

HOSPITALITY

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Providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison, through Christ's love.
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 * 404/874-9652; 874-7964 (FAX)

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

May 1994

Little Epiphanies:

Leaving the Department of Corrections

by George Cox

Editor's note: It is a pleasure to welcome our long-time friend George Cox to the pages of Hospitality. His recent note to us said, "I see no reason not to share [this] simple story with the readers of Hospitality. I want you to know, however, that I believe that little epiphanies like this one are not the acts of individual will, much less heroics. I believe that individuals choose to do the Lord's will despite their fears and flaws. I remember the time as one of submission, not one of rebellion." Thank you, George.

--Murphy Davis

Each Monday afternoon, the Commissioner of Corrections met with his seven direct subordinates to review the past week and finalize plans for the week ahead. Four of these staff members were very senior people with major operational responsibility for the agency. The other three of us were directors of much smaller staff units which reported directly to the Commissioner.

As Director of the Office of Research and Evaluation, I was present at those meetings. The three more junior staff members spoke infrequently at these sessions. My contributions were generally the "facts and figures" about prisons and probation that gave some precision to these often wide ranging discussions.

There were a few late afternoon "chats" with the Commissioner after almost everyone had left the building. In a few of these late-in-the-day conversations, he and I had talked about the death penalty. He was aware that I had religious qualms about capital punishment. The state had not executed anyone during my tenure with the agency or during his term as Commissioner, but the legal roadblocks to executions were steadily being removed.

Despite the agency's careful "monitoring" of appeals, someone was eventually going to "slip through the cracks" and place us in the position of putting him to death. I watched the Commissioner try to make sure that we did not stumble into such a situation. Attorneys for the men on death row had to be alerted to changes in appeals because we were often in possession of the most current and accurate appeals information. The informal communications between the agency and the attorneys were carried out very quietly (for obvious political reasons). Georgia was to be a death penalty state.



The death penalty was becoming the law of the land again, and the Commissioner and all of the staff of the agency had sworn (or affirmed) obedience to the laws of the State of Georgia. He claimed that he had "no options" when the time came. Others of us were less clear.

One Monday he announced that we were going to execute Jack Potts. Everyone was expected to stand together. There would be public controversy and considerable media attention. Precautions were being made to control possible inmate reactions to Georgia's first execution in many years. I did not sleep that night, and I resigned my position with the agency the next day.

I had attended several workshops over the years that were concerned with the lives of "devalued people" in American society. Several of my staff had been to these workshops as well. We were often impressed by the parallels between society's response to physically disabled, mentally retarded, and mentally infirm people on the one hand and convicted law offenders on the other.

Of course, many people suffer from multiple devaluing stigmata. For example, many law offenders are mentally retarded, lower income African American men. Others are mentally ill or developmentally arrested or have some other combination of devaluing stigmata. Even the able bodied, competent, and "sane" prisoners appeared to be stigmatized by a process similar to that affecting other devalued people. They are considered "bad people" in much the same way that other people are thought of as "crippled" or "crazy." This happens because the devaluation is something we do, not something in the other person.

(continued on page 2)

HOSPITALITY



910 Ponce de Leon

Hospitality is published 11 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, please contact any of the following:

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(continued from page 1)

The devalued among us are ugly and dreadful in the eyes of our popular media. They are cast in roles that make them seem perverse and dangerous. Devalued people have virtually no political power. Politicians will not be sanctioned for neglecting or even ridiculing citizens who have profound disabilities or who have broken society's laws. Our narcissistic culture values and honors the beautiful, the fit, and the conventional. Only in our religious tradition do we find anyone who loved the misshapen, the unfit, and the unworthy: Jesus of Nazareth.

The activists who conducted the workshops concerning "devalued people" clearly understood the connection between valuing others and one's

personal religious values, and they had not been reluctant to say so. Although our culture and law "trivialize religious devotion" (ref: Stephen Carter), these trainers spoke directly and clearly about values in the workplace. Separate prayer meetings were available during the workshop weekends.

