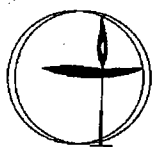
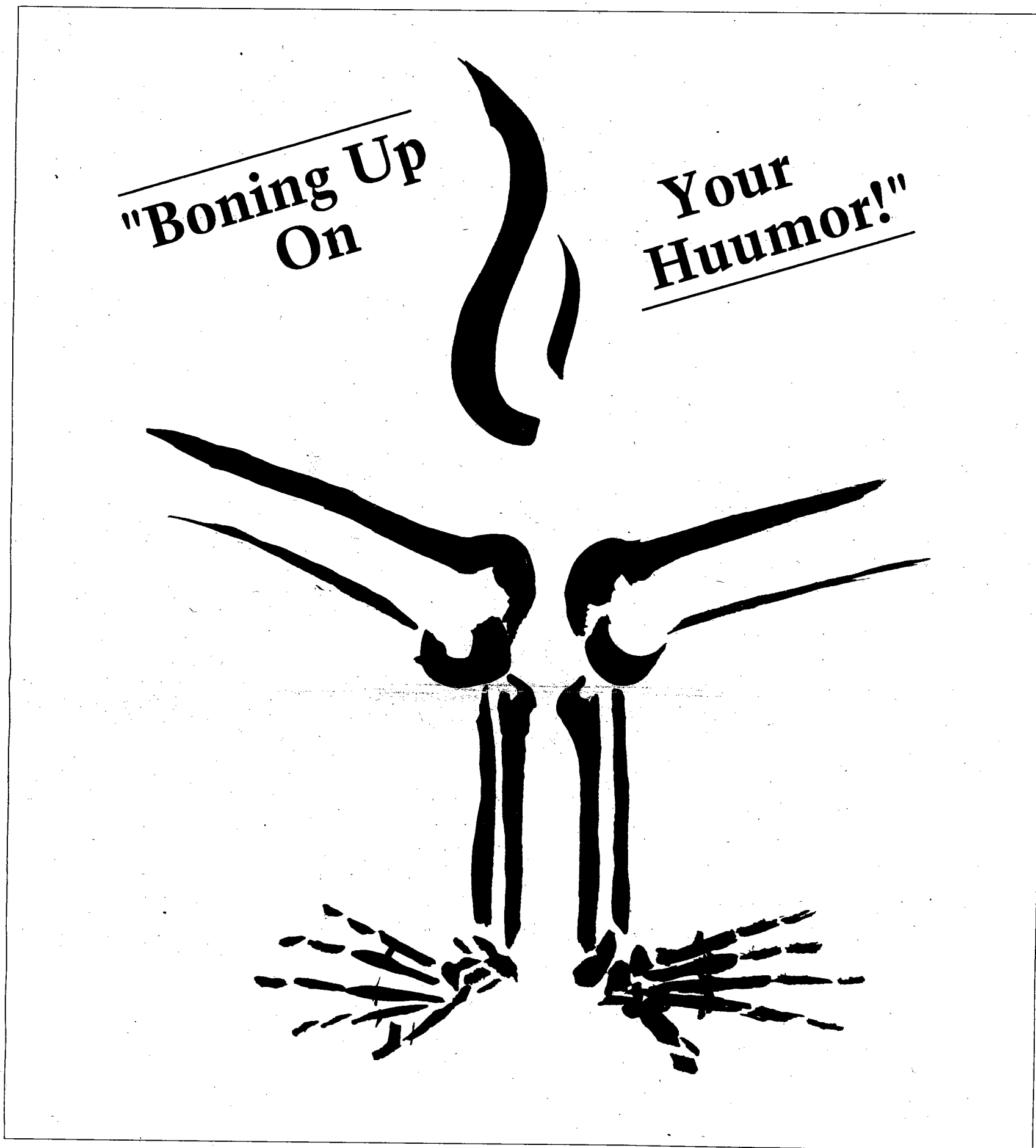


SUMMER 1988

# SYNAPSE

A POINT OF CONTACT WHERE ENERGY AND INFORMATION ARE EXCHANGED



UNITARIAN  
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So long Michigan District. There are way too many names to mention, but I want to say how much I love you. All of you. These High School Cons will always be a part of my life. Also hello, Massachewers. I'm gonna be at Hampshire College (Yah!) starting in the fall.

Love always, Michigoons  
Jeff Frey  
2378 Pembroke  
Birmingham, MI 48004

Hey, dudes!!! I'm at 53 Beacon, checkin' dee place out, and while I was at it I thought I'd scribble a personal, so here goes:

YO! WE NEED COOL ADULTS TO BE ADVISORS IN Central Mass. District!!! APPLY NOW!!! CALL (513) 369-6639.

Well, I guess that wasn't too personal so, um... Oh, yeah: Jade, I love you.

Love,  
Your friendly Publicity Coordinator (age 3)

To Jessica Zavala:

Thank you for all of your love and friendship.  
You're the best and I will love you always.  
- Chris Green

\*Frances Poodry -

You're very very welcome!

It is so refreshing to know that someone feels the same way I do. May all your changes include happiness!!

Love,  
Tracy Lynn Stober

Givingtree bear -  
Where are you?  
Am I losing touch?  
I'm sorry.  
I love you.  
Please write.  
- Eagle Bear

HELP! I'm a left out UU teen. I'm relatively new to the Church and want to know more. I receive *Synapse* often and would love to get involved in the different activities, (conferences, Con-Con, etc.) but my Youth Group is not very active. I'm looking for someone to write and befriend

# apcstls

**Anyone can write a personal!** All it takes is for you to take a pen and jot down a hello to a friend in **50 words or less** and then mail it off to *Synapse* at **- 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108-2800. (limit of two per issue).** Please include your name, date and address on each piece of paper that you send.

me. - Tell me what Con-Con (etc.) is like. - All I see is applications.

WRITE SOON.  
Love and Peace,  
Jennifer Baum  
1445 S. 63 Street  
Omaha, NE 68106

## THANKS

Liz,

Thanks for the music and hug when I needed one.

Love and peace in Central America,

Moira

Dear Sue,

We never went on that hike, did we? Well, maybe next time?? I hope you're having fun with what's his name (Matt?) and find the perfect lucky and worry stones. My worry stone turned out not to be right, but I'm still keeping it to remember you by.

Love and hugs and touches,  
Moira

Commander "Less-than-zero" and Kris,

I want my Mommy and Daddy! WAAAH!!! Am I at college? If so - "dear Mommy and Daddy: I miss you!!! " Could you send me your address??  
Mine is: Moira Armen  
R.F.D. #4, Box 202  
Houlton, ME 04730

P.S. You had better come to the next conference!

To the other Hit Ball Champion of the Universe, I love you, ACK!

Lizzy dear, you're so beautiful, hey Buck, go to sleep, betty betty betty

Eric V., Maine is such an inconvenient place to hitch eh? Oh well - dig the combat boots. I love you.

Howdy Christina, you're such a silly girl - Calling Pepsi, Coke - you Texans are ABSURD, thanks for letting me hang out there last Spring - Bill the Cat ACK!

Andy H. - You're so beautiful.  
Love, Emily

To Bana - love always - Biscuit

Hello!! and a big hug to all the old fogeys (alumni) of the LRY?YRUU at the First Unitarian Church of Oklahoma City. I'll never forget the fun times we've had ever since I joined the group during the infamous Boston Trip of 1981. I love all of you. Please take care, wherever you are - May our paths cross again someday. A little note from Nikki Twit (Nikole Witt, 5105 E. 75th Street, Tulsa, OK 74126).

HEY!  
I was a STAR goer from '76 - '83 and I don't know what's been happening since. I was also a MOUNTAIN-er from '85 - '87, and for all those that knew me ... WHERE ARE YOU?? Jessica, I will be on the Vineyard from July till end of August, my # will be 645-9018. Let me know if you'll be around. WRITE: Gabrielle Marshall; 217 Santa Clara Ave. #303 Oakland, CA 94610



CVDers and all from Northampton,

You all made it wonderful, especially Adam - rustle my hair, smile, hold me tight, keep playing *Good Feeling*. Lisa & things was so cool, thankx. Andrew - look into my brown eyes (or are they green?) with your baby blues. Thanks to Frank, Karen, Nan and everyone. I miss and love you all, Peace from Mary (Wilson), Jenn

P.S. Neil, you'll never guess where you're going. (and whose bringing you!)  
P.P.S. Dave, what a sexy figure!  
And Adam, what silky, smooth legs!  
P.P.P.S. Al's watching you!!

Unitarian Universalists pray: To Whom it May Concern: ~

Guy A: "Hey, wasn't Fanny Farmer a UU?"  
Guy B: "Yeah, I think she went to Harvard Divinity School."

All CVD people - Fear people, Cows,

Peeping Al, everyone, But first - I apologize to all Puerto Rican Women and all who were within earshot for some awful words I don't really believe.

Anyway -

Thanks for a really awesome conference. I miss you guys lots. Remember: Scott tissue - 1,000 sheets per roll; anger; breasts; cucumbers, etc.; deepwater; Voluptuous Dave; Velveteen Rabbit; the face in the window; thigh and buttock thrusts; Music Man ('you can kill for your country'); Chester; bellbottoms; secret buddies; "Good Feelings,"; hugs; marshmallows. I love you guys incredibly.  
Kathy P.  
CVD-CYR

Someone Strange in Tempe,

Funky Fresh! Falleck's fishing for flounder in Ft. Worth. Farren's Funky ferrets are fighting for freedom from Fascists. Four female friends find fame - without a calculator. Mike the purple-haired punk - finally got that Damned tape. Beware the double cross walks, pot heads, watermelon collie (like Lassie) flowers and Majed. Wear combat boots to church. One can never be too studley.

