

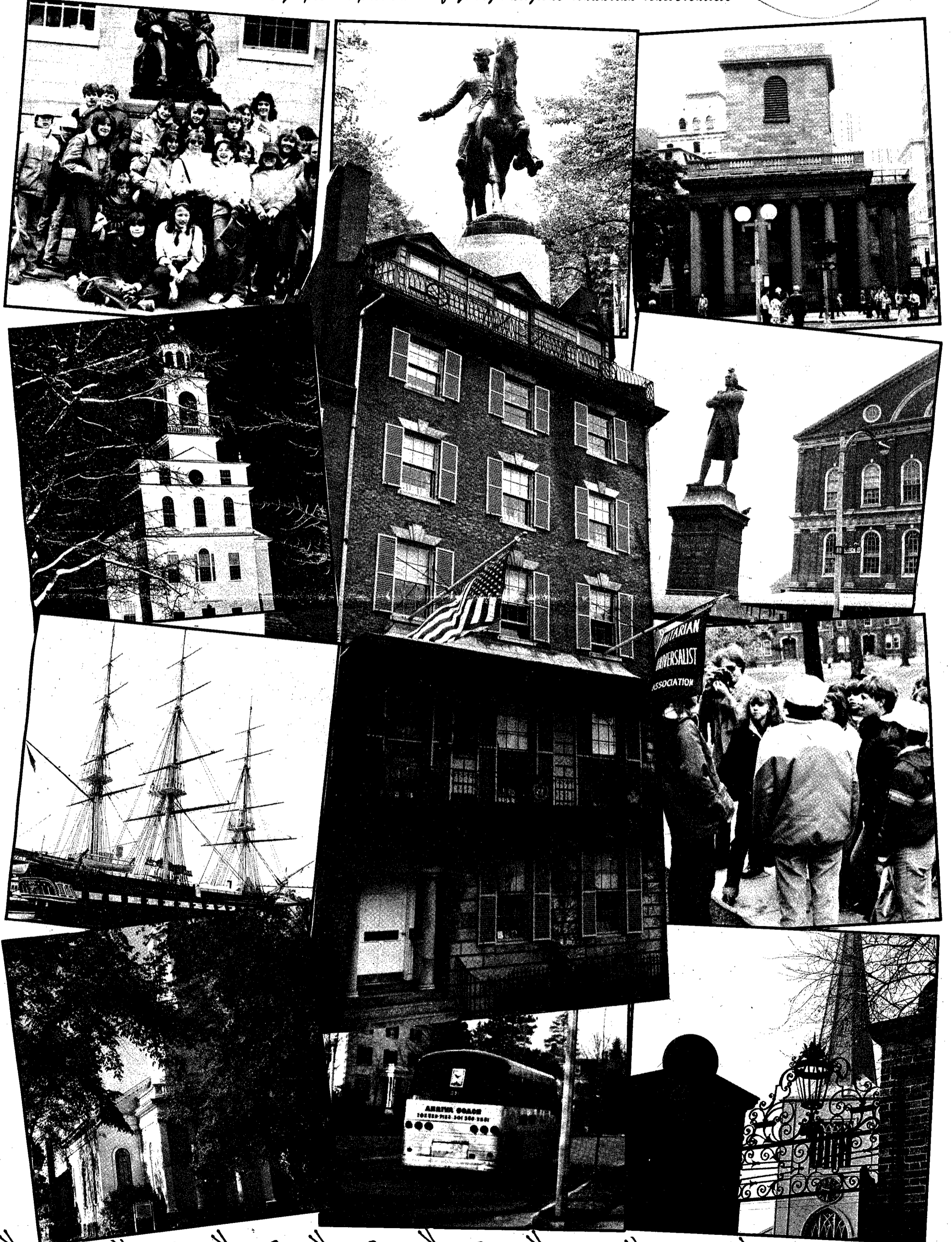
Synapse

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Volume 1 Issue II



INSIDE THIS ISSUE: Fred the Microcomputer Strikes Back! - P. 2 College Age Options - P. 2 Letter From Prison - P. 8

HITTING THE HERITAGE TRAIL - P. 6-7,

DON'T BUY A COMPUTER

Too much paper work? Perhaps you need more calculations performed? Maybe you aren't quite sure what it is that you do need to make your work simpler. Well, then, a computer is not it.

A computer does not provide you with any organizational capabilities. It only utilizes those that already exist. The problem with most people's paper work is that there is no order to it. A computer will not help here. A computer will not help UNTIL there is organization.

Before buying a computer ask yourself, "Is there a lot of work for me to do or is there a lot of organization for me to do?" If the problem is organization, then don't use a computer. There is nothing that can help you to confuse things more. In fact, a computer needs things to be more organized than a human does before it can even deal with a problem.

A computer can be thought of as a very stupid machine. Has anyone ever aggravated you because they have to be told something again and again before anything seems to sink in? Or perhaps they have aggravated you because they take things too literally and don't interpret what you mean. For example, you told them to send a bill to each person that owes you money, and they ended up sending a bill to someone that only owed you a penny. You will find all of these aggravations with a computer! A computer will do absolutely nothing that you don't pre-program it to do, and it will not do anything that you do not tell it to do, even if you have told it to do the same thing each and every morning.

So the question is: can a computer be useful at all? Yes. For some tasks all you want is someone or something that doesn't think, ask questions or get tired. Great! That's exactly what a computer doesn't do and doesn't do quite well. Think about having a friend that only does exactly what you tell him/her to do. Now think about giving this person a step-by-step list on a piece of paper of exactly what to do and telling him/her to do each step one after another. The last step on the piece of the paper could be to repeat the entire process over again. Now if your friend could complete one hundred steps in a second and could complete them accurately without making any mistakes, you might call your friend a computer.

If you were to tell your friend to just go and clean the livingroom or send a letter to fifty people, you would be out

of luck. What you would need to do is write a list something like this.

- 1 - LOOK AROUND
- 2 - ANY TRASH? - NO GO TO STEP 5 - YES GO TO STEP 3
- 3 - LOCATE AND DISPOSE OF ONE PIECE OF TRASH
- 4 - GO TO STEP 2
- 5 - VACUUM RUG
- 6 - MOVE COUCH
- 7 - VACUUM COUCH SPACE
- 8 - MOVE COUCH BACK
- 9 - STOP

This is only a simplified version of a general livingroom cleaning program that you would name LIVCLEAN, and tell your friend to store in his/her pocket, file cabinet or memory banks.

In the same way, a computer could be useful to store a mailing list. But think, does it take longer to write the list of all

SO YOU WANT A COMPUTER

A computer is an absolutely wonderful item for anyone to have and can make life much easier for everyone. It can take care of mailing lists of hundreds of people, it can help to prepare reports by making large amounts of calculations many times over, and it can provide a wonderful opportunity to test logic skills. Every command for a computer must be given in a step-by-step logical



the functions the computer must perform to store a mailing list than it does to actually write down the mailing list yourself? And is it worth the hassle of writing down all the steps, the chance of the mailing list being destroyed magnetically, the hassle of dealing with electronic storage or the price of the computer?

If your mailing list is under two hundred people, you may be much better off without a computer.

method which means that anyone using a computer can test his/her ability to outline tasks.

For instance, to make a computer perform social graces, you will have to tell it step-by-step what to say:

```
10 PRINT "HELLO."
20 PRINT "NICE WEATHER ISN'T IT?"
30 PRINT "DO YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO SNOW?"
40 INPUT A$
50 IF LEFT$(A$, 1) = "Y" THEN PRINT "YES, I THINK SO TOO."
60 IF LEFT$(A$, 1) = "N" THEN PRINT "NO, I DON'T THINK SO EITHER."
70 IF (LEFT$(A$, 1) <> "Y" AND LEFT$(A$, 1) <> "N") THEN PRINT "OH."
80 END
RUN
```

So, a computer doesn't provide you with the most interesting conversation.

But when you tell the computer what to say you can be quite sure that the computer will say the exact words that you typed in.

A computer might then be exactly the thing to take care of your small group mailing list. A small computer with disc storage and BASIC (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code) language would handle a mailing list for one hundred people or less with a program such as the following:

```
10 REM -- QUICK MAILING LIST PROGRAM
20 CLEAR 6000
30 DIM M$(5,100) : SET UP 100 SETS OF 5 ITEMS
40
50 CLS: CLEAR SCREEN
60
70 PRINT "MAILING LIST PROGRAM": PRINT
80 INPUT "LOAD LIST FIRST"; A$
90 A$ = LEFT$(A$, 1) : JUST LOOK AT FIRST CHARACTER
100 IF A$ <> "Y" AND A$ <> "N" THEN GO TO 70: BAD REPLY
110
120 IF A$ = "N" THEN GOTO 200: IF NO THEN SKIP LOADING
130
140 REM -- SEQUENTIAL LOAD -- ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE
150
160 : FOR T=1 TO 100
170 INPUT #-1, M$(1, T), M$(2, T), M$(3, T), M$(4, T), M$(5, T)
180 : NEXT T
190
200 CLS: PRINT "MAILING LIST RECALL"
210 PRINT 10
220 INPUT "WHAT IS THE NUMBER FOR THE PERSON (0 FOR LIST, -1 FOR QUIT)"; A
230 IF A = -1 THEN 400
240 IF A <> 0 THEN 320
250 CLS: PRINT "LIST: "; PRINT
260 : FOR T=1 TO 100
270 PRINT T; TAB(4); M$(1, T)
" M$(2, T) " M$(3, T) " M$(4, T) "
" M$(5, T)
280 INPUT " PRESS <ENTER> "; L
290 : NEXT T
300 GO TO 200
310
320 INPUT "NAME: "; M$(1, A)
330 INPUT "ADD-1: "; M$(2, A)
340 INPUT "ADD-2: "; M$(3, A)
350 INPUT "ADD-3: "; M$(4, A)
360 INPUT "PHONE: "; M$(5, A)
370 INPUT " PRESS <ENTER> "; L$
380 GO TO 200
390
400 ' QUIT -- SAVE FILE ON TAPE
410 PRINT "ENDING -- PREPARE TAPE RECORDER, PRESS";
420 INPUT " <ENTER> "; L$
430 : FOR T=1 TO 100
440 PRINT #-1, M$(1, T), M$(2, T), M$(3, T), M$(4, T), M$(5, T)
450 : NEXT T
460 END
Simple!
```

As you see, a computer can be absolutely perfect for a mailing list of under one hundred people.

Post High Programs: Possible Directions by Julie Ann Silberman

A few months ago I was standing on the stairs of the Morristown Unitarian Fellowship, on my way to a conference business meeting. My brother stopped me and said, "I'll bet you ten dollars that by the end of the meeting you're running the next conference." I just looked at him, grinned and continued on my way. My brother has the tendency to know me a bit too well. He was right. I volunteered to be on the committee to plan the next conference.

