

North American Tour



International Folk Dance Ensemble
Brigham Young University 1995

Tour History 1995

Sunday, June 25
Stephanie Rice

From opposite ends of the earth the great call came, "Back to Provo." It was so fun to see everyone again. We had a great time catching up on life's travels and rekindling the folk dance fire. "I can't believe it is already time for tour," was the echoing reply.

Yes, indeed, time had flown by and what an adventure we had before us! Anticipation filled our hearts as we thought about what the Lord might have in store for us.

After we finished our "Hellos" we assembled ourselves in the Austin's luscious green back yard. Everyone picked out their own piece of blanket (next to a possible T. R., no doubt) and waited for the appropriate cue. Ed was conducting. He welcomed us all back. It was exciting to look at everyone's eager faces. We went over a few details and then Ed turned the remainder of the time to me, Scotty, and then Ed tied it all together.

I felt impressed to talk about two scriptures, Helaman 5:12 and Matthew 8:22. They talked about focusing on the rock of Christ for with that foundation we shall not fall. And the second thought was about trusting in the Lord. I had a feeling that the Lord had asked each one of us to sacrifice many things to make room for bigger blessings resulting from tour. "Nothing is yours until you give it away."

Scotty introduced our tour theme: D&C 4. He shared a beautiful strong testimony about our purpose on tour. He and his family had each received a priesthood blessing from their bishop. Many times they were told about the importance of missionary work on tour. Wow! how much that excited me--to be a tool in the Lord's hands!

We finished up the night with words of encouragement from Ed and then went down to the basement. We had ice cream and cookies, laughed a lot, and practiced a few of the songs for tour. "Back Up and Push" was fun for us to learn. I'm so glad John Wood finally got his ice cream--he almost missed out...

Shortly at 9:00 p.m. we all took off "Woo Hoo" as Margaret would say. "I can't believe it is already time for tour." I love you all!

Wednesday, June 2
Chris and Caprice Stapley

Ed asked us to report at 9:00 a.m. for the final rehearsal before our pre-tour show. And boy, were we glad when we got there that Margaret's mother had made us candy--yum! Eight couple (and Chris, being the good husband) stayed the latest, practicing "Fire on the Mountain" until the band got it wrong. The ten couple men dutifully loaded the truck with Scott Horman. Sleep, food, and errands best describe the hours

from 1 - 5:30 p.m. that day. Walmart had an especially lucrative day in their bobby pin and travel-size sections.

At 5:30, rubbing sleep from eyes, we assembled with braids and spandex in hand, and by 7:00 were transformed into the world-renowned globe-trotting BYU Folk Dance Ensemble. The show, of course, was flawless, especially the "Hungarian Rap," a new number combining Bulgarian free style and chants of 1-2-3 (pause) 4-5. Aaron was outstanding as he tried to walk on the confetti cannon instead of his regular barrel. As well, Jen Wood enjoyed her hand-in-the-shoe break, off stage, after she hit feet with Ken. The construction men in the locker room found the extra show, provided by the changing women, delightful. We all missed Sarah's smile as she nursed her ankle during some of the numbers but we were grateful for the willingness of Margaret to fill in during "Halyna Shawl" and Tara in "Fire on the Mountain" (which to the relief of eight-couple was cut from the show). After the show we all went our separate ways to get ready for packing our costume bags the next day.

Sunday, July 2
Sarah Lee

While Margaret collected costume deposit cards, Ken passed out our oh-so-beautiful tour T-shirts designed by our one and only Lane, and a phone list was circulated, Ed started off our pre-tour fireside. First we heard from three wise and experienced Folk Dancers. Stephanie counseled us to sleep--good advice for a bunch of people who hadn't slept in a week. Margaret bore her testimony that we each have a purpose on tour, that we are ambassadors of Christ, and encouraged us to have at least one conversation with everyone in our group, as well as to get to know people from other groups at the festival. Dan reminded us of the great opportunity we have to do missionary work on tour and stressed the importance of having a positive attitude. Instead of making negative comments, we should say positive things like, "C'mon everybody, let's dance!" with enthusiasm, a smile, and of course, making sure it sounds natural. The Palmers ended the fireside by sharing a few of their family's favorite recipes. According to one of their daughters, everything from brownies to scrambled eggs can be baked in the microwave for four minutes. We are so excited to get to know Gary and Shirley better on tour. Since the folk dancers can't bear to be apart for too long, we agreed to meet again within half an hour at "L" in the Marriott Center for the Freedom fireside. According to Steph, "L" used to stand for "lonely," but now it stands for "love." If only we were all as lucky as her!

Monday, July 3
Scott (Scooter) Preator

6:00 a.m. The adventure really begins today! We meet at the RB, well, most of us anyway. We all arrived in our navy Dockers and J. Riggins checked shirts. All except Ed, who decided to be an individual and wear something different than the group. (We don't mind, he can wear his tie if he wants to.)

6:05 a.m. Still waiting for more people to get here.

6:10 a.m. Ed comes on board and says, "Let's go!"

6:11 a.m. Never mind, not everyone is here.

6:15 a.m. Almost everyone is here, except Ed who is doing something in his office.

6:20 a.m. All right, we've reached the I-could-have-slept-more stage of being late and we're ready to go, but still no Ed!

6:25 a.m. Finally we pull out of the RB and head for the airport. On the way I dreamed that I was a sparrow (an unladen European sparrow, by the way) flying high above the earth. As I looked down, I saw Georgia, then all of a sudden I woke up. We had arrived, and I spent several incarcerable minutes in dazed confusion about my dream. What could it mean? Oh, well, forget it.

7:30 a.m. We all checked in to the counter at Delta for our 8:45 flight to Cincinnati. The check-in went really smooth, and we were soon sauntering up to gate C12.

7:45 a.m. "Now that you've held that ticket in your hand and gotten it warm, give it back. There's not enough room on the plane for us!" We were told we would be re-routed through somewhere else sometime later. (I heard we are going to Hawaii.)

7:46 a.m. "Ed, I have to go through Cincinnati!" "Why, Heather?" "All my contact paraphernalia is there and someone is bringing them to me."

7:50 a.m. "Anyone know what's going on?" "No!"

7:59 a.m. "O.K., where's Ed?"

8:01 a.m. "Your director is downstairs talking. Don't worry, we'll just keep your tickets for a while." (accompanied by a nice smile!)

8:30 a.m. "Yes, we're definitely going through Atlanta at 10 something."

8:40 a.m. "O.K., Heather, you're going through Cincinnati anyway! Someone go get John Allen. He's going with her!"

8:43 a.m. Heather and John board flight 174 to Cincinnati and leave the rest of us in limbo.

8:48 a.m. "O.K., meet back at gate D1 at 10:00. The plane to Atlanta leaves at 10:21, so don't be late!"

8:50 a.m. "Cancel that! The plane leaves at 9:00 and we have to be on it! Someone run down the hall and catch the people who left!"

8:55 a.m. We handed back the tickets one more time and boarded the flight to Atlanta.

9:00 a.m. Three-hour flight was uneventful. We watched "Judicial Consent" for our movie (Delta provided free coupons [pronounced koo-pons] for the movie due to the inconvenience). As we get close to Atlanta, I look out the window and am disturbed by the view I see. It seems vaguely familiar.

3:30 p.m. (Eastern time) We swayed into our landing at Atlanta International Airport.

3:43 p.m. "The sign is still lighted, so SIT DOWN!"

3:43.30 p.m. "O.K., you can get up now!"

4:00 p.m. "O.K., collect the tickets again so we can exchange them."

4:03 p.m. Amy: "I lost my ticket! I don't think the stewardess gave it back!?" Debbie: "I did, too, hee hee!"

4:20 p.m. We boarded the flight to Detroit--after we handed the tickets back out!

5:09 p.m. "Ladies and Gentlemen, we're sorry, but our maintenance crew will not release the plane until 9:00 tonight, so please disembark, and we will start looking for a plane to replace this one."

5:11 p.m. "Ladies and Gentlemen, we've found a flight inbound from L. A. at 5:30. This plane will be going on to Detroit with an approximate departure time of 6:10. Please go to Gate A25 instead of the original gate of A19. Thank you!"

5:43 p.m. Ed thought of collecting the tickets again just for fun, but all that was left were boarding passes for a crippled plane.

6:04 p.m. We boarded yet another plane for Detroit. How exciting! But Delta, being the friendly airline they are, offered all passengers complimentary cocktails due to the inconvenience!

7:57 p.m. "I was jolted awake suddenly by the wildly gyrating side-to-side motion of the landing plane, and it nearly scared me to death!" were the words of one passenger.

8:00 p.m. Just another straw for the camel. I found out that I had slept through our latest delay. There was an emergency landing due to a medical condition that caused us to circle the airport for a while.

8:10 p.m. We finally met back up with Heather and John. They had had no problems and had arrived in Detroit at 4:10. An interesting side note is that when they arrived at the airport in Cincinnati, John's brother was there to see him. Of all the people we could have sent with Heather, we picked the one that actually needed to be there! After having arrived at the airport, they discovered they had all of our luggage, so they put it in a room at the airport. At 5:35 Colleen and Vickie arrived on Northwest airlines. Instead of finding us waiting for them, they ended up waiting for us. In the meantime, they (3 girls and 1 man) loaded all of our luggage on the bus.

8:41 p.m. After everyone finally visited their last rest room for the week, we were all loaded onto the bus and departed from Detroit Metro Airport.

8:50 p.m. We stopped for food (even though Ed had had his first class meal already) at McDonalds and a place called Rally's.

10:00 p.m. After having passed through customs and immigration with no problems, we were in Windsor, Ontario. Windsor is directly across the river from Detroit. We stopped at a Comfort Inn and called ahead to London, Ontario to reserve some rooms at their Comfort Inn. We were supposed to have gone all the way to Hamilton tonight, but it would have been almost 2:00 a.m. before we got there, so we opted for a hotel room.

10:21 p.m. Back on the road headed for London.

