

WHAT WILL KENT DO THIS YEAR TO WIN THE ATTENDANCE AWARD?



Wily group stops at nothing

Those familiar with the antics of the First Universalist Church of Kent know that they are capable of extreme measures in the quest to maintain their title as the church bringing the most members to Summer Institute.

Past offenses have included counting unborn children, and possibly even counting the yet unconceived. The tragic cloning experiments of two years ago, with their oddly entertaining results, have been called off on the request of the Summer Institute Main Planning-like Entity and the Office of the Registrariat.

This year will likely be no different. Already reports have reached our desk of the most recent church directory having been padded with "ringers."

Your editor was not only surprised to note his own household listed among the Kent regulars, adding two adults and two children to the roster, but the family was listed a second time under the name of the Mockingbird's publisher, Ms. Good, in all adding *eight persons* to the tally. Not to mention that none of our family has belonged to the Kent church since 2003....

THE MOCKINGBIRD SONG, "HUSH LITTLE NEW AGE BABY"

Hush little baby don't you squall
 Momma's gonna buy you a crystal ball.
 And if you still can't see beyond
 Momma's gonna buy you a magic wand.

And if that wand don't change your fate
 Momma's gonna teach you to levitate.
 And if the astral makes you sick,
 Momma's gonna buy you an incense stick.

And if that patchouli just smells rank,
 Momma's gonna buy you a sensory deprivation tank.

And if that tank don't float your bones,
 Momma's gonna buy you some precious stones.

And if those gems don't ease your heart,
 Momma's gonna buy you a natal chart.
 And if your planets go berserk,
 Momma's gonna buy you some bodywork.

And if your aura still needs kneading,
 Momma's gonna buy you a past life reading.

And if your destiny stays hid,
 Momma's gonna buy you a pyramid.

Hush little baby don't you mope,
 Momma's gonna find the *Collide-o-scope*.
 And if you listen to every word,
 Momma's gonna read you the *Mockingbird*

And if your chakras still feel stressed,
 Momma's gonna take you on a vision quest.

And if them 'shrooms don't come to charm ya,
 Sorry, kid, it's just your karma.

-- Traditional

Events Calendar

- Monday**
Knox County Soap Box Derby, West Wiggin St hill.
- Tuesday**
UUAARP bridging ceremony
- Wednesday**
Tug of War, Kent vs. the Rest of UUs
- Thursday**
Spirit of Life performance by the Kent Arm Pit Orchestra, Brandy Hall
- Friday**
Full Moon, if you needed an excuse
- Saturday**
Hug-a-pillar world record duration attempt.

Contributors

PHIL N. GOOD, PUBLISHER



How many feminists does it take to screw in a light bulb?
 "That's not funny!"

FRIED CAL, EDITOR



Cal enjoys a short beer and long walks on the beach, which is a challenge along the Lake Erie shoreline. He can usually be found by waving hops in the air.

G.I.M. NARLEY, MUSIC EDITOR



G. I. M. is the inventor of the (in)famous Moebius Flip method of packing light for Summer Institute, and is a nice guy, except for that banjo stuff.

The Mockingbird

Liberal Invasion Sends Town Packing

Gambier gripped by an icy fear...Thousands don traditional village garb and abandon town in anticipation of UU Invasion.



GAMBIER, OHIO Nearly six weeks ago this idyllic town was placed on alert and warned that a UU horde would be invading. In response, thousands left in a mass exodus. By taking all of their worldly possessions with them, the exodites may have inadvertently hung a "Welcome Unitarian Universalists" sign over the town.

Indeed, starting today, UUs are taking up residence in the very quarters abandoned by those Gambierites six short weeks ago.

Today in Gambier the trees quake, the Kokosing shudders, dogs are hiding and a lone babe cries. Yes, today, even the US Post Office, who will deliver in rain,

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Your Inner Waitress

Questions for the inner waitress:

"Could I have a look at your children's menu? It's only my inner child that's hungry."

A minister (perhaps not a UU?) was at a banquet when a careless waiter dropped a steaming bowl of soup into his lap. The



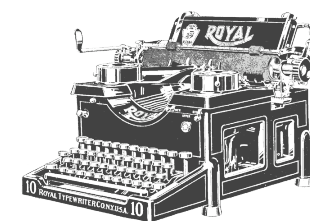
minister looked around the room with agony in his face and finally whispered, "Would some layman kindly say something appropriate?"

"Waitress, I can't seem to find any oysters in this oyster soup."

"Would you expect to find angels in angel cake?"

WELCOME TO SUMMER INSTITUTE 2008 -- BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!