I've planned a lot of conferences before, but none quite like this one. You see, all the other conferences were youth

conferences and this one was more of a Young Adults conference. The group is called C.O.G. (Community of Growth). Primarily we are an outgrowth of LRY, but the group has chosen not to have any political ties to any Unitarian Universalist organizations. The group has only two officers, one is the treasurer, and the other is the newsletter coordinator. The only other responsibility the group has is running conferences. At each conference a new committee is either elected or they volunteer to run the next conference. This has jokingly been called the 'rotating dictatorship.'

C.O.G. began in 1980 in the North East and hopes to spread South soon.

In April the Thomas Jefferson District had a conference in Charlottesville for college age (18-22 age group) youth. Although the conference was small, there was a vocalization of the need for a more active program for people in this age range. Hopefully, the T.J. District will be able to keep the interest alive and the need serviced. Perhaps C.O.G. will be able to find the link it needs to spread southward.

The conference that I ran took place in Arlington, Massachusetts, March 18-20, and unlike most youth conferences we had two full days of programming. People arrived Friday evening and we had a small orientation where the theme "Skills in Community" was discussed along with the idea of letting the group make the schedule for the rest of the weekend.

I had planned out the menu and bought the food, but we told the group

that they could change the order of the meals or substitute any recipes they wanted so long as no other food was necessary. Allowing the group to make its own decisions worked very well. We ended up having two meals a day, but everyone was content, so at the end of the conference we auctioned off the extra food.

One special thing about this conference was that all of the activities included the whole group. We had Pam Mac Allister come and speak to us about her recent book, *Reweaving The Web of Life*. This sparked a discussion in which the group shared many emotions about violence towards women in our society. We also had speakers come from the Sirius Community, in Amherst, Ma. Sirius is an intentional community, with an emphasis on communication between all living things. These activities brought the group closer together through sharing, which was essential to the quality of the conference. *Continued on page 12*

BI O F E E D B A C K

By Tym Simpson

Why am I me? Initially I say "why not?" I am what my life has made me, through time and experience. I am simply everything I have ever seen, heard, smelled, touched, tasted, or thought. Nothing more.

When I think about it in more detail, I realize that I am who I am as a result of my past. I am by nature a non-conformist. Putting it bluntly, the supposed normality of this society bores and aggravates me. I am an American, and therefore in order to be legally normal, I should willingly sign my body over to the state to be used as cannon fodder at the whim of some White House hawk or bureaucrat for reasons that are often so confused by the politicians that they are unfathomable.

It is my duty, I should die for my country, right or wrong, regardless of reason and logic, empty of compassion. If the order is to kill, then it is my job as a law-abiding citizen to carry out that order. REMEMBER WOUNDED KNEE! REMEMBER MAI LAI! Forgive me my bluntness, but TO HELL WITH NORMALITY!!!

Now you know something about me, and I'll tell you how those feelings became a part of me. In 6th, 7th and 8th grade, I was enrolled in a typical Jr. High School. The school society is formed at ages 13, 14 and 15. Social Status becomes all important, tight little social cliques are formed from the first day of school. In 8th grade there were the "popular," the "fairly popular," the "studious," the "unpopular" who strived for acceptance, and the "weirdos." (God bless the weirdos.)

It was like a ladder with everyone striving for the top rung. The people at the top of the ladder had the right to



tease anyone and put them in their proper place by virtue of their position. One of the many little social games that the male "populars" used to grade their peers was a sort of rough equivalent of Rugby and Football—without the goals or rules. This game was commonly referred to as "smear the queer" or "kill the man with the ball." The object of the game was to grab a football and run as fast and as far as you could before everyone tackled you.

I played this game in the 7th grade because I, too, wanted to be popular. I'd

grab the ball, run, get ruthlessly smeared, and then repeat the process. I have to say it was kind of invigorating. At least when the populars came after me, it was with flesh and blood instead of putdowns and other taunts. I could deal with that. But after a while the game began to seem pointless. I could run as fast or as far as any of them, but it became harder to figure out why I was doing it.

I realized the madness of the situation one day as I was being pummelled by bodies after a particularly long run. I

looked around and saw the populars laughing. Not at me, but at a poor kid who had the audacity to be overly studious and unwilling to race around a field getting pummelled. He was an acquaintance of mine, not a friend really, but someone I could talk to about something besides "who was with who" and why this teacher or that teacher was such a bitch. He was easily the most intelligent kid in that grade and probably the most mature. He was ruthlessly teased, taunted and bullied because he didn't seem to care where he belonged on the social ladder. It was then that I realized I didn't care anymore either. I didn't want their acceptance or companionship. In one day I went from admiration to blind spite. I spat on them and spent my lunch hour watching leaves float down the creek near our school.

I became separate, alone. Ignored except for a few raised eyebrows and comments on my "weirdness." So what if I drank a pint of milk in under 4 seconds, and what was it to them that I knew the difference between Bach and the Beach Boys. I separated myself from them—I have yet to reconcile myself to the populars who are headed for offices and corporations everywhere.

That's it. That is why I am who I am, in part at least. I've come to the conclusion that everyone has the right to be who they are and to believe what they wish. But when people believe that right allows them to attack the rights of others, then that right crumbles like Jericho's walls in the blast of the horns of Hypocrisy.

God bless the weirdos.

God bless the strangers.

God bless those who accept them for themselves.

God bless you all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Colin, Julie-Ann, and Wayne,

Picked *Synapse* #1 out of the Mail Box the day I returned from the Montreal conference and I'm going to give you what you seem to desire immensely, FEEDBACK.

I loved it, a dod gamn, futhermucking success! The layout is slick and primo without looking commercial—it's a real beauty. Could use a little more creative stuff, but I suspect that will start pouring in from youth from all over in a matter of weeks or less. This publication has re-kindled my hopes for a viable, warm, supportive, loving, spiritually fulfilling Unitarian youth organization. Whatever, keep it up and tell the moonies I said hello.

Pax Amor,
Tym Simpson

Dear Friends at Synapse,

I just received your first issue. Your newspaper is very informative and interesting! Especially the section on Nuclear Disarmament. It's a very important issue. I'm so glad you deal with it! So few do! I hope I can receive every one of your upcoming issues!

Yours truly,
Jessica Powell

To the Youth Office,

... Who can give us information about what is going on in churches and fellowships across the country? The newspaper *Synapse* should—too many personals sounds like a closed club—which in my experience LRY came to be too often. Good luck with *Synapse* - a good start.

Mary Elizabeth Taylor

THIS IS A YOUTH NEWS-PAPER?!!??

I'm sure all the adults who helped us get rid of "NASTY" old LRY are happy. They have their nice, cleancut "UU WORLD JUNIOR." Free of "Silly and Deviant Kid Stuff." When I read *Synapse*, I got the feeling that it was mainly trying to appeal to the adults. This is a YOUTH magazine! If adults do read it, that's fine, but that's no reason to clear away any of what was fun about PEOPLE SOUP. I guess it's a product of COMMON GROUND with the idea of Adult "SUPERVISION." Seems to be a little more than supervision to me, sort of like military "advisors" in EL SALVADOR, eh? I guess some people think it's their duty to make sure the U.U. Youth turn into sport-shirt liberals. I have some suggestions that would maybe make a more enjoyable paper for youth. The rule of completely limiting the live-in staff to only the interns is detrimental to the paper's creativity. It would be a good idea to let people stay there for a while, (like the good old days) and give the interns a hand, contribute to the

Continued on page 12



THE SPIRES

Newsletter of the UU Churches in Mendon and Uxbridge, MA

Sometimes I think that worship is chewing gum for the soul: a benign habit to pacify and pass the time. Worship hardly seems addictive but more of an optional activity, a matter of choice, something to take or leave depending on weather, mood, and the pressures of tasks around the house. Though sometimes I think this about worship, I am wrong. Let me tell you how I was proven wrong this week.

Last Sunday night, Tony Donatelli called to tell me that a 16-year-old girl had died of a massive heart attack. There would be a funeral Mass in her own church, but Tony, Beth McCann and a few others of her friends wanted to do something of their own. A candle-light vigil was suggested, complete with bonfire on the church lawn. Forecasts of windy, cold weather moved their plans indoors, fortunately, even though Tony graciously offered to re-seed the scorched lawn.

On Wednesday night, about 60 teenagers, the girl's parents, family and a few other adults came to the Parish Hall. Most sat on the floor of the darkened room, around a single candle. Her favorite music was played: the Doors, Beatles, rock-and-roll. Some words from Ecclesiastes were read—"to everything there is a season . . ."—and an invitation made to share thoughts and feelings.

Laughter came first: memories of a waitress who spilled frappes on her customers; fantasies of a girl certain that Prince Andrew would soon give up Koo and marry her; recollections of an excellent student who also wrote poetry ("How do I hate substitutes?/Let me count the ways."); stories and more stories.

But that was not all. Laughter and tears comingled. Regrets were confessed: opportunities to say "I love you" missed, tendernesses untouched. Words unsaid were spoken Wednesday night. A friend sang a favorite hymn. From hand to hand, candles were lighted. Songs were sung—*Kum Ba Yah; I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing; Dear Friends; Listen, Listen Listen*. Hands were held. Hugs. Tears. More laughter. Quiet. And, finally, good-bye.

I am wrong to think that worship is merely voluntary. It is not. Worship is a necessity. Thank you, Tony, Beth, and all for reminding me that there are times when nothing else will do, when worship is the only vessel able to hold what is in our heaped-up hearts. Our young people knew what had to be done to free their hearts. May we also.

Faithfully,
Rev. John Gibbons
Continental YAC
1981-83

EDITORIAL POLICY

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.

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Boston, MA

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STEERING COMMITTEE NEWS



no matter what side of an issue she was on. Kevin Clark is the carryover member from the original Youth Assembly Planning Committee that put together Common Ground I, doing laborious work as Registrar for both youth assemblies.

Lori Pederson retires from eight years on the UUA Board this year, and thus ends her two-year association with the YAC and Steering Committee. We have appreciated her integrity and sensitivity in serving as our liaison with the Board. Bruce Southworth is the grand old man of the YAC, having served four years as chair and two more years as a member during the YRUU transition. We owe a great deal to him.

Finally, two YAC members who are retiring will have ongoing roles into the summer and the 1983-84 year. Jane Park is the Program Chair of the first YRUU Continental Conference, and is actively working with the Spirit Committee and the staff to put on a great Con-Con in August. Mara Schoeny is leaving the YAC, but as of September 1, 1983, she will be the newest member of the YRUU staff in Boston, replacing Julie-Ann Silberman.

Mara's appointment to the Youth Staff was one of several that the Steering Committee considered at its April meeting. It was perhaps the most difficult, for another large field of qualified candidates applied for the job. Mara is a student at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville and has been involved

with the youth group at the Jefferson Memorial Church.

At-large Youth Representatives to the 1983 Youth Council were chosen: Pam Traugott (St. Petersburg, FL), representing Jr. High; Laura Allen (Brookline, MA), representing High School; Dave Amir (Birmingham, MI), representing Post-High.

