

**SAYF Worship Journal**  
**W. Knoxville Meetinghouse/Planning Committee: Berea Young Friends**  
**April 15-17, 2011**

*The worship journal is the written reflection that closes the retreat with love and relative worshipfulness.*

*At closing circles SAYFers should look inward and reflect on their experiences, thoughts, and questions from the weekend.*

*The worship journal is the time we come together to express the feelings that you take from being part of a loving spiritual community.*

*There is no wrong way to write a worship journal, however it's shared with the wider community therefore you should not say anything private or offensive to others in it.*

*What did this retreat mean to you?*

I'm really having trouble formulating a sentence or even thinking of the words I can use to describe and convey how I feel. I'm happy, sad and very calm and centered for the first time in a long long time. I'm happy because this was a very good retreat. I saw people I missed and connected with myself and those around me in a much more spiritual and loving way that I haven't felt in a long time. Sad for the obvious reason that it's the last SAYF retreat of the year and many people I love and am really close with are graduating.

I would love to shout out to all the seniors but if I had a brain fart and forgot someone I would feel terrible so I won't.

And so, I love you all, so much. And I think about you guys on pretty much a daily basis. I'm really happy I finally got to share this with Evan.

~ Zan AKA Nighthawk

P.S. Sorry my handwriting sucks. But I blame it on Samantha.

Dear SAYFers, newbies, Twobies, Threebies, FAPs, and especially Knoxville Meeting... Retreat #5 is almost over. Every time I come to SAYF, I feel the love, community and spirituality rise. The next retreat is going to be hard without our seniors but I suppose it's necessary.

Aside from seriousness, Me, Zan, and a few others had the funniest conversation ever with sleeping Becca. I would try to describe it, but I don't think this journal has enough paper.

Basically, she beat Zan in a free style rap. Her rap was:

"Your name is Zan

You look like a can

You smell like sand".

Her philosophy on life was "Live it up, lighten' it up, drink it up".

Shoutouts:

Rebecca: I'm stealing your nose if you fall asleep at SAYMA.

Zan: I'm glad we finally got to talk. Even if I was role playing a creepy gorilla-man.

Joseph: I'm sorry D:

Noah: Quit hatin' on my video games especially if you like them!

Hannah: As soon as I get a good laptop, I'm getting Noah addicted to Minecraft.

Patrick (nurturer): I LOVE your pipe cleaner masterpieces!

My ginger friends: I'm proud to be one of you!

~ Guthrie

Wow. So this is it. I find I'm not sure what to say. This Meetinghouse has so many memories. Staying up till 5 am in this kitchen talking about....I don't even remember, nature walking, heart to hearts, songwriting, winking, sleeping in a room far too small for the amount of people we have. I find that most of my SAYF memories are here. I was hoping to make this a silly epistle and save the sad stuff for SAYMA.

This retreat we talked about our love for crafting. Willamae and I sew and knit, Delaney basket-weaves and whittles, and Samantha scrapbooked once. Ian doesn't do any crafts because he is too manly. I also planned out my future. I will own a successful frozen yogurt shop called yog'! (pronounced yogay) in Bethlehem, PA. Everyone will love my frozen yogurt and come every first Friday to see my new theme and try my new flavor. Eventually Ian and Joseph will start a Hibachi restaurant next door. It'll be like a combination pizza hut and taco bell, but better.

Lekey and Ian also wrote a new song. It's called "Boy, Lemme Swag on you". It's not as good as "Ian and his Ladies" but it's bound to be a hit.

If you don't know what something is, poke it.

Love always,  
Emily

PS Yeah uh-huh, you know it is.....

SHOUTOUTS!

Willamae: I like you.

Delaney: Where were you? You missed out on a great retreat.

Joseph & Ian: SO excited to own a restaurant! Can I get free massages? Also, you're both pretty.

Lincoln: You're so good at messing up baskets.

Lekey: Sorry we didn't write more songs. I love you so much.

Samantha: I love you. I'll miss you. I've enjoyed watching you grow... You're an amazing person.

PPS Michael Grathwohl is a dumb ginger. He will not get yogurt at yog'!

