

# HOSPITALITY

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## The Face of Homelessness

by Murphy Davis

It was, as I recall, a cold gray afternoon in early 1983. I was on house duty and came into the living room to find an Atlanta police officer standing beside an elderly black man, who sat with his hands folded and his hat on his lap. His ebony face was serene, and he bowed his head in greeting as I approached.

The officer handed me a letter and explained that he had been sent by a Municipal Court Judge. Mr. Willie Dee Wimberly, the judge wrote, had come before her in court on a charge of criminal trespass. It was her determination that there had been no criminal trespass; the issue was, instead, Mr. Wimberly's homelessness. Could we, the judge asked, take him at the Open Door?

We did in fact have a bed and Willie Dee Wimberly decided to stay and from that day became a part of the Open Door family.

Willie Dee's story unfolded in bits and pieces. One way or another he ended up in Atlanta (there was a fragment of a story about walking and riding a bicycle from Milledgeville). What we do know is that for 13 years he lived in a make-shift lean-to on what is now a piece of prime real estate in Buckhead. After he had been there for some years, a restaurant was built on the front part of the lot. For several years they peacefully co-existed. But when the restaurant owners decide to expand they called the police and had Willie Dee Wimberly arrested and charged with criminal trespass.

We heard that in court Mr. Willie Dee claimed squatter's rights to the property and they said he might have had a legal point. It's funny to think of the stir it would have caused if he had been able to pursue the legal battle and claim his little piece of Buckhead.



Wayne Martin

Mr. Willie Dee Wimberly

Instead Willie Dee Wimberly created a new home for himself, and surely there is no way to tell the story of the Open Door apart from the story of Willie Dee.

Willie Dee often stands midway down the main hall in our house. It is his post. He tips his ever-present hat and bows in greeting to all who come and go. He is blessing. Receiving his smile or taking time to shake his hand and talk awhile is one of the best gifts I can think of.

His frame of reference is not yours or mine. My only guess is that somewhere along the line "reality" became too painful and so Mr. Willie Dee moved into another reality. Wherever it is, his reality is deeply spiritual and deeply rooted in the dignity and survival of African American people.

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The first hint came not long after Willie Dee came to us. Someone reported smelling smoke outside his room. The day before we had invited Paul Turner, an older white man, to move into the same room with Willie. What we finally discovered was that Willie Dee was rolling up newspaper, lighting it and moving around to every corner of the room to burn out the evil spirits. He wasn't so sure about living so close with white

folks! He soon became the only person in the house with his own personal smoke detector installed over his bed.

His sense of place is rock-solid. Once Willie Dee ended up in Grady Hospital with a kidney infection. When we took him in he was too weak to protest. But as soon as he was slightly better he began his efforts to leave the hospital and come home. The nurses responded by taking his street clothes away from him. When Ed and I visited, we found him sitting on the side of his bed in a short hospital gown and his hat. He was ready to go and returned joyfully as soon as they checked him out and returned his pants.


As difficult as it has been for Willie Dee to keep roommates (he likes to turn on the lights and sweep the room at 3:00am!) there have been few long or short term members of the community who do not experience family with Willie Dee. Not long ago our daughter Hannah was reflecting on the joy of having multiple grandparents. She listed them off: "Let's see--there's Nana, and Grandmother and Papa Tom, Frances (Pauley). . . and, of course, Willie Dee."

We are deeply, deeply blessed by Mr. Willie Dee's presence. His laughter and friendly presence are a daily joy to our household. It is so hard to realize that this beautiful little man is an unwanted presence in our city.

Why was Willie Dee homeless in the first place? In the second place, when he had built and maintained his own "home," how is it that greedy business people could so easily sweep him away?

We learn in Houston Wheeler's article in this issue of Hospitality that it has been the specific plan of Atlanta's business leadership over the past three and a half decades to move the Willie Dee Wimberlys out of the way of an ever-expanding business district. Nothing personal, of course, it's just that we need more space for restaurants, hotels, office buildings, stadiums, civic centers, highways, and now even a domed stadium. All over our central city glitzy buildings and sports arenas cover the ground that was once home to thousands and thousands of Atlantans.

Willie Dee Wimberly is a gift from God. He brings joy to all who meet him. His story helps us to know the heart of our city. Maybe it will even help inspire us to change it.

Willie Dee once said to me, "We gonna do the best we can 'til we can't." May our best be to make room in our hearts and in our city for all God's children. 



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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\* \* \*

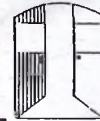
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We reaffirm the principle that decent shelter and affordable housing are fundamental rights in a civilized society.





## THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

910 PONCE DE LEON AVE., N.E. ATLANTA, GA 30306-4212 (404) 876-6977 OR 874-9652

Mayor Maynard Jackson  
Office of the Mayor  
City Hall  
55 Trinity Ave., SW  
Atlanta, Georgia 30335

April 9, 1990

Dear Mayor Jackson,

I am nearing the end of my 24-hour stay on the streets as part of the Open Door Community's Holy Week with the Homeless. I always learn a lot from my time in solidarity with the homeless, and I want to share some of what I learned this time with you.

For the past two weeks we have noticed a startling, unexplained decline in the numbers of folk we serve at our breakfast at the Butler St. CME Church. On a usual morning 250 homeless people will come to eat breakfast with us, but on recent mornings we have served as few as 98.

I suppose you would say we should be glad when we see fewer homeless people, but we must wonder where have they gone and why have they moved away? If they have moved into homes because they found good, meaningful work at a living wage with benefits, then we would rejoice.

However, I believe my time out on the streets proves that this joyful scenario is not the case in the lives of our homeless friends.

At midnight on Passion Sunday Night, we went to the cold, stone steps of the Fulton County Health Department across the street from Grady Hospital to try to get some sleep. Many times in the past we have shared this space with our homeless friends, but on this night we were shocked to find that nobody was there. Thinking they would come join us later we curled up on the cold floor and went to sleep.

About a half-hour later an Atlanta Police officer came up with his night-stick out, banging it on the railing like a loud alarm and hitting us on the feet with it. "Get up!" he yelled. "You can't sleep here. Lots of big people drive along this street, and they don't want to see you. You've got to get up and move on!"

"Where can we go?" I asked. "It's too late now for the shelters," he said. "You should have started looking earlier. You can hide out on a side street, but don't go to sleep on any of these busy streets because nobody wants to see you!"

Now I understand why 150 people are missing from the Butler Street breakfast: the police have run them off. The police even force homeless people to move off the steps of the Butler Street CME Church. The Vagrant-Free Zone is in operation. What has happened to your opposition to it?

I want to see the homeless people on the steps of the Butler Street Church and the Fulton County Health Department because I want to be reminded that we have a lot of work to do before everyone enjoys their right to a home, good work, and enough food and clothing. I want to see the homeless people because I want their presence to remind you and all the other "big people" that we have a lot of work to do, which does not include creating an overpowering police presence.

