

A Point Of Contact Where Energy And Information Are Exchanged

SYNAPSE

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Page 4:
Personals

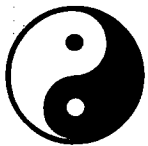


**SAVE
ELVIS.**

Page 2:
Synapse
Regulars



Page 10: Dope
Creative Stuff



Page 8:
Continentially
Speaking



BEN & JERRY'S
VERMONT'S FINEST ALL NATURAL ICE CREAM

Page 5:
Special Synapse
Feature



Page 6:
Social Justice
In Action

**BIG
JOY**



Hi! from
Sean & Julie

Page 12:
Listen Up
Out There!

Please Help Us! Our Records Are Cluttered!
Read The Following Options from the right or
below, and Choose one so we can straighten it
all out. Remember to always include your
birthdate with your address.

☐ **Trim It!** *This is a repeat copy!
Even though I love Syn-
apse, I don't need more than one copy. Here is
my correct address. Please Delete others
from your files.*

☐ **Forward It!** *I have an al-
ternate ad-
dress, and have clearly marked which
is which and when each is valid. Please
add my new address to your list.*

☐ **Dump It!** *Take me off your list, I
don't want it anymore!
(even though it's great!)*

Change It!

☐


YRCU at the UUA
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108

You've got it all wrong! I
have marked the correc-
tions on the right. Please
make the changes in your
records.

Add It!

☐

I want to get Synapse! Here
is my name, address, and
birthday for your mailing
list. Please add me on!



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LETTERS TO THOSE EDITORS

Dear Sean and Julie,

I just finished reading a nasty letter that was written to you by a particularly vicious, overeducated, grammatically sadistic individual (from somewhere in Washington of all places!). After I overcame my initial anger at her verbal attack, I decided that I simply had to do something! Several options were open to me at the beginning, but I decided that instead of sending her a letter bomb (smart idea, not supplying her full address), or writing to my senator (can you say "political hack"?), I figured that I would just let you guys know how wonderful you really are.

Sure, Synapse may be a grammatical nightmare. Who cares? Synapse has SOUL! And education isn't all that important, hell, Elvis didn't go to college did he? NO! That didn't stop him from becoming the king of Rock 'n Roll. And a few petty comma splices, a mere dangling modifier or two cannot tarnish Synapse's reputation as the greatest example of editorial mastery since National Geographic!

Finally, I would like to beseech the grammar queen of the Pacific Northwest to please remove her nose from the MLA Handbook and read between the errors. Synapse is the communications link for all the people in YRUU everywhere, not an exercise in the finer mechanical points of the English language!

Your pal and defender of fine literature everywhere,
Charlie Arnold

Dear Charlie,

Thanks for the support, we can use it! It's always great to hear from all our loyal fans. We agree with you, by the way, but "grammatical nightmare"? We wouldn't go that far. And, though we also thought she was a little harsh, don't get your dander up, we're entitled and encouraged to express our feelings, even if they do cut the best paper this side of the Mississippi. (the other side, too) - The Editors.

Dear Synapse,

I've always enjoyed receiving Synapse and now that I'm not an integral part of YRUU as in past years, it's even better. I've hesitated for a long time in having any of my poetry printed, but seeing as you are accepting submissions, I thought I'd send some. Keep the spirit alive.

Peace, Love, and little furry tigers,

Christy A. Wilson

Dear Christy,

Thanks for your letter and your poems. We always love it when people get the urge to send stuff in. Keep writing!! Also, it's great that you can keep your connection with YRUU through Synapse. Please keep it up and encourage others to do the same. That's why we're here!! We hope the energy of all these YRUUs keep your UU spirit alive and kicking. cat Ben & Jerry's -The Editors.

So, all you loyal Synapse readers out there, what do you think about our paper? Really? Once you read through the whole thing, drop us a line, write a goofy something, draw a little doodle, do whatever you feel like doing, but SEND IT IN!! We want letters that say yahoo!, that say yuck!, do this! or do that! We want poetry, personals, and stories about life as a young UU. Let us know you exist!!! PLEASE... okay, we're begging, but this is YOUR paper, so we need to know what YOU think! Write about the issues you care about!

*Send all submissions to:
the Youth Office at the UUA,
25 Beacon Street, Boston,
MA 02108.*

*For more submissions info,
see the Editor's Box below.*

Poets, Sharpen your Pencils!!

The National Library of Poetry has announced that \$12,000 in prizes will be awarded this year to over 250 poets in the North American Poetry Contest. The contest is open to everyone and entry is free. Every poem has the chance to be published in a deluxe, hardbound anthology. To enter, send ONE original poem, any subject, any style, to the National Library of Poetry, 11419 Cronridge Dr., PO Box 704-ZB, Owings Mills, MD 21117. The poem should be no more than 20 lines, and the poet's name and address should appear on the top of the page. Entries must be postmarked by June 30, 1992. The deadline for the contest is June 30, 1992, BUT NEVER FEAR, A NEW CONTEST OPENS JULY 1, 1992!!! So Send in your stuff!



Justina Prenatt and Serena Smallin at a meeting in Craigville, MA (right)
Graphic by Stacisue Banta, Deerfield, IL (above rt)
Graphic by Margaret Ladner, Ijamsville, MD (below)



What's New With Us?

Look at How We've Changed! If you are a regular Synapse reader, you'll notice that we look a little different this issue. Well, there's a very good reason for that. We have transferred our office over onto brand-new computer systems, and we are slowly weaning ourselves off the Macintoshes. (Jory's not too thrilled with this turn of the tide, but hey, you can't please all of the people. . .) Anyway, with the new IBM-Clone systems, we are doing much faster work, learning as we go, and slowly re-creating all the publicity we've done and making all those flyers you see a little brighter, bolder, and more up-to-date. Synapse moves a lot faster, just by the speed of the new computers. Though, we still have our same problems -- not enough time, not enough SUBMISSIONS (hint, hint, nudge, nudge) -- once we get on the computers, it moves right along. SO, let us know what you think. How would YOU like to see Synapse changed? What do you NOT want changed? We're in the mood for shaking things up, so catch us while we're still willing to try radical changes. Our brains get a little fried here, and so new ideas can be hard to come by. We need your innovative juices!! Please? ☺



The Box With All the Info You Need About... SYNAPSE

Synapse is a publication of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists (YRUU), the youth organization of the Unitarian Universalist Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108.

Subscription is free. Two issues per annum.

YRUU Staff: Julie C. Rising, Sean Ramsey, Jory Agate, and Anne Fleming.

Mechanicals: Proofreading, edits and layout by your friendly staff.

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.

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

Articles: One per issue of each of three types: news, theme, reflective.

Poems: One per issue.

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

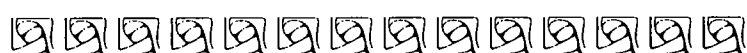
Graphics: No limit.

The above limits do not apply to letters to the editor. Submissions not used will be kept on file for possible use in future issues. Name may be withheld upon request. If you wish to be notified prior to publication, enclose a self-addressed envelope (no stamp necessary).

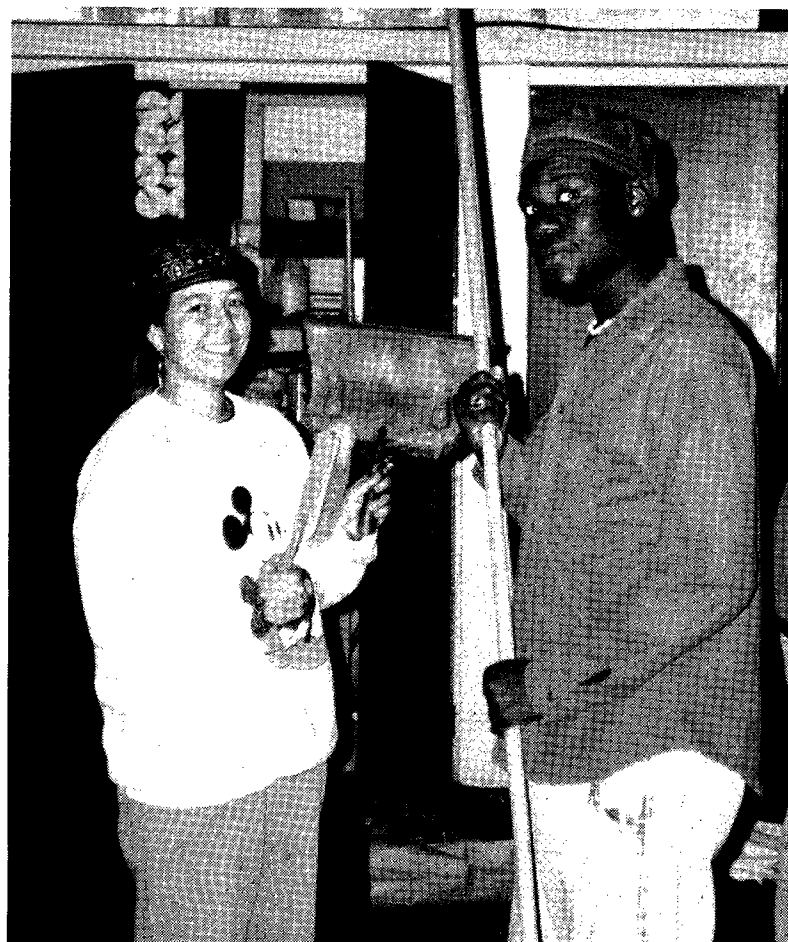
Advertising: Rates vary depending on size and type of organization. UUA affiliate and associate organizations and events sponsored by these and UUA committees or an organization's committee receive special rates. Also, non-camera ready, or odd-sized ads have special rates. Contact the Youth Office at the UUA for an advertising rate sheet. Advertisements are not endorsed by the Youth Office, the UUA, or YRUU. The editors reserve the right to refuse any advertisement. cat Ben & Jerry's

Submission and Advertising Due Date for Next Issue:
October 15, 1992.

SAY GOODBYE TO SYNAPSE!



It's over. We can't do it anymore. We really want to put Synapse out and have it be a great paper, but we get hardly any submissions. If you've submitted stuff, thank you, and keep it up! But also, tell that artist next to you that that cool doodle would look great in Synapse. Or ask that poet you know if they have a good poem for Synapse. Or call the editor of your district newsletter and tell him/her to send the stuff they have to Synapse as well. Do Something!! Save this wonderful paper that has been cheering up UU youth mailboxes for almost ten years. Give us some help. It's your paper, take it back. Write personals to your friends. The ones that live next door or 1000 miles away. Don't be shy. We'll put you in print! Really! We will!



