

HOSPITALITY

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Atlanta, Georgia
Permit No. 1264

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

vol. 12, no. 10

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

October 1993

H O W ?

by Anne Callison



Editor's note: Anne Callison is a Presbyterian minister who is Staff Associate for Justice and Women for the Presbytery of Greater Atlanta. She is a member of the Open Door Advisory Board and a volunteer and friend to the community. In June, Anne led a delegation (which included Open Door Resident Volunteer Kay Gale) to Central America. She shared this reflection with us when she returned.

I recently visited a friend, Leslie Argueta-Vogel, who has worked in El Salvador since our graduation from San Francisco Theological Seminary in 1985. Leslie lives in San Miguel which is about two and a half hours from San Salvador. While there she told me we were going to visit El Mozote, the site of a massacre by the Salvadoran army in 1981. The very word "massacre" dredges up feelings of repugnance and horror. The word, however, did not prepare me for hearing the story on the site, or to my strong reaction to the experience.

Getting to El Mozote is a feat in and of itself. Ascending the small highway in the Department of Morazan, we turned off onto a small road that slowly became a washed-out, steep, rocky trail. Even in a four wheel drive Nissan pick-up, it was a struggle to cover the several miles to our destination. As we traveled, I kept asking myself, "Why on

earth would the army be interested and/or afraid of people in such a remote, isolated place?"

Along the "road" we passed a deserted tienda, or small store. Across the front stretched a dirty, faded red and white banner that urged us to "enjoy Coca-Cola." It reminded me of the decades in which the United States government has supported repressive regimes in Central America. Regimes which have and continue, if to a lesser degree, to murder their own people. We have done this in the name of democracy, but in truth it protects our economic interests in these countries.

On the way to El Mozote we had picked up a woman at the Cultural Center at Segunda Montes, a new community named for one of the Jesuit priests murdered in 1989 at the University of Central America. Victoria was one of several thousand refugees from the Morazan area who have returned after seven years of exile in Guatemala. Victoria led us through the area and explained in her quiet voice the events of those three days in December of 1981 when the massacre took place.

On arriving at El Mozote I was struck with its stillness. It was as if the very

(continued on page 2)

HOSPITALITY



We give thanks for Michael Schwarz who came and took group photos of the community and our extended family. The above photo is one of his works.

910 Ponce de Leon

HOSPITALITY is published 11 times a year by The Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta community of Christians called to ministry with the homeless poor and with prisoners, particularly those on death row.

Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard. For more information about the life and work of The Open Door and about others involved in ministry to Atlanta's homeless, please contact any of the following:

Murphy Davis--Southern Prison Ministry
Ed Loring--Correspondence
Ed Loring--Resident Volunteer Co-ordinator; Guest Ministry
Murphy Davis and Elizabeth Dede--Hardwick Prison Trip
Phillip Williams & Dick Rustay--Volunteer Co-ordinators

Newspaper:

Editorial Staff--Murphy Davis, Elizabeth Dede,
Ed Loring, Dick Rustay, Gladys Rustay, CM Sherman,
and Phillip Williams

Layout--Gladys Rustay

Copy Editor--Elizabeth Dede

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

Subscriptions or change of address--Gladys Rustay

A \$5.00 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing *Hospitality*.



(continued from page 1)

trees maintained a quiet respect for the dead. A feeling of reverence persisted as Victoria told how the soldiers came and rounded up all the people, telling them they had come to protect them. Because they considered themselves neutral or nonpolitical, the villagers believed the soldiers. It is hard to believe what followed. We stood on the floor of a house without walls, a house where the men were shot and hacked to death. We moved on to where the children, the last to die, were killed. Finally, we got to the spot at the edge of the village near an apple orchard where the women, many having been raped, were murdered. Again I had the sense of the trees in the orchard standing guard over the desecrated victims. In all, 1200 women, children and old people were killed, most of the younger men having fled much earlier from the pervasive harassment and abuse. The soldiers burned many of the bodies and then bombed the area to cover the evidence. For many years the government denied that the incident had occurred.

All around us were the ruins of the devastation. Not one house was left undamaged and the church is completely gone. Victoria told us the story of her own family who had lived a few miles away. The soldiers came to her father's house, shot her father in the back, her brother in the face, and also killed a sister-in-law. A young female member of the family was abducted and was never seen again. Her clothes and shoes were found by a river.

