

Kids, Don't Try This at Home

TRAGEDY NARROWLY AVERTED IN MORNING SERVICE

Spiritual practice of all sorts has been a topic of the morning worship this week. Campers have been issued commands, er, assignments to practice their spirituality.

During the "play as a spiritual practice" portion of the morning service, campers were invited to play with balls, bouncing them back and forth and around in Rosse Hall. The service leaders, Reverends Meissa and Even Carfull-Zoomer started the crowd out with small balls at first, working up to ever larger ones. Finally a giant invisible beach ball was produced, which the audience got to bat around.

Unfortunately, this large ball was a bit too big to be controlled, and Allie, the imaginary friend of Iara Cutie, was nearly crushed when the invisible beach ball neatly beamed her sitting next to Ms. Cutie.

"I didn't know what to do," said Iara, "After the ball hit her, I couldn't see Allie any more. I called and called her, but she didn't answer." After several minutes, the stunned and dazed companion was located after she was knocked several rows back by the ball's impact.

"I think this was a reckless stunt," said Mr Cutie, Ima's father, after things had calmed down once again. "Clearly we need to pay more attention to the special needs of the differently visible. Imaginary friends, whether they are little girls or giant white rabbits, have feelings too and need to feel they are in a safe environment or they will become totally invisible and we'll lose them forever."

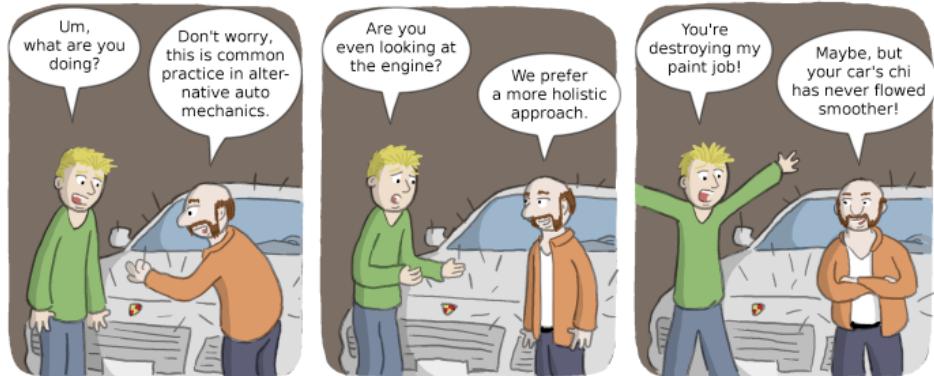
The Reverends had no comment, claiming the

shock was too much at the moment.

Mr. Cutie mentioned something about obtaining legal council, but was having difficulty in actually seeing his lawyer.



Iara Cutie and her imaginary friend Allie, after their traumatic morning



"I won't eat anything that has intelligent life, but I'd gladly eat a network executive or a politician." -- Mary Feldman.

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Our Motto:

Thoughtful people hear about the Tao and try hard to follow it. Ordinary people hear about the Tao, and wander onto it and off it. Foolish people hear about the Tao and make jokes about it. It wouldn't be the Tao if there weren't jokes about it.



July 19, 2013

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"Have you tried the SI Cocktail? Put one shot of every liquid served in the lunch line in a glass together..."

Streak Unbroken, Soul Trader Vows Vengeance "Next Year"

YEAH, RIGHT...

BENEFIT DOES WELL FOR SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The Scholarship fund was the beneficiary of the fierce odds-making on the arm-wrestling tourney last night in the Pub. Unfortunately, Mr Trader failed to overcome "Slippery Al" Slipperin in their bazillionth rematch. Not even 214-to-1 odds in his favor could save the day. Better luck next year, Mr. Trader!