Christina Sasaki and John Gaumnitz cleaning up after a JPD conference in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. photo by Sean Ramsey



Realizing A Difference

Last Friday night I didn't go out with my friends. I didn't spend time with myself feeling bad or reading or studying (even though it was finals week). I rented some movies with my younger brother. He is thirteen and attended his first YRUU conference about a year ago. Unlike many of you reading this now, he had a horrible experience. He now never wants to go back to another conference.

To me his reaction is not so different from what many younger members of YRUU have felt. Surrounded by rather outgoing, enlightened, somewhat . . . well . . . exotic older youth who know and are comfortable with each other can be rather intimidating to someone who is just learning the importance of fitting in, the value of independence, and the wonders of social life.

Those years between eleven and fourteen can be quite awkward -- everyone has experienced it. Youth in high school and youth in middle school have different needs and interests. Because of this, many youth groups and districts have chosen to separate the ages, creating different focuses for the groups. Along the same lines, Youth Council has been working for a number of years to change the age range to include mainly high school aged youth. This has taken effect for the upper age range, which is now twenty.

The age range has become the token issue of the Junior High debate, but it is only the tip of the iceberg. Different districts have different programs that already work, others are in need of help. Some districts are not willing to try a radical-type approach, others are quick to jump in. Amidst all the squabbling, the UU junior high youth are left without much guidance or direction from YRUU, which is exactly what the debates and resolutions have been trying to prevent.

The most important point that has come out of the question is that young UUs need to be paid more attention. At such a difficult age, YRUU or a YRUU-type environment can be so powerful. It's sad to think that great people like my brother could grow up in such a loving, welcoming environment and feel so absolutely taken for granted. I firmly believe that the best result will happen only when each YRUU member helps. Learn to appreciate your sisters and brothers. "Adopt" a younger member of your church and be a best friend. Becoming an adult in such an overwhelming world will be a lot easier when you have something solid to hold onto. You know, you went through it too. -- *Laura Peterson, PSD YCR, Junior high advocate on YRUU Steering Committee.* ☉

-- MORE JUNIOR HIGH NEWS ON PAGES 8-9 --



What the Heck Is Happening Out There?

If you are asking this question, find out how to escape the drudgery of life at these fantabulous happenings with cool UUs all over the Continent:

Summer and Fall Events: (that we know about)

YRUU Week at Star Island, Portsmouth, NH, June 20-27. Contact: Bradley P. Colten, Tufts U, 102 West Hall, Medford, MA 02155, 617-629-9607.

NEW! WestCon 1992, Camp Tyee, OR, July 1-5. Contact: Joey Lyons, 2250 SW Wembly Park Road, Lake Oswego, OR 97034-2671.

Junior High Camp at Rowe, Rowe Camp and Conference Center, Rowe, MA, July 12- August 1. Contact: UU Rowe C&C Center, King's Highway Road, Box 273, Rowe, MA 01367

Southeast UU Summer Institute(SUUSI), Blacksburg, VA, July 26-August 1, "renew the spirit", Contact: Nancy Farese, PO Box 20284, Atlanta, GA 30325-0284, (404) 261-5482.

Junior High Camp at DeBenneville Pines, July 26-August 1. See below for contact.

SouthWestern UU Summer Institute (SWUUSI), Lake Texoma, OK, August 2-7. Contact: Bill Gupton (High School Programs Coordinator), 4349 South Rockford Place, Tulsa, OK 74105, (918) 744-5030.

Senior High Camp at DeBenneville Pines, Angelus Oaks, CA, August 9-15. Contact: DeBenneville Pines Camp and Conference Center, 41750 West Jenks Lake Road, Angelus Oaks, CA 92305, (714) 794-2928.

Senior High Camp at Rowe, August 9-29. See above.

UUYAN-OPUS Conference, August 15-21, Spicer, MN. Contact: Will Bartruff, 3329 First Avenue S, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

YRUU Continental Conference, Raymond, ME, August 17-23. Contact: Julie Rising, at the Youth Office, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108, (617) 742-2100.

Summer's End Conference, Woodstock, NY, August 22-28. Contact: Jeanna Steele, 11523 Liberty Rd, Frederick, MD 21701, (301) 898-7192.

YRUU-UUUNO Youth Conference on Disarmament, NYC, NY, November 19-22. Contact: Sean Ramsey at the Youth Office, see above.

WELL YEE-HA, Y'ALL!

IT'S THE NEW YOUTH STAFFER!!

Howdy. (That means hello for all you non-Texans). They call me Jennifer Martin, when I'm being a good girl, and I'm your brand spankin' new Youth Programs Specialist. Come September 1st I will cross the threshold of the esteemed Youth Office and take my seat next to Sir Ramsey, "king of all things sacred". Those silly pictures over yonder are of me. I tried to incorporate my cow and horse into the photo, because you know everyone in Texas has either a horse or a cow. I am a genuine Texan. I have both, but they (Magnolia and Daisy) wouldn't fit into the photo booth. I guess the old adage "everything's bigger in Texas" isn't completely accurate.

Here's a tasty morsel of the quirks and passions I hold close to my heart:

Completely Crazy Commodities:

pollution, plastic fruit, US presidential candidates, dryers that eat socks, curfews, panty raids, static cling, and hatred.

Fabulous Phenomenons:

Hoyle playing cards, guitars, the Tooth Fairy, brothers and sisters, men on cycles, fooffs, 1-800 numbers, children, dear friends (feel like singing?), thinking of You Cards, sad songs, Electric Company, human-kind in general, and Unitarians in particular.

As some of you know I love to gab, so give me a call when I get to Boston this fall.

Love Y'all,

Jen

PERSONals

To all, to all: Whack-a-mole;
ON THE BEACH!; What security
guard?; "Mrynnh"; JO MAMA GET
NAKED SATAN GET NAKED; "
Go away _____ I'm meditating";
F__ING GREAT!; Bell ringer
woman; Party, Pinky, Brain; Read
my lips: CAL-GA-RY.

Love,
Ken -

✉

Someone in MASSACHUSETTS is really
missing her friends and is trying to find
some YRUUers in Amherst. HI THERE!!
My name is HEATHER STEWART and if
my friends in the Florida District
especially Boca Raton don't start
writing to me soon, my mailbox is
going to kill itself due to that empty
feeling inside that it keeps telling me
about. SO, save a suicidal mailbox
and write please! Also, if you are in
the Amherst area especially but not
exclusively if you go to UMASS please
get in touch with me. Jeremy, Mike,
Jazz, Jessica H., Jessica G C and every
one else you too, Amber ... I miss YOU!

So, to save that mailbox write to:
Heather Stewart
14 Kennedy UMASS
Amherst, MA 01003

Love,
Heather

P.S. This goes for EVERYONE that I
forgot to mention: HI! Yes, Coleen,
you too!

YRUU women,

Hello. If you would like infor-
mation on how to make machine
washable menstrual cycle pads,
please send me a line. I don't want
to make money, I want to share my
knowledge and save the world.
They're easy to make, made of
fabric, they're better for your body
than cardboard or plastic. Please
send me a self-addressed stamped
envelope and 25 cents (to cover
copying instructions). They velcro
on to underwear!

Peace and less waste,
Tracy Stober
1910 Canterbury Apt. A
Washington, IL 61571

Christina-

I think of you often.

Love,
Emily

Much love and many caring thoughts to you
Carim

Emily

✉

Davey and Lizzy and the Blue Hill
Winter gang-
I missed you this last winter.

Love,
Emmy

LONG LIVE ERASERHEAD

FROG: As long as there's a seat
next to that tree with the eye,
There'll never be such a thing
as goodbye. . . for you and I.
Love, Itallion Stallion

Sparkle - sparkle - Hey do you
still receive this? Good to see you
IN DAVIS. Been thinking of you
lately. I love you. *May the rose of
peace greet you without thorns.*

- Tracy

✉

Christopher:

What's going on? After all we've
shared. Don't I at least get a good-bye?
Get in contact with me! You have my
address and number - use it. I miss you
and as always, I love you.

- Vicki



Hello. . . Anybody out there?
THE PHANTOM
10 Grandview Lane
New Milford, CT
06776

Givingtree bear - OH! do I miss
thee. The years have been passing
quickly. I still soar above you. I
will always love you. Hay when
are we gonna meet in Kentucky?
- Eagle bear

✉

Chris Danielson, where are you? I
have been trying to track you down
for ages. I'm off in college now
(wow-ee, huh?). Pleeze write, I
miss you.

-Psycho Chicken
a.k.a. Emily
Box 621
Brown University
Providence, RI 02912

To all YRUUers everywhere:
Eat our ice cream.

- Ben & Jerry

Hey, Sean - the solstice fairie is
hiding out under my tree tonight. . .
come share a snow flake! (paper,
crystal. . .) You can quote (me,
Floyd, anyone) on that. Con-Con is
full - I'm looking for an
Edmontonian - area GA. *Thinking
of other- planets and you. . .*
- Lars

✉

Turtle- I miss you a ton.
Josh- I am eventually going to get
to give that wedgie that I owe you
from the Mountain. A warm hello
and a big hug to Gil (Oil), Chip,
Evan, Amelia and everybody else
that I have absentmindedly forgot-
ten to list. You know who you are
and I love you all. **Love Sarah**
living in the suburbs of Raleigh.

✉

To the Doodods:
Your father begs for forgiveness! "I
shall repent and change my alduress
ways!" Your mother and I are work-
ing things out! We will be together
again! I promise!
-Daddy Doodod

✉

Hey Liv!
Meow meow Meow. Hiss! Purrrr.
Fffft. Fffft. Purrr. Meow. Purrr.
Meow Meow Meow Meow.
You're my calendar cat.
- Julie

CD Review ala' YRUU

band worth
listening to.

Avogadro's
serves up some

I don't know if any of
you can remember Graham Smith,
but he's the guy at the 1990 Youth
Council and Con Con who thrilled us
all with his version of "This Land is
Your Land" on the
guitar. Well he's
come a long way
since those fretless
days of summer '90.
In fact, he's in a
band called **thanks
to gravity** and
believe it or not
they just put out a
full length CD.

