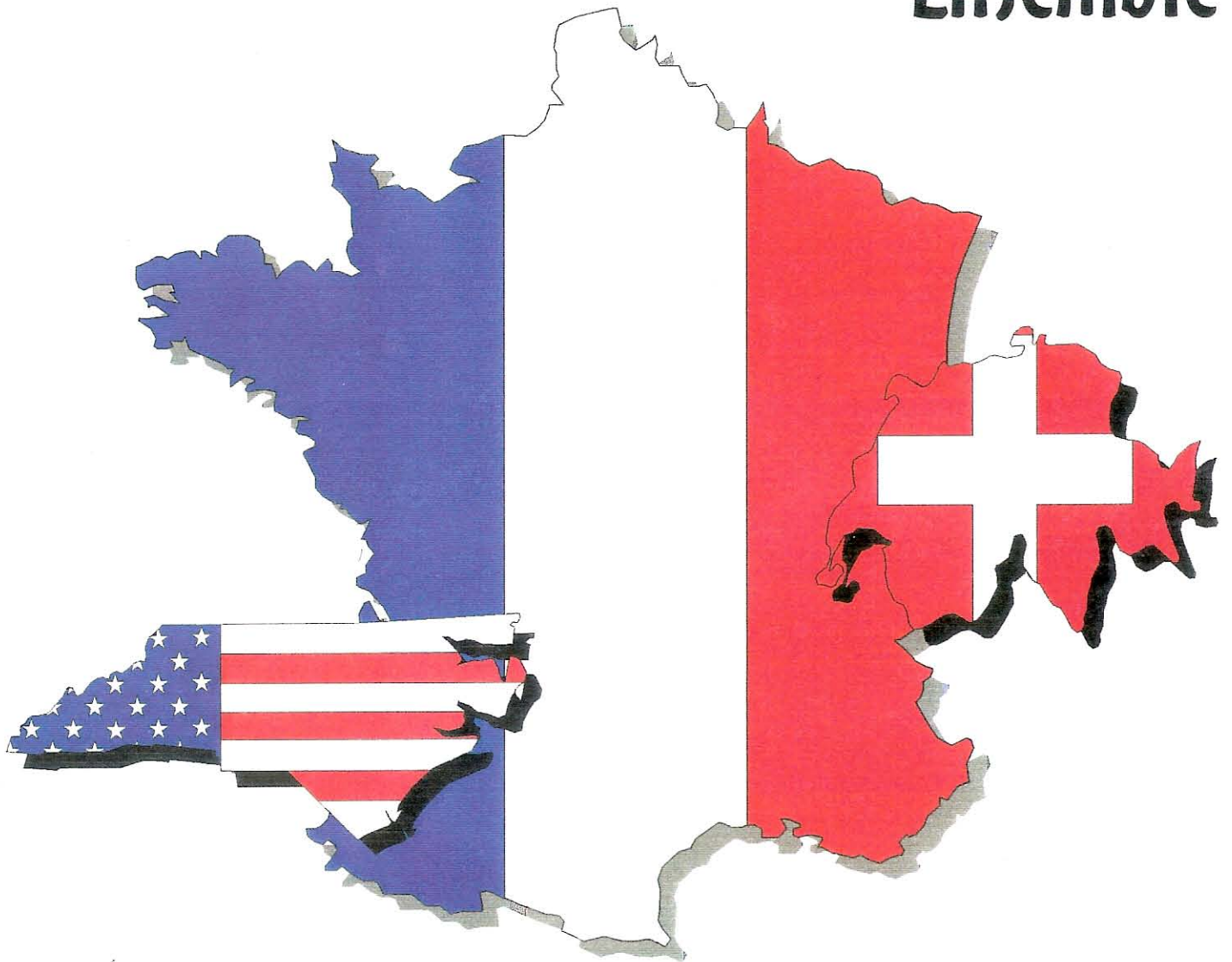


American Folk Dance Ensemble



Summer Tour
1992

Brigham Young University

Us



Photo by Paul Hoskisson

Band: (bottom to top)

Left: Dana Clark, Joey Jensen Carter, Dani Montague Judd, Shelly Beck

Right: Curtis Miner, Chuck Baker

Dancers: (left to right)

Row 1: Keri Slade, Chris Schuyler, Kim Burke Aandarud, Bryan Slade, Tamara Marshall Chamberlain, Mark Jensen

Row 2: Michael Ingols, Beth Payne, Dan Prestwich

Row 3: Denise Rader Johnson, Scott Mahoney, Virginia Hancock Hatch, Matt Neeley, Marcie Pehrson Belton, Tucker Johnson, Cristina Bingham Wride, Derek Wride

Row 4: Jenn Riggs Anderson, Marty Matheson, Becki Brimhall Love, Lyrad Riley, Andrew Madsen, Melanie Marshall Fuhriman

Not Pictured :

Becky Leigh Smith (Due to her injury, she couldn't be with us when this photo was taken—see pictures inside.)

Leadership: Ed & Vickie Austin, Scott & Karen Horman, Roy & Ann Brinkerhoff, Paul & Quina Hoskisson (Not to diminish their importance to us, but this was the best group photo we had—it just looked and copied the best—and we thought everyone could refer to their own, or the postcard photo for pictures of the leadership.)

♪♪
Reach Out . . . Reach Out and Touch Someone

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Derek (2/3), Cristina (7/15)

Our Show

APPALACHIAN

Running Sets
Back up and Push Medley
Monroe's Hornpipe
Hills of My Home

PIONEER

Pioneer Heritage Medley
Handcart Medley
Polka Quadrille
Sweet Haven of Mercy / So Happy I'll Be

NEW ENGLAND

Waltz Round
Contra Medley

WESTERN

Diamond Joe
Teton Mountain Stomp
Square Dance
Frontier Hoedown

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ *INTERMISSION* ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

AMERICAN NOSTALGIA

Charleston
America Taps
Lida Rose / Sand Man / Rock Around the Clock
Trickle Trickle
Surfer Girl
Surfin' USA
A Little Word of Wisdom or "Just Say No!"
Everybody Dance Now
Orange Blossom Special
American Sing-a-long

APPALACHIAN

Buckin' Appalachia
Fire on the Mountain
Finale & Bows
Go Ye Now in Peace / God Be with You

Our Fireside

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER"

Musical Number: *Love One Another*
I Feel My Savior's Love (women)

Introduction: Tour leader - Introduce the theme: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—John 13:34

Musical Number: *Great Things And Small Things*

Testimony #1: In Alma 37:6-7 we are taught that by small and simple things, great things are brought to pass, and by very small means, the Lord bringeth about the salvation of many souls (i.e. forgiveness, keeping our word, obedience, showing small kindnesses, etc.) Share a personal experience to illustrate someone being blessed resulting from someone's small act for another.

Testimony #2: "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Matthew 22:37-39

Musical Number *Because I Have Been Given Much*

Testimony #3: Love and service go hand in hand. "You can give service without love, but you can't give love without service"—Author unknown. Introduction into song: (To be given after the testimony is brought to a close) Our next musical number reminds us of a great example in these latter-days . . . a man whose entire life was devoted to the service of others—the prophet Joseph Smith.

Musical Number: *Sweet Hour of Prayer / A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief*

Musical Number: *Even as I Have Loved You* (Keri and Bryan)

Testimony #4: Focusing on Christ's life, discuss how his example has taught us to love one another. "For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."—John 13:15

Testimony #5: Share your testimony of Jesus Christ. Please conclude with: "Wherefore, ye must press forward with a steadfastness in Christ, having a perfect brightness of hope, and a love of God and of all men. Wherefore if ye shall press forward, feasting upon the word of Christ, and endure to the end, behold, thus saith the Father: Ye shall have eternal life."—2 Nephi 31:20.

Musical Number: *How Great Thou Art*

Scripture: "And behold, I tell you these things that ye may learn wisdom; that ye may learn that when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God."—Mosiah 2:17

Musical Number: *Go Ye Now in Peace*
God Be with You

Acknowledgments

In the preparation of this tour history every effort was made to ensure that the final product was complete in every way, and that the information was transferred correctly from the original into print. Any errors, human or otherwise, are purely unintentional, and it is hoped that you will find as much enjoyment in reading, and re-reading, and re-living the wonderful experiences within, as those who have prepared it.

Special thanks to the following who contributed greatly in finally getting this tour history into print, and who also served at some point as part of the editorial staff:

Virginia Hancock
Beth Payne
Mark Jensen
Andrew Madsen
Scott Mahoney

Thank you to Ed Austin, whose insistent and constant proddings were the main catalyst behind its completion.

Thanks to BYU for the incredible opportunity afforded us to see the world together, and the unforgettable memories it fostered.

And, of course, the greatest of thanks goes to each tour member, without whose time, effort, wit, and talents, we wouldn't have had such a grand tour, nor wonderful history with which to remember it.

Throughout the text, any remarks enclosed within these symbols, ☞ ☜, are denoted as Editorial, and as such, may best be interpreted by considering the source.

The Hills are Alive!

Switzerland



- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| ① - Nottwil | ⑨ - St. Gallen |
| ② - Luzern | ⑩ - Austria |
| ③ - Winterthur | ⑪ - Liechtenstein |
| ④ - Bern | ⑫ - Appenzell |
| ⑤ - Biel | ⑬ - Arbon |
| ⑥ - Lauterbrunnen | ⑭ - Zürich |
| ⑦ - Jungfrau | ⑮ - Sion |
| ⑧ - Grindelwald | ⑯ - Lausanne |

SUNDAY, JUNE 28 - SLC to Switzerland

Marty Matheson

We were excited as we met at 7:00 a.m. at the Richards Building. Many were exhausted after having stayed up most, if not all of the night, taking care of the MINER details. It can be a PAYNE getting everything packed, from our red and blue BINGHAM costumes, to the JOHNSON & JOHNSON baby powder. We were espe-SHELLY excited to make our MARK in Europe, knowing we MIKE have many opportunities to touch lives and offer KAR-EN love to many people. By the time we left the R.B. and passed the University Mall and PRESTWICH farms, many had fallen asleep on the bus.

At the Salt Lake airport, people couldn't figure out who DE-NISE looking group was in their s-MARTY tour outfits. Many were already trying out their new 35 mm TAMARAS. Some people's glands and HORMANS almost got in the way of their leaving on the tour as they said goodbye to their spouse or 'special' someone. They knew that they would be BECK together in a few weeks though.

The SKY was blue; it was a good day to fly. Some people got ED-aches from the long WRIDE, but we were all a-PAUL-ed at the ROY-al treatment we received from Delta airlines (even though some people's k-NEELEYS got sore from the cramped sitting space). As we flew to the New York JFK airport, having passed numerous states including VIRGINIA, we had two hours to wait for ANN-other long flight. Several of the group, while passing the HAN-COCK pit of the plane, were asked to dance in the aisles. Movies were shown, good food served, and many short naps were all a part of our last flight which took us to Zurich to begin our five week tour!

MONDAY, JUNE 29 - Nottwil

Chris Schuyler

After enjoying the delicious cuisine and thrilling entertainment provided by Delta Airlines, we arrived in AZurich feeling rather groggy, and as if we had been severely beaten. As we broke through the cloud cover on our descent, the country spread out around us like a patchwork quilt. The fields were meticulously manicured and the colors were rich and lush. We quickly found our baggage, which fortunately had not been left behind in Salt Lake City as we had been falsely informed. Despite the jet lag plaguing the group, we were able to get two trucks loaded with gear and the dancers piled onto the bus for a short drive.

We gently wove our way through the picturesque countryside and arrived at the hospital which was nestled in some rolling hills overlooking a small lake. Some went to their host families for an afternoon of resting while others remained at the paraplegic center to experience . . . the bomb shelter! Sticking to the plastic sheets wasn't half as bad as the smell of sludge or the sub-zero temperatures. We just sneered at those who came back boasting of the beautiful homes they had rested in overlooking the lake.

For dinner, we enjoyed a delicious meal of bizarre hash browns and a stroganoff-type surprise, while a man with a thousand hats entertained us with his singing and facial contortions. Following dinner, a Swiss dance team from Wauwil clothed in their Canton's traditional dress, put on a small show for us. They started with their men blowing on those long horns (like in the Ricola throat lozenge commercials), while two men hypnotically whipped and tossed a Swiss flag—it was quite impressive. The rest of the evening we enjoyed singing and dancing with those who came to the get-together.

Our first day in Switzerland was wonderful: the weather was perfect, the scenery was beautiful, and the people, warm and friendly. For most of us, the language barrier was not even present, and we were able to communicate without difficulty. A wave of friendship covered the party as we danced and mingled. And when at last we headed for 'home,' the foreign country we had arrived in just that morning now seemed familiar and comfortable. Our bodies exhausted and our energy spent, we were more than ready to climb under the feather ticks and drift off to sleep.

As I lay in my cozy bed, in a beautiful old home set amongst small farms that covered the rolling hills, I felt content and grateful: content that I had been treated so well by the good people of Switzerland, and grateful for the opportunity to taste of their heritage, to associate with a people that hold ethics and values in high esteem and cherish that which is good. They are people of integrity who are hardworking and content with 'just enough.' I could see how important family was and also their desire to pass on virtues and strengths. Though thousands of miles from home, I felt as though I slept at home . . . and slept well.

Top Ten

. . . Reasons to Go to Switzerland

by Lyrad Riley

10. To use squatty-potties.
9. To meet Rolf from the *Sound of Music*.
8. To walk around with 30 clones.
7. To take pictures.
6. To fly over the ocean.
5. To send "Wish You Were Here" postcards.
4. To get chocolate.
3. To get away from the Richards Building.
2. To escape reality.
1. To have FUN!

TUESDAY, JUNE 30 - Nottwil, Luzern
Bryan Slade

Bus Driver: Jean Richard

Our second day in Switzerland began with the late arrival of Becki Brimhall and Kim Burke to the bus. Becki with her look of anxiety, and Kim looking like Shirley Temple! They were great though, and we met Matt and Dan later, on our way to Luzern. When we arrived, Vreni, our host, toured us around downtown and took us to all the sights. We all enjoyed the churches, fountains, the beautiful old bridge, and Tamara could not wait to go shopping.

After our little excursion, we returned to the bus and had a meat sandwich, cheese sandwich, and a Scott *Mahony* bar, and a drink, among other things. While we ate, we were entertained by Chris Schuyler and Scott M. doing their impression of the Greco-Roman wrestling statue, attracting some of the natives, curious to know what these strange Americans were up to. After lunch, we got our chance to do some shopping! Some wanted more time, but it was enough to buy some nice gifts and souvenirs.

We headed back to Nottwil at around 3:00 to prepare for the show that night. We all got ready for a run-through, but in the hustle and bustle of it all, Dana forgot her mandolin, Bryan, Derek, and Tucker all forgot clothes, Kim, a converter, and Becki B. and Denise, their curling irons. According to Brother Hoskisson, our dinner was very typical with shredded celery roots and all that good stuff!

Finally, it was time for our show! Our stage was wide and slippery. Some were nervous, but we were all excited, and so were the patients of the center and the people of Nottwil. The show started nervously, but we all did a great job overall. There were a couple of faux-pas though. Denise decided in *Pioneer Medley* that she'd rather dance with Keri Slade than with Bryan, and she seemed to love 'Re-da-ing' instead of clogging in *Fire*. Derek fell off the sawhorse, and Dan and Derek both lost the heels from off of their clogs. Oops to

you all. I guess Denise and Derek were the winners! The audience loved us though, and proved it by giving us their version of a standing ovation. At the end, with our German being a little weak, we sang *God Be With You*.

Our hosts were very excited with the audience: Usually the patients watch any shows from their rooms via cable television, but tonight many patients brought themselves to the theater located in the hospital. There was such a good feeling at that show, and we all gained from our cultural exchange and experience in Nottwil.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1 - Nottwil to Zurich to Winterthur
Cristina Bingham

Morning came very early for everyone today. We all woke up excited to put shorts on—just to find out it would be rainy and overcast all day. We had to meet back at the paraplegic center to pack up our hopefully dry costumes. We said our goodbyes to all those who hosted us and started our trip to Winterthur. Marty and Curtis entertained all of us as they showed up with a gift from their host family. While all the rest of us got chocolate, they received lovely black mustaches. We all thought they should keep them on since they added so much to their already flamboyant personalities. As we left, we didn't feel quite complete since Mike and Keri had taken off to the radio studio to do an interview . . . in German, of course.

While en route to our new destination, we had our first social committee show. Those starring in it were Dr. DRJ (Denise), philosopher Riggs, reporter Cristina, and our top 10 advisor Curtis Miner.

