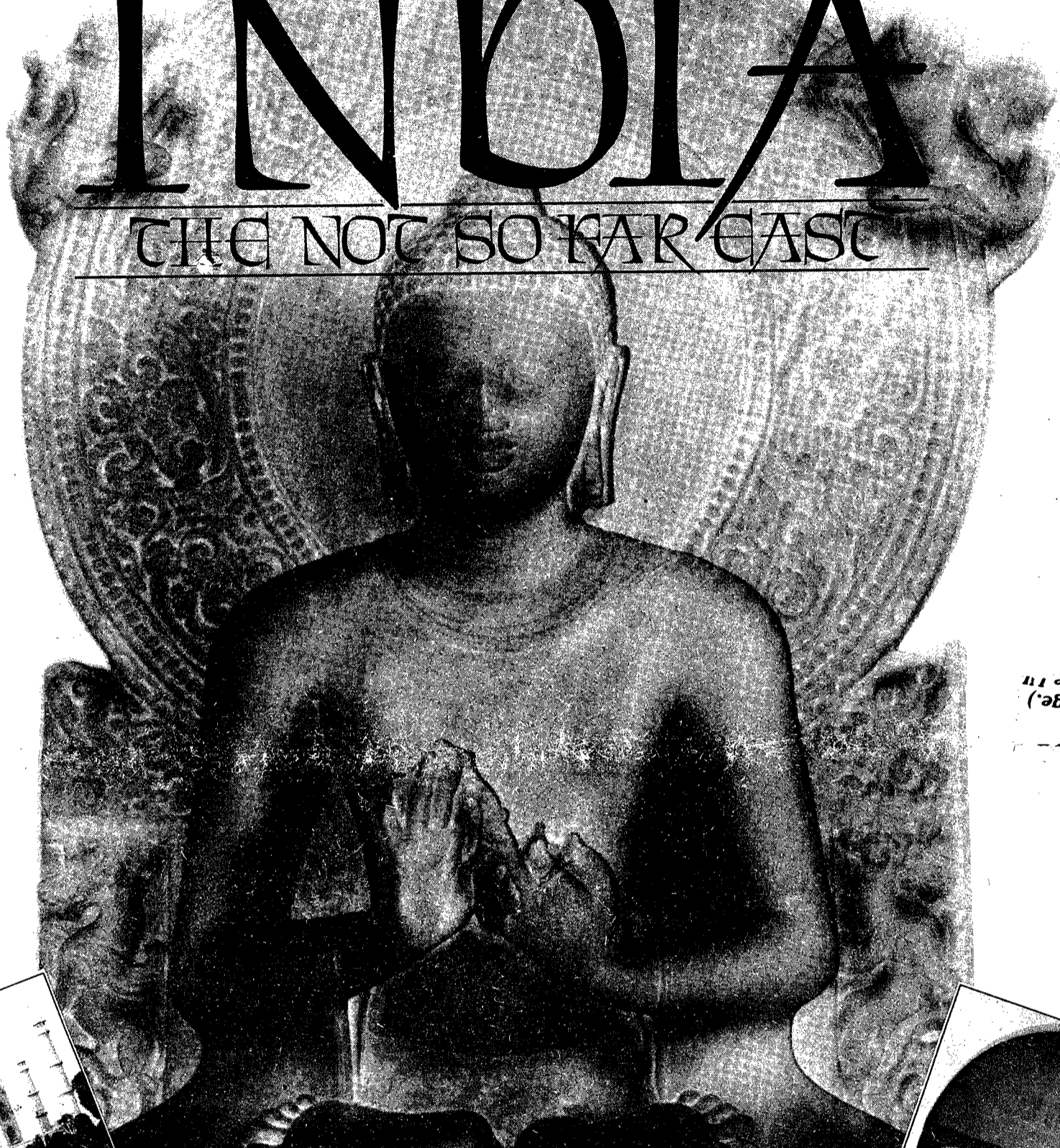
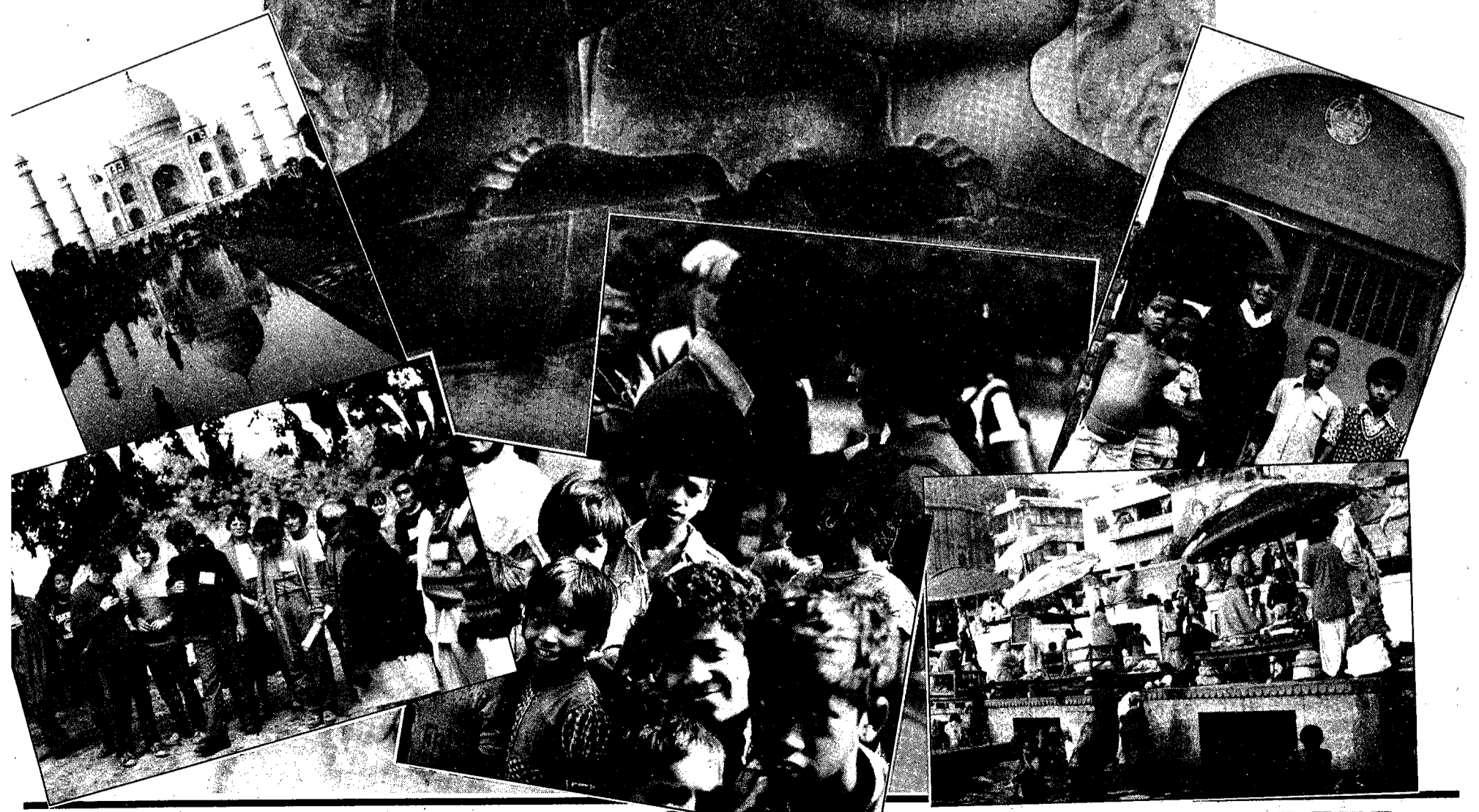


I AM YOUTH IN INDIA THE NOT SO FAR EAST



Staff Intern at the
Dunson College.)



INSIDE IARF YOUTH ENCOUNTER - P. 8-9, PHOENIX IN THE FIRE -
FIRST ISSUE: P. 2, MY LONGEST SUMMER - P. 10, DISTRICT NEWS - P. 7.



It still feels somewhat unreal. Living in Boston and working for YRUU is not where I expected to be at this point in my life. It is exactly where I want to be however.

I'm the seventh LYRer (first YRUUer) in my immediate family and have been very active on the local level and in Saint Lawrence District for the past two and a half years. Participating in the Common Ground Conferences and last year's CON CON made me see the value of the continental community I'm glad to have a chance to work for you all.

I'm eighteen years old and come from Montreal Quebec. Presently I'm on leave from the Quebec College System. (First years was at College du Vieux Montreal, second year was at Dawson College.)

Working as a Youth UUA was a chance which I just couldn't pass up. It seemed more relevant to my career decisions and of more immediate value than the course load I was taking. I think I made the right choice. I cannot remember having ever felt as optimistic about the future as I do now.

I plan to enter the ministry of the Unitarian Universalist Church. I can only hope that many of you will remain within the denomination as well.

Colin

Howdy—

Here I am living in Boston and working, what a surprise, I never thought it would happen.

I'm on leave from Bennington College in Bennington, Vermont where I'm an art major. I'm thinking of changing both schools and my major, so who knows where I'll go when I leave this office at the end of August.

But before I leave there's so much to do and learn about, not only the office, but Boston. There's a paper to publish and programs to write and museums to visit and hundreds of new people to meet and a lot of old friends to find.

I've started work on a COG (Community of Growth) Conference for late March which is fun, COG is similar to YRUU and the age ranges overlap. The thing about COG is that it starts at age 18 and goes up, so that's a different type of experience. I feel like I've got the best of both worlds, since I can be part of both groups.

I hope that during my term here I will get to meet many YRUUer's from different areas, as well as being able to contribute to the organization in this year of such importance.

I was an active LRYer for six years in New Jersey. I was on my federation board and the LRY board. I've run two continental conferences as well as local conferences. I've done regional fieldwork and social actions conferences. I do fun workshops, and workshops from maskmaking to leadership skills.

Julie-Ann

I'm beginning my fourth year as the professional staff person working with youth programs in the UUA. In many ways, however, this year feels like we are starting all over again.

It is great to have Colin and Julie-Ann here at 25 Beacon Street, (to have our offices adjacent to each other, to have the communication and co-operation between the youth staff and all the members of the UUA Education Section become much closer.) The first three years of my time here was dominated by the Common Ground process. The idea was born three weeks after I arrived, in conversations with David Williams. There is a sense of completion now, as the YRUU structure is almost set in place. (There is a sense of having come full circle.) Even David is back in Boston, chairing the YRUU Steering Committee along with Dave Levine. We have come a long way.

My life has changed a great deal in the past three years as well. I came here alone, and now I am married. Our two school age children will soon be joined by a baby girl, due any day now as I write this (during the second week of February.) Just as the transition from LRY to YRUU has meant a new stage in our youth programs, I have been entering a new stage in my own life.

Change is our only constant. I knew that as a fact when I was in high school. I live with it more comfortably as I get older.

Wayne Arnason

SYNAPSE

EDITORIAL POLICY

Articles appearing in SYNAPSE are chosen for their social, spiritual, intellectual or practical value. They may express opinions and/or values that are not necessarily those of the editors or of some of our readers, and dissenting opinion will be given fair exposure in subsequent issues. We recognize the need to keep from offending the sensibilities of the wide variety of our readers and also a need to respect the integrity of our contributors. Where these values conflict we will err on the side of accurate representation.

Henceforth there shall be a limit of two personals per person per issue. All personals must be accompanied with a return address in case for any reason the editors find it impossible to run the personal.

Advertising rates are \$4.00/column inch for UUA related groups and \$8.00/column inch for others. For UUA related groups, rates for larger blocks are:

Quarter page, \$60.00

Half page \$110.00

Full page \$200.00

For groups other than UU related organizations the rates are double those for UU groups.

Credits

SYNAPSE Volume I Issue 1

A publication of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, Boston, MA

A youth organization which is part of the Unitarian Universalist Association.

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PHOENIX IN THE FIRE: THE PDC YOUTH COUNCIL

There has been one deadly, but subtle, problem in the Pacific Central District youth scene over the last years: incest. Maybe I should clarify that. Of course I don't mean incest in its sexual sense, but rather in a broadly figurative way. What we have here are a few highly skilled youth leaders, mostly post high school age, who have become so used to working with each other that they have great difficulty, myself included, in working with anyone or anything, new to them. No wonder our numbers have been decreasing for that last four or five years. No wonder that our programming is a lot less diverse than it was when I first came into LRY in 1977. This is not to say that our program has been lacking in quality, but our energies are low and there is no substitute for enthusiasm. That is why I think the transition to YRUU has come just in time.

The new PCD YRUU Youth Council is

a combination of both Starr King LRY Board and the PCD Youth-Adult Committee. Between the time the PCD delegates returned from Common Ground I and the new delegates returned from Common Ground II, a small group of delegates formed a task force to "bring home the vision" from the Youth Assembly and to work up a model for the new youth program. This body held three conferences and led worship services throughout the district. When the second group of delegates came back from Common Ground: Coming of Age, a few of them, led by Terry Campbell, formed the Psuedo-Council. The Psuedo-Council was the name given to the experimental model of the future youth board. The basic differences between the new Youth Council and the LRY board are, first, direct involvement of adults in the process, and two, diversifying responsibilities between

more members. The most positive aspect of this process in my opinion is that most of the people on the Council were not involved directly in the Psuedo-Council.

At a conference entitled "Phoenix in the fire—Passing the Torch," held January 14-16 in Livermore, California, the following positions in the new PCD Youth Council were approved and filled!

Co-Facilitator/Coordinator

Co-Facilitator/Coordinator

*Coordinator/Facilitator

Recorder

Messenger

Editor

*Communicators Advisor

Conference Sage

*Conference & Program Advisor

Business Manager

*Administrative & Financial Advisor

Continued on page 14



1979 General Assembly: Norma Veridan and daughter Nada Velimirovic, before the M.R.E. vote.

For the record *Common Underground* was a group of about 25 young people and adults, delegates and staff for *Common Ground II*, who came together for the purpose of defeating an unexpected amendment to the YRUU proposed bylaws: a move to require active participation for youth, and membership for adults, in local UU societies (or the Church of the Larger Fellowship) for persons running for positions on the YRUU Youth Council. Some of us had reservations about joining an organization before we felt we were ready to handle the responsibility, or one that seemed to take membership too lightly, or one whose traditions, if not creed, differed widely from our own. Others were life-long UU's who had moved to parts of the country not served by local UU societies and who felt that the Church of the Larger Fellowship was not meaningful for them. Still others of us came from societies so small that our youth groups depended on non-UU youth or advisors in order to exist at all. We would be creating a second-class membership and offering a slap in the face to many people who were not members of UU local societies but who had worked with great dedication for long periods of time in our youth program. (Three of these people were on the *Common Ground II* staff!) Most absurd, we would be forcing on our youth organization a policy that even the UUA staff in Boston quite flagrantly does not follow. With the help of a newsletter and some consciousness-raising, we were able to keep Youth Council membership open to anyone who could get two letters of recommendation from active UU's.

So why should a member of *Common Underground* be writing an article on why young people *should* join local UU societies? Wasn't *Common Underground* trying to discourage people from joining? No! We take membership in the UUA seriously, and we desperately need young members, real members—not just names on cards. So why should you join your local UU society and thus the UUA? I'll have to tell you a story first.

It is June, 1979, and some 1800 Unitarian-Universalists are gathered in East Lansing, Michigan for the Association's annual General Assembly. One of the hottest issues is the proposed creation of a Ministry of Religious Education, whereby, with special courses of study, people whose UU commitment has been in the field of working with children and young people can attain the status of Minister. Feeling their territory threatened, the established Parish Ministers—mostly male, mostly older—surge to the CON microphone to attempt to block the issue. Directors of Religious Education—mostly female, and of all ages—are pained to hear from the ministers with whom they have worked elbow-to-elbow explain that, . . . well, . . . er, . . . with all due respect, the education of the church's young people just isn't nearly as important as what the Parish Minister does with the more valuable adults. The measure involves a By-Law change and

FROM A MEMBER

OF COMMON UNDERGROUND

thus requires a 2/3 majority passage at two successive General Assemblies. Having squeaked by last year in the 1978 General Assembly, it now faces its do-or-die final test. The delegates hands are raised for excruciatingly long periods of time as a vote, and then two recounts are taken. Tears are flowing, happily, as the amendment is found to have passed—by fewer than five (5!) votes.

