

# HOSPITALITY

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## Festival of Shelters

by Ed Loring

"Winter is a comin' in," Ezra Pound so sings, "ague hath my ham." Winter howls and groans, roars and mourns and, like a thief in the night, murders many a homeless mamma and steals toes and fingers from urban wilderness wanderers who have no place to go. Homelessness is hell. It is hurt and pain. And O, God Almighty, it is cold!

So here we are again: shouting, writing and putting our bodies and our love in the streets begging the communities of faith and conscience, pleading with the civic and business leadership and imploring the mayor's office: PLEASE PROVIDE 10,000 FREE SHELTER SPACES FOR THOSE WHO ARE DYING ON THE STREETS OF ATLANTA.

How shall we, in this tenth anniversary year of our solidarity with the homeless, so beg, plead and implore? First, we go back to the Bible--always the necessary direction of those whose lives are led by the Vagrant Christ who finds his place among the homeless poor and with the chained captives of our prisons.

The Old Testament teaches us that the hope for the Day of Justice is rooted in celebrating and recapitulating memories of past liberation events. Incarnating the memories of God's liberating actions in history calls for the hope for new and dramatic events of liberation and justice in our own days. And if not in our own days, then in the days of our children's children. God alone will end homelessness in the U.S.A. God alone will, someday, so turn this greedy little insignificant nation around that the constitutional right to safe, decent and private housing for every citizen will be defended among the rich as they today defend the right to deduct mortgage interest payments on their several houses. But that conversion is not, in the first place, a political issue. It is spiritual transformation; therefore we go back to the Bible on our way toward the Christian Council, Central Atlanta Progress and City Hall. (Do you hear us calling, Perry, Joe, and Andy? It won't be long now!)



THE DELUGE

Fritz Eichenberg

Turning back to the Bible we learn from Leviticus 23:33-44 and Numbers 29:12-40 of the annual Festival of Shelters. Often this festival is also called the Festival of Booths, or Sukkot. We at the Open Door, interpreting the festival in light of the call of the Vagrant Christ, call it the Festival of Cat Holes. The festival is celebrated today by Jewish people all over the world, as it has been since Moses gave the instructions. The time period on the Jewish calendar is Tishri 15-23, which is the middle of October for 1989.

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What is the meaning of Sukkot, or the Festival of Shelters? It is a ritual of memory to nurture hope for the future. That is, like the Lord's Supper, the festival is a living reality. God came to Pharaoh through the mouth of Moses and the resistance of the tiny band of Hebrews, and after struggle and horror, set the people free. Liberation from slavery and bondage is no simple act, however, and the move toward the Promised Land was a long 40-year trek up and down and round and round before crossing the icy waters of the Jordan River. The wilderness wanderings of the Hebrews were often terrible, filled with woe and war. God was teaching her people, as she is teaching us today, that we are dependent upon God alone for liberation from political oppression (Why else would SCLC invite Dan Quayle to be their main convention speaker this year?) and for the right to decent housing. So God had the Hebrews live in temporary shelters--cat holes--until the right time to overthrow Canaan.

Now the liberating God is aware that without memory of the struggle for liberation, people will forget the cost of having a history, the price of freedom and justice. Some folk might turn property into a private possession or leave fellow citizens in the wilderness or on the streets with nowhere to go. Some folk might even argue against shelters on the basis of property rights and values. That is to spit in God's face and any such community will be condemned by God. God's gentle love and passionate care will destroy such social values and political institutions.

Therefore, the God of Exodus and Hope says, "All the people of Israel shall live in shelters for seven days, so that your descendants may know that the LORD made the people of Israel live in simple shelters when God led them out of Egypt. God is the LORD your God." (Lev. 23:42-43)

We are saying yes to this invitation from God; and we would like to call, not only Atlanta Jews, but all people of good will to join us in the Festival of Shelters. We shall act out the liberation of the past as we hope for justice this winter as 10,000 folk wander the urban wilderness of Atlanta with nowhere to go. We see this Festival of Cat Holes as an act of obedience and a step toward empowerment and liberation for all people of Atlanta. We shall stand up and lie down with homeless people. We shall eat and sleep with those most oppressed in this city. We shall sing and pray, leaflet and talk, preach and listen to the citizens of this city as we witness to the liberation of God in the past and as we plead for 10,000 shelter spaces this winter.

We hope and pray you will join us. The "Winter is acomin' in. . . ague hath my ham." People will be dying soon.



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

Murphy Davis--Southern Prison Ministry  
Director

Ed Loring--Correspondence & Resident Volunteer  
Co-ordinator

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Dick Rustay--Volunteer Co-ordinator

\* \* \*

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Circulation--Bettina Paul, Tim Wyse and a  
multitude of earthly hosts and guests  
Subscriptions or change of address--Willie  
London

## Please Join Us

Sunday, October 15, 1989, 5:00pm to Friday, October 20, 6:00pm at Woodruff Park at Atlanta's Five Points. Come for all or any bits of time you can give. Spend the night or stand with us for 15 minutes.

Our daily schedule will be:

Sunday, October 15: 5pm Worship;  
6:30pm-6:30am, sleeping in  
shelters.

Monday-Friday: Continuous presence;  
6:30am, Butler St. Breakfast in the  
park.

11:30-1:30, leafleting and talking  
with students, business folk and others.  
5:00pm, Worship.

Manna and quail will be served at needed times.



Dear Friends,

St. Vincent de Paul said, "We must love the poor very much for them to forgive us the bread we give them." And indeed, it seems that our primary work here at the Open Door Community is to deepen our love.

The line at our front door is very long and every time the door opens, expectant and hopeful eyes search whoever stands there for an answer--"Will I be able to get a shower and clean clothes this morning?" "Will it soon be time for me to eat?"

The line is degrading and humiliating. In this land of such abundance it is absurd that anyone should have to wait and hope for the meeting of their most basic needs. Those who stand in our line need and should have their own food, their own kitchens, their own homes and family space. There should be no need for people to depend on one meal a day in a soup kitchen.

In the face of such absurdity, love is the only force strong enough to hold back bitterness and despair. Death and oppression are everywhere, but we know that love is more powerful.

We come to you again to beg for the money and resources to feed the hungry, visit the prisoner, welcome the homeless and the lonely and to confront the structures that cause so much human suffering. But we also beg for your prayers that God's grace might deepen our love. The winter is nearly upon us; the needs are great and the resources are almost gone. Please help us as we struggle to be more loving servants.

In thanksgiving for your partnership and support,

The Open Door Family

CARL BARKER

Carol Clicksup C M Shuman

Willie L. London

Joe Battons

Bullion

Jerry Jones

Peter Shuman

Joan DeWitt

Kim Rusty

Lat Ford

Christine Rose

DeWitt

Murphy Davis TD

Gay Yagge

Beaman

McDon

Eulene Kennedy

Yelky Rustay

Don

Edward

Rafa

Schulch

Dick Rustay

Harry Hammel

Ed Long



## An Opportunity to Stoop

by Rod Adams

*Editor's note: Rod Adams is currently a volunteer with Jubilee Partners in Comer, GA. Last year he was a resident volunteer at the Open Door and spent the month of August with us.*

Having come from the bright-white, middle-class belly of the United States, I am not accustomed to stooping. Stooping is for the weak and the wretched. That is what I am taught. I am for reaching over and above, for social ascendancy, for upward mobility; it is my heritage. I am a go-getter, by training.

