

# HOSPITALITY

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Providing hospitality to the homeless and to those in prison, through Christ's love.

vol. 17, no. 11

910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

November 1998

## The Death Penalty: A Personal Reflection

by John X. Linnehan

*(Editor's note: John X. is a member of the Metanola Community in Jacksonville, Florida. In 1986 he and his wife Martina, were Resident Volunteers at the Open Door.)*

I was nervous and apprehensive as I stood just two feet in front of James, the 21-year-old prisoner. Three guards attached the electrodes of Florida's electric chair to his leg and head. Seeing my anxiety, James whispered, "Father John, I'm doing okay." The warden then asked James if he had any last statement to make. He shook his head no. Then the warden pulled down the rubber mask over James' face.

There was a moment of silence as my lips moved in prayer. Suddenly I heard the clang of a metal lever and the whirring sound as 2,400 volts of electricity were forced into the body of the young man. His entire being strained against the leather belts across his chest and abdomen. It seemed like an eternity to me as I stood there watching as his hands formed into tight fists. The whirring sound stopped.

As James' chaplain, I stepped forward with the holy oil of anointing, lifted the rubber mask and with the thumb of my right hand I began to trace the sign of the cross on his forehead. Instinctively, I withdrew my

hand. The young man's skin felt as hot as a light bulb. Again, I pressed my thumb into the cotton ball that contained the holy oil and completed the cross on the forehead of the dying man. I was shocked when his skin came off on my thumb leaving an imprint of the cross on his forehead. I lowered the mask over his face, stepped back and again heard the clang and whirring sound a second time.

Faint twists of smoke or steam appeared around the helmet that had been placed on his head and the sickening odor of burning flesh filled the chamber. The whirring stopped. James' body seemed to relax. His hands were now open. After a few minutes, a prison official announced that the execution of the prisoner was completed. The body was unstrapped from the old wooden chair, placed on a



gurney and wheeled to the waiting undertaker who would transport it to Pensacola, Florida for burial by James' family.

It was a beautiful June morning as I drove the 12 miles alone, back to the small town of Starke where I was pastor of the Catholic Church. The day was so bright and filled with new life that it seemed unreal to me that a young person in good health

had just been killed by the State of Florida. For most of the rest of that day, I sat in the loneliness of my room, dazed and saddened by what I had experienced. The year was 1958. I had been a priest for only five months.

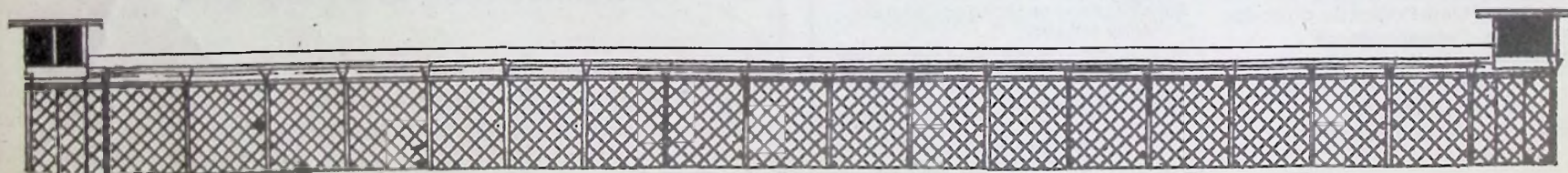
It is true that James had committed murder. In a rage of passion and anger mixed with excessive alcohol, he had killed his high school sweetheart. He was 18 at that time. When I met him three years later, he was, in my opinion, completely

rehabilitated. He had faced up to his terrible deed, apologized and made peace with the family of the victim. He now was a deeply religious person with a mature spirituality. He was gracious, considerate and gentle in his manner of speaking and acting. He was fully resigned to his upcoming execution and held no bitterness toward anyone. He blamed only himself. As I visited with him in the weeks

before his execution, the thought came to my mind, "What a waste to kill this man."

Since that June day in 1958, over the course of the years, I have come to the realization that the intentional killing of a human being by another, or by the state, is always and everywhere wrong. It diminishes us as rational creatures and makes us unworthy of our calling as members of the human family. Killing a murderer is not an act of justice—the victim of the murder cannot be returned to life. It is an act of frustration and vengeance which robs the loved ones of the opportunity to extend forgiveness, and attain a measure of peace and closure to a terrible human tragedy. Capital punishment eliminates only an effect—not the cause(s) of our dysfunctional society. The state uses violence, but asks its citizens to embrace nonviolence. No civilized society should resort to capital punishment. It has no redeeming features.

Because of my memories, it is always difficult for me to participate in the vigils in the cow pasture across from the death chamber at Raiford State Prison. I try to be there, though, for James, and for all the others who have been the recipients of state-sanctioned violence. I do it in a spirit of hope and prayer that we as a society will soon find another way. †





# James Thomas Revisited: Life After Death!

by Ed Loring

*Let us go then, you and I,  
when the evening is spread  
out against the sky  
Like a patient etherised  
upon a table;  
let us go, through half-  
deserted streets.  
The muttering retreats  
of restless nights in one-  
night cheap hotels  
and sawdust restaurants  
with oyster-shells:  
streets that follow like a  
tedious argument  
of insidious intent  
To lead you to an over-  
whelming question...  
oh, do not ask, "what is it?"  
Let us go and make our  
visit.*

(TS Elliot, "The Love Song  
of J. Alfred Prufrock")

Gladys left a simple message on my voice mail: "James Thomas is alive. He came to the Soup Kitchen today. He is walking with a limp."

Murphy and I were in Greensboro, North Carolina. We had gone to be with our Hannah during Parents' Weekend at Guilford College. The three of us with Rev. Tom

Davis, my father-in-law whom I love dearly, had gone to Church of the Covenant for Sunday worship. After dinner at the Presbyterian Home where Tom lives, I checked my phone messages.

My heart leapt forward with the good news. "Murphy," I yelled, "James Thomas is alive!" "What?!" she responded in disbelief. My mind leapt backwards to a late afternoon in April, 1995. Murphy was in a Demerol daze and her voice was crone-like when she called. I was not in our apartment so she left a message from her bed at Grady Hospital: "I don't have any cancer cells in my bone marrow. I love you. Bye." Flat, distant, exhausted voice. Lightning flashed. I gasped for air. This was the first word that offered a scintilla of hope. We began to push and heave and roll the rock from the door of the tomb. Thank you.

James, my brother from a foreign land, but no foreigner, is alive! But not yet altogether well. He was shot four times. He was taken to Grady. He was saved by that great and glorious hospital. Thank you.

James returned to the Soup Kitchen one day last week. With a twinkle in his eye he asked Dick for a handful of August's *Hospitality* with

the headline of his murder. "I got some folk wanna see this!" he laughed.

James is alive, but not yet well. He limps, but not like Jacob who limped from his struggle with God. James' limp and the wounds in his chest come from the violence of guns and homelessness, from the numbness of us all to the cry of Christ in the cry of the poor. I love James and want to walk with him toward a new light of freedom and wholeness. I work for the coming of the Beloved Community where hunger and racism, drugs and expensive cars will be buried on the dung heap of history. But this morning as Congress fights over impeachment, as our next door neighbors complete their fourth fence to keep us away, as Cousins Properties proposes to the City to put up big money for one more office tower in the center of the city while millionaires make plans to purchase Underground Atlanta and

bulldoze the one block still remaining of primarily Black businesses—this morning—I feel like a beggar in velvet, empty-handed, but with hands outstretched waiting for a rebirth of wonder.

Thank you God for protecting James Thomas in the shadows of your wings. Please, now, with the gift of daily bread, may your shalom come on Ponce de Leon as it is in heaven.

