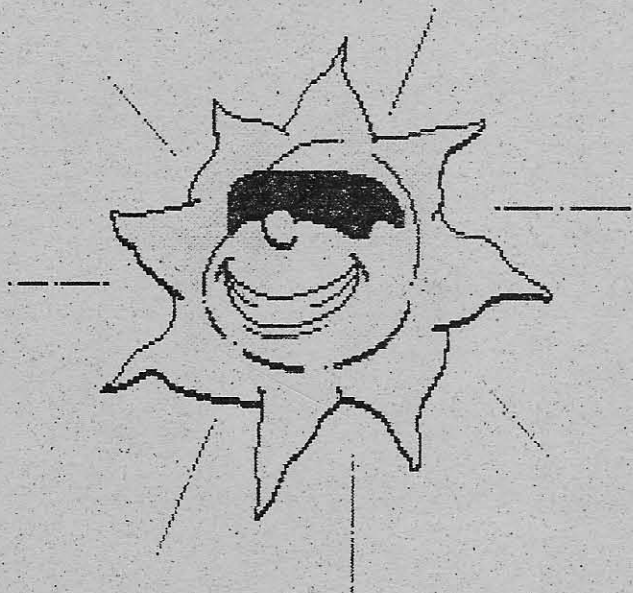


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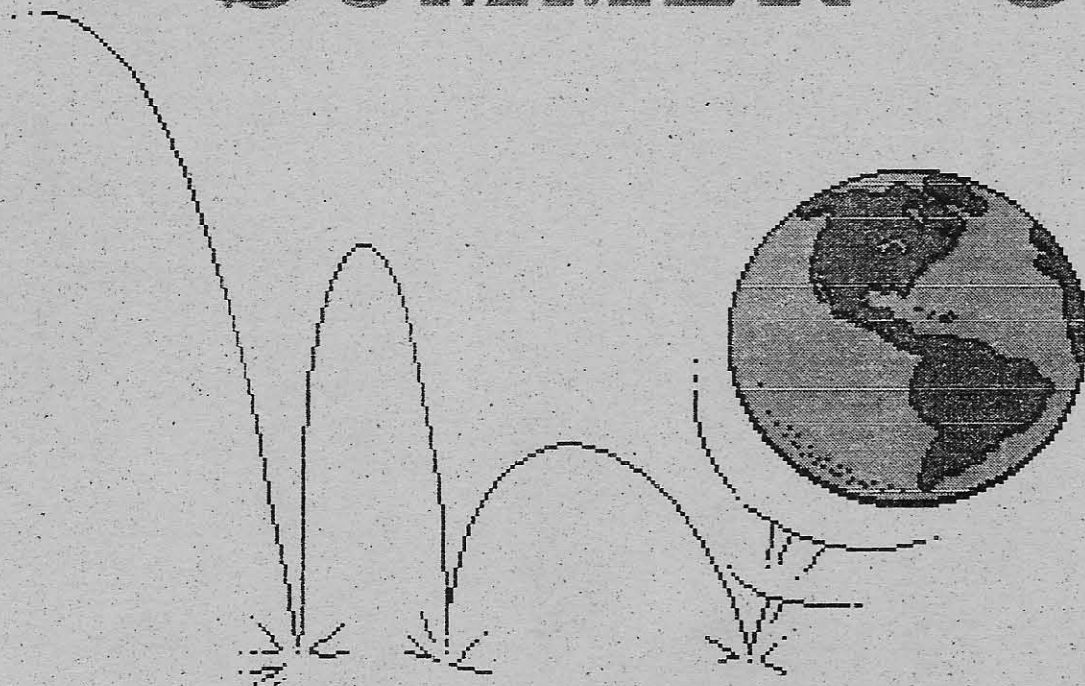
BYU INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE

TOUR HISTORY



TURKEY
BULGARIA
GREECE
JORDAN

SUMMER '94





INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah - USA

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**The International Folk Dance Ensemble is sponsored by
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
Brigham Young University Dance Department**

**Artistic Director: Edwin G. Austin Jr.
Associate Directors: Delynne Peay, Peggy Wright**

**Published June 1995
Editor: Scott Preator**

Show Line Up

AMERICAN JAMBOREE

Influenced by the rugged life of the cowboy, dancing on the frontier was the climax of every occasion. Reels, jigs and squares were danced with fervor and sometimes the fun was wild and unruly.

Teton Mountain Dance

A humorous characterization of the western cowboy in 19th century America.

Frontier Hoedown

A representation of 19th century America when dancing occurred at country fairs, log rollings, quilting parties and other special occasions.

Square Dance

An exhibition of traditional figures captures the spirit of the western square dance.

DANCES OF APPALACHIA

The Appalachian mountains in the South-Eastern United States were settled primarily by immigrants from Scotland, Ireland and England. They brought their music and dance with them to these mountains.

*The 17th century English **Running Sets** remained virtually unchanged and was the predecessor to Big Mountain Circle Dancing. The jigs, clogs and step-dancing combined with influences from the Indians and black slaves to produce American buck dancing and clogging. Precision clogging has recently become popular and along with the square dance can be considered one of the most familiar forms of folk dance in the United States today.*

Dances of the Cumberland Mountains

A **Running Set** evolves into a **Big Mountain Circle Dance**.

Clog Dancing

An exciting repertoire highlighting large and small mountain formations, "buck and wing" and precision style include: **Fire on the Mountain, Buckin' Appalachia**.

PIONEER HERITAGE MEDLEY

No group did more to preserve America's music and dance than did the Mormon pioneers as they travelled West across the plains. Playing musical instruments, singing and dance were often part of an evening's activities after a long day of travel. The dances not only kept them from freezing at night but, also warmed and lifted their spirits.

Whoa Haw Buck and Jerry Boy

A medley highlighting the traditional contra and round dances that were so popular during this time.

Come Come Ye Saints, Handcart Song

A beautiful arrangement combining popular songs sung by the Mormon pioneers.

Polka Quadrille

A polka performed in a four-sided figure. A singing call directs the dancers through a variety of figures.

AMERICAN NOSTALGIA

The Twentieth Century has brought about many changes to the American way of life. Many of the important and colorful periods during this time can be remembered best as we listen to their music and reminisce their dance.

Charleston

An explosive dance fad that shocked the American people during the "Roaring Twenties."

America Taps

Originating in the United States, tap danced developed on the stages throughout America.

The Swingin' Fifties

The Jitterbug was danced on every college campus and in all the dance halls during the middle 20th century.

Everybody Dance Now

Dance has no boundaries as portrayed in this exciting collage of American funk and clog.

SOUTHERN REFLECTIONS

During the 19th century, the fashions, etiquette, and dance styles of Europe were important to many people living in the United States. The dances were largely standardized by dance masters in Paris, London and Philadelphia and printed in dance manuals throughout the world. Thus, many familiar dance forms were present in the parlors of southern plantations in the United States.

Waltz Round

Popular waltz variations danced in a sicilian circle.

Five-Step Waltz

In the character of a Mazurka waltz, steps have been modified to 5/4 time, a concept originated for the stage in an opera by Jules Perrot.

Galop

This version combines the original simple dance with the figures, Changing of the Ladies by Henry Wales and Diving through and splitting another couple by Charles Durang.

Participant List

Students

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Age</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Language</i> |
|--------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-------------------|
| Wendy Callister | 21 | Elementary Education | a little Spanish |
| Amy Coleman | 21 | Therapeutic Recreation | a little Spanish |
| Jennifer Cronin | 20 | English Teaching | ASL |
| Rebecca Fietkau | 26 | Fitness and Health Promotion | |
| Diane Flores | 21 | Recreation Management | ASL |
| Rebecca Horton | 19 | Business Education | |
| Ellen Jacob (musician) | 18 | | Music |
| Kourtney Jex | 20 | Nursing | |
| Caprice Nielson | 21 | Art History | Swedish |
| Heidi Nielson | 20 | Elementary Education | |
| Alyson Oldham (musician) | 21 | | Elementary |
| Education | a little French | | |
| Margaret Owens | 22 | English Education | a little Spanish |
| Marcia Pitcher | 21 | Russian | Russian |
| Amy Thurston | 20 | Humanities | French |
| John Allen | 24 | Human Development | Italian |
| Hans Anderson (musician) | 23 | | Psychology |
| David Freeman | 22 | International Relations | Hungarian |
| Jeremiah Hansen | 19 | Design | |
| Kyley Jex | 22 | Computer Science | English |
| Nat Keller (musician) | 21 | | Music |
| Robert Newman | 23 | Spanish Translation | Spanish |
| Dave Nelson | 25 | Human Development | Greek, Russian |
| Rees Olson | 19 | Pre-Dental | |
| Scott Preator | 25 | Linguistics | Swedish, Spanish, |
| Russian | | | |
| Scott Rands | 24 | Sociology | Portuguese |
| Chris Stapley | 24 | Microbiology | Czech, German |
| Thom Sutton | 24 | Exercise Physiology | Japanese |
| Brady Ward (musician) | 22 | | Education Italian |
| Jonathon Wood (musician) | 21 | | Business |
| Kenton Wride | 23 | Statistics | Spanish |

Leaders

| | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Delynne Peay | Artistic Director | |
| Phyllis Jacobson | | Department Chair |
| T. Lynn Elliott/Andrea Elliott | Tour managers | German, Polish |
| Joe White/Mossi White | Technical Directors | Norwegian |
| Revell Phillips/LaRue Phillips | | Cultural Advisors |
| Sander Larsen/Merlyn Larsen | Public Relations Directors | |

Total — 40 people (4 couples, 32 singles)

ITINERARY

- Monday, June 20 Provo
11:30 am Meet at north end of Richard's building, depart for airport.
3:17 pm Depart Provo American Airlines 1916
7:23 pm Arrive Chicago
9:15 pm Depart Chicago Royal Jordanian 264
- Tuesday, June 21 Istanbul
6:30 pm Arrive Amman Jordan
 Stay in Alia Gateway Hotel
- Wednesday, June 22 Antalya
Noon Depart Amman, Royal Jordanian 165
2:30 pm Arrive Istanbul
6:00 pm Depart Istanbul Turkish Air
7:15 pm Arrive Antalya
8:00 pm Press show
10:00 pm **Performance** — Antalya Dedeman Hotel
- Contact: Kaya Oztoprak — General Manager
Lara Yolu 07100 Antalya – TURKIYE
Phone: 90-242-321-3930/7910
Fax: 90-242-321-3873/7941
- Thursday, June 23 Antalya
 Free day on beach etc.
10:00 pm **Performance** — Antalya Dedeman Hotel
- Friday, June 24 Denizli
8:00 am Depart Antalya
1:00 pm Arrive Richmond Pamukkale Hotel. Lunch will be at the hotel.
4:30 pm Visit Pamukkale University
8:30 pm Performance by Pamukkale University folk dance group.
9:00 pm **Performance** by BYU
- Contact: Pamukklale University
Professor Doctor Mehmet Atilgan (Rector)
Phone: 90-258-264-2450
Fax: 90-258-263-0827
- Saturday, June 25 Denizli
 Visit Hierapolis etc. Lunch and dinner at the Richmond Hotel Pamukkale.
- Sunday, June 26 Izmir 254 km\152 miles (3 hours)
8:00 am Leave Denizli tour Ephesus en route. Church meeting in route.
 Dinner — Izmir Aegean University Guest House.

Monday, June 27 Izmir
Meet Phyllis Jacobsen at Izmir Hilton (232-416060).
After breakfast, visit Izmir Castle, Agora.
9:00 pm **Performance** — Sabanci Cultural Center
Overnight in Bornova.

Contact: Bulent Yildirim
1395 Sokak 36/12
Alsancak, Izmir
Phone: 90-232-21-0368/90-232-22-0904

Tuesday, June 28 Izmir, Turkey
8:00 am Depart for Istanbul visit Troy en route
7:00 pm Arrive Istanbul at Dolmabache Palace go home with host
families.

Contact: Ali Bilge, Istanbul Rotary Club
Fax: 90-212-285-3884

Wednesday, June 29 Istanbul
9:00 am Visit Topokapi Palace, Blue Mosque, Hagi Sophia and then have lunch. After
Lunch, take boat tour of Bosphorus.
2:30 pm Visit Grand Bazaar.
6:00 pm Home with hosts.

Thursday, June 30 Istanbul
am Rehearsal at Harbiye Cultural Center. Lunch at Center.
7:00 pm Reception at Harbiye Center followed by Banquet and presentation of new Rotary
Officers.
10:30 pm **Performance** — Harbiye Cultural Center for Istanbul Rotary club.
12:00 am Travel to Sophia.

Friday, July 1 Sophia 9 hours travel time
10:00 am Arrive Sophia — Go to Slava hotel, tech crew goes to N.D.K. to set up.
2:00 pm Rehearsal
8:00 pm **Performance** — N.D.K Sophia (seats 4,000). Will be a joint performance with
the Bulgarian Folk Dance group Philip Koutev. Performance will be recorded for
later broadcast.

Contact: President Warner, Mission President
Fax: 3592-49-21104
Phone: 3592-51-8288

Saturday, July 2 Sophia/Nea Karvali
Noon **Fireside** and get together with Sophia branches.
2:00 pm Depart for Greece
7:00 pm Arrive Nea Karvali Festival.
9:00 pm Opening Ceremonies — Nea Karvali Festival.

Contact: Kaplanis and Vaso Eosephicphidis, Directors
Phone: 30-51-31-6037/6192
Fax: 30-51-31-6776

Sunday, July 3 - Tuesday July 5 Nea Karvali, Greece
Nea Karvali Festival

Wednesday, July 6 Nea Karvali, Greece
Nea Karvali festival
2:15 pm Hafens arrive at Thessalonika (will join group that evening).

Thursday, July 7 Ioannina, Greece 524 km/240 miles
Travel to Ioannina
5:00 pm Arrive Ioannina

Contact: Apostolos Gatzoyas, Director
45 October 28th Street
Ioannina 454 44 Greece
Phone: 30-651-23188
Fax: 30-651-70222

Friday, July 8 - Tuesday July 12 Ioannina, Greece
Ioannina Festival
(Andrea and Mossi Leave group.)

Wednesday, July 13 Ioannina, Greece
Ioannina Festival
1:20 pm Hafens leave group (flight 803 to Athens)

Thursday, July 14 Katerini, Greece
9:00 am Depart Ioannina Festival
5:00 pm Arrive Katerini Festival
7:10 pm Lees Arrive Thessaloniki Airport. Will Travel to Katerini on morning of July 15.

Contact: Dimitris S. Kotikas, Director
Society for Pierian Studies "Estia Pieridon Musson" of Katerini
P.O. Box 36
GR. 601 00 Katerini Greece
Phone/Fax: 35-120681

Friday, July 15 - Monday July 18 Katerini, Greece
Katerini Festival

Tuesday, July 19 Athens
Travel to Athens
Contact: Attalos Hotel
29, Athinas Street

10554 Athens GREECE
Phone: 30-3212-801, 802, 803
Fax: 30-32-43-124

Wednesday, July 20 Athens
Freetime in Athens
Performance — Athens

Contact: Annie Skinas
Public Relations Director
Phone: 30-1-600-6533
Fax: 30-1-600-1823

Thursday, July 21 Amman, Jordan
5:00 pm Depart Athens Royal Jordanian 132
7:35 pm Arrive Amman

Friday, July 22 Amman, Jordan
Sunday Services
Fireside — Amman Branch
Midnight Rehearsal — Jerash

Contact: Akram Massarweh, Director, Jerash Festival
P.O. Box 810582 Amman, Jordan
Phone: 962-6-675199 Fax: 962-6-686198

Saturday, July 23 Jerash
8:30 pm **Performance** — South Theatre/Jerash (full show)

Sunday, July 24 Jerash
8:30 pm **Performance** — South Theatre/Jerash (full show)

Monday, July 25 Jerash
8:00 pm **Performance** — Forum/Jerash (one hour show)

Tuesday, July 26 Amman
6:00 pm **Performance** — U.S. Embassy (45 minute show)

Wednesday, July 27 New York
11:15 am Depart Amman, Royal Jordanian 261
6:25 pm Arrive JFK
Overnight at hotel near airport.

Thursday, July 28 Provo
9:30 am Depart JFK TWA 507
11:11 am Arrive Saint Louis
12:20 pm Depart Saint Louis TWA 341
2:30 pm Arrive Salt Lake City

The Mediterranean Tour Report

June 20+21 - Monday

Wendy Callister

SLC ↗ ✈ Chicago ☺ ↗ Royal Jordanian Plane

After going to a semester of rehearsals and culture class, the day **FINALLY** came for us to leave for tour! We were trying to get used to the idea of looking exactly alike and standing out; nevertheless we were very excited to be on our way.

We arrived early at the SLC airport and found that our flight was delayed an hour. So we all headed to Burger King and Pizza Hut in the airport for what we thought would be our last American meal for a while. When our flight left SLC, almost everyone slept the whole way to Chicago.

Once we arrived in Chicago we had to hurry up so we could . . . wait! (and wait and wait , etc.) Apparently there was a problem with the engine on the Royal Jordanian plane. The airlines made arrangements for all of us to stay at the Best Western at O'Hare.

While we waited for our transportation to the Best Western, our band (the greatest in the world) entertained us all with some great numbers. Jeremiah and Rebecca H. did a little free style clogging and short square got to perform "Polka Quadrille". We did have a good time and those around us who were also waiting enjoyed it also. One Jordanian woman told me that she couldn't wait for the flight, because she was expecting that we'd do the same thing then!

We stayed the night at the Best Western, and not knowing exactly when our plane would be ready to go the next day. We got wake-up calls at 8:00 am but we then got the news that we had until 11:30. At that time we had a devotional and then had lunch at the Pine Grove Inn. (On Royal Jordanian of course!)

We left Best Western at 1:30 and went to the airport where we hurried again so we could . . . wait!

We passed our time in the O'Hare airport by reading, playing Rook, Speed and Hearts, talking and eating ice cream - paid for again, by Royal Jordanian.

Finally at 5:00 pm we boarded the plane. Except for our group, everyone on the flight had to have their bags opened and checked for security. There was already a trust formed toward our group because Oman, the son of the man who arranged our group's flight, goes to school at BYU. It was good to see Oman here with us.

June 22, 1994 - Wednesday

T. Lynn Elliott

Plane ✈ Amsterdam ➔ ✈ Amman ➔ ✈ Istanbul ➔ ✈ Antalya

In the midst of a blissful night of plane sleep, I was awakened by what I can only call a vision. The cabin of the Royal Jordanian DC-10, in which I was sleeping blissfully, suddenly took a bluish hue. The stewardesses and other passengers faded into oblivion as the movie screen lowered and I saw today, June 22, 1994 before it even happened . . . and this is what I saw:

After flying all night and into the morning we arrived in Amman Jordan. As we deboarded the plane we were met by hundreds of Jordanian fans, chanting "BYU, BYU". Thousands of roses are thrust upon us and confetti drifted through the air.

We walked casually through the terminal to our next flight where we were met at the gate by a smiling Jordanian, large black mustache and all. "Welcome to Jordan," he said, "We love BYU and have gladly held up this flight for you!" As we boarded the plane, all of the passengers who had been patiently and gladly waiting for us clapped "Oh it's BYU! We would gladly wait for you. You are our heroes." More roses were thrust upon us, as well as candy bars, cheap jewelry and banana splits.