But not only am I a comfortable "American" (the tv version); I am also a disciple of Christ. This discipleship idea/reality is what led me to the Open Door, the place where I would meet Christ, save billions, perfect humility, and ride off into the sunset--Hallelujah Chorus infusing the atmosphere. I would be an American Christian, earnest but not dirty.

Yet something happened to me between the time of my Open Door arrival and eternity. I was provided an opportunity to stoop.

It seems stooping comprises much of the work at the Open Door, for there is much trash to be picked up. With hundreds of homeless friends every day coming through our door and relaxing in our yard, we get to see a lot of litter (not that there isn't an abundance of litter all over Ponce de Leon). We see orange peels, paper cups, plastic bags, cigarette butts--all items which announce that people have been here; and that is good. We are thankful for our friends; and picking up their litter can also be an opportunity for giving thanks. . . with certain qualifications kept in heart and mind.

For when we stoop to pick up litter, we are picking up our own frustration at witnessing other people's carelessness, their inability to share in the creation, in taking seriously their individual

responsibility to care. We pick up an orange peel as a sort of prayer for the sister or brother who cannot care and for the industry mogul who cannot care, daily dumping tons of waste into created rivers and fields. Stooping, we thank God we are alive.

When we stoop to pick up litter, we are picking up our own guilt for social inequity, knowing that the one who threw down this cup is discriminated against because of race, or sex, or socio-economic status, or education, or age. And we think of those resigned to the status quo, ourselves confessing how easy that is. And we thank God we are alive.

When we stoop to pick up litter, we are picking up the identity of homeless people and prisoners, the discarded, the burnt out. Cigarette butts perpetually speckle our yard, being a sort of manna of the streets, symbol for the homeless person's and prisoner's addiction--the painful cycle of recalling lost hopes, of throwing down what was less than satisfying, so to smoke down another hope to the filter and throw it down as well. We pick up one. We put it in the bag. We thank God we are alive.

Finally, when we stoop to pick up litter, we are picking up a mystery. We are picking up the joy of service, the endless freedom of stooping, of welcoming life, of bending down in reverence, and then again standing upright with thanksgiving. For our Lord has said, The gate is low that leads to life. And the proverbist has said, Bend down low lest you bumpeth your head.

But the most beautiful and mysterious thing about living on a creation in which the creator is alive and active is that an opportunity for participating in life is always provided. God shows no partiality to the Open Door. Life is abounding. We need simply to look around; we will see the trash; we will know what to do.

# Why Is There Hunger in Atlanta ?

by Elizabeth Dede

Last Spring as we were making plans for our protest action at the June 15th opening of Underground Atlanta, we distributed flyers that simply asked, "Why is there hunger in Atlanta?" and starkly stated, "Underground Atlanta opens on June 15." I had this funny fantasy that one of us would be invited to speak at the opening ceremonies so that we could provide an answer to that question. And I went into the protest action looking for an answer, but then I got caught up in other questions--What does Atlanta do for the homeless? Why is Underground Atlanta segregated? Why is Elaine in jail? Recently, however, I started to think about that original question, Why is there hunger in Atlanta? And what does the opening of Underground have to do with it?

I know a little bit about hunger from my life and work at the Open Door. But one thing I know for sure: hunger in Atlanta has nothing to do with a shortage of food.

Every year during Holy Week, the Open Door Community holds a vigil in solidarity with our friends who live on the streets. Small groups of us spend 24-hours on the streets, trying to sleep in the bus station before the security guard kicks us out; finding a place to pee in a city that has no public toilets; sitting in a labor pool, endlessly waiting to be called out for a job; lining up for a ticket for lunch at St. Luke's downtown; staying awake through a session at Municipal Court where the judge sentences one of our friends to three days in jail for sleeping on a park bench.

Last year I participated in my fourth Holy Week vigil. All that week the weather was terrible. It rained and poured; the wind blew; temperatures dropped; and the sun never came out until Easter Sunday. The night is always the hardest time for me. I can't sleep, and the time seems so long. So I decided to beg for money to get me a cup of coffee inside, safe from the cold and wet.

A street evangelist who worked for Eastern Airlines by day met us in the park and talked through the pouring rain about Jesus--the personal savior of our souls. Frankly, I was not much interested in my soul because my body was already shivering with the cold, but I waited quietly and politely until he had finished his earnest sermon. As he was parting from us, leaving us with his blessing, I asked him for a quarter. "I never carry money," he said. But he gave me a gift certificate for a cup of coffee at McDonald's.

In the meantime others from my group had got tired of the evangelizing and had gone off to scrounge some food. At a nearby hotel a party was over, and the caterer gave us the left-overs. We had a beautiful feast of strawberries, pineapple, cheese, turkey, ham, and crackers. Some other scavengers went to the Kentucky Fried Chicken to check out their garbage. Inside, the employees were sweeping and mopping the floor. Appalled that somebody would pick through their garbage for a meal, they came out with a tray full of left-over chicken. Back in the park we enjoyed this lavish banquet, but I was anxious to get inside, away from the wet and cold, so I promised that I would ask for more food after I'd had a cup of coffee.



Ade Bethune

Close to the closing time of McDonald's, I went up to the counter and explained that there were ten of us who were hungry and cold but we had no money. "Could you give us your left-overs?" I asked. "It's against McDonald's policy," replied the young man behind the counter. "Well, where is your dumpster?" I responded. "We'd be happy to take from what you have to throw away." Again, the man was astounded that people would be hungry enough to eat from a dumpster. "How many of you are there?" he questioned. "There are ten," I said. "O.K., I'll give you these hamburgers and fries." Soon we were enjoying a generous meal from McDonald's bounty--food that would otherwise have landed in the dumpster.

When McDonald's closed we had to go back into the rain, and I suggested that we try to seek shelter in the Greyhound bus station. As we walked to the station, a Domino's Pizza delivery car drove up. "Hey!" the driver shouted. "Are you hungry? I've got two pizzas that I can't deliver, and I'll give 'em to you." Really, I couldn't eat another bite, but we took the pizzas and passed them out to other homeless folk whom we met in the station. From that experience of one night as a person without a home and without an income on the streets of Atlanta, I know that there is no shortage of food in Atlanta.

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Why is there hunger in Atlanta?

In a wonderfully pithy statement Dorothy Day, the founder of the Catholic Worker, gives us the answer: "Our problems stem from this filthy, rotten system." Hunger is a direct result of the greed expressed in our capitalist system.

Underground Atlanta is proof of that statement. Atlanta is one of the fastest growing centers for business in the United States. It has also the second highest rate of poverty. Nevertheless, we just finished spending 142 million dollars to develop Underground Atlanta. At least eight million of those dollars were misappropriated funds. In Community Development Block Grants the Federal Government had given the city of Atlanta eight million dollars which was to be used to help the poor with low income housing and other needs. Instead, the money was unabashedly, perhaps illegally, at least underhandedly, used to develop an entertainment center for those who have homes, more than enough food, and plenty of money to spend on the \$2-ice cream cones sold there. So a group of us protested the opening of Underground Atlanta. In response to our action, the developers and city planners told us that Underground Atlanta would end poverty and hunger in Atlanta because it would bring money to the city and provide jobs for many unskilled laborers. Of course, somehow these developers have conveniently forgotten that for the next ten years, or so, the city will have to subsidize, with an additional 20-30 million dollars, the operation of Underground if it is to remain solvent. In addition, the \$3.35 minimum wage that the jobs at Underground Atlanta provide to unskilled laborers is not a living wage: you cannot eat, rent a room, and wear clothes on \$3.35 an hour.

welfare of their employees and are altruistic enough to desire that the hungry be fed. Second, McDonald's would shortly give in to the competition because Wendy's and Burger King would reap much larger profits, increase their advertising campaigns, and draw customers away from McDonald's. Large profits depend on things like low minimum wage and few benefits to employees. Therefore, the poor suffer so that the system can survive.