One way to deal with one's own devaluing practice and to see the process working in others is to go into retreat-style settings like values clarification workshops. In that supportive setting, one can see more clearly. The pressures of conforming to agency culture and professional norms are less when the setting is independent. One is free to learn and to pray, to think deeply and to feel deeply.

One also meets others who are open to change. Networks persist after the training is over. Private conversations can then happen between relatively like-minded people in the community. Co-workers who have been in training together are a special blessing because they can apply principles to the specific workplace. They can also learn not to be ashamed to pray together.

There are many principles of value-centered leadership. One is to "draw the line" beyond which you will not go. By thinking about (and praying about) one's work, you can realize the greatest or most obvious perversions of the workplace. For those of us who work in corrections, the death penalty is one of many clear perversions of our professional public service.

Our deepest religious teachings revere human life. The living person is home to a soul that God may reach if we do not intrude upon the relationship. Confinement in prison removes the threatening person from society and places them alone in a cell. Here God may tender the spirit of the confined person. Here the offender may come face to face with the terrors of their own mind and the pricks of their conscience.

Have we not done our part as a society to set the dangerous person apart? Do we have some obligation to intervene in the potential redemption of a soul by destroying its vessel, the body and mind of the offender? If we cannot forgive as Jesus taught, can we not at least step out of the way and let more powerful forces work? These reflections tormented those of us who had studied together and prayed for each other during this time.

My co-worker Linda and I knew that the day would come when the agency would step over the line and kill a captive prisoner. When that day came, there would be many voices claiming that the agency employees were innocent agents of justice. There would also be great cries that agency employees were evil merchants of death intent upon racial domination, etc. As far as I was concerned, neither was true. There were and are many fine people who work in corrections. They are neither perverse nor corrupt in any measure more than are the rest of us. Many corrections employees are deeply troubled about what they see in offenders' behavior and in the government's punishment reaction. Many think deeply about issues of punishment, deterrence, and rehabilitation. Many pray as earnestly about their work as do social reformers and the clergy.

But Linda and I had drawn a line at death dealing. We knew the day would come. We knew the voices of "reason" would reassure us that we could stay in the agency. We knew that we would be despised and ridiculed by some within the organization who would be threatened by our "disloyalty." Our workshop trainers had shown us how to anticipate these consequences, how to make the witness a public event, and how to weather the long quiet days of unemployment that would follow. We had learned to practice "anticipatory suffering" so that we would not be too afraid to act when the day came.

Nevertheless, that day and the days that immediately followed were horrible. Our Commissioner felt betrayed, especially by the public nature of our witness. Others within the organization were alarmed that two of us with knowledge of many sensitive matters had "gone over to the enemy." There was much talk about neither of us being able to work again in Atlanta, at least in state government. But my greatest fear was that I would not be true to the witness, but the Lord carried me through that time. We packed up and left the agency quietly.

Public service is often a "calling" in that men and women who work for government often do so for value-based reasons. There is little to be gained by portraying bureaucrats as demons. Public servants need public support if they are to do the right thing, but they need a good "back door" if they cannot in conscience serve any longer. It has been many years since I left the halls of government for the quiet and obscure classrooms of the university. I do not regret those years, nor do I regret the decision to leave.

Linda, if you see this piece, I hope that you remember that your support and your sharing the witness were vital to me. I was too much the bureaucrat then to tell you how much I appreciated your courage and strength. I know today that we did the right thing, and that we have been cared for in our careers in life. Please remember me in your prayers.

Desperate Times, Desperate Measures

The U.S. Economy in Chains, Part 2

by Marc Worthington

Editor's note: We continue here with part 2 of a three-part series on prison labor. This part will look at the economic history of prisons. We are grateful to Marc Worthington, a friend and former Open Door Resident Volunteer, for his research and writing. Marc now lives in New Mexico, where he is a labor organizer and editor of Beyond Borders.