Peace,

Kinky Pervert

Hey all you oldsters out there! I've finally moved to Boston from Framingham. If anybody remembers me, they can get in touch with me at: 253 Commonwealth Avenue Boston, MA 02116, (617) 262-5090. And if anyone knows the whereabouts of Jon Buryiak, Joy Soler, Mike Bright, or former Mass-Bay-district types, I'd like to hear from them especially. I miss y'all.

Warm Fuzzies (can you believe we use to say that?)  
Kelly Marold

Jane -

Thanks for a great time in Sask. Remember love/hate, zing/zang and ME!!!

NYcole (Zig)

P.S. Write to me

To all LGSA, Con-Con, CMD, PSY, and SAMY Youth:

Your good friend Eric Peterson has moved out of Illinois and into Missouri. Any old friends who would like to communicate with me, please write me at:  
Eric Peterson  
4018 Warwick, Apt. 2  
Kansas City, MO 64112

I thank you.

To 'Chip' Adler and 'Dale' Head:  
Hey Guys, how are yer nuts?  
The Moose with the most ...  
'Bullwinkle'

Scott,

I don't see you much but I think of you. Remember that Amy, Ann and I love you! Call us ok?  
Smiles and love,  
Mel

Annie,

Hey baby! Crok Fok! You're the best friend a girl could have. (You're really not a computer.) You have a

*Continued Next Page*

## Everything To Know About *Synapse*

***SYNAPSE*** is a publication of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, the youth organization of the Unitarian Universalist Association, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108-2800. Subscription is free. Three issues per annum.  
Staff- Leia Durland, Andrew Moeller, Ellen Brandenburg (Editors), Julie Geanakakis (Editorial Asst.), and UU youth everywhere.

**Mechanicals-** The UUA Publications Department, especially the talented Suzanne Morgan.

**Editorial Policy-** Articles for *Synapse* are chosen from among those submitted by Unitarian Universalist youth and adults working with youth, and other interested parties. Articles are chosen on the basis of content and quality, with some preference given to new authors. All written materials are subject to editing before publication, and graphics may be enhanced. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editors or the majority readership. Opposing opinions are welcomed.

**Submissions Policy-** Each submission must have name and address attached. Multiple submissions accepted. The editors observe the following limits for each author's submissions:

Articles: One per issue of each of 3 types—theme, news, and reflective.

Poems: One per issue.

Personals: Two per issue, up to 50 words each.

Graphics: No limit.

Submissions not used will be kept on file for possible future use. Name may be withheld on request. If you wish to be notified prior to publication, enclose a self-addressed envelope (no stamp necessary).

**Advertising-** Rates for camera-ready ads for UUA-related groups are:

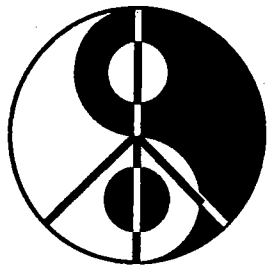
Standard	Special (need advance warning)
\$5.50 - per (2.25") column-inch	\$8.00 - per (3.25") column-inch
\$42.50 - eighth of a page	\$62.00 - sixth of a page
\$84.00 - quarter of a page	\$125.00 - third of a page

For all other (non-UU) groups, these rates are double. For non-camera-ready ads there is an additional fee of up to \$20, negotiable with the Youth Office. Advertisements do not carry the endorsement of the Youth Office or YRUU. The editors reserve the right to refuse any advertisements.

Submission and Advertising Due Dates:

\* May 15, 1988, \* September 15, 1988

\* subject to change please see posted dates in upcoming issues of *Synapse*



# SYNAPSE

Have you hugged your youth advisor today?



a publication of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists

## HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SPRING STEERING COMMITTEE MEETING

Ann Tyndall, Steering Committee Member

The Steering Committee of the Youth Council met in Boston April 28 - May 1 for our last meeting of the year. As usual we arrived Thursday afternoon in time to settle into Pickett House, have a little dinner and be ready to dive into our agenda after dinner on Thursday evening. By Friday morning, the entire committee was there: Ellen Brandenburg, Candace Corrigan, Leia Durland, Ann Harnar, Fadey Hehl, Adam Leite, Andrew Moller, Colleen Murphy, Erik Swanson, Ann Tyndall, and Adam Winner.

We had a good deal to accomplish at this meeting. Most important included checking in on preparations for Con-Con '88. (You saw the results of our hard work in the last issue of *Synapse*.); putting together the program and rough draft of the schedule for this year's Youth Council; meeting with the Five Year Review Committee; selecting a new Youth Staff Person; and selecting various youth and adults to serve in "at-large" capacities on the Youth Council. This by means not all of the work we accomplished either!

The Steering Committee keeps in touch with all of you through a phone chain. In the best of all possible worlds it works like this: Each

of us calls several other Youth Council members. They are people you have selected to represent your district on the Youth Council, and they are in touch with what is going on there. They pass the word on to us, and we report the news at Steering Committee meetings. (The other half of this is that after Steering Committee meetings, we call our phone chain folks to tell them what happened at the meeting.

One thing we heard again and again was the need for more leader-



A crashed committee on "Scenic's" sofa (but why is Erik still staring at the ceiling?)

ship development. We began thinking about using Youth Council time to do just that. Saturday night after dinner we began brainstorming the possibilities for having leadership development workshops play a central role in our week-long council meeting. It was an extraordinary

session! It was impossible to write fast enough to keep up with all of the ideas. (Now, I am not prepared to leap to any conclusions but... we were sitting in the living room at Scenic (the Youth Staff apartment) and we had just eaten lobster which they had prepared for us. This may have had something to do with the creative energy that moved through the room. It's just a thought.) So, your representatives who attend Youth Council this summer will be attending workshops on all sorts of topics relating to creating and nurturing strong youth programs at the local and district levels. We are tremendously excited about this.

One of the hardest things we do on the Steering Committee is select



Erik and Ann lunch down (but Erik seems preoccupied with the ceiling?).

people to work as Youth Staff in the Youth Office at the UUA. We always have a number of applica-

tions. Most of those who apply are well qualified. They have been actively involved in YRUU on all levels. Each would make a unique contribution to the office and to YRUU. What makes it so difficult is that we can choose only one. This is the second time I have participated in the process. What has impressed me and what I have found deeply moving is the care with which the decision is made. Each person's application is given serious consideration. Ultimately we have to choose one, and we are pleased that this time Jason Happel will become the new Youth Staffer! He will be at Youth Council and Con-Con this summer.

We went through a similar process to select the "at-large" people to serve on Youth Council. They will be Heather Wright, Jr. High; Eric Todd Peterson, Sr. High; Jeff Jamison, Post High; and Connie Goodbread and Pat Pope, Adult. Each of these people will make a valuable contribution to YRUU. It is great to know that there are such fine youth and adults out there.

Dan Hotchkiss, Chair, and Gene Navias of the Five Year Review Committee met with us after lunch on Friday. Ann Harnar, SC member and UUA Board member is liaison to this committee and was already with us. (Do you remember that this committee is charged by the UUA Board to evaluate YRUU?) They

Continued on Page 8

## PRSNLS (Continued from Page 2)

special place in my heart.

SWUZZ, TBON, FCKER, and don't forget "No doubt!", "Thanks Mel!" I'm going to miss you when you go to college. Good luck!

Love, peace & happiness, hope, joy etc. (he he!)

Mel

SETH LUSTIG —

Stay away from the Seth Compactor and those vicious kitchen appliances! Having a phone in your room isn't everything. Don't let go of those travel dreams... Hope you read the "Prsnls" or you'll never get this.

Have a Tangerine Dream-y kind of time for now and call me so I can listen. Maybe we can talk NORMAL, because streamly consciously (How do you say...?) gets, uh, well - let's just talk.

Love,  
Bockbee (in Lex.)

To Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Linda Lynda Lotto: Show her this: You called me gold. I am silver. Tarnish polished away and I shine, not with innocence, but life. I need you! Do promises die? - The Unicorn Charlie, 411 Old N.C. 280, Pisgah Forest, NC 28768

Alisa, Naomi, Gabe, Chris my brother, Martha, Eric: (Eric X 2)

YES I know I haven't written!! I love you all!!!! I haven't been to a conference in seven months, church in three or four, Lark thinks I might have died, maybe you do too. WELL I HAVEN'T! I got burned out on my district work and backed off and somehow that turned into wandering away from YRUU in general. The chalice still burns on my neck however, and I am more Unitarian than ever. The search that we are all on in

wandering and diverse ways, leads me in different places, but you are no less in my heart.

Here's the thing — I may not be at Con-Con this year, I may not be at church, but the amount of my memories of you and all of the wisdom that you people unknowingly have; the amount of that I carry with me is forever undiminished.

I will be in a rural town in Manabi, Ecuador, building latrines and doing public health work while you are in Oklahoma at Con-Con. I will be with you in spirit!

What the hell - write me at college next year and maybe I will be learning responsibility and common courtesy by then!! - Only a person who takes risks is ever truly free!!

After August 20:

Rachel Ozer  
United World College of the American West  
Box 248  
Montezuma, NM 87731-0248

Dearest Con-Con '87 Staff: Candace, Becky, Ashley, Anne, Scott, Ellen, Dylan, Sean, Ken, Andrew and Rennie...as preparations for this year's colossal happening intensify...thoughts of your hard

work and dedication flood my mind. Thanks, ya'll are super! XO, Spud

Oh Great One and future owner of Crab Apple Cove, Maine... I'm anxious to see you, pfoof you, and have a good-night hug. Please come to CON-CON! Much love, XO, Leia P.S. Ohhhhh I miss your nose!

