

# HOSPITALITY

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vol. 15, no. 11

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

November 1996

## Atlanta Police Sweep Woodruff Park Without a Dustpan

by Ed Loring

We were just sitting there listening to Ron Jackson tell his story of struggle and triumph as a Black man in America when eleven of us were arrested. Although no one in our group knew what time it was, the arresting officer told us, later, that it was 11:52 p.m. when he began writing out the arrest forms.

We were a Christian community made up of folk from Columbia Seminary and the Open Door Community. We looked like a group that the barn-born Jew might put together in Atlanta, because we reflected his preferences and style as revealed in the Gospels. As part of a course that the seminary is offering this fall—"Good News to the Poor"—we were spending 24 hours on the streets to observe and participate in the lives of the homeless poor. We began our time together at 4:45 p.m. gathering at 910 Ponce de Leon. There we stripped of the accouterments that help with identity and power in our city. Into a plastic bag we placed our picture identification cards, wallets, money, jewelry, watches. Each of us had 4 bus/train tokens so that at 5:30 a.m. we could get to one of the meanest labor pools in the city, which is a long way from the downtown area where we slept. Otherwise our pockets were empty except for a few pocket Bibles and a mashed tuna fish sandwich that Amy Justice had pilfered away until a hungry man came to her shortly after we entered the park and said, "you wouldn't happened to have a sandwich, would you?" Amy, wishing he had asked for a Bible, gave him a smile and bravely confessed that "Yes, indeed," she did have a sandwich and she hoped he would enjoy it.

Love requires proximity. That is the point of the incarnation of Yahweh in Jesus. Love requires listening to the cry of the poor in proximity and on their turf. So we began our time together in the backyard of the Open Door

sharing a sack supper lovingly served by Adolphus. Thirty-five of us sat in a circle on the basketball court and another 10 stood on the edge of the concrete. Frank Wyatt, who lives in our yard and is one of the most loving and helpful friends at 910, led us in a time of witness and testimony to the nature of the experience of living in Atlanta with no home. The sharing was excruciating. We were stunned,

the homeless), we could lay our heads. We walked along a corridor famous for drug trafficking and stopped several times to talk with folk about their faith, politics, and hope for our land. Again we were amazed at the stories and marveled that the God who did business with the little-noticed slaves in Egyptland right under poor Pharaoh's nose (until it filled with gnats and then the Angel of Death did not passover his house on one fateful midnight hour) was, seemingly, possibly, Oh! what Good News for the poor!, still at work in the world: on such a street as this where the sidewalks are filled with abandoned, forgotten, broken, believing people.

We got to the park sometime after 10:00 p.m.. There is no clock visible from the park. A police officer came by in a car and told us the park closed at 11:00, in 20 minutes, he said. He then drove down the sidewalk and told a couple of other folk the same thing. There were about 20 of us in the park at the time. Well, then Ron began telling us his story; a tale not unlike what we had heard in the backyard and on the way downtown. Time passed and none of us were aware of the impending hour. Police cars circled the park, but no one said anything and

most of the others in the park, like us, simply sat and enjoyed the early October night telling stories and sharing friendship.

Suddenly a policeman jumped out of his car and came up to our group. Not a word or warning but "let me see identification." I have been in Woodruff Park many a time after 11:00 p.m.. I have spent many nights in Woodruff Park sometimes with 40 to 50 other people both homeless and those who stand with them. I have been run out of Woodruff Park on many occasions sometimes at 3:00 a.m. and sometimes at 5:00 a.m.. I have never been pushed out rudely or without warning. So, naively and with the general

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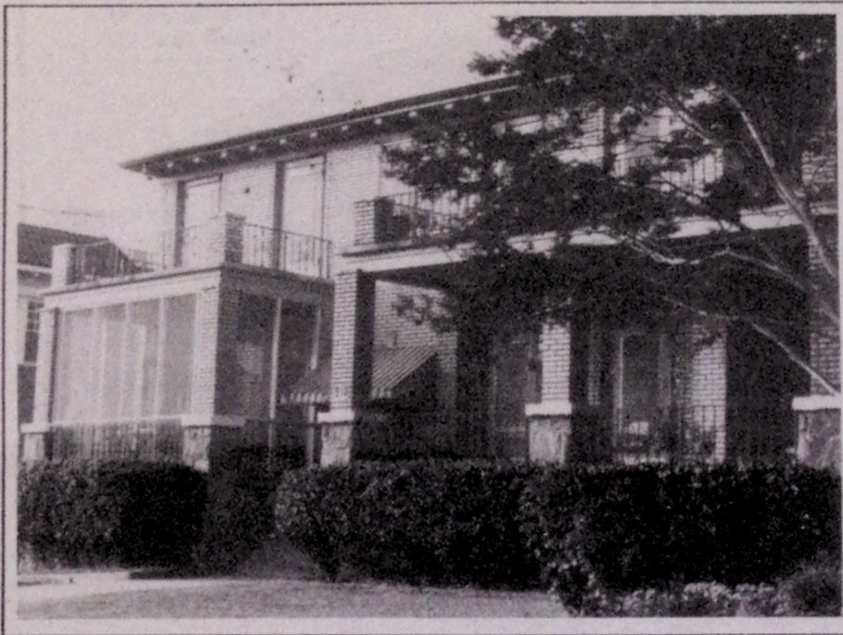
'Good News for the Poor' class prepares at 910 for 24 hours on the streets.

filled with disbelief, hurt, anger, and discomfort. How could this be???? (But that, of course, is a twice-told tale; if you are interested, please call and maybe we can spend a night together in our backyard.)

We decided to move toward downtown now that it was dark. Our homeless companions had to go to find cardboard and covers for their night under the stars. We headed for Woodruff Park with plans to sit and process our experiences before going to find a place among the homeless where, like the Son of Humanity and unlike the foxes and birds which were long ago driven out of Atlanta (with the exception of pigeons which the Downtown Partnership is attempting to get out of the park, along with



# 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:

**Murphy Davis**--Southern Prison Ministry

**Ed Loring**--Correspondence

**Elizabeth Dede**--Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator; Guest Ministry

**Dick Rustay**--Group Work Project Co-ordinator

**Elizabeth Dede**--Hardwick Prison Trip

## Newspaper

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**Circulation**--Phillip Williams and a multitude of earthly hosts and guests

**Subscriptions or change of address**--Gladys Rustay

(A \$7 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing *Hospitality*.)