Now the question going round and round in my head was "how?" How can a person become so hardened, so brain-washed, so threatened, so whatever, to murder his or her own brothers and sisters in cold blood? The question was magnified by the realization that this kind of bloodshed is being repeated in Eastern Europe, in Africa, and in other places. I really couldn't make sense of all of this and was depressed by the suffering of the Salvadorans and the Nicaraguans, where I had just spent two weeks.

I was really beginning to wonder where God was in all this. Back in San Salvador I picked up a book in an artisans' cooperative that had been written by Susan Classen, a Mennonite missionary in El Salvador. She wrote the book Vultures and Butterflies to process her reaction to the death and violence she was living through. It seemed providential to find this book because it helped me sort out my feelings. Susan wrote that she didn't understand hope resulting from suffering. She alluded to the hope-filled people of El Salvador. I, too, had witnessed this hard-to-understand hope in the Salvadorans and Nicaraguans. Susan felt that these people testify to the truth that "suffering produces perseverance; perseverance, character; and character, hope" (Romans 5:3). Maybe its because most of us in North America have been protected from such cruelty that we cannot understand how someone can feel God's presence and maintain hope in such situations. Maybe it's not for us to understand but just to accept and know that God is present in their suffering.

Susan also commented that she didn't understand the contradiction of life coming
(continued on page 5)

When our friend singer-songwriter Joyce Brookshire comes to the Open Door, the house quickly fills up with music and laughter. We share here one of our favorites of Joyce's songs which she wrote immediately after the announcement was made that the 1996 Olympics would be held in Atlanta. Joyce has spent most of her adult life working for affordable housing and economic justice in Cabbagetown, an Atlanta neighborhood around the now boarded-up Fulton Bag and Cotton Mill. Her advocacy for her community has left her with little patience for bureaucrats and business planners who always want to move the poor out of sight.

Joyce's 1977 album, *North Georgia Mountains*, (Foxfire Records) can be ordered from 230 Carol St., Atlanta, GA 30312.



Elise Witt and Joyce Brookshire at the Open Door for Music Night (with John Bateman).

What Will We Do With the Homeless (When the Olympics Come to Town)

Joyce Brookshire

© 1990 Joyce Brookshire

2.

If we deal with the homeless problem
Make low income housing our goal
When the eyes of the world are upon us
We'll fare so much better I know

We'll show them our closets and corners
No homeless folk will they find
Then we'll all share a Coke and a peach pie
And have an Olympic good time

"What Will We Do With The Homeless?" has been recorded on Elise Witt's recently released album *MEZZANINE*. Elise, who is a member of the Open Door Advisory Board, dedicates her rendition on the album to the Open Door. Her album release concert will be at Cannon Chapel (Emory campus) at 8:15 on Saturday, October 23. Tickets will be available at Wuxtry Records, Charis Books, International Records. For more information call 377-3102.

The Open Door Community And The Sins Of The World

by Ed Loring

We have often confessed that the Open Door Community is not a place to come for those seeking a way out from the sins and demonic powers of modern America. For inside our lovely home reside the same racism, sexism, classism, greed, desire for comfort and hunger for short cuts that feed the fiery engines of evil and oppression outside our house and yard.

The difference at 910 is not in the presence or absence of sin and iniquity but in our response to its presence and power in our lives. First comes confession. All European Americans (and European visitors) are racists. We are sorry; our hearts are broken. We repent. We commit our lives to being about the long, slow, error-prone process of undoing our racism and its concomitant prejudice, as well as the racism which infests the social structures of our society. We also understand that our progress when it does occur is partial, paltry and ambiguous. We believe with sorrow in our hearts that we shall die racists and only our children's children will finally see this land washed of its guilt and blood.

The confession of racism and its hold in the lives of European Americans is only one part of our life together. African Americans and people of color confess that their bodies and souls have been oppressed, distorted and confused by racism. People of color cannot be racist in this society because racism is prejudice plus power, and people of color have been outside the structures of power in our society. People of color, then, must be about the painful task of undoing the consequences of racism. As superiority and privilege are lies and benefits of racism for whites, so feelings of inferiority and standards of societal disabilities shape the lives of people of color. Repentance and a life-long agenda of personal conversion and radical social restructuring are responses that fill the lives and vocations of those who are oppressed by racism but live lives of undoing those consequences of racism.