Somehow I still can't wrap my mind around the fact that this is my last retreat before the yearly meeting at Warren Wilson. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that I don't ever want to part with any of you lovely people, actually I'm pretty sure that's exactly why I don't want to leave this community. Unfortunately time must go on and I'm going to have to leave whether I want to or not. I'm going to miss everyone so much, and I know that each and everyone of you will always have a special place in my heart.

Story telling with Jim Pfitzer was awesome and quite funny. I especially enjoyed the story about Mr. Wiggle and Mr. Waggle, who were BEST FRIENDS! I also enjoyed making collages, during which I learned Sarah Palin's body & Lady Gaga's head equals Emily, running her future yogurt stand. ☺

Well, to be quite honest, my brain is only half functioning right now, so I've run out of stuff to talk about. However, I feel a couple of shoutouts are in order.

- Samantha: Words can not describe how much I've missed you this year, and I'm sad you can't make it to SAYMA. I just want you to know that you're beautiful and I love you sooo much. Don't ever forget it!
- Chapel Hill/Asheville: ☹

See you in June.

Love and hugs,  
Autumn

Oh goodness. This is probably the most tired I've been while writing epistles.

This was a pretty good weekend overall. I'm glad that I saw everybody, met new faces and ate yummy Quaker oatmeal squares. Haha! Rebecca told a story that included finding oatmeal.

Storytelling was the highlight of my weekend albeit sleeping during the rain in the quiet early coed room was peaceful.

This was the third SAYF I've been to this year, and I felt that the other two were missing one important factor... and she came this weekend. Yep, you guessed it. Samantha, or Santha baby (as I recall) from a past Atlanta retreat). Gosh, I missed you. One of the first memories I can remember was hugging you and taking a picture with you and Emily down in Nashville's basement. As I was still getting familiar with the SAYF community a couple of retreats after my first, you were one of the SAYFers where I was like, "Yeah. She was at my first retreat. I know her!". As were a few others like my BEST FRIEND Emily! Seriously, during Mr. Wiggle and Mr. Waggle, I always thought of Emily whenever "They were best friends" came up.

Up down! Up down! Up down! Up down! Up down! They opened the door...POP!...went inside...POP... and closed the door...POP!

Yeah, Jim was a cool guy, and really did sound like Jeff Foxworthy. I really want sweet Tea now.

Haven't done these in a while: SHOUT OUTS!

Lekey: Prom date!

Madelyn: Quieres acompañarme a la casa. ¿Que hora es?

Bethany and Dominique: National Champions! WHOO!

Collage Quilt: You look fabulous!

Turkey and Chile: OM NOM NOM! Sincerely, Hungry

Man it's been a long time since I've gone over 1 page. I used to be married to long epistles, but now I'm married to Autumn and I am in a civil union with Hannah.

One last shoutout: OUT! Hehe!

To every SAYFer: You guys keep me sane. It's not good when I go back to school and people are all..... eh. Not meh, but eh. Meh is Jordan Miron...who's NOT HERE! \* sad face \*

FAPs: Thank you for continuing to be loving and awesome.

Well it seems I've come to an impasse until SAYMA.

I'll see you at Warren Wilson.

Signed,

That One Guy (his name is Braden. He's \_\_\_\_\_ alright!)

PS If it makes you feel better, Samantha, I was only there for ONE of your stories, which I don't remember what it was about, but I'm not going to judge you. ♥

PPS I miss haiku battles... especially between Lekey and Ian.

PPPS I was pointing my toes while on the balance beam earlier.

PPPPS Okay, I'm not Phorest, so it ends...NOW. ☺

I just fell asleep for a second and had a dream that we saved cake from the last retreat to eat for breakfast today. And then I woke up, hit my head on a table and remembered that I should write since this is my last regular retreat.

Of sayf, you are so much a part of who I am. I don't even know what to say. Thanks for helping me become the well adjusted person I am today? LOL don't worry that was totally a joke. But on all seriousness I probably would be way worse off without SAYF. So thank you all and thank you Therese/Will Harmon for making it happen.

I love you all,

Delaney

PS Willamae, Emily, Ian, Lincoln and Joseph: You all are pretty.