Finally, I want to share one other reflection with you. On Passion Sunday we read of Jesus' triumphant entry into Jerusalem amidst the loud cheers of the people. The leaders, afraid of this show of support for Jesus, told him to quiet the people, but he replied that if the people were silent, the stones would start to shout and sing.

In our city, the voice of the homeless has been silenced, but last night I heard the cry from the stones. It said, "People were not created to sleep on the cold, stone steps of the Fulton County Health Department. The cold stone sucks the warm life-blood out of them and they die! Where are the houses for the homeless? Where is the meaningful work with a living wage? When will the leaders rise up and join their voices with the homeless poor?"

I write this letter to you as a cry in solidarity with the homeless.

Sincerely,

*Elizabeth Dede*  
Elizabeth Dede  
Partner, The Open Door Community



# Police as a Quick Fix

by Ed Loring

Atlanta, Georgia has on most days and nights 11,374 homeless men, women, boys and girls. The solutions for this terrible sin and capitalism's most flagrant failure are: (1) affordable housing, (2) a living wage plus benefits for all workers including part-time and temporary, (3) free housing for those who cannot work, and (4) supported housing for the mentally ill and addicted.

Among Christians the response is more complicated and costly for the solution is found in servanthood and the struggle for justice. Christians must love the persons who are homeless and open the doors to their churches and homes on the basis of human need which may or may not relate to public policy. Love and the fruit of love which is community, ultimately, are the only actions which will re-house homeless people and begin to reweave the fabric of human relationships in our city.

If homelessness is capitalism's most flagrant failure, our nation's greatest evil is that as a people we now hate, fear, and despise the poor. As the Judeo-Christian ethical influence mixed with the development of Western culture, the poor were seen as "ambassadors of God," or opportunities to "do good." The stranger within the gates brought an opportunity of hospitality for which the homeowner was thankful. Today a stranger brings hostility, and the homeowner wants strangers jailed. Throughout most of our history a stranger represented the divine or a friend; today a poor person, unknown and hungry, represents evil and stands as an enemy. Long before the image of Willie Horton--the stranger-as-enemy par excellence--crept out of the twisted brain of Lee Atwater, middle-class America hated the poor, feared homeless persons, and locked their doors in the face of God.

The ultimate irony of American history is that at the point in our history when there was enough for everyone to have enough, we became selfish and afraid and possessed by a sense of scarcity. The spiritual poverty inherent in material affluence is a root cause of homelessness and the hatred of the poor. Repentance based on love, justice rooted in the hunger for righteousness, community founded upon diversity where need is the norm of distribution (the church of Jesus Christ)--these are the Rock of any answer to the suffering and injustice experienced by the poor and oppressed in Atlanta, Georgia.

There are other proposals in the air, however. Mayor Maynard Jackson, who is becoming the strongest law and order advocate we've seen around here since Lester Maddox, along with Central Atlanta Progress, is asking that property taxes be raised by 20 million dollars so that we can employ 500 more police persons. Basic to this proposal, recently endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce on the condition that not one penny be spent for anything other than police, is that 100 police be placed in the downtown area. That is in addition to the more than forty police added with the opening of Underground Atlanta on June 15, 1989. Eventhough Atlanta leads the nation in crime statistics, the primary

function of these police is to remove the men who are homeless and most often African American from the sights and sounds of downtown Atlanta. Police power is quick and in a quick-fix society that is appealing. Police power, though abusive to constitutional and civil rights, is effective in clearing the streets. In fact, three months after Mr. Jackson's inauguration we now have the "Vagrant Free Zone" in place in Atlanta. Christians in this city must face up to another defeat and prepare for yet another battle for human rights in this capital of the Civil Rights Movement.

But what we must see is that the police are being used as tools and as substitutes. The mayor's office and the business community want the homeless persons removed from sight, or "on the back streets where big folk can't see you," as one police officer told some of us during our Holy Week Vigil. That won't work. The police as substitutes for housing and jobs at a living wage plus benefits only causes rage on the streets and cynicism among that minority who still care for the poor enough to say, "Yes, even in my neighborhood." Police are being abused by the upper class who are using them to respond to an issue which is not the crime of poverty, but the crimes of business, political and social policies. Homelessness in the U.S.A., unlike the homelessness in Ethiopia, has nothing to do with the lack of resources. We have more than enough houses and construction materials. **Poverty and homelessness in the U.S.A. are the consequences of the design of policy and the political will of the voting majority.** If the police were to arrest the perpetrators we would fill the jails with our leaders and their followers!!

We must not see the police as our enemies. They are unwitting tools of the city's leadership who want the Olympics in 1996 but not housing for the poor. The police are to clean-up and throw away the injured and wounded ones while the powers search for ways to entice the 1994 Superbowl authorities to choose Atlanta for the big game. While the State is closing many parks this summer due to lack of money, construction continues on the Domed Stadium and planners work out walk-ways filled with police so that observers of another person's game will not see the underside of American culture where our God resides in anguish.

We must work to free the police as we struggle to build a human community which includes the poor, the mentally ill, and homeless persons. Maybe we can get the police to start a housing program in Atlanta: what about "Bungalows for Beggars?" Our police liberation program will include saying "No" to police harassment and brutality as we are doing in the Charles Quinney case. But we Christians must take the lead. We must open our homes to the homeless poor. We must love one another. We must refuse to pay \$3.80 an hour, which is a death wage. We must build an alternative community which will make the police laugh at the rich when the rich want to punish the poor with jail rather than build housing so that their profits will be even higher. We must build affordable housing where men and women and girls and boys can get on with the tasks of home-making. □



# Arrest!

It was a startling climax to the Open Door Community's Holy Week observances when our friend, James Quinney -- known to the community as Charles -- was forcefully arrested during a labor pool reform rally in Atlanta's Woodruff Park.

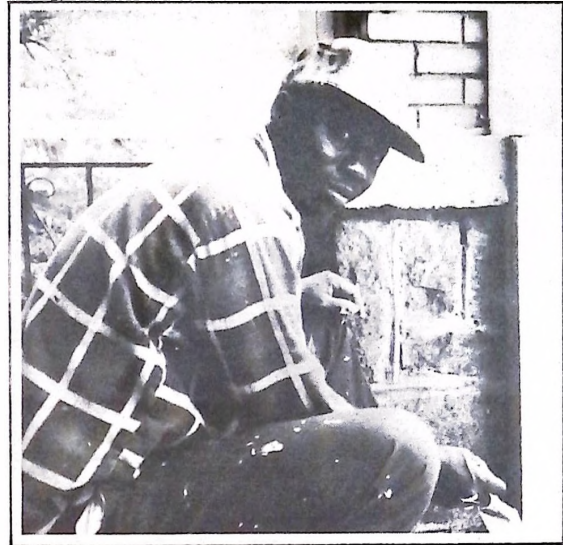
Charles is well known to this community and comes regularly to the breakfast we serve at the Butler St. C.M.E. Church. His arrest was witnessed by about 100 people who attended the rally of the Atlanta Coalition for Labor Pool Reform on April 14, including seven people from the Open Door. They saw two police officers grab Charles without provocation and wrestle him to the ground.