History for the Taking and Making

Economies throughout the millenia have used free or nearly free labor, and governments have set up a supply to meet the demand. In ancient Greece, slaves were used by the state for public works projects and by citizens for domestic service. The slave pool drew in part from those unable to pay fines for their crimes. If you had the money, you could often escape flogging and slavery. The treatment afforded criminals in Germany in the middle ages was similar. During the transition from feudalism to capitalism, vagrancy laws served to inhibit migration to search for better living and working conditions, but were justified as a means to reduce the incidence of highway robbery. Many of the poor were then in bondage to their new employers as firmly as their parents were to the landholders. If they ran away from their shop masters, some could even be officially declared slaves.

The beginnings of the United States, that "land of the free and home of the brave," was marked by enslavement of Africans from abroad and Native Americans at home. Reasons were put forth then, as they are now, stating why the prisoners were deserving of their treatment. Most of these depended on arousing fear of the people enslaved and isolating other human beings as "them." The reasons and means for keeping many of the prisoners locked up today do much the same. We just can't and won't take other steps that recognize the common humanity of the "other."

The desire for even more free labor in the 18th Century resulted in the mother country adding more crimes to the list of those punishable by death (eg. deer theft) which could be replaced with, if the prisoner preferred, a sentence of New World slavery.

While convicts continued to arrive from the continent, Pennsylvania began using its indigenous convict labor early, though this lasted only until the time of William Penn's death in 1718. This foreshadowed by some one hundred years the practices of New York's Auburn federal prison which rapidly grew after its 1816 opening, due in no small part to the increasing crime that followed after soldiers returned home from the War of 1812 and found unemployment instead of jobs. At Auburn, prisoners were at labor during the day, forbidden to talk, kept in solitary at night, and subjected to multiple forms of humiliation and denigration.

Only 15 years later Auburn was turning a profit, as was Sing Sing, while other prisons that instituted the practice (begun by Massachusetts in 1798) of leasing out convicts to private enterprises were making even greater profits. State constitutions followed the lead of the federal constitution in allowing slavery and/or involuntary servitude as a punishment for crime. There was a distinction between the two, but this was lost on those who suffered and sometimes died while being leased out. Some of the worst abuses occurred in Alabama, which also retained the leasing program the longest (until 1938).

As the roaring '20's were about to crash, Minnesota prisoners made farm machinery, tools and binder twine sold to several other states; Indiana prisoners were making nearly 2,000,000 shirts and 25,000 shoes annually; Kentucky inmates cranked out over 1,000,000 shoes each year of which 95%



were sent out of the state, and a Tennessee legislative investigating committee proudly reported in 1931 that "in this time of depression Nashville State Penitentiary has not only been self-sustaining but it has actually been paying a profit into the state treasury which last year was over \$100,000."

These numbers were significant; one 1926 estimate was that 41% of all work shirts and 35% of all work pants were convict made. A single prison contracting firm in 1923 produced in its 17 factories about 16,000,000 shirts.

This high profit manufacturing system had the labor benefits comparable to setting up shop in a third world country but with a diminished chance of opposition through organizing and rebellion. In overseas colonization the general public at home could be insulated by distance from the horrors committed to bring inexpensive products to their homes; using a domestic workforce behind prison walls that ultimately deserved their treatment was a workable corollary for a time.

But under pressure from union organizers who criticized the displacement of civilian jobs, and from civil and human rights activists, the leasing programs ended as did most of the production jobs not needed to maintain the prisons and their inhabitants.

That is, until now; as the methods realign in "kinder and gentler" but no less insidious forms.

This series will conclude in the next issue of Hospitality with an examination of present-day examples of the use of prison labor for private profit and what actions we can take to curtail it.