(continued from page 1)

assumptions of a white male who believes the police are here to help and protect, I did not believe we were being arrested. We began to sing "America the Beautiful" as a protest to the way we were asked for our ID. At the completion of a rather nice first stanza, the policeman asked again for our ID. We said we had none and he began writing up our charges. He said it was a shame that we had no ID because now we would have to go to jail. If one has ID, we were told, we would only have to show up at court at the time and date he was setting. Slowly, I was beginning to get the idea: we really were being arrested! We told him a bit of our story and why we were in the park. "Too bad," he said, "I am just upholding the law. The law says that you are to be out of the park by 11:00 p.m. After making our point of why we were in the park a couple of more times, he called his supervisor who came to the park immediately. He, too, told us about his job of upholding the law, but he did agree that arresting us did not make much sense to him personally. But then, he was not there to implement what he believed in, but to uphold the law. Then he told us two interesting pieces of information that

began to make the behavior of the young white arresting officer fit into a broader piece, and even began to relate to the experiences and horror stories we had heard in our backyard and on our walk to the center of this city. First, the supervisor told us that they were making a sweep of the park. "See those homeless folk sitting on the benches? We cannot arrest them unless we arrest you too." I was at least pleased to hear that the police are no longer just arresting the poor in the park. To treat us all the same way is certainly a different approach. Then I asked him why he needed to sweep the park (Councilwoman Debbie Starnes had already told us last week that the business community was putting great pressure on the city to clear the park and the downtown area of the homeless.). The supervisor then turned his body and lifted his arm toward the renovated Muse's building across from the park and the place where Georgia State University President Carl Patton has his penthouse and said, "That's where the complaints and the pressure are coming from. Those folks don't want these people in the park."

George, a member of our raggedy band, broke out with complaints about this procedure. The arresting officer kept writing out tickets. The supervisor became exasperated: "Do you want me to call my supervisor?" He asked George. "Yes, I do," George responded.

Within a few minutes a car pulled to the side of Edgewood Avenue and out hopped a diminutive woman who was clearly in charge. The second in command told her his version of our story. A large part of the issue was our lack of ID. They were going to have to haul us off to jail. The policewoman did not take long to make a couple of decisions, especially after Dr. Charles Campbell convinced her that we were just a group of preachers and preachers-to-be who were trying to experience the city at night and the lives lived by the homeless. She was concerned that the sweep could not go on if we were not arrested, because it would not be fair to those without homes to arrest them for being in the park without arresting us. So she decided, to our thanksgiving and delight, to discharge us (that is to make the charges null and void) and not to sweep the park that night. The arresting officer was exceedingly displeased with her decisions if the contortions on his face were evidence of his response. The second in command, like the woman supervisor, was pleased with the outcome. We left the park joyful that we had not been arrested and that we had postponed, for at least a night, a sweep of Woodruff Park.

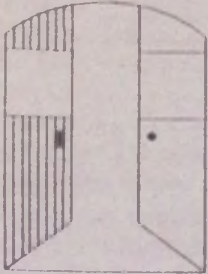
The police were just doing their job. They were sweeping the park as they had been told to do, and they ran into some middle class folk without ID. In fact, the last word the police commander said to us was, "Don't forget to bring your ID when you come downtown." They don't want us in their (our?) park. They don't want us in their jail.

Not long before the police came to us, Ron Jackson was reflecting on what he considers to be a basic and fundamental difference between Black and white experience in America. He shared with us that as a child growing up in Jacksonville, Florida, his mother taught him and his seven brothers and two sisters to run and hide anytime they saw the police. "The police are a threat to the poor and to African Americans," Ron taught us. We had heard the same in our backyard that night. Jim Wallis, in his book *The Soul of Politics*, gives a vivid rendering of a similar story. As we seminarians and Open Doorites walked away from the park we were different folk; we had been transformed. Our proximity with the cry of the poor had deepened our faith and opened our social analysis. We were pleased that like a Witness for Peace delegation we had stopped a sweep against those who have nowhere to go and nothing good to do. We already knew what the next editorial in the paper about the park would be. We then went to the beautiful steps of the Butler Street Christian Methodist Episcopal Church to reflect upon our time in Woodruff Park. Before we could begin, however, we met Paul, who had just gotten out of 27 days in the city jail. He was cold and exhausted. "What was your charge?" someone asked. "Oh, I tried to get into Grady Hospital to sleep, and I pushed the security guard when he threw me out."

Atlanta is a challenging place to follow Jesus. To respond to the cry of Christ in the cry of the poor necessitates reducing the distance among ourselves. Love requires proximity to the outcasts, the homeless, the hungry, the prisoner, the police, and those sad and lonely people who live in the newly renovated Muse's building. Let us all get together in the park and share our bread and lives and stop this silly pushing and pulling and excluding and blaming and arresting and jailing and fighting and fearing. God wills it. Love requires proximity.

*Ed Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.*





## The Open Door Community

### Fall Appeal

The return of the autumn season creates different images. For many, autumn means buckling down once again for another year of studying, writing term papers, and taking exams. Others spend the Fall preparing for the busy Christmas season, an increase in sales, the stock market, business deals, the endless Christmas lists: a list for children, friends, parents, relatives. Autumn brings an end to the sweltering heat of summer, the appearance of beautiful colorful leaves, and the beginning of cool autumn breezes.

For our homeless friends autumn's return recalls last year's winter and the fear of what this year's winter will bring: below freezing temperatures, biting and breath-taking wind, numb, frostbitten fingers, hands, feet and legs, and wet blankets and clothes. The cool autumn breeze brings a clamoring for some warmth and space in the city's night shelters. Autumn means the beginning of standing in freezing weather for a hot bowl of soup or grits.

Through your gracious help we serve these friends who are without warmth and home. Early in the winter's frosty mornings, a line of people, thawing out from the night's cold, waits on Butler Street for a hot bowl of grits, eggs and coffee, and oranges. Around noon time, hungry people, hoping for an end to the winter's rain, gather in the yard of 910 Ponce de Leon as they wait for a hot bowl of soup and for sandwiches. In the afternoon, another group of shivering people waits for their turn to take a hot shower, to shed their wet, cold clothing, and to put on a set of fresh clean, dry clothing. With the evening shadows, a line of people begins outside 910 as they wait on blankets for some protection from the cold.

This is the reality and the hell that our friends on the street experience with autumn's return: the oncoming threat of winter, and even the threat of injury and death. At the Open Door Community we try to be a sanctuary of hospitality, love, warmth and comfort: an oasis in the desert of biting cold. During the winter, this task becomes exceedingly difficult. But through your support, prayers, concern, and shared resources, the task becomes easier.

In this and every season, we deeply appreciate your love and care for us and our homeless friends. Please stay with us in the struggle to create a space of love and kindness amidst the city's chaos as we continue to look forward to the day when all will experience the warmth, comfort, and peace of God's reign over all the earth.



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Peace and love to you from all of us  
at the Open Door Community,

*Jeffrey Watter*  
*Gladys Rustay*  
*Ed Long*  
*Phillip Williams*  
*Rubin R. Pringle*  
*TO MARY DAVIS*  
*Capth*  
*Tra Terrell*  
*Genieve Lee*  
*Long Johnson*  
*Barbara Schenk*  
*Henae Long-Davis*  
*Willie D. Anderson*  
*Dick Rustay*  
*Jackie Badger*  
*Erin*  
*Emm*  
*John Henry*  
*Murphy Durr*  
*Jim Hincham*  
*Sarah Moses*  
*Elizabeth Durr*



# EC Says: Speak Out

by Elizabeth C. Dede

Although I am sometimes a rather quiet person, I've always been a lover of words and the sound of words as they are spoken or sung. I heard the opening verses of the Gospel of John as a message to me from early childhood to study English literature. They are still beautiful and evocative:

*In the beginning was the Word,  
and the Word was with God,  
and the Word was God.*

I believe that words from gifted poets, singers, musicians, preachers, and other writers are calls from God. Sometimes they are a challenge; sometimes a sweet relief of peace. I've heard and read and sung the profound mystery of life and death. And words to express the wonderful comedy of life give me an abiding joy even amidst tragedy.