The Steering Committee also made the following recommendations to the UUA Board for appointments to eight adult slots on the 1983 Youth Council:

For two-year terms: Connie Goodbread (Clearwater, FL), Helen Finch (Bloomington, IN), Mark Sanderson (Sioux Falls, SD), Don King (Colorado Springs, CO), (represents UUA Board).

For one-year term: Janne Eller (Oakland, CA), Barbara Moore (Peoria, IL), Jeff Workman (Wakefield, MA), Rev.

Silvio Nardoni (Canoga Park, CA), (Liaison to UUMA/LREDA).

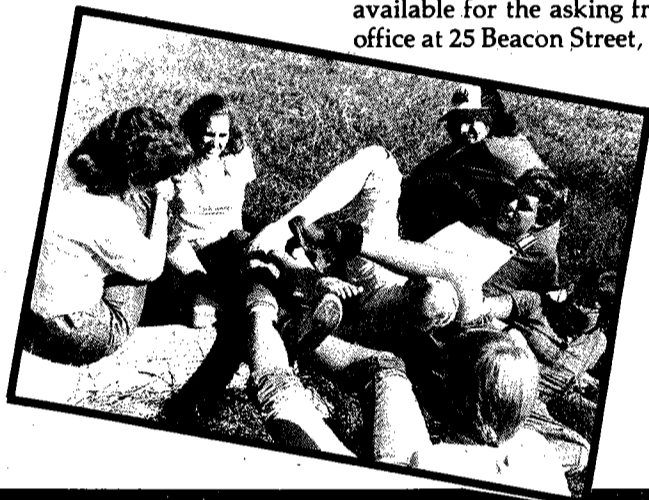
The UUA Board confirmed these appointments at its meeting on April 24, 1983.

Gene Pickett met with the two committees for an afternoon to discuss budget concerns and the broad issue of youth membership and participation at all levels of the denomination. Gene will help us in investigating possibilities for a YRUU voice on the floor of the General Assembly.

The Steering Committee worked in commissions on several other concerns:

- the registration process for Con-Con
- schedule and Steering Committee responsibilities at the Council Meeting
- the manner in which future Con-Con committees are formed
- YRUU logos, T-shirts, kites(!)

A full text of the April minutes is available for the asking from the YRUU office at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.



WHO WILL FEEL THE SQUEAL

It's nearing election time again, and it's time to reevaluate what Reagan has done for young people in America. Besides trying to make massive cutbacks in public education and financial aid for college students, and in addition to the Solomon Amendment, which requires proof of draft registration from men wishing to receive federal financial aid, we now have a new and perhaps more frightening regulation—an Executive power play which would affect the lives of millions of young women. I am referring to the so-called "squeal rule" which requires that parents of minors receiving birth control be notified within ten days. This regulation falls under Title X of the Department of Health and Human

Services. Title X was created in 1970 to provide federal money for family planning clinics with the goal of "providing confidential family planning services without regard to age, sex, marital status, or ability to pay." The regulation would affect women 17 and under receiving a diaphragm, an IUD, or the pill (which, of course, are the three most effective methods of contraception) from federally funded clinics, including Planned Parenthood, etc.

The implications of this regulation are many. The first obvious result would be a dramatic increase in the numbers of teen pregnancies. At this time, there is no regulation regarding abortion. Thus, a minor could get an abortion, but could

not get birth control. This regulation would penalize young women who wished to take the responsibility of obtaining birth control. As I see it, the regulation is also classist (those who could afford a private physician are not affected), and sexist (only women would suffer the consequences of parental notification). Certainly no one would even suggest that the partner's parents be told! The regulation is also clearly unconstitutional, denying a teenager the right to privacy as well as interfering with the confidentiality between doctor and patient. Fortunately, this regulation had been temporarily blocked by a court injunction, and is being challenged by a coalition of family planning groups.

Besides being potentially very harmful to individuals, this regulation also raises some questions about our government in general. When the Secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, Richard Schweiker ignores thousands of letters from concerned citizens and bypasses the wishes of Congress to impose this regulation, we must begin to question the underlying reasons. We must begin to see this regulation for what it really is: an effort on the part of the Reagan administration to appease its conservative New Right, "Pro-family" constituency.

Lesley MacDonald

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 accepted
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.

New Hampshire and Vermont Federation (GWUDMF) 1983-84 Council Member Claudia Center

NH & VT remains very active. They held a successful peacework weekend in Peterborough, NH, on May 20 to 22. Members of this District are busy planning for Star Island LRY week, Ferry Beach week, and the week-long Summer's End Conference. They are making concerted efforts to make sure the younger members of the Federation take over its leadership as the older members go on to college, etc.

Massachusetts Bay YRUU (MBYRUU) 1983-84 Council Member: Elizabeth Jas

Mass Bay YRUU held its annual Spring Business/Leadership Development Conference in Brookline, MA, April 22-24. The conference was a success with about thirteen different churches represented. They elected their Steering Committee, which is based on local group representatives. Their Steering Committee members are: Laura Allen, Kelly Marold, Donn Hatt, John Anderson, John Kurtz, Paul Bartow and Elizabeth Jas. They are still producing a newsletter. Because their District is so small geographically they find it easy to have the Steering Committee run their conferences and produce the newsletter rather than delegate the responsibility to local groups or committees.

Central Massachusetts District 1983-84 Member Eric Draper

There is an "enthusiastic and growing" YRUU presence in Central Mass. The District YAC at last report was planning a conference May 20-22. They also have a task force examining programming for older youth. Kevin Backman is their youth representative on the District Board. Youth news in the District is published each month in the District newsletter, *News and Views*. The Central Mass. YAC is vigorously pursuing the drive to lower church membership age requirements.

Connecticut Valley District 1983-84 Council Member Julie Billings

After the success of their February conference CVD YRUU is definitely on an upswing. Interest is much greater and very much more diversified. They are producing an independent newsletter and they held a conference in Hartford May 13-15. The theme of the



conference was "Stone Soup." (Does that sound familiar NHVt'ers?) Good luck you people.

Ballou Channing District—No 1983-84 Youth Council Member Chosen

Hank Pierce held the Spring Think conference in New Bedford, MA, on May 13-15. Besides Hank, however, the District is VERY quiet. There is lots of local church activity but not much on a District basis. Hank will be skipping town to go to school in New York. It is widely rumored that he is leaving Ballou-Channing pregnant.

Saint Lawrence District 1983-84 Youth Council Member To Be Chosen

The post Common Ground structure of Saint Lawrence District was approved simultaneously by the District Board at the District Annual Meeting in Ithaca and at the Spring business meeting of the Youth movement in

Montreal. Their Steering Committee consists of four youth and one adult. The youth are elected at the Annual Spring Business conference and the adults are chosen by the Board from a slate submitted to it by the outgoing youth committee.

The Montreal conference was a real success with about ninety people attending. The conference ended with a "Youth Sunday" service that had a strong emotional impact. The Cedarshore LRY deserve a pat on the back for a job well done. Ithaca area LRYers/YRUUers held a Spring Frolic at a nearby State Park in May which was well attended.

The Saint Lawrence Steering Committee youth members are: Johanne Babb of Montreal, Helen Martin of Albany, Scott Williams of Binghamton, and James Hanover of Binghamton.

Metro New York YRUU 1983-84 Council Member: Paul Gibson

Metro held a conference hosted by Summit LRY March 18 to 20. They held a conference in Ridgewood, NJ, April 8-10 with the theme of "Fairy Tales." Their Spring Assembly was held in Brooklyn April 22-24. They elected their youth council rep. at this Assembly as well as the youth and adult members of the District youth council. Their Y-Council has been extremely active and well organized. Their newsletter, *The Thing From Metro*, made its first appearance this Spring to rave reviews.

Thomas Jefferson District 1983-84 Council Member: Eileen Tague

Over the last few months, TJ has held conferences in Knoxville, TN, Charlottesville, VA, and Roanoke, VA. Their District structure was established during the Knoxville conference. The Charlottesville conference was designed

for college-age youth, and the Roanoke conference was open to all ages.

Florida District (FDYRUU) 1983-84 Council Member: Kent Saleska

A new structure for FDYRUU was established at the Clearwater conference. It consists of seven offices with specific duties. Florida is planning a conference for Gainesville Memorial Day weekend. They will be holding another three-day conference over Labor Day weekend. Their newsletter is published bi-monthly. Their District officers are: Steven Traugott—President, Ron Kelloway—VP, John Hoinacki—Secretary, Jessica Schlenk—Treasurer, Robert Alexander—Social Concerns, Amanda Bowers—Field work, Beth Wilde—PR, and Kent Saleska—Continental Rep.

Mid South District 1983-84 Council Member:

Mid South had a conference April 22-24 in New Orleans, with twenty-five people in attendance. They are planning to hold a conference in Atlanta this September.

Michigan District 1983-84 Council Member: Kris Amir

Michigan District just held its Spring conference May 22-24 with the theme "A Celebration of Life." They are producing a newsletter and the District is growing in size all the time.

Southwest District (SWYRUU) 1983-84 Council Member: Leesa Cockrell

SWYRUU held their annual meeting in Midland, Texas, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of April. The members of the Southwest Youth Adult Committee are: Laura McKee, Leesa Cockrell, Beth Dowell, Stephen Lancaster, Rebecca Butler, Tom Nichols, Babs Richardson, Grayson Richardson, Andrew Schulman and George Terry.

Prairie Star Youth (PSY) 1983-84 Council Member: Beth Olson

Prairie Star held a successful conference at the end of April in Davenport, Iowa, at a 4-H Camp. They held a business meeting of local group representatives and members of the outgoing YAC to form a new District Structure. They developed a Committee of five youth and two adults to run their conferences, produce a newsletter, give support to locals and maintain contact with continental. Carol Atchison was voted in as Prairie Star's elder stateswoman, a temporary position on their Committee. The other youth members of the committee are: Jennifer Brown—chairperson, Jill Klindworth—chair of the newsletter committee, Karen Severson—chair of the conference committee, Matt Martin—chair of the local outreach committee, and Beth Olson—their representative to continental Youth Council. The plan is for each of these people to form their own committees and be responsible for coordinating them.

Pacific Northwest District 1983-84 Council Member: Debby Raible

Pacific Northwest had a very successful Spring conference May 6 to 8 entitled "Changes, Movement and Growth;" 118 people attended.

The members of a new YAC were solicited. The YAC consists of a sub-committee for each of the three age groupings.

Continued on page 12

Personals



Hey Petunia Toes- Sorry you had to leave before I could slam you thru a wall, Love Sweet Breads

Hank- What makes Jerry Curlan so nice?

Henry- Your tears just make me love you more for being a real human . . . being . . . You are a true friend. Forever-Kneith

Hey Bunny Boots! When'r yew gonna' change yer name so I kin stop callin' myself Kneith? love-Sweetcakes-

Nina- I love you - Dave

Rhea, J.A., Colin- You guys, I tell ya, I'll never forget your visit to the mountains of East Tennessee. I hope, that once again, we can be together here in Knoxville and share the beauty of the Smokies. Love, Bruce

Phil- your scumdog, you come all the way to Tennessee, take a plunge in the ole swimming hole, Recover for 10 days at the Grotto, and then we never hear from you again. HINT, HINT. WRITE US HERE IN KNOXVILLE!
From Master Scumdog Bruce
P.S. Your pipe is alive and well at the grotto.

