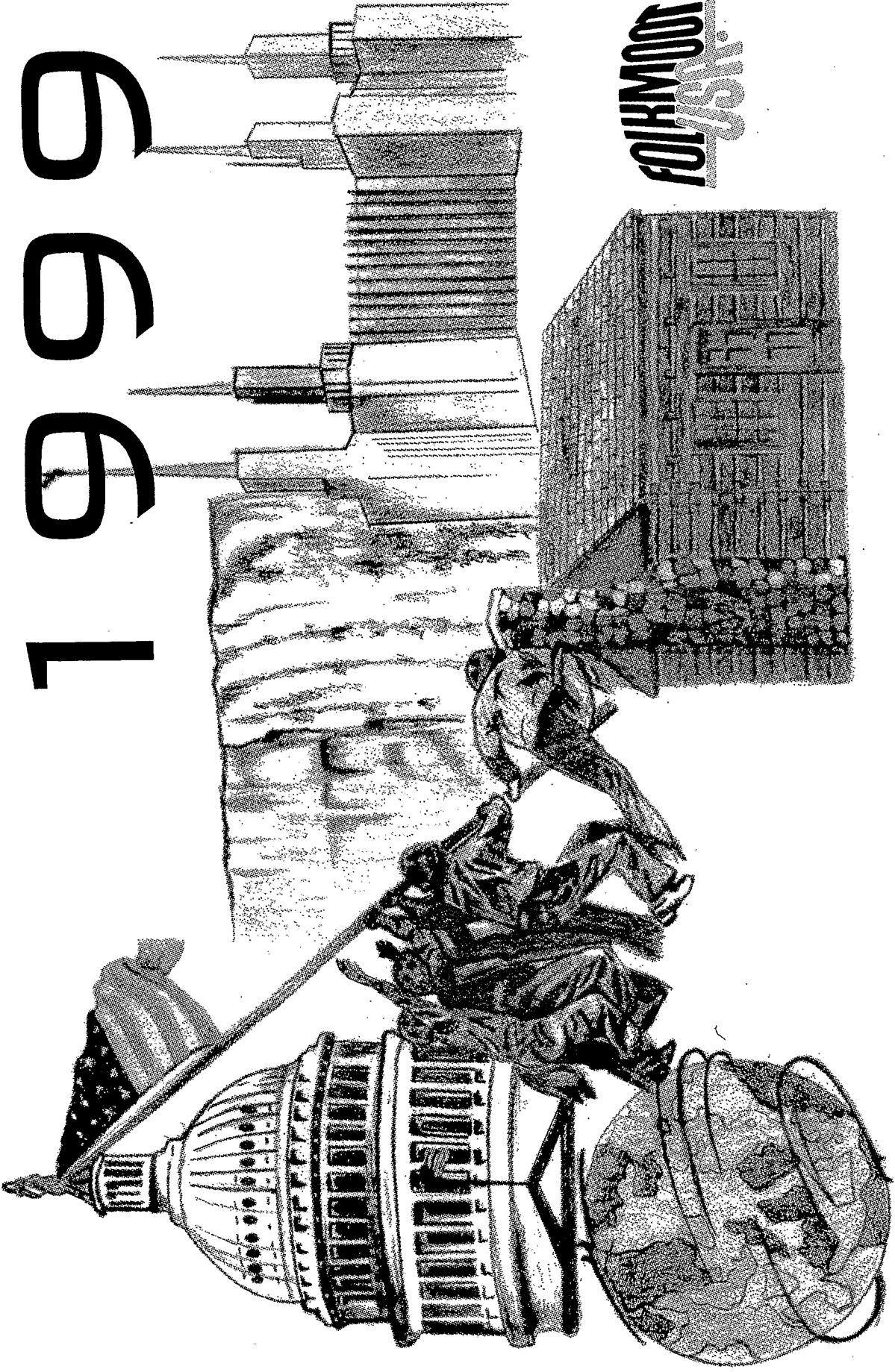


BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK • STAUTON, VIRGINIA • TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA

FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA • ROCHESTER, NEW YORK • MONTREAL, QUEBEC • DRUMMONDVILLE FESTIVAL, QUEBEC

1999



WASHINGTON, DC • WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA • VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA

HIGH POINT, NC • DURHAM, NC • FAYETTEVILLE, NC • LENIOR, NC • FOLKMOOT FESTIVAL-WAYNESVILLE, NC

DEPARTMENT OF DANCE
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
294 RICHARDS BUILDING
PO BOX 22005
PROVO, UTAH 84602-2005
TELEPHONE: (801) 378-5086
FAX: (801) 378-8112
E-MAIL: dance@byu.edu
<http://www.byu.edu/dance>



Director's Note:

There are two words which best describe the efforts of everyone involved with this year's tour--"Well Done!"

I cannot remember a tour which has left me feeling with quite the sense of peace I have felt from this tour--and each tour I have been on has been wonderful in its own way. But on this particular tour, I was able to see each participant performing, (on and off stage), in a more focused and determined way--a way which allowed many to bless the lives of the people they met.

This tour was also filled with major challenges, especially in the area of health. This is the first tour I have been on where I have ever had students leave the tour as a result of health. This year we had two, Melissa and Clayton. However, I have learned over time that often when we seem to have difficulties which seem "more than normal", we also find abundant blessings attached. Now I am not suggesting that the blessings of our tour are attached directly to the sickness we encountered. I do, however, know that the work we accomplished this summer was very important, and there often exists real opposition to those who seek to build the Lord's kingdom here on the earth.

I will always remember the faces of our friends in Drummondville, Quebec--faces of brothers and sisters inquiring to know more about their purpose in this life, and wanting to have the joy they felt in our group. I will always see Ben, as he became a big brother to a somewhat saddened little girl; and I will never forget the strong, pure spirit of a handsome boy strumming a guitar from within a physically handicapped body. And I will never again question why we have to perform in less than quality conditions as I remember the impact made upon the citizens of Williamsburg.

I wish to thank all those who worked so hard to make this a successful experience for everyone--especially Lynne Elliott, Delynne Peay, Jeanette Geslison, Scott and Karen Horman, Roy and Ann Brinkerhoff, to my wife, Vickie, and to each and every student. I know that my life is blessed by being a part of the International Folk Dance Ensemble. I am sure that each of you feel the same.

Thank you for using your time and talents as true disciples of Jesus Christ.

Ed Austin, Artistic Director
International Folk Dance Ensemble
261 RB
Brigham Young University
phone 801-378-3384
fax 801-378-8112



BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Performing Arts
Management

PO Box 28500 • Provo, UT 84602-8500 • (801) 378-3576 • Fax: (801) 378-3556 • Email: perform@byu.edu

June 23, 1999

FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE
Eastern United States
July 1 -August 3, 1999

Thursday, July 1 SLC to Fairfax, Virginia

5:30 am Meet at the north end of the Richards Building
8:15 am Depart Salt Lake City on TWA 146 for St. Louis (Steve Bowen departs at 8:40 am on AA 1712)
12:06 pm Arrive St. Louis
12:50 pm Depart St. Louis on TWA flight 700 for Washington DC
3:48 pm Arrive Washington/Reagan Airport (Steve Bowen arrives at 4:10 pm)
 Bus will transport group from airport to the Oakton Stake Center, 2719 Hunter Mill Road, Oakton,
 VA 22124
6:30 pm Meet host families at Oakton Stake Center.

Housing Coordinator	Brent Bowen	Bus Company	Franklin Motorcoach
H Phone	703-378-6711	Contact	Rita Rafferty
		B Phone	800-899-1675
		Alt Phone	703-257-1675
		Fax	703-257-5812
		E-mail	fmcoach@fmcoach.com
		Web	www.fmcoach.com

Friday, July 2 Fairfax, Virginia

10:00 am Meet at Oakton Stake Center to sightsee on the mall.
Noon Scott and crew arrive at Fairfax High School Auditorium, 3500 Old Lee Highway, Fairfax, VA to
 set lights.
2:00 pm The rest of the group arrives Fairfax High School Auditorium
4:30 pm Evening meal at Fairfax High School.
7:30 pm **Performance** – Fairfax High School Auditorium (1150 seats)
10:30 pm Meet host families

Sponsor	BYU Alumni Association	Performance Site	Fairfax High School
Contact	Brenda Cheney	Contact	Amy Craig
H Phone	703-802-6978	B Phone	703-219-2203

Saturday, July 3 Rochester, New York 408 miles/7 hours

8:00 am Meet at Oakton Stake Center for departure to Gettysburg PA (81 Miles). Host families will send
 lunch.
10:00 am Arrive in Gettysburg for sightseeing
11:00 am **Bus Tour** Gettysburg Battlefield
1:00 pm Leave Gettysburg drive to Rochester NY (300 miles)
6:00 pm Arrive in Gates NY Motel 6

Hotel	Motel 6
Address	155 Buell Rd, Gates NY
Phone	716-436-2170

Sunday, July 4 Montreal, Quebec 349 miles/6 hours

7:30 am Leave for Palmyra (30 miles)
 8:30 am Arrive in Palmyra, Church Historical sights/Church
 Noon Depart for Montreal by way of Syracuse and Watertown, NY over Thousand Islands bridge. (319 miles)
 7:30 pm **Fireside** – Montreal Stake Center (1777 Avenue de Lorimier Street, Montreal)
 Home with hosts after fireside

Sponsor	Montreal Stake	2 nd Contact	Georges Bourget
Contact	Kristian Levesque	H Phone	450-686-8186
H Phone	514-761-3377	B Phone	514-685-2831
		Fax	514-685-3564

Monday, July 5 Montreal, Quebec

Breakfast at host families. Most students will need to use the metro (estimated cost is \$8 Canadian for 6 rides).
 9:30 am Group meets at Montreal Stake Center to depart for sightseeing in Montreal.
 Bus tour of Montreal.
 Group will take care of own lunch.
 After sightseeing the students will need to return on their own to families by public transportation.
 Dinner will be at host homes.

Tuesday, July 6 Montreal, Quebec

9:30 am Group meet Stake Center for sightseeing.
 Noon Lunch at Montreal Stake Center. After lunch Franklin Motorcoach bus will drop the group off at performance site and then leave the group for good.
 2:30 pm Arrive at Salle Jean Grimaldi; Cegep Andre Laurendeau; 1111 Lapierre, Lasalle; (close to English Stake)
 5:00 pm Dinner at performance site
 7:30 pm **Performance** – Salle Jean Grimaldi; Cegep Andre Laurendeau; 1111 rue Lapierre, Lasalle; Quebec (close to English Stake) (888 seats)
 10:30 pm Home with hosts

Wednesday, July 7 Drummondville Festival 70 miles/ 1 hour

9:00 am Bus from Drummondville Festival will meet the group at the Montreal Stake Center
 Drive to Drummondville

Sponsor	Mondial des Cultures Drummondville
Contact	Melanie Desrosiers or Rene Frechette
Address	175, rue Ringuet, Drummondville, Quebec J2C 5Y5 CANADA
B Phone	819-472-1184
Fax	819-474-6585
E-mail	folklore@drummond.com

Thursday, July 8 Drummondville Festival

Friday, July 9 Drummondville Festival

9:00 pm **Opening Ceremony** – Grand Place (6 minutes) (2000 seats)

Saturday, July 10 Drummondville Festival

Group teaches folk dances, etc, in the large tent.

Sunday, July 11 Drummondville Festival
6:30 pm **Performance** – Centre culturel with Albania, South Korea, Lithuania, Martinique and Turkey.

Monday, July 12 Drummondville Festival
Free Day. Tour to Quebec City

Tuesday, July 13 Drummondville Festival
International Parade – 2 hours, 1 mile (band with be on trailer)

Wednesday, July 14 Drummondville Festival

Thursday, July 15 Drummondville Festival

Friday, July 16 Drummondville Festival

Saturday, July 17 Drummondville Festival

Sunday, July 18 Drummondville Festival
Scott leaves for Binghamton
6:30 pm **Closing Ceremony** – Grande Place and Centre Cultural

Monday, July 19 Binghamton, New York 394 miles/8 hours

6:00 am Depart Drummondville for Binghamton (need to leave as early as possible). The charter bus will meet the group at the school.

2:00 pm Arrive Binghamton (maybe a bit later). Go to Forum Theater and set up for show.

5:00 pm Dinner at or near performance site.

7:30 pm **Performance** – Forum Theater, 236 Washington Street, Binghamton (1519 seats)
After performance some of the students will need to mingle at the ethnic booths

Sponsor America Civic Association Site Forum Theater
Contact Millie Truesdell Contact Christine Springer
H Phone 607-785-8540 Phone 607-778-2480

Tuesday, July 20 Staunton, Virginia 445 miles/9 hours

9:00 am Meet at American Civic Association, 131 Front Street, Binghamton for departure for Bird-in Hand. Host families will provide lunches.

1:00 pm Arrive Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania (195 miles)

3:00 pm Depart Bird in Hand

8:00 pm Arrive Staunton, VA Econo Lodge (26 rooms). Dinner provided by group.

Hotel Econo Lodge Motel
Address 1031 Richmond Road, Staunton VA
Phone 540-885-5158

Wednesday, July 21 Tazewell, VA 200 miles/ 4 hours

9:00 am Depart from Staunton Econo Lodge to travel to Tazewell, VA

2:00 pm Arrive at Tazewell High School Auditorium, 627 East Fincastle, Tazewell

4:30 pm Dinner at or near performance site

7:30 pm **Performance** – Tazewell High School Auditorium (1000 seats)

10:30 pm After the performance there will be a short reception for performers.
Home with hosts

Sponsor CART P Site Tazewell High School Auditorium
Contact Ginger Branton Contact Rusty Hatfield
H Phone 540-963-9078 B Phone 703-988-6502
B Phone 540-963-4278

Thursday, July 22 Folkmoot Festival 184 miles/4 hours

9:00 am Leave from Tazewell. Travel to Waynesville NC
Arrive at Festival
4:36 pm Ann and Vicki arrive at Asheville Airport on Delta/Atlantic Southeast 4605.
7:30 pm **Spectacular** – Performance by all groups at Haywood Community College. Each group performs 8 minutes.

Sponsor Folkmoot Festival
Contact Jackie Bolden or Caroline (her assistant)
B Phone 828-452-2997

Friday, July 23 Folkmoot Festival

2:00 pm **Extravaganza Matinee** – Performance by all groups at Stompin’ Ground, Maggie Valley. Each group performs 8 minutes.
7:30 pm **Extravaganza** – Performance by all groups at Stompin’ Ground, Maggie Valley. Each group performs 8 minutes.

Saturday, July 24 Folkmoot Festival

10:00 am International Festival Day
7:30 pm **International Celebration** – Performance by all groups at Haywood Community College. Each group performs 8 minutes.
11:00 pm BYU host late-nighter party (until 1:00 am)

Sunday, July 25 Folkmoot Festival

10:00 am Attend Asheville Ward Meetings; 3401 Sweeten Creek Road (hwy 25a), Asheville
Lunch – hosted by Asheville Ward
3:00 pm **Fireside** – Asheville Stake
7:30 pm **Candlelight Closing** – Ceremony by all groups, Stuart Auditorium, Lake Junaluska. Each group performs 8 minutes.

Sponsor Asheville Stake 2nd Contact Ina Goforth
Contact Becky Arnold H Phone 828-628-2045
H Phone 828-628-2053

Monday, July 26 Lenoir, North Carolina 102 miles/ 2 hours

9:00 am Depart Waynesville, NC for Lenoir
Noon Arrive Broyhill Civic Center
3:30 pm Possible shortened program for dance studios.
5:00 pm Meal at Lenoir Chapel
7:00 pm **Performance** – Broyhill Center, 1913 Hickory Blvd. SE, Hwy 321, Lenoir, NC (1000 seats)

Sponsor Hickory North Carolina Stake P Site Broyhill Center
Contact Benny West Contact David Briggs

B Phone 336-973-8050
 H Phone 336-921-2000
 Fax 336-973-8053
 E-mail pgpiedmont@aol.com

B Phone 828-726-2404
 Fax 828-726-2405
 E-mail dbriggs@caldwell.cc.nc.us

Tuesday, July 27 Fayetteville, North Carolina 280 miles/6 hours

8:00 am Meet at Broyhill Center to travel to Fayetteville, NC; Host families will provide lunch.
 2:00 pm Arrive at Reeves Auditorium, Methodist College, Fayetteville.
 4:30 pm Dinner at or near performance site.
 7:30 pm **Performance** – Reeves Auditorium, Methodist College, Fayetteville, NC; (1160 Seats)

Sponsor	Fayetteville North Carolina Stake	P Site	Reeves Auditorium
Contact	Donna Turlington	Contact	Cliff Wells
Address	295 Turlington Road Dunn NC 28334	B Phone	910-630-7111
B Phone	910-893-2717 ext. 134		
H Phone	910-897-6053		

Wednesday, July 28 Durham, North Carolina 91 miles/ 2 hours

9:00 am Meet at Marie Catlett's home for pool party.
 Noon Depart Fayetteville for Chapel Hill
 2:00 pm Arrive Chapel Hill High School Auditorium.
 7:00 pm **Performance** – Chapel Hill High School Auditorium, High School Road (SSR1834), Chapel Hill(750 seats).

Sponsor	Durham North Carolina Stake	P Site	Chapel Hill HS
Contact	Don Draughon	Contact	John Thomas
B Phone	919-477-4200 ext. 102	B Phone	919-929-2106 x 3101
H Phone	919-620-0083		

Thursday, July 29 High Point, North Carolina 57 miles/ 1 hour

9:00 am Meet at Durham Stake Center to travel to High Point, NC
 10:00 am Arrive High Point. Participate in Greensboro Stake Youth Conference (about 100 youth are expected to attend)
 2:00 pm Arrive at High Point Theater
 4:00 pm Dinner at performance site
 6:15 pm House opens
 7:00 pm **Performance** — High Point Theater, 220 East Commerce Avenue, High Point, NC; (967 seats)
 After Performance, home with hosts.

