

Liberal Religious Youth
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--I was going through the files one morning... a dusty cabinet in the corner called to me. I opened the bottom drawer, and my eyes were met by files of old papers. I pulled out a copy from the back of the file, Nameless Newsprint circa 1969. An IRV Publication that preceded Soup. This article was written about IRV twelve years ago. IRV has been growing and changing continually since it's very beginnings... yet it has been said that the more things change, the more things stay the same... For some reason this seemed appropriate...

Sharing Stones With Rings

Have you ever lived off the street?... Walked alone inside the rain?... Huddled in the darkness of doorways that never open and watched the faces move on past you?

Have you ever lived off the streets?... Not my street, yours--I don't remember you; Charles St., Boston; Haight St., San Francisco; York St., Toronto; University Ave., Berkeley... "23rd St." leads to Heaven, but if you walk its sidewalks alone you'll never get there.

And watching those faces pass by... eyes that lift wide for recognition but close again with nothingness, hands that reach from pockets but return empty...

And your pockets filled with stones to share... so many stones... you wander the shores of a city metropolis searching for children to skip them with... dreams wrapped in crystal cloth... losing their magic because you can't find someone to unfold them for.

Have you walked alone down those endless streets looking for people to skip your gifts to, unwrap your dreams to?... Have you watched their faces and reached because there was a gentleness... you heard a voice, a word spoken, you looked up but there was no one there, then you turned, and there was a face that looked familiar... and you screamed inside but it didn't answer because it was your reflection in a store window.

Man, Have you walked down Patchen's "23rd St."... turning the corners of your lifetime, hoping that around one of them would be Heaven... hoping one would hold a thousand children, all with their pockets bulging with stones to share... hoping... but always turning and finding another doorway locked, another place where you thought you heard words but there was no one around to speak them.

If you have, then you know... Lonliness, (lonliness with a capital "L") that finds you in hidden doorways, that peers at you through store windows and then chases you down sidewalks... that waits for you to turn those corners.

Lonliness...

I remember when I used to feel it... a lot of the time... then I got mixed up in some organization called Liberal Religious Youth... that was seven years ago... I still feel it (we all do) but not as much anymore. Sometimes I find myself walking senselessly alone down one of those streets, then I awake... think a little about where things are at... then run to the nearest shore where stones are being shared, voices heard... children's laughter. Sometimes I visualize people joining in circles... faces that are familiar... two of those hands mine, touching the warmth of something in common... these people might call themselves IRV'ers.

Liberal Religious Youth... When I think about what I might have done if I hadn't happened to... you know... make the connections... I think of all the stones I might have buried in my back yard, high above the ocean because I hadn't found anyone to share them with. Well I don't even begin to remember what corner it all started around--I just feel my hands, my body and my mind... and they're warm from the circles I've lived within.

cont. on p.3



People Soup, Vol. VIII, Issue III. A publication of Liberal Religious Youth, Inc., Boston Massachusetts. A non-profit youth organization affiliated with the Unitarian Universalist Association. All rights reserved. July, 1981.

The cast of thousands... Amy Shapiro, Nan Warshaw, Keith Knost, Ryk McIntyre, Jeff Edmonds Lisa Feldstein, Princely, Trace DeHaven, "The Border Tape Brigade" James Bohem on phone, Mike Davis, Hunter Thompson in spirit, Kathryn Price (ed) on typewriter and neurosis, Mary Melchor, Kimba Le Punque...etc...etc...missharmy...etc...

Cover: Photo: Prince. Drawing: Keith Knost. Additional Graphics: Paul Borneo Ursula Shea, Carlene Gardner, and whoever else has scrawled anything... Love and thanks to all who made this possible...love you --ed.