Now our bus headed toward Zurich for a quick trip around the city. Quina was our lovely tour guide. We walked around the city a bit, and ended up in one of the cathedrals there. Inside was an original statue of the Emperor Charlemagne. It was here that we were informed that Vickie is related to this historic figure. What does that mean?—we are in the presence of royalty? Apparently, a few adventurers, namely Chris Schuyler, Matt Neeley, and the Johnsons, wandered off and found themselves in a rented boat on the lake.

Once in Winterthur, we each received 10 franks and headed down the road to find lunch. Most of us stopped for lunch at a small cafe/snack bar outside.

Favorites were oriental chicken and quiche-looking pizza. We all thoroughly enjoyed our meals, and of course had their fabulous ice cream for dessert.

Back at the performance site we spent the rest of the time practicing for our finale and encore. The stage crew was very nice to have everything set up for us, including a changing area. Hopefully no one looked too much, since you could start to feel spoiled performing in a nice place like this. Before being taken in vans, cars, etc. to dinner at the chapel, we had our first 'controlled breathing' exercise on stage. It was very relaxing until some couldn't help laughing at the pig noises, whether coming from the tape, or from our favorite pig impersonating snorers—names withheld to protect self esteem.

Top Ten

. . . Things to Do on an Airplane.

10. Wait for the beverage cart to get out of the aisle.
9. Put ice down people's backs.
8. Miniature pillow fights.
7. Dig the walkman out of the very bottom of your bag.
6. Feel your feet swell.
5. Ask for a full can.
4. Go to the large and spacious bathroom.
3. Mock the safety video.
2. Make noises or blow into the headphones (Cats).
1. Finally going to sleep and then being awakened by "coffee, tea, or me."

We videoed the show tonight since we had such a nice stage. After the show, we met our host families and our host for the duration of our stay in Switzerland, Bruno Kaspar, and headed home to try and get some sleep in between talking with the host family and our roommate for the night. So ends a most excellent day here in the storybook land of Switzerland.

THURSDAY, JULY 2 - Winterthur to Bern to Biel
 Mark Jensen

After our usual five hours of sleep last night we were once again off and running. We met this morning at the Winterthur theater to pack up our costumes and load everything on the bus.

Once on the road, Marty got social hour started with a song for the girls. He sang about being in a canoe with the moon shining all around. The moral of the story being—if the boy tries to kiss you, what do you do? Get out and swim! Kim reminded us to stay flexible so we wouldn't get bent out of shape. And for our daily fitness report Dr. DRJ gave us further insight on the low caloric Swiss chocolate, (low caloric, meaning the calories end up below the waist). Next, Curtis was spotlighted by Dani. He is the oldest of five boys, served a mission in New York City, and is interested in studying architecture. We were impressed to learn that Curtis has only played the guitar for three years and that he learned to play on his own. Marcie received the green beret for blowing the power out at her host family's home after trying to dry her hair with her super-duper-extra-strength-mega-blower. And finally, Beth wrapped up social hour with the days . . .

well, O.K., 18
 . . . *Ways to Know You're Not in The U.S.A. Anymore*

18. When your hair dryer blows out the lights.
17. When the buildings are older than your grandparents' grandparents.
16. When it takes 15 minutes to figure out how to
15. When people say everything twice—Bitter,
14. When your salad has everything but
13. When even a drinking fountain is
12. When you don't know if you are
11. When people park on the
10. When even Lyrad sleeps on
9. When the toilets have a
8. When you drink
7. When **everyone** is
6. When the cheese
- and still tastes
5. When you break a
4. When city streets
3. When sandpaper is
2. When T.P. is
1. When post card stamps cost \$1.60—more than the cost of supporting a child in Africa.

TOP NEWS

turn on the shower.
 bitter . . . Danke, danke.
 head lettuce in it.
 worth a picture.
 on a street or a sidewalk.
 sidewalk.
 the bus.
 'Tsunami' flush.
 bottled water with every meal.
 polite.
 smells stronger than your feet after a show
 better.
 sweat brushing your teeth.
 are cleaner than your bedroom.
 softer than the bath towels.
 thicker than your towel.

We stopped temporarily to pick up the trailer that would carry our show equipment and costumes throughout Switzerland. While we waited for it to be hooked up to the bus we listened to cultural notes from Paul with a few interjections from Bruno. Paul educated us on everything from Swiss military service and women's voting rights to the white Swiss milk chocolate cows and the dark Swiss milk chocolate cows with the short front legs. Of course, some of his remarks were more believable than others.

Our first destination today was the city of Bern. According to legend, the Duke Berchtold Von Zahringen, founder of the city of Bern, wanted to name the city after the first animal he hunted on the spot where he wished to build the city. Apparently it was a bear, and hence the name.

We became very excited as we neared the city and saw how beautiful it was. We couldn't believe it when we were told we would only have one hour to sightsee. After much pleading, Roy gave us an extra ½ hour in the city, just enough time to slow our pace down from a sprint to an easy jog as we made our way out of the city center down to the bear pits where we would meet the bus. A few of us even had enough time to run up the hill for a quick photo of the city, and make it back to be entertained at the bear pits where we watched the bears do tricks for food. Some were more entertained by watching the people watching the bears.

One thing unique about Bern is its water fountains that line the main streets of the city. Paul pointed one out depicting what happens to misbehaving children—they get eaten by an ogre!

Once again on the bus we admired the purchases of members of the group. Shopper of the day awards went to Tamara, for her Swiss watch, and to all those who bought the famous Bern marzipan.

After leaving Bern, we passed by the Swiss temple in Zolingenhofen. We didn't get off of the bus because the temple was undergoing renovation and we were short on time, but we did pass by it a 2nd time so everyone could get a quick photo out the bus window.

Our final destination today was the theater in Biel where we would be performing tonight. The stage was on the 2nd floor and we ended up carrying most of our equipment up the stairs after the freight elevator broke down with Karen and Dana in it. They were trapped for about half an hour until a worker found a ladder and rescued them. All the guys agreed that it would be a smart idea to lock Karen up more often. It's a good way to keep her out of mischief.

Our show tonight was our first in both German and French. This meant some quick memorization by our French narrators and a rehearsal of *God be With You* before the show; of course, we redid our encore again. After a wildly successful show, we quickly packed up our costumes and met our impatiently waiting host families.

FRIDAY, JULY 3 - Lauterbrunnen, Jungfrau, Grindelwald, St. Gallen
Becky Leigh Smith

Well, today was the most festive day on tour yet. We met at the Biel warehouse and drove to Lauterbrunnen. On the way, the brakes on our trailer froze up and the tires were smoking. Amidst the smoke and stench of burning rubber, Chris, our hero, saved the day by successfully diagnosing the problem and getting us on the road again. Because of Chris we were able to get on the train at Lauterbrunnen on time.

Valerie, from Sussex, England, was our tour guide. Her cute English accent tickled our fancy.

The train ride was very picturesque. For most of the ride we were all standing up, screaming and straining as we tried to get the best shot of the beautiful green mountainside. For the last leg of the ride, we

were in a stone tunnel. Many years ago, men with simple tools carved that tunnel which was 7 kilometers long. At the end of our ride was the famous mountain, Jungfrau of the Bernese Alps.

There were many sites to see and experience. One was the ice castle. This huge solid work of ice was a tremendously festive place to scream, slide, be silly, and basically act like American tourists. The plateau directly outside of the ice castle gave us a beautiful, blindingly white view of the Alps. Many pictures were taken, many toes were frozen, and there was much rejoicing as we realized the novelty of playing, eating and rolling in snow on the 3rd of July. Another attraction was the dog sled. For four franks, two people could ride a dog sled (with real dogs like Whitefang and Buck). The ride was only 20 seconds long and only a few people were able to go. There was a long line for the sphinx, which was a lookout tower with a beautiful view of the white-covered Alps.

After buying postcards, pins, books, and other paraphernalia, we rode down the mountain on the train. This time we went to Grindelwald.

The rest of the day, we spent on the bus. There wasn't much circulation, so it was a tad stuffy. We arrived an hour late to dinner at the ward house in St. Gallen. We ate curried rice and chicken for dinner. And for dessert we had aprikosenkuchen, which is an apricot custard torte.

Top Ten

. . . *All Purpose Uses for the BYU Blazer*

10. For those awkward moments when you can't find a towel after you shower.
 9. So we can be in style at BYU in 1985 and in Switzerland in 1992.
 8. As a girl warmer, when the girl has 'low metabolism.'
 7. Can be attempted to be thrown at Matt when he gets on the bus mic and attempts to tell his jokes.
 6. As a sweat rag after Funk.
 5. To strangle anyone singing *Oh the Cuckoo!* after the show.
 4. For Dana to strangle Andy after he attempts the high note in *Diamond Joe*.
 3. As a turban for Marty's next costume creation.
 2. To strait jacket for Matt and/or Cristina when they get just totally out of control.
 1. To wear— because it's comfortable . . . and stylish . . . and it impresses girls.
-

SATURDAY, JULY 4 - Austria, Liechtenstein, Appenzell, Arbon, Zurich
Melanie Marshall

Today was my birthday. I turned 21 today. Curtis, Tamara, and Andy sang the *Cuckoo* song with revised lyrics.

We 'made a run for the border' of Austria, and then drove through Liechtenstein and saw the prince's castle in the city. We also stopped and visited Appenzell, a beautiful Swiss village. We shopped there, and it was our last day to buy Swiss things.

It was our American Independence Day and Brother Hoskisson talked about our country and about its history and importance. It was a nice devotional that day.

Our performance was in Arbon. We had a nice dinner there and it was a nice theater. Our show went very well. We had a few problems. The stage was very slippery. Virginia Hancock got disoriented during the Hoedown and couldn't find Chris to dance with. Dana forgot to come on for Sandman and

quickly turned it into a trio. The best was that during Lida Rose the boys changed the words, to *Happy Birthday Rose*, at the end of the song.

It was a wonderful day. We had to drive back to Zurich that night so we didn't get back until 12:30 or so.

Top Ten

. . . Ways to Enjoy the Bus Ride

10. Quickly put on lipstick when the leadership visit the back of the bus.
 9. Listen to Paul & Bruno argue over the facts of Switzerland.
 8. Put the friendly neighborhood garbage box next to you in the aisle.
 7. If you're a man, disobey the sticker instructions in the bathroom. If your a girl, take your turn in Chris' lap.
 6. Enjoy Swiss beauty through the curtain of women's panty hose.
 5. Every 10 minutes, switch pinky rest/hand holds.
 4. On windy roads, hold the side handle up and pretend you're on star tours every 10 minutes.
 3. Sit on Andy Madsen's lap and appreciate a new form of Euro-comedy.
 2. Put your seat all the way back and talk to the person two seats behind you.
 1. Close all the vents, turn off the engine, and imagine you're in a sauna.
-

SUNDAY, JULY 5 - Zurich
Virginia Hancock

Today we all had the opportunity to attend church with the members in Zurich. Our group was split between two wards.

For Sunday School, they asked a man from New Zealand to teach our class so it could be in English. Then for Relief Society and Priesthood, the missionaries translated for us as the teacher taught. The lessons were very good, but we were all so tired that we could barely keep our eyes open for the whole three hours.

One thing about the members in the wards we attended—they seemed very strong and willing to help with the missionary work. The missionary work has improved since the leaders asked the members to be member missionaries. Since then, they have really pulled together, become stronger members, and are in the process of bringing others into the gospel.

After church, I think most of us did laundry at our host families' homes. Some had to hand-wash, while others were lucky enough to use a washing machine and iron. We were all very glad because we were all beginning to smell a bit rank.

We returned to the church in the afternoon to prepare for the fireside we would be presenting for the members that evening. The turnout was quite good—the missionaries seemed to have lots of investigators and they were very receptive to our message. Chris Schuyler, Jenn Riggs, Denise Johnson, Mark Jensen, and Chuck Baker gave their testimonies and they were wonderful. Bruno Kaspar interpreted for the speakers, and even though I think it may have been a bit difficult and awkward, the people were still able to feel the speakers' strong spirits. The music and songs we sang also touched the hearts of the people as well as the hearts of those performing. It is amazing how two sets of people who speak different languages and have different cultures can be touched and share the same strong spirit. I think all would agree that the fireside was a very spiritual and moving experience.

After visiting with those present, we all went to our various host family homes and enjoyed different activities: eating, sharing the gospel with nonmembers in a part member family, finishing laundry, sightseeing, and just visiting with our host families.

After a week of tour, we are still getting along very well with one another. In fact, I think we are even becoming closer as we share in this experience.

MONDAY, JULY 6 - Zurich to Sion to Lausanne
Andrew Madsen

As the sun rose over the BRIMHALL of the Alps and made its MARK in the SKY, we began another day of tour. All of us had a RILEY good time staying in Zurich with our wonderful hosts and we had to MINER deep into the CHAMBERLAINS of our hearts to say goodbye.

We were all TUCKER-ed out from the busy weekend, so some of us slept on the bus WRIDE to Lausanne while some chose to . . . 'Party-MARTY!' ED asked if we were all O.K., or if our bodies were on the BRINKERHOFF of collapse. We just smiled and said, "Everything is O.K. but DE-NISE!"

Top Ten

(+1) . . . *Uses for the Neck Rest/Travel Pillow*
by Mike Ingols

11. To help keep your neck from snapping off while sleeping.
 10. A quick way to get a dizzy high.
 9. Toilet seat mattress.
 8. A visor.
 7. Safer than feather pillows for a low profile pillow fight.
 6. Water wings.
 5. Big bangs effect.
 4. A Brigham Young beard.
 3. To help you decide if the Mohawk look is for you.
 2. A large whoopee cushion.
 1. A life vest in the event the bus nose dives into an ocean, lake, or sea.
-

BRAVO!

On the way, we stopped in Sion to perform for an LDS Youth Conference and eat lunch. We were so hungry we could have eaten the BURKE off trees or the PAUL-en from flowers. Our meal wasn't PRESTWICH farms, but the cornmeal, salad, and beef KERI-ed us through the day just fine. Our little show was successful. The MIKE situation was confusing, but SCOTTIE pulled through, as always, and every PEHRSON there seemed to enjoy it.

We got to Lausanne, which was as beautiful as West VIRGINIA in the spring. While the tech was being RIGGS-ed up on our fun, outdoor stage, the women exclaimed, "Oh my BECK! Where do we change?" Ed answered back, "Don't worry MA-HONEYs, we'll change on the bus." Our show was great! It was a 60 minute 'condensed' show, and it was raining, but our audience treated us like kings and QUINAs, and DANA't, we did it.

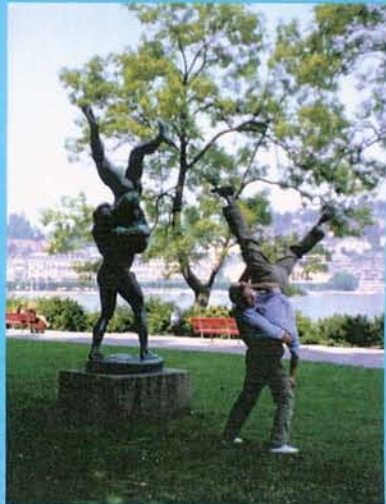
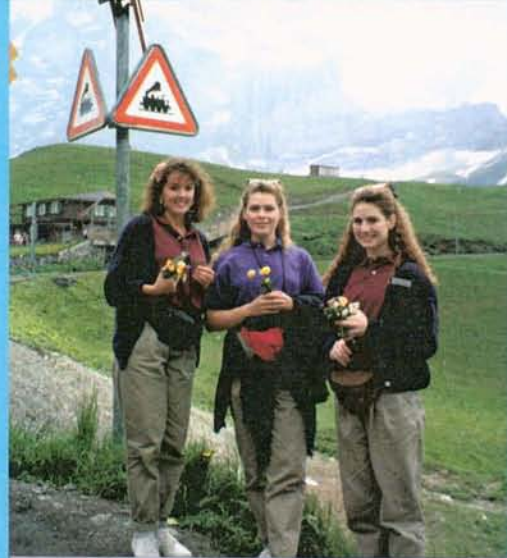
In Hoedown, Chris fell on top of Bryan and flattened him to a MATT. For a while, we thought Bryan had been SLADE, but he was O.K.! The stage was springy, so our JOEYs in clog looked extra sharp!

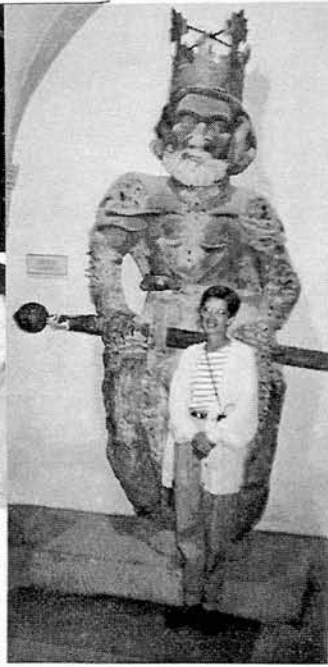
After the show, since it was an outdoor arts festival, we had to clear out quickly, which was sort of a PAYNE since our muscles felt like MARSHALL-mallows and could have used a rub down with VICKIE's vapo-rub, but DANI't, we did it again!

