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September 1994



And The Hope For Housing

by Ed Loring

The Lord said to the people of God, "Stand at the crossroads and look. Ask for the ancient paths and where the best road is. Walk in it, and you will live in peace."

(Jeremiah 6:16)

Today we stand at a crossroads, and we look about us. What do we see? Some see our cities in ruins filled with lazy no-good bums, too lazy to work, too shiftless to care. Others look at those self-same cities and cry out against the streets so filled with the flesh and suffering of brothers and sisters, daughters and sons, uncles and aunts who, for reasons rooted in the mystery of greed and the social forces of injustice, are homeless, hungry, abused, abandoned and in need of love, hope and communities of caring on their side.

Today we stand at a crossroads, and we ask our God and ourselves: what shall we do? How shall we do the will of the Lord our God? We in the communities of faith, those who see friends and family in the faces and feet of the homeless poor, are to ask, the grief-stricken prophet Jeremiah tells us, "for the ancient paths and where the best road is." The ancient path leads us

down a memory lane toward the royal road of liberation and justice.

The Festival of Shelters is a liturgical event which calls us back to the right road so that we may move ahead into the house of justice and peace. The Festival of Shelters is a reenactment of the ancient path from slavery in Egypt-land toward the land filled with milk and honey. For 40 years the people of God wandered in the wilderness eating manna and living in shelters. Existence was precarious, and dependence upon Moses and God was clear and concrete. And then the people entered Canaan, living in their own houses and preparing their own food. Their lives began to be like our lives today—for those of us who sleep in our own beds and eat from our own kitchens. So God gave to homeowners a special observance—the Festival of Shelters—so that we would never forget the experience of homelessness and remember that the God of our good gifts is the same Yahweh who teaches us to see brothers and sisters in the homeless ones and join, today, in their journey toward housing and justice.

"When you find the best road," says our Lord God Almighty, "walk in it, and you will live in peace." Of course, Jeremiah has in mind here Prophetic Peace. That peace that struggles for justice and goes to war against powers and principalities that attempt to block the way with greed, hostility, hunger, prisons, and streets filled with friends who have nowhere to go. The best road in this fall season is the one that leads us together, homeless and housed, into the streets to observe and celebrate the harvest and liberation Festival of Shelters. In the confession of our God, who liberates and houses, we may, through public presence and action, bind ourselves to the hope for housing for all of us. Surely, housing is a human right just as worship is a spiritual necessity.

Please come and commit yourself to spend the night in a shelter or on the streets. Please join folk in your community as we are in Atlanta, Minneapolis, Wilmington, and Los Angeles. And remember with hope the resources we have for the justice journey. The Festival of Shelters is a special gift given by God for the people of God who have intertwined their lives with the homeless and the housed, those who eat in community kitchens and those who prepare their own meals, among those who work too hard and yearn for rest and those with nothing to do. Let it be so among us!

We stand at a crossroad
and we look.

Where is the ancient path to
freedom and justice?

The best road
for those who hope for housing?

Ah, there it is
men and women together
struggling, fighting, praying,
singing, worshiping, eating
at the
Festival of Shelters
Hoping for housing

Walk over there
get involved
hope for housing
and you will live in peace.

*Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door Community.
Please see page 9 for a schedule of Festival of Shelters events.*

HOSPITALITY



910 Ponce de Leon

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For an information packet on how to develop a Festival of Shelters in your community, please write to:

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History As Teacher: Reconstruction Today, Part 1

by Nibs Stroupe

Editor's note: Nibs Stroupe is a long-time friend of the Open Door Community, an activist for civil rights, and pastor of Oakhurst Presbyterian Church in Decatur, Georgia. We begin here a ten-part series comparing Reconstruction to today. Nibs' book, While We Run This Race: Encountering The Power of Racism, will be available from Orbis Press in March, 1995.

In the 1950's and 1960's our nation experienced a tremendous human rights revolution, known as the civil rights movement, which focused on Americans of African descent, people who had been treated as slaves throughout most of the history of this country. For a brief time in our history, we saw possibilities of bringing into actuality the great American vision that all people are created with equal dignity.

The gains of the civil rights movement were many and significant. Yet, some 29 years after the passage of the Voting Rights Act, we as a society find ourselves in a difficult position. Despite numerous and important gains, more African Americans live in poverty now than before the civil rights movement began. Despite the gains in political power, many urban African Americans are locked into pockets of poverty and violence and oppression. This has never been made more obvious than in the Rodney King case, which pulled the veneer off of race relations in our time. The verdict itself revealed a depth of racism that many whites thought was gone. The rebellions in Los Angeles and Atlanta and other cities in response to the verdict revealed a depth of anger and bitterness in African Americans that shocked white people.

As the polarization grows, we face a difficult situation. Many white Americans see our society plagued by racial tensions that are not the responsibility or fault of whites. Many black Americans see the continued poverty and injustice as evidence of white recalcitrance on race. We are witnessing a white flight from responsibility for the condition of many African American people. Whites acknowledge that poverty and lack of access to the mainstream are still problems for black people. Yet the reason given by many whites for the problems of the African American community is not racism. The reason given by whites is a deficit in African Americans themselves, whether it is an individual deficit or a collective deficit. Still, it is said by whites, and by some blacks, that there is a deficit. Who is responsible for the terrible condition of many black people in this society? The answer given by most whites is: "black people."

Thus, after a great human rights movement in this country, we as a society find ourselves asking: "What went wrong?" We thought we had corrected the oppression of black people through the civil rights movement, but the poverty and denial of equal opportunity remain. Why? In this situation, the polarization takes root. There are basically only two answers. Either whites retain the power and use of racism, or blacks are unable to grab the rings of equal opportunity. That is the dilemma and polarization that we now face in this society.

This is not the first time in our nation's history that we have faced this question and this dilemma. The civil rights movement was not the first human rights revolution in our country. The first was the Civil War, in which over 600,000 people died in an attempt to establish the fact that slavery would not be permitted in the United States (except in prison—an important exception, as we shall see). The victory by the Northern forces led to a tremendous and grand experiment in democracy, known as Reconstruction (I am indebted to Lerone Bennett's book, Black Power USA: The Human Side of Reconstruction, 1867-1877, Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1967, for this insight on the positive nature of Reconstruction.). Reconstruction was a time when African American people, the majority of whom had been treated as slaves, were now invited to share power with whites. The experiment lasted approximately ten years, from 1867 to 1877, until the forces of racism reasserted themselves and drove blacks and sympathetic whites away from this democratic experiment in shared power.

