of you are God's children in union with Christ Jesus. . . . So there is no difference between Jews and Gentiles, between slaves and free people, between men and women; you are all one in union with Christ Jesus. If you belong to Christ, then you are the descendants of Abraham and Sarah and will receive what God has promised." Just think what our family connections can gain for us! □

Grace and peaces

of mail

Dear Editor Davis:

In the January 1990, vol. 10, no.1 issue of Hospitality you reprinted "Twelve Reasons Why We Should Abolish the Death Penalty" by Charles Campbell, Director of Corrections for the state of Alaska. As a pastor, Bible student, and police officer I would like to comment on Mr. Campbell's arguments.

At the outset, Mr. Campbell makes an untrue statement when he suggests that the death penalty debate is "irresolvable." Of course it is resolvable. Opponents to the death penalty simply refuse to resolve it. The issue has already been resolved on Biblical (which takes into account moral, ethical, and theological) grounds, as well as U.S. Constitutional (legal) grounds. So, where is the debate?

Further, Mr. Campbell suggests that "most religious leaders oppose the death penalty on theological and moral grounds." If that is true then the religious leaders are certainly not Bible based. For the Bible clearly teaches that the death penalty is mandated in certain (and rather numerous) instances. God clearly commanded it, so He obviously sanctions it.

Mr. Campbell's twelve reasons for opposing the death penalty are at best irrational, emotional, and based on unscientific rhetoric. At worst many are downright misleading. For instance, in #4, discussion of weakening law enforcement is simply not true. Law enforcement agencies are finished with their investigations prior to any trial, whether a capital case or not. It is the lawyers who protract capital cases, not law enforcement (police).

In response to reason #12 which states that the death penalty serves no purpose. Here is the crux of the matter. The Bible states that the death penalty was primarily designed by God to remove evil from among the people (Deuteronomy 19:13,19; 21:21; 22:21,22,24; 24:7, etc.). God said to stone such evil people. Mr. Campbell would call that "cruel and unusual" punishment, I am sure.

Finally, it has always fascinated me that not one of the New Testament writers including our Lord Jesus, Himself, ever spoke out against the death penalty. Yet most of them had ample reason, humanly speaking, to do so. It simply was not an issue, since God had previously established it as a mandate to remove evil from the land. In fact God thought it was a deterrent (Deuteronomy 19:20) when carried out, swiftly, upon completion of due process. It is obvious the apostle Paul agreed with God as he wrote in his letter to the Roman church concerning the purpose of government (Romans 13:1-4).

The taking of human life is a very serious thing. I am certainly in favor of the accused to have every opportunity for our legal due process. At the same time God's law is perfect. It is His mind that tells us how to deal with evil. When all is said and done, are we claiming to have His perfect knowledge? Until we humans can make such a claim, we need to be content with His wisdom and do our very best in our fallen state, to make our society conform to His plan and purpose for us.

Sincerely,

William D. Leetch
Pastor, First Alliance Church
Atlanta, GA

Dear Murphy,

Thank you for the article in Hospitality, "Twelve Reasons Why We Should Abolish the Death Penalty." I have opposed it for reasons 1, 5, and 11 but was interested in the other reasons given, too. I was especially pleased to see the views are those of one in the corrections system. Every now and then there is a glimmer of light in our ever-darkening society.

What you all are doing seems impossibly difficult to me, and the Open Door is certainly one of the shining lights.

Bill and I appreciate your work and thank you for the privilege of sharing in this small way. Use the check as you see fit.

Affectionately,

Ella Banks Boyle
Tucker, GA

Dear Open Door,

I appreciated the last Hospitality. It is good for us to stand in solidarity with Martin Luther King, Jr. and others who strive for justice in our society. For this is a society that creates "outcasts" and depersonalizes them to the point of sending a hospital bill to "Unknown Male." There are many evils happening out there. We need to start confronting the evils by finding the Christ out there and within us.

In Christ's Love,

Tim Nafziger
Goshen, IN

Dear Friends,

I am director of a wonderful ministry--a small but growing project among the disenfranchised in Rochester, NY.

I feel both inspired and connected to you through your great newsletter.

Please accept my small donation.

In Christ's Service,

Sue Dermond
The Gift Center
Rochester, NY

Dear Friends at the Open Door:

Enclosed is a check for \$59 which represents the total we received from our church fellowship offering taken on New Year's Eve. We wish this money to go to help defray the costs of your sending Christmas gift packages to all those on death row in our state. We are so grateful for your continuing love for and advocacy on behalf of those under the sentence of death in our state.