More than five of those votes for the amendment belonged to youth who, as voting members of their local UU societies, were selected to represent their societies as delegates to the General Assembly. In addition, some very poignant speeches in favor of the amendment were made by youth. More than eighty young people had become welded into one of the most politically effective caucuses at the GA, and one of their prime goals had been the passage of the Ministry of Religious Education amendment. It goes without saying that today's Ministers of Religious Education would still be stifled into the roles of second class functionaries had it not been for the caring, commitment, and power of those young people.

Ironically, it was not the Ministry of Religious Education issue that had attracted that unusually large and effective group of youth to that General Assembly. The UUA Board of Trustees had just acted against the majority opinion of its own Continental Youth-Adult Committee and voted to withdraw funds for maintaining the LRY executive committee in Boston, and to hire an adult consultant instead. The Youth Caucus's apparent victory at the time was their ability to swing enough votes to a resolution in support of LRY that the UUA president was willing to compromise for a measure that would maintain LRY (on subsistence funds) along with hiring an adult consultant. Although the later rejection by the Trustees of part of the *Common Ground I* recommendations effectively reversed what seemed to be the major victory of the Youth Caucus, the Ministry of Religious Education remains, partially as a tribute to those young, concerned Unitarian-Universalists.

Perhaps you are beginning to see my point. Now consider this! Because LRY had such a strong sense of community, its members found in it—and not in the UU denomination—those things which met their religious and emotional needs. Other young people were intimidated by LRY, but still found no reason to join UU churches. (Tom Greenspon, in his monograph "Human Connections," states that only ten percent of children who go through UU Religious Education programs go on to become UU's as

adults). A recent ten year period saw a twenty percent decline in UU membership, and studies have shown that the 13 to 27 age group (especially 19 to 23) now is almost non-existent in UU-ism. Stop and think what that is doing to the decision-making process of a democratic organization. What we have here is perhaps the last bastion of liberal religious thought in America attempting to stand up to the Jesse Helms's and the Jerry Fallwells without the age group most associated with liberal activism. Surely the wisdom of age is vital to the success of a religious community, but the energy and optimism and idealism of youth is no less vital. With decisions being made by a group of people long removed from their own youth, it is no wonder that we begin to hear such things as vehement opposition to a Ministry of Religious Education.

Such was not always the case. In the 1950's, the Unitarians were written up in national news magazines as one of the fastest growing denominations in the

personality" I have heard a minister tell a fifteen-year-old: "Don't tell me how you feel. I have degrees in psychology and philosophy, and I know how you feel better than you know how you feel." Another minister, commenting on the need for required UU membership, maintained that "The institution is more important than the individual." And I have read a sermon (Rev. E.K. Holt, St. Louis, MO "Youth, Sex, Hypocrisy and Moral Authority") which maintains that "we laugh too easily at the old admonition: 'do what I say, not what I do.'" and urges us to use the "moral authority" of the church to make rules for society that we will not be bound to follow ourselves. He then chides us for wanting to call that hypocrisy. I personally disagree with all of the above statements, but I understand that they were made by conscientious and caring human beings, and that there are a number of UU's out there who will agree with one or all of them. What scares me is that these opinions can easily hold

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST



Norma and Nada, after the M.R.E. vote.

country. A young non-minister by the name of Monroe Husbands almost single-handedly started over 450 still-functioning Unitarian fellowships, many of which are now full-fledged churches. (There are only about 1,000 total societies in the denomination!). The Democratic Presidential candidate in two elections, Adlai Stevenson, was a Unitarian. Prior to the merger of the Unitarian and Universalist youth organizations to form LRY in 1954, the president of the Unitarian youth organization sat on the board as a Trustee of the American Unitarian Association.

Now we are enjoying the administration of one of our nation's oldest Presidents, the UUA is struggling tenuously into the growth column after its 20% decline, and our trustees have specifically refused to allow a special youth trustee to represent the YRUU on the UUA board. Many confused, mixed messages are flying around. From the denomination that introduced a highly acclaimed human sexuality education program in the early 1970's, I have heard an adult member insist that sex should not be learned in the church; that it should be learned in dark alleys and back seats of cars, and that children should sleep alone in beds under covers with their hands on the outside. From the denomination which values the "worth and dignity of every human

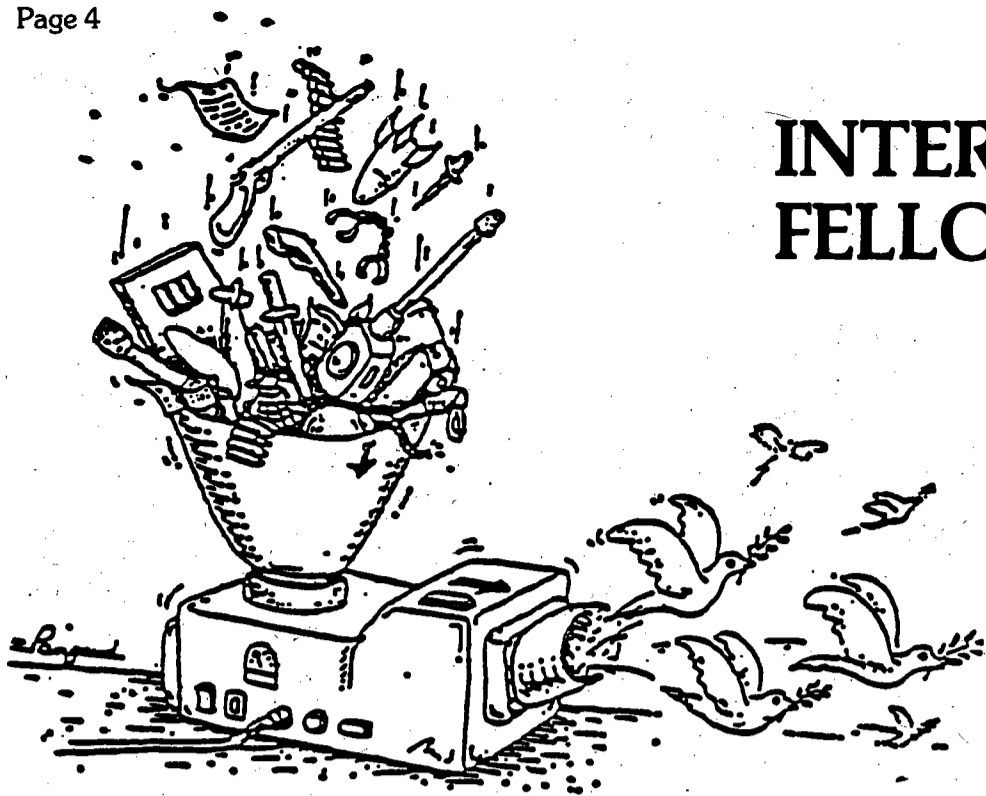
sway in a democratic organization with no strong voice from younger people.

The country and the world are now desperately in need of a clear liberal alternative to today's pervasive conservatism. Our liberal religious denomination is handicapped in its effort to be that voice because it is a democracy of only a limited electorate; it lacks the dynamic force of youth and young adults with the courage to question and to live by the principles which we espouse. Further, it has so lost touch with youth that it is giving in to fear and distrust and retreating into conservatism itself.

The easy choice when confronted with opposition from the "moral authority" of an aging church is to walk away, a choice which has been too often followed in the last ten years. Yet, the signing of a card (and sometimes the making of a small pledge) will add your voice to that moral authority. Many societies already welcome young people into full voting membership, and the UUA itself is encouraging all societies to lower the age requirement to 14 or below. You do not have to give up any personal religious convictions nor swear a special creed. Once you take that step, you have every bit as much say in the policies and practices of your local society and of the denomination as a charter member does. You no longer

Continued on page 14

INTERNATIONAL RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE 1983



23 - 30 July 1983
House "Porclas"
CH-7131 CUMBELS
Switzerland
phone 086/6 21 65

The house "Porclas" is an old Grison palais (new renovated) in the neo-Latin speaking part of Switzerland, altitude 1200m.

Theme
"Peaceful behaviour"

Costs
for adults SFr. 180.-
children 4-14 years SFr. 100.-

Registration fee SFr. 50.- per person must be paid in advance to account No. 10-322'585.1 Alfred Hanzi, IRF-Conference 1983 at

Swiss Bank Corporation
CH-4002 Basel/Switzerland and is not returnable. To cut down bank charges we recommend to pay the total conference-costs.

Registration

Return the enclosed booking form not later than 15 June 1983 to

Alfred Hanzi
Reiterstrasse 25
CH-4054 Basel/Switzerland

Further informations will be sent to you with the booking confirmation.

Second week programs 1983

1) Holiday week in the Alps

30 July - 6 August 1983. Quiet week with a lot of lazy time, hiking etc., simple lodging in a cabin (take your sleeping-bag with you!). We are cooking ourselves. Limited to approx. 20 participants. Costs: approx. SFr. 120.-.

2) Private hospitality

with Swiss IRF-friends and families.

30 July - 6 August (or longer). Costs: only travel expenses.

3) IRF-Tour 1983 - Hungary

Following the conference an 8-day tour to Hungary will take place. From Switzerland we will drive non-stop via Vienna to Budapest, where we shall stay for two days. After going right round the eastern part of the country, where among other things we shall see one of the biggest stalactite caverns in the world and the puszta, and after spending a night at Debrecen, we can relax for two days at Lake Balaton, where we shall have a house all to ourselves in Balatonalmadi; trips out from here are also possible. We shall also drive back via Vienna. In

Budapest and Debrecen we shall sleep in empty boarding schools and we shall probably be able to visit three Unitarian congregations.

Attention!!!

Every participant must have a valid passport with a Hungarian visa (obtainable from any Hungarian Embassy or Consulate, ca. SFr. 25.-) by the beginning of the conference! The passport must not expire less than three months after the end of the tour. Anyone who can not participate through lack of documents does so at his/her own risk and refunds will only be made if someone else can take his/her place. Participants will receive further information after registration.

IRF-Tour to Hungary

Date: 30 July - 7 August 1983 (to and from Switzerland)

Number of participants: up to 45 (+ 5 Hungarians)

Costs: SFr. 250.- excl. spending money. There is no minimum amount of currency to be exchanged.

Deposit: SFr. 50.- to be transferred to the conference account: Swiss Bank Corp., Basel, acc. 10-322'585.1

Requirements: Valid passport with Hungarian visa (see above!)

Registration deadline: 30th April 1983

Registration to: Matthias Pilger, Tempelsestr. 14, D-6050 Offenbach/M, FR Germany, phone 0611/85 14 88

We are looking forward to share the fruits of our labour with you . . . Y'ALL COME!!!

Alpar and Matthias

Registration

Here is my definite registration:

_____ person(s) for the Hungarian Tour of IRF 1983 (please give all addresses).

I have transferred SFr. _____ deposit with the conference deposit.

The undersigned recognizes with his/her signature the above conditions for all the people registered on this sheet. Name(s) + address(es):

Signature: _____

INTERNATIONAL RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP

Conference 1983 BOOKING FORM

1) Name: _____

Address _____

Post code + place: _____

Date of birth: _____ Vegetarian: YES / NO

Name: _____

Address _____

Post code + place: _____

Date of birth: _____ Vegetarian: YES / NO

2) Children/names(s): _____

3) I herewith confirm my/our booking. I have transferred the registration fee of SFr. 50.- per person to the bank account/ I enclose a cheque. I take note that I am responsible for making myself every kind of insurances.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

4) Booking form 2nd week
I/we wish to take part in the

Holiday week in the Alps

Private hospitality

Signature: _____

IRF CONFERENCE LIVES A FANTASY

International Religious Fellowship is an organization of young adults (generally ages 16-30) which is affiliated with the International Association for Religious Freedom. IRF has member groups in North America, Western and Eastern Europe, and in Japan. Each year IRF holds a conference, usually in Europe, but occasionally in North America. Between conferences, IRF members and friends stay in touch through the magazine Forward Together, (FT) which is published two-three times each year.

Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, as the successor organization to LRY, is automatically a member group of IRF, with voting rights at the IRF General Meeting. IRF conferences are open to anyone, young or old, with an interest in participating in the unique international community created at the conference.

The 1982 IRF Conference was held in England, and the theme was "Fantasy." David Usher, an Australian expatriate now serving as a Unitarian minister in England, served as "study leader," and did an excellent job. Theme programs included a day with the Leeds Mime Troup, a showing and discussion of the film "Superman," role play led by Trevor Jones, and the usual serious and silly conversation that accompanies any IRF theme.

Theme program is only one part of an IRF conference. Swimming, pubbing, folk dancing to Trevor's fiddle, the production of a mini-FT newsletter, business meetings, and a "Day Out" all kept the conferees busy.

North American participation at IRF conference has been slack the last couple of years, due to the high cost of travel. The YRUU office has budgeted to continue paying IRF annual dues, and

would like to act as a clearing house for people interested in staying in touch with IRF and attending their events.

The scope of the IRF international community was enlarged at the last conference by the attendance of Junya Suzuki from Japan, and two delegates from Hungary, George and Zjolt (last names unavailable). Besides the conference week, each IRF conference also offers a less formal "second week" program of camping or travel. Usually there is also a major "tour program" before or after the conference, allowing delegates who wish to pay a little more to tour a nearby country or area near the IRF conference site.

The 1983 IRF conference is planned for Switzerland, in a Romansh-speaking area near the town of Chur. The theme will be Peaceful Behavior, and the dates are July 23 to July 30, 1983. See details and registration information elsewhere

on this page. There are three Second Week options, making this a very special year for IRF. First is an 8 day tour to Hungary, with registration details and information also to be found elsewhere on this page. In addition, there are the options of a holiday week in the Alps, or private hospitality with Swiss IRF friends.

The YRUU office would like to build up an IRF mailing list. As of now, we will receive 200 copies of the IRF news magazine, Forward Together, and will send those out upon request on a regular basis to anyone requesting copies. You can register directly for the IRF events mentioned on this page using the printed forms and addresses we have reprinted. We hope to see some of you in Switzerland in 1983!

—Peg Lewis, 1982 IRF Executive
(edited by Wayne Arnason)

S O C I A L A C T I O N



During the UUUN seminar one of the participants mentioned her involvement with S.T.O.P. (Students/Teachers Organized to Prevent) Nuclear War. After reading some of S.T.O.P.'s material we decided to bring their efforts to your attention. Here is an interview with Warren Goldstein of S.T.O.P.

Q: When did your organization begin?

A: In the spring of 1981, at the Northfield Mt. Hermon School (in Northfield, Ma).

Q: Who started S.T.O.P.?

A: It was started by students at the end of a disarmament week sponsored by the Chaplain at Northfield Mt. Hermon School. The students "hatched" the idea of a national organization, when they realized that many of them shared the same fears of Nuclear Threat.

Q: Has S.T.O.P. been growing?

A: Well, in the fall of 1981 we sent out our first newsletter. By January of 1982 we had three chapters and a handful of individuals in August we were up to 41 chapters. Currently we have 67 chapters, five of which are new in the last nine days.

Q: How do people find out about S.T.O.P.?

A: We're the only National Organiza-

tion of High School students and teachers against nuclear war. So our name gets around.

Seventeen Magazine had a couple of paragraphs about S.T.O.P. during the fall and we got over 250 letters from teenaged girls who were concerned about the threat of nuclear war wanting to know what they could do.