*Let us go then, you and I, ...  
[to]  
streets that follow like a  
tedious argument  
of insidious intent  
to lead you to an over-  
whelming question...  
oh, do not ask, "What is it!"  
Let us go and make our  
visit.*

Ed Loring is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

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A gift of \$7 covers our costs for one year of printing and mailing.

## HOSPITALITY

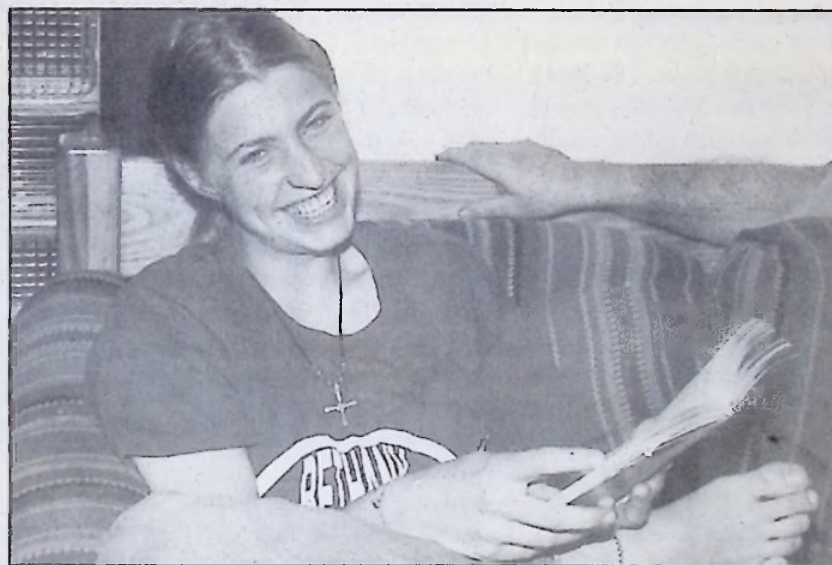
*Hospitality* is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to ministry with the homeless poor and with prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts 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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Murphy Davis—Southern Prison  
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(A \$7 donation to the Open Door would  
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Open Door Community  
(404) 874-9652; 874-7964 fax

## Join us as a Resident Volunteer!



GLADYS RUSTAY

Rachel Koontz is our newest Resident Volunteer.

## Spend 6 to 12 months as a Resident Volunteer

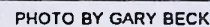
- Live in a residential Christian community.
- Serve Jesus Christ and the hungry, homeless and prisoners.
- Bible study and theological reflections from the Base.
- Street actions and peaceful demonstrations.
- Regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring Farm.

Contact: Elizabeth Dede  
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE  
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212  
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## 1998

*With love from all of us at the Open Door Community—*



With love from all of us at the Open Door Community—

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John Martin  
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Anne Lingle  
Dick Rustay  
Robert  
Catherine



# A Dream

by Dana Hughes

*(Dana Hughes is Minister of Evangelism and Mission at Covenant Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. She and her husband Bill have three children: William, John, and Rosie. Dana is a volunteer at the Open Door Community.)*

A dream is a dangerous thing, particularly because everybody knows God can speak through dreams. Once the lights are out, and the static clamor of conscious thought has ebbed, the vision and voice of God sometimes drift across the air-waves of the soul. I had such a dream three years ago. I dreamed that I walked into the kitchen at the Open Door, and it was full of people of every description. There was a party going on. I felt a little bemused and unsure of myself, being a stranger in their midst. But then one of them turned around; it was Chuck Campbell, my preaching professor, mentor, and friend. He stretched his arms out in greeting, and with a Chuck-like grin that stretched from ear to ear and wrapped around his head, he shouted, "Welcome to the Kingdom!"

When I woke up, I called the Open Door to inquire about volunteering. Dick Rustay answered the phone and told me they could use some help on Wednesdays. When I told him I had an eight-month old baby that I would need to bring along, he said that would be fine.

So Rosie and I and a sturdy back-pack became Wednesday regulars in the soup kitchen. While I set tables, made coffee, and stirred soup, Rosie drank her bottle, flirted with Adolphus and offered a helping of joy to everyone she met. By the time lunch was served, she was slumped in the pack, asleep. Guests would smile and coo at her as I refilled bowls of soup and baskets of bread.

One day I stood behind the sandwich line, doling out a meat and a tuna to the folks as they passed on to the tables. The soft burr of Rosie's snore tickled my ear, and each gentle exhalation caressed my neck. Her breathing was a peaceful counterpoint to the noise of the kitchen and my hustle bustle service. For a few moments, all the places at the tables were filled, and I stood with sandwiches in hand, waiting. I looked around at all the folks who were eating: mostly men, Black and white.

At one of the back tables there was a woman. I hadn't noticed her when she came in. She was probably in her thirties or forties, white and petite. Her blond hair was cut in a Dutch-boy bob. She sat hunched over her bowl, concentrating intently on her soup, speaking to no one. She raised her head to brush her hair out of her face, and my heart leapt into my throat. Looking at her was like looking at my daughter thirty years hence.

I wanted to snatch Rosie out of the back-pack and hold her close. I wanted to turn away. I wanted to run like hell. I couldn't move. My mind was caught in a rip-tide of questions to which I would never find an answer: Who is she? What happened to her? Why is she here? Has she been here before? Does she have anyplace to sleep? But the question that kept washing over me was this: Who's daughter is she? It was numbing to think that someone's baby girl had come to this. Did no one try to catch her as she fell? Did no one stand between her and the street? Did no one care?

The line started to move again, and I was nudged from my naive reverie. When I could look up again, she was gone, and I never saw her again.

Rosie is three and a half now, and quite a self-possessed young lady. She will tell anyone who will listen that she is the Queen of England, and by

golly, she means it, too. On Pentecost, as we assembled for worship, she disappeared. The prelude was almost finished and I was ready to process into the sanctuary when my husband cut me off at the pass. "Do you have Rosie?" he asked; his voice and his face were tinged with panic. She had slipped loose while I was robing and he was rounding up the boys. "No!" I said, and we both took off running. We searched the classrooms, the stairs, the halls. We looped back toward the sanctuary and crashed into each other, where with horror we simultaneously realized that the front doors leading to Peachtree Street were open. We took the stairs four at a time and bolted through the door.

Rosie sat on the top step. She was playing with a pinwheel she had made in Sunday school and having an animated conversation with her teacher, Brent Adams, who found her sitting by herself, enjoying the morning breeze. As they chatted, he stood between her and the busy street.

These two events are inextricably intertwined. Brent was an angel of God who kept my precious baby from harm. But what about that little lady eating soup? Where was her angel? Where was God? Folks at the Open Door say God is in the grits, so I guess the soup must be equally divine. But that bowl of soup would not last. She'd be hungry again in a few hours, and whatever or whoever was in the soup wasn't keeping her away from the street.

There is a "why" in my head that I cannot answer. It is a blackberry pit stuck in the tooth of my faith. Why doesn't God care, hear, do something? But then, who says God doesn't? I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. But in my dream, there is a kitchen and a stove with gigantic pots of soup bubbling away. It is a party and there is enough for everyone, and Jesus is there with a ladle in each nail-scarred hand.

December 10, 1998

## The 50th Anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights

On December 10, 1948, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights was adopted by the United Nations. It had been drafted by an international Commission on Human Rights, chaired by Eleanor Roosevelt and charged with the task of articulating the meaning of the fundamental rights and freedoms that should be expected for citizens of every country in the world.

The preamble of the Declaration asserts  
...*(the) recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice, and peace in the world.*

For the first time in the realm of international law, the United Nations proclaimed that how a government treats its own citizens is now a matter of legitimate international concern, and not simply a domestic issue. The UDHR became and has remained the most widely accepted statement of human rights in the world. The central message is the inherent value of human beings and that ordinary people should be given a basic measure of protection from the abuse of power by the state.