Within this tiny toe of the Body of Christ, this piece of the Beloved Community,



we make the same movements of confession and repentance and a life committed to undoing demonic realities as we grapple with sexism, classism, and the idols of our affluent but dying culture.

The biblical tradition and the leadership of Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit gives us two very particular resources. Although the demons and powers have not been removed by casting our lot as rich and poor together in residential Christian community, our courage has been strengthened (Leonard Boff, *The Lord's Prayer*, p. 24). We find here the gift of love and openness, and the power and persistence to look the devil directly in the eye. What a gift from God! What a joy in the midst of the death and pain of this tragic and broken world. Eye contact with the evil promotes I contact with love and justice. The biblical injunction, "Be not afraid," is practiced in our little household of hope. Granted that we often fall and fail and some days our eyes avoid our sin, nonetheless we can claim a taste of God's good gift and promise to the church! Courage. God is with us!

Secondly we have a practice that encourages courage and frightens the Evil One. We often say to each other: "There is no such thing as a stupid question. Ask, Ask, Keep on asking," we admonish one another. There may be and even often there are lots of stupid answers. But we encourage our children, visitors, new community members off the streets and out of the prisons, and we partners, too, to keep on asking questions. The biblical truth is often put into practice in our house and in our yard:

"Suppose one of you," said Jesus, "should go to a friend's house at midnight and say, 'Friend, let me borrow three loaves of bread. A friend of mine who is on a trip has just come to my house, and I don't have any food!' And suppose your friend should answer from inside, 'Don't bother me! The door is already locked, and my children and I are in

bed. I can't get up and give you anything. Well, what then? I tell you that even if your neighbor will not get up and give you the bread because you are a friend, yet she will get up and give you everything you need because you are not ashamed to keep on asking. And so I say to you: Ask, and you will receive; seek, and you will find; knock, and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks will receive, and the one who seeks will find, and the door will be opened to anyone who knocks" (Luke 11:5b-10).

At the Open Door Community we have been given the gift of courage by the grace of God. We are thankful and joyful and often we put this gift, this courage, into practice by looking racism, classism, sexism, greed, and comfort directly in the eye and saying, "No!" to the Evil One. This courage also enables us to keep on asking questions-- unashamed-- until our neighbors get up out of bed and feed the hungry, house the homeless, give liberty to captives and sight to the blind. Our Holy Parent gives the Holy Spirit to those who ask. *

Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door Community.

(How?, continued from page 2)

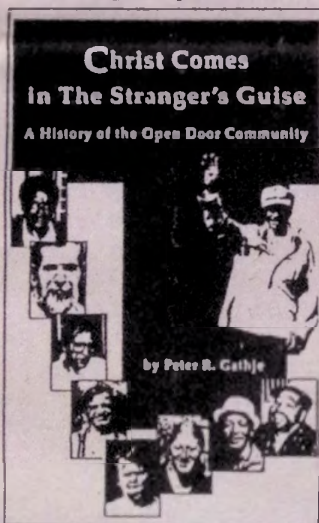
from death but she had learned to recognize it in the people around her. Her words reminded me of the mango tree that I saw growing beside the foundation of the ruined church in El Mazote. This tree was bursting with mangos. I realized that this, too, was a symbol of life growing out of death, of the unquenchable spirit of survival that has to be the spark of God in nature and humanity.

Perhaps the part of the book that was most helpful in moving me beyond morbid depression to a sense of future hope was Susan's explanation of the title of the book. She explained that during an offensive by the FMLN she had been trying to return to her village. She came upon the corpse of a soldier with vultures flying around it. Farther on she saw another flock of vultures and was afraid she would come upon another body. Instead she came into a field where hundreds of yellow and white butterflies danced in the vicinity of the buzzards. She quotes from her journal: *Vultures and butterflies. I was struck by the contrasting symbols of life and death. The vultures seemed so big and overpowering but the butterflies were there all along. I wondered about good and evil in my life. Do I let the evil loom so large that I miss the hundreds of small gifts of goodness?*

Arthur Ashe was asked toward the end of his life: "What do you do when you know you are going to die?" He replied, "You surround yourself with joy." Butterflies are a joy.

My experience has certainly not given me many answers, just more questions. I am determined, however, to look for those small gifts, for the joy. One of those joys for me will be to continue to surround myself with and learn from the courageous, hope-filled, faith-filled people of Central America. *

Your donation
will assist us in
feeding the hungry
and
visiting the prisoner.



