

*A Point of  
Contact  
Where*

# Synapse

*Printed in the United States of America Volume VIII, Issue 1, Spring/Summer 1990*

*Energy and  
Information are  
Exchanged*



## YRUU AND THE ARTS

### THE CONTINUATION OF THE GREAT SYNAPSE MAILING LIST PURGE

If you sent in your mailing label from the Winter 1989 issue of *Synapse*, then you don't have to do a darn thing. Your name will not be purged from our mailing list.

If you still want to receive *Synapse* and you haven't sent in your mailing label in...

### THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE

#### INSTRUCTIONS:

1. CUT THE LABEL OUT.
2. SEND THE LABEL TO THE:  
YRUU Youth Office  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, MA 02108-2800

*I want to receive  
more information  
about:*

- ☐ Black Concerns
- ☐ Canadian Unitarian  
Council



YRUU at the UUA  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, MA 02108-2800  
Address Correction Requested

NonProfit Organization  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
BOSTON, MASS  
Permit No. 8652

- ☐ Young Adult Programs  
(ages 18-35)

*Thank you for keeping me on the Synapse Mailing List!*

☐

The letters to the editor page is here so that you are able to voice your opinions and concerns. Let us know what's going on your youth group, what you like about YRUU, Synapse, anything else.

To the Editors:

In the Fall/Winter 1989 issue of Synapse, the UUA President William Schulz wrote of "the day we visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the priest fed us those great wafers and those tiny glasses of grape juice (though in retrospect I wish I hadn't kept asking for seconds and thirds)." I am dismayed at this reference to communion. Even passed off as childhood immaturity or self-deprecating humour, such a reference reflect poorly on Unitarian Universalism.

It is of course astonishing that a Roman Catholic priest would serve communion to the uninitiated or even offer unblessed elements to visitors, as samples. In any event, it is the tone and context of the reference, not the story's origin, which is offensive. Are Synapse's editors as ready to print a similar story about playing frisbee with a Jewish yarmulke? Do the editors exercise standards in gaging potential offence?

President Schulz's message to the YRUU in this regard betrays a negative childhood experience,

not a positive one as he claims, and it is a bad example to set under the heading "YRUU's Visions." He goes on to write that he is excited by the YRUU's importance in helping "youth discover and clarify the spiritual dimension of their lives." As one who works among young people in the tradition of Unitarian Universalism, I believe a litmus element in discovering and clarifying spirituality is the respect we give to the holy traditions of others.

President Schulz's treatment of the Christian sacrament fails to show such respect. It offends those of us who would have communion respected by young Unitarian Universalists. In short, Synapse might have exercised greater editorial responsibility in upholding words which transcend and disclaiming those which abase. May our vision in the future receive images more worthy, or at least more wisely judged.

Sincerely yours,  
Jonathan Rehms,  
Harvard Divinity School.

Dear Kira Koplos, c/o Synapse:

I was touched by your reflections on a Con-Con unattended. Thank you for so aptly expressing a beautiful sentiment. I've never been to Con-Con. By the time I was involved enough in YRUU to care, it was time to go to OPUS with C\*UUYAN.

I guess I just wanted to tell you, to let everyone in YRUU know that it doesn't end, it just changes.

Growth and beauty abound, yes, even beyond YRUU. More, or at least, as importantly, the fellowship, or bonding or soul-siblingship is there, if you want it.

I feel a kinship with you all, and I hope you can share your love and energy with us.

Joe X. or Bowman, if you want to be mundane. Co-Facilitator of Lincoln Youth Adult (C\*UUYAN) Gaggles.

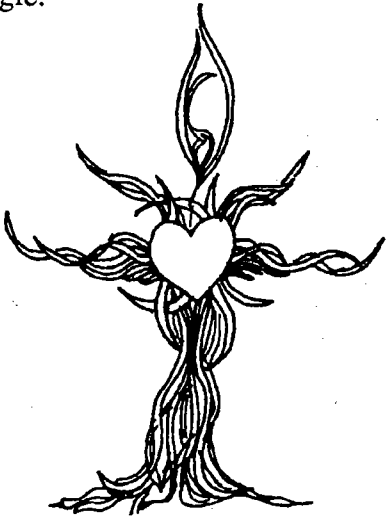
Dear friends, acquaintances and people-to-meet:

I was one of the adult-at-large reps to Youth Council '89 and will also be participating in Youth Council '90. I hope you all are either enjoying wonderful YRUU youth groups and rallies or are at least enjoying envisioning such wonderful times.

Hard work. Lots of feelings. Even some wisdom. Those were ingredients to the Youth Council '89 process.

It's important that we take varied perspectives and pluralistic attitudes, and the "big picture" with up to Youth Council '90. All during this year, please share your opinions with us and please also encourage your parents, your UU friends who can't attend, and the other members of your congregation to share their opinions with you and us.

Thanks, Scott Buxton, Adult-at-Large Representative to Youth Council.



cover graphic by  
Anne Sontheimer,  
Medford, MA

Young Religious Unitarian Universalists  
CONTINENTAL CONFERENCE 1990

Changes:  
Celebrating the  
Child Within

AUGUST 18 - 24 AT THE MOUNTAIN IN HIGHLANDS, NORTH CAROLINA

Con-Con is the annual conference of YRUU. It is organized by YRUU's Steering Committee and Youth Office at the UUA.

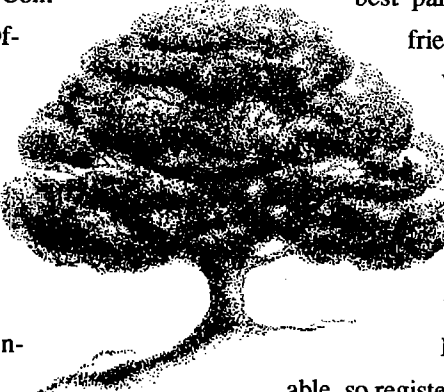
This year we will be celebrating the child who lives within each one of us. The week's schedule includes: daily workshops, worship, and special events such as a dance, coffee

house, YRUU auction and banquet.

It has often been said that the best part of Con-Con is the friendships that are made.

We can expect a giant gathering of 175 people from across the continent to create this magnificent, friendly community.

Limited spaces available, so register today! Do you have any questions?-If so, please call Rebecca Scott at (617) 742-2100 x 351



Write to the UUA Youth Office at:  
25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA, 02108,  
for a registration form.



Going to Milwaukee in June ?

Come celebrate a gala Concert for the Hymnbook at 8:00 pm, on Saturday June 23rd at the spectacular Pabst Theater in Milwaukee, WI. Get dressed up for a great evening that will include some of the music from the new hymnbook.

Earn a Ticket by Volunteering

If you prefer to *earn* a ticket to this exciting concert, sign up to volunteer. We need people to help sell tickets during registration hours at GA. For five hours of work, you are guaranteed a free seat at the concert. Get your friends together and sign up now!  
OR

If you live in the Milwaukee area and are familiar with the Pabst Theater enjoy the concert *for free* by ushering Saturday night. See if your youth group wants to help out! Contact Mary Stamp of First Church in Milwaukee at 8209 N. Links Way, Milwaukee, WI 53217, (414) 352-9107.

For reservations by phone or more information about ticket availability and volunteering, contact:

Karen D. Prairie  
UUA Major Gifts Program  
(617) 742-2100 x 609

YES! I Want to be at the Event of the Year!

I am interested in volunteering for the Concert for the Hymnbook. Please send me more information. (For ushering information, see address above.)

Please send me the following tickets to the Concert for the Hymnbook:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> @ \$500 Benefactor | <input type="checkbox"/> @ \$100 Sponsor    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> @ \$250 Patron     | <input type="checkbox"/> @ \$50 Contributor |

I am unable to attend the concert in Milwaukee, but am pleased to enclose my donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in support of the concert and the new hymnbook.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_  
PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

Ticket orders must be received by June 13, 1990.

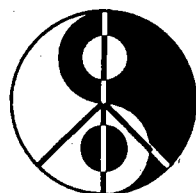
Mail to: Concert for the Hymnbook, UUA Dev. Dept, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108  
Please make checks payable to "Concert for the Hymnbook."

*Please send us  
your articles,  
stories, poems,  
graphics and  
personals by  
October 15,  
1990*

**Young People's Christain Union Conference in Detroit in the 1890's. A piece of the past Year of Roots and Wings: Celebrating our History and Visions" continues.**

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*Synapse* is a publication of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, the youth organization of the Unitarian Universalist Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108-2800. Subscription is free. Two issues per annum.