Our system is more interested in profits than it is in solving the problems of our society. In fact, if we put effort and money into solving problems then our profits are reduced. Thus, capitalism depends on the poor. Those of us who struggle to bring an end to homelessness and hunger know that one place to begin is with legislation for a dramatic raise of the minimum wage. 40% of the men and women who live in Atlanta's shelters for the homeless are employed. But they earn the minimum wage and cannot afford a place to live and food to eat. What if McDonald's were to begin to pay a \$10 minimum wage? Their laborers would live more comfortable lives. However, two other things would happen: First, McDonald's management would go through a major change of heart and claim that they no longer care about profits but are more concerned for the

In addition to the profit motive, competition in a free market is another intrinsic tenet of capitalism. Ideally, I suppose, a little competition is good for all of us since it keeps us striving to be and to do better. Yet, what I have seen of our greediness is cut-throat competition that bleeds the life out of some while others prosper at a disproportionate rate. Inherent to the meaning of competition, and consequently of capitalism, is a winner and a loser. In the U.S., the winners often own two homes, several cars, computers, television, and stereos. Frequently, they suffer from heart disease and high blood pressure because their diets consist of too much unhealthy, cholesterol-rich foods. They step on the poor as they climb the mountain of success in our society, which means the acquisition of more and more things.

At the Open Door, we don't have (nor do we want) a television, so it is a rare day when I am assaulted by its commercialism. But recently, while I was on vacation, I was amazed to see an ad from Sears for a \$2,000 television. And I didn't see this ad only once. In one two-hour stretch as I watched a movie, that ad ran five times. If keeping up with the Joneses means buying a \$2,000 television, then we can be certain that the Wilsons will be on welfare. The competition is too stiff, and many people will go under. \$2,000 is more money than most of my friends who live on the streets of Atlanta can hope to earn in six months. Yet they are daily assaulted by the consumerism of our economy which tells them that the good life consists of owning a \$2,000 television.

Perhaps my analysis of the causes of hunger in Atlanta has gone on long enough here. Sometimes Hospitality is chastised for naming and analyzing the

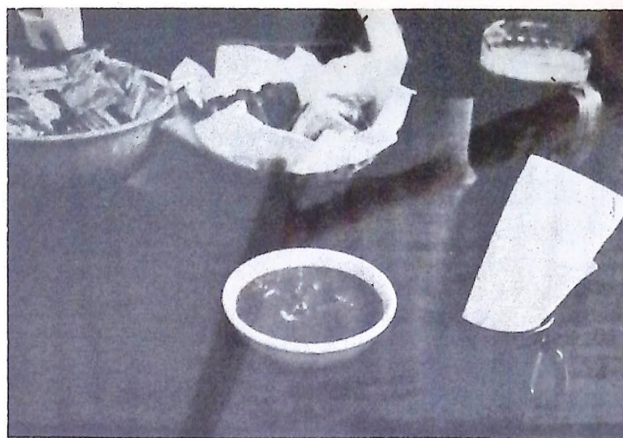
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problems of our society without providing a course of action to bring change. People will ask, for instance, "But what are we to do to end hunger in Atlanta?" I am always happy to outline a course of action, but it requires a radical change because it comes from a radical Christian perspective.

Ed Loring always says that the first step is to throw away your television. That is certainly a good place to begin because we must stop measuring our lives in terms of material success. We simply are not following Jesus' teachings when we are concerned with things. Luke records that Jesus taught his followers: "Happy are you poor; the kingdom of God is yours! Happy are you who are hungry now; you will be filled!" Even before Jesus was born his mother Mary sang about the greatness of God: "You have filled the hungry with good things and sent the rich away empty." If we are Christians, we are supposed to be seeking God's kingdom. Yet most of us are not poor or hungry, and many of us have no active involvement with the poor and the hungry. If our lives are filled with material goods we should be concerned, I think, because God is going to send us away empty. In fact, we probably already are empty because our shallow lives have missed the depths of God's love for the hungry and the poor. The \$2,000 television will break or be obsolete within a few years. Then where will we be? The poorer we are, the closer we are to the poor, the closer we are to God.

Second, we must begin to act in ways that recognize Jesus' presence in our lives now. I guess many Christians believe that faith in his death and resurrection is enough, and the Lutheran in me has confessed that often enough. Nevertheless, I also believe that that faith calls us to action, and for me the focus of faith in action lies in Matthew 25. There the faithful who are blessed by God are those who fed the hungry, and in other ways helped those who were considered least important. Jesus identifies himself with the least, so if we are to see Jesus we must look among the poor and needy, and if we want to be with Jesus, then we must be with the poor.

Finally, I believe we should model our lives on the early believers who were closer to Jesus than we are. Capitalism simply is not Biblical. The second chapter of Acts gives a beautiful description of life among the believers:



*Many miracles and wonders were being done through the apostles, and everyone was filled with awe. All the believers continued together in close fellowship and shared their belongings with one another. They would sell their property and possessions, and distribute the money among all, according to what each one needed. Day after day they met as a group in the Temple, and they had their meals together in their homes, eating with glad and humble hearts, praising God, and enjoying the good will of all the people. And every day the Lord added to their group those who were being saved.*

Obviously, the early church was not concerned with our notion of private ownership, but I am especially interested in their meal times when they ate together with glad and humble hearts. Meals ought to be a time of great joy, but a frozen dinner cooked in two minutes in a microwave and eaten in front of Dan Rather and the evening news on television brings no joy. And there is precious little happiness at the St. Luke's soup kitchen where 550 people line up everyday to eat a lonely meal of soup and sandwiches.

Imagine the joyous feasts that would take place in Atlanta if the lonely developers of Underground would share their evening dinners with the hungry and homeless of Atlanta. I cannot think of a more wonderful sight, except perhaps for the great banquet we will enjoy when Jesus comes again.



## Run for Shalom Update

*Editor's note: Mike Stoltzfus, a former resident volunteer at the Open Door, and his friend Jon Peachey are running from Lincoln City, Oregon to the Boston Harbor to raise money for the Open Door and the Mennonite Central Committee. From time to time, we will publish an update on the Run for Shalom.*

The Run for Shalom is once again alive, well and moving steadily towards Boston.

In mid July, we were forced to take a four-week break due to persistent injuries. During this interim, we rested and visited family and friends.

On August 5th, we again set the Run for Shalom in motion from Saco, Montana. Since then we have continually moved for 710 miles to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

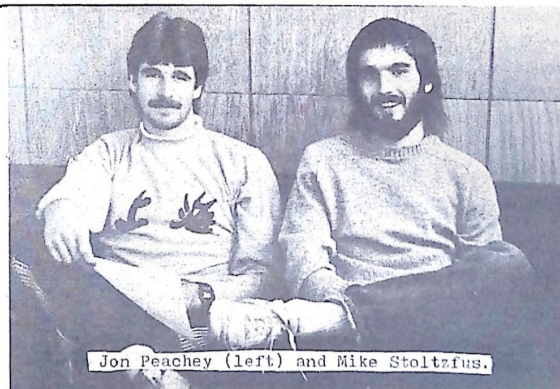
United States Highway 2 led us through Wolfpoint, Montana, Williston, Montana and Grand Forks, North Dakota en route to Minnesota.