NICK!! Life is a bubble on the beach baby! XO, Anne and Leia P.S. Ogunquit Rules!

LeAnne Dunth, where are you? Are you still chasing sand dollars and eating shortbread and apples on the beach...? Here's to happy memories. Love, You Know Who

Hey Louie! What's up? I know you're going to say B.S. to what I have to say, but I really do love you! I'm sorry I stepped on you! Write or type to me! I miss ya! Love ya! Jenny

Don, You better write to me sometime in the very near future! And tell Tiger I want to hear from her too since I don't have her address. Love & Peace, Jenny

To all my wacky friends - the one who only likes creamy peanut butter in Michigan the great state and has the same size feet as me and that Twins fan in Minneapolis - I wonder if our float is still there? And to those two from Lexington - Oh Kim, I wore a tux to our Christmas ball, try it sometime. I love you all - PSYCHO CHICKEN

David S. - I loved your poem! Thanks for putting the PSWD and LRY back in print. Maybe people will remember we're still here. We all miss you at D.B.

Love, Gabby.

P.S. Hope to meet you at G.A.! Thanks all you YRUU'ers!

### ABOUT THE COVER

The cover for this issue was designed by Parisa Parsa, Mountain Desert District Youth Council Representative (1987-88). Parisa lives in New Mexico and is active in her local at the First Unitarian Church of Albuquerque where the infamous "Fiesta Con" is held semi-annually.

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## Thoughtless Kind

by James Fitzgerald, *Prairie Star District*

I once joked with a friend that I carry my life around in my backpack. In a sense it's true, for the coffee stained, war torn notebooks jotted full of morbid poetry, sketch pads, books, and pencils are all reflections, notes if you will on my life. So often, in the ragged sundown cafés, that haunt when the night has come, I hear tales of misery and despair. We have become so sick that we can not face ourselves. In the depths of hell people break-down, and if you listen to what they say, you'll see what they're made of. For me it is love/hate: I truly love to see peoples feeling aired, I find something beautiful in the confusion in their eyes. But sometimes, when I can't sleep and it all seems just a little too cold, I cry and wonder to myself, "How have we come to be this way?"

You see once, long ago I dreamed of peace, but now I'm just waiting for the sun to set on this bad joke of a society, for fighting in the streets, and the end of the quaint, suburban world. I have a hunger, and lust for life, and I laugh, smile, or stare at at the wall every time the record of one more crime, one more fear, one more true death, one more kilo of despair falls into my sight. It's all I can do to keep myself alive.

Sometimes we stand too near to the fire. Amidst the glee and joy we listened to the FEMMS, to guard our sleep, we ripped the P.A. out of the wall, and by our nature we held all the rules in contempt. As it should be. We danced so freely to the saddest of songs, yet there is something to be said for us in that we find happiness in each other and

in the silly thoughtless kind of things. There is something beautiful about the times when we come together and touch. There is a joining of people, there is something glorious, yet morbid. I remember when she placed her hands on me, sunk her nails deep into my neck, and as the blood trickled down my side I looked straight into her eyes and smiled. Roger laughed, she went pale and asked if it hurt, the answer was "no." Sometimes we stand too near to the fire.

But I love it all, and there are times and feelings that will never



leave me. Like the all night game of poker, with everyone cheating like fiends, at Con-Con '87. A bottle of mineral water and soft meaningless talk of politics in a park in Lincoln, Nebraska. The very best of times, though we always have to leave them, stay with us forever.

And it's plain to see that everything has gone way too far. We're living in the shadow of a tomorrow dark and torn apart. So all I can do now is hold on where I can. It's a beautiful day outside. Please don't stop dreaming.

### LEAVING HOME?

Keep Your UU connection when you move away from home. The Church of the Larger Fellowship offers a Student Service for young adult UUs. For \$20, CLF will send its QUEST from September through May and also include you on the WORLD mailing list. This Student Service was developed at the urging of one of our UUs away from home at college who found a need for the connection that CLF provided for her.

She said:

*"It made me realize that there was a caring community I could belong to, on which I could rely if necessary. I needed to know there was a community of people out there who like myself were far from a church, or needed a bit more than their church could give them. CLF filled a hole in my life."*

To keep the connection through CLF's Student Service, complete the coupon below and send it with \$20 (US) payment to:

Church of the  
Larger Fellowship  
25 Beacon St.  
Boston, MA  
02108 -2800



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Address w/ dates of this address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

# SPL

## CLOWNING AROUND

by Sidney Wilde-Nugent, *Joseph Priestly District*

During the last years I've worked with two clown groups involving YRUU. Both groups have discovered that clowning can be enormous fun. The clown "mask" far from hiding your identity allows you to express parts of yourself that you wouldn't dream of revealing without the permission of your "clown character." Clowns can act silly, make social commentary, cheer people up or touch the very heart of a person's sadness. Clowning is not all fun and games. Clowning requires practice, timing, recognition of the ridiculous and a sensitivity to people's feelings and to human nature. It is usually the folk who enjoy drama and like to act in school plays that take to clowning most readily.

Clowns are tricksters. That is, they poke holes in people's false pride, they cut authority figures down to size by pointing out inconsistencies or by letting people see themselves as others might seem them. Clowns are wise fools who see life with new eyes. They may do everything backwards or misunderstand words or directions and get themselves in the darndest messes. But a clown's silly foolishness may suggest a new way of looking at things, a fresh view of the world. Clowns are symbols of hope. A clown never gives up hope no matter how many things go wrong. A clown can give others courage to hang onto hope also.

Our clown group has performed in workshop services. (Clowns have been part of religious ritual since the very earliest prehistoric times.) We have appeared at Peace Fairs and walked in Parades (doing the simplest things - dusting people with feather dusters, making peace buttons appear behind their ears...) We have advertised our church bazaars and been Santa's Helpers at Christmas. This year we did a take off on the frog prince at our Fellowship (pledge drive) Dinner.

But the most moving experience for me when two of us visited

Children's Hospital to deliver a present to a small deaf boy who was very ill.

Since he could not hear us we did our best to communicate through mime. We helped open his present with giant scissors, did yo-yo tricks, dusted his I. V. On our way out, parents swarmed out of adjoining rooms asking us to visit their children, by the time we had worked our way to the Emergency Room exit we were surrounded by children. Being rank amateurs we were amazed to see tears replaced by smiles and to hear a chorus of "Good Bye, Clowns" as a circle of tiny hands were raised to wave and to hear the doctors say, "Do come back."

My first Clown Group was all youth. My present group is both youth and adults. We have Auguste Clowns, who do slap-stick comedy, trip, fall and squirt each other with seltzer bottles. We have White Face Clowns, who are more reserved and tell stories, juggle, do magic tricks and act as the "straight man" for the Auguste (usually the one to get the pie in the face). We have Character Clowns like the "opera singer" who hits a high "C" that could shatter glass, and a Tramp Clown who never talks, is always sad, and never gives up hope of being loved.

Some folks are afraid of Clowns, we upset their status quo and they don't know what to expect. Others love everything we do, the very sight of a Clown lowers their blood pressure and starts a chuckle heading for a "belly laugh." The truth it, it's great to BE A CLOWN!



## SAM SAUCE

by Maira Armen, *Northeast District*

The funniest thing that happened during a UU Youth Group meeting happened when we were planning an overnight. The overnight was for planing a conference (which by the way we decided not to have). We were planning meals and having a good time at the same time.

Later my father (who is the Youth Group leader) said it was a "Hub-

bub." "It was an organized hubbub though," said I. Sam wanted a fruit salad and was naming all the fruits we could have in it. Finally Michael (who had taken the big sheet of paper away from me because I spelled his name wrong) wrote on it: Sam also had to bring the spaghetti sauce, so now UU Youth Group spaghetti sauce is called "Sam Sauce"



# ASH

## INVASION OF THE PINK FLAMINGO

This past January, as most of you know, the Youth Office made a quantum leap and moved down the road with the rest of the Religious Education Department (as well as the Extension Department and the Church of the Larger Fellowship) to "53" Beacon Street. It was an amazing experience and the dust finally settled (cough, cough) around March leaving us in a beautiful front office with an awesome view overlooking the Boston Common (sigh). But what was even more mind boggling was that as we started to unpack the millions of boxes that were stacked in mounds around our office and began to settle in (around April), we discovered that the Youth Office had been invaded!! Not just one of those little, run of the mill invasions, no! This was big time stuff and we were frightened! No more was the Youth Office a carefree spot to leisurely enjoy a quiet afternoon ... no more was it a refuge from the crazy, hectic world outside... no more was it a place where Youth Staff were placed at their desks and computers with a ball and chain around their ankles...No, THE PINK FLAMINGOS HAD ARRIVED!