Appropriately
Called *Avogadro's
Number*, this CD is an album whose
intellectual and poetic lyrics of
common absurdities blend sincerely
with the band's acoustic-rock sound.

thanks to gravity is a band that
should not be overlooked. With Andy
Happel's (yes, brother of once YRUU
Programs Specialist Jason Happel) non-
traditional raspy vocals and stirring
lyrics; Sean Daniels' consistent
performance on percussion; and Sean
Caughran's airy keyboards this is a

real winners in songs such as "The
Last Time," "Shade," and "The
Romans are Dancing" as they are the
songs that have caused "serious
groovin' in test persons." Other songs
that'll keep your
interest include
"crowded world"
with lyrics like
"...but it's all i can
do...to bite my
lip...and keep from
saying what's really
on my mind" that
make you feel
H a p p e l ' s
f r u s t r a t i o n .
"Already heard it"

is an anthem of sorts with an excellent
message and a groovin' medley.

All in all, *Avogadro's* is an album
worth having in one's collection. This
reviewer gives it two thumbs and
suggests that if you love good
alternative sounds, check this album
out! Besides anyone without this
album just isn't cool and it'll be
something in your collection that your
friends don't have - but will wanna!

-The Ramsterreviewer



For CD and Band Information

write to:

thanks to gravity
p.o. box 6603
portsmouth, NH
03802-6603

Avogadro's Number CD \$12
thanks to gravity CD \$7



Are You In a Band?

Are you or someone you know in
YRUU in a band? Do you have a CD
or tape you think is worth listening to?
Just send any information on the band,
the name of the YRUUer in the band
and a copy of your CD or tape to the
Youth Office and we'll be happy to
listen to it and write about it in **Syn-
apse**.

Or if you if you would like to write
a review on a band in which you know
a member of is a YRUUer, send it in
to us and we'll include it in **Synapse**.
This could be the big break for which
you have been waiting! So send us
everything ya' got and be the next
feature in **CD Review ala' YRUU**.

✉ write a note/ drop a line/write a p ✉

Is there **Someone** out
there you'd like to
contact?

Just send us your message in 50
words or less, preferably typed, but
we'll take what you give us. Send
it to the **YOUTH OFFICE, 25
Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108**.
We reserve the right to edit any
inappropriate material and limit 2 per
person unless we have space for more.

✉ write a personal/write a note/ dr ✉

SyNAPSE Feature

SEX in the 90's

Issues on sex and sexuality
that affect us all

THE FACTS ABOUT AIDS and YOUTH Sexuality

Once a disease that was popularly associated with homosexuals and intravenous drug users, AIDS is slowly becoming what Jeanne Blake, the author of *Risky Times: How to be AIDS-Smart and Stay Healthy*, has coined "a disease of the young." AIDS is a disease which can and does affect everyone, and no one in particular, but as the disease spreads and infects more and more Americans, young people are higher at risk.

Before I go into why youth are prime targets to be infected with the AIDS virus, it is important that we have a clearer understanding of what AIDS is and how one can be infected with the virus.

The disease called AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) is one that destroys the body's defenses against certain infections or cancers. AIDS is caused by the **human immunodeficiency virus (HIV)** which attacks the body's immune system. Although AIDS is fatal, a person may carry the AIDS virus, HIV, for as many as ten years before s/he develops the symptoms for AIDS. And sometimes the symptoms that show are not even AIDS, but rather a disease associated with AIDS called **ARC (AIDS-related complex)**. The AIDS-related complex is associated with such symptoms as "infection of the skin and mouth; swollen glands in the neck, the armpits, and the groin; heavy sweating at night; and fever and diarrhea." Only when a person contracts a more serious infection or cancer is s/he diagnosed as having AIDS. **Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia (PCP)** and **Kaposi's sarcoma (KS)** are two rare diseases that are most often associated with AIDS. PCP is a type of pneumonia that infects the lungs and causes severe coughing, fever, and difficulty breathing. KS is a form of cancer which is associated with purple or brown blotches on the skin or the mouth.

Because the AIDS virus can remain undetected for up to ten years, youth are at an especially high risk when you consider that the teenage years are the prime time for people to begin experimenting with sex and drugs. More and more, youth begin experimenting at an earlier age, causing an alarming rate of AIDS cases in youth. In fact, the number of reported AIDS cases in teenagers increased 40% between the years of 1987 and 1989 (NY Times 10/8/89).

The sad fact is that youth have an "it can't happen to me attitude" that causes them to take risks that they may have to pay for later - perhaps up to ten years later. With the age of youth who are having sex becoming younger and younger, along with experimenting with drugs, this risk-taking group is getting high and taking a chance on life by practicing unplanned, unprotected sex. And if you really think about what's going on, consider a teenager who contracts HIV, which goes undetected for ten years, and later gets married and has a child - which will then have about a 35% chance of being infected with the virus as well. Without knowing it, this teenager, who

got a little high one night and had a good time with someone, has now infected at the very least their partner and/or child.

This may all seem a little far fetched, but it has happened and is happening as I write this article. However, AIDS, in most cases, can be prevented and avoided. AIDS is not something you can pick up casually. You have to either contract it through unprotected vaginal or anal sexual intercourse, oral sex, shooting drugs intravenously, transfusions, or from transmission from a pregnant mother to her unborn child. You can not be infected by insects, sneezes, swimming pools, toilet seats, eye makeup, sweat, food from an infected person's plate, or donating blood - these are all myths, and the truth is that the HIV can not live outside of the body.

AIDS is a disease that is still in need of much research to find the real causes and effects, but scientists and specialists are certain of two things: one should not practice unprotected sexual intercourse with anyone whom you are uncertain is infection-free, and don't share needles with anyone for any reason. Everyone is at risk, and if you don't think it can happen to you, then think again! ☉

For more information concerning AIDS and the prevention of AIDS contact the National AIDS Hotline at 1-800-342-AIDS or look up the number for your State AIDS Hotline. Other organizations that are out there include The American Red Cross, AIDS Action Council, Gay Men's Health Crisis, U.S. Public Health Service, or even the UUA's Office of Lesbian and Gay Concerns. All of these organizations can supply you with the latest information concerning AIDS and the spreading of the AIDS virus HIV.

Most of the information in this article was found in either Jeanne Blake's book *Risky Times: How to be AIDS-Smart and Stay Healthy* which was written for and about teenagers in 1990, and the New Body publication, *AIDS Fact Book*, which was written in 1987 and edited by Elizabeth Mills.

Have you ever taken, taught, or been a trainer for ABOUT YOUR SEXUALITY (AYS) ?

The UUA is working with the United Church of Christ to develop a new sexuality curriculum, but first we would like to get feedback from all of you who have been involved with AYS. If you would be willing to fill out a survey regarding your experience with AYS, then please fill out the form below and return it to: **Debra Anderson, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108**. Survey will be sent out in the Fall. Thank-you for your help.

Name _____ Birthdate _____
Address _____
I have taken AYS _____ taught AYS _____ trained AYS _____
Dates taken, taught, or trained (to the best of your memory) _____
Place taken, taught, or trained (to the best of your memory) _____

A statement of belief from the YRUU document

Principles for the Establishment of Community

Sexuality is something to be valued and developed in persons of all ages. However, we recognize the variance among youth regarding readiness for and comfort with sexual relationships; therefore, members of the community are empowered to decline sexual intimacy of any kind. We also recognize that sexual behavior at conferences and other events can create awkwardness and detract from our goal of an inclusive community. Finally, recognizing that sexual behavior can be potentially life-threatening, education about safer sex should be provided.

How to Take the Pressure - NOT!

None of us have an easy time growing up. It can be fun, if we let it, but it is never a walk in the park, so to speak. One of the most difficult parts of growing up comes when we are trying to discover what things we like, what's good for us, what's right and what's wrong.

These are the questions that come up as you decide how to dress, who to "hang" with, what to do on the weekends or after school, and of course what you're going to do after high school. How do we decide all these things, and all the other parts of our personality that we choose to show to the people around us? Well, oftentimes we choose because our friends tell us what's "cool" or "PC" (Politically Correct), and we don't have any reason not to believe them. Of course, there is the classic Peer Pressure, when your friends say things like, "It's the only thing to do," or "You're uncool if you don't" and of course there's the classic "Everybody's Doing It".

Striving to find our individuality is a difficult road, and as accepting, young UUs, we can all take care of each other by knowing that peer pressure is wrong, and inhibiting. We must take care of ourselves by not putting pressure on each other to conform, or, more importantly, not to conform. It is just as bad to tell

someone not to follow the crowd as it is to follow it.

The most difficult pressure to sustain, however, is that of sexual pressure. We are always discussing kissing, petting, making love, and all kinds of sexual exploration during our own sexual coming-of-age process. The important thing to remember is that we all have our own physical and mental clocks, and no one will develop sexually at the same pace as another. No one should tell you that you should have already kissed someone or been naked with someone, or, especially, had sex with someone. You must take your time and know that you will be ready to be sexual at your own pace, and no one can tell you what that pace is. When you are ready to become intimate with a partner, you will know, and everything will be clear. In the meantime, when your friends discuss their sexual experiences, listen and be supportive, but never feel left out, or like you may be missing something. Your friends will be at a different point than you are, and only you can know that, but it is your responsibility to let them know how you feel, and if they wonder why you haven't had the same experiences they have, just tell them the truth about why. Tell them how you feel. You will probably get a lot out of discussing how you feel, and perhaps that will give you more strength to get out of a situation you don't want to be in, and become a part of the relationships that are the most healthy and enriching for you and your partner.

Take your time to explore yourself. Don't let others tell you who you are or what is right for you. Be true to yourself, and discover your soul. ☉



Social Justice in Action

YRUUers Marching on Washington, D.C.
but they're not eating Ben & Jerry's

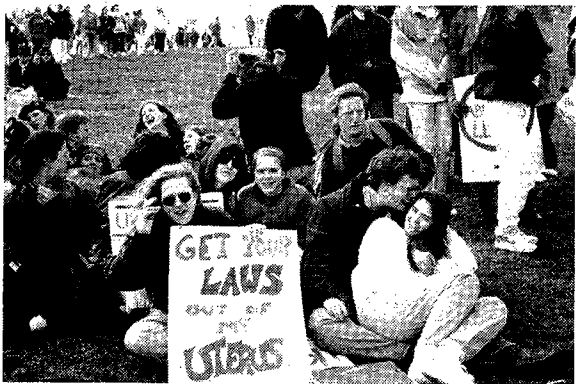
2, 4, 6, 8 WE'RE THE ONES WHO OVULATE!
3, 5, 7, 9 BUSH, YOU STAY OUT OF MINE!