Currently we have logged 2,065 miles passing the halfway mark and beginning the eastern portion of our journey.

We were pleasantly surprised to have Aletha Stahl, a recent Goshen College graduate and now a current faculty member at Goshen, accompany us for five days when we started the run again.

Aletha ran and walked with us as we started with 15-mile days and gradually progressed to 20, then 25, and finally 30-mile days three weeks later.

Readjusting to the run included sore muscles, blisters, tiredness and overall body aches once again. Meeting and sharing with people, as well as soft pine needle beds in Minnesota, helped ease the pain in our muscles and joints.



Jon Peachey (left) and Mike Stoltzfus.

After the plains of Montana and North Dakota, we finally feel like we are getting east as we trek through Minnesota and Wisconsin. There are many more towns, and these towns actually have streetlights, paved roads and much more to offer than just a tavern and a gas station, not to mention many more people. Minnesota has twice the population of both Montana and North Dakota combined.

For more information about the Run for Shalom—a cross-country run by Jon Peachey and Mike Stoltzfus to benefit the Open Door Community and Mennonite Central Committee—or to make a contribution, please contact:

Run for Shalom  
c/o Janelle Hofziger

Goshen College  
Goshen, IN 46526  
219/535-7562

# FLIPPER

by Jack Alderman

*Editor's note: Jack Alderman is a friend on death row in Jackson, Georgia.*

When first I entered public education, at the impressionable age of five,  
I thought the world was a glowing, growing carnival, I was happy to be alive;  
There were the magical tales of the Great Dream and all it could be for me;  
There were the lessons of truth and justice, the examples of fairness and equity.

In the third grade the indoctrination continued with a rapid increase;  
I learned the battle cries of war as plaintive hymns of peace;  
I pledged an allegiance that was never fully appreciated or understood;  
I proudly saluted the Stars 'n' Stripes, believing it represented only good.

I was properly solemn on Memorial Day and festive at the Fourth of July;  
I honored the assigned symbols of freedom, from Chevrolet to apple pie;  
I collected and cherished postcards of the Lady with the beckoning flame;  
I knew that America was Eden, God had simply chosen another name.

Everything seemed so unreal, our ideals were larger than life itself;  
Standard-bearers for the universe, land of opportunity and wealth;  
The perfect place to live where each individual is afforded worth;  
The personification of a paradigm: Heaven here on Earth.

With imaginary fife and drum I joyously marched to a patriotic beat;  
I saw the Washingtons and Lincolns govern along Main Street;  
I marvelled at the magnificence, alas, I was awed by the splendor;  
My country! My country! so strong and brave, yet so kind and tender.

Reared in the inner-city, usually pushed aside or to the back,  
The nation I was shown existed beyond the railroad track;  
If there actually was a disadvantage then I was the one to blame;  
I had to accept all responsibility, including embarrassment and shame.

Miss Liberty was a symbol of truth, it was impossible to debate;  
She could not compromise or exploit, she could not oppress or discriminate;  
There were no problems she could not resolve, no errors she could not correct;  
The Queen of Paradise, she would not abandon, she could not neglect.



It was a rosy vision, deftly adjusted for the very young and naive;  
It was close-your-eyes, bow-your-head, cross-your-fingers, hope, and believe;  
It was a disappointment for an eternal optimist who happens to care;  
From sea to shining sea our dream has become my nightmare.

Millions are without respect because they are without homes;  
Families are barred from city parks due to vagrant-free zones;  
The poor get poorer, we humiliate and denigrate until the spirit is broke;  
Welfare and social security are human disservices, a political joke.

We warehouse the prisoners, annually legislating more restraints;  
We become indignant whenever they voice their complaints;  
We even kill a few to save a conscience tragically maligned;  
It's a cruel and unusual punishment for a cruel and unusual crime.

We build bombs called Peacemakers for the sake of national defense;  
We criticize the Berlin wall while ignoring the Rio Grande fence;  
We proclaim human rights, we condemn the practice of apartheid;  
Everywhere, that is, except the USA, are global injustices decried.

We massacre two hundred dolphins for a case of Starkist Chunk Light;  
And then we protect the snail darter—something just ain't right;  
We turn our rivers into swamps and our swamps into nuclear plants;  
Then we study the effect of plastic diapers, courtesy of federal grants.

We are a massive contradiction; but worry not, have no fear;  
For we have Nintendo, with new programs offered twice a year;  
We also have cablevision and tunnel-vision and most channels in-between;  
We have the scientifically-improved, drastically-removed, Great American Dream.

Of course, I'm a cynic and have a radically different view;  
Still, is a BMW and a BAR the very best we can do?  
I ask for the little ones, the children about to enter school;  
Killing Flipper to satisfy Charlie the Tuna is no longer cool.



Dan Hubig, Pacific News Service

# The Execution of Ronnie Dunkins

by Dale Aukerman

*Editor's note: Dale Aukerman is a writer and peace advocate. His book Darkening Valley: A Biblical Perspective on Nuclear War recently has been republished by Herald Press. This article previously appeared in Christian Century.*

It was midnight going into Friday, July 14 when we were ushered into the very small witness room. Through the full-length window Horace ("Ronnie") Dunkins, Jr., 28, black, poor, and somewhat retarded was strapped to the Alabama electric chair. The straps criss-crossed and immobilized his body. His hair had been shaved. His father, a cousin, his home church pastor, his lawyer and I stood behind the representative prison officials and three invited members of the press. I was there because in 1981 I had received Ronnie's name and address from the Death Row Support Project. Through the years of correspondence, then by telephone calls and being face to face, my family and I had grown very close to him; we were his second family.

There could be no speaking through the heavy glass window. Ronnie formed the words emphatically with his lips: "I love you, father," and then a couple of times to the others of us, "I love you."

Ronnie was bound in the electric chair because of a ghastly crime. Lynn McCurry, white, 26-year-old mother of four, had been raped and murdered. As the newspaper accounts never failed to mention, her nude body was found tied to a tree and had 66 stab wounds. Ronnie admitted that he and his "rap partner" had committed the rape. But Ronnie denied to the last that he killed Lynn McCurry or was there when the murder was committed. It could, he said, have been his buddy (never mentioned in recent news coverage), who, by saying that he saw Ronnie kill her, gained for himself a life sentence and is eligible for parole in several years. Suspicion at one point rested on the husband, who a little later in the night reported discovering the body. He remarried several weeks after the murder.

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For me the strongest reason for believing that Ronnie was not the murderer is that he did not confess to this even at the end. He could not have faked the faith he was living out in his last hours. Ronnie had an assurance that God had forgiven him for the rape. He believed that all his hope for a future beyond the electric chair depended on being at peace with God. He would not have jeopardized that future by withholding a confession which could have added nothing to the penalty he was paying.

As Ronnie explained, a white woman in Alabama had been raped and murdered by blacks, as it seemed, and he became the black upon whom the demanded vengeance must fall. "A scared young lawyer" (in Ronnie's words) was appointed by the court to defend him. The Ku Klux Klan was marching and calling for the death penalty. The lawyer's most notable mishandling of the case lay in his allowing the prosecution to seat a jury of twelve white women.