At first, everyone in the Religion Education Department was mortified! One person (who shall remain nameless, and it wasn't Ellen!) was even quoted as saying "Ouuuh! It just makes me want to throw up!" However, as the weeks continued to pass, the entire department discovered that these creatures were kind, gentle souls and all that they really wanted was the job of receptionist on the third floor as well as to rename the Youth Office "The Pink Flamingo Lounge." Such simple requests... how could we refuse? So, instead of Youth Staff, we now have "Staff of the Pink Flamingo Lounge". The lounge itself is also pretty neat. The Flamingos have done a great job decorating the place (if you like pink and feathers.) And rumor

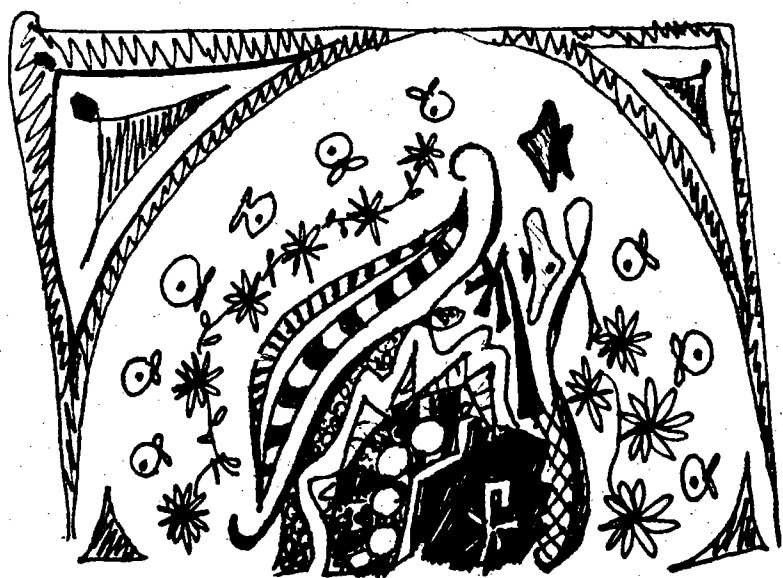
has it that they have just started with their decorating... white ceiling fans and palm trees are in the works.

The only sad thing is that neither Ellen, Andrew, Leia, Jason, or the rest of the department know how to speak Flamingoese (Julie, the Youth Office assistant, is thinking about taking a class on it this summer.) Because of our lack of knowledge in this area, we don't know the Flamingo's names. This is where your help is urgently needed. So far, recommendations the "Lounge" has received include: "Rhonda and Raoul; Randy Reiss and God; Junior and Mint; Beethoven and Moezart; Four and Five; Elvis and Marylin; Peggy-Sue and Zarathustra; Flora and Fauna; Hamlet and Pooh; Salt and Pepper; Dirky and Esmerelda; The Flying Fibonacci Brothers; Sisters Sledge; Namu and Daisy; Pope Leo X and Martini; Glaucon and Sacchrin... and so on. The combinations are endless.

Now, it's up to you folks. Get out those old History of Famous Flamingos text books from Jr. High, and pick a real flamingo hero/heroine (no herons please) that left an impression on you life, or your car window.... The contest is simple, write a two-hundred word essay explaining the significance of the Flamingo Revolution of 1887 and the socio-economic impact it had on the Youth Office. Include your favorite pink pal's name, your own name and address, and you could be the winner of a brand new, shiny dollar bill, AND the opportunity to take any one of the youth staffers out to dinner (yes, you are allowed to use your prize money toward the dinner!)

Send your submissions to:

The Pink Flamingo Lounge  
c/o The Youth Office  
25 Beacon St.  
Boston, MA 02108



## HUUMOR ON THE JOB

by Ann Harner, Board Liason to YRUU

A funny thing happened recently on my job as the City Manager's Assistant in Portland, Maine. Because it was late Friday afternoon before a three-day weekend; and an office party was in progress, I didn't feel like returning another phone call. Much less when my boss passed off to me a message he didn't want to deal with from a woman

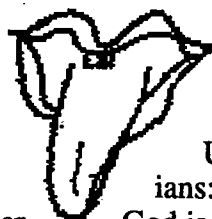
who "needed help with a stray cat on her boat". "Why me?" I thought as I picked up the phone to call her.

Turned out, she ran a service to shuttle tourists by boat from the mainland to the harbor island. She was in no mood for problems getting her operation going for this Memorial Day weekend, the beginning of the summer tourist season, and she was upset because she'd discovered a stowaway cat that was

*Continued next page 12*

## "Boning Up On Your Huumor!"

Compiled by Chris Raible  
175 St. Clair Avenue W.  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M4V1P7



Thomas Starr King is credited with describing the difference between Universalists and Unitarians: Universalists believe that God is too good to damn men. Unitarians believe that man is too good to be damned.



The children in a UU church school class were drawing pictures. The teacher asked one child, "What are you drawing a picture of?" "I'm drawing a picture of God," was the reply. "But nobody knows what God looks like," objected the teacher. "They will," said the UU child, "when I get my picture done!"



UU's are not very good at singing hymns because they're always reading ahead to see if they agree with the words!



How many members of a UUA Committee does it take to change a light bulb? Ten, of whom at least five must be women, two black, three ministers, one Canadian, one youth, two elderly, two gay or lesbian, one Christian, one disabled, one a UUA Board member, and no more than three from any one UUA District!

*Continued on Page 9*

### YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG

DO WE HAVE YOUR RIGHT ADDRESS?  
DO YOU STILL WANT SYNAPSE?  
PLEASE HELP US UPDATE OUR MAILING LIST.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
\* Birthdate \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE REMOVE MY NAME  
\_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE CHANGE MY ADDRESS  
\_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE ADD MY NAME  
\_\_\_\_\_  
I AM AN ADVISOR  
\_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE ADD THIS AS A COLLEGE ADDRESS (KEEPING MY OTHER ADDRESS FOR ALL SUMMER MAILINGS)

Mail to: Synapse  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, MA  
USA 02108-2800

The UU's don't have 10 Commandments; they have 10 suggestions!



A visitor was asked afterward how he had liked the UU church. "Damnedest church I ever went to," said the visitor. "The only time I heard the name of Jesus Christ was when the janitor fell down stairs!"



One child asked another what the child planned to do on April Fool's Day. "We don't believe in April Fools' Day in our family, we're UU's!"



A UU prayed, "Dear God, if there is a God, if you can, save my soul, if I have a soul."

# LETTERS TO THOSE EDITORS

March 13, 1988  
Ashley Nelson  
Box 504  
Neal College  
Portland, OR 97202

Hello Ellen, Andrew & Leia!!

Right now I'm sitting next to the fence that borders the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. Two days ago I crossed it with 1100 other people and walked into the desert. We then got "arrested", driven three hours away and released. This morning at 7:00 a.m. was a blockade of the buses of workers going into the site. I chose to be a support person today and three of my friends are being held inside the gates in a pen. We're waiting now to see what will happen to them. Carol Powers (a woman who was at Con-Con) is here. There are a lot of people (like me) camped across the street at a Peace Camp. The whole thing is incredible and the desert is so beautiful. I'm thinking of you all as I am sitting here. I love you,

Ashley

Tracy Stober  
1910 Canterbury, Apt. A  
Washington, IL 61517

Dear Editors,

There are two things that are bothering me:

1) The due date for material for this next issue is May 27. I received this copy of Synapse on May 25. I live in the Midwest, and it takes awhile to get here. What about the people in the ever-distant west, or overseas? Shouldn't they be able to contribute to Synapse?

2) I also have noticed that at the bottom of my address label there is a notice asking me to PLEASE, please send birthdate!!! Will there come a day when I am too old to receive Synapse? Will I turn 25 and suddenly not be receiving it anymore?

I hope this gets to you in time. I'm sending it on May 26th.

Tracy Stober.

6th Grade Class  
Unitarian Universalist Church  
Burlington, VT 05401  
May 15, 1988

Dear YRUU,

Thank you very much for showing us the Unitarian Youth Group headquarters. We all enjoyed reading your magazine Synapse. We like the way you have decorated your office with pink flamingos. It adds a lot of color to the room. Thank you again.

Sincerely,

The 6th Grade Class (and chaperones)

Tinah A. Bazin  
Jenny Bergeron  
Emily Garrett  
Donnie Senglean  
Steven Waters  
Rich R. Dale  
Emily Stone  
Dayna Savio  
Sarah Normandin  
Trevor Smith  
Jesse Cole  
Margo Anberg  
Claire Knight

Jennifer Baum  
1415 S. 63 Street  
Omaha, NE 68106

Dear Editor,

Hi - I've been receiving my Synapse off of the regular schedule. For example, it's May 25, and today I received my winter '88 issue.

This is causing some problems with deadlines. Is there any way you can straighten out the scheduling of this mail? I'd appreciate anything you can do.

Thanks for your help!

Jennifer Baum  
1415 S. 63 Street  
Omaha, NE 68106



Elisabeth Anne Leonard  
301 Warwick Lane  
Lynchburg, VA 24503

To Adam Leite and the rest of YRUU:

You are absolutely right. YRUU is perilously close to becoming a place for escape rather than a place for growth. But I do not think the problem is new, and I do not think it is sex and drugs. I think the problem is unrecognised one of loneliness and of growing up Unitarian-Universalist. I stopped going to conferences when I was 16 because we moved to a place where there no real youth activity in the church, but if I had truly wanted to become involved with youth, I could have tried to get something started. I can't blame it on the church but must attribute it to myself.

When I was 13, 14, experiencing my first conferences and Summer Institutes, I thought I was growing because I learned to feel better about myself. It is true that I stopped seeking acceptance through clothes and the like from my peers in high school and threw myself much more fully into creative endeavors. But I suspect that YRUU was not so much a place for

growth as it was an escape from my low self-esteem, because I made friends. Yet I am in touch with none of them now. And at times I still feel the same desperate need for love, the same pain of loss, that I experienced the first time I thought I was in love, when I was 14 and at a conference. Those conferences were for me an emotional drug, not a physical drug. And as I became older, I saw the bad side to them—the cliques, the pettiness, the loneliness of being ignored by the people we want as our friends. Like any high school, people grouped together and ostracized others, talked meanly about people they didn't like, rather than just accepting their differences and avoiding them or even—God forbid!—tolerating them. We took a hubristic pride in our differences from our non-UU peers, yet ostracized our UU peers for their differences. And this seems as much a product of loneliness and low self-esteem as drugs and sex are. One need only look at the personal column of *Synapse* to see how people must publish to the world that they have friends, (which is real, I do not deny it) there is a need to demonstrate it publicly, and desperate search for reassurance.