Sponsor	Greensboro North Carolina Stake	P Site	High Point Theater
Contact	Ron Jones	Contact	Kacy Rempel Woody
H Phone	336-852-5876	Phone	336-883-8523
B Phone	336-861-3500		
Fax	336-861-3640		
E-mail	RJones@sealy.com		

Friday, July 30 Virginia Beach, Virginia 260 miles/ 5 hours

9:00 am Meet at Greensboro Stake Center to travel to Virginia Beach, VA
 2:00 pm Arrive at Tallwood High School, 1668 Kempsville Rd., Virginia Beach, VA

5:00 pm Dinner at Virginia Beach Stake Center, corner of Princess Anne Road and Edwin Drive
 7:30 pm Performance – Tallwood High School Auditorium (820 seats)
 10:30 pm Home with hosts

Sponsor	Virginia Beach Virginia Stake	P Site	Tallwood HS
Contact	E.J. Stubbs	Contact	Anne Heilman
Address	4766 Cranbrook Ct. Virginia Beach, VA 23464	H Phone	757-563-6081
H Phone	757-467-4068		
2 nd Contact	Clark Price (High Council)		
H Phone	757-467-1394		
B Phone	757-444-4878		

Saturday, July 31 Williamsburg, Virginia 60 miles/ 1.5 hours

9:00 am Meet at Virginia Beach Stake to travel to Beach
 Beach Time
 Noon Depart Beach
 1:00 pm Arrive Lafayette High School Auditorium, 4460 Long Hill Rd., Williamsburg, VA
 4:30 pm Dinner at performance
 7:00 pm Performance – Lafayette High School Auditorium (700 seats)
 10:00 pm Home with hosts; Lisa Thurston and one other will stay with her parents this night only.

Sponsor	Newport News Virginia Stake	P Site	Lafayette High School
Contact	Sandy Hirz	Contact	Pam Miller
Address	1022 Jamestown Road Williamsburg, VA 23185	B Phone	757-565-4234
H Phone	757-253-8529		

Sunday, August 1 Williamsburg, Virginia

7:00 pm Fireside – Newport News Virginia Stake

Monday, August 2 Washington DC 160 miles/ 3 hours

7:00 am Meet at Williamsburg Ward Building for departure to Washington DC
 10:07 am Meet at FBI Building (E-Street Entrance between 9th and 10th)
 Free day for sightseeing

Hotel	Bethesda Marriott
Address	5151 Pooks Hill Road, Bethesda, MD
Phone	301-897-9400

Tuesday, August 3 Salt Lake City

8:00 am White House Tour (Not confirmed)
 10:10 am Capital Building Tour / Sightseeing in morning
 2:00 pm Depart Downtown Washington DC for Reagan airport
 5:35 pm Depart Washington/Reagan on TWA flight 439
 6:59 pm Arrive St. Louis
 8:30 pm Depart St. Louis for SLC on TWA flight 475
 10:45 pm Arrive SLC

Summer Tour 1999

Canada and the Eastern States

Thursday, July 1

by Amber Jensen

The tour started with a 5:00 am meeting time at the Richards Building. Things seemed to be going well until we realized it was 5:30 and not everyone had arrived. So we started calling. Most were on their way but Nate Olson was still asleep. Amazingly, he got up and to the bus by about a quarter to six.

The first flight, from Salt Lake to St. Louis, went well. We were all pretty spread out which gave us time to talk with new people except for Jerry Sloan and his wife who were sitting in first class. We were also lucky enough to have Elvis as our flight attendant for the flight.

I talked to a missionary who was returning home. He said something that really hit me. He said, "You all are really blessed to be going to so many amazing places and meeting so many people. You should consider it a blessing." This is truly a blessing to be ambassadors for our church. Jeff sat with a couple who were flying, along with their 4 children, back to Florida. The discussion became a big question and answer session about the gospel and our church. Sadly, he didn't have a Book of Mormon in English for them. Then, on his way off the plane, he passed two sister missionaries and one of them quickly gave him a copy for the family.

On the second flight from St. Louis to Washington National, we had to sit and wait an hour before takeoff. The plane was hot and sweaty and our patience wore thin. Even in this adversity, some were able to have spiritual experiences. The plane was bumpy and turbulent and when we arrived in D.C., we wanted to get off and get out of the airport. Shane was able to talk with an African-American lady who was a grandmother of seven. They talked of the importance of families and got on the subject of religion. He was able to give her a Book of Mormon. Many had great talks with complete strangers. We were all amused to hear that Rachel had been seated in the exit row and was challenged by the flight attendant. The attendant asked her if she was fifteen because you need to be 15 in order to sit in the exit row.

We arrived in Washington D.C. in the middle of the afternoon and many were amazed to see how green and pretty the countryside was in the summer. It was a stark contrast to the desert of Utah. For others it was a homecoming of sorts with family and friends awaiting our arrival. We flew over the Capitol Building, Pentagon, Washington Monument, White House, and Lincoln Memorial. We waited for a long time in the airport for our luggage to arrive. Finally, we saw our infamous blue bags rotate around the carousel. We received a ton of attention as we went through the airport due to the size of our group and the fact that we looked like identical siblings of a polygamist family. We went outside to our tour bus where we met Greg, our new bus driver.

We arrived to overcast skies and a little rain. We drove through the rain to the Oakton Stake Center to meet our host families. Steve was reunited with his new wife, Jana, and all of the

rest of us were united with wonderful hosts. Shane went to the house of the reproductive fertility specialist that provided him with a room the size of Texas, while the rest of us were in homes that were quite adequate by our standards. Matthew, Brent A., Nate O., and Jeff were blessed to stay down the street from Orrin Hatch's house and watch "Top Gun" on the big screen at their host family's house. Many reported great experiences with their host families. The area that we were in was very affluent, well educated, well connected, and very hospitable.

Whether a spiritual or funny story, the day was filled with many of both, creating a great start for Summer Tour 99.

Thursday, July 2

by Tony and Kerry Black

Word of the day: mendacious

The day started out right with Ben Blaser giving the devotional and Joni Lusty saying the prayer. Ben talked about freedom and the sacrifice men gave by dying in battle for freedom. He also talked about the sacrifice that God requires of us. Today was also Melissa Grossnickle's birthday. She turned 22!

We had the opportunity to go see some sights in D.C. in the morning. We stopped at the Lincoln Monument, Vietnam Memorial, and Korean War Memorial first. Our bus then drove us past the White House and the Washington Monument and dropped us off near the Smithsonian for about an hour and forty-five minutes. Everyone spent their time visiting different museums as well as the Folklife Festival. Some of the guys in the group--Joseph Kroupa, Matthew Gamette and Ed, hung out with the Romanians and even got to dance with them. When it was time to meet the bus, Spencer Mogleston, Jeff Dunster and Arden Anderson were not there and so we had to leave them. Clayton was left there to wait for them and found them by the Natural History Museum instead of the American History Museum. They all ended up taking the metro to meet us at Fairfax High School. This time was not long enough for us to see much of anything but it did wet our appetite for the end of tour when we get to spend more time there.

Most of the funny things that happened during the day were in D.C. Greg Tucker had to have a picture of the Constitution, so he gave his camera to Anne, but forgot to turn off the flash. So, as the constitution started to disintegrate, a guard yelled at everybody asking who's camera that was. When he discovered who it was, he spent some time reprimanding her. Then there was a black man who was on the street assigning awards to all the folk dancers who walked by him. Kamae received the nomination to the Playboy list and Shane was nominated for Congress. The only stipulation for the nomination was 30 cents.

Anne, Katie and Amy got a nice compliment on their shirts. A passerby in a car said that the horizontal stripes on their shirts made them look fat. The girls were all flattered by the compliment and Anne will not be telling the girls to wear that shirt for a few days.

We got to the school at about 2 pm and started setting up for the show. At 4:30 we had an excellent lunch of sloppy joes, potato salad, and chips. We lost a couple of girls during the show when Leanne and Joni started vomiting in the middle of the show. Maria took Joni's spot in Scottish and Kerry took her place in Szomsedok. The show went really well and there were a lot of non-members that really enjoyed it and felt the spirit. A former fiddle player in our ensemble,

now Sister Hilary Duncan, was there with an investigator. She spoke to us briefly before the performance and helped us to realize why we are here.

We all went home tired to our great host families, but we were all very happy. Some people went with their hosts to the Washington Temple, others to the downtown area, and others had parties at the homes of their hosts.

Saturday, July 3

by Whitney Debenham

Well, as Lindsay Aldous and I would say, "This was the longest day ev-er!" Little did we all know as we boarded the bus at 8:00 am that we would be spending 18 hours on the bus.

The morning still seemed to be a little groggy as we are all still adjusting to the time change. Cameron gave us devotional this morning appropriate for the day's events with a patriotic theme. Today we would visit Gettysburg. As we started on our way, Ed decided to stand in the aisle and clog for some of us trying to get some physical activity. He asked "will 20 minutes a day bother you?" Thank goodness he didn't last that long.

We got to Gettysburg around 10:00 am. Today was the 126th anniversary of the final day of the battle. We had 45 minutes to walk around the museum and see some of the civil war antiques. At 11:00 am we started a 2 hour bus tour with a guide. Although it was a good tour, many of us were confused as to who was where when. By the end we were ready to be on our way. We did get to see the field where Picketts charge happened and went to Little Round Top. All were well known Gettysburg battle places. At one of the stops along the way Lisa was talking to some southern gentlemen who were dressed in Civil war costumes. After beginning a conversation, one of them said, "We must do this properly." He then took her hand and kissed it. Go Lisa!

We were then back on the bus headed at first for Rochester where our plan was to check in at the hotel and then drive to Niagra Falls. Thanks to Matthew (who served his mission in that area), we took a different route and decided to go straight for Niagra Falls. The drive in the afternoon passed slowly for most of us. We stopped around 8 pm for dinner and waited for Scott and Karen to catch up to us. After dinner, Scott, Karen and Roy all headed for Rochester to get us checked in as the bus went to Niagra Falls. Some were amused when Ed informed us we had to hurry because they turn off the falls late at night. Never heard that one before.

As we neared the boarder, we slowed to a crawl for nearly an hour. People were stir crazy and ready to get off the bus. For a while we sang patriotic songs to keep ourselves busy. People also kept the jokes up about Arden keeping quiet as we crossed the border since he is from "Iraq" you know! While in the Patriotic song mode, Josh asked Arden if he knew the Iraqi national anthem and Arden then sang "O Saddam, O Saddam!" while dancing in the aisle.

When we finally reached the border the Border Boy Babe came on the bus and asked if we were all American citizens and the reason of the visit. We all passed, thank goodness! Everyone thanked Arden for keeping quiet as we went into Canada. Thanks Arden.

At the falls we had 30 minutes. The falls were awesome. A few crazy people made a run to Hard Rock Café for T-shirts. The rest of us just went sightseeing. The falls were beautiful at night with the different colored lights shining on the water.

Meanwhile, as we were at Niagra Falls, back at the Motel 6 in Rochester NY, Roy wasn't having such a good time. Roy, Scott and Karen arrived to find the arrangements for rooms were not as they should have been. When he finally got into the motel the lady handed him one key--We needed rooms for more than 50 people. That wouldn't cut it. After much rearranging, he got enough keys for us all and by 12:30 am he went to try some of the keys to make sure they worked. The first room he tried he stuck the key in and heard a not so nice voice say "what do you want." Apparently there were duplicate keys issued so more changes had to be made. Eventually it was all straightened out. Thanks to Roy, the rest of us did not have to wait 2 hours to get it all right.

Back at Niagra falls we boarded the bus and finally headed for Rochester around 12:00 am. By 2:15 am we pulled into the Motel 6. Pat says, "I think I'm going to cry. I've never been so happy to see a motel in my life." Many of us agreed. High class it was not, but a bed with a blanket and pillow it was and we were all thankful for sleep.

Sunday, July 4

by *Andy Hall*

Word of the Day: Cassious

Today we went to Hill Cumorah. It was neat to see the hill, but we only had 15 minutes. There were a lot of young people there preparing their parts in the Hill Cumorah Pageant. Many of us took the opportunity to walk up the hill where the view of the flag and the Hill Cumorah reminded us of the religious and civic freedoms we enjoy. Several of the team members found a granite rock on the north side of the hill. It was much too heavy for them to move, so the mysterious fate of the plates was left unresolved. A few of the girls spotted a snake in the bushes by the Angel Moroni monument so picture taking opportunities were shortened.

While walking around, eating mulberries and getting purple stains on our pants, several of us discussed the reason why Joseph may have had to come to the hill for four years; which was to clear a path for the pageant and lay the asphalt for the path to the top. Matthew spotted a woman wearing a folk dance T-shirt and asked her if she liked the group. When he informed her that we were the group, she was surprised and could not remember who she hosted last year on mid-semester tour. Marty Matheson, a former folk dancer was there at the pageant and spoke to us for a moment on the bus before we left for the Sacred Grove. He spoke about a woman that still writes to him whom he met at the Drummondville festival. She became a member of the church and is now the Relief Society President in her local ward. He expressed his love for the group and the tour that we are a part of this year.

After the hill we went to the Sacred Grove for 30 minutes. It was a private moment for most of us as we wandered through the trees and swatted bugs. We took the opportunity to contemplate and pray on our own about the sacred events that took place here. Many went into the Smith home that Alvin built to view the restoration in progress. Others took a side trip to the smaller Smith cabin. They looked at the site for the new temple and then rushed back for the bus.

As we left the Smith homestead, there was a quiet serenity on the bus that lasted for the rest of the afternoon. We quickly drove through the streets of Palmyra to see the four churches and the remodeled Grandin building. It was unfortunate that we didn't have time to stop and look at the Grandin press where the Book of Mormon was first printed, but we felt it was more

important to push on to Montreal for the fireside that evening. The social committee decorated the bus with 4th of July decorations and as we left the United States, we had a minor celebration for a 4th we wouldn't see.

Then we began a long drive on the bus to Montreal, Canada. The ride started out with a testimony/scripture sharing moment and many of the team members took time to share their thoughts of the Grove and Hill Cumorah. Several people, including Lindsay Aldous and Kerry Black, shared experiences about participating in the Hill Cumorah Pageant. We finished the meeting in North Syracuse New York where we stopped to eat dinner at a Subway/KFC truck stop.

When we resumed the trip, we started a movie which made the trip more tolerable. We watched *Shadowlands*, about C.S. Lewis. Some of the bus thought it was interesting, but others went to sleep and woke up in the midst of singing for the fireside rehearsal. We crossed the Canadian border at the Thousand Lakes crossing after using the New York Northway. The border guard was very polite and short which sped us along our way to Montreal.

We eventually made it to a truck stop in Canada where the team unloaded to get ice-cream and bagels.

We got to the church an hour early and practiced for the fireside again. Joseph Andersen took the opportunity to visit an old companion from his mission and the band practiced their special number. The fireside was full of surprises for the audience and the group. Melissa Grossnickle discovered that Spanish, French and English hymn books are not compatible and was forced to improvise the opening song. Ed gave the demographics of the group and we realized how many married or engaged people are on the team. It surprised us all that Shane stood up until Ed mentioned that the host families should note the single ones to take home. He sat quickly with that comment. The first fireside speaker was Joseph Andersen. He spoke in French and was translated into English by a flustered Quebecian who was expecting to translate to French. Karen Brown spoke next and surprised us all with the announcement that her mission papers had been submitted before we left on tour. Kerry Black was the next speaker. She shared some experiences at Hill Cumorah that shaped her testimony.

Shane surprised us again with a special musical number of his own. He and Melissa had persuaded Ed to insert it into the program. His talent so impressed the host family girls that they were praying for him to be their guest.

On the way out of the church, we spotted Joni and Melissa carrying bags to the Metro (Joni said 20 miles) on their way to their host family. Joni wasn't so polite as we almost ran her over in the intersection. By the time they got to the house, they were soaked with sweat and very tired. Most people were picked up by their host families at the fireside, including Clayton who rearranged it so he could be with a Spanish speaking family (I'm sure the good looking daughters had nothing to do with it.).

One host family was brave enough to take 8 girls into their home, in addition to their own 5 kids. The girls reported that the only shower was in the hallway in the basement. Very few of the families had air conditioning. Lindsay Folkman heard the statistic that only 10 % of families in Montreal have air conditioning.

Most of the host families were not informed that we hadn't eaten dinner. We felt a little uncomfortable asking for food but most found a way to broach the subject, including Shane. This is a funny story. The host family asked what we would like to eat the next night and Shane said, "Speaking of dinner, we haven't eaten, is there any way we could get something to eat?"

Joseph G. posed the question to the group, "Do you have your own room? Or do you sleep with your host family? I sleep with mine. I was sleeping on a sleeping bag stuffed with the couch cushions." Chris got the box spring mattress that was harder than the floor.

That night there was a big thunderstorm across the island. It sounded like a battle outside because it was so loud. It didn't keep most of us up though because we were so tired after the long bus ride.

Monday, July 5

by Amelia Tingey

Free days are always treasured among our group of dancers, musicians, and tech crew. This free day was in the grand and beautiful city of Montreal. Most of us found out the bus and Metro schedules and got our first experience with the Montreal Metro on our way to meet the tour bus at the stake center. On the bus, everyone shared their stories of the host families they had been placed with. Most of the boys, it seemed, had no air conditioned homes with little food and a small spot on the floor to rest. Most of the group slept on air mattresses in small apartments scattered throughout the city. The humorous stories of suffocating, drenched boys filled the bus with laughter. In particular, Joseph G. and Chris's experience of no dinner, no air conditioning, an ex-Navy Seal who smoked like a chimney and one egg for breakfast produced the most laughter. Joseph reported that the man left two eggs on the counter and told them that they could be cooked any way that they wanted for breakfast. They particularly liked the Navy Seal training videos.

A tour of the city started out our day. We saw many wonderful things in the downtown area including the 1976 Olympic Stadium, the Notre Dame Cathedral, and the St. Joseph's Oratorio. We viewed the downtown area from across the river and then proceeded to a large "mountain" to view the entire city, including old Montreal city. The view of the whole city was amazing. Our tour guide told us that Montreal was actually an island which was noticeable from the mountain. On the mountain there was a cemetery where our tour guide, Nadia, told us over a million people were buried. Nadia told us that the most distinguishing characteristic of the city was the outside staircases on the apartments and homes. She said that this was to preserve space inside the homes and to allow the access to individual apartments. She also told us that in the winter the staircases become slippery and dangerous. By city ordinance, if the stair isn't clean of snow, the mail doesn't have to be delivered.

After the tour, the rest of the day was ours. The leaders told us to keep our host families address on hand because we needed to return home by Metro that night. Then half of the group was dropped off downtown for the day. As the bus began to pull away, Ed darted into the street, through traffic, to the bus, got on, stopped and got off again. We learned later that he had forgotten to get the address to his host family's house, but he didn't want to ask Roy out loud on the bus. He found Roy later that day.

The rest of us went to old Montreal and explored. We made quite a scene around the

Information Center as we gathered maps and quickly made friends with everyone present. Jeff translated for a Spanish couple who needed help at the center while Joseph A. was interviewed in French (he served a French speaking mission) on CBNTV. Being in the band, most of the members wanted to play in the food court square in old Montreal and see if we could make some money. Amber and I began playing before the others while Katrina danced. The problem was that the ground was scalding hot and poor Katrina, who had taken her shoes off to dance, blistered both of her feet. Jeff was kind enough to administer to her wound and we were able to get home. When the rest of the band joined us, we proceeded to play for the outdoor café square. We received a lot of money from the guys at the pubs and many passing people also contributed. We ended up with 52 Canadian dollars which amounted to about 38 American dollars with about 2 hours of play. It was great!