The Universal Declaration proclaims the right to:

- life, liberty, and security
- equality before the law
- a fair and public trial and the presumption of innocence
- freedom of movement
- freedom of thought, conscience, and religion
- freedom of opinion and expression

- and freedom of assembly and association
- a standard of living adequate for health and well-being, including food, clothing, housing and medical care
- security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond control
- have all children treated the same, whether born in or out of wedlock
- to receive these rights without discrimination against race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status

It also insists that no one shall:

- be held in slavery
- be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment
- or be arbitrarily arrested, detained, or exiled

Furthermore, it establishes that everyone has the right:

- to a nationality
- to marry
- to own property
- to take part in the government of his or her country
- to work, and to receive equal pay for equal work

- to enjoy rest and leisure
- and to have an adequate standard of living and education

The UDHR also states that everyone had the right to form and join trade unions and the right to seek asylum from persecution.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is a gift to the world community. In celebrating its 50th Anniversary, let us seek a deepened commitment to its affirmation of the rights and dignity of every human being in the world.

*Adapted from Amnesty International Materials.*





# Frances Pauley

by Murphy Davis

Last year I was visiting with Frances Pauley shortly after her 92<sup>nd</sup> birthday. I had to ask about the pretty bouquet on the coffee table, and her face lighted up. "You wouldn't believe it," she said, "that's from a friend who was the first Black child to integrate the schools in Americus (Georgia) in the 1960s. She called me on my birthday and she said, 'I'm Jewel Wise. When I went to the white school in Americus on that first day, I got to the front of the school and there was a big white mob that had gathered to scream at me and throw things and I don't know what else. But then I looked and saw you there. When I got out of the car you came and stood beside me. You walked with me all the way into the schoolhouse—between me and the screaming mob of angry white people. Now I'm a school teacher in Cincinnati. You know, I never would have amounted to anything if I hadn't been able to get an education. And I never would have been able to get a good education if it hadn't been for you.'" Frances added with her brightest smile, "You know, it's the nicest thing about living to be so old—to get to hear from people like that and know that I had the opportunity to make a difference here and there."

At 93, Frances Pauley is still making a difference. She doesn't get out as much, but she has a regular stream of students, old friends, and seekers who come to her door for visits and encouragement, for interviews and inspiration. Her personal experience of the civil rights movement of the 1950's and '60's is helpful to those who are now chron-

cling and documenting the important events and actors of those tumultuous, violent and hopeful years. And she does indeed hear from scores of people whose lives have been changed for the better by an encouraging word or heroic action from Frances.

This year, in celebration of Frances' 93<sup>rd</sup> birthday, the Open Door had the privilege of hosting Brenda Bynum, noted actor and playwright, who staged a reading of her recent play "Notional Women." The play is a tribute, as Brenda says, to "Real women I admire, who lived independent lives in thought, word, and deed—by choice, conviction, or necessity—in my hometown of Atlanta." Several scenes from "Frances Pauley: Stories of Struggle and Triumph" are the play's anchor for the presentations of Effie Dodd Gray, Mildred Lee, and Carrie Goodwin. Brenda delighted the Open Door audience as she changed personalities before our eyes and "became" each of these Notional Women. (A full stage production of the play will be coming to an Atlanta theater in the next several months.) Effie Dodd Gray once saw Brenda play her in a presentation of Cary Bynum's play "Cabbagetown: 3 Women." She exclaimed to Cary after the play, "Lord, that girl does me better'n I do!" Frances felt the same way as she heard Brenda assume her voice.

We are honored to continue to celebrate the life of Frances Pauley, our own amazing and notional woman in the life of our community.

Murphy Davis is a Partner in the Open Door Community.

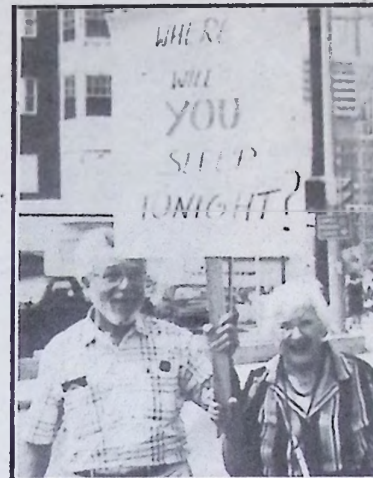


GLADYS RUSTAY

Brenda Bynum's portrayal of Frances Pauley during the recent presentation of her play "Notional Women" at the Open Door.

## Frances Pauley

### Stories of Struggle and Triumph



GLADYS RUSTAY

Edited by  
Murphy Davis

Foreword by  
Julian Bond

Afterwords by

Marcia Borowski, Mary Eastland & Lewis Sinclair, and Jim Martin

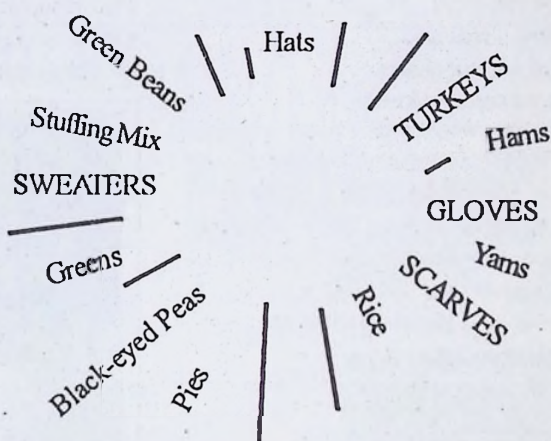
*Frances Pauley: Stories of Struggle and Triumph is a rich collection of the highlights of this remarkable woman's lifelong commitment to justice and freedom. In an age when it's easy to feel overwhelmed and powerless about making change, and hard sometimes just to keep on keeping on, this treasure trove of stories is an inspiring balm for the soul.*

- Joyce Hollyday

- An Open Door Community Book -

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### Special Needs for the Holidays



### Address Changes

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Should your address change, please let us know as soon as possible. We spend in excess of \$1,100 per year for postal and other costs of issues returned to us by the Postal Service for having been mailed to an incorrect address.



# Good-Bye To Butler Street

by Murphy Davis

In January, 1983, Ed Loring and Open Door volunteer Mary Himburg were visiting the Atlanta City Day Labor Pool. "What," Ed asked the labor pool director Alvin Dollar, "do the folks here need the most?" Alvin did not hesitate. "Breakfast," he said. "When we send men and women out for work here, most of them go out hungry. There is no way for them to get something to eat before they work, and to take a job means missing the only opportunity to eat in a mid-day soup kitchen."

Ed and Mary returned the next day with a pot of grits and a thermos of coffee. It was gladly received by those who found work and those who did not. This continued for a number of days, perhaps several weeks. But then word got out to the higher ups. It was declared quickly, "There will be no serving of food on city property." The grits would have to go.

Alvin Dollar knew that the neighboring Butler Street CME Church had a new pastor, so he went to find him. It was soon arranged for Ed to meet Rev. Thomas Brown (now Dean of Phillips School of Theology at the Interdenominational Theological Center). From Pastor Brown came a warm wel-



Calvin Kimbrough  
The Butler Street CME Church shown early one morning just as the Open Door van arrived to serve breakfast.

come. The basement of the Butler St. Church was opened and became safe haven and hospitable space for the poor. In partnership with the congregation, we served a hearty breakfast to 200-250 men and women and some children, five days each week for nearly 16 years.

It has recently been discerned that space in the church basement needs to be reconfigured to make way for an after-school tutoring program that

the congregation hopes to start. It was time for the breakfast to move on. We served our last breakfast there on Friday, September 25.