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Interestingly, Reconstruction is not seen in American history as a grand experiment in democracy. In the course of my research, I asked many white people their opinions on Reconstruction. Only a few saw it as a positive time in American history. Most saw it as a failure. These opinions reflect the continuing interpretation of Reconstruction: a failure from its beginning, a failure not because its human rights gains did not last but because there was disaster when blacks and whites shared power. If you grew up as a white southerner, as I did, you heard this story of disaster from infancy onward. Reconstruction, we were taught, was a tremendous failure, full of corruption, full of oppression of white people, and doomed to failure because blacks were not ready to handle such shared power. This sense of the failure of Reconstruction was not confined, however, to white southern culture, whose self-interest is obvious in such an interpretation. As W.E.B. DuBois pointed out in his classic study, *Black Reconstruction in America 1860-1880*, the interpretation of Reconstruction as failure gained prominence and acceptability because historians from Columbia University and Johns Hopkins University were the ones promoting it (W.E.B. DuBois, *Black Reconstruction in America 1860-1880*, New York: Atheneum, 1935, p. 718.). Reconstruction was thus turned on its head. Rather than being an answer to the oppression of black people, it came to be interpreted as a cause of black oppression. If only blacks could learn to handle power, if only whites had not been oppressed and suffered discrimination in Reconstruction, then we all could have shared power.

Reconstruction, as a result, has lost its moorings in history. Rather than being seen as an experiment in democracy, the period of Reconstruction has been almost universally rejected as a failure. This revision and rejection of Reconstruction is not accidental. There remains in our society the great desire to discredit any movement in which power is shared between blacks and whites. The vested interest behind this desire is clear. The rejection of Reconstruction as a failure enabled white people to re-establish slavery as legal segregation in the United States.

We are in a similar situation now as we seek to interpret the civil rights movement. It has not produced the gains which we thought it would, and we are wondering what that means. The gains of the 1960's in human rights are also under attack. Soon after the Los Angeles rebellion, it became clear that some whites would use that as an excuse to attack the human rights movement. The Bush administration wasted no time in declaring that it was the programs of the 1960's that led to the current plight of black people trapped in poverty ("White House Links Riots To Welfare," *New York Times*, May 5, 1992, p. A1). Thus, the interpretation goes, the very freedom movement itself gave rise to black captivity. It is the same white voice that was heard after Reconstruction.

Because I believe that history is one of our best teachers, I want to suggest that we are in a pivotal time in this country concerning human rights, especially rights for African Americans and other darker peoples. The struggle for human rights in this country begins with and centers on "race" because of the legacy of slavery. As white people treat black people in this country, so also goes the human rights agenda. If there is progress on the matter of "race," there is usually progress throughout the society regarding human rights. Reconstruction established public schools for both blacks and whites. It also took away most property qualifications for voting, thus opening up the right to vote not only to black men, but to poor white men as well. In a similar fashion, the civil rights movement opened up debate and possibilities on women's issues, poverty issues, and issues of sexual orientation, among others.

We are in a pivotal time because race remains fundamental to us, despite our attempts to lessen its importance. We find ourselves once again at a critical point in history, similar to the time after the Reconstruction, as we seek to reinterpret the experiment of democracy called the civil rights movement. Sadly, we seem to be doing what our foreparents did with Reconstruction—finding ways to reject the human rights gains of the 1960's as they were similarly rejected after Reconstruction. This is an ominous sign. The rejection of the gains of Reconstruction led directly to the re-establishment of slavery through legal segregation. In order to avoid falling back into that abyss, we will do well to spend some time studying and interpreting Reconstruction, as well as its aftermath. It is that controversial period and its aftermath that we will be examining in this series, as well as comparing that period to our time. (See Part 2 in October's *Hospitality*.)



CHRISTIA OCCLOGRISIO

I Hear Hope Banging On My Back Door, Part VII *The American Dream Revisited, 2*

by Ed Loring

During the summer of 1990, members of the Open Door Community, 300 homeless friends, and supporters who joined in the jagged journey toward justice lived

in the Imperial Hotel for 16 days. Many others brought food, blankets, songs, legal advice, prayers, and sermons. Others, to be honest, brought trouble. On July 3, the day before Atlanta, with parade and party, celebrates the revolutionary heritage of the United States of America, we left. Some of us went to the Welcome House Shelter filled with hope for housing and trust for Mayor Maynard Jackson and his surrogate Shirley Franklin. Others of us, refusing the carrots, took the stick. We were arrested.

Two weeks later I made my first pastoral visit to the Welcome House Shelter. Shortly after entering the front door and eyeing the men on mats stretched across the floor, I saw a close friend from the Imperial days. His head was bandaged from left to right covering his right eye. I was horrified. "What in the world happened to you?" I asked. "Oh, some guys jumped me at the park and robbed me," he responded in a manner more sprightly than I deemed appropriate. "Man, I am really sorry. What happened to your head?" "I got knifed in the eye. It's gone; just got a hole in my head now." "Oh, no," I cried. "Lord, have mercy; I am so sorry." "No, man!" he said. "You don't understand. I'm getting a disability check now. I'll have an apartment in two weeks and my own kitchen. Just like you preached at the Imperial. I got the American dream!"

I wanted to run, to fly away, to weep. I didn't. I shook his hand, looked into his one beautiful black eye. Turned and left. I have argued earlier in this series that housing precedes health. The costs for housing among the homeless are astronomical. My friend had to pay a body part before the system had anything to offer. For him, the loss of his eye was the ticket to the America of his dreams.

The American Dream: E Pluribus Unum

In our first part on the American Dream dreamt by the homeless and their friends, we spoke of Dr. Martin Luther King and the vision of freedom and equality—a vision that will lead us to liberty and justice for all, but not a day before we are all well fed, housed, and secure.

Culture wars are ravaging the soul of our nation; men and women of ill will fly the Confederate flag; politicians frighten us and urge us to fear each other; our society seems to be coming unhinged at the door. In this context, I want to reflect upon an ancient vision in modern form: *E Pluribus Unum*: out of many, one. It is our national motto; could it become our credo?

The United States of America is the great experiment of human history. George F.G. Hegel was correct when he understood that the future of history is the future of the United States. Some of us got here by walking across the Bering Strait before the lashing waters and knives of ice tore the lands apart. Some of us came chained in the holds of slave ships, stripped from our homes and land. And for everyone of us who made it to this shore, several more died along the way. Long before Hitler's nightmare of the Final Solution, ships sailed the seas with African cargo—men, women, boys, and girls—millions of whom died in the oven-like bowels of the boats. Many Europeans came for gold and land and freedom from the old and wicked ways of the tired lives they knew. Prisoners and servants, rich and poor, frightened and on the lam they came. And today there is a knocking on the door from lands in turmoil like Haiti and Russia. Millions of us now share the land and shape the time.

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(Hope, continued from page 3)

Many have attempted to articulate the meaning of America. A moral model of all (Puritans), the last best hope for humankind (Lincoln), a moral police force for the world, God's chosen people. But there is another dimension to our great experiment which rings with greater importance each and every day. Can we, all of us who are attempting to find home in this land, can we learn how to live together? The great diversity among us is clear. We are *pluribus*. Can we be *unum*? The uniqueness of America in human history is our diversity: racial, ethnic, religious, sexual orientation, traditions, histories, hopes and dreams. The gift will be our ability to form a common life based upon justice for all. Or the curse will be our failure, which will drag all of us to the bottom of the sea.

How can we live together? How can all peoples from everywhere live together in one place with freedom and equality? How can we have diversity together? *E Pluribus Unum*.