*Continued on Page 11*

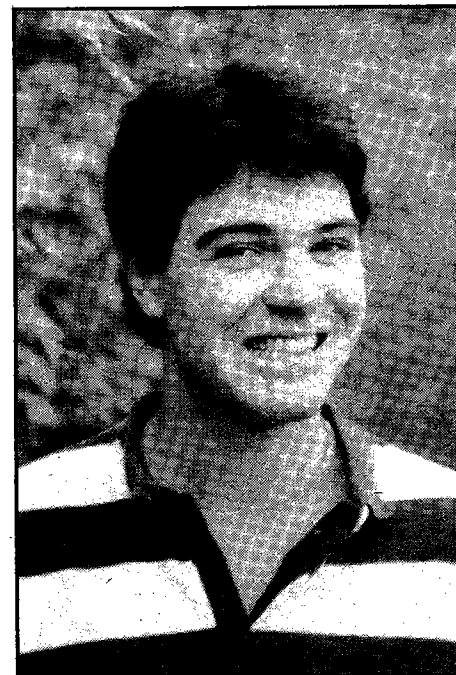
**The Letters To Those Editors is a regular feature so keep the letters about your ideas and opinions coming. Tell us what's happening in your district, or how you feel about YRUU, UUism, Politics, Fashion, what-ever! UU's have a reputation for being controversial, so go for it!**

## BUENOS HUEVOS, AMIGOS

by Jason Happel, Northeast District

Oh boy oh boy oh boy! Am I ever ready to rock-n-roll on Beacon Hill.

It's funny... after two years in English courses at the University of Maine. I would expect to be able to express my enthusiasm more articulately - but, I'm too much overcome with excitement to be serious now! Nevertheless, seeing that before long I must confront YRUU with the most difficult demands ever made of it, it seems indispensable to me to say who I am (besides Jason Happel, ex-MDD District Rep. runner-up.) First, it should be known that I have a special affection for ice cream. Secondly, I really dig good books and good people who like to dance. Lastly, not many things matter to me, but YRUU does. So, when I leave my home in Portland (Maine) to go down to Boston in September, I'll expect our work together will bring Fortune to our community. Besides, I have heard that ancient



Jason Happel, New Youth Staff

valor in U.U. hearts is not yet dead... Elvis Lives,

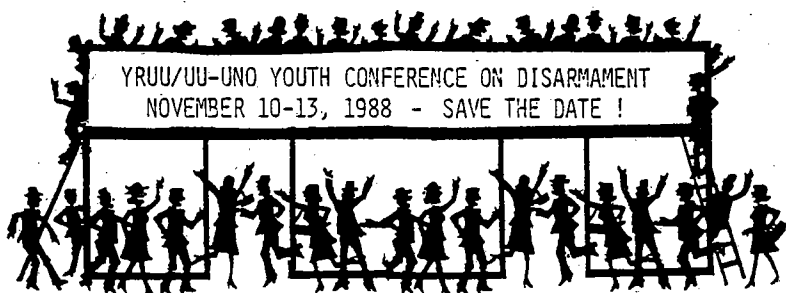
Jason Happel  
27 Belknap Street  
Portland, ME 04103



### The 9th Annual Youth Conference on Disarmament at the United Nations



The ninth annual UU Youth Conference on Disarmament will bring together approximately 25 Unitarian Universalist young people, ages 15 to 17, for three days of intensive learning and sharing about the issue of nuclear disarmament. For more information, or an application call or write the Youth Office at: 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108, (617) 742-2100 (ask for the Youth Office).



Sponsored by the Unitarian Universalist United Nations Office and Young Religious Unitarian Universalists

# EXPRESSIONS

## LIFE IN A VEGAMATIC

Adolescence  
A time of change  
A time of thoughts  
Confusing and strange

A time of questions  
A time of acceptance  
A time of wonder  
A time of repentance

We can't decide  
What we really  
What we want to be

But in time it passes  
Like a season of the year  
And we enter adulthood  
With hardly a tear.

- Rick Turner, Ohio Valley



Look at me  
I can sense your pain  
Look at me  
I'll hold you again.

Can't you see,  
I want to look in your eyes  
and feel your touch.  
Can't you see,  
I care for you so much.

I think, inside  
I just might love you.  
I think, inside  
That I'm hurting, too.

- Alison Melby

## DID YOU EVER

Did you ever love a man and feel like dying  
because he didn't love you?

Did you ever feel like crying and wonder  
what good it would do?

Did you ever look deep into his eyes and say  
a little prayer?

Did you ever look into his heart and wish that  
you were there?

Don't ever fall in love my friend, you'll find  
it doesn't pay.

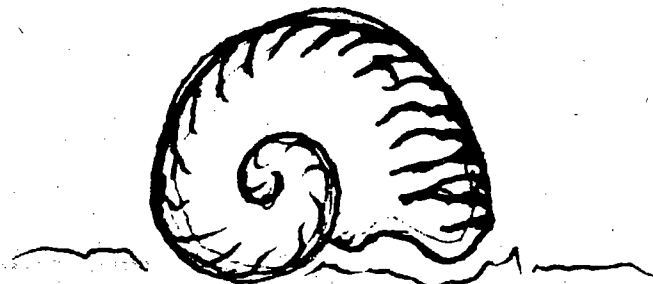
It isn't worth all the pain and the heartache  
that it brings with each and every day.

So when I say to you, "Don't ever fall in  
love, you'll be hurt before you're through"

Remember this my friend...I ought to  
know...I'm in love with you.

Written on May 28, 1988

- Chris Green



## COLORADO

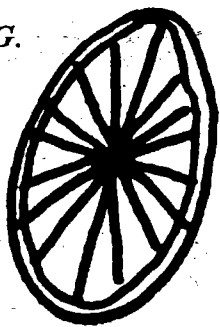
River is too quick-  
over two dark stones  
like helpless jaws,  
endlessly spewing river forth.  
Sun-dapples dance frantically,  
So on light slips away

Then  
River is muted,  
by its mile  
deep canyon.  
Walls look red and raw-  
One would not think that river  
pressed hard into  
stone that refused.  
Mud of the walls  
descends after rain days  
and river gags  
but Refusal is weaker  
than that of stone-  
River  
is only water

- Becky Willson, Mass  
Bay District

(untitled)  
I wanted to write  
It would be beautiful  
Happiness and heartfelt joy  
The words did not come  
If my writing is my feeling  
I can not write joy  
You are not with me.

- J. David G.



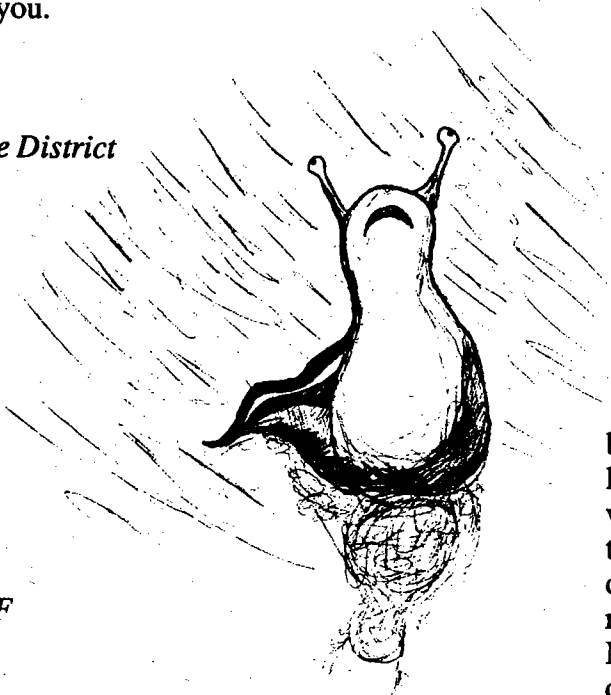
## LOVE IS A PROMISE

Love is a promise of joy,  
Love is a promise of caring.  
Love is a promise of support,  
Love is a promise of sharing.

Love is a promise for always  
Love is a promise through and through.  
Love is a promise of friendship,  
Love is a promise of myself to you.

I Love You.

- Alison Melby, Ohio Meadville District



An old Unitarian hymn.  
Was excessively proper and prim.  
Universalist love  
Shone down from above  
And now it's a lot less grim!

- Joan Goodwin, UUA-CLF

An old Unitarian hymn  
Was excessively proper and prim.  
At choir rehearsal  
The folks Universal  
Refused to sing something so grim!

- Susan Starr

## For A Friend

Some day I'll see you  
... standing in the sun  
Your skin browned by its ever-present rays  
The dry wind whipping through your hair;  
The sun boils rocks  
And the wind tears apart the heart as it burns  
the skin  
But you sustain like the cacti and the buttes  
Because love brought you here  
and forever you'll stay

- Kathy Pinto, Connecticut Valley  
District



## HAT GEDACHT

Where does thought come from he asked I tell you I know  
because I have seen and I believe There is a book (not a very  
large one) that holds all the thoughts man's ever had and ever  
will have (It's not very large) all his dreams all his fears all his  
thoughts and all his ideas Let me tell you there aren't very many  
of those Even writers have found this problem For who wants to  
read something they already know (Which isn't very much)  
Most people are still in the first chapter  
of this not so large book but don't worry (the book isn't very  
large to begin with) And everything that will ever be imagined is  
in there so you may as well stop thinking.