Only in the last ten months of his life did Ronnie belatedly have a team of lawyers who, without pay from Ronnie's family or the state, devoted immense effort to bringing out a number of critical issues. The most important was that Ronnie was mentally retarded and that according to the recent Supreme Court ruling a jury must be aware of retardation as a factor to be taken into account. The jury in Ronnie's case had not had this brought to its attention. One juror came forward the final week also with an affidavit to say that if she had known of Ronnie's retardation, she would have seen the case differently. In her distress the last evening she tried to reach Governor Guy Hunt to plead with him to grant a stay. His Miranda rights had also been ignored. His request to have a lawyer during questioning went unheeded.

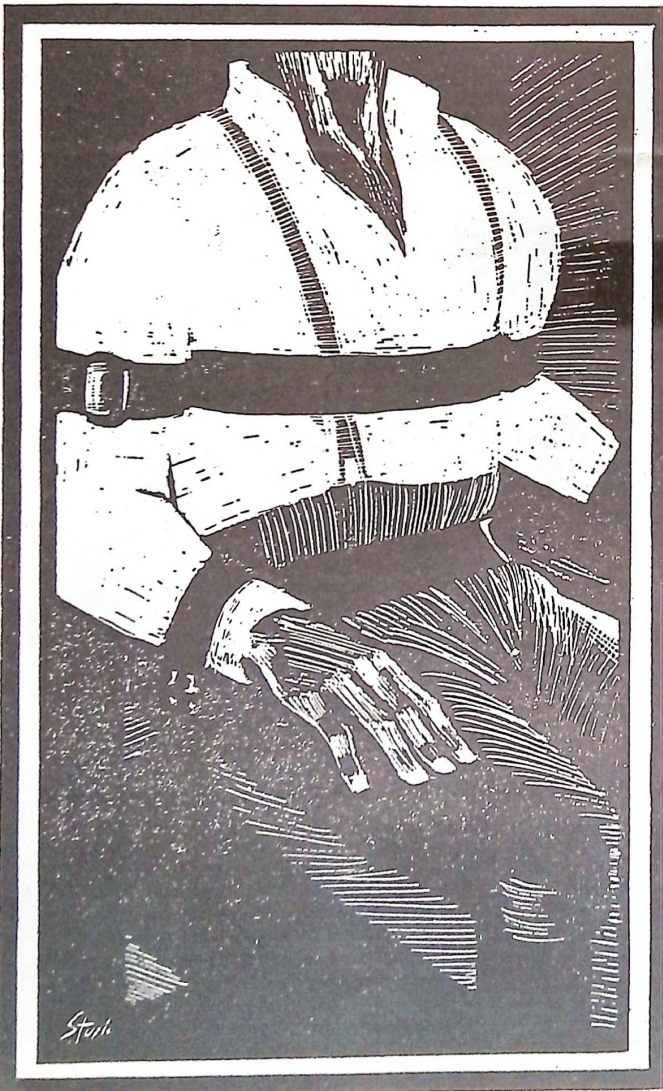
In the race to get a stay of execution, his lawyers took his appeal from one court level to the next. The courts determined that he could not assert his claims because they had not been raised earlier by his prior appointed and volunteer lawyers. Furthermore, both the Alabama appellate court and the federal district court refused to rule on the merits of his claims, thereby assuring that Ronnie would be executed before his claims were decided or appealed. Steve Ellis, Ronnie's lawyer, told me in the darkness outside the place of execution that their dealings with the courts was like something out of a Kafka novel. Ronnie had said again and again, "It's so sad." He meant, I think, the injustice of it all.

There was a composure, almost a serenity, in Ronnie's face as he sat there on that instrument of death. It was as if he wanted to say that what they were inflicting on him was not what counted ultimately,

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and that in faith he knew what counted. In the simplicity of his faith he had told me: "You can't believe how good I feel. The Lord is with me. God will be with me all the way through. I know where I'm going when I leave here." Many times during the day he said, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." When he said to me shortly before being taken to the electric chair, "I will always remember you and your family," the "always" at first seemed to me strange coming from this one about to die, but then I understood that his "always" reached far beyond that midnight hour.

Again and again his comments were expressions of concern about others, not about himself. He didn't want his family and friends to take his death too hard; they shouldn't "let it slow them down." He said that if he did get a stay it would have a powerful impact on his fellow death row inmates and he would love to return and witness to them about what he had been through. Out of his own struggle to understand the enormity of evil in the world and encompassing him, he had often said to them: "If I'm executed, God didn't do it. People are so evil. Evil is so strong. God doesn't do evil like that." He did not want his fellow prisoners to think less of faith if he was executed. As the guards rotated in the watch outside his death cell, he told them they should not be part of such a system and the taking of human life. He would have liked so much to help young guys on the street and on drugs find the way out.



The coordinator in the witness room drew the blinds. When he lifted them again, a black cloth hood was over Ronnie's head--a final veil between him and the rest of humanity. The warden, in explaining the procedure to us a few minutes earlier, said, "You will see two flashes of light, and then it will be all over." We stood there in the terrible silence of the witness room, waiting. The whirring rumble of the generator began. . . . Something was happening, but it didn't really seem to be a full electrocution. The two flashes of light never came. The coordinator pulled the blinds and called to a guard at the door, "We're on the wrong jacks." They hadn't even succeeded in getting the electric chair plugged in right. Steve Ellis said, "They are torturing him." The two doctors were called out of the witness room and did an examination. If they are to be believed, Ronnie was unconscious.

About ten minutes after the first attempt, the rumble came again. Smoke rose from the seat of the chair. Ronnie had said, "There is all this uproar about burning flags, which can always be replaced, no matter how many are burned. But they go right ahead and burn people, people who cannot be replaced." Our irreplaceable Ronnie had been killed. After the doctor's second examination and nineteen minutes after the first try, the presiding prison dignitary could announce into the telephone, "It has been carried out."

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In his last minutes with us Ronnie said he hoped to have the chance, while walking those few yards between the death cell and the electric chair, to tell reporters his final words--a Bible verse for Governor Hunt to look up, John 8:7 (where Jesus tells the crowd of executioners, who had brought to him the woman caught in adultery, "Anyone who is without sin can cast the first stone.").

I have one acute regret about my part in Ronnie's final hours. This saying from John 8:7 had come to my mind again and again. There in that death-filled witness room, before the switch was thrown, I could have spoken those words of Jesus. Yet as I prayed for Ronnie and felt the weight of the impending horror, it did not occur to me to say what had to be said.

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The basic human case against the death penalty is very strong. The Christian case is utterly compelling for any with eyes to see and ears to hear. Jesus could hardly have spoken a clearer word against the death penalty than in that incident. The executioners came not as private individuals but as embodiment and agents of the presumed righteousness of the society taken as basis for the execution. (Their words, "caught in the act of adultery," has a parallel in every headline and news story which lifts up the crime in order to justify the execution. Ronnie had written that reporters "really know how to make one look bad.") Here and throughout the gospels Jesus was questioning not only private presumption of righteousness but that claim by the society. And because of this, more than anything else, the society in that presumption inflicted death upon him. That society had far more grounds for the claim than ours does.

All death-dealing by our society has basis in that same claim. In this connection, the most decisive issue for Christians is whether they align themselves with that claim or see, also for this side of our human condition, the total need for God's gracious love in Jesus Christ. Does a society which, as Martin Luther King said, is "the greatest purveyor of violence in the

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world," a society filled with approved violence and continuously fostering illicit private violence, a society in which law enforcement officers and public officials to the highest level are in collusion with drug traffickers, does such a society have even a partial approximation of the righteousness Jesus called for as essential for doing the deed?