You Say Yes I Say No

Reflections on God's Easter Yes

by Elizabeth Dede

On Passion Sunday at the beginning of our observance of Holy Week, Rev. Nibs Stroupe came to the Open Door Community to help lead worship and to guide us in our Holy Week vigil with our homeless friends in Atlanta. He reminded us how the heady shouting and boisterous cheering of Palm Sunday, with its clambering for a popular king, quickly turned into vicious yells of "No!" and chants of "Crucify him!" when the fickle crowd came to learn something of the cost of discipleship, and the political powers knew that their reign was threatened. The Palm Sunday celebration rapidly degenerated into pain, betrayal, and abandonment a couple thousand years ago. God offered us life and hope, and we angrily rejected it: "No! We don't want to live a life of forgiveness and reconciliation, of caring and love." We chose the path of selfishness and greed, of the fast-buck-30-silver-pieces and the safe-I-don't-know-the-man, and on that dark Friday even God seemed to say no--Jesus felt abandoned. So Nibs charged us to keep vigil throughout the week, walking the streets of this modern Jerusalem, where the pain of our no is daily felt by the homeless. In their suffering we might come to know something of the suffering Jesus took on for us. We might be led to hear and embrace God's yes.

Because, of course, God did not abandon Jesus. Even though there was betrayal and death at the hands of us humans, the story didn't end with Friday. We are always able to look forward to the end of our vigil, to a big celebration, to lots of good food, and the recognition that Christ is risen. Death is not the answer. God's yes wins again. So Nibs also charged us to hear God's yes in order that we would not lose heart.

It was a difficult Holy Week because as we stumbled exhausted through the week with our friends on the street, we also walked with William Henry Hance, our friend on death row, all the way to death, his death in the electric chair. In our world it is easy to hear and to say no, but our senses need to be acutely awakened to hear, see, taste, and feel God's yes.

The no came for me instantly as I walked out the door of 910 onto the streets of Atlanta. None of the members of the community stood there to give us a good-bye hug, to wish us well, to say, "Stay warm and dry." I was feeling lonely and a little bit sorry for myself. But then I thought, what evicted person, made newly homeless, would have a landlord who said, "Be careful out there on those streets. It can be dangerous." Or who, having just lost another job, has heard their boss say, "Sorry to be firing you. Hope you stay warm and dry out there." No... mostly it's the no you hear, or the silence that equals consent to your homelessness.

Throughout the night and day, I was amazed by the grip and extent of the police state in which we live. Security guards and police were everywhere, watching and controlling our every move it seemed, speaking a no to freedom. In order to get out of the rain and storm I panhandled enough for a cup of coffee, but the security guards were in every shop, on all the corners, threatening to run me off if I didn't stop this begging.

I realize that begging will never permanently support the needs of a homeless person, and giving to a beggar will never end homelessness, but I guess I do believe that all the spare change I received was a yes; it was an affirmation of my need; it was an acknowledgement that something isn't right when there are homeless people asking for spare change; it was a recognition of our humanity. Peter Maurin, one of the founders of the Catholic Worker, wrote that beggars give everyone a chance to be good and feel good. I certainly experienced that goodness in the generosity and concern of my benefactors that night. Many even stopped to ask if I would be all right. All of this is not to say that those who did not give, or who said no, are bad (I do not want to make too much of the virtues of panhandling.). It is only to say that in the small change I heard God's yes. In the kindness of strangers and the wonderful cup of coffee, I felt hope and an affirmation of life.



Gino and Alpha leaving the Open Door for the streets, Palm Sunday evening

DICK RUSTAY

Early in the morning, similar to the Marys' going to the tomb on Easter morning, we started to walk downtown to the Butler Street Breakfast. Along the way, we encountered more security guards. They were guarding empty parking lots, enforcing the Parking Lot Ordinance, making sure we didn't remain on a parking lot where we had no car parked and no lawful business--in short threatening us if we dared to take a short cut across their asphalt. And perhaps because of the early hour, or maybe it was the guard, then again it might have been the emptiness, or could it be the futility of it all? I was reminded of those silly guards, sleeping, supposedly standing watch over an empty tomb. They were there to prove that resurrection *wouldn't happen*, that life couldn't conquer death. Well, you know the story--no stone, no seal, no security guards could stop the yes from bursting forth out of the mouth of the tomb. Well, if the guards couldn't hold back Life, what chance does the City think it has against people who sleep on park benches, or walk through parking lots? I found myself laughing. If only City Hall and the mayor could lighten up and giggle every now and then at the ridiculousness of it all, we'd have housed all the homeless people, fed all the hungry people, given health care to all the sick people, and employed all the jobless people (except, perhaps, for the security guards, who would be rendered useless). After all, you don't need a guard at the grocery store if the hungry are fed.