It wasn't very important anyways.

- J. Huyck

## 1988 Continental Youth Council Participants

**Connecticut Valley (88-89)**  
Kathy Pinto  
1856 State Street  
Hamden, CT 06511  
(203) 624-6196

**Pacific Central (87-88)**  
Adam Leite (SC Member)  
77 Willow Ave  
Walnut Creek, CA 94595  
(415) 939-4911

**Florida (88-89)**  
Jill Huebner  
10258 Fontana Court  
North  
Jacksonville, FL 32211  
(904) 642-1637

**New Hampshire/Vermont (88 only)**  
Tom Doyle  
PO Box 118  
Temple, NH 03084  
(603) 878-1645

**Adult at Large (88-89)**  
Rev. Ann Tyndall (SC Member)  
140 Harrison  
Oak Park, IL 60304  
(312) 524-8563

**Junior High At Large (88 only)**  
Heather Wright  
5490 Douglas Lane  
Sebastopol, Ca 95472  
(707) 887-7752

**Ohio Meadville (88-89)**  
Spenser Medvick  
3715 Traynham  
Shaker Heights, OH 44122  
(216) 991-9536

**Mass Bay (88 only)**  
Kate White  
21 Lake Ave  
Newton, Ma 02159  
(617) 332-2446

**Ballou Channing (88 only)**  
Brendan O'Neal  
20 Carver Street  
Green Harbor, Ma 02041  
(617) 837-9389

**Mid-South (88-89)**  
Colin Kirkman  
3474 Hallcrest Drive  
Atlanta, GA 30319  
(404) 252-5161

**Michigan (87-88)**  
Randy Reiss  
592 Hanna  
Birmingham, MI 48009  
(313) 644-8954

**Mountain (88-89)**  
Jen Majors  
Box 970  
Monument, CO 80132  
(719) 481-4256

**Prairie Star (88 only)**  
Mandi Cohen  
8010 Lillibridge  
Lincoln, NE 68506  
(402) 483-0480

**Ohio Valley (88-89)**  
Eric D'Acre  
6650 Iris  
Cincinnati, OH 45213  
(513) 531-7432

**Adult at Large (87-88)**  
Rev. Polly Leland-Mayer  
478 Main Street  
Winchester, MA 01890  
(617) 729-0949

**Metro New York (did not attend)**  
Amy Holzapfel  
21 Chippewa Way  
Crawford, NJ 07016

**Senior High at Large (88 only)**  
Eric Peterson  
4018 Warwick Apt #2  
Kansas City, MO 64112  
(816) 753-0097

**Thomas Jefferson (88 only)**  
Erin Coleman  
1817 River shore Drive  
Knoxville, TN 37914  
(615) 525-7056

**Central Mass (88-89)**  
Heather Bell  
5 Waco Circle  
Chemsford, MA 01824  
(617) 256-6114

**Desert (87-88)**  
Parisa Parsa  
477 58th St. NW  
Albuquerque, NM 87105  
(505) 836-1047

**Post High at Large (88 only)**  
Jeff Jamison  
153 Hememway St  
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Boston, MA 02115

**Joseph Priestly (87-88)**  
Dorothy Haigler  
110 Webster Ave  
Wyncote, PA 19095  
(215) 887-5193

**Northeast (88-89)**  
Emily Biss  
PO Box 355  
Bluehill, ME 04614  
(207) 374-2175

**Adult at Large (88-89)**  
Roger Hollon  
265 Hanna Road  
Mason, MI 48854  
(517) 623-6770

**Pacific Northwest (88-89)**  
Natalie Hamm  
9798 Murden Cove Road  
Bainbridge Island, WA 98110  
(206) 842-7150

**Adult at Large (87-88)**  
Duane Dowell  
929 Loganwood Ave  
Richardson, Texas 75080  
(214) 644-2233

**Saint Lawrence (88-89)**  
Catarina Penalosa  
535 West Delavan  
Buffalo, New York 15213  
(716) 881-0621

**Adult at Large (88-89)**  
Pat Pope  
2825 23rd Street  
Lubbock, Texas 79410  
(806) 793-2674

**Central Midwest (88 only)**  
Valerie Tremelat  
1212 Wellesley Road  
Madison, WI 53705  
(608) 223-1558

**Adult at Large (88-89)**  
Connie Goodbread  
478 Limewood Ave  
Dunedin, FL 34698

**Adult at Large**  
Sue Dermon  
118 Garden Street

Roslyn Heights, NY 11577  
(516) 484-5965

**Pacific South West (88-89)**  
Becky Silva  
3246 Los Coyotes  
Long Beach, CA 90808  
(213) 420-6192

**Southwest (88-89)**  
Christina Branum  
898903 Rowan  
Houston, Texas 77036  
(713) 771-8495

**Western Canada**  
NO REP/Contact person is:  
Christine Gowans  
702 Crescent Road, NW  
Calgary, Alberta T2M 4A7  
(403) 282-1026

**REAC Representative (88-89)**  
Graham Smith  
#5 Madison Lane  
Amherst, NH 03031  
(603) 673-3634

**Board of Trustees Representatives**  
Ann Harnar, NE (Retiring)  
25 Thompson Street  
Brunswick, ME 04011  
(207) 725-6280

Erv Miller, PS and WC (Incoming)  
921 Third Ave, SE  
Rochester, MN 55901  
(507) 282-2429

**Retiring Continental Steering Committee Members:**  
Fadey Kehl  
37 Livingston Ave  
Pittsfield, MA 01210  
(413) 442-1876

Coleen Murphy  
14401 Alico Road  
Fort Meyers, FL 33913  
(813) 267-3316

Erik Swanson  
15 Egremont Road Apt 11  
Brighton, MA 02135  
(617) 734-1424

Adam Winner  
RD #1 Box 297  
Emmaus, PA 18049  
(215) 967-3656

**Moderator**  
Becky Scott  
148 West 16th Ave  
Vancouver, BC  
V5Y 1W9  
Canada  
(604) 874-6067

**Gopher**  
Alisa Velonis  
1500 S. Elder Court  
Broken Arrow, OK 74012  
(918) 755-6079

Staff of the Continental Youth Office:

Andrew "Angus" Moeller, Retiring Youth Programs Specialist  
Youth Office  
Leia "Spud" Durland, On going Youth Programs Specialist  
25 Beacon Street  
Jason "Happy" Happel, Incoming Youth Programs Specialist  
Boston, MA 02108  
Rev. Ellen "???" Brandenburg, Director of Youth Programs  
(617) 742-2100

## HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SPRING STEERING COMMITTEE MEETING

(Continued from Page 3)

shared with us what they have identified as issues so far. They will meet with us at the Steering Committee meeting in August.

Besides what I have mentioned, we covered a number of other agenda items, heard reports, ate a variety of cuisines at restaurants selected for us by Andrew, Leia and Julie, worshipped together, took turns moderating and being the energy monitor at the meeting, hung out together and one other thing. We attended a reception at the Pink Flamingo Lounge and toured "53."

You may be wondering what in the heck these places are. "53"

refers to 53 Beacon Street, the building bought by the UUA to give them more office space. It is down the street from "25." The Pink Flamingo Lounge is the Youth Office. It is the most spacious office at "53" and the Youth Office Staff has adopted the pink flamingo motif for their decorating theme. (So far, there are no live flamingoes nor are there any serious palm trees.)

It was a good meeting. We worked hard as well as playing and having a good time together. I left feeling energized and feeling again what a privilege it is to be a part of YRUU.

## SILLY SYNAPSE GAMES

Games and silly activities are a great way to express humor in our lives. Often times through games we are able to express parts of our personality which we usually feel uncomfortable sharing with others in everyday type situations. Below are some very silly games which are almost so silly just to read that it is hard to imagine actually playing them!

### Standing Broad Grin:

Players stand at attention and allow their grins to be measured. The team with the longest (total grin inches of all team members) grin wins.

### Shot Put:

All members can compete in this, or teams may choose one person to represent their team. All contenders are given balloons. They blow up balloons and see which one can throw their balloon the farthest distance.

### Nutty Race:

Each player is given a drinking straw. Teams line up relay style. The first player on each team is given a shelled peanut. The player must hold the peanut on the end of the straw by sucking on the straw,

walk to a designated spot, return and transfer the peanut to the next player's straw without using his/her hands. If a player drops the peanut, or uses his/her hands, the peanut goes back to the first player and the team must begin again. The first team finished wins.

### Creative Gum:

Pass out equal amounts of bubble gum to everyone. After they have chewed it for awhile, pass out small pieces of cardboard and toothpicks. Tell everyone to be creative and make a gum sculpture of anything they like. Judge the sculpture and award a prize to the winner.

### Cornhusking with Toes:

Equipment—ears of corn. Each community sends out one person to the center of the hall. Leader will give an ear of unshucked corn to each individual. One red ear will be included and the person who gets it may kiss the person of his/her choosing (so the legend goes). The contestants are seated in chairs, and are asked to remove their shoes and socks. The one who shucks his/her ear of corn first, with her/his toes only, wins a point for his community.



Candace and Coleen chop salad stuff for one and all.



Fix'n those committees members chow: Ellen and Adam Leite "hypnotize" lobsters at the Youth Staffers apartment.