As Jean Lasserre pointed out in *War and the Gospel* (p.189), Jesus "definitely cannot be made to say the opposite of the Law. He confirms the death penalty and apparently its legitimacy. . . . But He discreetly introduces a new clause, in the name of common sense and equity, for it would indeed be inequitable that a man worthy of death should condemn anyone else to death." At the heart of the gospel is the understanding that though all of us deserve death, God, through the One who died the death of all, strives to give life to every human being. To support inflicting the death penalty is grotesque rejection of that understanding.

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The contrary word which I failed to speak there in the moments before their first try at electrocuting Ronnie I want to come forth with again and again. With the recent Supreme Court decisions, executions are going to become much more frequent. But a turn-around can be brought about if ever larger numbers of Christians give the contrary word from the gospel.

Church people aligned with societal presumption, the death penalty, and all death-dealing must be called out of their fatal error. What if most death row prisoners had ties (beyond their families) with persons of faith reaching out to them and turning to others on their behalf? What might happen if, over against the routine desensitizing, tens of thousands of pastors on every Sunday after (or maybe before) a week with one or more executions would mention the killing and seek to dissociate followers of Jesus from it? Church bulletins and newsletters could do the same. A hotline would supply the information. What if, at the time of every execution, there would be protest vigils for life?

Lighting the Torch of Conscience: The Religious Community Confronts the Death Penalty (1419 V St., Washington, DC 20009) is a new campaign initiated by the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty, the National Interreligious Task Force on Criminal Justice, Amnesty International--USA, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Shortly before Ronnie was taken from us, Steve Ellis said, "There are going to be a lot more executions, and I don't think people will have the stomach for that." Whether he is right is a crucial question for the American future.

"Lighting the Torch of Conscience is a campaign sparked by the hope that in the hearts of religious believers, love is stronger than hate--compassion stronger than revenge."




GIVE ME  
YOUR POOR.  
YOUR RETARDED.  
YOUR BLACK.

The death penalty is a horrifying lottery in which politics, poverty, and race play a more decisive role in sending a person to the death chamber than the crime itself. Meanwhile, the root causes of crime go untended.

Join us on a national pilgrimage from Starke, Florida to Atlanta, Georgia--two of the four Southern states responsible for 70% of U.S. executions. This pilgrimage will culminate the year-long TORCH OF CONSCIENCE Campaign, mobilizing the religious community to rise up against state-sanctioned killing.

*It's time to restore the soul of America.*

**NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE  
FOR ABOLITION  
MAY 5 - 19, 1990  
STARKE, FLORIDA  
TO  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.**

PILGRIMAGE FOR ABOLITION  
MAY 5-19, 1990  
I'm interested. Send information.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
Send to: Pilgrimage  
P.O. Box 600  
Liberty Mills, IN 46946

# Grace and peaces of mail

Dear Ed,

Though this note will arrive many weeks after the fact, I want to say "thank you" and "God bless you" for the courageous and compassionate way in which the community responded to the opening of Underground Atlanta. Our local paper recently ran a story on the new playground, complete with color pictures of the clowns offering "hospitality" to its wealthy patrons. How wonderful to know that a troupe of real "fools for Christ" was there, too, demanding that downtown be a place of celebration for everyone. And, while I'm sorry that the police found it necessary to jail you, Elizabeth, Tim and the others, Atlanta needs to know that it didn't work: your spirit and cry for justice rushed out and were felt and heard all the way to Durham! (and, I'm sure, to places even more distant.)

As well, the issue of Hospitality which covered the Underground witness was the best I've ever read. Please send my love and gratitude to Murphy, Ruth, and Elizabeth. I read it and wept. In part, my tears came from grief, because the opening of Underground means that the cross of the Vagrant Christ grows heavier. But other tears were of joy, knowing that our Lord does not carry it alone.

All of this reminds me that Underground Atlanta has cast a dark and formative shadow over much of my life. When I was a little boy, I remember taking a trip to Atlanta with my mom and dad, probably to go to Six Flags (This must have been in the early '70's). But we also went to Underground, because dad wanted me to see Lester Maddox's shop. He wanted me to see the axe handles and Rebel flags, and he told me, "Never forget this. Remember that people can be very cruel to one another."

Well, I haven't forgotten that; nor can I forget how you all have taught me to love. Thanks, as Dan Berrigan would say, for "standing somewhere." And, thanks for walking in the light. May it be a witness and source of hope for all of us who are stumbling in the darkness, even the darkness which is Underground.

Love to all,

Mark Harper  
Durham, NC

*Editor's note: The following letter is a copy of a letter our good friend Frances Pauley sent to Joseph Martin in response to his letter in our last issue of Hospitality. We are grateful that she allowed us to print it here.*

Joseph G. Martin, Jr.  
Underground Investment Development Corp.  
45 Broad Street  
Atlanta, GA 30303

Dear Joe:

I want to thank you for giving so generously of yourself in working for a better Atlanta. I watch your progress and listen eagerly. I have to admit, part of it is because you are the brother of my very dear friend, Jim.



After reading your letter to Open Door in Hospitality, I want to say a few things. These are just my own thoughts. I have not discussed them with anyone.

I have some deep scars left from happenings over several years concerning poor people and the city of Atlanta. In the late 50's or early 60's I helped a bit as the church selected the Capitol Ave. lots of Emmaus House. One of the reasons for moving there was perhaps to help influence the spending of the many dollars given to "Model Cities". This was wishful thinking; the project was a failure to our neighborhood. It demolished many homes owned by good substantial people, removing many families which might have been "role models" for our youngsters.

Then came the Stadium. Thousands more people were displaced. A little cash money which looked big to the poor home owner was soon gone and with it the independence and self-respect of the former owner.

I won't even touch on the many attempts throughout the years to have a positive influence on our exceedingly corrupt Atlanta Housing Authority.

Then Uncle Sam sends us a few dollars in the name of Community Development Block Grants. This supposedly was to replace all sorts of federal cuts in many programs affecting the poor.

In the meantime the rents soar, the housing for poor decreases, the homeless on the street rapidly increase.

Can't you see how we feel when the Community Development Block Grant money goes to build a play place?

It isn't that we do not need recreation. It isn't that we don't need jobs. It is that we need a basic attitude on the part of Atlanta's leaders that this city can and will house its poor decently. It will not let people die on the streets. It isn't an either/or situation.

I loved Underground Atlanta when it first opened. We had many evenings of fun in groups made up of the very poor and us middle class. I can't remember any really rich with us.

After all that has happened I could not enjoy a trip to Underground. The demolishing of one of our few parks and not replacing it with another made me cringe and cry.

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Joe, there is no way we can sweep the poor under the rug. One person said why not put them on buses and take them to East Point. Somehow I hardly think that will work.

I still am an optimist. We could together work out some solutions and at least face the problem honestly. Maybe we will have a chance in the next administration. Do you think we might?

Thanks for reading, Joe, if you have gotten this far. You are truly one of our hopes for the future of this city as Jim is for the future of state government. If there is ever any way I can help, please call me. Jim will tell you I do not make that offer idly.

Best wishes!

Sincerely,

Frances Pauley  
Atlanta, GA

Dear Editor,

I am responding to the September issue of Hospitality, particularly to Mr. Joseph G. Martin, Jr., who felt that the charges in previous articles about Underground Atlanta were filled with half-truths and incomplete information.