We are deeply grateful to the Butler St. CME congregation for hosting us and our homeless friends for these many years. We are especially grateful for Brother Hubert Harper who served with us for most of those years and incarnated our partnership with the congregation.

The breakfast for the homeless is now homeless. We grieve the loss of this work in that particular area of the city where the poor are squeezed and pushed and maligned and unwelcome. We have moved the breakfast to our own dining room on Ponce de Leon, but we know that many of our Butler St. friends will not be

able to make the walk to get out here. How are we to serve them? What are we to do? We will pray and wait and listen.

In the meantime, the grits pot is still on.

Good-bye Butler Street. Thank God for the journey.

*Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.*

## We Left Jesus on Butler Street

by Jim Hinshaw

Sometime ..., shortly after Holy Week,  
You know, the week we're supposed to remember...  
Kevin said: Follow me.  
It wasn't spoken, but it was said,  
Around the circle of folding chairs,  
Surrounding what we came to know,  
As the Welcome Table,  
In a basement,  
Of a church,  
Downtown in the city...  
On Butler Street.

I lost him there,  
With his Rastafarian-by-neglect dreds.  
His presence was so ashen, chalky,  
in that formerly beautiful,  
light brown skinned, ice-cold body.

So furtive, harried, lonely,  
paranoid—we'd say.  
On a warm morning he might  
appear simply quiet, gentle, shy.  
But I could see him one or two wet, cold winter days.  
'Cause the snot would be plastered,  
And frozen in his beard and  
the two soaked woolen blankets  
over his head and shoulders  
that he'd slept under and now carried  
like the nearly extinct buffalo  
hump would be screaming  
at me. Then there was the shock—

a real electric-fence zing  
that happened to my warm,  
well-fed hand when I somehow  
managed to touch his frozen hand.  
That resurrected hand  
which reached out from some death  
I couldn't stand to look at,



Calvin Kimbrough  
Former Open Door Resident Volunteer Evergene Ivey-Allen serves up a guest one morning in the grit line.

to say *dammit*—I don't care.  
Not the neurotic I-don't-care for all your pity-  
pot depressions, white man. For they are as  
a bump in the night  
compared to the yawning gulf between my  
Lazarus  
whom you would only feed  
*under* your table of affluence,  
and your dread of missing the heavenly banquet,  
so WAKE UP (Luke 16:19-31).

I began to...  
He avoided my eyes.  
Discerning and disdaining my armchair analysis...  
He simply sat in the glow of welcoming there—  
for several months, we looked at each other  
and I started to let my fear and dread mellow.

February 1st, serving on the grit line,  
I receive a page from my younger brother  
in North Carolina.  
My daddy's Maker has come calling,  
Across all those months,  
I didn't even know Kevin by his name.  
Moments after I learned of my dad's death,  
this homeless human being stepped up to the grit line  
and said: I'm sorry to hear about your dad.  
Has it been long since you've seen your dad?  
Were you close to your dad?  
Will you be able to go and be with your family?  
How about your mom, will you be able  
to go and see her soon?

*(continued on page 8)*



# The Goodness in Grits

by Phillip Williams

People would think there is no goodness in a bowl of hot grits, but there is.

My journey here at the Open Door begins with eating breakfast at the Butler Street CME church. The street name for this is the grit line. I was homeless for three months, and like others I would join the line that formed on CocaCola Place and wait for the blue van to arrive with the grits and friendly people who served the meal. Now the good part about this is that one morning in June, while I was going through the door of the church to eat breakfast, a man who I hadn't seen in a while stopped me and asked me what I was doing there in the grit line. I explained to him my situation and proceeded inside to eat. He was C.M. Sherman, a person who used to live here at the Open Door. That was on a Monday. On Wednesday when I saw him again, he asked me if I wanted to come to the Open Door to live. I said yes right away and something good began to happen in my life (from eating in the grit line).

Within six months I returned to the grit line—not to eat as I had in the past but to help serve the same people I had stood in line with. I served them coffee or orange slices or salt and pepper or a bowl of grits or I washed dirty trays. It really felt good being there and serving. God had called me to be a server to those I had stood in line with. Soon after, I started passing out the tickets to those in line. That was good because I got to be the first one to greet them in the name of God as I passed out tickets and held small conversations.

When I became a leader of the Butler Street Breakfast, it put me in a position, along with the person who gave out tickets at the door, to let people in and greet them in a different way. I would lead the gathering of volunteers for that morning in meditation and prayer before we left the Community to serve. I would pray that as each person came through the

door, we would see in that person's face and eyes, the face and eyes of Jesus Christ.

Through this service of seven years, I made a lot of new friends, volunteers as well as people we served. I also made a few enemies from the people we served and that is good too, for the journey I am on is not a bed of roses. So I will always remember people like Jerry and Isaiah and others whose names I can't seem to remember right now. I will have lasting memories of working with Mr. Harper: sneaking women into the men's bathroom when he wasn't watching and hearing him yell at me when they came out. Later the Church remodeled the bathroom and made the men's bathroom larger and better.

Sadness came when we got the word that on September the 25th we would no longer be able to serve breakfast at the Butler Street Church. They told us they wanted to remodel and start working with children in the area.

So after 16 years we were like a shepherd with no flock to feed. I will always have memories of the last Monday of that week. I was leading breakfast that morning in place of Ed Loring. Something had happened to the lock on the door to the basement of the Church where we served, and that morning as we prepared to leave the house, it had started to rain real heavy. So there we were in this heavy rain, with people lined up waiting to come in for the goodness of a bowl of grits, hot coffee, orange slices, a boiled egg, and vitamins and to get out of the rain. We couldn't get into the church because the lock on the door was still broken. What were we to do? Out of the crowd a voice said, "Go under the bridge across the street." So that's what we did. We served 200 people out of the rain. Jerry came as well as Isaiah along with the person whose voice from the crowd told us to go under the bridge. Later I discovered that person to be the man who sometimes gave me hard times in the church basement. Something



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Stan Saunders cleaning up after a morning of serving breakfast.

good came from this person on the last week of my serving breakfast there at Butler Street CME Church.

I am saddened that we will not have a place downtown right now to serve a bowl of grits to Jerry and Isaiah and others. We tried to find another place to serve downtown, but things didn't work out. We are serving breakfast here at the Open Door. It is too far for a lot of people to come, but I have seen some old faces like Freddy, for one, and that's all good.

*Phillip Williams is a Partner at the Open Door Community.*

## Butler Street Reflections

compiled by Gladys Rustay

Ralph Dukes figures he made about 101,400 gallons of coffee over the thirteen years he made it for the Butler Street Breakfast.

Willie London - A lot of people in the city started their day off with a good, nutritious breakfast.

Leo McGuire - I think I met God and the devil down there. My biggest born again experience at Butler Street was doing the tickets. I vaguely remember when they started it from the labor pool ... guys running out of the labor pool to a van. I was pretty new to the streets. I'm sorry we lost that strip up there. A lot of us have been up there 15 and 16 years.