12:13 a.m. We arrived in London, Ontario, and split up two to a room and finally laid our heads down to rest on a stationary object. As I fall asleep, I start to dream. I'm a laden sparrow haling coconuts over Niagara Falls..."

Tuesday, July 4
Lane Hunter

I regret to note that on this joyous holiday celebrating the independence of our great country, we mourn the loss of one of America's most influential and beloved men: Wolf Man Jack. In honor of this remarkable being, we are wearing shorts to expose the hairytude of our legs...a tribute to the Wolf. OoooooWowowoowoh!

Having rested well in the Comfort Inn, most of us are in good spirits as we make up time lost in yesterday's flight delays. The violet aura of our transport is filled with the quiet chatter of seat buddies and the occasional lark of laughter. A few read, and one stops to consider how interesting this conference of great authors from Scott, to Bronte, and even the great prophets of ancient day. All are here, in our bus. Could someone open a window, please?

Alas, our first bus trip ended at a quaint little shopping center roughly the size of a mall! Apparently my charm has exceeded even my own imagination, for I gave the teller at the Bank of Montreal a twenty, and she gave me \$27.80. I shan't think of myself so highly except that the money she gave me was much more colorful than that which I gave her. Pepe le Pew has nothing on me!

Canada has such delectable little restaurants, and we soon split up to sample each odd eatery with their peculiar names: Subway, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and the Manchu Wok.

The natives, although restless, are awfully cordial and extend an extra friendly hand as Rich and I found out as we broke away from the party to purchase a bathing suit. After hearing the history of Eatons department store, Rich and I returned to meet our coach. Upon arriving at the designated post, we were delightedly surprised to find that the party had gone on without us. It seems that they decided that we must have gone ahead. As it was our nature to always be punctual and helpful, we couldn't possibly be late, but surely we must indeed be early. My readers can imagine the folly that occurred when the group dispatched to find no sign of a welcoming committee with banners and crepe streamers, nor Rich or myself.

When we did catch up, we partook of the grandeur of Lake Ontario. The magnificence of an ocean with land on every side. Much rock skipping ensued, and a smart competition developed between Kyley and Aaron. Kyley was leading with an awe inspiring quatraskipper nearly nipping the bright tail feathers off a fluttering gull. "To the show!" bellowed the hearty coachmaster just as Aaron cracked the waves with a remarkable septiskipper. Ah, boys will be boys.

John Allen, Tiffany, and that prankster Robert aided the national Arbor Day Foundation by re-rooting a dead birch log in the sandy shore. All chirped of fun to see the poor thing in full bloom in a few years.

The show ran as usual, but was perhaps a bit lacking where energy is concerned. I for one had a great show and covered all errors masterfully. When repacking had begun the song bug had pecked everyone and a conglomerate of melodies filled the dressing room. No one sang the same tune at the same time until some soul, whose identity I know not, began to warble the national anthem. One by one the congregation of singers grew in unity proclaiming the gratitude of a country based on freedoms not known to others. The chorus swelled through many a patriotic tune, including the greats by Sousa and Cohan.

As the clock gracefully completed its duties for the day, we separated to go home in separate cars, separate beds, separate lives, until we once again rejoined in the morning.

Wednesday, July 5
Diane Flores

Let's just say my bus ride today started off bright and early at 8:45 when we met at the Stake Center to board the bus. Now 8:45 came mighty early because of the incredibly loud thunder storms the night before. I believe it became quite a few of our alarm clocks at 4:00 in the morning. The bus ride started out pretty subdued--you know, the normal stuff--scripture reading, little nap taking, and an occasional journal writer. We had The Work and the Glory contests springing up as well (who could finish volume 2 and 3 first). Vickie and Colleen had gone out the day before and bought two movies for us. We were feeling pretty lucky. Let me say again, a nine-hour bus ride. We started watching Cool Runnings and passed out sack lunches. We stopped various times at what appeared to be the same rest stop, but it wasn't. This part of Canada just had a Tim Horton's and a Food Court attached to every gas station. For the second half of the trip we were entertained with a wonderful compilation of ultimate eighties tunes and then a final showing, The King and I. We made the last leg of our journey (four hours) with no rest room stops or food, so needless to say we were a little anxious to get off the bus. We finally made it to Drummondville. Our guides got on the bus (Marcel and Chantal) and gave us directions and instructions. We put down our luggage and joyfully ate dinner, after which we headed to the third floor and located a bunk bed. The girls were a little jealous of the boys' balcony, but promised to borrow it for the breeze's sake whenever possible. We got unpacked and got into practice clothes and went to the auditorium for opening ceremony rehearsal. We were very hot and tired. Utahns were not used to such humidity. This is going to be one great festival. Let the fun begin!

Thursday, July 6
Tara Christopher

Sweat.

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep....

--silence--

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep...

--silence--

etc., etc., etc.

Kathryn and Kourtney go jogging.

Sweat.

Beep. Beep...etc., etc., etc.

Sweat.

Roll out of bed and face the showers.

First challenge--not losing those that know the way--let's not comment on the rest of the shower challenges!

Breakfast! Soon to be Mark's favorite meal. Yippee! bananas, peaches, etc. Mark might come to love breakfast if it's this good every morning.

Sweat.

9:00 a.m. Well, maybe a little after (folk dance time followed us all the way to Quebec!) eight couple nicely consented to take some time and pull Tara through their clog 3x and everyone just about has it! On the third time the band was absolutely perfect. Yahoo!

So far some of the best time spent has been on the balcony. I love sitting out there, hopefully catching a breeze and listening to the band play (the only thing that could make this balcony experience more enjoyable would be somebody bringing me ice-cold water with lemon and feeding me grapes. Keep on dreaming!

Sweat.

Board the teeny-weeny busses and head off to the stage. Hallelujah for air conditioning!

Sweat.

After practice we came and ate. Then dress rehearsal, well it could have been wonderful, but as we were stuck outside all we really did was sweat! (however, some people - Mark and Tara - did take Ed's advice and sneaked in the back way--what happened to the rest of you guys?)

Ed came to the rescue of the group with a "What are you doing out here?" Well Ed, who knows? Sweating? Yes!

The dress rehearsal went well--luckily we are able to see the groups in our block--and they were interesting. I wish we could watch everyone's numbers.

We're sweating.

Back out into the wonderful muggy air--yes, be thankful for sweat glands! Sweat.

During free time Kristen and Heather experienced Turkish (Georgian) dancing. They were WONDERFUL! Maybe if one of the Turks gets hurt Heather could step in! Our guys were also able to do some great dancing with them.

Then there is the Italian jam session with American songs led by our fearless bass man Geoff! They know the words to all those older songs better than we do (even Oh, Susanna)!

We finally met our neighbors from Gabon. Rich opened up conversation with them and soon we were shaking our booties right along with them.

Almost everyone had a chance to try on the bells or wheat "bustles" and show what they could do. Gary Larsen taught them some clogging--everyone learns something new.

As 9 p.m. approached the ladies did their best to "freshen up" and do Cougarette hair while the men donned the ever cool oh-so-comfortable long johns. Everyone reached into their deepest darkest corners and found primary songs to blast all the way to the stage. Upon arriving we employed "Down by the banks of the hanky panky" to occupy our spare time. Chris and Caprice won--for as Chris put it, "We hanky panky better than anyone else!" Wa hoo!

Our dance sped by so quickly it was probably only a minute and a half. None of this take-the-whole-day thing for us!

After performing we didn't get enough, so the cloggers (Gary, Kyley, Kourtney and Rebecca) showed off for Mackinaw then helped them with their duets. There was also disco dancing till 2 a.m. As Margaret puts it, "You have to party all night and sleep all day at festivals!"

Well, Marg--I hope we can keep this up--We'll see what happens when the second half of tour kicks in!

Friday, July 7 Ken Richardson

Today began with an early (too early) 7:30 a.m. devotional out on the balcony. Everyone came out in their PJ's and blankets and generally looking very dead. Afterwards everyone slumped back in bed and basically stayed there until our next meeting at 11:00, which still seemed early to some.

We went straight from our 11:00 meeting to an 11:30 rehearsal with the Slovaks to go over "Que est difficil le de me" (or something like that) which we will sing with them in a joint performance on Monday. Only problem was that they didn't show! (Went shopping instead!) We impressed the guides with how well we knew the song, especially since the words are so hard!

Our first real activity of the day was the "Jeux De La XIVieme," the 14th Festival Games, which took place out on the schoolyard. We were divided between three of the twenty or so groups (orange, black and lavender), along with some Turks, Spaniards, Canadians, and other countries who were in the groups with us. At the start of the games there was a short ceremony involving the directors of all of the groups, so Ed (decked

out in his swimsuit and a T-shirt) joined them on the stage. To his dismay the directors were all asked to smoke a "piece of pipe" (peace pipe) led by a contingency of the local Indian tribes. "Don't worry," the emcee said (director of Mackinaw, the host group). "It's only pure tobacco..." Anyway, Ed did a great job in a hard situation.

The games consisted of four events: "Rolling the cigar" (a person being moved on human rollers), a putting-on-and-taking-off-old-clothes and running type game, a pea-on-the-spoon-and-run type game, and a human pretzel game. It was very hot and sticky out there, so naturally when water and juice were brought out for everyone, most of the water ended up on everyone's bodies rather than in their mouths (which was fine with us). We also had a picture taken of the entire group from the top of a building.

After the "Olympics" all of us except eight couple women went to a joint rehearsal with the Hungarian group to begin learning the finale for the joint Hungarian show we will be doing. It was incredibly hot in the auditorium we were in so we all became soaked again in minutes. It was fun to dance with the Hungarians and learn some styling and new steps from them.

We were free until 9:00 p.m. after that, so sleep, sports, and shopping were the featured activities. A nice rain shower came in during dinner, wetting everything down and cooling the air substantially. Thom, Rachel, Ken, Chris, Caprice, Kyley, Dan, and Amy played some "mud volleyball," enjoying the feel of the wet ground on their feet. Thom and Kyley provided the entertainment: Thom, after taking off his shirt at the first opportunity, found a way to get every inch of his shorts dirty by some spectacular slips and falls. Kyley only had one wipeout, but it was a doozy (taking out the net pole in the process). Ouch! That had to hurt!