Shalom,

Steve Clemens
on behalf of the Americus Mennonite Fellowship
Americus, GA

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 8-15

Services of Worship:

| | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------|--------|
| April 8 | Palm Sunday Open Door | 5:00pm |
| April 9 | Rising Star | 6:30pm |
| April 10 | City Jail | 6:30pm |
| April 11 | Trust Company Bank Park Place | 6:30pm |
| April 12 | City Hall | 6:30pm |
| April 13 | State Capitol | 6:30pm |
| April 14 | Woodruff Park | 6:30pm |
| April 15 | Easter Horn Ham and Eggs Breakfast | 6:30am |

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

ATLANTA COALITION FOR LABOR POOL REFORM

Labor Pools are a modern-day form of slavery and a direct cause of poverty and homelessness.

We are calling people of conscience, faith, good will and hope to gather together to abolish this festering sore from our beloved community. The journey will be long; the battle will be hard. The result will be love and justice (also with higher wages, safer work, better housing, good food and time to dance and play) !!

PLEASE JOIN US

Please call Ed Loring, 874-9652 or Task Force for the Homeless, 589-9495

THE TRIAL OF THE UNDERGROUND ATLANTA FIVE

On June 15, 1989, several folk interrupted the opening ceremonies of Underground Atlanta. The purpose of the disruption was to give voice to the pain of the poor from whom more than 8 million dollars of Community Development Block Grant monies were stolen. Elizabeth Dede, Ty Brown, Peter Stinner, Steve Clemens and Ed Loring were arrested and charged with Criminal Trespass.

Is it Criminal Trespass to walk the streets of Atlanta Underground?

The Trial begins at 9:00am on March 13, 1990. State Court, Fulton County Court House (corner of Pryor St. and MLK, Jr., Atlanta, GA), Judge Frank Hull.

PLEASE COME

PLEASE PRAY

I Have a Dream

By: Hannah Loring-Davis

I have a dream that all the people in the world will have homes. So that there will be no more homeless people.

I have a dream that all the world will have enough to eat. And to have enough food for their family, and themselves.

I have a dream that people will stop polluting the world so that the ozone layer will not disintegrate.

I have a dream that people in the world will have what they need and want.

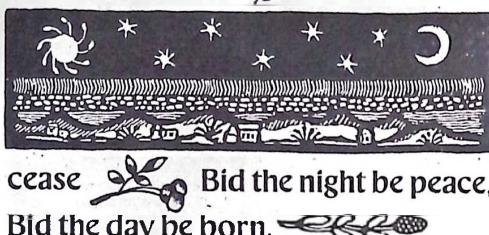
I have a dream that nature will grow all over the world and people will not destroy it.

I have a dream that I will have a horse and a bird someday.

MOVING?

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS, PLEASE LET US KNOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. SIMPLY PRINT YOUR COMPLETE OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES ON A CARD AND ATTACH A COPY OF YOUR MAILING LABEL. IT TAKES LONGER TO MAKE THE CORRECT CHANGE WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION. WE APPRECIATE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE YOU. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION AND UNDERSTANDING.

Bid our peace increase  Thou
that madest morn  Bid oppressions



the Nuclear Resister

January 19, 1990
For Immediate Release

FOR MORE INFORMATION:
Jack or Felice Cohen-Joppa
(602)323-8697

NUCLEAR RESISTANCE - 1989

While nonviolent action in China and Central Europe last year grabbed headlines around the globe, North American media seems to have all but forgotten the ongoing nonviolent direct action campaign for a nuclear-free future. Yet in 1989, nearly 5,500 arrests for anti-nuclear protest in the United States and Canada - more than in any other previous year - were reported in the Nuclear Resister newsletter.

"Reports of the death of the anti-nuclear movement were greatly exaggerated in the second half of the 1980's," notes Felice Cohen-Joppa, co-editor of the Nuclear Resister. "The numbers testify to the vitality of a nonviolent movement that in the 1980's recorded at least 37,000 arrests in North America."

The latest statistics, compiled annually by the Nuclear Resister, reveal that of 5,500 anti-nuclear arrests, 5,010 were made in the United States, and nearly 500 in Canada, during almost 150 protests at more than 70 nuclear power and weapons plants, test sites, along transportation routes and at military bases, government offices and proposed nuclear waste dumps. As a result, at least 90 people have served or are serving from two weeks to 17 years in prison, while hundreds more served lesser sentences.

The chart below compares these figures to those compiled in years past. Taken together, they establish the 1980's as a decade of unprecedented anti-nuclear civil resistance.

NUCLEAR RESISTANCE ARRESTS, U.S. AND CANADA, 1983-1989

| | 1989 | 1988 | 1987 | 1986 | 1985 | 1984 | 1983 |
|----------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Total arrests: | 5,500 | 4,470 | 5,300 | 3,200 | 3,300 | 3,010 | 5,300 |
| # of sites: | 74 | 65 | 70 | 75 | 120 | 85 | 60 |
| # of actions: | 145 | 160 | 180 | 165 | 170 | 160 | 140 |

- more -

P.O. Box 43383 Tucson, AZ 85733 (602)323-8697
Information about and support for imprisoned anti-nuclear activists

14

WE HAVE A SPECIAL NEED FOR

HAMS!