Other members of our group had fun experiences. Many chose to eat an authentic French Canadian meal called Putine, which is French Fries with brown gravy and "Fromage" (large curd cheese). Others chose to eat in Little Italy at a little restaurant next to the fruit market. Ed found and ate French food like escargot and baguettes. Anne found some shopping in old Montreal and made the first big purchase of the trip. Others went to Hard Rock Café and Planet Hollywood to buy T-shirts and eat dessert. A few viewed the alternative lifestyles, including seeing gay guys kiss (oo-lala) on the street. Joseph K. lead a group to tour a Canadian Navy Frigate ship in the harbor and found a free tower to ascend. Matthew, Cameron and Shane tried to convince Amy and Anne to go with them to Laronde, the amusement park, to ride the largest wooden roller coaster in North America. When they couldn't convince them to go, they went by themselves. They enjoyed three blissful hours in the park until Shane got sick on the backward spirals and it started to rain.

That night, some of the team went to the Jazz Festival downtown. There were many groups performing on street stages for free. It was a very organized and clean event, which many stayed at late into the night.

I, and the others--and even Katrina I'm sure--had a wonderful day experiencing downtown Montreal. When the day was over, most of us had Family Home Evening experiences that brought the spirit into the homes of the families. Whitney and the 7 other girls with her were directly responsible for FHE. Katrina gave the lesson. Karen shared a song she said she learned in primary, but no one else had heard of before. They learned the "Too A Tah" song which they taught everyone later. In another home, Lindsay Folkman and Mindy Carwin gave the lesson and their host families invited about 6 friends in their mid twenties. Afterwards, the hosts took everyone out to an overlook and on the way everyone was singing and hanging out. They all had a great time. Katie, Johanna, Rachel and Pat had a great experience with sharing testimonies with their host family and one new convert guest that they had invited for his first family home evening. He came all dressed up and they enjoyed the spirit while they all shared their conversion stories.

Others, including Joseph G., didn't have family home evening at all. His host family made him ride a bus for an hour and move a washing machine for a service project. The people that chose to ditch family home evening got drenched in a rain storm on the way home from the Jazz Festival. I suppose it was a just reward.

Tuesday, July 6

By Steve Bowen

Devotional by Spencer Mugleston

Prayer by Amber Jensen

The aim of the day was site seeing, again. We were surprised by this because we had expected a planned day, and to make matters more difficult, it started raining hard. So, after much debate, we split into groups visiting different areas of town. The bus dropped us off in three areas.

Group #1 went to downtown Montreal

Group #2 (a group of about 6 people) went to old town Montreal

Group #3 went to the Biodome

Ed was with group #2. He took his group back to the French café from the day before, a place specializing in crêpes and they ate there. Ed bought an appetizer of escargot for each one to try. Maria and Greg Tucker and Brent Austin had their 1st experience eating snails. It wasn't too bad. Ed, Arden Anderson and myself had already eaten snail before.

The bus going to the Biodome got stuck in traffic which only left 45 minutes for them to see four biospheres. "It was kinda cool," said Joseph Kroupa. Most of the people liked it. Most of the people liked the penguin exhibit, including Karen Horman. The students ran through the exhibits and Matthew and Joseph madly took video to remember the events. Most of the animals weren't visible, but it was an interesting use of a former olympic speed skating venue.

The majority of people went to the "centreville" (downtown Montreal) and split into smaller groups. One of the groups went to Planet Hollywood, another group went to the museums of fine art and a third sought out a calm spot to relax, play cards and eat. A lot of people went to the Cathedral, which is a replica of St. Peters Cathedral. Joseph Gowen made a loud noise in the Cathedral pushing up the kneeling bench and Josh Probert said, "Why don't you knock over the other too." Also pictures were taken of the café called Hells Kitchen.

That night we had a performance at a CEJEP (basically a junior technical college), rented by the sponsoring stake. We were not warmly welcomed at the college though, maybe because Clayton couldn't speak French. We had to use an elevator to bring things from the truck to the stage on the 2nd floor. We also had to clear off the stage of existing props, etc. The technical director of the theater could only speak French and so the technical setup took longer. Joseph Andersen had to translate for Scotty and the other technical people, but the theater was well prepared for our arrival. Our dressing areas were very crowded. People set up where they could find a space on the floor.

Before the performance we had dinner in the cafeteria downstairs. We were allowed two choices of meals. While we ate, the students who go to the school just looked at us, though a few asked us some questions and one of them was a member. The pop was warm and there wasn't a lot to eat, but it was enough. The most popular dessert was Jello. The cashier kept looking strangely at everyone coming through with Jello, not realizing that we come from the Jello capital of the world.

During the performance, there was no room in the wings whatsoever. Ed kept freaking out and closing all the doors so light wouldn't leak onto the stage, but we were roasting backstage without any air. Not withstanding these factors, it was still an energetic performance. All the

programs were translated into French and our MC for the evening translated our narrations into French, so we didn't use the recorded ones. This worked well until Scotty let the narration go to announce that we would be selling T-shirts and CDs, which we really can't do in Canada due to government restrictions. The crowd was very disappointed and let out a very loud boo when this was corrected. There were plenty of little irregularities on stage also. Like, during Irish 6 hand, we heard some "Cry of the Celts" music. The audience was involved in every dance because we knew them as host families and friends. One of the loudest cheers of the performance was for the French Canadian section. Even before the number began, the crowd erupted in applause. During Hopak the crowd stood the entire time. That was a first for our group.

After several days here, the host families have become very dear to most of us. We have created some bonds that will last long after tour is over.

Wednesday, July 7

by Sarah Rasmussen (and an anonymous helper)

They came from near and far . . . by cars, minivans, metro, and on foot. The team gathered one last time at the French Stake Center in Montreal to say "au revoir" to Montreal and "bonjour" to Drummondville. The D-ville folks came to retrieve the group and they reported that back at home base there were people cleaning up the festival sight from the storm the day before. Yep, we're talkin' tornado warnings! The guides asked us if we were ready to drink and party. We replied that we were ready to party, but that we didn't drink. (The border guards also thought that was strange when we crossed a few days ago and said we were heading for a festival.)

We stepped onto the bus and realized that some random French bus driver was in West Virginian Greg's place—no more smart talkin' drawl on the walkie-talkie thing. Chantal and Nathalie were our new court-appointed lawyers, uh, I mean, guides for the Drummondville festival. They gave us a quick overview and handed out the oh-so-official passports, laminated ID cards and some discount coupons for beer and soft drinks, on a string for convenience.

After cruising the highway for a little over an hour, Frenchie dropped us off at the "festival hébergement"—nice-sounding phrase for "school with bunk beds in the classrooms." No, really, we were grateful for the festive and warm welcome. The festival workers carried our luggage up to our rooms for us as we waited outside for further instruction.

Four flights of stairs later . . . The women found their room at one extreme end of the hall, in between the Martinique men and the Georgian men—with the Turkish men one door down from them! The girls were right next to the men's bathroom and the men—at the other end of a long hall—were next to the women's bathroom. The men made quick work to cover up the glass on the women's restroom door so that the entire bathroom wasn't visible from the hall. Except for the bathroom situation, the men seemed to have the better housing. They had air-conditioning, a bigger room, quiet bunk beds, and more windows. The men got sick of walking to the other end of the hall, and quickly discovered the bathroom just below on the third floor.

Lunch in the cafeteria, stowing away of luggage, a short meeting, and Roy's tour got us familiarized with how it was going to work here. The call of "Free Time!" sent the group scattering to explore the new surroundings. Some settled in, some began to mingle with the other teams, but most of the team grabbed maps from the information desk and hurried to checkout bicycles for a tour of the town. Many people went downtown to see the main stage of the festival

and all the flags that lined the streets. The parks were covered with older people that were playing croquet and boche ball. Some people went to the WalMart and discovered the Maxi store. Some people went to the Zellers store and Anne lost her bike. She had a hard time believing that someone would steal her bike. Amelia had accidentally taken her bike because the keys to the bike locks work on any bike. Oh, sure Amelia. Likely story. And we thought we could trust each other!

It was a beautiful afternoon in Drummondville.

As for the cafeteria . . . well, we had our first experience in the cafeteria for lunch. The people with special needs were well taken care of. Jeff got the vegetarian menu and Katrina was on the no-wheat diet. The cafeteria workers are all volunteers and they were very nice to our group. We had some sort of pastry biscuit with a chicken gravy and some "interesting" vegetables. In the afternoon we had a two-hour rehearsal to fix the end of festival clog . . . AGAIN! This was a better practice and we got everything arranged for the final time.

At night we were supposed to have a practice on the festival stage but as we left the dorms it began to rain. This was not an ordinary rainstorm, but more of a torrential downpour. Matthew went with the technical truck and went to the festival stage with the director of security. All of the Hungarian team got in the back of this truck so that they would not get totally drenched. The bus driver arrived and the instruments and equipment went back to the school. Everything was unloaded and eventually the word was given that the rest of the group had gone to a Catholic girls school to practice, with the Mackinaw group, the choreography for the closing spectacular every night. The instruments finally arrived. As the storm raged outside, Mackinaw danced up a storm with their fancy double flaps that amazed us all. Our team struggled to learn the new steps. The Mackinaw group was nice but you could tell that they were a bit hesitant about our ability. We started to make bridges of friendship that would last for a long time. They have a boy named Martin who reminds us of Clayton. We all call him FCC or French Canadian Clayton. He tells the dancers what to do and then he tells us the same instructions in broken English. (Some of us are still unsure of what the heck that formation is after we turn around in the beginning--oh well.) We had a very fun time and then we went back to the dorms. Ben had a fun time jumping off the big wrestling mats while the dancers finished up and flirted with the other team--it was mainly our boys flirting with their girls.

When we got home we had devotional and then ordered pizza from a local delivery place. They brought the pizza but it was unsliced and the pizza was mostly cheese. We had a fun time trying to cut and eat it without getting it all over everything. When Pizza Hour was over, Happy Hour was just gettin' started! While some went to bed and some fought for phone rights, most of the group headed for the part-ay in the commons area. Dancing, singing, jammin' with the other foreigners. The BYU band was rockin' out and Martinique started jammin' with the gang. Apparently the others missed out because, "It was SO cool!" as one dancer profoundly put it.

It was a big day and nobody had a hard time sleeping except those by Scottie, or those with squeaky bunk beds.

The most amazing thing about the day was . . . we think it was the first day that Ed managed to escape making any of his famous Freudian slips!

Thursday, July 8

by Arden Anderson

Day 8 of the tour. The day began with the sounds of alarm clocks, people climbing out of bed, things being tossed around and people quietly asking, "When is breakfast?" Arden, being the alertness master that he is, heard something to the effect of "Breakfast ... 9 o'clock ... ends and 9:30 ... doughnuts." So he thought he'd be safe showing up at the cafeteria at 9:00. To his dismay, the friendly chef at the door looked at him and said "You are late, Monsieur." Breakfast ended at 9:00. Arden's hopes of a good breakfast were rekindled, however, when the Chef said, "Come with me and we'll see what we can get for you." Of course they were shot down again when this "kindly-help-the-late-guy" treatment got him nothing but some milk and the last two pieces of unbuttered toast. He was glad to find juice and doughnuts and fruit just outside the cafeteria when he left.

After breakfast and devotional, we had a couple of hours before our first engagement of the day; mainly a rehearsal supposedly scheduled for 12:30. That appointed time was switched to 11:45 shortly before, which caused a bit of confusion, but that was certainly not the last of such changes and flexibility would be required of us. In the mean time, some of us checked out bikes for the first time. A few got bikes that fit them well. Most got ones that were a bit small or a bit rickety, or where tires were a bit under-inflated so as to provide the "seems like I'm riding on rims" feeling. But the availability of bikes is wonderful and it's fun to take them into the city or over to the shopping mall.

When we arrived at our first rehearsal, there was some initial confusion about the stage. Some thought we'd be dancing on the stone stage in the little, tiny park where the bus dropped us off and wondered how we would fit more than 20 people on stage at the same time, unless the rest were in the water fountain surrounding it. That was not the right stage, however. The festival event was down the street. When we approached it, we saw the main stage for the first time. The ceiling seemed awfully low. It seemed as if everyone except Rachel, Lindsay, Cameron and Arden were going to hit their heads on the lights. Of course then we noticed that the entire ceiling moves up and down on towers and they were just working on overhead lights at the time.

Practice went well. The raised floor provided for plenty of volume on our clogging sounds and we were able to restore Ed's faith in our performance of the "Frontier Clog" or "Festival Clog" as it has been called before.

We hurried back to lunch as the last team to be fed. Lunch consisted of "fish and chips," peas, and some unrecognizable soup. After lunch, we had several hours to dink around. We sat around deciding what to do, while Joseph Gowen consistently threatened to open a can of "Whoop-something."

In the evening, right after dinner, we headed out to the performance site for rehearsal. Decently hard rain made it so that we got to wait under a bridge for fifteen minutes until it stopped. While there, we saw art in action as a couple of teens were spray painting graffiti art under the bridge. We didn't know if it was illegal, if they had obtained permission, or if they had been commissioned by the city to do it to give the area more of a "big city" look... Legend has it that what they painted said "Monkey." Joseph Andersen apparently was able to pick out the word. Most of the rest of us were left with doubt.

During the rehearsal of the closing ceremony, that night, we all got our first peek at the dances performed by all of the other teams. How wonderful they are. Arden says the Chilean girl in the middle in front is hot. Matthew and Nate K. think the Mackinaw girls are not so bad either.

Talking about temperature, the heat in the evening was unbearable, HA!, just kidding--more like non-existent. It was quite cold. Some were wishing we had brought our jackets. Rene, the director of the festival and Mackinaw, wished he had a jacket also and stole Maria Tucker's jacket. Apparently this was uncharacteristic of a summer night in Drummondville. We discovered two local treats, one is the beaver tail (a type of scone), the other is the chocolate, banana, and ice-cream crepe! Rehearsal went well, as did the one right afterward in the School auditorium with Mackinaw.

The last big event of the day, to the author's knowledge, was a dance in the commons area provided by none other than "Mega Dance + Disco Sound." Everyone was getting "en bas et funky." The disco goes from 10:00pm to 3:00am. Many of the members of our group have figured out how to close down the discotheque. The festival is going to be very fun and we are excited to be here.

Wednesday, July 9

by Johanna Lambert

Before I begin the record of today's proceedings, I need to mention something that needs to be remembered. This is Ed's notorious call, "GROUP!" This signifies that Ed is trying to get our attention in which case we all strike up a very important conversation with our neighbor.

Now for today...

After the usual routine of waking up, eating breakfast, and going to devotional, we had some rehearsing to do. But that's all boring stuff so I'm gonna skip to after lunch. But before I do that I must mention another very important item: I got a letter from my husband today! He's a babe! In other words, he's the best husband ever! I love him!

OK so after lunch....

Somehow the leadership of this festival succeeded in herding 500 people from 10 countries out to the field wearing brightly colored bandanas to play extremely violent field games where one team attacks another and (by any means possible) tries to pull them apart. Never have I participated in such gratuitously violent field games. One game we had to race on our hands and knees through a whole line of peoples' legs. When it was Shane's turn, we had a little trouble. Actually, he did OK until he had to go through the Korean women. (I think he knocked down two - one had minor injuries - I think she was really hurt, but we just patted her on the back and laughed 'cuz we're obnoxious Americans!') Josh and Matthew crashed into each other and we think they both have concussions because they are a little delirious. Most of our team was bruised, battered, and worn out after the games. The only team that survived the event was Mackinaw because they did not participate. They were the host of the activity, so they just laughed at us. Another funny event was watching Katrina try to keep up with the other members of the team on the milk crate race. She could not reach back to get them and move as fast as the others because of her short arms and legs.

Now for the festival...(he he he)

Tonight we got a taste of what a festival is like. In fact we got more than a taste, we got a full 5 course meal. First of all, it was raining. (And this is an outdoor show). Fun! (Note the hardy sarcasm.) Actually, it was really fun. I believe I changed from Appalachian to clog about 4 times. Lindsay Folkman got a bug bite; she's allergic to them. So she thinks, "Benadryl would help," and she asks around. Before she knows it, she's got 7 or 8 ambulance guys gathered around her inspecting her slightly puffy bug bite with a flashlight and inquiring to see if she could breathe. It was very funny. Ha, Ha. This night many of the groups were not able to perform because the rain prevented their buses from coming to the park. The guys on the team carried the girls to the stage so that they would not get their feet wet before the performance. Next we had Folkotheque! This was such a party. The crowd loved us so much they called us back for an encore. They were all pretty drunk at that time of night and smoke filled the tent. We will all go on the nicotine patch when we get home due to all the secondhand smoke around here. We got home at 1:00 AM. This was our first big night of performance and we were all really excited and hyper when we got home. It has become a tradition of a few people to rock the discotheque. Nate K., Matthew, Amelia, Amber, Joseph A., and Andy close down the show most nights for our team. We love Drummondville!!!!

Saturday, July 10

by Spencer Mugleston

It was raining when we woke up at 6:45 for our 7:00 a.m. practice. Most people were dead tired because we didn't get back to the school until 1:00 a.m. after a late performance last night. Ed said the practice would only take 15 minutes, but of course it lasted for 1 ½ hours.

Joni gave the devotional on sharing the gospel (Moroni 7:48) and then most of us napped until 3:00 p.m. During devotional Ed told us our plans for the day; we have a performance at the Folkotheque at four, seven, and eleven. Joseph Gowen said, "I didn't know we were the only group here."

For our first performance we did the festival clog routine and Steve forgot his black pants. He used his warm-up pants instead. He said it was easier to clog. Matthew discovered that his belt did not fit and so he tried to cut a hole in his belt with a knife. He sliced his finger and it began to bleed right before he went on stage. Nathalie tried to bandage it up but he still was bleeding all over everyone on stage. They called the paramedics and he learned a new phrase in French—"J'ai coupe mon doit!" (I cut my finger)

After the performance Clayton was taken to the hospital. He had been having problems breathing. It finally took that his throat was getting swollen for the doctors to find out that he had a collapsed lung. The whole team prayed for him in the back by the costume changing rooms. They plugged hoses into him to drain the fluids and re-inflated his lung. He is doing fine, but they are still going to keep him in the hospital for the night.