Kate, my darling daughter- me & your Pa sure miss you! are you going to Star? when are you coming up to Hampshire land to see us? write soon- love your mother

ZAMBINI!
Howdy! Any of you folks who remember me, please write and tell me how your last few years have been spent. I miss my SEAFOAM/SYNERGY loves!!

Leslie Loe
P.O. 588 Hampshire College
Amherst, Ma. 01002
413-549-4600 ext. 335

Collin: Remember to think of me every time you PSY. love Jennifer

Pretz Johnson, wherever you are
IOU a hikki-n' clove,
Remember Rochester Dead and Electric?
Tym

Andrew: I love your laugh & I have your jacket. See you in Fargo.
love Jennifer

Hey Phred!
Consume feces
i am not a canadian
i am a free man
#6, #6, #6, orange alert
don't stick a fork in the toasters,
Kung foo of gennesee country

Laura: (cough . . .) That's new. Thanx for the good times, I hope there'll be more. Go west young woman! See you this Summer. Love, Fuzzy.

This is going to sound dumb folks but. . . I would like to hear from persons who were in attendance at the CON CON held in Wimberly, TX in 1977 or was it 78? Persons wishing to let me know they're still alive can write: Peter Kelley, 2340 Fox Street, Orono, MN 55356
You see it does sound dumb doesn't it!!

K A V E: give yourself a hug for me. All is forgiven. Zem and Frog live! ATY will reign supreme! Love your better/worser half.

Lee from Wincen-on Salem; one of these days Jeff from the North Quincy will be reunited with you and that is a promise.

To my favorite people in Arizona; Kate Helms and Sandi Jackson. Thank goodness for Common Ground and GA or else I'd never have made such good friends. May we always stay in touch. Jeff Workman

To all W.H.O. and U.G.L.Y. and 51'st'ers - the U.D.L. are going to make you real people no matter what, even if we have to destroy you all. For you are inferior groups, we are the master group! U.D.L. - Hank The Unitarian Defense League

Golly, thanks Miss Bacon, the feelings mutual.
Hi, Tom in Texas how's U.D.L. West coming along?
Peter Simpson write me! Also Hello U.D.L. South.
Chow Main - Hank'er

Katherine Micheal- Will I ever see you again? I love You! I miss you! Forever-H.A.
Rhe- someday when I think I've lost you forever, I'll find you in the mountains- love, J.A.

Local Group Activity



By Lenore DeLu and Sally Redick

Switch partners.

- 7) When I look in your eyes the part of me I see is . . .
- 8) When I feel lonely I . . .
- 9) I cry when . . .

Switch partners.

- 10) Something I despise in a person is . . .
- 11) Something I value in a friend is . . .
- 12) Something my friends value in me is . . .

Choose one of your previous partners, through non-verbal communication. While you choose, be thinking of what you keep secret. When you have chosen your partner, answer one of these two questions.

- 13a) A secret of mine is . . .
- 13b) I don't feel I can tell you my secret because . . .

It may be a good idea to bring the whole group together, and discuss what people got out of the exercise.

Break the group into pairs, not total strangers—but not best friends either. Designate one of each pair A and one B. A will begin by asking the first question, repeating it as a probe. After a short time (3 minutes) the facilitator will have A and B switch roles. Partners should maintain eye contact and hold hands throughout the exercise. Each person should have a chance with all questions:

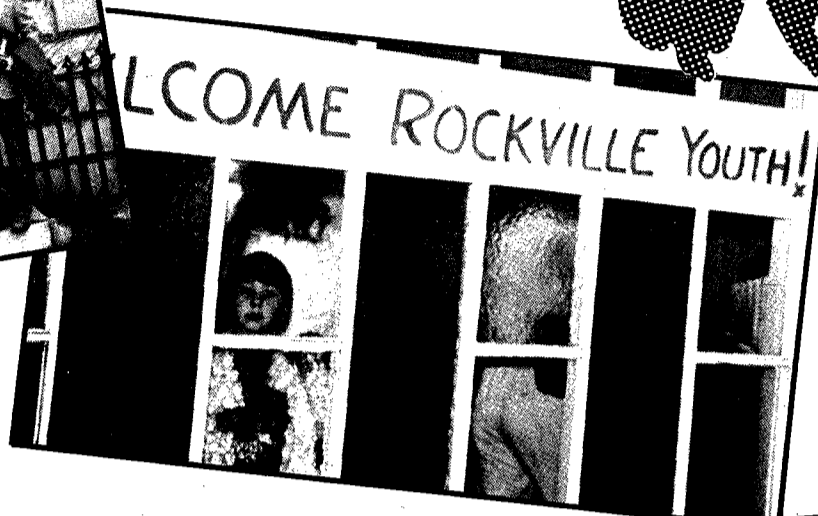
- 1) I maintain a facade because . . .
- 2) Something I don't like about myself is . . .
- 3) Something I'm proud of is . . .

Switch partners.

- 4) Secretly I wish . . .
- 5) People can hurt my feelings most by . . .
- 6) When I have been hurt I . . .

"Hitting

The



If you had been a junior higher at the Unitarian Church of Rockville, Maryland this year you would have met William Ellery Channing and John Murray through short dramas, climbed to the skylight of the Unitarian Church of Baltimore, toured the Baltimore Inner Harbor, and shared in a candlelight ceremony for martyrs who gave their lives for their beliefs.

You would have met ancient UU heritage figures from Transylvania, pondered issues which paralleled those addressed by Thomases Jefferson and Paine, played a word game to learn about famous UU women and another one about American authors from UU backgrounds. You would have celebrated the 250th birthday of Joseph Priestley after seeing a demonstration of one of his chemistry experiments.

You would have learned what UUA, JPD, GWA, SR, LRY, YAC and YRUU mean, and you would have debated disarmament and roles stereotyping issues. You would have helped in the formation of your church's Youth Adult Committee through a process you learned called group consensus. You would have been introduced to the Nestle Boycott issues as you pretended to be an active member of your church's social responsibility council. You would have watched UCR adults dramatize their own ponderings of what UUism means to them.

For fun, you would have skidded down the Alpine Slide and later down a ski slope at night. You would have attended three overnights at the church and seen eight great films.

To earn money for an end-of-year trip to Boston, you would have sold 296 pieces of fruit, 110 lbs. of chocolate, 40 lbs. of fresh almonds, and 700 crackers with peanut butter. You would have planned and put on a square dance for the entire church and managed two rooms at the church's annual bazaar. You would have served a 3-course, sit-down dinner to 120 people at your very own dinner theater. Following the meal, you would have entertained those people with four delightful skits, a one-act mystery play and musical revue. You would have over \$1,000 in all.

You would have enjoyed a five-day trip with your classmates and advisors in a chartered bus, traveling to Boston by way of Plymouth Rock, and touring churches, historical places of interest, and a few places just for fun in and around the Boston area. You would have stayed overnight in homes of junior high youth from Lexington-Bedford UU churches with the hope that they will visit you next year when they come to the Washington, D.C. area.

At the end of the church year you would have assembled a time capsule of mementoes representing your life in 1983 to be presented to the church and buried on the church grounds for 100 years. You would

have speculated with a certain amount of awe and tremendous curiosity as to the scene which will unfold in the year 2083 when the junior high age youth dig up your box and disclose its ancient contents.

Is this typical? Is this what junior highers in UU churches normally do?

In some senses the Rockville, MD Junior High Group is special. It has thirty-eight active members and four advisors! Most of our junior high groups aren't quite that big.

On the other hand, the kinds of things that Rockville did last year are possible for any junior high group of any size. More and more UU churches have introduced thoughtful and exciting programs in Unitarian Universalist identity and heritage at the junior high level. UU Churches in the Boston area are especially aware of these programs because they are deluged with requests for "heritage tour" housing each spring.

Spring vacation is an especially popular week. Usually there are five or six different junior high groups in Boston that week culminating their junior high year with a long-awaited trip to the city where Unitarian Universalism in North America began. Usually the groups come to Boston from UU churches on the Atlantic seaboard, but in the past twelve months we have seen groups in Boston from Birmingham, Michigan; Chicago, IL; Raleigh, North Carolina; Montreal, P.Q.; and Williamsville, NY.

You don't need to live near Boston to make "hitting the heritage trail" the climax of your junior high year. Most recently, the "ancestor" of all the UU heritage tours has been the Denver, CO, area's "Ninth Grade Trip." Now in its tenth year, the Ninth Grade Trip involves a journey from the Denver area to the Navajo and Hopi Indian Reservations in Arizona on a bus owned and operated by the participating UU churches.

Creative and challenging "Coming of Age" programs are also being run by congregations with smaller groups that are quite far from any other UU church. The UUA makes available one such program from the Shawnee Mission Unitarian Society through the Sales and Distribution Center for \$1.50.

In order for the Rockville program to be able to use a Heritage Tour as their final program, three UU societies in the Boston area cooperated in hosting responsibilities. Junior highers in the First Parish in Bedford, the Follen Church and the First Parish in Lexington, MA, are hoping that they will be going to the Washington area in the spring of 1984. Each of these churches has a much smaller junior high group than Rockville. Through cooperation, however, they were not only able to host their trip, but expect to make a similar one which would not have been possible on their own.



Fund-raising is always an issue for trips such as this one. Towards the cost of the trip: A Dinner Theatre and Candlelight ment for 120 people. Here is a page from the evening's program, evening:

The Case of the Missing Hearts

(author: unknown)

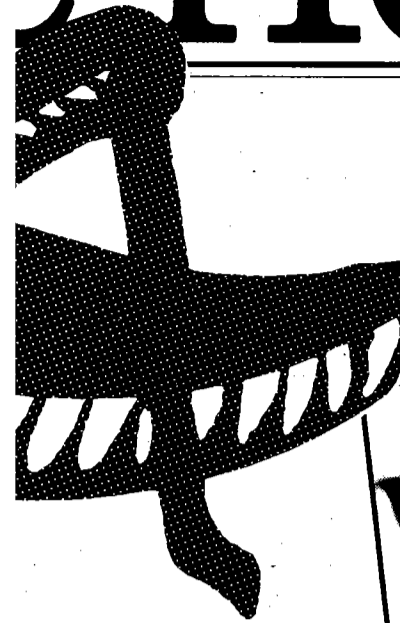
CAST
(In order of appearance.)