The scuffle sparked an immediate protest from the rally participants who decried the rough treatment and questioned the arrest. As Charles was hustled into a police car, the questioning grew louder and more insistent, and the Atlanta police responded with a show of force. Within one minute, half a dozen squad cars barricaded a street next to the park.

The arrest occurred on Saturday, the last day of Open Door's Holy Week vigil in which community members and friends spend 24 hours on the streets in solidarity with our homeless brothers and sisters. During the week, we learned from our friends that the police had launched an aggressive campaign to clear the downtown of homeless people and had stepped up arrests often using flimsy charges.

Some community members out on the streets for Holy Week experienced this police action first hand. Early Monday morning, three members were awakened by a police officer thumping a billy club on the bottom of their feet and telling them to move off the main streets and on to the side streets where the "big people" would not see them. Tuesday night, Ed Loring was standing on a public sidewalk when a police officer threatened to arrest him for obstructing traffic. Also, before the Saturday arrest, Charles had been released recently from jail after serving 24 days of a 30-day sentence for littering. He was convicted of throwing a cigarette butt on the ground.

After Charles' arrest in the park, 50 people staged an impromptu protest and marched down to the city jail, singing songs of faith and protest. They filled the jail lobby and demanded to see Charles to make sure he was not injured. (His head hit a police scooter when he was forced to the ground.) They also asked to speak with a police officer about the arrest. Charles was charged with two counts of obstructing a police officer and two counts of simple battery on a police officer. His "offense" was questioning two officers as to why they had ordered one man to leave the park. He was told that the police action was not his concern, but when he refused to leave he was arrested.



James "Charles" Quinney as we usually see him - hard at work! This time, he is giving our front porch a badly needed coat of paint.

The supervisor at the jail agreed to release Charles to the Open Door, and on Easter Sunday the barred door was unlocked and Charles walked out. Murphy Davis said it seemed as if the stone had been rolled away from the tomb.

On Monday in a hearing before Municipal Court Judge Barbara Harris and an overflowing courtroom, the two police officers testified that Charles had interrupted a burglary investigation. (However, eyewitnesses had seen the two people involved in that investigation leave before Charles began asking questions.) The judge was skeptical enough of the story to reduce the charges to a single count of obstruction. No trial date has been set yet.

However, the story -- and the impact of Holy Week -- goes on. The following day, Mayor Maynard Jackson met with homeless advocates and several Open Door community members to hear their stories about police harassment. While the mayor denied having a secret policy to run homeless people out of the downtown, he did direct his police chief to investigate cases of police misconduct.

In addition, 25 people have filed complaints alleging police brutality in the arrest of Charles. That investigation is in progress.

For those of us at the Open Door, these events are signs of the continued effects of Holy Week and of Christ's resurrection among us. For from the arrest of a single homeless man, we have heard God's cry for justice in the streets of Atlanta. And in Charles' courage to question the police and to fight the charges lies the hope that this abusive and discriminatory practice will be brought out into the light and, hopefully, abolished.



# The Christ - Free Zone

by Carol Schlicksup

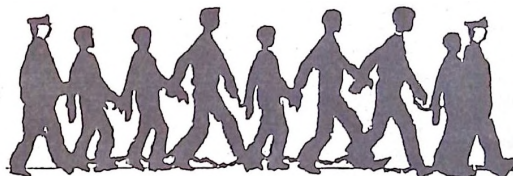
The downtown streets are dark and deserted. There is no one to welcome us into their truth. It is Holy week, and we search for Jesus where we know he dwells, with his most beloved friends the poor, the homeless and imprisoned, the disenfranchised and abandoned of this city. Where have Jesus' people gone and why? Where have they taken them? Our homeless friends are missing from the streets of downtown Atlanta. Without them the streets are hostile. Without the hospitality of homeless people, the night closes in and the only noises we hear are the screech of "big" peoples' cars and the raucous, irrelevant revelry of the crowds in Underground Atlanta.

As we continue our pilgrimage in search of the vagrant Christ, we realize that the streets are peopled with a new and powerful presence. This presence is at first reassuring and then intimidating. A presence so complete and continuous that we begin to feel followed, spied upon. Police are everywhere on foot, on motorcycles, in patrol cars, even on horseback. Are they looking for the vagrant Christ? Where have they laid him?

As the night yawns into early morning, our weariness wins and we find a place to sleep, a safe place, a place homeless people have called home. No one's home! No one's sleeping here where we've sheltered in the past. Soon we find out why. We're awakened by the thwack of a night stick on the bottoms of our feet and a harsh voice telling us to move on, to get out of sight so the "big" people won't have to look at us. Do the "big" people look for the vagrant Christ? Where have they laid him? The police, our only companions in the search tell us we can't stand on the sidewalk at 1:00am because we impede traffic. They won't let us rest along the way. What have they done to homeless people? Where have they taken them?



With the dawn the streets, so ghostly the night before, come alive with the bustle, glitz and glamour upon which our pagan society thrives. Where is Jesus? We continue our search for the people Jesus loves, the poor. At long last we find our homeless friends at the soup kitchens on the out-skirts of our city. Where have they taken you, we cry!? Oh, the stories we hear, the suffering we witness. One man was beaten by the security guards at Grady Hospital. His face looks like someone has stomped on it. Another man served 24 days in jail for throwing a cigarette butt on the ground.



We're told that the jails are full! That's where they've laid him. With the daylight comes more truth as we witness the brutal harassment of homeless people in Woodruff Park. The police zoom through the park continuously, often riding up on the grassy hillsides to stop inches from the face of a sleeping homeless person, kick them awake and tell them to sit up. Homeless people resting on benches are told to leave the park. We are shaken, angry! We hear the death sounds of Golgotha.

As we grapple with the reality of Jesus' death and the meaning of his life, the real truth of the vagrant free zone becomes clear. This is the Christ Free Zone! There is no room for Jesus in this city, no room to shelter his people, no room in the hearts of the powerful, no room at the tables of the rich, no room for diversity, no place in the work force. "My God! My God, why have you forsaken me?!"

We found Jesus, Jesus crucified daily in the lives of his most beloved friends. We found Jesus alive in the hearts and souls of the poor. Where do we stand, the baptized, sheltered and satisfied? We stand in the need of prayer, in the need of leadership, assessing the cost of discipleship. "For surely we know that when we were baptized into union with Christ Jesus we were baptized into union with his death" (Romans 6: 3). We were baptized into union with his people. They have laid him with those swept like so much refuse from the streets of Atlanta, with those buried alive in the jails of this city. By the very fact of our baptism we are called to act with Jesus the vagrant as he suffers in his people. In so acting we are taught the meaning of living for the promise. "Since we have become one with him in dying as he did, in the same way we shall be one with him by being raised to life as he was" (Romans 6:5). Should we choose to live this gospel, our rising shall be as our dying--in the company of the saintly vagrants of our city!

Hallelujah!