*This has been my first retreat and I must say I had a lot of fun. Everybody here is so nice and caring, there really needs to be more groups like this. I got to see another side of things by coming here and I'm glad I did. I'll certainly come to more retreats in the future.*

~ Evan

I love love love the Knoxville meetinghouse. It's so nice & also has carpet. I don't like being woken up in the morning by sunlight streaming in the windows so much though.

Oh man. This retreat was pretty good. Friday night all I can really remember is that Lekey's stomach was apparently a Hibachi grill. I guess that's all that was important: Hibatchi!

I had lots of fun making collages and also lunch. The storytelling workshop was GREAT. "They were very glad to see each other because they were..." "FRENCH!" Then I made cakes with Madelyn and also hot chocolate, during which I ended up wiping off the table like FIVE TIMES because SOMEHOW it kept getting spilled.

Oh, I totally forgot the great fun adventure that was Grocery Shopping. We got like 6 dozen eggs and also Madelyn kept throwing things in the cart & embarrassing me. Also we were making racecar noises the entire time. It was really really fun!

So I was reading some old epistles a few weeks ago. Remember when like everyone wrote haiku in their epistles?

So much expressed in  
Those seventeen syllables  
The newbies should learn!

And now I will do some shoutin' out.

Madelyn: Walking funny in Kroger's only embarrasses yourself. And quit throwing things!

Hannah: like my dick! Stop embarrassing us!

Tim: I'm glad that even though you were mad at me on Friday we managed to have a good talk last night.

Lincoln: Basket weaving?

Ian: barbeque sauce...soy sauce...Wasabi!

Joseph: I really admire your Wink pose.

Guthrie: I like your hair streks up in the back.

Samantha: I didn't get to say this last night, so I'll write it: Ever since I've been coming to SAYF you've been a leader. You seem so natural for that role that it's hard for me to believe you're only a year older than me. I really will miss having you in this community!

~ Taylor

*This SAYF retreat was just what I needed. My life is becoming more and more stressful as the school year comes to a close (Thank goodness). I have really enjoyed it. I really liked the Mr. Wiggle & Mr. Waggle. I am VERY sleep deprived. Hopefully before the next SAYF, my life will be less stressful.*

Katie ♥

*Shout outs:*

*Dominque: You better give me my shirt back.*

*Jane: Remind Dominque to give me my shirt back.*

*Ruby: Remind Jane to remind Dominque to give me my shirt back cuz I kinda need it back.*

*Kaitlyn: You're awesome....Happy?*

*Everyone else: We don't talk nough but I love ya!*

This was my 3<sup>rd</sup> retreat (Sadly I've missed the last 2) and it was really fun. I loved hearing people's stories and seeing their collages. I has a great time playing Wink last night, and the only thing that could have made this retreat better was if the Lucky Charms were still there when I got to the breakfast table this morning.

Sincerely, Asa

*The query of our opening circle invited us to consider what we were proud of in ourselves and our accomplishments. My own greatest pride lies in being the parent of a young adult who has great gifts to offer the world and who is always ready to share those gifts. I've helped nurture the kind of person I want to be when I grow up... though I also acknowledge that a great deal of the credit for the loving, caring person my child became rests with the SAYF community that was so much a part of her teen years. I feel blessed by my continuing involvement in SAYF and the opportunity to help provide a space where so many other young friends can discover themselves through a loving and caring community.*

*Aaron*

*PS Ansley's hair is Super Mega purple-ishius in the sunlight!  
Gotta love these big Knoxville meetinghouse windows!*

I will try to make this as painless as possible. I had a really horrible week. In English class I ended up crying, so that wasn't good, but after that I felt better. By the time I got to Taylor's house I was ready to go on this adventure that I'd been hearing so much about. On the car ride there I didn't talk as much as I normally do, but I was in the middle of the van, so that was to be expected. It was raining really hard, but you could see some pretty things, like trees and rocks. When we got to the Meetinghouse it was dark. Therese, Taylor, Madelyn, Hannah and I went grocery shopping. I think they had more fun on one shopping trip than I've had on any shopping trip in my life! Once we got back people slowly started trickling in. A lot of people I didn't know hugged me, but I wasn't very surprised, this was SAYF, people just did that. Soon everyone was there except our late van, and I was by myself. Then I met Patrick and Caty. I instantly liked them. We sat down and played cards and talked pretty much until lights out. When I told them I was only 13, Patrick thought I was crazy. We said good night so many times before we fell asleep that I said I felt like I was on an episode of the Waltons. That became my joke.