Buxton Anguish, wealthy, retired British diplomat:	Andy Green
Penelope Anguish, his wife:	Stephanie Wilson
Mrs. Slickover, their housekeeper:	Mary Brunning
Hermione Anguish, their 18-year-old daughter:	Paula Friedenberg
Monty Bagg, Hermione's fiancé:	Kevin Childers
Alice Paddock, Hermione's school friend:	Annade Salas
Slickover, the butler:	Mike Johnson
Ms. Shirley Woods, the great detective:	Lynn Curry
Dr. Joanna Watson, Homer's faithful companion:	Amy Kim
handsome Hogan, member of Scotland Yard:	Curt Lytle

SCENE 1
The living room of the country estate of Buxton and Penelope Anguish on a lovely spring day.

SCENE 2
Same setting, very late that night.

Heritage Trail



How about the trip to Boston itself? Did it work? Was it fun? Getting there is supposed to half the fun, but it is a long ride. Here is "A DIARY OF A BUS TRIP" by Katharine Noel

Saturday, March 26, 1983

8:30 a.m.

We're on the bus en route to Boston. I just found out who my host family is: the Langers. I knew Molly from Star Island. We're all talking - screaming - at the top of our lungs. Everyone is comparing pictures of their host families, reading aloud descriptions, trying to decide who got the best deal. There is one group singing "Fame," one trading food, and about six of us taking pictures. I'm scribbling furiously, my knees braced against the seat in front of me, my legs across two seats and Jennifer's lap.

10:30

Bored. Have tried to write a letter, tried to read, and ended up sketching two bus seats across the aisle.

11:30

They got to "negative seven bottles of beer on the wall" before Amanda shut them up. Instead, they are singing "Frosty the Snowman."

1:30

I guess I did fall asleep after all. Joanne woke me up by taking a flash picture of me sleeping. (sweet kid)

2:30

We're bored again. We got a kind of second wind after we woke up, but it was short lived. Have retold all the "Grosser than Gross" jokes; have re-sung all the songs we knew, have retold exactly what happened at the last overnight. Susanne went back to sleep and the rest of us are sitting and thinking. Every once in a while we will come out of our lethargy to try and get truck drivers to honk at us.

Once the group got to Lexington, however, things picked up. During their three days the group enjoyed dinners and mixers at two of the host churches, and one night eating out in Boston's Little Italy, the

North End. They saw the best tourist attractions in town (Quincy Market, the Aquarium, the Hancock Tower), as well as guided tours of the buildings that provide backdrop to some of the UU history in town (King's Chapel, the First Parish in Cambridge, and UUA headquarters). What visit to the Boston area could be complete without a tour of Harvard University, an institution which combines both American and UU history in one package. Here is what Lynn Curry thought about "Haavad":

"It was a cold, windy day to start with, but when you're outside for two hours you really begin to feel it on that open campus. We were all wondering if it was going to be worth it, but when we met Susan Kim, the sister of one of the Junior Highers, we knew it would. She was bouncy and alive. Susan knew lots of juicy little trivia about former graduates and the campus itself. She told us the story behind the largest library in the U.S., which was located right on center campus. Susan even took us into her dorm, (college kids aren't as mature as one might think), so we could get the personal side of the so widely known Ivy League University. We soon found out and began to notice the Polaroid camera shaped science building (have you ever noticed?). Talk about lack of communication, we saw some when she told us of the French architect who sent plans for a Harvard building and some years later came to see his work of art and found it had been built upside down. And how about the fire station that was built in old Harvard style so as not to clash with the campus, only to be surrounded later by modern buildings. Was the fire house worth it? We began to wonder when we heard the story of the clock on Memorial Hall that burned down (the building was right across the street from the fire house). It burned down because "the traffic was too heavy." Then there was the beautiful "Haavad Yaad," a real sight to behold. Well, we were right, it was worth it!"

All in all, what did the Rockville Junior Highers think of their time in Boston?

All in all, what did the Rockville Junior Highers think of their time in Boston?

Andy Green: "It was fun to be with everybody. The bus felt like home because we were all together. It was fun the night we met our families. I can't wait till they come down here."

Brian Childers: "I liked going to the Aquarium and learning about the tide pool and being able to pick up the animals that live there."

Phyllis Childers (advisor): "It was wonderful to watch our group become so strongly bonded. This has been occurring throughout our year of activities and fund raisers, but even more so during the Boston trip."

Christine Byrd: "Boston was great. The people were nice, and we had fun touring."

- Phyllis Childers and Wayne Arnason

CRITIC'S CORNER

Jr. Hi Dinner theater

After the windy wait outside the worship hall, the eager crowd entered a lovely candlelit cafe and were served a scrumptious gourmet dinner - the dinner was friendly, no request was denied. The menu, from an elegant raw vegetable salad to a cool refreshing lemon mousse was thoroughly delicious.

Donna Hickman (Famed food critic)

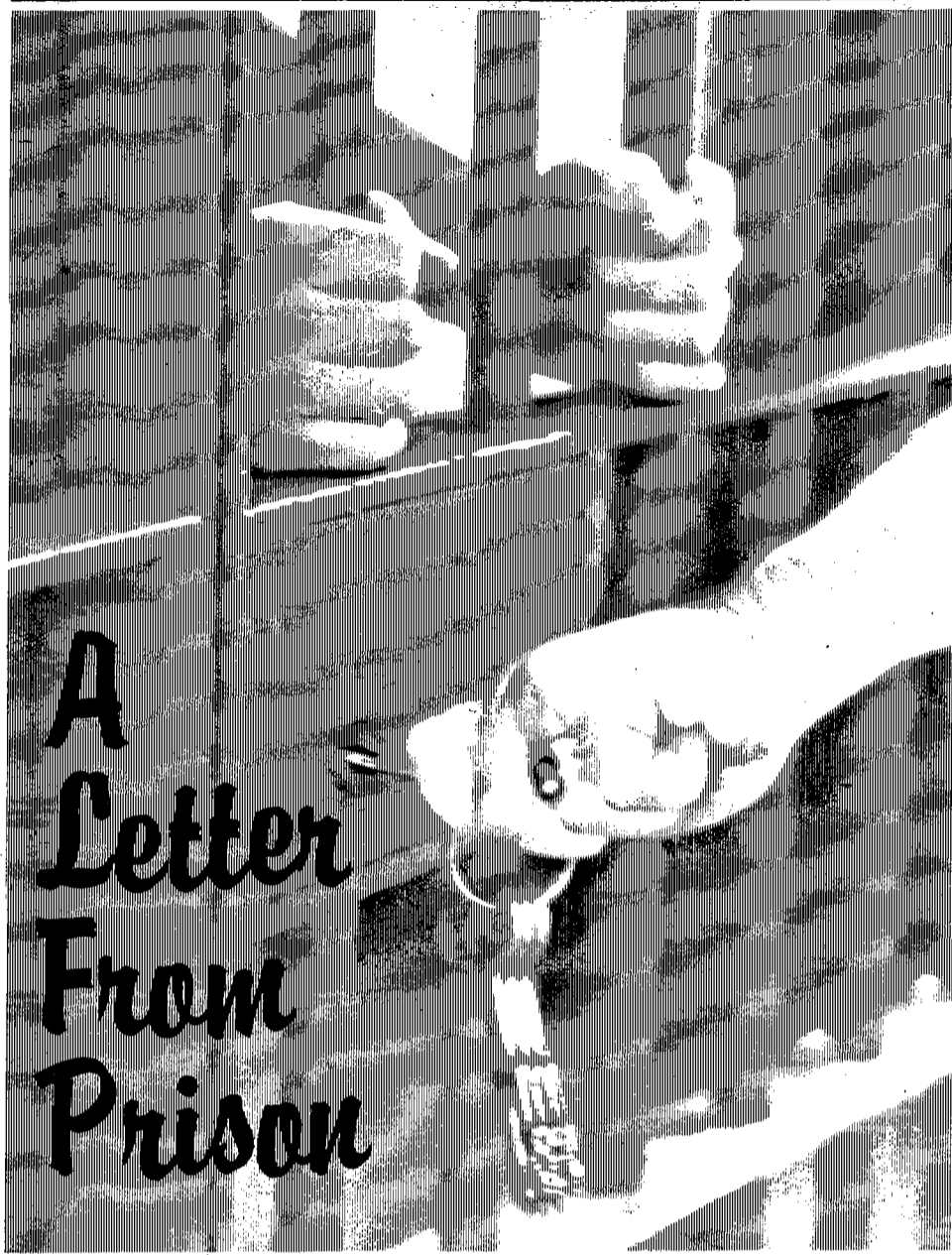
Entertainment Review

"The Junior High Jinks"

"A Dinner Theater? Isn't that little complex? Nah... No way... can't do it... But do it they did. Last Saturday night a line of hungry and curious people waited outside the worship hall, while sounds of banging and scents of food wafted by. All were anticipating one thing: a Junior High Dinner Theater. None were disappointed. A delicious cuisine was served to each individual by a smiling wait-person (who often stopped to chat until reminded of his/her duties), and when everything was finally cleared away and the guests were sipping coffee, the skits began. From the moan/groan of a good old mellerdrummer to a rib-tickling interpretation of Pyramus and Thisbe, all were delightful. But, of course, who has not heard of the infamous Shirley Holmes and her equally famous "Case of the Missing (what) oh Pearls?" If anyone thought they were 'laughed-out' by this time; Shirley Holmes proved them dead-wrong. So the evening went incredibly smoothly and the "Fearless Four" can relax; the hard part is over, right? Now all they have to do is take a group (?)... Bunch?... HORDE! of enthusiastic Junior Highers on a bus to Boston! Have fun!"

Erika Wilson, (UCR critic in residence)

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



A Letter From Prison

April 25, 1983
Reilly Johnson PNM #30222
L-1-Red-2226
Post Office Drawer 1328
Los Lunas, New Mexico 87031

Julie-Ann Silberman
Youth Staff-YRUU
25 Beacon Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02108

Hi Julie-Ann,

Nice to get a letter. Every little bit helps. So you want me to write an article about our new fellowship. [The Los Lunas UU Fellowship, in the Central New Mexico Correctional Facility. - Ed.]

Well...

Your suggestions are pretty funny. My guess is that the closest you've been to a prison is the one in the picture on the Service Committee brochure. Right?

I would like to write an article, but it'll take me a while to grind out a story that would be both entertaining and informative.

As to my "moral support of Unitarians everywhere, particularly in the area of

improving prison conditions" statement, what I'm trying to address there is the need to make these awful places work.

Suppose every time General Motors made three cars, two of 'em didn't run. I'd bet there would be a hue and cry from here to Boston.

Those are the exact statistics for successful reintegration to society of a first-time offender. A full 60% of all first-time offenders return to prison with enhanced felonies. Sound like something's wrong?

Then you add to that brew our illustrious President who wants to give the police unbridled power to search, arrest, ad infinitum and here we are.

We actually have a man here in this prison that committed the horrendous felony of possessing 1.2 grams of marijuana. He will spend 3 years of life behind bars for that terrible crime.

When he leaves, believe me he will know how to commit crimes, some of which you've probably never heard of.

He is 19 years old.

How 'bout another man that wrote \$350 worth of bad checks at a Safeway for groceries? Ever hear of anybody fencing a hot beefsteak? One of our New Mexico judges sentenced him to six counts of "passing worthless checks." His sentence? 18 years.