Your contributions for this paper are welcomed, appreciated, and NEEDED. This publication is made possible through your energies, both physical and spiritual. All contributions will be considered for publication. We can't pay for contributions...as the budget is in ill health... (financial condolences and questions about advertising rates eagerly accepted at:) People Soup 25 Beacon St Boston MA 02108

Laura-I don't worry about you as much as our mother does, but that doesn't mean I don't think about you. Love and all that stuff that's hard to talk about. Amy

This is only goodbye--T.D. Dominate me quick!

Leslie R.-It seems we see each other less and less. I love you.-Amy disclaimer: I wrote that song as a joke, honest... but now that sheerest fantasy has become reality(?) I should thank L.H.,B.T.,S.F D.T.,&J.B., for their dubious letter writing campaign(who's idea was that?) and Keith for the artwork. bye fer now...trace

"You are my SUNCO, my only SUNCO..." you people were so wonderful...I almost felt like a (conference) virgin again...I don't really have most of your addresses, I'd love to hear from you...please write! such love, the strange LRYer from Boston with drawings on her jeans

QUASEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! Will where are you (whimper) I miss you, I felt like we just said hello and never even got a chance to say goodbye (and lots of other things) I don't know how to find you...let me know you're alive! PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!??!! Kathryn...

Boulder LRY: Just a blab to the world how proud I am to be your advisor. You're a neat bunch of folks and I love you all--even if I am 40! Thanks for the birthday bash. Libby.

Hey Quincil, I got a present for ya... It's just what you've always wanted. Her name is Kimba. With love and scratches, Nan ryk,MAKE ME COFFEE! TYPE THIS! DRAW ON THE WALL! WRITE A POEM! HELP ME WITH THIS! GIVE ME PAPER TO SCRAWL MY HEART OUT ON! GET ME HUNTER THOMPSON, PAITI SMITH, AND T.S. ELIOT ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW! (hell, we're not even married...or are we!...)

Amy, Kim, George, Moosemat. Evelyn, Topaz, Hamsters, Ron, Max, Paul V., Paul B., Julie, and everyone -- Shine ON! Dream ON! Peace, Lydia

Hey Austinites the house hasn't sold, so if we rent, you'll see us now and then as we play slum landlords. Be sure to get your bobs to all MICONs so we can see your faces. Still love and miss you all. Will wave from Flagstaff Mountain above Boulder. The Pitts.

Mary Bana-pants! I loved your personal! By the time you read this, maybe the cavalry will have rescued us from the Fort. Dave, Q, and I love Colorado and would love to see you at MICON! I quiver with antic...patition! Keep smilin! Babe! Love, Libby. Annika: It was well worth it. Did you go to IRF? Luv, Nan Chris, let's dream some more... Love always (even across the country),Nan Murgily...Life is good. Are you still existant? Drop a line. Love, Mimi

Jaya-krT-krpna caitanya prabhu nityananda / jayadvaita gadadhara srTvaade gaura bhakta vrinda Tom Oehser--I'm not Perfect!!! Guess who.

Hey y'all, I'm thinking of you here in the big wide world! Much love to all my I.R.F. friends (Lynne, Linda, Eric, Aoi, Rogee, et.al.) and my old D.V.F. buddies (Elly, Katy, Moira, and well just everyone!) I'm at Box 2250 Brown U. in Providence R.I. 02912 --Chris Granda

PERSONALS



(an LRWIRE) NOTICE Dear LRYers, If you would like to receive GRUST, Starr King's newsletter, send your address (and maybe even your name) to: GRUST c/o Jack Bragen 3600 Granzotto Drive Concord, CA 94519

NINE!!!!!!omigodmessedup The zip code is 94519 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Message to all those who know me, those who don't but wish they did, and those who just read personals hoping to see one written for them, (hello!). I'm hiding out in a 15' by 7' room surrounded by millions of T.V.'s constantly showing "Dallas", and fear my brain will be damaged if I emerge. So I'm staying put. All those who wish to contact me can do so by writing to me at: The 15' by 7' room 510 Maple Ave. Philippi, WV. 26416

ALSO: Anyone going from or through Pittsburgh on their way to Con Con--PLEASE let me know. It's a long bus ride from W.V. to Missouri.--love, Kat (alias Kim Russo)

To the Phoenix Four: Thanks for your caring and understanding. I'm still mad about missing Chaco Canyon, but that's life. Aren't you glad the bus didn't break down, and KC didn't run through the "Road Closed" barricade? Let's hear it for Raton, NM! Love, Libby, the Fifth Phoenix.