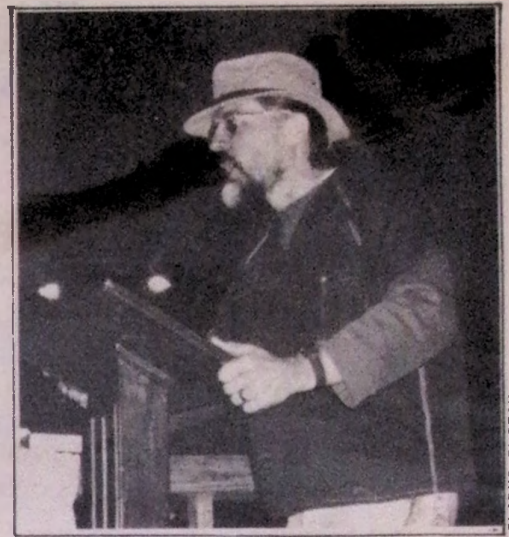
Obviously, however, homelessness is not a laughing matter. As one Columbia Seminary professor who spent 24 hours out on the streets observed, homelessness is like a slow execution. The monotony of the day, the exhaustion, the punishment your body takes from the weather, the lack of healthy food, the slavery of labor pools--all lead to death. And we sentence so many of the citizens of Atlanta to this punishment.

So we were able to connect our vigil on the streets, the suffering of the homeless Jesus, with our friends on death row, and particularly with William Henry Hance, who was executed by the state of Georgia on Maundy Thursday. This is the day when we remember that Jesus was betrayed and handed over to the state to be killed. There is the ultimate no, and once again we heard it. By failing to stop the execution, we certainly betrayed William Henry Hance. He was a mildly retarded man who suffered from mental illness that went untreated (In Georgia it is illegal to execute the retarded.). The disgusting power of racism controlled William's case, with jurors struck simply because they were African American, and the one African American on the jury threatened and intimidated because she would not vote for death. And even when all of this illegality was exposed, nobody with power and authority would say yes to life. William Henry Hance was killed using our modern method of crucifixion.

Where, then, do we find God's yes when we are so surrounded by the shouts of "No!" and the cries of "Crucify him!"? On Easter Sunday, even when we are serving a great breakfast, enjoying our friendship, and celebrating the Resurrection, still there is hunger. The grits, ham, and eggs wear off after a few hours. Still there is betrayal, homelessness, and slow and rapid execution.



Vigil for William Henry Hance



Easter morning and Hallelujah!

GLADYS RUSTAY

GLADYS RUSTAY

But life is a victory. I often hear people pray, "Thank you, God, for seeing us safely through last night. Thank you for waking us up in our right minds this morning." On Easter Sunday morning we sang "Woke Up This Morning With My Mind Stayed On Freedom" and then sang again with our minds stayed on Jesus. Whenever we get up and come together to sing, pray, and eat, then there is a yes to life, and we experience a little resurrection. If we were to throw up our hands, walk away, and say, "People will be hungry anyway, so what's the use?" then the no would rule and death would have its way.

It is so much more difficult to find any victory after an execution. How can the state keep doing this? It is hard to see, or hear, an affirmation of life, but sometimes I have the experience of the power of life, even when it's been snuffed out by the state.