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

- 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.

**Submission and Advertising Due Date for Next Issue: October 15, 1990**

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

<i>Standard</i>	<i>Special (need advance warning)</i>
\$10.00 -per (2.25") column-inch	\$13.00 - per (3.25") column-inch
\$45.00 -eighth of a page	\$65.00 - sixth of a page
\$90.00 -quarter of a page	\$130.00 - 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 \$25.00, 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.

**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.

by Jill Huebner, Jacksonville, FL

As an 8-year veteran of YRUU conferences and having put on conferences (including a few very successful ones) I've come to believe that the ultimate goal of a YRUU conference is to remind ourselves of each other's existence. That we belong to a larger religious community, by touch and lack of sleep. Though I have felt somewhat removed over the past few months, I know, and am comforted, that you are out there, together.

Good conferences take a lot of work and even more thought. To accomplish the feat of creating a whole of so many people packed in small cars traveling long distances (us) in a very short time takes a vision of that community (us as a whole).

Conferences produced without this aspiration are not necessarily failures. To bring the youthful people together, however, without striving for this ideal may be doing them a disservice. It is a terrible thing for a YRUU conference to suffer from mediocrity: A YRUU conference is a terrible thing to waste.

Think about it this way: The Opening: to visibly and literally bring us together, to orient us spiritually to the (our) community. This is a different thing from orientation. Orientation is where people say things like, "these are the rules...., these are your leaders, people to pay attention to...., these



*The Closing Ceremonies at Con-Con '84*

are the workshops...., this is when things will happen..." This type of activity, though very necessary, does not bring people closer together. Getting everyone to say at least their name is a start, especially if it is done in a game. People show outward signs of dislike towards silly name games but they all really want to participate in them, deep down inside. At the beginning of a conference we need to be reminded that it's ok to touch. Holding hands is

much better than sex and nuclear war and it's not against the rules, so encourage it. What a rush! We all need a hand to hold.

I can think of no better way to unite a group than through song. We have a fantastic and simple melodic heritage from LRY. At Con-Con in

'88, when a familiar song was introduced, the 200 people would not let it go, it sustained. When we were together, singing as a whole, that was where the meaning, the spirituality, lay. I can't imagine a group more in awe of the

power of their own togetherness than one that cannot stop singing together. Sing. If you want a conference to take singing seriously (especially at the closing of the conference) they must get used to the idea. The conference must believe that singing is something is sacred and meaningful and fun. They must also understand the words and that takes time and instruction. The best parts of conference are shared experiences, the closing can only be a culmination.



UUA 29th General Assembly  
June 21-26, 1990  
Milwaukee

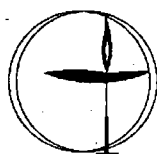
*Take an active  
role in shaping  
the future of  
Unitarian  
Universalism:  
be a part of the*

**Youth  
Caucus at  
General  
Assembly**

*for more information, or  
for a Youth Caucus  
Housing form, contact:*

**Rebecca Scott  
UUA Youth Office  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, MA 02108**

## YOUTH PROGRAMS SPECIALIST POSITION OPEN



Applications for the Youth Programs Specialist of the UUA Youth Office position beginning January 1, 1991 through December 31, 1991 are now being accepted.

**The successful applicant will:** be between the ages of 16 and 22 at the time work begins, have an amiable personality with leadership qualities, have good written and verbal communication skills, have the maturity and creativity to handle an often hectic but rewarding full time job, and have the freedom to live in the Boston area and travel.

**The following qualifications are also considered important:**

Some experience writing/editing a newspaper, YRUU and other leadership experience, the ability to work sensitively and diplomatically with people of all ages, an understanding of Unitarian Universalism and of YRUU history, issues and structure, good mental, physical, and emotional health, and an ability to work under pressure.

**The responsibilities include:**

working with the UUA Director of Youth Programs, in conjunction with the other Youth Staff person, to carry out the administration of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. Duties will include but not be limited to: preparing a youth newspaper, traveling to district and local groups for outreach, planning and administering conferences and other youth gatherings, participating in meetings of and implementing recommendations of the YRUU Youth Council and Steering Committee, and managing the continental YRUU office.

**To apply:**

Please write to the YRUU Youth Office at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA, 02108, for an application kit.

**Your application MUST be postmarked by September 15, 1990 and sent to the YRUU Steering Committee, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108-2800.**

## Proposed YRUU By-Law Amendments

*These Bylaw amendments are pending the final approval of the 1990 YRUU Youth Council which will be meeting August 11-17 in Atlanta, Georgia. Sections which are underlined will be added while the sections which are in parentheses will be deleted.*

**Article III, Section 1. (Membership):** "Members of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists shall be youth 12 through 20 (22) years of age. This age range will take effect when Youth Council has certified that the conditions specified by the 1989 YRUU Youth Council "Resolution to Reduce the Upper Age Range to 20" have been met."

**Article III, Section 1. (Membership)** "Members of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists shall be youth 14 (12) through 22 years of age. This age range will take effect when Youth Council has certified that the conditions specified by the 1989 YRUU Youth Council "Resolution to Raise the Lower Age Range to 14" have been met."

**Article III, Section 3. (Membership):** "An adult referred to in these Bylaws is defined as someone (over the age of 22) at least 25 years of age or older."

**Article VI, Section 1. (Steering Committee):** "d) The Youth Programs Director and YRUU (Youth) Programs Specialists of the UUA,"

**Article VII, Section 2. (Staff of the UUA Youth Office):** "Two YRUU (Youth) Programs Specialists shall serve...."





by Sean Ramsey, Member of the YRUU Steering Committee, Memphis, TN

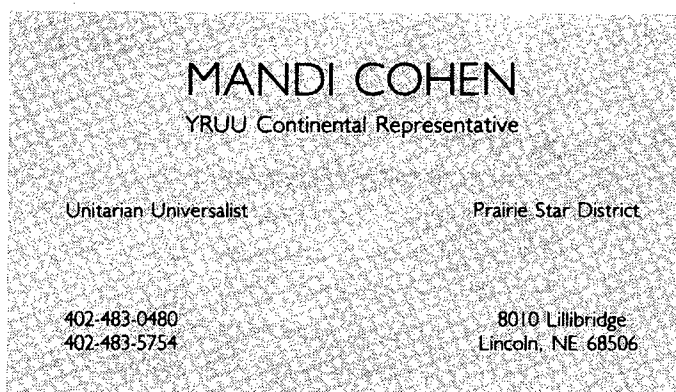
C'm in Bean Town (that's Boston for all you bean heads), and where else would I be but at the UUA Youth Office at "53" Beacon Street. "What am I doing here?", you might ask. It's really none of your business but I will tell you that as I sit here in the office, my somewhat roaming eye caught, on the scrap board, a little card. The card made me think about this person's dedication to YRUU and, as a result, the overall impact that YRUU has had on my life. You may think that this card was something like a collage of old LRYers, or perhaps even some achievement accomplished by a fellow youth, but it isn't. It is more simple than that. The card actually is a business card of one of the YRUU Youth Council Representatives. Strange, eh? Well not really.

Until last year I was only involved with YRUU on the district level. Then, I was voted in as the Youth Council Representative from the Mid-South District. As the piles of Youth Council (henceforth YC,

since I'm tired of typing the dang thing) material arrived, one thought constantly raced through my mind (and it wasn't "Oh boy! More girls to meet!"). This thought was in somewhat scary and in other ways challenging. What went through my mind was what really a big deal this organization is. People, kids my age, were really serious about this thing. It wasn't until that moment that I realized how big a deal YRUU is to these people.

In August, I went to YC. Boy was I scared. Anyway, YC turned out to be one of the best experiences of my life. Yes, it was a very serious thing. Meetings, plenary sessions, and more plenary sessions. But no one had told me how much fun being

serious could be. It was too great. I got to meet the movers and the shakers of the YRUU world, and boy can Anne Sontheimer really move and shake (j/k Anne). I also got a better understanding of the



complexity of this organization (thanks to the help of such wonderful people like Jeff Jamison, Graham Smith, and Becky Scott); not to mention a first hand view of a bunch of oversized, pumped-up, football players serenading our very own Desert Representative, Clare Lewis. It was too much!!