Matthew told Joseph Kroupa that he would wake him up if the Hungarians started to do any dancing. Matthew and Carolyn (Mackinaw) went to find Joseph when the dancing started. Matthew asked Clayton where Joseph was and Clayton said that Joseph went to bed and did not want to be woken up. The next day Joseph K. commented, "You can't trust a person with one lung, not all of the oxygen gets to his brain." Another time Joseph also commented that we should say to Clayton, "We were so worried -- we were afraid that we would not get haircuts for

the rest of tour."

On our way back from the four o'clock performance our guide, Natalie, told us that one bus driver commented that we were the happiest group here. He said that our eyes shine and we made an old man like him happy! Ben Blaser yelled, "That is the spirit working on you!"

Rain caused Irish and the Finale with Mackinaw to be canceled. Schedules seem to change every minute. Because of the rain and the canceled show, we were in charge of the Folkotheque for about four hours. We did our normal American dances, and we had some contests. On the stick pull game Ben threw Spencer across the room, a teenage girl won the barrel roll, and Ben and this young little girl won the swing contest. Ben gave her a kiss at the very end. He blamed her for giving him a kiss and the crowd reacted with laughter and applause. She was surprised. Lisa later found out that this family had recently lost a son/brother that was the same age as Ben. This little girl, for one brief moment, had her brother back. It was a moving moment for Ben when he discovered this amazingly spiritual twist. Another amazing event was that Amy and Kyle Jex had interacted with this same family when they were here in 1992. The family had pictures of the whole group and they showed us the photo album.

With all of the activities tonight Roy was frazzled, Scott was tired, and Ed ran around like a chicken with its' head cut off.

For the missionary experiences today Suzanne, one of the Hungarians, received a Book of Mormon, the bus driver loves us because we are so joyful, Arden and Katrina answered questions from the Martinque people for an hour, and the Turks wanted to know why we didn't drink coffee and tea. They asked Matthew what he felt the figure and purpose of God were. He talked to them for two hours in the cafeteria thanks to Clayton who dropped the bomb that we do not drink and then left the table. We are getting close to the Turkish, Canadian, and Chilean teams. We have so many fun and spiritual experiences every day that it is hard to record them all.

Sunday, July 11, 1999

by Rachel Brems

Today began just as every other morning--breakfast in the cafeteria. But, some of us witnessed a pastime of Kamae's; spreading jelly on her banana peel. Then, off we went to gather our things for rehearsal at the cultural center. We had a show with South Korea and Albania.

Our rehearsal was only supposed to be one hour but we ended up waiting for over two hours for our turn. In the meantime, we did a mini cultural exchange with the Turks. We showed them Black Sea and Artvin. The girls did a great job, but the male dancers were not as good as they could have been with a little more review and practice. The Turks were so excited to see us do their dances. Melissa and Spencer spent their extra time comparing fat rolls!

After the morning practice we went to church. It was so nice to leave the environment of the smoke filled halls and go to a place with clean air to breathe and such a strong spirit. We had the sacrament and Craig gave a short thought about the sacrament. Then the meeting continued with me talking about the Gospel of Love, Ben talked of the Gospel of Service, Johanna, the Gospel of Joy and Arden, the Gospel of Salvation. Lindsay Aldous also shared her testimony with us. It was so nice to get a refilling of the spirit.

Tonight, at our first show, we danced Southern, Appalachian, and Monroes Hornpipe.

This was an eventful performance because the band played the whole Appalachian set when the dancers only did Running Sets. Ten couple could not hear the band start Monroe's and they all started at different times. Luckily both teams recovered and pulled off the show. The MC actually came out and did a solo during Showdown. She had a wig on that looked like Joni's hair!! After the show she came down and we took pictures with her and she told us some jokes.

We then went over to the park to do Irish and the finale with Mackinaw. Tonight was the debut of "Gigue en Folie." This is a dance that members of our team and Mackinaw put together. Johanna and two Mackinaw people do Irish jig, three Mackinaw people do French-Canadian, Steve and the Tuckers do clogging, and Shane, Katie, and Leanne do tap. They all do their style and then they all come together to do all the styles together. It was a big hit with the crowd. The cheers were louder than ever. After the show was over, there were fireworks. The music to go with the fireworks was awesome and the fireworks were incredible. We finally did get to celebrate the 4th of July--one week late. Matthew learned that the word for fireworks in French is feu d'artifices. He decided that this would be a great pickup line for French girls and used it in a sentence. He said, "between you and I there are fireworks--entre nous il y a feu d'artifices." Matthew and Spencer are learning French pick up lines one phrase a day. Joseph Andersen, Amy Pinegar, Steve Bowen, and our guide Chantal will most likely get sick of repeating the phrases for them to remember. Clayton came over to the park tonight and it was great to see him up and moving around again. Once again the discotheque finished up the evening with the drinking and side stream smoke from the other groups.

Monday, July 12

by Ben Blaser

Most of us got up kind of late. After breakfast, at 9:00 am, we met the bus to go to Quebec city. The drive was warm because the driver didn't know how to turn on the overhead A.C. Some slept and some played card games. We passed the city to go to a waterfall. Montmorency Falls were enormous and flowed into the St. Lawrence seaway. On one side was a tram and the other side were some stairs, 478 to be exact. Some crazy guys like Ben, Craig, Brent Wallwork and Jeff ran the stairs. Many people slowly walked the stairs and other "girley" people took the tram. The view from the top was breathtaking. One could see the city and river very far away. For lunch we ate at the visitor's center, cheese and bologna sandwiches with yogurt and veggies.

Quebec city was our next stop. We split up into groups when we got to the city. Some walked around by the Plains of Abraham, others went through the wall directly into the old city. This area was very important to the English overpowering the French forces to make Canada an English ruled area. Everything was beautiful, just like a scene out of Europe. The streets were lined with shops and sprinkled with street performers. Everybody bought various things and we were all awed by the huge castle which is now a hotel. Many people went to a general store to buy French-Canadian spoons. The art festival was going on and Whitney and Mike took time to buy some very nice copper lithographs from local artists. Many of us saw the missionaries on the street while they were on their preparation day, but they were little help with our souvenir shopping. Johanna twisted her ankle as she walked across the street. She decided that she was sick of the group she was in and so she crossed the street and fell into a pothole. She fell all the way to the ground and sat and cried on the street. She said that she felt like a little scared deer!

While she was sitting crying she put her sunglasses on so that nobody could recognize her. Luckily, Jeff found her and helped her get out of the street and get ice on the wound so that she would be able to perform her Irish solo.

On the way back, after a few hours, many stopped to watch a street performer play three recorders at the same time. We met at an old church and the band (Amelia, Liz and Banjo Nate) got some money and applause as they played on the corner with borrowed instruments. The drive back was cooler because, while the driver was away, Jeff found and pushed the overhead fan button on for the bus. We listened to the new C.D. that Nate O. bought that was from the fireworks the night before. Many slept and relaxed after the hot day in the sun.

Once back, we went to dinner and some took off to the festival or slept, and Ben, Fiddle Nate, and Lisa went to the house of the family they met the other night. It was the family of Kristelle, the little girl Ben danced with. They are a wonderful family--super-talented. Nate taught them and jammed with them on the fiddle. Those who went to the festival bought stuff, ate, and had fun. Whitney and Liz walked to Wal-mart and got a pint of ice-cream and ate it all by themselves. Afterwards, some went down to party and others went to sleep.

Tuesday, July 13

by Joni Lusty

Early this morning, Chris and Whitney were lucky enough to wake up before everyone else. Our two Southern friends attended the Mayor's reception to present gifts and thank the Mayor for letting us come to Drummondville. The two said that the wine was flowing freely but they did not want any because it was ten in the morning. (I think the real reason was that they don't drink wine period!) They had to wait for an hour to go to the party because they were told the wrong time. Sleep is a precious gift so they were not really happy to have been robbed of their sleep.

While Chris and Whit were off hobnobbing with the mayor, the remainder of the team spent the morning learning the parade routine. Everyone was out on the soccer field trying to give Anne five minutes of attention. Unfortunately, more time was spent swatting bugs than actually dancing. After nearly an hour of frustration, we gave in and let the bugs have control of the field. We retreated to the parking lot to finish.

Jeff celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday today with a cake from the cafeteria and a variety of songs from the different countries!

After parade rehearsal, we were rushed to the park for a 45 minute show at the Grande Place. This show wasn't our best. Southern was a mess during Banjo Polka and poor Monroe's couldn't hear any music.

We left the school near 5:00 pm to get to the parade. For some reason, I believe no one really knows why, we had to leave two hours before the parade started. So we ended up sitting around and chatting, practicing the parade routine and melting in the sun. Karen Brown was many a photographer's favorite at the parade. She was caught on film by at least two photographers, one of whom came up and stroked her cheek marveling at her beauty. Way to flaunt it Karen! Matthew and Katrina met the director of health care for the festival and thanked him for the care that they and Clayton received during the festival. While we waited, Joseph did pretty well for

himself dancing with the Hungarian team. In time, most of our team was learning freestyle Hungarian dancing from the Hungarians. We took many pictures and messed around.

The parade consisted of one and a half kilometers of singing, doing Appalachian and attempting the routines we'd learned earlier. I think everyone will agree that Appalachian was done a few too many times. Clayton filled in for the band by playing the washboard and the shaker that was tied to his foot. The band had a nice trailer that we are going to ship to Utah for the Homecoming parade next year! Greg and Whitney and Maria made it a point to be in every picture that was taken along the parade route. Ben and Cameron did a new rendition of hitch kicks that brought cheers from the crowd. Matthew and Ben made a sandwich out of the mascot for the festival. They both hoped that the mascot was a girl because whoever it was kept hitting them in the bottom. Johanna was the best at getting the crowd involved in our dancing. I think by the end of the parade she really needed Purell hand sanitizer.

The parade provided a lady that stood by us and held up a flag everytime we were supposed to dance. We all wanted to kill that lady by the end of the parade! Matthew split his finger open again in the parade with all the times doing hambone and the paramedics patched him up on the street. His old bandage went flinging into the crowd and the crowd all scattered to let the bandage settle on the ground. By the end of the parade, every guy's shirt was a shade or two darker in color from sweat (as were a few girls dresses). Craig had dark bruises all over his legs because he did hambone so many times. Ed's reaction was that Craig is finally doing the dance the right way--no sympathy from our hard-nosed director!

Overall, the parade was a lot of fun! During the band's songs we danced with many children and even a few grown men and women. I think everyone loved the opportunity to interact with the people along the parade route.

We then went to the Folktheque and did all of our Celtic dances around the lovely pole in the middle of the stage. The dancers were all tired, but the audience was very receptive even though it was not one of our better performances. An Irish group from Montreal and Mackinaw also performed with us in what they called Irish Pub Night. It was evident why they called it this, the beer was flowing freely. Many of the girls got foot massages from the boys before the night performance. Finally, at 11:00 pm, we again had our "finale" show on the main stage. Everyone was exhausted from the parade and finding the energy to dance one more time was very difficult. Mackinaw had a hard time lifting their legs, so did we because our pants were sticking to our legs and the girls were all sticky. Hats off to everyone for finding the personal strength to finish off the evening!

Wednesday, July 14

by Shane Wright

This morning we "got" to get up at 7:00 am for a practice. The energy and enthusiasm was uncomfortable. While one group would dance, the other group would sprawl out all over the stage. But we were able to review the American section for our evening show. Because Clayton has had problems with his left lung I (Shane) had to take his solo in Texas Fandango and Cameron took the auction scene in Hoe Down. I must admit I was tad bit nervous.

After lunch (and Joseph Kroupa flirting with those Hungarian women again.), quite a few people went to a nearby Quebec village. The village, with minimal alterations, is the original

village from its inception in the late 1700s. The village has about 20 buildings, a church, a stone bridge and a farm. There were actors in each of the houses, walking along the streets and in the garden, farming. There was even a roving band and dancers. We got the band to play La Bastringue and we danced with the actors in the dirt street.

Our lunch today was provided by our sponsor, Banque Nationale! We went to the restaurant that we lovingly call the "Cluckin' Chicken." We had our choice of a few different meals and the members of the team ate pretty well. Brent felt his chicken was not cooked, but we don't know if that was because it was still frozen or not. The band did not get to eat very well because they became the strolling minstrels of the lunch hour. They wandered around and some of the dancers followed. They looked like they were going to sing to someone for a birthday or something. Greg and Maria did a clogging duet and the band played all over the place! Andy walked all over, by himself, playing Italian accordion music--way to go Andy!! We finished by singing "I am a Child of God" which was an odd finish to an odd meal with our sponsor. We had our first full American show in the Folkoteque at 4 pm and the audience loved us.

After dinner, the people that had been assigned to model costumes went to the show. Because Ed and Clayton hadn't returned from Old Quebec City, I got to go in Irish (funny how that had been pre assigned.)

When we got on the bus to go to the modeling show, Katie was showing off all of her battle wounds for the day. She had crashed on her bike during the break.

The modeling show went really well for most, but Katie and I had a few tumbles getting on stage. You see, everyone was supposed to go get a paper describing their costume. There was one problem, we had been given the Albanians costume description. When we got to the stage managers, she asked for our paper. By this time we had given the Albanians their paper and had been told "Don't worry. It's ok." Well, the stage manager accidentally hadn't been given this information because she was freaking out in French. After almost a minute, I told her to explain in English "please." By this time, our position (#5 in the line.) had been passed and the stage manager told us to sit down. She was a bit bitter. Well, to make a long story short, I finally got a hold of René (the guy in charge of the festival) and he wrote up a quick description for us. (You'd think that our troubles would be over. Not!) We went on stage, did our turns and walked down the runway. We looked good--no we looked real good!! Until they finished our description half way down the runway. It was so quiet (besides the Yanni music). So when we did our hard shoe Irish step at the end of the runway, we scared people close to the stage. So the first thing we heard was a startling, "huh", a laugh, then a round of applause. Being the wonderful performers that we are, we were confused by this reaction and were a bit concerned. But we finished with a big smile and Vogue Paris runway grace. Whitney, Chris, Craig, Lindsay Folkman, and Mike were all in line. They were number forty-six and forty-seven in line and they thought that they could take pictures and hang out in the general area. One festival volunteer insisted that they stay in the exact spot in line. When he would walk by he would yell out their costume and force them back into line. He became known to them as the line Nazi.

We had our usual 11:00 performance, then we were off to the disco in the dorms for an evening of dancing, sweating, smoking (others' second hand smoke) and fun. Katie and Amy had quite an exciting experience.

Katie's addition:

We seemed to have an uncontrollable giggling condition. For some reason, we seem to laugh at the most inopportune times. So tonight, after the show, as we headed down to the disco, we were approached by the Mexicans who wanted to trade gifts. We tried to get out of the exchange several times, but they were quite persistent. So as we walked down to our room, we discussed the gift situation. We could tell that they had nice gifts to trade and we were feeling really bad because we didn't really have anything cool. So we thought we would just kind of disappear down the stairs. Just as we were about to make the escape, we looked behind us and saw about 7 of the Mexican girls following us.

We knew we were trapped, so we asked them to wait for a few minutes while we went in to get gifts. It was pitch black in our room and we were trying to be quiet, but as soon as I tripped over a bag, the giggling began. We dug in our bags in the dark trying desperately to come up with something to give them. It took us about 15 minutes to find postcards, key chains and a T-shirt, but we finally made it outside. The girls were so generous. They gave T-shirts and fans and handkerchiefs and all kinds of nice things. We gave them exactly what we could find, a T-shirt, and some postcards, and a key chain with a thousand dollar bill and a price tag on it. We felt really bad, but it was the best we could do at the time. We walked away kind of laughing about what had just happened. Amy made a comment about the T-shirt, "Wouldn't that be funny if you gave them your T-shirt, the sweaty, dirty one you practice in?" I laughed. Then I realized it was my dirty T-shirt because all of the extras were in my costume bag.

About this time, the real giggles set in and we were cracking up. We made it down a couple more steps and I realized that my shirt had a big spaghetti stain down the front. I shared that little fact with Amy at exactly the wrong time. She absolutely lost control. No sooner were the words out of my mouth then I saw Amy crawling up the stairs, trying desperately to control her bladder. I felt myself losing control and so I bolted past her to the bathroom, laughing hysterically the whole way. When Amy finally burst into the bathroom, she informed me that she had wet her pants. I didn't completely believe her until I saw her and then we laughed for at least an hour after that. I ran down to the room to get her a towel and she changed her clothes. Needless to say, we didn't quite make it to the disco.

Thursday, July 15

by Patricia Greathouse (well ok by Matthew and Whitney because she didn't do it for ten days)

Today was a magical day in the history of our team. We discovered that Anne and Clayton finally hooked up! The rumor spread like wildfire through the entire team. It must have been a draining experience for Clayton because he had to go back in the hospital. Anne has a theory that he either made a big mistake and wanted to go back to get away from her, or he just wanted the sympathy.

This morning we went to a summer camp for handicapped children. The camp was on the outskirts of Drummondville in a wooded area. The man that runs the bicycle repair for the festival bikes was instrumental for us coming because he works at this care facility. We drove up to the camp and unloaded into a small gym area. We dropped off our costumes in some rooms and then we went out into the general area. We got into groups of three because we had more dancers than children. As they started to arrive, we realized that we needed to get into groups of six because we still outnumbered them. A few of the children were in wheelchairs but most were

able to walk and play with the group. The group showered the children with attention. They hugged and played all kinds of games. Each group was playing a different game and one could look around to view such games as, "Do as I'm Doing", "Tu a Ta", "Wadaleacha", "Hokey Pokey", "Bird Dance", "Once there was a Snowman", and other Primary games. The gym was full of activity. Kerry and Joni and Mindy found a great friend named Mark. He was our favorite child. He just grabbed on to the girls and mauled them for the entire time we were there. Some of the people, including Chris played catch with some of the wheelchair kids. Everyone was involved and having a great time.

We then went in our make shift changing rooms and changed into our costumes. We did not have time, or privacy to make the change, but we did our best with what we had. Most of the men were running on stage buck naked--no just kidding--they were buckling something. The performance was very intimate and fun for the performers and the children. We sang "I am a Child of God" to them and most of the group was crying. One of the workers at the facility was crying and fighting back her emotion. Many of us have worked with handicapped children and we were reminded that we were dealing with children who are perfect in every way. We felt a language barrier with the French-speaking children and staff. This barrier was totally broken down when we sang the song to them and we felt like we were communicating spirit to spirit.

Lunch in the cafeteria was a welcome relief from the hot and humid weather. We were all enamored by the fact that we had sandwiches for lunch. They had a variety of things to eat and we welcomed the change from the festival cafeteria. Lunch was rather entertaining because Mark and Matthew sat together, dangerous combination!!! Matthew decided to teach Mark some new tricks. He learned how to do Matthew's favorite pastime, tickling the girls and watching them squirm. Mark was very entertained as he ran around the room and did this to everyone. He then learned how to arm wrestle. The team was very good at letting him win and then cheering for him to make him happy. He then ran around the room challenging everyone to an arm wrestle. Mark did not want us to leave and followed us out to the bus. We really don't think that any member of our team left this facility without a hug from Mark. His unselfish love was an example to all of us. We learned more from him than we ever taught him.