-Justina Prenatt-

It was Sunday, May 5 and 3/4 million people converged on Washington, D.C. to March for Women's Lives. Among that number were UU's from all over the country; UUA President Bill Shultz spoke at the assembly of the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights; YRUUers marched proudly under the YRUU banner. People all over the nation's capitol were smiling, singing, and chanting. It was fun. And yet I can't help but wonder if we missed the point.

For many people I think that that Sunday was merely a chance to spend the day with friends, meet new people, see D.C., worry their parents, rebel. It turned into a party when maybe we should have been angry that we had to take a day out of our lives to defend our basic human right to do what we choose with our bodies and our lives. Maybe we should have been angry that we were marching through closed streets and past empty buildings where no one was even going to hear our cries. Maybe we should have been sad that many, many lives have ended or been ruined because we live under a government that aims to control and not to protect us. And maybe we need to do something more to protect ourselves.

There are many things one can do to support abortion rights such as vote for pro-choice candidates, work as an escort to patients at abortion clinics, volunteer at any women's health clinic, and representatives views. But these action should not be action. As with rights is a much than many people issue realize. It is death, the life and unwanted, abused, woman ever faced pregnancy, and controlled by this patriarchal system. It is an issue of men maintaining control over women, of the rich maintaining control over the poor, of the church (and not just any church) maintaining control over the state. It is an issue of a frighteningly small minority controlling the destinies of a huge majority.



A Picture of those crazy pro-choice YRUUers.

write to government expressing pro-choice obvious courses of our only courses of most issues, abortion more complex an issue on either side of the an issue of life and death of every addicted child, every with an unplanned every citizen

It is an issue that requires us to completely reevaluate how we function in society. We need to take our lives into our own hands. We need to learn to not be dependent on the patriarchal medical structure for our health, for our family planning, for our childbirthing. If we educated ourselves on the methods of abortion through the use of menstrual extraction and herbal abortifacients then we would not require the government's permission or the bloody hands of a back alley butcher to control our own reproduction. If we gave birth with midwives in home settings we not subject ourselves of the dangers (yes, dangers) and emotional harm of a medical based birth. If women and men joined together to function on the other side of the establishment, the establishment would lose its control over us, and we could eventually create a structure satisfactory for our needs.

These ideas are only the beginning of what we are capable of doing. And they are radical ideas that may startle even the radicals, but in a nation where the pornography industry is a \$10 billion a year enterprise, we need radical action, and we need it now. It is not just women who are powerless, it is anyone without money, without light skin, without a penchant for corruption and complete selfishness. Help yourself to escape the clutches of this system. Consider some of the ideas that seem to be universal truths (that birth belongs in the hospital, that menstruation is a weakness, that vaginas are dirty) and ask yourself from where those skewed ideas came. Even the most "liberal" of us might find that we have been more influenced by this patriarchy than we know. Don't perpetuate the myths that leave us powerless. And have faith, we can control our world.

For information on alternative women's healthcare contact:

The Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers
1680 Vine Street, Suite 1105
Hollywood, CA 90028
(213) 957-4062

Suggested reading material on similar subjects:

Spiritual Midwifery, Ina May Gaskin

The Women's Encyclopedia of Myth's and Secrets, Barbara G. Walker
Healing Wise, Susun Weed

Hygenia: A Women's Herbal, Jeannine Parvati

With Child: Birth Through the Ages, Jenny Carter and Therese Dureiz
Dreaming the Dark, Starhawk

In Labor: Women and Power in the Birthplace, Barbara Katz Rothman



Apartheid

"separate but equal"
they sort people like laundry
light and dark
so that one group will not change
the color of the other
is it that they want to keep
their white clothes from turning pink
or the dark clothes from gaining
white flecks of lint
they see the world
in a black and white picture tube
all the colors
of the true picture
turned to black
there is more black than white
just ignore it
they must trade in their old picture tube
everyone else has a color set
how can they ever know
if the zebra's stripes
are white on black
or vice-versa
color TV was invented in '53
desegregation was ruled in '54
go figure

Ben Stallings 1992

TO BUILD NOT TO DESTROY

The 13th Annual Youth Conference on Disarmament at the United Nations in New York City, November 19-22, 1992

The thirteenth annual UU Youth Conference on Disarmament is four days of presentations, tours, workshops, and other fun activities in which participants will learn about the United Nations, the UU-UN Office and disarmament from a global perspective; share techniques and ideas for effective action on social issues; as well as, meet like-minded young people from all over the continent. Among the participants will be 25 Unitarian Universalist young people ages 15-17 and knowledgeable professionals, including Silvana da Silva, the Political Affairs Officer of the UN Department of Disarmament Affairs; representatives from Missions to the UN; Staff of the UU-UN Office; Rev. Tracey Robinson-Harris from the The Community Church of New York; and the YRUU Programs Specialists form the the UUA Youth Office.

If you are between the ages of 15 and 17 years of age and would like more information concerning the 13th Annual Conference on Disarmament, call or write the Youth Office at:

25 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02108
(617) 742-2100 ext. 351/352

The deadline for application is **September 25, 1992.**
Call us Today!!

A Good Song: (For Protests, Campfires, etc. . .)

I Love the mountains
I Love the rolling hills
I Love the daisies
and the daffodils
I Love the fireside
When the lights are low. . .
... BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da. . .

I hate George Bush
I hated the Reagan years
I hate Dan Quayle
and his funny ears.
I hate the military
and the things that go. . .
... BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da. . .

I Love the ocean
I Love the sandy shore
I Love the sunset
AND WHAT I'M FIGHTING FOR. . .
I Love the hawk that flies
and the stary skies. . .
... BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da, BOOM de a da. . .

submitted by Tracy & Shannon Stober from Carbondale, IL

A Strategic Planning Process
for Youth Groups Interested in
Creating a Social Action Agenda

(This has been taken from the Ministry with Youth Renaissance Module and adapted from a congregational process used by the Rochester, New York, Congregation.)

STEP ONE: DEFINITION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM TO BE ADDRESSED.

This is a one sentence statement of a specific problem which indicates who or what is doing what to whom when and where. It should be a problem about which there is a high interest in the group, the possibility of meaningful action and a sense of appropriateness.

STEP TWO: STATEMENT OF ASSUMPTIONS. Describe briefly the social context in which the problem is found. Why is it a problem? Who suffers from it? How are they affected? What are the economical, political, and social factors involved? Which of the UU Principles and Purposes are violated by this problem? How?

STEP THREE: STATEMENT OF THE ACTION GOAL. Here is a declaration of the ultimate aim of the group with respect to the social problem selected. It should be SPECIFIC (time, place, people involved), MEASURABLE (so that the group may chart its progress or lack thereof), ACHIEVABLE (something which is reasonably within the group's capacity), and CONSONANT (with the religious values of the group). SMAC!

STEP FOUR: SELECTION OF A STRATEGY OR STRATEGIES. This involves examining the alternative plans which might be selected, and choosing one or two. A strategy is an overall plan by which a group guides itself. It is the "how" of social responsibility. It indicates who does what when.

STEP FIVE: DEVELOPMENT AND IMPLEMENTATION OF TACTICS. Tactics are the specific actions which constitute a strategy. They indicate assignments of action to particular people, a timeline, and future meeting plans for evaluating the progress of the plan. They should include and end date for the project.

STEP SIX: EVALUATION OF THE PROJECT. Evaluation should be part of every meeting of the group. It is a means of checking on all the above points to see if they are still functioning as intended, and for adjusting them if necessary. Evaluation should be done in the following areas: How is the group functioning in terms of morale, efficiency and meaning of the task? What has been learned about social change and personal growth in social responsibility? What changes have been made that lead to the problem's solution? ●

A 7 o'clock
Epiphany

.....

"Woke up. Fell out of bed. Dragged a comb across my head..." blared over the radio as I awoke, again, and began making my way to the kitchen for a cup of morning brew. Coffee is my cow. The cow that comes and wakes my body with a bellowing caffeine moo and allows it to actually accept the fact that it's early in the morning and that my mind may be a little late to work.

Now, early is a word that in most cases is associated with school, work, or the time you arrive home from a really great party. It's very confusing, and most often misused. Let me dispel any rumors though. Early by definition means "near the beginning of a period of time or of a process or series," but in this case it means 7:00 in the morning. Now I realize that there are those that rise and begin their day well before 7:00, but that is a different definition all together. Before 7:00 is, of course, 'really early' or 'too early for words,' depending on which region of the continent one is from. Time is relative, so it is said, and there are as many ways to look at it as there are time zones, but it was 7:00 in the morning and it was early. Not only by definition, but also by the mere fact that I was talking to my inanimate alarm clock calling it a hippie lover and trying to explain to its microchip of a brain that only a hippie would have invented the snooze button and by the transitive property it was a hippie alarm clock. It was definitely early. Dreams were not over. Eyes were not open. I was Nazi-man hating my hippie alarm clock.

Don't get me wrong, I don't hate hippies. I don't hate anyone really, but at 7:00 in the morning before I had had my coffee cow wake up, I had no moral qualms with calling my alarm clock a hippie. As a matter of fact I'm not quite sure why I did call it a hippie. I'm sure I could sit down and rationalize a few ideas, but I'm not sure if they would be subconscious feelings about hippies that I have and need to take out on my alarm clock or what. All I know is that this morning at 7:00 AM, I awoke to an obnoxiously aroused alarm clock whose snooze button was as addictive as the sleep of which I was being deprived.

It was Wednesday 29, 1992, though, and nothing, not even a hippie alarm clock, could deprive me of the reason why I was up - a hot shower. Now I'm not sure what type of shower you like to take, but to me there is nothing quite like a really nice, long, hot shower, especially when you live in an apartment complex and the neighbors, as much as you, cherish a hot shower in the morning. A hot shower is to me a luxury. A reason to be optimistic about the day. Every day up to this point I would rise at 8:00 and be hopeful that my neighbors were feeling guilty about using the last of the hot water in the building. To no avail, however, I would get the winter run-off from Lake Michigan. Not today. Today will be different. After all, the early bird does get the worm, and today I was up early enough to catch a gaggle of worms. I had a goal and I was most definitely going to achieve that goal. It will be hot shower day.