So now I am really involved with

the YRUU movement and am currently on the YRUU Steering Committee. One of my big goals is to perhaps become a Youth Program Specialist staff person (hint! hint! for all you future Steering Committee members out there.) Don't forget, however, that all of these thoughts have been generated because of this one business card on the scrap board in the Youth Office. "How did one little card stir up so much mental activity?", you ask (gosh, you sure do ask a lot of questions). Well if you must know, it's because of the fact that this person is serious enough about YRUU, and proud of the fact that she is a YC member, to actually print up this inane little business card. My total respect goes out to her for the incredible spirit of YRUUism that she has demonstrated by actually having the energy to get this card printed out. (So the award for most spirited YRUUer goes to... don't you wish!) (maybe if you try really hard, you'll get it next year!)



Adam Leite relaxing in the sun at Con-Con 1989.  
Photo by Kat Mitchell.

## UUA Youth Office News

### THERE ONCE WAS A BOY FROM CALIFORNIA WHO ALWAYS SAID, "YRUU, I ADORE YA!"

Well, I was going to introduce myself all in limerick (in keeping with this issue's theme of YRUU and the Arts), but I think I'd better quit while I'm ahead. So...

Hello, everybody! My name is Adam Leite, and I will be working in the Youth Office beginning June 1 as the new Youth Programs Specialist. I am very excited to be able to offer my energy and love to YRUU.

I would like to tell you a bit about myself. I am a junior at the University of California, Berkeley, studying philosophy and religion. I have been an active member of the Pacific Central District YRUU for the past six years, and I was on the Continental YRUU Steering Com-

mittee for two years. Like most Californian YRUUs, I am rather mellow, but in a zany sort of way. I like sunsets, long walks, good talks, a good book on a rainy day, playing the classical guitar, and dark chocolate. Lots of it. By candlelight. My most impressive skill is the ability to become unduly philosophical about absolutely trivial subjects at thoroughly inappropriate moments.

I have probably met some of you at a Con-Con or Youth Council over the past five years. I look forward to meeting many more of you this summer, or through letter, telephone calls, and the pages of *Synapse*. If there's anything I can do for you, please call me at the Youth Office (617) 742-2100. That's what I'm there for.

## Howdy! I'm Parisa and I'm a Capricorn.

Although the "Capricorn" part may be all that some of you need to know, well, —here's a little more... I love to dance, talk, listen, read almost anything I can find time for, buy albums (yes, I still buy albums), draw, paint, write, laugh really hard (particularly at goofy things) and sometimes even study. I also really enjoy just groovin' in the sunshine and in the rain (but never the wind — ooooh, yuck). What do I do? Right now I'm a



Parisa Parsa at home in a photo booth

sophomore majoring in religious studies at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and working at *Hippo Ice Cream and Coffee Shop* (an all-around "hip" place). Ah, but soon I'll be the terror of Boston-town (or not). Whatever the case, I'm looking forward, grinning, to being in the Youth Office and serving you all as a Youth Programs Specialist.

In the last few months I have been haunted by a strange, tiring environment of homelessness. It began September first, my seventeenth birthday, when I moved from my large island home — a dark-night beach, wet wood, kitty and my dearest bosom friend, a home of ten years — to a small condominium in a grey, city, paved community, home to beggars, gay couples, car dealers, punks, hospitals and movies. I'd commuted to this place for two years, but then, every evening there was the quiet ferry ride home to an unlit street of retired couples and young families to baby-sit for, where a walk under the moon was a walk under the moon, not a noisy neon endeavour with oily men who want to "take me home." "Please baby, just come home with me..." You know, if I thought for a moment that one of those creepy fellows could really take me home, I'd gladly go and spare myself the mad, lonely search. What is home, anyway?

This last fall my lover lived in five or so places: in his parents' basement on Queen Anne, at two houses he watched off and on while the owners vacationed, with me (as often as we could) and in his green Volkswagen bus. He also spent three weeks in El Salvador and Guatemala, still managing to run a business, apply to colleges and do well in school. I tried to have a job and went crazy attempting to organize my time; even without the extra commuting hours, I was burnt out and unfulfilled by the form I strived to fit my life inside. Nothing was satisfying because there was always something waiting to be done. I felt that if I could just get past my task orientedness I'd be free, at peace, "at home..."

My school has been participating in a student exchange program with Japan and in September six Japanese joined us. I wasn't too involved with it until a teacher, who was hosting a girl, asked if her host daughter, Yukiko, could stay with me for a couple of weeks while she'd be out of town. I was unaware they were having difficulties getting along, and mid-October, just after Aaron took off to Central America, in moved an unhappy mess of a stranger into my tiny living room. She had been in the States just a month; and that afternoon had a meeting with the admissions director of the school, who said she could change host families, if she could find another home by herself. She was frightened and exhausted and homesick, and I introduced her to mochas as we stayed up many a night, communicating over six Japanese/English dictionaries and her newest-found friend, nacho cheese flavor Doritos. Living in the same room a week made us fast friends. My small Japanese vocabulary, along with my quota for Haagen Dazs ice cream, increased considerably...

On Halloween, Aaron, who I expected home that day, called to say he'd be in C.A. another week; and it was arranged that Yukiko would stay with my family until she could find another home. My younger sister, Laura, who had joined me at The Northwest School for her freshman year, seeming to be doing marvellously with the transition after a previous eighth grade year of turbulence, didn't come home at her eleven o'clock curfew on Halloween night, nor did she come home the next morning, or the next. It is difficult even now for me to express the locked-in feeling of the grey condominium during that week and the weeks to follow. Even poetry, usually close to me by nature and fairly easily dipped into — yes, even the cool and

damp, welcoming well of poetry — doesn't begin to wet my throat about the place I called home during that time. Policemen came by a lot and my usually strong, energy-rod of a mother began to sack out on the couch and watch junk television.

There is one night I particularly remember. My father came home to my enervated mother and they cried together in a corner of the living room near a pile of unread newspapers, awhile the television mumbled about presidential garbage. I stood about twenty feet away, frozen stiff on the outside of swirls of rising disillusionment, my surface betraying my soft inside like poured chocolate hardens over dipped cones at Dairy Queen. A tearful melody of Japanese, quick like a brook overflowing, streamed in from the bedroom where Yukiko chatted to her mother in Japan, the Japan she called every day and sometimes for a few hours. Three of the people I loved most in the world were floating in voids I had no contact or association with, riding in deep river canyons below hot and arid deserts I could only imagine, in planes I could not "reach out and touch." I had no sense of security about anything, in anyone. I could not even find the moon to walk under. Yukiko, just off the phone, called to me from the back. She said my name with the syllables shortly staccato, carefully pronounced; shrilly, like a cricket would on a hot summer's night in Oklahoma, biting into me, cutting crisply and cleanly. I went in to her and we sat together on the flowered chaise and cried into each other until we each had wet and sniffly shoulders. Countless times during those weeks she repeated this phrase:

"Na-ta-lie, you know, now, my life is so un-bal-ance...no," pointing to a word in the dictionary, "no foundation, foun-dation...unbalance..." This first time I nodded in tears, and she received her awaited "I understand." God, did I understand.

We were eventually in touch with my sister, who did not plan to come home, although she was able to stay with relatives in Oregon a short time. For various reason, she felt she could not live with us, yet there had been no noticable conflict or marked change in her behavior, so it came as quite a shock to us all. We call this home? A place so warm and loving a fourteen year old girl would give it up for the street?

Much later, when I met her in downtown Portland on a cold and rainy Christmas Eve, she shivered with her newly shaven hair as we sat on the wet sidewalk under the lit awning of a department store, and she told me that the street kids had a real family, a home she had never known. More than my naked hands were chilly that night as I gave her my gloves. I had spent the late morning hours of that day making love to a boy who would leave me again soon for his political passion, after a sleepless night of dry heaves and sobbing, before a smoky Greyhound ride to meet her at the Salvation Army shelter. The holidays were strange, with Yukiko visiting Japan and Aaron readying for another trek, three months this time, to Central America. Needless to say, it was also quite strange to spend Christmas day with Laura and all the relatives and then bid her farewell, to the street. With the extra room at home we decided Yukiko could stay until June, and she helped fill the cavity of my lost sister.