# LAW SCHOOL

by Eric Kaminetzky

Law School. Lore Skool. Humor? My name is Eric Kaminetzky and I am a second year law school student at the University of Colorado at Boulder. I am also a UU since birth. Maybe before since Mom and Dad are UU as well. I am a UU law student. Odd concept.

Much of my UU history has been focused on process. Process is how we do that which we get done and it has always been at least as important as that which we get done. For instance, at conferences we try to use consensus process decision making. Every person has an opportunity to express their opinion and no decision is made without the consent of every person. In that way all group members can support what the group is doing. Very helpful, especially in the kitchen. I have eaten some democratically (majority rules) prepared food which was nothing short of yukko. (technical term often accompanied by a sour expression on the face)(my writing professor hates asides, he says they are either important enough to stand without apology or they should be excluded, deleted, edited or otherwise shot!) (enough asides).

Much of my law school experience seems to be focused on that which we get done. On a law school exam the end seems to justify the

means. My exam grades indicate my inability to work with this idea comfortably. Prime example. Law and Justice. The first thing you learn in law school is that they have nothing to do with each other. The lady with the white robes, the scales and the blindfold is not just catching dust. Law and justice don't talk to each other unless there is a policy which says that they ought to. For instance, if you live on a corner and your family owns your property did you know that you own all of the property out to the middle of the street? Honestly, at one time before there were streets somebody owned that property and probably used it for something, but as towns and cities got built up people decided that they wanted streets. So the local government decided to put them through the edge of your property. Now you might think that they paid for that privilege, but it ain't necessarily so. The Constitution of the United States says that the government will not take your property without just compensation. Sounds good. Except... The Supreme Court of The United States decided that it would be a whole lot of work to figure out the value of everything the government takes so for the most part they are excused from paying you. I suppose they figured

that streets were good for everybody. That's a benefit. Taking your land for a street is bad for you. That's a deficit. However, once the street is built you get to use it. That's another benefit. Two to one. Just guess who loses. If you have an interest pick up a Social Studies or History text book and look up the Takings Clause of the Constitution. Anyway, a lot of the humor comes in realizing that much of the work in law school seems to come when you make a decision and then try to rationalize it to people who are pissed off at you. When the end justifies the means life is a lot easier.

Well, I was told three things on my first day of law school. 1. There is no money back guarantee. In fact there is no money back at all so you had better just enjoy yourself. 2. You don't know anything and you don't know how to know anything. 3. We will train you to think like a lawyer, act like a lawyer, be a lawyer. If you want a little perspective on that trip try replacing the word lawyer with lemming. Those are the cute little furry creatures who manage to jump off of cliffs in groups of forty thousand every now and again. This is another aside, but I am trying to appease my professor by including it in the main body of the piece.

Finally, law school applications for the 1988/89 school year are up 25%. Guess why? L.A. Law. Need I say more?

Law school is alot of fun and alot of work. It is the first time I have ever been asked to think in a thorough and methodical fashion. I think I am getting the hang of it. The real humor comes from staying up much too late with your study group, eating lousy food at the Denny's/Perkin's/Village Inn and realizing that there are some concepts which can only be babbled at. The people and the challenge are where the joy shows up.

If you are considering law school in the future I would recommend that you learn to read, write, speak and most of all type. After you get all of that done start talking to lawyers and law students to find out what you are getting into.

Now, since you will probably taking the S.A.T.'s at some point I will give you a test question.

COMPLETE THE PHRASE.

L.A. Law is to Law School as

1. Beverly Hills Cop is to police work.
2. Mrs. Paul's is to good sushi.
3. Y.R.U.U is to military school.
4. SYNAPSE is to Mettallurgy Monthly.

## Adventure the advisors column

(This is a new regular feature written by youth or adults about anything to do with advisors in YRUU.)

### LOVE THOSE YRUU-ers!

by Deane Starr, NH-Vermont District Executive

It has been my privilege to participate in the last two district conferences of the Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. It is an understatement to say that I have been favorably impressed; as a matter of face, I have been overwhelmed. We can be proud of the values demonstrated by these young people and of the way they relate to each other and to any adults who will take the

time to be with them.

At the fall conference in Manchester, the young people had invited representatives of the Libertarian Party to present their views. I sat back in amazement and admiration as our young people pressed these Libertarians to the wall. "Why are you so indifferent to the plight of the underprivileged?".. Our YRUUers demonstrated a strong commitment to social responsibility.

At the recent conference in Burlington, there was a workshop on safe sex. The leader of the workshop was very explicit about the danger of AIDS and how the disease can be avoided. Our young people listened attentively, asked perceptive questions and are, I feel, prepared to live in a world where indiscriminate sex has become a "no-no". I was deeply impressed by their seriousness and maturity.

However, I was even more impressed by the way in which they responded to a young person who has been diagnosed as having

AIDS. He was obviously very ill and he was quite candid in telling of his illness and his expectation that he would not live much longer. Instead of shying away from him, our young people went with him, hugged him, told him how sorry they felt, and generally offered him comfort. I wondered how many other groups of young people

spend time with young people. Being a youth advisor simply means being with the group. One does not have to be a policeperson, nor a judge, nor a critic. One only has to be there! And, if one is responsive to the values that motivate and inspire these people, one is quite apt to be motivated and inspired as well. I came away from both conferences feeling very good about the kids, and sad that not more adults are taking time to find their lives enriched by the association with the kids. I feel that I am a better person myself for having attended these conferences. I highly recommend the attendance of more adults. If you are interested in being involved, you may talk with either Graham Smith, the Youth Representative to the District Board or to Mark Gardner, the Director of the Youth Department of the District. Their telephone numbers and addresses are listed in the District Directory.

YRUU?

would receive him in this way. So, not only have your young people demonstrated a commitment to social responsibility, but also a genuine concern for individuals, a recognition of one of our basic premises: "the dignity and worth of every individual."

As I see it, there is only one major problem in connection with YRUU. It is that too few adults are willing to



## LETTERS TO THOSE EDITORS

(Continued from Page 6)

I think this loneliness is born from two things; one, the normal growth and trouble of adolescence; two, the rootlessness of being a UU. When I was undergoing severe depression this semester in college, I realized how nice it would be to have a creed and dogma to turn to for security and comfort, rather than the seeming emptiness of my individually-born beliefs. Perhaps there is something inherently wrong in being adolescent and having such an unstructured, free, somewhat ambiguous religion—perhaps the intellectual striving that we seek for as UU's must come when we are adults and more settled in our lives, when we are not as desperately in need of any security we can find. Also, as UU's we are isolated from our peers, and it is nice to be with people who don't say, "What's a Unitarian?" UUism does separate us, make us lonely. But it seems better to admit there is this loneliness and rootlessness than to try to disguise it with sex and with drugs, both physical and emotional.

We seem to take love very cheaply. We use the word with people we have not known long. We may have close feelings for them; but I think many of us are still trying to find out what love is. And it cannot be an escape from loneliness. People who love are still lonely, and people who are not lonely do not always love. We cannot understand that escape from loneliness which another person provides us as love, which I think is what you saw Adam, when you saw people coupling out of a desire to escape loneliness and calling it love. The two terms—escape and love—have become synonymous.

I do not know what to do about this problem. I believe it is rooted in our upbringing as Unitarians more

than we or our parents would like to think. Perhaps there should be more relation of youth to adults. Perhaps there should be open discussion about this issue at conferences for both youth and adults. Perhaps we should think more about what we need as growing people, not as Unitarians. We need to learn self-knowledge and other-knowledge; but how can that be taught?

I am 20 now, a rising senior in college. I have met a few UU's at my school, but none of us attend church. I tried and could not. I think a lot of that had to do with the same things I saw in conferences—a lack of openness, of communication, of welcoming, of toleration. This is a problem which we all face, not just youth. It will become a malaise when we become the adults in the congregations. We UU's are human, yet we pride ourselves on our "superiority" to and tolerance of the rest of society. Even the word "tolerate" implies a superiority on the side of the tolerating party. We, as adults and as youth, must not forget that we are people; we must not forget that we do things that people do; we must realize that we are not all that we say we are or all that we would like to be. We MUST NOT forget our own weaknesses, loneliness being one of them.

This is a long letter, longer than I had intended it to be. There may be some bitterness in it; but I do not apologize for it. For if I have bitterness towards my youth as a UU, doesn't that indicate a problem?

I would be glad to talk about this with other people. My address before September 1, 1988 is 301 Warwick Lane, Lynchburg, VA 24503. After September 1, 1988 my address will be St. John's College, Annapolis, MD 21404.

In hope of peace and learning,  
Elisabeth Anne Leonard

## Take Your Youth Group to the Beach!

By Leia Durland

As the sultry days of summer roll around and the vacation mode seems to overtake your body, don't forget about YRUU and your youth group!

Many UU churches throughout the continent 'shut down' for the summer months so that members can enjoy time with friends and family as well as take a vacation from the regular routine and enjoy life outside the sanctuary. But...just because the pulpit may be empty doesn't mean that your youth group can't continue to meet and enjoy time together.

Summer youth group activities may need to vary to some extent from what happens the rest of the year because of resources that are and aren't available, the needs of the group, as well as time constraints. If the church building is closed, meeting in someone's home, at the park, or your favorite 'hang out' spot are options. If group members want to use their Sunday mornings to sleep in, then evening meetings may work best for everyone.