Once in Istanbul, we casually walked across the terminal to our flight to Antalya. We climbed aboard and off we flew to Antalya. We arrived in Antalya in plenty of time for our show which was held in one of the nicest hotels in the world. We had a capacity audience that warmly received the group.

It was such a perfect day, just like a dream. And a dream it was, for I was soon shaken from my vision of the day by a smiling Royal Jordanian stewardess, "Would you like coffee or tea?" she asked.

"Neither," I said.

"Well, then how would you like to watch our in-flight movie? It's a somewhat incredible story about a blind girl who gets a pair of new corneas from a nice young lady who happens to be the object of infatuation of a demented psychopathic killer who has a driving desire to bump off those who happen to get the organs of his lovely object of desire. This means, of course, that our beautiful foul-mouthed heroine played by Madaline Stowe will be stalked throughout the movie by the killer and in the process will fall in love with a cop whose only redeemable trait is his love of eclectic music - oh and did I tell you that the heroine plays rock violin in a New Wave band? - and, of course, in

the end the heroine will bump off the killer in a scene of gratuitous violence which matches the scenes of gratuitous intimacy."

After such a rousing review how could I refuse? So I took the earphones and plugged them in my ears and settled back to wonder if my vision would come true.

We flew all night and into the morning and into the early afternoon, landing in Jordan at about 2 pm. Our flight was only 20 hours late, which would have been ok if we also had not missed our connecting flight in Jordan. This connecting flight was supposed to go at noon, but those nice people at Royal Jordanian had held that plane so we could get on. So we rushed off of our plane into the terminal and to the transit desk.

Cigarette ash drifted like confetti as the Royal Jordanian people thrust a handful of rose colored boarding passes at me. Joe White, Rebecca Horton, and I were hustled downstairs to the luggage area to help move the group's luggage while the rest of the group was rushed to our patiently waiting plane.

Ninety five bags is a lot of stuff to move, but we three did it. I supervised, Joe checked them off and Rebecca carried the bags three at a time from the conveyor belt to the waiting transportation vehicle. In less than half an hour of frantic work, we finished (we would have been done sooner had Rebecca moved faster).

The impatient Royal Jordanian people rushed we three off to our plane. At the door of the plane a scowling Jordanian with a large moustache said irritably, "Are you the last ones?"

"Yes we are and we're from BYU," I said cheerfully. He answered with something between a grunt and a squeal which conveyed the impression to me that somehow waiting three hours at the gate for our group to arrive had not been his idea of a pleasant day.

Once on the plane I noticed that the other passengers seemed about as pleased as the guy at the door of the plane. I sunk down into my seat and waited for my vision to come true, but as I waited I was disturbed by two stewardesses who looked anything but Jordanian - they were in fact Dutch and Irish and we still can't figure out why they were there unless they were spies or perhaps temp stewardesses who were filling in for our flight.

"Would you like coffee or tea?" they asked in a thick Irish brogue and Dutch growl.

"Neither," I said, "but I would like to watch a movie if I could - preferably about a psychopathic killer with a fetish for organ donors?"

They weren't amused and in fact gave me a grunt/squeal. I slipped off to sleep and was next awakened by the Irish stewardess collecting trash. I didn't notice at first, that her partner had changed, but then I realized that David Freeman was helping bus the plane.

"David, what are you doing?" I asked.

He looked around suspiciously and then passed me a note which read:

Lynn,
The stewardesses have captured me and are forcing me to work as punishment for the group making us late. Please help me! Love,
David F.

This was a fine kettle of fish, but it turned out to be less difficult than I thought. I paid the stewardesses \$15 a piece and gave them a BYU pin and they agreed to let poor David go - on the condition that he not fly Royal Jordanian again.

"Ok," I said, not thinking that we would have to fly Royal Jordanian back.

We landed in Istanbul at the exact time our plane to Antalya was supposed to leave. The nice people at Turk Hava Yollari held the plane for us.

We spent a casual half an hour moving our 95 bags through customs, getting boarding passes, counting off and riding the bus to the airplane. In order to speed the loading of the plane, the Turk Airline people left a big empty section at the front of the plane which gave us the chance to jostle all the way up the aisle. Turks glared at us as we jostled up the aisles and muttered things in Turkish which I'm sure meant "Thank you so much for making us late."

Mossi White and Andrea Elliott were waiting patiently for us - much to my relief and to the relief of everyone else since she brought the entire supply of maggots carefully stored in a convenient Sears and Roebuck, 100% natural dead cat with scent suppressor for the extra long flights.

The nice Turk Hava Yollari stewards served us a tasty little snack of bread, cheese and apricots which Amy Coleman devoured with glee. As we finished our snack and closed the cute little box it was delivered in, the Turkish pilot came on the intercom and said:

Chiman I ko u ko we ko we alegone. Alegone - whai whe alegone? Whe alegone - we nowa inu Antalya.

Which I supposed meant we are now nearing Antalya.

We landed without incident and then jostled our way out of the plane onto the tarmac and into Antalya International Airport where a throng of avid Turkish fans weren't waiting for us. Instead, Nil from the Hotel Dedaman was.

"Did you have a goot journey?" she said.

"Yes, very nice," I lied, but I figured that she didn't want to hear the whole story.

"We must hurry," she said. "We plan for you to perform at half past ten."

Since it was then 8:30 pm I agreed with her. So the group shoved their equipment into a small van and themselves into two small buses and off we went to the hotel - not the Dedeman as was originally planned but a tiny little 4 star hotel instead, the Hotel Cender. It was an alright place that compared favorably to the Best Western at O'Hare where we first slept. The only real drawback to the Hotel Cender was its annoyingly beautiful view of the ocean and its massive pool.

Nil rushed us from Cender to the Dedeman which was a slightly larger and nicer place whose only drawback was its massive buffet which we were forced to eat. "So this is Turkey," we thought, "nice country."

"We have very neece place for you to perfurm," Nil said to me. "My minion weel take you there. Come minion!" she said as she motioned a nice young woman to her side. "Take Mr. Elliot to the disco."

The disco? This sounded suspicious and as the minion led me through the hotel's catacombs, my suspicions grew.

"Here it is," the minion said joyously as she opened the door into what looked a lot like a bar to me. "It is very neece place. No?" the minion continued. And I had to agree with her. In its own Saturday Night Feverish way, the disco had a charm. From the bar or the low tables the patrons could easily watch the BYU students do their folk dancing as they (the patrons) took long sips of liquid forbidden by at least half of the verses of the Word of Wisdom.

"Wait to see dressing rooms," the minion said, "they are very neece." She led me through the disco and out the door into the Turkish bath. "This is very neece place. Neece and warm for the dancers to change. I theeak they like very much. No?"

Sure, I thought, after a long suite of American dancing there is nothing quite as refreshing as a nice muggy dressing room. "Does a massage come with the room?" I asked.

The minion looked at me quizzically, "A massage Mr Elliot? Are you really stupid or are you just pretending?" These minions, they're all the same.

The show went well. All 50 people liked it even before they started drinking. My favorite part was the toasted almonds and the bread balls.

Delyne graciously cut the show as the audience whittled down below 30 - none of whom were Turkish. By this time the platform stage had been beat ragged and the dancers were showing strange signs of fatigue.

The day wasn't quite like my dream, but I wasn't too disappointed, "It was very neece show" the minion said, and I agreed. After all, that's all that's important and that night, after our group played a quick round of king-of-the-flotation-devise in the Mediterranean. I climbed into my bed and dreamt another dream - a vision really. In my dream I was sitting in the Chicago airport waiting for our flight to Jordan. The minion came up to me in the dream and asked, "Do you meend waiting Mr. Elliot?"

"No, not so much," I said.

"Good," she said, "you should enjoy the trip."

I wonder what she meant.

THE END

June 23 - Thursday
John Allen
Antalya

The morning started out a little lazy - like as most of the group slept in and rolled out of bed sporadically when each felt like getting up. It was spent with many swimming, a couple snorkeling, some venturing into the city, etc. There wasn't anything too terribly exciting to report on that morning except for maybe Hans, who, in full coordinated glory slashed both his foot and his knee while trying to get into and out of the sea to snorkel. He returned to the hotel with blood flowing freely. I think he kind of liked the attention he got, to be honest. That afternoon was our first time to experience the Turkish inner city. We were taken and basically dropped into the middle of the frey and were then left to make it back to the hotel any which way we could. It was every man and

woman for themselves. During the melee, most found time to stop into quite a few of the many shops and sights. Much money was spent. Indeed, the spoils of that day were great.

From there, we had just enough time to eat and get ready for our performance that night. It went rather well. There was a bigger audience than just the handful that had showed up the night before and they were also a little more vocal and expressive of their appreciation for our efforts at entertaining them. After it was over, and while we were still mingling with the crowd, the lights went back down and the music back up. Again there was dancing, only this time there were no performers and there was no audience, just a mass of movement. It was a nice way to finish off. The night wasn't over, though, for quite a few went swimming on our return to the hotel. It was a good day, better than what I've been able to describe. You'll have to use your imagination to fill in the blanks.

June 24 - Friday

Amy Coleman

Antalya → Perga ↗ Denezli → Pamukkale → Denezli → Pamukkale

We said goodbye to beautiful Antalya but didn't get too far before we stopped at the ruins of Perga. We spent quite a while roaming through the ruins, peering into Roman baths, posing on column bases, and of course, taking many pictures. Rebecca F. and Kourtney won the Goddesses of the Day awards as they posed atop a headless river goddess. Many of us expressed our desire to just catch a glimpse of the city when it was a living, working city. It must have been amazing.

Midway to Denizli we had a rest stop. We used some very scary bathrooms - if you could call them that. The real clincher was that we paid to use them! We were able to buy some loaves of bread there so we had a meager lunch en route. We had a good laugh as we were sitting on the bus, gnawing on our chunks of bread - Yum!

We arrived in Pamukkale at our hotel only to be sent back into Denizli for a reception with the chancellor of the university that was sponsoring us. His office was a little cooler than the bus and they were kind enough to bring us juice. This was our first introduction to the yummy peach and cherry juices of Turkey.

We got all set up in the beautiful Richmond Hotel. There was a bit of concern over the polished marble floor that was to be our stage, but it didn't seem to bother anyone but us. We were fed well, buffet style again - delicious!

The folk group from the university performed first. Our group was the floor show for the dinner/ballroom. They were fun to watch and we were glad to have them there for our show. Nate was the hit of the night with "Surfer Girl." The Turkish girls were fun to watch because they had the right reactions - they loved him! Actually, they took a liking to many of the guys - go folkers!

June 25 - Saturday
David Freeman
Richmond Hotel ➤ Heiropolis ✎ Richmond Hotel

Revell held true to his word. After becoming very tired of our continually being late, he warned us last night that the bus would leave at 9:00 am sharp with or without everyone. We ended up leaving Lutfi (the translator), John, and Jeremiah. At about 9:15 we actually set out to visit Pamukkale and the ruins of Heiropolis, one of the cities that Paul visited.

Heiropolis was quite the hiking experience. We first traversed the tombs of this ancient city. I found it interesting that the cemetery was before the city gate, meaning that the dead were the ones to first welcome visitors. What an experience that must have been. We then came upon the remains of a Christian basilica. It was here that we proved our strength by holding up the leaning wall. In that area was a man and his camels. Scott R. went towards the man and camels in an endeavor to have his picture taken beside them. In the process of walking toward the camel, the man picked up Scott and put him on the camel, much to Scott's amazement. Within seconds the camel was up on his feet and walking around. After the exciting camel ride, Scott was asked to pay for the ride that originally he didn't want. Kourtney, Rebecca H., Caprice and Delynne also showed off their camelmanship.

Once our "cameling" around was finished, we continued on our way to the monument dedicated to the Apostle Philip's martyrdom, since he was supposed to be martyred in Heiropolis. This venture to the monument became a pioneer trek up small hills and across small gullies. The monument itself was interesting, but the theater we visited next was spectacular. The old Roman theater was just incredible. It was so large, we took a lot of time exploring and taking pictures. We even did a small show, which included Sto Mi E Milo and the pioneer medley of Come, Come Ye Saints and the Handcart Song. It was a very enjoyable experience.

I tend to feel that swimming in the mineral water was the highlight of the day. It was very interesting to swim in the water that covered the remains of a Roman bath. This was what we saw of Pamukkale. It is also here where we saw the white cliffs formed from the calcium deposits of the mineral water. As we swam in the ruins, Jeremiah and John joined us. They had slept in thinking

their alarms were turned on and knew that we were headed to the white cliffs of Pamukkale. They used a taxi in order to find us. We had lots of fun swimming in the bubbly, almost carbonated, water.

We came back for lunch ready to eat. I can't decide if the food really was that good or if we were extremely hungry. After lunch we had free time until 6:30 pm. At last, we could do what we wanted with time to do it. Some went to write letters, read scriptures, or take naps, and do laundry. Many went swimming in the hotel pool, which was always enjoyable. We had fun making pyramids in the water and playing freeze tag.

We later met to prepare our costumes, and eat dinner. After dinner, some went back to take in some more nap time. Delynne certainly enjoyed hers, to the point that she missed our devotional that we held 10 minutes later than she originally wanted. It's okay Delynne, we love you anyway!

The performance went well. Unfortunately, the room was more packed and the stage was a little shorter than yesterday. Luckily, we are survivors, and pulled everything off well. Everything is now packed and ready for tomorrow's exodus.

Thanks for the memories!

Editor's Note: *On this day alone, people poured money out of their pockets in the amount of 43 pottery bird whistles and 11 carpets.*

June 26 - Sunday
Jennifer Cronin
Pamukkale ↘ Ephesus → Izmir(Smyrna)

Editor's Note: *The following entry into this history should be read with a southern belle accent to really get its full value.*

Today the true and everlasting spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ was once again given a voice amongst the ruins of the city of Ephesus. This city once was the focus of the great missionaries and apostles of Christ. I have no doubt that the heavens were filled with angelic voices singing the Spirit of God in harmony with the members of this group today as we conducted our sacrament services upon such holy ground. Truly the service was one that no one will forget. I believe that each individual heard their own personal whisperings of the spirit. All that I can record here would be my own, but perhaps it will bring back the memories of the message that you heard on this wonderful day.

The meeting was begun by singing *The Spirit of God*. I could almost hear the voices of all those in the heavens with such marvelous joy because they had

long-awaited the return of the saints to their beloved land and city. The feeling was truly overwhelming. Then we partook of the sacrament as each of us pondered our own lives and the gift of our Brother Jesus Christ which was one of pure love and sacrifice. After the bread and water were passed, we were addressed by 2 speakers, Marcia Pitcher and Kyley Jex. Marcia brought to us a realization of the everyday love that Christ gives to us. His love is present in the light of the sun, the coolness of the breeze, and particularly in the friendships which bless our lives.

Kyley's message was also very moving. The one line that seems to echo in my mind is 1 Nephi 21: 15:

"I will not forget thee, O house of Israel. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."

Our Savior Jesus Christ will not forget us, he has already given his life so that we can return to him.

The closing song, *Because I Have Been Given Much*, was led by Amy Thurston. It seems that no matter how often I hear this song, I gain a new insight each time. At this particular moment in life, the line that pulled most at my heart was "I shall give love to those in need, I'll show that love by word and deed, thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed." I know how grateful I am for all of my blessings, I'm sure that everyone of us has a heartfelt of thanks. By word and by deed we show our thankfulness. True gratitude is not only a prayer of thanks, but every action of our life. By sharing our talents we give true thanks.

After our meeting at Ephesus we traveled to Izmir where we were housed at the University Guest Instructors Quarters. That was the end of our day.

Editor's Note: Today we also visited the city of Seljeck where we wandered around looking for lunch. It was also there that we all invaded an apartment building to climb to its roof and view the stork nests that had settled atop the ancient pillars of the Roman aqueduct. In Ephesus, we saw the ancient toilets and the library, both theaters and well as the Basilica to Mary, the Mother of Jesus where we held our church services.

For Supper that evening, we walked across the street to a quaint little restaurant where most of us sat outside in the wind. Amy T. received a gift of scattered cherry juice all over her lovely blue jumper from the wind, and Thom imparted his spoonful of soup to Alyson's clothing. And of course everyone just loved the burnt flan for dessert .

June 27 - Monday
Jeremiah Hansen
Izmir

Today most of us had our best night's sleep since the beginning of tour. A few night animals stayed up late playing games or doing laundry. After the usual hurry up and wait in the lobby until we find out what's going on confusion fest, we made our way through the city streets of Izmir (which used to be called what? Class?), finally arriving in a pleasant outdoor restaurant apparently owned by Ege University. It tasted wonderful, especially the fresh fruit. Some people ended up sitting in the bright sun. No problem. They shared sunglasses and were pleased when the sun moved behind some trees and left them in the cool shade. Food here is served, of course, over an extended period of time. It makes for a leisurely social hour.

After lunch we headed back to the guest Hotel and then onto the Izmir cultural center. The theater in the center housed about 550 people, our largest audience yet! We sat around and practiced and unloaded costumes and then headed to the Izmir Bazaar. It was bizarre! Thousands of shops selling the same thing. Narrow, crowded streets that weaved their way into a soiled patchwork. Everybody demanded that you look in their store or buy their rug. Diane emerged from the battle as the Queen of the Bazaar. She spent at least an hour bartering with a rug dealer. After leaving twice she finally bought the \$350.00 rug for \$150.00. Jeremiah bought a \$1000.00 rug for \$500.00 but found out he could have bought it elsewhere for about \$200.00. Oh well, he likes it, and he wasn't the only one in Turkey who got ripped off.

Editor's Note: *It should be noted that Scott P. and Hans had a great dinner back in the bazaar after having missed the bus by minutes because Scott bought a huge ceramic plate. Thanks for missing us Jeremiah.*

After dinner at the restaurant, we had a great performance. The audience wanted an encore so we did the finale again. The students in the audience were great. They clapped along and came down to the stage after the performance for signatures.

We did not get home until way late so just about everyone headed straight to bed. I think today was most memorable to those people who got violently ill from the lunch or dinner we had today. My best memory is seeing Diane being followed out of a rug shop by these half-crazy Turks who desperately wanted her to buy their rug. Who knows, if she had refused they might still be chasing after her.

Editor's Note: *This afternoon is also important because we finally connected with our errant Dance Department Chair, Phyllis Jacobson. She was supposed to join us*

in Istanbul at the airport but instead, decided to wander around Rhodes for a while. She had just finished touring with the Ballroom Dancers in Ukraine and Hungary.

June 28 - Tuesday

Rebecca Fietkau

Izmir(Smyrna) → Pergamum → Troy → Ferry → Istanbul

Today we left the Ege University guest housing dorms in Izmir just after 8:00 am. We had, of course, the usual lovely breakfast of bread, cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, and watery hot cocoa.

Editor's Note: *The cooks at the University Dorms had been very considerate, by the way, and had gone out of their way to get us some Hershey's Quik for breakfast. Too bad Turks can't read English instructions. They used hot water instead of hot milk. Boy that sure was a let down.*

Most of the day was spent traveling to Istanbul. Along the way we visited Pergamum and Troy.