I've been told at various points in my life to be quiet: no giggling; women don't teach in church; "all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand." But I'm not writing on those topics. I'm reflecting here on the call to speak out: "O, thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountains. Lift up thy voice, with strength; lift it up; be not afraid. Say to the people: Behold, thy God! Behold, thy God!" "Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Jerusalem! And shout! Shout, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh unto thee!" God is coming, and it's going to be with a shout, or so I believe.

So I've been listening for some of the coming echoes. Today Nibs Stroupe, pastor at Oakhurst Presbyterian Church, was teaching the little children about the Good News. How would they define news that is good? he asked. His questions were met with silence. He tried some gentle prompting—what did we just finish singing about in the hymn called "Good News Is Ours To Tell?" Still there was silence. "Well," he asked, "would it be good news to receive a tape of my sermon in the mail?" Finally the silence was ended with laughter from the adults and a great shout of NO! from the children. "So, what is good news?" Nibs prodded again. "Rock and Roll!" shouted a small boy, who at least knew what kind of tape he wanted to receive in the mail.

My friend Tomy Sue Burch always has some wonderful stories to share when I visit her at the Metro State Prison. Last time she told of a guard who came to escort the women who needed medical care to "Pill Call." Through the gate he shouted, "When I open this door, I don't want to hear another sound out of you!" With great clanging, clattering, crashing, clinking, and banging the gate swung open. Tomy observed loudly enough for all to hear—"What does he think? There's a whole group of women standing here waiting together. When has a group of women been together and not talked? Even God can't keep women from talking!"

How good it is that women talk. How the disciples would have learned about the risen Lord without the word from the women is anybody's guess. I suppose most children in the world wouldn't learn to talk if they didn't have their mothers who sing and talk to them long before the children can respond. Speech makes us human. I guess it's true that other animals communicate with each other. And even though I've heard whale calls set to music, there just is no comparison to Handel's

Women are not dogs who gobble food down in one swallow. And human speech and language is a gift from God. I'm speaking out here! St. John tells us that God is the Word. God help the ones who silence our speech!

I'll be the first to say that not all words are godly, and much of human speech is worthless. Last month Jim Hinshaw and I walked 55 miles through Southwest Georgia on a Freedom Walk organized by John Cole Vodicka, director of the Prison and Jail Project. We were protesting the abuse of prisoners in that part of the state. While walking through three counties for four days we were the targets of some pretty disgusting, abusive language. But we also heard the challenging words of a mother who is fighting for justice for her imprisoned son. We heard the tired voices of prisoners, who sang encouragement to us through the bars, across the yard, and over the razor-wired fence.

During our Festival of Shelters, Inez Fleming spoke to us one evening about the "sin of silence." For too long now the oppressed among us have suffered in silence, sometimes believing that suffering is their lot, and always in real fear for their lives if they speak out. Inez challenged the African American members of that worshipping community to "tell it like it is." And she charged the white folks there to listen and believe. Perhaps only through truthful and trusting dialogue can the walls and barriers of racism begin to tumble down.

These are difficult days. Sometimes it is hard to find anything to say: the horrors of poverty, homelessness, executions, racism, war, and the increasing size of the hole in the ozone layer leave us speechless. But the prophets shout to us if we have ears to hear. And if we listen to the message we can find the strength to shout our message of justice and liberation. Speak out!

*Elizabeth C. Dede is a partner at the Open Door Community.*

First they came for the Jews  
and I did not speak out—  
because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for the communists  
and I did not speak out—  
because I was not a communist.

Then they came for the trade unionists  
and I did not speak out—  
because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for me—  
and there was no one left  
to speak out for me.

— Pastor Martin Niemöller  
(victim of the Nazis)



*Messiah.* One sure sign of the power of human speech is the prison's insistence that the women keep silence. For the past few months there has been a five-minute rule imposed during mealtimes at Metro. Complete silence must be observed through the five minutes that the women have to eat their meal. If talking begins, the guards yell, "You can't eat and talk at the same time! Get up! Chow time is over!" That is dehumanizing.

First they came for the homeless  
and I did not speak out—  
because I was not a homeless.

Then they came for the African  
Americans  
and I did not speak out—  
because I was not an African American.

Then they came for the unemployed  
and I did not speak out—  
because I was not unemployed.

Then they came for us—  
and there was no one left  
to speak out for us



# Public Toilet Campaign Update

by Jennifer Lee

On June 17, 1996, People for Urban Justice and friends held a protest outside the office of Mayor Bill Campbell at Atlanta City Hall. We protested the lack of public toilets in Atlanta, and the resulting arrests of people (primarily homeless people) who have to urinate on public grounds because no toilets are available to them. For 13 years, the city has been promising public toilets, but so far, no public toilets have materialized. Therefore, People for Urban Justice marched up to city hall with placards and leaflets, and ten of us carried our ceramic toilets right up to the mayor's office. We sat on our toilets and called for Mayor Bill Campbell to hear our pleas for public toilets and an end to the arrests. In response, the city arrested eight of us and charged us with criminal trespassing.

On September 10, 1996, our case was heard in court by Judge Deborah Greene. Judge Greene bound the case over to State Court. Seven of the original Urine-8 will now stand accused in the State Court of Fulton County on a date not yet known. We will keep you updated, and we ask for your support and continued prayers. When the date of the trial is known, it will be announced with the hopes that many friends will come to court in support of People for Urban Justice and our call for public toilets and justice for our homeless friends. We very much appreciate your prayers, your concern, and your letters over the past months. If anyone would be interested in writing to the city on our behalf, please write to Mayor Bill Campbell and/or Mr. Marvin Arrington, President, Atlanta City Council, at the following address: 55 Trinity Avenue, SW, Atlanta, GA 30335.

Thank you so much!

September 10, 1996

Reverend Ed Loring  
The Open Door Community  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE  
Atlanta, GA 30306

Dear Rev. Loring:

Over the past three months, I have received numerous letters, like yours, encouraging the City of Atlanta to pursue negotiations to install public toilets on the streets of downtown Atlanta. Please know that my staff has been discussing the future of this program, at length, with the City's Planning Department. As you may know, *I have been working to get public toilets onto Atlanta streets for over thirteen years. Like you, I believe there is an urgent need to provide residents and guests with public toilet facilities. This is an issue of public health and humanity. I am committed to seeing this*

*project succeed, even if it takes another thirteen years (emphasis added).*

I have been informed that the new Commissioner of Planning, Michael Dobbins is working on a new plan for placing public toilets in the City. Please know that I continue to support this issue but there are many obstacles which challenge the success of this project each day. Please bear with us while we try to build consensus with other members of the Atlanta community to make it work.