We went outside and there was much discussion over what transportation we were taking. Ed called a meeting and informed us that Clayton was going back to the hospital and he was receiving a blessing from Scottie and Roy right then. We had a group prayer in the driveway of the camp led by Ed. We prayed that the Lord's will would be done on behalf of Clayton. We prayed for him to receive the help he needed from the doctors and staff. This prayer turned into a small miracle because it was only a few hours later that Clayton returned to the team. Ed told us that he would leave us when we get to Binghamton to get some serious medical care, but for now he looks to be out of the woods. This is a good thing because we are sick of him bleeding all over the sheets and making it look like someone shot him in bed--just kidding Clayton!!!

We arrived at home and had some time to play. Some went swimming, others napped, some relaxed downstairs, and others did laundry. At 4:15pm we got on the bus to go to the park. We performed three 20 minute segments. We did all of the American stuff that we knew how to do. Between the segments they had a quiz show about Les Etats-Unis (United States). It was the first time doing Lindy-Hop without Clayton, so the beginning was not performed. The band was supposed to play a band number, but the music to Lindy-Hop came on and everyone was

confused. Luckily, Scottie turned off the music and the band played their number. It looked a little funny with just two couples to do the zoot suit part in the beginning, but the dance looked just fine in the end. The audience was responsive as usual and we were tired and hot and exhilarated. They then gave us some dinner from the "Cluckin' Chicken" place from the other day. There was not enough for everyone, but some gladly abstained from the dinner in favor of crepes and beaver tails. We then had a little while to look at the festival and for Mike to agonize over buying his sweater or not. We wandered around and then got ready for the evening show. Some people went back to the dorm while others stayed at the festival to watch the South Koreans and Hungarians.

Tonight Pat was out shopping before getting ready for the show and noticed that something was crawling on her. She hit at it because she thought it was a mosquito, only to find that it was still there. She realized it was a spider that had just gone down her shirt. She freaked out and went down after the spider. She was embarrassed to realize that everybody was watching. We really don't think that anyone saw anything but she was sure paranoid. She went shopping fifteen minutes later and the spider fell out of her shirt. She felt violated in more ways than one.

We did not do the folktheque tonight, but we did have the night performance at 11:00 with Mackinaw. The performance was better than the night before because we had more sound in the monitors and more energy in our bodies. We all went home and Ed told us to be in bed early. How did Ed think we could go to bed early on Halloween? The festival organized a night at the discoteque where everyone dressed up like Halloween and danced the night away. Matthew went with some of the Mackinaw people to McDonald's and was worried about being the last one in. When he walked in, he saw Brent dancing with the beautiful girl in a striking red outfit from Albania. Pat was still dancing with Rodrigo, and other members of the team were all still out. They all stayed out and partied until late into the night. . . again. So much for being in early.

Friday, July 16

by Joseph Gowen

This was the hottest day in Drummondville so far. 8 couple had a French-Canadian rehearsal with Rene Freschette since we were performing in the Folktheque. Surprisingly, he was quite impressed with how well we did the dance and did not have too many corrections to make. What changes he did make helped us to improve the dance so that when we performed in the Folktheque we could blow them away with the fact that here were a bunch of American students performing French-Canadian. We all started sweating as soon as we got in the auditorium and didn't stop until tonight once we were done with our show.

Our show in the Folktheque started with all our Western dances. Then we did a barrel roll contest and a cakewalk. Now was the time for 8 couple to perform "Une Visite a Charlevoix." We were all a little nervous, but thankfully when we finished, we received a standing ovation from the crowd. Even the people from Mackinaw who came to see us dance said we did a pretty good job. Way to go 8 couple! As we walked on stage for the dance, Whit was standing there during Turlutte and an old man asked where her costume was from. She said "French Canada," and he said "Where?" She then clarified for him "Quebec," and after a moment of pondering, he figured it out. Smart man.

At 4 pm, we had a rehearsal for our 9 pm show closer. We arrived in the auditorium at 4

but Ed was not ready for us for another 15 minutes. It seemed that this was going to be an on the spot choreography. When the music came on we all just about died. The singer was the supposed favorite country singer in Quebec but he sounded like Willie Nelson singing in French. Later we found out that Rene had the music months in advance but would not send it to Ed for fear we would not come to the festival. After hearing the music he might have been right!! Rene finally gave him the music at a festival meeting earlier that morning and he slid it across the table and said "Listen to it and see if you like it." Later that night, before we went on, Rene said to Ed, "I'm sure you'll win an academy award for this choreography." Obviously he was being sarcastic.

The best part of our show was Rodeo Swing. Josh forgot his hat so he didn't get out on time. Whitney was on far stage right dancing by herself. After about 30 seconds of being a solo artist, she left the stage. Unfortunately, as she was leaving stage right, Josh was weaving his way on from stage left. So now he is out dancing by himself and Ed is in the wings amazed at their own variation of the country chase. Finally, Whit and Josh were reunited. Whitney asks, "Where were you?" Josh replies pathetically, "I didn't want to come on without a hat." We alternated segments of our show with George Hammel. He opened the show and after every song he kept saying, "I'll play just one more." Oh how we all wished it was just one more! While he was playing, several couples went out on stage and danced because they were so bored. Shane and Katie did a ballroom waltz to a country beat! Way to go guys! The hardest part of the night was when we went to do the finale with George's band. All of his songs sound exactly alike so Shane had no idea when we were supposed to go on and dance the finale. We jumped a couple times on accident but we did finally get on stage at the right time. Later that night Rene tried to sign up Roy to be the manager for George on his United States tour. We feel that Roy will do a good job marketing a French speaking old school cowboy in the U.S. We especially liked the metallic blue suit with stars that George wore on stage tonight.

Delynne flew in today. She'll be here for about four days. She brought a ton of energy with her and everything that we left at home. She was very excited to find out that Anne and Clayton hooked up the other day. The girls were all happy too because they used her bed for a clothing deposit. We also learned that Delynne snores!

Kamae and Andy both had gospel discussions with our guide Nathalie. They gave her a Book of Mormon. She seemed like she liked the gift and she started to read it almost immediately.

Many people found joy in the pool tonight because of the heat. Although Josh told many that it was a pee pool, there were at least ten or twelve team members that went swimming. The discoteque had a theme of Christmas tonight and everyone came dressed up. The Americans all came in shorts and t-shirts because we celebrate Christmas a little differently. The girls at the dance were in formal dresses, but we convinced them to change because all they wanted to do was drink and we wanted to dance! It was a fun night that went well into the evening.

Saturday, July 17

by Kamae Bradburn

This was a nice relaxing day for 8 couple. We had the entire day free until our 11:00 PM show. 10 couple (and a few 8 couple boys) had rehearsal at 9:00 AM with the Hungarians to prepare for their 9:00 PM show. The director of the Hungarian ensemble quickly taught some freestyle steps and then formed them into a dance. He was a good teacher, even in a foreign

language. Many thought that he had taken teaching techniques from Susanne Davis. Joseph K. had the most fun and he was asked to do a special number with the Hungarian team. He was later impressed with the costume and felt really cool. Many observed, including Joseph himself, that this was the most nervous he had ever been for a performance. We assume that he meant since the time he did "Surfin' USA" on his Wilk team. They practiced Mek and Cigan for the performance this evening. Clayton is tentatively dancing Mek tonight but that will be the only time he dances for the rest of tour. Joseph G. is madly working to get up to speed on the dance. We heard the rehearsal was smelly, sweaty and hot but they enjoyed dancing together.

While the ten couple team and the few eight couple boys were practicing, Whitney, Lindsay A., Craig, Josh, Roy and Delynne all ventured to the local Metro grocery store. Their mission was to get food for lunch for the Monday drive to Binghamton. They did a great job, well they came back with a ton of bags so we assume they did a good job. They better have done a good job for 250 dollars Canadian.

After lunch we had devotional and we all had to go pack our costume bags so that it won't take so long tonight. Scotty and Karen will leave in the morning and we have to load the truck before they leave. The rest of the afternoon was all free time to play.

The band had a show in the Folktheque for about an hour today. They were awesome! Our band is amazing - great entertainers. Nate even got out in the middle and taught a dance. The band said it was not that great of a show because the tech people could not figure out how to turn on the monitors. At the end of the performance it started to get very stormy and we were all asked to go back to the school. Chantal got worried when the sky started to get dark because of all the weird weather they have had recently. They were worried about a tornado, so they lowered the main stage and tentatively proceeded in the Folktheque tent. Some of the dancers stayed and watched Mackinaw do an interesting show at the Folktheque. They put all of their dances in a hat and let the audience choose the lineup from the hat.

Some people went swimming at Pascal's house and others packed up their costume bags and took naps. The Hungarian show went very well for our team. We performed Cigan very well and the Hungarians said they liked it. The audience went crazy over the men doing Mek. Scottie said that the stage crew and sound people never really react to anything, but when the men finished with Mek. They gave a standing ovation. The finale was fun to perform. All of the freestyle was great, but some of the members of the team had a hard time finding their partners. Katie was partners with Andrew from Mackinaw and they did not find each other. Some of our female dancers reported that they had to dance alone or with other girls. Of course our Irish dance was popular with the festival crowd tonight as it has been every night. The fireworks were also incredible tonight.

After the show we had to pack the truck so it would be ready to go on Sunday morning. We all tried to pack quickly so we could go play with our international friends and get our final preparations done to leave. I would have to say the best part of the day was when I got my mission call to Bolivia! A perfect ending to the day! I had everyone guess but no one got it. The closest was Ecuador, Argentina, and Brazil. After the truck was packed some went to bed and others went to disco and play with Mackinaw.

Sunday, July 18

by Nate Olson

Today was bittersweet for most of us - the last day of the festival. :(Our bus driver was a bit confused and drove us to church at the Great Hall of the Jehovah's Witnesses. The ride had seemed a little long and unfamiliar hadn't it? We explained to the bus driver that we were the "other" guys that come and knock on your door to talk about religion.

Then we got to church. One great thing about church today was that we were able to bring many of our new friends with us, including our guides Nathalie and Chantal. Craig Anderson brought his new friend Bertha, Pat brought Rodrigo from Chile, Arden brought Marcia from Chile, and a few of the Mackinaw team also came including Mark and Marie-Elaine. The meetings were translated for us and the sacrament meeting talks were very good. Sunday School was very.....interesting. We talked about the last words of Christ before he was crucified. The lesson was very good, but just a note to teachers: Probably not a good idea to start a commentary on the scriptures with the words, "After pondering and thinking about this for a very long time, I concluded that Mary really is the mother of all humanity." Yeah. You should have seen the guy who was translating.

Anyway, the other meetings were great, and especially significant was the opportunity to sing in Sacrament meeting for the members of the ward. The men of the group learned a bit about the gift of forgiveness in Priesthood meeting. One of the investigators said that he was having a hard time forgiving some of his wife's lovers. The missionary who was translating went bright red and did not know how to translate the statement. It was very special to be with the members of the ward there and feel of their good spirits.

After Church, we were headed home and stopped at "Le Globetrotter" Restaurant for lunch. Brent had a story for all of us on the way to the restaurant. En route we had the grand opportunity to hear Brent Wallwork tell us of his experience with the young Albanian woman he's been spending his time with. Because of the great significance of the story and the important lessons learned, I will try to recount it here exactly as we heard it. As the night began, Brent and, lets call her "Svetlana" to protect her identity, were involved in an intense game of ping pong. Brent lost 2 out of 3 games, but we are assured that he lost because he wanted to keep up foreign relations and not hinder the possible eventualities of the evening.

At this point in the festival Brent had been spending quite a bit of time with Svetlana, and he was quite enamored with her. After the game of ping pong, they decided to go on a walk outside and ended up sitting and talking on a bench near the bicycle rack. They talked for some time and apparently Brent thought things were going fairly well. As often happens, they reached a lull in the conversation, and Brent started to get that warm feeling that we all know so well. Suddenly, Svetlana turned to him and a look of bewilderment, perhaps fear, came over her eyes. "You look like you're going to eat me!" she says. Brent is naturally taken aback, "What do you mean? I look like I'm going to eat you?!!" Apparently the vibes that Svetlana was getting weren't quite the ones Brent was sending out. Brent continued "What, like I'm the big bad wolf or something??" Svetlana, naturally had no idea who the big bad wolf was, so Brent spent the next several minutes hashing out the story of the three little pigs and explaining how the last little pig was the smartest because he built his house out of brick, etc. etc. By the time he got done the moment, as you can imagine, had passed, at least for Svetlana, and when Brent brought it back up she told him that she doesn't just kiss anybody; that it has to be special. Very classy girl.

Too bad for Brent. He did learn something though, and later that day I asked him what the moral of his own little fairy tale was. He replied. "Albanian girls really don't want to kiss, they just dress that way. Hmmmm.. Ponderous. Anyway the story ended with the whole bus joining in a rousing rendition of "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" There are sure to be many more harmless jokes at Brent's expense in the future over this little escapade. As a side note, after they had their little talk Brent did say that he preceded to give Svetlana a Book of Mormon and bear his testimony about it. He said they talked about the gospel for almost two hours after that. And that is a great lesson for us. I suppose there are many different ways to connect with someone. :-)

We were privileged to enjoy a very good meal sponsored by the festival. They said they just wanted to thank us for our work and thought that a good meal would be a great way to do that. The food was fabulous, although some of us missed the soup and gravy biscuits of the cafeteria. At this point we also all decided that René, the director of the festival, is just an awesome guy. It is inspiring to be around people with such tremendous vision.

The rest of the day was hectic. We went home and slept for a few hours when most of the guys were awakened by a sweet Turkish kid bringing Turkish Delight. Chris came in and yelled, "Turkish Delight". When he realized everyone was asleep, he offered Matthew and Craig some. He woke a few more people up and then he went for Ed. He stuck the stuff in Ed's face and we took pictures while Ed was asleep. He made sure ALL of the guys woke up so he could give it to them. We did a huge gift exchange with the Turkish group and everyone left covered with Turkish gifts.

The day ended with three shows right in a row. The shows went well, especially for Katrina Madsen. You'll have to ask her about that though.:-) It was very cool to be able to perform so much and as the festival ended I have no doubt that all of us felt that we were part of a very beautiful, amazing, even miraculous experience. I know for me that the experiences and opportunities we had at Drummondville were some of the most special that I have had as a performer, especially getting to know so many different people from so many different cultures and being able to share our culture and beliefs and spirit with them. Most of us stayed up very very late to spend time with these great people, and many didn't sleep at all. It was a treasured time to remember and say good-bye. Kinda sad, but very rich and fulfilling.

Monday, July 19

by Lindsay Aldous

After waking up from our last slumber party night at the Drummondville Festival (to the sound of 50 different alarm clocks), we headed back from this foreign land of Canada to the USA. Most of the members of the team never went to sleep because the members of the other teams wanted to be with them for a few more hours. Matthew got an early start to his Birthday today at the discoteque with all of our international friends. Turkey left at 2:00 am and many of us went to see their bus off. We left at 6:00 am after singing "Go Ye Now In Peace" to our newly found friends, Mackinaw, Chantal, Nathalie and everyone's ITR's (International Tour Romances). Tears were abundant among the other groups as we left and we also had to control our emotions as we left all of these wonderful people in Drummondville. We circled the parking lot twice to wave goodbye and the second time Mackinaw did a little clogging dance step for us while we waved to them from the bus.

Unfortunately, most of us dressed like it was summer outside and we just about froze to death on the bus. Jo Lambert explained our situation perfectly by saying we were like “chilly, chilly, little icicles.” We headed down to beautiful New York and ate our lunch outside in the rain at a rest stop a few miles from Oneonta, New York. Finally, after a six hour ride on the bus we made it to the Broom Center for Performing Arts in Binghamton, NY. We performed the usual ritual of ironing our costumes, blocking “Lord of the Dance”, and setting up the tech stuff. The theater presented some interesting problems because of a shallow stage and deep pit area. The dancers had plenty of bathrooms to change in, we even had a green room.

At 5:00 PM we departed for the fabulous dinner at the American Civic Association. Although we didn't have any hot soup, the lasagna, salad and Jello tasted like heaven. Our performance started at 7:30 PM with a change in the line-up to add some spice to the beginning of the show. Instead of doing Lindy Hop and Rodeo Swing we performed Texas Fandango and Frontier Hoe Down. This was changed because of Clayton's injury and the sickness of a few other dancers. Some of the people think that it was really a plot by Joseph Kroupa so that he would not have to do Rodeo Swing. This was a wonderful change to the show until some miscommunication landed Johanna Lambert and Greg Tucker on stage doing a Ceilidh duet without the other six dancers. The band number to allow the dancers to change from Southern Waltz to Ceilidh was accidentally skipped. Ceilidh and Scottish were on stage a few minutes sooner and this made it so the real show was backstage. The audience enjoyed it however. They clapped like crazy. One audience member told Joni Lusty that she loved the variety of our entrances; sometimes everyone came on at once and other times people joined half-way through the dance. Another audience member commented on how much she liked the lights that turned on half-way through bread and salt--nice Ben!! As long as the audience enjoys it, it's all good eh? Oh, and one more thing; congratulations to Joseph Gowen who is the newest principal dancer after his debut in Mehkereki.

We went home with our host families to Vestal, Endicott, Endwell, and Binghamton. Everyone slept well except for Anne. Anne was at an after show party and was told that her house for the evening was haunted. She was very scared to go to her host family's house because she knew that Amy would already be asleep. We all assume that things went well because she did not seem to be too traumatized. Matthew was happy because he got a birthday cake from his host family and everyone else was happy for a nice bed!

Tuesday, July 20

by Joseph Andersen

This morning we left our host families in Binghamton to go on a long bus ride. Some people had a very good experience with host families and others were not so pleasant. Ed and the group leadership went to a party at Milly and Bob's house last night and they blessed us with many ethnic treats for the bus. Joseph G. and Shane reported some crustaceans in their cereal this morning and Matthew and Jason had the fruit buffet of their lives. The vast majority of the daylight hours were spent under the soft glow of fluorescent lighting in Paul's Promenading Palace of Pleasure (i.e. the bus). The bus made several stops at different rest areas to allow us to stretch our legs and take a break. A couple of meaningful tourist stops broke the monotony of holding down bus benches.