After rising from bed and wrestling the hippie lover to a muffled life, I grabbed the four-time used towel and went to the bathroom with a vengeance.

cont'd on page 10

Empathy

-Jantz Raynor-

I understand why modern society is hostile to intelligence, drive, and talent; it is interested in its safety, and I am a walking time bomb. Intelligence shows me the fundamental hollowness of conventional morality, which I can no longer use as a guide to my actions; truly ignorance is bliss. Drive and talent give me the potential to cause great joy or suffering to large segments of the human race. I am sentimental; I would prefer to cause joy. Yet this is constantly abused; many people cause me nothing but suffering, and it seems that every day I have less and less reason to have any empathy for the rest of the human race. But occasionally I am reminded that all is not lost; there are still people worth living and dying for in this world. You would not believe how grateful I am for that. ●

CONTINENTALLY SPEAKING...

The By-Laws Are Changing!!

Here are the YRUU Bylaw Changes up for Vote at this year's Youth Council: Text in brackets to be deleted, underlined text to be added.

Bylaw Amendments Corresponding to the "Resolution for a Position of Appraisal on Steering Committee":

Section V, Item 1 d

...(including staff and the [REAC] position on appraisal)...

Section VI, Item 1 c

[c) the youth member of the Religious Education Advisory Committee of the UUA] c) The youth appointed to the two year position on appraisal.

This bylaw change is up for final approval after passing Youth Council 1991 and the UUA Board of Trustees.

✱ Also on this year's agenda: Final approval of the criteria required to raise the lower age range of continental YRUU to 14.



photo by Holly Jamison

Members of Youth Council 1991 discussing issues in the sun.

Mr. and Mrs. DooDodd Together Again

I know it's a shock. After all he did leave our beautiful southern land to follow her to Boston. It still hurts. Ouch. Right there. But I understand. You know, she is gorgeous. Stop. Quit rubbing it in already. Yes, I remember her clearly. Name . . . Julie Rising. Last found occupying the chambers of my husband's (the only man I've ever truly loved) heart and every crevice of his expansive spirit. Oh yeah, tall, dark, long legs, lustrous hair, ravishing smile.

They've been in love for so long. How can I compete with that? You really want to know? Lean in a little closer. That's good. I applied for the YPS position. Guess where? Bingo. Boston. Really, it's not like it's Fatal Attraction or anything. I was married to him for over a year. We bore four brilliant, incredibly striking, humorous children. And there was Uncle Vinnie. I don't understand how he could just get up and leave right before the Super Bowl. Poor Vinnie was absolutely devastated.

In the end, I forgave him for everything. Yes, everything. I absolved him from any guilt at all for taking the Prince posters, the car, the case of wintergreen LifeSavers I had hidden in air ducts, and the last pint of Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream. See how loving and truly wonderful I am? After I threatened to sue him for every last penny on account of mistress Julie, he came to see that too. But I just couldn't live without him. Our children (Bedilia, Bobby, Buffy, and Baby) have acquired long faces where smiles used to reside. It just rips my heart to shreds. You know, to see them so sad.

Well anyway, that's all in the past. Okay here we go. Please say the affirmation with me.

I love myself

I touch myself (silly me. Wrong piece)

I have inherent dignity and worth

I am not trash just because he dumped me

I am respected

He is leaving her to reconcile with me

I am loved

Was I not woman enough for him?

I am OK

I am OK

There will be a pre-pre-pre-honeymoon in Calgary this June. Doesn't that sound romantic? What a life. He will be gallivanting around breathtaking Canada with his wife and his mistress. I can handle this. I have grown while we've been apart. I am my own person. I am OK. I am OK.

Then there's the pre-pre-honeymoon at Youth Council.

And then the pre honeymoon with 200 of our most intimate friends.

And on September 1, 1992 you are all invited to the Big Event, the renewing of our marriage vows. It's casual. We accept all major credit cards, cash and domestic items. Please no toasters. I already have three. Thank you and I'll see you there. Make a fort with blankets and invite the neighborhood children. Peace, Jennifer Martin, aka Mrs. DooDodd. ☉

For more on the DooDodd reunion, see Jennifer's introduction on page 3 of this issue

A Challenge, a Movement: What Can Youth Staffing Do For Our Churches?

by Bill Gupton

As I write this article, I am sitting in the Youth Office at All Souls Unitarian Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma. My office. The office of the only full-time paid parish Youth Director in the Unitarian Universalist Association. A position that many respected UU church people have called a mere "luxury" of a larger, wealthy church.

From a survey of large churches, it was found that there is only one church with a full time Youth Director. Two churches are CONSIDERING hiring half-time Youth Directors. One more has recently hired a quarter-time youth director. And six others give their lead advisors token "stipends" that amount to between \$25 and \$50 per week.

THAT'S IT. That's all the staffing we as a denomination of churches are putting specifically into our youth. At every other church, the beleaguered DRE or MRE (often less than full-time themselves) has to try to cram a little bit of youth work into an already overworked schedule that includes ministering to the religious education of everyone else in the church.

As much as our denomination wrings its hands and gnashes its teeth over the fact that we're not growing and our next generation is slipping away from us, there is no move to "put our money where our mouth is" and into youth programming.

You say you've never even heard of

the idea of a Youth Director? Just ask your Baptist or Catholic or Presbyterian friends if they've heard of one. They'll tell you what a Youth Director can do for your church.

Youth Directors can work within the church structure to help integrate the youth (who are at a make-or-break point of either integrating into the church or leaving it, probably for good) into the larger church. They can devote a full work week of time, energy, heart and soul into planning exciting, meaningful programs and curriculum for UU youth or can bring specialization or experience -- they're PROFESSIONALS concerned with YOUTH ministry, which is a far different ballgame than say ministry to elementary aged children or adults.

Simply by hiring a Youth Director, a church can send the most crucial signal of all to its youth: you're just as important to us as the youth down the street at the Methodist Church are to them.

The arguments against hiring a youthworker (you've all heard them if it's ever come up for discussion at your church) boil down to one thing -- money. Which is another way of saying -- priorities. Will youth ever become a priority in our denomination? If so, the money will follow.

Just 39 cents a week per member of a 500 member church added to their annual pledge would raise

\$10,000, enough for a half-time Youth Director. That 39 cents would open a lot of doors for such a program. And our denomination.

Nothing will happen until we start making some noise. Remember the story of the Hundreth Monkey? The monkeys on an isolated island had grown accustomed to eating their fruit all dirty and sandy because they didn't know any better. Eventually, one monkey, the hundreth monkey, figured out how to wash its fruit in the sea. Soon, all the monkeys were washing their fruit and eating grit-free meals.

So here's the challenge: Someone reading this article will be the hundreth monkey. To paraphrase Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant": If one church does it, they'll think you're weirdos. If a few do it, it's a conspiracy. If four or five do it, it's a movement. And that's what it is. The "Put-Your-Money-Where-Your-Mouth-Is-UU-Youth-Staffing Movement"

The movement's goal: by the year 2000, every large UU church (500+) will have a youth director or youth minister on staff. It seems like an impossible dream, but don't forget what Margaret Mead said: "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has." Imagine! ☉

IN SEARCH OF . . .

A new YRUU Programs Specialist!

Job Description:

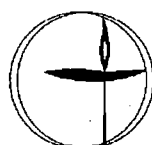
The YRUU Programs Specialist position is a 1 year internship for youth to work at the UUA headquarters in Boston, Massachusetts. The new YRUU Programs Specialist will work with the other intern and the Youth Programs Director to manage the day to day business of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. Responsibilities include: editing and layout of the YRUU newspaper Synapse; managing the continental YRUU office at 53 Beacon St., Boston; planning and administering conferences and youth gatherings; participating in UUA staff and Religious Education meetings in Boston, as well as other UU Committee meetings which may be of interest to youth; implementing the decisions of the YRUU Youth Council and Steering Committee; travelling to district and local groups for outreach and Leadership development.

The position is one year beginning January 1, 1993 and ending December 31, 1993. The stipend is \$13,000 for the year. Moving expenses to and from Boston are paid, but the intern is expected to find living accommodations, as well as pay for all living expenses while in Boston.

To apply, please write to the Youth Office at: 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108 for an application kit.

Applications must be postmarked by September 15, 1992 to be considered.

Call the Youth Office at (617) 742-2100 if this deadline is an impossibility.



eat Ben & Jerry's

What is this Continental thing??

Well, since you asked... As you all know, or if you don't, you do now, we are a denomination that spans the continent. That's right. From the northernmost point of the Northwest Territory to the Southern tip of Mexico. Yes, Mexico. There are three UUA societies in Mexico. Of course we also have societies in 11 other countries across the globe. (G*YRUU??). Well, we all know that the bulk of UUs are in the USA and Southern Canada, but hey, it's good to know we aren't confined to those boundaries, isn't it? But seriously, YRUU must focus most of its energies on the US and Canada. So that's what we do. Serve those youth. But, really, what do we do? Well, we sponsor, plan, and attend events that concern youth, especially UU youth. We try to make YRUU a place that welcomes all youth, a place where we can be together, be comfortable, and talk about all the things that concern us without feeling restrained or prejudged. The Youth Office administers all the business stuff, and serves as a contact point for everyone. BUT, everyone is entitled to their say, and you should contact your district rep or the Youth Office if you want to find out what's going on, or if you have something YRUU should be dealing with. YRUU sponsors and plans Con Con, the UU-UND Youth Disarmament Conference with the UN Office, and the Youth Office plans Youth Caucus, and attends various happenings around the continent, such as the National Workshop on Social Justice. YRUU depends on you for its effectiveness. We can't possibly know everything that's happening out there unless YOU tell us. If you know about a conference, a rally, work projects, trips, or anything that UU youth would be interested in, send a flyer or note to the Youth Office, or give us a call. We need your help to be as great as we can be! ☺

"I think it's nifty." -Becky Scott "We're Not Worthing! We're Not Worthing!" -Wayne and Garth

"Holy Globe, Batman!" -Robin "Groovy, smooth, like hip, Daddy0" -Greg Brady

"Wow. Do you think Fred and Shaggy know?" -Daphne and Velma



Drawing by Margaret Ladner, Maryland



A Lesson In Faith

by Jennifer Martin and Erin Walter

It was a dark and stormy night. Oh, sorry. Wrong story. Once upon a time... What? This isn't a fairy tale. The story we are about to tell is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We decided to go ahead and use real names and places for there really are no innocents.