# Challenging<sup>7</sup> the Myth :

or: "WHATEVER BENEFITS THE CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT BENEFITS EVERYONE"

by Houston Wheeler

**Editor's note:** Rev. Houston Wheeler of Southern Ministry Network is a long-time activist for the rights of poor people in Atlanta. He is a United Church of Christ minister and a member of People for Urban Justice.

## SYSTEM BIAS IN ATLANTA

Leon Eplan was Mayor Maynard Jackson's Director of Atlanta's Planning Department in the mid-1970's. Eplan describes the 10-year assault on the City's low-income housing this way:

In fact, we almost lost Atlanta during that period. In one ten-year period, between 1955 and 1965, due to public actions alone (primarily highway construction and urban renewal), we displaced 67,000 people. Fifteen percent of all Atlantans were moved out of their homes during that era, very few of them with public help. Commercial development, in addition, ate into the neighborhoods. Apartments replaced single-family dwellings. Highways ran through and divided and isolated communities, racial groups, and economic classes. Tens of thousands of displaced people were simply shoved off the land and pushed into the adjacent neighborhoods, which were themselves fragile.<sup>1</sup>

This intentional assault occurred as a result of a "System Bias" toward economic and transportation needs that primarily benefit the Central Business District. The result has been to create a "tale of two cities:" one Atlanta which prospers and flourishes and the other Atlanta which lives in poverty where communities exist literally on the edge of death.

System Bias in Atlanta during the Mayor Hartsfield and Allen administrations has been documented in a study by Clarence N. Stone called Economic Growth and Neighborhood Discontent: System Bias in the Urban Renewal Program of Atlanta (University of North Carolina Press, 1976).

Stone's most recent study of Atlanta, Regime Politics: Governing Atlanta, 1946-1988 (University Press of Kansas, 1989), points out that:

What makes governance in Atlanta effective is not the formal machinery of government, but rather the informal partnership between city hall and the downtown business elite. This informal partnership and the way it operates constitute the city's regime; it is the means through which major policy decisions are made. (page 3)

System Bias or "Regime Politics," whatever one calls it, is as pervasive as segregation once was. Ask any poor person or black person in this country if they have experienced prejudice from the system and there is no hesitation in knowing what this means.

For the homeless the system creates Hospitality Zones, whereas all others have freedom of movement. For those forced into food stamps, welfare, and public housing, the system creates layer after layer and time after time of verification and reverification of income, whereas all others go through infrequent credit checks and are bombarded with opportunities to receive multiple credit cards. For the men and women (predominantly African American) who get jobs from the labor pool and service job system, the work is physically hard, usually dirty with little pay and few if any benefits. At the same time, for the corporate, religious, and civil servants the work is primarily mental and hardly ever dirty and the pay and benefits offer better health and security. For the illiterate who are past the 5th grade, the education system won't slow down to find out why they are destined to failure, poverty, and crime, whereas the successful are constantly measured by their income, fashion (clothes, cars, music, etc.), who they know, and where they go. And for the addicted, the system would prefer to lock them in a prison and take away their rights unless, of course, one has lots of money; then addiction becomes a disease and can be treated at a hospital or by a psychologist.

All of these contrasts or double standards of our community are shaped by the upper-class who direct Atlanta's economic and public policies. And, because we live in the South, the issue of race has historically played a role in who gets manipulated in the system. Joel Williamson in his study of Southern racism, entitled The Crucible of Race: Black-White Relations in the American South Since Emancipation (Oxford Press, 1984), affirms that:

Upper-class racial prejudice . . . is often manifested in more subtle forms of economic, social, psychological, educational, and judicial manipulation. Yet ownership of the land, control of money and credit, of schools and courts, and domination of the marketplace can be just as violent, if not, indeed, more violent than guns, whips, and bombs. (p.294)

## CAUSES OF HOMELESSNESS

The Central Atlanta Plan drafted in 1955 by the Central Atlanta Improvement Association (later called the Central Atlanta Association, and still later, Central Atlanta Progress--CAP) became the official policy of the City and advocated the protection of downtown property values through slum clearance, expanding the Central Business District, improving transportation mobility to and from the Central City, and keeping black residents away from the core of the city. Urban renewal land was not to be used for any more public housing nor would new public housing be concentrated in the Central City Area.

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## GRATE DAYS IN AMERICA



Danziger in Christian Science Monitor © 1986, 1989 TCSPS

This plan paved the way for Atlanta's freeway development and commercial expansion which caused massive displacement, erosion of neighborhood integrity, and depletion of the housing stock. In addition, these results intensified competition for transitional housing, thus accelerating middle class flight to the suburbs, then years later the gentrification of intown neighborhoods.

The plan also set the stage for code enforcement upon neighborhoods where the housing stock was already fragile and substandard, thus causing overcrowding. Because there was "no replacement housing," overcrowding increased, thus becoming a direct cause of homelessness.

Chester Hartman, one of the leading housing advocates and authorities on displacement, is quoted in the Virginia Law Review, back in 1971, as saying:

The emphasis is on renewing the city, not rehousing the poor. This is not surprising; the local agencies are pressured by banks, real estate interests, developers, mayors and downtown merchants to press on with developing the city and eradicating ugliness. Adequate rehousing of [poor] residents is thus viewed not as an integral part of the renewal program, but rather as a statutory obstacle to be overcome in order to implement the program's other goals.<sup>2</sup>

The result of this approach is that instead of producing a smoothly developing metropolis in which the relative well-being of everyone was being steadily increased (as the myth "Whatever Benefits the Central Business District Benefits Everyone" promotes), this System Bias has produced two Atlantas and been a direct cause of homelessness.

If this weren't enough, the Center for Community Change (1000 Wisconsin Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20007) has documented that there is currently a "Siege on Public Housing" throughout the country:

Public housing, which provides a home for more than 3.4 million poor Americans, is under siege in many cities, the result of pressure from private developers, severe cuts in funds to maintain aging buildings, poor management

and an explosion of drug abuse and crime that has undermined public housing's image.

At a time when hundreds of thousands of people are homeless, between 100,000 and 168,000 publicly owned apartments are at risk of being demolished or abandoned. An estimated 70,000 units are now vacant. And less than 5,000 units a year are being built, 40,000 a year less than in the late 1970's.

## CHALLENGE THE MYTH

So what do we do? Nothing? Do we prophesy God's judgment upon System Bias just like Elijah did against Ahab and Jezebel after they murdered the farmer Naboth and stole his land (I Kings 21)? To some degree, yes, and we begin by **challenging the myth** that "Whatever Benefits the Central Business District Benefits Everyone." Reality teaches us that the myth is not true.

We must also be specific about the needs of the other Atlanta. Since we know that System Bias teaches us that City Hall, State and Federal Governments, and the Central Business District work together to nurture and increase the size of the Central Business District to generate more tax dollars and profits, we in the peace and justice community need to anticipate vulnerable neighborhoods. We need to develop strategies to strengthen and stabilize those particular neighborhoods. We must enable residents to control land use and rebuild a sense of community.