Presently, amidst this sloshing and churn-

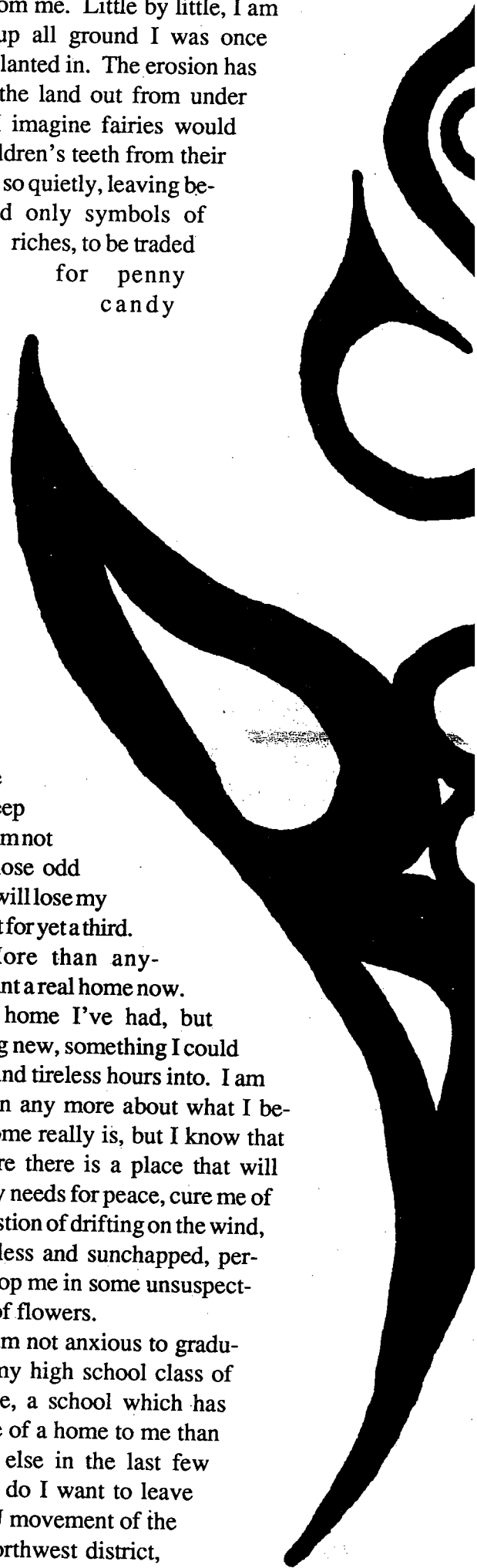
ing sea, my boat is often plunged below and I come up spurting, finishing up eight college applications across the country and wondering where I'll be, come next September and my eighteenth birthday. We are cleaning up the house tomorrow and will sell it as soon as we can, finally severing childhood dreams. A lot of it, cleared like the wood at the mouth of our cove was for a new housing development, has been gone some years from me. Little by little, I am giving up all ground I was once firmly planted in. The erosion has tiptoed the land out from under my as I imagine fairies would take children's teeth from their pillows; so quietly, leaving behind only symbols of

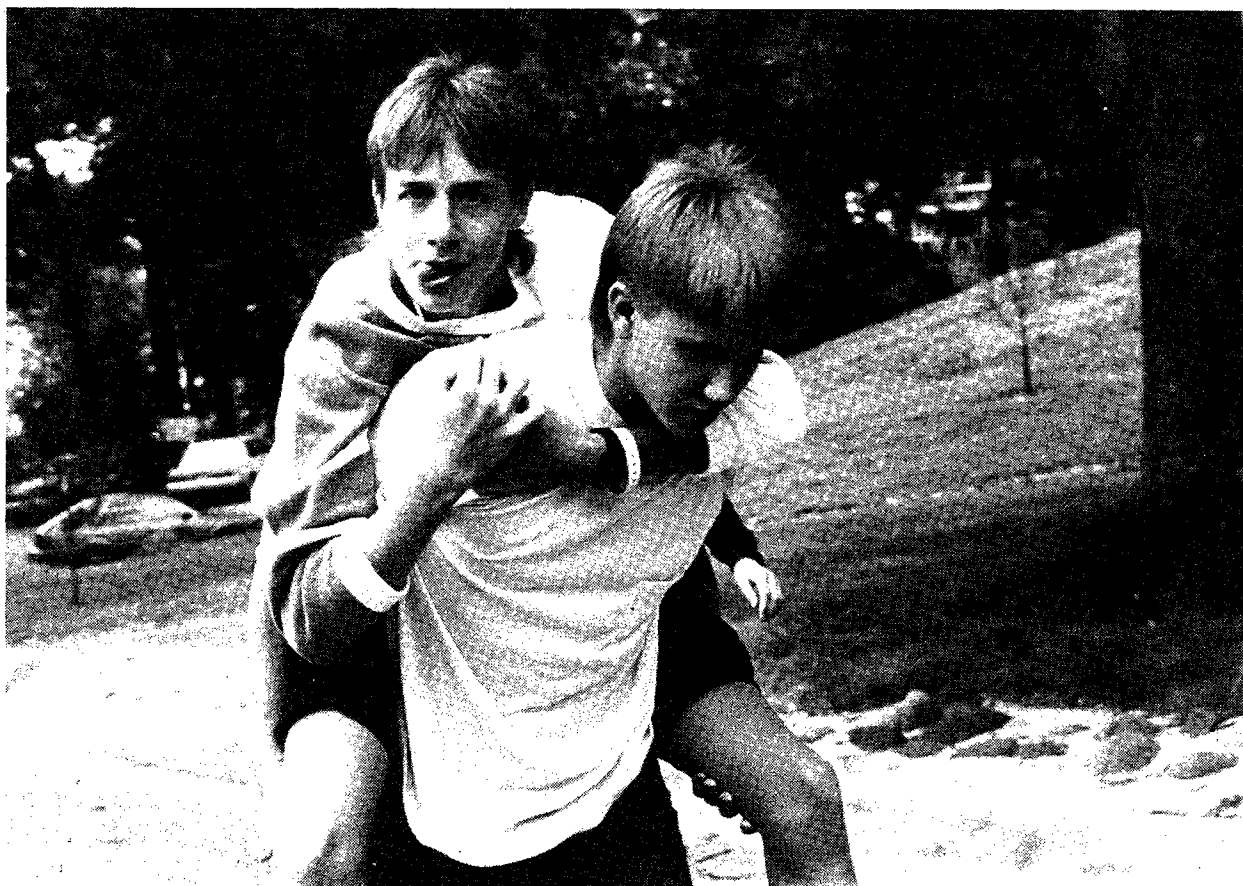
riches, to be traded  
for penny  
candy

that  
will  
con-  
tribute  
to the  
loss of  
more  
teeth. I keep  
hoping I am not  
one of those odd  
few who will lose my  
second set for yet a third.

More than anything I want a real home now. Not any home I've had, but something new, something I could put long and tireless hours into. I am not certain any more about what I believe a home really is, but I know that somewhere there is a place that will suffice my needs for peace, cure me of the exhaustion of drifting on the wind, all breathless and sunchapped, perhaps to drop me in some unsuspecting field of flowers.

I am not anxious to graduate with my high school class of thirty-three, a school which has been more of a home to me than anywhere else in the last few years, nor do I want to leave the YRUU movement of the Pacific Northwest district, a force so strong in my life that it has helped like a compass would to decide every direction I've turned, every move I've made. Actually my home within the Young Religious Unitarian Universalists is probably the only one I'll still be a part of a year from now, I expect — and where ever my mom and dad end up, that's where I'll be for the holidays.





## GAINING MOMENTUM

by Marshall Miller, Oneonta, NY

I walked upstairs to my room. I knew exactly what I wanted to do, something that I had not done in five years. Carefully, I opened my dresser drawer and pulled out my old pair of blue jeans. I had not worn them in several years, and they fit tight, providing a little pain. I dug around and found my sweatshirt, this very old also. It was worn and tattered, a sad sight. I put it on struggling to get my arms into it.

I walked downstairs and went outside. I walked slowly, as not to rush this important event. I found myself in deep Oneonta snow before long. It was already March 20, 1988 - one day before the first day of spring. I should have worn my old shoes, too.

I ducked under a pine branch and looked at it. It was falling apart but, as

well as I could remember, it was the same as it was five years ago. That was when I was in the third grade, now I am in eighth grade. Snow covered the tire, I brushed it off with my hand.

I looked at the ground. Two large sticks had arrived in the path since I last used the swing. This irritated me because I knew those sticks did not belong in the past. I picked them up and heaved them across my backyard. I couldn't

help my smile as they crashed into a tree.

I then attempted to put my legs through the hole, and sit in the swing. This was easy in my earlier years, now it is a trick. I was careful to avoid the water that had collected in the bottom of the tire, I could remember that this was always a problem in the past.

