

SAYF Worship Journal

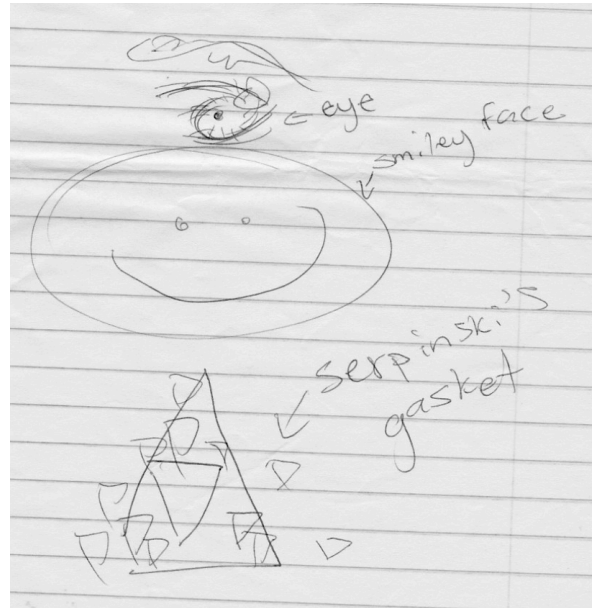
November 2015 Retreat

Asheville Friends Meetinghouse

On the weekend of November 6-8, 2015, the Southern Appalachian Young Friends met at the Asheville Friends Meetinghouse. This is our witness. This is our story.

Yo, have you ever tried to draw something with your eyes closed? It turns out super weird. But yea...here's an example → → →

I can't help feeling distant from the community. I'm really busy now because of high school, which is getting in the way of attending retreats. I still love all of you though, and want you to know that I'll always cherish my times with you guys and gals. I'm excited to get to see you all in a while.



this was a chill retreat man
thank you for the love

Julia

Words. Sentences. Two things that I struggle to use correctly. Um. Sometimes I feel alone, even though I'm not. (controversy alert) Fries do not belong in milkshakes. Each and every one of you makes this the absolute perfect place to be. The third thing I struggle with is writing paragraphs that make sense. Potato shoe. Now here's a haiku.

Oops. I forgot I ~~didn't~~ don't know how to write.

Goodbye my sweets.

Aldo

I didn't realize until this morning that this will be my last time at the Asheville meetinghouse as a SAYFer. I'm still sort of in denial, and the full effect of this hasn't yet hit me. I also realized that last retreat was my last Atlanta retreat, that next retreat is my last (and maybe first too, I can't remember) Nashville retreat, that February is my last Nurturing retreat, that April is my last camping retreat, and that June is my last SAYMA. I guess that's how your last year works.

For my last Asheville retreat, it was a pretty good one. It was very relaxed, with plenty of free time; something I'm sure many of us enjoyed. Being a lesbian veterinarian, fruta-ta-ta-tas, hectically scrambling for spoons, and hectically scrambling for milk/oreo disgustingness were some of the highlights of this retreat.

I plan to see all of you in Nashville in January. Until then, be safe, happy Thanksgiving, Merry Christmas, and happy New Year!

Yours truly,
DAD (asa)

Yo homies, this retreat really had me reminiscing to the old days; when everyone and everything was bigger than me. The tininess of this retreat was zenful and thought inducing, but at the same time I had hella fun. I got some sick ass clothes and I played some sick ass games and one might say I had a sick ass time. But all good things must come to an end, so I will say goodbye, goodbye to thrift shops, goodbye to Life (the board game, not in the literal sense), and finally, goodbye till January.

Boundless fields of homegrown love –

Levi

This was my first retreat as a FAN, and I found myself a little apprehensive since it was a new situation and unfamiliar to me.

What I found was a great deal of warmth, and a group of teenagers and adults who easily moved and grew to welcome the newcomer.

My dad used to say that love was a decision, which my teenage self found distinctly unromantic. But he was right.

SAYF is a group of young people who decide, every moment, to love. To listen when a younger Friend wants to share some detail of their reality, to hug everyone who has chosen to be a part of them, to be kind in the face of strangeness or awkwardness, to affirm the value of each member, in each moment. This is not your Hallmark, sugary-sweet, cotton candy love. It is blood-red, thick, clotty love that binds the whole together.

**Beth Myers
Berea Friends**

Dear SAYF,

I feel old. I'm not the young hobbit I once was who would crawl out of a van covered in powdered donuts and moster energy drink cans, who was always yelling and cuddling and staying up till 4 am talking about SAYF jokes and references that, if I repeated now no one would understand. I cannot believe how slow the end is coming, but how quick it will all have been once it's over. I wonder if this is how Braden felt, or Hannah, or Oli or Lincoln or Lillian. Treasure the times you have with these people. The world can be a confusing, scary thing that can make people very sad and angry. I think SAYF is the one place where we can escape all of that and just be a bunch of kids who can make some really funny bad decisions. I'm going to do something that isn't really done anymore, only because it was something I did at my first Asheville retreat, and I want it to be something I do at my last.

Shoutouts:

Levi: I love you. Like so much love you. I wouldn't be here to write this without you. Thank you for being there when I needed you.

Jane: Even though like 1/3 of squad wasn't here, thanks for reppin.

Merrick: Same as above, you girls are both necessary bits to my SAYFhaven. Love y'all.

Asa: You're the only person I've ever lived with that wasn't my parents, so obviously we've been pretty intimate. Thanks for being here, Dad.

Abner: I love you too. You belong at FMC, you belong here.

Ruben: Rock that unicorn thng. I love it.

Laura: You were missed.

Asa says it's time to wrap up. What a dad. I love all of you, and I can't wait to see y'all next year. Till then.

"I don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve." {name?}