Saturday was fun. I talked with a lot of other people, and we made collages (Mine wasn't very good) and told stories. I told the one about Ian and the door, which has become my favorite. I also liked talking to Madelyn, Taylor and Hannah during break because we never do that.

I liked Meeting for Worship. I'm not very religious, but there was something about it. I loved all the funny stories.

Then we played wink. This is the thing I will always remember. The first time I moved I was within maybe 5 inches of the Winker and then I was trampled. I would've yelled STOP! But there wasn't time. When I got up I was laughing and suddenly Zan grabbed me in a hug and rocking me he said "I almost killed you, I'm so sorry". I was laughing too hard to reply. As I crawled back to my place I had a revelation. I felt loved. I felt like people actually cared about me. I don't think I've felt loved in a really long time but I felt great after that! Nothing from my week mattered very much any more.

Grace Beavin

This is my second SAYF retreat and it is awesome. I liked making collages and telling stories, Care Bears are awesome even when they make Angelina attack whomever is holding the Care Bear just because its really cute. The spaghetti was awesome and so was all the other food. When the man told us how we could do great things it was really sad although he seemed to be a really nice guy. I think it is an awesome thing that Zan and Me are 8% alien. Rebecca has some of the awesomest stories ever. Love all of you guys!

Noah

PS Angelina is super cool! :D

PPS She wrote that.....O\_O

Dear dear dear dear Emily,  
I know that's not usually how epistles, or whatever they're called now, are started. But the only thing I can think of this morning is the flood of memory after memory, most of them full of people who a lot of you never met.  
I'm getting old, SAYF.  
Now what?  
Perfect things  
Never say  
I  
You  
Really Good Stuff  
Thank you  
Flower  
Life

- Just a short sampling of the words from the collages this weekend.

SAYF, I love you. I think the community has some serious work to do when this batch of kiddos graduates. I miss them more than anything ever.

Everyone who's not here, you know what to do.

Emily, you're right. We gon have to write all of our hits at SAYMA. Can't wait to visit you at Lehigh.

Lincoln, whatever. You don't know my life at all. ♥

Joseph, can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you. I hope you like crafts.

Samantha, baby: You-da you-da best.

Everyone will miss you, your light, your stories, and we will keep you, your beautiful Grammy, and your family in our hearts. I love you so much.

Y'all have made me smile, laugh, swear cry, jump yell, hug, and dance. SAYF, I know I'm always talking about punching people and being angry, but I really do love every one of you and that's the reason to keep coming back. That's what this, and every SAYF means to me.

All my love,  
Lekey

*I remember the last retreat's worship journal. It was cramped. And I remember the retreat before that. It was even more cramped. Both times I lost the feeling in my feet, but anyway I loved story telling and I loved making those Gaiga Whats its mono-poly was absolutely frantic and did not last very long. I think I finally know what wall street is like. Wink was a blast. Grace you are a great partner. Watching the horde come after Noah was fairly dramatic. I did shoutouts last retreat. You all are still awesome. Caty you should definitely try to come to this Meeting while in Knoxveal (yes I know I spelled ville wrong but I was avecting van acvent). To the reader make sure you vreed this vin your most outrageous accent vessible please. I will leave for Texas in about seven or eight days and will fly back for SAYMA.*

*One of the many things I have learned is that saying that this is my very last retreat most certainly means that I will be back, which is fine by me. Honestly I have come to the conclusion that even after I move I will still take every opportunity till I graduate to come to SAYF and I intend to be there for my own graduation. And who knows maybe I'll come by as a YAF once in awhile. I am on facebook though I am a horrible long distancer. Feel free to poke me whenever ya like.*

*Well I guess it is time to finish up.*

*I love all you beautiful SAYFers.*

*Ze Pat*

*PS For traditions sake this is probably my last retreat. There I said it. See you all at SAYMA.*