About a half hour out of Binghamton we stopped in Oakland, Pennsylvania (formerly

Harmony) to view the Aaronic Priesthood commemoration site. After a brief introduction to the area by a member of the Binghamton Ward, we set out to see the site in a brief ten minutes. This was wishful thinking on Ed's part but we all pretended to hear him. Some of the team followed our local guide, Brother Yates, to the cemetery where a few famous people in church history are buried. Many took pictures at the monument of John the Baptist and the foundation remains of the Issac Hale home. We viewed the hill where the rumors originated of Joseph Smith being a gold digger, and felt the spirit of the translation of the Book of Mormon that took place here. Ed, Brent A., Matthew, Joseph K., Lisa and Whitney crossed over and under a parked train to get down to the riverbank. Ed and Brent had some great pictures taken and the rest of the group stood and marveled at the beauty of the site. Whitney and Lisa went under the train and got grease and dirt on their dresses, the boys went over the train to avoid a similar result.

Our next stop was a small Amish town called Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania. The town catered more to tourists than to an Amish lifestyle that is prominent in Lancaster County. An occasional carriage or horse and buggy would pass by filled with bearded men and women dressed like Laura Engles in "Little House on the Prairie." Although the fashion sense of the Amish is somewhat questionable, they do make a mean ice-cream cone. We found it interesting that most of the merchants in the town were Catholic, Baptist, and Methodist with a little bit of a bias against the Amish. Our group was disappointed that the trip was so short and that we did not get to see any Amish people in their natural setting. One of the group members said that they did see a little Amish boy throwing up on his front porch while his mother held his head. We were also all amused with the next town over from Bird in Hand because of it's interesting name. Intercourse, Penn. was the brunt of many local jokes and souvenirs. Ed had another one of his classic moments where he learned that it is not ok to say some of the things he learned in his youth anymore.

When we loaded on the bus again, the social committee had a game lined up for us. We played the Tour Romance game. This game lines each boy on the team with one girl on the team. It is a get to know you game for our team that we have played many times. We heard that there were several requests for T.R. matchups, but we never found out who they were other than Clayton and Anne. We had time to get to know each other and then we had to answer questions about each other. The questions ranged from "what is your T.R.'s worst Christmas gift ever?" to "what kind of food would you want your T.R. to eat before you kissed them?" Melissa and Chris were declared the winners, but we all think they cheated because they only missed one of twenty two impossible questions. The average score was just slightly above the average for an Organic Chemistry exam.

We stopped for dinner and Roy gave us money to eat dinner at a choice of fast food restaurants. Several people almost missed the bus because they were waiting for Pat to get her meal. This dinner break was followed by the ride to our hotel. We watched a movie on the bus and then arrived at the Econo Lodge for our sleep for the night. We were all excited to see that they had a Super Walmart. I don't know why we were excited because most of us don't even go to Walmart when we are home. Many people stocked up on food and others bought a variety of things from C.D. players to board games. Many of the boys chipped in for a Risk board that they stayed up all night to play. The game never came to a conclusion, but several declared that they could have won, given the right circumstances. Many stayed up to watch T.V. or play the card game Phase Ten. Steve was reunited with his wife again because we are close to Washington

D.C. where she is living. We had a great day and we welcomed the rainstorm on our way to Walmart as a way to cool down and smell the beautiful "mountains" around us.

Wednesday, July 21

by Mindy Carwin

Ah! There is nothing like a good night's sleep in a hotel! We awoke this morning ready for a morning of travel, heading for Tazewell, Virginia. The hometown of our one and only Katie Strong! Before we set off Clayton Dorny said his goodbyes. He is going with his brother to Washington D.C. and getting a doctor to take care of his lung. We will miss him, but we also want him to get better, so it is best he had to leave.

The bus ride was quite normal with people sleeping, singing (of course with the guitar) and chatting about anything and everything BYU folk dancers talk about. The view outside the bus was wonderful. For many of us we were able to view the Appalachian Mountains for the first time. The rolling beautiful mountains were amazing to behold. We stopped for lunch at a truck stop outside of Tazewell about forty five miles and some had Subway, others Taco Bell, and many opted for the sit down breakfast. After lunch we watched Seinfeld. I can't say everyone was pleased, but it is good for a few laughs.

Katie was thrilled to share info about Tazewell as we entered the town. We even got her to speak some Southern drawl for us. We were so excited as we watched her, what a fun experience to perform for your hometown, in your old high school! She really had a blast.

Scotty needed a lot of help setting up because there wasn't a lot of lighting. Meanwhile Ed called a meeting in the hall. A few minutes into the meeting Ben Blaser came and said they needed more help, immediately all (well, almost all) the guys jumped to their feet and almost ran down the hall. Arden, Craig, Tony, and Joseph were the blessed ones. Don't worry Ed, they were just excited to serve, not to leave the meeting.

Hot and humid? Never! We had circulation fans, and we brought in a 5 gallon water jug (I know it was refilled several times.) As we danced during the show, everyone in the audience had converted their program into a fan. The people were so good to us! They even gave us apples and bananas, yum! We changed in the choir room and in the hall, all on stage right. Boy, can we make a mess quickly. The choir teacher walked in and we could tell she was horrified! She was probably pleasantly surprised to find it looking spotless the next morning! We call it an organized mess, to us it is perfectly organized, but to the outside eye it was a tornado clean-up project.

The afternoon before the show was a dinner in the cafeteria, listening to Melissa play the piano, ironing costumes, setting up, and making ourselves look pretty. All the usual prep for a show. Devotional was given by Mike Brown and Mindy Carwin had the prayer, imagine that! We were reminded of how "When you choose to follow Christ, you choose to be changed... Yes, Christ changes men and men can change the world." (Ezra Taft Benson) The church is like a great caravan and we as folk dancers are too. As we move we allow Christ to change us. Then, we can influence others through our efforts. We truly are here to share the gospel and the light of Christ. I know what is why we have the opportunity to travel.

Like a lot of small towns the stage reflects the needs of the town. It was tiny! The

smallest ever, the band had to set up off the stage in the audience. It was an adventure! Cry of the Celts ended with two lines instead of one, and the girls in Hopak had to be creative with their arms (some of us couldn't help giggling as we danced because we kept wacking each others' arms). Melissa Grossnickle had fun kicking Josh during her lift in Hopak – too close for comfort!

The show went really well except one minor thing in the beginning. The band number between Hoedown and Running Sets was different, which was fine except it was really really short. When they finished, only half of us were ready when Appalachian Running Sets started. Oh, the joy of improvisation! We eventually all made it. We hoped the audience couldn't tell we were laughing! That night there were cookies after the show; we were in heaven. We all began clean-up! Matthew Gamette asked me later where I had been when he needed me. "Why?" I asked. "Because I could have used your help with CPR." Some lady in the audience had an insulin attack and Matthew had a speed review of CPR flash through his mind as he helped her. Crazy stuff!

Everyone said their host families were great. Kerry and Tony and others got to stay in a really truly haunted house. A ghost specialist declared a long time ago that it is haunted. Rachel Brems and Mindy stayed with the commissioner of revenue for the State of Virginia. She and her husband were great people. They found out the following morning on the bus that we had gone with a different host family than the one that they were assigned to! Oops! It all worked out. They walked down from the stage – she said come on girls and they left. They were both confused because they never saw her raise her hand. Silly us! Rachel and Mindy washed their sweaty stuff in the sink and Mindy had the chance to call Dana! Katie was able to stay with her best friend and some of her family. Her mother, grandmother, sister, and brothers made the trip to see her. Most of us stayed with non-member families and enjoyed their southern hospitality. It was a good day!

Thursday, July 22

by Brent Wallwork

We left the friendly town of Tazewell, Virginia this morning for a four hour trip to the Folkmoot Festival. Sickness has become a real obstacle for our group as many of us have colds and other ailments. Sadly, we had to say goodbye to Melissa Grossnickle today. She has been fighting a serious case of bronchitis and hopes to recover at home prior to her wedding. We miss her and pray that she will get healthy soon.

On the bus ride we went through Virginia and Tennessee. We viewed river rafting, mountains, bridges, and tunnels. We watched "With Honors" on the bus, and Joni was observed crying again. Waynesville, North Carolina, home of the Folkmoot Festival, is a country town surrounded by green hills and the Smokey Mountains. On the local country radio station the DJ was heard saying "If you listen long enough you'll hear a song about your life." Following some technical bus maneuvers by Paul, our dutiful driver, we arrived at our home for the next four days. We headed up the wrong road and Paul pulled a three point turn in the road and almost went into a front porch. Other countries involved in this festival include Ukraine, Peru, Mexico, Ecuador, Turkey, Italy, Malaysia, and the Ivory Coast. Craig and Cameron played indoor soccer with the men from Ivory Coast and Italy, while Mike, Nate K., Matthew, Amelia, and Karen sang songs with the Peruvian group.

This afternoon the group took a trip to Walmart for some needed supplies and the 8 couple team re-blocked Appalachian patchwork for tonight's performance without Melissa. Ed's wife, Vickie, and Roy's wife, Ann, both flew in today from Utah to join us for the remainder of our tour. We appreciate their association and anxiously anticipate Ed and Roy being much less grumpy.

Tonight we performed briefly at Haywood Community College. Our wait outside prior to the performance was a good opportunity to meet the other groups. Ivory Coast welcomed everyone with a drum dance in the parking lot that created a large crowd of spectators. The Turkish group gave us some pointers on Black Sea dancing. We also discovered that a man named Matthew from the Ivory Coast group is a member of the church, baptized three years ago in Germany. Our performance of Clog duet, Appalachian Patchwork, and Monroe's Hornpipe seemed to be a hit. Here in North Carolina we are amongst a crowd that knows what to expect in American clogging and square dancing.

We appreciated an experience Lindsay Folkman shared with us at tonight's devotional. She spoke about the importance of prayer and asking specifically for what you need. Her prayers were answered as her husband was protected from harm back home at a scout camp.

To conclude the evening we attended a party hosted by the Ukrainians. There we learned games that we never played at EFY. We don't need to be too explicit but we will just say that Joni and Nate O. got to know each other better, Lindsay A. likes to play the stick game, and Shane did not take off any clothes!

Friday, July 23

by Karen Brown

You can't control the things that happen to you, but you can control how you react! –
Today's Devotional.

Today another beautiful, warm, and very humid day in Waynesville, North Carolina. Some of us made an excursion to the Laundromat this morning. We were so excited to wash our clothes and costumes, especially Appalachian, at long last. We finished our laundry with enough time to grab some food for lunch and head over to the Stomp'n' Grounds, "the clogging capital of the world." When we got there, we sat on the bus for an hour enjoying the wonderful air conditioning. Finally, we had to get off and get ready to perform. The place was very cool. It was rather rustic looking. Everything was wood and it had the feel of the inside of a barn. The announcer announced us as one of most sought after American groups in the country. We performed our Western stuff and the crowd seemed to really enjoy it. Ed told the guys in "All Men's" that they were not going to do the first part where we sing "Home on the Range." Brent must have missed that message because he was the only one to go out on stage and lay down. He quickly got up as the other men traveled across the stage doing another step.

This afternoon was free. We had a dinner of ham and meatloaf that someone said looked like cat food. Yummy? We performed at the Stomp'n' Grounds again tonight. We had time to talk to other groups. We also got to watch the Mexicans perform. They did a Machetes dance, and they were awesome. The sparks flew from those machetes as they hit them together. We performed Hoedown, Clog Duet, and the Festival Clog tonight. Everybody loved it. A crowd favorite was when Lindsay Folkman altered the choreography by dancing a solo on her bottom at

the first of Festival Clog. Greg and Maria did a great job on their duet and made us proud to be good cloggers. We make that comment because we saw a group of locals clog before we went on stage and the ten year old in their group was the best clogger. The comment was made that we do more steps per minute than any group they had ever seen. Way to go Greg on the new choreography!! As we ran off stage, the announcer exclaimed, "Them folks sure know how to do our kind of dancin' – real good."

Tonight we hosted the late night party. It was lots of fun. The band played some fun songs, and we danced Rodeo Swing and Showdown. We had a country swing competition and country line dancing. The line dancing was the most popular event of the evening. We take our hats off to Katie Strong who taught about three different line dances. The swing contest was popular also and the big winner was Steve Bowen and his partner from Turkey. Greg Tucker did well for a while with a cafeteria worker, but they had to duck out in the finals due to a combination of heat and old age. We also had a barrel contest, stick pull, and cakewalk. We did a little different twist on the stick pull by having the girls compete. Our girls got killed by a local guide who must have outweighed them by a hundred pounds. The lady from Ukraine did pretty well for herself, but the woman from the Ivory Coast did not do so well in this event! The barrel competition was not very competitive after all. The man from the Ivory Coast won this contest hands down!! The cafeteria workers requested that the band play "Rocky Top", which they did. I think the other countries enjoyed the cakewalk the best 'cause they got good cakes. So we partied from 11:00 to 1:00 in the cafeteria. Then the party moved over to the gym. People continued dancing and began playing basketball. The Turkish group taught all kinds of line dancing and all the countries participated. Cameron and Joseph G. stayed up and played "small ball" basketball with all the short members of the other teams. It looked like they had a good time and many Italian girls enjoyed watching them play.

Additional tidbits of information:

1. The bathroom is only 39 steps away instead of the 160 steps in Drummondville
2. The showers are on the same level instead of down four flights of stairs.
3. I almost got taken out by a soccer ball in an attempt to write this tour history – and I mean, death was coming to me – but I survived.

Saturday, July 24, 1999

by Nate Keller

Devotional was at 9 AM this morning. The thought was given by Karen Brown and the prayer by Joseph Gowen. We had to be on the bus by 9:45 AM to go to the street festival. We got out of the bus at the First Baptist Church and walked down the street four blocks to the courthouse.

Near the church was a booth with a small contraption for testing your bible knowledge. Some of us stopped to take the quiz and talked to a nice old man about common beliefs. There were several small shops selling various wares including home-made ice cream which caught the attention of several team members. It was a very hot and humid day. The men were wearing their all-black outfits complete with chaps and cowboy hats. We wandered the booths for a half-hour until our scheduled performance. Some people bought picture frames made from the

wood of an old country barn.

At 11 AM we did a 10 minute show at the foot of the courthouse steps. The crowd was large and very responsive. The announcer introduced us as the most sought after folk dancing troupe in the United States. When the performance was over we made our way back to the First Baptist Church for lunch. We ate with the Ivory Coast group and the Ukrainian group. The meal was a huge buffet with sandwiches and fruits. At the end of the meal we each received a party favor style bag of candy for the road.

The weather became gloomy on our way home. Thunder was imminent, but that didn't stop us from going swimming. A few people stayed at the school to sleep or to email at the nearby library. The rest of us went to Cherokee to see the museum. About half of the bus opted to go swimming and got off the bus early. They swam until they heard thunder at which time the pool policy was to kick everyone out for a half-hour. Ben Blaser and others played frisbee football in the rain during the non-pool half hour. Katie Strong was approached by a four-year-old boy who continuously repeated the phrase "give it to me baby." Those who went to Cherokee stepped off the bus to the sound of two elderly Indian women singing "Amazing Grace" in Cherokee with two part harmonies. Roy offered to pay our admission to the museum and we all went in together. There was a short film about the origin of the Cherokee people who are also known as the fire people. In the waiting room for the movie were several Indian tales, one of which was the story of the tortoise and the hare.

The museum was filled with these various tales which were passed down through the generations. One tale was similar to that of Adam and Eve. The father and mother had one son. The farther would bring home meat to eat each day and the mother would make corn and beans in great abundance to eat with the meat. Over time another son was created from the continuous flow of the animal blood and the two boys would pack around together. They decided to find out how their father was able to get such good meat each day, so they secretly followed him to a cave where he removed a large stone and an animal leapt out. The father then killed the animal and took it home to eat. When the father left, the boys removed the stone and an animal leapt out. They failed to replace the stone and more and more animals escaped until the earth was filled with all the animals. Because the boys had done this, the world would now have to work for its food and they were cursed with fleas, lice, rodents and all other pestilence. The rest of the museum recounted what they called "The Trail of Tears." This was the expulsion of the Cherokee from the east to the west. Many of them died on the trek west just as the Mormons did a few years later. The rain was coming down hard when we boarded the bus for home.

After a couple of hours of relaxation we left for our performance at 7:30 PM. It was at Haywood Community College. We stayed on the bus in the parking lot and watched the movie "Evita" starring Madonna and Antonio Banderas. After the show we went to the late night party at the school which was hosted by Turkey. They began with some dance performances and then two guys entered dancing with their shirts up over their heads and giant faces painted on their stomachs. Eventually the giant lips on their stomachs kissed each other. Brent Wallwork was selected to do the dance and he left with lipstick marks on his navel. The party ended at 1 AM.

Sunday, July 25

by Amy Pinegar

Sundays on tour are a day to look forward to. It seems that no matter where we go we always find a great outpouring of the spirit and wonderful uplift. This Sunday was no exception. We woke early and dressed in our blue Sunday attire, attended a type of closing ceremony breakfast with the other groups. Each group sat at their own respective tables and in turn sent representatives who filed past the mayor of Waynesville and the director of Folkmoot to receive flags, t-shirts, plaques and other Folkmoot paraphernalia. The director lady gave the other directors kisses and hugs and praise. Last but not least, it was our turn. Ed and Anne and some others presented the Folkmoot committee with a wooden stage-coach. Ed thanked everyone and then asked if we could sing a song, and then excuse ourselves (we had to get to church). They then closed the Folkmoot festival 1999 and we sang "Go Ye Now in Peace". It was a neat experience, as it usually is, to sing and look at the faces of people so similar to us, yet from all corners of the earth.

Our next stop was the Waynesville ward, with Becca, our guide, in tow. The sacrament meeting talks were by a Sister Mary Parker and her son. Sister Parker spoke about how peace doesn't come without a price, but that price is worth the peace. She said that 4 years ago a dance group from BYU was here (it was the folk dancers) and she was investigating the church. That was right at the time that she decided to get baptized. She talked about how she is not afraid to tell people she is a Mormon even though she used to be the director of the Methodist choir in town. Now she leads the Ward choir and says that it is much more fun to direct people who are singing with the spirit. She was a real sweet lady and her testimony was so pure and energetic. She said some really nice things about our show and about our spirits that she could feel, but I know that we were all thankful for the spirit we felt from her testimony. Some of us went and spoke to her afterwards and told her that it was the folk dancers that she had seen. We also mentioned that we were headed to Asheville to do a fireside, and she decided to come. Later I learned that Scottie and Ed had tried to have all or our meetings originally at the Asheville ward instead of attending separate meetings in separate places, but it just wouldn't work out and they felt strongly that we needed to attend the Waynesville ward. Maybe we don't know exactly why, but I know that I was very touched by meeting Sister Parker, and knowing of her conversion story, maybe it will have an impact on Becca as it touched us all.