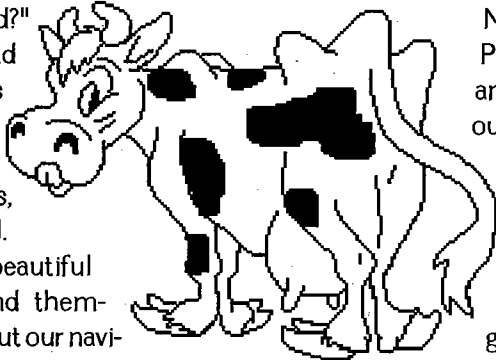
This is how it goes. Picture this. Here we are, three enthusiastic UUs making our way to Houston for the SouthWest Annual meeting with our hair blowing, radio blasting. Completely unsuspecting of the forthcoming danger. Can you hear them? No, not that, silly. Our stomachs. They are growling ferociously. Our road trip companion jokingly blurted, "girls, we really need adventure in our lives." WOW. Be careful of what you wish. We veered off the beaten path in the rickety town of Giddings, TX and the car stopped as if it had a mind of its own smack dab in the front of Harding's Cafe, and on to another dimension. All seemed this-worldly until a kind elderly waitress approached our table wearing a southern smile that would have put Minnie Pearl (foreshadowing...) to shame. That wasn't all she was wearing, much to our amusement. We glanced at her breast (don't ask) and spotted the most unusual ornament pinned there. It resembled a brass cow, but not just any brass cow, but a brass cow with udders, and not just any udders, but pearl udders, and not just any pearl udders, but utterly (pun intended) atrocious cultured pearl udders. Don't fret. She didn't even try to milk us.

Anyway, we finally made it to Houston. After taking in a meeting or two and visiting the Emerson Youth Rally, we were hungry again. You may be thinking "do their lives revolve around food?" Maybe, maybe not. But either way, it was dinner time and Pizza Hut was beckoning. Unfortunately, it wasn't giving us any specific directions. There were four of us now and we set out to hit the hut. Simple right? Not so. After aimlessly searching and eventually leaving the Houston city limits, we realized we were back where we started. Typical.

The two brilliant and beautiful authors (of this beautiful and brilliant piece) now found themselves alone in the dark slums of downtown Houston without our navi-gator. It was time to go to "the grandparents" and armed with directions from Grandpa we attempted to make a left on Preston. Not. ONE WAY ONE WAY the WRONG WAY. Stress alert. We opted to go with the flow and take a right on Preston for lack of anything better to do. It proved not to be beneficial in our quest for Pizza Hut. So, on to Main Street - our haven from unknown streets we fear. Grasping at straws, we turned left on some random street called Prairie. When life looked way bleak, miracle of all miracles, a sign loomed overhead like a message from beyond. "Memorial Drive". An arrow pointed to the very road on which we were travelling. High five. We thought we were home free, but it was the mere eye of the hurricane. Each turn had become a challenge. We were instructed to make a left on Wallwick, but its evil twin Wickwild forced us to doubt our directions. We of little faith. If we only possessed a little patience, Wallwick was just ahead. So, to make a long story short - TOO LATE - we made it to shelter by midnight. Shew.

This journey for me (Jennifer) was a lesson in faith in myself and my ability to cope with the trials and tribulations of everyday life. It's amazing to me how something so simple, like a roadtrip, can crystallize an important truth. We as "thinking women" don't just survive the numerous ordeals that seek us out, but flourish. For every encounter is an opportunity for growth and learning. So, never be afraid to experience life. Dive in. Immerse yourself in all its beauty and you'll come out wiser and more empowered than you ever imagined possible.

An apology from the authors:
To Keridwyn Hershberger and Chris Halliwell: We are so sorry for inflicting our unfathomable bad luck upon you. Maybe you should be a little choosier about just who you hitch rides from. I (Erin) am in the car with our beloved Jennifer as we write. She just came extremely close to maiming a couple of cyclists. I guess it really is true about her night blindness. Take moonbaths and celebrate every precious moment. ☺



SCOOP! SouthWest Raises Lower Age Range!!

For several years now, Continental YRUU has been discussing the pros and cons of changing its age range. This past summer, the upper age level was changed to twenty. Raising the lower level from 12 to 14, however, has proven more controversial. In close votes, the criteria that must be satisfied before the change can take effect did not pass either of the past two Youth Councils. It will be on the agenda again at this summer's meeting in Maine.

But at its recent annual business conference, the SouthWest district went ahead and changed its district YRUU age range to 14-20. At the same time, it committed to help the district RE Committee put on the first of what it hopes will be an annual Junior High Conference before totally bowing out of junior high programming. Other junior high programming at local churches was reported to be in good shape. by Bill Gup-ton

Hey! If you have questions about the junior high movement or want to know how to start a junior high program in your church or district, call the Youth Office. Also, for more commentary on junior highers, read Laura Peterson's article on page three of this issue of Synapse. ☺

Con Con 1992:
Un-Common
Ground --
YRUU's Tenth
Anniversary
August 17-23 in
Raymond, Maine
The deadline was
June 15, but call the
Youth Office -- there
may be spots open!!

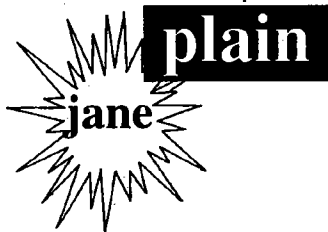
These are YOUR Representatives to Youth Council!!

- Ballou Channing: Emma Brackett Box 283 West Hyannis, MA 02672
- Central Mass: Mandi Marchesani 697 Townsend Rd. Groton, MA 01450
- Central Midwest: Jesse Jaeger, 6313 Woodington, Madison, WI 53711
- Connecticut Valley: Ben Montgomery, 37 Oakwood Road, Mystic, CT 06355
- Desert: Mike Weaver, 1107 Madison SE, Albuquerque, NM 87108
- Florida: Mike Figuera, 10953 SW 70th Terrace, Miami, FL 33173
- Joseph Priestley: Jeanna Steele, 11523 Liberty Rd, Frederick, MD 21701
- Massachusetts Bay: Sarah Frederick, 1 Avon Rd., Bedford, MA 01730
- Metro NY: Leah Grossman, 9 Highland Place, Sea Cliff, NY 11579
- Michigan: Tanja Steinberg, 1403 West Andrews, Midland, MI 48640
- MidSouth: Caroline Schnieders, 2128 Wickersham Ln, Germantown, TN 38139
- Mountain: Sarah Gibb, 915 Teller Circle, Boulder, CO 80303
- New Hampshire/Vermont: Betsy Nolan, 18 Oak Hill Dr, Amherst, NH 03031
- NorthEast: Leslie Rosen, 29 S. Chestnut, Augusta, ME 04330
- Ohio Meadville: * Justina Prenatt, 501 Mt. Royal Blvd, Pittsburgh, PA 15223
- Ohio Valley: Jenny Axel, 615 Kossuth, Lafayette, IN 47905
- Pacific Central: Carrie Cordiero, UCSC Porter #126, Santa Cruz, CA 95604
- Pacific Northwest: Joey Lyons, 2250 SW Wembly Park Rd, Lake Oswego, OR 97034
- Pacific Southwest: Carrie McChesney, 2033 Wilbur Ave. San Diego, CA 92109
- Prairie Star: * Laura Peterson, 3832 Cottage Grove, Des Moines, IA 50311
- St. Lawrence: Jenna Wells, 12 West Avenue, Arkport, NY 14807
- SouthWest: Chris Halliwell, 3750 S. Xanthus, Tulsa, OK 74105
- Thomas Jefferson: Rachel Reisner, 6527 Hazelton Dr, Charlotte, NC 28210
- Western Canada: Lorne Tyndale, 5620 Dalhousie Dr. NW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T3A 1P9
- Post High At-Large: * Jan Gjestvang, 2517 Barrington Place, Rockford, IL 61107, beg. Aug. 11: Elon Cameron, 720 Washington St, Traverse City, MI 49684
- Senior High At-Large: * Charlie Arnold, 10103 Locust #13, Auburn, AL 35801 beg. Aug: Courtney Smith, 14 Webster Rd, Box 1873, Duxbury, MA 02331
- Junior High At Large: Katie Orloff, 7480 Muerdale, W. Bloomfield, MI 48322 beg. Aug: Tophier Finley, 3615 Dogwood St, Uniontown, OH 44685
- Adults At Large: Tony Host, 2033 Wilbur Ave, San Diego, CA 92109
- * Kathy Murphy, 14401 Alico Rd, Fort Myers, FL 33913
- Richard Foote, 2570 Walnut Blvd #17, Walnut Creek, CA 94596
- Jo Beck, 4500 Warwick Blvd, Kansas City, MO 64111
- Rolande Baker 4831 E.22nd St, Tucson, AZ 85711
- Beg. Aug: Lee Eriksen, 4 Bryant St, Cambridge, MA 02138
- Lisa Savio, 152 Pearl St, Burlington, VT 05401
- Bob Knuth, 658 Dayton Avenue #201, St. Paul, MN 55104
- Dori Davenport, 651 Woodward Ave, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48304

* indicates Steering Committee member. Underlining indicates retiring this year.

DOPE CREATIVE STUFF

Eat Ben & Jerry's **everything** else is just



KEEPING THE LOVE ALIVE

- Erin Walter -

Like the love from your parent's arms,
The branches of a tree shield you from
the glare of the sun.

Like the love of a mother's milk,
Water is the secret of a healthy life.

Like the love from a smiling face,
A kitten comforts you when you are
lost.

Yet none of these treasures are forever.
Everyone is responsible for keeping
the love alive.

6/17/91 - 11:04pm
- before the storm

- Christy Wilson -

Calm
No sound
Light wind
Trees silent waiting
Leaves scattered on the ground
Birds hushed
Everything quiet
Lightning bugs are the only commotion
flitting around and blinking in such
a way you know they're trying to tell
you about it
Flash
Boom
pitter patter pitter patter splat splat splat
=goosh=
Crash Flash Boom Bang Smash
Whistle Bark Growl Howl Aiye
Hear the storm
Listen to the music
Then listen to me
before the storm

**Fragments of ideas
amid the caverns of my mind -
jotted down.
Without endings, and**

Caroline Schnieders

I Really Wish I Knew You

I really wish I knew you
before you went away.
If I had really known you,
the sky wouldn't seem so grey.