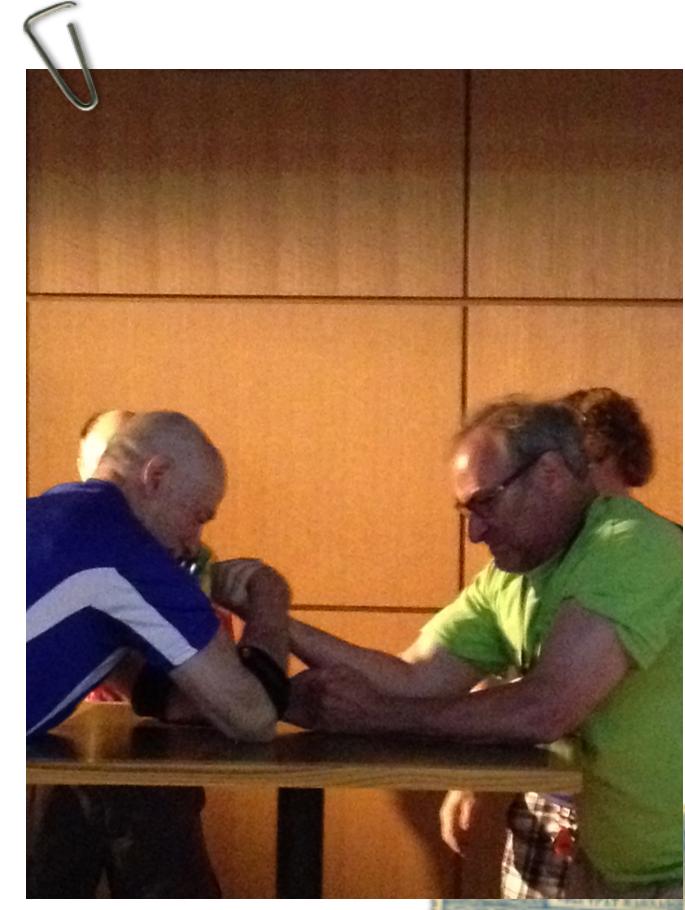
TIRED OF PEEK?

Our diligent reporters have recently been contacted by Uncle Elmer Hans-Gecko, the 114-year-old elder brother of the infamous Uncle Karl. Elmer has "always felt Karl got too much of the credit" for the invention of the notorious game of Peek. Uncle Elmer has developed several interesting alternatives to replace Peek at next year's Summer Institute:

Meat -- Left over lunchmeat from the Cafebeeria is available in random bags placed under your chair.

Feet -- SI campers put one of their shoes in the bag under your chair.

Peat -- compost materials are used in the regular game bags instead.



Battling Brachial Brawlers Bruise, not Broken.

Are You Winning the Slumber Games?



MID-LIFE BRIDGING CEREMONY PROPOSED

Inspired by the Young Adult bridging ceremony, the middle-agers among us are clamoring for a ceremony of their own. This ceremony would mark their entry into the well-known group of UUs over age 50, the UUAARRPP. Middle Agers are also demanding an all-night program on Friday night, saying that if the SI Youth can have an all-nighter, the elders deserve one as well. The middle-agers are requesting their all-nighter be scheduled in the pub.

JOURNALISM IS NOT A WORKSHOP

Mockingbird reporters have learned that a proposed SI workshop, Gonzo Journalism, was rejected by the SI Planning Committee. According to the workshop proposal, the class would prepare a daily alternative newsletter, learn the ins and outs of mocking, er rather, poking fun at established media outlets and provide SI attendees with a quality publication. Gonzo Journalism presenter, Ed Itour, said he was "fried" by the Committee's rejection, and "took small comfort" in learning the similarly named Boring Journalism workshop had also been rejected. The SIMPLE folks decline to comment.

HUMOR SECTION

Why don't Buddhists vacuum in the corners?
A: Because they have no attachments.

Zen make words: How many words can you form using the following letters?

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

THOUGHT OF THE MOMENT:

Why do people who know the least know it the loudest?



A Reminder to SI Campers for Saturday

REENTERING THE REAL WORLD IS CHALLENGING

We at the Mockingbird recognize it can be jarring to return to your normal lives after a week at SI. Here are some helpful tips to make your reentry smoother:

1.If you stop for lunch on the way home, do not show them your colored wristband; they will not just give you food.

2.You'll have to pay extra for ice cream, too.

3.You might want to remove your nametag before you leave.

4.That bike helmet, too.

5.Don't go looking for the Comfort food line (or Fusion) at McDonalds.

6.For that matter, many restaurants will look at you funny if you ask for ice cream for breakfast.

7.Drinking five or six beers at 3:15 in the afternoon probably won't go over too well with your boss.

8.Don't expect there to be a bag of prizes under your chair whenever you sit down.

9.If you go to morning worship back at your home church, come Monday

morning you're likely to be alone. Vespers, too.

10.People will be wondering why you have that silly grin on your face. Tell 'em you got it at Church Camp.

READING 530: OUT TO THE BARS

Out to the bars we take flight,
Out of the dust of our day,
Here have we come,
Young and old, mingling through time
and through space.
Out to the bar have we come
It's about time.
Out to the bar we have come.
We run out of time
In our busy days
Each spinning in his own orbit,
Stopping for a breath.
Mirth warmed by fun, lit by
moonlight,
This is our home

Out to the bar we have come.
Ponder this thing in your heart
Ponder with awe,
Out of the workshops and meetings,
Past the meals and announcements,
Life up from chaos.
Singer finds banjo,
Fiddle finds flute,
Stranger finds friend,
And Beer all around.
This is the marvel of the pub,
Out of your workshop,
Out of your mind,
Relax, have a beer, and smile.