S.T.O.P. is unique in its appeal to teenagers, once the fear of nuclear was tapped into it can be overwhelming, we feel that knowing there is something they can do and then taking action helps to eliminate despair.

Q: What can S.T.O.P. provide our readers?

A: S.T.O.P. has an organizing manual on setting up local chapters in schools and youth groups, as well as a resource guide. Once a chapter is organized it produces its own programs.

Q: What types of activities have the chapters been organizing?

A: Several chapters arranged for their members to get to the June 12 rally in New York City. The Cleveland chapter participates in an anti-nuclear vigil the first Monday of every month. The chapter in Trumbull, Ct was invited to give the presentation at the local PTA. The PTA was so impressed that they

invited the groups to run a workshop at the state PTA conference, as well as having decided to pay the chapters S.T.O.P. dues. The Amherst, Ma chapter made S.T.O.P. bookcovers which they handed out free to the students. That project was funded by the Amherst-Pelham Teachers Association. Other groups have run simulated nuclear attacks and followed it with a discussion on the effects of a nuclear attack on their community and school. Another project has been the mapping of the effects a nuclear attack could have in an area. Several chapters have gotten their schools to declare themselves nuclear free zones. A student S.T.O.P. member had a radio talk show weekly on anti-nuclear and disarmament issues. Newton North High School in Newton, Ma started a petition, that will be presented to Congress on the First anniversary of the June 12 rally. The petition is being circulated with the hopes of 100,000 signatures solely from high school students.

Q: What advantage do you see S.T.O.P. as having?

A: S.T.O.P. has experience with young people. The ideas and resources we have are focused on young people. S.T.O.P. lets young people magnify

their voice by speaking as a National group of high school students.

Q: What conferences are coming up?

A: Well, there are two being planned for Massachusetts one on April 9 at the Amherst Regional High School. The theme of the conference is How to Organize for Disarmament in High Schools and Youth Groups. This conference is designed for organizers only. (For more information contact Warren Goldstein at S.T.O.P.) The second conference will be on April 16 at Cambridge Rindge and Latin High School, in Cambridge, Ma. This conference will be both educational and organizational. The theme of the conference will be The Relationship Between the Arms Race and Urban Poverty. This conference is being organized in cooperation with Boston Jobs for Peace. (For more information contact Carolyn Ramsdell, c/o S.T.O.P. Nuclear War, 639 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Ma 02139. (617) 492-1764.

To get more information write to: S.T.O.P. Nuclear War

Box 232
Northfield, Ma 02136
413-498-5311 ext. 264

UU Youth Conference at U.N. Headquarters



36 UU young people, aged 15-17, from all over North America, spend four days at United Nations Headquarters in early November learning about the arms race and their role in reversing it.

The Third Annual UU Youth Conference on Disarmament, November 4-7, 1982 combined lectures, discussions, worship, a tour of the U.N., and attendance at the U.N. General Assembly's First (Disarmament) Committee. The conference was coordinated by the UU-UNO staff and the Rev. Wayne Arnanon, UUA Consultant for Youth Programs. The goals of the conference were:

- To present factual information on the nuclear arms race;
- To encourage the participants to

share their feelings on this issue;

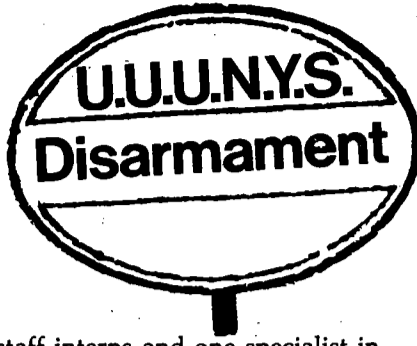
- To provide practical guidance on working on this issue in home congregations and communities; and
- To introduce the group to the role of the U.N. in disarmament and international security.

The conference publicity emphasized that the event was designed for young people "who have some previous interest or experience in disarmament or peace activities." All of the participants will make presentations at worship services, youth group meetings, and at school.

The conferees were motivated and articulate. For example, Amy Bayer wrote

Continued on page 15

E D I T O R I A L



What is YRUU? We are a group of young religious liberals sharing common purposes, such as fostering spiritual depth, creating a peaceful community on earth and within us, and clarifying both individual and universal religious values as part of our growth process. We are the youth of the Unitarian Universalist Association.

More specifically, YRUU is the new continental organization serving youth within the Unitarian Universalist Association. It maintains its headquarters at 25 Beacon Street in Boston, MA, with 2

youth staff interns and one specialist in Youth Programs serving full time. The organization of YRUU is similar to that of the UUA, with local groups, district organizations, an elected board with both youth and adult members (the YRUU Youth Council). A subgroup of that council (YRUU Steering Committee) conducts the ongoing affairs of the organization.

YRUU is a *service* organization, rather than a *membership* organization. Every church and youth group will be assumed to be a part of the organization and will receive information on program packets

and coming events. Several programs which are scheduled to be produced soon include: a peer counseling curriculum, a handbook to help set up district youth organizations, a local group and conference planning handbook, and an advisor's handbook.

Some of the ongoing events which YRUU sponsors are: the annual UU-United Nations Youth Seminar on Disarmament, the YRUU Annual Conference, Youth Caucus at General Assembly, and various international opportunities through IRF and IARF.

ANNOUNCING YOUTHWORX TRAINING SEMINARS

Youthwork Training is a program involving up to fifteen hours' work in developing leadership skills and resources for youth work in the Unitarian Universalist Association.

Modelled after the successful UUA Leadership Schools and the Renaissance program in RE leadership, youthwork training is being offered in different lengths and styles at various UUA conferences during the summer of 1983:

July 16-23

As an afternoon workshop at Star Island RE Week, off the New Hampshire coast.

Led by: Wayne Arnason

July 25-31

As a continuous workshop at SUUSI, the Southeast UU Summer Institute at Radford, VA.

Leaders: still being confirmed

August 2-5

EAGLYTS: The Eastern Area Great Lakes Youthwork Training Seminar at Unicamp, Honeywood Ontario.

Leaders: Mark de Wolfe, Roberta Mitchell, Colin Bird, Wayne Arnason

August 13-18

As a morning workshop at YRUU Continental Conference: *Spirit Rising*, at

De Benneville Pines, near LA, California. This workshop will be **required** for all adults (23 years of age or over) attending the conference.

Leaders: Wayne Arnason and Youth Staff

The Youthwork Training concept involves both current and potential youth leaders and adult advisors working together on the skills necessary to facilitate effective local and district youth programming.

Participants will be exploring these questions:

Who am I as a youth leader/advisor?

What's in this for me?

What are the capabilities of my youth group?

How do leadership styles change with a growing youth program?

What resources are available as a youth leader/advisor from UUA and elsewhere?

All registrations for Youthwork Training Seminars are through the sponsoring camps or conferences and are offered as part of their regular summer programs. Contact the Youth Programs office at UUA for further information on costs and registration.



11:55 P.M.

11:55 P.M. December 31st 1982: "It has now come time for me to retire and reside in the memories & tales of those who have known me and the child that came from me, YRUU. To YRUU I say use me as a frame work, take the love, understanding, and community you have inherited from me. Help these things to once again bloom and grow. Be weary where I have failed, do not grow stagnant but stand fast on those things which you deem worthwhile to believe in. Do not grow petty. Be always to those who work for you a labor of love." LRY finished its good-bye and the words endlessly echoed as it desolved into a pool of love, "Dear friends, dear

friends let me tell you how I feel, you have given me your treasures I love you so . . ."

The child stood there trembling for a moment, realizing that it was now on its own and it sung out in a crystal clear voice, "Listen, Listen, Listen to my heart song. I will never forget you I will never forsake you." YRUU remembered something it must do, "YRUU shall serve its members for the purposes of fostering spiritual depth, creating a peaceful community on earth and peace within us, and clarifying both individual and universal religious values as part of our growth process. Our purposes are to provide and manifest a greater understanding of Unitarian Universalism, and to encourage the flow of communication between youth and adults.

"In so doing, we nurture the freedom and integrity of the questioning mind, and embrace all persons of diverse backgrounds. We shall encourage the development of a spirit of responsibility.

"We shall strive to support our members and member groups with educational resources, a communication network, and with love.

"These purposes shall assist us in developing an effective system for social actions, and serve to raise our levels of mutual respect, communication and community consciousness."

LINDA LOTTO

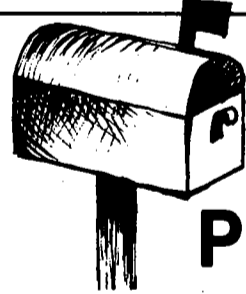
General Assembly Youth Caucus

Each year the Unitarian Universalist Association holds a week-long General Assembly of member delegates. This Assembly, somewhat similar to the Common Ground concept, is the one big chance for the grassroots of the organization to have input to the administration. It is also an opportunity for Unitarian Universalists from across the continent to gather together and exchange ideas and opinions on a wide variety of topics. In order for youth issues to receive priority for the association, a strong youth delegation at GA is important. This year, the tradition of "youth caucus" at GA will be continued by YRUU.

This year's Youth Caucus will include a wide variety of workshops, discussion and worship. For anyone interested in social justice, youth programming, and community building, "youth caucus" and GA can be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. The new friends and the intrigue of UU politics makes the entire experience worthwhile.

"GA 83" will be held in beautiful Vancouver British Columbia from June 12-19. For information on travel aid, registration and programme content, contact Colin, Wayne or Julie-Ann at the YRUU office, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108.

Plan to attend. It could be an incredible experience.



PERSONALS

Phil - Hope the mountains are keeping you high. I miss you.

Love Ya, Linda Lynda Lotto

Micheals Davis - Just want to let you know I still care. Love Linda Lynda

Luccile - No matter where I go I will always stop to write to you. Love You LOTTO

Stephie - I Miss You. Love Linda bunny

Sue Payne - HAHA Gotcha - Kevin the Fink

Mark, Laura, Beth, Serendipidddd farasharhorlagatonia. Oh ygah. That's Halli Steddd. Boo. - Frog Kevin -

Adam - One of these days we'll have to get to the same conference at the same time! I love you! Laura -

Beth - My best friend! I love you! Laura -

John Anderson & Eric Sargent - Remember rolling all that crepe paper last summer...!! I think maybe I've finally caught up on my sleep. Love ya, Laura -

Kevin Clark - love you! Serendipity -

Katie - Mike, and Rhea - I keep looking in both directions and I still can't find ya! J.A.

James - How about another conference?

It'd be fun!, You too Guru! love ya!, J.A. - Lee of Wincen-on-Salem, Mucho Grande Hugs, from Jeff of the North Country.

Rodney M. N. - where are you?? The world is like a purple jelly bean!! J.A.

Personal mail to me, Julie-Ann Silberman should be addressed to 21 Marion Rd. #1, Belmont, Ma. 02178, it's so much fun to get mail at home!!!!!!

Dave: Do you have a bayonet? From the Samurai movie-goer.

Mara: Whipped cream is nutritious, try it sometime! Hee hee.

Kevin: When are you going to come meet the Armenian women? Guess Who.

Amy, thinking of you. CB
Johanne Kim Amy Eric and anyone else active with Cedarshore LRY: I miss you! keep in touch! Colin
Norin: Be evil!! CB

See Dad I'm a good kid. - Becca - Hey Tad W. MBAE! Love Cappie
Hi PSWD! I miss you. Love Cappie

Hey Boogie! What's the eggplant doing in my parmesan on the Concord over Surinam? - Pickles

Lori, Lucille & Silva: Chez Rabbit may be gone, but family is forever. I love you.
Stephanie

Hank: I love you - there, I've said it in print. Stephanie

To all friends of Chez Rabbit: I miss/love you. Please write. Stephanie Room 1302 Upper Wallace, South Kimbark, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

Cappie: Where are you? I miss you [Send your Mexico City address. You're beautiful.]

Love, Ben

Glenn - So how's life roomie? See you in Vancouver, right? Merry Christmas to you too.

Love, Ben.

Dear Ben, Hello - I'm in Mexico until the 22nd of March. I miss you.

Can't wait 'til GA. I've told everyone to vote for you for nominating committee.

You're great! Love and a half, Cappie

To anyone who wants to write, I'm alive and reachable via:

Cappie Young
8009 N. 13th St.
Tampa, FL 33604.

To those of you who want to know, Dave Caputo and Rebecca Kovar can be found at: 200 Craft St., Newtonville, MA 02160.

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DISTRICT NEWS

New Hampshire and Vermont Federation (GWUDMF) 1982-83 Council Member: Neill Osgood,
NH & VT is one of the most active organizations affiliated with Continental YRUU. They produce a regular newsletter named "Gorp" which also serves Saint Lawrence people and "friends of the Fed" farther afield. It really helps with conference publicity and brings the entire Fed closer together. Their main conferences since the summer have been the Ascutney VT conference in September, the "Mind and Body" conference of December 10-12 in Wilton NH, and the Stone Soup conference in February at the Concord church. The Summer's End committee is composed primarily of people from this Federation.

Massachusetts Bay District: 1982-83 Council member; Elizabeth Jas,
Mass. Bay YRUU has a District wide organization modeled after the continental youth council with representatives from most locals in the District. Their last conference was held at Arlington Church and they are planning a "District only" conference for April 22-24 at the Brookline church. The Mass Bay Newsletter is still somewhat irregular but it is a priority of their Steering Committee.

Central Massachusetts District 1982-83 Council Member: Tina Marie Payne,
CMD has had one conference in Mendon since the summer and has a small core of people trying to make their YAC viable and dynamic. The district has a growing number of active youth groups.

Connecticut Valley District 1982-83 Council Member: Julie Billings
CVD has some very viable locals but has not been able to organize a solid District Organization. Their YAC led by Julie Billings and Kim Ball has been struggling against pervasive apathy in its attempts to provide programming at the District level. They held a conference in Springfield, MA this February

are are hoping to increase the level of participation in their District.

Ballou Channing District 1982-83 Council Member: Hank Pierce
Ballou Channing District has not been able to put together a conference since Common Ground II but they are optimistic that there will be one in April and another one in May at the New Bedford, MA Church. Good luck Hank.

Saint Lawrence District 1982-83 Council Member: Adam Wilcox
Saint Lawrence has had a very busy conference calendar. They had a conference in September in Toronto ON., a conference in October in Binghamton NY, a conference in November at Rochester NY, and a conference in Williamsville NY in February. Their next planned conference is in April (15-17) at the Lakeshore Unitarian Church of Montreal Island, Quebec. Attendance has been good; ranging from 45 to 110. They are currently in the process of merging their pre-YRUU YAC and Youth Council into one body.

Metro-New York District 1982-83 Council Member: Richard Dawkins
There have been two conferences in Metro YRUU since the summer. The first was "Inclusion," a business conference to establish the District Youth Structure. The second was held at the Community Church of New York early on in January. Linda Lotto was working on the Layout for their newsletter when she was in Boston this past January, so presumably the first issue has been circulated by now. Metro's District Youth Council is organized on the basis of local group representatives.

Thomas Jefferson District 1982-83 Council Member: Michael Tague
There have been conferences in Winston-Salem, Richmond and Ashville. TJ has planned a conference for Roanoke, at which they plan to vote on the structure of the new district

organization. A college age conference is being planned for sometime around May in Charlottesville, VA. There is also hope of getting a conference for Jr. High and High School age at or around the same time as the college age, also for Charlottesville. For the last year TJ's YAC and LRY board have functioned as one entity. They have a new group in Boone, NC. WELCOME BOONE!!!

Florida District 1982-83 Council Member: Teddy Bailey
Florida is feeling very energetic and upbeat at this time. Some major changes took place in February, when they had their board elections. They are producing a newsletter and are starting College age and Jr. High programs.

December there are 220 active youth in the District.

Southwest District 1982-83 Council Member: David Levine
Southwest held a conference in Dallas February 11-13. The theme of the conference was "Getting Involved." They also had a business conference December 3-5 of 1982, they are generally active.