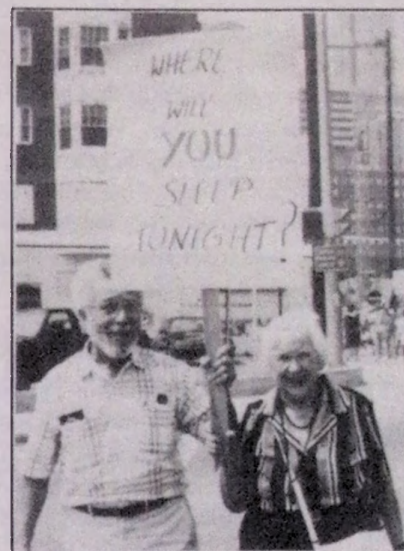
I will keep you informed of our progress. In the meantime, please do not hesitate to call my office with your questions and/or comments.

Yours for Atlanta,

Marvin S. Arrington  
President  
Atlanta City Council

Available Now  
(in time for Christmas!)

## Frances Pauley Stories of Struggle and Triumph



Compiled and Edited  
with an Introduction  
by Murphy Davis

Foreword by Julian Bond

Afterword by  
Marcia Borowski  
Mary Eastland & Lewis Sinclair  
Jim Martin

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## CELEBRATE CHRISTKWANZA IN ADVENT

We would be happy to send you a packet containing the November 1993 Hospitality with an article by Dr. Ndugu T'Ofori-Atta and Elizabeth Dede's adaptation of the Christkwanza ritual into the Sundays of Advent, and a sample order of worship. Please send the request with your name and address to: Murphy Davis, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212.



Frances Pauley and Atlanta City Council President, Marvin Arrington, at the Open Door in May, 1995, celebrate the City's agreement to bring public toilets to Atlanta—an agreement that was later reneged.



# Liturgy and Life/ Sacrament and Struggle

by Murphy Davis

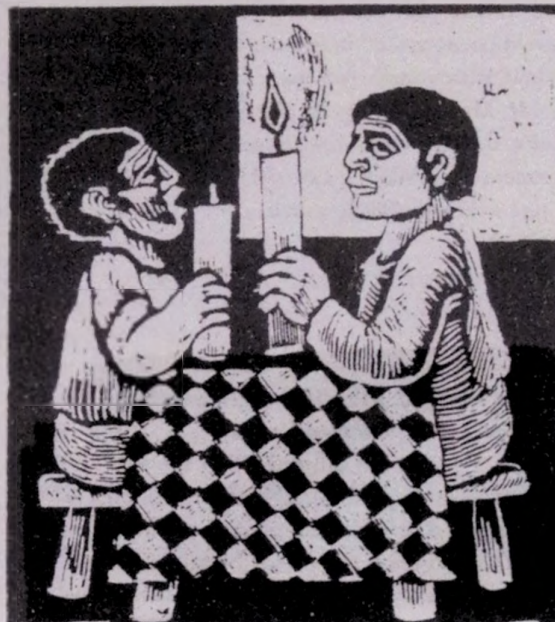
Liturgy is a word that comes from the Greek that means "the work of the people." When we come together on Sunday, we make liturgy: we make work together. We say often that what we do here at the Open Door—all of the meals that we serve, all of the showers and clean clothes that we offer to people, all of the prison visits, all of the ways that we try to do the small acts of charity that respond to the suffering of our friends, as well as the advocacy—all of our work that we do together comes from the worship that we share. We worship together every day. We gather at least a couple of times each day to pray and reflect on scripture and to share our concerns. But 5:00 on Sunday afternoon is a very particular time for us, a time that is set apart for us to sing, to pray, to listen and hear scripture, to reflect on scripture, and to celebrate the sacrament together. Every Sunday we celebrate the Eucharist—the Lord's Supper—Communion—around a table that is always sitting in the middle of our circle, which brings us bread and juice that become for us the broken body and spilled blood of Jesus Christ. From time to time we also have the privilege of celebrating baptism. On a somewhat regular basis we celebrate what we also believe to be a sacrament: foot washing.

We celebrate these sacraments and our liturgy together in a context of 2,000 years of experience and tradition in the church of Jesus Christ. Over these 2,000 years the disciples of Jesus have tried to live out the liturgy, to form it, and to come together around worship in different ways at different times in history. The liturgy is the way, through the tradition and the sharing of worship with Christians around the world, that we mark our time. We divide it up into a cycle and order, so that we have ways of remembering and celebrating the drama of our faith. Soon we will begin the cycle again with Advent. Then we celebrate Christmas and Christmas-tide, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, Eastertide, and Pentecost. No Ordinary Time here. What we do by celebrating this cycle is to affirm that there is a holy quality to time. Time is not something that just passes on a calendar, where we mark off the days and turn the months. When we share time in the midst of a community of faith, we come to know the regular seasons and cycles that bring us the liturgy of the stories of faith. Through these stories, and through the remembering of this drama, we call ourselves again and again to lives of faithfulness.

The liturgy—the work of the people—is something we make together. It doesn't just come from a book somewhere. It doesn't just come from a tradition of 2,000 years. It's not something that someone else gives us and we repeat here. We understand ourselves at the Open Door as being in the tradition of Liberation Theology, so that the enterprise of doing theology together is a dynamic process. The term that is used in Liberation Theology is the practice of action-reflection. God gives us work to do. From that work we do together, we shape our theological reflection. From our theological reflection we refine our work, and we change the ways that we work together.

And from new ways that we work, we reflect theologically in new ways, and so the process of action-reflection always builds on itself, and it is a dynamic process. So we never have a theology that is written down with a period at the end of the sentence and is true for us Once and for All. We are an experiment with truth. We "make the road by walking." We are working every day to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling" and to try to come to understand how God is present to us here and now in particular and concrete ways.

The same can be said about our worship



— Meinrad Craighead

life, which is also based on an action-reflection model. It brings us together out of great diversity. We come into this circle with many traditions: Roman Catholics, Mennonites, Baptists, Pentecostals, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Methodists. We bring our traditions together, and we share our life together, and our life interacts with our worship. Our worship form is never something that is canned, finished, or set, but it is a process of living together and finding a way to worship our God in this particular set of historical circumstances. That is not to say that we ignore the Tradition. It is not to say that the Tradition is not important to us, but we try not to take a tradition and paste it on top of our life here—to just tie up the loose ends of our life with something that is set from another place and another time.

When faith courses through the veins of any particular community and settles into the hills and valleys of our souls, it issues in a new kind of liturgy, something that we hope is always becoming fresh. So the crucial questions that we gather around are where and when and how and with whom do we experience the faith? What is the place in our life for the struggle for justice for the New Heaven and the New Earth? Our hope is that part of the answer lies in our worship: how we worship, where we worship, with whom we worship. If we do not have that kind of dynamic process, then our worship, too, can become cold and static and inauthentic.

I don't mean to disparage the Tradition here—the great songs and hymns of the church, the liturgies, the prayers. But the Tradition always has to be brought into the present with integrity, with

authenticity, for it to mean something for the worshipping community that is finding a place in the life of the larger Christian community. To relive the Tradition is to find a way for it to have a lively interaction with the experience of how God is among us now. So we receive the Tradition as a gift, and it can be a powerful instrument for teaching and spiritual formation, as much as it can become a weapon in the hands of people who are more concerned to use it to preserve power and authority and privilege.