Our cost to produce this book is \$3. Please send a donation to:

Phillip Williams
Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212
or call 404/874-9652.

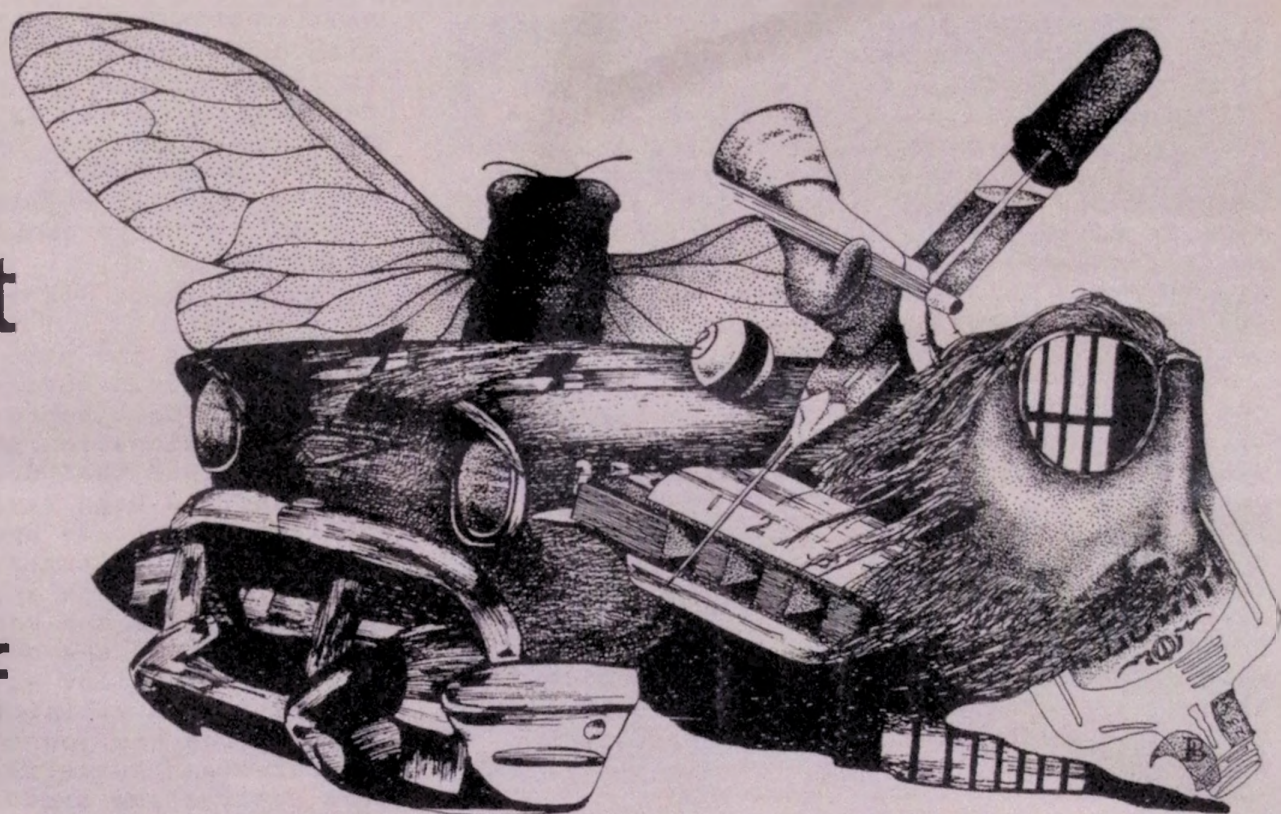
Name _____
Address _____
City _____, State _____
Zip _____ + _____



Anne Callison speaking to our group during Holy Week.



Why I Can't Stay Out Of Prison



BARRY BURNSIDE

by Barry Burnside

Editor's note: Barry Burnside is a pastor to prisoners. Also an advocate against the death penalty, Barry is a long-haul friend of the Open Door Community. We welcome him to the pages of Hospitality.

"Why do you keep going back?" Such inquiry well-meant from puzzled friends suggests some perverse demon drives me through these portals festooned with gleaming razor wire, the mindless gates to Kafka's Castle. And could Spouse be wondering these same words in the night, pursuing in her dreams a statue come to life? The prayer flags of a legitimate job in her vanishing hands.