DREW where are you? I would love to hear from either the man himself, or anyone knowing the most recent address of a once LRY acquaintance of mine named Drew Derby, formerly of Rutland, Vermont. It would be greatly appreciated. Write: Jane King 3831 Hampton Drive Anchorage, Alaska 99504

Hey, Je (pronounced "gee...") how ya doin'??? HUH? HUH? I know that God is everywhere, but I think it would work better if we didn't have to stretch it all the way between Boston and Florida...I mean, we might be messing up telecommunications all along the East Coast...Have you found that having a god complex seems to make people treat you somewhat differently? --sus.

Lee, we fixed the shower, you can have your toothbrush back if you want it...but you have to come and get it. I'll be waiting in the bathtub with three cases of beer and an assortment of friends.

"Hey, look, she really misses the guy, Right Bo?" --Yup...

Who am I gonna sing "That'll be the day" with now, huh Bo? "Yup." "Yup." "Yup." "Yup." I said shut up stupid! "Yup." AAAAGH! Bshzzz! Bshzzz! Bshzzz!

I'm cleaning up my image. F.B. doesn't stand for Fuck Bunny, it stands for Fraternity Brother. Still confused? Come see for your self. Colin MacDougal, 8x house 315 16th Ave S.E., MPLS, MN 55414 (612)331-7929.

Alicia, how and where are you? I never would have gotten the last issue out in time without you. Thanks again. love and "m" labels--the voice from under the table

We'll get there, eventually.

Nice tits, Janet! --Lisa & David Laurie- Would you like some Orange Juice? --Other half of the dangerous combination

Marc Pinsinnault- where are you? I will be at 605 Pleasant St. Belmont, MA 02178 from July to late August. Please contact me, it's been a long time. lane

Erin: "I will never forget you, I will never forsake you..." Thanks for your time, energy, and, most of all, love. --Lisa JIM P. DRUG DOGS (new) @!

Julie Sakarason, Hey there, how's life in the sun? Drop me a line sometime and let me know what's up. --Ruthe P.S. I don't care if you're corrupted. I love you any way.

Cathy Reed, I'm sorry to say, but cresschese lives on. I love you. --Prince

Rape, Kill, Pillage and Burn, gonnarapekillpillageandburn EAT BABIES! love, Hank (Punchy)

(lessen in Fun-Chy) Ding us choy choy? Ding us moo goo gyo pan Dong Ding Ming Chow! --Hank Prince

Kaity and Erin: "You're so vain, you probably think this song is about you." Love you both! --Lisa

Tise- Thanks for the news, love. It made my day. I hope Iceland is wonderful. --Your big sister

Q: What do you call a line of rabbits walking backwards? A: A receding hairline.

LEE, I love you. --your wife

Look here, I don't know what the hell is happening here. Our parties are too small. We need your --ove, Devo-o

Erin--Mrs. Walton says "hello" love, Prince

Hey cutie, (yeah, you agsin, Erin) you didn't think I'd type those personals and not say hi to you too, didja? --guess who (winkwink)

Kaity, I loved dancing with you at Star. You've been such an inspiration to me...sorry we couldn't spend more time together when you dropped by...maybe sometime soon. Love to you and the rest of our improv. group (John and Margo!) --kathryn

Suzan Victoria, I love you, let's go back and visit little Billy in the parlour sometime.