We went home with host families afterwards. Some of us visited them over BINGHAM cherries and fresh BAKER-ed bread. Our host families have been so kind and KAREN!

It was nice to finally LEIGH down and CRASH! (I know she's married, but I couldn't figure out anything for Becky or Smith!) What a day!

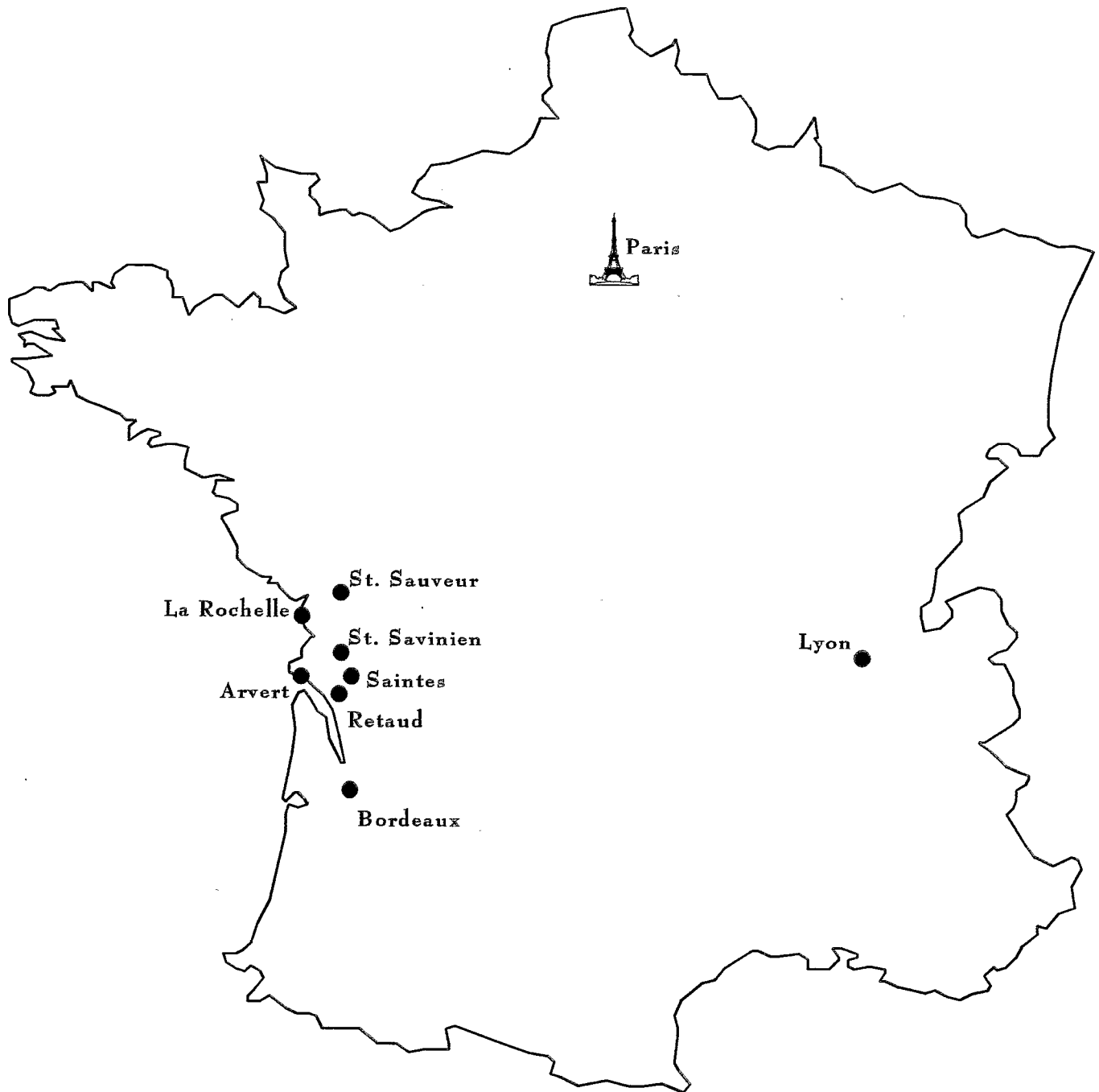
(Note: Anyone curious about who concocted this mess of an entry should know that 23 years ago some unlucky mother gave birth to a MAD-SEN).





“Etats-Unis . . . Allons-y!”

France



TUESDAY, JULY 7 - Lausanne to Lyon

Tamara Chamberlain

Today we bid our last "Auf Wiedersehen" to Switzerland and said "Bonjour" to France! We drove from Lausanne to Lyon and had a beautiful drive.

Lyon is quite a large city with some beautiful bridges and cathedrals. We had some real trouble finding our way to the theater, and Rolf, the trusty driver, had to do some sneaky maneuvering through those narrow streets. When we finally arrived, we unloaded everything up a few flights of stairs, (Argh!) and set up. Then we had a few, well, about one hour to see the city! Some went to the statues and cathedrals, while others visited the bank and post office.

When we met back at the theater, the church had furnished a lovely meal of pizza and salad for us, which we all loved! Then we were off to the stage for blocking. We decided to go over the pyramid in *Surfin' USA*, because it hasn't been quite right for Becky Smith when she falls backwards off the top. The first time we tried it, Marcie got bonked in the face by Becky's head. Her cheek was a bit swollen. We all were worried about her. Well, we then tried it again—this time with different people catching her. She fell back, and somehow went right through their arms onto the floor. She fell on her head and lower back, and the wind was immediately knocked out of her. Needless to say, Becky was quite scared, as were we all. Quina Hoskisson, Roy Brinkerhoff, and some other church members took her to the hospital to get checked, just to make sure nothing was severely injured.

Meanwhile, we all were frantic because we didn't know the extent of her pain, or what would happen. So, we all knelt in the dressing room area, and Tucker Johnson offered a most sincere prayer that she would be alright. Through muffled tears, I think we all felt the spirit and exhibited extreme love for one another, and for Becky, in that room.

Ed decided to re-block the show, and *Monroe's Hornpipe* and *Square Dance* were completely cut. Vickie Austin filled in for *Running Sets*, *Contra*, and *Pioneer Heritage Medley*. She did a terrific job! And, Cristina Bingham knew *Buckin'*, so she quickly brushed up on it, and learned Becky's duet with Derek! What an excellent performance she did—both during the show, and the encore! Bravo Cristina! I really feel like we pulled together and made the show a success.

With the truckers strike in Europe, we weren't sure we would make it to Lyon for tonight's show. Ed told us in devotional that the roads were now blocked again, so we made it through the borders just in time. We know that we were supposed to be in Lyon tonight and perform.

Also, Becky came out of the hospital with no broken bones, just a lot of sore muscles. However, we do feel blessed that nothing tragic happened to her or Marcie.

We pulled together in faith, and faith works miracles. As it says in the scriptures, "Whenever two or three gather in my name, there will I dwell in the midst of them." We felt the spirit, and knew that there was someone on our side helping us greatly. What a tremendous day for all of us!

Top Ten

... Ways to Dry Clothes in Europe

10. Use a dryer.
9. Flap dry.
8. Mouth drying.
7. Microwave/Oven dry.
6. Hang them out the window.
5. Bus dry.
4. Iron dry.
3. Hair dryer.
2. 'Wear' dry.
1. Andiken Madsen's "just don't wash your clothes."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8 - Lyon to Bordeaux
Tucker Johnson

We left Lyon for Bordeaux with a prayer in our hearts that our decision to take country highways instead of the southern autobahn would be a wise one. We miraculously made the journey from Switzerland to Lyon the day before without any road blocks. Today's journey brought promises of sore tushes and kinked necks.

We started off with the thought and prayer by Joey and Mark, then met Bernard, the driver, and Fannie, our guide for the Saintes festival. Breakfast was consumed in the parking lot of the grocery store: croissants, juice, yogurt, bananas, and 1.5 liters of water. Lunch was also purchased at this time, but not consumed until Bernard stopped for a one hour break. Today, we lived very much by Bernard's watch.

The village we stopped at for lunch was Mon-Marault—a small truck stop. Lunch was family style: Open the mayo, lay out the bread and ham, and get your hands dirty making your own. One sure sign that we have left Switzerland is the now visible filth, or scattered debris. Another is the need to exercise while using the squatty potties.

Social hour consisted of Keri's top ten, . . . Virginia's rooster song, and the green beret, and Marcie's special report about Marty.

The traveling was slow, and in all it took 12 hours to reach Bordeaux. Luckily, the beautiful countryside of hills and vineyards, along with rubberneck sleeping, made the trip pass fairly quickly.

A few things learned this day: (1) Vickie is ticklish, (2) College students quickly revert to elementary playground students when confronted with a merry-go-round.

THURSDAY, JULY 9 - Bordeaux
Becki Brimhall

It all began with a solo, single-file parade down the sidewalks of Talence, as we attempted to advertise our upcoming spectacular to be held at the Mairie de Talence, next to the Hotel de Ville.

We were decked out in our ever-stylish aqua-blue gingham, and were ready to 'wow' them with our agility and poise. As we masterfully performed our parade renditions of *Running Sets* and *Polka Quadrille*, we knew our pedestrian and vehicular spectators would not be able to resist the temptation to see us in all our glory later on that evening. The word was out: flyers were distributed, signs posted, the show announced by a traveling loud speaker on a Peugeot, and the audience eagerly awaiting the excitement to come.

But, there was more work to be done, both at the performance site and in downtown Bordeaux. In order to do that, however, we needed a renewal of strength and energy, so it was back to the Bordeaux chapel

Top Ten

. . . Reasons We Know We're Out of Switzerland

10. There aren't any truckers—they're all at the border.
9. You can see factories from the road.
8. People keep inviting us along, saying, "We, we . . .".
7. The bread doesn't come with a ½" crust.
6. Well . . . you've been in the bathrooms . . .
5. There is no more guttering of dogs.
4. We had to make the switch from chocolate to pastries.
3. People want to buy the green beret.
2. We get *standing* . . . standing ovations at our shows.
1. Paul stopped talking and Ed started.

for a nice lunch, graciously provided by the Relief Society. The salad, which consisted of shredded carrots, eggs, and tomatoes, and an **abundant** supply of mayonnaise, was appropriately described by Denise as 'rabbit food.' I guess she was not excited to eat yet **another** shredded carrot delight. But I was hungry, and when I'm hungry, I eat anything. Our meal became more substantial upon the arrival of sliced ham, green beans, and mashed potatoes, accentuated with the staple of French life—French bread. Dessert came in the form of dark chocolate pudding, with a touch of real whipped cream. All in all, it was a satisfying, rejuvenating meal.

We had an open air performance on a downward slope, on slats of wood that didn't appear to be too sturdy. But that wasn't going to hinder our performance or extinguish our excitement. Before the performance a team of dedicated workers did a bit of cosmetic surgery to the stage, arranged costumes in the costume tent, and set up the tech. I wasn't there, but I am told that it took three van loads to get both the tech and costumes from the chapel to the performance site. It was a long, arduous task, but I give a heartfelt thanks to those who set up, and to those who set out the costumes of those of us who weren't there.

Meanwhile, in the center of Bordeaux on St. Catherine Street, Matt, Lyrad, Andy, Bryan, Marcie, Jenn, and Becki spent the better portion of the afternoon passing out flyers and brochures to passersby, in an attempt to further advertise our performance. It was fun approaching people and inviting them to our show. Some seemed very interested and excited to hear about it, while others brushed us off with a "Non, Merci" as they walked by.

Tired and hungry, the 'proselyters' returned to the church to find sack dinners awaiting everyone. After the meal, most of us retired to the chapel overflow area to rest, read, and recuperate. It was good to relax, but at show time we were all still pretty tired. But, that wasn't going to stop an energetic, fun-filled show!

It was a nice setting for the performance, with a cool breeze and the blue sky above. The audience was both seated and standing in a big horseshoe in front of the stage. I think our audience recruiting that afternoon did some good, as we recognized some of the people we contacted that day. The show went as usual, successful and fun, and well received by our audience.

And finally, we arrived back 'home' with the host families to our inviting beds. Good night, and a big thanks to Bordeaux and its members, who worked so hard to help bring about yet another successful and enjoyable experience.

FRIDAY, JULY 10 - Bordeaux to Saintes Derek Wride

Today was a pretty low key day. We first toured the city of Bordeaux. The first group rode the nice city bus downtown where we had about 40 minutes to either go see some sites or shop for a while. The second group arrived a little later, and at 10:30 we split into three groups and were given a very nice tour of the Grand Theatre. The stone and gold craftsmanship and the paintings were pretty amazing. We then had about an hour to do what we wanted. Some saw the big sculptures, some saw the Cathedrals, and some had a French pastry before we headed for the church to have lunch.

Our next stop was Saintes, where we started our festival schedule. After we unloaded and settled into the dorms of the agriculture school where we were staying, we had an hour or so to play around. Frisbee seemed to be the popular thing to do. We played some ultimate frisbee, and this is where Marcie was hit right in the eye by the frisbee. It swelled up pretty quickly, but fortunately it wasn't anything too serious.

After a hearty beef and vegetable dinner, we had a couple of hours to play around again until our meeting with the leadership. We played some hackie-sack, some more frisbee, and some spontaneous group games. Towards the end, we sat in a big circle and played the 'Zoom/Erk' game. About five Russian dancers were watching us, and joined in. They blended in just fine, and had a lot of fun. Besides a small language difference, there were no apparent barriers to pull down before becoming friendly.

Tonight we had no performance, so today turned out to be a great calm-down-and-unwind day. After some good spontaneous blues music by the band and sing-a-longs, we retired to our own personal, comfortable beds . . . without any pillows.

SATURDAY, JULY 11 - Saintes, Retaud Beth Payne

After our first night's sleep on our funky marshmallow mattresses, we cheerfully awoke and descended the stairs to the showers. There in the dungeon basement we really woke up, as we felt the cold, frigid 'sensation of eating a York Peppermint Patty' engulf our bodies in the form of ice water (the only ice H₂O we've seen on this continent). In other words, the water was just plain COLD! One happy surprise led to another, as we journeyed to the dining room where we found a typical French breakfast, which can be described in two compound words: French-bread and hot-chocolate.

After devotional we loaded the bus to travel to Retaud. Derek entertained us with his top ten reasons you know your partner has gained weight. In response to this list, all Keri had to say was, "I'm glad I'm not one of his partners." Unluckily, the author of this document is, and I have eaten a lot of chocolate, but I've seen Derek eating many a scrumptious French pastry. For some reason unbeknownst to the editors, this particular Top Ten list didn't find it's way into the tour history. It's probably better for Derek's sake—and all the other male dancers'—that it didn't.

We got off the bus in Retaud—the men looking striking in their black, and women looking like they were stuffed with chocolate because they wore their poof slips under their red gingham. We shook hands with people and drank soda, while Ed and the mayor exchanged civilities. The mayor shared some very touching sentiments of his feelings of gratitude to the U.S. for helping his country in both World Wars.

We then went in pairs to different homes for a 'bite' to eat. Then commenced the memorable 'Repast in Retaud'. Everyone had different experiences, but we all ate and we all have a good story to tell our kids now, (just as Paul said we would). Most of us were at the table for 2½ to 4 hours. Your behind gets tired when you sit in one place that long.

Here are a few samplings of the afternoons' menus and activities.

Lyrad and Kim's 2 ½ Hour FEAST

Orangina and chips
Bread and Drink (they turned down the wine—Lyrad did have to think about it though)
Fish with yellow sauce
Chicken and fried mashed potato balls (yum!)
Salad with vinegar dressing
Cheese (of course)
Flat cake and flan (custard)

After eating they wandered around their host father's corn farm and the children showed them around the village.

Denise and Tucker's 3 Hour EXTRAVAGANZA

Melon
Fish and whole prawns (the ones that stare up at you)
Chicken with mushrooms that were picked in the forest
Beans
Lettuce with horseradish sauce
Roquefort cheese (Denise loved it—NOT!)
Pear tart

After dinner they drove to the sea and saw an extremely old Roman church. And weren't they surprised when they were given yet another fruit tart. Imagine just how hungry they must have been an entire ½ hour after eating that little meal.

Ed, Jenn, Bryan, Keri, and Fanny's Just under 4 Hour ORDEAL

Popcorn and chips
Bread and salad
Mussels (eek!)
Grilled Pork
Cheese (again!)
3 kinds of fruit pastries

Eating mussels was a real adventure. Ed must have liked them because they kept refilling his plate. He also kept answering "oui" (we) to questions until everyone started to laugh. Apparently, he had unknowingly said that he knew where a particular prostitute house in Paris was.