At 9:00 we rushed downstairs to wait for an hour to go to our show (the real opening ceremonies -- last night's was just for fun). Once arriving at the Centre Marcel-Dionne, we also waited for an hour or more and did some practicing in the parking lot, especially eight-couple clog, before being shuttled through the hallways to our positions. It was only the third time that we had gone through this ritual, but it seemed like the hundredth! After watching the Russians, Martinique, Gabon, Mexico, Slovakia, and Taiwan perform, we hit the stage with our two-minute Appalachian extravaganza, leaving the audience begging for more.

We ran off stage and eagerly began to go to the park, but as we began, we were informed that we could not go earlier than the other groups (we were wanting to watch the groups we hadn't seen perform yet), we waited as all of the other groups in our segment lined up in front of us, parade fashion, and we followed them to the park where our next performance was.

Once again our wait was a long one as we sat through the "overture Officielle" at Le Grande Place and tried to feel honored that we were performing last. Finally, at nearly midnight, we performed Monroe's Hornpipe and our clog tag to an audience that was still quite large. We then stayed to watch the Italian Sbandaratori Flags and the rest of the closing, not arriving home until 1:00 a.m.

At home (the school) we were discouraged but not surprised that there was no food left from what had been set out for returning dancers. our first thought was pizza, and money began flying everywhere in the men's bedroom as hunger promoted generosity. \$130 Canadian dollars later, Gary Larsen ordered 12 large pizzas which were enjoyed at 2:30 out on the balcony, sneaked up under a banana yellow bed sheet. Yes, truly, after the afflictions come the blessings.

Other notable events today:

Formation of the "grumpy corner" in the men's bedroom. First proposal, let the girls come in between our bunk beds for devotional so we can stay in bed! (They are always in here anyway). The powers that be responded by moving the devotional to 8:00 a.m. which shows the power of grumpiness.

We all got new festival bags after the Olympics. This will provide us with yet another item to get mixed up with whose is whose. Oh, boy!

Chris and Caprice were the winners of our hanky-panky game, prompting Chris to give the quote of the day: "Well, that just shows you that we are experts at hanky panky."

Had our first jam session with our neighbors from Gabon. Everybody enjoyed putting dead bushes on their backs and "shaking their booties."

Saturday, July 8
Kristen Washburn

We started our Saturday out with a 12-pizza meal at 2:30 or 3:00 in the morning on the guys' balcony. Gary and those who ordered it not only had a tough time communicating with the people who they were ordering from, but also had to do their best to sneak all 12 up to our floor with the help of a friendly security guy. We then had to wake up bright and early for devotional and 10 couple had to go to a practice with the Hungarian group. Later on in the afternoon we all went and did a performance at the Marcel-Dione Arena Stage. After the performance when everyone else was relaxing, Geoff, Jared, Jed, Lane, Britney, and I were hard at working filming an excellent western titled, "The Long Arm of the Law." I highly recommend it. There is talk of a sequel that may be coming out soon which would include actor Jon Wood starring as the horse who walks into the bar who has the infamous long face. In the evening we all participated in the parade which seemed to be endless. There were about 65,000 to 70,000 people reported to be there lined along the streets. We were all so very grateful that Ed would have us do the Tom and Jerry's part of the Appalachian at least 15 times. Wow, I love that song now! The dancers did a good job of concealing the pain they were in by the end of the parade. In order to rub out all the sore muscles, there was a long chain of foot massaging down the hall afterward and then Lane was kind enough to entertain us with his silly nylon-pull trick. It's strange how an old nylon from the trash and Lane's face can make such a hysterical combination. It was a great end to a good day.

Sunday, July 9
Tiffany Smith

We woke up quite early
So church we could visit,
As all of us questioned,
"It's not in French, is it?"

Lucky for us
Translation was used.
Most of us listened,
But some people snoozed.

And then the time came
To attend Sunday School,
But Lane and Heather went to Primary
To learn the golden rule.

While most of us enjoyed
The spirit of church,
A piece of the group
Had a quite different perch.

To mass they did go
For the Etats-Unis (eh-tah zoo-knee)
With a Southern Costume put
On Rich and Britney.

Britney was asked
If she was a bride.
"In this yellow dress?
Never!" She cried.

Mass was not like
The church we attend
With stand up, sit down
And applause at the end.

We met back at the school
So that lunch we could eat,
Hamburgers with Gravy
And apple pie--what a treat!

After our meal
We had a short meeting
As we all gathered onto
The balcony seating.

Then nap time for many
Was next on the list,
But we all slept too late--
The bus we almost missed!

The first thing we did
Was dance at the square,
Singing and Waltz Round
In Southern dresses and hair.

Then off to the Park
Three shows we'd do there.
It was hard to keep track
Of which dance should go where.

The first twenty minutes
Went Pioneer, Southern,
Fire, Teton and Hoedown
Was the order of the other'n.

The last little show
Had Appalachian, Monroe's
And ended up with clog tag
Us tappin' our toes.

Between each performance
Was a short animation
Where the audience comes
For participation.

Dinner was brought
To the park for our eating,
So we all ate back stage
At picnic table seating.

A few of us watched
The Slovaks dance.
They were so good
We were all in a trance.

At 9 was to start
A great big fiesta,
But they thought it would rain,
So we took a siesta.

But the rain stayed away
And the show must go on,
So Country Western night started
With our band and Teton.

Just after Hoedown
The Mexican's came,
Then Steph and Caprice
Learned to lasso and tame.

The best part of all
Was we all sat on stage
So we could watch others
To cheer on and rage.

The Argentine dancers
Were next in the show.
Malambo was done
By all the gauchos.

As they were seated
Our men traded places
To be by the women
With Argentine faces.

Lane once again
kept us all entertained.
As he traded places
His hat he exchanged.

Mackinaw followed
With their version of Hoedown.
Then we finished the set--
Now time for a showdown.

A competition was held
Of footworking style,
Gauchos, cloggers and Mexicans
Showed off for a while.

Then came a moment
Surprising us all
When right there on stage
They gave alcohol.

Winston was strong
And turned the brew down.
The emcee was startled
But never did frown.

Later on in the show
We all did the wave--
The crowd at the park
And around the whole stage.

The fun just continued
As happy birthday was sung
To the Argentine director
At the top of our lungs.

With help from some cloggers
The cake was divided
And passed to the dancers--
We were delighted!

One of the last
Hip-hooray's of the show
Was watching our band
Play along with Mexico.

We had a great time
And we all made new friends.
None of us wanted
The party to end.

But we all had to leave--
Something mysterious was coming.
The phantom was back!
And looking quite stunning.

All of us ended
This day with success,
And said to each other,
"Tour is the best!"

Monday, July 10th
Gary Larsen

8:00 a.m. devotionals have still not gotten any easier. But it was somewhat comforting to know that I was not alone, at least by the way everyone looked at the meeting. We did, however, have the morning free, which was a very welcome sight to many. Tiffany, Robert and Mark had planned a Malambo practice with the Argentines, but nobody showed up so we all went back to bed.

We had another hot, filling lunch after our usual 11:00 meeting. After lunch we got dressed and down to the busses which took us to the Park/Courtyard where we sang "Back Up and Push" in an attempt to lure people down into the park to watch our show. It must have worked because we had a big crowd for a great show, although it was very hot and sunny.

After our show we returned home for a couple of hours. We were all entertained on the Balcony by Lane and Geoff and their great musical talents singing rare Sesame Street songs. At 5 we met at the "Centre Culturel" theater for our song practice (with Slovakiens) and blocking. We returned to the school for dinner and costumes only to promptly return to the theater where we would do our show with the Slovakiens. We went second in both halves and were very much impressed with the Slovaks' show. They were extremely professional and precise with all their dancing and were great performers.

Earlier in the day Ed had talked to us about our show and what we needed to accomplish. Thus far in the Festival the Slovaks had remained very distant to our group and did not seem as friendly. Our goal was to befriend them and let them feel of our spirits. Well, needless to say, by the end when the curtain fell and house lights came up, there were the beginnings of an instant bond. We began to teach them many country swing moves and likewise they taught us many moves of their own. After 20 or so minutes, many many pictures and hugs, it was time to pack up and return, mission accomplished!

Afterwards, we learned that one girl who was quite fascinated with clogging and who had quickly picked up several steps (with the help of Heather's magical tap shoes) was for the most part deaf. After many tears and laughs (mostly laughs, partly because Tiff and Lane decided to take a roll during Southern Gallop; their attempt to return into the lineup was very entertaining) we made some great friends and memories that will not soon die.

Tuesday, July 11
Rachel Tolman

The day began with everyone coming to grips with the morning by getting up for devotional at 8:00 a.m. Then the majority of the group climbed back into bed to finish recuperating from the party and dancing the night before.

The day continued by having a performance at the arena. WE had the chance to see some of the other countries dance while we waited our turn. They received a standing ovation.

Later that evening we performed at the LeGrande Place. Everyone in the crowd was excited to see us. The performance went off without a hitch.

When we came back to the school, the party animals headed down for a Latin Party. Yeah!

Wednesday, July 1
Jared Pedersen

FREE DAY! We got on the luxury bus at 9:00 a.m., and it was funny to watch everyone's automatic response to the bus: sleep. Our trusty co-guide Marcel came along and acted as our tour guide. Before we got to Quebec City, we stopped at the Parc de la Chut-Montmorency (i.e., big waterfall). There were many, many, many stairs to get to the top of the falls. A few hardy folk dancers achieved this fete. Most of us just climbed a few stairs and took pictures there.

We ate lunch at a picnic area near the falls. We had the delicious cheese sandwiches provided by the festival.

When we got to Quebec City, we all got off the bus (in our white polos and putty pants) and took a group picture. Then we split up until 5. It's a beautiful city. There were lots of shops and cafes and street performers. Winston and Debbie reenacted the "as you wish" segment of *The Princess Bride* and added some color to their white and putty ensembles. Did they ever get those grass stains out? Jon Wood and Britney made a diet Pepsi commercial. I didn't see it, but I heard it had something to do with Jon falling off a cliff.