The Bible is a resource for us. The scriptures speak to us not only as people of faith in our personal lives and faith communities, but also to our secular state and multi-culturally diverse social lives and values. In the first place biblical insights provide us with a norm to interpret the efficacy of our life together in the nation. Jewish and Christian scriptures tell us that justice for the poor and powerless is the key. Are the lowly lifted up by the economic system? Are the hungry fed and those without shelter housed? Are the courts free of corruption? Does the poor woman receive the same justice as the rich man? Are liberty and reconciliation the aim of the prison system? Are wages fair and enough for a family to live on, to tithe with, to enjoy sabbath rest? Are the rulers of the government friends and protectors of the oppressed? Are orphans protected?

The answer to these questions tells the truth about our nation. When the answer is yes, then we have found a system and a culture that may well enhance diversity and are united through the structures of justice and the experience of mercy. Justice is the biblical norm and social vision for America. When there are people hungry and homeless, forgotten in prison, unemployed or working at jobs at too low a wage, when children roam the streets unattended, then the nation is at risk. The people are filled with injustice and there is not unity, but hate, fear, and distrust. Corrupt leaders bring death to the nation.

The biblical call is for justice. Those who proclaim a Christian America based on a particular morality—for example, prayer in the schools, or opposition to gay rights—are using the Bible and faith to divert and bring disunity. The Bible is not about private morality in the public arena. It is not about law to free anyone to worship any god. It is about justice, and the road to justice is known by the lives of the poor.

The Bible and biblical religion are thus sources for both multi-cultural diversity and unity. Joyfully the scriptures sing *E Pluribus Unum* in the United States.

A second contribution that the Hebrew and Christian texts provide is a deeper and more profound understanding of equality than was on the table during the Enlightenment and the forming of the American Republic.

Equality is a problem; a good problem, perhaps, but a deeply serious problem in our society. We have yet to discover a way to protect such freedoms as speech and press on the one hand, while on the other hand, protecting our shared values as a people in pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. The hate of the Ku Klux Klan and Gangster Rap is given equal protection to the public poetry reading of Maya Angelou when she calls us to be one people in the midst of our splendid diversity. Recently, Germany amended its constitution regarding freedom of speech. Now hate mongering is against the law there. We need to further our public discussions around these issues.

Equality, *per se*, can be a demon, a wolf in sheep's clothing. The biblical view of protection of rights is dissimilar from the American vision. In America we symbolize the system with a blindfolded goddess, arms outstretched, with the scales balanced. The blindfold represents objectivity, neutrality in the lives of the people and their issues. Biblical images paint a picture of a judge involved and helping. The biblical leaders are in favor of helping the poor, orphan, stranger, widow, oppressed, and the criminal. The system favors life over death, kindness over hatred, health over sickness, the community over individuals, the land over speculators. There is nothing neutral or impartial when the Bible comes to equality. The poor must be empowered; the rich and powerful must be contained, taxed, and limited.

This biblical approach thus leads us to one of the most helpful contributions that the Judeo-Christian heritage can make to American life and its grappling with the problematic but wonderfully revolutionary norm of equality. As we have sought over the past 220 years of national life to resolve the question—How can we in all our diversity live together? How shall we en flesh our motto *E Pluribus Unum*?—we have defined equality as equal opportunity. This is not, like justice which sides with the poor and oppressed, the biblical view. Equality, in the Old and New Testaments, is based upon sharing and everyone having enough for a joyful and fruitful life. As we are learning from women, African Americans, the poor, the physically challenged, Native Americans, and other important voices, there can be no equality of opportunity until the foundations for life are built

upon the rock of access to power and the stone of sharing the harvests of the American way of life. For the homeless that translates into the truth that housing precedes life.

Give us this day our daily bread (or give us this day our daily bed as we often pray during the Festival of Shelters) is the basic petition among Christians for the pursuit of social equality. The prayer harkens back to the hungry Hebrews in the desert who cried each day to God for their daily bread. God responded, but the catch was that each person should have enough, not that the people would have an opportunity to compete or grab, or gamble for the allotment.

"The Lord has commanded that each of you is to gather as much food as you need, two quarts for each member of your household.

The Israelites did this, some gathering more, others less. When they measured it, those who gathered much did not have too much, and those who gathered less did not have too little. Each had gathered just what they needed."

(Exodus 16:16-18 TEV, adapted for inclusive language)

Biblical equality is based upon need, not opportunity to meet a need. We are equal when everyone has enough, not when everyone has a chance, or when everyone has the same which is uniformity, not unity. The 23rd Psalm says it succinctly: "I shall not want" (KJV), or "I have everything I need" (TEV).

In the New Testament there are two marks of the church in response to the second most important issue of human life: How shall we live together? Both are clearly revealed in the early chapters of the book of Acts. The first mark is diversity. When the gifts of wind and fire are given to the people of God, the newness in history is a people of the deepest diversity. No longer do family ties, state citizenship, economic systems, cultural heritage define our values. We discover equality only in diversity and in that cauldron learn to understand each other.

The second mark of community is that "there was no one in the group who was in need. . . . Money was distributed to each one according to their need" (Acts 4:32-37). Equality is based on need for daily bread and daily bed. It is not an equal opportunity, or a diagnosis to find out who can be rehabilitated the best. Biblical equality is expressed when the one in need has enough.

Equality then becomes an expression of community and its wholeness, not simply groups of competing individuals whose fear of scarcity turns them into greed-driven consumers.

Justice in America—for us to come through the cultural wars and death of our nation—must find ways to appropriate the biblical understanding of justice in the multi-cultural secular state in which we strive to find ways to live together, *E Pluribus Unum*. Not an opportunity to compete for housing, education, employment, medical care, transportation, food, rest, celebration, recreation and justice, but to be guaranteed by the community of citizens that no one shall be homeless, unschooled, without work, sick and unable to find care, needing transportation but unable to go, hungry and without food, without rest or justice. We must find ways to love one another. How? Like we love ourselves. *E Pluribus Unum*: out of many one.

Ed Loring is a partner at the Open Door Community.

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HOMELESSNESS IN METROPOLITAN ATLANTA: A REPORT BY THE TASK FORCE FOR THE HOMELESS FOR METRO ATLANTA, JUNE 1994 A REVIEW

by Carla Roncoli

Editor's note: Carla Roncoli is a friend and neighbor of the Open Door who volunteers regularly in the soup kitchen. She has a Ph.D. in Anthropology and works as a consultant with international development and social service agencies. We welcome her to the pages of Hospitality in this review of The Report on Homelessness in Metropolitan Atlanta by the Task Force for the Homeless.

Surely, few among the representatives of agencies working with the homeless who were gathered on June 13 in a meeting hall of Central Presbyterian Church for the official release of the Report on Homelessness in Metropolitan Atlanta by the Task Force for the Homeless missed the historical significance of the time and venue of such an event. It was across the street and around the corner that, on another mid-June day, five years earlier, some among them together with other activists, were protesting the inaugura-

(continued on page 5)

tion of Underground Atlanta, a tourist development that absorbed millions of public funds intended for housing and jobs for the poor. It was again in June, the following year, that a group of homeless persons and advocates for the homeless occupied the Imperial Hotel, a former SRO which had been closed after being purchased by a developer, to draw attention to the need for affordable housing in our city. The Open Door Community played a leading role in both events. It was also instrumental in bringing the Task Force's current directors, Anita and Jim Beaty, to the cause of the homeless, which was brought into their very home when they adopted a homeless child, whom they met while helping at the Open Door soup kitchen.