My feet pushed the tire up the small incline by the base of the tree. I looked up at the tree. The tire was attached to a loop which was tied around the tree. The loop had cut into the tree by now, and the tree had carefully grown around it, engulfing it. The tire was not tied to a branch or anything, just the loop. This caused quite a problem, because the tire could not travel back and forth, it always had to travel in a semi-circular fashion around the tree. That is where the incline came in handy.

I backed up, farther and farther on the incline. I was testing the swing to its limits today. I couldn't have backed up this far in third grade, it must be that my legs are longer now. When I was as far back on the incline as I could get, farther I ever went in my younger years, I picked my feet up and let go. The tire swung out, just like in the old days, even better. What a memory this was, being replayed before me! I could remember the tire swing back in third grade. It was a common activity to go out and swing on it, alone or in groups. I became a master of it, and I could get a superb swing every time. The tire swing was very popular, and since it was only accessible through my backyard, so was I.

I can remember the people who came to use the tire swing. Most of them were in third grade, like me, but some were younger. They were fascinated by the swing, partly because I do

not know of another one like it in the whole city. Once I tried to convince my mother to ride on it, but she refused. The tire reached the acme of its swing and headed back in. I had forgotten about this. The loop attachment provided another problem!

SMACK! My back rammed into the tree, sending shooting pains through my body. Then another surprise happened, I hit the ground with a THUD. I rolled over, landing in the snow. My face also hit the snow, burying it.

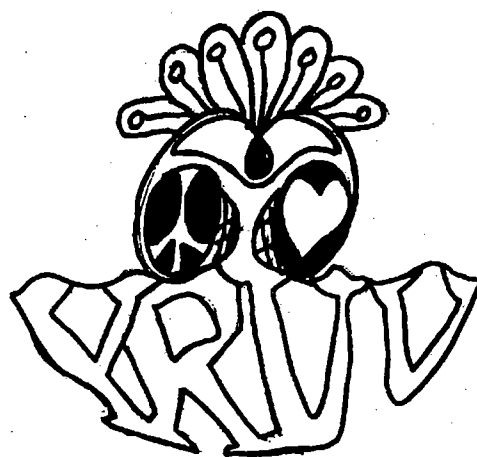
The wire and the loop came down on top of me, landing in a coil. The tire didn't help much, leaving us all in a heap. Shocked, I tried to stand. This only resulted in the sound of ripping seams. When I did get up, I found that a large hole had appeared in the crotch of my pants! I cautiously released myself from the tire, wire and loop. Sadly, I looked at the thing of the past. I propped it up against the tree. I couldn't restrain a smile when I thought about all the times my friends had crashed into the tree. They were humiliated as the rest of us would laugh, and laugh, and laugh.

Now, it is gone, but memories of those good times will always be there. But nothing can bring back memories like riding on it, like I did today.

I turned around and walked back to the house. I was sad and happy - at the same time. Happy to have such fantastic memories, sad that they are only memories. I entered my house, walked to my room, opened my dresser drawer. I took off my clothes, and put my memories away, with my torn pants, to bring out another time.



# Personals



WOW Guys! SWIM was great! Don't think that you won't be seeing me again! AJ - I'll always be with you. Love ya, Little Fanny Boo.

Meghan with an "H" - cool eyes. Love to all at Ithaca - Blue.

Dawn - You will always be my sunshine. Poetry and Love, Benjamin.

Lucia, Amanda, Guin, Elenor, Ryan and all the rest of you at GA. GA was such a blast in '89 and this year is going to be even better. I hope I see you all there. I love you all! Love, Pilar. p.s. Lucia, I would write you, but I don't have your address at school. Please send it.

Oh Matt! How has my favourite person been lately? I miss you very much and I hope I see you at GA. I love you! Peace, Pilar.

Looking for some fellow UU pen-pals? I am! I love to write letters, Billy Joel, the outdoors and fighting for peace and social justice. I am a 15 year old high school student. Write Vicki Seguin, 56 Main St., South Paris, ME 04281.

Hey, Ariana. Are you out there? You too, Annika! I wish you and everyone from Ferry Beach '89 good luck in the new year. Hope to hear from you soon! Love and Peace, Vicki.

To PNWDers: I love you and I haven't forgotten you. I miss conferences but college life demands me. Please write. Lucia.

Chris Watson - Are you still out there? Write me. Warm fuzzies await you. Lucia.

Rufus - the sun and the moon, the wind and the rain. Tremendous thanks for the many years of correspondence. And many more. Earth, sky, sea, rain. Love, Xavier.

Hey Poodle-head! I love ya, babe! No more pooky faces, ok? If there's a job worth doing, it's worth doing right. If you keep that in mind,

you'll be fine. I hope to share many conference memories with you. Love always, Woogums.

Mary D. I hope you can make it to a Con real soon! Your presence is dearly missed? I love you with all my heart, sister! Love, Wendy Lee

STEVE, SCOTT, BLISTEX, LEILA, EASY CHAIR and anyone else who is interested: Casey Steinau is alive and living on the Planet Zion. Please get in touch at (708) 872-3638, 2415 Gideon Ave., Zion, IL 60091. Lung Lady.

i need help. i'm trying to find Tabbatha Kirsten Allen. We

love her as T a b b y . She went to TGSt for a few years and disappeared. i miss her. does anyone know where she is? Tell her i love

her. Julie

Amy - You are now a Pennsylvania Girl...how does it feel? Amish, Soccer and bern•th•dette. Rem. the Steps: 1. Stay calm, 2. Think ugly...if those Kennett Guys give you trouble. Write soon. Rem. who loves you - Jules An.

Looking for UU pen friends. Very desperate to get mail! Write to Sheila Carney, 1519 West Hines, Midland, MI 48640.

Mr. Jamison: Hey buddie! What's

going on? Article was great in Fall/Winter 1989. Give me a call so we can catch up! "Orange" (Cheryl)

To anybody who was/is a part of CMD/YRUU form '81 on, I have an announcement to make: Cheryl (Orange) Altschuler is back from the depths of real life and would love to hear from you. Please write or call at 5443 N. Ravenswood, Chicago, IL 60640, (312) 728-4224.

Oh Dear Pilar: How's life in Tempe? Live here in Oklahoma is just knee slappin' fun. Ya know, raisin' cattle, dippin' stuff, square dancin' and cow tip-

pin' on the weekends, plantin' seeds (¡Comprendes Tu, A m a n d a ! ) W r i t e Babe. I ain't

heard frumya lately. If ya write soon, well shucks, I'll send ya one of my Jerry Clower tapes!! Love, Ryan.

\*Jason Klien\* Where are you? I still love you and miss you. Please write or call: 78 Thomas Street, Dedham, MA 02026, (617) 461-1348. (If anyone knows where he is, please let me know.) - Your wonder twin, Emilie

ELON - my bohemian buddy, i cherish you and your cats more than you could ever imagine. don't get

lost in a field of poppies or in a parking lot. love, jenny.

Z.O.J.G.C.Z.K-R. - my life since con-con '89 has been great. you've taught me so much, how can i ever repay you? you're very special to me, unconditionally and forever, (spot of passion) Elena.

Hey! Any UU youth out here in the Oakland/San Francisco area interested in getting together with a displaced Washingtonian UU? Please - call or write to Jennifer Matan at (415) 729-8482, or P.O. Box 9611, Oakland, CA 94613-0611.

GA '89ers: Bubbling Peach - That building is blocking my sunrise. Move it, will you? Salsa in the hair? Preposterous! Abby - your memory keeps my nose warm, write me. I'll send the god's eye ASAP. Noah - Are you still my sweetie? All write me! Kate Mulligan, 6511 Chapin Place North, Seattle, WA 98103

Dear WIND BENEATH MY WINGS - you're still the PAZAZZiest, PLUMest gal I know. WHY ARE THERE NO GROCERIES OPEN ON SUNDAYS IN NEW HAVEN?! "I'll be there for you!" Love, Cinnamon Stick

Jesse Parsons - hey, do you remember those beautiful mornings canoeing on the pond? Write or call me. Love, Becky Hunt, Box 4460 Wesleyan Station, 222 Church St., Middletown, CT 06457. I miss you!

Zeb, Dan, Ben, Darren and especially Jeff - Ottawa was a blast! Thanks for trying to teach me the "Canadian Way" (the box, the cards, etc...)! Love from your American country hick (with the British accent)

Kate, Daniel, Tanan, Andrea, Beth, Casey (which still should be Brendan), and all the rest - I was there but now I'm gone, knowing my spirit still lives on, in the hearts of you all. Love and Peace, Kimm.