Did you cry, did you laugh?
When the ironic time had come.
Or the mood just melancholy?
Like a song that was not sung.

I really wish I knew you
You were a friend I'm told.
If I had really known you
the air wouldn't seem so cold.

Were you afraid of dying?
I think it is quite brave
to accept the terrifying fact:
Your life, no one, could save.

I really wish I knew you.
There was so much to share.
If I had really known you
the earth wouldn't seem so bare.

I wonder why it happened.
I wish I had the answer.
I'd tell the boy, who's name was John.
But last night, he died, of cancer.

- The Phantom -

7 o'clock could

By this time it was 7:10 and I was most definitely assured of a warm shower, but I wanted a hot shower and I would not accept anything less. I reached for the faucet and turned the cold water on, hoping, of course, that the water from the other faucet would be too hot to bear. Optimistic, I turned on the hot water. The moment had arrived. Would my plan work? Were there people in the world that actually existed before 7:00 AM? And was it possible that I had presumed too much? Just because there isn't hot water at 8:00 doesn't necessarily mean there is hot water at seven (although I'm sure my Calc teacher would have a good sense for the probability for such a situation). I was scared. I couldn't wake up any earlier. I mean it's one thing to wake up early, but it's a whole other story to wake up really

With the first step into the shower I knew that my enveloped the room. I jumped in and was received by the peace. As I stood there in the shower, soaking up the heat faint sound of the hippie alarm clock repetitively reminding minutes. I guess there's nothing that can keep the hippie hot, pleasing, life-is-great, shower and running across the was searching. I guess I could ignore it... but wait I can't me up. To make me rise. To interrupt my comfort and asleep. Shit!

I jumped out of bed, ran over to the hippie who by this that it was now 8:16 AM - my normal waking time. I, of and hit the hippie invention and went back to bed, for at

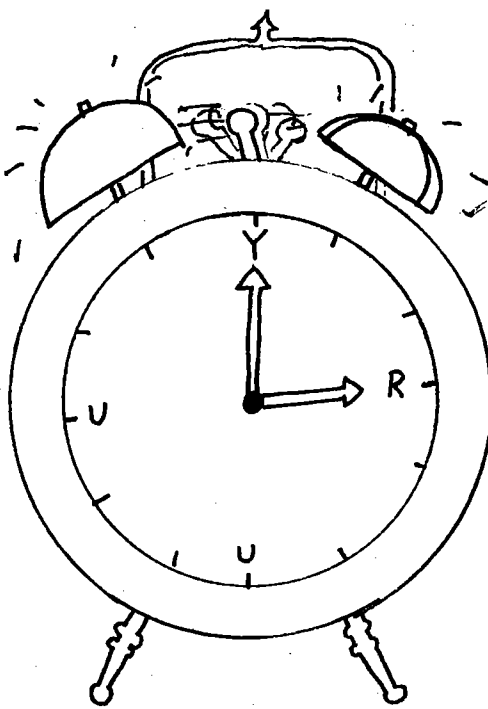
The more and more I think about it, the hippie snooze right, the nine minutes can be a really good thing to have thoughts and think about all the things you have to do that just tired enough, the nine minutes can be the best time to on any number of things in your life. Today, I retired for

I laid in bed and began thinking about the dream I just thinking about one thing, through a stroke of fate or temporary insanity, you begin to relate it to other things in your life. Well I began relating my dream to the present state of YRUU. Figure that. It seems, though, that the two have more in common than one would think. YRUU is young - just under ten years old. One could say it was still in its early stages of existence. For the past eight years I've been part of this organization not realizing that it was really growing just as much as I too was growing. Something's missing though.

I got out of bed, turned off the alarm and headed for the shower. As I stood in the shower this time, it hit me. I had an epiphany (no, men don't have to get out of the shower to have an epiphany). It became real to me. The potty-training is over. We've graduated from jr. high (almost), and yet we're stuck thinking about what we want to major in now. Where do we go? So far it seems like the answer is nowhere. YRUU has become without a goal, and it's going nowhere fast. Age range. Conference attendance. Sex policies. On and on these issues cloud our realities like a Bush Presidential campaign. There are too many things that need our attention.

YRUU is still young. It's in its early stages, yes. But to continually hit the snooze button and stay asleep for nine more minutes is getting us nowhere. The hippie alarm clock is calling us. Asking, pleading for us to wake up and realize yes it is early, but that only means it's a good time to wake up and begin again. The world is in need of people like ourselves. We care about this world and the injustices which cage us in like parrots with something to say. Let's use our energy and our power as youth to be naive and create the ideal. We have a voice and A) we can sit around talking to ourselves or B) get up and begin screaming our concerns! So stop pushing that snooze button, and WAKE UP, this isn't a dream!

- Anonymous



THE GARDEN OF SERENITY

- Julie Faulkner -

The sun seemed to be inches away. The animals began to stir. The big red barn stood as boldly as always. And the old man was ready for another day.

Twenty years ago he would awake to the delicious aroma of bacon and eggs and a lovely woman's voice in the kitchen- now he skips breakfast. Slowly climbing out of his self-made bed that was suit to sleep one, he wanted to return to his slumber- for today was the day that put an end to the life of his beloved wife Clara- 20 years ago. He chose not to deal with the pain then, but ever since the tragedy, the agony of her absence haunts him. He dreads this day as a child does a spanking, and a solemn aura surrounds his body.

As he walks through the hay covered dirt on his way to the stables, memories flood back of her beautiful face, delicate touch, and warm heart. He grooms the horses every day- it used to please her, and even after her death he does it for her pleasure.

Today is the one day that he visits her grave nestled deep within the forest- the one day that he must deal with his pain. A nice peaceful place with the smell of silence.

After stalling for about one hour, Joe picks the most beautiful flowers from his well tended garden. Starting this garden on the day of her death, it has become his most highly valued possession. With an armful of red roses, he looks down to the

narrow opening through the trees- hiding the path he must travel.

Making sure every little detail was perfect- locking the low rotted fence behind him and making sure not to step on any little sprig of life- he journeyed down the trail at a slower than walking pace.

He was wearing his best Sunday clothes. He was freshly shaven. His shoes were polished. His posture was extremely erect, seeming to be even somewhat uncomfortable. He looked as though he was getting married. The only fault in his appearance was the one silken tear streaming from his blue eye to his black tie.

Even though every year on May 28th he experiences the same thoughts and emotions, today he felt quite different. A warm breeze rushed past his weather-beaten skin, and for some strange reason brought him joy. Since it came from the direction of his wife he thought that maybe, just maybe, it was her soft, intangible hand reaching to him- removing his tear and relieving his sorrow.

Walking down the path, he noticed things that he had never noticed before. The birds singing so gayly, the flowers blooming so magnificently, the vivid greens, pinks, and yellows jumping out from every direction, and the faint gurgling of a far off brook. How often had he been in such beautiful surroundings, and how many more would he see?

On this May 28th his thoughts sung a happier song. He felt rather content and he knew that he had thoroughly fulfilled his life. He had no regrets, no broken promises- no worries or cares. He was thankful for all he had. He was satisfied with the life he had made for himself, and he had finally come to that realization.

The hours of walking seemed to go by much more quickly than he remembered. He was not fighting every step of the way-

rather, he was eager to get to his final destination.

The sun crept through the trees as he became more enveloped in the lush forest. This time, rather than thinking of Clara's life, he thought of his own. He thought of his childhood- the games he used to play, the fun he use to have, and how much his parents meant to him. Walking farther on down the path he thought of his teenage years- the risks he used to take, the pressures he had to resist, and how much his friends meant to him. Walking even further, he though of his adult life- the goals he used to have, the energy that made him go on, and how much his wife meant. And now all of those days have passed, and he has nothing left.

Recollecting his thoughts, he saw that the path had almost come to its end, and lying just up ahead was the place he had been travelling to. For the past three hours and for his entire life. A ring of light encircled her tomb. Quietly, Joe moved in the direction of Clara. He could almost picture her body lying there. Kneeling to place the roses ever-so-gently on the damp grass, he wrote a brief message: My love, wait for me- I am coming. He folded the note, placed it in a ray of light, and looked around one last time to move on. Laying down next to her, he shut his eyelids slowly. All that remained of him was the smile left on his face. Remarried in the garden of serenity lie Joe and Clara- together forever- disregarding the statement: Till Death Do Us Part.

jealousy

- Liv Anne Gjestvang -

As I lay in bed, Claudia balanced on the edge of my mattress. I heard a faint rustle from the corner of our room.

"What's that noise?" I asked her, and as she turned her head, the quiet blue light of the lava lamp reflected off her hair, illuminating her face.

"It's jealousy," she said softly, and looked to the floor. "Again." My body stiffened when the rustle echoed again from the far side of our room. I sat up and clutched her arm.

"I don't like it," I said, "it frightens me."

I searched her face, concentrating on her profile, highlighted in the darkness. She did not speak. As I sat next to her, shivering, I knew jealousy would not leave us alone. She would feed upon any crumbs we left out in our carelessness. She would dash between us, sending us scattering, clutching in opposite directions.

There was a small crumbling noise where jealousy sat, but for a moment it stopped and we rested in the blinding silence. Suddenly, she pushed out from the darkness, scattering, sliding towards us, wild gleaming in her small black eyes, and in our fear, we blindly lurched forwards, clawing at each other, afraid of what jealousy might do. It was irrational, unnecessary, but for one small moment jealousy had pushed us together, slamming our fear and our pain into one, so that the space between us was no longer so large. Eventually though, she retreated, falling back into the shadows, and we separated; the immediate fear gone, we could function alone. We were once again individuals in a cruel world that would try to tear us apart.

That year we talked a lot. Often we sat in the shifting blue light of our lava-lamp, speaking in hushed, raspy voices, exhausted from the struggle between us. Now, as time goes by, I see the struggle was worth it. It is what pulls us together... and in the pale shadows of the night, we look deep into ourselves, and, after a time, jealousy is gone.

My roommate Claudia and I were talking about jealousy late one night when a mouse ran out from under Claudia's bed. We named her jealousy, and although she bothered us at first, we let her stay, and it was she who inspired this story...