The massive outlay of public efforts and resources invested in the commercial development of downtown Atlanta has so far failed to produce the promised benefits for the civic community, while the problems of poverty and homelessness have worsened. The Task Force's recent report is a strong and timely response to this process, documenting and denouncing the effects of urban renewal and economic development on the most needy and vulnerable among our citizens. The report intends to provide information and recommendations regarding the issue of homelessness. Homelessness, however, is viewed not as a "type of person" but as a condition which all sorts of persons might experience, at various times and in various ways, because of their lack of resources and because of the inability or unwillingness of our society to guarantee the basic needs of all of its members. Facets of such experience are powerfully rendered in Robert Abrahamson's black and white photographs that precede each chapter. They give life to a parade of homeless men and women, of different ages and ethnicity portrayed in a variety of situations: in the streets or in a park, with their children or with their pets, at work, at play, and at rest, some gazing out of the photograph to meet our eyes and remind us that they are people like us and not statistics.

The data is mostly drawn from shelter census and the intake interviews by the Task Force's shelter hotline, as well as from a

variety of primary and secondary sources. While skewed in the direction of those seeking help, it nonetheless provides crucial information on a problem and a population which, by their very nature, are constantly shifting and impervious to research. The picture that emerges is consistent with nationwide trends and contradicts popular stereotypes. It is estimated that about 40,000 persons were homeless for at least one night in Atlanta in 1993. Rather than itinerant, unconnected individuals, about half of those polled through the hotline were long-time residents of the city, and many of them were living with relatives and friends before becoming homeless. Families are an increasingly prominent presence in the streets: 5,000 of them (mostly single-parent, female-headed families) called the shelter hotline in 1993. Unmarried women with children are, in fact, the fastest growing group among the homeless in Metro Atlanta, accounting for almost half of the hotline calls. Federal entitlements, which many of them receive, are unable to provide for the basic needs. The monthly check for a welfare mother with two children is less than half of what is needed to rent a two bedroom apartment in Atlanta and, when combined with the value of food stamps, it amounts to less than two-thirds the national poverty line. Men tend to remain homeless longer than women or families because less is available to them in the form of entitlements and public housing. Veterans make up a significant proportion (almost half of the single men, according to a 1986 survey in Atlanta shelters), but very few receive any benefits.

The inadequacy of jobs and entitlements and the lack of affordable housing are identified as the root cause of homelessness. Among the male shelter residents surveyed in 1986, 40% were temporarily or permanently employed (but mostly in low-paying jobs or through labor pools) and could have paid for housing if it were available at low cost, or had they been paid a fair wage. In the last two decades, the supply of low-income rental units in Atlanta has been drastically reduced by gentrification and commercial expansion. As a consequence, rents have skyrocketed, while household median income is actually decreasing. This means that housing absorbs an increasing share of the dwindling resources of working class families: the market rent for a two bedroom apartment is over two-thirds of the monthly minimum wage. If, according to federal guidelines, no more than one-third of the family income is to be spent on housing, a household head should earn

over ten dollars per hour to afford such an apartment. At the same time, however, high vacancy rates beset both the private housing market and the public housing system, the former being unaffordable to the poor, the latter being plagued by mismanagement and poor maintenance. For those who, even if working hard, do find themselves homeless, access to emergency and transitional housing is increasingly limited by application procedures, eligibility standards and fees. Only one-tenth of shelter space in Metro Atlanta is currently available without such restrictions and barriers.

In the meantime, while tens of thousands of men, women, and children walk the streets of our city lacking shelter and other basic necessities, billions of private and public dollars are being budgeted to build athletic and residential facilities for the 1996 Olympics. The Task Force report includes, in its appendix, a study of the impact of urban development on low-income inner-city neighborhoods, and an evaluation of the plan for Olympic Development by the Atlanta Olympic Conscience Coalition, an association of community and advocacy groups founded to monitor the use of public space, structures, and funds, and to insure popular participation, fair employment opportunities, and respect for civil liberties in the planning of the Olympic Games. While grand pronouncements have been made by the politicians and business executives who back the Olympic Plan claiming no displacement will occur and no public funds will be spent for Olympic-related capital improvements, the history of urban expansion in Atlanta gives reason to believe otherwise. In fact, such projects, implemented in the last three decades, have exacerbated race segregation and class polarization of residential neighborhoods. While, in the past, public housing projects absorbed some of the low-income renters, no such option is available now, which means that many of the residents displaced by the planned demolitions or rehabilitations (estimated to directly affect at least 10,000 people and 8,000 structures), may find themselves homeless.



Besides demolitions and displacements, the coming Olympics will give cause for a crackdown on homeless persons, as invariably happens before major conventions which bring visitors to the downtown commercial and hotel district. A second report, "The Criminalization of Poverty," which was released last September and is included in the appendix, documents such instances. Most of the arrests of homeless people are based on laws prohibiting behaviors that are unavoidable by those living in the streets, such as trespassing, panhandling, urinating in public, as well as city ordinances which are invariably applied only to homeless persons, such as crossing a parking lot when one does not have a car parked there, or lying or sleeping on park benches (the latter was repealed following the publication of the report and protest demonstrations by homeless advocates.). Contrary to the common perceptions that typify homeless persons as criminals, two-thirds of the homeless people arrested in Atlanta are charged for such "victimless" violations. Because of case backlog, they are held for an average of two or three days in the city jail prior to hearing, at a cost of \$40-\$50 per day, which means that between \$300,000 and \$500,000 of tax monies are spent each year to incarcerate the homeless. This actually exacerbates the problem of homelessness, since people may lose jobs and be evicted or excluded from access to public housing because of arrest.

Efforts to "sweep the streets" of downtown Atlanta from the unsightly presence of homeless persons are stepping up as we get closer to 1996 and have recently reached into one of the largest and oldest ministries to the homeless—St. Luke's Community Kitchen, with the firing of its director, the Rev. Carol Jean Miller, and a proposal to drastically limit its scope by the church leadership and elite parishioners. The decision triggered a thunderstorm of protests and controversy by Community Kitchen staff and volunteers, advocates for the homeless, and other community organizations, which eventually succeeded in preventing the "downsizing," at least in the immediate future. The Task Force report was released in the midst of all that, just days before the official termination of Rev. Miller, who, at the meeting, received expressions of support and gratitude for her dedicated service by all those present. The report came as a firm statement of truth and an act of resistance, adding the weight of rigorous research and sound recommendations to popular outcry, and making history on another day of June.



Cal ford Davis Barker at age 3 with his mother and father.