## UniTunes Won't Drive You Looney-Tunes

by Rebecca Scott, Youth Programmes Specialist at the YRUU Youth Office, Boston, MA

What type of music would you expect to find on a **Continental UU Young Adult Network** (C\*UUYAN) compilation tape? If you guessed folk, give yourself full marks. Not so coincidentally, folk music is also regarded highly in the wider UU community. Thus, there is a product and an identifiable market. According to the law of supply and demand, C\*UUYAN's latest fundraiser, entitled **UniTunes**, a compilation tape of UU young adults singing their hearts out, is a stroke of pure genius.

**UniTunes** is full of well written, performed and produced original songs by such budding stars as **Alice Di Micelle, Jon Fadem, Laura Marlow, Leon Dunkley** and **Chris Scanlon**. There are even a couple of former YRUU Youth Staff on the cassette: **Kathryn Deal** sings the

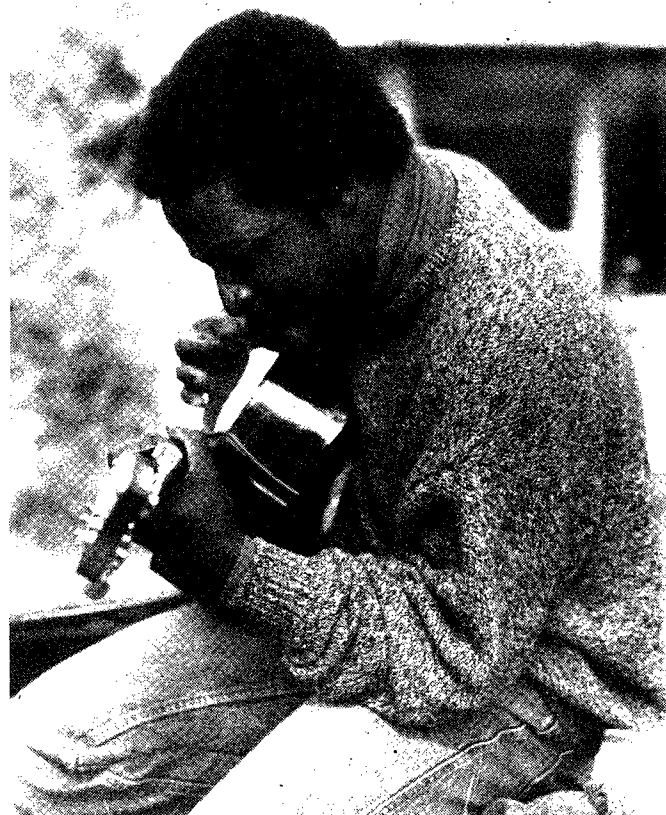
only radio-slick pop ballad on the tape with a song called *Desperately* and **Eric Kaminetzky** advises the public not to attempt to drive a motorcycle through a Subaru in *Subarude. TV On*, by **STATUS**, is the only remotely new wave, "alternative" song which sounds vaguely like late 1970's *Devo*.

If you're searching for sympathy for the puberty blues, look no farther than **Missi Salzberg's** *Let the Children be Children* as she looks back at her own adolescence with frustration at having been forced to grow up too quickly. **July Siebecker** sings about common adolescent emotions with her insecure introspective *Red Line Word*. **Jaco B. ten Hove** and the **Rowe Junior High Camp '89** sing about a feeling which is familiar to many YRUUs in *Right Here, Right Now*. The feeling is the overflowing of

the heart which takes place during UU youth conferences everywhere.

The cassette was produced by **Arpie Maros** (executive producer) and **Wesley Derbyshire** (sound engineering) both of whom have also contributed songs of their own. They say it was made with three purposes in mind; as a fundraiser (so don't copy it from a friend, that's tacky) as well as

to raise the profiles of both C\*UUYAN and the artists themselves. So, if you are tired of buying t-shirts to support your favorite causes, send \$12.00 (plus \$1.50 postage) to **UniTunes, Box 1466, Summit, NJ 07902**, and receive 72 minutes of aural pleasure in return for the effort.



Leon Dunkley before he records his song for UniTunes.



Chris Scanlon practicing outside before his recording session.

### UniTunes...

... is a collection of original songs, ranging from folk to New Wave, by many of the talented UU Young Adult musicians we have in our midst. The list of performers includes:

Alice DiMicelle (OR)	Michael "Prince" Davis (NJ)
Eric Kaminetzky (CO)	Jim Hodges (NY)
Doug Hewitt (MA)	Daniel Gibson (NJ)
Jon Fadem (NJ)	Missi Salzberg (MA)
Wesley Derbyshire (NJ)	Chris Scanlon (MA)
Leon Dunkley (MD)	Laura Marlow (NM)
Kathryn Deal (CA)	Lucille Avakian (DE)
Rachel Gibson (NJ)	July Siebecker (NY)
Arpie Maros (CA)	Jaco Ten Hove (WA)

All of the performers on **UniTunes** donated their time and effort to this special fundraiser for the Continental Unitarian Universalist Young Adult Network (C\*UUYAN).

To order your tape: Send a check for \$13.50 (includes shipping), payable to **UniTunes** to:

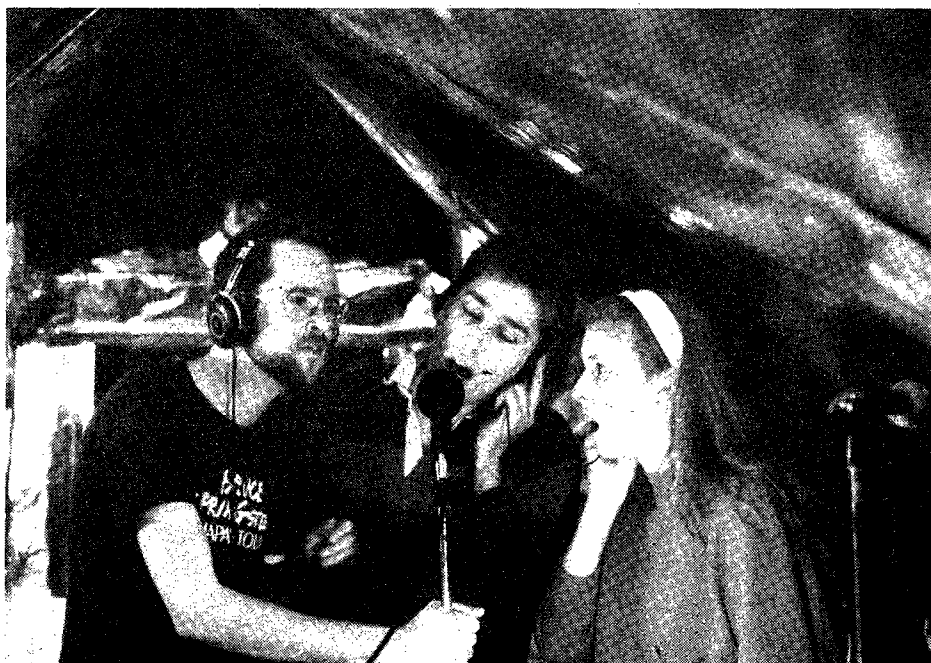
**UniTunes, PO Box 1466,  
Summit, NJ 07902.**

For more info, call  
Arpie Maros at:  
(eve) (201) 771-9686, or  
(message) (201) 273-1647.



**for more information about the Continental  
UU Young Adult Network (C\*UUYAN)**

please contact: **Julie Shryne, Facilitator**  
707 West 21st Street  
Austin, Texas 78705



Left to Right: Michael "Prince" Davis, Arpie Maros and Marie Dallam

## Synapse 10

## Poetry

### THE BRAVE SAILOR

by Catheryn Koss  
Oklahoma City, OK

Not drumming, drowning  
screamed the shipwrecked sailor  
from his raft of canvas, weak from rowing  
his paddles only wooden sticks beating the waves  
with the intense rhythm of his heart, his fear.  
I knew a boy, he was a drummer.

Not drumming, drowning  
cried his friends as the school intercom reported  
his fate at sea, awakened to our mortality,  
yet he could not go under  
for his arms were young and he could swim.  
We had a friend, he was a drummer.

Not drumming, drowning  
silent sufferer in the plastic orange chair  
his mother sat, hand over heart, fist grasping her gasping  
sailor's collar  
as the doctors tried to sew a lifejacket that would fit  
the sinking young body.  
She had a son, he was a drummer.