Ironically by challenging the myth of System Bias so that the Central Business District no longer rules by divine right, a balance of power can be created where their cat-and-mouse games and their informal



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partnerships no longer work. Therefore, city, State and Federal Governments, and the Central Business District are required to provide specific resources for specific needs that the general public really supports anyway--education, jobs, housing, and health care. Those of us who have all of these benefits know that one follows the other.

Our Christian faith teaches us that God cares about injustice, about oppression, about exploitation. God cares and always takes the side of those who are trodden underfoot. God cares about the other Atlanta.

God, however, also believes in reconciliation--that there are many neighborhoods, but one Atlanta community. This same God also believes that City Hall and CAP need to get specific about needs, goals, and funding for the other Atlanta, just as they have for decades gotten specific about economic and transportation needs for the Central Business District. One's understanding and belief in justice can reach no other conclusion.

Remember the story of Naboth's vineyard and you will remember the story of the other Atlanta.

The Vineyard of Naboth and Duncan Village, South Africa (from *Hope and Suffering* by Desmond Tutu, Wm. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1986, pp.39-42.)

I want to tell a story from the Old Testament, a story that I am sure you have heard before. Once upon a time there was a king of Israel called Ahab. He had extensive royal lands. But next to his property lay the vineyard of a relatively unimportant man. His name was Naboth.

His vineyard was rather a nuisance because it split up the King's lands into at least two bits. The King was a reasonable man. He went to Naboth with a proposal: "Look here, Naboth, I want to consolidate my possessions and your vineyard is in the way of these plans. Look, I want to buy your vineyard. I will give you a good price for your vineyard, or I will exchange it for another of equal value elsewhere as long as I can get to put my land into one piece."

Naboth replied, "Oh no, sorry, Your Majesty. You see this is my ancestral home. It is not just any old property. My family spirits are here. My ancestors have been buried here. I am part of this property and it is part of me; it is part of my children's life and they are part of it. I can't help you."

The King, being an Israelite himself, knew perfectly well what Naboth was saying and agreed in his heart with him. He knew that there was nothing he could do. Naboth had a right to the vineyard which nothing could take away, not even the king of the land.

Of course the King was disappointed by the answer he got from Naboth, so when he returned to the palace, he sulked and refused to eat. He first went to bed and turned to face the wall.

Then his queen, Jezebel, came along and asked, "What is the matter, King Ahab? Why are you sulking and refusing to eat the good food which I have placed before you?" Then the King told his Queen that Naboth had frustrated his plans to consolidate the royal lands. The Queen was quite flabbergasted: "What, you are sulking because one of your subjects, an unknown farmer, has spoiled your plans?" Now the Queen came from a different country where kings really were kings, that is, they did whatever they wanted to do. She thought that that was how her husband too should behave. So she told him, "Get up and eat. Don't worry, I will fix up everything so that you will get Naboth's vineyard. You are the king in this country and we won't stand for any nonsense from anybody."

Yes, she fixed up everything. She arranged a mockery of a trial where false witnesses declared that Naboth was a bad man. He had blasphemed against God and the King. For this crime there was only one

punishment--death. So Naboth was stoned to death and the Queen told her husband the King, "Get up--go and annex Naboth's vineyard. He is dead and nobody will stop you doing what you wanted to do, and nobody will worry about what happened to Naboth, after all, he was just a nobody himself."

The King got up smiling and pleased that his wife, the queen Jezebel, had acted so energetically and effectively. He went to expropriate Naboth's vineyard--and then an extraordinary thing happened.

The prophet, Elijah, God's messenger, met the King as he was going to Naboth's vineyard. God, said the prophet, had seen what Jezebel and Ahab had done to Naboth, and God was angry and would take the side of this unimportant man, Naboth, in this cruel act of injustice. God would punish Jezebel and Ahab and their children.

That is the story I wish to leave with you people of Duncan Village. In this country you are regarded as of no real importance. You are told by those who are powerful in the land that you must move from your property because they want it. It does not matter to them that you don't want to move. You, like Naboth, are saying that your homes and your sites are not just ordinary property. They are part and parcel of who you are. You have lived in uncertainty and anxiety. You were threatened with removal some time ago and so you were not sure that you could afford to improve or maintain your homes. This village is deteriorating. Your community is being destroyed. You are being asked to abandon your South African citizenship and take on that of Ciskei, another ghetto of poverty and a reservoir of cheap labor. And it is almost as if you are being stoned to death as a community, just like Naboth.

You are nobodies in this country, the land of your birth, and those with power think they can act against you with impunity and that nothing will happen to them.

Now I want to remind you, and them too, that God cares. God cares about injustice, about oppression, about exploitation. God cares and always takes the side of those who are trodden underfoot. God cares that they want to move you from pillar to post.

Injustice and evil and oppression will not last forever. They have been overcome by God in the cross of Jesus Our Lord. As we protest the evil of your threatened removal we must do so knowing that victory is ours already. The authorities will ultimately fail because what they are doing is evil and against God's law. You must be strengthened to resist what is evil. I want to remind you of the dignity and peaceful resistance of the mothers and wives in Langa and Nyanga in the Cape, where this Christian Government and its officials are actually disobeying a direct and explicit law of God contained in the Bible: "Those whom God has joined together, let no one put asunder"--and yet the Government is contravening this clear biblical law by making married men into migrant laborers staying in hostels, and by refusing their wives the right to live with their husbands and the fathers of their children.

There is enough land for everybody in South Africa. It is just that some people are greedy and at the moment they are also powerful, and so they can satisfy their greed at the expense of others whom they think to be unimportant and without power. But these are they whom God supports. South Africa, please remember the story of Naboth's vineyard.

Desmond Tutu  
Duncan Village  
East London  
July 1981

#### Notes:

<sup>1</sup>Leon Eplan, "Atlanta: Planning, Budgeting, and Neighborhoods," in *Personality, Politics, and Planning*, ed. Anthony James Cartanese and W. Paul Farmer (Beverly Hills: Sage Publications, 1979)1, page 39).

<sup>2</sup>National Housing and Economic Development Law Project, Handbook of Housing Law, 1970, quoted in Chester Hartman, "Relocation: Illusory Promises and No Relief," *Virginia Law Review*, vol. 57: 745, 1971, p. 808).



# One Uncounted Homeless Man

by Don Beisswenger

Editor's note: Don Beisswenger lives in Nashville, TN and works with homeless people there. He is on the faculty of the Vanderbilt University Divinity School.

Robert was not counted in the census. He will be a nobody in the statistics for 1990. According to the census he will not appear. He is not even a number. He will be a non-person. We have a lot of folk who don't count in our society. But here he was. Robert in the flesh.

It was 8:00am. I had a bit of time prior to going to my office so decided to get breakfast at McDonalds. As I carried my tray to the table my eyes met his. He sat in the middle section drinking a cup of coffee, smoking a cigarette. An old worn coat and very short hair set off his face, scarred and marred.