When we met back on the bus, we all showed each other what we bought, and then sleep set in again.

We ate dinner as soon as we got back. It was pseudo-Christmas! There was a HUGE Christmas cake in the cafeteria and free 1995 calendars for everyone. Rich pushed Heather's face into the cake. Later that night Heather and Kathryn stole Rich's suitcase and returned it full of girls' dirty putty pants. The next day Rich and company stole Heather's bed--we're talking the whole bed, not just the sheets and pillow.

Santa Claus showed up at the disco at midnight with presents for all the groups. He drew a name from each group. From our group he chose Klayne Palmer. He's not even on tour! So Lane went up and sat on Santa's lap and told him he wanted a house and a sports car and a girlfriend, etc. Anyway, we all got Canadian spoons, Canadian flags, and Quebec pins. Es todo.

Thursday, July 13
Rebecca Horton

Today most of us woke up to the usual 8:00 wake up call for devotional. Britney, on the other hand, decided to get a head start on the day by showering at 7:30. All was going well for her as she marched down three flights of stairs in her coveted red shower shoes. When she reached the showers, a Latino woman asked Britney to help her turn on her shower (at least that is what Britney gathered because she speaks French, not Spanish.) As Britney was trying to figure out the shower the woman left and returned naked, ready to hop under the water except for something was stuck in her hair. The woman gestured for Britney to help with her hair. Looking straight ahead Britney removed the strange object. Well done, Britney!

After 8:00 devotional, breakfast, showers, 10 couple and 8 couple men met with the Hungarians to practice. Unfortunately the Mackinaw group was unable to come, so many were left without partners. Instead of the regular 2 groups, we condensed it to one. No one knew exactly where to go. Although we didn't practice in our regular positions, the practice helped us remember styling and sequence.

After practice we all got ready for our 12:00 show in the park. The show went well, even though we were all tired and hot.

At 2:00 we were in charge of a one-hour animation. Stephanie and Becki did a great job organizing and teaching.

After we returned home, Rachel went to the infirmary to check a strange growth on her foot. Before she left Britney let her wear the coveted red shower shoes. At the infirmary Rachel found out she had athlete's foot from the women's showers. Britney graciously gave Rachel her coveted red shower shoes.

For the rest of the day we were basically free. The band had a performance in the Cafe de Tradition. They were wonderful. A standing ovation was followed by an encore song. Good job, band!

At 11:00 we danced and sang with the Macedonians. Everyone had a good time.

Friday, July 14
Becki Brimhall

Happy birthday to Erika! Happy birthday to Winston! Happy birthday to Erika and Winston. Happy birthday to you! Today started out like any other day, except that today was a special day as we celebrated the births of two of our team members. We hope their day was great and we want them to know how much we love them and appreciate the important part they play in the success of our tour.

Devotional was held at 7:00 this morning—not a very popular hour after having danced the night away at the disco!! But Kathryn made it well worth our while as she discussed the importance of giving and taking and doing our part to pull our own weight. Afterwards, the 8 couple girls got to go back to bed, as 10 couple prepared for an 8:30 Hungarian rehearsal with Hungary, Mackinaw, and another Canadian group in preparation for our Hungarian Soiree.

Rehearsal was fun, I suppose. At least it would have been, had it not been so hot and humid. Good thing we were getting used to the humidity by then, so we survived. Actually, when you stop to think about it, it was actually exciting to be able to share with other groups in another's culture. Through Hungarian song and dance, hearts were knit tighter together.

FREE TIME - people did whatever it is they do during free time: read, SLEEP, biking, SLEEP, writing in journals, SLEEP, SLEEP, and SLEEP some more. It seems we never get enough of that at festival. We had our meeting as usual at 11:30 and then we went to lunch (we probably had some meat pie with potatoes or something).

We had a really fun mall performance that afternoon, even though everyone was dead asleep in the dressing room just seconds before. As soon as we got on stage, personality and life were renewed and we were ready to give to our audience. A happy surprise was the arrival of the Jex's. Yea for Kyley and Kourtney!!

Free time once again afterwards, so some roamed the mall for a while and others stayed and slept in the dressing room. The rest of the afternoon was free, again to SLEEP, read, etc., until about 5:15 when we all gathered together in the cafeteria to celebrate Erika's 20th and Winston's 23rd yummy birthday cake that the festival provided for us!

We had an 8:00 p.m. show scheduled, but while we were preparing for our show, after more free time (SLEEP), a raging thunderstorm swept in, causing all the shows before 9:00 to be cancelled. So guess what that meant--more free time!! Some played ping-pong, others played cards, some ate pizza and others lounged around watching "Home Alone II." Ed had set an 11:30 curfew which was observed by few, but for the most part, people were in bed earlier than usual. We all needed it, that's for sure. So, once again another day was done, bringing us closer to the time when we would have to say goodbye--something I think no one was really looking forward to. We had been having too much fun with all of our beautiful new friends.

Saturday, July 15
Thomas Sutton

The day blossomed at the hottest and most humid day of the year--the type of day where much gratitude is given for air conditioning. And, where were most of the dancers? At the park practicing the finale. Through his sweat, Thomas was able to leave a spot on the bench from his T-shirt in which every word could be read.

After that practice, the day was free. Gary spent the whole day sleeping on the balcony, oblivious to the killer Uno game taking place. He didn't even notice the comment "The Mass Stirred" (sound it out slurring the S's) made by Tara when he rolled over. Other activities in the afternoon included mall shopping, roller blading, jogging and reading. It was a relaxing afternoon which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

That afternoon the band gave a marvelous performance. Once Ed raced in with the tape of Dunamenti that he forgot, we took to the stage—only two numbers late. Dunamenti enjoyed a wonderful applause. After several Canadian groups and the incredible Hungarians performed their respective numbers, Mekhereki came on stage. What a show, even though nervous tension was at a peak. It was a wonderful show. Lane was even able to sing the whole song during the finale. After a short stumble by John, Chris met the stage close up on his bum during the same finale.

It was an incredible evening topped off with fireworks. Tara got to see her "fishtail" fireworks, Lane his "sparklers," and the rest of us just oohed and aahed. A thrill ran through you as you watched the fireworks so close up. It was so exciting.

Sunday, July 16

We left for the Marcel Dion Center around 8:30 this morning for a "spiritual celebration." Every group participated by performing some spiritual music or dance number. We sang "Go Ye Now in Peace" and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

After lunch we were all spiritually fed by attending a nice sacrament meeting. Thoughts, testimonies, experiences, and feelings were shared and the spirit was strong. And the a capella hymns were, as usual, beautiful.

A much needed marathon power nap was then enjoyed by most of us.

Our last evening here was busy, but very nice. We performed at the Marcel Dion Center and then at the Park. Both performances went well, but the best part of the evening was afterward. All participants in the festival were given a candle and we walked out on the stage area together for the last time. Music was playing and fireworks were going off. Although it was a little bit sad to know the festival was ending, it was a very nice way to finish things off. Everyone felt the love and friendships that had developed since the festival began. After lots of hugs, and some tears too, we left for our home, the school.

I don't think anyone planned on getting to bed before 3:00 a.m. We all had goodbyes to say and things to pack. Most people were in bed by about 3:30.

Monday, July 17

Monday started very early for most people in the group. The Slovakian group left at 1:00 a.m., and many of the team stayed to see them off. Not long after, we packed up all the gear and loaded the equipment truck for our 8:00 or 9:00 a.m. departure.

In the morning it took much longer to leave than planned. It was very difficult to say goodbye to so many of our new friends. The Macedonian and Russian groups were both leaving at about the same time as we were, so we stood out there in the drizzling rain taking pictures and saying goodbye. As the Macedonians were leaving we sang "God Be With You" to them,. It was beautiful. I could tell that they were touched by the spirit that we helped to convey. The feeling was very strong. After we finished, they started singing "Makedonsko" to us, and we joined in with them.

We also sang the same song to the Russians after the Macedonians had left.

The drive to Montreal was uneventful, as most people lacking sleep from the night before simply slept. In Montreal we were set loose in the afternoon, restrained only by the \$5 for lunch and a 2 1/2 hour leash. We went playing through the city on the metro (underground subway with rubber tires) taking in as many sights as we could. It's such a beautiful and large city that we really needed a full day to do any serious sight seeing.

The show that evening was in the French Stake Center (there is also an English stake in the city) with a great portable stage. The stake center was exceptionally beautiful as LDS meeting houses go, and we danced for around 700 people. The crowd was a little quiet during the American half of the show but really came alive during the second (international) half. They were a roaring and very appreciative crowd. As I talked to some people following the show, they were most impressed with our international dances but also enjoyed the singing in the American section.

Tuesday, July 18 Jenn Wood

With our team being, for the most part, a positive, motivated and happy people, Tuesday, July 18th was a definite day from sun up to sun down that sought to challenge, irritate, and even reverse our normal "friendly attitude tour personality" and "ruby red lipstick perma-grin smiles!" This was a day when a negative person may have been heard saying "nothing went right this entire day," or better, a positive person probably was heard saying, "nothing went right this entire day...did that sentence make sense--I'm sorry, I'm just delirious from the heat, the bus, and most of all, the Polka music!"

The day started off normal for most people, meeting the bus at 8:00 a.m. at the stake center. Tiff and Becki were the lucky exceptions whose host family thought it wise to leave the house at 6:00 a.m. as to avoid the possible potential for delays caused by construction and traffic. Good thing there were no delays and they were not one second late. In fact, they were an hour early arriving at the stake center at 7:00 a.m. Yeah for punctuality!

We all boarded the bus ready for fun and excitement galore, which was slightly interrupted when we found out the air conditioning on the bus was broken. Not a problem we all thought as we drove into Montreal to get it fixed. After a one-hour delay, it was confirmed that the air conditioning would have to remain broken for the day. I guess every other bus and mechanic in all of Montreal was already in use that day, so we set off for an adventure on a bus that would eventually be called, by my surrounding seat partners, "the raging inferno," "the death machine," and my favorite by Lane, "the iron lung."