Perhaps it is the song of the police radio rasping out a garbled aria, still as chilling now as when first heard in the back of a cruiser at fifteen. There I decided to write my own tunes, with lyrics of crushed metal and shattered glass. Loading the guns of my mind, I packed off for the South Side and emptied their chambers into the jerking corpse of The Revolution. But it was not for Che I spent those hours on the steel bunk. It was Jim Beam. That half-pint comrade in my leather pocket. And what benign hand (withheld from so many) kept me from the Cook County Jail when I was ready to perform an amateur tracheotomy on that kid in the hotel hall? I left Nixon and Cambodia behind. Rubin went to Wall Street. Ginsberg went to Harvard. I went to the truck plant to buck rivets for two thirty-five an hour.

Saturday overtime and me, cleansing the throat of exhaust with beer, and the ear with jukebox. Some god strides in wearing a green sharkskin suit and carrying his own cue.

Jesse the first time. Jess of the '57 Chevy. Of ass-saving feats on the assembly line. Of transfiguring wrath. His enemies melting with intense heat in every roadhouse parking lot. Of transcendent love. Taking the rap for those bad checks so his friends could be free. Jesse the last time. His icon on the casket we slid over a mindless hole a week after he had looked over a glass of vodka to say: "Barry, you ought to stop drinking. People would respect you for it." Oh, Brother of the Hurst Shifter, Warrior of the Green Felt, Hero of Honky Tonk. Your pallbearing pals toasted your demise in the Legion Hall. And I couldn't even get high on a nickel bag.

Little Joe returned from doing time in Jackson, down for knocking over a gas station in East Lansing. Such a quiet guy. All those school-cutting chums of mine were skag freaks now, so it was told. I never asked. He came out of the joint to run wire with me in hell's half-way house.

Jack passed speed on the Line. Gambling it would never come to light the Rear Door crew was supplementing their paychecks with white cross tabs and stolen goods. I never saw them again.

I just recall nights of gin and blow and contraband polaroid porn; talk of harems, hootch, and a hope confined to dignity at day's end. We shared and died and I survived.

I am pulling out of the visitor parking area with elevated soul from the evening's session. I catch a line of Brothers collecting outside the chapel and recognize

some grads of the pre-release program. We all worked hard on that first shot. Hammered out the highest hopes on the cold plane of American reality. How can a man hold fast his ideals as he heads back to Techwood? Why are we studying interview techniques for jobs that don't exist on the outside? All a man asks for is a little comfort--a moment of solace. A flash in time eating up the soul, sending you here. I slow down and get eyed by a suspicious guard. But it's all grins and thumbs-up behind him. And look! It's not just Marc and Buck and Donovan I see. There's Little Joe and Jack and . . . Jesse, cardboard cup of machine brew smoking in a pale hand, shock of hair falling over sleepy-eyed grin, leaning against the aluminum flank of an unfinished Frito truck. Slipping out onto the county road, I'm satisfied the cemetery is the most important place I go all week.

Still, it isn't just the old buddies I meet. The local jumpsuit shop has some closets reserved for preachers and lawyers where the living confess their sins to experts, their stories sinking deep into the frayed paneling. My young friend points out the scars of attempted suicide from a secret shank, and to his shanks once rawed by shackles too tight on the night they chained him naked on another island in our Gulag. Lover of Psalms, he reads, he prays, he stories on until I hear a chorus of voices. The sound of singing ripples through the small barred window in the door. "Yes," he explains: "Those are inmates." And I savor the sound of Sisters singing, redemptions rising, thudding into the sweaty upholstery, glancing off enameled bricks, shooting out between the bars to complete counterpoint with the cicadas in the upper reaches of the cool trees. Angels in grime, keeping time, and doing the same better

than I
in my freedom.

And these are the reasons why
I can't stay out of prison.

*



Barry Burnside, the author.

What If They Had Been Sentenced To Death?

Clarence Chance, 42, and Benjamin Powell, 44, were freed in Los Angeles after serving 17 1/2 years for a murder they didn't commit.

The judge apologized for the "gross injustices" the men suffered. He said they had been convicted largely on false evidence. Three witnesses who originally testified against them signed affidavits saying they falsely implicated the men because officers pressured them into lying.

from *Fortune News*, August, 1992.