S-T-A-R-I S-T-A-R! Oceanic! Oceanic! RA! RA! RA! I WILL Come Back! I WILL Come Back! love, light, and U.F.O.s --Kathryn Almee...sleft, drool, beer-baths, "cheap, warm, and white" etc, etc, je t'aime mon amie...don't forget me when you're back in the real world...

...come out from under the table and draw me some teardrops?....

NOTICE The theme for the memorial day Princeton conference has been changed to "Itches & Scratches" --Big Brother

Nathan, we can't keep meeting like this! But I remembered it: 2141 and 47402. It's my mantra.

CUTE LITTLE GIRLS DESERVE TO DIE

Wanted: One male blond. Not too tall or short fat or thin. Must be good-looking and nice! Call 895-4037 You asked for it bunny! Love always, Cassie

Question of the week: who wanted to be a bottle of Bosco when she grew up? Love to you Lisa up in the wilds of Boston. I really miss you! (when you think about it aren't I sending a personal to myself? strange) Now I am using the mirrors if he's going to think I am anyway then why not!

ERIN - LOOK IN COLORADO! I LOVE YOU!

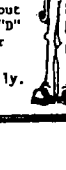
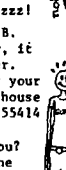
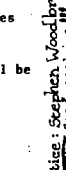
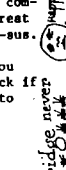
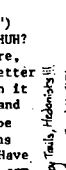
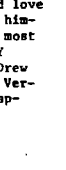
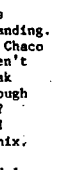
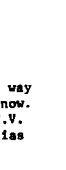
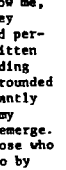
I didn't like a Unitarian I never met

MAKE THE DISTURBANCE!!

HEY IS THAT LEFT? IS IT YOU? -- JIM THE ROAD!

NOTICE: Stephen Woodbridge never had scabies!!!

LISA - WHEN A WOLF SHOWS UP! WHO'LL CRY NEXT YEAR? --MARGUERITE - D MARCH



Sharing... (cont. from p.1)

But the seasons die and new ones are born... the circles turn and hands are always leaving for other circles... spaces for others to come and share. The circles turn to the music of their newer sounds, and the spirits of those who have come and gone dance within them..... Circles turning... seasons changing... people moving on, taking memories with them. Remembering the warmth, and the ways they've grown.

Now I'm looking back at LRY... Where is LRY now?... I feel it's grown through strength and learning... I feel a whole historical background of both joy and pain from which it has grown... I feel a "newer understanding"... I see LRY growing from a child to an adult... slowly... aging as it pulls the things it's learned together, and I watch it bending lower to gather its changes and make its commitments... and it's beautiful, but I'm worried...and when I reach back I remember... I remember who was behind that corner... I remember the faces and the stones that were shared... I'm worried, and my worries are filled with confusion.

I want LRY to lift gently from the ground... taking its commitments with it... stand up and straighten... stretch itself to the sky and take deep, healthy breath of where things are at with all the hands that make the circles.

Now before we are all choked to death by abstracts, let me explain. Liberal Religious Youth now grows closer to the UUA... in becoming one... in a "newer understanding"... and it's beautiful. It is time for LRY to be part of the changes... to be a part of the growth. It is a time for LRY to find a basis in the Church... to understand and be understood. But within LRY and SRL there are many who don't feel close to the Unitarian Church... don't share the commitments. Some of these people are not Unitarians, but rather come from other religions; some have grown up in Unitarian Sunday schools, then drifted away; and some are struggling in understanding what a religion can be... it is for us.

"Liberal Religious Youth"...all these people have one thing in common... we need each other... we need to feel the warmth of other hands... no, not just the warmth, but more so the feeling that there are things to share, a place to go together... a place to grow together.

"A friend and I have grown very close through the years, emptying many pockets of stones to each other, sharing stones with rings, and special dreams wrapped in crystal cloth... now we are older... our feet a little firmer to the ground



we find the circles that seem to make our lives are different and it is getting harder to share them.