The week after William Henry Hance was executed I was down in Fruitland Park, Florida, visiting my mom and dad. They subscribe to the Leesburg Daily Commercial, so I was reading the paper that morning. Now, you have to understand that both Fruitland Park and Leesburg are small towns in Central Florida--towns that have traditionally suffered from the bigotry and racism of most southern small towns. So I was amazed to read about William Henry Hance in an editorial written by Bob Herbert, a columnist for the New York Times. My dad told me that this small paper had run a whole series of editorials, opposed to the execution of William Henry Hance, pointing out the racism inherent to the death penalty, and calling for the abolition of the death penalty. That life, which seemed so obscure and even worthless to the State of Georgia, had an impact all across the country, even in a small town in Florida.

A newspaper, a cup of coffee, some change in my pocket, ham and eggs, laughter and song. . . Can these be God's yes? In those grits I can sure taste and see that the Lord is good. Death loses one more time. We're alive with our minds stayed on Jesus, who is alive. YES!



Celebrating with ham, eggs, and grits

GLADYS RUSTAY

Elizabeth Dede is a partner at the Open Door Community.



Carol Jean Miller from St. Luke's Episcopal Church joined us this year.

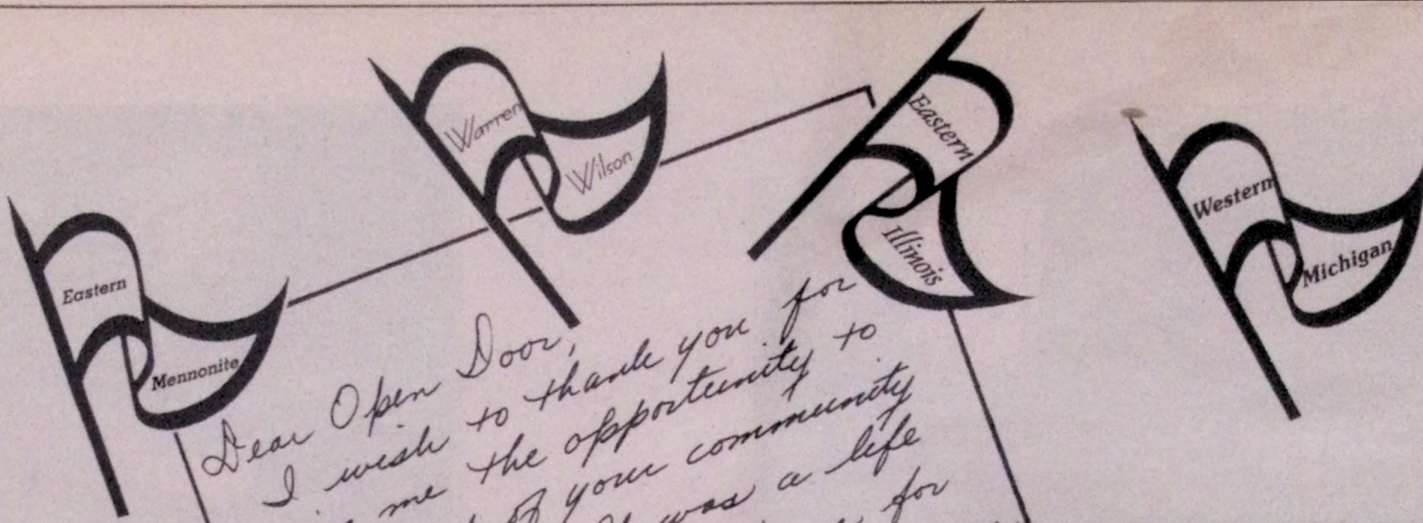
GLADYS RUSTAY

The Panhandler

A moment ago I met a man whose hand hurt him horribly. He did not cry. Men don't. He hardly complained about the pain but he did mention that the Dallas Cowboys got roped in again last Sabbath noon almost the time Jesus pulled loose from all those binding threads and sheets of shroud and clambered out of Arimathea's room. He asked for a bus token, softly said it, with yellow-blue eyes peering just above the dinky on my Braves cap. "Can't. We don't do tokens, only grits and eggs." I begged him with my facial twitch to let me pass on by. "Just one," he keened, "I won't be coming back this way again." So I asked him for a quarter then pleaded for a dime. His laugh lacked teeth but his mouth did grind. So he slipped slightly toward the newspaper box and I flooded away like a mountain stream when she has had too much to drink.