Some Common Elements in Most People's Experience

- ▶ Sitting at the table for a long time
- ▶ Lots of food
- ▶ Lots of bread
- ▶ Many other guests at the table also
- ▶ Communication problems
- ▶ Trying to explain why you wouldn't drink their wine of which they were so proud
- ▶ Strange gifts (like soccer trophies or Tupperware)
- ▶ Missionary experiences

After the aforementioned adventures, we gathered together at the performance site—which was a large community center or giant gym. They hung up sheets for us, so that we could change on the open balcony. It was very warm upstairs, and the stairway was narrow and steep. We did our full show for the small, but appreciative audience. Most of our host families were there, which made it more fun to perform. Following the show we had ‘family’ pictures, and then the room started to fill with smoke. They were doing fireworks outside, and Ed almost got his hand blown off. Once we got everything packed, they fed us these box dinners. Then we loaded the bus and slept most of the hour ride home. It was late when we got back to the dorm and we were all, I think, happy to fall into bed. (YEA!)

SUNDAY, JULY 12 - Saintes, La Rochelle

Mike Ingols

After about 8 to 10 hours of sleep, we all woke up to realize we had only had a few short hours of sleep. Sunday was to become a very long day. Our breakfast allowed us to feast on warm milk and bread. Right after that ‘breakfast of champions’, we met for a devotional, which would end up being a foreshadowing of our departure for the non-denominational Catholic mass. Attendance at the devotional was sparse, and so were the number of people on the bus at the time we were scheduled to leave. We waited a few minutes and finally had to leave. We ended up leaving Andrew and Curtis at the compound. The interesting thing about the whole situation, is that even though we were the last to leave the school, we were the first group to arrive at the cathedral. (Way to go Serge!)

The mass was held in the old cathedral downtown. I'm not sure when it was built, but Paul knows. I do know that in the late 1700's it became a historical landmark. We had the seats of honor as we entered the cathedral—up behind and to the right of the priest, facing the audience. Unfortunately, we were in the front, and not being Catholic, we found it uncomfortable to stand, sit, stand, and sit again. For many of the group it was their first time at a mass, so they had a lot of questions. So if you are seeking answers, take *Religions of the World* next semester. Even though we had been given our instructions, we were all debating back and forth as to which song to sing, *How Great Thou Art* or *Go Ye Now in Peace*, and which language, English or French. *Go Ye Now in Peace*, and *God Be With You* in French were sung as planned. It was beautiful to hear in the church because of its great acoustics. The Philippine group along with the other groups had beautiful songs, but the soloist from the Philippine group was such a joy to listen to in such a great setting.

At the conclusion of the mass, we went over to a reception area for some spontaneous combustion . . . I mean animation. Because of our elegant attire we did Waltz Round. It was a small area that we performed in, but it was a nice setting. We all enjoyed a session with the Polish group, which included singing and a little bit of dancing. Inside the building a secret party was going on where representatives from the different groups were toasting the mayor.

After a dinner of things that once roamed the earth, we had our own sacrament meeting. In comparison to the mass, our service was small and simple. Under Brother Hoskisson's direction we had a very nice service where the spirit could be felt. Chris and Cristina spoke on feeling the spirit in strange or unusual places. It's amazing to think that the spirit can be felt, as long as one is worthy of it, wherever we are at the time.

Our long **twenty minute** nap allowed us to replenish our energy to ride the bus and quickly see La Rochelle before we went to the performance site. La Rochelle is a picturesque town/city on the Atlantic Ocean. The old port gate towers are still there to safeguard the harbor. On this day there was a music festival making it a very crowded area. We all ran down the streets to go to the harbor and see the clock tower gate from the old city wall. It would have been nice to see more of the city, or at least enjoy it a little longer, but still we got the 'perfect pictures' we wanted.

While trying to find the performance site, we got lost. 'They' said that we were to perform at the cemetery. We were sent there to lift their spirits . . . even though we knew they would be a dead crowd . . . but we didn't stand a ghost of a chance.

The performance site was a multi-use gym with a very dusty, dirty stage, and musty hallways. We quickly unloaded the bus and went to work. The stage was swept, costume racks made, and wings added to the stage with the partitions we found. We were ready for the show, almost. The only thing we lacked was an audience, but that question would not be answered until after dinner.

Dinner was at a little restaurant not far from the gym. The food was good even though many of us did not know what we were eating. 'They' said we ate heart, brain, pork, beef, lamb, or snake. It didn't matter, many ate it anyway and liked it. We drank 'scope' water and 'flavored' water to wash down the various aspects of dinner. Andrew chugged down glass after glass of the minty 'scope' water with enjoyment.

Our show was lots of fun. If only the audience of 70 could have seen the show from backstage. Dresses were coming unzipped, shirts untucked, and velcro pulled apart. It was a nice release on stage for us.

After the show, Roy treated us to a sorbet at the midway across the street from the gym. That midway was our competition, and many of the people in the audience were upset about the small crowd at the show. They said our quality of show would have packed the house, if only it was better advertised.—Oh well.

We rode home tired but fulfilled, knowing we had the opportunity to touch lives and answer the question positively: "Have we done any good in the world today?"

MONDAY, JULY 13 - Saintes, Arvert
Denise Johnson

Today was the first morning of **HOT** showers. A few had braved the ice showers on previous days, some just bathed from a sink. As for myself, a hot shower was a warm welcome. Breakfast was at 7:30 a.m. You would never believe what a surprise we had—hot chocolate in a bowl and bread! We were supposed to leave at 8:30 a.m. to go to the first rehearsal of many for the festivals opening ceremony with all the groups. We, however could not leave until 8:45 because Chuck, Chris, Mark, Matt, and Andy were a wee bit slow.

The ceremonies were to be held in the ruins of a Roman amphitheater built in the 1st century (around 1 - 40 AD). It is one of the oldest known Roman amphitheaters. Gladiator games and games with 'savage beasts' were known to be played there. (As for lions and Christians, no one is quite sure).

The view was beautiful. We will perform with the ruins as our backdrop. Most of us were surprised at how big it was. Some of us could only say "Wow!" It is hard to imagine this theater still being here after so long.

The choreographer was a crack up. He looked like Sting from the *Police*, and had some grandiose ideas with major classical music. For the beginning, everyone had to full out run into the arena. Later, we got to do some modern improv. All in all, it was very French.

We had lunch at noon, and needed to be back at the arena to 'repeat' from 2:00 - 5:00 p.m. For lunch, Scotty had a hay day eating all the yummy sardines no one wanted. I guess they filled up on salad and bread. Even Karen said, "absolutely not!" Pork came later, which was very good, with vegetables on the side. We had lovely peaches that were green on the inside for dessert. Most of us were pretty drained from the morning rehearsal out in the sun, but it did give us some color.

Back to the rehearsal again, we learned that bombs and torches and gypsies were involved. Most of the leaders, I might add, admitted to sleeping, reading, and doing some laundry while we were gone. Paul did correct our tests, Ed choreographed the opening performance, and Karen mended some costumes.

When we returned we had a half hour free before we needed to be on our way to meet the mayor of Arvert. We performed there that night on an outside stage with kids and their batons. Melanie sure was a hit with them. She did some baton twirling herself. The baton twirlers even ran after our bus, not wanting Melba to leave. We had dinner at an elementary school very close to the performance site. They served melon for the first course, then salad, tomatoes, and cucumbers for the second. Third was chicken and french fries. Next was cheese and dessert which we had to put off until after the show, because it was very close to show time.

Overall it was an uneventful show on a small stage. We got home and we were all very tired—but that's nothing new.

TUESDAY, JULY 14 - Saintes, St. Savinien
Editorial Staff

France's big national holiday, **Bastille Day**, was no 'Fourth of July Picnic in the Park' for us. Being part of the festival gave us the chance to entertain the rest of the nation. It wasn't too bad if you like risking serious bodily injury on a 'barrel' stage, or going to bed with an empty stomach.

It actually got off to a festive start when we all gathered together for the Independence day parade through the streets of Saintes. Before the parade we enjoyed some live Caribbean sounds courtesy of the group from Martinique. We also were entertained by Becky/Charo who became a 'slave to the rhythm'. It looked like 'The Gingham Girl Gone Conga'. Our guides, quickly becoming more American than they would like, found themselves in western wear as well. We all enjoyed the interaction with the other groups who were all decked out in their traditional garb, and were as bored as we were waiting for the parade to begin. Scott M., venturing his way over to the Russian bus in hopes of catching a glimpse of their group's entrancing version of Rosana Arquette, quickly found himself surrounded by a hord of Russians with a thousand questions, all as curious about Americans as we were about them.

The parade was a lot of fun. Bryan, Fanny, Marty, and Cristina were the lucky ones, riding through the parade on two old fashioned buggies which escorted us through the multitudes. Paul, wandering about like the official parade photographer, was good enough to snap pictures for all of us throughout the parade route. We did some form of parade improv, but the thunder of the Martiniquean drums seemed to dictate our style of dance. The streets were packed with families enjoying the holiday festivities. Becki B. and Beth seemed to attract the most attention from 'les enfants', even bringing them out into the street to dance with us.

After the parade, our quest to discover the purpose of French liberation led us to the quaint town of St. Savinien. Our performance site was actually quite 'Disneyland-ish', with little motor tug boats that took people through a maze of canals. Mark had the urge to jump across one of the canals, and everyone egged him on, except Ed, who vetoed this possible life-threatening/costume-damaging stunt. Our smiles faded as we caught our first glimpse of the 'stage.' It consisted of flimsy plywood sheets set on top of Exxon-Valdez surplus barrels. Our sound was to have been provided by a ghetto blaster-ish setup. Scotty quickly remedied that situation by switching from his 'teddy bear' demeanor into the more 'grizzly' like species of bear. We tried to find our changing area, but could only find a tree. So, while the girls opted for the bus, the boys opted for nature and made good use of the tree's friendly appendages—hence was born the costume tree. You could tell we were in the mid-tour 'tired jollies' when we discovered an indentation in the grass with which we were most fascinated. You see, as one would lie his or her body into the indentation, the body seemed to form itself perfectly into the ground. Especially the, shall we say, 'ba-hooty' region of the body. Everyone enjoyed this fun diversion, especially Becki B.

The stage didn't contain as much energy as we did. Nails were a poppin', plywood was a splittin', and ankles were a sprainin', (or re-a sprainin') as the show went on. We felt especially in tune with the audience during the musical numbers since the songs were sung on the grass just two feet away from them.

Though the show ended we discovered that our fun had just begun. With promises of nourishment we gleefully proceeded to the tables of 'food.' Like children at Christmas, we wondered what 'prize' awaited us inside the styrofoam containers that streamed by our tables to the awaiting locals. To our dismay we discovered, at what seemed an eternity later, that the sur-prize was no dinner at all. Our 'tired jollies' soon became 'exhausted raunchies' when we found out that we were merely there to entertain the feasting masses. Putting on our best 'animation' faces, we proceeded to turn the debacle into a rather festive event. Singing such well-loved classics as *On Top of Spaghetti* and *Tucker in the Straw* helped lift our spirits as well as those who were feeding their faces. The band members were real troopers as they played number after number. We even got to see Scotty and Karen sneak in a waltz. Back to 'teddy bear' Scotty! Once Ed was informed that the festival organizers wanted us to continue for another hour, we instead inventively turned our 'sing along' medley into a 'parade of farewell'.

Upon our arrival home we were informed of a Bastille Day celebration dance in downtown Saintes. The Mexican bus provided transportation for the few less weary souls who ventured out into the night. The dance was a drag but the group returned to the 'compound' with exciting stories of refreshing 'skinny' dips in the Saintes River. Believe it? . . . or not! Mark Jensen, the infamous worm in the toothpaste man, was in on it, *sooo* . . .

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15 - Saintes

Marcie Pehrson

Today was just an all-around great day! First of all, it was Cristina's birthday and we started her day with the *Birthday Song* and decorations for her room. We had to go to the amphitheater for rehearsal again, so after breakfast we loaded 'the love bus' ready to further our tans and watch Sting create his masterpiece. Unfortunately, we were excused earlier than expected, leaving us time to go to the store, then home to . . .sleep?—yeah, as if!. Ed and Vickie bought us all chocolate eclairs! Yum! But before we left the theater, we thought we'd try to block our dance on stage. Right in the middle of our *Buckin' / Running 'Sweats'*, we were rudely interrupted by Sting saying, "U.S.A. stop! Please! Is very difficult! I'm sorry U.S.A., please!!!" Apparently we were distracting him from his Roman version of *Only You*, and we gathered our things and left. Seeing that we had a few hours to waste away, we went to a Supermarché where people stocked up on cookies, chocolate, pop, more chocolate, and Lucky Charms.

After shopping, we boarded the bus and headed back for lunch. This was the day we had prawns—tasty. Thank goodness Dana and I had bought the fixins for saddle-back brownies! Yea for American food!

After lunch, the bus took us downtown to shop, shop, shop! Many of us headed for the booths, and others bought Fido Dido shoes and sorbet at various other shops around town. After our spree, we came home with enough time to catch some Z's. Then it was time to head to the corral for the performance. We rounded up and enjoyed socializing with our foreign friends in our stables as we waited.

Our performance was fun, and the feeling of brotherhood and love was strong and felt by all. This night was Croatian night and they all came over to party at our dormitory. Cristina was initiated into the Croatian group with a shirt for her birthday. We taught them some of our silly American games such as 'Zoom / Erk' and 'fag tag,' and then sang songs for each other.

This was a great day, and the 1st of my late, late nights. I stayed up until 4:30 a.m. with a rasta/cowboy man singing songs about Becki and various ages of young love, hmmm.

THURSDAY, JULY 16 - Saintes

Matt Neeley

The 16th day of July was one of the most fun and relaxing days in Saintes. In fact, it started out with a party at 12:30 a.m. Last nights' opening ceremonies were celebrated by the entire cast with an impromptu street party near the buses. It all started when the Costa Ricans played their instruments for the Russian ladies. Pretty soon a small street dance began climaxing with Scott Mahoney doing the cha-cha-cha. After two numbers, a large crowd of dancers gathered, and the directors saw the potential problem, so they asked the dancers to pile into their buses and continue their fun at the college. It was apparent that we all needed a release from the formalities and needed a little free time for fun and interaction.

When we arrived and changed clothes, we went downstairs and found Scott Horman with all of the equipment set up for a small dance, with the funk tape set to rap!—What a guy!!

We asked all the smokers to go outside, and put up with the drinking. We danced for everyone then played some American music for dancing. The Costa Rican band wanted to play a number or two and ended up playing for the next two hours . . . we were glad.

The party ended around 3:30 a.m., and we all hit the sack. The next thing that happened was Chris asking, "What time is it?" "Noon," came the response. Wow!, what a morning! So with a brush of the teeth and a brisk shower, we went to lunch.

Our first show was in the afternoon for a 'mature' audience. We did *Pioneer Medley* and *Buckin'*. The crowd loved it! After the show, Beth, Keri, Kim, Jenn, Virginia, Melanie, Tamara, and Becki B. became quickly flattered as a one armed French photographer told them, "Come on . . . give me that pout I love so much."—Eight of them got free pictures.

We returned after supper to the performance site. Matt passed out American Twizzlers (licorice) to the Polish and Martinique groups. Their first reaction was, "Is this food?" "Yes, it's candy." They loved it, especially Peter, the Polish trumpet player. He found out that it was hollow inside and used it for a straw to drink his beer. Yuck!

Jenn Riggs gave the devotional. She shared her feeling on the importance of staying close as a group and not excluding members of our own group. We needed that.

Then Ed began to tell us we'd have to do Western without singing *Home on the Range*. He got a few "discouraging word"s out of that idea.

During the show, *Fire on the Mountain* was so fast that even Ed's brother, Steve, would have had a hard time. (Steve Austin, the bionic man, get it?)

The show was fun, and came to an end all too soon. Poland and Martinique wanted to have a dance since they didn't know about the previous night. Martinique volunteered to provide the music . . . we couldn't complain.

So, the party continued again to all hours of the night. Andy taught the Poles Uno and Skipbo—What a fun guy! The party went longer for some, and shorter for others, as most of us were either too tired to dance, or too tired to sleep. This had been an exciting day!

FRIDAY, JULY 17 - Saintes

Jenn Riggs

A select few dragged themselves to breakfast this morning while the others savored the few more precious minutes of sleep after an all night party with the Polish group. And yet by 9:30 a.m., we were all bright-eyed and ready for an inspiring devotional on love. Decked out in our favorite blue bandanna fashion ensemble, we hit the streets of Saintes. With joy in our hearts, we performed our favorite task of 'Animation'. Maybe we were tentative about this adventure, but once we were out and about, we enjoyed the experience. The highlight was Matt's performance of *Teton* in the town marketplace. A quick high kick and seeing him slip to the ground grabbed a few smiles.