Hour one: The ride is going OK. Many people on the bus are sleeping, but the long-sleeved shirts in July are quickly starting to get rolled up.

Hour two: No one is sleeping now and the bus is getting progressively hotter. It is a bright, clear and sunny day with enough humidity in the air to make Rachel and Caprice have curly hair! The talking is getting louder now as the bus driver just popped in his own "greatest hits" (polka/organ/accordion/??? music). I wish I could explain in words the look on everyone's faces.

Hour three: Polka music is still going. To pass the time, I decided to start taking a bus survey of how people are feeling. I asked some people if two words could sum up their emotions right at the moment they would be:

"Air Conditioning"	by Jared
"Oven 350 degrees"	by Diane
"Therapy"	by Tiff

and Geoff just looked at me with a sweating face and tired eyes and answered with, "Um...ummmm."

Hour four: Utter chaos in the bus at this stage. No one can hold still, and the boys look like giant monkeys swinging from the ceiling as they try to stick their heads out of the vents on the bus. A quick comment by Lane addresses the feelings of many: "I feel like I just did Bulgarian eight times even though I never left my seat."

Heather adds the simple yet profound analogy of feeling like she just rolled on the floor of the dollar movie theater.

The polka music has finally stopped, for the time being, and Rich, being the "lifter" of the group adds a positive comment that he would rather be hot any day than listen to more polka music. Ken and Kathryn sitting next to Rich in the back are dripping with sweat and when I asked for Kathryn's feelings, she simply replied, "It's damn hot!"

The next two hours were a blur of heat, noise, and the smell of festering ham sandwiches marinating in warm Miracle Whip. The out-of-control laughter from Britney and Lane added to the rising and hilarious pandemonium of the trip. Coming into New York we were able to drive through the area of 1000 islands. It was the most beautiful water I had ever seen. More than one of us wanted to risk the jump from the moving bus to dive in.

We finally got to our performance site. It was the Lady of Mercy Catholic School. The stage was fairly small, and we quickly learned this school also stuck to the tradition of building without a complicated ventilation system, i.e., no air conditioning! The tech crew also faced a major dilemma as there were no headsets for communication during the performance. Despite all the difficulties of the day and site, however, we all pulled together and had a great show that the audience loved!

The stage strike and packing went as usual, and at the end of the night we all collapsed on the stage and waited as names are read and we are sent home to begin a new set of adventures and get ready to start another GREAT day on summer tour 1995.

Wednesday, July 19
Kyley Jex

1. Early in the summer of 1995, and being the second week since the folk tour began, I shall relate this history for July 19. Some time in the second week after our removal from Rochester there was an unusual excitement on the bus because of air conditioning and video machines. Indeed, the whole bus was affected by it, which created no small stir. Some were contending for quiet time and some for polka music.

2. Notwithstanding the great love which the dancers had for sleep, we did load the bus and headed for the village of Palmyra, Martin Harris farm, Canal Street, Joseph Smith home. During this time of great excitement my mind was called up to serious reflection as we visited Hill Cumorah and imagined the events of centuries past.

3. Our minds at times were greatly excited as the Sacred Grove opened to our view. Many walked alone, some with another, reflecting upon the glorious event which changed us all. Never had any passage of forestry come with more power to the heart of our group than this did at this time to ours. At length we came to the conclusion that Fred, the bus driver, would be expecting us if we remained, so we ventured past the lawn mowers which many of the girls looked upon with great excitement. Coming out of the grove I even thought I heard a girl say to her father, "Daddy, I don't see Jesus anywhere."

4. At length we came to the school that we would perform in for the people of Buffalo. We were filled with buffalo wings, pizza and camel wick (roast beef on a salted bun). All of our spirits were high when our school meeting turned out to be a mid-day talk show. We are all thankful that no tragic incidents occurred.

5. After we retired to the place behind the stage where we had previously laid our costumes, we began our international showcase. The show went on with no complications, although many times dancers found themselves with different partners. We had scarcely started our Mexican Suite when immediately Gary Palmer was seized by some power which made him launch the confetti into the faces of several dancers. It no sooner appeared than the dance was over and the confetti lay scattered on the stage, leaving a kaleidoscope of music and color. One moment which shall be remembered as an application of a Book of Mormon principle of how things become slippery happened when Jared kept dropping his drum stick during Irish. And it came to pass...

Thursday, July 20

First stop, Niagara Falls. After taking a few pictures of the American Falls and the Horseshoe Falls in Canada, we all descended to the river's edge. Each of us received our lightweight see-through ponchos with the built-in barf bag (only useful if you wear the poncho backward).

We boarded the ship and joined the already formed sea of blue ponchos. The Maid of the Mist started its journey towards the American Falls for a few brief pictures. We then headed deep into the mysterious mist of the Horseshoe Falls. The mist began to envelope the ship and for a brief moment were completely hidden from the eyes from up above. For a brief period of time we were dancers in the mist. The whole experience was such a high for most of us. With shoes soaked and poncho in hand, we bid farewell to the Maid of the Mist.

We continued our journey on to Toronto. We performed at a high school, without air conditioning (this is beginning to become a tradition).

Except for John Allen's Mexican pants bursting at the seams on his derriere, the show went quite well. After the show, we broke a record in striking the set. Everything was taken down and packed in under one hour. We met our host families and thus ended another day in the life of a folk dancer.

Friday, July 21

"Is it Friday already?" became the phrase of the day. Time has really flown since we left the festival (which we all miss terribly). The day started with a cool breeze, shining sun, and half opened eyes, you know, the usual. As the bus pulled away from the stake center, it was announced that the first hour would be "quiet" hour. This lasted all of about two minutes as Britney's laugh #3 penetrated the air. Then Jon got up to announce the Tiger and the Flake of the day. The Tiger award went to Geoff for coming in at the right time during Appalachian. This feat brought yells from all of 8-couple during the dance. Even the audience seemed to sense Geoff's accomplishment and joined in the yelling and clapping. The Flake of the day went to Gary Fillmore. As you know, sometimes host families don't have enough beds for everyone, and thus we must share. Well, Rich and Gary had to share a bed. Since having had to share a bed on mid-semester, Rich and Gary had an unspoken law that each one would hang a leg over the outside of the bed so as not to roll over on each other. Well, all was well until about halfway through the night when Rich awoke because Gary had

grabbed on to the back of his shorts and was yanking them up. Gary claimed that he was having a dream and thought he was trying to lift a costume bag that wouldn't move. What a flake!

We stopped for 22 minutes at the Toronto Temple and took pictures and enjoyed the beautiful gardens. When a great place! Somehow the beauty of a temple surpasses anything on this earth.

We stopped at the border and those who had any Canadian money exchanged it or spent it. Most spent it! Then we headed for Erie. Lane regaled us with another episode of *As the Wagon Wheel Turns*. We can hardly wait to hear what happens next. Another highlight of the day was our stop at K-Mart who had to have a blue light special on pillows because the team all needed them. When we arrived at the Intermediate School where we were to perform, we found the stage in almost complete chaos. There were chairs, musical instruments, among other articles strewn across the stage. It took us an hour and a half to move chairs, sweep and clean. It looked like a whole new stage by the time we were done. Everyone pitched in to help, even Ed, who mopped the floor. We were all in awe.

The show was relatively uneventful except for an attempt by Kathryn to see just how hard the floor really was -- by using her head. Strike is going faster and faster and we have decided to go on tour with the Grateful Dead because we are getting so good. Other news includes Becki Brimhall's announcement that she will be serving a second mission, hoping to find that special someone. It was another great day!

Saturday, July 22

Once again we met at the church at 8:00 a.m. We were headed to Pittsburgh but we're taking a detour through the mountains and training camp of the Tamburitzens. We got off the bus to the words of Ed asking us to not look like we got off a bus. We were in time to watch the taping of a new Hungarian Dance they had learned two days before. They were great. We changed (the girls in the guys locker room - oops!) into clog and Appalachian to impress with our American Dance. They definitely went over well. We received the best compliment from one of the dancers who was just making an observation. She noticed that we were so happy, that there was something about each of us. It is wonderful to know that the spirit can shine through us. We got to mingle with the Tamburitzens over lunch (we should have lunch catered every day). We sang *Sto Mi E Milo* and the men performed *Mehkereki Tapsos*. It was neat to see another group doing the same things we do.

Social Committee began their daily ritual on the bus. Sister Palmer was named Tony of the Day because of her successful firing of the Mexican confetti cannons the night before and lead us in the Tony song. Both Mindy and Ed were named the flakes. Mindy did a wonderful job vacuuming the side stage the night before without realizing the hose was not connected. And Ed watched Stephanie and Lane be late to Southern because of his question, "What would you do if you were late to Southern?" We reinstated the compliment bag, made "meatloaf surprise" the secret pal word of the day, and continued the Steed family saga in "*As the Wagon Wheel Turns*."

Ed was in one of his moods, so the bus ride got interesting. From joke telling to rumor telling we were all amused. Ed came up with the best traveling game--"Let's all hold our breath through the tunnel." Robert and Lane were our co-champions. Brother Palmer got into the action with a tongue twister that shall ever be repeated with the correct voice inflections. The best thing about being in the front of the bus was

watching Ed and Dr. Palmer try to read the map and figure out why we missed our exit. But no problems...they got us there with time to spare. Since we were on a stage with no curtains, lights, anything...we got to work.

Dinner and mail call was a welcomed event. And the free 30 minutes were wonderful. We performed at the Sailor and Soldier's Museum. It was a beautiful building. Set up back stage in the hall, loving life because we had fans, we began our show. A little more cautious than normal on the front of the stage, our show was fall-free!!!

Good show, good day, so we headed for a weekend in Pittsburgh.

Sunday, July 23

"And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because in it he had rested from all his work..."