Not drumming, drowning  
the days and nights, fighting the undertow  
with the sterile jellyfish stings of long, sharp needles,  
he could not drown, his life had just begun.  
his talent, his enthusiasm  
What did the ocean want with those?  
night and day they fought the current and finally the storm.  
The doctors had a patient, he was a drummer.

Not drumming, drowning  
the waters played an evil game  
the seven mad gods that rule the sea  
allowed him to contemplate trees and sand  
pulled him under as he spotted land,  
hope,  
off in the distance but too far to touch.  
I watched two comrades of the brave sailor, my friend,  
they carried the raft of canvas from the water, his beloved  
drum,  
and I cried for the second time that day.  
For there stood the drum, there was no drummer.

**Silent**(si'lənt) adj 1. Making no sound  
by Robin Dafinee  
Denton, TX

The soft sound of the radio  
The birds, the bugs and other  
Little noises in the quiet.

!No Sound - No Words - Minds Whirl!

What is going on in his head?  
Thinking so loud  
What can be going through his silences-

No thought - No voice - Waves clash!

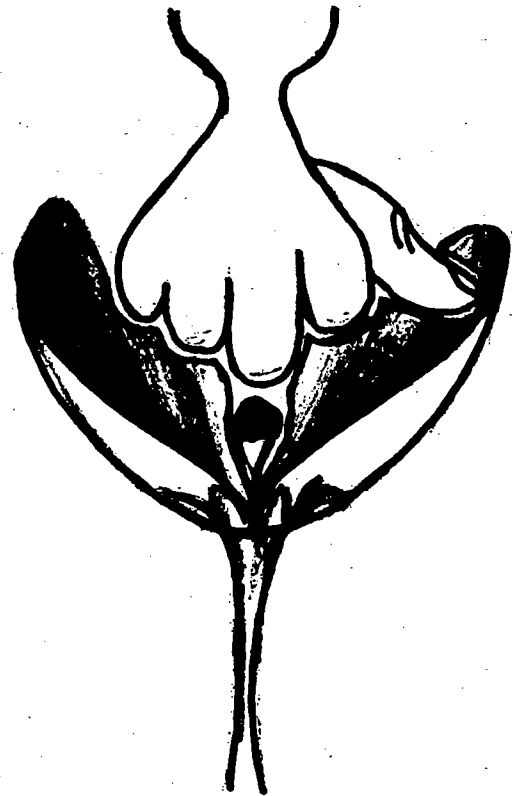
I will never know the voice  
The thought is kept quiet  
I ask but words don't come.

Silent is Nothing  
but everything.

### LOVE IN THE MIND'S EYE

by Jason Maggard

I speak,  
But it's not my voice.  
I live,  
But not by choice.  
But I must live and face the sickly dead  
In the aftermath  
I am walking through a jungle  
I see your dead body  
Bloodied and mutilated  
Hanging in the vines  
I laugh and spit in your face  
Then I touch you and suddenly weep  
For never can be replaced the love I once held  
I retrieve your body from the vines  
My own skin red from the blood  
I kiss you and you slump to the ground



### SILENCE

by Laura Lee  
Rochester, MN

Silence  
So loud  
Were you afraid of me?  
Or afraid of yourself?  
Do you regret us?  
Do you even know what you  
feel?  
I love you and I miss you,  
Did you know that?  
Do you miss me?

### THE RED LINE BLUES

by Jennifer Branwen  
Dorchester, MA

I sat down on the subway train,  
To rest my feet, to ease my pain.  
The man to my right was dressed in black,  
He looked tired, he slumped his back.

He asked me, "How long should I wait,  
Before I let my love abate?"  
I laughed out loud. What could I say?  
Who cares, he wouldn't hear anyway.

We came to a halt. It was my stop.  
The day was over, I could almost drop.  
I stood up to leave and he looked at me.  
"Relax," I said, "There's more fish in the sea."

graphics by Sean Ramsey,  
Memphis, TN

# Poetry

ARCTIC ZEPHYRS  
by Jason Happel  
Orono, ME

Synapse 11

PART II, From THE CRICKET COLLECTION  
by Jason Happel  
Orono, ME

by Debi Gelfand  
San Diego, CA

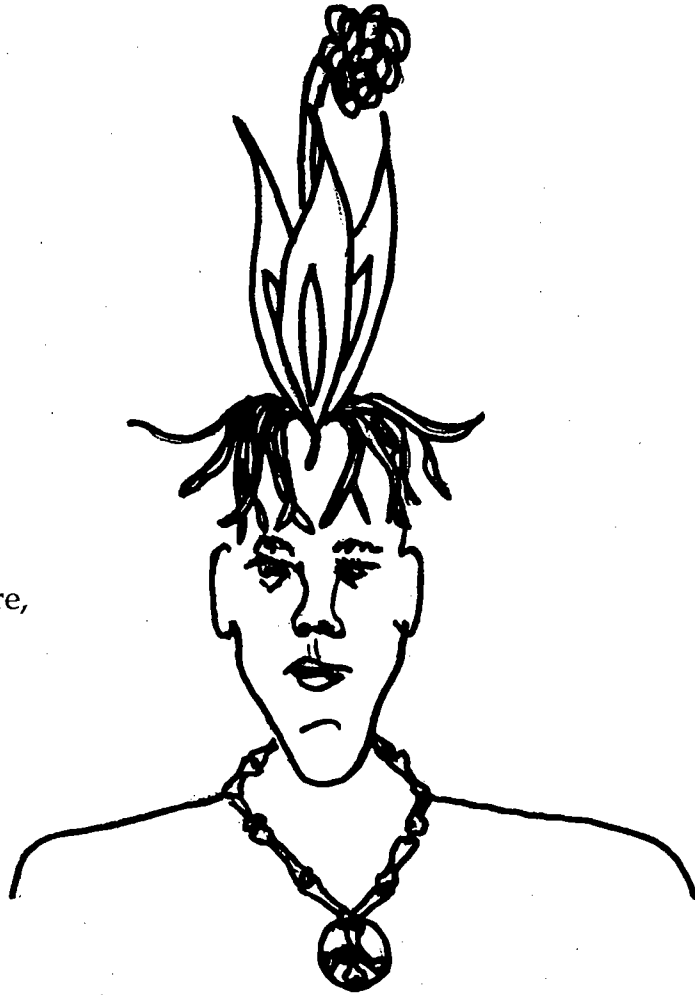
Two girls playing grown-up  
dreaming of weddings  
and teasing the boys  
wishing for tomorrow today.

Years pass and children grow,  
still dreaming,  
fighting and seeing only confusion  
as the future seems too far away.

One day the dreams and visions  
come true.  
Only it has come too quickly.  
Now two women wish  
wish to be girls again  
wondering where time went  
and how suddenly  
they weren't playing grown-up any more,  
they had.

Two women walk by  
flowers in hand  
sharing silently  
moments of joys and sorrows  
remembering  
seeing in each other's eyes  
the tomorrows  
which await the other  
more to share  
and dreams to make  
together  
hand in hand  
hearts as one.

In Maine the arctic zephyrs  
Blow over all the heifers.  
Proud with their design  
Is every standing bovine.



Cricket, cricket that I saw,  
Perching lonely on a tree,  
What immoral hand or paw  
Deframed thy happy symmetry?

Leaping left-ward into the skies-  
The hard black bumps that are your eyes,  
Shelled back and wing protectors,  
Now unvalued by collectors.

Little brown bug, why is it so?  
You had to lose your leg, although  
You didn't have AAA or a spare-  
No you can't go anywhere.

Just lie around and think of which  
Songs you would compose.  
Soon you'll make the soil rich  
As you decompose.

If I were a cricket doctor,  
Your leg I would be mending,  
To help you jump forever more, or  
Stop your song from ending.

Alas, it cannot be, old sport-  
You haven't got a chance;  
This darkest hour does abort  
All but one last desperate dance.

by Pilar Norman  
Tempe, AZ

Echoes through the moonless night and waves crashing  
against reality.

Where the stars are bright yet without any light, and the trees  
break down in the sorrow.

The burning flame of those who have no names and the  
smoke... filling the air.

They have timeless missions, who feel no position, to break  
down their walls that protect them.

## INTERLUDE

By Rufus (Fink-Winter)  
Claremont, CA

The paper feels good beneath my fingers. I write again.

My neat daily accounts of life are gone: I am become  
scribbles in notebook margins

pieces of paper dipped in rapidly fired thoughts  
my calendar tells me who i was and where—  
i read bits of my history on my bedroom floor.