At the Asheville ward we were whisked right into Priesthood and Relief Society which were just barely in session. I think we upped the numbers by about 300%. But yet again we were immediately enfolded into the ward and had some great lessons. Afterwards we met to have a little fireside rehearsal... especially for Maria since she was taking most of the accompaniment in Melissa's absence. She did a great job, and practice sounded exceptionally good considering the hacking and sniffing and sore throats that were festering in the choir! A yummy lunch by the ward was a good cure for our hunger, even if it didn't mend our coughs. But Ed did all he could to remedy that by passing out cough drops like candy as we prepared for the fireside. It is amazing what the Lord can do, because coughing and wheezing ceased long enough for us to sing. Josh, Mindy, Whitney and Joseph Gowen all spoke and did an awesome job. I know we were all touched by their testimonies. One of the most amazing musical numbers I have ever witnessed with my own ears was our own Nate Olsen today. He played "Fount of Many Blessing" and I found myself sitting there with my mouth open and my eyes brimming with tears. I didn't know that with one violin you could make a whole string quartet. He is a genius... and we are proud of him.

Becca stayed with us all day and I think she got a head full and a mind full of new feelings and ideas. But she was very interested and attentive to everything and later in the evening when she said her goodbyes, she told us that she would keep reading her Book of Mormon. And she said that she wished that we could stay and all go to church together! She also thanked Ben for giving explanation of things she had heard today, and then she thanked Steve for explaining all the things that she didn't understand the Ben had explained. I think she will continue to search out the gospel and come to know the truth.

We arrived back at the dorm at dinner time, where Whitney found that she could drain half of a styro-foam cup worth of oil off of her spaghetti! And with that nourishment in our tummies we were ready for a quick rehearsal to put a 6 couple Monroe's clog together, and then we headed off to the closing ceremonies (We left Anne and Sarah and Kerry and some other guys home to catch up on sleep). Of course it was another long wait before our performance, but we were next to a beautiful lake right at sunset. There were misty mountains in the distance and beautiful trees, a big southern house in on the hill across the lake (perfect for photos in southern dresses), and BUGS!!! Zillions and Zillions of Bugs. Blek! At one point we were all leaning against a railing looking out over the picturesque lake with the bright moon, when someone calmly gave the warning that there were "some" spiders there. We looked down and jumped away because the "some spiders" were actually a mess of webs and "tons" of spiders and bugs.

In our waiting period, some people mixed and mingled with the other groups, and some of us took photos. The favorite photo op of the evening was the princess and the frog. Nate Keller caught a little frog and he became the subject of photo fantasy. It all started with a dare for a girl to kiss the frog and Katie volunteered to get a picture with it. So Katie and I (I stole Mindy's southern dress so that I could get a picture in something a little more fun than my green leprechaun clog dress) got a picture puckering up to kiss the little frog on a pillow. And then the next picture was our surprise that the frog had turned into Brent W. the handsome southern prince!!! Johanna said that the moral to our little fairy tale was "Beware...you can kiss a frog but instead of a handsome prince, you may just get the Big Bad Wolf!" Hee hee hee. At least he is a handsome big bad wolf!

Our performance went well. We went last and gave the audience some of our own Southern Belle, and some hee-hawin' clog!!! Then we filed out and became part of a procession around the audience with all the other groups. We all joined hands in a farindole, while all the bands played the Folkmoot polka! Then we were given a candle and we walked in and made a giant loop around the audience while Auld Lang Sune played. It was an awesome sight to look around the room at the people from around the world. It was a wonderful gesture of peace and world love and the festival was officially closed.

The Late night party was put on by Ivory Coast... Pat and Shane shimmied up a storm. But first Katie, Amber and I experienced T-shirt trading trauma part 2. Katie had been feeling gyped because she had given all of her t-shirts away at Drummondville and received no t-shirts, not even Mackinaw t-shirts in exchange. So tonight was her night for either a Malaysian shirt or the "cool Italian" shirts that Amelia had told us about. We went to the cafeteria armed with t-shirts and ready. The Malaysians had no t-shirts left to give... and the Italian girls with the cool shirts traded Amber because she had an Old Navy t-shirt with a big flag, but didn't want anything to do with the tour shirts that Katie and I had. So here came the Italian guys who offered their

t-shirts. We could tell they weren't the good kind, but somehow in our panicked state we ended up with their shirts anyway!!! Mine had a very ugly picture of a Wolf with the word Wolf written across it with a spider web or something. So I promptly passed mine off to the Wolf man – Brent W. (that nickname just provides to much fun!!). But Katie with her unfortunate luck looked at hers to find an old plain white t-shirt that had a tiny green logo – that said something in Italian like : Joe's copy center or something. And it had a spaghetti sauce stain on it!!! After our t-shirt trade with the Mexican girls at Drummondville, Katie feels like what comes around goes around!!

It was a good day all around though, and a great end to our Folkmoot experience.

Monday, July 26

by Cameron Sneddon

Today we left Folkmoot festival for Lenoir, North Carolina. Our guide at Folkmoot, Becca said a sad goodbye. She concocted a plan to force us to stay or at least hinder our departure. She thought to latch on to one of us, keeping us in the school thus throwing off our bus counting procedure. The kind hearted attempt was unsuccessful, however. She thanked us for spending Sunday at church and the fireside; for Greg and Maria Tucker giving her a Book of Mormon; for Ben Blaster (Blaser) explaining the Joseph Smith story, the First Vision, and the origin of the Book of Mormon to her; and for Steve Bowen clarifying what she didn't understand about what Ben shared with her. Hopefully another seed planted in good soil ready for growth and maturation.

Lenoir was about two hours away from Waynesville. Our performance site was the Broyhill Civic center named after the large furniture manufacturer. It was a very nice auditorium with excellent sound, lighting and a large stage. This was the first of six days where we perform our two hour show everyday. Yes, it's the beginning of midsemester tour all over again. Even the sandwiches. Yes, the sandwiches. Sandwiches seems to be the theme for this year. We had white or if you (Mike) chose moldy wheat bread (at least partially) with mayonnaise and mustard provided by Roy (Skip) and Ann Brinkerhoff. Thus we ate Oreos, crackers, and of course insipid sandwiches for lunch.

We had an afternoon matinee with only 65 people in the audience. Most of the time we felt like we had more people on stage than in the audience which makes for an interesting show. Well, show may be a bit too much of a billing...more like full dress rehearsal. We did appreciate an audience for our dress rehearsal however. It was a free show comprised mostly of nonmembers according to our host who was the stake mission president. As most dress rehearsals go, mistakes were made. Matthew Gammette garnered the majority of them it seemed, beginning with Hoedown, where he somehow reached the end of our Virginia Reel line without Kerry Black. Oh well, the show must go on.

Tuesday, July 27

by Katie Strong

This morning was another early morning. Several of us were fortunate enough to experience a real Southern breakfast; liver mush, grits and country ham were on the menu for quite a few of us. We had a 6 hour bus ride to Fayetteville and once we got there a few minutes early, we got another group trip to Walmart. Some of us went into Walmart while others stayed on the bus to watch the movie Charade.

Once we got to the school we had a crazy set up. It was a maze to get to our dressing room. We had to go down all these stairs and down a big hall and into the band room.

We all set up our costumes and headed up for dinner. I can't tell you how excited we were to have croissants, ham, chips, oreos and pop. It was a real treat for the 5th time. After dinner, we had a little celebration for Karen Horman's birthday. We all sang happy birthday and then we went outside for a piñata bash. We all filled our pockets full of candy and then went to get ready for the show. A few of us did aerobics. Whitney led us in kick boxing and got our blood going again a few minutes before the show. Katie got really sick. It could have been food poisoning or dehydration, but we were a little worried about her being able to dance, so we found fill-ins really quickly. Its amazing that within 5 minutes we had the whole show covered. What a talented group of people we have. The show started and Katie did okay. Lisa got to do Southern for her, but the rest of the show was the same. It was such a great, great audience. They gave us so much energy and made the show even more fun than usual. It's amazing how the audience can fill you and encourage you to give it all you've got. From what I hear, Ben did an incredible impression of the crocodile man from Animal Planet. He and Arden went to a host family that had a pool and an inflatable crocodile. Picture the scenery, put Ben Blaser in it and use your imagination!:-)

Wednesday, July 28

by Mike Brown

Hey, pool buddies! This morning we woke up to an agenda that was quite different than the usual routine of loading the bus and going to the next performance site. Since Durham was going to be such a short drive, Sister Marie Catlett invited the whole group to her house for a pool party. She had been a folk dancer in the mid-eighties, and we could feel the excitement she felt about being reunited with the team.

Talk about excitement. That little pool was overflowing with it in a matter of minutes. While some were cannon-balling off the diving board, others were trying to find out how many people could fit on the foam mattress, or trying to tip the "floaters" off their boards. Matthew and Ben decided that Anne and Leanne were soaking in the sun too much (or being to particular about their hair staying dry), so they picked them up and tossed them in despite the threats and screams. Nobody worried until the idea of throwing in Rachel was presented. Let's just say that this was a short-lived idea. None of the guys even dared to attempt because none wanted to feel the wrath of Rachel. (She is a bit afraid of water.) Ben, Matthew, Brent A., Spencer, and pool buddy tried a new throwing technique that they called "The Mackinaw Hold!" They would all make the grip and have the people stand on their hands. The guys would then launch the person about ten feet in the air so they could flip and do tricks.

Then it was time for FOOOOOOD!!! We were given a delicious meal of chicken, baked beans, salads, fruit, and strawberry shortcake. This was a welcomed meal by all, after breaking a possible record-breaking sandwich streak. Anyone for a croissant and cold cuts?

Next we traveled to Durham, home of the University of North Carolina, N.C. State, and Duke University. We performed at Chapel Hill High School, which is not far from Duke University. This is the high school that James Taylor went to when he was younger. Dinner was provided at the stake center and again we were pleased to have a hot meal. Upon returning to the high school, those people who knew Beth Payne from PAC two years ago were excited to talk

and visit with her. She is going to school here and was a big fan at the show. Many boys took the opportunity to do laundry in the men's dressing room. They had a brand new washer and dryer that made our costumes fresh and clean! Finally!!!

Every show is unique in some way because we never know what will happen off stage during a performance. Tonights' show was videotaped, so we will enjoy watching it on the bus tomorrow. I will give the brief rundown on tonight's activities. Matthew designated this night as theme night. The boys all decided that they would try to kiss their partner during the dance on the cheek or on the lips. Katie was kissed first on the lips when she did not turn her head when Matthew kissed her before the show. Joseph Andersen was jealous and so he pulled her to the side and dipped her and kissed her on the lips. When she went to kiss Brent W. at the end of hoedown, she was surprised by her third one on the lips when Brent turned his head towards her. Liz had a string break on her guitar and this made Joe, Nate K., and Nate O. very late for "Limoncito." It was a nice spotlight solo by Karen and Katrina!! Lisa felt ill to the point that she was dry heaving just before six-hand performed. Nate saved the day with an improvised Irish medley until she was ready to dance. Josh's Mexican streamers did not quite make it off the stage, they actually got tangled and he had to leave the stage to fix the problem. The streamers made a bee-line for some innocent audience members and as far as we know they were ok. Mike did not make it over his stick in Calus, so he suddenly attacked Steve to cover it all up--but we all saw it!!!! He said that Steve messed up also, but it was not as noticeable. Joseph Gowen has been doing a great job filling in for Clayton in "Mek.," and tonight's performance was flawless until his final landing. For a few moments he danced the "bunny hop", or lost his balance.

Thursday, July 29

by Josh Probert

The trusty tour bus moved our merry band of dancers and musicians from Chapel Hill to High Point, both in North Carolina. We were guests at the Greensboro Stake Youth Conference that morning. Lunch consisted of nacho chips with beans, hamburger, and cheese and salsa on top. It reminded me of zone conference lunches all over again.

Ed selected members of the team to be on a panel to field questions about relationships, dating, and other BYU-related issues including living on or off campus and the spiritual aspects of the university. The panel included Ben Blaser, Kamae Bradburn, Craig Anderson, Jason Finch, Amy Pinegar (my little lambchop), Shane Wright, Johanna Lambert, and Mindi Carwin. Ed acted as the moderator, or as Matt Gammette's sign read, Jerry Springer. A few comments are noteworthy:

"I like it when the girl looks good." Ben Blaser

"Don't tell a girl how many girls you've called before asking her out." S. Craig

"Play, play, play!" Johanna Lambert

"All I want is depth." Shane Wright [Yeah, right!]

The show sponsor treated us well in High Point. The theater was well equipped; so much so that the tech crew didn't use BYU's lighting or sound equipment. We had a catered dinner which was a nice change from sandwiches and chips. Amy Pinegar's advice: "Don't get used to it."

The show went well. During Cry of the Celts, the girls gobbled their hands with gel making it hard to hold on throughout the number. Karen Brown pled for mercy while the guys plotted revenge before Szomsedok claiming she was not included in the plot against us.

LDS kids from the youth conference made the crowd especially lively. Only here and in Provo would people in the audience yell out individual's names. Ben Blaser had his own fan club in the balcony.

There were some people of note at the show: Richard G. Scott's brother, who Lisa, Lindsay F., and Katrina stayed with, and author Orson Scott Card.

Friday, July 30

by Christopher Rice

Today's journey started in our usual gathering place, the bus. We departed at 8:30 a.m. leaving the "high point" of our trip, High Point, NC. Joni helped us to start the day by giving us the devotional and Joseph A. gave the prayer. The first few hours of our 5 hour trip were used in catching up on our sleep. Everyone awoke in time to relieve themselves at the Virginia rest area. "Virginia is for lovers," was the apparent slogan on signs and even on the pay phones. This caused all of those engaged people, and Jason, to miss their significant other. We continued on our way and for the rest of our road time we watched Parent Trap, the first version. Many times during the movie the team members expressed their positive and negative opinions of things with cheers and boos. It was quite fun.

We arrived at Tallwood High School at 2:00 and proceeded to unload the truck. Tallwood High is located in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and is only a few years old. Everyone that used the bathrooms was impressed with the automatic sinks. In my high school we were lucky to have drinking fountains that worked. Boy, kids these days are really spoiled!

Dinner was provided for us by the stake. We had spaghetti and garlic bread. Yeah, no sandwiches!!! Before we ate, the sisters that prepared the food for us made a confession. They felt awful because they had used two minute noodles but had cooked them for a lot longer than two minutes. The result was a kind of spaghetti soup that we could have eaten with a spoon. Although it looked unusual it was really good. For dessert we enjoyed brownies and ice cream. Mmmm, mmmmm good!

The stage presented a few challenges for the tech crew but they were resolved with the great work of Ben and Scotty. The lighting in the theater was all messed up so Ben and Matthew had their work cut out for them. Eventually everything did get put together but the stage was still not that great. It was a thrust stage and the curtain did not work on the opening number. Hoedown was only done on 3/4 of a stage and so they decided to stop the show. Joseph G. noted that Appalachian went on and did the scream to begin and then they made the announcement that they would shut the curtain and try to open it again. It was successful and so the rest of the performance went well. The first number after intermission was successful because the dancers helped the curtain to open.

One of the highlights of tonight's performance was that of sweet revenge. To give a little background, on a previous performance the women had initiated war when they performed Cry of the Celts. With hair gel in their hands, the women made sure that the men left the stage with

sticky hands. In response, Shane and Cameron came up with the idea of how to get them back, also with gel. One by one the girls put on their boots to perform the finale, Hopak and found gel in the bottom of each boot. Being such a quick costume change, the girls didn't have time to wipe them out, they only had time to scream and squeal. Nate K. was there taking pictures of all their reactions. We were very proud of ourselves.

Joni seemed distracted as we were doing Bread and Salt. As we were "bursting" Joni neglected to avoid the band's floor monitor. She tripped over it and luckily the floor broke her fall. She recovered and got back to her feet. Even though Bread and Salt is a serious dance we were laughing all through it. I've never enjoyed that dance as much as I did tonight.

Of note, at our performance tonight was Elder and Sister Pinegar (Amy's parents), and Brother and Sister Thurston (Lisa's parents), and the entire family of Steve Bowen. Lindsay F. and Amber weren't as blessed as the rest of us when it came to host families. Their host "mom" announced, "I don't serve anyone." Not even her own two year old it seems. Lindsay and Amber, along with the four children had to fend for themselves. They ended up with a bag of Cheerios for lunch.

Saturday, July 31

by Katrina Madsen

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." So maybe it wasn't the worst of times, but it was the last day of July, our last performance, and we were approaching the last day of tour. We began the day by visiting Virginia Beach, drinking all the salt water (some more than others). Of course there were a few who managed to stay dry: Rachel, Roy, Vickie, and Leanne. Roy did get caught by a wave, Vickie did get a sandal wet, and Leanne claimed to be allergic to salt water. It was a beautiful day for the beach! Ben, Ed and Chris played frisbee, Mindi collected seashells, and Karen and Katrina made a sand turtle that they named Freidrick. Some of the boys created a new game they called "wave flipping." They would wait for a wave to roll in and then they would all run and flip over it. Some of the girls also joined in on the fun. Katie, Jo, Amelia, Amber and Sara all braved the natural elements to play with the boys.

Unfortunately, all this fun in the sun ended in injuries. Amelia misjudged a wave and dove into the sand really hurting her head, neck, and back. Chris Rice lost his little toe to a Great White Shark!!! Three other sharks: Shane, Brent W., and Cameron dragged Ann Brinkerhoff into the waves. On a side note, Matthew got Joni into the water by carrying her across the beach but he was very nice and did not get her hair wet. Amber had fun with her host brother that taught her how to boogie board. She is a natural! Katie had Nate K. and Joe walked around the beach trying to pick up on chicks, but all they got was really hot and sweaty. Some jerks were throwing sand into Katrina's eyes. She was so helpless that Joseph K. came to her rescue. (Editor's note: With that last comment you know this story is fake!) Alone, he fought against some of the biggest brutes Virginia Beach had ever seen. He broke one guy's arm and bit another in the calf until it was bleeding so bad that he limped away in agony. The third ran away in terror when he saw what Joseph did to his friends. The only offender left happened to be the biggest and meanest of all. He and Joseph wrestled, tumbling down the beach, in and out of the waves. The monster finally called "mercy" when Joseph was holding him under a wave. The hero of our story let him go as long as he promised to quit harming the beach lovers. As he ran away the big man's elbow hit Joseph in the nose. Our avenger left the beach with only a bloody nose. (Real

story—Ben elbowed Joseph while they were horse playing.)