Pacific Northwest District 1982-83 Council Member: Ginny Sundell
Pacific Northwest had a conference October 29-31, 1982 and are planning a Spring Conference entitled "Changes, Movement, and Growth," for May 6-8. They have a strong YAC system consisting of one sub-committee for each



Mid-South District 1982-83 Council Member: Dana Taylor
They are having a conference in New Orleans the weekend of April 22-24, the conference is being run by the District YAC.

Ohio-Meadville District 1982-83 Council Member: Marln Ritter
Ohio-Meadville had a successful conference after Common Ground II. They are comfortable with using the YAC as their governing body. The YAC puts on two conferences a year and makes sure youth news is included in the District Newsletter. Their next conference will be in April.

Michigan District 1982-83 Council Member: Mark Halsted
The Michigan fall conference was VERY successful, with 172 people attending. Their YAC is strong and the Michigan Common Ground Delegation has been traveling around their District doing fieldwork. The district and R.E. Newsletters cooperate fully by printing Y.R.U.U. news, but there is still the possibility of an independent newsletter in the near future. As of age group. They are also trying to find a

way and the means to produce a youth newsletter.

Prairie Star District 1982-83 Council Member: Ben Ford
Prairie Star had a conference of about 21 people October 29-31 in Davenport, Iowa. They have a 14 person YAC to run District Conferences, which is chaired by Mark Sanderson. A conference is planned for a 4H camp in Iowa, April 22-24. They have a newsletter called Visions which is produced whenever enough material has accumulated.

Central Mid-West District 1982-83 Council Member: Steve Scott
College age youth in the Chicago area have organized themselves into a group called BWA (Because We Are). They meet regularly and have put out at least one issue of their newsletter since the summer. The CMW YAC is active and represents the entire age range of YRUU in the District.

Pacific Central District 1982-83 Council Member: Judy Smrha
The two Y.R.U.U. PCD Youth Councils were evolved at their November 20th meeting and their first elections con-

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NEWS FROM THE STEERING COMMITTEE

The Steering Committee and the Continental YAC met together for three days this January in Boston. The two committees worked extremely well together, ploughing their way through vast quantities of work in a remarkably short period of time.

The first YRUU CON CON and the related issues of Summer's End and the Youth Council Meeting were dealt with expeditiously. CON CON will be named "Spirit Rising." It will take place at deBenneville campground near LA the week of August 13-18. Registration will be \$125 payable to YRUU/UUA. (See ad following page.) The Annual Youth Council Meeting will take place the preceding week at Whittier College, Whittier CA. A busy schedule for the council meeting was formulated by the Steering Committee/YAC. It will require a very committed Council. The week long Summer's End Conference on the East Coast will not be directly sponsored by continental-YRUU, but it will receive our encouragement. Contact persons for the Summer's End Conference are Claudia Center, 19 Ravine Road, Amherst NH 03031 and Linda Lotto of Metro NY District.

The lay-out and name of the first issue of our newspaper SYNAPSE were agreed to. The release of another issue of

SYNAPSE before the Summer can be assured.

A decrease in YRUU's anticipated income required serious changes in the 1982-83 budget. These budget changes will not need to be carried into 1983-84. The revised budget is available from the Youth Office on request.

The issue of youth involvement in the UUA political structure was discussed, as was the issue of adult nominations to the Youth Council. It was felt that an effort should be made to inform all youth of the opportunities and methods of running for UUA positions, but that YRUU should not work for the election of a specific youth slate. The process for adult nominations for Youth Council was agreed on for this year. The Youth Council will have to amend the by-laws next summer to make them more specific on this issue.

At their October meeting the UUA Board asked YRUU to consider some amendments to the by-laws. The Steering Committee agreed to pass these on to the Youth Council along with some proposed changes of its own.

Complete minutes from this meeting are available upon request from the Youth Office, 25 Beacon Street, Boston MA 02108.

Application for the Youth Staff Internship position commencing August 31, 1983 and ending August 30, 1984.

Qualifications:

Must be between the ages of 12 and 22 at the time work begins. Must have administrative office skills, freedom to live in the Boston area and to travel, and demonstrated leadership and communications skills.

Responsibilities:

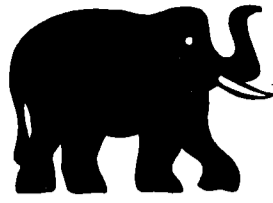
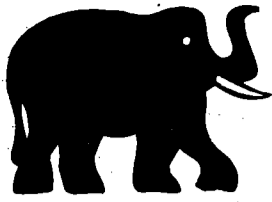
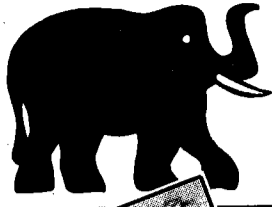
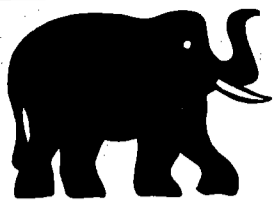
Work with the UUA Consultant on Youth programs, in conjunction with the other youth staff person, to carry out the administration of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. Duties will include but not be limited to; preparing a youth newspaper, travelling to district and local youth organizations as outreach; planning and administering conferences and other youth gatherings; participating in meetings of and implementing the recommendations of the YRUU Steering Committee and Youth Council, and managing the Continental YRUU office.

Stipend:

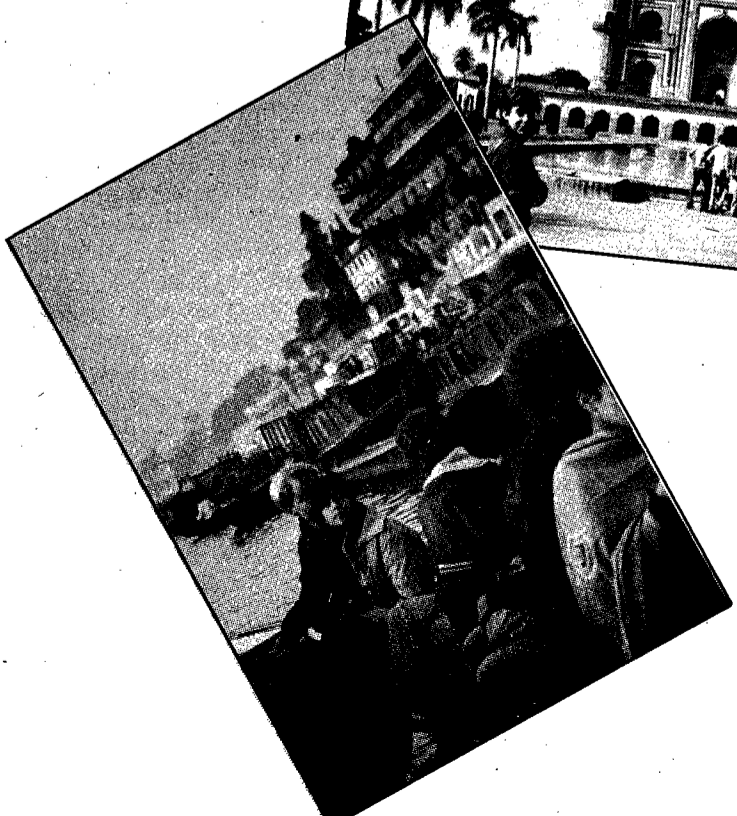
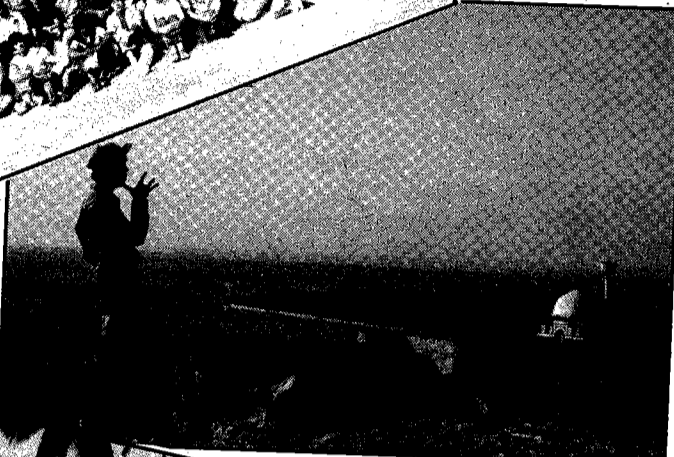
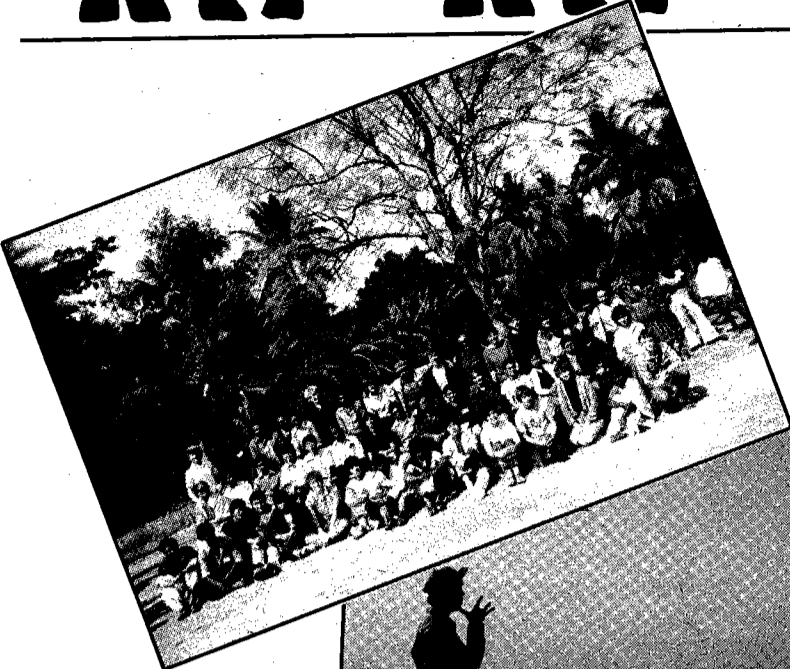
7,000.00 dollars per year, room and board to be paid therefrom. Assistance will be provided in finding living quarters.

Applicants for the Youth Staff Internship position are invited to submit their applications printed or typed on 8½" by 11" pages. Applications should be sent to the Youth Programs Office of the Unitarian Universalist Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Ma. 02108, by March 24, 1983.

We realize that by the time most of you receive this, the deadline to submit applications will have passed. We felt that it was important that you know that this will be the process used for application. The next position will be open in January of 1984, applications for that position need to be received by September 15.



INI



Fifty youths from four continents and various religions met in India for the first International Association for Religious Freedom (IARF) Youth Encounter India, from December 22, 1982, through January 13, 1983. The purpose was to learn about and discuss the social climate and different religions in India, to get to know each other, and to represent the IARF at its member organizations across Northern India.

Of the fifty participants, one was from Nigeria, one from the Philippines, six from Japan, two from Great Britain, one from Northern Ireland, one from Germany, three from the Netherlands, seven from the United States, two from Canada, and twenty-six from India. Leading the tour were Lucie Meijer, the IARF Social Service Network Coordinator, Wayne Arnason, the UUA Leadership Specialist in Youth Programming, and Yukio Okada, a staff member in the Risho Koseikai International Affairs Department. Because the UUA is a member group of IARF, the North American delegates were chosen, by application, from the UUA. They were: Wayne Arnason (the group leader), Lisa Feldstein, Laila Ibrahim, John Kurtz, Tara Purohit, Alex Startin, Dane Taylor, Nada Velimirovic, and Caprice Young.

The North American delegation flew to Delhi, where they met the Asian and European/Nigerian delegations. There, they stayed at the Indian Institute for Islamic Studies and the Cambridge School, toured mosques, temples, and historical sites, and visited the major religious organizations. They studied women's roles, health services, education, and religious practices in Islamic society, were received by the Sikhs, and honored in a Sikh temple with wreaths of marigolds, scarves, and books. Also, they met with the Bramho Samajo, a Hindu reform movement that was an original founder of IARF. After an excursion to Agra (on Christmas day) to see the Taj Mahal, and a visit to Gandhi's memorial, the group departed by train to Varanasi, the Holy City of Hinduism.

From the journal of John Kurtz, Dec. 22

We made it here to the YMCA at 5 a.m. this morning after a 4-hour wait in the airport to see if we would or wouldn't get our visas. The officials were very disorganized and wanted to agonize as long as possible. Anyway, we were collapsed all over each other on rickety chairs in exhaustion when we were finally given the go-ahead.

The officials suddenly became very friendly and wanted to talk to us. They enjoyed Americans. A man named Brij Raj talked to us for a long time. He asked Wayne if I was the group's hero. Then he said I would be the President of the U.S. He was very perplexed when Laila said that Cappie would be President. Also, he asked us what sports we played and Nada said that she did Yoga. He said, "No, I don't think so," and never spoke to her again. He was very proud of his limited status. He encouraged us all to write on our lives and said that he, all his life, had just wanted to be a good man—not rich, just good. "You, though," he said to me, "will be rich." Needless to say I took his words as Gospel.

We asked what his thoughts were concerning Mrs. Gandhi and he said that she was a great lady, but that she put herself too far above the people. If you have good advisors as she does, he said, you should listen to them as equals. Mother Theresa, though, was, in his mind, truly great. "You cannot do what she has done," he said to me, "Great, great healing of the poor." It was obvious that she was well respected—there was almost a reverence.

We sat on a bus after the usual hours wait. There was an Indian man on the bus waiting for the driver who was asleep in the back of the bus. Inadvertently, we taught him some English phrases. Wayne said, "Off we go." The guy loved the sound of that and pronounced it "Ofwego" as one word. He used it continually in his banter with the driver and the driver's assistant. When we explained what it meant he said, "No ofwego." That was when I decided to teach him, "Hit the road." Boy, did he take to that! "Ofwego," "Hittheroad," he said laughing. We laughed, too, and told him to "Hit the road." We explained that it meant "Off we go," and he burst out laughing again.

When the bus got going, some of us wished we'd been less eager to get going. That ride was scary. The driver didn't like to slow down for anything—so he didn't. We saw, as we drove, an auto rickshaw, which looks like a golf cart or a campus police car, tipped over. The driver was lying there. I don't know if he was dead or alive.

From the journal of Laila Ibrahim, Dec. 23

There is such a variety of sights in one square block. There are skyscrapers with tents in front of them. Cars drive along right next to bicycles and cows. It's hard for me to understand why the people accept their situation. Their role in society is so inbred in them that they don't rebel. That is what makes their society run so smoothly. They don't question their place (in society).

As we drove by people in huts I realized that this is their reality. Everyday, they live in filth. They accept it—don't even begin to question their situation. For them it is a part of their religion. They live the way they do because of Karma. I know there is nothing I can do until they begin to question their situation. I also saw a boy about my nephew's age asleep by his mother. How will that boy end up? He can't ever become what my nephew can. He won't ever have a chance to be anything but a peasant.

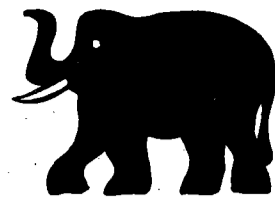
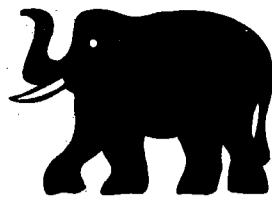
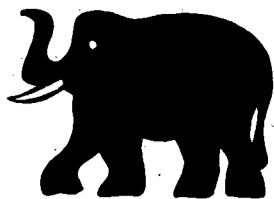
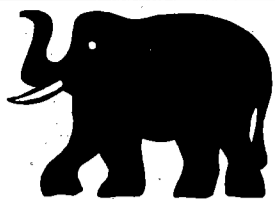
The culture and expectations of people are so different here. It's hard for me to accept—yet it has been this way for centuries.