Then I heard a clink on the sidewalk bouncing just inside my ear. I turned. He winked. A nail glittered, shimmied and rolled into the gutter.

--Ed Loring
February 1994



Dear Open Door,
I wish to thank you for giving me the opportunity to be a part of your community for a week. It was a life transforming experience for me. You made me feel welcome the beginning. I learned about how we all walk between. You are special. I can visit you.

Love,
Dorri



Michele from Eastern Illinois



Anna from Eastern Mennonite



Zdenek and Kevin with members of the Western Michigan group



Ken from Warren Wilson

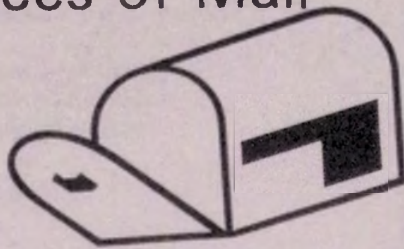
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Live in a residential Christian community. Serve Jesus Christ and the hungry, the homeless and prisoners. Bible study and theological reflections from the Base. Street actions and peaceful demonstrations. Regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring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

Contact: Ed Loring
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404/874-9652; 874-7964 (FAX)

Four different college groups came and spent spring break helping us and learning about our community and ministry.

Grace and Peaces of Mail



Dear Open Door:

Enclosed is a Kroger gift certificate given to me by my employer. Please accept this as a token of thanks for the help I received one dark night.

Several months ago I was on my way home from work late at night, when my car stopped dead in front of your center. No amount of coaxing was about to get it running again. There I sat with very little traffic on the street, getting a little nervous about what to do, or how to get out of the middle of the road. Four men, who were sitting on the front steps at the Open Door, started walking towards my car. This did not necessarily give me a safe feeling at first. One of them called through the window for me to put the car in neutral, and they would push me into the Captain D's parking lot. When we got to the lot, I got out to properly thank them and offer to pay them for helping me, but in an instant they were gone... without a trace.

Hopefully, you will be able to use this certificate in your ministry. Thank you for the work you do.

Sincerely,

A Grateful Kroger Employee
Atlanta, GA

Dear Friends in the Door,

I was particularly moved by the last issue of *Hospitality* (March '94). As Jurgen Moltmann said in his letter, your concrete witness to the gospel helps me keep on believing in God and in the possibility of justice and in love in a society that is so frequently heartless. But more than this, your ministry challenges me enormously. Am I doing my part to resist homelessness and end social violence? Am I helping to build a society where peace and love are more than hollow words?

It is so easy to hide from the pain you so ably described in this issue. My work, my family, and the seemingly harmless creature comforts I have become accustomed to make it easy to suppress or ignore altogether the stories of people who are treated like non-people. It is easy to fall into this trap even when you are in the people-helping business.

So, keep the faith and keep up the good work. And, please pray for people like me who need help touching real people and the real God who are out there on the streets.

One suggestion: Many issues of *Hospitality* lift up the pain or call for a change. But can you help people like me think more clearly about concrete strategies to create hospitality that I can support or be a part of? My family and I are happy to support the Open Door Community, but we need help thinking about alternatives at the broader level. Several years ago, you opened up a discussion of capital punishment and invited readers to help you think about alternatives. Your respect for different view-points made it easier for me to change my thinking. What about a *Hospitality* "Economic Justice Strategies" series, or an issue dedicated to "Strategies to Eliminate Homelessness"?

Again, thank you for challenging me to think and act more like a Christian.

Steve Rhodes
Associate Director for Academic Affairs
Appalachian Ministries Educational Resource Center
Berea, Kentucky

Dear Friends,

As I write this letter, here in Cincinnati the city officials are increasing their attacks on the homeless and low-income people of the common neighborhoods. With the attacks by Cincinnati's Building Department on the Drop Inn Shelter, with their unannounced inspections in an attempt to shut down the city's largest shelter. We appreciate the *Hospitality* newspaper, and keep on the faithful road.