"CARL"

Calford Davis Barker

May 20, 1927--July 22, 1994

by Murphy Davis

Calford Davis Barker, "Carl," came into the Open Door Community on January 18, 1986. John Cole Vodicka was on house duty that day, and he welcomed Carl in to be part of the community. It was not an easy transition: Carl had been on the move since he was a teenager and had rarely stayed in one place for very long.

But he worked at it. There were bumps on the path and a detour or two, but Carl struggled on. In May 1989, close to his 61st birthday, he became a partner in the community.

Over the years we learned of Carl's life and adventures. We were spared many details, and he seemed to know that there were some memories just as well left undisturbed. They spoke in his silent spaces as his eyes would drift off and pain would cover his brow.

Calford Davis Barker was born on May 20, 1927, in Birmingham, Alabama to Stella Leonard and Jim Bob Barker. When he was 3 years old his mother died of tuberculosis and shortly afterward, his father drank himself to death. Carl was raised by various loving aunts, uncles, and cousins, but he grew to hate Birmingham. He tasted the bitter gall of racism at an early age. He sometimes told the story of his job as a golf caddy when the rich white man he followed around the fairways would jam a big cigar into Carl's 13-year-old mouth and laugh at the n-gg—boy with a cigar. His anger was still hot after more than 50 years for the insults he silently endured.

He left Birmingham as soon as he was able and spent the next 45 years criss-crossing the country, working every kind of job imaginable. He delivered milk in Bamberg, South Carolina, did gandy work on the railroads,

was a political cartoonist for the *Chicago Daily Defender*, picked up garbage, and in the days before the Machine took it all, he loaded and unloaded cargo on truck docks, ship docks, and train platforms from Detroit to Miami. He worked with his hands and his strong back, but looked always for ways to work with his mind. A few times he ran from the law, and a few times they caught up with him. He did prison time once with Dr. Sam Shepherd and another time with a man he called Sonny-Boy who later went to the chair in New York State (They said he was "Westinghoused.>").

Carl often said, "I drank some of everything—even if it had a skull and crossbones on it. I been everywhere, I've seen most everything, I've done everything, and I've had everything but a baby."

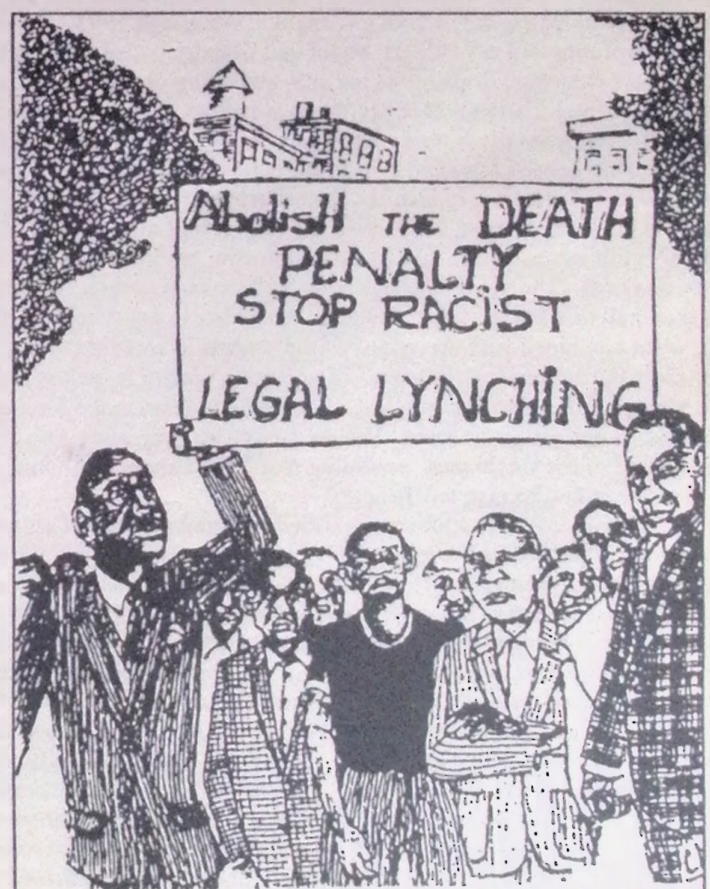
All his life he wished he had been a lawyer. His resonant baritone voice would have surely given him command of a court room, and his penetrating mind would have been up to the task. But instead, perhaps explained somehow within that perplexing web of fact, circumstance, oppression, and choice, he more often found himself in the defendant's dock of the courtroom.

Remembering it all, sometimes Carl would shake his head sadly and say, "No one is good but the Father; no, not one." Sometimes he would give a look of wonderment as if to say, "How could it all have happened that way? How could I have...?" But his years of self-loathing and self-destruction were enough. The punishment needed to end to make way for the healing balm of friendship, family, acceptance and a reconciliation with the past and whatever all it represented and was.

For that Carl was ready. He stayed put and concentrated on his sobriety and the work of the Community. He was never more proud of anything than his 8 years of sobriety, and he relished his daily work in the household. When he could no longer work on his feet because of a badly ulcerated, and later amputated lower left leg, his job became slicing the oranges each day for the next morning's Butler Street Breakfast. After his first stroke, when he could no longer use the knife, he grieved and talked about the oranges that needed to be sliced.

Carl read all his life and especially loved history and biography. He valued intelligence above all, and whenever the last strains of "Happy Birthday" would fade away during a supper celebration, Carl would pause a moment and then demand of the celebrant: "Say something intelligent!" It has become part of the Open Door lore.

What a wide space Carl's death leaves in our home. Never has anyone carried themselves through the halls of this household with greater dignity. We will miss his big voice, his out-of-the-blue remembrances and stories and questions, his interest in listening to guests and "highly intelligent" speakers, and his large heart that regularly remembered and gave thanks for those who had helped him along his way to new life and healing.



But Carl Barker's greatest legacy is in the way he taught us how we are to go to God. Carl often prayed a prayer in our worship services that reminded me of the story Jesus tells in Luke 18 of the Pharisee and the tax collector. The Pharisee raised his arms to God with thanks that he was "not like the others" and listed off his many virtues. The tax collector bowed his head in private and pleaded, "O God, have mercy on me, a sinner." The tax collector, said Jesus, teaches us how to pray.

Carl Barker taught us how to pray, and his prayer remains in our hearts:

*O God,
grant me wisdom to do Thy will
Shed Thy good light upon
my troubled path, that I might not stray
into the byways of fools.
And if I stay in a swamp,
bogged down in the quagmire
of mine own iniquity,
O God, be merciful unto me,
a sinner. Amen.*

Murphy Davis is a partner at the Open Door Community.



Carl Calford Davis Barker at age 66 at the Open Door Community.

Saint Christopher, Protect Us

by Elizabeth Dede

Carl Barker was a remarkable man; nothing about him was ordinary. Even his arrival at the Open Door Community was marked by the astounding for me.

It happened on a brutally cold morning in January of 1986, when I awoke early to icicles hanging on the inside of my windows. Having left behind the snowy winters of the Lake Michigan-midwest and the icy winds and downy flakes of New England, I was certainly neither prepared for, nor thrilled with, the minus-teens in the Deep South.