Blessed, blessed Sabbath morning! We definitely needed a day of rest, and most of us got it! Today we all met for church at the same ward in the Pittsburgh suburbs; not having descended directly from a however-long bus ride, we looked beautiful. It's always nice to come back together again, even though we'd been separated for probably a grand total of nine hours. We sang in sacrament meeting (without knowing exactly what to sing until Amy gave us the note two seconds before), then attended the other meetings and went home with our host families. Some did stay at the ward house for the baptism of the stake president's son; others went home and simply crashed for three hours until the six o'clock cast call for the fireside that night at the chapel. We all met in the Relief Society room for warm-ups, substituting the Pioneer Heritage Medley for the primary song suite in honor of Pioneer Day. (Thanks band--it was great!) The fireside itself was wonderful; the speakers were Aaron, Erika, Becki, and Robert, and Rachel read the scripture. The spirit was incredibly strong; my host mom complained that why bother wearing makeup to these things because she cried it all off anyway! Sundays are always such a wonderful break--this was no exception.

Monday, July 24

Yeah! Pioneer Day and we are spending it in Kirtland, Ohio. After another long bus ride, we arrived at the Kirtland Visitor's Center late morning. Some people ran to the bathroom, while others gathered pamphlet after pamphlet about Kirtland. After visiting there, we walked across the street to the Whitney store. Pictures were taken, minds were reflecting, and the spirit was felt by us as we pondered upon the past events taken place there. The room, School of the Prophets, was quite a memorable event for many. The power of what occurred there was felt by all. Shortly after we went to Ponderosa--yum, yum--where we downed large consumptions of food, some more than others.

Around 2:00 we went to the Kirtland Temple. Later that night we performed our American Show for the Kirtland Stake. It was nice to be able to reflect upon our pioneer heritage and sing our medley "Come, Come Ye Saints." Lane, in particular, performed an incredible saunter in tee-tawn.

Host families finally took us home, fed us, and tucked us in. And that puts our end on yet another Pioneer Day.

Tuesday, July 25
Kathryn Maxfield

Tuesday began bright and early at 8:00 a.m. with the usual ritualistic bus ride. Morning naps were interrupted by a rest stop and lunch on the road in order to arrive in Illinois. A traffic jam changed the usual two to three hour commute into a 4 1/2 hour trek. Finally we arrived at the Macombe College Auditorium--what a sight! It was gorgeous! practically no tech, it was done by the theater's crew. A quick hour blocking rehearsal in blacks, and then mandatory nap and hour relaxation. Ed put us all to sleep as we lay in the dark--our peace was interrupted by snoring and a loud shriek from the smallest girl on the team...Sarah Lee!

The nap ended with 15 minutes of power aerobics and turkey subs for dinner. A new experience for tour...turkey sandwiches and salad!

The show went great everyone except for Becki Brimhall. It all started in Mexican when I turned the wrong way for the second night in a row. Now this blunder wasn't half as bad as some, but it definitely set the stage for a disastrous second half, especially the finale number, Hopak. I always have to frantically change from Korean into Ukrainian so I can be on time to help change Diane. I began to be flustered when the drawstring on my plahtah broke, and I had to search high and low for a safety pin, causing me to be late to help change Diane. Meanwhile, Kristen notices that my headpiece is askew and my big red bow is untied. So we yanked on my headpiece to straighten it out, sufficiently moving the bobby pins just enough to make the whole headpiece loose. So I get on stage, do my solo turns and realize that my headpiece is falling off, and if I don't go off to stage to fix it, there is no way it will ever stay in place. Much to my dismay, however, the headpiece wasn't fastened securely enough, because on the threesome turns I do with Butters and Kathryn, my headpiece instantly metamorphosed into a lei. I wasn't sure if I should continue the turns or break out into a Hawaiian hula! Completely flustered by this time, and losing every wit about me, I ended Hopak in a very violent manner. Seemingly incoherent, I gave my partner for the final holubchuck turns a hearty left hook in the jaw. We're still negotiating my payment for his reconstructive jaw surgery!

It was a great change to perform in a cool theater--it's interesting how we appreciate the luxury of a great facility after performing in stake centers and schools. Tour has been the greatest experience thanks to all of you. Thank you for making it the best. I love you all!

Wednesday, July 26

- 9:00 a.m. Group meets at the stake center in Detroit. After everyone was on the bus in their seats, the local stake president said a few words to us. He became very emotional as he thanked us for our program and informed us that there were many new members, investigators, civic leaders, and other prominent people in the city in attendance. Some of the new members live in the inner city and have never had a cultural experience in their lives before last night.
- 9:30 a.m. On the road to Lansing. As usual, all the TR couples were sitting in the back of the bus and all the wanna-be's were in the front wishing they were in the back with the dancer of their dreams.
- 12:30 p.m. Arrive in Lansing. We visit a nature museum where very little animal life was seen. I did see two frogs, but not much else. Most of us used the time to just stroll in the forest with a friend or two and relax.
- 2:15 p.m. Arrive at Osemos High School. The school was brand new and had beautiful facilities for us, including the ever-wanted air conditioning. Did the usual thing with tech and costumes. Dressed in black and polished a few things.
- 5:00 p.m. Dinner at the stake center. We enjoyed the best dinner yet on tour, consisting of chicken breasts, baked in cream of mushroom and cream of chicken soups and stuffing mix, served with rice, beans, bread and salad. Dessert of ice cream and cookies.
- 7:00 p.m. Devotional. Ed reads 2 Nephi 31:20, 21. Rich Marstella gives thought that we are like angels to the people. Tiffany Smith prayed.
- 7:30 p.m. Show. Polishing paid off as we danced well tonight in front of a receptive audience. No major bloopers to be reported.
- 10:45 p.m. Finish striking the set. Get assigned to host families.

Things of interest:

Kyley Jex awarded the Flake Award for going on for Hopak without his sash. Instead he tied a Russian shirt around his waist.

Becki Brimhall also given the Flake Award for wearing her headpiece around her neck instead of on her head during her solo.

Scott Rands given the Tony Award for doing a faithful job loading and unloading the truck every day.

Gary Larsen with "pink eye" while others recover from 24-hour flu.

Thursday, July 27

This morning we met at the stake center at 9:00 a.m. to depart for Kalamazoo. We stopped at a Speedway gas station so everyone could get goodies for the trip. Most of the group settled for a Coke, but Scott Rands found the ultimate treat. He bought a battery operated Batman spin pop. All it took was the push of a button and the sucker would turn in your mouth.

After everyone settled back for the ride the social committee made their presentations for the day. Paul got the "Tony the Tiger" award for saving Rapper the night before. Since there wasn't anyone to give the "flake" award to, it automatically defaulted on Ed.

We also had the first annual session of Tour Court. Ed was charged with throwing away the compliment bag. Jon Wood acted as judge. Stephanie was the prime witness, and we were the jury. Unfortunate for Ed--we had declared him guilty before the trial even started.

The performance tonight was at the Comstock Civic Auditorium. It was a beautiful building that was built only three years ago. They had their own crew, so the setup was basically done when we arrived. It left us a lot of needed rest time.

The performance went well and the audience was really receptive. There was a section of girls in the audience that screamed and yelled through the entire show. There was nothing to really strike, so we were able to go home with our host families a little earlier than usual.

Friday, July 28

Departure time: 9:00 a.m.

Port of Arrival: Chicago Heights

Particulars:

Ice cream sandwiches from the Palmer's during set up and blocking.

Not actually in the city. Outside of Chicago about 20 - 30 minutes.

Dinner at Stake Center - lasagna.

Our costume closet was retaped and resurrected.

Ed had friends at the show and the following happened:

Scott Preator had his Southern shirt untucked when he came out

Robert blacked out a tooth in clog

Some of the men wore fake mustaches for part of the show

Saturday, July 29

This was an interesting day. We were scheduled to perform at the Pabst Theater in Milwaukee. We traveled from the suburbs of Chicago through the city and were able to see the metropolitan area from the bus.

We discovered that the Pabst Theater had fallen through. Apparently they hadn't sold enough tickets to make a performance worthwhile to the theater, so they cancelled the performance. We were happy at the prospect of having an extra free day. One of the members in the Milwaukee area volunteered to let us enjoy some time at his house, which was located next to a medium-sized lake. Brother and Sister Jensen were very hospitable, taking the dancers waterskiing and boating. Several of us showed remarkable water skiing ability including Winston Elton, Jennifer Wood, Heather Butters, Gary Fillmore, Margaret Owens. Kathryn Maxfield also did well and especially enjoyed the day as it was her birthday.

The Jensens also had a diving platform which was the site of a ferocious "King of the Platform" battle. Many people including Thom Sutton and John Allen came away with huge carpet burns and claw marks all over their bodies.

After feeding us barbecued hamburgers, the Jensen's set us off tired but happy to the stake center to give a show for those who had expressed interest in seeing an impromptu, relaxed performance. Ed had originally decided to do the Drummondville American shows, but so many people wanted to see international dances that Ed added most of the international show as well. Thus, it became the longest show of tour---2 1/2 hours, though many commented it was the most fun and possibly the most inspired we had done.

All in all it was a good day, despite being near the end of tour. Everyone seemed to have smiles on their faces though they were as tired as they had ever been.

Sunday, July 30

The activity level was fairly minimal on this day, the 30th of July, 1995. It was a Sunday and as it ended up, we all spent the day with our different host families. This being the case, not much can be reported for the activities of the day varied greatly and no one came forward with any inside scoops. We did have a fireside that evening in which we all participated. The four who spoke were Stephanie Rice, Geoff Groberg, Caprice Stapley, and John Allen. now I'm not sure if those four didn't take up enough time or what, but anyway Ed got up when they were finished and called on two others--Amy Thurston and Rich Marstella, to do an oral improvisation. The flake of the day award was awarded to Jon Wood and Gary Larsen for a stunt they pulled at their host family's home later that night. To put it simply, in their pathetic effort to use the washing machine, they managed to flood the house. To their credit they did try to clean it up and did confess their transgression the next morning. The host Dad had already stepped on the wet carpet and discovered the blunder, however, but he willingly forgave. And there you have it, a smooth Sunday.

Monday, July 31

After a nice break yesterday, everyone was well rested and full of enough energy to ... once again sit on the bus! Yeah!