I am a death row inmate, William N. Moore, a black man, who desires to ask Mr. Martin the following questions:

Your response was for the "sake of fairness." Please tell me, who was the voice of the poor and street people at any of the meetings that decided to create Underground Atlanta?

You also said that "no project is free of mixed motives or compromises." Is it not a fact that when the government--federal, state, or local--is involved in a project, its motive is self-serving--the mighty dollar!!!? That being the case, then who, or what, was compromised? Surely not Underground Atlanta, or the city government. Who then is left? (It's better to say "left out".) The answer is the poor and the street people, who also lost Plaza Park.

"The redevelopment of Underground was to create new jobs." We readers would really like to know just how many jobs were created at Underground--jobs that would hire the first street person and pay them enough that they could afford housing and food. Of course, you know the main reason for homelessness is that jobs don't pay high enough wages for people to rent a room and buy food. Therefore they are forced to make a vital choice: have a place to stay and not eat, or eat and live on the streets. Tell us please, has Underground created the conditions which would enable these people to avoid their plight of street life?

"Public restrooms and water fountains are easily accessible." We ask that you prove this to us by putting your profession of easy accessibility to the test. If what you've said is true, then you would not mind it at all if the street people began to use both the restrooms and the water fountains in Underground Atlanta. However, if the police arrest street people, as is their usual practice, just for being at Underground, then you should go personally to the city jail and pay their fines! You would have lied, misleading the poor and street people with the story that Underground is open to all people, regardless of how they look.

Do you have that much confidence in what you have said?

William N. Moore  
Death Row  
Jackson, GA

Dear Ed and Murphy,

I read in your Hospitality that Ed Grider had died. I was among a small group of Episcopalians who did a 7-10 day "inner city Atlanta tour" with Ed years ago. It shaped me and my ministry immeasurably and made me forever aware of corporate sin--both in industry and the Church. He is an asset to the saints expectant.

A note of confession. Thank you for your and Murphy's continued work with the outcast. I remember you both in my prayers--as well as those you write about--and especially those on death row.

I thank you for allowing me to help at the Presbyterian shelter and inspiring me and two others from St. Bartholomew's to start the shelter for families.

Sincerely,

Jack Murray  
(formerly, St. Bartholomew's  
Atlanta, GA)

Dear Ed,

Thanks for Hospitality. As always it is thought- and conscience-provoking. As in the days of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, the problem of societal and individual sin is raised, with none escaping culpability. What is the difference between "needy and guilty" and "rich and guilty?" Are you not sometimes in danger of simply stating that "God loves" and "God forgives"--words that Jim Bakker uses ad nauseum, without realizing that these truths must be seen in the perspective of God's holiness? However, I realize that that makes me sound like the proverbial Pharisee, and I know what Jesus said about the people of Tyre and Nineveh. Are all sins alike? No difference between murder (persons) and stealing (things), although the 8th Commandment is concerned primarily with persons--kidnapping, slavery? Well, instead of theologizing it is better to send a check.

In His Love,

Your bourgeois friend,  
Ludwig Dewitz  
Decatur, GA

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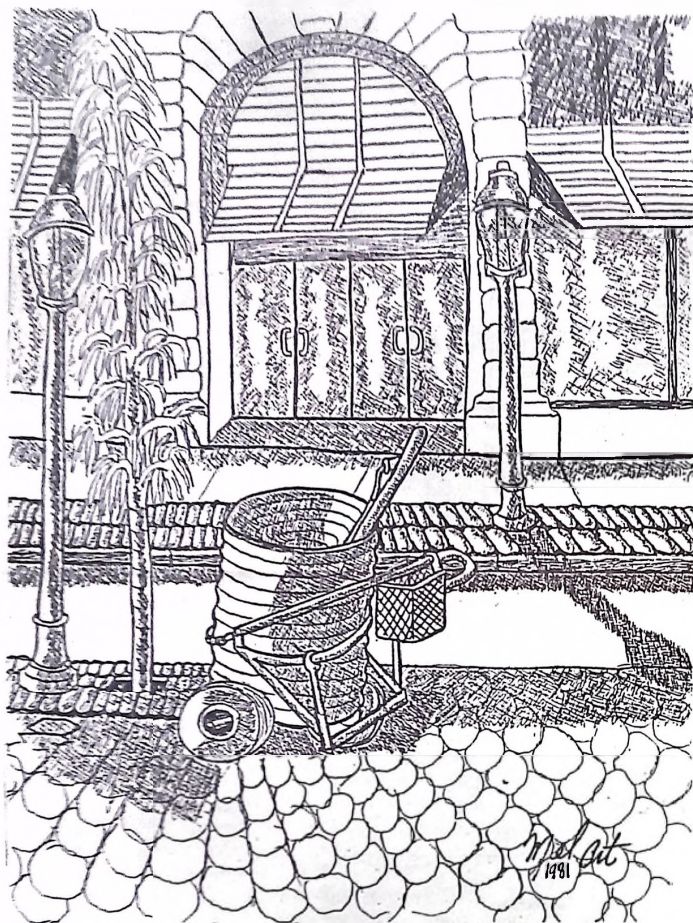
Kohlwitz

Dear Friends,

Here's a small donation. I always look forward to your newsletter. It is on the one hand unsettling to read, but also reassuring to know that somebody is facing head-on the insanity of our culture.

Peace,

Bobby King  
Decatur, GA



Dear Friends,

You should send President Bush a copy of August Hospitality, and the Pope, and Sen. Sam Nunn, TV's 60 Minutes, the U.S. Immigration chief, Rev. Schiller, and important others you can probably think of, including the U.S. Supreme Court.

Thanks for your work and being what you are. Earth-life doesn't last forever for any of us, but if a life is demanded, it could at least be ended with compassion in a kind way.

Cybil McKibben  
Atlanta, GA

Dear Friends,

Thank you for getting arrested for the people in Atlanta. Your efforts on behalf of the homeless are appreciated. May God strengthen you all.

Sincerely,

Pat Garrity  
East Boston, MA

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

Here's a request to start sending Hospitality to my brother on death row here in Nashville.

The paper keeps getting better and better. You all keep speaking and writing the truth with the boldness of faith, and reading it strengthens me. I know that the truth, the boldness, and--in part--the faith grow out of your life together, which is testimony to the depth and power of your community life.

I'm also enclosing a little bit of money to help cover the cost of this new subscription and of my own.

Greetings to all the folks I met at the Dayspring retreat house last February. I had a very good time there and look forward to being with you again.

For anyone at the Open Door who is able and willing to come, please consider yourself invited and encouraged to attend the annual conference of the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty in Nashville this November 10-12.

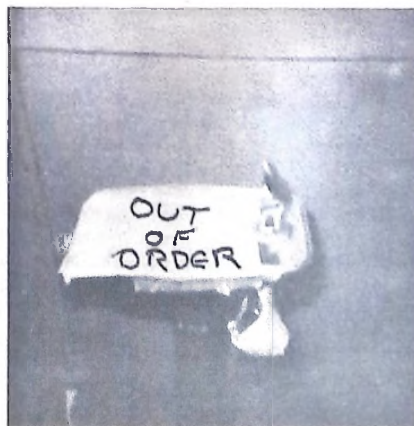
Keep up the good struggle for justice and compassion.