Later at the Indian Institute of Islamic Studies: We just started playing with a bunch of Indian students. It was so great. Kids are wonderful the whole world round. The boys played soccer while the girls danced and sang. At first, they were so timid, then they came up to us. "Hello, what is your name?" they asked, then they'd run away. The girls were just like some of the ones I have had at Kiddie Camp. They would flirt and tease. Some of the kids were so young—3 years old. They all had uniforms on. It was great!

From the journal of Caprice Young, Dec. 25

Lunch yesterday was exciting. The food was too spicy hot, and we couldn't drink the water because it wasn't boiled. I'm getting used to the stingy, burning

DIA



The group saw the sunrise over the Ganges River where Hindus are cremated, and visited the place where Buddha gave his first sermon. They talked with the Jains, a religious minority which believes in complete non-violence, and attended discussions at the University.

From Varanasi, the tour traveled to Calcutta to join the Indian half of the group. With the addition of the people from the Madras Unitarian Christian Church, the Calcutta Bramho Samajo, the Khasi Unitarian Union, and the Seng Khasi, the group totaled 50. During the next week, they toured various social projects and religious groups of Calcutta.

For the final week of the tour, the group lived in Baniban, a village located a few hours outside of Calcutta, where they painted window shutters and doors of the Boy's School, got to know each other through workshops done by the various members of the tour group, and discussed the findings of the study groups.

The IARF Social Service Network sponsors aid and development projects in India, Africa, Europe, and the Philippines. One of the purposes of the tour was to connect various IARF groups in India with each other. This undertaking began with the Khasi Unitarian, Seng Khasis, Bramos, and Unitarian Christians meeting and becoming friends during this tour. One Indian from the Khasi Hills remarked, "I've learned so much about India and have found people from far away who are like me."

During the International Association for Religious Freedom's Youth Encounter India, many of the participants kept records of their reactions to India, its people and culture. Following are some brief excerpts of the journals from the North American delegates as they traveled from Delhi to Varanasi to Calcutta to Baniban, in northern India.

sensation in the back of my mouth.

Laila put a spoonful of rice, saffron, peppers, curry, and hot bits into her mouth and immediately began panting. "It's too hot! It's too hot!" she squealed as she stuffed a piece of chappati (like pita bread) into her mouth to cover the taste. Later, when we got little paste cakes and tea for dessert, she took a bite and said, "It's too sweet! It's too sweet." I laughed but maybe I'm cruel. That's pretty illustrative of India. Everything is extreme. The food is extremely spicy, or extremely sweet. We've seen people living in mud/straw huts and tents along the road; we've also seen the regal parliament buildings and gardens.

By the way, Merry Christmas. There are relatively few signs of Christmas here, but last night all of us (from 14 countries counting the people from the institute) squeezed into a room in the dorm to sing and eat candy canes. The minister from Nigeria convinced or forced each nationality to sing. Afterwards, at about 10 p.m., the Europeans and the North Americans went up onto the roof. We sang Simon and Garfunkel and old camp songs until midnight. Some of us stayed up all night.

We're on our way back from Agra, where we saw the Taj Mahal today. It is incredible, just incredible. Made out of smooth white marble it towers like a ghost over a river. It has detailed inlaid white marble flowers, so intricate, so perfect. Inside we paid a man to make echoes in the dome, awesome, just awesome. Outside the gardens, vendors were bargaining, selling peanuts, clothing, jewelry, post cards, wooden snakes, everything.

From the journal of Dana Taylor, Dec. 28

By day New Delhi provides excitement as the streets are alive with a cultural flavor. Cows, goats, dogs, and other animals roaming the streets, sellers beckoning potential customers, and horns continuously blaring warnings at oncoming vehicles surmount the daily activities of the city into a noise that never ceases. Amidst this massive city lies the Gandhi Memorial. It is located in a tranquil park providing the perfect contrast from the busy city. In accordance with Gandhi's philosophy, simplicity reigns over the monument's grounds. Here our group took time to meditate and here I felt the significance of my first week in India.

From the journal of Lisa Feldstein, Dec. 29

Six a.m. is too early for a train, but we had one to catch at that hour anyway. We climbed aboard our beloved bus, and said a sleepy good-bye to Delhi.

We settled into our second class coach without mishap. Wayne had, as usual, prepared us for the worst. As a result, our cushioned berths seemed luxurious—we all had expectations of splintering wooden benches. With cups of coffee to bring us back to consciousness, we began to search for something to pass the time during the twelve-hour journey we were embarking upon. One of our party volunteered to break out a Monopoly game she had brought along to give as a gift.

Monopoly on a train has problems. The first one we encountered was keeping the board level. We solved this by sitting across from one another and putting our feet up on the opposite bench. Of course, we periodically had to lift the board to shift positions, but this just added to hilarious absurdity of the situation.

The whole concept of Monopoly on an Indian train was absurd. We passed \$500 bills back and forth, under the watchful eyes of children who were trying to earn their daily bread by shining shoes. Passing vendors and passengers hung over us, trying to comprehend the seemingly unrelated parts of the game, and the accompanying laughter.

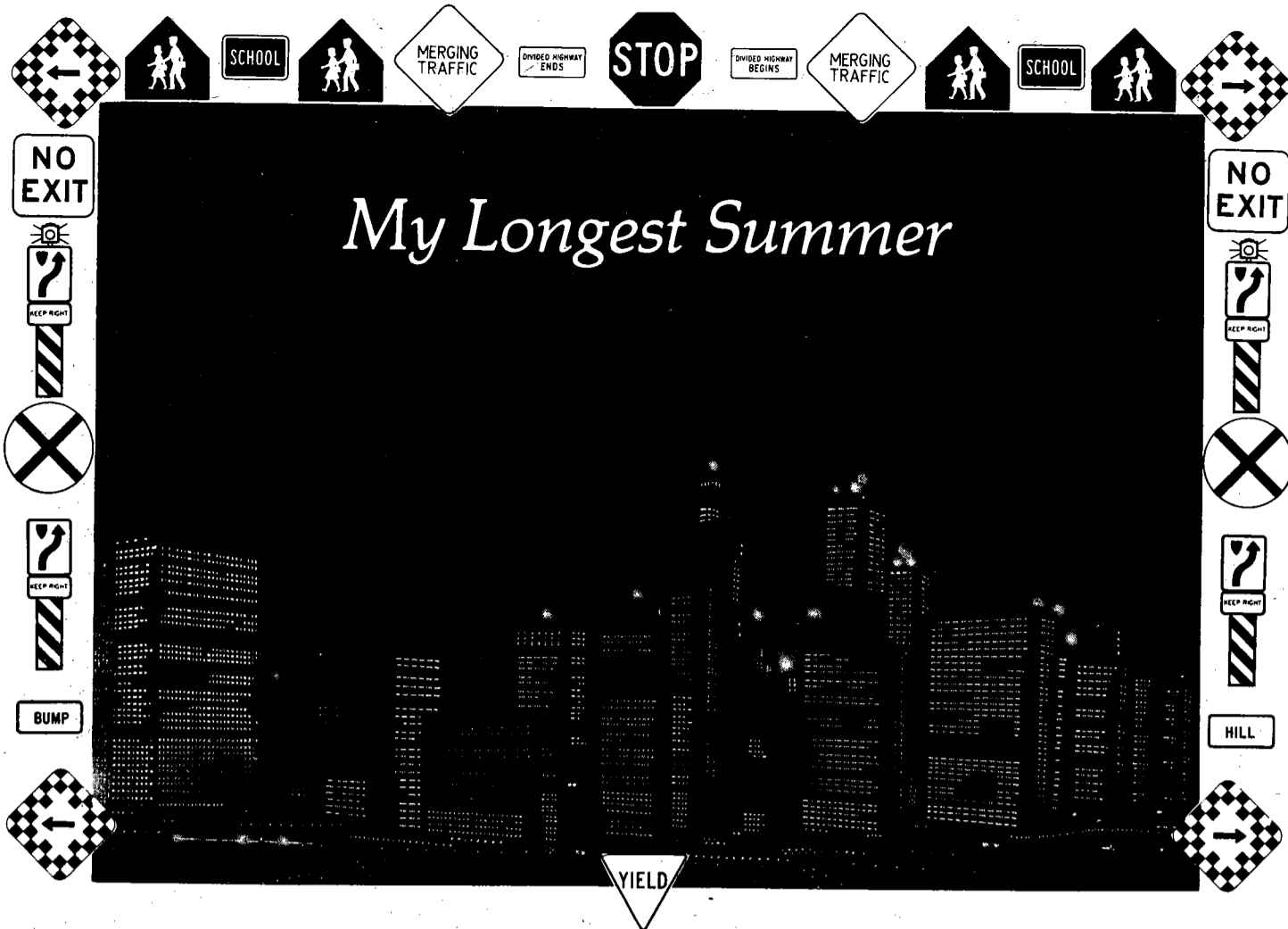
As the game went on, we started merging with one another so the game would last longer. Five players ended up as two conglomerates; Nada, Cappie, and Lisa forming the U.S. Corporation of Feldcapavich, and Wayne and Eleanor representing the Commonwealth (England and Canada) as Wayneanor. Finally, by a stroke of luck, the Commonwealth won. Mere luck, though, nothing more.

From the journal of Alex Startin, Dec. 30

Isaac Burnard Turkman, an Indian born in 1903, caught up with us during our visit to Varanasi. The first time any of the IARF Youth Encounter India group met him was at an early morning function of dialogues with the Jains, one of the religious minorities in India. There in the middle of a bunch of young, tie clad, Jain businessmen was an old man, with a full head of white hair and a close-cropped Ernest Hemingway beard,

Continued on page 12.





My Longest Summer

At this time and occasion, the rebirth of a literary chronical for our youth movement, I would submit for your consideration an account of my life since graduation from high school. This theme, suggested to me by Lisa Feldstein, seems most apt since my decisions and experiences since high school have been shaped by involvement in our denomination.

June, 1982, was the month in which high school ended and everything since began. Although it seems worlds away in time, I remember most definitely that it was a month of great confusion. I was dealing in awards, acceptances, scores, scholarships, and the awful ambiguity of not knowing if I had made the right choice.

My choice, which no one but my guidance counselor really supported, and he was not without reservations, had been to graduate from high school at the end of 11th grade. With the course work and paperwork behind me, and the receipt for my cap and gown in my wallet, I still wondered if it wouldn't have been easier to stay another year.

It would have been easier. The requirements were slight, and the social whirlwind associated with "Senior Year" was not without its appeal. But something isn't right simply because it's easy. In fact, I have found time and time again that the right decision is the more difficult one to make. In my case, I had a compelling reason to leave—a need to be inspired by new environments, new people, new ideas. However, I had no clear cut course ahead of me.

I wanted very much to move out of my parents house into an apartment that was to be available to me by mid-August. My parents did not support me in this wish, nor did they support me in my desire to attend one of the two New York City art schools that had accepted me. It became apparent that I could not finance that venture alone. I also had in hand an acceptance from a New York City Ivy League school, for which my parents would gladly have paid, but it held no attraction for me. My fourth acceptance was from the University of Chicago, which seemed the best compromise between my parents' wishes and my own, except that I was not willing to leave New York City so soon. A born and bred New Yorker, I couldn't bear to leave my city on such short notice. I sent the University a deferment of admission.

The matters under control, I eagerly anticipated being distracted from my emotional loss of high school in the environment of Homestead, a U.U. camp in the Palisades, where I was almost certainly guaranteed a job. It would have been my fourth summer at Homestead, which was a wonderful place; it was there that I have spent

many of the happiest days of my life.

My grief was great when I learned that my beloved Homestead had closed due to bankruptcy. To my grief was added the problem of finding work (not to mention personal fulfillment) in July and August.

I made what contacts I could and secured two definite: a position at Common Ground II as a post-high school age at large delegate, and a job at Rowe Camp, another U.U. camp, as a counselor for their Jr. High School session. The former took place in late July, and was a great experience; I had attended Common Ground I (by taking all of my days off from Homestead at one time) and was particularly affected by watching all of our original thought metamorphose into action. After Common Ground II, I spent an agonizing month looking for any kind of work, with no more success than a couple of temporary assignments, posting bills in the summer heat at minimum wage. Those were the most frustrating times of my life to date. Sometimes, no matter how honest and sincere you are, and no matter how hard you try, there is just no work to be had.

I was especially worried because of the financial commitment awaiting me in the form of the apartment that would soon be one-third mine. There was finally a breakthrough at the end of July, when I was hired as a seamstress by a woman who owned a Madison Avenue shop that was combined with a restaurant and clothing store. The best part was that she said she would rehire me when I returned from Rowe at the end of August. It was just the statement of security that I needed.

I then went on to spend an idyllic three and a half weeks at Rowe in worship and workshops, swimming and spelunking and teaching and learning and having a wonderful time of it all. The differences and samenesses between Rowe and Homestead have taught me a lot about people.

My days off from Rowe allowed me time enough to make a brief appearance at LRY's last Continental Conference, with which I was most impressed.

Before it came time to return to New York, I had already mailed off my first rent check; upon arriving home I had only to stuff a pack and a box, take a jaunt on the subway (I got stuck in the turnstile with my baggage) and walk into my new home.

My household was a rather unique one. Consisting of two other teenage UU females and a kitten, our "family" was a grand experiment in human interaction and life experience. We learned to shop, cook, clean, pay bills and fix toilets for ourselves. Although we initially wrestled with the problem of

distribution of work, we all gradually became cognizant and capable of our responsibilities as self sufficient members of a cooperative household. Money was never too plentiful but we were always able to find what we needed. Together we worked hard and we pulled through.

Together we sang, laughed, went dancing, played video games, went to church, and ate pizza. Houseguests were almost always welcome, and expeditions to the movies were frequent. Our times together were not always but most often, HAPPY! They were always good.

I myself continued to work as a seamstress for about six weeks, after which I found a better position in a delicatessen.

I also worked nights as a babysitter, Sundays as a teacher at our church, and occasional temporary stints in a couple of offices. Usually free time was spent in sleeping, eating, or relaxing with my roommates, but every now and then I found time to weave, or read, or paint, or write. Our apartment was small (the bathtub was in the kitchen) but we found it comfortable and secure.

By December our landlord was trying to evict us (in order to raise the rent) on the grounds of illegal sublet (which were rather shaky grounds). However, since I was to leave for Chicago on Jan. 2, and my roommates were entertaining plans to leave N.Y.C. as well, we decided to vacate by Dec. 15. I appeared in court and made an agreement with the lawyers, who were only too happy to drop all charges if we would leave.

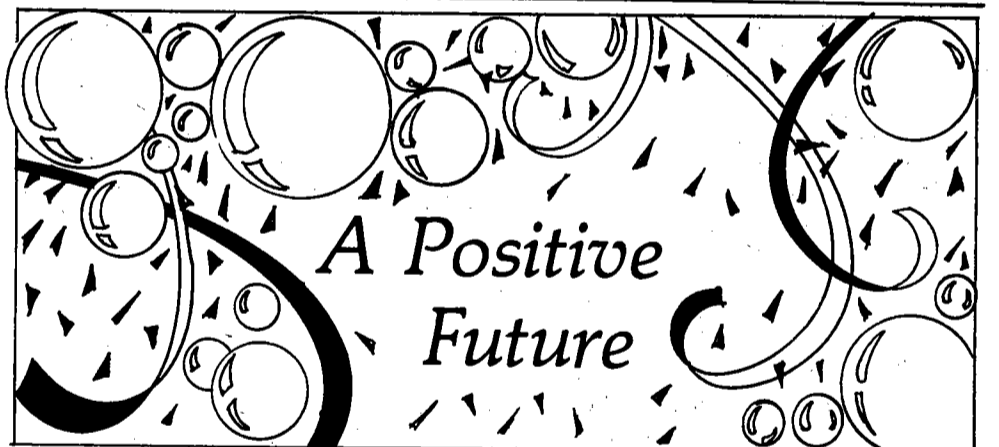
So, sadly, we packed our things and cleared our apartment. I really believe, and I think we all do, that we were quite lucky to have had the opportunity that we did.