Pergamum is one of the seven cities of Asia that John wrote to in the Book of Revelations. It was never conquered by Alexander the Great and was never in the Seleucian Empire. In this city, we were able to see the Acropolis on which was the base of the Alter of Zeus and the Trojan Temple. We also learned of the library which was moved to Alexandria to please Cleopatra. From the Acropolis we could see down in the valley the old Ascorpion Psychological Hospital. We all felt bad for them.

The quotes for the day are as follows:

Sis. Phillips - (over the bus microphone) "This is your mother ... I am the meanest lady on the trip!!!" (and at a rest stop after everyone bought treats) "Quit eating crap!" (which she repeated over and over as she walked down the aisle.)

Scott Preator - "WAKE UP!! YOU'RE IN TURKEY!!!!!"

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8. Uluslararası İzmir Festivali

Brigham Young'ın genç dansçıları, Ankara DOB'den müzikaller

Üner Birkan

Sekizinci İzmir Festivali, "kendi halinde" sürüp gitti Haziran ayının sıcakları, Dünya Kupası futbol maçlarının renkli hayhuyu içinde (İzmirliiler, müzikten çok severler futbolu!). Bu yılın festivalinin cılız programı bir yana, düzenleyicilerin - büyük ölçüde Efes Tiyatrosu "yasaklama"sıyla açıklayabileceğimiz - tek olumlu eylemleri, Festivale yeni düzenleme yerlerinin kazandırılmasıydı. Bunların arasında en önemli yeri, kuşkusuz, Devlet Konservatuarı'nın eski yerinde, Sabancı Holding'in katkılarıyla ve Dokuz Eylül Üniversitesi ile ortaklaşa gerçekleştirilen "Konservatuvar / Sabancı Kültür Merkezi"ydi. Bu yeni, ferah, gerçekten güzel düşünülmüş, deniz tarafın-

dan görünüşü iç açıcı (böyle binalara ne çok gereksinimimiz varmış!) yapının, ne yazık ki çok küçük tutulmuş (topu topu 450 kişi alabilen) salonunda, ABD'nin Utah eyaletindeki Brigham Young Üniversitesi'nin Halk Dansları Topluluğu, coşkuyla izlenen bir gösteri sundular (27 Haziran Pazartesi). Amerikalı genç dansçılar, iki gitar, bir banjo, bir kontrbas, iki kemandan oluşan küçük müzik topluluğunun eşliğinde, "Pioneer"lerin danslarını, en parlak, en gösterişli "Square dance" örneklerini, Amerikan folklorunun önemli bir bölümünü oluşturan "Country Music"lerden seçme bir demeti, 1950'lerin Rock müziğini ve danslarını, 1960 ve sonrasında "pop"ları-

nı bütün güzellikleri, sevimlilikleri, ustalıkları, şarkı söylemede de, dans etmede de hiç aksamayan beraberlikleriyle sundular, Festival izleyicilerine unutulmayacak bir gösteri akşamı yaşattılar. Brigham Young Üniversitesi'nin (hemen hiçbir müzik ya da dans öğrencisi olmayan) genç öğrencilerini, yüzlerinden gösteri boyunca eksilmeyen gülümsemeleriyle, her zaman ana-

Ankara Devlet Opera ve Balesi sanatçılarından bir grup, "Müzikalden Müzikale" adını taşıyan bir gösteriyle, Show Boat'tan Operadaki Hayalet'e, West Side Story'den New York'a uzanan çizgi üzerinde, müzikal (müzikli komedi) türünden kısa geçişler sundular. Derleme - Metin çalışması Gülce Çelik - Mustafa Erdoğan ikilisince gerçekleştirilen gösterinin yönetmeni, Devlet Tiyatrosu sanatçılarından Ferdi Merter'di.

Beş yıl önce, 1989 Mart'ında İzmir Türk - Amerikan Derneği'nde, Profesör Murat Tuncay'ın, Devlet Konservatuarı öğretmenlerinden Müfit Bayraşa ile birlikte sunduğu "Broadway'in Müzikal Öyküsü" adlı müzikli konuşmayı dinlemiş, son derece akıcı, hem öğretici hem eğlendirici bir senaryo içinde bu ilginç





Brigham Young dansçıları "Swingin' Fifties" adlı gösteride

müzik / tiyatro birleşiminin tadına bir kez daha varmıştım. Değerli dostumun o konuşmasındaki tanımlamasını buraya almakta yarar görüyorum: "... 1890'larda ortaya çıkmasından bu yana, müzikli komedi (İkinci Dünya Savaşı'ndan sonraki yıllarda kullanılan yaygın adıyla, Müzikal); insanın hemen ısınabileceği, yeterince komik, biraz da romantik bir oyun / ayağınızla tempo tutmak istiyeceğiniz, sizi sahnenin içine, birlikte söylemeye çeken bir müzik / bu müzikle renklendirilen sahnede olup biten her şey; sololar, korolar, danslar, güzel kadınlar, şaşırtıcı numaralar demektir." Özetle, müzikal, geçen yüzyıl ortalarından sonra, İngiltere'de gelişen, anavatanı sayılacak Amerika'dan bütün dünyaya yayılan, sinema sanatının gelişmesiyle birlikte de, milyonlarca insanın hayranlığını kazanan bir sahne sanatının adıdır. Bu adın belirdiği gibi, oyun öğeleriyle müziği en çekici biçimde birleştirdiği için, her şeyden önce, melodilerinin çekiciliğiyle, canlılığıyla, akılda kalma kolaylığıyla, basitliği içindeki parlaklığıyla belirginleşir. O melodilerin içerdikleri mesajların, doğru bir İngilizce söyleyişle, dinleyicinin kulağına en doğru, kulak tırmalamayacak bi-



"Müzikalden Müzikale" Ankara DOB

çimde ulaşması beklenir. "Müzikalden Müzikale" gösterisinde, bu özellikleri bulamadığımı üzümlere belirtmek zorundayım. "Ol' man River" adını taşıyan o nefis melodinin de, "With a little bit of Luck"ın da, "If I were a rich man"ın, Oliver'ın, Cabaret'nin ve ötekilerin de tadına varmadığım o bozuk, çocukça İngilizce yüzünden (keşke dilimize çevirip söyleselerdi diyorum!). Müzikal söylemenin opera söylemekten çok

farklı bir iş olduğunu, keşke, bu türün ustalarından biri gelip, Ankara Opera - Balesi'nin genç, sevimli, yetenekli oyuncularına anlatmış olsaydı!.. Dahası, o yüzeyde kalan, sudan, yapmacık metnin yerine, biraz önce andığım Tuncay - Bayraşa metni gibi bir senaryo üzerinde, bilgiyle, gerçek esprisiyle sunmaya çalışsalar müzikal sanatından örnekleri. Yazık olmuş Ankaralı genç sanatçıların onca emeğine. ■

June 29 - Wednesday
Kyley Jex
Istanbul

A LIMERICK BY KYLEY JEX

In Turkey there's the city of Istanbul.
We drove many hours and our bus was full.
We were six hours late,
And too tired to debate,
But the smiles we met told of precious souls.

In the dead of the night there were six who kept,
Unloading the gabs while all the others slept.
We saw the sites in the morn,
Jumpers and Brown pants we had worn (despite the heat),
Street vendors attacking right and left.

The Sultan's mosques were built of stone to last.
Each built bigger than those in the past.
So off we did go,
Let's cancel the show.
Eating ice cream and sightseeing's a blast.

The tile in the Blue Mosque was neat.
Take your shoes off and please wash your feet.
All pose for a picture,
And listen to each lecture.
A culture class - - This sure does beat.

Hagia Sophia stood tall in the background.
Its flattened dome should have fallen down.
Thirteen hundred years old,
Humanities classes retold,
Postcard and toy tops sold all around.

Topkapi is a hard word to say,
But the palace is a nice place to stay.
Let's all join the harem,
Much gold we'd be wear'n.
Many servants around us all day.

It is sad that some had fun,
While others were constantly on the run.
Finding a pot,

Is always fun, Not!
Can sickness ever come from the sun?

The water's clear blue on the Bosphorous.
And lunch was nearly disastrous.
Juice was our savior,
As we left the small harbor.
We're surprised that postcard boys didn't follow us.

A house on the strait would be nice.
We could gather and manufacture ice.
And sell it to tourists,
Like the boys that all bore us,
And pretend we're on Istanbul Vice.

Last was the Mosque of Suleyman.
Awestruck by Architecture of Sinan.
We were told by J.R.
It's a Sultan, not Tzar.
A good night's sleep was all of our plan.

P.S. "Jeremiah, are these yours?"

June 30 - Thursday
Diane Flores
Istanbul ➤ Bulgarian Border

Today we had the opportunity to sleep in (sort of). We had to be at the Military Museum at 10:00 am. Compared to some of our other early departures that was just fine. Between early morning traffic, which lasted a little longer than usual, and slow host families, things didn't get underway until around a quarter to eleven. We would not be going back to our host families in the evening so all our luggage and precious purchases needed to be with us. As we all clambered up the cobblestone hill to the stage, we discussed the plethora variety of menus we had for breakfast. It ranged anywhere from bread (surprise), cheese, olives, more olives, toast and rose petal jam (wasn't Delynne the lucky one?). We all sat around and wrote postcards and helped the tech crew. It was then the announcement was made. We needed to be in practice clothes in five minutes for rehearsal. We had just barely accepted the rehearsal part - but practice clothes?! You would have thought we had never heard of the concept before. To think we were here on a dance tour and we actually had to rehearse in practice clothes! We finally swallowed this notion and tried to warm up, all of us, on the stage which could barely hold us. Thanks to Thom and Margaret, we were all feeling the burn - a good one that is.

After rehearsing a sufficient amount of time, we deemed it time for lunch. The Rotary Club provided us with a lunch of sandwiches and potato fries. We were so thirsty from practice that there was almost a fight for box cherry and peach drinks. After we had completely (or as much as we could) chowed, we felt it time for the bazaar! (Again and always!) A good majority of us started out on foot (a 45 minute walk) while the smart ones took a taxi. You could say it was a very successful day hitting the vendors for those who actually made it to the Grand Bazaar. The shopping display at the end of the day included rugs, dolls, vests, socks, and, of course, beautiful puzzle rings and charms.

We had to hurry to get ready for our feast of Hilton-caliber food outside with the Rotary Club. It was amazing we even felt like dancing after the number of times we frequented the dessert table. It was heaven on a plate - just ask Scott P., Kourtney and Diane. When we were through, we mingled with the crowd while beautiful instrumental music was going on in the background. While the meeting for the Rotary was going on, we were back in the dressing room trying to entertain ourselves (something that we are especially good at) with writing postcards, blow drying leotards and hearing the guitar played. A few of us were even trapped outside for the meeting.

The time passed quickly, and before we knew it, Ali (Babba) came rushing in calling Margaret's name (who just happened to be the host daughter of this rotary chairman) declaring the show would commence in just a few minutes. It was a good show as we performed for our proud host parents and families. It was hard to say goodbye - but we had to hurry. We were on our way to Bulgaria. Thanks to Okan - Jeremiah's Giorgio Armani-look-alike-host-brother - who helped us tote piles of tech equipment, shoved in the back of his car, down the cobblestone tunnel to the bus in a relatively short amount of time. Yes Turkey was a good trip. Bulgaria, here we come!

Editor's Note: *Actually, what Diane meant to say was: "Yes, Turkey, you fed us well. Starvation, here we come!!!."*

July 1 - Friday
Dave Nelson
Bulgarian Border ➤ Sofia

The day began early at the Turkish-Bulgarian border, when we arrived at 4:30 am. Processing didn't begin until 5:30 am. We all hopped out of the bus bleary-eyed and very tired. It was cold outside and the border officers were in no hurry. A few of us discovered the most rank and dirty water closet we've ever seen. Caprice was nearly dry-heaving when she used the bathroom, the smell was sooooooo bad. We unfortunately changed busses, trading in our comfortable

Turkish bus for a smaller Bulgarian bus. Elder Hawkins and Elder Toronto met us with the bus. We traveled several more hours and slept most of the way to Sofia. Elder Hawkins told us about the mission. There are around seventy Elders and Sister missionaries in the country. There are nearly 800 members in two cities; Sofia and Plodiv. Elder Hawkins informed us also of some interesting things about Bulgaria. For example, Bulgaria is known for its production of rose oil. We found out that we will be performing with the Philip Koutev Folk Dance Ensemble at The National Palace of Culture. It is where the Communist Congresses met.

Well, we finally arrived at our hotel - Hotel Slavia. After staying in first class hotels for so long, it was a bit of a shock to move to **fifth class**. We all discovered that you could go to the bathroom and shower at the same time!!! Well, we wanted to go downtown to get some lunch and see some sights. Our bus driver, Chuckles, refused. So we all took a tram ride downtown. Some people found good food; others ended up eating Snickers bars and drinking pop. We visited the central attraction of Sofia: The cathedral of Alexander Nevsky. It is a beautiful building.

At 4:30 pm, we went to the National Palace of Culture, our first huge stage! It was so nice to have room to dance! We started the show at 7:00 pm. We performed about two-thirds of our show and the crowd was really responsive. There were about 2000 in the audience, and several hundred were church members, missionaries, and investigators. The show went well. We then sat down to watch the professionals at work. They made the intricate Bulgarian dance steps look easy. It was awesome. We participated in the finale by coming out and taking a bow. We then shocked the audience by singing "Sto Mi E Milo." As soon as they realized what we were singing, they exploded into applause. Several times during the song, they cheered us on. They responded very enthusiastically. It was a very special experience for us. It was a pleasure to express our love to the Bulgarians through one of our favorite melodies. After the show, we met several of the members of the Koutev group in a reception. It was an incredible day!

Editor's Note: *It should be noted that Dave was very gracious about the logistical concerns that most other members of the group had that day. As the editor, I feel that it is important to explain a few of them in greater detail. THEY STARVED US!!!! After having eaten at the luncheon the night before in Istanbul, we had no breakfast, no lunch, most people couldn't find any dinner (Bulgaria being the way it is). And only after much travail and gnashing of teeth (as well as anything else edible), we were led to believe that pizza ala missionaries was on its way. Now as Americans, we were understandably excited. However, food only came after the show, and then it was a double-meat-ball-pour-on-your-own-sauce-sandwich. (Oh, for a pizza!) But thank you anyway missionaries. To top off our day of interesting*

food, we were served drinks at the reception that looked and tasted like a mix of barley meal, root beer, and other unappetizing, unpalatal unmentionables!

July 2 - Saturday
Rebecca Horton

Sofia, Bulgarian 🌳 Roadside Campsite ① 🌳 Greek Border 🌳 Nea Karvali

There once was a group from America
Who was invited to go to Bulgaria.
The day did come when they had to run
To Greece for some festival fun.

That morning we woke after a good night's sleep.
Some chose to shop while others did not.
Our showers were part of our bathroom fare
To go in bare foot we did not dare.

Ten thirty did come.
We started the fun,
With songs for the fireside soon to come.

Practice was over, but where was the bus?
Chuckles was surely making a fuss.
A half hour late Chuckles did show,
To the fireside off we did go.

The fireside was going ever so well,
'Til Chris and Amy stood to sing.
The pianist was missing,
What should they do?
Luckily a member knew how to play too.

She came from the audience,
Never to fear.
Chris and Amy wanted to cheer.

The fireside ended,
The crowd was pleased.
We all stayed and visited
'Til it was time to leave.

We packed our bags
And loaded the bus.
The missionaries were there
To help with the fuss.

The bottom was filled with prop and tech.
Luggage and costumes is what was left.
The driver was watching with dismay.
We were able to get it on anyway.

Down the road we did start.
Lunch Lynn did impart.
The usual bread, cheese and soda.
A few minutes later the bus hit a bump,
Then we were left in a big slump.

The bus did pull over,
A spring did break.
We were going to be very late.

Many went off the bus to play
A game of charades brightened the day.
A while later music broke out,
With the popular tunes of Greased Lightnin'.

While we played Lynn made a call
To the festival we were to be.
They'd send a bus along to meet us
On the path to Thessaloniki.

We all piled on our broken down bus
To slowly meet the new.
Along the way we played some games
By Larsen's and Elliot's too.

To the border we came in our broken bus,
We've all had a very long day.
Our bus driver bought a bag of smokes
And told us to hide them away.

We came to some soldiers at the gate
Who wanted to inspect the bus.
The driver threw them some of his smokes,
And, well, they didn't make a fuss.

We passed the border and lo and behold,
Here was the bus ready for us.
We unloaded the first and started the new,
This one was very extremely small too.

The bus driver died when he saw what we had.
When we'd get home he'd be very glad.
We got on this bus that was very small.
You wouldn't be happy if you were tall.

Luggage was stacked in isle and seat.
There was no place to put your feet.
Three hours we drove on our bus;
The festival will be scared when they meet us.

Two-thirty did come, we had arrived.
Sandwiches and Pepsi were a surprise.
We finished our food and off we did go,
Where we'd end up, we didn't know.

We turned the corner and what did we see,
A campground was there with a WC.

We unloaded the bus for the third time,
It's getting hard to think of a rhyme.
To our cabins we went to lay in our beds,
The rooster crowed when we laid down our heads.

The day was over at 4 am,
But bugs kept on crawling in our beds.
This day is over but do not fret,
There's many more days soon to come yet.

July 3 - Sunday
Robert Newman
Nea Karvali

It's Sunday and most of the day was spent lounging around. Breakfast was wonderful. We had homemade bread, a slab of butter and enough strawberry jam to cover one piece of bread. And to drink we had soda pop. Yummy! Almost everyone did their laundry and there was close to a mile of rope wrapped around all the trees in front of the cabins. There were enough clothes hanging up to clothe everyone in Nea Karvali.

We all met at 12:30 pm for church. The sacrament meeting was very uplifting. We held the services on the lawn, under the trees about 20 yards from the Aegean sea. What a peaceful setting it was.

Robert and Diane spoke and the main topic was on faith. The spirit was very strong today, especially when Ellen recited the poem "The Touch of the Master's Hand" and when Diane sang "O Lord My Redeemer" in Sign Language.

After Church we had lunch at the restaurant here at the campground. I always look forward to the cucumbers and tomatoes, drowned in olive oil. It's no wonder they call this place Greece (a.k.a. GREASE). But it's great to be here.

The rest of the afternoon until 6:00 pm was spent doing more laundry, writing letters, sleeping, reading etc. There's not much you can do on Sunday. If it weren't Sunday, everyone would probably be out in the water. We then walked over to a restaurant on the beach where we had rice and souvlaki (shishkabab for all you foreigners). Nate and Robert were the last two to get their meal and by the time they got their food, everyone else was done eating. We got our first taste of Greek fast food.

We hurried home to get ready for the festival. It was only a 10 minute walk, but we had to carry about 30 pounds of costumes. It's great to be here. The festival was in an amphitheater up on a hill. There were groups from India, Brazil, Greece and Cyprus. The dancing was wonderful. I felt like I was at club rec night. Some of the dances were pretty impressive.