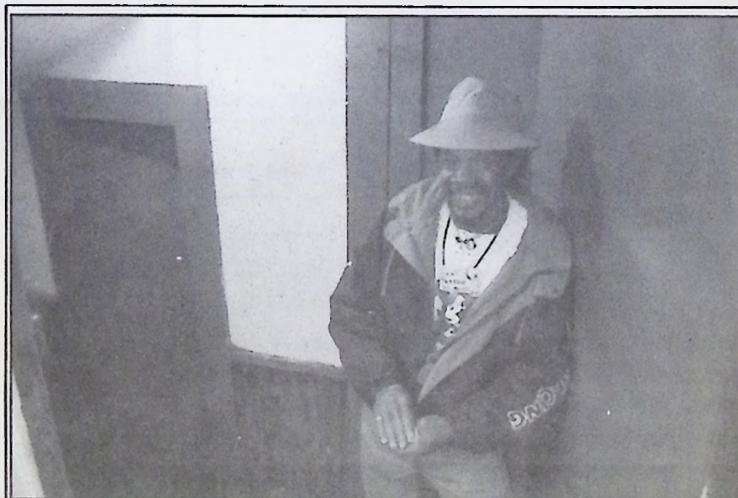
Ira Terrell - I've been going down there at least 5 years. If it hadn't been for Butler Street, I never would have been here at the Open Door, because I wanted to find some place where I could get my life straightened out and stop drinking. I didn't have any other way to stop until I came to the Open Door. The only way I really got to find out about the Open

Door was to get in the front of the line and bring stuff in (to the basement at the church) and hear about it. I didn't know anything about the showers the Open Door did until C.M. Sherman walked me down to 910.

Gladys Rustay - Volunteering at Butler Street took more emotional and physical energy than most Open Door jobs. Emotions at Butler Street were raw, covering the extremes of anger or dejection. It put me in touch with the suffering of the homeless as no other Open Door ministry has. I felt God's presence there. I mourn the loss of seeing Gerry, Isaiah, Joel, and the rest of our homeless friends.

Adolphus- Butler Street Breakfast meant that about 250 men, women, and children could get a hot meal that otherwise they wouldn't get. It was a very essential and important meal for the men and women

working out of Labor Pools, and children going to school with a full stomach. Butler Street was a place where I made many friends among the homeless. I will miss all of the hand shakes and smiles that I had become so accustomed to receiving. Maybe God will lead us somewhere else and reunite us with our friends.



CALVIN KIMBROUGH

Ira Terrell standing at the entranceway to the church basement.



# Your Partners in Sharing the Gospel of Christ

*(Editor's note: The following letter is from our friend and former Open Door Advisory Board Member Anne Sayre who is currently serving for the Presbyterian Church in Guatemala. This is reprinted from the June 1998 newsletter of the Worldwide Ministries of the Presbyterian Church USA.)*

Dear Friends,

I want to invite you along on a visit that a recent delegation made to a group of very poor indigenous women. They live scattered among fields about forty-five minutes by car from the nearest village. We arrive at a well-constructed block room behind the Catholic Church. As we enter the room we are welcomed by a floor covered, as a tribute to us, in fresh pine needles. We've come to hear how the women are progressing with their desire to start an animal co-op so that they can have more food for their families and a

## We Left Jesus on Butler Street

*(continued from page 6)*

Shock always blessedly buffers our grief.  
The rest is far more to remember now.  
So I'll go on to mid-December,  
So I can get something down on this paper—  
so I can know I remember.

I was back on the grit line,  
And Paul Scouten was there to see it  
and help me know.  
That's when he again said hello.  
Hello—hello.  
Like some mind-expanding lyric in a Beatles' song.  
He just said hello—it was Time!

The line slowed down,  
and I walked over and sat along the wall  
in a chair near that welcome table.  
His name, he said, was Kevin.  
He graduated from some junior college in Oklahoma.

It was one of his good days and  
that same warm, articulate, caring voice  
just bathed me again with his depth and sensitivity.  
Yes, he could tell that I was  
beginning to panic there on what  
was becoming for me  
holy ground.  
How could this weird human child be so kind?  
Oh, he was anxious, too.  
By the end of our conversation  
my terror was of the magnitude of the  
shepherds who heard the  
angels over baby Jesus.  
I got up and fled back to  
my task on the serving line.  
I forgot his last name and  
most of what he told me.  
Within a year he never returned to Butler Street.

How can I follow you Jesus?  
Where will you find a welcome table?  
Will we again know you in a stranger's guise (Matt 25)?  
They've closed the basement on Butler Street.

product to sell to bring in some family income. The visiting group's church has provided some funding to help the women get started. After we have talked a while, the women are asked to share with us some of their history. I expected two or three to fill in the story for us. Instead, about twenty-five came up, one by one, to where I was translating and almost in whispers told me of their loss of a husband, son, and/or brother in a massacre that had occurred in their village in the 1980s. The indigenous women are always soft-spoken, whether this is because of years of discrimination or natural inclination is hard to know. To me, at that moment, however, it almost seemed that they were embarrassed to have suffered this loss—as if it were their fault and it somehow shamed them. I did pretty well until one woman started crying when she said as a result of being alone, she was unable to keep her child in school. The impact of their stories is huge when you realize that these same stories can be repeated by tens of thousands of people here in Guatemala.

But the thing that made this day even more tragic and poignant was that three days earlier, we had stopped for a prayer in the bottom of a dry swimming pool at the seminary when we heard of the murder of Bishop Gerardi. Monsignor Gerardi was the director of the Archbishop's Human Rights Office. Two days before his murder the commission had presented the results of their three-year study to Recover the National Memory, or as it is titled, *Never Again*. The report is a 1,500-page detailed analysis of the abuses of human rights that occurred during the "internal conflict." How sad to think that the person who spearheaded the effort to know who was responsible for massacres such as those that had occurred in the village of these women, had—or so everyone is convinced — been murdered for his courage. The report was not compiled for vengeance, but in order to give voice to the people silenced by the violence. It is also the belief of those involved in the study that true forgiveness cannot take place until the violated person knows whom he or she needs to forgive.

The Catholic Church, as an impact of faith and grieving, will engrave on the columns within the

cathedral the names of the victims they identified. This act provides both an homage to those fallen and a place for Guatemalans to grieve, which so far is lacking here.

I see all of this as a truly tragic situation in which the abuses of the past seem to be continuing in the present; but also I view it as a witness to the years of courage of one priest, a good pastor by all accounts, who had to flee into exile because he confronted the army in the face of its abuse of his parishioners. This was a pastor who continued his struggle for justice and human dignity until his death. It is a witness to the presence of the church, which did the study and published it knowing there might be reprisals, and stepped forward with concrete action to fulfill some of the requests the report makes to the government, such as constructing a national memorial to those who fell during the years of violence.

I am also encouraged by the fact that seventy-two human rights organizations not only exist here, but are speaking out as a body, asking for real justice in solving the bishop's murder. So while I continue to mourn this blow to the peace process in Guatemala, I am trying hard to maintain hope in the future. Please continue to pray for the people of Guatemala, that a just peace will really come here; pray for the Catholic Church in its hours of bravery and grief; pray for the family of Bishop Gerardi; pray for the perpetrators of the crime, that the evil in their hearts may be changed by the Holy Spirit; and pray for the Protestant Church in Guatemala, that it may find its voice.

In addition, please contact your representatives and senators and ask them to contact the Guatemalan government and request that the authorities truly try to solve the murder of Bishop Gerardi — something that so far doesn't seem to be happening. The Guatemalan government is very sensitive to public opinion in the United States. Many of my friends here believe this is the only way the government will be convinced to bring to justice the perpetrators of the crime.

God bless,

Anne Sayre

## Close the School of the Americas!

The U.S. Army School of the Americas has trained 60,000 Latin American soldiers in combat skills, commando tactics, military intelligence, and torture techniques. Hundreds of thousands of Latin Americans have been tortured, raped, assassinated, "disappeared," massacred, and forced into refuge by graduates of this "School of Assassins."

SOA graduates target educators, union organizers, religious workers, student leaders, the poor, and those who work for the rights of the poor.

In November, thousands of people will gather at Ft. Benning's main gate to say NO! to the SOA. Join us.