I stayed with my parents in the suburbs for Christmas; my parents were also kind enough to adopt our apartment cat. At the writing of this, I am only days away from beginning at the University of Chicago. I will celebrate my 18th birthday this February, in a new city with new friends. When my parents move from the suburbs of New York City to Tucson, Arizona next July, I don't know where I'll be. I know for now that my heart has roots here on the East Coast.

There is a quote from Kurt Vonnegut: "Peculiar travel invitations are dancing lessons from God."

Which, loosely related, describes my attitude toward life and the strange turns it takes. I can only say that I am grateful for all that has transpired in the course of my life, and hopeful for what lies ahead.

— Stephanie Bacon
December 31, 1982



On many occasions people will turn to me at a conference and say, "Everybody here is so young." I usually reply, "Yes, but so were you." Even though I miss seeing the people I used to see at LRY functions, I am glad to see Junior High School age youth involved with YRUU. I have spent much time with the Junior High School age youth, listening, talking, and having a good deal of fun.

I had first recognized their importance at a young adult conference this past fall. I had just finished cooking dinner for the conference and went out in search of something relaxing to do. What I had found was a giant bubble sculpting workshop, run by two Junior High School age youth. They handed me the bubble wand and showed me how to make bubbles that would curve, ones that would be long and skinny, bubbles that almost made circles around their creators, and lots of different things I never knew could be done with bubbles. I found that the time I had having pure fun was just what I had needed to relax. The same Junior High School age people had done a new games workshop in the morning.

On New Year's Eve I was party hopping in Knoxville, Tennessee and stopped for a short time at the Knoxville UU Church where a YRUU party was going on. The party consisted of mostly

Junior High School and High School age youth. I walked into the rec. room and the members of the local were sitting around playing Wink. They asked me to grab a partner and play. I didn't play, but I had fun watching the game. Later I wandered over to the sanctuary where I found myself watching two girls choreographing a dance from "A Chorus Line." I was impressed by the way they worked together. In fact the YRUU party was the most enjoyable party I went to that night.

At Inclusion 2, I found the most caring and willing to work people to be the Junior High School age youth. They asked a lot of questions of both the LRYer's and the adults who attended the conference. They were interested in all kinds of things like how to start a local, how to improve their already existing locals, and during the business meetings they stood up for what they believed in and helped with the amending.

I have often seen older youth shy away from Junior High School age youth. I know I will not be young forever and I now know that YRUU will be left in more than competent hands. Do listen to what the Junior High School age youth have to say.

— Linda Lotto

Lost Forever



Lasting Memories

How beautiful she was. How precious her memories. I think back so often with sorrow at her passing, and then I can only feel gratitude for the time we had together.

When someone you love dies it is often difficult to accept. Recently I lost my best friend. The thing about our relationship was that we weren't best friends in the normal sense, we were more like sisters. We had our differences and our similarities but we both knew that we could learn valuable lessons from each other.

At the funeral home a close friend walked over to me and through her tears she said "try to smile, Bets never wanted us to be sad." Later that day I was speaking with a cousin who told me that when her mother had died my friend had said that when she died she wanted everyone to have a party. This is hard to do when you've lost someone very special. You need to look back at their life, find the beauty and the energy and all that was positive in their life; use that to give you strength.

Even if I live to be a hundred and fifty I'll never forget the smile on her face or baking chocolate chip cookies at four in the morning, or the sight of her walking down my street all bundled up in red with tinsel flowing down from her hat and sparkeling in the sun. Those are the important things. My friend taught me to live life for the moment, keep a smile on your face, have fun and love everyone you can. I'll admit it's not easy for most of us to live life that way, but when someone dies you have to look at their life and realize you wouldn't have been so sad if they hadn't been so special. Be thankful for every moment that you did have and remember that no one is ever gone as long as you have the memories.

—Julie-Ann Silberman—



Is This The Last One?

The last goodbye
The one that lasts forever.
It's not always how we want it.
You never know.
This one may be the last one.

The precious lady,
the forest dancer.
Her smile was magical.
I was lucky
I knew her for a long time
others only had a short while.

Only, that last goodbye
it just wasn't the way
I would have chosen.

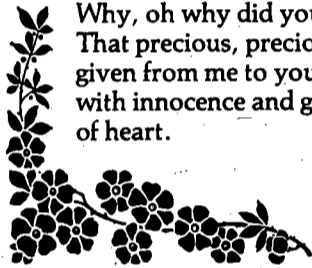
We understood everything
and nothing, about each other.
The only true understanding
Our love, was always strong.

—Julie-Ann Silberman—

Rose Lost Forever

Every time I think of that rose,
that precious, precious rose
given from me to you
with innocence and gladness
of heart,
I feel a tiny twinge of sorrow.

That rose meant alot to me.
Much more afterwards
than before I gave it to you
Why, oh why did you lose it?
That precious, precious rose
given from me to you
with innocence and gladness
of heart.



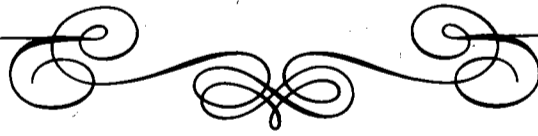
The hurt, so much hurt
my soul was filled with doubt.
Questions unasked
were answered;
they should not've traversed my mind
to begin with.

But now,
All that is left of that great yawning
void of doubt
is a tiny little sorrow.
My love for you is no less
when I think back
on that tiny bit of sorrow
caused by the lost rose.
Only the merest shadow
resting on the horizon
of my mind.

—Kathleen Anne Tague—

Kate Tague died in May, 1982, when a drunk driver ran a stop sign and plowed into her ancient and brightly-painted VW van. She had just turned 18, was two weeks short of graduating from high school, and a few more weeks from being one of TJ District's delegates to Common Ground II. Her life was as joyous as her death was tragic, and those of us whom she touched are richer for the experience. Some of what she shared was poetry, and I have asked her mother Annie to select some of it for SYNAPSE.

The picture of Kate was taken at sunset on a mountain in Watauga County, North Carolina, where she had led us to share in the sunset (also not wasted on the cows who shared the hilltop with us) and the music of a flute played in the wind. The moment was very characteristic of Kate. It was Fall, 1981.



No Difference that Matters

Brandy sat under his favorite tree, carving idly at a small piece of wood. He was deep in thought, occasionally pausing to scan the landscape. His golden brown eyes took in the frozen lake with all its peculiar markings, and the density of the forest in the background.

"Someday," he thought, "I'll come back here with a paper and draw this." Brandy was sure this was his place alone, for no one ever disturbed him there and not a towns person spoke of it, though it could have been an excellent source of fresh water. It was cold, but he had made a sheltered hollow long ago to keep him warm.

Brandy crossed his legs like the Indians outside the village were wont to do. He did not hate the Indians like so many of the villagers. Rather, he held awe, closely akin to fear, for them. They were strange, and, as is the case with most folks, anything strange he regarded with suspicion.

As Brandy worked, the wood began taking the shape of a decorated snake.

He bent his head, paying attention to details, closing himself off from the world.

"Is that a snake you're carving?" Brandy looked up, searching.

"It's very nice." He turned to the bushes. A girl stepped out and stood, stone still, before him.

Brandy had never seen anyone quite so beautiful. Her black hair reached her waist, thick, straight and shiny. She had a garland of winter flowers on her head in an almost childlike fashion. Her dark skin and deerhide boots showed her to be an Indian, but her crystal blue eyes strove to belie this.

"Who are you?" Brandy jumped up, holding his knife.

"What do you want with me? I've done you no harm."

"I never said you had," came the reply. The girl smiled.

"You speak English."

"Quite a few Indians do. It makes it ever so easy to speak to other people." The girl paused. "I'm sorry I frightened

Continued on page 15



Accepting The Loss of A Friend

When a friend or someone you love dies you experience many traumas. At first you go through a non-acceptance stage where you refuse to accept the death. Yet, whether it be a week or a few months you will come to see that the death was indeed real. The most difficult time of all is when you realize that the person is not going to come back. Just knowing the fact that you will never see, or talk to this person can be extremely frightening and painful. Yet, because death is part of life it can be overcome. You just need to reach out and talk to others who knew and mourn this person's death.

Besides being a painful experience death can be confusing. You may almost want to believe in a heaven because it is hard to accept that someone we love is no longer physically here. Although someone close to you may be gone the memories will never leave.

—Dawn Johnson—



Marbelous Thoughts

I think thoughts of you
As I would hold favorite marbles.
It seems not possible
For my "fantasies" to come true
But I like the feel of them anyway.
At first cool and pleasant to touch,
And then increasing warmer.
Thoughts of you roll gently
And off times merily 'round
My mind. Like this Beautiful marble.
Resting in the palm of my hand.
But alas, after a while
My reveries must be tucked away
Into the depths of my mind.
And this precious glass marble,
Reflecting my joy and warmth,
Must be returned to the others.
My marbelous thoughts of you,
Kept safe in their velvet pouch.

"inspired" Tuesday, the second of September, nineteen and eighty
—Kathleen Anne Tague—

talking to a small group, his hands darting out now and again to better express his points.

A short while later, I had him to the side talking a bit more about himself. He lives in an Indian community called Lucknow about 200 miles from Varanasi. When he heard about us being around, he hopped a train to come see what we were all about.

A member of the Church of The Larger Fellowship, Mr. Turkman said that he became a Unitarian back in 1925 when he found and read a pamphlet (in a bookstore) about Unitarianism. He decided we represent what he thought himself to be!

Part of what I like about Isaac Turkman is that, despite his years, he has incredible vitality, talking of how he envisions a center in India to coordinate all that goes on in the different Unitarian churches. He spoke of the book he wants to write on Unitarianism in India and told stories of the work he did at Margaret Barr's school in the Khasi Hills teaching Hindi (the national Indian language).

All in all, this charismatic Indian with his dark rimmed sunglasses and canvas bag draped over his shoulder, seemed a dynamic person whose interests and ambitions made our 60 year age difference melt. So, Mr. Turkman, all the way back in the Uttar Pradesh, we salute you and wish you the best of luck with that book of yours!

From the journal of Caprice Young, Dec. 30.

At 4 p.m. the bus, which had broken down at lunch, had recovered. We were taken to the Shivaji Club in Anloa village for a program and dinner. The Shivaji Club is made up of mainly lower Hindu castes and is fighting for literacy and equality.

A banner in Hindi was stretched across the opening to the village with houses of sod and mud with thatched roofs. Rice patties and small fields ran between clumps of huts. The bus barely fit on the narrow raised dirt roads.

After a km or so, we reached a large tent and more banners. 300 people, at least were gathered sitting on mats beneath the huge tent in front of a raised wooded stage. We were given wreaths of marigolds and led up onto the platform where we sat cross-legged. We were introduced to tons of applause. Then Lucie, our leader, spoke. Her first words were: "We are the representatives of the International Association for Religious Freedom. We come not as tourists, but as friends." Here she was interrupted by thundering applause. She finished, explaining our purpose: to learn about and connect with people of other faiths and lifestyles.

An older man played an instrument looking like a cross between an organ and an accordion. He sang and played and sang and played, all in Hindi. Eventually, one of the Shivaji organizers went to him and pointed to his watch. The man kept singing. Two other men gently, physically, stopped him.

The town poet spoke. The crowd loved it. I couldn't understand a bit of it because he spoke in Hindi. My knees ached from being sat upon.

After a fiery, radical speech against castism, but favoring equality for women and an end to the arms race, we were treated to a meal. We sat on thin mats and ate chapatis, green stuff, spicy soup, and rice pudding off banana leaves. The masses of villagers stood, hovered, over us as we ate. In India they eat with their hands, so we couldn't use forks. They weren't laughing at us, but were happy to see us enjoying their gift. Many of them needed it more than we did.

After eating, we left on the rickety old bus that we now have to push to start.

From the journal of Dana Taylor, Dec. 30

We took a boat ride on the Ganges River today at sunrise. The river is fascinating—it represents the cycle of life. People bathe in the river, wash their clothes in it, dump their sewage into it, and purify the dead in it. We were told never to call the Ganges "dirty" but, instead, to say that it is "not clean." The Ganges is considered a holy place by many people. They say whoever dies on its shore goes directly to heaven. I'm glad we have had the opportunity to see and understand the part it plays in the day-to-day life of many Indians.

From the journal of Wayne Arnason, Dec. 31

The train from Varanasi to Calcutta is hours late, so we go out for Chinese food. Upon returning to the train station, Lucie Meijer discovers that the Indian Railway has only reserved four seats for us. The remaining 21 people are on a waiting list. There was no advance warning.

Lucie is very upset by all this. We are all a little scared. The platform is incredibly crowded with people, cattle, baggage, carts, tent, cooking fire, and garbage. We are tired and it is hard not to surrender to exhaustion and despair.

The usual pattern of intense negotiation and long waits that characterizes dealing with Indian bureaucracy begins. We approach the time the train will depart and we have been shuffled from one end of the train to the other, carrying all our luggage the length of the platform. They want to split us in half. There is an extra car being put on the train.

I take half the group on mad dash to the last car of the platform, a decrepit wooden car jammed with people who naturally occupied the seats we were supposed to have. We jump on. The train leaves. There is no time to bid good-bye to our generous hosts, who have been frantically negotiating on our behalf for hours.

I discover there are no connecting doors between cars. There is no way to communicate with the other half of the group. After struggling to find places to stack our luggage, we settle down for 15 hours of standing or sitting on wooden benches.

After half an hour, we pull into the next station. Suddenly, there is Lucie tapping on the window, telling us to get off the train! She has paid off the station master, and arranged for us to get 18 first class sleepers into which we are able to cram 25 people. We're saved!

We are so exhausted from the ordeal that most of us manage to sleep in all manner of strange positions, curled around each other on the narrow bench seats.

Morning comes as usual. We survived the worst night of the entire tour and the world looks much brighter this morning. Time for bridge!

Arriving in Calcutta is a high! It is such a relief to see the smiling reassuring face of Punnyabratta Roychoudury, our IARF Council Member and host in Calcutta. He has a small army of Brahma men that have been waiting all day for our arrival. Calcutta feels familiar, even friendly, arriving here for the second time.

A bus ride across central Calcutta brings us to the Ramakrishna Mission Guest House, an oasis of grass, flowers and peace in South Calcutta, our home for the next week.

From the journal of Caprice Young, Jan. 1

New Year's eve was kind of fun; although I didn't want to be there (a bit homesick, I guess). We all went to the home of our Brahma hosts. The 35 of us smashed into a fragily furnished room, sang songs (mostly western pop and folk), and drank tea. We took turns saying what we do in each of our countries on New Year's. Most nationalities get sloshed. For the last hour, we danced to the Beatles and Billy Joel, then at midnight toasted with Thumbs Up cola and hugged each other.

From the journal of Dana Taylor, Jan. 2.

Rama Krishna Mission's fundamental approach to the Narendrapur Village social project was very impressive. This group obtains a thorough understanding of the problems they wish to solve through a 3 to 4 year evaluation process. The preliminary and most essential step is obtaining the trust and cooperation of the people whom they wish to serve. Without this step, no projects can prove successful! They build from the ground upwards so that the project provides the foundations for future projects.

From the journal of Laila Ibrahim, Jan. 5

I made "friends" with a group of kids that live across from the Rama Krishna Mission. It is hard to think about them. I bought them some candy bars and stupid old me expected them to be grateful. They ended up treating me worse after I gave them candy. They begged and whined for more. Their reality is so totally different than mine. They live to exist, whereas I exist to live. It is so sad for me, yet I don't think it is for them. They don't even realize their situation. I doubt they will ever question it.