We then had time to spend our 'play' money and amuse the storekeepers with our attire. Many of us came back with big boxes, while others were stuffed with delicious pastries. We returned to the school for an appetizing lunch which consisted of a worm salad, care of Mark. As soon as everyone was sufficiently grossed out, the 'love flower' exchange once again commenced. The South African team was leaving after lunch, so our team stood around their table and sang *Go Ye Now in Peace* and *God Be With You*. A warm feeling enveloped both groups as hearts were touched and tears were shed. A few members gave Book of Mormons to the group and a few of us watched one lady as she flipped open the book with curiosity. Love was abundant, as well as sadness, as we said goodbye. Each group took their turn singing in their language, and embracing. It's amazing how quickly our spirits respond to one another.

After a much needed nap we quickly packed our costumes and headed for another exciting animation. We ended at a café and enjoyed the refreshing taste of Orangina and coke. We then enjoyed a meal consisting of a variety of spices, including our favorites, vinegar and mayonnaise.

We then commenced a split show with the Croatians. We had a terrific show and as Marcie came with the wrong color for Buckin' the band quickly took time to play that *Cuckoo* song. Cooperation from all helped us quickly change our line up. It was a blessing in disguise because we had some injuries in the group. We exchanged gifts with the Croatians, and lollipops and kisses with our Polish fan club.

Our bus then took us on a leisurely ride among the moonlit sunflowers to the school, otherwise known as the 'haven of insomnia'.

SATURDAY, JULY 18 - Saintes Dan Prestwich

The day started as usual with hot chocolate and bread at 7:30 a.m. However, this morning we only had a half hour to enjoy this feast, because we had to be at the arena at 8:15 to practice for the closing ceremonies. As our choreographer 'Sting' would say, "It is very important that we arrive on time, and **immediately** prepare for this evening. Excuse me, U.S.A., it is very difficult." (All with a French accent of course) So, until 12:00 p.m., we practiced walking up and down the stairs and making circles on the arena floor. The only one who was really excited about the practice was Matt Neeley, who kept rearranging his place in line so he could stand next to his Polish love.

As we were leaving the morning rehearsal, we were all excited to find out that the afternoon rehearsal had been canceled. It had been a very busy week, so the idea of having a few hours to ourselves sounded great to everyone. After lunch, the afternoon was spent just relaxing. A few dancers had to postpone their relaxing until after a reception with the mayor, but everyone eventually did get in a few hours of sleep.

Dinner was at 7:00 p.m. that evening, and we had a strange meat that we guessed was duck. Then at 9:30, we all met at the arena to prepare for the closing ceremonies. As we were waiting for the ceremonies to begin, everyone was running between the different groups, trying to capture the moment on film. Pictures were taken not only to remember the beautiful costumes from around the world, but also to remember the friends that were made during the festival. It was amazing to feel of the strong friendships that were made during those few, short days.

The closing ceremonies went just as we had practiced them, and each group had their final chance to perform for each other. We performed *Back Up and Push*, *Buckin' Appalachia*, and *Fire on the Mountain*. It went well, except for Tucker who had to sit out with a hurt knee.

One amusing thing did happen, however. Our French director had choreographed something to represent the creation of the world. The director of the festival, who had dressed up to represent God, but looked more like a giant Q-tip, tripped during his big moment on stage. Quina commented that they now had a fallen god.

The day ended with a big fireworks celebration. They seemed to last forever, and helped make up for the 4th of July celebration we missed back home. The mood was somewhat subdued, however, as we recognized the solemn effect the fireworks had on our Croatian friends, as they were reminded of the terribly difficult situation they had left back home to come to the festival; circumstances awaiting them upon their return; circumstances that their families were enduring even at that moment.

SUNDAY, JULY 19 - Saintes, St. Sauveur

Keri Slade

- 12:00am Still at the arena for closing ceremonies, complete with fireworks and dancing to John Lennon.
- 2:00am Finally back at the school and (some) into bed. Basement party begins.
- 3:30am Funk lessons by Andy and Mark . . . over, tap dance lessons by Becki . . . successful. Many more head to bed.
- 7:30am Cristina Bingham's 'bedtime.'
- 8:50am Rush on the breakfast table, as the cafeteria closes at 9:00 a.m.
- 10:00am Church services at the school. The speakers were Mark, his beloved sister Joey, and several surprised others. Bryan also touched us with his song and simple testimony.
- 11:30am Pictures at the arena: smiling at a thousand cameras, squinting into the sun, and laughing as Ed called to be ready for his picture taken 10 miles away, from the other side of the arena.
- 12:00pm Hey everybody! We have a box lunch social!
- 2:45pm Arrive at that afternoon's performance site (St. Sauveur). If you build a stage, they will come!
- 3:00pm Celebration of *Snail Days* commences with festive folk song and dance group numbers, including the funniest ever *Fire on the Mountain* back-up singers, and yet another trampoline stage.
- 4:00pm The Russians arrive.
- 5:00pm Induction of members to the special snail club, hence Scotty's joke about the 'S-car-go!' Also a time of frustration that erupted into difficult arguments over clothes, costumes, appearances, and being a group, which we quickly overcame.
- 5:45pm Terror and anxiety at the prospect of eating snails for supper.
- 6:00pm Relief at finding ham and rolls on our plates.
- 7:00pm Drive home. Entertainment . . . Andy doing impressions of every American pop singer imaginable.
- 9:00pm Load the new bus.
- 10:00pm Shower and last-minute laundry time.
- 11:00pm Bed for some.
- 12:00am It's not my day anymore!

MONDAY, JULY 20 - Saintes to Paris
Lyrad Riley

This busy day of our tour began bright and early as we met the bus at 6:00 a.m. (read 6:30). We had plenty to be excited about: Tamara was two weeks away from seeing Tom, we were getting something for breakfast besides bread (really 'crust') and hot milk, Lyrad's wedding was only one month away, Marcie had gone several days without a catastrophe, Matt was going to see his Polish doll that evening, and, we were all headed for world renown museums and landmarks in the cultural center of the world!—Paris!

Our tour moms gave us a European breakfast of juice, yogurt, croissants, and a candy bar. We sang *Go Ye Now in Peace* for Michel Forgeau, the festival president, and our guides Fanny, Stephany, and Guillome, and gave them gifts of bandannas, bluegrass music, and group pictures. Then we bussed straight to Paris, with only one stop for restrooms and snacks.

We arrived at our hotel in the early afternoon. We were all pleased with its excellent location at the Hotel Arcade on Cambronne Place, only a few blocks from the Eiffel Tower, and right by a metro station.

We had a quick lunch of bouquets, cheese, boiled eggs, oranges, chips, and water, and then unloaded everything into the hotel. Brother Hoskisson gave us some information about the Louvre and we were dropped off at this eclectic palace turned art museum. He led us on a very rapid tour past some famous works like *Winged Victory*, *Venus de Milo*, Rembrandt's *Self Portrait*, and the *Mona Lisa*. Then we had 1½ hours on our own to see whatever we wanted.

The Louvre is an immense U-shaped 3-story building and has too much art for one to enjoy in several days, much less 2½ hours, but we made the most of our limited time. It was great to see things first-hand which we'd heard about all our lives. After walking around the museum for hours, some of our fatigued art critics cooled their feet in the fountain near the central glass pyramid. According to Scott M., it was refreshing enough to be well worth the unorthodoxy.

We met back at the metro at 5:00 (read 5:15) to go back to the hotel. There we changed and reassembled in the lobby at 6:00 (read 6:45) to go to a F.H.E. activity with the youth of the Paris E. Stake. Many of the group members were lacking enthusiasm for this fireside because they were so tired from travel and late nights in Saintes. But once we got there, it was great.

A couple of members from the stake escorted us to the meeting house where a nice dinner was awaiting us. As always, the members were very kind and eager to make us comfortable. We had rice with vegetables and cheese, bread, fruit, and mouthwash-flavored punch. Then we went upstairs to the chapel/auditorium/sauna where we sang and danced.

We began with a spiritual tone, singing a few fireside songs and having Dana and Andy bear their testimonies, with the help of an interpreter. The spirit was present, creating a positive experience for both the members and nonmembers who were there. Then the mood changed a little as the band played some folk songs like *Orange Blossom Special* and *Cuckoo* and the dancers performed dances including *Pioneer Suite* and *Running Sets*. After a prayer to end that part of the meeting, we had some refreshments and did some social dancing with the youth. We were impressed by the ethnic diversity in that stake—there were members from Africa, Asia, Latin America, and Great Britain.

We didn't leave until 11:00, and we were dripping wet from the humidity and exertion. But we had the good feeling of having made people happy, and having been able to serve and strengthen these people, repaying in a small way the kindness we'd received everywhere we had gone.

On the way home, most of us got off the metro near the Eiffel Tower to see it all lit up at night. Tucker and Denise played the *Newlywed Game* and lost. They got separated on the way home from the fireside. Tucker assumed Denise would want to see the Eiffel Tower; Denise assumed they'd go back to the hotel to spare Tucker's sore knee. So, Denise missed the tower at night, and Tucker walked for what seemed like 10 miles in pain and without his sweetheart. But as in the *Gift of the Magi* parable, we were touched by their selflessness.

Some of the group had a rendezvous with the Polish group from the Saintes festival, which was reportedly very emotional, and sad goodbyes, addresses, and kisses were exchanged. We admired the Tower for a while, and then walked back to the hotel in the early morning hours to shower and sleep in preparation for our next big day in Paris.

TUESDAY, JULY 21 - Paris
Kimberly Burke

Tuesday, July 21st, was probably the most fun-filled day we had on tour. Our one day fly-by tour of Paris was definitely exciting! After being given 10 metro tickets, a map, and a few suggestions, we set out on our own. Since we split up in groups and went our separate ways, it's difficult to try to capture everyone's experiences. Many of us visited the same places, so I'll try to mention the most important ones.

A large group of us started out the day with a visit to the Musée d'Orsay, the major impressionistic museum in Paris. Since it was smaller than the Louvre, it was possible to see more of the museum, which was fun. We were able to see some of the major works of famous artists such as: Degas, Renoir, Monet, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Whister, and many others. Just about everyone who visited the Orsay bought prints, post cards, or books to remember their experiences there.

The Pompidou Center, the modern art museum, was closed on the 21st, as many of us found out. We were, however, able to see the building and peek inside. This, was in and of itself, very interesting. The fountain outside was also pretty different, and definitely went along with the museum.

Of course, the largest cathedral in Paris, the Notre Dâme, was a popular place to visit. It was amazing, inside and out, and topped all the cathedrals we've seen while on tour. The intricate wood carvings and stained glass windows were absolutely breathtaking! Some of us took the opportunity to climb to the top and take in the view. On the way back down, we took the chance to count the stairs. The average of the three tallies was 382!

Across town was the Arc de Triomphe, a French military monument. Our group (Becky S., Curtis, Jenn, Kim) arrived just as the tours to the top closed, which was somewhat disappointing. A couple of people (Keri, Beth, Derek, and Cristina) were able to see a military ceremony when they visited the Arc. According to Keri, there was a group of dignitaries, a motorcade, and a band in uniform with flags. I'm sure it was an impressive site.

Although we were all able to see the Eiffel Tower on the 20th, most of the groups went back for another visit at some point during the day. Our group, as well as many others I'm sure, spent some time at the top of the Trocadero, enjoying the view of the tower. Curtis and I rode to the first floor; Marcie, Becki B., Dana, Virginia, Mark, Scott, Andy, Melanie, Tamara, Marty, Tucker, and Denise went to the second floor; while Joey, Shelley, Dani, Dan, Bryan, Beth, Mike, Derek, and Cristina made it all the way to the top.

Some of the other sites people in the group were able to visit were: Les Jardins, Luxembourg Gardens, the Champs D' Elysées, Sacre Coeur, Mon-Marte, Saint Chappell, and a few others.

Everyone in the group was able to take a boat ride down the Seine River, through the middle of Paris in the evening. Unfortunately, the group was separated, and we ended up on a couple of different boats. The ride was very beautiful, but also loud! All of the boats were packed, and many were so noisy, we weren't able to hear the narrations on some boats. The boat ride was an excellent opportunity to take pictures, especially of the Eiffel Tower. ☞It also seemed the perfect ending to a glorious day in romantic Paris and our wonderful time in Europe. ☞

Right about lunch time, it started to pour down on us. Only a few people had umbrellas, and many were caught off guard. Some were found running to Notre Dâme, some were in the Latin quarter, while others were at the Pompidou center and fountain. A few missed it altogether, being inside. Paul and Quina were walking under an arcade, Roy and Ann were in a creperie, while Chuck, Tucker, and Denise were napping at the hotel.

Finding restaurants to fit our budgets, while still experiencing Paris, was a challenge for us. Many admittedly stopped at McDonalds for lunch, while some of the more adventurous ones opted for Quick (the French equivalent of McDonalds). A few of our group members missed the festival food in Saintes so much that they ordered some just like it in Paris. Marcie, Becky L., Curtis, and Virginia enjoyed delicious ham sandwiches at a Paris café! Throughout the day, many of us were able to taste the crepes (with jam, citron, nutella, or sugar), as well as French pastries.

Everybody had mini-adventures of their own during the course of the day, and I'll mention just a few. Chuck had the opportunity to play the harmonica and guitar with a Czechoslovakian man, as well as sketch the Eiffel Tower. Keri and Beth had an old man try to pick up on them, while Marty took the chance to kiss three girls on top of the Eiffel Tower, just to experience the romance of Paris. ☞Marty, we never knew you had it in you. ☞ Roy almost lost Ann to the subway doors. Becky S., Jenn, Curtis, and I (Kim) spent about 30 - 45 minutes to see what we thought was the top of Notre Dâme. Instead, we ended up finally in the belfry, and when we tried to leave, found we were locked in!

Some took off at full-speed to see everything they could in one day in Paris, while others took it more slowly. The main goal of the Hormans and Brinkerhoffs was not to break a sweat, and Virginia, Becki B., Marcie, and Dana took a long nap. No matter how the day was spent, or whom we were with, everyone thoroughly enjoyed it and had a wonderful day.