We opened the door early that morning to load the van for the Butler Street Breakfast, and huddled in the precious little protection of the front porch, was an imposing figure, whom we later in the day came to know, and then love and live with for the next eight and half years, as Carl Calford Barker. He was well over six feet tall, very dark, and very dignified. But that morning his most salient feature to me was his toes: they stuck out, bare, through the tips of his shoes, which had been cut off to accommodate the very long feet. I was wearing at least two pairs of socks and my boots from Massachusetts. Still my toes were frozen. How could this man stand, nearly barefooted, so quietly and with dignity at our front door, asking for a place to live? I was sure then, after only one week at the Open Door, and continue with the same belief eight and a half years later, that I would die quickly, but also moaning and complaining, if I were exposed to that kind of freezing weather and had no home for protection and warmth.

Soon Carl began to impress us with the stories of his life, and I never ceased to be amazed that he was still alive to tell us. Somehow he was protected.

Carl's voice matched his frame: it was big and impressive. He'd been everywhere and done everything. When you sat down to talk with Carl, he always wanted to know where you were from. He never met a U.S. American who had lived in a town where he hadn't been. You could test him; he wasn't making up his wide geographical experience. Carl knew the street names, what was on the corner, and even who was standing there.

When I went down to South Florida to help my sister clean up the mess that was her house after Hurricane Andrew was through with it, Carl was eager to hear, upon my return, about the Walker and Hagan Packing Plant at the corner of Quail Roost Drive and U.S. 1 on the railroad tracks in Perrine (pronounced correctly by Carl, as only those who had lived there would know: PEE-rine). "Don't tell me you've been there, too?" I asked incredulously. "Oh, yeah!" he chuckled deep and low. "I used to pick tomatoes for old man Walker." The church I grew up in was on Quail Roost



Carl Barker in a sketch by his artist friend Virginia Tyler.

Drive, just down the road from Walker and Hagan. I'd probably passed Carl, as he hung out with the other workers on Homestead Avenue. They would be there early on Sunday mornings, sipping from bottles wrapped in brown paper bags, as we drove by on the way to church.

I was so ignorant and naive when I moved to the Open Door, fresh from graduate school. The smell of Lysol, heavy on some homeless people, and the empty bottles and cans of the disinfectant proliferating in our backyard, were a puzzle to me. Were homeless people that concerned about cleanliness that they bathed in Lysol? Again, Carl would chuckle low and deep: "Nah; they drink that stuff!" He spoke authoritatively. Carl knew all kinds of highs, including the blessed unconsciousness brought on by a cheap bottle of Lysol bought at the corner drug store. It was a sleep so heavy and deep that no amount of shaking, kicking, yelling, pounding, or even smelling salts could wake you from it. Carl had escaped the miseries and degradations of racism, the slave labor of a migrant worker, and the indignities of homelessness using everything from beer to gasoline. And he lived to triumph over that addiction. What protected him?

Every Christmas members of the Open Door Community are able to request three gifts from our friends at St. Jude's Catholic Church. Several times during the eight Christmases that Carl celebrated with us he requested as one of his gifts a St. Christopher medal. This always struck me as just one more of Carl's unusual traits. He was not a Catholic. He didn't seem to be the type who prayed to saints. In fact, he often recited, "I am the master of my soul!" He didn't seem to need, or want, a patron saint for protection. But Carl proudly wore his medal, and then, perhaps, gave it away to the next traveller he met, asking again at Christmas for a St. Christopher medal, since we only found one in his few possessions after he'd travelled on his last earthly journey.

But Carl was definitely a traveller, so if he had to have a patron saint it could be none other than St. Christopher. We knew him when the travels were only stories. In fact, he rarely left 910 Ponce de Leon after he moved in to the Open Door Community. One time he travelled to his childhood home in Birmingham, Alabama with Murphy and Jay to visit his aging cousins, with and by whom he had been raised. Carl only recently had reconnected with them. Since he had begun his travels young, and was on the move constantly, they had lost touch with each other. After the visit, Carl received a letter from his cousin, which said that Carl seemed to have found finally a good home with good people. Perhaps, he could stop wandering, chased by whatever it was in his past that kept him travelling. His cousin suggested that he let the past go and stay at home. So St. Christopher protected Carl at home.

The last couple of years of Carl's journey on earth were difficult ones because his health began to fail. He spent much time in the hospital, first for many surgeries to try to save his badly ulcerated leg. When it finally had to be amputated, Carl remained strong and even good-humored—laughing, deep and low, about how he'd forgotten that his leg wasn't there anymore when he got up out of bed in the morning. His body was travelling more swiftly towards death than his soul and mind. He broke his back; he had a minor stroke; he broke his hip—all within the last year of his life. But still he could amaze every new doctor, nurse, social worker, and volunteer with his stories.

Finally, though, a massive stroke six weeks before his death, silenced Carl's tongue, which never lisped or stammered. While he was still full of stories to tell of his earthly travels, he could no longer give voice to them. And still he was protected.

Perhaps God, who is our shelter and strength, called Carl home in this final time of trouble. Or maybe it was St. Christopher, who was praying for Carl's protection. Whatever we might believe, Carl, after miles and miles of journeying, went to sleep.

I am sure that he is now entertaining God, St. Christopher, and anyone else within earshot of his big, booming voice with the tales of his travels. And he is striding proudly on both legs, collecting more stories to tell us when we get there.

Elizabeth Dede is a partner at the Open Door Community.

The Other Side

Where justice and peace embrace
where faith and love join hands

Christian Alternatives to the Emerging Global Order is the focus of the current issue of *The Other Side* magazine. Funded in part by a grant from the Pew Charitable Trusts, this special issue includes articles about borders, refugees, sustainable communities, and a reflection by Ed Loring. For a copy, send \$4.50 to: *The Other Side*, 300 W. Apsley, Philadelphia, PA 19144. Ask for the "Global Order" edition.

"When you have all you want to eat and have built good houses to live in and when your cattle and sheep, your silver and gold, and all your other possessions have increased, be sure that you do not become proud and forget the Lord your God who rescued you from Egypt, where you were slaves" (Deuteronomy 8).

Please join us in Woodruff Park

***Sunday, September 25,
through Friday, September 30.***

Worship daily at 5:00pm.

Leafletting at noon.