If this is your first Summer Institute, we'd like to welcome you to simply the best all-round experience of the year. As you have just gotten here, you are still wondering where things are, what all these people are about, what is the meaning of life, the universe, and everything. The answer to the last one is, of course, 42. The other answers you



need will become clear as the week goes on. You can count on the Summer Institute official newspaper, the Mockingbird, to keep you updated on all the events of the week. You might observe a less-reputable paper called the Kaleidoscope, but this is merely a misguided comedy rag, and is not to be trusted. We will never steer you wrong.

STRANGE SYNDROMES SEEN SUCCEEDING SI 2007

CLEVELAND, OHIO: The Cleveland Clinic has reported a significant increase in the number of people entering the Emergency Room with a mysterious gastrointestinal ailment last July. The symptoms were alarmingly similar amongst the some 30 odd cases. A spokesperson for the hospital stated that, "There are tremors and twitching of the stomach with violent gurgling in the abdominal cavity. In addition, there is this the constant sniffing and licking of the lips. All patients were seen exhibiting this condition. Their head is raised in the air and they are repeatedly sniffing and snorting. Plus there is this manic lip smacking." Apparently, these are clear signs of a "BACON WITHDRAWAL SYNDROME." It is a harmless disorder that is rarely seen which is why there is such a concern with the large number of cases having been reported, not only in the Cleveland area, but also in the Kent, Akron, Toledo and Columbus hospitals. There was also a large outbreak reported in the southern suburbs surrounding Pittsburgh.

SICAEM Syndrome was also reported, sometimes in family members of BWS sufferers.



Symptoms are outstretched arms, wavering and unusable, and a vacant, hopeless stare. Tongues sometimes loll uncontrollably. This Syndrome has affected persons of all ages in the Ohio/West

Pennsylvania/West Virginia area. Also called "Soft Ice Cream At Every Meal," this Syndrome appears to strike at the end (or sometimes the beginning) of breakfast, lunch, or dinner times. Public health officials are concerned about a repeat of this mysterious outbreak this July.

It is not known if these syndromes are contagious, but most sufferers had spent a week dining in a communal facility known as the Ernst Nosh Pit. SI Campers should be wary of such low places, and be alert to early onset of these symptoms!

THINGS YOU NEVER SEEM TO HEAR IN CHURCH

- "Hey! It's my turn to sit in the front pew."
- "I was so enthralled, I never noticed your sermon went 25 minutes over time."
- "Personally, I find committee meetings much more enjoyable than golf."
- "I volunteer to be the permanent teacher for the Junior High RE class."
- "I love it when we sing hymns I've never heard before!"
- "Since we're all here, let's start the service early."

- "Pastor, we'd like to send you to this small-group ministry seminar in the Bahamas."
- "Nothing inspires me and strengthens my commitment like our annual stewardship campaign!"



PROCRASTINATORS (NOT) AT IT AGAIN...

Unitarian-Universalist Procrastinators Affinity Group meeting for this SI session has been postponed due to unavoidable scheduling issues. Planning for next year's session will begin "as soon as we get around to it." Items still on the agenda include planning for the American Bicentennial Celebration and the draft resolution for bringing troops home from the conflict in Viet Nam.



VEXED VILLAGERS VACATE, HUMORING HORDE OF HUNGRY HUMANISTS



Gambier Village Elders, robed in the traditional medieval vestments of their office, supervise the evacuation. [Ed note: Or is this the Hogwarts faculty leading the villagers to flee their town?]

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sleet, and snow, refuses to deliver and has locked up its doors tighter than, well, tighter than something really, really tight. The fear is palpable. Only the bravely courageous book merchant has opted to keep his doors open, refusing to be intimidated by the UU mob.

What is it about a small group of UUs that could cause an entire town to run, petrified, from their homes? Perhaps it is the bicycle gangs of UU children, which swarm Main Street and the middle path, armed with Popsicles, suckers, and other highly colored foods that will stain clothing. It could be the assembly's elders,

with their blue hair, crazy tissue paper hats and maniacal laughs, who seem to be contra everything, even dancing. Maybe it is the youth and young adults who stalk the commons, wielding boomerang-like weapons, which they call flying disks. They taunt locals with, "hey, you want to play some ultimate?" they claim it's a toy, a game. But we know what the "ultimate" is and it's a price we care not to pay.

Alas, the UUs are a nomadic people and, like the swallows of San Capistrano, their migration is predictable. They will stay in Gambier only long enough to set up a recycling program and drink a few lattes. Then, they will be off to wreak havoc in another small, patriotic town. Then Gambier can return to normal, at least until next year. --"B. F. Lyre"

[Ed note: the preceding article has been reprinted here in its entirety as originally published in the Kaleidoscope of Sunday, July 15, 2001. See, they used to have a sense of humor!]