We left Milwaukee and headed to Elkhart, Indiana. On our way we watched Jungle Book. As we arrived through Elkhart, we drove past Notre Dame and saw the stadium and "Touchdown Jesus." As we arrived at Elco Theater, we realized it was similar to our experience in Salem--an old, small theater with changing taking place down stairs. Everyone proceeded to set up and look for the least smelly places to change while commencing the contest of counting mice. Lane, however, visited the "Wine of the Ages" exhibit in the basement rest room. Soon after we realized that our host forgot to feed us and so , much to our delight, instead of going to Ponderosa we went to Country Inn Buffet for an all-you-can-eat buffet! Yeah! We returned to the theater for an uneventful show (except for Jen running off stage with her Hungarian apron around her ankles) and went peacefully with our host families to their homes.

Oh, one must note that it was on that date that Lane Hunter, Britney Evenson and Rebecca Horton discovered the beauty of performing and writing opera about every day subjects. Masterpieces were created this night!!

Tuesday-Wednesday, August 1,2

Well, well ,well, it is now October 10th and it is quite hard to remember exactly what went on so long ago so, bear with me. I remeber spending a large amount of time roaming around a hot Amish flea market looking at a rather large display of stuff. I bought my two hairclips and sat in the shade while Kourtney picked out a blanket. the group later met in the airconditioned store that was near the bus. It was fun to see what everyone had purchased especially the wide variety of cute, little, faceless amish dolls!!!

Finally, we are heading to Midland and the beach!!!!!! Woohoo, I can barely contain myself. But, no, when we arrive at the hotel we are told that we are going to the beach that night. No Way, If I don't go now I will explode. I think Brother Palmer could sense this and we soon headed for the beach. Our five minute trip soon turned into a thirty minute adventure. Finally, a very nice gentleman lead the way and we weresoon swimming and having fun. The men built a circular pyramid in the water and topped it off with Sarah. We also enjoyed taking turns having Rich, Winston, and others hurl us through the air. Many long walks were taken by the more romantically inclined members of the group. And we basically all had a good time.

Dust off your feet before you get into the bus!!!! We loaded up and headed for the hotel and another killer all you can eat buffet.

After dinner people did their own thing. Many congregated to the pool and a lot of flirting went on within the confines of the jacuzzi!!!! And I think some good conversation went on on a deck somewhere. It was a sweet night.

Well, let me sum this up somehow. I want to say thank you to everyone for one of the best months of my life. Whenever I think back on it I can't help but smile. I will always have memories of..... Lane with a blow-up neck brace on his head, doing Taiwanese dancing in Wal-Mart, Jen and Gary stuck together like glue, laughing their heads off, weird meat pies, kristen dancing with the turkish men, and Tara and Margaret with the men form Martinique, Long talks, things pinned on the band, jared off in the wings, tiff and Lane's fall, waterskiing, Debbie and I with the singles weekend, and so on. Thank you, you all are great friends and I have never felt so comfortable!! Good luck with all you do in the future. Love, Heather.

Thursday, August 3

We left Midland at about 9:30 this morning to drive to Detroit. On the way we stopped in a German town. We spent an hour at Bronner's Christmas Store, the world's largest store devoted entirely to Christmas. That put just about everyone in the Christmas spirit--even though it was August. Then we spent another hour looking around town.

From there, we headed for the airport in Detroit. On the way we watched a video of the opening ceremonies in Drummondville. What memories!!

At the airport we checked our luggage and headed for gate benign--I mean B9. The sound of "Appalachian Checkers" echoed through the terminal. But as we prepared to leave, we learned we couldn't because of bad weather. After about 30 minutes we embarked on a bumpy ride to Cincinnati, where we had just enough time to board our flight to SLC. "Casper" was the inflight movie, and the "airphones" provided quite the entertainment.

Despite the fact that this would be the last tour for many of us, I think we were all very happy to be home.

Director's Note: *I did it!*

Sittin' on a Bus With Di

by Lane Hunter

Verse 1

*There she is
I see her every day
We're always on the same bus
Ridin' the same ol' way.*

*I wish I had the nerve
To let my feelings show,
But I'm always in the back seat
And she's in the second row.*

Still I'm...

Chorus

*Sittin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
Sittin' on a bus with Di
Sittin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
My, how my heart flies!*

*Hair like night
Skin like cream
Lips like cherry pie*

*Sittin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
Sittin' on a bus with Di.*

Verse 2

*Then one day
My heart skipped a beat
Instead of sittin' in row number two
She was sittin' in seat number three.*

*Then seat number four and row number five
And all the way to seventeen.
Finally, she was sittin' next to me
In answer to all my dreams.*

Now I'm...

Chorus

*Ridin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
Ridin' on a bus with Di
Ridin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
My, how my heart flies!*

*Hair like night
Skin like cream
Lips like cherry pie*

*Ridin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
Ridin' on a bus with Di.*

Verse 3

*My palms were wet
And my throat was dry.
I said, "Hi, I think my name is Lane." She said,
"Hi, my name is Di."*

*And when she turned to ask
Why I sat so far behind
I said, "Golly, miss, you're beautiful,
And I'm just a little shy."*

Oh, I'm...

Chorus

*Talkin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
Talkin' on a bus with Di
Talkin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
My, how my heart flies!*

*Hair like night
Skin like cream
Lips like cherry pie*

*Talkin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez
Talkin' on a bus with Di.*

Verse 4

*In any kind of weather,
In rain, or sleet, or snow,
It didn't really matter,
We had no place to go.*

*So, all around the world
On that bus we roamed.
Then one day she said, "I do."
And we bought us a motor home.*

I was...

Chorus

*Married on a bus to Di Di Rodriguez
Married on a bus to Di
Married on a bus to Di Di Rodriguez
My, how my heart flies!*

*Hair like night
Skin like cream
Lips like cherry pie*

*I'll love that girl for all my life,
And even after I die,
Even after I die,
Even after I die.*

ITINERARY

July 3 - August 3, 1994

Monday, July 3 Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
8:45 am Group departs Salt Lake City on Delta 174
10:10 am Vickie and Colleen depart Salt Lake City on Northwest 676
1:54 pm Group arrives Cincinnati
2:59 pm Group departs Cincinnati Delta 1476
4:10 pm Group arrives Detroit
5:35 pm Vickie and Colleen arrive Detroit (on Northwest 42 from Minneapolis)
Drive to Hamilton, Ontario (188 miles)
Meet hosts at Hamilton Stake Center (approx. 9 pm)

Tuesday, July 4 Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
9:00 am Meet at Hamilton Stake Center -- Go to lake beach and/or Canal
2:00 pm Arrive at Mohawk College Auditorium -- Set up and rehearse.
5:00 pm Evening Meal
7:30 pm Performance -- Mohawk College Auditorium (1050 seats)
10:00 pm Home with hosts

Wednesday, July 5 Drummondville, Quebec, Canada 450 miles/9 hours
9:00 am Meet at Hamilton Stake Center
6:00 pm Arrive Drummondville
10:30 pm Practice Centre Marcel-Dionne

Thursday, July 6 Drummondville Festival
1:30 pm Performance -- Centre Marcel-Dionne (3 minutes)
8:00 pm Performance -- Centre Marcel-Dionne (3 minutes)

Friday, July 7 Drummondville Festival
8:00 pm Opening Cerimony -- Centre Marcel-Dionne (3 minutes)
9:00 pm Official opening -- La Grande Place (5 minutes)

Saturday, July 8 Drummondville Festival
2:00 pm Carrousel of the nations -- Senegal, Bolivia, Kalmykia, Taiwan, Argentina,
USA (15 minutes)
8:00 pm International Parade

Sunday, July 9 Drummondville Festival
5:00 pm Performance -- La Grande Place (3 x 20 minutes)
9:00 pm Performance -- La Grande Place (content TBA)

Monday, July 10 Drummondville Festival
2:00 pm Animation -- La Grande Place (60 minutes)
8:00 pm Coup d'oeil sur le monde -- Centre Culturel (20 minutes)

Tuesday, July 11 Drummondville Festival
2:00 pm Carrousel of the nations -- Senegal, Martinique, Kalmykia, Taiwan, Argentina, USA (15 minutes)
8:00 pm Animation -- La Grande Place (60 minutes)

Wednesday, July 12 Drummondville Festival
Free Day -- Trip to Quebec City

Thursday, July 13 Drummondville Festival
8:37 am Palmers and Lacie depart Salt Lake City on American Airlines 1972
Noon Animation -- La Grande Place (60 minutes)
5:10 pm Palmers and Lacie arrive Montreal

Friday, July 14 Drummondville Festival
1:30pm Performance -- Shopping Center (30 -40 minutes)
8:00 pm Animation -- La Grande Place (60 minutes)

Saturday, July 15 Drummondville Festival
8:30 am Practice -- Sunday program
5:00 pm Performance (Band Only) -- Le Cafe Des Traditions (40 minutes)

Sunday, July 16 Drummondville Festival
10:00 am Program (Sunday song) -- Centre Marcel-Dionne
8:00 pm Closing Cerimony -- Centre Marcel-Dionne (3 minutes)
9:00 pm Nuit D'Adieu -- La Grande Place (5 minutes)

Monday, July 17 Montreal, Quebec
8:00 am Group departs Drummondville
Free time in Montreal
2:00 pm Arrive at Montreal Stake Center. Set up for the evenings show.
5:00 pm Dinner (at or near Stake Center).
7:00 pm Performance -- Montreal Stake Center (760 seats)
10:00 pm Home with hosts

Tuesday, July 18 Rochester, New York 258 miles/ 5 hours
7:00 am Depart Montreal (drop Vickie and Colleen off at the airport en route)
8:10 am Vickie and Colleen depart Montreal on Northwest 1867
2:00 pm Arrive Our Lady of Mercy High School Auditorium
4:30 pm Group meal at place TBA
7:00 pm Performance -- Our Lady of Mercy High School Auditorium (1,000 seats)
10:00 pm Home with hosts