I did not know him at the time. I thought I had seen him before but it was only after I sat down that I remembered. He often stood on cold evenings at the corner of West End and 20th Ave. His hands were held high to show his cold fingers. He had no gloves. Once I wrote about him in my journal: after I had driven past him, I thought about asking if he wanted to go to Room in the Inn. But I passed by.



Bettina Paul sketched a homeless man trying to sleep in Woodruff Park in downtown Atlanta. He was asked to leave soon after this drawing was completed.

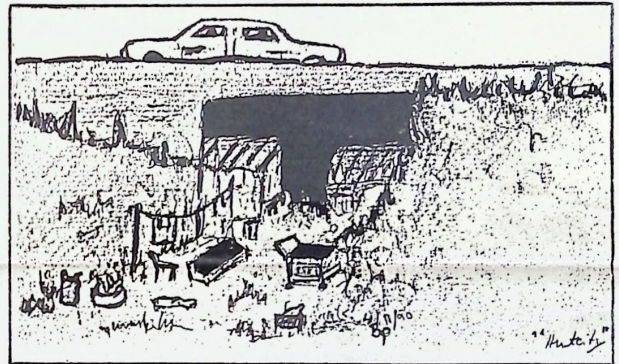
When I finished eating he was still there. I went over and introduced myself. I mentioned that I had seen him on the corner. Sometimes he carried a sign, "Will work to eat." He retorted, "I do pretty well some days. You know this is the second oldest profession in the world?" I asked him if he grew up in Nashville. "I grew up in East Nashville," he said, "but I spent a couple of years in Boston and Cambridge. You know Harvard is in Cambridge. I drove a taxi there. But it was difficult. There was so many racial problems. I was surprised with that being where Harvard was and all that. There was too much antagonism for me. It drove me crazy. So I came back to

Nashville." He paused and then began again. "When I was in Boston I loved to look at those old buildings. Some are over 400 years old. I don't know why, but I enjoy looking at old buildings." We talked about old buildings.

"I haven't had a drink for two days," he said. The man at the next table interjected a comment: "I don't know this man's name, but we talk on occasion. He told me he has epileptic seizures. That's his problem." I asked Robert about that. He said that he did have seizures. It started when he was 34 years old. "You don't know how difficult it is to be epileptic. It makes your head crazy." He rubbed his head.

I invited him to Room in the Inn some night. He said he would consider it.

I left but thought about Robert. I decided to share his story. Our paths will cross again, I imagine. I will be glad if this happens. Robert has become part of my life now. At least he has been counted someplace.



Bettina Paul's drawing of "Hut City" shows where our homeless friends have tried to build tiny shelters under a viaduct near the entertainment center of Atlanta.

## WE WON!

The city of Atlanta has dropped all charges against demonstrators who protested at the opening of Underground Atlanta last year objecting to the use of federal money for the poor to be spent on building a posh restaurant and shopping mall for the rich.

The demonstrators include five current and former members of the Open Door Community -- Ty Brown, Elizabeth Dede, Ed Loring, Peter Stinner and Tim Wyse -- and Steve Clemens of Koinonia Partners.

They were charged with interrupting a lawful gathering but argued that their noisy but peaceful demonstration was as lawful as the opening ceremonies featuring then-Mayor Andrew Young. By dropping the charges and cancelling the May 2 trial, the state apparently agrees.

The Open Door wishes to give thanks to and for our lawyer friends -- Brian Spears, Michael Hauptman and Sandy Michaels -- whose superb work led to victory and to the American Civil Liberties Union of Georgia for taking on this case.

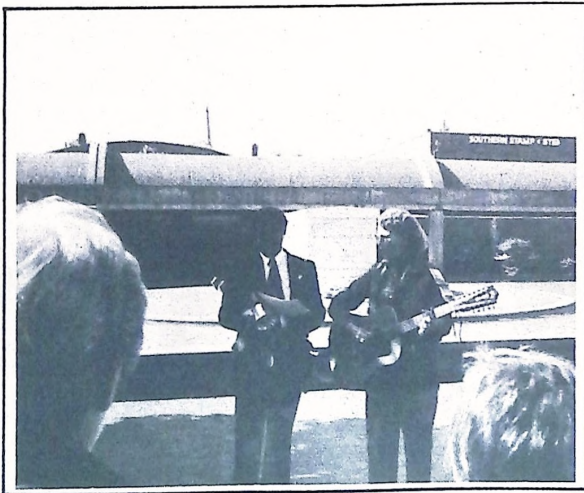


## Good Friday : Stations of the Cross

More than 35 folk marched through downtown Atlanta on Good Friday, commemorating the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and stopping to remember Jesus' route toward execution. The liturgy ended with worship in Woodruff Park led by Concerned Black Clergy (There were no arrests!).

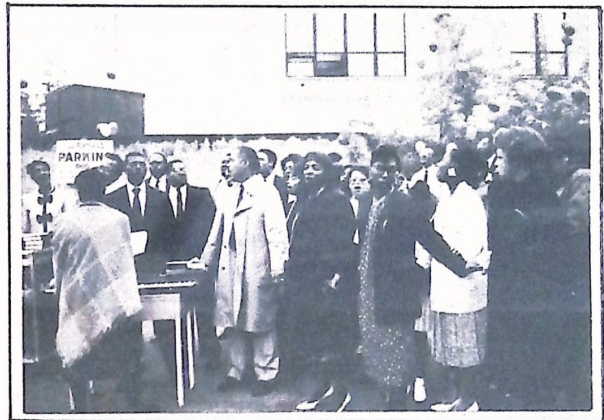


Ed Loring and Joe Beasley lead the seventh station reflecting on the way labor pools and their users continue to crucify the Christ.

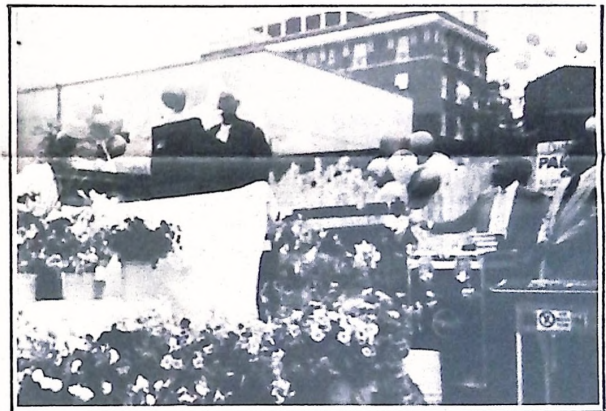


Murphy Davis and Tim McDonald lead singing at Martin Luther King, Jr.'s tomb at the first station.

## Easter Sunday



Reverend Cynthia Hale (1) and Ray of Hope Christian Church Choir delighted 400 folks at Easter Sunrise Services in downtown Atlanta.



Balloons and flowers everywhere transformed a parking lot into a symbol of the Resurrection.



Volunteers and friends from the streets join hands just before a Ham-and-Eggs breakfast was served to 400 homeless folks.