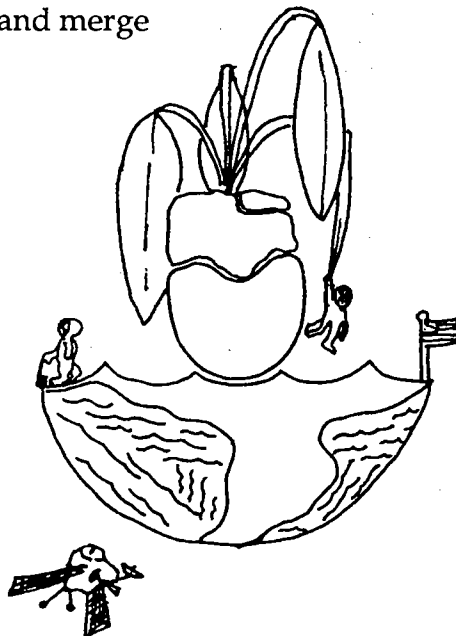
The paper is rim and friendly; my pencils meld and merge  
at my command.

I am glad to be back.

## LIVING

by Jessica G.C  
Boynton, FL

If the daytime is  
warm and bright and joyous,  
And the night is  
alive and wild and free,  
And the in-between hours are  
wonderous and powerful and inspiring,  
Then when can I sleep?



## MOURNING

by Lee Fearnside  
for Mielikki Andesanamen (Skipperdee)

Quit your walk beside me,  
your silent thudding steps,  
your friendly inquisitions,  
for I must walk alone.

As the kestrel to the mouse,  
so the sparrow to the worm,  
as my fear to my sorrow,  
I must stand alone.

For she was sitting squat,  
her eyes sunken to see no more,  
her limbs shriveled and useless,  
her shell reduced to chalky dullness.

Leave me to stand,  
as the crumbling tower stands,  
for I must bear my grief alone,  
as she bore her death alone.

## YOU TOO CAN JOIN THE LIST OF CELEBRITIES WHO HAVE HELPED SAVE SYNAPSE!

"I wouldn't believe it if it didn't come right to my home."—Basil Kennedy.  
"It's the best thing since guacamole on rye crisps."—Anonymous.  
"Sometimes, at night, I like to lie awake and fantasize about the editors."—Teri Garr.

These are the words people are using to describe the hottest publication of our time: *Synapse*. Where else could you find such an honest example of youth culture in a newspaper: poetry about love, reflections on YRUU, political and social commentaries, district news, bad grammar, zany graphics, support for advisors, local youth group ideas, and the low down on continental events? "Almost anywhere?" No, *Synapse* is a one of a kind publication, and you know it.

Although *Synapse* has been coming to us (all 10,500 of us on the mailing list) for years, we might be seeing fewer issues. Why? This is the official word. Originally, *Synapse* was to be published 3 times a year; and the UUA was supposed to fund it. But, things change. The next bright faced YRUU to open his or her mail box may find. . . nothing, just dark, empty, cold space. There is hope, however. We are accepting donations. You can become a Friend (\$1-\$5), Patron(\$6-\$20), Benefactor(\$21-\$50) or Super-Duper-Happy-Synapse Celebrity(\$51-a zillion dollars) in the *I Saved Synapse* campaign. Anyone can make a donation. All donations received will be used strictly to pay for the production of *Synapse*. Checks may be made payable to YRUU, with a memo designating that it is for *I Saved Synapse*. Any contributions are appreciated.

### It's the "I SAVED SYNAPSE" COUPON

I, \_\_\_\_\_, would like to see *Synapse* continue to be published. I support its future existence by giving this contribution in the name of *I Saved Synapse*.

Enclosed are answers to the evaluation questions below. I mean, hey, since I as a reader of *Synapse*, am partly responsible for its content, I will give the editors some really handy evaluation material with which to work.

- 1) My favorite sections of *Synapse* are—
- 2) Overall, I rate the content of *Synapse*— 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
- 3) I would like to see more articles about—
- 4) What could be improved?

## POSTION AVAILABLE:

### YOUNG ADULT MINISTRY COORDINATOR

The UUA Department of Extension is seeking a half time coordinator who will assist in the planning and administration of the Young Adult Ministry Program (ages 18-35) and serve as a spokesperson for young adult concerns in the UUA.

*Among his/her responsibilities will be: locating sites for Young Adult Ministries (YAMs) and coordinating site visits; administering and evaluating program grants for YAMs; developing and conducting leadership training programs; compiling and maintaining resource materials for young adult groups; serving as a liaison to the Young Adult Ministries Working Group.*

Application deadline: June 1, 1990

Address application to:  
Charles Gaines, Director of Extension  
Unitarian Universalist Association  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, MA 02108

## SYNAPSE'S BEST BUDDIES

The following people have generously contributed to help save *Synapse*. Many thanks go to them for their donations and suggestions!

**Friends:** Ruth Fink-Winter, Sheila Carney, Elizabeth Hargrave, Laura Hartman and Betty Pingel!

**Patrons:** Cheryl Altschuler, Ruth MacLeod Reinhardt, Kate Eve Mat-teston, Christian Becker, Sue Ayer, Diane Miller, Sharon Jones-Christie, David McKinnis, Unit. Church of Bloomington Illinois RE Program, Francie Broadie, Benjamin Foote, Jennifer Matan, Cheryl Walter, Leela Sinha, Becky Hunt, Cyndy Spring, and Ginni, Michelle and Robb Tyson!

**Benefactors:** Eric Kaminetzky, Casey Steinau, Benjamin Boorman, Emmy Lou Belcher, Kathryn Deal, Robin Garrett and Richard Peterson!

**Super-Duper Happy Synapse Celebrities:** Jane Bond and Pacific Central District YRUU!



## ROWE CAMP'S 67TH SUMMER SCHEDULE

Founded in 1924, Rowe Camp has always been out front of the larger society. Why does one small camp touch the lives of so many people so deeply? When people come here, they find a respect rarely felt in their lives. We encourage and allow the emergence of that which is deep and often buried in everyone - that which is special and waiting to be born. Young people are able to be themselves here in ways they were never allowed in their schools. There are so many ways to share feelings of acceptance, safety warmth, creativity, excitement and love. We are really people specialists, and people find it exciting to be in a community which bonds us and lifts us to a place we could never reach alone, a place we can only reach together. We openly encourage and respect individuality while creating a vibrant culture full of nurturing, awareness, and fun. It is hard to portray a love this deep in words. We invite you to come exploring with us.

### Young Adult Week June 3-8

A NEW CAMP! We have designed a week for people aged 18-25. It is not easy to get your bearings in the modern world, and a retreat can be an opportunity to put your feet up and check out where you are going before you get too far along to change course. CREATE THE CAMP FOR YOURSELF! We will hire several excellent staff people, some from Rowe Camp and some from the realms of the Unitarian Universalist Young Adult Network. We invite you and your friends between 18 and 25 to get in on the ground floor and see what you might create together.

*If you would like more information,  
please contact us,  
we will send you our very nice brochure.*

### Senior High Camp August 5-25

Rowe Senior High Camp is a place where there is a great faith in human nature, where we allow teenagers to create their own experience. Individuality is highly regarded here. We create a safe place for teenagers to be themselves, try new ways of being, and develop a strong, positive sense of self. Young people going into 10th, 11th, 12th grade or just graduated learn how to get along with and understand the nature of one's interactions with the other campers. The community that is created anew each summer has come to embody what is known as the Rowe Spirit: a magical and compelling sense of belonging. It is warmth, growth, intensity and love. We hope you will join us for what will be one of the most exciting, amazing, and memorable experiences of your life.

### Junior High Camp July 8 - 28

Each July we create a marvelously alive and responsive community, with one dominant theme: FUN. You won't miss out on the traditional summer camp activities like campfires, canoeing, dances, dramatics, volleyball, hiking, star-gazing, sing-alongs, ping pong, swimming, and arts and crafts. Yet we are truly different. We start out with trust, safety, honesty, and caring, and our mission of sensitivity to differing rates and styles of development makes for a remarkably customized environment. Our camper-to-staff ratio of 3 to 1 enables the campers to experience the love of staff people who carry the Rowe spirit in their hearts. Rowe is a place to feel free. Laugh until your sides ache, share your pains and struggles, discover new parts of yourself, sense the excitement and energy. Everyone going into grades 7, 8, or 9 is welcome to join us.



# Rowe Camp and Conference Center

Kings Highway Road • Rowe, MA 01367 • 413-339-4216