We want to receive the Tradition here and bring it to interact with our life and work and calling. The songs we sing, the way that we pray, the particular way that we reflect on scripture are shaped by the here and now of our lives together. What this means for us here at the Open Door is that we have particularized our liturgy and our liturgical life to reflect, deepen, and nourish our struggle with and on behalf of the homeless poor, women and men in prison and jails, those who are condemned, those who live on death row. But then neither would we want our liturgy to be seen as normative in any other community of faith.

The question for our liturgy and life is: How are Biblical truths and the structure of life, the structure of worship, and the structure of theology related? Over the years we have developed some very particular forms of liturgical celebration out of our life and work.

In 1985, as we approached Holy Week and Easter, we became aware that March 31 was Palm Sunday, and on that day—the last day of March—most of the night shelters for homeless men, women, and children in Atlanta would close. So it was given to us as a gift of the Holy Spirit that we would initiate Holy Week with the Homeless. And for these eleven years now we have gone out onto the streets during Holy Week to remember the Passion of Jesus Christ as we walk the *via dolorosa* of the homeless poor. In 1989, as we anticipated the coming of winter and the inevitability of suffering and death among the homeless poor, the Holy Spirit again gave us a new liturgy, from the ancient texts of Israel. That year we first marked *Sukkoth*—the Festival of Booths, or the Festival of Shelters—in which the people of God are called to go out into the city square and remember the time of homeless wandering, as a way to remember that God always calls us to open our homes to the homeless poor.

There is a more recent liturgy among us that we begin to celebrate in a few weeks: ChristKwanza in Advent. It is a time when we bring into the life of our community—so shaped by European tradition—some of the traditions and the forms of worship from Africa. We remember the calling together of people of diversity and celebrate those traditions together.

Week to week we share a more regular cycle of liturgy. Our work emanates from our worship. Our worship and our liturgy reflect our particular work. Then we bring our work back into the context of worship for consecration and discernment in prayer. This is the rhythm, and the shape, of our life together.



The central question for any kind of Liberation Theology is: How do we create an alternative community, and how do we nurture the vision and the resources for an alternative way of life? The crucial questions include: How do we live together? How do we worship together? How do we struggle together to follow Jesus? With liturgy and life, we also raise the questions and issues of sacrament and struggle.

The sacraments have been an area of great debate throughout all of church history. Through the time of church councils and the shaping of the tradition of the church, there were points at which people were willing to kill each other over the sacraments and how they were defined. The Roman Catholic tradition celebrates seven sacraments. Most Protestant traditions celebrate two. Here at the Open Door we celebrate three, because we believe that foot washing is a sacrament and is commanded by Jesus—with the added promise that if we do this we will be happy, says Jesus in the 13th chapter of John.

Traditionally, a sacrament has been defined as "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace"—something that is material that teaches us about something that is sacred—something that is ordinary that is used to teach us about what is holy. Sacrament is, in essence, a way of nurturing a vision, a way of feeding a sacramental vision. Seeing the holy in the ordinary, seeing the sacred in the material is a kind of transcendent way of seeing, believing that what we see under our noses is not the whole story. The way we see things as they are is not the way that things have to be.

It's a radical notion that we sing about in the song "We Have Another World In View." What sacrament does is to bring that other world into our presence. So if we lift the edge just a tiny bit, we understand the sacredness that is shot through all of life. Sacramental vision leads us to another way of seeing: seeing the holy in the mundane of life. We're reminded by the prophet that without a vision, the people perish. If we believe that what we see in the material world is all there is, then despair is a very likely option. When we look to the Gospels, we find that in all of Jesus' miracles and teachings, he is teaching us the miracles that uncover the miracle in the ordinary.

The author Annie Dillard writes about those line drawings that you see in children's books. When you first look, they appear to be just a mass of intertwined and intersecting lines. But the directions say, "Look into the lines and find the tree. Look into the lines and find the cat. Look there and find the bucket." Then you take your crayon and color in the bucket that was mixed up in all of those lines. Annie Dillard says that nature is like that.

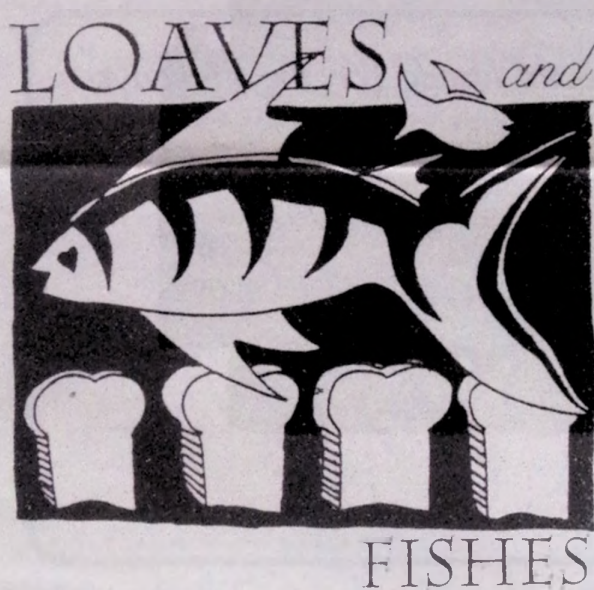
I think that's a very good image for sacrament as well. When we look at bread and grape juice, we see ordinary food. But in the sacramental vision, we come to understand that this is a holy feast that we share together. When we look at water, we see only the ordinary kind that quenches our thirst. But when we understand the power of water and the outpouring of God's Spirit, then we understand how the cleansing of baptism changes our life. We understand then how it is a holy work when we invite our homeless friends in to share food and drink and

showers. There is holiness, there is sacrament, in sharing those elements that become holy. It is the same vision that we understand when we look into the eyes and the face of a stranger and see the presence of God. When we look into suffering people's lives, we understand the Passion of Jesus Christ.

We need sacrament because we have before us a very deep mystery, and we do not have adequate words to describe the mystery of the presence of God in our lives. We have sacrament to act out the drama. We have sacrament to give us a way of understanding. In sharing the bread and juice, we remember the story: the sacrament of liberation, forgiveness, and healing. In sharing our own lives and stories, we come to understand the truth of our lives and our experiences and how they become holy for us as we share life with one another.

We come to the Eucharist each week as the center of our lives. We come into the worship circle because we understand that it nourishes us; it makes us whole. Table companionship has been the starting point of every ministry we have at the Open Door. Everything we do here started with dinner, whether in our prison ministry, or our soup kitchen, or any ministry that we share together.

Luke 9 has a story that is not classically a Eucharistic story, but I believe it is a passage that



communicates some of the truths of Eucharist. It took place when Jesus was moving around Galilee, preaching and teaching and healing. He had healed many people of their diseases and their demon possessions, and he was in very active conflict already with the powers of government. Jesus had sent his disciples off, and they returned to tell Jesus everything that they had done.