## Commit to Presence, Commit to Cross

Vigil, Prayer  
Civil Disobedience

November 21 - 22

Ft. Benning Main Gate  
Columbus, GA

contact: SOA Watch, PO Box 4566, Washington, D.C. 20017, 202-234-3440, [www.soaw.org](http://www.soaw.org)



# Dorothy Day and the Occoquan Workhouse

Dear Catholic Worker Editor:

Your readers may be interested to learn of a movement in the D.C. area to have the Occoquan workhouse entered into the National Register of Historic Places and to make it a living memorial dedicated to Dorothy Day and the many like her who spent difficult but fruitful time there. Dorothy did 30 days there as a young socialist convicted under the Espionage Act for opposing U.S. involvement in World War I. She later wrote of how the experience expanded her consciousness:

Solitude and hunger and weariness of spirit—those sharpened my perceptions so that I suffered not only my own sorrow, but the sorrows of those about me. I was no longer a young girl, part of a radical movement seeking justice for those oppressed, I was the oppressed. I was that drug addict, screaming and tossing in her cell, beating her head against the wall. (*From Union Square to Rome*, 1938)

In the *Long Loneliness*, Dorothy reflected further on her education at Occoquan:

I would never be free again, never free when I knew that behind bars all over the world there were women and men, young girls and boys, suffering constraint, punishment, isolation and hardship for crimes of which all of us are guilty. The mother who had murdered her child, the drug addict — who were the mad and the sane? Why were prostitutes prosecuted in some cases and in others respected and fawned on? People sold themselves for jobs, for the pay check, and if they only received a high enough price, they were honored. If their cheating, their theft, and their lies were of colossal proportions and were successful, they met with praise, not blame. Why were some caught, not others? Why were some termed criminals and others good businessmen? What was right and wrong? What was good and evil? I lay there in utter confusion and misery. The thirty days stretched out before me interminably. I would be utterly crushed by misery before I was released. Never would I recover from this wound, this ugly knowledge I had gained about what men were capable of in their treatment of each other.

The move to add Occoquan to the National Register of Historic Places is the result of recent legislation aimed at closing the facility. Last year Congress enacted the D.C. Revitalization Act to shut down Occoquan and its neighbor, the Lorton Correctional facility, by the year 2002. These facilities are located about 20 miles south of the city in the Virginia countryside. During most of the 20th century Lorton has been D.C.'s prison and Occoquan its workhouse or poor farm. The advantage in closing these facilities, from the perspective of the northern Virginia Congress people who sponsored it, is that it frees up about 3,200 acres for developers in what is now a booming D.C. suburb. The negative side, from the view of D.C.'s 10,000 prisoners, is that they are going to end up in far-away private and federal facilities. Already 1,700 have been relocated to a private facility in Youngstown, Ohio, which is run by the Corrections Corporation of America (CCA). At the Ohio facility, prisoners are locked down 23 hours per day. There is no prison industry or work. Visits with prisoners' families are difficult because of distance and poverty.

It costs D.C. \$53.47 per day to house a prisoner at Occoquan. CCA is getting \$69.60 per day.

To have all or part of Occoquan listed in the National Register of Historic Places and to establish it as a living memorial would return it to the role of a residential facility for families at risk, the same role it and its 19th century predecessors played. The positive results which this would bring are great. Currently several D.C. Catholic Worker houses and many other groups provide transitional housing and services for some 300 families at any particular time. But there are 10 times that many families needing such help. Occoquan would be more than adequate to meet the need, especially for those families that are too dysfunctional to survive without a structured environment. One of the worst things about poverty is that you lose your children. Some 3,000 D.C. children are in foster care or are currently up for adoption. This is because their families are homeless or live in unsafe housing; are mentally retarded; or incarcerated, or have substance, mental or physical problems.

This is the population traditionally served by family residential facilities such as work houses, poor houses, poor farms, and alms houses. Traditional workhouse rules required that, where there were two parents, both had to live in the workhouse. The men stayed in one section, the women in another, and children above the age of two in a third. Families were able to be together at reasonable times. Parents with substance abuse problems could be confined to the workhouse by the court and forced to observe curfews and work routines. For many of those at risk, workhouses such as Occoquan were the only home they had: a place where they could stay sober, be safe from crime, have a job and earn a living, and raise their family. There were no guards, walls, or cells for most of Occoquan's population.

The workhouse aspect of Occoquan was shut down in the 1970s because the Lorton correctional system needed the space and buildings to expand. That was when the guard towers and high fences went up. But the workhouse industries, such as furniture and textile, continued as part of the Lorton system. During its years of operation, the workhouse had included a brick and tile plant employing 190 people, a foundry, a construction division employing 210 people, and furniture, sheet metal and textile factories that sold their products to the federal government. Besides its industries, Occoquan also employed its residents to run the facility itself. They worked in the kitchen, laundry, electrical shop, carpenter shop, machine shop, hospital, garden, power plant and boiler house. The workhouse offered formal training and on-the-job training in skills such as auto mechanics, plumbing, steamfitting, electrical wiring and wood working. Part of the workhouse system was a farm that employed 140 people in its dairy, poultry unit and orchard and in hog and wheat raising. Occoquan operated joint projects with the federal government, such as Works Projects Administration (WPA) programs in 1935-1936.

In addition to providing a structured living situation for dysfunctional families, Occoquan, as a secure facility, is uniquely qualified to help preserve the families of the incarcerated. For example, in D.C., babies born to prisoners are immediately removed from their mothers. Those not claimed by relatives end up in foster care and adoption, if they are lucky. Those who are HIV positive, have birth

defects or are otherwise a problem, end up as "border babies," in public hospitals and nursing homes where they are at risk of death or permanent injury from lack of nurture. The policy of immediate removal of new babies is not inevitable. For 90 years, New York, Wyoming, Massachusetts, Virginia, and some 10 other jurisdictions have had or still have long term nurseries as part of their prison systems. New York's present prison nursery system was signed into law by then Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1930. By allowing mothers to keep their babies during their child's first year, mothers and babies are able to bond. The mothers make constructive use of their time. The programs, such as in New York, include prenatal care and parenting classes on topics such as infant nutrition, immunization, sexually transmitted diseases, birth control, and infant development. Baby-sitting is provided for mothers to attend academic, self-help, drug education and off-unit work activities. Mothers are frequently paroled with their babies after a year. Many of the buildings at the Occoquan facility would be suitable as a nursery.

Another family preservation service that Occoquan, as a secure facility, is uniquely able to provide is prolonged visitation for prisoners. California prisons keep furnished cottages where spouses, children, parents and other immediate family members can stay for two-day visits every three months. The California program was signed into law in 1968 by then Governor Ronald Reagan. The emphasis there was and is to help retain family ties. Allowing the prisoner a sexual outlet was secondary. Some countries (Mexico, the Philippines, India, Pakistan) have penal or labor colonies where prisoners can live with their families throughout their sentence.

In addition to the benefits from its use as a family residential facility, simply from an architectural or aesthetic view point, the preservation of Occoquan would be an achievement. It is D.C.'s most beautiful proletarian structure. It is like a medieval city or monastery. Generation after generation of workhouse masons, carpenters, roofers and architects have added new structures and modified old ones. They used the red brick manufactured at the workhouse itself, which gives the facility a simplicity and unity of style. The many buildings cover a large hill and are connected to each other by brick passage ways and steps worn down in the middle from decades of use.

The nomination of Occoquan to the National Register of Historic Places and its establishment as a living memorial is an uphill battle. The developers and their congressional supporters have resources. But the people are not without their own resources. Any site listed in the National Register of Historic Places sets into motion federal laws that are on the side of preservation. Any of your readers who would like to stay informed or add letters to the petition process or be part of the nomination committee can write (or e-mail) to the address below. Those with a historical interest or knowledge of Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement would find their help much appreciated.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Toby Terrar

(Editor's note: You can contact Toby at: 15405 Short Ridge Ct., Silver Spring, MD, 20906 or [TobyTerrar@aol.com](mailto:TobyTerrar@aol.com))



## Awaiting Injection: Sketches

To the "Protestant Catholic Workers,"

Thank you for another wonderful issue of "Hospitality." Murphy, your article "Remember, As Though You Were With Them," hit to the core of things, as always. I am thankful to think of your community and the work that you all do. It gives me hope, in times when things in my city (San Francisco) seem to get worse and harder and more harsh. Our city grows more economically polarized and gentrified every year, the poor getting shoved into smaller and smaller spaces. Peace seems scarce sometimes. I need to think that there are faithful ones elsewhere, working and laughing and persevering. Thank you for your beacon. It helps me and my community to continue in our work. "...the only solution is love."