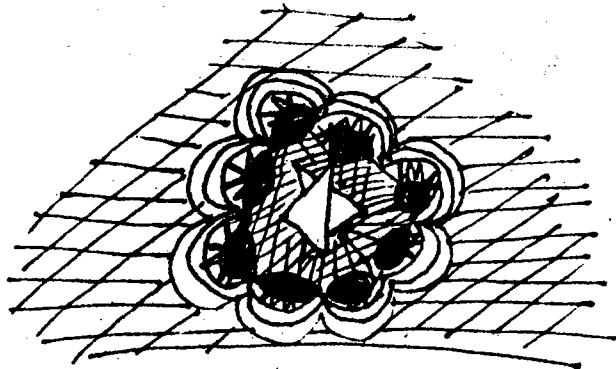
Meeting every week may not fit into everyone's summer lifestyle and once a month gatherings for 'lock-ins', movies, dinner, discussions, or parties may be appropriate.

Other fun summer experiences for you and your youth group could include trips together. Big adventures like a trek together to YRUU's

Continental Conference (near Tulsa, Oklahoma this year), week-end conferences sponsored by your district, or little "over nighters" at a near by spot of interest (like the beach, mountains, or lake.)

Social Action and service related activities are also good ways to gather during the summer months. Meeting at a rally or demonstration and having a picnic meal together before or after is fun while also offering the opportunity to learn about different causes and beliefs. Spending an afternoon or just a lunch break doing some sort of needed summer time service for your church (like pulling weeds or watering plants) is a nice way to be connected with the church and spend time together as a youth group.

Of course there is some before hand preparation needed to pull an event off. But if prep work isn't your bag, make that a group activity and remember that little gatherings don't take much time to plan and as long as everyone in the group knows when and where to show up, things usually work themselves out. Whatever way your group decides best fits your needs—meeting every week or just once—it is important to keep connected with one another through out the summer because the summer is a wonderful time to learn, grow, and enjoy life—all things that go hand in hand with YRUU!



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## NEXT ISSUE'S THEME

THE WORLD IS OUR SCHOOL



AND WE FILL THE CLASSROOMS

Send your thoughts, poems, photos, doodles  
by September 30, 1988 to

SYNAPSE  
c/o The Youth Office  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, MA 02108



# Of Hairy Legs and Happiness

by Jeff Fry, Michigan District

## HUUMOR ON THE JOB

(Continued from Page 5)

"Hi God, I'm back!" "Where in the Hell have you been?" God definitely was NOT pleased with this one. "Whoops, thought Jesus, I think I screwed up again. "I wanted to surprise you, Dad. I was on earth." "Earth?" God said, perplexed. Maybe I'll survive this one after all, Jesus hoped. "Ya, Earth. You remember ... you created it a few millennia back." The lamb of God prompted reluctantly. Maybe he doesn't remember it, Jesus hoped, maybe he doesn't care.

"Of course I remember it!" God boomed back. "What in my name were you doing there? You know as well as I do that I decided not to mess with them after Eve chose Freedom over the Security of my garden."

"I was only gone 33 years." Was Jesus' sheepish reply. "That doesn't answer my question. Why were you on the earth for those 33 years...? Well...?" Jesus was blushing sharply. "I died for their sins." came the Lamb's mumbled reply.

"You did what!" "I died for their sins. Dad, I just couldn't stand seeing those poor saps flopping around down there. Someone had to do it."

"Oh this is just great!" came the Divine Sarcasm. "I can't trust you for a decade, can I? Let me tell you something. I was proud that this planet chose Freedom. They took the gamble—they had guts. Do you have any idea what'll happen now that you've died for their sins?"

Jesus had begun to work up his defense. "Come on Dad, they weren't happy. I gave them the same choice over again. If they still want Freedom, fine. If not they can turn to me."

"Fine and dandy, but did you hear what they chimed out when you were born? Did You?"

"Well, they said 'Pan is dead' but they don't need Him any more—not with me around. All he ever did was run around dancing, and balling nymphs. It that what your earthlings needed?"

"Son, I know you had the best of intentions, but frankly: You blew it. Pan was one of the few Gods around that I respected—because he wasn't out of touch with the Goddess-force, like some deities I could mention. He danced. He played music. He had a laugh that would make you toenails curl—He was alive, and in touch with the life around him. That's what made him such a wonderful symbol."

"All right already, I said I'm sorry. I didn't mean to kill him. Maybe I can't live up to that sort of a symbol, but still, was I so wrong? Besides, I can fix it."

God looked extremely skeptical. "You're going to resurrect Pan?"

"Well ... not in those terms, but I promised them that I'd go back anyway—"

"You did what? Jesus H. Christ you will do no such thing, you are grounded from that planet until—"

"—wait, hear me out! I promised to return in a little bit anyway, so I'll just tell them about dancing, and living instinctively, and to live together with the first of the natural world."

"Son, I understand what you want to do. It's admirable. But talks about laughter: lectures on living freely aren't what they need. don't like to say this Jesus, but I think you're just too plain stuffy—Oh I don't mean to be so down on you, you have some truly wonderful messages. I like the bit about finding illumination only by risking everything. You were really moving when you said that. But lift up your robes a sec, look. It's below the waist that you separate—irrevocably I'm afraid—from Pan. He was half goat, the old devil. You have guts, and your ideas are on the whole pretty hot, but you're too separate from the natural world."

"Furthermore I'm afraid your followers will separate you even more from nature. The problem with spouting ideas like you did, and they were generally good ideas, excepting maybe that stuff on "Good" and Evil", is that most people won't put forth the effort to understand them. People will alternately misunderstand your messages and go in exactly the wrong direction, or else they will understand but be unable to face them, so they'll distort them anyways."

"You're right on the money when you say that Pan didn't seem to be saying anything. If someone wanted a message from Pan they needed to work to get it—the 'follower' had to come halfway, come to the idea herself or himself. The pilgrim would have to dance. Pan knew better than to present his message on a platter."

Jesus looked somewhat chagrined, but he was smiling too. "I hear ya God, I hear ya. Should I maybe go back then, but go back this time and dance?"

God was silent for a minute. "Hmmm. I hadn't thought of that. There's a chance that it just could work. Still your legs are a problem. I'm not quite sure you could carry it off."

"Well if I don't go back, what then?"

"Well...maybe—just maybe, if we're very lucky, we can coax Pan back to life. Not by you going back to the earth. No, I don't think that you could replace the old goat."

"But maybe he can be coaxed back into living once more. It'll be hard. Furthermore we won't be the ones to do it. Sure we'll need to help too, but it'll be the earthlings themselves who have to extend the invitation this time."

"And in the mean time, God...?"

God's eyes were peppered by equal measures of hope and fear, and a smile was trying to find its place on his lips. "In the mean time we wait, Jesus. We wait and we dance."

viciously protecting a new litter of kittens from the boat's passengers. The Portland Police had not been much help; they thought drowning the feline family was the answer. She wanted them to have a safe home - off her boat and away from her customers.

My annoyance at being bothered by a problem that I wasn't sure was up to the City to respond to was quickly replaced by my sense of humor and sympathy. As she described her attempts to keep the cat out of the hold, it slipping off the deck and being fished out with a net - three times, I suppressed a laugh, and put myself in her place. She didn't think it was funny - she wanted help!

I decided to be, at that moment, the best public servant I could be, rather than an example of the worst. I decided to help her, even though misplaced cats is not, technically speaking, within the purview of any City department. So, I got several animal shelter-type phone numbers

and called her back. She was grateful, it was worth my while; I left for the weekend feeling I'd done some good that day.

The moral of this story is that it is through being a UU, and particularly through being with YRUU, that I can simultaneously find something funny, and respect it - because humor and respect both involve acceptance. If I were to have simply judged the situation as funny or not my problem, I would've stopped there. But because I could accept and sympathize with her plight, I could respect it enough to get involved.

YRUU has taught me alot about the co-existence of humor and respect. At Youth Council and Steering Committee we learn to consider and accept each other, and we laugh alot. Not only does that make being part of YRUU fun and rewarding, but it helps me get through those hard days at the office.

Let's hear it for humor - we all need plenty of it!



## A Church Alive With Huumor

by Anne Sontheimer,  
Saint Lawrence District

It was a gorgeous Sunday morning, (one of the few I've been awake for since I started college,) and my two non-UU friends and I were on our way to church. It was the first time I'd gone to church in my two years of school and I was a little worried that my friends would not like it. I mean, here I was bringing my friends to a church I had never been to, after constantly telling them how wonderful Unitarian Universalism is, and I was worried that it would not meet up to their expectations. We arrived at the church after an hour on the road and entered inside. We searched around for the greeters and discovered that they were not there yet. I became very nervous. We found out we were early and stood around worrying that we were too dressed up. Finally, the doors were opened, we were greeted, and we went into the sanctuary to sit down. I looked around and felt immediately relieved. At the front of the church there was a large colorful quilt and some flowers. Near the flowers there were two plastic pink flamingos grazing quietly beside the pulpit. I smiled and thought, "Everything's going to be O.K., Humor exists in this church."

I have always felt that a church that can not laugh and see humor in

its day to day life is a dead church - or might as well be so. Humor, or more properly, "hUUmor" allows us to interact more completely and lovingly by keeping us from taking ourselves too seriously. Once we get to a point where we can fully laugh at ourselves, and with each other, we have also reached the point where we can fully feel other emotions such as compassion, love, fear, sorrow and anger.

It is clear to me that this church has reached this point. The service which followed was on homosexuality, and included a well-written, moving speech by a church member who "came out" to the congregation during the service. The applause and loving support the congregants gave this church member afterwards was heart warming. This church has reached a point where they can laugh, cry and share fully of themselves. This is an alive church.

My friends came out of the service feeling highly moved and excited about UUism. They were interested in returning again and so was I. We had found a place where balanced people meet. People who can respond fully to serious events, as well as, incorporate humor into their lives.