

The glass blowing contingent consisted of Andy, Ben & Sam Sugg, Jose, Debbie, James, Ryan and John N. The young woman who led us through our tutorial on Glass Blowing 101, Meg, was terrific, firm and no nonsense. She had a firm hand on the young kids who were assisting (Q, JC, Jamal, Archie, Raequan, Willie, Bryan) and they were all incredibly helpful and impressive young men. The folks at Diablo are doing a great job with these kids -- providing them with structure, skills and insisting on them all being well-mannered ... which they surely are. What an impressive group of adults and kids at Diablo. This was a memorable day.



At 5pm, we set out for a Latino festival in Mission Hill but our plans were thwarted by a thunderstorm. We wound up besieging a take-out Italian restaurant in Mission Hill for dinner before making it back to Charlestown at 6:30pm where we cavorted in the church basement, featuring hide-n-seek and James the DJ spinning some ridiculous tunes.

The evening devos were highlighted by two spirited renditions of "The Prince of Peace," then we shut it down for the evening.

## Wednesday, August 3

### Day 4

We left today at 8am to participate in the Common Arts

**Charlestown**



project on Newbury street at Emmanuel church. There



we met the director of the program (Mary, same as two years ago) and the regular volunteers and began setting up for the remainder of the day. A few of us started putting out the art supplies, others carried the completed art outside to sell, and the rest of us just played in the 100-year old elevator for 6 hours (or so).



It was fun to see many of the same folks that we'd seen on Sunday and Monday, but we met a few other new friends as well (Steven, Batman, Dante, and many others). We did drawings, tiles, pastels, and other media with our newfound friends.



There was action out on Newbury Street as well, where James and the Suggs Thugs pitched their wares to innocent passers-by, many of whom

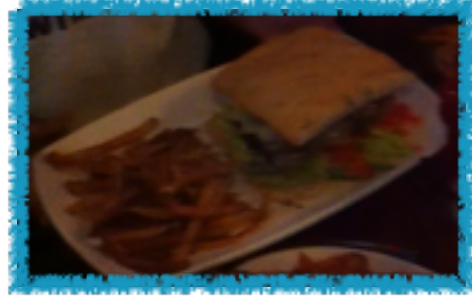


were emerging from the Gucci and Donna Karan boutiques nearby. For the record, James sold one painting to a recent college grad who needed to outfit his apartment, Ryan bought a piece from Adele, and Eric purchased Dante's Inferno of the Fenway facade. Not a bad day's work for our homeless artist friends!

With some time to kill before the gig at the Berklee School of Music coffee house at (supposedly 6pm), the group meandered through the Nike store before settling in at McGreevey's around 4:30pm.



McGreevey's is home to the Beckett Big Mouth burger, 1.9 lbs. of meat accompanied by lettuce, tomato, pickles, and an ungodly amount of greasy French fries. If an individual is able to eat the entire contents on the plate, s/he receives a t-shirt signifying that they had conquered the Big Mouth Burger (if you fail, then you still get a t-shirt, but this one states that the BMB conquered you).



Despite admonitions from all present chaperones (who were fully indemnified and held harmless), and despite a picture from 2 years earlier documenting the massiveness of the BMB, Ryan, Ben, and James decided to plunk down the \$30 each for the BMB (the rest of us ordered more commonplace pub food while wistfully awaiting the upcoming food orgy).



When the BMBs finally arrived (they take a bit longer to cook--shocker!), we all settled in for the spectacle. James jumped off to a quick start, while Ryan surgically disassembled his, and Ben just poured ketchup on his burger to see how his compadres were faring. After about 20 minutes, all three had consumed 50% of their plates' contents; after 30 minutes, about 65%; after 60 minutes, each were around 85%. Unfortunately, at that point, all three hit the proverbial wall, with two contestants unable to contain their "joy" at the back of the restaurant. That said, all three nobly fought in The Arena and earned their t-shirts.