*Patrick Myers*

My how time flies. It seems like yesterday that Tim gave up his seat in the van ( and 2 hours of nonstop Panic! At the Disco on the ride down) for me, that I walked into this Meetinghouse to have Phorest throw himself in my arms, where I sat on the porch with Joseph Bishop and gotten beaten by Sam Fisher during my very first game of Wink. And now I look back on days gone by and realize just how precious they were. So this is it. The end of the end. My last retreat. This community has meant so much to me these last 4 years. You have helped me grow in so many important ways, and now that it's time to leave, I look and see so much potential. I know this community will be in good hands, and although I don't want to go, I feel comfortable leaving SAYF in your capable hands. I have so much I want to say to all of you, but to do so would require more paper and pens than we have at our disposal. I love all of you so much.

Ian

P.S. Joseph and Emily and I are opening a combination hibachi/frozen yogurt restaurant. We give massages and serve steak with onion volcanoes. You should stop by sometime.

Poetry, in a way, reminds me of SAYF so it seemed only fitting to say this here. I know that it would have been more appropriate yesterday during our Worship sharing circle but it was too dark for me to see what I had written.

Poetry is formed from thoughts, ideas and strong emotions. After Ceal's death I had a LOT of strong emotions. So I put them down in poetic form:

Time has passed now, and tears have fallen.  
Memories of you have flitted through my head  
Leaving behind a feeling bitter-sweet  
If I could just stop the world  
And let myself mourn your passing  
I might be contented.  
But I know that this is impossible...  
You have left me here, in a world no longer quite as whole  
A world in which something is missing  
For the shining light that you once were has  
Been extinguished  
And it is dark outside...  
I could dwell on the future...  
I could think about the world I will have  
To face without you  
I could slowly fall to pieces at the realization  
That you are gone...  
But I have a better plan  
A plan that you would be proud of  
Instead of dwelling on the fact that you have gone  
I will focus on the fact that you were here, before.  
I will know that, although I no longer  
Have you beside me, I once did.  
And that is enough for me.

Rest in Peace Ceal Wutka.

We love you.

~Angelina

*There's a river of love  
That flows through all time.  
T-bone Burnett*

*The source of the river is constant  
however,  
atmospheric conditions may impact  
our experiences*

*Sometimes it seems the river is  
drying.  
that love is dying.  
that we are alone.*

*A rain comes in the form of a kind word,  
A friend or community  
And we are refreshed, renewed.*

*When we come together,  
The river swells  
And love washes over us like  
a baptism.*

*We are one in the river,  
One in God.*

*Blessings y'all, Mary Linda*

After missing a couple of retreats, I was relieved to be able to come back. This weekend was just what I needed. A place where all you see are smiles even though I kept saying I want to go home, I'm glad I actually didn't. The healing circle with attention to Ceal stories was kinda hard for me to deal with but I was able to knowing I had people who care around me. Seeing this as my sister's first AND last retreat of the year kinda makes me sad. I can't seem to wrap my mind around the fact that she is graduating but I will eventually.

Hmmm...well shoutouts:

Bethany – this bruise hurts. Thanks.

Delaney – I love you. Thank you for being here even though I didn't want to talk.

Madelyn – our one year anniversary. ♥

Angelina – rose art loves crayola!

Dominique – thank you for coloring with me.

Katie – hmm. I like the drawings on your back.

Evan – I like your hugs and your pokemon gages.

Zan – stop lyting to Samantha.

Well I can't think of anything else. I love you all very much. Hopefully I'll see you at SAYMA!

♥ Kaitlyn

*Dear SAYFers,*

*This SAYF came at the right time, this week had been a bad one for me. But as always SAYF took my mind off everything. I love all you guys and girls.*

*Shoutouts:*

*Guthrie: don't slap people. It's un-Quakerly, same goes for you Angelina.*

*Noah: Glad you got away from the ants.*

*Seniors: Sorry I didn't get to talk to you guys that much in the last 4 retreats.*

*Chad: Hey what's up? How's life?*

*Austin*

*PS I need to get to know all of you guys better. Until next time, have a good trip.*