Healing

- Miriam Axel-Lute -

the stones drop from my heart and mind
(into the crate)
the boulders are the first to go, releasing a sigh of weightlessness
many small pebbles follow, and I am still tossing them in once I have set the crate
Afloat
afloating on the small river that has captured my heart, but more so my Hopes,
for I trust that this water (rushing Downstream)
will carry mt crate of stones far away from me.

now I find that I too am going Downstream;
looking all around me, but often at the river where my crate is keeping pace with Me.
(or am I keeping pace with It?)
sometimes it will disappear ahead or behind,
but Always it comes in view again, and half-willingly
I look long at the stones
(shining and less ugly now from their bath)

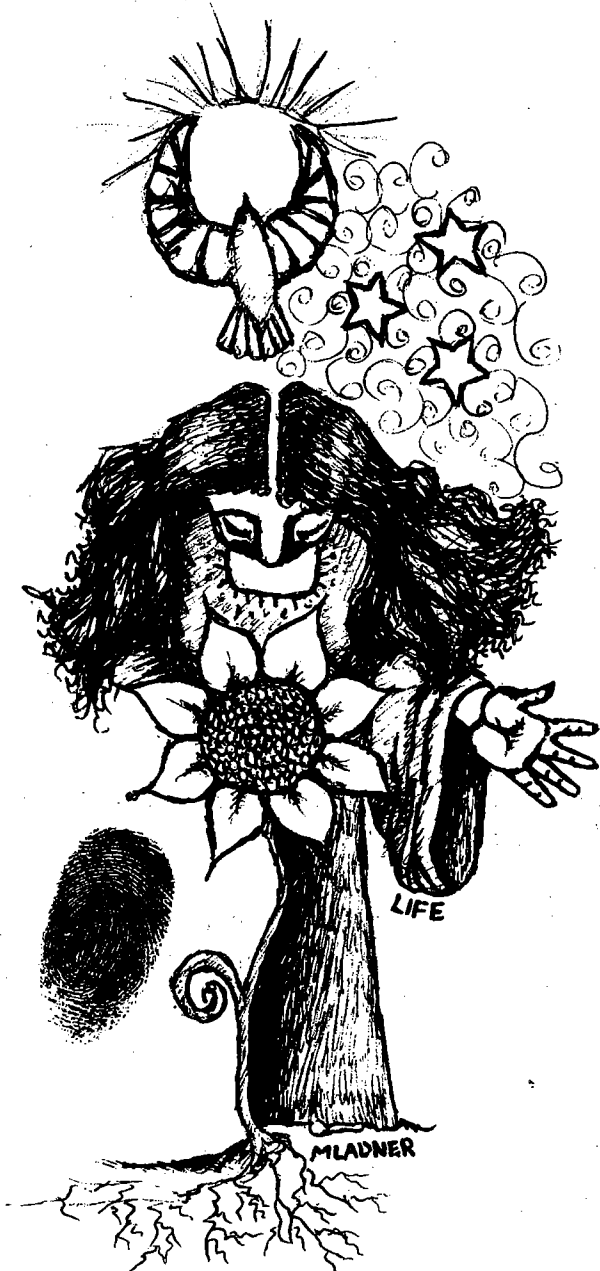
alas, the river has not taken my stones away from me.
but I continue to love her anyway, for I am glad
i do not have to carry them.

Sacred Upon Matrimony

-Justina Prenatt-

I do. I will marry you.
Beyond the char washed sheets of night
At dawn's bare toes
Freckled with mud, seeds, rice
The Seated Goddess and Venus
Will have front row seats
Next to the weeping mother of the bride.

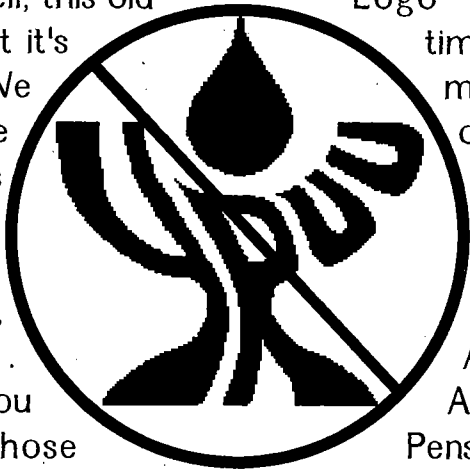
May Day will see us wed
As the children run 'round the pole
Surrounded by the bright colors
And loud music
Of this carousel you've put me on.



LISTEN UP OUT THERE!

WE'RE SEARCHING FOR A NEW LOGO!!

That's Right! It's a Contest! Really! Pretty Cool, Huh? Well, this old Logo is really great, but it's time to start anew! We must re-evaluate our meaning as YRUUs. Yes, it is time we changed our look, symbol. And we want you All to Take Out Those Pens and Pencils, Take out those Crayons and Start Drawing! Use All Your Creative Juices! Find A Symbol Of YRUU That Will Catch People's Eyes, Will Mean Something, And Will Look Great On Buttons and T-Shirts! This Is Your Chance! Get Your Artwork On This Official Hunk of History! Do It Now.



Why? Why Are They Doing This? Why? I Liked the Old Logo! I don't Want It To Change! What the Heck Is Going On??

Well, Why Ask Why? Drink a Glass of Water . . . No Really, the Point Is That Our Tenth Birthday Is Coming Up On January 1, 1993, And It Is Time To Get A Fresh Start On The Next YRUU Decade. So, To Begin The New Year, We Want A New Logo. We'll Put It On Buttons, On T-Shirts, On Letterhead, On Ribbons, On Tattoos, Everywhere and Anywhere, And Yours Could Be The One! Don't Delay! If We Don't Get Entries From You, We'll Have To Design The Logo Ourselves. . . . HehHeh

OFFICIAL, RULE-LIKE STUFF TO KNOW:

Okay, This Is The Deal. If You Send In A Logo And We Use Yours As The One and Only Official YRUU Logo, You'll Get Full Credit In The Next SYNAPSE, AND You'll Get A Free YRUU Button With The New Logo, A Free T-Shirt, And All The Stuff We Put The Logo On Will Go To You! It'll Be Great!

OTHER STUFF TO KNOW:

Entries Must Be Sent with Black Ink On White Paper-No Rough Sketches, please. Logos will be judged on their aesthetic value, how they symbolize the spirit of YRUU, and reproduction ability (whether we can reduce it for our letterhead, put it into colors, etc.).

The Youth Office Will Be The Judges Of The Contest.

The New Official Logo Will Be Announced In the Winter Issue Of Synapse.

Entries Will Not Be Returned To You, Unless Specially Requested.

We're Serious About This, People, And Everywhere Our YRUU Travels Take Us We'll Be Asking Artistic People Such As Yourselves To Submit Ideas To The Contest. Get In On The Action!! Become A YRUU Legend. Others Have Done It - It's Up To You To Take Things Into Your Own Hands! Send Submissions To The Youth Office at The UUA, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108. The Contest Deadline is September 30, 1992.

You Can Master The Art Of Cons

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST ASSOCIATION

HOW TO BE A CON ARTIST



The Official, years-in-the-making Conference Planning Handbook Is Here! That's right, it's here. The Youth Office has been working on this project for quite a few years, and after passing through many hands, it is finally published and ready for you!

It is sold through the UUA Bookstore, and is only \$14.95! True! This book gives new tips for old hats and step-by-step guides for rookie conference planners. It also has special topic focuses such as Leadership Development Conferences and Adult Advisors. It was written by Youth Office members, making the language youth-friendly. No group that plans conferences should be without this handy handbook!

Call the UUA Bookstore, 617-742-2100, to order *How To Be A Con Artist*.

See This Cool, New T-Shirt?

Isn't It Great? The Design Is From Margaret Ladner of Ijamsville, Maryland, and We Think It's Just Nifty! What Do You Think?



Don't You Think You'd Want One Of Your Very Own To Grace Your Dresser Drawer? Well, You Can Have One! They're Brand New, To Celebrate The Ten Year Anniversary Of The Birth Of YRUU. Replace That old, dingy YRUU T-Shirt With This Fresh, New, Cool One!

If You Are Interested In Having One, Just Call Or Write The Youth Office And We'll Tell You How You Can Be A Part Of The YRUU T-Shirt Club! It's Open To Everyone!

Become One of the Privileged Celebrities That Helped Save Synapse!!

"If Elvis Were Alive Today, he would write a song about it." - *A fan from Graceland*

"It's the Best Thing since Guacamole on Rye Crisps!" - *Anonymous*

"Holy Newsletters! I think it's fabulous!" - *Robin, famous sidekick*

"Eat Ben & Jerry's" - *Sean & Julie, famous Youth Staffers*

These are the words people are using to describe the hippest, coolest 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, bad grammar, zany graphics, support for advisors, youth groups and individuals, and the low down on continental events? "Uh, on the corner?" NO! Synapse is it! It's one of a kind!

Although we've all been getting Synapse (all 7000 of us) twice a year, the fact is it should be seen more often! Yes! Many moons ago, Synapse was published three times a year, but money crunches have had us revert to only two issues. However, with your help, we can have a third, extra special issue. However, it costs lots of money, which we don't have. But we are accepting donations for this issue. 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 will be used solely for the purpose of producing an extra issue of Synapse. Checks should be made payable to YRUU, with a note saying it is for I Saved Synapse.

New Synapse Celebrities

The following people and groups have most recently joined the list of muchly appreciated and revered contributors. Thanks bunches and bunches!

FRIENDS: Sarah Arnott, David R. Powell

PATRONS: Susan Blake, Curtis V. Mayfield, Mary Ann Somervill

BENEFACTORS: Cathy Muller

SUPER-DUPER-HAPPY-SYNAPSE CELEBRITIES: North Shore Unitarian Church of Deerfield, IL Teen Conference

It's The I SAVED SYNAPSE Coupon

I, _____ would like to see Synapse continue to be published. I support its future existence as a necessary part of the Cosmos by contributing in the name of I Saved Synapse.

Enclosed are the answers to the evaluation questions below. I mean, hey, as a reader of Synapse, I am partly responsible for its content.

- 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) The parts I think could be best improved are:

UN-COMMON GROUND -- YRUU's TENTH ANNIVERSARY

That's The Next Theme For Synapse, And We Need Your Submissions! We'll Have All Kinds Of Good Stuff Reminding Us Of Where We've Been And Where We're Going, But We Want Your Perspective On YRUU. We Want All Your Memories, Funniest Moments, Life-Changing Experiences, Or Just Warm Fuzzy Thoughts You Get When You Think About YRUU. Send Your Stuff In NOW! The Submissions Deadline Is October 15, 1992.