*Jesus took them with him, and they went off by themselves to a town called Bethsaida. When the crowds heard about it, as usual, they followed him. He welcomed them, spoke to them about the reign of God, and healed those who needed it. When the sun was beginning to set, the twelve disciples came to Jesus and said, "Send the people away so that they can go to the villages and farms around here and find food and lodging because this is a lonely place." But*

*Jesus said, "You yourselves give them something to eat." They answered, "But all we have is five loaves and two fish. Do you want us to go and buy food for all this whole crowd?" There were about 5,000 men there [So we can assume there were 15,000 - 20,000 people, if the women and children were counted]. Jesus said to his disciples, "Make the people sit down in groups of about fifty each." After they had done so, Jesus took the five loaves and two fish, looked up to heaven, and thanked God for them. Then he broke them, and gave them to his disciples to distribute to the people. They all ate and had enough, and the disciples took up twelve baskets of what was left over (Luke 9:10 ff.).*

This story is generally presented as one of the miracle stories. It seems to indicate some kind of supernatural power that Jesus had to take just a little bit of bread and a couple of measly fish, and serve somewhere between 5,000 and 20,000 people. It IS a miracle. It's amazing. We don't know how it was done. We don't know how Jesus took just a little bit of food—with the disciples saying, "This is all we've got. It's not much. We can't feed everybody with this." But Jesus took that little bit and broke it and gave thanks for what they had.

The interesting thing is it never says here in this text that all of those people ate from the five loaves and two fish. It says that there was plenty. There was enough. And there was so much more than enough that the disciples took up twelve baskets of leftover food. Now that does seem amazing, because they only started with five loaves and two fish. And that little bit wouldn't fill up twelve baskets, or even one.

The miracle here is that Jesus took what little there was and gave thanks. And giving thanks, he began to share it. And I just wonder if the real meaning of this story is that out there in the crowd, here and there, somebody had a piece of bread tucked away in her pocket. And somebody had another fish under his cloak. And somebody else had a satchel with two pieces of bread. Now, nobody brought it out at first—because, can't you imagine that feeling?: "There all these people. I've got a piece of bread, but I'm not pulling out of my pocket, because if I pull it out, somebody might want some of it. And then there won't be enough for me."

But there was enough when Jesus took the little bit that was available to him and his family and gave thanks and looked up to heaven and broke the bread and started passing it out. Can you imagine the possibility that a pocket opened up here, and a satchel opened up over there, and somebody pulled a string of fish from over his shoulder, and they started passing the food around? Is it possible that in the simple act of giving thanks the sharing was empowered? Is it possible that the anxiety of scarcity was healed when one person gave thanks and began to share? I like to think that might be the way it happened.

Now, in one sense, Jesus was just being a good Jewish boy when he gave thanks. There is a traditional Jewish blessing called the *Baraka*—that is said before every meal, every sharing of food. We say these words when we celebrate the Passover Seder every Spring: "Blessed are  
(continued on page 8)



(Liturgy, continued from page 7)

you, O LORD our God, ruler of the universe, who brings forth bread from the earth." Jesus would never have considered beginning to eat, or giving out food, without giving thanks. Rather than showing us a miracle, I think Jesus was showing us how to live. Rather than impressing all of those people—who were already pretty impressed—with his power and his magic tricks, he showed us what to do when people get hungry. Rather than overwhelming us with how great and powerful he was, he tried to overwhelm us with how great and powerful it is to share so that everybody has enough. In this story Jesus says to us that if we give thanks for what we have, it will increase and produce an abundance.

Eucharist, the word for this sacrament that we share, means the giving of thanks. Gratitude is the basis of this table. Gratitude is the basis of the life of faith. It is what our friend Horace Tribble, who visits us and prays with us every week, calls "An Attitude of Gratitude." That is the basis and heart of the life of faith. Giving thanks reminds us of the holiness of every meal that is shared in love. There is enough for everyone.

There was enough on that day in that lonely place so that Jesus fed the multitude. He didn't produce all that bread and fish, I don't think, but he taught people how to share. And whether a child brought forth those loaves and fishes, or the disciples had them in their pockets, what happened when Jesus gave thanks is that something got started. All it takes is to say thank you for what we have. What little we have is enough.

Gratitude is key. Gratitude is what makes us real. Gratitude is what helps us to build solidarity and community. Gratitude is at the heart, and struggle is at the center. It takes a vision—a vision nurtured by gratitude, to see in the bread the abundance, when it seems so little; to see the presence of God in the stranger and outsider. In that vision, struggle is inherent, struggle is a given. When you know there is enough food to go around but people are still hungry, it produces struggle. When you know that there could be enough shelter for everyone, but people live in the yard and get rained on, there is struggle. A struggle to get somewhere

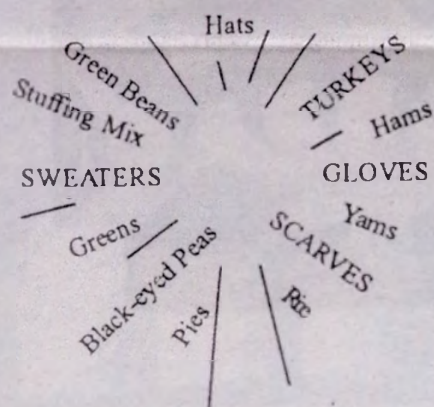
else, a struggle to go from the way things are to the way things can be. Without that vision we surely perish.

We have to struggle to release the bread in the crowd, and we have to struggle to release the Christ in the bread. We have to struggle to release God in the stranger and to press the vision even when everyone else seems to be blind to it. When Jesus said the bread and body were broken, he knew what he was talking about, but he gave thanks. He released the sharing. It took him to the cross, the instrument of torture and execution, the worst that the world could offer. But even there death had already been overcome. In the cross Jesus wanted us to see the power of life. In the instrument of despair, Jesus wanted us to see the means of hope. In the executed criminal, Jesus wanted us to see the Lord of Life.

We come to the table for nourishment. We are fed here. Here is where our life becomes a banquet. Our life becomes a sacrament when we share the bread and the cup together. The sacrament helps us to grow in love, to know the meal of liberation and unity and the healing of our fear. It is a meal that invites us to freedom and makes us part of the community of liberation, the God Movement, the Beloved Community. It is ours to give thanks, to share the bread and cup, broken and poured out for us, in love, in struggle, in hope.

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

### Special Needs for the Holidays



*We need  
turkeys  
and  
blankets  
for the  
upcoming  
season*



## "Prepare a Road..."

### An Advent Prayer

by Elizabeth Dede

*Someone is shouting in the desert, "Prepare a road for the Lord; make a straight path for him to travel!"*

In the desert of the city, Oh God, you send the voice to cry out: "Prepare a road for the Lord!" But do we hear? Forgive us gracious God when the noise of traffic, of jet airplanes, of honking horns, of construction, of a life gone mad with busyness drown out your call. Tune our ears to hear the cry of the poor. Help us to meet Jesus, and to make a smooth road for him to travel.

Oh, Lord, how shall we meet you? Break down the barriers that keep the rich from the poor, the strong from the weak, whites from Blacks, men from women, straights from gays. Liberate us, Oh God, come and save us. Help us to bring the Beloved Community so that the city will be a place of rejoicing for all people.