Story by Taylor and Maddie

Once upon a time, there was a fish. This was no ordinary fish though. It had a very odd habit of turning into a person. But even as a person, it still kind of looked like a fish. People would look at it and think “Wait, was that a fish or a person?” So, one day the fish-person met a french guy. He kind of looked like a bird. He kissed the fishman on both cheeks because they were best friends! The fish-person, whose name was Anthony, said in the little French that he knew “Monsieur, avec une visage comme un oiseau!” Est très belle.” “Thank you” said the Frenchman, “but I don’t speak French”. Anthony was very confused. “But I thought you were a French guy! How come you don’t speak French?” The bird guy, who wasn’t French apparently and whose name was Conner, replied, “Well sir, I believe I have fallen victim to stereotyping. You must have seen my beret and croissant, and mistaken me for a French person.” Anthony was very embarrassed. “Oh I’m sorry. You’re right. I guess that was dumb of me. But you still look like a bird.” Conner sighed. “Yes” he replied, “I know. It was all because of....The Accident.” Anthony was intrigued. “Tell me about...the accident! I’m a curious fish!” Conner giggled girlishly. “Well, it was a dark and stormy night, much like tonight.” He began. But Anthony stopped him. “It’s neither night or dark and stormy. What?” Conner shushed him. “Pretend it is then! Anyway, on this dark and stormy night, I had to walk to my dentist’s house, which is halfway across town.” Anthony interrupted again. “Wait...Why on earth would you walk to your dentist’s house on a night like this?” Conner answered, “Well you see, it was a matter of the greatest urgency. And no, it had nothing at all to do with my teeth.” Anthony wondered why you’d go to your dentist’s house if it wasn’t about your teeth. Conner explained “Well my dentist also happens to be my uncle.” “Oh” said Anthony. “Well you could’ve that in the first place. So, why did you have to go there in the middle of the night?” “Well,” said Conner, “It had to do with top secret government matters, so I can’t tell you. It’s not important anyway. What’s important is what happened on the way over.” He continued, “I stopped at the gas station to grab a polar pop and the cashier told me that they only had one flavor left. I asked what it was. He said ‘mystery flavor!’ But I was really thirsty, so I got it anyway.” Anthony sighed. These French people sure were stupid. “So I got the mystery flavor. Oddly enough, it tasted like pineapples.” “wait.” Anthony said, “You mean, pine... apples!” Conner was like “Um...yeah. I like pineapples, so it was all good. But as I walked toward my dentist uncle’s house, my face started itching. When I got there, he noticed that my teeth were really starting to look like bird teeth.” “Do birds even have teeth?” Anthony said “uhm...Whatever dude.” Replied Conner. “So.... As we were doing our top-secret business, he kept saying I looked like a bird. I’ve never looked like a bird before. So I was rather alarmed. But I just went with it. I figured he was just pulling my leg. Boy, was I wrong.” Anthony glanced at his watch. He had to go to a meeting soon, he hoped the story would be brief. “Anyway, so when I got home, I looked in the mirror, and I totally did look like a bird. You see, I still do! I figured it was the polar pop. I really wish I could find a way to reverse the effects.” Anthony said “I have to go, but I’ll try to help you cure your bird-face! But...I have a confession. I should tell you...I’m actually a fish.” And that’s when the refrigerator fell on them.

*Many people spend years engaged in spiritual window shopping trying this religion or that life style, searching for a mountaintop experience. We live in a fractured society where true community is often fleeting or illusory. The adage to know thyself is drowned out by the call, instead to distract thyself. I’ve looked for the mountaintop. But it wasn’t there. Because the mountaintop is a people and not a place. Jean Paul Satre said hell is other people. I agree. Heaven, also, is other people. And everything in between.*

*This weekend you have allowed me to share your heaven, your hell, and everything in between. You have built your own mountaintop, established your hallowed ground, and invited me into the worshipful space.*

*You have, at a young age, something that people often spend their whole lives trying to find. I am humbled and have been enriched in the spiritual presence of the young Friends gathered here this weekend.*

*Thank you Friends. I hope to be part of many such gatherings in the future.*

*Jonathan*

I feel like sayf is exactly what I've been needing lately. (original, much?) I found it so odd though because Fridays at school before sayf I'm usually all pumped and anxious and can't sit still. Friday wasn't like that in the slightest and I can't explain why. All and all, this weekend was heaven and it felt amazing to just mellow out.