I've never seen so many bugs in one place at a time. Because of the bright lights, there were so many bugs flying around. We were afraid of singing because we didn't want any bugs flying in our mouths.

We only performed a few of our dances tonight: Teton Mountain Stomp, Exhibition Square, Pioneer, Polka Quadrille and Monroe's Hornpipe. The people loved us, although it took them a few numbers to warm up to us. By the end of the show, around midnight, the bugs had feasted and were full. The mosquitos probably ate better than we did.

Everyone got out on the floor and danced afterwards to Greek music. It was neat to see so many different folkdance groups from different cultures dancing together.

July 4 - Monday

Heidi Nielson

Nea Karvali → Kavala → Philippi → Nea Karvali

We had a fabulous Fourth of July! The celebration began on the bus with everyone joining in to sing patriotic songs, and continued throughout the day until our Mr. and Mrs. Folk Dance America Pageant. Nominations were taken and four lucky ladies; Rebecca F. Jennifer, Marcia and Ellen; as well as four men; Kenton, Brady, Jon W. and Rees were chosen to have the chance to run for the coveted title.

As we got on the bus, we were all happy to meet Chuckles the IV! Chuckles happily drove us to the historical Philippi. Revell, Brother Phillips, made this site come alive, as he has done with the many others we've seen. It was at the harbor to Philippi where Paul and Silas made their first missionary approach to Europe. We saw in Philippi, the theater, the agora (shopping plaza), and a basilica.

From the ruins of Philippi, we went to see the Baptistery of St. Lydia. Chuckles IV put up a little fuss to go the extra mile to get us there, but we won him over! While we were there (for all 5 minutes that Chuckles would allow) we were happy to find a very cool and refreshing stream to wade in. Our trip into town ended at lunch and we then had the afternoon to relax. Some of us slept, others did laundry, played basketball, or swam in the beautiful sea. For dinner we had yummy baked chicken and french fries. Not bad for an almost -like- home Fourth of July meal. The best part of the meal, though, was the watermelon!

After dinner the time had come for our big bash. Each of the contestants had been working hard on their "untalents" and construction of their costumes, and the rest of us made sure we had enough film for the evening. Diane gathered us all in to start the party with a few recreational mixer games, the human knot-circle thing and a few others. Then Diane turned the time over to Brother Larsen to start the pageant. Each of the contestants were introduced with their new name and personality. There was Fanny Frolicking Fingers (Ellen), Freeda Liberty (Rebecca F.), Unice Binkerstink (Marcia), Marie Gibson (Jennifer), Harry High Britches (Kenton), Butch the Swimming Cowboy (Jon W.), Jammin Jamal (Brady), and Omar Attavendor (Rees). It is impossible to write about how much talent, and personality there was springing forth from each of the contestants. We all got a kick out of Ellen playing the violin and clogging with her hands at the same time (Alyson was there to help), Brady busting out with the rap, the awesome rap of he and his base. Rees made the perfect vendor selling his delicious bread at a "special price for yoo!" Jenn gave a stunning performance as both John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John with her rendition of "Hot Summer Nights." Butch the Swimming Cowboy, whom we

know as Jon, sorry to say, made a terrific orangutang. Rebecca made an instant hit with her singing birds (and hairdo) as she sang her version of "I'm Proud To Be An American Folk Dancer!" But it was Marcia and Kenton that took the title with absolutely hilarious performances. Marcia Unice Binkerstink performed a fabulous dance number incorporating ballet, "Modren", and folk dance in her own special way - a tribute to our tomato, cucumber, and bread breakfast of course. Kenton had us rolling as he sang "My Little Buttercup" with his adorable choreography. That night they truly represented Mr. and Mrs. Folk Dance America! We all had a wonderful time and loved the watermelon treat after the show!

Freeda America's Talent Show Song:

*(To the tune of "I'm Proud to Be an American")
From the airport in Chicago,
to the bus trip in Bulgaria.
Traveling two days in our dresses,
washing clothes out in the sink.
Eating bread and cheese and Fanta
taking Imodium AD.
We've met Chuckles I to Chuckles V
and it's time to stand and say....*

*That I'm proud to be an American Folk Dancer
Where I can travel round the world.
And I won't forget the man who jostled,
And propositioned me.
And I'll gladly stand up
And punch him out
And defend myself today.
Cause there ain't no doubt I love this tour.
It's home away from the USA.*

*Yes, I'm proud to be an American Folk Dancer
Where I can travel round the world.
And I won't forget the tourist shopping
And the birds I bought that day.
And I'll gladly play them
for you right now (notes for the next few measures)*

*Cause there ain't no doubt
I love this tour.
It's home away from the USA.*

July 5 - Tuesday
Rees Olson
Nea Karvali

The morning and afternoon has been quite a day of rest and relaxation. This is our last day in Nea Karvali. Brady and Jeremiah slept in till noon. Most of the group has done some laundry mixed with journal and letter writing. Another part of the group went into Kavala to shop. In Kavala, we visited the monument and birth home of Mohammed Ali and the "Domition of Mary" which is an Eastern Orthodox Church. For lunch we had Octopus and Squid. If you can imagine a day of relaxation and lounging around while your leaders are enthralled in a game of Rook - today was the day. Kenton led a group to play basketball with some Greek kids. Jenn Cronin showed everyone up with her tan and her great basketball ability. Scott Preator led a great sand castle building display. This evening and into the night we went into Kavala and performed in the castle along with the rest of the groups. We were the last country to perform. We did the Appalachian Patchwork and Clogging. It went OK except for the sound for Brady's bass. He finally got it working for Buckin. After the performance, we were given ham sandwiches. There was a party afterwards, but we didn't go. We came back to camp and went to bed.

July 6 - Wednesday
Margaret Owens
Nea Karvali ➤ ➤ Ioannina

There is not much to say
About today,
For today we could not stay
In Nea Karvali and play -
We had to be on our way.

The bus came at noon which was a little too early, a little too soon.
And it made the Greek girls swoon
To hear the croon
Of Kyley and Brady's goodbye tune.

The bus was able to be loaded - that was a feat.
And nearly everyone could have his own seat.
Yet Hans had us beat
As he laid down and stretched out his long legs and feet.
At a rest stop we got out to mingle and meet,
While the Larsens bought us ice cream - what a treat!

The bus ride seemed to go on and on,
Actually , it was only 12 hours long.
But did we get to Ioannina at 11:00 pm? Wrong.
Only at 1:30 am did Ioannina come along.
That was OK, the happy Folkers filled the bus ride with song.

When we arrived at our resting place,
Smiles soon appeared on everyone's face.
The dorms were incredible! Dirt? Not a trace!
This now ends the day's case
For everyone was pleased with our new week-long home base.

July 7 - Thursday
Scott Rands
Ioannina

Today was another relax-and-enjoy-yourself day, and we did. We had arrived in Ioannina at about 1 am - a day before the festival actually starts, but two hours late anyway.

The big event of the morning was breakfast. (Actually, this was the only event of the morning.) We received a hard-boiled egg, two pieces of bread, and a glass of hot milk. What a treat! But wait, there's more! Cold water was also available in an unlimited supply. This scrumptious meal would soon prove to be a lasting tradition. After breakfast, we wasted away the morning playing cards, reading, and sleeping.

The next big event of the day was lunch - just about as exciting as breakfast. The afternoon was spent on the town. We visited the old castle of Ioannina, and attacked the shops. No one really bought anything except postcards, but we were awed by the freedom we had in the stores. In Greece, we can walk into a store, look around, even show a little interest in something without ever talking to the shopkeeper. Pressureless shopping was a concept that I had almost forgotten!

The evening consisted of dinner, and little else. This was a bit more thrilling because we witnessed the arrival of the Ukrainian, the Australian and the Polish groups. It's exciting to see the other groups arriving in anticipation of the festival's beginning.

July 8 - Friday
Marcia Pitcher
Ioannina

Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, the Americans fight into the University cafeteria for another exciting and nutritious breakfast of ... BREAD. While eating our daily ration of starch, we ooh-ed and aah-ed at the various groups from Russia, Ukraine, Spain, Poland and Australia. The Americans stood out. They laugh loudly, smile warmly and wear big felt cowboy hats and poof slippers to breakfast. After recovering from the shock from such a surprise breakfast, we were struck with the never-ending curse of the unfortunate bus experience. So we spent some quality time together in some true bonding moments. Hans strolled the crowd with guitar in hand. A few girls studied hambone diligently. But lo and behold, the bus came and onward ho to oh-so necessary opening ceremony rehearsal, practicing vital lining up and standing skills. It was so exciting to be starting the festival. After rehearsal, we had a joint show with the Greek, Australian and Turkish groups at a home for the elderly. The onlookers eyes flashed with enthusiasm at Teton and Exhibition Square. After lunch, there was ... SURPRISE - Greek line dancing! Woo Hoo! Later waiting for the parade to start up, the bands from different countries shared instruments and songs while dancers admired costumes and dances. After the parade and a lengthy opening ceremony, the dancing finally began. It was a marvelous "manifestation." The day was topped off with a cold, hard meat plate at 1:00 am (Yum! Yum!) and a massive party lasting until 4:30 am. A fun day over, I hunkered down into a nice cold shower and fell to sleep on a sheetless bed. But somehow none of that really seemed to matter.

July 9 - Saturday
Sander and Merlyn Larsen
Ioannina ↗ ↘ ↙ Igoumenitsa ↗ ↘ ↙ Ioannina

Today began for us at about 4 am, two hours after retiring. The jovial laughter, music and general noise of the groups got pretty loud outside our open balcony doors and windows as they returned from the "mandatory" party following the opening ceremonies.

The appointed hour of 9:30 am came. The bus was to take us sightseeing to some caves and to Dodoni. After waiting 1 1/2 hours, we all went back to our rooms to read, do laundry, or sleep. No explanation about the missing bus.

After lunch at 1 pm - again we understood the bus would pick us up at 2:30 to take us to Igoumenitsa for tonight's performance. But alas, no bus, and time passed - 2 1/2 hours worth. It then came to pass that at 5 pm, a form of a bus

arrived, not the luxury bus of the previous day - but one with the basics - a driver, seats and 4 wheels.

It should be noted that during the afternoon wait, a devotional was held. Dr. Phillips also took time to provide a lecture on the history of Cyprus and its relationship between the Greeks and the Turks.

Thinking our bus problems were over and we were on our way, it did not come to pass. A stop had to be made at the local bus station, where the manager of the bus company requested more money for the use of the bus. Somehow, our guide resolved the matter and we really were on the road at last.

It took 1 hour and 45 minutes over a very high and winding mountain road to reach Igoumenitsa. The lack of air conditioning had taken its toll and we scattered to find cold drinks and ice cream around the harbor here on the Ionian sea. The ferry from Brendisi, Italy had just arrived causing a slight traffic jam of a wide variety of European vehicles.

Approximately 700 people gathered to watch the groups dance on an outdoor plank stage. We were happy to dance first (40 min) followed by the Greeks and the Ukrainians. Since the show didn't begin until after 10 pm., we didn't stay to watch the other groups, but decided to eat and get on our way. We were treated to a nice chicken and french fry dinner about midnight at a nice outdoor restaurant.

The dorms (and bed) looked mighty good as we arrived back at 2:30 am.

July 10 - Sunday
Bruce Hafen
Ioannina → Dodoni → Ioannina

We began the day with a visit to Dodoni about 15 miles from Ioannina. Here we saw the remnants of what may be the oldest and most hallowed sacred spot in ancient Greece. In addition to an 18,000 seat theater and other structures, the most significant spot at Dodoni is the temple of Zeus. Here the ancient Greeks established the first oracle. Our guide, a bright young man named Gregory, told us that this location was both earlier and more sacred than the better known oracle at Delphi. The priests who stayed at the temple made their predictions from the sound of the wind moving the leaves of a large oak tree. The priest did not wear shoes, and they washed their feet frequently so they could draw strength from the roots of the sacred oak tree growing inside the temple and from the surrounding earth. (We later saw in the Ioannina Archaeological Museum samples of questions the people took to the oracle. Examples include, "Am I the father of my wife's children?" and "Should I marry

now?") A young oak tree, only forty years old, now stands in the temple of Zeus. It is thought to originate from seeds of the ancient oak tree.

We held our sacrament meeting in the ruins of the Dodoni temple of Hercules. Rebecca Horton spoke about the importance of prayer. Jonathan Wood talked about the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith. Mossi White talked about "living well," which comes from living life now and from serving - giving "love gifts" to - other people. Andrea Elliott told us that , although she has had a great time on this trip, she is anxious to be home with her children. Her love for them has taught her how much God must love his children.

During the afternoon a rainstorm brought welcome relief from the oppressive heat. On Sunday evening we were served deep-fried squid (Calumari) and the ever-present tomatoes and cucumbers. We concluded the day with a 40 minute show as part of the festival program in the theater overlooking the beautiful city and Lake Pamrotis. Someone told us, probably Fanis Ziabiris, Lydia's brother, that this theater is patterned after the one at Dodoni.

July 11 - Monday
Joe and Mossi White
Ioannina

Another 8:00 am breakfast at the university cafeteria. A boiled egg for a change of pace, with the usual bread, hot milk, jam and butter. This morning the bus was waiting for us. It was down town for a parade and ceremony at the municipal offices. No devotional on the bus, but Chris Stapley offered the prayer. A fairly cool morning - quite nice - with a little threat of showers. The parade started at a jammed-u intersection - passed the government building where Jon and Wendy represented us in a gift exchange, along with the Hafens. Jon described the event as "typical." The rest of us waited a couple blocks down the street. Lynn, Andrea and Mossi left for the airport to fly to Athens during the parade walk. Meanwhile, back at the buses, lots of interaction with the Russian kids and others during the 90 minute wait. Lots of grocery shopping was done in nearby shops. Then back to the university for lunch - sort of macaroni and cheese with the string beans in tomato sauce. The usual cucumber/tomato salad but with cheese this time - and a choice of Coke or Fanta to drink. The afternoon was free so the usual washing and sleeping during some light thunder showers. Dinner this evening was grilled ground lamb (or something), the usual salad, and pasta. Baklava for dessert.

Then a family Home Evening with the Hafens at the back of the cafeteria. Dave gave the prayer. Sister Hafen introduced her subject by using the experience of Jean Valjean (Les Miserables - Victor Hugo) as he was saved from the French prisons by the goodness of a Bishop from whom he had stolen silver. This expression of true charity changed the course of Valjean's life as he then gave

himself to others. Sister Hafen used the experience of the personal loss of a grandchild - and the courage and faith shared in the family. She used Lehi's desire to share his joy in the gospel of Jesus Christ with his family, and Moroni's desire to share his witness of Christ with all who would read or hear it. The following quotes from Sister Hafen's talk are courtesy of Merlyn Larsen: "As we struggle trying to be better people, we come to know God . . . God gives us the charity and love that we can give to other people. In a sense, it's his anyway, and we are to give it away and share it." President Hafen addressed the Faith/Reason or Hebrew/Greek paradox. A summary does not do his address any justice - since I'm certain all heard what they needed to hear in this remarkable lecture. What follows is a mere capsule summary which hopefully will trigger some of your own more valuable thoughts developed from this address.

President Hafen observed that in giving a dime to a Greek child he noted the two phrases "Liberty" and "In God We Trust" imprinted on the coin. He equated the words to the ancient Greek commitment to liberty in life and thinking, and to the Hebrew's steadfast faith and trust in their God. President Hafen then asked how we reconcile the two. Who is right? The liberal or the conservative? He used the illustration of two interconnected circles - with significant overlap. Each represents a point of view - yet there is commonality in the center. Where should we be? Why the paradox? He suggested that - paradox is not necessarily bad, and perhaps they are not to be reconciled - The classic gospel paradox is justice vs. mercy - which should bring about in each of us a better understanding of the atonement? The Hebrew/Greek paradox may exist to help us seek out our own understanding of what is truth. If we approach the extremes of either of the two circles perhaps the other is there to teach us to step back and seek understanding of the other point of view, and it will help us resolve and perhaps even redirect our own position. (*see quotes at end)

After the fireside, we went to the festival and performed last with a 15 minute show. A local youth group started the program, then the Ukrainians put on a superb 40 min show. Great music - with an incredible trumpet - marvelous dance - just fine entertainment. Then the Spaniards, the Russian youth, and the Greek Australians. We got on a little after midnight on a very cold evening. Other than John's t-shirt hanging about his ankles, the show went well. We did an abbreviated Pioneer Suite, a band number and finale. Good, but a rather small audience. During our clogging, the Ukrainians were dancing in the aisles. We were delayed leaving as somehow a bus bay door got partially ripped off by a tree and they spent 40 minutes trying to make it fit. We offered duct tape early on, but it was refused. No one understands the marvels of duct tape. After 40 minutes of hammering, they borrowed our duct tape.

Hafen's Quotes - (recorded by Merlyn Larsen)

"Maxwell - Christians should have their citizenship in Jerusalem and their passports in Athens."

"We should live the paradox of faith / reason - intelligent, rational, abundant faith."

"John Widtsoe used the term 'rational theology' or 'an intelligent faith' as our guide."

"If we cannot endure as Abraham, we will not be sanctified. As with Abraham sanctification comes through tests."

July 12 - Tuesday

Amy Thurston

Ioannina ↖ Middle of Nowhere → Ioannina

I think we can all agree that we had our best breakfast yet this morning. Instead of our usual Ioannina yeasty stale bread, we had cornflakes and cold milk, compliments of the Phillips. It was so good I almost cried! And in case that wasn't enough excitement for 8:00 am., we got more when Jeremiah came in and announced his mission call by making us pass it around the table one person at time while the others waited. Manchester, England. Entering the MTC October 5! I don't know who was more excited about it, -Jeremiah or Kyley! In any case, this was a memorable and happy day for Jeremiah.

We spent the morning touring a small archeological museum and shopping on our own. Some people went home on the bus at 12:30 to siesta while others stayed the afternoon in the city. Kourtney, Diane and crew reported that they had the most fun day yet. Their adventures included finding a real pizza - "As good as Brick Oven" and getting on several of the wrong buses trying to get home.

At 5:00 we met to go see a wax museum out in the middle of nowhere. The general theme of the displays was about the revolution of 1821 against the Turks and all the monks that were tortured and killed because of it.