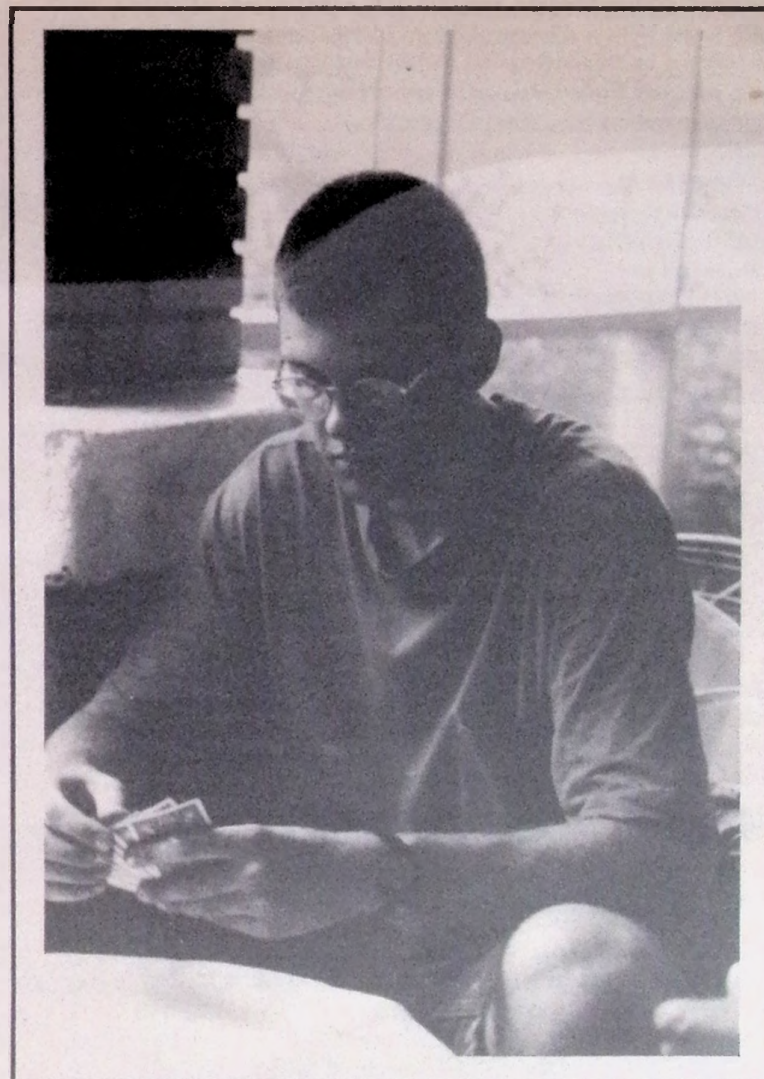
In Downtown Atlanta

The Open Door Community Needs Resident Volunteers!

Spend 6 to 12 months as a Resident Volunteer

Joe Gill, pictured at right, has joined us for a year's volunteer term. Come meet him and all the other members of the Open Door Community. 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; 874-7964 (FAX)



CHRIS BUEHLER

Joe Gill relaxes after a day of work at the Open Door with a game of Spades.



ACLU Files Suit To Repeal Parking Lot Ordinance

On Tuesday, August 2, 1994, the ACLU filed suit against the City of Atlanta to repeal Atlanta's parking lot ordinance. The ordinance makes it a crime to "remain in a parking lot." Phillip Williams was arrested for simply leaning against a tree in an Atlanta parking lot and held in jail overnight before appearing in Municipal Court.

Brian Spears, a volunteer attorney for the ACLU, and Gerry Weber, legal director for the ACLU, represented Phillip Williams before Municipal Court Judge Howard Johnson on June 14. His attorneys requested that the charges be dismissed, arguing that the parking lot ordinance is unconstitutionally vague and violates citizens' right to travel peaceably around Atlanta.

The response from the City—they have a policy of not prosecuting violations of the parking lot ordinance. The charges against Williams were dropped.

On the same day as the hearing, a letter was sent to the Atlanta Mayor and City Council asking for the repeal of the ordinance. To date, no response has been received nor has any action on the ordinance been taken.

"Atlanta's parking lot ordinance is so vague that the police can interpret it anyway they want," said Gerry Weber. "Anyone could be arrested and called a criminal by simply remaining in a parking lot longer than a police officer thinks they should."

In the "Criminalization of Poverty," a recent study conducted by the Task Force for the Homeless, it was determined that the homeless are often targeted for arrests under the parking lot ordinance. During the time period studied, homeless people constituted just 7 percent of all arrests in Atlanta. However, during that same time period, they constituted 43 percent of the arrests under the ordinance.

"This ordinance doesn't punish people for actual crimes," said Brian Spears. "The City doesn't even prosecute those arrested. Sweeping the streets of the homeless into the Atlanta jail is the only objective of the ordinance."

The suit seeks to enjoin the City of Atlanta from any further enforcement of the ordinance and to have it declared unconstitutional. Along with Brian Spears and Gerald Weber, Mr. Williams is represented by volunteer attorney Robert McGlasson.

"After years of cutting through parking lots in the downtown area, I must say I have never been approached about being in a parking lot, let alone arrested for it," said Teresa Nelson, director of the ACLU of Georgia. "It is clear that this ordinance will not be enforced against middle-class citizens such as myself. It's target is the poor and the homeless. The courts must do what the City leaders have failed to do—stop making it a crime to be poor."

CONTACT:

Teresa Nelson
Gerald Weber
(404) 523-6201
Brian Spears
(404) 522-0694
Robert McGlasson
(404) 373-5307

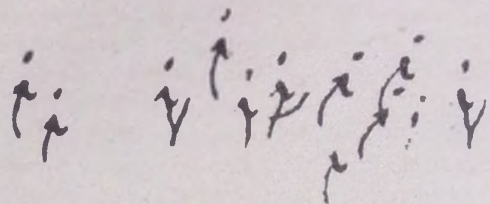


Jacque and Joyce of Living Water came to the Open Door for worship on Sunday, July 17. We thank them for the joy and music they brought to our lives.

CHRIS BUTLER



Our good friends John and Martina Linnehan of Metanoia Community in St. Marys, Georgia, had a bad car wreck. Their old, faithful vehicle was destroyed. Do you have a car to donate to them for their ministries? Please contact them at 912/882-4820. Or call Elizabeth at 404/874-9652.



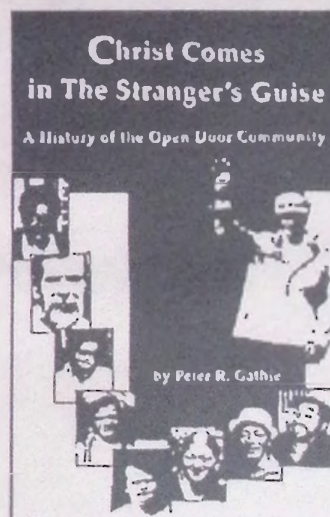
JOURNEY OF HOPE

Two Weeks of Action Against The Death Penalty

October 1-16, 1994

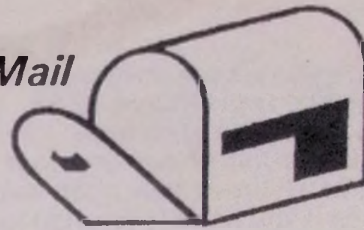
Events in Atlanta will be held October 2, 3, & 4 and October 16.

For more information call Elizabeth at 874-9652.



The first ten years of life and work at the Open Door Community are recorded in this history book. On the *Hospitality* best seller list for the past two years, it is available exclusively from the Open Door Community. Please request a copy from Phillip Williams, The Open Door Community, 910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA, 30306. A donation of \$3 will help us in our work with homeless and imprisoned friends.

Grace and Peaces of Mail



Dear Open Door Community,

I thoroughly enjoy the newsletter—much food for thought—and hopefully action too! Your ministry is very inspiring. What a positive message in such turbulent times.