Just to be more specific to this retreat, I loved the collage making (although my finished product wasn't really a collage) and the story telling (although I could barely get out a sentence without bursts of laughter.) I'm also really pleased with spending time with just about everyone I've been saying I need to. I love you all. I surely hope you already knew that.

♥ Rebecca

Okay, a few shoutouts

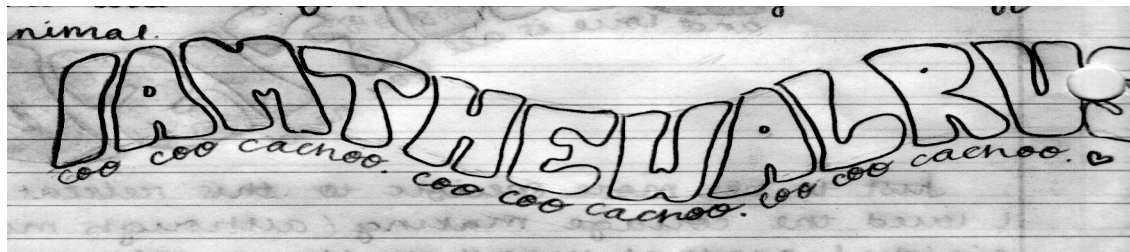
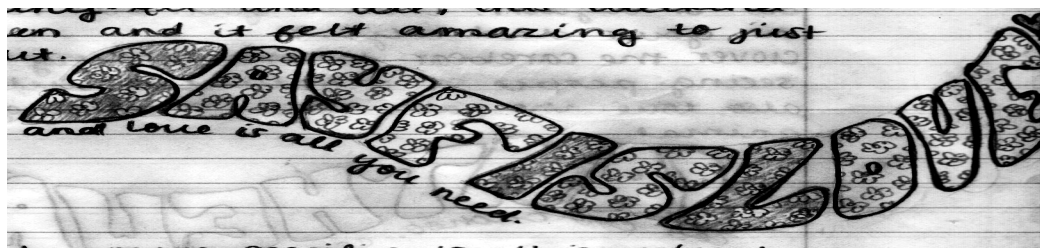
Samantha – I'm super glad we finally got to bonding, and I hope last night was what you were hoping for. I love you and miss you already. ♥

Zan – I love my wedding ring even though it's a bracelet. Oh, I also love you.

Angelina – for some reason, all I could think about while writing this was that creepy fudgey not-coffee coffee bean. Oh, this is to Noah as well. Oh, and you're precious.

Lekey – I'm glad we finally got our well-needed mother-daughter bonding time. Let's do it again. I love you but not as much as your dad. Loljk. ♥

Clover the carebear – I love looking over and seeing people so infatuated with you. I also love the fact that I'm writing to a stuffed animal.



It feels really good to be back with SAYF again. One of the things I am going through right now is finding out which things I used to do because Ceal wanted to, and which things I feel drawn to on my own. When I saw pictures from the Asheville retreat on facebook, I realized how much I missed you all and knew I had to come to this retreat. I don't think I'll be at SAYMA, but I expect to see you next year.

With love, Mark Wutka

PS A haiku for Ceal

Your body is gone

But your spirit still remains

Right here in my heart.

So this is the end.  
It doesn't feel like the end,  
But I guess it is.

It's never the end.  
SAYF insights last forever.  
Beyond this lifetime.

Not for you great kids,  
But it's time for me to leave.  
And so it must be.

Sadness sucks. You don't.  
You pretty okay I guess.  
Please don't say sad things.

I like butterflies.  
Oh, but must of all I like...  
What was it again?

Oreos and juice!  
Perfect five syllable phrase.  
Sweet like nostalgia.

The bliss that simple  
Sandwich cookies and fruit stuff  
Can give is just great.

Willamae cuts in...  
Never been so tired  
As when I'm sick and taking benerdyl.  
Must sleep.

Cuddle piles seem  
To last forever, really  
Just one small moment.

Benadryl not good  
Word for haiku usages.  
Bad like my grammar.

We should talk about  
People who we like a lot.  
Like...let's say.... Tom Waits.