SHOWERS

The Open Door Community is the only place in the city where homeless people can get a shower *with* towels, toiletries, clean change of clothes (including jeans, shirts, socks, and underwear), and shoes. We offer showers on three afternoons per week to 35-45 men and women. The following list indicates approximate costs for the shower ministry.

	Month	Year
Jeans	\$67	\$800
Underwear	\$67	\$800
Socks	\$62.50	\$750
Shoes	\$85	\$1,020
Razors	\$80	\$960
Toothbrushes	\$83.34	\$1,000
Soap	\$40	\$480
Shampoo	\$45	\$540
Towels	\$100	\$1,200
Deodorant	\$40	\$480
Shaving Cream	\$32	\$384
Water	\$200	\$2,400
Other Supplies	\$29.20	\$350.40
Total	\$931.04	\$11,164.40

For help with this ministry we need:
volunteers, donations of clothes,
underwear, and shoes, money, toiletries.

sought to be open to God's revelation, especially those words where he said: "As you did it unto the least of these my sisters and brothers, you did it to me."

What we Christians are learning is that to love God, with all our heart, soul, mind and body, is learned in relationship with and beside the widow, the orphan, the sojourner. We are not called to give from above, but from beside. Gustavo Gutierrez, spokesperson for a theology which liberates people and structures, says the Christian churches, treat poverty and homelessness as a social not a theological question. Thus the true being and mission of the church is located as some other place above or beyond work with the oppressed and poor. He calls us to see that the church of the poor is more than a concern for social wretchedness or a struggle for social justice. It is essential to our knowing and trusting in the God of Jesus Christ.

Our distance from God, our separation, so evident at many points in the city, accompanies the reality of our distance from the poor. Our problems of unbelief in our time are all tied up with our blindness to the plight of the poor.

I have mentioned three traditions which might help us reflect and learn from the experience of being with the poor and homeless: a) the development of a contemplative spirit by taking time for solitude and silence, for space grounded in the desert traditions of prayer and meditation; b) reflecting on the Hebrew tradition as well as the movement of Jesus to the city, with its misery but also with its immense possibilities; c) maintaining an angle of vision on God's presence in the city shaped by life with and among the poor and marginalized.

The Open Door Community seeks to embody these traditions. As they do so, they sanctify the city. They mediate holiness amongst greed and injustice. They make holy what becomes trivialized. In so doing they become a sign of God's reign among us. *

Called To Care:
**MODELS OF HOMELESS MINISTRY
IN ATLANTA**

Sat., Oct. 16, 1993 Central Presbyterian
9 AM - 1 PM Church

- Presentations by homeless ministries that work
- How you or your church can get involved
- How you can create your own homeless ministry
- How to be an "advocate" for housing

For Information & Reservations
Contact - Rev. Houston Wheeler - (404) 624-9079

Sponsored by the Social Justice Committee
Ga.-S.C. Association
United Church of Christ

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Friends at the Open Door,

We are so glad to still be on your mailing list as your newspaper is a great source of inspiration to us. We fondly remember the few days we stayed with you in 1986. We have particularly enjoyed Frances Pauley's articles.

Please pray for our country at this important time in our history. With nine months to go until our elections, there is much work to be done in voter education. People need to feel free to disagree without fear of intimidation or reprisal. Parties need to address the real issues of poverty and homelessness. Politicians have to put aside their personal agendas. We all need God's mercy and grace.

Yours,

Sally and Rob Goldman
Durban, South African

Hey Gang:

I really am enjoying Frances Pauley's memoirs! Thanks!

Thanks for really getting down to work in the ministry. I'm in town for a few days and hope to visit. At any rate, I love you and appreciate you. God truly does bless us if we let God.

Under God's Wings,

Christopher Crisp
Lexington, NC

Greetings from your Northern sisters and brothers!

We enjoy receiving your newsletter, but I have been meaning to drop a line and let you know that you send us two of them. If your finances are anything like ours, that extra 11 or 13 cents might be helpful as it adds up year after year.

Thanks again for your newsletter and keep it comin', but only one.

Peace and Love,

Daniel
St. Catherine of Genoa Catholic Worker
Chicago, IL

Editor's note: Thanks, Daniel. Our finances are like yours. For our readers, if you are receiving more than one copy of Hospitality and wish to receive only one, please let us know.