SAINTES 14 - 18 JUILLET
FESTIVAL FOLKLORIQUE INTERNATIONAL

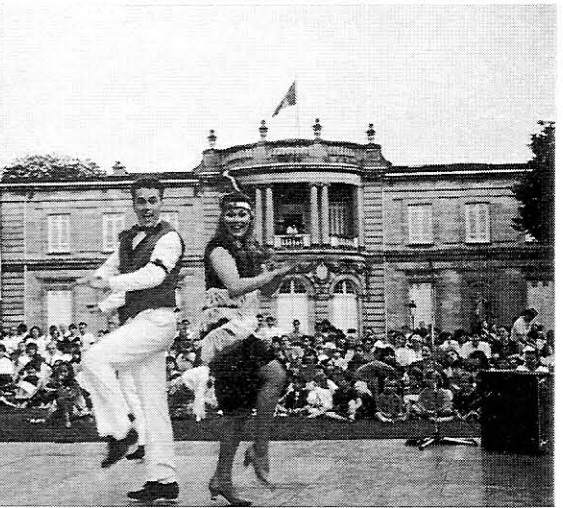
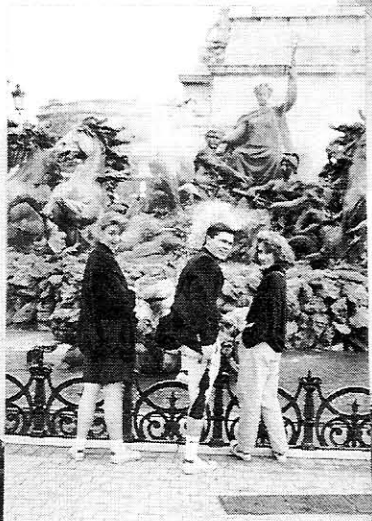
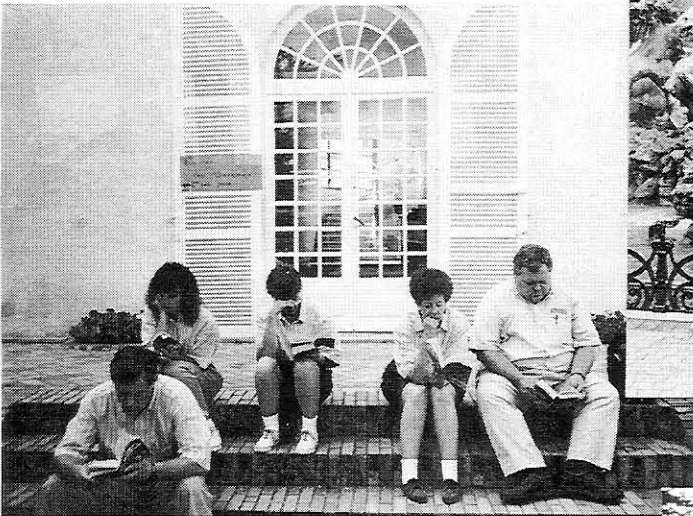
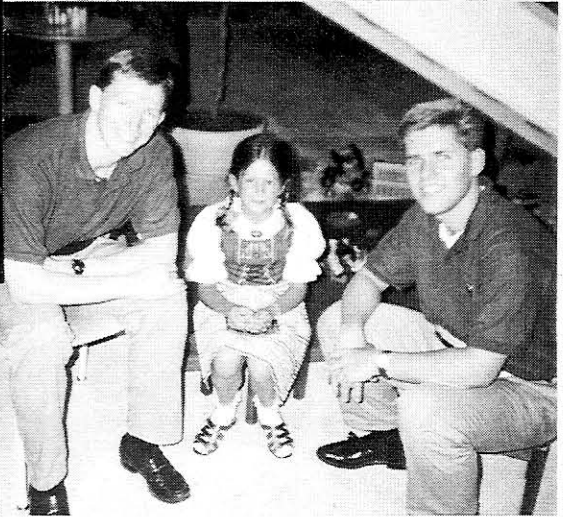
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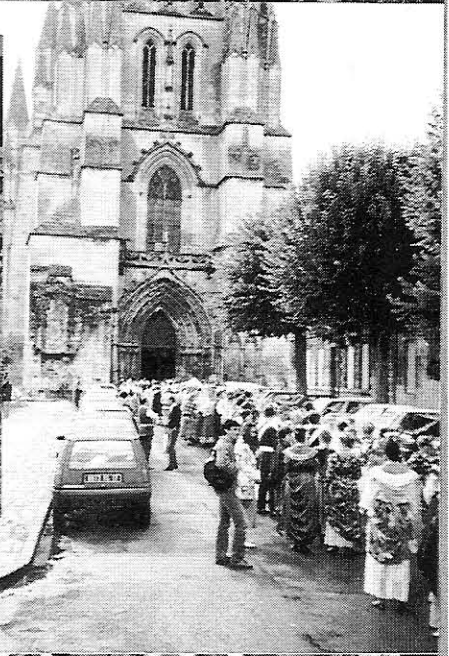
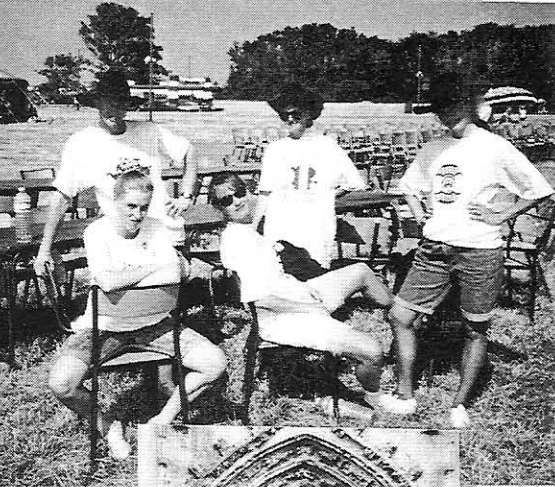
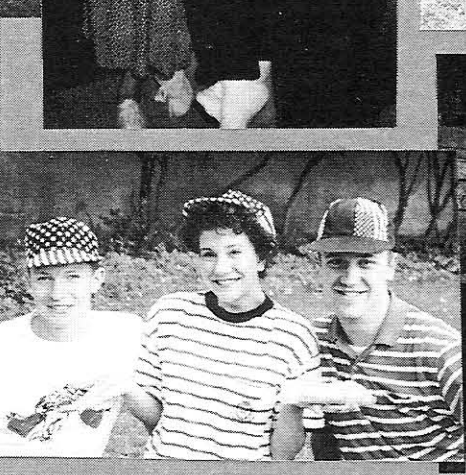
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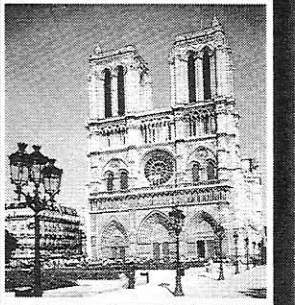
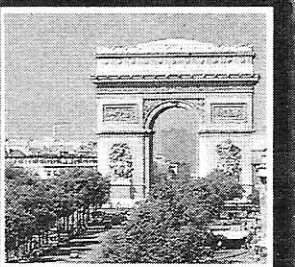
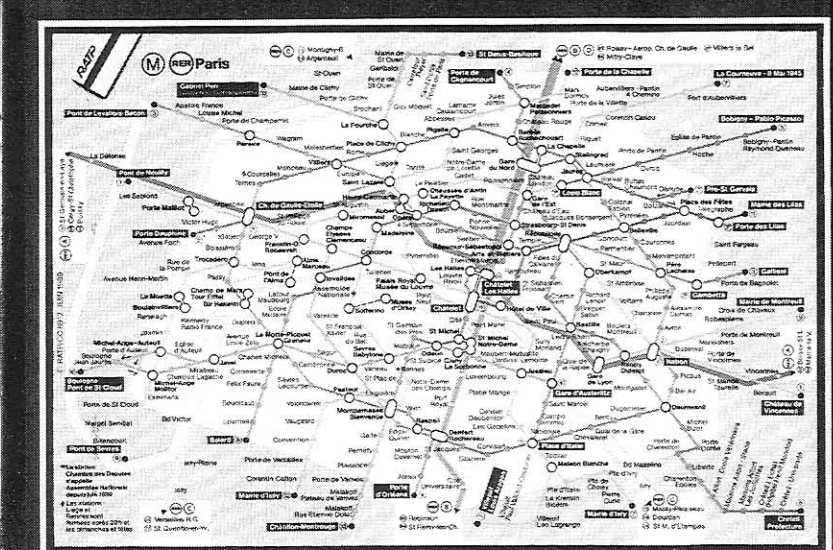
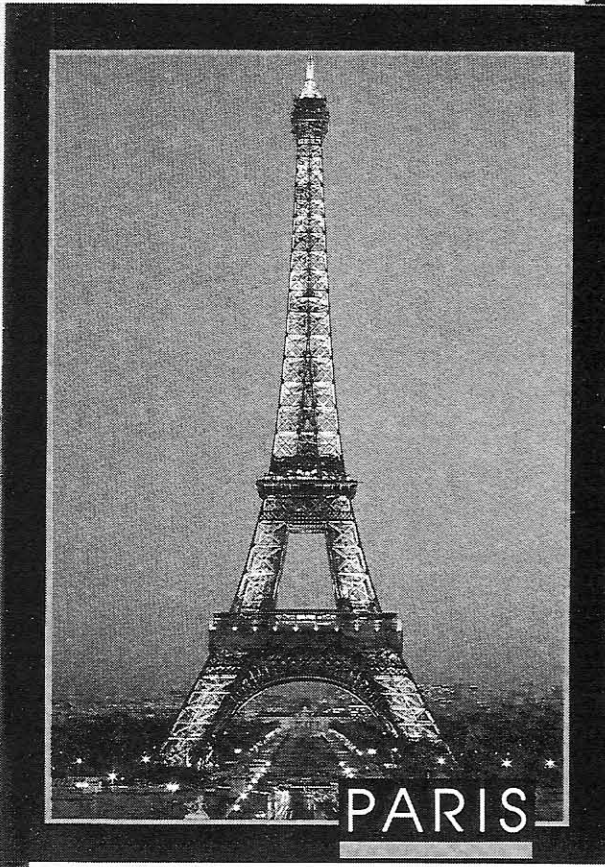
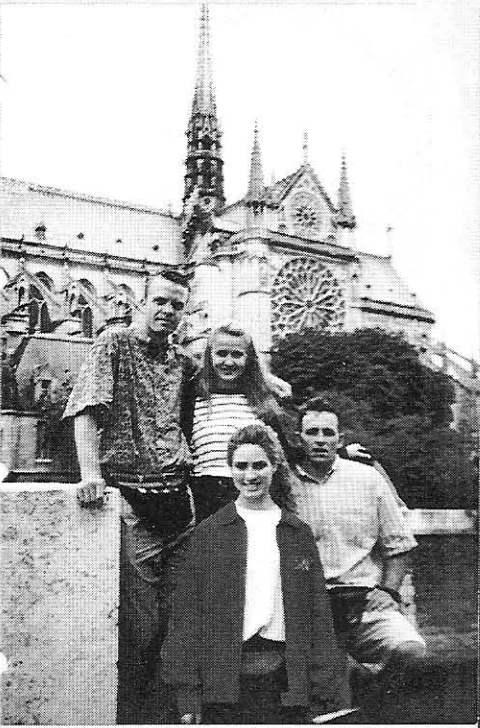
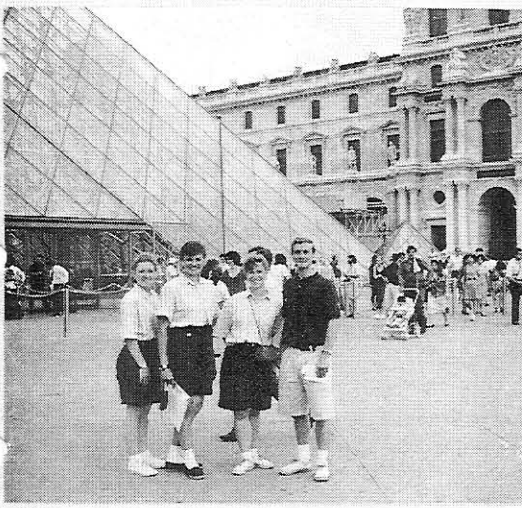
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Agencements : JEUX SANTONS 43 rue Gautier 17100 SAINTES Tél : 48 74 47 50



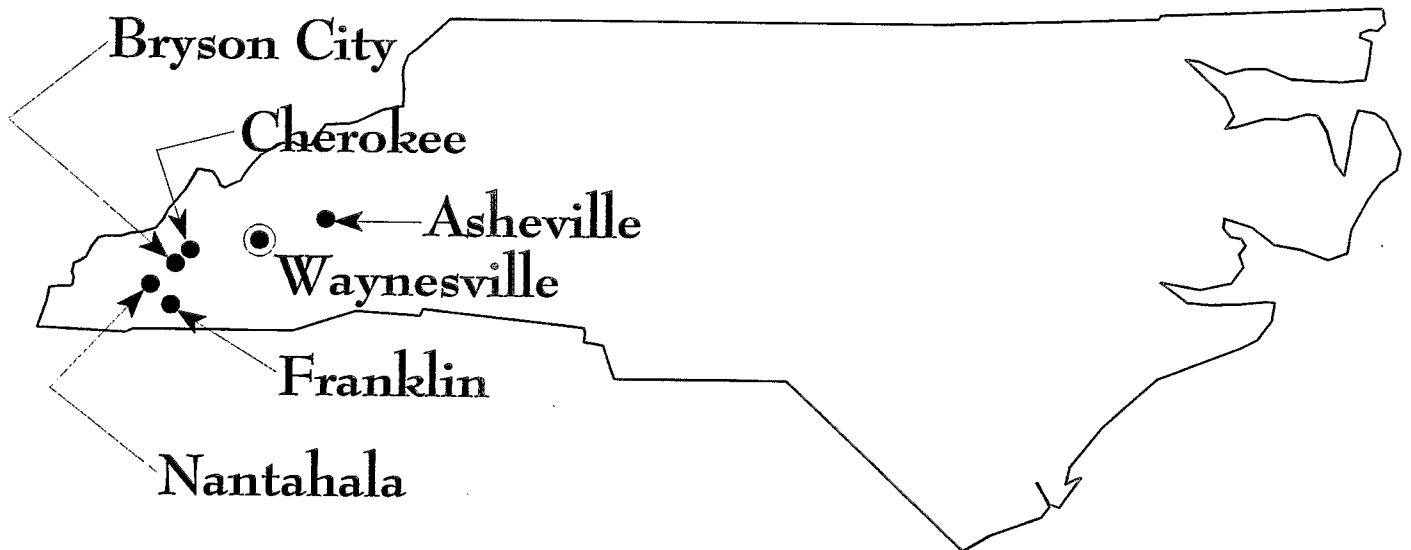






Buckin' in Appalachia

North Carolina



WEDNESDAY, JULY 22 - Paris to Waynesville

Dana Clark

Today we left Paris, Europe, and any remaining hope to meet up yet once more with the beloved group from Poland. We also had to say "au revoir" to the women leaders who flew back to their other families in Utah.

The plane ride went for approximately 9 hours and 15 minutes . . . very long. This, of course, was spent in the most worthwhile ways as possible. Some slept, many caught up journals, listened to music, watched the movie *Prince of Tides*, or just conversed with each other. There was also a small group who wrote letters to the mission president of Poland with concerns, addresses, and statements of love for their new, yet gone Polish buddies. There were also 'Delta postcards' sent to the Polish types, to inform them of the missionaries' expected arrivals.

When the plane touched the U.S. ground, Dana, Marcie, and Becki sang the first verse to *God Bless America*. Dana was a bit disappointed at the participation! Although Europe was greatly missed, the general crowd of folk dancers seemed excited to return to "the land of the free", and the home of washing machines.

The day's top ten was related by Marcie and Kim on the bus, after a noble effort made by Becky Leigh Smith to revive the long lost social hour.

Finally, we reached the festival to find that we would be staying in a bug infested Jr. High School with the showers across the street. They did, however, have dinner for us—making the 5th meal of the day, and that was nice. We met our guides for the festival, Roy and Anne. (Doesn't that couple sound familiar!?)

Top Ten

well, this time only (6)

. . . *Ways to Know You're in the USA*

6. We no longer need a chisel to eat the bread.
 5. We can chew gum without being considered 'low life scum'.
 4. There was more ice on the plane ride home than we got the whole time in Europe.
 3. Deodorant, showers, razors, and other various hygiene products used on a daily basis are not a novelty.
 2. One must order vinegar to have their salad saturated in it.
 1. You don't have to build it for them to come.
-

So, thus we reached America and started our stay and participation in the Folkmoot Festival.

THURSDAY, JULY 23 - Waynesville

Curtis Miner

Today was our first full day back in the good old U.S. of A. Those jet lag sufferers who were able to break the bonds of blissful slumber were treated to a hearty American(?) breakfast. It consisted of cold chocolate milk, soft bread, and a cornucopia of cold cereal. After breakfast, most returned to their comfortable, NOT!, concave cots, to enjoy a mid-morning nap. After that, came lunch, and then a mid-afternoon nap.

The evening was spent at Maggie's Stomping Ground—clogging capitol of the world. There we were able to see each of the eight groups perform for the first time as part of the opening gala. After the show, we all went back to Waynesville Jr. High School and crawled into our beds for a much needed night of rest.

FRIDAY, JULY 24 - Waynesville
Dani Montague

Those of us who woke up early enough, enjoyed clean towels and a hot breakfast (with cold milk of course). After the devotional, some of us braved the locker room showers. Most everyone took a morning siesta (after all, this was only the second day back in the States, with the 6-hour time difference) and hoped for rain at 11:30 a.m. However, the weather took to its own whims, as usual, and the skies were partly sunny. We had an early lunch—no one would go hungry today—and got ready to go to the parade. We lined up by the Post Office and were 1st in line—Uzbekistan with their elephant horns was behind us. The weather was kind to us as we danced and sang and played down Main Street. When we reached the courthouse, we performed the Pioneer Round Dance and Hambone. Then all had a seat on the lawn and enjoyed a cold glass of water while we watched the other countries perform. Towards the end it started sprinkling and Roy W. saved the band as he escorted us to the bus minutes before a big downpour; the official ending to the parade.

We decorated the cafeteria for our 'late niter' right when we got back. Then we enjoyed some free time in the afternoon, ate dinner in the cafeteria that reminded us so much of our elementary school days, and got ready for our performance tonight. We arrived at the Stompin' Ground with plenty of time to spare, and we used the time to soak up more humidity as we wrote in journals, talked and practiced by the creek. We were on stage 2nd after the intermission and performed the western section to a sellout crowd. Six of us left right after our segment to finish decorating the cafeteria. We used red, white and blue streamers, balloons, bandannas, flags, cowboy boots, hay, stuffed costumes, hats, baskets and the sawhorse to convey the American spirit. Meanwhile, back at the Stompin' Ground, the dancers were 'feeling their oats' (there was something weird in the box lunch social today!). Cristina was about to be taken prisoner with Marty's trail tie when she escaped and began tying Marty with it instead. Then some of the other guys ran in to help (at, dare I say, Ed's suggestion?) and, deciding that Marty looked hot, proceeded to dump him into the river. But that's not the end of the story. It's rumored that Shelly suggested to Tamara and Denise, who then suggested it to everyone else, that Ed needed his turn in the river. Everyone who helped was glad to oblige that idea. ☞ No one can say for sure who got the worst of the dunking, Ed, or those trying to throw him in the river. ☞

Back at the junior high cafeteria, we started the late nighter with some band tunes and clogging music. Then we moved into the nostalgia section and performed and taught some swing, surfin' moves, and rap. Many people attended and told us that they enjoyed the party. "Attention! Excuse me, excuse me, good job U.S.A.!" We ended our glorious pioneer day tearing down the streamers and jumping into bed just before the sun arose again (or so it seemed).