Oh hey! What a man!  
Manliest manly man, yep.  
Voice like charcoal gold

And sixteen shells from  
A thirty-ought six. Oh man.  
So so so so cool.

I bet Laney is glad  
We talking bout her fave dude  
She looooves his music!

Or if not, she should.  
I mean, his lyrics are like  
Electric sugar.

Electric sugar!  
Put it in yo coffee and  
It goes...bzzrt bzzrt bzzrt.

My back's really hot.  
I want to move, but I can't.  
Willamae's got me.

She got errbody.  
She so beautiful and mean.  
Hair like...something red.

Well, now we must stop.  
This is my last haiku war.  
For now, anyway.

This retreat was wonderful. I loved it. ♥ This community has been a huge part of my life for the past 6 years. I've met so many wonderful people, as I've watched many wonderful people graduate. No matter how many newbies come the community never completely changed. It still has that warm light that radiates from the many beautiful faces of SAYF. This community showed me who I want to be, what I wanted to do for others, it taught me nurturing. I carry that every where I go. When I leave I will miss you all more than enough. I will carry your light with me every where.

Emily: You have this spontaneous glowly bright stuff around you. You know how to make someone cheer up just by coming into the room.

Willamae: Although I thought you disliked me...a lot, Killing flies with you was wonderfully fun in an odd way.

Joseph: You are wonderful. Even though I was mean to you, I still love you. Thanks for making me laugh.

ATL Seniors all together: I love it when you make fun of my stories, I love when you pick on me, I love when you get me to believe pretty much everything very easily. I love & miss Thomas the nicely curved bus too.

Delaney: What!? You're a senior?! Since when? My favorite memory was the showers at Hard labor Creek. We thought we was soooo cool! We were and are. ♥ I still remember you telling me you were a nymph.

Autumn: Your quietness hides a talkative personality. You're beautiful and I love you.

Ian: I told you what I planned on writing to you so I'll just say: Ian told me he loves me too! ☺ Made me sooo smile. ♥ I love you!

Michael G: Yo man where you be? This si my last retreat And you didn't get to come ☺ I love you though.

Lekey: oranges, apples, bananas, carrots. Well what about grapes? It's crazy how we share a ex boyfriend and a love for making babies out of fruit. I love you. Do you remember that time Phorest ate our Apple babies here?

Bethany: I'm going to send you "our CD" of 'our songs'. You're beautiful and I love you tons & I think it is crazy how we both broke our left arm in the same place doing the exact same thing.

Angelina: I remember you coming over before SAYMA last year and stayed at my house and you fit in so well my dad called you daughter. You out up with me and Katie fighting. You are a big something in all of this nothing. ♥

Zan: stargazing, animal crackers, & whose hand is it anyway. Ponyboy, greaser. Good times; don't lie to me though. I love you and how nurturing you are. You really are the little brother I never had.

Lincoln: I like your laugh. Do you want to go to a party with some sick funk? There may be H-herb! You have grown up so much here and I loved accepting the minute letting you come to SAYF early. It was a smart decision. I love you.

Rebecca: to be honest I think our only conversations really only happen when you're asleep. I enjoy them and you, especially when you suck my thumb & tell me bedtime stories in your sleep.

Kaitlynn: I'm glad you get to experience this beautiful community as much as I did. Pay attention, you'll learn a lot. I love you.

Braden: don't forget to always point your toes, and stick your chest out like you got something. Your personality is wonderful.

Grammy/Mark: You and Grammy are amazing for bringing me here. I just wish she was here, even though she is. This one part of the room has the sun and its beaming warmth on my back. I love you both. Thank you.

Wren: I wish I could have seen you once again. You were always wonderful and always leaded those that kinda strayed back onto the path. You are a guide for SAYF.

Therese: I love your laugh. You bring a light to this community. You run this community mailing system. That's crazy! How you do it I don't know, but I love you.

Newbies (to me): you bring a light to SAYF to add onto the old light, don't let them go out, you're wonderful.

Noah: SO CUTE ♥ I love you!

Emanuel: life guard in Covington. Not Atlanta! I miss you & I love you.

Well I guess this is good bye. I hope to see you all again. Very much so.

I love you all. Always and forever

♥ Samantha

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