Dinner was great (thank you very much Napoleon!) - chicken and pasta! On the way back to their rooms, Scott P., Robert, Rees and some Polish kids ran into an adventure - they noticed a mother dog carrying her puppies to shelter out of the rain. They followed her up a muddy hill into some blackberry bushes where they found the wet little puppies and carried them down. I think only Robert's words could capture the spirit of this event..."It was a really big escapade - people were going for food and water... we ended up with scratches from blackberry bushes and we were covered with mud, but we felt good afterward... I felt as if I was helping dogkind."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The real story of the mother dog is that after coming out of dinner, we spotted the mother dog that we had been watching slink around all week. Only now, she was remarkably skinnier and carrying a puppy in her mouth. It was raining, and she was trying her best to find a dry place to set the puppy down on. We made a make-shift nest for her underneath the edge of the sidewalk with old clothes, toilet paper (out of some Polish lady's purse), and anything else we could find. Some of the other festival goers ran and got food for the poor thing while Robert got all of the Polish kids to start looking for the rest of the puppies. The mother dog settled down only for a second, but kept running back and forth whimpering and acting like she didn't know whether to go get the rest of her puppies, or stay and protect this one. In the meantime, the Polish kids found the old lair up on the hill. (Red mud I might add.) The mother dog had given birth to all of her puppies in a burrow underneath a blackberry bush (have you ever tried to crawl through a blackberry bush?) Between the Polish kids yelling and everyone sliding in the mud and the rain, it was really fun. We found a container to move the puppies so we didn't have to touch them (thus alienating them from their mother) and moved all that we could find over to the new dry nest where the mother would immediately grab them and thrust them into the new nest. The worst was Robert and one of the kids who were basically on their hands and knees reaching into the burrow trying to find that one last whimper (most of them made it out of the burrow and were in the thick of the bush.) It was really fun any way.*

At 8:15 we met to have a dance exchange with the Ukrainian team. We began with a "rehearsal" of our fad section (that we hadn't done for a week!) Despite a slippery floor (Ahem - Scott Rands!) and a column in the middle of the room (women's tap!) it went really well and was received well by the Ukrainians and Spaniards that were there. Then we sat down and watched the Ukrainians dance for awhile. I think we all agreed that they are truly incredible dancers, and that we could have watched them all night. We were supposed to teach each other a dance, but we were out of time so we couldn't. The bus for the disco was supposed to leave in 15 minutes (let's stress the supposed to - we are in Greece, remember?!) Most of us went to the disco at "the Nile" and had a good time. Especially Scott Preator - he fell asleep sitting at a table! No really - it was fun even though American DJs know dance music better. Being the tired party-poopers that we are, some of us took a taxi home at 12:30 while the others left with the Polish kids at 2:00 am. What another great and eventful day of tour!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I would like to defend myself by saying that I just wanted to have fun, and no one remembered to bring the Rook or Uno cards. I'm married, why would I want to jump out on the floor and shake my 'bootie'?*

July 13 - Wednesday
Jon Wood
Ioaninna

*Twas the last day of the Ioaninna Festival and all through the dorm,
Not many creatures were stirring since eggs and bread were the norm.
The laundry was hung on the balcony with care,
In hopes that it would dry in this ancient Greek air.
The dancers were tucked still snug in their beds,
While visions of pancakes danced in their heads.
All in some tour shirt and Napoleon in his cap,
We weren't quite awake and we needed a nap.
When across the room there arose such a clatter,
Lydia was calling, so to the bus we did gather.
Away to the theater we flew like a flash,
Rehearsed the final ceremony and left in a dash.
And the sun on the crest of the pavement below,
Gave heat and sweat to the hospital show.
Then what to our wondering ears we did hear,
From the hospital we go for the parade is near.
More rapid than eagles, our legs they flew,
With our hands filled with cards down the street we did groove.
Then in a twinkling we went back to eat.
We stretched and we yawned, it was time to sleep.
Siesta was nice since there was no sound,
Then to dinner we went in a bound.
We were jolly old dancers but we weren't very quick.
We knew in a minute we'd get a swift kick.
To the show we did go making time, making tracks.
We looked like small peddlers beneath our large packs.
At the show the rain did fall,
And we laughed and laughed in spite of it all.
The Ukrainians danced, incredible were they.
The Polish kids loved and danced in their own special way.
The candles glowed brightly, the people clapped merrily.
Silent we dreamed of doughnuts filled with jelly.
And then to the bus, smells of sweat filled our nose.
We sang to our guides and our voices they rose.
They said count off, to Wendy gave a whistle,
1, 2 & 3, would you all please listen.
Then we drove away and soon out of sight,
Happy festival to all and to all a goodnight.*

July 14 - Thursday

Thomas Sutton

Ioannina → ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ Meteorae ↘ ↘ ↘ ↘ → Katerini

And now it came to pass that on the morning of the 14th day, of the 7th month, of the 1994th year, we did arise early to load the bus of wonder for our journey across the mountainous wilderness to the land of oppressive heat, also known as Katerini. We were much blessed because all of our possessions, which were many, actually fit underneath the bus. There was much rejoicing for the extra spare available on this great and spacious bus full of air conditioning.

And now it came to pass, after our loading we found cheese souffle and old bread given to us with much abundance by our gracious hosts. Nevertheless, many chose to eat their Greek chocolate pastry as manna from Heaven.

And now, with much rejoicing from Lynn, we began our long journey across the mountains. However, even with preparation of dramamine, many people succumbed to the effects of motion sickness due to the twisting, winding, rocking roads through which we did pass. Even Delynne found herself in much travail of nausea as our bus of space swayed to and fro. And we did realize that any stomach of steel can be melted through the effects of constant temptation.

And now it came to pass that we did cease our journey for a time at a monastery perched atop a mountainous fin, shaped from a great river crashing into a strong and firm, great lake. And we admired much the beautiful scenery and skill of the workman who were guided to build such a place of refuge from their enemies. And we did witness the effects when divine revelation did cease due to the wickedness of the people. And we did see many wonders here as we wandered about this land of religious revival.

And now we undertook the remainder of our journey across the flatlands with much rejoicing. Many were taken by sleep due to the effects of the ancient medicine dramamine. At great last, we arrived in the land of oppressive heat and good food. We partook of bounteous blessings as we feasted upon pork chops and french fries with endless drink. And a miracle was seen as each plate was fully emptied and sighs of content were heard throughout the land.

And now it came to pass, that we lodged in Katerini, the land of cold showers (for the men, for there was no water to be had in the women's showers.) And there was much exploring of the vast lands. Kyley, John and Kenton discovered a court on which basketball was played. And lo and behold, they did mix with the Gentiles for a season of basketball.

And behold we did make merry in the streets of Katerini with much dance and singing and sweating. And there were great reunions taking place among the people as old acquaintances met with outstretched arms. And each person was like family as hearts were shared and smiles manifested on glowing countenances.

And it came to pass that our march took us through the shopping districts (agora) of this new region. And we did stop to dance around the band and lift our women frequently so as to not bore our onlookers. And they did laugh with light hearts and clap with joy as we passed by.

And behold, our journey did take us to the land of Desolation, known by this name due to the vapors of rotting carnage that permeated the parking lot. And we did rest from our travels for a season in this desolate land.

Nevertheless, due to the company of friends, time did fly as if on wings through space. John Allen and Dave Nelson were taught the art of Polish dance from their new friend.

And now it came to pass that the time came for us to perform after much Greek dancing (5 groups). And we did observe to keep our time allotment of 10 minutes by performing Appalachian Patchwork. And though the stage was small, we were much blessed because no one fell off in darkness nor ran into the cameraman who posed an obstacle to our movements. And there was much rejoicing during "sound off" with the stage boards. And we did learn that running carefully on creaky floor boards is important for a successful show.

And after our dancing, we were swept away from the land of many aromas by the wondrous bus. And we were taken to a place of good food and merriment where we did dine on Melanesa and french fries.

And thus ended the 14th day of the 7th month of the 1994th year. And I know that this record is true for I did write it with mine own hand in the day that I delivered it up to LaRue. And we were grateful for our blessings and place of lodging and the friendships (and TRs) shared among our group. For they're each wonderful people whom I have learned from and am grateful for. And may God bless them in their lives as they seek to follow him. Dear brethren and sisters, I bid you sayonara until we meet again.

P.S. Thanks Alyson, for the show!

July 15 - Friday

Brady Ward

Katerini 🌳 Beach 🌳 Katerini 🌳 Beach 🌳 Katerini

The morning came early, though most of the group had managed to get to bed at a decent hour the night before. Those of us who made it to breakfast were treated to wonderful cups of hot chocolate (with milk even!)

At about 10:00 am, most of the group (with the exception of Rees Olson and Ellen Jacob, who drew the honor of representing us at a reception, and a few others) went to a nearby beach along with the other countries at the festival. The water was cool and clean and the sandy beach felt nice. We enjoyed frolicking in the water and playing in the sand. Some of us got creative with burying each other in the sand. More or less willing subjects were turned into mermaids, turtles, and snakes. Everybody had a really good time.

We were met at lunch by Rex and Janet Lee. I suppose we're excited to have such distinguished guests. The Lees have impressed us with their friendliness.

After lunch, a few went back to the beach with the Ukrainians, some went to a different beach with the Polish, a small group walked into town to look at closed shops, and a few stayed at our hostel to play cards. Many of us received mail, which brightened our days considerably.

We met back at our restaurant for dinner at about 6:00 pm. Some folks rolled in a little later. Again we met for a devotional at 8:00 pm. Merlyn Larsen gave a thought about changing and correcting our course to better our lives. There were some announcements and discussion and then we were ready to load the bus for our evening performance.

Once again, the performance got off to a late start. We performed second, after the Polish group. We were followed by the Ukrainians, Greeks, and Brazilians. The Brazilians did a particularly interesting dance involving a may pole and streamers. The motion of the dancers around the pole created nice patterns with the streamers.

After the performance, some of us went to an after-party. Scott Preator introduced Uno to several of the participants and an entire game was the result. Several of the countries represented had games for us at the party. One of the most fun was a round dance taught by the Russians. About six people danced in the center of the circle with white handkerchiefs. After dancing a while they would each pull some one out of the circle, do a dance with them, kneel on the hanky with them, and exchange kisses (those cute European cheek touches). Then they would turn the hanky over to the new person and get back in the circle. The new one then would repeat the process.

It was a pretty fun party, and it lasted almost until 3:00 am. (which technically isn't part of the day this history covers). Those of us who stayed to the end returned home exhausted but happy.

July 16, Saturday

Delynne Peay

Katerini ↘ Beach ↗ Eginio → Makrigialos → Katerini

The mornings dawn early for those who are partakers of the bread and hot chocolate. We have moved from just hot milk to hot chocolate milk. Following breakfast, some headed downtown to check out the shopping possibilities. Many were very successful in the venture as they returned with many porcelain dolls dressed in the traditional Greek costumes. Some others went to the beach to play and relax. They built pyramids and got stung by jellyfish, and of course, got more sunburned. I think Marcia got stung the worst . . . she had some pretty mean welts on her.

Funny story #1: Chris, Margaret and Delynne were on their way home from town when they happened upon a delectable pastry shop. They looked and drooled over many yummy looking goodies and finally decided on a strawberry torte to share. They bought the torte and started right in on it. Well, Margaret was feeling some remorse over not having anything so she inquired as to the price of a yet smaller torte; the shopkeeper gazed into her ice blue eyes and sparkling smile and replied, "Nothing." "For me?" she exclaimed. Chris and Delynne, of course, gave her a very bad time all the way home!

Funny story #2: The group returned for lunch and was greeted by yet another plate full of lovely green and red tomatoes -- our favorite! We waited with great anticipation to what we would get next -- fish. Not one, but two whole fish sat upon our plates, with heads, fins and all. Of course, we devoured them without batting an eye (after all, we've had stranger critters on our plates this tour). Then it was picture time with the remains of our lunch. (The Lees are looking pretty excited to be with us after this feast!) After lunch, most of the group boarded one of the other group buses to head back to the beach. Some went on the Polish bus -- that was the smart bunch. Others went with the Ukrainians - - that bunch was not so smart. They ended up at a supermarket for nearly an hour. Jenn Cronin did make a memorable purchase, however. She's now the proud owner of a watermelon print chef's apron (appropriate, since she's the "watermelon queen".) We played in the water and laid on the sand and soaked up the rays all afternoon. Scott P., Hans and others got their kicks by burying people deep in the sand and sculpting them into all sorts of strange and exotic creatures. Everyone was having a great time when --

Funny story #3: Lynn Elliott, our fearless group leader was lounging on one of the beach chairs innocently reading his book while others in the group were frolicking in the water when what should appear, but a woman in a one-piece swim suit (only this one-piece suit only covered a small portion of her lower body). As she emerged from the water and was parading toward her umbrella, she stopped right in front of Lynn's lounge chair and struck a "pose." The group in the water was absolutely cracking up with laughter and Lynn looked up from his book (to see what we were laughing about), just as the woman "posed"! Gee, Lynn sure has gotten his face sunburned quickly.

We got back a little late for dinner, so ate quickly and then got ready for our performances. We travelled by bus to Eginio where we did a parade along the beachfront, and then danced on a small, rickety stage in the middle of a soccer field. Because of the size of the stage, we quickly moved to "Plan B", and gave Kourtney and Kyley an opportunity to do their duet.

Funny story #4: Shortly after K&K started their duet, Kourtney got her clog tap stuck in between the plywood section and had to pull her foot out of her shoe, pull her shoe out of the crack, and put it back on. She only missed a few beats.

We then bussed over to Makrigialos. We were about 15 minutes late, so the Polish group covered for us until we got there. We quickly put our sawhorse together, threw our costumes into our dressing room, and the band began to play. Chris lost the heel off his cowboy boot, and Jeremiah punted it right into the first row of the audience, and Wendy nearly ate it trying to get onto stage for New England Suite. This stage was much better than the first.

Back onto the bus and home to party! Tonight was the big event -- the Mr. and Miss International Folklore Competition. Margaret, Marcia and Kenton represented our group, and Margaret came away with the title of "Miss Festival - Katerini". She wore her "Trickle-trickle" costume for the Folk Costume division, and an ingenious concoction of white poof slips and a clogging bow for the Evening Gown division. Margaret received a lovely bottle of wine, and convinced Natasha (from the Ukrainian group) to trade her for the bouquet of flowers. The men's competition that Kenton participated in was supposed to be for the funniest guy at the festival. The prize went to the Portuguese contestant, even though we thought he was pretty scary and disgusting. (These foreigners just don't share our same sense of humor.)

Some of our leadership had given up the party long before, but since Lynn had acted as a judge for the event, he was stuck to the bitter end. Delynne stuck around for moral support.

Most of the group got to bed by about 3:00 am. The real die-hards stayed up an extra hour to admire the many purchases of the day and convince one another that they would surely find a place to pack them and get them home safely.

July 17 - Sunday

Nate Keller

Katerini → Dion → Katerini

This morning we went to a museum and some ruins at a place called Dion. All the other groups went with us except for the Ukrainians. They went to the beach instead. (5 people from their group came with us to the ruins.) In the afternoon (2 pm) we had church in the classroom of the school (dorm) where we stayed. Wendy Callister spoke about service and so did Scott Preator. President Lee told a story about when he skipped out on church one week in Washington D.C. and he went to a Redskins game instead. They lost the game and the rest of the week wasn't good at all. He said that he felt void because he hadn't taken the sacrament. He said he's never missed the sacrament since then. Brother Phillips talked about discipline and then about always being in debt to people for their service. We had a parade to the site of our closing ceremonies. We had a barbecue that night at the school and then we all said our good-byes to the other groups. BRAZIL WON THE WORLD CUP!

July 18 - Monday

Alyson Oldham

Katerini ↗ Veigina → Pella ↘ Thessaloniki → Katerini

With swollen hearts and hopes that we would someday meet again we said goodbye to our new friends from Ukraine who had risen early and come over to see us off. Throughout the festivals in Ioannina and Katerini mutual admiration of performance skills and culture grew into close friendships. Despite the urgent reminders that we needed to leave if we were to accomplish everything on our schedule for the day, many of us lingered and reluctantly boarded the bus. We invited them aboard the bus and sang "Go Ye Now in Peace" and "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again." to them. We were still waving as the bus rounded the corner at the end of the street.

Foregoing breakfast for the promise of a busy, but culturally rich day, we were on our way to our first stop; the city of Veigina. Despite a carefully negotiated contract with the bus company that included verification that the places we wanted to visit would be open, we arrived at the Palace of Philip to find it closed. Thus our "winning streak" with busses and drivers continued with Chuckles V, VI? . . . I've lost count! Not to be sidetracked, we climbed up the hill outside the fence surrounding the ruins and were still able to see the ruins

as Revell explained that it was at this palace where Philip (the father of Alexander the Great) was assassinated in the theater there.

Next we walked down the hill to a Macedonian tomb that was still being excavated and once again observed it from outside the fence. This was apparently not a satisfactory view for all; namely Hans, Nate and John Allen who climbed the fence and actually walked down into the hole to see the impressive front of the tomb. Not far from there was the site of Philip's tomb. Not able to enter the tomb, we simply observed it from the exterior and settled for the fact that we could say we had been there.

Hot and beginning to feel the effects of our skipped breakfast we took a few minutes to stop for refreshments and rest in the shade. Amid fruit juice and ice cream it was easy to spot the coveting glances of the "drachmaless" souls who were anxiously awaiting lunch. Lest we become bored, President Lee displayed his wit by entertaining us with his "fanta" riddles:

What do you call the sticky mess that you get when you spill Fanta on you shirt? Fantastic!

What do you get when you drink Fanta and eat M&M's while watching La Boheme? "Fanta M" of the Opera!

And, a contribution from some other witty soul: What do you call a large body of liquid made entirely of Fanta? "Fanta Sea"!

The capital city of Philip's Macedonian empire was located at Pella, our next stop. Brother Phillips explained that both Philip and Alexander had Pella as their capital, but neither spent very much time there as a result of their constant campaigning to expand the empire. The highlight of these ruins were the beautiful mosaics that differed from those we had seen before in that they were made up of colored pebbles as opposed to the small cubes found in tiles of a later period. The two mosaics still located on site at the ruins were entitled "Stag Hunting" and "The Rape of Helen." In order to see other mosaics as well as some other artifacts found at Pella, we visited the small museum located there. Here, to the delight of nearby camera bearing students, President Lee posed next to a bust of Alexander the Great. "The title of this picture," he said, "is 'Alexander the Great, and Rex the so-so!'"

Thessaloniki was our final stop, also the designated site for the distribution of those long-awaited lunches. We stopped by the sea at the white tower and were given our lunches - a hunk of meat, a piece of goat cheese, a tomato and a piece of bread. Given this and told that we had only a short time to wander around, the group split. The top three sites being searched out in this culture rich city? McDonalds, a bathroom and a bank. The nearby statue of Alexander the Great came in at a disappointed, but understandable fourth place.

Leading the ranks of the drachmaless, I stuck near the shore visiting the statue and wandering around the white tower with Ellen and Jeremiah. A street vendor bearing a "solid gold" necklace approached us. Sure he wanted to sell us something, but a secondary objective was revealed when he asked the ever popular question: "You, red head," he said pointing to my hair, "original?" Back on the bus, notepad in hand, I made my way down the aisle to find out what other adventures had taken place over our lunch break. What's that? Thom got hit by a scooter? Upon interviewing Thom, I got a very nonchalant story something like this: "Oh yeah. Well Brady and I were just walking back from the bank and we were crossing the street and I didn't see this scooter coming. Brady saw it at the last minute but warned me too late, so he hit me and his scooter slid across the pavement. It was no big deal - he said he was okay and drove off. I just hit my head." (Note: this was not a direct quote, only a approximation.) Brady's version was much more exciting! It went something like this: "Here we are coming back from the bank and we need to cross this super busy street. Of course I suggested that we use a cross walk, but Thom just stepped into the street. (Note: HELLO! This is Greece!) We crossed safely but were narrowly missed being hit by a rapidly moving car. Thom had just made it to the sidewalk when I saw this guy on a scooter coming. I noticed that he wasn't slowing so I yelled his name, but it was too late. The guy hit Thom and flew off his scooter cracking heads with him. his bike flew across the pavement. Thom apologized profusely, but the guy just got back on his scooter and drove off dazedly.

