

"THE PICNIC"

(On the afternoon of September 14, more than fifty men, women, children, and domesticated animals of FUSLA's finest experienced their most recent picnic. The Rustic Canyon Park in Santa Monica Canyon proved an ideal location. The sponsoring motive of the Venice Study Group was simply to create an atmosphere of family communion while in a natural surrounding.

Here is the view of that event as described by a 6 year-old boy named Ahab.)

"Riding past the ocean, the grown-ups in the car asked if we knew why we were going to a picnic. My best-friend David and I (he's $7\frac{1}{2}$) both shook our heads no because we didn't understand what was meant by communion. They said it was a time to only think good thoughts about everything, and most of all to have only good feelings. We still didn't understand, but both David and I agreed to give it a try.

"In armloads we carried the charcoal, grills, balls, rackets, and potato salad down the canyon road to the picnic tables. Our dog Festus was as excited as we were. Most of all I was so surprised to see so much space with trees and green grass around.

"It wasn't long (I can tell time now) before some of the grown-ups took off their shirts and began sweating a lot while bouncing around on the volley-ball court. A guy by the name of Bill Brio ~~BREAIC~~ yelled the most - I guess because he was on the winning side. After

climbing a tree, David wanted to peek through the ^{HOLES} ~~holes~~ in the fence to watch and hear the tennis games. It seemed strange at first to see the women (Charyl ^{McCADE} ~~McCaid~~ & Sara LINDORFFER) playing with the men; and just as good, too! But then, why not?

"For a long time after that we laughed a lot while throwing the frisbee with some people called the Fullerton Gang. It was fun, but once I did fall down and scratch my knee. But the smell of charcoal, ^{COOKING} ~~burning~~ hamburgers, hot-dogs, and chicken followed me everywhere - and I finally got hungry. A lot of kids and grown-ups sat around a nice person named Julia Fenderson to share their food.

"It wasn't long after eating before the grown-ups got stuck together in small groups and started talking a lot - mostly about a Urantia Book. They talked about how they had found it; as if it had been lost for a long time. And about the most often heard word I understood was: "CLICKED". They kept saying something clicked, so we thought the book might have a lock on it. One very tall man who said his name was Dan ~~Masse~~ Massey from Boston never once stopped talking about some creatures from midway that could go faster than light.

"Some of the people were beginning to leave when I checked my watch late in the afternoon when the talking quieted down. A couple of people sat on the grass and just stared at the evening sky. It really felt good then - everything did.

"Rustic Canyon seemed cleaner then too, because most people quietly put their trash in the barrells. But when Tracy, Tonya,

Tulsia, Michael, Bonnie, and Bob Hunt left, I knew the picnic was about over.

"On the way home we could see the sun set into the ocean. My face was tight with sunburn, my knee hurt, and I knew my mother would make me take a bath soon, but I still felt good - at peace with everybody and everything. David did too.

"It worked!" I shouted; and the grown-ups asked what worked.

"At the picnic I really forgot about myself and everything, and really had a fun time. Let's do it again, soon."

THE END