# New Resident Volunteers

WRITE ABOUT THEMSELVES

## Denise Laffan

A pastor at my church once gave a sermon on the Gospel story of Jesus' invitation to Peter to join him in walking on the water. Peter, she said, could be reckless and at times weak in faith but at least he had the courage to get out of the boat. Could we take that step, she asked.

When I decided to come to the Open Door Community in February, I felt like I was finally stepping out of the boat. Now that I have lived here a few months, I think I know what Peter must have felt like when he began sinking into the lake.

I quit my job as a newspaper reporter in Harrisburg, Pa., to spend at least one year as a mission volunteer serving God -- or so I thought. Instead of being a servant, I find I am more of a student. Seeking to serve God by serving the poor has revealed how weak my faith is, how little my understanding of community and how my comfortable lifestyle blinded me to the oppression and injustice of this society. These are painful realizations and, like Peter, it is a little humiliating to get back in the boat soaking wet.

But the excitement and hope of living at the Open Door is that we are all in this boat together and the invitation to step out comes daily. The power of community is watching others say yes to that invitation and gaining enough strength yourself to step out again in faith.

## Chris Rustay

Hello, my name is Chris Rustay. I came to the Open Door from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Having visited here two Christmases ago and again the following March, I felt a strong call to live and work at the Open Door Community. Living here, I have found a good integration of the various aspects of my life--friends, work, religion, hobbies--something that was lacking before I came here. I don't know why I felt called to this particular place but trust that it will be revealed. There has to be some good reason why I left one of the most perfect climates in the U.S. for Atlanta's heat and humidity!



Denise, Amy and Chris

## Amy Yackel

I first heard the following song when I lived at Jubilee Partners--a sister community of the Open Door:

Come unto me  
and I will give you rest.

Call on my name  
and I will be with you.

Stand with the poor  
and you will be with me.

I would ask to sing it often at Jubilee. But it is here at the Open Door that I am beginning to sense more fully why it is such a powerful song for me. I believe its power lies in its truthfulness.

Life here at the Open Door can be, and often is, very intense. There is so much going on that to maintain, for example, a spirit of hospitality in our busy soup kitchen I find myself more than ever before needing to call on Christ--and I do find that a peacefulness comes.

Being a part of the Open Door involves standing with the poor--the oppressed--the broken. And I am finding again and again that this is where Christ is. I am learning so much from the community and from my homeless brothers and sisters about friendship, conflict, giving, love, and community.

I am grateful to be here and share life with this gathering of people.



# On Knowing Bob Redd

by Steve and Christine Clemens

**Editor's note:** Steve and Christine Clemens are Partners of our sister community Koinonia. They shared this piece with us after the death of Bob Redd, a friend who was on Georgia's death row.

Our relationship with Bob began because of the tireless work of Patsy Morris--a woman of unflinching conviction that the death penalty must be abolished. On the way home from a Fellowship of Reconciliation national conference in Kentucky in 1980, I asked Murphy Davis how I could develop a relationship with someone on death row in Georgia. Murphy said that she'd find somebody who would like to receive letters, and through Patsy we got connected with Bob Redd. "He can't read or write, but I'm sure he'd like to hear from somebody," she said. Thus began a ten-year friendship between our family and Bob.

At first, we wrote to Bob at Reidsville and began to learn the rules of that prison. Could we send stamps, money, other necessities? Could we visit? When? How long? . . . But soon he was moved with all the other men under sentence of death in Georgia to the new "death row" at Jackson. And soon we were able to visit. Steve's six-month sentence for a peace witness in Texas gave him a little idea of the boredom that Bob faced, but Steve spent much of his time in jail writing and reading--activities not possible for Bob. Over the years, however, Bob gave us many unique hand-crafted items that he created from yarn and plastic.

Bob was not the big, aggressive, menacing brute of the media-stereotyped convicted murderer. Instead we met a short, quiet, and gentle man. Rather than arrogant and unremorseful, we found him to be slightly nervous and eager to please. Every four months when we were able to qualify for a "special visit," we made the two-hour drive to Jackson to visit Bob. We talked of his love for animals--especially horses. Friends in Atlanta told us that Bob had episodes of eating metal, so we talked about that, too. Bob was scared, alone, and with few mental resources to cope with the fact that the state planned to execute him. So he ate whatever he was able to get his hands on--bed springs, needles, coke cans--anything which could give him a respite from death row, either in the "sick bay" or in "lock down" (isolation). Bob was afraid of other prisoners in his cell block, and he always said that he didn't know why he swallowed the metal; he just did it. The episodes were more frequent in the late 1970's, but continued even after we started to visit.

Our two-hour visits were strained at times. There were limited topics to discuss with one with whom we had so little in common. But then we had our first child in 1983. Micah joined our pilgrimages to the "Diagnostic and Classification Center." Then in 1986, Zachary was born, and playing with the children became the highlight of our

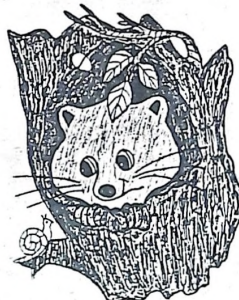
visits with Bob. He was ingenious in finding activities to keep them entertained. He asked me to bring a large handkerchief, which he promptly tied into a ball and proceeded to play "catch" and "fetch" with the boys. We had contests to see who could flip the metal disk given to us by the guards in exchange for our car keys. Stretching the bandana between us, we let the kids play the "bull" to our "cape." Bob had five sons, so it meant a lot for him to be able to play with our boys. They always looked forward to getting some of the hard candies Bob would sneak to them in the visitor room.

When John Eldon Smith was executed, we knew it was a matter of time before Bob might face a similar death. We did not know that Bob's metal-eating episodes, combined with insensitive and inadequate medical attention in prison, would intervene first. Bob died on March 2, after his second hospitalization in three months. Some said that those in charge moved him too quickly after surgery in order to return him to the prison medical facility. It is more than ironic that Bob's lawyer told us on the way to the burial that Bob probably would have been granted a life sentence due to his mental retardation if he had survived another six months.

Bob was convicted of a gruesome crime. The photos included in his trial transcripts were repulsive. Yet this same Bob reached out in love and caring for our family, lovingly "rough-housing" with our sons in the visiting room. As our 4-year-old Zachary said at his nightly prayer time a few weeks ago, "We're sad that Bob is dead, but we know he's safe with God and Jesus and Grandpop now."

Even out of death can spring signs of hope. For years, Bob was befriended by "Jacob," another man on death row. "Jacob" wrote and read letters for Bob and was our life-line to find out how he was doing. At the funeral, where the only African-Americans were two young men who covered over the grave at the end of the service, we told Bob's step-father and his cousin Roy that Bob's closest and most faithful friend was a young black man on death row. Roy asked Bob's lawyer and Patsy Morris to try to get whatever money may have been left in Bob's prison account transferred to "Jacob's" account.

We miss you, Bob. We'll continue to fight for that day when the "chair" will be unplugged and dismantled. □



Bob Redd's artwork and hand-made greeting cards were a delight to his family and friends.