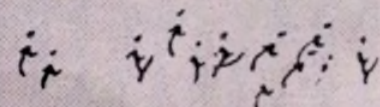
Sonny Williams
Cincinnati, OH

Dear Ed,

Thanks for the article on "The Rent Man." It was well written. Thanks for addressing this issue. I always enjoy reading your articles. Keep the good work up, and may God always bless you and your family.

Sincerely,

V.L.
Columbus, GA



JOURNEY OF HOPE

**Two Weeks of Action
Against the Death Penalty
October 1-16, 1994**

Sponsored by
Murder Victims Families For Reconciliation

The Journey of Hope in Georgia is a two-week public education tour of eight major cities and their surrounding towns. This event is led by Murder Victims Families for Reconciliation (MVFR). A core group of MVFR members and other interested people from around the country (and world) will spend time in each area at churches, rallies, classrooms, radio and television shows, and other interviews. They will describe the experience of losing a loved one through murder and their eventual recognition, unique to each one, of how hatred and a desire for revenge is destructive. They share their struggles to let go of their vindictive feelings in order to move on and up to a healthier, more humane way of responding to the offender and dealing with their grief.

For more information, contact Elizabeth at 874-9652.

The Other Side

300 W APSLEY, PHILADELPHIA PA 19144-4285
PHONE 215-849-2178, FAX 215-849-3755

The Other Side, a Christian magazine of peace and justice issues, seeks a full-time assistant publisher to conduct financial management and planning, plus provide support services. Experience in magazine publishing and/or financial management desirable. Excellent benefits. Deadline for applications: May 15, later inquiries appropriate. Contact Hiring Team, *The Other Side*, 300 W. Apsley Street, Philadelphia, PA 19144 (215-849-2178).

WE ARE OPEN. . .

Monday through Saturday telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 2:00 until 6:00pm, and from 7:00 until 8:30pm. The building is open from 9:00am until 8:30pm those days (Both phone and door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 2:00.). 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, 7:15am

SHOWERS & CHANGE OF CLOTHES—Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 2-4pm (Be sure to call; schedule varies)

USE OF PHONE—Monday-Saturday, 9am-noon, 2:00pm-5pm

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

WEEKEND RETREATS—Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), July 8,9,10.

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.

Open Door Community Worship

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

Please join us!

May 1 Worship at 910
CM Sherman, preaching

May 8 Worship at 910
Houston Wheeler, preaching

May 15 Worship at 910
5pm Eucharist
5:30 Music with Elise Witt, Johnny Mosier
L.A. Tuten, Joyce Brookshire, and Aldo Poppi

May 22 Worship at 910
Elizabeth Dede, preaching

May 29 Worship at 910
Ed Loring, preaching



Open Door Community Needs

JEANS
Men's Work Shirts
Men's Underwear
Quick Grits
Cheese
Mayonnaise
Multi-Vitamins
MARTA Tokens
Postage Stamps
Men's Large Shoes (12-14)
Coffee
Non-Aerosol Deodorant
Toothbrushes
Toothpaste
Disposable Razors
Shampoo
Silverware
Socks
Washcloths
Sandwiches
Porch/Yard Furniture
Rugs/Carpet
Chests of Drawers
3 Pottery Communion Chalice
Double Bed Mattress/Futon
Single Bed Frames, Box Springs, Mattresses
Shrubs for Backyard Plantings

From 11am til 1:30pm, Monday through 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 or after 1:30, it would be helpful.

If you have found Hospitality helpful and would like to know more about the Open Door Community, please fill out, clip and send this coupon to **The Open Door Community • 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE • Atlanta, GA 30306-4212.**

☐ Please ADD to the Hospitality mailing list.

☐ Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

☐ I'm interested in volunteering. Please give me more information.

☐ I would like to make a six to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please send more information.

Name

Address

City , State Zip +

Phone