

we can start by crossing our borders, stepping over our lines for a day. One day doesn't change the world, a city, or our lives. But one day can remind us of the need that exists—both for the homeless and those with homes—and of the individual and collective power we have to meet that need, whether one person or 1,000 toothbrushes at a time. Toward the close of that night's service, we took communion, and I thought back to a moment earlier in the afternoon, when we'd noticed a group of tourists taking pictures from the end of the block. A friend had wondered what this event might look like from the outside, and as the night ended, I prayed that in those photographs, we would appear the way it felt: like a community gathered to enjoy the summer day.

- Anne Corbitt

Sonya's Story

Hello!
Whoever thought that sitting on a wall would have such a profound effect on a person? This happened to me when I met Allison Mitchell. She was serving chili at Gateway and she invited my son to a hockey game. As time went on, she invited me to Sunday service at Trinity. From the first day I came to Trinity I felt at home. The people at Trinity treated me as a part of the family. Every day during the week, I couldn't wait to get to Sunday service, not only to see my "new family," but to hear the sermons of Pastor Kris. It seemed that each week he was talking to me. His sermons brought such a calmness to me, showing me that I would make it through not only the coming week, but this state of transition I was in. I have since moved to a new city, but Trinity is in my heart every day. I am searching for a new church in hopes of capturing what I found at Trinity. Just like in the Bible when Jesus rose Lazarus in three days, Lazarus Ministries helps people in the community to rise up from their situations. Thank you Lazarus Ministries for holding me up and showing me new ways.

Sincerely,

Sonya Bryant

P.S. The church band and the softball league aren't bad either!!!

Big Events:

Go to lazarusatlanta.org for details.

November 13th, Lazarus 10th Anniversary Party.

December 11th, Lazarus Annual Christmas Dinner.

February 6th, 2011 Lazarus Annual Super Bowl Party and Chili Cook Off.

Needs:

Email info@lazarusatlanta.org

Volunteers for Resume Workshops (first Monday of every month).

Volunteers for Chili Tuesdays.

Volunteers for Weekly Lazarus (Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays).

Financial Needs:

\$3500.00 for rest of 2010.

90 Monthly Donors giving \$25 per month for 2011.

Lazarus Ministries News / Events



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A young girl smiles shyly and asks for another lemonade. As she walks back to her mother, two men standing nearby exchange tales of their experiences in Atlanta. One speaks as a native— a Braves fan, well-seasoned in Atlanta traffic. The other, originally from Washington, D.C., has only been in the city for a few months. He laughs at his friend's concern for the upcoming Atlanta winter, "It's nothing, man, it barely even snows." These men, the girl, and her mother have something in common. They are homeless, staying at a shelter downtown. On Thanksgiving Day in 2000, Allison Mitchell decided to volunteer at Turner Field and feed the homeless. The volunteers were overflowing, and she decided to minister to those who were unable to make it there. Allison and a friend acquired food and set out to meet with homeless in the area on their own. They decided to do the same thing a week later, and again the next week, and again the week after that. It continues on today. This month, Lazarus Ministries will celebrate its tenth year. What began as two people serving about 20 homeless men and women in 2000 has grown to 600 volunteers serving approximately 2000 homeless men, women, and children annually. The first Christmas dinner was held in 2001 and the first Super Bowl Party the following year. In 2007, Health Day was inaugurated. Most recently, over 400 volunteers participated in the 2010 Health Day, serving over 600 homeless men, women, and children in Atlanta. Allison Mitchell has seen Lazarus Ministries grow significantly in its first ten years, "I remember working full-time, trying to plan Health Day

in the mornings and evenings before and after work. It was a lot of work but worth every second. " As Lazarus grows, as volunteers come together with the homeless to serve and commune and worship, lines are broken. Friendships are created. Hope is restored. With the promise of replication in other cities, the future seems open with possibility of more growth.