# Grace and peaces of mail

Dear C.M.,

I have just finished reading your fine article in the recent Hospitality. Thank you for a well-reasoned, clearly written analysis of this overwhelming problem and for specific suggestions as to how our community might address it. You write with both persuasion and power, the latter coming from the person you are.

I write this because I'll be out of town the next several weekends with my job and so cannot express my thanks personally.

Sincerely,

Bob Smith  
Director of Lay Institute  
of Faith and Life  
Columbia Seminary  
Decatur, GA

Dear C.M.,

Thanks for your fine article in the latest issue of Hospitality. I appreciated all you had to say. I hope those who hear your words will take heed.

I'm hoping to be with y'all for a few days in mid-May. It'll be good to see you and our Open Door friends. Give everyone our love.

Blessings,

John Cole-Vodicka  
Alderson Hospitality House  
Alderson, WV

Dear Friends in Christ,

I have been searching for a place to send my Christmas gift to my brother these past months. Ken is completing a degree in law from Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. I wanted to send this check to an organization which deals with justice issues as a primary focal point of ministry. Well this morning your magazine and Spring Appeal arrived which I believe is God's answer for my search.

I have enjoyed keeping up with your ministry ever since visiting the community three years ago. Please acknowledge this gift by sending a thank you to my brother and adding him to your mailing list. He needs to be regularly convicted with the immense responsibility of the vocation which he is embarking upon.

In Fellowship with Christ's Suffering,

Kim Kingshill  
Sedalia, MO

Dear Members of the Open Door Community,

Your newsletter touches my heart each month. It has raised my consciousness in regard to criminal justice more than I can tell you. My pastoral prayers and pastoral practices have been changed to include prayers for prisoners and prayers for changes in the criminal justice system. They have included the poor and homeless for many years. I have been spending time visiting in prisons in this state with patients who land there from the State Hospital at which I am a chaplain.

May God bless you in your ministry.

With love in Christ,

Rev. Barbara J. Paulson  
Springfield, MA

Dear Ed, Murphy, and Open Door Friends,

Enclosed is a check for what we owe on our taxes this year. We trust you to use it in a way more consistent with our convictions than would our government. Meanwhile we pray for the day when our government is as concerned about the homeless and prisoner in our land as they are about making war in Central America. God be with you in your struggles!

Love,

Les and Gwen Gustafson-Zook  
Elkhart, IN

Dear Ed,

I read with interest the last issue of Hospitality and the most interesting part for me was a letter from a lawyer named Albert C. Smarr. This man does raise some interesting points and places me in a difficult position. There have been many times that I have thought your voice was the voice of an extremist. I find myself agreeing that you really do believe what you preach and your dedication to it is commendable. Maybe it is even the kind of dedication I would expect from a man of God who truly believed in doing what he was called to do and in saying what he believed he was called to say.

That troubles me because Mr. Smarr evidently believes that the needs and problems of the sixties are over. Please inform me if this is so, Ed, because I live in an area that seems not to have received this message. Here there still exists a good deal of prejudice, segregation, economic exploitation, and macho posturing that ends in spouse abuse, family violence and incest. However, not to be totally down and discouraging I will not mention the fact that there is such a high unemployment rate here that if you are not one of the "Good ole Boys" you have little or no chance of doing anything but live under a bridge and hope for handouts. Nor will I tell you that in one of the biggest dairy producing areas of this country my church has often been called on to provide milk for hungry children. If your voice is not relevant to this time as it was to the sixties then I am a bit archaic myself.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



I noted that while Attorney Smarr had no difficulty dismissing your writings as "warmed-over 60's. . . political and economic philosophy crap", no effort was made to explain this pronouncement. I'd like to know what part of your message Mr. Smarr has the most trouble with.

For the past four and a half years I have been a volunteer at the Open Door and an avid reader of Hospitality. I have found the articles you publish to be well-founded on the facts and statistics of current events, your knowledge of history, the Bible and Christian theology, and most important, your daily experience with the people and ideas you write about and your living faith. I've always appreciated the dialogue that takes place in Hospitality on issues such as the death penalty and funding for Underground Atlanta.

The Open Door's message of "hospitality" is a strong and inspiring gift to me that I receive from your living witness and your publication. I know it is important to many like me.

Maybe you could ask this lawyer for me just how do we speak to the economic woes brought on by the sugar industry that imports workers and then places them in substandard housing and overcharges them so that at the end of a season they have little to show for sixteen-hour days of back-breaking cane cutting. I wonder if he has ever defended the sugar interest, or what he would say about the citrus industry that puts orange juice on his table from work of migrants who often are forced to move time after time thus keeping their children from getting an education to break the cycle of their poverty. And we haven't even mentioned what happens to a dairy worker who is injured on the job and has no medical insurance and is forced to either work injured or is fired and has to move from farm-owned housing. Would he let a few of these come stay at his house?

Ed, you and I often have not agreed, nor do I expect we will in the future, but I want your voice to be heard, and if it becomes prophetic, then so be it. I would rather have your voice than a man who has hid his head in the corporate sands and failed to see that most of the poverty I know could be eliminated if we could just use some of the unjust fees of lawyers to feed the hungry.

Sincerely,

Rev. David W. Turner  
Okeechobee Presbyterian Church  
Okeechobee, FL

Dear Ed,

I was appalled and saddened last week when I read Attorney Albert Smarr's letter to you in the April issue of Hospitality. I was appalled at the suggestion that it would be better for you to be a hypocrite looking for money rather than actually believe in the message of truth and justice you put forth. I was saddened that anyone would react to such a message in such an ugly, closed-minded manner.

I hope that when Attorney Smarr represents a client in court he makes a stronger effort to make an argument on the issues before he leaps to such drastic, sweeping conclusions as contained in his judgment on you.

Please keep up the wonderful work and thank you.

Peace,

Helen McCrady  
Atlanta, GA



National Pilgrimage for Abolition of the Death Penalty

## Join Us for the March

Friday, May 18, Join us at 2:30 at the corner of MLK Dr. and Northside Dr. We will march to Woodruff Park.

On Saturday, May 19, at 9:30am we will march from Woodruff Park to the King Center.

On Saturday from 11:30am til 3:00pm there will be a workshop at Our Lady of Lourdes School.

## Atlanta Keeps the Homeless Underground !



THE FUN'S BACK IN TOWN?

Join us as we observe the anniversary of the opening of Underground Atlanta on June 15, 1990!

Call 874-9652 for more information.



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--Wednesday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon

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

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

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES--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), July 6-8.

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
DRAPERIES	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!



- |        |  |
|--------|--|
| May 6  | Worship at 910<br>Leroy Wright preaching                         |
| May 13 | Worship at 910   |
| May 20 | Worship at 910. 5:00 Eucharist.<br>5:30 Elise Witt sings for us. |
| May 27 | Worship at 910   |

During the month of June, worship will be at 910.

Four times each year the Community has a weekend retreat outside the city. This replaces our evening worship at 910 Ponce de Leon Ave.