Roads Taken And Not



by Elizabeth Dede

I've always been intrigued by the names of roads and streets. Recently, my interest was aroused again in this topic as I drove home from Dayspring and passed under Old Page Place Road. What a name for a road--full of all sorts of points to ponder! Who were the old Pages? Is there a new Page Place? And just how old are the Pages? Is their house still standing? Do the Pages live there anymore? Then I thought of other roads I had driven past, or under, on the highways in Georgia. Flowery Branch Road is one I remember. I can just hear some old timer saying, "Turn left at the flowery branch. . . ." But what happened, I wonder, when spring gave way to summer. I guess street signs were invented for just that problem.

Perhaps this interest in road names actually developed in my early childhood, when as a very young child, I lived on SW 3rd Street in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. That street name is almost too boring and uninteresting to contemplate. But numbered streets don't have to be totally unintriguing. Back when I lived on SW 3rd Street, my dad used to read a wonderful story to us kids about Lyle the Crocodile who lived in the house on East 88th Street in New York. There was a mysterious character in that story named Hector P. Valenti, who left notes to the family at East 88th Street, asking them to care for his crocodile, Lyle, who lived in the bathtub there, until Hector could return. These notes were always signed, "Cordially Yours, Hector P. Valenti, Star of Stage and Screen." I always wanted to go to New York to see the house on East 88th Street, but that's a city I've never visited, and a road I've never taken. Now that Andrew Harvill lives in New York and works with homeless people at Jan Huss Presbyterian Church there, I think I might go up to see if I can meet Hector P. Valenti and hear those strange sounds coming from the bathtub in the house on East 88th Street: "Swish! Swash! Splash! Sploosh!"

When I was seven we moved to Miami, where I resided at 9321 Jamaica Drive. Now, that was a neighborhood with exotic, classy street names. There was Dominican and Haitian and Jamaica Drive, all of which were

off Caribbean Boulevard and dead-ended at Holiday Drive. I guess we were supposed to imagine and believe, living in that neighborhood, that all of life was a holiday in the Caribbean. The kids on Jamaica Drive seemed to have more mundane interests. We painted a football field in the road, with "Jamaica Bowl" painted at the 50 yard line. Endless numbers of championship football games were played there, interrupted only by the passing cars, or our mothers calling us in to dinner or bed.

As I grew older, my interests changed from football in the streets to literature in the classroom. I went to graduate school at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst to get my master's degree in English literature. In Amherst I had a very impressive address: 48 Berkshire Terrace. I could see the Berkshire Hills, in which the town was nestled, from the front of that house where I had a room.

I loved Amherst. It had history and culture: I could visit Emily Dickinson's grave and read in the Robert Frost library. Miami didn't have anything like that. I loved the little Lutheran church I went to there. I even got to sing Bach Cantatas in the choir.

"So how did I end up on Ponce de Leon Avenue in Atlanta?" I often ask myself. It has to do with roads taken and roads not taken, much like what happened to the person in Robert Frost's poem, "The Road Not Taken." At the end of October eight years ago, I came to a place where the roads diverged, and I really did want to travel both at the same time. It was a painful and hard decision to leave Amherst. So I looked down the road to academia as far as I could, and it was a nice road; but then I looked down the road to the Open Door, and there was something intriguing and exciting about it because it was new and different and largely untravelled; and it was a way to live out the Gospel as I'd never before encountered. Like the person in Frost's poem, I said to myself, "I can come back to that other road some day and explore it, too." And I came to the Open Door figuring I could spend two years away from the university, serving God, loving the poor,

tolerating lots of different people, and learning about life. Then I would go back to that other road, well-equipped for my Ph.D.

The Holy Spirit had other plans for me. Here I am, almost eight years later, still travelling this road, still at 910 Ponce de Leon Avenue. Very early on in my time at the Open Door I found that this was the place I'd been looking for. I found home and family with John X. and Martina, John, Dee and Gabe, Harold, and Murphy, Ed, and Hannah. I found Jesus in Carl Barker standing at the door and knocking on a cold January morning. I found friends in Carl Smith (the first person I met at Butler Street, who still greets us there from time to time) and the hundreds of people who line up for breakfast at the Butler Street CME Church. And I found encouragement from Billy Neal Moore and Jack Alderman, who wrote from death row to send their blessings when I became a partner at the Open Door. There really isn't much more a person could want or desire.