How could these things happen in the United States?

Let's look at the facts.

Both of these men are poor. Both have very limited educations. Both used a free court-appointed attorney (one man only saw his appointed attorney once before his trial). Both have poor speech patterns. They exhibit the modern version of the Damon Runyon accent.

Now, in the same court, a man and his wife that scammed the New Mexico Home Mortgage Association for \$350,000 received probation and a \$10,000 fine each. Any way I add that up comes out to a \$330,000 profit.

What was the difference between these two?

My guess would be that they hired a nice, expensive attorney.

Somehow this does not make sweet justice fair and impartial. What I gather from this is that justice is political and selective.

Who in their right mind would want to put those nice people from the best part of town with that real big-time attorney in prison? Gosh, they might not like it.

1984 is just around the corner.

I keep wondering what happened to all those people that had long hair and marched against injustice. My guess would be that they've been given new things to worry about. Food on the table, rent, the basics. It's hard to protest injustice when you spend eight hours a day looking for a job.

Isn't Reaganomics wonderful?

As you have probably guessed, the Los Lunas Unitarian Fellowship is a typical Unitarian hotbed of radical politicians. I guess we started our church to have a forum protected by the First Amendment. So far, we're going pretty good. Noticeable changes have occurred since we appeared on the scene. Not big changes, mind you, but changes.

What can we say to youth? To start, nothing can be worth this. The brutal prison experience is as incredibly bad as chocolate chip cookies are good.

We need to change the corrections system to something that works. We need to change the criminal justice system from an athletic media event where the big brag for those involved is their won/lost ratio to the truth-seeking process described in the Constitution.

Better that 99 guilty men go free than one innocent man be jailed.

Somewhere that bit of proverb has been lost.

This American "need to punish" has got to be controlled. Do you realize that 90% of all sentences in America are more than one year? Whereas, 90% of the sentences given in Europe are less than one year. And, they have a lower crime rate. Does that seem odd?

What we need in the corrections system is more alternative sentencing, more address to the problems that put someone here in the first place, and definitely less prisons.

It seems so strange to me that we will spend millions to save the life of a defective newborn and nothing on the defective adult.

Well, now that you've heard my standard lecture, write when you can. Let's correspond for a while and I'll bet we come up with one heck of an article for *Synapse*.

My best to the paper. Best regards,
Reilly Johnson

SEEK



Service, Education, Empowerment, Knowledge

Are you frightened by the policies of our government but feel powerless to effect any change? If your answer is yes, you are a prime candidate for SEEK. The Unitarian Universalist Service Committee (UUSC) has developed the program SEEK to redress just these feelings of fear and helplessness. SEEK provides the mechanism for youth to act out their social responsibility by joining the Volunteer Service Corps (VSC) who are working on issues of common concern to us all.

Many of you intrigued by SEEK might first be wondering who and what the UUSC and VSC are. The UUSC is a human rights agency which began in 1939 by helping refugees escape from Nazi Germany. The UUSC seeks to uphold human freedom and human dignity. These goals are achieved through programs which work towards a more equitable society in which all people are empowered to contribute effectively and freely in the decisions which effect the conditions of their lives. This empowerment includes youth, too.

The VSC is the grass-roots volunteer network of the UUSC. This branch of the UUSC invites Unitarian Universalists to participate in UUSC activities. The

VSC is a growing network of over 600 individuals all over the USA who work to educate others about the UUSC, raise funds to support UUSC programs and work on actions like letter writing, organizing, marching, etc. The VSC also has a component part of grass roots committees called UNITS. The Units organize around a variety of local, national and international issues.

Now that you know something about the UUSC and the VSC, you are probably wondering how SEEK relates to the organization and how you relate to SEEK. SEEK is a project to involve youth in the VSC. Each project would be unique depending upon the concerns of all participating members. Each individual would share in determining the focus and goals of the project and be an integral part of the team. This comprehensive process makes SEEK an exciting and rewarding venture for both youth and adult.

The first SEEK program evolved in Arizona. Several youth concerned by the newly proposed restrictions against juvenile offenders approached members of the Arizona Unit for ideas on how to combat the new legislation. After a dis-

cussion and briefing on the issues the group set up a task force of three adults and three SEEKERS to investigate the bill. The group designed a plan to interview imprisoned youth; document testimony; interview unjailed youth to gain opinions on the bill as it relates to youth and their future; write a testimony upon the research and testify to the state legislature about findings. This group of youth and adults are working together effectively on a project of immediate concern.

In Southern California several youth have joined the Unit and participated in rallies and marches. The youth are getting involved in issues in Central America and taking the UUSC "Justice for All" petition campaign to the schools to educate their classmates about the crisis in this large geographic area.

A third SEEK project is beginning in Chicago focused on peace issues. Several youth attended a Chicago Unit meeting and shared with the members a new civil defense program for school children K-12. The curriculum being sponsored by the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) teaches youth how to react when confronted by

natural or man-made disasters. The program makes no differentiation between these two very different types of disasters and hence implicitly suggests that nuclear war is as survivable as and no worse than a hurricane. The youth expressed their concern that future generations would grow up learning that nuclear war is a viable option, manageable and survivable. The group in Chicago hopes to organize a task force to examine the curriculum; prepare an evaluation; construct an alternative curriculum; take steps to educate the board of Education and town about the program and write and meet with legislators to express opposition to the new civil defense program.

What issues most concern you? If you are interested in any of these above programs or wish to start your own SEEK project, the possibilities for action are endless, the time to begin is now. For more information, contact either the VSC representative in your society or write to Sally Strauss, UUSC, 78 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108. Only through united action between youth and adult will we all be able to impact the direction of our world.

A Voice From El Salvador

I, like you, love life,
the sweet enchantment of things,
the celestial blue countryside
on January days.

But my blood boils
and I laugh with the eyes
that have known tears . . .

*Anonymous Salvadoran poem from
Clandestine Poems, 1977*

These are the words of a woman or man of El Salvador, full of the grief and hope that have kept the people fighting for their freedom, despite every hardship, oppression and danger. We must listen to them and to their neighbors in the rest of Central America to hear the true story of the struggle there. What else would the Salvadoran poet tell us if we could hear her? . . . Maybe this.

"I am a peasant from Morazan Province. I'm fighting now with my companeros in the FMLN (in the U.S. you call us "the rebels") because we could no longer bear to live in such poverty and under such a state of terror. Most of the land and wealth in my country is owned by just 14 rich families, and the rest of us went hungry, especially those who lived in the small villages instead of the city. We worked on the sugar and coffee plantations, as if we were slaves, in return for a small plot of land where we could grow our food. The coffee and sugar that we worked to harvest were exported and sold, but the money from it didn't come to us. It went to make the rich land owners even richer. Our houses were little huts. The water was often contaminated, and since we had no doctors in the countryside, diseases spread in terrible epidemics. More than a third of all our children died of diseases and malnutrition before they were 5 years old. Of course, almost none of us went to school either, so few people could read or write.

"Still, we did try to make changes without having to fight. We asked for land, for justice, for fair work, for food. Our priests spoke out for us, too.

"Workers who were in unions tried to work through those, and the university students organized. It didn't work. People were shot when they participated in peaceful demonstrations. Union activists were threatened. Anyone who spoke for change was in danger. The army and the 'death squads' hold power together with the land owners. They terrorize anyone who dares to oppose them. The death squads have dragged thousands of people from their homes. We never see them again, unless we find their bodies the next day lying in a ditch with their thumbs tied behind their backs. Often, the bodies show that the victims were tortured before they were killed. In the last 4 years, 40,000 people have been murdered in my country. Can you comprehend that? Children, men, women . . .

"You see, we are fighting because we



must fight. Yes, I may die fighting, but I will not live as a slave any longer. My companeros from every part of El Salvador have united to form the FDR-FMLN, all of us, peasants, workers, students, doctors, priests and business people, because we understand that we must work together for freedom and peace for all. With the support of the people of El Salvador, we have gained control of Morazan and Chalatenango Provinces and some other areas. We call those the liberated zones. You should see how our lives have changed here. Now we are free of the government's campaign of terror. We grow the crops that we need to feed ourselves. Doctors who live in the liberated zones run free health clinics. A lot of our medical supplies are donated by supporters around the world, but we still run short. We do what we can with our limited supplies. Now at least, what we have is distributed equally. For the first time, we are building our democracy, making our decisions together and running our own lives."

What do the struggles in Central America have to do with us here? The U.S. government is supplying weapons, money, training and advisors to the government of El Salvador in its attack on the people. The United States is supporting repression in Guatemala and Honduras as well, and is directing efforts to overthrow the new government of Nicaragua. That government was established by the people of Nicaragua less than 4 years ago after their successful revolution freed them from the Somoza dictatorship, a regime as oppressive as the Salvadoran regime today.

We will not allow our government to lead us into another Vietnam in Central America. We will not allow ourselves to be registered for a draft which may send us to fight there, nor allow our taxes to be spent on arming tyrants. We will not allow the U.S. government to act in our name as long as it values corporate interests and its tradition of an aggressive foreign policy above human life, human dignity and justice. We must support the call by the FDR-FMLN and Nicaragua for negotiations between all sides to settle the conflicts peacefully, so that no more brave fighters and poets will have to die there to claim their freedom.

*Lisa Sheehy
1106 N. Pleasant St.
N. Amherst, MA*

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Seeing Is Believing by Michael Davis

Jerry had moved into his new apartment. Sunny, warm day. He leaned over and put brown leaves into his bong. Flick - a short flame shot into the bowl and poof, the hit was gone. With a long breath, he let the smoke out of his lungs, slowly. He was sitting on the porch of his apartment - keeping the bong well out of sight.

There he was, again. It was the second time he'd seen him that day. He strutted by, in his old jeans and dirty-looking brown shirt. He was a non-descript black man, who looked to be fifty or so. He had a scraggly beard and a far away expression. Jerry giggled to himself. He made believe he was thinking what the man was thinking. By the way he strutted, it seemed to him that the man thought he was really cool. "Cool, man, I am cool." Jerry leaned over and inhaled another bong hit.

A couple of months had passed. Jerry's life had changed somewhat. His friends had stopped coming over. They weren't really talking to him much anymore. His roommates had little to say. He spent all his time figuring out ways to work as little as possible, and still be able to pay his rent and buy his pot and beer.

One night, when in a drunken stupor, he smashed up his car, got a ticket, and

by some miracle managed not to get injured. Jerry decided he had had enough of his constant partying. His decision was to stop. He knew he wouldn't be able to do it alone. He decided to go to an AA meeting. After his first meeting, he was sitting on his front porch, thinking about a million things. Suddenly there he was again, that same man he had seen when he first moved in. He came by in his same jeans and shirt, same expression. It refocused Jerry's attention for a moment, "Cool, man, I am cool." Jerry giggled to himself.