SATURDAY, JULY 25 - Waynesville, Bryson City
Michelle (Shelly) Beck

This morning Roy Brinkerhoff gave the devotional. It was about blessings and trials. He shared an experience he had while visiting with someone from Latvia. We learned that each of us has challenges in our lives that are unique from any other person's, so we shouldn't compare. Thanks, Roy, for the message.

We all loaded into A-11, our white bus and pulled out for Lake Logan. As we arrived at the lake, various groups were created. First, we had swimmers who took a jump into the lake. At this time, I would like to recognize Virginia as the first woman in the water—you little fish. Some of our swimmers were climbing on the ropes which surround the swimming area. This was another Kodak moment when Chuck, Sky, Andy, Mark, Derek, Virginia and a few others were trying to balance on the ropes with their hands in the air with a look-mom-see-what-I-can-do look on their faces. Nice shot! Derek lost his famous frisbee to the watery depths of Lake Logan. Now poor Flippy is pretty drippy. Services will be held . . .

Our next group was the waders. This group found refreshment with minimal contact with the water. At least for a while Beth and Cristina were soaking their little toes in the cool water. Ahh! Then we had the fun-in-the-sun lovers; Tamara, Melanie, and Scott Mahoney along with other anonymous sun lovers. The last group were the hillbillies. A few of us headed for the hills; but not the *Hills of Our Home*. Joey, Shelly, Jenn and Curtis held the rocks down in the shade of the beautiful trees as others frolicked in the water.

At noon it was time for the Bar-B-Que. There were many munchers who waited in the eternal line for sloppy Joey's, oops, joes, barbecued chicken, and all the trimmin's. It was mighty good partner. Then some of us went for walks, explored trails, or just enjoyed the shade for another thirty minutes. Then for some unknown reason Derek and Cristina were not on the bus when we left Lake Logan. The "TR" couple had fallen asleep . . . or did they? Hee Hee! Ironically, the Director of Transportation gave them a ride back to the school.

As we pulled into Waynesville Jr. High, Ed informed us that we had thirty minutes to be showered, dressed and on the bus. Then Tamara said, "Oh, we have the normal time, times two." After frantically getting ready, we made it to the bus and headed for Swain County. We were at a high school in Bryson City, the home of the Maroon Devils. They also provided us with a Bar-B-Que dinner. Some of us felt overdosed with barbecued chicken, but it was good. Lyrad was seen capturing and playing with the bugs out in the grassy field behind the school while another dancer enjoyed teaching his Moldovan friend some clogging steps. It was a fun performance and the people were very appreciative of us being there. Then we went back to good ole Waynesville. That night Belgium was in charge of the festivities at the Late Nighter. Everyone had an opportunity to do lots of Schottische. That's all Folk Dancers! Sure Love Ya (SLY).

SUNDAY, JULY 26 - Waynesville, Asheville Editorial Staff

Our first Sunday in North Carolina gave us the opportunity to attend church in the states, as well as meet the faithful members of Waynesville. They quickly informed us that they were locking the doors of the chapel to prevent us from leaving. We must have had a profound affect on the members, besides doubling the size of the congregation.

Matt's parents were in attendance so it was only fitting that we sing his arrangement of *Sweet Hour of Prayer / A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief* in sacrament meeting. The spirit of the song was particularly strong this time and set the mood for the remainder of the meeting.

Afterwards, the ward members graciously provided a meal for our dining pleasure. It seemed refreshing to drink something other than Pepsi or Mountain Dew, especially on Sunday.

Onward to Asheville where we learned that festivals don't close on Sundays, (and we should never perform on Sunday either). We attempted to perform revision 4/b' of *Buckin' Appalachian Running Sets*,

but the band seemed content to just play 468 bars of Jew's harp rhythm. The audience probably didn't notice, but, of course, this was the only night they taped the groups for the 'official' Folkmoot video.

Since we didn't want to be there on Sunday in the first place we made a quick exit to the bus to return to our abode in Waynesville and to pass the remainder of the day in rest.

MONDAY, JULY 27 - Waynesville, Franklin

Joey Jensen

We are still in Waynesville, N.C. eatin' plenty and havin' fun. The scheduled breakfast was from 8:15 - 9:15 a.m. We had devotional at 9:30 a.m. Bryan Slade gave our thought. He said this week is going to be a trial for all of us, because we are all tired and anxious to be getting back home, and our patience is about to its end. He encouraged us to be positive and try harder than ever to get along. Ed Austin, our beloved director, gave us our prayer.

The laundry bus left at 10:15. It was scheduled for 9:45, but as usual they left late. The people at the laundromat met the owner and found out all about his life in Taiwan in the navy. He also said that not many people know about Folkmoot and if they did, Folkmoot would get more support.

Dr. DRJ had a fun time finding a swimming suit. She first went to K-mart where they informed her they had no swimsuits. Next was Goody's. They only had Jr. sizes. The third try was Wal-Mart where they only carried plus sizes. The fourth and fifth tries didn't carry swimsuits, so she went back to Wal-mart. She finally found her dream suit. It was a bathing suit with shorts attached. The top is lime green. The tag of care instructions says not to get it into chlorine and to drip dry in the shade.

Lunch was at 12:00. We were served pizza, tater tots, salad, garlic bread, leftover broccoli and cheese, veggies, milk, chocolate milk, cookies, ice cream and fruit. After this satisfying lunch, a few girls (and select men) enjoyed Sappy Hour. Becky Smith and Dana Clark read their deliciously sappy letters to us. The men present learned the proper way to write a sappy letter!

At 1:30, the bus left for swimming. At the pool we played games, including keep away with a beach ball, frisbee and freeze tag. Also people jumped off each others' shoulders, and there was a contest to see who could stay under the longest. Andy Madsen and Becki Brimhall frolicked underwater. The fun game of Beast was played, and Andy Madsen was the Beast. Poor Becki Brimhall died, and throughout the duration of the swim you could see men jump in surprise as the little devil Marcie Pehrson pulled the hair on their legs. The trip wasn't all fun for everyone. The lifeguards earned their money that day. They were kept busy yelling at one or another of our group for running on deck, and being on others' shoulders.

At 4:30 dinner was served. We had spaghetti, fish, garlic bread, fruit, veggies, leftover broccoli and cheese, milk, chocolate milk, cookies, rice and ice cream sandwiches.

We were supposed to leave at 5:45 and didn't get away until 5:55 because Jenn had to go back to the building and get the contra slips. During the bus ride, Shelly's boot fell on Marcie's head and there were notes flying through the air. Shelly was frantically trying to memorize the *Devil Went Down to Georgia* since tonight was the first night the band performed it. We performed at Franklin High School. It was AIR CONDITIONED!!! Jenn Riggs realized she forgot her leotard, nylons and slip—oops! We did a 20 minute program that consisted of Waltz, Contra, Devil, and the Western section without the square dance.

At intermission several of the girls decided to cool off, and several men took pictures of their sexy legs! Then Melanie, Derek, Virginia, and Bryan made themselves have big bellies and we all had a Kodak moment.

The next program was 15 minutes long. Our program was *Running Sets*, *Cuckoo*, edited *Buckin'*, and *Fire on the Mountain*. Every song and dance was warp speed. It was just one of those performances, but it went well. We even got a good response out of the 'Geritol' crowd as Paul calls them. We drove home, being blown away and having everyone singing. We also had a wonderful surprise waiting for us when we got back to the school. Pizza! from Little Caesars. Yum, Yum, Yum!!! There was also Crazy Bread and Kool-Aid. Mmm, Mmm good. Everyone enjoyed it. We owed thanks to Matt Neeley's mom. I know all of us were thankful!

Late Night tonight was hosted by Moldova. They played lots of music, good music. Then they started in on a country song and a guy from their group did a clogging number. Then our cloggers and anyone who wanted to were invited to do some free style clogging, it was great! It was a good, fun filled, action packed day!

TUESDAY, JULY 28 - Waynesville, Cherokee

Marty Matheson

Today we had to get up earlier than usual so we could visit Cherokee, North Carolina. On the bus trip there, Paul gave us some interesting facts about the Cherokee Indian tribe. After driving through the Cherokee town, we toured the Ocanaluftee Village where we were shown how the Cherokees lived. It was fascinating to see how skilled they were at making things such as arrow heads, tapestries, canoes, and blow-darts.

We had lunch in a wooded picnic area. Eating wasn't the most fun thing we did there though. Seeing as the Olympics were currently being held, we decided to entertain ourselves for a half hour by calling numerous people to perform acrobatic balance beam acts on a picnic table bench. Scott Horman definitely won the gold with his graceful and electrifying performance. (Some of us secretly hope to train under him in the Fall). After lunch, some toured an outdoor garden area while others shopped for moccasins and ate Dairy Queen ice cream. We had time to take a short rest back at the school before our performance at the Pizgaly High School football stadium. We performed with Moldova and Jamaica, and only had some grass and a fence to help us change costumes. The stadium was nearly packed with spectators who cheered loudly as the USA group was announced. We performed *Hoe Down*, *Teton*, *Running Sets*, *Buckin'*, and *Fire*, and then, by special invitation, we did part of our fad section as an encore. There were many kids that swarmed around us to get autographs and sign their festival T-shirts.

We rushed back so many could watch the Olympics. Jamaica put on the 'late-niter' which was a total blast. Everyone loved the Limbo and was in awe to see how low the gal from Taiwan who won could go. Many people stayed up late and played games with friends from other groups. It was a great day at the Folkmoot festival!

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29 - Waynesville
Virginia Hancock

Today everyone slept in until almost lunchtime. A few got up to go to devotional and immediately returned to bed, but other than that everyone stayed in bed as long as possible. (It's not like anyone has gotten any sleep in the past month!) Anyway, in the afternoon some of us went swimming at the pool by the stadium where we performed last night. It was a bonus pool because it had diving boards and an awesome slide. All of us that went swimming got sunburned—especially Denise, who looks like she's wearing a permanent tank top, Tucker, who has spray blotches all over and Becki Brimhall who has a hand print on her back from the sun screen. Those that stayed at home did other fun things like laundry, sleeping and shopping.

Our show was at the Stompin' Grounds again—the last 15 minute segment we would be performing at this festival. Our dances went well and some members of the church came to talk to us and complimented us on our performance as well as the spirit with which we danced. It was good to know that we are truly doing the Lord's work wherever we go and that people can really feel of our spirits.

Italy had the late niter. It was more of the flag throwing thing, but there was plenty of food and that made it all worth it.

THURSDAY, JULY 30 - Waynesville
Becki Brimhall

Today was the single most exciting day of Summer Tour 1992, and for those of you who missed out, my heart goes out to you . . . I know there was a bunch of poor souls who stayed in Waynesville to do menial tasks like laundry, or to take a rather uneventful stroll down main street or to lazily doze under the shade of a tree by Lake Junaluska. These are unfortunate circumstances as those who stayed behind missed out on a most exhilarating, swift rush down the river on ever-so-comfortable inner tubes. It was an extravaganza of friends and fun!

We started the day after devotional, heading for Bryson City, where we would begin our adventure. The weather was perfect for a day on the river— nice and warm and sunny, which was good because the water was just a tad bit nippy. Nevertheless, we had more fun than humans should be allowed to have!! One of the many adventures experienced on the river, which for most was a highlight, was the human chain. We formed a chain of at least 11 people long down the river. Another highlight was the fact that we were accompanied by not only our guides, Anne and Roy, but also our good friend Julie, otherwise known as Dorica to a select few.

Upon our return home, we decided to let everyone know just how much fun we actually had. We might have been stretching it when we said it was the best day of tour so far or that now we know the reason we needed to be here, but it sure was a dang good time. That evening we felt some special USA bonding after our short auditorium performance, as we enjoyed a portion of the Olympics together. Poor Kim Zmeskal who had had a much-less-than-perfect floor routine was out of the running for any sort of all around competition medal. But our American pride shown through as our own Shannon Miller took the silver. (It should have been the gold, but they dogged Paul Wylie too). Anyway, fun was the name of the day!!

FRIDAY, JULY 31 - Waynesville, Nantahala

Andrew Madsen

Wow, to think that we've been gone the entire month of July . . . and then some—Go Figure! Today is the last day of the month, and I think it's safe to say the month ended with a BANG!

We all woke up early after dreaming of Shannon Miller's 'should've been a perfect 10' vault we had all seen in the Olympics last night. Waking up at 7:00 a.m. was a pretty happy hour for those of us who had been skipping breakfast and were averaging a 9:00 - 10:00 rise from the dead. But with the days planned activities, none of us seemed to mind the early hour . . . or skipping on breakfast of scrambled water, toast, and apple pie filling. (actually, I loved the breakfasts—really! Even though I only ate twice . . . I think.)

We all boarded the bus and headed to Bryson City where our 'Smoky Mountain Adventure' awaited. Hey, that sounds like a good title for a young adult/juvenile novel! Anyway, it sounded cool. We boarded the train (Smoky Mountain Railway to be exact) which led through, of course, the Smoky Mountains. We were greeted by Carl, our train guide, "Hey Folks, I'm your guide, O.K.? . . . O.K. Folks? . . . Folks, no sitting on the edge of the train, O.K.? . . . Thank You!"

It was a nice, relaxing trip through some beautiful mountains. I didn't see any smoke, though—Go Figure! As we wound up through the green, beautiful mountains our voyage also continued along Lake Fontana which seemed to go on forever. We also learned that our beloved guide Ann has a houseboat on this lake. (Repeat visits anyone?)

Our train trip came to an end when we heard Carl say, "O.K. Folks, here we are. Folks, there are places to eat here; over there you can get hamburgers, taco salads, and food like it, O.K.?" We said goodbye to Carl and ate our picnic lunch on the banks of the Nantahala. We eyed the river and the river eyed us—sort of a "Go ahead . . . try me!" look as we prepared to tackle its rapidity.

Preparing for the river run wasn't a problem for those of us who had run rivers . . . or gone down them before. Why do they say, "Run a river?"—What do you do, say "On your mark, get set, go!" and run alongside the bank hoping to get to a certain spot before the river does?—Go figure! Anyway, some of the first-timers were a little nervous about the quest ahead. For example, Roy Brinkerhoff asked Roy-boy a few questions, "Do I straddle the boat, or ride side saddle, or do I sit in the boat . . . or do I drag behind it?" (Just kiddin' Roy). It was a relief to all of us to watch the slide show and get acquainted with the feel of the river. Some of us had seen the *Morality for Youth* (river run) video too many times and were a bit shaken up over it.

The 'handing out of the oar and life jacket' experience was exciting . . . even though Tamara Chamberlain's life jacket looked and smelled like someone hurled on it. We boarded the Nantahala White Water River Trip Bus and headed upriver to the sight where we "set sail that day for a three hour tour . . . a three hour tour!!" Each boat soon developed its own personality and/or character trait:

The—last-place-to-first-place-concerned-with-their-finish—boat: Virginia, Marty, Michael, Keri, Jenn, Chuck.

The—"Let's get everyone wet . . . especially Matt because he keeps standing up."—boat: Matt, Sky, Melanie, Tamara, Tucker, Denise.

The—*Sacajawea* . . . silent and stalwart—boat, (or the one I can't remember too well): Shelley, Joanna (Shelley's cousin), Scott, Lyrad, Joey. ☞ I know that as editor I should avoid interjecting any comments purely for the purpose of self defense, but, . . . **Silent and stalwart?!?**—it's just that we were having too much fun on our own!!! ☞

The—"Stop splashing me! You'll get my hair wet."—boat: Becky S., Mark, Kim, Dan, Becki B., Bryan.

The—"Ed's in it! Drench 'em!"—boat: Ediquette, Beth, Scotty, Roy Brinkerhoff.

The—"Paul's sure a strong, steady oarsman . . . what is everyone else doing?"—boat: Paul, Roy-Boy, Ann, Dani.

And Finally . . .

The Love Boat—need we say more?: Derek, Cristina (Go Figure), Curtis, Marcie, Andy, Dana (by the way Dana, thanks . . . it was great).