As was evident from the empty fry boxes and shake cups, Lynn, Nate, Scooter, and Robert found their way to a McDonald's. I sadly discovered through further interviewing that I alone remained in the drachmaless crowd as Caprice, Rebecca, John, Diane, Kourtney and Amy had found their way to a bank with a "real bathroom." In contrast to these boastings of finding a nice clean restroom, were the horror stories told by Hans, Rees and President Lee of the underground, dungeonlyke W.C. they had discovered that came complete with an everpresent cleaning woman.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This note is to laud the abilities of those few brave souls who ventured into the heart of this foreign city to search its depths for a little home cook'n. Alyson makes it sound so easy, but only those who endured this journey will know that after having asked three police people (the second was a lady), and maybe even a few other passersby, we still found ourselves no closer to McDonald's and with even less time remaining. The approach to the restaurant took about 20 or so of our 30 minute allotment while after the great discovery, our return trip took only 8 to 10 minutes. To those few brave souls, we salute you. (Thanks Lynn!!!)*

Other stories included a failed quest by Dave and his wife Emily for custard pies. Reports from few a who had walked down to the statue of Alexander the

Great and Joe's addition: "Well, LaRue bought me a cold Fanta." Back at our little dormitory, the few remaining hours before dinner was filled by napping, or laundry, or guessing the identity of the baby pictures while the social committee planned for our family home evening activity.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It should be noted that Thessaloniki is also the home of the world's second most famous exhibit. The exhibit of the tomb of Philip of Macedonia. We were sorely depressed that we didn't have enough time to view this great wonder of the world. (No, its not one of the seven, Rees!)*

With hopes of finding a post office, a bank and a fruit stand, Delynne, Jenn, Ellen and I set off for town only to find that everything was closed. After multiple attempts to mail things home and never finding anything open, Delynne decided to get to the bottom of the question on everyone's mind: "When do these people work?" She stopped by some boys sitting at the side of the road, who "kinda-sorta" spoke English and asked them when things were open. They listed off the days and the hours along with several exceptions and Delynne was able to come to the conclusion that we had suspected all along. They work whenever they feel like it.

We made it back in time for our final dinner at the little restaurant down the road and what a treat that was! For the owners at least. We treated them to an unprecedented version of "So Happy I'll Be" in a key never used by human voices before I'm sure - or maybe it was several different keys.

The festival having ended, we had the evening free for a fun family home evening. Amy Coleman was the winner of the baby picture game with Chris Stapley and I tying for second place. We entertained ourselves with balloon charades of other people in the group and an informative game of "Do you like your neighbor." Janet Lee moved, to everyone's surprise, on a turn that revealed she had gone skinny dipping. She explained promptly that she was 10 years old and it had been in her friend's swimming pool. Jon Wood tried to move with the people who hadn't kissed anyone for 2 years, but we all knew better. Kyley loved it when he admitted to never washing his tour shorts. Other highlights of the evening included Lynn's impersonation of 2 Greek strangers meeting on the street, and President Lee's impersonation of Coach LaVell Edwards.

To top off a fun day, we gathered in the big classroom to raffle off some of the extra gifts that had been given to the group. From wine, to plates, to pillow cases, the raffle continued bringing to light some well developed acting skills as each winner feigned excitement over their winnings.

Just when we thought things couldn't get any better, the Larsens were once again able to get themselves nominated for maggot awards by treating us all to ice cream or drinks for dessert! They know the way to the hearts of this group!

Suffering through cold showers, fighting off mosquitoes and packing filled the agenda for the rest of the evening as an unforgettable week in Katerini came to an end. (I've got the scars to prove it!)

July 19 - Tuesday
Kenton Wride
Katerini → Thermopolae → Athens

It was time to hit the road, Jack! Our stay at Katerini was great, but now it was on to Athens. This time however, we had breakfast before leaving. Some of us thought we were still dreaming as we ate frosted flakes with cold milk - Thanks to Emily Nelson who brought them from the states. We also sunk our teeth into jelly or chocolate-filled doughnuts, and sweet bread supplied by the Lees. Content would be the word to describe our feelings after breakfast.

And it came to pass that we did pack up all our belongings and our precious things into the bus and we did depart into the wilderness toward the great city of Athens. And we did journey all the day long? And never was there a happier people on tour for behold they did have much air conditioning on the bus and there was relatively much leg room.

And it came to pass that they were blessed exceedingly with rich entertainment which did stir up the hearts of the people in remembrance of earlier days. For two women did sing for them and behold their names were Ellen and Amy T. And it came to pass that their leaders did tell stories, yea, stories of how they did encounter one another and take one another to wife or to husband. And behold, there was much rejoicing.

And it came to pass that after we had traveled into the wilderness for a few hours, we did come upon a bounteous land. For behold we did find meat, and juice, and soda, and yogurt, and cookies, and watermelon, and bread, and ~~tomatoes~~, and ~~cucumbers~~ and all manner of provisions. And it was expensive - Nevertheless, we did eat for we knew not when we should come upon such a land again. And when we had all eaten and were full, we did continue our journey once again towards Athens.

And it came to pass that there had appeared in the land a certain man and a woman by the names of Harry and Unis. And they did make the journey with the group making themselves known from time to time.

And it came to pass that they did give gifts to every member of the group. And the gifts did contain a special musical instrument which we did play harmoniously. For behold, this was a talented group. However, the music did last but a short time for behold we had grown weary of our many travels and the many noises that we thirty and eight souls had made along the way.

And it came to pass that we did come upon a hysterical, I mean, historical site and we did admire it for ten minutes. For behold there was at that place an engraven image of one King Leonitus, a mighty warrior of ancient Greece. And it was this King Leonitis of Sparta who did with great bravery lead his troops against King Xerxes of Persia. And it had come to pass that Xerxes sent an epistle to Leonitus saying, "Our arrows shall blot out the sun." And it came to pass that King Leonitus was not afraid of these threats but did sent Xerxes an epistle which read, "Then we shall fight in the shade."

And it came to pass that they did fight and the armies of King Xerxes did defeat those of King Leonitus notwithstanding the great bravery that they did show. And we did take pictures of the engraven image of King Leonitus notwithstanding his lack of a loin cloth.

And it came to pass that we did press forward on our journey until we did reach the great city of Athens. And we came to a great building, yea, we did come to the United States Embassy. There we did get searched. And after we did get searched, we did set up for our show in the great and spacious parking lot. For behold, they had built a weak stage, on which we were to perform our singing and dancing. Nevertheless, we did exercise our faith that all would go well and that our show would be a success. And it came to pass that our great friends at the embassy including many a missionary did prepare a great feast for us. For behold, we had suffered fatigue, hunger and thirst and longing for American food along our journeyings. Yea, we did eat hamburgers, chips, potato salad, pickles and brownies. Yea even root beer and Welch's grape soda - Old American! And there was much rejoicing and we did thank the Lord for such a blessing.

And it came to pass that we did perform a full show for the first time in weeks and behold it was the first full show that President Lee and his wife did see. And it came to pass that we did perform well, notwithstanding the trampoline effect of the stage underneath us. And we did enjoy ourselves for we were filled with root beer.

And it came to pass that we did converse with our brethren after the show and we did make friends and important contacts.

And it came to pass that we did pack up our belongings and travel to the hotel where we would stay for a couple of days. And we were very pleased with our

living quarters, for they did have real toilets and hot showers. It was cause for much rejoicing.

And it came to pass that many did go up to the roof and behold the marvelous view of the great city of Athens. And we did see the Acropolis very close by. And it was lighted insomuch that it provided us with great pictures and romantic spots. And we did marvel at the beauty of the view and the great opportunity it was to be in Athens, Greece for this was the desire of many in the world.

July 20 - Wednesday
Rex and Janet Lee
Athens ➤ Acropolis ✎

This day was clearly one of the best of the trip. There were no performances and although I've missed that, we spent the day learning much about the Greek culture, history, and people.

There were two major events we did as an entire group. In the morning we went to the Acropolis, where we climbed to the top of Mars Hill, visited the Parthenon, and some of us discovered for the first time that the Acropolis is much bigger and has many more structures than just the Parthenon. Acropolis means the high point in the City, and from its vantage point, we had a panoramic view of Athens with its five million people.

Following the visit to the Acropolis, we divided into several smaller groups. Some stayed longer at the Acropolis and then went on to the stadium. Some visited the Greek Orthodox Churches, others went shopping, or visited a variety of Athenian tourist attractions such as Syntagma Square where they have the changing of the guard. Popular places for lunch included Wendy's, McDonald's and favorite gyro sandwich shops.

Dave Nelson led one group which visited Pinx Hill, The Hadrian Arch (Hadrian was a Roman General), The Olympic Stadium, the Temple of Zeus, the Kings Garden and a total of ten different attractions. Once again Dave Nelson proved to be extremely valuable because of his understanding of the language as well as the culture. He is able to speak and interpret for us making many transactions possible. Two other people who were especially helpful on this day were Amy Thurston, and Caprice Nielson. Amy is a humanities major who had just written a paper on the Acropolis and the Parthenon, including why the columns in the Parthenon are unevenly spaced. She was therefore a very valuable addition to Dr. Phillips' helpful lectures.

Caprice's expertise was helpful in the afternoon for the other event in which we all participated as a group. We visited the National Museum which consisted

mostly of Greek Art pieces, sculptures, vases and artifacts, some of which dated back to as early as 3,000 BC. There was also a room which contained an interesting Egyptian exhibit where both LaRue and Revell's experiences excavating in Egypt were especially insightful. Rex almost got himself thrown out of the museum when he tried to strike the same pose as the Poseidon statue for a picture. Apparently the American sense of humor does not mesh neatly with that of the Greeks.

In the evening, we went many separate ways. But it was in some respects the most interesting part of the day. Several groups enjoyed sitting in the outdoor cafe on the roof top of our hotel, and saw the Parthenon at night. There was an almost full moon, and the Parthenon was intermittently illuminated with white and red lights. One group had a "Toga Party" wearing bed sheets from the hotel and newly purchased Greek sandals, while they played Rook and admired the Parthenon.

Perhaps the most memorable event of the morning was provided by Jennifer Cronin. In the company of Wendy, Amy Coleman and Diane, she insisted that Jon, who was also with them, had a many obligation to protect them from the Greek men. The reason was, in her words, "We got aroused." When Amy burst into laughter and questioned what she meant, it turned out that the word was supposed to have been, "harassed." Try saying those two words with a deep Mississippian accent and they sound quite a bit alike. So when you account for the confusion of the two words, maybe she doesn't owe her fiance an explanation. But she gave the rest of us one of the great one liners of the trip.

Delynne, Rebecca Horton, Margaret, Amy Thurston and Alyson had an interesting missionary experience. Some Greek investigators who play basketball with the missionaries took them to a hill from which they saw the city and then visited a Greek Orthodox church located on the hill. They were able to clarify for their Greek friends that Mormons actually are allowed to swim and dance. It is only the missionaries that are so restricted.

This day was also significant because it was our last full day in Greece. By tomorrow, we will be in Jordan.

It should be noted that this day produced no new Fanta jokes, to the great disappointment of Lynn, Scott Preator and Rex, and to the great relief of everyone else.

This is not our last day with the group, but perhaps it is our best opportunity to express our gratitude for the many wonderful experiences we have had with you, and for the love we have come to feel for each one of you in such a brief period of time. The leadership of this group is superb and the students unparalleled. We feel we have made lifelong friends. Thank you so much for

helping us feel a part of things. If there is anything we can ever do for you, come and see us, or just come and see us to say "hello." We love you!

July 21 - Thursday

Hans Andersen

Athens → Get-Out-And-Get-Your-Own-Luggage Airport ↗ ↘ Amman

Today started out with everyone getting up real early. We had to be packed and on the bus by 11:00. So everyone basically got up when they wanted. Some people took off and went shopping and sightseeing and some slept in until 10:00 or so. Phyllis went down and visited the Olympic facility that she had been to in 1979. They have been working on it for the Olympics for the last 10 years but the Olympics were given to Atlanta, Georgia. When she first visited it, it had a field, Now it has all kinds of courts and facilities with marble columns.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It never ceases to amaze me how much trouble/fun Phyllis could find herself in before the rest of us even thought of getting out of bed. The story that Phyllis had for us on the bus this morning was quite a good one, and one that should be expanded on and saved for future generations. As Phyllis related, she took a very early subway out to visit the Olympic training center. She was having so much fun looking around at the changes and improvements since last having visited, that she forgot the time and was running late to the subway. Let this be a lesson to us all of the power of faith. Never mind having to run half way across the center to catch a subway, just have a little faith and be picked up by some stranger who just happened to be in the neighborhood to give you a ride back to the station so you just happen to barely make your train and just happen to get back to the hotel just in time to be one of the first to the curb to get on the bus, and don't even worry. Phyllis, you make us all feel energetic!!!*

After everyone was loaded on the bus, it was time to pack up everything left at the U.S. Embassy. We arrived at the U.S. Embassy to find out that to bring the bus in, we would have to have all of the carry-ons and personal luggage checked before the bus could enter. And so the bus went outside the gate and we proceeded to bring everything out to put on the bus. "No wait!" The bus driver says as he goes to call another bus because he didn't want costume bags and tech put on the seats. So we waited and waited till 1:00 when everyone but Robert and a few loading men were left waiting for the second bus to arrive. Everyone else went to eat. After some further arguments with the second bus driver about more of the same, it was time to go. One side note here: Revell Phillips was the maddest he has ever been at the bus drivers. (Does this make Chuckles VI or VII Alyson?)

After the bus driver maneuvered the first bus through a three foot opening, we arrived at the Marriott and had a great lunch! Off to the airport. While we waited there, myself and Nate put on a concert and many people called home. While we were boarding the plane, we had the new experience of going and personally checking on our luggage. It took quite a while and at the end, there were a couple of bags left over. Being the safety-minded people the loading men are, they took the luggage and threw it on the plane as well. The plane flight was pretty good. We met a very interesting Irish stewardess who had fiery red hair and the personality to go along with it. She was having a difficult time trying to find a place for instruments, carpets and other folkdance treasures. When Jeremiah asked for a place for his things, the stewardess said, "I have every nook and cranny filled with banjos and tambourines and there is no more room!" (Of course this must be said with an outrageous Irish accent.) The Lees and Tanners gave up their first class seats to Marcia, Kenton, Caprice and Chris. Some say it was favoritism. Those involved claimed they just happened to be at the right place at the right time. You be the judge.

Due to our three bounce landing, we arrived in Jordan at 8:30, 8:31 and 8:32. We watched everyone leave the airport while we sat and waited around till 11:00. But our time was not wasted. The band struck up a few tunes and the dancers did some clogging and hambone. The audience enjoyed the dancing and music so much that every time we got done with a number, they would say, "Again! Again!" We finally arrived at our hotel at 11:00 and the men at the hotel unloaded all of the costume bags and tech. The hotel was a big step up from the last place. We played pool and ate and a few watched Irene, the lounge singer from Bulgaria. Amy came in to watch and was feeling a little uncomfortable being the only girl there and her uneasiness overflowed when I told her that only guys were allowed there. I don't know whether it was true or not, but there never was a girl in the lounge at night. Everyone was excited to being in Jordan, and some are looking forward to going home.

July 22 - Sabbath Friday
Ellen Jacob

Amman ➤ Mt. Nebo ➤ Madaba ➤ Delynne's Dream House ➤ Amman ➤ Jerash

The saga continues . . .

This morning, after about 7 hours of sleep for all of us, we woke up to our breakfast of toasted bread, cheese, tomatoes, and jam. After breakfast, we loaded on the bus and travelled to Mt. Nebo, This mountain has a history behind it because of the mountain itself and because of the sites that you can see from it. (See *Deuteronomy 32: 49-52; 34:1, also BD Nebo, Jordan River, Jericho, Dead Sea, John the Baptist and Matthew 3:13.*) On Mt. Nebo, we visited an ancient Christian basilica that was built during Byzantine time on the sight where Moses stood and looked on the promised land. It had beautiful

mosaics and a stained glass window portraying Moses. From Mt. Nebo, we travelled to the town of Madaba, at the base of the mountain, and visited an old Basilica church built in the 2nd to 3rd century that had a religious map in the form of a mosaic on the floor, which is the only part of the original basilica intact. Of the original 25 million tiles on the floor, only one million remain. The map portrays the Dead Sea, Jordan River, Jerusalem, Egypt and the Nile. From this church, we stopped at a private property house under construction, designed by a Palestinian for a Syrian in charge of part of the Jordanian army worth 2 1/2 million dollars. The gold leafing, paintings, etc. were beautiful. Our guide explained that only 10% of Jordan is this wealthy, and the middle class is a minority because the people are really rich or really poor. We came back for a good lunch and had a few hours for a nap before heading down to the restaurant for sacrament meeting. We had a very special testimony meeting that all of us appreciated. We got on the bus and drove to the cultural center where we met with Elder Wilson, 'the church in Jordan'.

We rehearsed for our fireside, then Elder Wilson talked to us about the Church in Jordan. There are a total of 36 members in Jordan right now. There is no teaching allowed to the Moslems because if they are converted, they could be killed. So, they only teach the 5% Christian population here in Jordan. They were so excited to have had a four family member baptism this morning into the church from Iraq. We even all learned to sing "I Am a Child of God" in Arabic. We had Elder Hans B. Ringger from the seventies attending the fireside as well as the Lees and Tanners and several investigators and members of the branch here in Amman. The fireside went very well, and we sang our new learned Arabic song in closing. They fed us good cookies and apple juice for refreshments, and we were able to speak to several of the people in attendance. We hurried back to the hotel for dinner and had a little more free time before taking off for Jerash. We practiced Zuruni on the bus for the 30 min. ride to Jerash. (Zuruni is the Arabic song we have learned for the festival.) Then we got to Jerash! One word comes to mind - Unbelievable! We had a fun conversation with midgets and had a little time to explore the sites before rehearsing at 12:30. (Yes, that's PM folks!!!) The stage and the acoustics in this place are incredible! This definitely is on the top as far as performing places are concerned. Rad! Of course, Rebecca Horton, Jenn and Amy Thurston loved it especially since they got free popcorn and cotton candy by brown nos'n the vendors. Amy Coleman had a hard time and was really on the rocks while trying to get into the theater, and Diane biffed it while trying to cushion Amy's fall. The Jordanian men had a good laugh over that one. They decided it would take too long to get the stage set up so we ended up going home to go to bed.