Jerry stayed with AA for a while. His life had improved noticeably. Some of

his friends came back, and he had made some new ones. He had even acquired a girlfriend, who was more stable than any he had known in his past. Jerry was standing on his porch waiting for a ride to an AA meeting one evening. His girlfriend and he had made love, and he was in the middle of a thought as to how wonderful it was that he wasn't instantly attached to her as he had always been in the past whenever he slept with a girl. He looked up from the ground to see his ride approaching. On the sidewalk in front of him came that man again. Same blue jeans, same shirt, same expression. Jerry watched him go by, and watched him until he heard his ride honk the horn of his car.

Jerry had been with AA for 6 months when his girlfriend, who had gone away on a trip during winter break, came back. Through a series of lying stories being discovered, Jerry found that she had stopped being honest with him. Jerry was devastated, but was perfectly willing to overlook it for a while. It took a week for him to decide that he couldn't allow himself to be controlled by a girlfriend, as he had done in the past. For the first time in his life, he ended a relationship.

Standing, shaking, on his front porch

that night, waiting for a ride to AA, he saw that same man once again. He looked the same as he had before except he wore an old blue coat.

Later that night after lots of good AA advice, Jerry was dropped off in front of his house. He had realized some important things. One was that his life had improved immensely because of his ability to feel love. The other thing was that he knew for sure, although he had broken up with his girlfriend, he loved her very much for who she was, deep down inside. At the exact moment of his thought, that man walked up the sidewalk again. Jerry looked at him on a sudden impulse, said out loud, "You're God, aren't you?"

The man stopped dead in his tracks. "You've finally recognized me." "Why have you been walking around here all this time saying nothing? Why don't you tell people?"

The man looked hard at Jerry. "People need only to look and recognize me and I'll immediately make myself known, but I do not have the ability to tell anyone. Most wouldn't hear, anyway. You have seen me for a while, yet you did not recognize me, until tonight when you felt love in your heart for someone who had hurt you. When one feels love, they will immediately see me." He looked away for a moment.

"Watch me, always. Remember, all you need to do is look and you will always see me."

With that, the man's clothing had changed into richly tailored garments. A blue shimmer surrounded him. Then suddenly he was gone.

"Where are you?" Jerry asked. "All I see is my street, and my apartment." Jerry blinked for a moment, then suddenly realized what was going on. Even in the buildings, and in the street, was God. He was there, he was seeing it, he had seen it all the time, yet now he knew it.



A Poem for Becca

Girl flows to the music,
Clothes slide and glint like a captured waterfall
Inscribed in fabric.
At rest they are shirt and skirt,
But, with the slightest movement,
The brook slips across the stomach,
down to the thighs,
To the final flowing-ripple at the shins;
A captured showering rainbow.
In her very self,
A clear scintillating stream,
A graceful tidal wave,
A sea sprite,
all dancing as one.

— Kelly Marold

Rainmaker

Woman is a rainmaker.
Myself I feel to be the earth.
She dances hard upon me;
yet her cool water kills my thirst.
With herself she delights to seep into my deepness;
to drown in my sand -- to conquer my tallest reach.
Because woman is a rainmaker,
her susurrus tickles me and soothes.
With the life that flows from her effort
we join to refresh the air.
And as I grow weary, insensitive -
she pours down upon me the taste of herself.
Woman is a rainmaker.
Because she is, my horizon is often clouded.
Their release is the seed which brings us together.
Because she is, the fruit of our kiss will continue to thrive.
She swings her hair; shakes her rattle --
chants at blue sky and stamps her foot upon me.

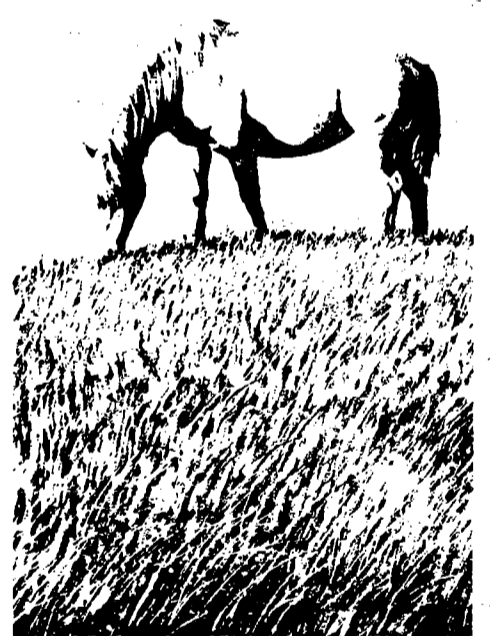
— J. C. Anzul
May - Sept. 82/N.Y.C.



A collage; in-complete.

My memories as a child,
long ago.
As the child I am, today.
I try and I try, but I can't
hear what my head is saying to my
heart.
It whispers; sometimes a set of words,
a thought is conveyed,
but never truly understood.
I see myself sometimes as I really am,
but I can't control myself.
A power takes over, which makes me,
its pawn.
A never ending circle; an unhealthy cycle
a cycle unhealthy; not escapable,
at the moment
Nor do I even see a glimmer of hope
I dreamt last night, I found myself
but the fog of reality took my
memory away.

— Hanna Mc Elroy —



The Vale Of The White Horse

High in the Cotswold where
the hills run for miles
a shetland ran for the length
of its field-stone cage.
To breathe in the rain smells
on the earth and the horse
I stood, then threw my soul
with my eyes across the vale
called the white horse. So much
there and far away the clouds were
a field too. Plainly seen
the ghost of a pony runs there
inside its feather-stone walls.
Over, running past houses, thatched,
with wire to keep the birds away.
Away and away I was to where
Dauntsey Bank lay asleep. So
loving of clean sweat and run
and run and never mind the
field-stone walls.

— J. C. Anzul
May - Sept. 82/N.Y.C.



The Guest

by Ben Ford

We had a group of Cambodian musicians play in church this morning - it was beautiful, to watch as well as to listen to. It got me thinking, though, about how arrogant our country is towards other cultures and societies.

I first started thinking about this when we tried to explain the service to the musicians, a nearly impossible prospect. My dad is the Music Director, so he had to tell them when to start and stop playing, etc., and such a simple task as that was remarkably difficult without a common language. I have always thought school language requirements and course offerings should be more extensive, but I haven't felt very strongly about it until recently. I now think it was a serious mistake for SPA to drop Russian. Most high schools and most colleges now offer only the languages of Western-bloc countries, and hostilities between Eastern and Western countries and have been and will continue to be heightened by a seemingly easily-solved lack of communication. For example, although the Cold War involved many factors, an inability to communicate was a major one. Imagine how different things could have been had the leaders of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. been able to sit down at a table and talk to each other.

However, I also think problems between the East and West are based much deeper than the language barrier, in the lack of understanding of and exposure to other cultures. There is an amazingly rich history of culture and art within the Eastern countries, which offers experience vastly different from our own, and yet is essentially ignored by our society. I have only recently become aware of some of this tradition through several speakers we have gotten for our YRUU group, and through Robert Bly's *The Kabir Book*, a collection of poems by the 15th century Indian poet Kabir. One of these speakers at church talked about life and religion in India, and the other about Southeast Asia. The history of these areas is fascinating, especially in religion. Their tenets are so different than those common in our society, yet some have a similar basis under the surface. Kabir's ecstatic poetry and the Cambodian musicians are examples that the East is no less capable of beauty than the West. If we appreciated these things more, there would perhaps be less of a fundamental distrust between the two hemispheres than exists today.

There are no simple solutions to the problem. The first step is education on both sides, in both language and culture. No more may be necessary after that. We do not have to start from scratch, though; some programs already exist. One thing that really impressed me about the St. Paul Open School, when I considered switching there for my senior year, was the cultural awareness graduation requirement. It means that in order to graduate, a student must study at least three cultures different than his own with a member of that culture. This requirement intrigues me because I think I, along with most others, am quite ignorant of anything going on outside of North America. More education of this kind is necessary if we hope to avoid an imminent World War III and if we have any hope for a unified world in the future.



"Gracias Americana"

by Caprice Young

I returned from seven weeks of study at the Universidad Nacional Autonoma de Mexico, in Mexico City, on March 22. As a kid who had grown up in the suburbs of Los Angeles and Tampa until then, total immersion in Mexican city life was almost overwhelming.

Although the city looks like an everyday dirty metropolitan center, with a nice park, some terrific museums, and crumbling old Catholic churches every few blocks, the feeling of the city is different from big cities in the United States. In Los Angeles, for example, the slums and barrios of downtown are horrible. Gangs, derelicts, and prostitutes commonly live in the streets, adding to the decay of society. But in the suburbs and country, the quality of life is generally much better.

In Mexico City, even the wealthy have to worry about the sporadic water, electricity, and phone shutdowns. Downtown, the derelicts and prostitutes roam the streets too, but there are other street-people as well. In the past few years, despite the hope that the discovery of oil would help the failing economy, peasants from the farms and villages, many of whom do not speak Spanish, but one of the many Indian languages or dialects, have come to the city looking for opportunity. Unlike the U.S., the people who live in the suburbs and country live in squalor and extreme poverty. These people who move to the city generally become manual laborers or street-dwellers. My daily contact with the street-people jumps from my memory to the front of my mind without even having to close my eyes.

I stood out in front of a Vip's, the Mexican equivalent to a Sambo's, waiting for a bus to take me to the subway station. It was a Saturday at noon and every teenager and family in Mexico City was on their way to Chapultepec Park to flirt, play games, and picnic. That is, everyone except the street-people. For them, work continues all week long and business is best on the weekends. Along the Reforma and at every major park and intersection in the city, families of street-people make their living.

One such family works from the island in the middle of the boulevard. The father was dressed in western style clothing: beige, corduroy, bellbottomed pants and a maroon polyester shirt, no shoes. He carried a gas torch and a bottle of thinned gasoline. Next to him stood two sons of about five and eight-years-old. Their faces were filthy, but they did not seem to be bothered by the dirt. It was part of their complexion, as natural as the hollowness of their round brown eyes. Because of their starchy diet, the boys were not scrawny. Yet, their puffy cheeks didn't have the rosey glow that radiates from the cheeks of upper class kids. As the spotlight changed to red, they looked up at their dad, the fire-eater.

The man stepped out in front of the waiting cars and took a swig from his bottle. He lifted his torch before his face and ceremoniously spit the gasoline into the flame. A bolt of yellow ten feet long

flew into the air as the little boys rushed around to car windows collecting pesos. The drivers give, not out of admiration, but out of pity.

As the light changed to green, the man and boys returned to the island divider to wait for the next light. The cars sped off. Still young, the children had clear supplicant eyes; however, the eyes of the man were foggy, his brain numbed by the gasoline he spits in the air. What kind of man would ruin his body, eyes, and mind in order to feed his children?

His wife sat by a blanket with a toddler in her arms and packs of gum, candy, cookies, pens, and combs spread neatly before her. She wore the traditional colorful skirt and blouse of her village. Her hair is plaited into two long braids that reached the concrete on which she was sitting. A girl of ten, maybe, and another boy of about the same age walked from car to car when the light was red, holding packs of gum to the drivers and staring. Some, not many, of the people in cars bought gum.