- Sunita Kapahi

**3,000 Pairs Of Jeans / 2,000
Travel-Size Deodorants / 2,000
Bags Of Chips / 1,000 Toothbrushes /
900 Pairs Of Reading Glasses /
800 Pounds Of Bananas / 300 Bottles Of
Eye Drops / 3 School Buses / 1 City Block**

Health Day

If you consider Health Day by the numbers alone, you get a sense of its size. This annual event, coordinated by Lazarus Ministries and SafeHouse Outreach, required months of planning and a staggering number of shopping bags, band aids, and packets of mustard. On September 19, 2010, a block of downtown Atlanta was shut off from traffic to create space for over 600 of Atlanta's homeless residents to receive medical care, dental screenings, financial counseling, resume and interview workshops, gently-used and new clothes, and haircuts. The day also offered food, a dance contest, karaoke, bingo, cornhole, face painting, and a dunk tank. It closed with a worship service led by members and staff from Trinity Anglican Mission. Over 400 volunteers contributed to these resources, a number almost doubled from previous years. The money involved in pulling off an event of this magnitude was also remarkable: just over \$17 per guest. But as



impressive as these figures are, numbers can't reveal the scope of this event. For that, you have to see it firsthand. This was my first time attending Health Day. With limited experience interacting with people I typically see only through a car window, I didn't know what to expect. I was worried I wouldn't know what to say to people or how to start conversations, that maybe my nerves would show. I approached Ellis Street that day with unsure steps and an anxious feeling in my stomach. I could hear the music and voices of Health Day from a block away. As we approached the check-in counter, I was struck by how many people were already there. Some were waiting in line for the dental screenings on the left while others got their pictures taken or played checkers at the tables spread up the

middle of the street. The day had just begun, but already this was the busiest block downtown. I'd signed up to help with resumes and job training, the farthest station up the hill. Those volunteers with laptops were setting up email addresses and formatting resumes while others prepared for interview workshops, which included wardrobe counseling and mock interviews. But since the crowds had to pass the dunk tank and towers of blue jeans before reaching our station, I had the opportunity to step away from my post and visit other tables. I visited the hygiene station, where some volunteers knelt to provide manicures and pedicures, while others offered haircuts and shaves. In the clothing lines nearby, guests selected shoes and socks. A friend noted how one guest sat to slowly and carefully pull on his new pair

of socks, an act many of us take for granted. A trio of strong-armed children schooled us at cornhole, so I tried my hand at bingo. The men at our table taught me the art of playing ten boards at once and, when none of our boards won, we accepted defeat by plotting how we'd handle a dozen boards next time. We clapped along with the most intimidating karaoke line-up I've ever seen. One full voice after another echoed off the buildings with an a cappella version of "The Old Rugged Cross," original raps, even a Miley Cyrus song, but the highlight had to be the little boy who sang "Jesus Loves Me." After each singer, the crowd clapped while everyone at our table repeated the same line: I'd hate to have to follow that. As the sun set, the day shifted gears. We folded up tables, set the chairs in lines, passed out flyers with lyrics, and readied ourselves for a worship service in the street. During the singing, the musicians shut off the generator for a minute, silencing their instruments and microphones, and there, on a block of downtown Atlanta, hundreds of voices joined in praise as the hum of a city became background noise. And I thought about the lines that daily divide us: racial and cultural lines, socioeconomic levels, the glass of our car windows, where we sleep, how many things we own that we don't need. I was embarrassed by the nerves I'd felt just hours earlier, when these lines had seemed so fixed and looming. There's no denying that these divisions impact who we are, but they aren't the whole story. Like the numbers quantifying Health Day itself, these lines leave something huge out: we aren't divided in the eyes of God. In the days since Health Day, as I've continued to discuss its impact with other volunteers, I've found this reaction to be fairly universal. As one friend remarked, the most memorable aspect of the event was the mix of people, how she often didn't know who was a volunteer and who was a guest. We all wore the same name tags and ate the same lunches, and the lines that often feel more like concrete walls between us became, for an afternoon, hard to see.



At Health Day, we got a glimpse of the world as it could be. And in it, I was constantly reminded that Jesus was specific; He came for all, but He also came for each. So rather than thinking of the homeless as some vague demographic, the numbers overwhelming when we consider every city, state, country, and continent where people go without, we saw how