From the journal of Caprice Young, Jan. 9

We're in a small village called Baniban, a few hours out of Calcutta. We've been spending most of our time in discussion groups and in the boys' school painting doors and window panes kelly green. There was a ritual tree planting ceremony with dancing and speeches. I enjoyed it. UUism really gets an F in ritualistic celebration and beauty in comparison. The Indian half of our group that met us in Calcutta is integrating with the rest of us slowly. I really like them and language is a major problem.

Last night I had a horrible dream. Until last night I was not afraid of dying. I figured that if an afterlife exists, it's probably good. In my dream, however, I found myself with no money or identification on a street in Calcutta I've never seen. Vendors, beggars, and street-livers were all around as buses, cars, and rickshaws raced and dodged in the filthy streets. I looked for the Brahma Samaj or an embassy, but found none. No one spoke English and I couldn't understand Bengali. The signs were all in another language—it was as if I had never learned how to read. I understood the poor people; however, I had a feeling of desperation that was absent from their eyes. I woke up suddenly, entangled in the fallen mosquito netting. I want to live forever. If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I don't want that kind of life.

From the journal of Lisa Feldstein, Jan. 11

The North American Delegation conducted the final worship service of our stay in the village of Baniban. The event also signaled the beginning of the end of the IARF Youth Encounter India. We chose a sunset service, with the four elements of water, earth, air, and fire as a theme.

When the encounter participants came outside, we invited them to wash their faces before being seated in a large circle. We asked everyone to observe a moment of silence, and in that moment to send lots of positive energy back to Wayne and his family. Wayne had been called back to the U.S. on an emergency family situation.

We greeted everyone with a poem, and then celebrated water, earth, air and fire, in that order. We sang, listened to words and music, ate rice, meditated. We ended by lighting candles as the last rays of the sun vanished from the evening sky. This ended the formal part of the service, but people continued to watch the darkened sky by candlelight, to sing, to hug, to celebrate our experiences of the past three weeks.

From the journal of Laila Ibrahim, Jan. 13

It's over now. I just spent three weeks in India. I felt I had changed, but sitting here on the plane, I don't know. Here I sit eating chocolate and drinking champagne. Have I really changed? Walking down the streets of Calcutta didn't even phase me by the end of the trip. The beggars began to annoy me. I felt little compassion for them. I had lettuce for lunch today and was thoroughly thrilled, yet in two weeks will I even notice? I saw a different way of life there. One I could never see at home, yet will I remember it and will it cause a permanent effect on how I move through the world? I guess that being aware of what I am aware of will have to change my mindset; it just won't be an everyday awareness. In a few weeks I won't be aware of the miracles at home, yet I'll never forget what I have seen. The fact that people living on the streets were actually living and not just existing. I always assumed that they would be dead to life; now I know that they live. The children laugh and play. They all have the human spirit.





Jane Koestler

The Changing of the Guard

New Year's Day, 1983. About fifteen people, all old LRY'ers, were sitting in my family's living room. My sister and I had had the occasion to host a New Year's Eve Party the previous evening; and since the assorted individuals were as often from far distances as not, the party was an overnight.

When I entered the room with a mug of coffee, I noticed the numerous people battling the morning (more correctly, afternoon) with identical device. After counting the coffee cups in the room, I announced the critical data and added an astute observation regarding this liquid consumption: "It's one way you can tell that we're getting older . . ."

Coffee. College. Careers. All signs of aging. Growing up? Discovering the world? New interests, new friends, changing values and goals. A fluid perspective on life. Time passes.

On December 31, 1982, Liberal Religious Youth, Inc. was officially dissolved. I was a representative to the LRY Board of Directors which voted its dissolution. I was also on staff at both transitional Youth Assemblies. Aware of hopes and fears from all sides, I struggled, like everyone else, to come to compromise inside (myself) and out. Now, I am part of ceremonious changing of the guard. The old LRY guard

makes room for the new YRUU guard.

When I reflect on my LRY years, many memories and mixed emotions surface. During my early high school years, I used the LRY community as a personal support system. Later, as both involvement and self-confidence increased, I successfully filled leadership positions. Throughout, my relationship to LRY was full of ambivalence. Hopefully, the good qualities will continue in YRUU.

LRY was really important to a lot of us. And, nothing important is lost as long as memories remain, and the experienced assist the beginners. Community and love exist wherever there is effort. YRUU is a beginning, not an end.

Still, reunions among old friends are great . . .

The crowd at my house on New Year's Eve consisted of few new faces. Most had visited before during one occasion or another; yet, we were all older now. As Johnny Carson counted down to midnight, we prepared to pop the corks of our champagne bottles and fill our glasses appropriately. Three . . . Two . . . One . . . Happy New Year! We all looked around at one another. "To LRY?" someone suggested. We all nodded . . . To LRY . . .



Caprice Young

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?

I had my first encounter with members of the Unification Church (also known as Moonies), while I was visiting Boston during the end of January.

On the way to buy some lunch, I was stopped by a young woman with dark hair and a friendly smile. "Excuse me. Where are you from?" she asked as we stood in front of the State House, across from the Common.

"What? Um . . . Florida."

"You look tanned. Have you just arrived in town?"

"A few days ago. I was traveling in India."

"Really? I'm from Australia." I began to notice her accent. She went on, "I'm Rachel. This is my friend, Amy." She motioned towards her friend.

"Where's she from?" I asked. I wanted to keep this going. It's not every day two average strangers stop me on the street to ask where I'm from.

"Oh Amy's from here. She's 31. I'm 23. How old are you?"

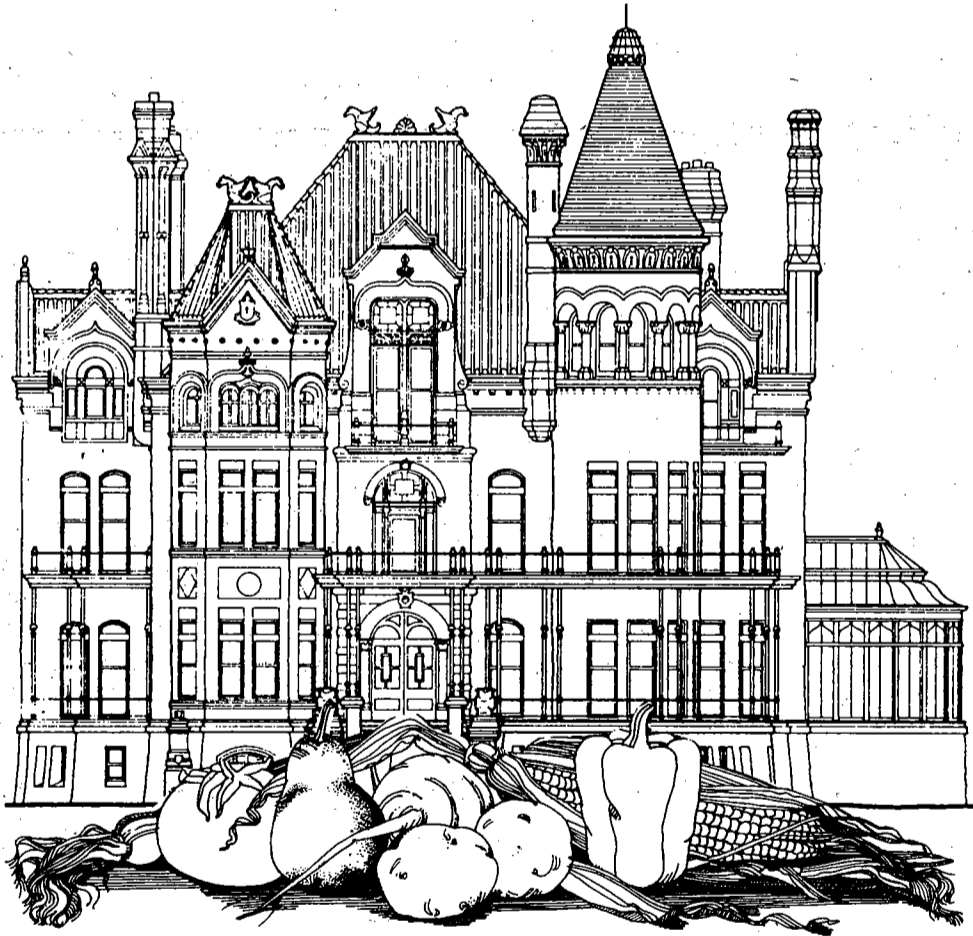
"17."

"Oh? We're not so far away in age, only six years." She motioned me to the edge of the sidewalk. We were blocking pedestrian lunch traffic. "You say you've been in India? What was your most insightful experience?"

Because I had just returned, I was dying to find someone with whom I could talk about the trip. We continued a terrific conversation right there in front of the State House. Rachel had traveled all over Europe, had been to Egypt, and had even lived on a Kibbutz in Israel. Recently, she had moved from California to Boston. And she was only 23. We had a lot to talk about.

Eventually, she invited me for lunch at 46 Beacon Street, where she lived. Since I had been on my way to eat when she stopped me, I accepted.

Forty-six Beacon Street is a fancy condo-office-mansion-home with an outer iron door, two ballrooms, and an enormous kitchen. Rachel explained that she and 24 other people from her church lived there sharing cooking and cleaning duties. Then she gave me a cheese sandwich, an apple, and some tea.



Our conversation about her travels continued. We also talked about Unitarian Universalism. She said that the Christian organization with which she is involved is against communism.

"Like Russian and Chinese?" I asked.

"That sort of thing." She answered, without going into any more detail.

I finished eating. She introduced me to six or seven members of the household, then invited me back for dinner and some songs.

Upon returning to the YRUU office and relating my experience to Wayne, he laughed.

"Those people were members of the Unification Church, Moonies. You'll find them on the Common recruiting people for lunch all the time."

"Really?" I was shocked. Rachel sure didn't seem like the ones in the airports. My curiosity was aroused.

I went back for dinner, along with Colin and three other YRUU youth

whom I had met in the office.

As we walked over, Colin related the pattern he had heard that these Unification "dinners" take. "First they serve dinner and everything seems really normal. After that there is casual talking or some entertainment, like singing, then they start giving lectures and more lectures. Finally, they ask you to come away to a camp, then they've got you." That made me really curious.

Rachel was overjoyed to see that I had returned and had even brought people with me. Apparently we were the only guests. There were five of us and at least 18 of them, including a sickly Korean man, who sat in the corner looking depressed and drinking tea while we ate dinner. No one seemed to notice him. Each of us had a church member sitting to either side of us.

After an hour and a half of eating, singing, and talking, one of the men pulled a chalkboard up to the front of

the dining room. The three youth who had accompanied us, decided it was time they left, but I was still curious. So far, we hadn't found anything out.

The lecture, about self, relationships, and power, was general and boring. I became tired. At the end, the "Reverend" Joshua, the man lecturing, invited us to go to a free camp for the weekend. Everything went just as Colin had predicted. Everyone was so nice, but we declined the offer.

In retrospect, the whole situation was a little scary. If I had not had responsibilities that weekend, and if I could have found a friend to go with me, I might have gone to the free Unification weekend camp—just to satisfy my curiosity. Being a fairly self-confident person, I would have expected to be able to keep my wits about me.

Since that experience, I've heard several horror stories about young adults—just as self-confident as I am—who have joined the Unification cult, been deprived of food, water, and comfort, and turned into slaves who work 16 hours a day giving all their wages to the cause. I've been told of frantic parents who have hired deprogrammers to rescue their sons and daughters from cults.

It's probably a good thing that Colin and I left after the lecture. However, Colin told me that in his conversations with church members before dinner, they had not tried to hide the fact that this was a Unification Church house. They shared with Colin some of the feelings of persecution they experience after all the bad publicity they have received.

What is the difference between deceptive recruitment and legitimate "evangelizing" for a religion you believe in? Is there anything wrong with being nice to strangers, inviting them to your house for lunch or dinner, and then telling them about your religion?

I'd be interested in hearing about your experiences with the Unification Church and other youth-oriented religious groups. Write to me c/o the YRUU office, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108.

YRUU'S FIRST CONTINENTAL CONFERENCE

SPIRIT RISING

At De Benneville Pines

August 13-18

Cost: \$125 — \$40 pre-reg
(post marked by 6-15-83)

\$135 — \$50 late reg
(post marked by 7-15-83)

After 7-15-83 call the registrar
to see if there is any space
left!!

No registrations will be ac-
cepted without registration
fee.



Registrars: Dan & Dave Goss
1008 South Rodilee
West Covina, Ca. 91791
213-919-4477 (no collect calls)
Make checks payable to
YRUU/UUA

Workshops:

Dreamwork with Jeremy Taylor, Social Actions and Religion, Youth Work Training School which will be mandatory for anyone 23 yrs. and older who attends the conf., there will be age specific workshops and many other workshops that have yet to be finalized.

Continued from page 2

PCD Representative
Continental YRUU Council Rep.
*Outreach & Interface Advisor
Cluster Contact I
Cluster Contact II
Cluster Contact III
Cluster Contact IV
Cluster Contact V
Chaplain (Warm Fuzzy)
*Adult Positions

The Council will be responsible for initiating and maintaining district youth programming for ages 12-22. The youth and adult positions on the Council, are elected by a vote of both the youth (12-22) and the adults (over 22) present at this conference.

The selection process begins with individual commitments to be a part of the Council resource pool. It then focuses on team building, and finally individual commitments to run for a specific position. The elections are followed by an installation ceremony.

Youth Positions on the Council include:

2 *Co-Facilitators*: Responsible for the operation of the Council for agenda building, for conducting of meetings and for monitoring task group projects.

3 Communications persons:

Recorder: responsible for taking minutes at Council meetings, maintaining list of individual commitments, and maintaining archives.

Messenger: responsible for maintaining mailing list, producing flyers for upcoming events, and implementing the phone tree/network and other forms of immediate communication.

Editor: In charge of producing the Journal.

1 *Conference Sage*: Serves as a librarian of conference knowledge, to be used as a resource person by conference organizers. This person must also maintain contact with the SCC.

1 *Business Manager*: Keeps the Council's books and takes care of all banking transactions for the Council.

2 *Liaisons*:

PCD Representative: Maintains contact with PCD Board and is a voting member of that Board.

Continental YRUU Representative: Is our district representative on the YRUU Continental Council and is a voting member of that body. The first term will start July '83, and will last two years.

5 *Local Cluster Contacts*: Maintain contact with local church youth groups and programs. The cluster assignments will be determined during the elections process and at the first meeting of the new council.

1 *Chaplain (Warm Fuzzy)*: This person monitors the emotional/spiritual content and atmosphere of Council meetings. He/She will promote spiritual sharing, will be responsible for opening and closing circles, will lead interpersonal raps, and will conduct worship services.

Adult positions on the Council will maintain different focuses, yet will provide a collective advisor pool for projects and task teams. They also convene as an adult caucus.

The adult positions consist of:

- 1 Coordinator/Facilitator
- 1 Communications
- 1 Administrative & Financial
- 1 Conference & Program
- 1 Outreach & Interface

The new Council organizes itself into Project/Task teams. Each Council member will participate in or take responsibility for one or more Project/Task teams. These shall include, but shall not be limited to:

- Coordination
- Communication
- Annual Council Election/Policy Forum
- Jr. High Summer Camp
- Leadership Development Conference (LDC)
- Cluster Conclaves
- Alumni Day Celebrations
- Intergenerational Conference
- 3 Age Specific Spring Conferences (Jr. High, High, Post-High School)
- Fund Raisers
- Advisor/Youth Worker Training

My understanding of the aims for the future are unfortunately biased by my concentration on post high school activities. However, no matter what age specific group you look at in this district (or anywhere else in the Unitarian Universalist Organization) the primary goal must be to reach out and involve more people in our activities and societies. To this end the PCD Youth Council will be holding a camp this summer just for junior high age. On the other end of the age spectrum, there are plans for holding the first Western-region College Age Gathering in the fall of '83. This weekend event will be sponsored by the PCD College Age Center Board, which is independent of the Youth Council but has many ties to it. Whether or not these events will give us the numbers we need to make the Youth Program really work around here depends upon what we do now. Let us hope that the vision is clear and strong and positive.