HAMS!

HAMS!

FOR OUR HAM & EGGS BREAKFAST SERVED TO 600
GOOD FOLKS ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING!

PLEASE JOIN US!!

'Encounter With Silence' retreats

PITTSBURGH — The "Encounter With Silence" retreats offered in this area for many years by the late Father John Hugo will be conducted seven times this year.

The schedule for the weeklong silent retreats, which are described as "six days of silence, meditation and prayer," follows.

At the Cardinal Wright Center in Gibsonia, retreats will be offered: May 20-27, with Father Frank Erdeljac as retreat master; July 8-15, Aug. 19-26 and Sept. 23-30, all led by Msgr. Joseph Meenan, and Oct. 21-28 by Fr. Erdeljac.

Michael Hugo will lead a retreat July 22-29 at the Cabrini Retreat Center, P.O. Box 51, Highwood, Ill., 60040, and Msgr. Meenan will lead one Nov. 4-11 at the Sacred Heart Renewal Center, 1446 Green St., Glendale, Calif. 91740.

All retreats begin on a Sunday at 7 p.m. and close the following Sunday at noon.

The retreats were first offered in 1940 by Fr. Hugo and Father Louis Farina. They include four talks each day on Scripture, daily Mass and silence. Among the many persons who completed the retreat was Dorothy Day, who praised them in her writings.

For information on the retreats contact Diane Gasbarro at the Cardinal Wright Center, 10745 Babcock Blvd., Gibsonia, 15044, phone: 961-6884; Michael Hugo at (708) 432-5824; or Gavonna Kallher at the Sacred Heart Renewal Center at (818) 335-1465.



Today, from the grape fields of California to the villages of Southern Africa, FOR is promoting nonviolent tactics for change among thousands of grassroots activists and organizers.



One of FOR's most exciting ventures - the Children's Creative Response to Conflict - teaches peaceful conflict resolution to tens of thousands of schoolchildren and educators worldwide.

How You Can Help

Your gift to FOR will help train people in the discipline of nonviolent action and assist in the struggle for justice in communities in the United States and throughout the world.

Please send your tax-deductible gift today to:

FOR
FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION
P.O. Box 274
Nyack, NY 10560

NO PERSON IS MY ENEMY



A Family Album of FOR's Work
for Justice and Nonviolence

FOR



Lighting the Torch of Conscience

National Pilgrimage for Abolition of the Death Penalty

Join Us for the March

Starke, Fla. to Atlanta, Ga.
May 5 - 19, 1990

- The Pilgrimage is the culmination of the year-long Torch of Conscience campaign, calling on the religious community to educate and activate their members to work for abolition of this barbaric practice.
- This historic march will take us through two of the Southern "death-belt" states. Seventy percent of the executions in the U.S. occur in this region.
- Along the way, we will reach out to communities to discuss the realities of capital punishment.
- Join us on the road. Walk with us from Starkville, Miss., to Atlanta, Ga., as people of all ages, races and religions from all over America band together to say NO to the death penalty.
- There is a place for you on this journey. Give us a day...a weekend, or join our core for a week or more...some will walk, covering 12-15 miles per day; some will run, some will walk, along the route.

The Death Penalty is arbitrary, racially and economically biased and does not deter crime. It promotes violence as an answer to violent crime. It is irreversible. It is the ultimate human rights abuse.

A joint effort of Amnesty International, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, and the National Indigenous Task Force on Criminal Justice.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Name _____ | | |
| Address _____ | | |
| City _____ | State _____ | Zip _____ |
| Daytime Telephone (_____) _____ | Evening Telephone (_____) _____ | |

I want to put my feet on the road! Send me information.
 I can't stand, but I want to help. Tell me how.
 Here is \$_____. \$200, \$100, \$75, \$50, Other
 (\$100 covers expenses of one full-time participant.) Donors of \$25 or more will receive official pilgrimage t-shirt.
 Make tax-deductible check payable to: NCACPD (National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty).
 Here are a couple of dollars to help defray costs of mailing materials to me.

Are Your Values Worth Working For?

One-Year Internship Positions at the Institute for Community Economics

Take this opportunity to *do* something to empower the poor, create and preserve affordable housing, and redirect capital to meet human needs! The Institute for Community Economics (ICE) invites you to consider a year-long working and living experience as an intern.

We at ICE work to bring about social change and economic justice by providing technical assistance and financing to grass-roots, community-based institutions, such as community land trusts and community loan funds, that are meeting the needs of low-income people. We operate a Revolving Loan Fund (over eleven million dollars under management), one of the oldest and largest funds of its kind. As a staff, we choose to express our political values in a personal way by living simply in a community of mutual support.