In the wasteland of the prison cell, Oh God, you send the voice to cry out: "Prepare a road for the Lord!" But do we hear? Forgive us, loving savior, when the cheers for chain gangs, the clanging gates, the pounding metal doors, the gleaming razor wire, the silence of hostility, or the roaring of rage, and the shouts of vengeance seek to silence your call for peace and goodwill. Tune our ears to hear the cry of the prisoner.

Oh, Lord, how shall we welcome you when you are locked away? Snap the bars, swing wide the doors, come, Oh God, and set the prisoners free. Liberate us from fear and hate. Bring justice for the oppressed.

In the desolate places of war, Oh God, you send the voice to cry out: "Prepare a road for the Lord!" But do we hear? Forgive us, Prince of Peace, when the noise of bombs, the roar of tanks, the wailing of mothers, and the terror of children destroy the beauty of your Peaceful Community. Tune our ears to hear the moans of the wounded ones.

Oh, Lord, we long to greet you, for you are our hope, the delight of our hearts. Give us peace in Bosnia, Chechnya, Nigeria and all the war-torn places on your earth. Teach us to care for and love each other. Replace the bitterness of greed and prejudice with the sweetness of peace.

In the emptiness of our hearts, Oh God, you send a voice to cry out, "Prepare a road for the Lord!" But do we hear? Forgive us, Immanuel, God with us, when despair, addiction, sickness, hardness of heart, and doubt cut off the voice that calls within us.

Light a fire in our hearts, Oh Lord, and melt our hearts of stone. Help us to turn toward each other in love and care and to work with each other for justice and liberation.

Then we will turn toward you; we will see you on the road made straight and smooth; we will run to greet you, and the Beloved Community will be here.

Amen! Come, Lord Jesus, Come! Amen!



# Wednesday Night Clinic

by Murphy Davis

Several weeks ago, I made these photographs for a story on the Wednesday night medical clinic at the Open Door. Since then, the story has taken a sad turn.

For nearly a year, Dr. Brigitta Jann, head of the Department of Rehabilitative Medicine for Emory Medical School and the Emory Clinic, has been coming in every Wednesday evening to run a medical clinic out of the back office. Each week she spends several hours seeing members of the Open Door Community and many of our

homeless friends. She monitors hypertension, diagnoses and treats infections and minor illnesses, bandages wounds, and advises us on more serious medical problems.

On a regular basis, Dr. Jann's son, Roald Rees, has come with her to take blood pressures and initial medical histories and to visit with clinic patients and members of the community. Both of them have become well-loved friends bringing help and care.

On October 2, Roald Rees took his own life. For most of his 24 years, Roald had battled a serious clinical depression. Since the suicide of his twin brother, Nikos, in 1994, he felt he was losing ground, and finally he felt too tired to go on with the struggle. He left a loving and tender letter of gratitude for his mother, and in closing he reminded her to bring Joe Miller's blood pressure

medication when she came for the next clinic.

On Wednesday, October 16, friends and family of Roald and Brigitta gathered at the Open Door for a memorial service. We shared stories of Roald's life and care among us — of his painting and his music — of his love of the mountains and hiking — of his thoughtfulness to friends and family. We shared our tears and confusion and affirmed the healing power of love. Following the service, Dr. Jann held the regular weekly clinic and cared



Roald Rees takes Ralph Dennis' blood pressure.

MURPHY DAVIS



Dr. Brigitta Jann with Herman Harris in the Wednesday Night Clinic.

MURPHY DAVIS

for the sick who waited for her. She brought Joe his blood pressure medication.

We struggle with the tragedy of the loss of our promising and compassionate young friend. Brigitta has asked that memorial gifts be made to the Open Door, and we will designate them for medications for the Wednesday night clinic.

We ask your prayers and concern for Brigitta Jann as she grieves such enormous loss and as she continues her vocation of healing mercy.

## Karen

by Murphy Davis

Karen Thomas came to us last April, referred to the Open Door by our friends in the Oncology Clinic of Grady Hospital. She had recently undergone a mastectomy and was about to begin chemotherapy for breast cancer. She was also two days away from homelessness.

Although partially paralyzed from childhood encephalitis, Karen had worked full-time for the City of Atlanta Police Department for twenty years. We would like to think of such an employment record in the American workplace as being enough to keep us from disaster should illness strike. But when she was unable to work she lost the salary that provided her housing.

The long and short of it is that Karen Thomas had breast cancer, was convalescing from surgery, was preparing for

chemotherapy, and she was homeless. The fact that she had worked hard for many years, in spite of partial disability, gave her no protection.

The curse of this oppressive situation has turned out to be a blessing for the Open Door Community. We have had the privilege of providing a home and caring for Karen through her cancer treatment. When her long brown hair began to fall out, Leo lovingly trimmed it and shaved her head. When she could not eat, Maria made her milk shakes for supper. Ed has teased her and made her laugh. She shakes her cane at him and makes all the rest of us laugh.

And the great news is that Karen's treatments have been completed, and the cancer is in remission. She has begun to receive disability assistance (thanks to the Grady Hospital social service staff) and her doctor has cleared her to go back to work.

Karen hopes to make her home in the newly renovated Imperial Hotel when it opens (see page 10). We give thanks that we have shared this time with her as a member of the Open Door family.



Open Door Community member, Karen Thomas.

BARBARA GAW



# 8TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF SHELTERS



Adolphus Victor

Stan Saunders leads worship.



Adolphus Victor

Open Door Community members and friends gather to hear Dr. Randall Bailey preach for the Festival of Shelters' opening worship on Sunday, September 22 in Woodruff Park in downtown Atlanta.



Adolphus Victor

For the final day, our group prepares to march to Underground Atlanta with placards and leaflets.

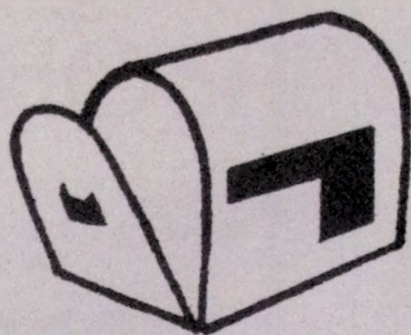
## Imperial Hotel

The Imperial Hotel renovations are nearing completion and it is scheduled to open in December. People for Urban Justice, (political arm of the Open Door Community), took over the abandoned Hotel in 1990. Since then, Progressive Redevelopment Inc. has worked to raise the funding to renovate it and provide housing to the homeless, the working poor, and homeless people who are ill.





# Grace and



# Peaces of Mail

My Dear Brother Rev. Loring,

How are you? I trust that you remain strong in our Lord.

God is calling us to seek justice for all, wherever we are, and to do what is right. Our belief and faith in God isn't passive and without substance. We are to be as our Lord, full of compassionate action, like-minded.

Rev. Loring, by now I'm sure you've heard of the terrorism of Georgia's Department of Corrections Commissioner, Wayne Garner. Since having this position, Mr. Garner has made it no secret that his number one goal is to punish those whom he has been given charge over. He is so fierce and determined in this sadistic pursuit that even most correctional staff members find many of his measures harsh and cruel. But they will not speak out against Mr. Garner for fear of losing their jobs if they show weakness and don't follow his crooked and evil example.