Wednesday, July 19 Buffalo, New York 81 miles/ 1 1/2 hours
8:00 am Depart Rochester. Travel to Palmyra en route to Buffalo

2:00 pm Arrive Williamsville South High School Auditorium
 5:00 pm Dinner at place TBA
 7:30 pm Performance -- Williamsville South High School Auditorium (1,200 seats)
 10:30 pm Home With Hosts

Thursday, July 20 Toronto, Ontario 112 miles/ 2 hours

9:00 am Depart Buffalo visit Niagara Falls en route
 2:00 pm Arrive Cedar Brae Collegiate Institute
 4:30 pm Dinner at the Mcowan road chapel
 7:00 pm Performance -- Cedar Brae Collegiate Institute (1100 seats)
 10:00 pm Home with hosts

Friday, July 21 Erie, Pennsylvania 194 miles/ 4 hours

9:00 am Depart from Mccowan road chapel
 3:00 pm Arrive McDowell Intermediate School
 4:30 pm Dinner at Erie Stake Center
 7:00 pm Performance -- McDowell Intermediate School (900 seats)
 10:00 pm Home with hosts

Saturday, July 22 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 131 miles/ 2 hours

8:00 am Depart Erie Stake Center
 11:00 am Arrive Tamburitzan training camp watch rehearsal.
 Noon Lunch (Tamburitzans will provide dessert)
 1:00 pm Tech depart Tamburitzan camp (or tech may want to travel directly to Pittsburgh from Erie). Our group needs to be prepared to do a short dance to live music.
 2:00 pm Depart Tamburitzan camp
 3:00 pm Arrive Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall
 5:00 pm Dinner at performance site
 7:30 pm Performance -- Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall (1,000 seats)
 10:30 pm Home with hosts

Sunday, July 23 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

6:00 pm Fireside for Pittsburgh North Stake

Monday, July 24 Cleveland, Ohio 131 miles/ 2 hours

8:00 am Depart Pittsburgh North Stake Center
 10:00 am Arrive church historical sites (Kirtland Temple, Whitney store, etc.)
 12:30 pm Arrive Kirtland Stake Center
 5:00 pm Dinner Kirtland Stake Center
 7:30 pm Performance -- Kirtland Stake Center (700 seats)
 10:30 pm Home with hosts

Tuesday, July 25 Detroit, Michigan 175 miles/ 4 hours
9:00 am Depart Solon Ward Building -- visit historical sites (???) or other things en route
2:00 pm Arrive Macomb College Auditorium
5:00 pm Dinner at performance site
7:30 pm Performance -- Macomb College Auditorium (1200 seats)
10:30 pm Home with hosts

Wednesday, July 26 Lansing, Michigan 84 miles/ 2 hours
9:00 am Depart Bloomfield Stake Center
11:00 am Arrive Lansing (or visit sites in Detroit such as lake beaches)
1:00 pm Arrive Osemos High School Auditorium
5:00 pm Dinner at Lansing Stake center
7:30 pm Performance -- Okemos High School Auditorium (830 seats)
10:30 pm Home with hosts

Thursday, July 27 Kalamazoo, Michigan 76 miles/ 1 1/2 hours
9:00 am Depart Lansing Stake Center
3:00 pm Arrive Comstock Civic Auditorium
5:00 pm Dinner at place TBA
7:30 pm Performance -- Comstock Civic Auditorium (744 seats)
10:30 pm Home with hosts

Friday, July 28 Chicago, Illinois 144 miles/ 3 hours
9:00 am Depart Kalamazoo Stake Center
*** [Time Change -- gain one hour] ***
2:00 pm Arrive Bloom County High School Auditorium
4:00 pm Dinner at Chicago Heights Stake Center
7:00 pm Performance -- Bloom High School Auditorium (1300 seats)
10:00 pm Home with hosts

Saturday, July 29 Milwaukee, Wisconsin 100 miles/ 2 hours
9:00 am Depart Chicago Heights Stake Center
11:30 am Arrive at Milwaukee's International Institute. Unload personal luggage. Walk to Mecca for exchange.
Noon Exchange (Ceilith) with international club
3:30 pm Dinner at Mecca
5:00 pm Group goes to Pabst Theatre (will need to carry luggage from the International Institute).
7:30 pm Performance -- Pabst Theatre (1400 seats)
10:30 pm Home with hosts (meet at International Institute)

Sunday, July 30 Milwaukee, Wisconsin
6:00 pm Fireside -- Milwaukee Stake

Monday, July 31 Elkhart, Indiana 200 miles/ 4 hours
9:00 am Depart Milwaukee
 *** [Time Change -- lose one hour] ***
2:00 pm Arrive Elkhart Performing Arts Center (visit Notre Dame en route)
5:00 pm Dinner at place TBA
7:30 pm Performance -- Elkhart Performing Arts Center (2040 seats)
10:30 pm Home with hosts

Tuesday, August 1 Elkhart, Indiana 92 miles/ 2 hours
9:00 am Depart Elkhart Ward Building or South Bend Stake Center
 Free day

Wednesday, August 2 Midland, Michigan 250 miles/ 6 hours
8:00 am Depart South Bend/Elkhart
2:00 pm Arrive Center Intermediate School
5:00 pm Dinner at place TBA
7:30 pm Performance -- Center Intermediate School (900 seats)
10:30 pm Home with hosts

Thursday, August 3 Salt Lake City 100 miles/ 2 hours
9:00 am Depart Midland (can make stops en route)
2:00 pm Arrive Detroit Airport
4:35 pm Palmers and Lacie depart on American Airlines 1419
4:55 pm Group departs Delta 1139
5:59 pm Group arrives Cincinnati
7:05 pm Group departs Delta 219
8:34 pm Palmers and Lacie arrive SLC on American Airlines 539 from Chicago
8:55 pm Group arrives Salt Lake City

Tour Member Addresses

John and Heidi Allen
16807 South Gilbert
Gilbert, AZ 85234

Ed and Vickie Austin
194 N. 1040 E.
Orem, UT 84057
225-1862

Becki Brimhall
36 Oxbow Lane
Groton, MA 01450
(508) 448-6614

Heather Butters
2652 Bridgeport Ave.
S.L.C., Utah 84121
(801) 943-2690

Tara Christopher
716 South 1550 East
Spanish Fork, UT 84660
(801) 798-8723

Winston Elton
2433 San Clemente Ave.
Vista, CA 92084
(619) 940-0765

Britney Evenson
4436 South 352nd Street
Auburn, WA 98001
(206) 874-5793

Gary Fillmore
947 Canyon Breeze Lane
Draper, UT 84020
(801) 571-4654

Diane Flores
17052 Ridge Park Drive
Hacienda Heights, CA 91745
(818) 965-1725

David R. Freeman
3951 Main Street
Grasonville, MD 27638
(410) 827-6794

Geoff Groberg
2163 Lorita Way
Sandy, UT 84093
(801) 943-5529

Scott and Karen Horman
1275 Mohican Circle
Pleasant Grove, UT 84062
(801) 785-8960

Derrick and Lacie Horman
657 North 100 West Apt. N
Orem, UT 84057
(801) 225-9052

Erika Horman
1275 Mohican Circle
Pleasant Grove, UT 84062
(801) 785-8960

Rebecca Horton
1340 East 130 North
Springville, UT 84663
(801) 489-6261

Lane Hunter
3541 Ballantyne Drive
Pleasanton, CA 94588
(510) 484-4888

Mindy Hunter
1459 Ambassador Way
Salt Lake City, UT 84108
(801) 581-9808

Mark Jensen
543 North 100 West
Brigham City, UT 84302
(801) 723-7995

Kyley and Kourtney Jex
735 South 1800 East
Spanish Fork, UT 84660
(801) 798-3200

Gary Larsen
7137 South 2155 East
Salt Lake City, UT 84121
(801) 943-9273

Sara Lee
2855 Lawa Place
Honolulu, Hawaii 96822

Aaron L. Love
516 Jackson Street
Midvale, UT 84047
(801)255-3995

Rich Marstella
1857 Cottonwood Club Circle
Salt Lake City, UT 84117
(801) 278-7752

Kathryn Maxfield
3609 Escalade Avenue
Salt Lake City, UT 84121
(801) 943-0200

Paul McAlister
485 West 40 South
Lindon, UT 84042
(801) 785-4310

Debbie McCown
3204 Sunview Drive
Bakersfield, CA 93306
(805) 871-5298

Robert Newman
1207 Orange Avenue
Ramona, CA 92065
(619) 789-5245

Margaret Owens
2046 Banbury Road
Walnut Creek, CA 94598
(510) 933-5473

Gary and Shirley Palmer
1930 S. Park Lane
Orem, UT 84058
225-6043

Jedd and Jared Peterson
5562 North Five Mile Road
Boise, ID 83713
(208) 377-4289

Scott and Dana Preator
Box 328
Burlington, WY 82411
(307) 762-3317

Dan Prestwich
1626 Cornerstone Way
South Jordan, UT 84095
(801) 253-9172

Scott Rands
9708 South Sylvester Road
Highlands Ranch, CO 80124

Ken and Jenni Richardson (& Jared)
2110 East Oak Haven Place
Sandy, UT 84093
(801) 944-1389

Tiffany Smith
1553 North Emerald
Layton, UT 84040
(801) 546-6276

Chris and Caprice Stapley
9913 Skycrest Drive
Boise, ID 83704

and
15880 Country Lane East
Platte City, MO 64079

Thomas L. Sutton
2365 North 1000 East
Provo, UT 84604
(801) 374-0607

Stephanie and Jared Taylor
1047 Essenay Avenue
Walnut Creek, CA 94596
(510) 939-3272

Amy Thurston
2550 East Neffs Circle
Salt Lake City, UT 84109
(801) 272-2550

Rachel Tolman
5533 S. Falida St.
Aurora, CO 80015

Kristen Washburn
3307 Bramhill Place
El Dorado Hills, CA 95762

Jennifer Wood
9685 Mumford Drive
Sandy, UT 84094
(801) 571-6255

Jonathon Wood
2781 East Cobblemoor Lane
Sandy, UT 84093
(801) 943-3316