I'm sure everyone would agree that the river run was one of the highlights of tour! Once we got stuck on our 10th rock, we had the routine of getting off down quite well. Of course there was always the excitement of doing a 360, or getting into a water fight. And then . . . that warm burst of rain. It was actually the warmest shower we'd had on tour so far, or so it felt. The cloudy, misty haze over the river reminded me of a *Wayne's World* dream sequence.

All of us were anticipating and holding our breath in preparation for the Nantahala Falls! It sounded pretty menacing. I mean when any rapidage has the term 'falls' in it, you begin to visualize the beginning of that old Saturday morning show, *Land of the Lost*—you know: a vertical descent, an overturned raft, screams, whirlpool—the whole sha-bang! Of course, it wasn't bad at all. It was scarier trying to figure out the right way of going down than it was actually going down. What a trip! We pulled our soggy, wrinkled, nappy bodies out of the river, complete with goose bumps and dangling water proof 'funsaver' disposable cameras and boarded the bus to take us back to Waynesville to frolic in Folkmoot fun.

Tonight's show was the last time we were able to stomp at Maggie's Stompin' Grounds. I never did get to know Maggie, but I'm sure she was an amazin' woman. We did Western tonight and everything went without a hitch—it did go with some hitch kicks though. It was fun to perform *Teton Mountain Stomp* and have people actually understand and laugh at the words. I had forgotten that it was actually funny. It was a good show with a good response from the crowd, and Ediquette said it was the best he'd seen Western performed.

Our day's festivities were far from over though. It was somebody's birthday today . . . someone with multiple personalities . . . Do these names ring a bell: Party-Marty, Marty Moose, and the ever feared, POWDER MAN?!? Yes, it was Marty's birthday, and we had a little ceremony for him which included all three verses of *Happy Birthday*, with accompanying tickling and the now famous *Powder Man* theme song.

To the tune of Spider Man: "Powder Man, Powder Man,
He will get you, if he can.
Watch your head, when you sleep.
He'll sneak up, won't make a peep.
Watch out! . . . here come's the POWDER MAN!"

Fun was had by all as we celebrated Marty's day. All I remembered about Marty that night was that he kept wearing all these different costumes—complete with his Beauty Pageant sash across the front, which said, "Happy Birthday."—Cool, our very own Party Marty modeling spectacular.

The day ended with a fun late-niter put on by the Uzbekistanis. They had gone to a lot of work and had choreographed a big medley number with all the groups' dances in it. It was fun to see them heel-toe polka then do a belly dance 15 minutes later.

What a great day! When in your life will you ever ride a train, run a river, dance a hoedown, and celebrate the birthday of a guy with a fetish for baby powder, all in the same day! Ah, memories!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1 - Waynesville

Matt Neeley

Today was a busy day. Half the group woke up to Roy's words, "Good Morning, its 9:30, and we're having devotional, right now, in the other room!" When we got there, Scott Horman was picking Chuck up by the ears, swinging him around, and throwing him on the bed, mumbling words like: "(grumble grumble) If you don't (grumble grumble) turn in your tour (grumble grumble) reports, (Slam! Pow! Bang! Slap!) I'll be happy (Bam! Zap! Pow!) to help remind you." As he did so, he looked around for a few other guilty culprits: Mark, Scott, Curtis, Kim, Shelly, Chuck and Joey. I never thought I'd say this, but we had found the next star for Rocky VI.

We had a while to get ready before we headed downtown to celebrate the International Day at Folkmoot. We were dropped off down town at the theater where we left our stuff and ate lunch. Guess what we were served! . . . BBQ Potato Chips and sandwiches, and your wonderful choice of Pepsi or Mountain Dew. WOW!

Main street was decked out with booths of all kinds. They stretched out about 5 blocks in total, with food, crafts, and goods from the world over—many bought interesting things. I found a rain stick and played everyone to sleep. It was just like Ed's group nap . . . except I didn't have that barking pig, or cow, or whatever it was that kept us laughing. Remember? At one end of the fair, the Haywood County Building stood with a 5 foot stage in the blazing hot sun. When 3:30 rolled around we danced Running Sets, Monroe's Hornpipe, and Fire on the Mountain. We were so hot and wet when we were through, that the days on the French sauna buses seemed refreshing. We walked back to our bus, but not without tripping over the hats of money placed on the sidewalks by all the Bulgarian and Jamaican musicians. We were headed home to prepare for the fireside.

The fireside went well. The members of the surrounding wards and branches filled the small chapel and cultural hall. With all of us on the stand, we sang a hymn and began the fireside with Ed's introduction. The speakers were wonderful, Tamara, Dan, Becki B., Dani, Tucker, and a surprised Marty with Virginia sharing the last scripture. The members were so appreciative and the spirit really touched the nonmember visitors from Folkmoot. There is so much good we can do in the world, and tonight the Lord worked through our group as He often does, to lift and strengthen His children. Reflecting on the day as a whole, I would say this was one of the busiest, yet most fulfilling of all . . . here in North Carolina.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2 - Waynesville
Beth Payne

As August 2nd began, we were not too thrilled to *Awake and Arise* early for the awards banquet/breakfast. Breakfast was the standard, except there were a lot of people in the cafeteria. All the people in charge of the festival said a few words. The directors of each group had the opportunity to share some remarks and were then presented with gifts from the festival directors. To share our feelings, we decided to *Gently Raise the Sacred Strain* by singing *Go Ye Now in Peace*. I think we were singing as much to each other as to our friends in the audience. They seemed very touched though, because after a few moments of silence, they gave us a standing ovation, and many waved their American flags.

After the awards ceremony we sang *Sto Mi E Milo* to the Bulgarians, and they sang along with us. WOW!—So much can be communicated in a simple song. The world felt very small to me at that moment. The Bulgarians sang again for us a few minutes later out in the parking lot. Keri, Scott, and Delynne tried to figure out the dance the girls were doing as they sang. I think they finally figured it.

By this time, most of us were really awake, and ready to say *Welcome, Welcome, Sabbath Morning*, as we loaded the bus for church. We missed Sunday School because of the awards ceremony, so after Relief Society, Priesthood, or Primary, we went to Testimony meeting. After welcoming all the visitors, (us), the Bishop informed us that all the exterior doors were locked, so we would have to stay with the branch forever. We sang *Great Things and Small Things*, which had become the theme of the tour to many, or all of us. The testimonies shared were nice. One gentleman made quite a point of how we had affected the community's view of the church for good. A few members of the group also shared their testimonies, and though *the Time Was Far Spent*, the spirit was strong and we felt the love and strength of that branch.

We felt that love even stronger when they fed us again—they had enough food *For All the Saints*. The food was good, as was the company. Dana found the mini chocolate cookies to be the best company of all. She liked them so much that the Bishop sent them home with her. Here also we learned of Paul's true identity as Darth Vader's pet.

Upon arrival at the school, we shuffled into the leader's room as *Again We Met Around the Board*. At this 'brief' meeting we were given instructions until we fell asleep. We were then awakened *By One Clear Call*, as Andy and Marcie made presentations to Roy and Ann—our most wonderful guides.

Then, finally, came the moment we had all been waiting for—NAP TIME! We slept until the last possible moment when we had to get up, eat dinner and prepare for the show. We arrived at Stuart auditorium on lake Junaluska plenty early. We had time to take pictures with/of the other groups, curl our hair, or look at the lake and mountains, and be appreciative *For the Beauty of the Earth*. As the program progressed, our group gathered in the choir room where we hung out, wrote in each other's tour journals, and tried to savor the last hours with dear friends. People took turns at the piano—Matt, Jenn, Michael, and some sang, but most listened.

As we listened, we thought of all our experiences on the tour and through the years as folk dancers. As we shared hugs and private tears, we thought of how we had *Loved One Another*, and hated to say goodbye, yet we looked forward to feeling the *Love at Home* once again. There was so much we had shared and so much we had learned from each other. We were better, more whole people for having known each other, and we were more motivated too, as we associated with such valiant people. With all this emotional overload I thought, *Be Still, My Soul*.

We performed the shortened *Buckin'* into *Fire* version 2b, after which we gathered together near the front of the stage. Since we had sung so much on tour, it was very appropriate that we would *Sing We Now at Parting*. We sang *God Be with You 'Til We Meet Again*, as a goodbye to the festival, the friends we had made there, and to each other.

After the final group performed, we did the *Farandol* around the seated audience. We were given candles to *Carry on*, and we sang *Auld Lang Syne*.

Once back at the school, we cried *Now Let Us Rejoice* in celebrating Mark's birthday. Ann's mother had prepared plenty of food, so we feasted on Strawberry Delight Jello, Sour Cream Pound Cake, Sugar cookies, and Lemonade. We enjoyed the food so much that we all wanted the recipes—and here they are:

Sour Cream Pound Cake

Cream Together:	Sift Together and Add:
2 sticks margarine	3 cups flour
½ cup shortening	½ tsp salt
3 cups sugar	1 tsp baking powder
Add:	Add:
5 whole eggs	¼ cup milk
2 tsp vanilla	1 cup sour cream
	Bake: at 350° for 1 hr 15 min

Lemonade

4 lemons (5 if small)
1 ½ cups sugar
H₂O
Makes one gallon

Strawberry Delight

1 large package strawberry Jello
1 can crushed pineapple
3 bananas
1 pint frozen strawberries

Then as *It Came upon a Midnight Clear*, we turned to the task of packing. Once everyone finished packing their costume bags, Sky and friends loaded the truck. Some people went to bed relatively early, *As the Shadows Fell*, but many climbed into bed *As They Watched the Rising Sun*, for there was a lot going on that un-*Silent Night*.

The Mexican group had the late nighter, and people took all the pins and trinkets they hadn't given away yet and traded them that night. People from all the groups were giving away their pins etc., and a lucky few got the funky Uzbekistani hats.

Andy started an international Uno game and then gave the cards to one of the Moldovans. Derek and Cristina bought ice cream, and quite a crowd gathered to help them eat it. Between spoonfuls of Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough and Candy Bar ice cream eaten straight out of the box there were lots of laughs. That night Marcie had some Jamaican braids put in her hair.

Groups left at various times all through the night and many went out to say goodbye to them—Mexico, Taiwan, Italy, and China.

As we parted we thought of how *Each Life That Touches Ours for Good* changes and influences us, and of how fortunate we were to have the opportunity to travel as members of the Folk Dance team and meet people from all over the world, and be ambassadors for the Lord.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3 - Home
Ed Austin

Is it really possible that this tour has to finally come to an end? When a group of people spend so much time with one another, in working to make an experience like this become reality, it is hard to imagine that we must ever return to the 'real' world. But then if you think about it, we have, for the last 6 weeks, been in the real world, and have discovered what a wonderful place it is. We have discovered that people are what's important . . . nothing else much matters. In this process we have also made some lasting friendships, and created memories that will always bind us together.

Today we got up with the sunflowers, and after having packed the bus and said our goodbyes (for the last time . . . yea!) we proceeded on the last leg of our journey. On our way to the airport in Atlanta, Georgia, we used the time on the bus to have one last moment to express our love and appreciation for one another and for our Savior, Jesus Christ. What a fitting way for this group to end a tour.

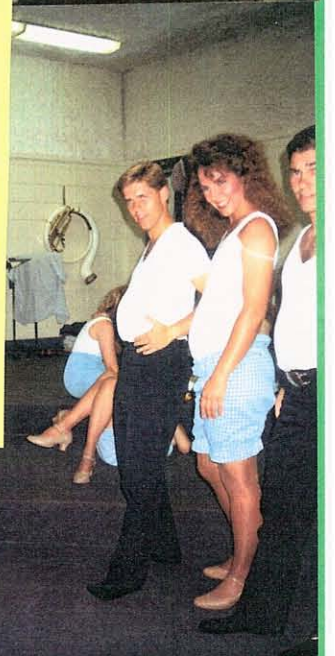
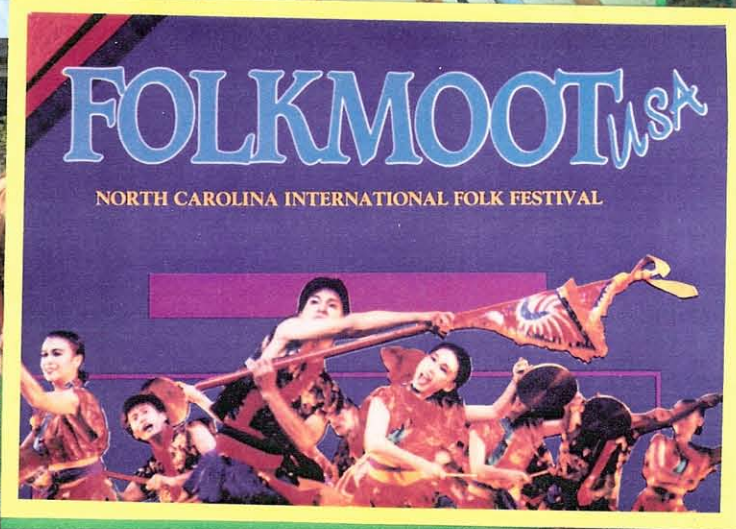
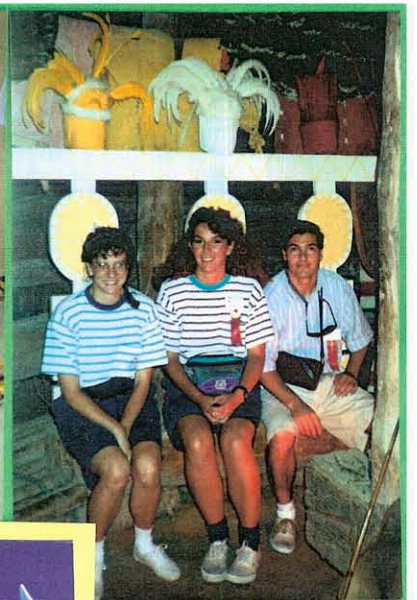
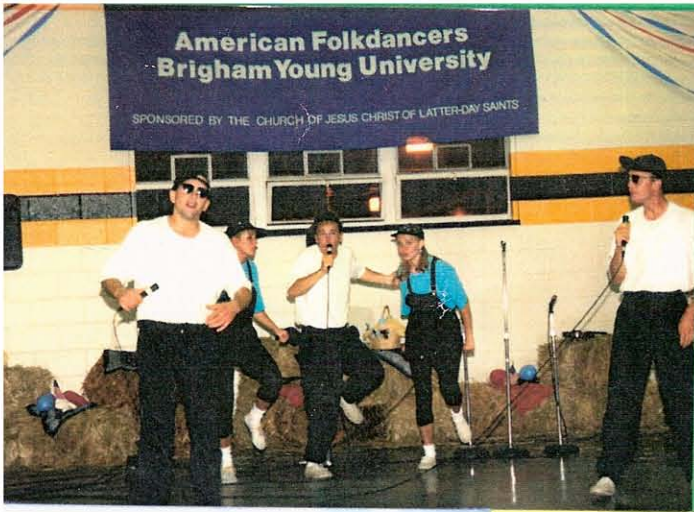
We also made sure that we found the same Taco Bell we had eaten at on our bus ride to the festival. (However, I must admit the food did not seem as good as it had been when eaten upon direct arrival from Europe).

Connections to our flight, and then to our loved ones and friends went very smoothly. For some reason, a three hour flight from Atlanta to Salt Lake City seemed a little anti-climatic, as compared to the flight from Paris to Atlanta 12 days previous. It was nice however, to arrive home with little adjustment to a new time zone required.

Some of the memories which helped me learn more about myself and the world (and some of the memories which I will always treasure) are: There is a man by the name of Bruno Kaspar and his family living in Switzerland who is making a difference in people's lives. I should not try to check my baggage when I arrive at a Hotel d'Ville. It is easy to go 'cuckoo' when you are with this group. Roys and Annes can double the flavor and double the fun! I too, have a temper. Learning and sharing with a young Croatian named Miljenko changed a part of my life. Life in general can always be 'festive' (especially when you are with the folk dancers). The name of the town, Saintes, will always remind me of how I think about each and every member of our group. The power of the priesthood works. It is much more fun to traverse a river when there are thirty others in rafts trying to drown you. And, . . . it is true that by small things, a great a marvelous work is continuing to go forth among the children of men.

A great man by the name of Marty once said, "If in your quest, you do your best, the Lord is there, to do the rest."

"We will never forget the love we shared and the bonds of friendship we created. And so my dear friends, go ye now in peace, and may God be with you 'til we meet again" —Ed



If two years pass before we next meet, or ten, the love we share will erase the gap.
It's a depth of love that somehow surpasses time, and enters an eternal realm.
I don't worry about the where or the when, because it will come
. . . somewhere . . . sometime. —Matt Neeley