Highlights of the Day:

- *Alyson was patted down very well by the guard.*
- *Rebecca tried to take a picture of the guards' backs.*
- *Rees found a millipede.*
- *Brady slipped with his bass and dented it a little (try a lot!)*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reader might not understand the spirit of "patting down" quite yet by this text, so I feel I need to explain it to you. Wherever one goes in Jordan, you can't get in, or out, or through, or whatever without a thorough body search. Each time we traveled to the festival, we were asked to line up. (The genders separated of course, so the girls could receive special treatment in the let's-put-them-in-a-box-with-curtains-so-no-one-can-see-them booth, while the men are searched out in the open. So much for equal rights!) The first time we were also asked to point all of our cameras to the sky and take a picture. Why? I still don't think a bomb could fit into a camera, and if it could, couldn't you make the shutter still go off?*

July 23 - Saturday
Phyllis Jacobson
Jerash → Amman → Jerash → Amman

12:00 am. - Twelve o'clock midnight (Friday night) was the call for the BYU dancers and musicians to meet on the stage for rehearsal in the Historic Jerash (Roman) Theater, according to the festival's printed schedule anyway. For most of the BYU tour members, this was a most unusual way to end the day of the Sabbath (Friday?) and begin a new day with a midnight rehearsal. However for me it was a remembrance of a wonderful midnight rehearsal of 1985 - "The Jerash Festival of the Arts." My anticipation for this rehearsal was not shared and could not even be comprehended by other tour members. The time for departure to the festival site was delayed - much to my dislike - and only those with specific responsibilities for the rehearsal (the dancers, musicians, Joe, Delynne, Sander, Merlyn and, of course, me) loaded the bus along with our hosts for the 45 minute trip from the Amman International Hotel to the Jerash Festival site.

The cool night air, a gentle breeze, the (almost) full moon, the stars and the majestic sight of the Roman ruins was like a dream come true. Even though the rehearsal was postponed until 4:00 pm (due to the fact that the staging for the previous event from Lebanon), Joe was able to establish procedures for light and sound, and Delynne and the students became acquainted with the performance facilities and the grandeur of the time and place was well worth the sacrifice of time and sleep and a perfect way to begin the new day. After visiting the festival booths and checking sound equipment, we loaded the bus for the 45 minute trip back to the hotel.

2:30 am. - Arrival at Amman International Hotel.

8:00 - 9:30 am. - A breakfast of pita bread, cheese, pickles, tomatoes, jelly and juice,

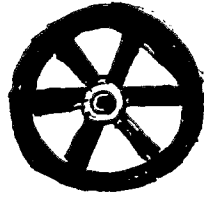
10:00 am. - Bus trip to the ancient Roman citadel. A walking tour through the ruins, including: Number one, the Temple of Hercules (so named because the present ruins were built over the ancient temple constructed as a tribute to the great strength of Hercules.) Number two, the Roman theater. And number three, The House of Commons.

11:30 am. - Shopping groups led by local guides were formed for shopping in the "Old City" flea markets - including the famous Gold Street.

1:30 pm. - Back to the bus - there were three (Not to mention names, but they were Dave Nelson, Hans and John Allen) who didn't meet the time schedule and were left to find their own transportation home to the Amman International Hotel for lunch (curried chicken, salad, watermelon, etc...)

4:00 pm. - Rehearsal at Jerash Festival site - The rehearsal was a rather undisciplined run-through of music and dances. The members from the local branch and those from BYU (the Lees, Jeff and John Tanner and spouses, th Britches, Hans Ringger and his wife and the Wilsons) arrived early and gave a few "BYU yells" of encouragement. They were all seated on the soft cushions reserved for dignitaries. TV cameras were in focus while photographers and the local press interviewed President Lee, some of the students and Delynne. Two of the Festival Committee members remembered me from the 1984 festival and gave a warm welcome to me personally. During the break the dancers had a snack of donar kebabs, falafels and (feel awful) water

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Don't worry Phyllis, there were a few of us that would have liked to see the sun rise over the ruins of Jerash with you, but oh, the powerful draw of that inanimate object - the bed!*

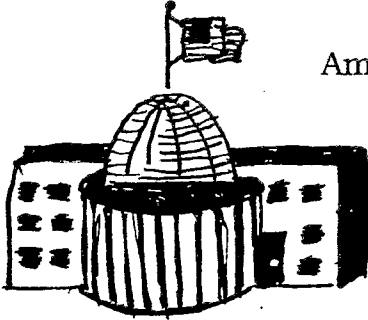


🌐 Mediterranean Tour - Summer '94

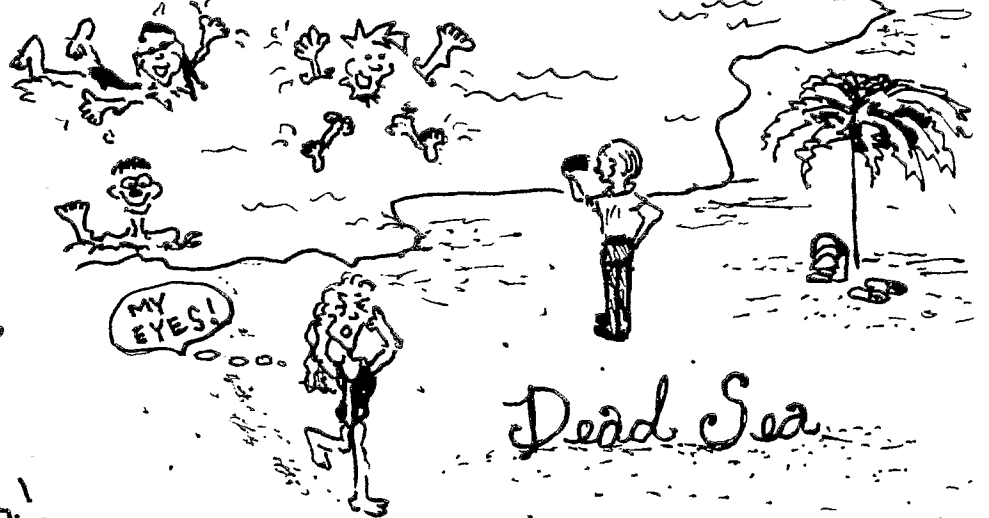
July 24 - Sunday

Kourtney Jex

Amman → U.S. Embassy ↘ ↘ Dead Sea ↗ ↗ Jerash → Amman



Visit to the
U.S. Embassy in
Amman, Jordan.



Dead Sea



52
Performance at the
Jerash Festival.

Kourtney Jex '94

This Article Appeared in the Jordan Times
July 25, 1995

By Angham Tamimi
Special to the Jordan Times

AMMAN — Among the columns of the Greco-Roman city of Jerash, the Brigham Young American Folk Dance ensemble on Saturday and Sunday nights filled the South Theatre with the spirit of American traditional music and dance.

The ensemble's 90-minute showcase at the Jerash Festival of Culture and Arts included various types of American folk dances such as Western Suite, Appalachian Patchwork, American Nostalgia and Smokey Mountain Clogs.

The spirit of the American frontier awakened at Brigham Young University's (BYU's) troupe took the audience on a musical journey back in time to the "Old West" and unfolded the history of America through dance.

Dressed in colourful costumes and backed by bluegrass band, the American folk dancers set a furious pace with the fast

fiddling and fancy footwork of an Appalachian clog, western hoedown and exhibition square dance.

"To join the dancing group, students must audition," said Rex Lee, president of the university. "We choose few of the many hundreds applying. There are no medium specifications, we judge them by their performance only," he said. "We have a 200-member club with different levels of teams doing different exercises, and as they get better in performance, they move up. For the summer touring team, we picked six top musicians, and 24 top dancers," said Mr. Lee.

The students need to be versatile, he said adding that they have to learn how to perform different dances at one time whether American or other ethnic movements.

Some dances tell the history of the dances in America since the early 1900's. The Charleston, swing, tap dancing, the dances of the 60s reflect the big Californian beach style, and dances of the 80s and 90s



The Brigham Young University American Folk Dance Ensemble Sunday flaps to the Charleston of the 1920's at

the Jerash Festival of Culture and Arts
(Photo by Yousef Al 'Allan)

are called hip-hop and street dances.

"Clogging is still evolving," Delynne Peay, the artistic director and choreographer told the Jordan Times. The young people have taken an interest in the dance, although it is a traditional folkloric dance. Clogging was first born in the southeastern U.S. "where everyone clogs — father, mother and little kids," said Ms. Peay. The dance is a combination of English and Indian steps, she said.

"Clogging is a difficult dance, but once you have the know-how, it is a lot of fun," said Amy Coleman, a 21-year-old senior dancer in the troupe.

Explaining the traditions of some dances, Ms. Peay said that the hoedown is a dance done at a barn raising. When a new family comes to town and starts

building a house and barn, everyone hurries to help, she said. Women or young girls bring food baskets full of home-made delicacies. After the men finishes the barn, they all celebrate.

As for the costumes, they are "as authentic as possible, that is what people really wear," said Ms. Coleman.

"American costumes are very simple," said Ms. Peay. Their wardrobe consists of short dresses, big-full skirts, big-full slip underneath, and colourful calico, she explained. The pioneers wear long dresses, and bloomers underneath, she added.

The dancers attend no formal courses about dancing, but the most frequently rehearse.

"For this tour, which included Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece and finally Jordan, we attended cultural clas-

ses. We studied the region in which all these countries are located to have some knowledge about the history of the area, its culture, its people and their traditions," said Ms. Coleman. The 6-member band plays on the banjo, which is the only traditional American musical instrument, the harmonica, fiddle, guitar, and the mandoline.

The folk ensemble has earned an international reputation as one of America's finest folk dance groups. For two decades, the ensemble has performed at international folk festivals in Europe, Asia, and the Middle East as well as major concert halls, and for television broadcasts to all parts of the world.

There is something so vibrant in these young people that led one to go to sleep dancing.

July 25 - Monday

Caprice Nielson

Amman → → Petra → → Amman

Happy 20th B-day Rebecca H! Today our leaders took us on one of the best trips of our tour - to Petra. Carved out of limestone by the Nabateans, Petra became prominent around 300 B.C. We passed through the entrance of the city and before us stood the famous treasury. Amazing! Columns, statues, rooms all carved. Everyone went their own way after admiring the treasury. Just a few: Scott R, Brady, John A, Rees and Hans climbed to the top of the mountain and yelled "B-Y-U" which was answered below with "Cougars!" Diane dodged horses, Lynn, Phyllis, Scott P., Kourtney, Heidi and Kyley made it to the edge of the city and the thousand stairs while Amy T. and Jeremiah found painted pottery in the amphitheater and Robert bargained down the price of an oil lamp from 5 dinar to 2. "We write your name in sand (2 dinari)" and "Dees horse very nice" were the themes of the peddlers. Rebecca H., (with the help of Amy C.), managed to get a free horse ride for her birthday back to the bus.

We had a partial show in Jerash in the evening. Unfortunately, Margaret and Kourtney were injured during the performance. Out in front of the stage stood a very nice looking couple - the husband in his wheel chair and the wife behind him.

The biggest event of the day took place back in the U.S. where King Hussein of Jordan and Itzhak Rabin of Israel met with President Clinton. Most people thought they would never see the day when Jordan and Israel would try to resolve their conflicts peacefully, but the day arrived Monday, July 25th. How fortunate we are to be in Jordan during such a monumental occasion in the Middle East!

July 26, 1994 - Tuesday

Scott Preator

Amman International → U.S. Embassy → Amman International

Well, today has been a really great day! We were able to embrace our pillows this morning for an extra long time. (a.k.a. we could sleep in!) This morning was the last chance to buy a souvenir. (oh no!!! Better go shop Delynnel!) The bus took all those who wanted down one more time to scour the city for those cute little useless knickknacks. Sid was there and introduced Delynne to the subtle niceties of the juice vendors. (Just drink it Rees, you can be sick at home!) The bus came and took the boring people home while those avid shoppers got a hired van to bring them in a little later. The day also heralded a lot of packing!! Trying to fit everything in that tiny suitcase, as well as trying to talk someone else into taking back all of your souvenirs for all those that

weren't returning to America yet. Nahrain came to belly dance for us before we left again. She is a really tiny 20 year old member of the church that can really shake it!

At 3:30, we left for the embassy. Because we arrived so early there, we set up for the show, and then spent a couple hours in the embassy's library. Many slept or caught up on the outside world. The highlight was the videotape of all of the CNN reports for the last month. (We almost got up to today, but were forced to leave to do our show!) We performed for 45 minutes on the cement courtyard between the building's wings. It was a good thing it was only 45 minutes long because of everyone's injuries, aches and pains. There were numerous VIPs in the audience from various embassies as well as the church. The Lees joined us for our pre show devotional. They have wormed their way into our hearts over the last couple of weeks.

After the show, the group split and went separate ways. Those who were fortunate, finally were called upon to take their turns and go to the reception at the cultural center. There, we were able to meet the BYU community in Jordan. (These were generally parents with children attending BYU or former students.) The gaggle of Church leadership was also there (The Britches, Lees, Tanners, and Ringgers) as well as eleven of us. The Wilson's put out a spread that would make Queen Elizabeth envious. They had everything from mini pizzas to chocolate truffles. President Lee also brought his present from the Crown Prince to show us. He was given a bible. Not just any bible, but a mother of pearl encrusted bible with a carved nativity scene on the front cover. It resided in a huge mother of pearl encrusted box with another carving on the top. To say the least, it was breathtaking!!! President Lee then asked us a modest question. "Can you find someplace to take this home for me?" "Of course we can!!" (Yeah right!!!) But I assured him that we would indeed baby it back to the other side of the world. (Oh great! More packing!) The other half of the group were able to attend a huge bedouin bazaar/open market called "Once upon a time." It is sort of like a bedouin folk art outlet, and the girls finally found their dolls. Today, Jordan; Tomorrow, America!!!

July 27, 1994 - Wednesday

Chris Stapley

Amman ➤ ✎ Amsterdam ➤ ✎ New York

The familiar blue bus with "Made in Jordan" painted on the rear slowly lumbered to a halt in front of the airport terminal. Alone on the back seat sat Robert, sporting the birthday hat and mask he had received on the way, still wondering why anyone would think he was the type of guy who would be living in a van down by the river. Ahead of him the rest of the ensemble prepared to disembark from their final bus ride together on tour. As the jolly crew, awake

and sharp after a long night's sleep, emerged from their home away from home, the voice of their fearless leader, Timothy Lynn, rang out, "Just kidding. We're at the wrong terminal." So back on the bus they went, the delay only heightening the anticipation of the many friskings they were about to undergo. The frisking must have been extra thorough that day, because when it was over, Kourtney was heard exclaiming that she would rather die than leave the gate to use the bathrooms and have to be searched again coming back.

11:00 am and the dancers all sat on board the plane with safety belts buckled, awaiting a punctual 11:15 departure, for surely nothing could delay a Royal Jordanian flight. Except, maybe, an annoyingly sick screaming child sent by Islamic fundamentalist terrorists to keep the plane on the ground until 12:40. The pilot, however, to make up for the delay, treated us to a tour of the world's longest runway and then used every inch of it to take off. Once in the air, a quick shuffle was performed, and all the Folk Dance couples were reunited to enjoy an exquisite meal of either "Chicken" or "Beef" together. (A quick list of those involved could be included here, but I'll spare you the gory details. And speaking of gory details, let it be known that Amy Thurston, emaciated from her bout with the stomach flu, ate every last scrap of her airline lunch.) The in-flight movie, *Guarding Tess*, was a good film which was made even better by being broadcast over the high-tech Dolby plastic tubing sound system.

The rest of the flight to Amsterdam drifted by as in a dream, which is perhaps the best way to describe it, because that was the state most of the dancers were in. Upon arrival in Amsterdam a portion of the company broke off to go gallivanting across Europe for another couple of weeks. Good-byes were said and tears were shed, and passengers were ticked off as the aisles were plugged with grieving folk dancers. Soon enough, the plane took off, and again musical seats were played (sorry Rees). To the delight of everyone, the television in the middle area broke and the group was left to themselves for amusement. In the center section Lynn, Diane, Jeremiah, Robert and Rebecca undertook an inventive game of *Scum*, which required everyone to get out and change seats after every round. Amy Coleman became overcome with boredom and took to roaming the plane looking for some form of entertainment. Caprice masterfully avoided Scott Preator's prodding to write her tour history by playing the "I'm soooooo tired" game. And Margaret gently snoozed (mouth open), completely unaware of the longing gazes shot her way by every Arab man that walked past her in the aisle.

Almost before they knew it, the remaining dancers landed in New York (in kind of a sideways fashion - give the pilot a medal for ingenuity). Fortunately, Jon Wood was with the group, for his foreign language skills proved invaluable. He was more than willing to interpret for anyone who didn't understand Jive. As they approached customs, they knew they were in America. There, dressed in

full uniform, was the customs lady, who cried out in the cheesiest New York accent, "Passports on the left, green cards on the right." They were home.

But what about their baggage and equipment? It was home too, but it needed to be moved to the TWA terminal where it could be stored for the evening. Shirking no task, the mighty members of the group went to work, while the not-so-mighty ones watched the carry-ons. Thanks to the assistance of a friendly police officer, they loaded a shuttle bus with most of the equipment and costume bags to be taken to the final destination - which they missed, making Amy Coleman and Chris ride the shuttle full circle again until they reached the right stop. Finally all the bags were unloaded and checked (of course, not without an encounter with an uniformed and terribly loud TWA employee, who thought the dancers were going to sleep at the airport), and travelers climbed aboard another shuttle to be whisked away to their hotel. Thanks to Lynn's brilliant planning, the hotel was next to LaGuardia airport and not JFK, but what's an extra half-hour's travel to a patient and loving group such as this one?

With all the Folk Dancers safe in their beds, and with the lights put out, they bid their tour farewell. The next day they would be home.

July 28, 1994 - Thursday
Revell Phillips
New York ➤ ✈ St. Lewis ➤ ✈ SLC

Wake up call was received at 6:00 am.
Continental breakfast in the Metropole Hotel (Midway Best Western).
Mini-bus departed for JFK Airport at 7:00 am - 20 min. drive.
Ticket check-in and boarding passes issued.
Twenty five people still in our group.
Students played Rook in departure lounge at gate 16 - Delynne gave out Hershey kisses.
Boarded TWA flight 123 at 9:45 am.
45 min flight to St. Louis - Boeing 727.
Arrive in St. Louis about 10:30 am.
Transfer to TWA flight 341.
Depart from St. Louis 12:00 noon.
Chris Stapley left us at St. Louis for Kansas City.
Two and a half hr flight to Salt Lake City.
Arrive SLC ~ 2:30 pm.

Childhood Stories (A'la Mom)

John Allen (and the day he was "In The Dog House")

Most experiences of being "in the dog house" come after a boy is grown and more specifically after he is married, but for John this distinction came while still a young boy of age eleven.

For a long time he had been "puppy hungry" and while saving his money to buy a pedigreed dog, we found a dog house that was cheap and moved it into the back yard, awaiting the day John could buy his pup. Before this day came, John became quite ill, and a visit to the doctor revealed he had rheumatic fever. This meant that he would not be able to attend the last 6 weeks of school. DOGGONE!

After about four or five weeks of missed school, John was becoming very bored lying around the house recuperating. (you might say he felt like he was "leading a dog's life"). Word must have passed around among his classmates of his illness, and one day after school to little classmates of John appeared at the front door saying, they wanted to see John and tell him how much they missed him.

I went to his bedroom and told him that two young girls (and I mentioned their names) wanted to see him. His face paled, and he said "No I don't want them to come in here". I suggested he come into the front room and visit with them there. Again he said, "No". Nothing I said could change his mind. He was adamant-almost panicky. Finally I realized I was going to have to think of a kind way of saying John did not want to see them. At this point, unbeknownst to anyone, as I left his room, John slipped out his bedroom window, to find a place to hide.