When the light changed, the children went back to the lady. Mexicans call these street-women "Marias," because there are so many of them and no one knows their names.

From the bus stop, I could also see a cripple working his way up the street on his one good leg; his wooden crutch was a bit frayed at the bottom. He was still half a block away. I prayed that my bus would come before he reached me. It wasn't that I hadn't any money to give him. I had and would. It was just that I didn't want to see his face and feel the guilt, pity, and resentment fill me.

He neared. His boney leg was bare from the knee down. His foot was calloused and his toes had boils on them. I could feel that emotion coming. My stomach tightened. Come on, bus.

He reached the line of people waiting for the bus. They either stepped away in disgust or shoved a coin into his hand angrily. I could hear dry breaths and see his leathery scalp beneath his thin, wiry, grey hair. I gave him a 50 peso piece (about 30 cents U.S.) thinking, "Just go away." It was a lot to give. He stopped and smiled a huge black-toothed smile. His breath reeked of decay. I walked away.

"Gracias, americana," he said dryly, then continued his business.

The bus came a couple of minutes later and I pushed on.

By the end of my stay in Mexico, I had hardened to the poverty some, but not much. It was with me every single day. Ric Masten once wrote a poem about the callouses that a guitar player must develop on her fingers in order to be effective at making any music at all. Without the callouses, she would bleed to death.

In India, in Mexico, I grew callouses to the poverty around me. I had to. Yet I ask myself, how hard a callous must I grow? The pain of my guilt, my bruised spirit, is small compounded to the daily agony of so many of the world's people. How else would I know that they are there?



Welcome Aboard

By David Williams

The scene: Boston's Logan Airport. It's about a quarter to four, April 10 and I'm on my way home to San Francisco from my last Interim Steering Committee meeting in Boston. I won't be back, my term has expired. I'm sad to be going, but happy to have a friend there with me to see me off and glad for the hour I have left in this city I love so much. We approach the United ticket counter and . . . wait! My flight is a 4:05, and not 4:50 . . . a hurried hug and kiss goodbye, then a dash aboard the plane. "I'm not prepared to leave, to let go of this part of my life," I say. As we take off I feel cheated, ripped off, as Boston slips away into darkness.

YRUU has been a major part of my life for the past year, and the UUA and LRY for the 4 years prior to that. It's time for me to leave the youth organization to the people it was designed for . . . the youth. I feel I'm growing old and need to move on. College, work and other interests call louder than ever, and although I'll remain active on a local level within the UUA, this year's Continental Conference will surely be my last.

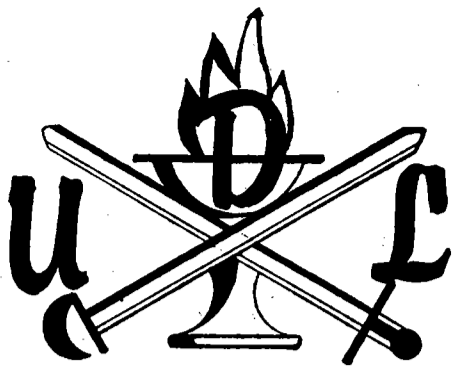
Many of you are reading this paper for the first time, and are probably wondering what I'm doing wasting valuable space. Well, you are the people this letter is addressed to. I want for you all to get as much out of YRUU as possible. The organization becomes fully operational this summer with the election of the first Steering Committee and the staging of the first annual conference.

I hope that much of the same kind of love, care and understanding that has been shown to me over the years will be shown to you. I hope that you will begin to explore religion and spirituality and what they mean to you. I hope that you find many friends, with many different opinions and ideals, within the UU church and YRUU. And I hope that you learn how to deal more creatively and effectively with people and events outside the UU church through your involvement with YRUU.

Over the past three years, since an idle comment by a UUA trustee fed on itself until we had the Common Ground process, hundreds of us have labored to give you an organization to serve your needs. We've argued, created, condensed, transformed and built a concept into reality. It is here for you to enjoy.

Seven and a half hours from Boston and we're landing. I'm not as fatalistic as before, and besides 45 minutes lost in Boston is 45 minutes gained at home. I've done a lot of thinking along the way home, wondering why I had been so sad leaving Boston. I shouldn't have been. In fact, I feel a great sense of completion, of a long road travelled and the end of it attained. Those of you entering the organization now are my reward, the simple knowledge that you can have everything I had, and more if you want. I love you.

Written on Board UAL Flight 135, Boston SFO April 10, 1983



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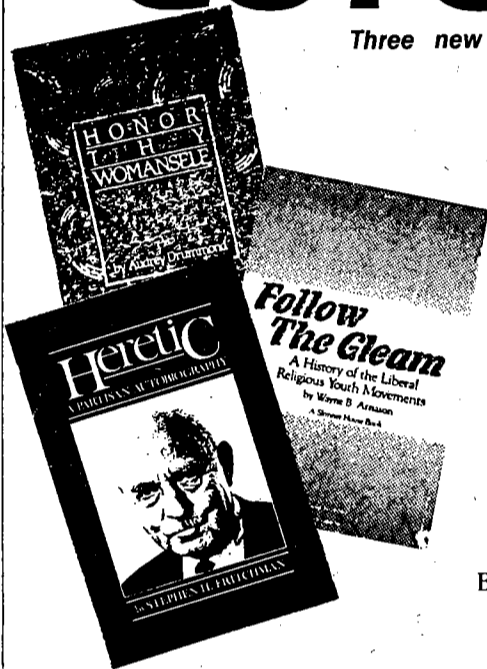
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Continued from page 2

The committee was chosen for the next conference and they planned a conference for the weekend of June 10th in Western, Ma. C.O.G. finds its focus to be creating a community in which people have equal opportunity to organize, to express themselves, and to explore alternatives without fear of criticism. C.O.G. has only two rules, both of which are far more mutual understandings than actual rules. The first is: "Don't do things that will offend other people." The second is: "We ask people to be at least 18 years old." The age rule is because we feel people over 18 will be more focused on finding their place in a community.

C.O.G. is not the only post high school program. In Florida we have A.R.F. (Alternate Religious Fellowship), in California there is Y.A.R.L. (Young Adult Religious Liberals), as well as many other groups at Universities and Colleges such as Tufts, Harvard, Grinnell, Antioch and Evergreen. There are also the remaining SRL (Student Religious Liberals) members in the North West who have a week-long conference once a year. Potentially, the strongest network of college age youth is the network of individuals who meet over dinner at the cafeteria on campus and discover that they have a lot in common.

At Common Ground I, we were organizing a mailing list of college age people, and when the list came around to me, I skimmed it to see where other people were going. Lo and behold, I found another person bound for Bennington College. It was the last day of the conference, so we didn't get to say much to each other. While I was standing in line to register my first day at Bennington, I saw her again and it sure was nice to see a familiar face. As the school year progressed, we found we had a lot in common. We were in the same poetry and graphics classes and both loved horses. When two people dropped off the Continental Conference planning committee and we desperately needed someone to help out, I dragged her away from her calculus to join in on our meeting. From that day on, she became an integral part of our committee, and the life that goes along with conference planning at the continental level. Now we drag each other to as many conferences as we can. We go to do workshops and meet new friends. The thing about our friendship is that we didn't lose LRY or our UU identity, because when one of us was feeling the past drift away, the other was there to help integrate the past into the present.

Recently I got a call from a minister who is helping to set up a group at a University near him. He asked me some typical questions, like "What type of publicity do we use?" and "Are there any program materials available?" The only answer I have now is, "I'm working on it." We are trying to fill a space that has been empty for a long time, so really we're starting from scratch. I want to create a packet of programs for post high school groups, but that's just a beginning, because in order to make this work, we need input from all kinds of people.

If you're interested in helping or just sharing ideas, please let us know.

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Continued from page 5

Pacific Central District 1983-84 Council Member: Lenore De Lu

Pacific Central District is doing very well and having conferences regularly. (See last issue for bizarre structure of their District!)

Mountain Desert District 1983-84 Youth Council Member Chosen May 22-24

Mountain Desert District held its May Con on May 22 to 24 with the theme of Nuclear Disarmament. Mountain Desert will be hosting MI CON this July which will be a gathering of all the Mid-west Districts. In the first week of August, Desert Area Council will be hosting a horseback trip through the Gila wilderness. At a meeting in late March in Albuquerque, NM, a committee was formed to produce a newsletter.

Pacific Southwest LRY 1983-84 Council Member To Be Chosen

PSLRY had a successful Easter Camp at de Benneville Pines over the Spring break and are looking forward to having CON CON at their camp this Summer.

Central Midwest District 1983-84 Council Member: Liz Harris

Central Midwest District held their first YRUU conference March 19-20 at the Peoria, IL, church. It was entitled "New Beginnings." Their officers were elected at this conference and their by-laws were ratified.

Western Canada District 1983-84 Council Member: Eugene Nanning

Winnipeg, Edmonton, and Calgary are still the three strongest locals in the District. Members of the Winnipeg and Thunder Bay locals attended the Prairie Star conference in Iowa.

Northeast District 1983-84 Council Member: Unknown

The Northeast Youth Adult Committee has been struggling to organize itself ever since Common Ground II. They are slowly pulling themselves together and hope to organize a conference for later this year. The chair of the Northeast YAC is Peter Lothrop.

Ohio Meadville District 1983-84 Council Member: Janine Penfield

Ohio Meadville held a successful Spring conference on the weekend of April 16. Their YAC is gaining strength and the District is slowly growing. Janine Penfield replaced Marin Ritter as their delegate to continental.
Ohio Valley District 1983-84 Council Member: Claire Hays

Ohio Valley is in the midst of a re-organization process. They held a meeting of local church delegates the weekend of April 16 at which plans for a couple of District conferences were considered. They elected their delegate to Youth Council through the mail and they have a solid network of interested people.

Joseph Priestley District 1983-84 Council Member: Geoff Bumbaugh

JDP is a very active District. They held a VERY successful fall leadership conference and their two winter conferences, at Cherry Hill and Cedar Lane, attracted over a hundred people each. They held a conference in late April or early May where they ratified the by-laws for JPD-YRUU. The members of the JPD YAC are: Linda Holloway-adult cochair, Joel Wolff-youth cochair, Anne Grover, Dawn Stroud, Wendy Lucas, Linda Robertson, Charles Shields, Bob Norsworthy, Geoff Bumbaugh, Anne Gardiner-JPD Board Rep/Northern Task Force chair, and Mike May-Southern Task Force chair.

Continued from page 3

paper while taking some of the load off them. This can also help in that the YOUTH can do the layout for the paper, instead of having the same people who do the U.U. World do it. No kidding, us kids relate to unprofessional formats. Well, thank you for listening and I hope the second *Synapse* is FOR the youth and FROM the youth. BRING BACK JOE TACO!!

Keith Gates
co-vice pres. U.D.L.
(Unitarian Defense League)

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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.



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