Thank you,

Lyndall Stanley
Roswell, GA

Dear Open Door,

I want to say thanks on behalf of our group who worked at Open Door a few weeks ago. It proved to be an overwhelming, powerful experience for the kids as well as the adults. When they reported on it at church you could really see the impact it made on them. I appreciate your willingness to use all sorts of people to enrich them as well as keep the ministries working so well. My prayers continue with all of you in your good service. May the peace of Christ be with you,

Rev. Anne Stevens
Silver Creek Presbyterian Church
Lindale, GA

Dear Friends,

It gives me a pleasure to write you this letter and voice my opinion.

Do our rich and political figures know the meaning of love, compassion, and unity? I think not. On the other hand, if I were asked if they knew the meaning of apartheid, segregation and racism, then my answer would most certainly be yes. You as well as I are faced with it everyday. Sometimes I wonder if the people that are rich and in power actually believe in God. If they do, they sure have a mighty poor way of showing it. Oh yes, they will tell you in a split second that they're true believers in God, but that would be a lie. Truth is not in these people whatsoever. How can they be true believers? These people have taken God away from our children in school.

Today, most of the people who have the power to help equalize living conditions for all humankind refuse to do so, simply because they're selfish and prejudiced. These type of people need to open their Bibles to the second chapter of James, and read it over and over until they get a very clear understanding of how God wants them to treat their fellow man and woman. A true believer does it God's way, not their own.

My father is in his 70's, and when I was a young child, he instilled in me that I should treat all people with respect, and as I wish to be treated also. I took his advice and applied it to my life. Today, his advice still remains with me. Thanks, Pop, for giving your son something positive to hold on to.

My brother is a pretty good counselor to me, too, and I've always tried to follow his example. He never looks over people, no matter if they're rich, poor, black, white, red, or yellow. He considers all people as human beings and equal. I wish that our political leaders would develop attitudes like my father and brother. Then we will begin to see society function harmoniously.

Until our rich and political people develop a change of heart and start showing some love and compassion, not only just for themselves, but for the oppressed as well, things will never change.

Well, my friends, I will close here, but before I do, I must ask this question: Does the U.S. Constitution apply to all of its citizens, or just only to the rich?

I will continue to keep each of you in my prayers.

Peace be with you from a friend in prison.

Dear Hospitality:

Thank you so much for your wonderful newspaper. It is illuminating and challenging. I look forward to each issue and have frequently shared the insight you communicate.

By the end of August I will be relocating to Topeka, Kansas, where my partner has taken a position with the Nature Conservancy. Topeka is an unfamiliar place to me, and I will need to search for a supportive community with which to connect. I am especially interested in a group committed to dismantling racism.

So, I thought maybe some of your readers are in the Topeka or Kansas City area, and that they would be just the kind of people I would like to meet.

By August 25, I should have arrived in Topeka and would welcome contacts with Hospitality readers at 1740 SE Hudson Ave., Topeka, KS, 66607, 913/233-5024.

Thanks again!
Sincerely,

Rebecca S. Fox
Topeka, KS

Dear Ed:

Just a "professorial" note about the Amos quote on page 2 of February's Hospitality.

If you, in this case it is Murphy, quote from Amos, and you do more or less paraphrase the text, then say so. Amos does not mention a "woman," and it is not quite clear if two persons are involved. Perhaps "person" might have been more adequate than dividing the text between a male and a female individual.

The gist seems to be that there is someone who is so sure that he will be all right all the time, he gets away (or she!) from a lion, then a bear and, finally, he feels safe at home, resting his (her) hand on the window sill, but finally judgment is falling. So, there is a climax. The text, as given in Hospitality, is somewhat too tame.

Maybe I am too picky. So be it!

Ludwig Dewitz
Decatur, GA

Editor's note: Ludwig Dewitz is a retired Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Studies of Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia.

Dear Ed,

I sincerely hope that both my love and letter find you all well.

Don't feel that my lack of calling or writing means that I don't care, or there's no love in my heart for you because there is, and a whole lot of it. It's just that there's no soul in my life. I am doing very hard time, and it takes a lot out of me.

Each and every day of my life I see myself getting older and dying in prison. I'm not even living a half of life.

This is what my so-called life consists of: I get up between 4:30am and 5:00am for breakfast. I am in the fields working from 7:00am until 4:00pm. I come in, shower, then sit by my bed thinking and reading. Most of the time I'm asleep at 8:30pm or 9:00 o'clock. I go out and exercise here and there for a getaway, so you see I don't have much of a life at all. I am a dead man.

I can see the sun set as I am sitting here writing you. It is pretty. Please don't think that I am sitting here feeling sorry for myself because I am not. I am just trying to show you there's no life in prison, and very, very little hope. It's a sad and terrible thing when a man just throws his life away. All I can do is sit here and think about what life could have been like for me if I hadn't been a fool. I don't fool myself—I know that it's over for me and a lot of other guys who are in the same situation that I am in.

I want to believe that a day will come when I go free, but know that it isn't so. As soon as I finish writing you I am going to sleep and get this day over with. I just ask God to keep my mind strong so that I can keep on holding on, just a little while longer.

God keep you.
I love you—

A friend in prison

WE ARE OPEN...

Monday through Saturday, telephones are answered from 9:00am until noon, from 2:00 until 6:00pm, and from 7:00 until 8:30pm. The building is open from 9:00am until 8:30pm those days (Both phone and door are not answered during our lunch break from noon until 2:00.). Please call in advance if you need to arrange to come at other times. **On Sunday we are open from 7:00am until noon.** Sunday afternoon our door is answered until 5:00pm.

OUR MINISTRY...

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

SUNDAY BREAKFAST—Sunday morning at 9:10, 7:15am

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

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

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

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

WEEKEND RETREATS—Four times each year (for our household and volunteers/supporters), November 25-27

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

Open Door Community Needs

JEANS
T-Shirts
Men's Work Shirts
Men's Underwear
Quick Grits
Cheese
Mayonnaise
Multi-Vitamins
MARTA Tokens
Postage Stamps
Men's Large Shoes (12-14)
Coffee
Non-Aerosol Deodorant
Toothbrushes
Toothpaste
Vaseline
Disposable Razors
Shampoo
Silverware
Socks
Washcloths
Sandwiches
Rugs/Carpet
Chests of Drawers
Double Bed Box Spring and Mattress/Futon
Single Bed Frames, Box Springs, Mattresses
Shrubs for Backyard Plantings
Infant Car Seats

From 11am til 1:30pm, Monday through Saturday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11 or after 1:30, it would be helpful. THANK YOU!

Open Door Community Worship

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

Please join us!

September 4 Worship at 910

September 11 Worship at 910
Frances Pauley,
Stories of Struggle and Triumph

September 18 Worship at 910

September 25 Festival of Shelters Begins
Worship at Woodruff Park
Downtown Atlanta, 5:00pm



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

☐ Please ADD to the Hospitality mailing list.

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

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

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

Name

Address

City , State Zip +

Phone

Moving?

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