Governor Zell Miller should be proud. It was his brilliant decision to put this hurting, vindictive man so full of anger and thoughts of revenge in this position. God says a tree is known by the fruit it bears. In less than a year, Commissioner Garner has produced more bitterness and dissatisfaction among both prison inmates and staff members that I've seen in over 20 years.

It's such a shame to see a human being so beaten by life's circumstances that he or she is willing to do anything, even compromise his or her principles and beliefs, in order to stay employed and survive. Mr. Garner is indoctrinating everyone connected to this correctional beast with a lethal dose of dehumanization. To see this darkness covering so many lives and so few with enough strength and faith in our Lord Christ to resist this evil, reminds me of three similar situations in the past: one was the pre-Hitler era in Germany, the Renaissance period in Europe, and that great and dreadful night God passed through the land of Egypt killing the firstborn of both man and beast. God be merciful!

Brother Ed, I'd promised myself about a year ago that I'd not sue prison officials again. For the last ten or twelve years, because of my numerous complaints and lawsuits concerning conditions inside prison, I have been retaliated against and persecuted in so many ways it hurts to remember them! Now I'm faced with reentering this arena where my foe has every advantage over me except one: Praise God. I've prayed about this matter and continue to do so. And I ask that you also pray with me that only God's will be done.

Thank God for you,

a prisoner in Georgia

*(Editor's note: We run this anonymously to protect the writer's identity.)*

Dear all of you at the Open Door, especially Jennifer,

Perhaps you think I have forgotten you...well, I have not. I pray for you daily. I think of you often.

It is weird and yet good to be back in this part of the world. I'm not quite sure what to do with myself. Here I am in a community I have made a commitment to, a community I love. And yet...well, I have so many questions for them.

Often, I feel like I don't make sense. I feel kind of lost. I don't know what to do with myself. There are so many things I would like answers for, or at least questions to ask, stories to share, but I remain silent. When I have shared stories it silences people, then they don't answer or respond. They just look at me with this concerned look and say stuff like, "So you had a pretty challenging summer, eh?" "Yes, I had a challenging summer but don't just walk away, please engage with me to help me figure out what this means."

Often, I wish my (college) courses were more concrete. We deal with lots of theory, but I wish we could engage an issue. Oh well...my teachers keep telling me it will come. It is hard to be patient. Patient with myself as I search for answers and patient with others. Often people just say, "I don't understand." They don't understand why I feel this need to be alone...this need to eat beans and rice, this need to be asking questions about faithfulness and discipleship. In some ways, I feel as if I have stepped into a vacuum, one where no one understands.

You know, I try to keep my life simple...ride my bike, take the bus or car pool, eat rice and beans. We are baking our own bread. In comparison to many lives, mine is simple. Yes, I have a bike. I have my house. I share my room, but we actually have a lot of space. Our bread doesn't cost us much, but how many children have never eaten fresh bread from the oven? It makes me feel so very rich. Heck, we even have a TV, even if we only watch it once a week. It is so weird!

I hope to do a service project. I can't decide whether to help out with the soup kitchen, with inner-city children, with women teaching them to sew, or help with visiting families of ex-offenders. I don't know, there is something about seeing and touching the wounds of Christ that makes life, and perhaps death, more real. The edge keeps me dancing.

Love,

Maria Boehm  
Winnipeg, MB, Canada

*(Editor's note: Maria was a student intern at the Open Door during the summer, 1996)*

Dear Open Door Community,

I laughed hilariously at your article titled "Following Jesus: Clamoring for Public Toilets," (August 1996 *Hospitality*)—though I know from my peace walk across the U.S. ten years ago, no toilets is no laughing matter. But heavy crosses and great joy go together it seems!

It looks like Murphy is going right on, cancer or not! Praise God!

Love,

Sr. Dorothy Hennessey  
Clare House Catholic Worker  
Cedar Rapids, IA

Dear Open Door,

We especially appreciated your issue (*Hospitality*, page 1+, July 1996) on the Olympics, and now (*Hospitality*, page 1+, August 1996) splendid article on free toilets. We admire your dedication, courage, and tenacity, and feel confident that this is the way social change ultimately comes about.

God bless you,

Fran and Webb Howard  
Ormond Beach, FL

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the Open Door,

I was sorry to hear about the bad accident Michael Galovic and Tamara Puffer were in (October 1996, *Hospitality*). So I just want to let you know that I'm with you people in my thoughts and prayers—and for Michael and Tamara as they're suffering through their pain and recovery.

We are all one in the family of God and when one suffers, we all suffer. But we also rejoice in other's joy. No matter how bad or how dark it may seem, God is still in control.

A few people have made a significant difference in my life; because through you, I have had opportunities to reach out to the poor and imprisoned, and grow in God's love. Remember, any good you are capable of doing or appreciating comes from Christ dwelling in your hearts.

If you see or talk to Michael or Tamara, share my thoughts and regard for them if you would.

You truly are Christ's disciples feeding the Lazaruses of today. Because of this, you are having greater riches than you would possibly dream of otherwise, and are storing up for yourselves eternal treasure.

God bless you,

Pete Freiburger  
Ft. Wayne, IN



#### 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 12:30 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), next retreat is our Advent retreat, December 6 - 8.

*Our Hospitality Ministries include: visitation and letter-writing to prisoners, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, medical services including clinic visits by Dr. Jann, daily worship and weekly Eucharist.*

#### Open Door Community Needs

JEANS  
T-Shirts  
Men's Work Shirts  
Quick Grits  
Carpeting  
Cheese  
Coffee  
Multi-Vitamins  
MARTA Tokens  
Postage Stamps  
Electric Percolator  
Underwear for Men  
Men's Shoes (all sizes)  
Disposable Razors  
Women's Underwear  
Toothbrushes  
Deodorant  
Vaseline  
Towels  
Socks  
Shampoo  
Men's Belts  
Washcloths  
Weed Eater  
Sandwiches  
Vacuum Cleaner  
Weights & Weight Bench  
Soup Kitchen Volunteers\*  
Butler St. Breakfast Volunteers\*

\* contact our Volunteer Coordinator, Brenda Smith at 404-874-9652

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. **THANK YOU!**

#### Moving?

Bulk rate mail is not forwarded by the U.S. Postal Service. Send **Hospitality**, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA, 30306-4212, your new mailing address as soon as you know it. Please enclose the mailing label from your most recent issue. *Thank you!*

#### Open Door Community Worship

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

*Please join us!*

- November 3 Worship at 910;  
Todd Cioffi, preaching
- November 10 Worship at 910;  
Clinton Marsh shares Stories of His Life  
Celebration of Dr. Marsh's 80th Birthday
- November 17 Worship at 910;  
Jennifer Lee, preaching
- November 24 Worship at 910;  
Music Night
- December 1 Worship at 910;  
ChristKwanza in Advent
- December 6-8 Community Advent Retreat - Dayspring Farm;  
No worship at 910
- December 15 Worship at 910
- December 22 Worship at 910;  
Service of Lessons and Cards
- December 24 7:30 p.m. Christmas Eve Communion
- December 29 Worship at 910



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 explore a six to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please send more information.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ + \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_