But our love is strong and the need to share is great To have each other we must find new circles...open our lives and search for things in common. ...places to grow together."

Liberal Religious Youth has got to keep its oneness... its fellowship... the larger the circle that speaks of "we would be one." The larger circle from the smaller ones grows. A place with commitments, but more so a place away from our commitments (I said "our" commitments because we all have them... they're just different at times.)

LRY has been a place of diversity... reaching to the streets and pulling some people away from "Lonliness" back to where words are spoken, and where when you turn you'll find someone that wants to share them. LRYers have come from so many different streets... so many hidden doorways ...and look at them... reach back and look at the roads they've travelled... so many different roads... and where those roads have taken them.

LRY has been an ocean, and for years we've stood on its shores and shared our stones ... skipping them through each other's lives. And the stones we've shared have been of different shapes... some have felt good to hold in our hands, others haven't, but we've been able to share them all.

And I'd hate to wake up some day and find that some of the people that were a part of LRY, or could have been a part, were washed away because they didn't have the right things to share, or the right commitments... or the same roads to travel.

I want to see that larger circle wheeling... spinning through its music.

And the shores of LRY always lined with children--wandering, gathering, and filling their pockets with stones to share.

menlo macfarlane dec 4th '69 (?) reprinted from Nameless Newsprint Vol. 1, No. 4

DISSERTATION of a fool

By Michelle Walter



Throughout the ages history has recorded the presence of fools. Fools can be a number of things. Usually fools are people from all walks of life. There are good fools, bad fools, foolish fools, nobody's fool and fooling around. Some fools are easy to see, others contain their foolishness in more subtle ways.

A solid definition is always a plus when finding out fools. The Random House Dictionary provides an answer, "a silly or stupid person; who lacks sense." On the other hand, the dictionary reveals that a fool is "a dish made of fruit, scalded or stewed, crushed, and mixed with cream." A problem has arisen, what is a fool? Sounds delectable to one with a hearty appetite. Since the dictionary is not an accurate source, one must turn to the moral majority. The moral majority rules the thoughts and actions of most minds in our world. To help our predicament in defining fools, a look at who was classified as a fool in earlier times would be a great help.

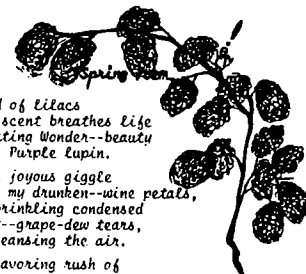
A fool is usually someone who is different from most of the masses. Vincent Van Gogh was different. Through his paintings we interpret that he saw life in a blurred way. He also fits the block of a fool in love (those irrational, senseless people who thrive on happiness) he was so foolish he cut off his ear for love. One must wonder whether his talents

or actions were more foolish. It is a fact his foolishness was not fondly taken. Some fools discovered other fools were wrong. Galileo negated Aristotle's laws of nature. The medieval magistrates cried "fool!" while Galileo snickered "fools..." Now the magistrates must feel foolish. Adolf Hitler was a fool who undertook a campaign to make sure no one knew it. Actually, he lacked sense and was a firm fitter of the Random House definition. Joan of Arc was a fool because she stood up for what she believed in. Who were the fools while she fried?

Sometimes it was fashionable to be foolish. In medieval times a Feast of Fools took place once a year. It was a time when everyone was a fool for a day. It was the only time the real fools could rest easy. Soon the feast became to fool-hardy and had to be stopped. King Lear, a character in a play written by Shakespeare, was a reformed fool. He dunderheadedly saw love as something to be touched. He finally realized what love really was and died

foolishly happy. K.A. Porter wrote a novel depicting that the earth houses a ship of fools. Her philosophy is that each person is searching for happiness but there is no release and they are always threatened with destruction. Who is to say whether her ideas are foolish? Some fools state searching, learning, and interpreting are the keys to eternal bliss. No matter how the fact is revealed, fools are everywhere to be found.