Shalom,

Harmon Wray  
Nashville, TN

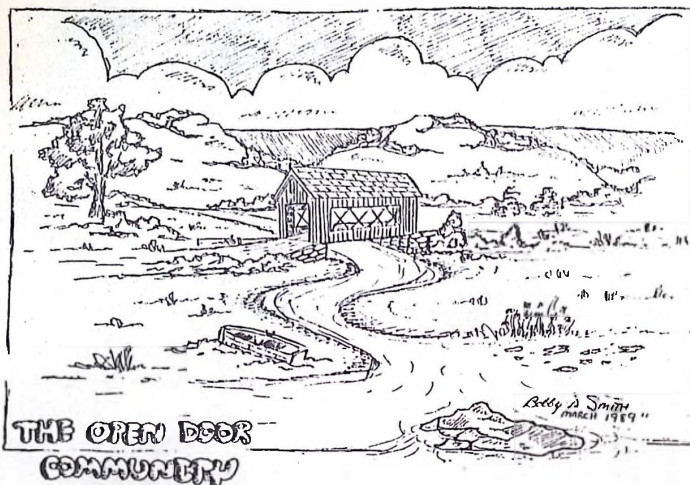


We need \$150  
for a new  
water fountain



# A Summer Scene

by Ed Loring



One of the highest honors of my life came quietly and unexpectedly. The phone rang. I answered and Mom told me that my dad wanted me to come home immediately. Shortly thereafter I was on the Southern Crescent heading north toward home. Four days later on a cold and beautiful January evening my dad died. His battle was long and hard, painful and distorting over the several years that the cancer cells ate first at his lungs and then devoured his brain. But, nonetheless, when the western shadow lengthened, Mom called and reported, "Your father said, 'Tell Eduard to come home.'" My dad and I had a rocky relationship and the grace of God shattered my life at his invitation to share in his death. I am most thankful.

I am also thankful that when he called there was a place to come home to: 3021 Hanson Drive, Charlotte, N.C.: an address, my address along with several others: Carlisle Street, Bamberg, S.C., 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., and Dayspring. We moved to Hanson Drive 40 years ago and Mom lives there still. Last week she began, for the first time in her life, to live alone, although my father's death occurred several years ago.

Horace Bushnell was a 19th Century American theologian who greatly influenced the ideas of Christian education. He also helped to found the University of California and taught that the Civil War was the crucifixion and atonement of the American people. Bushnell believed that the only way to redeem the nation from the sin of slavery and the bloodshed and death of the Civil War was for the people, North and South, Black and white to be reconciled into one nation. Thus, washed in the blood of suffering and liberation the barriers between race and class would be broken down and one new nation would emerge.

However, it is Bushnell's thesis about children that interests me at this point. He taught that children ought to be brought up never knowing that there was a time when they were not Christians. His theory was an attempt to combat the radically individualistic revivalism of his day. But his insight into family life was a most significant contribution to Christian thought. Bushnell believed that the family can be a means of God's grace—that the love of God and the power of the Holy Spirit can be mediated to children, shaping their character, personality and values through the faith and practice of parents and

the extended family. Thus, the great repentance and moment of decision when one first accepts Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, argued Bushnell, would not be necessary for the child would naturally hold Christ in her heart.

Now, Bushnell's theology is not what you read in the pages of *Hospitality*. Here you find the call of Christ as a clear and distinct demand to break with the past, to renounce North American consumer society and cultural values and to join a new family based not on blood or class but a particular call from God to join with the poor and oppressed in the New Exodus toward freedom and justice. I believe it!!

Yet, in mid-August as I sat in the "Barn" at Montreat, N.C., munching my third piece of fried chicken and talking with Mom, Erskine and Nan, I remembered the Thanksgiving before my dad's death. Here at the Open Door we spend some time considering what we are thankful for during that season, and, of course, as people who live entirely off the work and produce of others, we are exceedingly thankful people. We are even called, I believe, to a special spirituality of thankfulness here among the homeless and prisoner. Suddenly, during that Thanksgiving season I realized my profound thankfulness to Mom and Dad who had lived together well for 45 years. I was grasped in a moment of mystery as I saw how God's grace had come upon me and shaped me through their lives, their love, and their steadfastness. That night I called them and thanked them for the gift of their faithfulness to each other and to me and my sister. I shared with them that they were my Thanksgiving thankfulness.

Back at the Barn, Erskine interrupted my reverie with a request for a second helping of carrot cake. As I served the cake, I re-entered the room.

I am a doubly blessed person and that is certainly one of the sources of my passion for homeless folk and death row prisoners. I am a member of another family as well. Eighty-seven of us had journeyed to Montreat and gathered in this barn to celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of Tom and Mary Bailey Williams Davis. They are my parents-in-law.

Now in their mid-seventies, they stand tall and walk well. Servants of the church and parents of four wonderful children, Tom and Mary Bailey were on this night honored and celebrated for their lives among us. The constant theme of the occasion was the faithful love manifested in these two people. Once again I felt the deep sense of gratitude for family and the special movement of God's grace through lives which are steadfast and loving, or, as Mary Boney Sheats later prayed, "The gift of endurance." I am very, very thankful for Tom and Mary Bailey and my most wonderful wife, Murphy.

However, now the summer is over, the harvest is in, and yet there is no salvation as Jeremiah once lamented. Thousands crouch in alleyways for rest; thousands linger and suffer in prison. Several people we love dearly left us this summer. Many more have joined us, and Hannah and Ali begin the fourth and second grades. Steadfast love lived out among mortals struggling to make the journey a little easier and a lot more hopeful for their children. Ah, here is the grace of God, too.

WE ARE OPEN. . .

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 1:30 until 6:00pm, and from 7:00 until 8:30pm. The building is open from 9:00am until 8:30pm those days. (Both phone & door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 1:30.) Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are closed until 1:00pm. Please do not make unscheduled drop-offs of clothing, food, etc. on Sunday mornings. Sunday afternoon our phones and door are answered from 1:00 until 5:00pm.

OUR MINISTRY. . .

SOUP KITCHEN--Monday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon; Sunday 2-4pm

BUTLER ST. CME BREAKFAST--Monday-Friday, 7:15am

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

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

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

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

WEEKEND RETREATS--Four times each year (for our household & volunteers/supporters): December 1, 2, & 3.

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

## Needs

FOOT POWDER	CHEESE
BATH POWDER	MAYONNAISE
**MEN'S WORK PANTS**	VITAMIN C
MEN'S WORK SHIRTS	MARTA TOKENS
MEN'S UNDERWEAR	POSTAGE STAMPS
COATS, HATS, AND GLOVES	MEN'S LARGE SHOES (12-14)
MEN'S OUTDOOR COATS	COFFEE
MEN'S SWEATERS	DEODORANT
**CARPET**	HAMS AND TURKEYS
KITCHEN STOOL	DISPOSABLE RAZORS
DRAPERIES	SHAMPOO

*From 11am - 1pm Monday- Saturday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11:00 or after 1:00, it would be helpful. Thanks.*

Newspaper Requests - If you or a friend would like to receive HOSPITALITY, please fill in this form and return to Willie London at the Open Door Community, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30306-4212.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## Open Door Community Worship

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

*Child care available.*

*Join us!*



October 1	Worship at 910
October 8	Worship at 910
October 15	Worship at Woodruff Park, 5pm
October 16-20	Begin Festival of Shelters
October 22	Daily Worship at 5pm at Woodruff Park
October 22	Worship at 910
	Partnership Celebration
October 29	Worship at 910
	5:00 Eucharist
	5:30 Music
	Bring an instrument and sing along
November 5	Worship at 910
November 12	Worship at 910
November 19	Worship at 910
	5:00 Eucharist
	5:30 Music
November 26	Worship at 910

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