In light of your article on the death penalty, I'm enclosing a poem I wrote for Thomas Thompson who was executed here in July.

Love from a "Pagan Catholic Worker,"

Thorn Coyle

St. Martin de Porres House of Hospitality  
and David House

### Awaiting Injection: Sketches

We clumped in moist night air,  
Candle flickers scant protection,  
Beacons set against floodlights  
of the fortress and the camera news.  
We waited with you.  
We stood watch and we prayed.

The minutes slipped by and I, weary,

Tired of listening to crowded words,  
Walked off from the huddled mass  
into the darkened streets of this small town,  
This hamlet sprung only from the need to cage you,  
Barred into blinding white spaces.  
I had to re-light my candle, over and over.  
The wind blew strong.

Commotion on the edges—  
I wandered back from blackness into white  
And helped surround the shouting man who told us  
our compassion was misplaced.  
Over his roars, a victim's mother spoke  
Of lies—the promised closure and release were  
really pain.  
We did release the shouter, back into the night.  
She had found her peace within forgiveness.  
I wondered at her strength, and my own frailty.

Wishing to sleep as time crept on toward midnight,  
Slumped down on a concrete curb.  
Sheltering from light and noise  
protected by the bodies of the gathered ones.  
I searched for you.  
You were wide awake, awaiting injection.  
Did time stop and float in some suspended dance,  
Or did the clock race, grains of sand tumbling  
toward gravity?  
No, you were not weary, when every nerve was  
waiting,  
Firing fast under fluorescent light.

Your declaration came in those last minutes,  
You were innocent of murder,  
Yet sorry for your greed and selfishness,  
which left her all alone, instead of loved.  
You were innocent, you said, but you forgave.

Minutes ticked toward twelve.  
The prayers became more frantic and more still,  
As only human beings in such strange spaces can  
become.

Standing at respectful attention,  
Turned toward the blinding fortress,  
We held our candles up into the night,  
listening to the countdown of the zealots.  
As their jubilation reached "seven"  
"Amazing Grace" swelled upward from our throats,  
Drowning their cries and never hearing "one"  
Though we all knew when it happened,  
When the numbers ended, long before the singing  
ceased.

As we began the long march back through the  
dead-still hamlet  
I looked up at the houses that watched, some  
shuttered darkness,  
Some with blue cathode flickering,  
and one that burned a lantern for your passage.  
Up through the eucalyptus rose  
The fat moon waxing, promising fulfillment.  
She shone upon the water, one bright moment,  
Thing of treasure.  
The Goddess gazed on humans and  
Reminded us that beauty would continue.  
We were broken, we were whole.  
We were never quite alone, even in death.

- T. Thorn Coyle

(Tommy Thompson was executed by the State of California, in San Quentin on July 16th, 12:01 a.m. He and his lawyers maintained his innocence until the end.)

## Reflections on Spending and Crime: A Review of the Overspent American

by Shelley E. Cochran

When I first read *The Overspent American*, the newest book by Harvard economist, Juliet Schor, I never expected to review it for *Justicia*. What could a book about economics possibly have to do with criminal justice? Plenty, it seems, although Schor herself only hints at the connections.

On the surface, her thesis is simple. Our consumer culture has created an ever-escalating cycle of desire and spending. No matter what their income, Schor says, people these days are convinced that it is not enough. In fact, she says, the more we have, the more we often find ourselves wanting. As a result, the average middle-class American is more in debt than ever and saving less than either of the two previous generations.

Schor gives several reasons for this "see-want-borrow-buy" cycle. One is what she calls status spending. Status spending, Schor says, is the

spending that we do to establish and maintain our sense of identity and belonging. It's what we do to fit in with our social group or, more often, a social group to which we aspire. It's the spending we do to give us the right "look" or the right mate.

In the past, Schor says, people looked to neighbors for clues about the proper image. The most important reference group was the "Joneses." More often than not, the Joneses were next door neighbors, who most likely earned a similar income, lived in a similar house, and furnished it with similar possessions.

Today, most of us don't even know the next door neighbor. So we compare ourselves to our co-workers, friends, and the people we see on TV. Unlike the Joneses, however, the people in this reference group are not likely to live next door, nor are they likely to have similar income, live in a similar house, or have similar possessions to ours. Some (particularly co-workers and TV characters) are quite

likely to live at levels far above what we can afford.

And yet, many of us still try. We see what the people we admire and associate with have and immediately we find we need it too. So to fit in, we buy the house, the car, and the clothes that will give us the right "look," putting it all on plastic and spending far more than we realize until the debt begins to mount up.

Advertising, Schor says, drives this "see-want-borrow-buy" cycle, but not just advertising, the kind that goes out to everyone regardless of need or income. Instead of targeting their ads, advertisers distribute their enticements to spend across a mass market. Ads for expensive Rolex watches, for instance that used to appear only in *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, are now seen by everyone on TV. For the first time, people of all income levels are exposed to ads primarily designed for the rich and famous. All of us, including the poor, are surrounded daily by pitches for expensive cruises in the Bahamas

or \$150 sneakers, whether or not we can afford what we see.

Schor's devastating insights into the consumer culture are well worth reading. It is her almost incidental insights into the way escalating consumer spending contributes to crime, however, that are the most apt to interest readers of *Justicia*.

Taken to their logical conclusion, both status spending and advertising are set-ups for crime, not only for the haves, but for the have-nots, as well. Status spending is conspicuous by definition. It only works for durable goods, like houses and cars and designer labels, that others can see. (How else will they know to be impressed?) Unfortunately, the more conspicuously one spends, the more one looks like a good prospect to a burglar. The more one looks like a good prospect to a burglar, the more one is likely to be a target of a crime, particularly a larceny. The more one is likely to be a victim of a crime, the

(continued on page 11)



Dear Mr. Dobbs:

I don't know you, but I read about you in an article by Ed Loring in *Hospitality*, [July 1998] the newspaper of the Open Door Community in Atlanta. I know only that you have been on death row for many years, and that you were recently granted a new trial. Let me say this: there are many people, probably thousands if not more, who hope and pray that you will not be executed. Whether or not you committed the crime of which you are accused, and I know nothing about the details of your case and how you ended up on death row, I think that capital punishment is a sign of an immoral and decaying society. It is sad and frightening that so many Americans seem to support capital punishment these days, especially when so many other countries find it morally and legally unacceptable. But these are the times we live in, and we must hope that through our words and actions we will help make the United States a more humane and

just country.

Know that I am thinking of you, and hoping that real justice is done. I am sending a copy of this letter to Rev. Loring, to let him know that there are people who respond to his articles.

Kindest regards,

Arthur C. Grant  
Atlanta, GA

Dear Mr. Crain [See *Hospitality*, August 1998, "Christian Community in Action"]:

My name is Billy W. Burkhalter. I'm an inmate at Rivers State Prison in Georgia. I was blessed with a chance to read an article of yours concerning the church, alcoholics, and addicts. I am happy to write you with praises to Jesus for delivering

me from my addiction. The fact is that Jesus delivered me from death to life.