James Douglas Morrison, a renowned fool of the late sixties, also announced that the earth is a "ship of fools". He did not, however, have the same views as Ms. Porter. He saw the world as a planet heading for destruction. Mr. Morrison died in his bathtub. (so they say--ed) With the dawn of technology and the decline of humanity, it seems the only fools are the ones who destroy the beauty surrounding them. Alas, the same question has yet to be answered...What is a fool?



Child of Lilacs
Soft scent breathes life
Radiating Wonder--beauty
Purple Lupin.

And a joyous giggle
Of my drunken--wine petals,
Sprinkling condensed
Sweet--grape-dew tears,
Cleansing the air.

My flavoring rush of
tendrils--spreading arbors,
Collecting the day Meditations
The Clusters of Lilacs
Hover on the brink of foolishness.

--Lisa Mule'

4 PROFILE



Is there really such a thing as "the typical LRYer"?...Many years ago it was said that the only "typical" LRYers that existed were Joe Taco and his friend Suzy Creamcheese. Well, I can't say that Trace is typical...but I will say that every time he has performed this song at an LRY coffeehouse he has struck a familiar chord (or at least elicited a smile) from everyone in the room. At first I wasn't too sure how this would be received by the people who don't know Trace; but due to the flood of "we want Trace" letters, and, well, why not!? We proudly present to you this month's "coverperson"—(da ta da daaaa!) (wait for it...) Trace DeHaven!!!!!!!!!!!!

ON THE COVER of People Soup

(sung to the music of "On the Cover of The Rolling Stone" by Shel Silverstein)

Rewritten by Trace DeHaven

Well I've been to Every conference for the last five years
And I know everybody's name!

I played a lotta "wink"
an' I played in The Retardos
So I'm legendary by now

I've taken all kinds of pills
To give me all kinds of thrills
but the thrill I've never known
is the thrill that'll get me
when I get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

People Soup--
wanna see my picture on the cover
Sooup--
wanna steal five copies for my mother
Sooup--
wanna see my smilin' face
On the cover of People Soup

I've got fourteen ex ole one night stands
right here in this room
I got my latest sleazy bunny
keepin my sleepin-bag warm

Well I been real lucky
cuz I never use protection
but my reputations well known
you know I always look bitchy
But I can't get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

You know I never go to workshops
An' I often get lost
in the stream of consciousness
Yes I love to foof the nubiles
and stay up till four o'clock
Those Ameobas always get me high

Well I've seen Rocky Horror
forty-two times
And I've dressed up like a punk

I've been the late night feature
but I couldn't get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)



An L.R.Y. conference as a religious and humanistic experience by Patty James

some excerpts...

"...Religion is the greatest motive/power on earth, far exceeding any other force in releasing the infinite energy in man, that is like a coiled spring, waiting to be freed."

The conference began with a nervous atmosphere, one that was annoying and depressing. The LRYers seemed to be groping about, trying to find that warm unity with one another; but the air was tense and insecure.

As more people arrived, they would be stampeded with hugs and kisses, "girls hugging girls, girls hugging boys, boys hugging boys, boys kissing boys." Everyone was happy to see each other, but they just couldn't relax.

By ten P.M., most everyone had arrived. We were told to all gather in the sanctuary for "awareness". The leader instructed our group (of about fifty people) to sit on the floor allowing enough space between one another to place our hands comfortably on the floor at our sides. We closed our eyes, and at the word of our leader, began to clap our hands on the floor. At first, not much was put into it, though the clapping soon became stronger and harder. It sounded like a hard rain, echoing into louder thunder. Yelling was added, screaming, clapping, louder--louder, piling and piling, layer upon layer of aggressive noise, and then..."STOP!"

