CALENDAR

SUNDAY 13 March 10 AM WARM FUZZIES AND FRIED RELIGION. Skits, music, and readings. A family and youth service led by Y.U.M.

MONDAY 14 March 7:30 PM BOARD MEETING at John Lewis's home, 2145 Commonwealth. All welcome.


SATURDAY 26 March 7:30 PM The Playreaders will meet at the home of Henry and Annis Pratt, 2725 Chamberlain. Phone: 231-2183.

SUNDAY 27 March 10 AM RHUBARB AND ROSES: PRAIRIE LOOKS AT THE ORCHID AND ONION AWARDS (and comes up with some of its own).

Also at 10 this Sunday, a required meeting for parents of middle schoolers taking Ann and Fred Feidl's class, "About Your Sexuality."

LAY MINISTRY CHANGES HANDS

Once again the lay ministry, symbolized by a pot of wandering jew, has changed hands--this time, as Warren Hagstrom observed, from a Norwegian to a black. Warren said he was not at all glad his lay ministry was over. He enjoyed it. His favorite program was the final one on Schubert--partly because there was more participation. His next favorite, he hastened to add, was Lois Hagstrom's.

Indeed, both were outstanding. Schubert is a particularly sympathetic subject--his poverty, his incredible productiveness, his early death. Variously Dodie Chapru, Linda Pluin, Sue Kummer, Chuck Young, Aileen Nettleton, a mixed vocal group, and the whole audience performed--singing, and on the piano, the French horn, the mandolin (?).

And Lois brought her great knowledge of art to bear on what some of us may have thought of as the rather drab Hudson River Valley School of painters--showed us how they started off as neoclassicists and how they got away from neo-classicism, made us think about composition, color, brush strokes, showed us what happened next, showed us Turners and Monets for comparison. A wonderful morning. Thank you, Warren, for this fine series of programs.

As her first program, Pat Watkins talked about her own roots. She had slides of photographs taken from as far back as the 1840's. It was fascinating on four levels. There was the story of the tracing of the family; there were
people in the photos, some unforgettable faces; there were the stories of their lives—where they traveled, where they lived, what they did; and finally, and amplified by songs sung by Odetta (recordings), and readings by members of the audience, there was history itself—the hazards of being a sailor on the Great Lakes, the lumber industry in Michigan, the Mexican war. Many people would appreciate another program on Pat’s life and family memories.

THINKING ABOUT SUMMER

Unistar Camp, a Unitarian camp, at Star Island, Cass Lake, Minnesota, has weekly sessions which run from Saturday to Saturday. Some of the programs are Young People’s Week, Love, Dancing, The Art of Zen and Gestalt, You and Your Atmosphere. Veda Melvin or Pat Cautley can give you further details or write Harold Leppink, 3821 East 3rd St., Duluth, Minnesota 55804.

On the 3rd of July Midwest Unitarian singles will assemble at Lake Geneva. Call Mary Lou Diehl, 256-2801, for details.

GATHERINGS OF INTEREST

Frances Moore Lappe, author of Diet for a Small Planet, speaking on Food First, Monday, March 21, 8 pm, State Historical Society

Madison Christian Community’s conference on how to lead workshops, May 6-7. For information call MCC, 836-1455

PRAIRIE PEOPLE

Henry Pratt’s new book, The Gray Lobby, about political action on behalf of the elderly, is just out.

Barbara Carson’s ballet troupe is giving a preview performance of excerpts from the ballet The Lost Child, and there will be talks on the background of the ballet, the choreography, etc., this coming Sunday, March 13th, at 205 No. Prospect. This is a benefit performance, several Prairie people, grownups and children, are involved, and we recommend it.

THIS MARCH WEEKEND

We will drill a 3/4 inch hole in our maple trees—ten or fifteen of them. Put in a spile, hang a used, clean fruit juice can, wired with a handle from the spile, build a big fire, chop wood, wash out our galvanized pails, rig up a branch to hang the pails from, chop more wood. Every hour we will walk through
the woods, collect the sap. In the quiet woods, there is a slow, regular plink - plink as the sap drips into the pails. We will boil and stir and skim and pour into smaller pails. We will heat our soup in a corner of the fire and sweeten our coffee with the sap--in fact make it with the sap. Maybe by Sunday we will have a gallon or two of syrup. The maple tree in our back yard is plinking away, too, through a bit from one of John's old pipes. I look at all those maple trees along the streets of Hill Farm and imagine each of them with a pail attached. They aren't big enough yet, of course, and in any case, how long would a pail of sap be left around in this neighborhood?