I broke the news to them gently and felt badly at their disappointment. I walked them to the door and visited with them outside a minute. All at once, one of the girls seemed to catch sight of movement out of the corner of her eye. She turned and headed straight towards the dog house. When she got there she leaned down and looked in the open door.

"Look she said, It's John"

What else could he do, but sheepishly (or should be say "doggishly") crawl out and look embarrassed. The two girls were so happy to find him. They didn't seem to give a second thought to the fact that they found him hiding out in the doghouse.

To this day, whenever someone confides to John, that they are "in the dog house" there is immediate bonding. John knows exactly how they feel, as he thinks of his own doghouse experience.

P.S. Next time you feel you have a bone to pick with someone, call John..

Amy Coleman

When Amy was two years old, her sister Lisa was born. When Lisa came home from the hospital Amy hovered over her like a little mother. She wanted someone to "pick up the baby" every time she made the slightest peep. During the minutes and hours of the day that I would sit down and nurse Lisa, Amy always brought a book, so I could read to her. This became a special time for the two of us to talk, and be together. One afternoon we sat on the couch as I nursed the baby, and Amy was unusually quiet, she was quite intent on what was going on with her little sister and not very interested in her story time with Mom. I could tell she was deep in thought and knitted her brow and seriously asked me, "Mommy, what is the baby drinking" Surprised this fact had not come to light before, I answered "The baby is drinking milk". A few more quiet moments passed, as Amy continued to study the situation. And then, quite matter of factly came the second question, "Well, what is the other one, juice or water?"

Rebecca Fietkau

When Rebecca was about three years old, she went shopping with her mother and grandmother. Her keen sense of curiosity and eagerness to explore led her to pick up anything and everything in reach. It became almost exasperating to try and keep up with her going through the store picking up things, while mother and grandmother, kept putting things back in their place, not really wanting to buy everything she picked up. Upon finishing the shopping, that needed to be done, and everything was carefully back in its place, we were ready to go home.

We left the store feeling good and happy that we had survived our trip in spite of "sticky fingers, Rebecca". As we attempted to put her in the car, our eyes widened and our mouths dropped as we glanced at each other. Rebecca brought a long strip of approximately 35 pricing stickers with her from the store.

Fortunately that was her only experience with shoplifting. Now we just wish she could find the things she lays down, and be able to pick them up instead of losing them. (car keys, books, shoes, scriptures, clothes, etc.)

Diane Flores

Diane has always been precocious, bubbly, energetic, and very independent. When she was three and a half years old I had an early morning meeting before Sunday School so her father would have to get her and her sister ready and take them to Junior Sunday School. All went well and I met them after our Sunday School class. Diane was running around playing with friends, laughing etc. when I noticed her bend over to pick up a toy. To my utter horror and embarrassment, Diane had dressed herself and completely forgotten to put on her underwear. I rushed over, picked her up and got to the car as fast as I could. To this day, I have no idea what her Junior Sunday School teacher thought in the hour and a half, she was in there, and I hope I never find out.

Rebecca Horton

When Rebecca was six years old she had a good friend named Travis who lived down the street. They played everyday. One day she and Travis went behind a barrel and had a little kiss. The next morning Rebecca woke up with a stomachache. She worried for several days before telling her mom she thought she was pregnant. She and her mom had a little conversation and then all was okay again.

Kourtney Jex

When she was about eight years old she and her dance team performed before about 1,000 people at a festival and competition. She loved performing and being on stage and always drew the audience to her. She was exciting to watch because of her expressive and enthusiastic face as well as her extraordinary footwork.

About two minutes into the routine she was really getting into it. That's when the precision formations broke into a single line as the individual dancers performed solo freestyles. My daughter was anxiously waiting her turn to "shine" - clapping her hands and swinging her body. As each dancer came forward I noticed she was having a difficult time holding still awaiting her turn. And her facial expressions were turning to fear. Suddenly, without warning she SAT DOWN on the floor and froze. In a few seconds she sprang to her feet a smile on her face again, feet flying incredibly. It was her solo, and she was in heaven.

Finishing the routine the team left the stage leaving the audience spellbound. But this special dancer left something else behind on stage - a puddle.

Kyley Jex

It was that special Sunday of the year when the Primary children have their Primary program in Sacrament meeting. I was the ward choir director directly before Sacrament meeting and had no time to go home and get my children ready for the meeting. So "Daddy" had to get them ready for church.

A half an hour before the meeting started I quickly finished choir practice and made room for the Primary on the stand. The children were all hurrying to take their places on the stand. I noticed my children all dressed in their Sunday best and waved at them. After all the Primary children were seated, I was happy to see that my son was sitting right by the pulpit on the front row. He was a proud Star A smiling and waving.

There are many children in our ward and the choir seats and stand were packed. Once everyone was seated, there was no way anyone could move around. About halfway through the program you could see that many of the younger children were getting tired and restless. All of a sudden I could see my cute son - dressed in his small suit and tie - playing with his shoe. He pulled his knee up and placed his foot on the seat of the chair. He was still distracted with something in his shoe. He looked relieved smiling at us again, singing at the top of his lungs. Suddenly, he placed his foot on the railing in front of him in front of the congregation. The congregation was surprised and began to smile and snicker. In full view of the congregation my son had on OLD WORN OUT cowboy boots! The stitching on the side of the boot was totally gone and my son's BIG TOE - sockless of course - was pushed through the opening - wiggling to the beat of every song we sang through the rest of the program.

Heidi Nielson Mariteragi

When Heidi was very young, and we would teach her the ABC's, she would repeat them perfect until we got to 'W, and instead of saying 'W, she would say not 'W but 'double Heidi and each time we would repeat them, she said it.

At age two Heidi was with her family at a family reunion. She was playing happily on the swings. I looked and she had just climbed out of the swing and was walking behind a group of people. My little brother-in-law, Danny, was four years old at the time and he had climbed up the back of a large table with round, heavy-metal legs. The tables had been stood up on their ends for a windbreak. As Danny reached the top of the table, it began to fall. I saw it falling and screamed. People beside it broke the fall of the table so it didn't land very hard, but Heidi was walking behind the table at the time and it knocked her down and landed on her leg. Danny was safe underneath it between the legs. Thank heavens the people broke the fall. Heidi cried, some, but not too much. Her mom was scared to death. She was so brave and told us she was alright. We drove home to Beaver that night and decided we would get her leg x-rayed in the morning. She wouldn't walk on it the next day, her dad asked her if it hurt. She said, "I can't walk." We got it x-rayed and her leg was broken; the left leg under the knee, the tibia, was

broken clear through but it was a clean break, the bones were in place. She had a cast for six or seven weeks.

Her baby sister, Elise, was ten days old when she broke her leg. She would sit on the couch and hold the baby with a cast on her leg, when she didn't want to hold her anymore, without any warning, she'd say, "I don't want the baby," and start rolling her off her lap. Mom caught her each time.

Robert Newman

(I) When he was about five to six years old the occasion presented itself to me to have a serious talk with him about the birds and the bees and where babies come from. So, I picked an appropriate moment to just hit the basics (nothing too detailed) and I sat him down and looked him in the eye and said very seriously to him, "Robert, do you know where you come from?" And he looked up at me and waited a few moments and then he sang to me "Oh I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee ..." That was the end of that discussion until he got older.

(II) We lived on a nice street just one block from a Ralph's grocery store. You could walk down to the end of the street through a little alley and onto the parking lot of the grocery store. I was making chocolate chip cookies one day and realized I didn't have any chocolate chips. Robert had never gone alone to the store before, but I thought maybe he was old enough to go by himself just for one item. I asked him if he thought he could do it. He said yes, and I gave him twenty dollars and explicit instructions. I told him to walk into the store and he would be facing the checkout registers. I told him to go past the checkout and down to the aisle that had the bread on one side and the potato chips, fritos, and pretzels on the other side. Then I told him to go past there to the next aisle where they have the syrup and pancake mix on one side and the cake mixes and brownie mixes and nuts on the other. I told him that right next to the cake mixes were the chocolate chips. They would be in a yellow package. He left for the store skipping down the street. Well, he never came back and minutes kept ticking away and I began to be concerned for him. I was just leaving to go look for him when he came through the front door with this big grocery sack. I looked in the sack and he had bread, potato chips, pretzels, syrup, pancake mix, nuts, brownie mix, and a yellow cake mix and no chocolate chips. He had listened to all the directions and picked up those things and never did get to the chocolate chips which was the only thing he was supposed to get. This story has made us laugh for years and is one of our favorite ones about him.

Caprice Nielson Stapley

When Caprice was three or four years old she began dance lessons. To finish the dance year there was always a recital and she was excited to perform in her new tutu, ballet shoes and leotard. As the eight little girls marched onto the stage for their performance, their excitement turned into self-consciousness and fear. They stood there wide-eyed waving to their parents just staring out at the audience. As the music started the girls acted like they had no idea what was going on, all except for Caprice. She was frustrated that everyone had forgotten their steps and so she discretely (as discretely as a three or four year old can be) led them through the dance. She called out the steps and pushed them into lines and pulled them into circles. She was like a mother hen rounding up her chicks, trying to get them to dance.

Aleyson Oldham

Aleyson is our second oldest child. As the first two children she and her older brother David each enjoyed their own bedroom. When David was about four and Aleyson was about two their father used to tell them bible stories as they went to sleep. Thinking she was asleep in her bedroom, he began telling David the story of David and Goliath.

As he finished the story and stood up to leave the room, Aleyson little voice piped up from the other room "Dad! Tell me the story of *Aleyson* and Goliath!"

Rees Olson

One day Rees and his younger brother decided to finger paint. Together they made a master piece on the bathtub, walls, and cabinets of the bathroom with navy blue shoe polish. If that were not enough they also painted shoe polish all over each others' legs, arms, faces, and torso! (March 28, 1978).

At the mall one day the elevator was out of order. Rees being the big brother at three years old to Jared (at twenty months) and Jenna (a new born) was asked to help his mother. For safety reasons she took the children out of the

stroller and asked Rees to hold the stroller while his mother held onto the other children while they came down the escalator from the third floor. It was a crowded day at the mall and with the elevator out of order the escalator was filled with shoppers. Unfortunately there was an end display directly at the foot of the escalator. Rees was unable to maneuver the stroller to turn off the escalator because of the display and the stroller got jammed. It was so funny watching the people on the escalator behind Rees. Every step was filled and the people had to keep walking backwards to keep from piling up at the bottom of the escalator that was jammed.

Jennifer Cronin Orme

Jennifer has always loved to play with animals. She played with roly-polys and frogs. She would put them in jars, paper bags, her pockets, thermos bottles, etc. I would really fuss at her about this and told her not to bring them in the house again. She was really a good girl and did not bring them in anymore. It came time for me to defrost the freezer. We had a small chest freezer in our garage. As I began to remove the food I saw a most frightening sight. Frogs, dozens of frogs with outreached arms and legs. As I showed them to Jennifer, all she said was, "But I did not bring them in the house."

Margaret Owens

Story 1: eight years old.

When Margaret was eight, she sat on her dad's lap and he said, "What's up?" She shrugged her shoulders. I pointed up. "The lights are up," I said. "What going on?" I asked, making circular motions with my wrist. She said, only half aware, "Your mouth's going on."

Story 2: seven years old.

When she was asked about a chest set I used as a visual aide in Family Home Evening, requesting an analogy, she responded, "White are the forces of good, black the forces of Satan. White king Heavenly Father; white queen Jesus; other white men priesthood leaders fighting for Jesus."

Story 3: nine years old.

I commented to Margaret that with my new weight loss, mom had said I might be forty four but I had the body a twenty five year old. Her response was, "Twenty five year olds don't have grey hair and double chins."

Marcia Pitcher

When Marcia was about nine months old, this story came about. She was fascinated by toilets and every time she got a chance, she would put her hands in and splash. I always tried to remove her and get her attention on something else so she seldom had a chance to be near the toilet. Well, one day I couldn't find her. I walked past the bathroom door, which was ajar, but she couldn't have been in there, because the light was off and it was totally dark. But I opened it anyway and turned on the light...and there was Marcia, sitting smack dab in the toilet in the dark! She had a big smile on her face!

Scott Preator

Scott was our third child and I, by this time, had stopped thinking altogether, so I could not think of anything humorous or interesting that Scott had done when he was little. I called upon his older brother to help me out and all kinds of interesting things came to light.

His older brother, Rob, and an older cousin, Hap, dared Scott to run around the house in his birthday suit twice. In exchange, they would give him a pocket knife he wanted. The shocking part is that he actually did it. I always wondered why the neighbors were so delighted when we moved to the country. Now I know.

Scott Rands

Scott Edward Rands was born on Sunday evening, 22 February, 1970 in Provo Valley hospital at the end of a waiting list of twenty five other babies coming that weekend. He had a rough entry into the world. He was trying to come face down, the cord was wrapped around his neck, and he was pale, due to lack of oxygen. His dad had given mom and Scott a blessing that he would arrive safely and he came into a world and family full of love for him.

He was a very happy and loving little boy, full of humor. We had a great time watching Sesame Street, saying the alphabet, and counting to ten, and learning that 'E-X-I-T' spells 'exit, all by the age of two. He was very intelligent and learned lessons on growing up and good behavior quickly. However, when there was silence where there once was giggling and noise I knew he was up to something clever, like the time I found him on top of the refrigerator. How did he get there?? None of the kitchen drawers were pulled open to climb up on. There was no chair or stool up against the cabinet, but there he was on top of the refrigerator with a satisfied grin of accomplishment on his face.

Another of Scott's favorite challenges was the washing machine. It had a door on the front side of the machine. Often when it was quiet and Scott was missing, I knew that all I would have to do was check the washing machine and I'd find him sitting inside as happy as a clam with that contented grin. He wasn't a terrible two; he was a silly two year old.

CHRIS STAPLEY

CHRISTOPHER AND HIS SIBLINGS ALWAYS LIKED PLAYING "CHEMISTRY" GAMES AND WERE FOND OF COOKING UP ALL SORTS OF EXPERIMENTS. FOR AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SCIENCE ACTIVITY, CHRIS AND HIS FATHER MADE A VOLCANO. OF COURSE, NOTHING WOULD SERVE BUT A REAL ERUPTION. THEY MADE SOME GUNPOWDER IN MY BLENDER USING THE BARBECUE CHARCOAL AND SOME OTHER INGREDIENTS. I CAN STILL SEE BLACK IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BLENDER TO THIS DAY. THE VOLCANO WAS MOST SUCCESSFUL AND EVERYONE MARVELED AT THE WONDERFUL EXPLOSION. LATER, WHILE HE WAS ON HIS MISSION, OUR GARAGE BURNED. IT MUST HAVE TRIGGERED SOME MEMORIES BECAUSE NO SOONER HAD I WRITTEN THE NEWS, I HAD A LETTER BY RETURN MAIL WARNING ME THAT HE HAD LEFT SOME MORE GUN POWDER IN THE ATTIC. SURE ENOUGH, THERE IT WAS IN A BABY FOOD JAR ACTUALLY QUITE NEAR TO THE SPOT WHERE THE GARAGE FIRE HAD BEEN CONTAINED. WE CAN ONLY WONDER AT THE ERUPTION HAD THE FIRE NOT BEEN STOPPED WHEN IT WAS.

Amy Thurston

Amy has always loved to talk and sing. (If you don't know that now, you will by the end of the tour . . . trust me.) When she was a pre-schooler I would hear her singing the conversation with her dolls when she was playing house, or singing when she put puzzles together, etc. Generally speaking, she was NEVER quiet.

When she was two-years-old her dad was writing his dissertation at home in the evenings. I was taking a painting class one night each week so he needed to be home alone with her. Each week without fail, he would plead with me not to leave her there with him because she would "talk to him" . . . meaning, of course, that he wouldn't get anything done because she'd never shut up! Such was/is/always will be life in the Thurston household with Amy.

This tape includes Amy's first attempt at composing a song--words and melody--frequently repeated. As you will come to know, the song was titled "This is the Song of the Wind" (Age 3) The second song is her a capella rendition of a Primary favorite she was learning to sing for our family's Sacrament Meeting program as new members in the ward. (Age 4) Finding the pitch wasn't always easy, but she hung on until she thought she had it.

Brady Word

We were travelling at night from Twin Falls, Idaho to Salem, Oregon. We stopped in Ontario, Oregon to gas up. Everyone got out of the car to use the restroom. Brady had an older brother and a younger sister at the time. He was about 4 years old.

We got back into the car and were about 10 miles down the road when we realized Brady was missing. We imagined the worst.

When we got back to the gas station Brady was standing outside in a daze. Apparently he had been walking around the station looking for us. We were so relieved he was okay. He didn't know we had left him.

We can laugh about it now, but at the time it was scary.

Jonathon Wood

When Jonathon was between four and five years old, he was invited to be on Romper Room with Miss Julie on KSL Television. He had a great time and was working really hard to be a good "dobee." When it came time for the activity period, Miss Julie brought out some bouncing tubes - they looked like colorful inner tubes or those sledding tubes with the little handles. The idea was that all the "do-bees" were to line up - then one-by-one run, jump, sit down on the tube, bounce back up, then go get in line. Everything was going fine, and all the little kids looked "so cute" on television - bouncing on the tubes. When it became Jonathon's turn - he ran and took a mighty leap: up into the air, above the tube, past the tube (woops) and out onto the floor in front of the camera with a big splat right on his bum. He sat there - on camera - with a very startled look on his face; he didn't know whether to laugh or cry - He knew he shouldn't cry on TV - so he sat there looking shocked. Miss Julie was alarmed - until she realized he was fine. Then it became funny. She stood there laughing uncontrollably. The whole show came about temporarily. Miss Julie laughed - but Jonathon didn't laugh. He survived - and has provided us with a good memory to laugh about over the years. It could be said - this experience really cracked Jonathon up!

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THE DANCER

Quietly lacing, the pretty dancer pacing,
Nervously waiting her cue to begin.

In the darkness she sighs,
And she closes her eyes -- to pray.

Softly, the lights fall.

The music starts; she stands tall.

In all of her beauty she enters onto the stage.

And as she appears,

Quietly, she hears him say . . .

When you dance, heaven dances;

When you sing, heaven sings along.

When you share your gift, each soul I lift,

And I fill every heart with love.

When you smile, I am smiling.

As we touch I can feel you there,

When you reach for my hand, your partner I stand

As we dance the dance of prayer.

She bows and they cheer her,

But, softly now she cries

She knows who she danced with and heaven filled her eyes.

Through the roaring applause

She remembers his cause, then she smiles.

Quietly thanking this heavenly awaking.

She walks from the stage door, and out of the light.

Softly she whispers,

"I danced with the dancer."

I'll always remember this heavenly night.

And each time I call, he'll be there

Standing tall for me.

When we dance, heaven dances,

When we sing, heaven sings above.

When we share our gifts, each soul He lifts

And He fills every soul with love.

When we smile, God is smiling

As we touch, we can feel Him there

When we reach for His hand,

Our partner He stands,

And we dance the dance of prayer.