Bob King
Berkeley, CA

Continued from page 3

need to rankle helplessly at the church's authority; you will have become that church.

As you can see, I am really asking far more than your signing a card. I am asking you to teach your elders about caring, about community, about idealism, about responsibility, about human dignity. I am asking you to touch people who have forgotten how to touch. Our greatest historical moments have come from the young Thomas Jeffersons and Henry Thoreaus and Theodore Parkers being willing to stand

up against the hesitations of their elders and assert their own moral authority. You have a fine tradition to follow.

A sleepy youth delegate, roused by her friends just in time to vote for the Ministry of Religious Education amendment in East Lansing in 1979, listened in astonishment as the vote total was announced. "With so many delegates, I really didn't think my vote could have made any difference." It really does matter.

Vonnie Hicks
Winston-Salem, NC
January 14, 1983



Rowe Camp has been offering programs for teenagers since 1924. We place a dual emphasis on the integrity and independence of each individual and on creating a community with the campers and staff. These are not easy times to be growing toward maturity, and we know that we can help you along the path. Over the last fifty-nine years thousands of young people have found a second home at Rowe, a place where deep and lasting friendships are found, a place where new skills and real learning can happen, a place where new ways of being can be tried in an atmosphere of trust and respect, and sometimes a place where people can open to the love that is within us all. Our Senior High Camp runs from July 10-30 and our Junior High Camp is from August 7-27. The cost is \$480 for each three week session, and we are also offering a camp for Fourth to Sixth Graders from July 5-9. For our beautiful, free flyer write or call UU Rowe Camp, Inc., King's Highway Road, Rowe, Mass. 01367. (413) 339-4216

Let us know you read about us in Synapse.

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST
Rowe Camp, Inc.

Continued from page 11

you. She looked at the knife. "Have you no manners? It isn't very polite to hold a knife to a young lady, Indian or otherwise. Now if you'll put that away, maybe we can introduce ourselves." Brandy put his knife down by the abandoned snake.

"Thank you." The girl said, "My name is Suzanne." Brandy looked at her, unbelieving.

"No, it's not. I have two names. My Indian name is Wild Fawn. Suzanne is easier for most people to handle. What is your name?"

"Brandoch James Morgan. Most folks call me Brandy." He shuffled his feet, feeling ill at ease.

"The sisters always called me Suzi. They said it was too much bother to call me Suzanne and not proper to say Wild Fawn. Suzi looked at Brandy with a half suppressed longing.

"Do you live on the edge of the Village?" Brandy asked.

"No. My people live many miles away. I have come to see the sisters and celebrate Christmas," she returned.

"What do savages know about Christmas?" Brandy spoke before thinking. He clapped his hand over his mouth, hoping, for some unknown reason, that Suzi would not take offense and leave.

"I am not a savage! My people are at least as civilized as yours. Furthermore, I was raised in the mission after some men killed my parents while they were walking one night. I know more about true Christmas than most professed Christians, the sisters made certain of that. Now I think I'll leave. I don't need to be insulted by your ignorance." Suzi turned, long wool skirt brushing the snow. Tears formed in her blue eyes.

She hastily wiped them away.

"Wait!" Brandy called out. "I didn't mean to insult you." He ran his fingers through his sandy brown hair. "I really like you. It's just . . . well, you hear people talk, and even if it's ignorant, it kind of sticks in your head. Then you hear stories, and pretty soon you don't know what to think. I mean, I have never met anyone like you before . . . ah, damn." He kicked the snow. "You were right. It was ignorant. I'm really sorry." He faltered, and became silent.

Suzi turned to face him, but moved no closer.

"I don't know why it is that so many people hate things they don't know about, rather than trying to understand them. I guess it's easier that way, but that is not how I was taught. You call my people savage, and yet your people kill without thought as to the consequences. I suppose that is easier, too. It shows in you. You speak without thought, the beginning of careless living. I am sorry, too." She looked him over once more and again turned to leave. He ran to catch up to her.

"Listen, I said I was sorry. Can you not accept my apology?" His breath formed white puffs as he spoke. Snow began to fall. Without looking at him, Suzi spoke.

"I could accept your apology if I knew it was how you felt, but I cannot tell. For you to have spoken thus, it must have been in your heart."

"No." Brandy's tone denied it more than the word. "In my head, not my heart." He paused.

"I do like you. You're different . . . and . . . well, why don't we just take a walk. I'm supposed to find a

tree for Christmas anyway. I'd like it if you would help me." He looked at Suzi hopefully. "Maybe you could come over and help my family decorate it."

"Why would they let a 'savage' into the house?" Suzi turned to regard him, eyes still smoldering.

"They're not like other people. See, they're Quaker—they like people just because—well, I mean, they like everyone. I never heard any of that 'savage' stuff from them. They'd be pretty upset if they heard me say that."

"Please come. I want you to meet them. I'll bet my father would even give you a ride over to the mission in his carriage. I know they'd like you. They're more intelligent than most folks. A lot more polite than me . . ." His voice trailed off.

Suzi looked at him again, as if he were someone different. His acknowledgment of his own faults moved her. He looked so hopeful.

"I think I would like that." Suzi smiled. Again Brandy noticed how pretty she was.

They started off, but suddenly Brandy turned away. Motioning for Suzi to wait. He ran back to the tree and grabbed the snake. Coming back, he handed it to her.

"It isn't poisonous. I would like for you to have it." He looked at his feet, shy at what he had done.

"Thank you. It is a beautiful gift. I will treasure it." He raised his head to see her smiling and inspecting the piece. They began to walk, Brandy taking Suzi's hand shyly.

"Are you sure . . . ?" Suzi's voice faded as the knife and wood chips were covered by snow.

—Rebecca R. Kovar

Continued from page 5

ference was held January 14-16. PCD-YRUU is encouraging the formation of cluster and area groupings. The district organization is strong. (see the article on page 2 for more details)

Pacific Southwest District 1982-83 Council Member: Laila Ibrahim
PSWD had its second post Common Ground II conference February 18-21st. They have an active YAC and are producing some very impressive material. They are also involved in the planning of the 1983 YRUU Continental Conference.

Mountain Desert District 1982-83 Council member: Debby Shevlin
MDD will be holding at least one "Mountain" conference and one "Desert" conference this spring. A lot of interest and activity has been focused on the establishment of a YAC structure that would be appropriate for the district. The YAC most likely will involve two area youth councils. The Mountain area Council's Fall Leadership Conference in Boulder was a big success.

Western Canada District 1982-83 Council Member: Eugene Nanning
The most active locals in this district are in Edmonton and Winnipeg, and they are trying to arouse interest throughout the rest of the district. Large distances between churches and an underdeveloped youth presence in the district are the problems being faced. Edmonton hosted the first Canadian National Youth Conference in May 1982, and a second one is planned for next May in Ontario. Winnipeg hosted the Christmas Conference with thirty people in attendance including folks from across the border in Fargo-Moorhead.

Continued from page 5

on her registration form, "I am only 15 years old and have many years ahead of me, or so I thought, but now the possibility of annihilation leaves me feeling small and powerless. Each Sunday as I teach a church school class of five- and six-year-olds, I feel sad to think that these smiling, happy little children could have no future. But feeling powerless is not the right attitude. In the last year I have participated in nuclear freeze conferences in Boston and attended an annual meeting for STOP (Student/Teacher Organization for the Prevention of Nuclear War)."

At the conclusion of the conference the participants shared the view of Keith Patterson: "In the three and a half days of the conference the group was presented with much factual information on the arms race, nuclear weapons, and disarmament. . . . But the conference was not merely educational, it was inspirational. . . . There is no doubt that all the conferees have strong feelings on disarmament, but opinions and strong feelings do not disarm; hard work and action are the key to disarmament, and this conference was helpful, and its particular point was to ensure that it inspired the youth to return home and continue working on disarmament."

Travel and registration expenses were partially covered by a grant from the UUA Grants Making Panel, the UU-UNO Scholarship Fund, and extensive financial support for individual participants by local UU societies. Contact YRUU or the UU-UN office, 777 UN Plaza Suite 7D, New York, NY 10017, for information on youth scholarships to future UN seminars.

HERSEY RETREAT SANDY POINT, MAINE
On Penobscot Bay, along the mid-coast. One week camps for Junior High, (early summer) and senior high (late summer).
Main lodge for sleeping, meeting and playing; Farmhouse for eating; fields, shore, and ocean for exploring.
Cost: \$95.00
Write Now!
Hersey Retreat, PO Box 1125-S
Bangor, ME 04401

Continued from page 6

Yes, the race is still on! You too have a chance to escort ME to my SENIOR PROM! Send all applications to Claudia Center, c/o Milford Area Senior High, Milford, N.H. 03055 (or phone before midnight tonight . . .) Please include picture and tux color. The lucky winner will be announced via this newspaper. So don't delay - Send in yours today!

Personal

To the many people who last year braved blizzards and final exams to make a heroic effort at gathering signatures for two petitions to place resolutions on the GA agenda in response to the UUA board's rejection of key Common Ground I recommendations and the board's indulging in the making of very specific behavior rules affecting denominational youth gatherings: you gathered over 400 signatures for each petition; however, because I was unaware of the stipulation the signatures had to be certified by officers of local societies and did not use proper forms, all signatures were disqualified and access to the GA agenda was denied. My gratitude for your overwhelming support, especially considering the remarkably short notice, and my apologies for my oversight which made your efforts fruitless.

—Vonnice Hicks—

1983 SUMMER'S END CONFERENCE
"Homesteading"
Camp Sandy Brook
Huntington, Ma.
August 29-September 4
7 days and 6 nights
\$75 pre-paid, \$85 pre-reg.
\$95 at the door
Registrar:
Linda Lotto 212-649-0385
751 East 102 St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11236
(no collect calls)
Make Checks payable to
Summer's End

YOUNG RELIGIOUS UNITARIAN UNIVERSALISTS WEEK
(formerly Liberal Religious Youth Week)
Saturday, June 25 to Saturday, July 2
Theme—STARGAZING: THE HUMAN SEARCH

The stargazer is a dreamer—and a thinker, searching for the answers to the universe, the meaning to life. As human beings, we are all somewhat stargazing. We contemplate our existence and the mystery of all that we know and all that we do not. It is the human search.

YRUU Week will give us the opportunity to continue this search in the free and loving atmosphere of Star Island. We will reach a deeper understanding of ourselves as individuals and how we fit together as a community. We will look realistically at our humanness while striving to find the ideal. We will reflect upon the universe and the beauty of nature. And perhaps for a single week, our questions will enable us to truly grasp the wonder of life.

Chairperson: Kate Titus, 162 North Adams St., Manchester, NH 03104. 603/668-1760

REGISTER: To obtain our official registration form and further information, write to Claudia Center (address below).

Registration fee at time of registration: \$20
Please make checks payable to Claudia Center
Send registration forms and registration fee to Claudia Center, 19 Ravine Road, Amherst, NH 03031

Before May 1!
Space is limited on Star Island, so mail your registration as soon as possible. We will let you know if you are accepted.
Room and Board charges are paid on the island.
YRUU 7 Day Conference \$143 inc. \$15 gratuity
Boat fee is paid at the dock: \$6

STAR ISLAND

SUMMERCAMPS

FOR TEENS



**PLAN NOW
FOR SUMMER 1983!**

One or two weeks-coed. Select workshops in dance, drama, religion, arts and crafts or human relations. Learn to swim, sail and paddle a canoe, share in community building—living and doing together is growing together!

• CHANNING CAMP •

Grades 7, 8, 9

Session I - starts July 17th

"celebrating ourselves" with

John Rex

Session II - starts July 23rd

"You—the Rock Star" with

George Smith

• BALLOU CAMP

Grades 10, 11, 12

Session I - starts August 7th

Session II - starts August 13th

World religions and North
Country Art

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For brochure with
full 1983 schedule write:
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Clinton, NY 13323**
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(315) 853-5459



the mountain

HIGHLANDS CAMP AND CONFERENCE CENTER

SUMMER 1983

Senior High Camp

June 19 - July 2 Ages: 14-17, or incoming 9th-12th graders.

The Senior High Camp is a time for 14-17 year olds to be together in a group living experience on THE MOUNTAIN. In fact, the theme for this year's camp is TOGETHERNESS — How can we work and play together to help each of us grow into the kind of person we want to be?

Adventure and Work Camp

July 3 - 16 Incoming 9th-12th graders

These 2 weeks include a mixture of adventure and work, with about half time given to each. Adventure includes 3-4 consecutive days away from THE MOUNTAIN — with combined hiking and whitewater canoeing, and nights under the stars. A day of rock climbing will also be included.

Campers will also experience the camaraderie of teamwork in contributing to improvement of THE MOUNTAIN. They will work together to complete various projects such as maintaining a trail or constructing a bridge over a small stream. Campers will wind up this not easily forgotten experience by rafting together a major rapids river, perhaps Section IV of the Chattooga River, as we did last year.

The Ascenders

*A Youth Program for Personal Development
Through Work and Group/Family Living*

July 3 - August 13 Ages: 15-17 or incoming 10th-12th graders.

Following two weeks of recreation in Senior High Camp, these young people will move quickly into junior staff positions as apprentices to the food service, maintenance, housekeeping and stable staffs. They will also work as needed as assistants in the Day Camp Program and the Nature Program. Wherever extra hands are needed, ASCENDERS can expect to support the operations of the camp.

The program will include a 10-hour work day: 6 hours of apprenticeship and 4 hours for personal growth, fostered through group meetings, structured activities and a variety of recreational activities. ASCENDERS will work a 6-day week with one day off as a group. Days off activities may include whitewater rafting, tubing, folk dancing, rock climbing, horseback riding or other activities as determined by the group and their leaders.

Junior Counselors

June 12 - August 13 Ages: 17 and older, or incoming 12th graders and up.

We anticipate a need for 9 Junior Counselors who are interested in working with children ages 7-13, and who can provide leadership and positive role models.

Accepted applicants must successfully complete the Counselor Training Workshop (June 12 - 18) prior to confirmation of employment as Junior Counselors. During the next two weeks of Senior High Camp, a 17-year-old Junior Counselor may attend Senior High Camp and pay the regular camp fees or may choose to be assigned to work on the camp staff, receiving their usual Junior Counselor pay of room, board, and \$35 per week. A Junior Counselor who is 18 years or older will automatically be assigned to work on the camp staff during this period.

For more information, write or call Mo and Larry Wheeler, Directors, September through May: Weekdays — 1120 Gunnison Court, Dept. Y, Clarkston, GA 30021. (404) 299-2677.

Weekends — June through August: Star Route, Box 40-A, Department Y, Highlands, NC 28741. (704) 526-5838.

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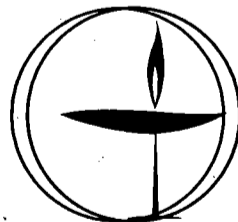
synapse

IT'S FREE

This first issue of SYNAPSE has been sent to the best mailing list we could compile. Our mailing list consists of the UUA all-society list, the old People Soup mailing list (edited and updated as best we could), current YRUU district organization mailing lists sent to us by our Council members, CLF youth, and individuals who have written in asking for subscriptions.

Undoubtedly there are many names and addresses that are inaccurate or outdated. We would love to update our list and send you your free copy of SYNAPSE at your correct address. We would similarly love to have you send us names of new subscribers for SYNAPSE.

Use the form below to correct your address or send in new subscriptions.
Mail to YRUU Office, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108



I received SYNAPSE but the address is inaccurate. My correct address is:

Name _____

Address _____

State/Province _____ ZIP _____

Birthdate _____

I would like you to add the following name(s) to the SYNAPSE list:

Name _____

Address _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Birthdate _____

This address is good indefinitely _____

until _____

I received my copy of SYNAPSE on

Month _____ Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Birthdate _____