Our leader said to stop, calm down, and start moving to the center of the room. When we were all sitting tightly, shoulder to shoulder and feeling the warmth of each others presence, with our eyes closed, we (this time with our hands in the air) re-enacted the entire clapping and yelling game. Then we were sitting with our eyes closed, listening to the silence. Everything was calm and quiet.

The leader must have felt the mounting energy in the room, for he knew exactly when to break the silence. We began breathing exercises (with our eyes still closed).

We would inhale deeply, and exhale in loud "ahhs", again and again, until it began to blend. We could hear the same stream tying us all together. The exhale was changed to "oh", and then we mixed the two. At first the "oh's" and "ah's" were choppy and separat-

ated. It didn't take long, though, for this warm vibrating sound to take on all of the harmony of a gregorian chant. It was one long flow of voices, echoing and growing, and it even seemed to take on a tune; voices moving easily to highs and lows, all one together.

We were then told that we were free to leave. Nobody moved. Most of us didn't open our eyes. The leader repeated the offer. Slowly we rose, helping each other up, and automatically became a mass in the center of the room. None of us wanted to leave that atmosphere; because we were bonded together in harmony, spirit, and trust. We were a family.

The world has changed
because of the moment of
Unison.
Unison with the family
of love
My mind is at ease
My body is changed from
tired to peaceful weary 3

Many people sat together and sang with guitars for a few hours...and then we went to bed.

It is such a happy, secure feeling to wake to see the morning sun shining on so large a family, all asleep together peacefully.

The harmony from the night before still glowed strongly..(later on in the day) we were having a blind lunch. This was where the people all paired off, and one of each couple was blindfolded. The blind persons companion fed the person fresh fruit, homemade bread and unprocessed cheese. After the first person had their fill, the roles were switched. One has never fully used one's sense of taste until he or she has tried this. It brings an awareness that convinces one that nothing will ever taste the same again.

There were also people having blind walks. This is much like the lunch, only it takes an extreme amount of trust. As the blind person is lead on the arm of their partner, they must in fact become that person, and let every action be controlled by them. There is such a strong and curious sensation about kneeling to brush a cheek in the grass, fingers groping along the ground to find a rock in the crackling spiny dead leaves, and picking it up to smell it. Imagine.

Later in the afternoon were workshops and a water fight...participated in by about twenty-five people. It consisted of squirt guns, water balloons and big buckets. We were very wet.

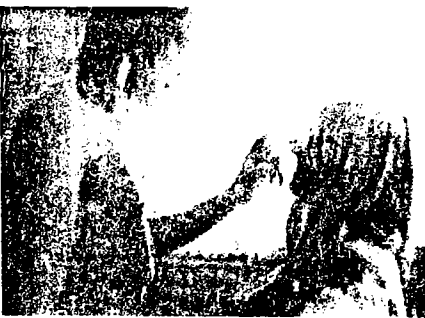
After dinner, people mainly did as they liked. There was singing, helping one another with homework, and just talking. Here and there would be groups of five or six people walking arm in arm, grabbing anyone they saw, to extend the line. There were also kissing circles, and sudden foofing* epidemics. Foofing is when one person pulls up another's shirt, puts his mouth on the stomach, and blows, making a very loud noise. People do it to babies all the time...it tickles. Once one person does it, someone usually decides to become the "mad foofer", and goes about doing it to everyone, and of course, those people have to do it back, and we have an epidemic.

At ten P.M. we were again called together for a family meeting...and settled in a large circle on the floor. While our four officers read, by candle light, a story they had written about LRY, we listened and passed kisses and hand-squeezes around the room.

The conference gave a new breath to my neglected purpose. I must help my friends to learn to live, live to love, love to learn. Share. Grow. Teach. Learn.

footnotes:

- 1--Henry Forman, Roland Gammon
Truth is One
- 2--Quote from a reading at family meeting
saturday night
- 3--Gayle Greenslade, after awareness gathering
* and sometimes spelled foof, fuff, fuuf...



"People are happy when you think about it...
When you don't, they're not."