One thing puzzles me in this life at the Open Door, though. Why aren't there more people like me travelling this road? We certainly need Resident Volunteers at the Open Door. There's plenty of room in our old house. We are never bored. There's always lots of good work to do. Life is good--full of meaning, fine people, and unparalleled events. And we are not left comfortless. Jesus is always here, knocking on the door.

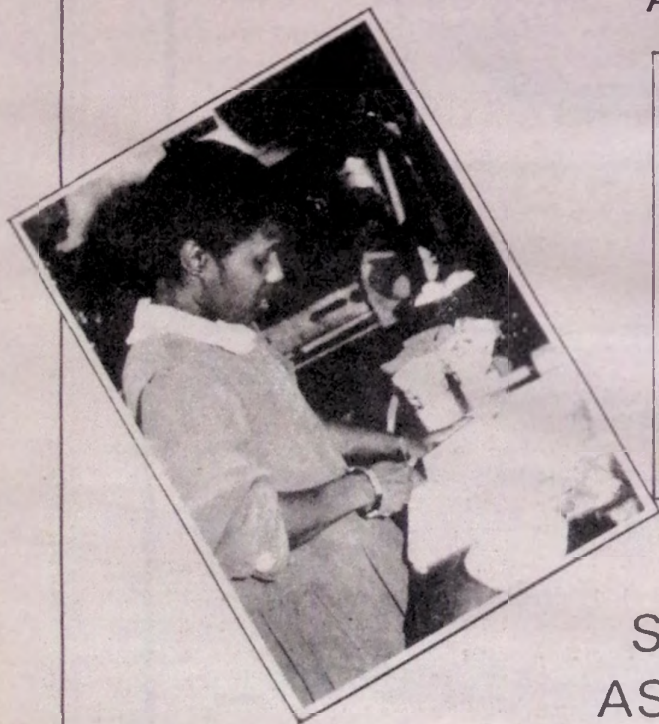
"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I, I took the road less travelled by, and that has made all the difference." Come join us--choose the less worn path. *



Elizabeth Dede is a partner at the Open Door.

JOIN THE OPEN DOOR COMMUNITY

A North American Base Community



SPEND TWELVE MONTHS AS A RESIDENT VOLUNTEER

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

Contact: Ed Loring, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30306-4212 * 404/874-9652

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 and door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 1:30.) Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. On Sunday we are open from 7:00am until noon. Sunday afternoon our door is answered until 5:00pm.

OUR MINISTRY. . .

SOUP KITCHEN--Wednesday-Saturday, 11am-12 noon

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

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

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

USE OF PHONE--Monday-Saturday, advocacy for the homeless, medical services, and daily worship and weekly Eucharist.

NEEDS

JEANS

Men's Work Shirts
Men's Underwear

COATS & SWEATERS

Quick Grits

Cheese

Mayonnaise

Multi-Vitamins

MARTA Tokens

Postage Stamps

Men's Large Shoes (12-14)

Coffee

Non-Aerosol Deodorant

Toothbrushes

Toothpaste

Disposable Razors

Shampoo

Silverware

Socks

Washcloths

Work Gloves

Sandwiches

Towels

Toaster Oven

Queen size Foam Mattress

Carpet and Rugs

Curtains/Draperies

Vacuum Cleaner

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 11:00 or after 1:30, it would be helpful.

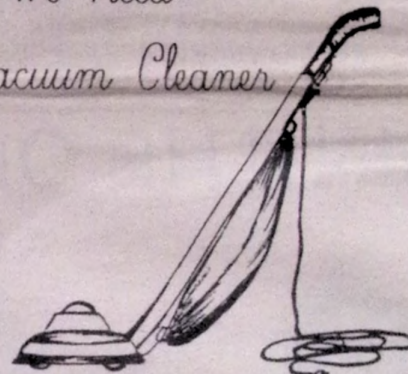
Open Door Community Worship

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

Please join us!

- | | |
|------------|--|
| October 3 | Worship at 910
5:00 Eucharist
5:30 Tandi Gcabashe,
Report on South Africa |
| October 10 | Worship at 910
Celebration of the Community Partnership
for Tommy Davis |
| October 17 | Worship at 910
Ed Loring, preaching |
| October 24 | Worship at 910
Nelia & Calvin Kimbrough, leading |
| October 31 | Worship at 910
5:00 Eucharist
5:30 Music Night |

*We Need
A Vacuum Cleaner*



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

☐ Please ADD to the Hospitality mailing list.

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

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

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

Name

Address

City , State Zip +

Phone