Each year ICE offers several internship positions to people willing to perform support functions in one of our departments while gaining exposure to the community development field from ICE's unique perspective. Interns will develop various office and organizational skills and will be exposed to issues, terminology and groups involved in community development while participating in a lifestyle based on ICE's philosophy of nonviolent social change. Interns will also participate in discussions and activities with ICE staff and others involved in service, development and organizing efforts.

If you are interested in ICE's work, self-motivated and willing to do what needs to be done, consider applying for an internship position. We are looking for people with good communication and typing skills, with either computer experience (word processing and financial spreadsheet programs) or a willingness to learn. Experience with office work, and/or cooperative housing or business groups, direct service programs and organizing efforts is desirable. ICE compensates staff and interns based on need. Compensation for interns includes room, board, a monthly stipend and health benefits.

Internship positions run from June 1990 through the end of June 1991. For more information about ICE and the internship program and to receive an application form, please write to: Institute for Community Economics—Internships, 151 Montague City Road, Greenfield, MA 01301, or call, 413-774-7956.

Applications should be submitted before April 15.

It's 1990. Do you know how many war tax resisters we are?

The following is a postcard-size census card that is being printed for distribution to local war tax resistance groups, and for publication in progressive magazines and newsletters. The results of the survey will also be sent at least quarterly to those publications. It is hoped that these numbers will help us assess our goals and strategy, and that regularly publicizing this growing total of WTRs will make us more visible within the peace and justice community.

YES! COUNT ME AMONG THOSE WHO WILL NOT
SUPPORT MILITARISM WITH TAX DOLLARS.

SUPPORT MERRAKISM Please check the appropriate boxes.

Please check the appropriate boxes:

- I do not pay part or all of the Federal income tax.
- I do not pay the Federal telephone tax.
- I live below a taxable income in order not to support militarism.
- I redirect my refused taxes to socially responsible uses.

- I am sympathetic to war tax refusal but do not yet participate.

- I will pay taxes if my conscientious objection is recognized via the Peace Tax Fund Bill.
- I will pay taxes when U.S. policies change from militarism, intervention, and covert action to promoting peace and justice.

- Please send me _____ census cards. (5 cents ea.)
- Send me the address of my local support group. (SASE please)

Your name & address optional. Replies are confidential; contributions needed for postage & printing. Census results will be released quarterly to more than 300 progressive and other media.

NAME (or initials) _____
STREET _____



WAR TAX RESISTERS CENSUS
P.O. Box 30084
SEATTLE, WA 98103

15c
POSTCARD

affiliate of the
National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee

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 7:00 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 open from 7:00am until noon. Sunday afternoon our door is answered until 5:00pm.

OUR MINISTRY. . .

SOUP KITCHEN--Monday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon

SUNDAY BREAKFAST--Sunday morning at 910, 7:15am

BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST--Monday-Friday, 6:45am

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES--Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 9-11am
(Be sure to call; schedule varies)

USE OF PHONE--Monday-Saturday, 9am-noon, 1:30pm-5pm.

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

BIBLE STUDY--Alternate Tuesdays, 7:30-9pm.

WEEKEND RETREATS--Four times each year (for our household & volunteers/supporters), April 27-29.

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

NEEDS

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| DISPOSABLE RAZORS | CHEESE |
| SHAMPOO | MAYONNAISE |
| **MEN'S WORK PANTS** | MULTI-VITAMINS |
| MEN'S WORK SHIRTS | MARTA TOKENS |
| MEN'S UNDERWEAR | POSTAGE STAMPS |
| MEN'S SWEATERS | MEN'S LARGE SHOES (12-14) |
| KITCHEN STOOL | COFFEE |
| DRAPERYES | NON-AEROSOL DEODORANT |
| GRITS | HAMS AND TURKEYS |

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.

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 _____

Open Door Community Worship

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

Join us!



| | |
|-------------|--|
| March 4 | Lenten Worship at 910 |
| March 11 | Lenten Worship at 910 5:00 Eucharist 5:30 Keith Jennings of Amnesty International on Racial Justice and Human Rights |
| March 18 | Lenten Worship at 910 Doctor Clinton Marsh Preaching |
| March 25 | Lenten Worship at 910 5:00 Eucharist 5:30 Songs of the Labor Movement |
| April 1 | Lenten Worship at 910 |
| April 8 | Passion Sunday Worship at 910 to begin Holy Week with the Homeless Rev. Tom Brown Preaching Butler Street CME Gospel Choir |
| April 15 | 6:30 AM Celebration of the Resurrection Rev. Cynthia Hale Preaching Ray of Hope Christian Church Choir Ham and Eggs Breakfast with the Homeless |
| April 22 | Worship at 910 |
| April 27-29 | Spring Retreat at Dayspring Farm (No worship at 910) |