I have been involved in 12-step programs since 1990 ... along with [the] church at times. It was Aug. '96 that I found a major change in my recovery. I wanted to die because jails, institutions, and recovery didn't work. The Grace of God brought me through it and eight convictions from that day in '96. God has given me the vision and experience of "Recovery in Jesus"!

Your Friend in Christ,

Billy W. Burkhalter  
Rivers State Prison  
Hardwick, GA

Dear Rev. Ed Loring, and other friends,

This is just a note to let you know once again how much I appreciate all you have done for me over the years. Thank you so very much.

You have been a prime example that people can change their lives and do great things with the help and encouragement of friends like you.

Again, many thanks and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Beverly Schlosser  
Atlanta, GA

Dear Friends,

My soul is nourished and my conscience stirred, reading *Hospitality*, a gift given me a number of months ago by Virginia Gailey. I've been especially moved by Murphy Davis' and Jodie English's pieces in September's issue. So I am requesting a dozen extra copies, if available.

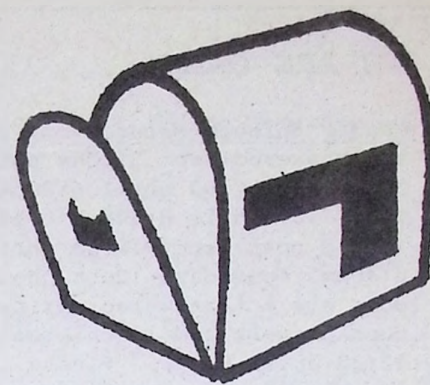
May the Christ in You be blessed,

Agape!

Dorothy J. Mock  
Pisgah Forest, NC

Dear Friends,

After not having seen *Hospitality* for several months (I was away) I gorged myself on the July, August, and September issues and feel well-fed! Thank you for the work you're doing and the witness you continue to make to the Gospel of Jesus. May God bless you and enable you to



continue your good work on our behalf.

Peace,

Jeri Abbott  
Americus, GA

Dear Murphy Davis,

I held the *Hospitality* for September 1998 too long and read it only today. Your essay, "Remember, As Though You Were With Them" meant a great deal to me.

I agree with your stand against the death penalty and I agree with you about the upside-down nature of our society.

I appreciate your work and that of the Open Door.

Elizabeth Stevenson  
Decatur, GA

Dear Ed and Murphy,

Every issue of *Hospitality* is an experience of spiritual education—of genuine spiritual reawakening. How can we thank you and the Community enough? You show all of us how to do the work of the gospel. Thank you.

We rejoice that the Open Door and Denison [University] are coming closer together; that St. Luke's, First Baptist, and I hope, other denominations in Granville are coming to know and support your work—all our work—better... We are doing our part to share the word of your ministry. God's blessings and peace to you! I am grateful that some of my students go down to the Open Door and come back and share with us...

...continue to walk in love and in good health.

Blessings, love, and peace,

Ron Santoni  
Professor of Philosophy  
Denison University  
Granville, OH

## Reflections on Spending

(continued from page 10)

more likely one is again to spend conspicuously, now for elaborate alarm systems to protect one's "things." It's the perfect vicious cycle, Schor says, and an often overlooked reason for crime and the fear of crime.

While status spending sets up the haves, advertising most often sets up the have-nots. By mass distributing images of wealth, advertising whets the appetite for consumer goods, regardless of one's ability to pay for them. This, too, is a set up, enticing those who have not to get what advertisers say they need by any means possible, even if it is illegal.

Schor singles out television advertising as the worst offender in this regard. She writes, "Looking back across different locales, before and after the introduction of television in the 1950s ... one type of crime jumped up significantly. Not rape, not murder, but larceny ... Seeing all those products on television made people who didn't have them, and couldn't afford to buy them, really want them. Want them enough to steal them" (Page 82).

Most importantly, Schor argues, the consumer culture sets us all up by indirectly encouraging middle and upper-middle class Americans to abandon their public responsibility. Pressured to overspend privately, such people are increasingly less willing to spend for public needs. As private spending has increased, so has opposition to taxes for schools, parks, and other social services. Instead, middle and upper-middle class Ameri-

cans are "enrolling their children in private schools, buying security systems, and spending time at Discovery Zone rather than the local playground" (Page 21). Add this to the dramatic decline in the earning power of the poor and near poor, Schor says, and "the result has been a deterioration of poor neighborhoods, and alarming levels of crime and drug use" (Page 21).

Schor spends the final chapter of *Overspent American* offering nine principles for interrupting and stopping the ever-spiraling cycle of desire and spending. Some of these principles (controlling desire, voluntary restraints on competitive spending) are steps each of us can take individually. Other principles, she says, require more cooperative effort (deconstructing the commercial system, coordinated intervention). While Schor did not intend any of her principles to eliminate criminal activity, by addressing the escalating cycle of "see-want-borrow-spend" that lies at the root of much crime, she certainly gives those of us who are concerned about criminal justice plenty of food for thought.

(Reprinted with permission from *Justicia*, the newsletter of the Judicial Process Commission in Rochester, NY, July-August 1998 issue. The book, *The Overspent American: Upscaling, Downshifting, and the New Consumer* by Juliet B. Schor, is available through Basic Books, New York, NY.)



**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 noon prayers and 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

CLARIFICATION MEETINGS: Alternate Tuesdays, 7:30-9pm.

WEEKEND RETREATS: Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), next retreat is our Advent Retreat, December 4 - 6.

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

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  St  Zip  +

Phone

## Open Door Community Worship

*We gather for worship and Eucharist on Sunday evenings followed by supper together.  
Please join us!*

### November

- November 1 5 p.m. Worship at 910;  
5:45 Music Night
- November 8 5 p.m. Worship at 910;  
Will O'Brian & Dee Dee Risher
- November 15 5 p.m. Worship at 910;  
Don Beisswenger, preaching  
Celebration of Jim Hinshaw's  
Partnership Covenant
- November 22 No Worship at 910  
Open Door joins in Worship,  
Protest & Resistance to  
Urge the Closing of the  
School of the Americas.  
Ft. Benning, Columbus, GA
- November 29 No Worship at 910  
3 p.m. The Open Door  
Worships at First  
Congregational Church for  
the Ordination of Joyce  
Hollyday

### December

- December 4-6 Advent Retreat at Dayspring  
Farm  
No Worship at 910
- December 13 5 p.m. Advent Worship at 910;  
Joyce Hollyday, preaching and  
Celebrating the Eucharist
- December 20 5 p.m. Advent Worship at 910;  
Service of Lessons and Carols
- December 24 7:30 p.m. Christmas Eve  
Eucharist
- December 27 5 p.m. Worship at 910

**PEACE  
JUSTICE**

### Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

Plan to join us on selected Tuesday evenings for presentations and discussions of topics relevant to the justice struggle. Call us for dates and times.

### Are 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!

### Volunteer Needs

Soup Kitchen on Wednesdays or Fridays  
Hardwick Trip  
Sunday Morning Breakfast

If you would like more information about volunteering, contact Brenda Smith at 404-874-9652.

### Open Door Community Needs

JEANS  
T-Shirts  
Men's Work Shirts  
Quick Grits  
Cheese  
Coffee  
Multi-Vitamins  
MARTA Tokens  
Postage Stamps  
Underwear for Men  
Men's Shoes (all sizes)

Meat for the soup in  
our Soup Kitchen  
record player  
that plays 78s (a  
Caliphone or whatever)  
Sandwiches  
Table and Floor Lamps  
an Accoustic Guitar to be available  
for visitors to play at  
our Sunday Worship  
Vacuum Cleaners  
Toothpaste

Disposable Razors  
Women's Underwear  
Toothbrushes  
Deodorant  
Vaseline  
Towels  
Socks  
Shampoo  
Men's Belts  
Washcloths  
Blankets

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!**