Later, Katie decided to say good-bye to all of the sand in her suit. She invited Sarah, Mindi, Liz, Amber, Lisa, and Katrina to clean out their suits with her out in the ocean. When the boys found out that they were skinny-dipping, Cameron, Shane, Brent W. and Jeff all bee-lined for them. After much shrieking, squealing, and Amber scrambling to put her suit back on, they finally got to shore. After everyone left, Joseph G., Jeff, Craig and Cameron went skinny-dipping to mock the girls. They decided it was more fun to chase the girls than to actually try to get their own suits back on while treading water. Chris said, "the girls claimed to be cleaning out their swimming suits, but when it was our turn to change on the bus, it was clear full of sand. What were they doing out there?" Roy guarded the bus as the girls and guys took turns changing; some paranoid boys claimed that the girls were watching them change on the bus. Joni was one that was accused, along with Mindi and Kerry!!! The girls claimed that the windows were tinted.

Back on the bus, the "fromage exchange" commenced, or the big lunch trading began. It was really cold on the bus, AGAIN!!! It was sunny outside, but it was raining on the bus. Yes, the A.C. is still wacked and every time Paul would slow down, water would drip on those seated on the right side of the bus. Oh! I forgot to mention that Amelia got stuck in the bathroom while it was the boys turn to change on the bus.

We arrived at the performance site—hot, sticky, sandy, and tired. It was a hot day, and the people at the school could not get the A.C. to work. Luckily, they opened the locker room so that we could shower after we got the spots and tech assignments completed. The showers in the girls locker room were boiling hot! The girls all got burned. There were no shower curtains. Lindsay A. said that it was a "naked day!" It was a high class high-school; all the toilets and sinks were automatic. The tech was hard though; we could not do sidelights because the "experts" did not know how!

Our sponsors, the local stake, were so excited to have us there. They were happy to share our church with their friends. Apparently, there is a ton of misunderstanding about our church in the Williamsburg area. The members have really rallied to get friends and family to our show. They even oversold the tickets to the show. We weren't sure how many would come at 7p.m. because the local paper had advertised the show time as 8p.m. Another funny thing about the auditorium was the "run behind"—I mean, what run behind? Oh! I also forgot that we finished watching Ed's favorite movie, the greatest movie of all time "Cat Ballou."

At the HOT school, Lisa's parents came to our rescue giving us some yummy popsicles. We had an awesome pizza-pie dinner and all these gourmet desserts. Everyone loved it! The show was very fun because many of the dancers had family in the audience: the Thurstons, Pinegars, Bowens, Proberts, and Lewis's (Lindsay F.). Now comes the sad part. It was our last performance of this tour. For many members of the group they were performing for their last time with our GRRRRROUP. We had a special devotional where returning members sang "Go ye Now in Peace" to those who are moving on with life. It was beautiful, not because of the singing, but because of the love in the hallway. Mindi shared with everyone some wonderful scriptures about missionary work and our purposes on this tour.

It was a wonderful show. Everyone was having a hard time, on and off the stage. Joni and Leanne were having the hardest time, and Josh was not making it any easier on them. Lisa

said all she had to do was to look at her friends and she would start to bawl. Mindi said that there was so much crying that there was no point in doing make-up. Andy said he was sad, not only because it was the last show, but because he had never been sunburned before. Katie, Mindi, Jo, and Amy were already crying before the show began. During Irish and the other numbers, people were rushing to get costumes on quickly so that they could have mass picture sessions before the dances. Arden slipped on the slick floor and sprained his ankle, AGAIN!!(the fourth time this tour) Cameron attempted the Chinese Star dance during "Mehkereki." Josh and Lindsay Aldous found themselves back to back for the first time ever in "Bread and Salt." The "Szomsedok" special lighting got lost on the light board and Ben had to make up his own little lighting scheme. The boys played their last game of RISK before the show tonight and peace time has begun. It was not an optional thing because someone misplaced the game. Both Mindi and Tony had sunburns from the beach. They were interesting and splotchy. Ed tried to cover Mindi's before the "Southern Suite" with powder and Tony tried make-up. A host mom later asked one of the dancers who had the blotchy tan. Girls had ceremonial sweat guard throwing away parties, and Lindsay A. and Mindi had a final underwear war. The band was blubbering during "Calliope House" as Nate played that song for the last time. "Orange Blossom Special" was an amazing 10 minutes long. It included a woodpecker, the theme from "Bonanza", a strange bird noise, and the massacre of our beloved donkey. The band figured with Nate leaving, they did not need the donkey anymore. The best part of the show was what happened on stage. A host family from the night before even noticed a difference between the two shows. There was truly an energy coming from within the group-not from the audience like usual.

A cute European lady said it was the best show she had ever seen. Ed's Hungarian friend was impressed by the physical and spiritual support within the performers and was amazed at their skills in a variety of different styles. Dignitaries including the past Mayor really enjoyed the show and said that this was the best offering from any group in the city celebration. Great job everyone!!!

Sunday, August 1

by Matthew Gamette

Today we woke up later than usual at our host families' houses because church did not start until 10:00. We drove anywhere from ten to thirty minutes to church at the Williamsburg Ward. We got there and filled up a good number of seats in the congregation. Most of our group went to this ward, but a few others were scattered elsewhere in the stake. We had testimony meeting and for the most part it was a good experience. One sister in the ward shared her struggles and trials and took up fifteen minutes of the twenty-five minute meeting. Karen Brown was the lone standout in our group who bore her testimony. She did a great job and will make a great missionary. Amy's dad, Elder Rex Pinegar, was the concluding testimony. He bore a fervent testimony about the freedoms that we enjoy as Americans and how important Williamsburg is to the freedom that was needed to create an environment for the restoration of the gospel. He talked about the gospel being a gospel of preparation. He talked about how we had to prepare as dancers to come and share our show and how Christ had to prepare for His mission and how God prepared long ago for us to come to earth and have experience. He equated this to how we need to prepare now for what we will do in the gospel. He ended his comments with the thought, "If you aren't a member of this church, you ought to be." He said, "I'm sorry for being so forward, but it is true."

The meetings progressed and some team members went to Sunday School and others went to primary. This ward was just like any other ward with rowdy children and reverent Folk Dancers--not!!! Priesthood meeting was interesting because it was taught by one of the full-time missionaries. This Elder discussed the advances in technology that have taken place to share the gospel. He asked what the apostasy was all about. A couple comments were made and then Elder Pinegar made a profound comment. He said, "There are two parts to apostasy. First, we turn from the truth. Second, the truth withdraws from us." He said that for us today a personal apostasy is much more dangerous than a global apostasy. He concluded the remarks of the meeting by saying, "it is important for all of you to be here (in your meetings) today." He noted that the most important part of being at church is to remember! He said to remember covenants we made and remember that covenant means to recall and act accordingly. He said that the greatest technological advance that we have is the Holy Ghost and that it would always be with us in any location, at any time, to tell us anything we ask. He said we leave our meetings knowing that God lives and not just believing what others say because we have the Holy Ghost. He told us that the main reason for going to church is to become purified vessels of the Lord that can go and serve him in the coming week.

We left church and the group all went home with their host families. They all had varying things to do such as lunch and touring the town. Joseph Andersen and I (Matthew) went to Colonial Williamsburg with our host family's children. We got there and met several others in the group who decided to do the same thing. Greg and Maria Tucker, Ben, and Brent A., all went with their host children and we met at the oldest church in the new world. It was originally a building used by the Church of England but now it is used by the Episcopal Church. Amber Holbrook, our host sister, noted that all the people buried under the church are underground. We thought this was profound and asked her how her public education was treating her. The Tuckers found their headstone in the courtyard and their host family found out that sundials don't work in the shade. We went to the Prentice General Store and they told us that the building was haunted. They said that Mr. Prentice kept his wife in the basement for 60 years because he did not like women. Eventually he built a mental hospital for her to get rid of her constant screaming. They claim that she still throws checkerboards at the workers and often clanging noises can be heard in the building. They said that the next building over was being closed one night when the tea pot began to glow and so they know that this area is haunted. We could not get a straight answer how many buildings were haunted because everyone had a different story. We found that most of the employees had no idea what they were talking about.

One very cute worker named Sarah knew where the bathrooms were but did not know much about the houses. Joe A. and Matthew invited her to come to Utah to go skiing with them and she said she would but she did not get their addresses so they think she was lying. Joe tried to take some pictures of a costumed lady but she was not exactly nice about the whole thing and Joe attributed it to a testosterone overdose. He figured this was the case because of her facial hair and big body build. Joe wanted to go back and lock Sarah in the basement for a while but he was taken away by the beauty of air conditioning in the next building. Brent W. wanted me to add that it was hotter than Hades today and any air-conditioning was better than nothing.

Brent W. and Cameron met the group later because they went first to Jamestown where they said that they saw "old ships, old forts, and an Indian village." Josh, Craig, Liz, Joni, and Joseph G. were given their own car to drive down to the village. They had a short visit because

they parked in the one hour parking. Nobody bought tickets because they were thirty dollars a day, so we all saw the free stuff and some entered the other buildings without knowing they were doing wrong. Joseph G. reported that he snuck into city hall because he was interested in it--way to beat the system Joseph! Some people had a personal guide to Williamsburg named Sister Persinger. She knew her stuff but all the group members had to stay in their Sunday clothes to go with her group. Remember how hot I said it was today?

We all went to get ready for the fireside. Shane had to leave the West wing of his host home that resembled a plantation to come and lead us in the music. We all had to drive some distance to the Newport News stake center where we had the fireside. We got there and the building was beautifully decorated with pictures all over the walls. They were having a baptism, so several members of our group went and sang "Beautiful Savior" in that service. Shane led the practice in the Primary room and Whitney and Kamae led the others in tying Lisa and others to their chairs with the straps on the backs of the girls dresses. President Hughes, the Stake President, spoke to us before we went into the fireside. He told us, "You have made an immediate impact that may not be realized for years, but we felt it and we credit you for a great impact in this area."

In the fireside we sang the opening song that every stake has chosen thus far, "I believe in Christ." It was plenty hot because the air-conditioning in the chapel did not work. We all sweltered and tried to stay awake and alert. The opening prayer was given by Karen Plumbly, Steve Bowen's host mother. She is a member but her husband is not. Her husband was recruited from England to be a book binder in the Colonial village. He did the wedding album for Princess Diana a few years ago, and continues to do binding for famous people world wide. He asked his wife this morning if he could go to church because he felt the spirit of the students that were staying at his house. He also attended the fireside this evening.

Ed did the normal introductions by embarrassing Brent because he is not a return missionary yet, and not counting Sarah as a return missionary. Joseph K. needs to learn that Indiana is NOT in the Eastern United States. Johanna Lambert was the first speaker and she shared with us the infamous dog experience. She told us about how hitting a dog on a foggy morning really tried her integrity to back up and tell the owner. The second speaker was Spencer M. He spoke about the great things and small things. He expressed his love for all the members of the group. He focused his talk on the small things that people had done to affect his life. We all love Spencer and I think we would all say that he has had more of an impact on our lives than we could ever have on his. Might I also mention that Spencer looked rather dignified in Roy's (Skip's) blazer. It was about ten sizes too big, but that gives him some room to grow.

Lisa was the next speaker and did a talk on becoming more Christlike. She talked about God being mindful of all people and that we should also be mindful of those around us. Nate did a great job on his solo as usual and the members of the audience were all ears. Cameron spoke last, putting a little fear into our hearts. He started with a statement that he likes to kiss! We all understood the statement, but all the girls in the audience had a little heart leap hoping that they would be the next. They were all disappointed to learn that he meant "Keep It Simple Stupid." He spoke about keeping focus on the Savior and using four things to keep it simple. He said that prayer, scripture study, following prophetic counsel, and temple work were the keys to eternal success and fulfillment. Shane performed his musical number next and I must say that he can

think of lyrics faster than Janice Kapp Perry. He said that he was not nervous, but he forgot half the lyrics and made them up as he went. It sounded fine but some of the group commented how some of the lines did not rhyme as well tonight.

We knew that we had come full circle when Elder Pinegar spoke as the last speaker. He spoke to us to encourage us before tour and then he spoke to us to end the tour. He said that God will always SHOW us the truth. He said that everything surrounding truth points to its validity. He said that as our group was saying farewell that we should take the advise of Moroni. He said that Moroni would have us meet together with him at the pleasing bar of God.

After the closing song, the girls were all very emotional and nobody was in a hurry to leave. When the Bishop did turn off the lights, everyone went to the parking lot. We all laughed at Nate Keller and Nate Olson because they could not jump start the car that they were riding in. I don't know that they tried because they were flirting with all the girls but maybe they did exert a little effort. On the way home we went through a rainstorm on the highway and Joe and Matthew got to go to the top secret CIA training base. Eventually we all made it home and Joseph G. was lonely tonight because Craig and Josh left tonight to go to Richmond and leave the tour to go home. Poor Joseph, we hope he survives. Spencer wanted to add that last night he was talking to a woman at the show that had sent the missionaries away from her door the day before. She said that she was not interested at all in hearing the message. After the show last night she went up to the missionaries and said that she now wanted to hear more about the church and the gospel message. The missionaries got her address and phone number and will start to teach her very soon. We have moved rocks, boulders, and mountains on this trip in the name of righteousness. That is all for tonight, the very good Sunday that we had in Williamsburg.

Monday, August 2

by Lisa Thurston

Well, Rachel and I had another delicious but HUGE meal this morning. Our host mom, who is smaller than Rachel, kept bringing out the food -- much to our dismay! We had enough pancakes, toast, bagels, cantelope, hashbrowns, bacon, and orange juice left for both Pat and Mike to have thirds!

We all met at the Williamsburg ward at 8 a.m. and drove on to Washington D.C. for a free day to play. The drive wasn't too long so most people napped or chatted. I tried fixing my \$10 Walmart sandal (which had broken the night before) with my eyelash glue, but it didn't quite work. The glue exploded all over me, and although it stuck great to my hair, it didn't stick to my shoe. Oh well, I guess that's what you get for \$10 Walmart plastic! We all played with the Compliment Can too, which was renamed the "Katie and Nate O. Can" because they both received so many well deserved compliments.

The bus dropped us off across the street from the Holocaust Museum at about 11:30 a.m. It was mass chaos as everyone tried to figure out what everyone else was going to do that day. I think it's hilarious that we all want to be our own selves when part of the group, but we always have to do what everyone else is doing. For example, even though we could wear whatever we wanted today, at least half of us showed up in white shirts and khaki shorts, myself included! Eventually we all split up into different groups and headed off.

Most people spent at least an hour or two in the Holocaust Museum at some point in the

day. Pat, on the other hand, spent five hours there. I was emotionally burned out after three. It was a wonderful yet sobering experience. There was a very reverent spirit in the museum which added to its power. Well, that is, until we were all evacuated from it.

I was on the fourth floor with Mike, Nate O., Whitney, Clayton and Anne when suddenly the security officer told us to evacuate. We crowded into the already crowded stairwell wondering what was going on! I wasn't too worried until the security guy started yelling at us to keep moving. Some lady down a flight from us politely tried to tell him that we couldn't move, and he just kept yelling "Keep moving!!!" Correct me if I'm wrong, but the way to keep people from panicking in an emergency situation is probably not to yell at them! Hmmm... So Whitney and I sang Primary hymns until we got outside. We were ushered across the street where we sat and watched the police and K-9 unit circle the block. After about half an hour we were let back into the museum. I think someone had just pulled the fire alarm or something to set off the main system.

Next door to the Holocaust Museum is the Treasury, which some folkies visited but said was pretty boring. The Washington Monument is also close by the museum so it was also a popular thing to see, or see from, I should say. Among those who rode to its tip were Shane, Rachel, Whitney, Kamae, and Joni. They said they could see the D.C. Temple in the distance. Anne and Clayton spent the afternoon at Arlington National Cemetery where they witnessed a military funeral and twenty-one gun salute. They said it was really neat.

Andy Hall definitely had a bummer of a day. After getting off the bus he waited for three hours to get in touch with Steve's mom so she could pick him up and take him to get his accordion from a repair shop. I guess it had broken at the very first of the trip and he had used a rental instrument for the month. And to think, that whole time I thought it was his own squeeze box we were jammin' to in French-Canadian...

We all met up again around five o'clock at the Hard Rock Cafe for dinner. The food wasn't the greatest--especially for the price--but hey, it had atmosphere, right? Shane, Cameron, Pat, and Rachel bought souvenir tee-shirts and pins. Ford's Theater is right next door to the restaurant so many folkies jaunted over to it while waiting for their table or after their meal. We had to meet the bus at seven o'clock outside the American History Museum so there was a little time left to squeeze in some last minute sites. Nate O., Andy, Mike and I headed for the big bugs in the Natural History Museum. It was fascinating, let me tell ya. But Andy and I did have a short-lived T.R. along the way.

The bus then drove us to the Washington D.C. Temple. It was gorgeous! The sun was almost set as we pulled up, but a pale peachy light still reflected off the sparkling temple walls. It looked ethereal against the deep azure sky. The flowers and grounds were beautiful too, and in the surrounding trees fireflies twinkled. Spencer said to me, "How can you not think of God in a place like this?" We were also able to go in the newly remodeled Visitor's Center which was not yet open to the public. It's a very beautiful building. Kamae saw a sister missionary friend from her freshman ward and they had a good visit together.

Afterward, we went to the Bethesda Marriott for our last night on tour. Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard Ed saying, "Don't get used to this." Too late! We were all bummed though, because the swimming pools were closed. Some kid had cut his foot on the deck so they

closed the pools. So for amusement, I got my hair cut, along with Jo and Pat. Rachel, our fabulous stylist, did a fabulous job! It was a big deal for me because my hair has never been this short. I almost cried while she chopped it, but after about twenty-four hours of feeling sick to my stomach, I like it.

We had devotional in Scotty's room at eleven o'clock. It was a little bit sad because it was our last night together as a "group." Afterwards, some of us played games in Rachel's room. Mike and Shane were killing me with "Zip! Bong!" The object of the game is not to show your teeth as you say "Zip!" or "Bong!" to your neighbor. I definitely lost, but then again, I never laugh, do I? I was surprised though, that Shane held out as long as he did against Mike. It was hilarious! Once again, it just goes to show that we folk dancers can entertain ourselves just about anywhere doing just about anything. What talent!

Tuesday, August 3

by Greg and Maria Tucker

About 278 pairs of nylons and 612 bottles of water ago, we left on our summer tour, and believe it or not, here we are on The Last Day. This day comes with very different emotions. For some it is a day of rejoicing. "Hallelujah! I am looking forward to getting home". For most of our married and engaged couples, the flight home will bring the reunification of them to their loved ones. Others are sad to be leaving tour life. "No worries. Just having fun." Most likely, every person has felt some emotion at both extremes. It has been a wonderful tour and what lies ahead for all of us is largely unknown. A man once wrote, "I'm grateful for the past, and excited for the future." I, (Greg) actually wrote that on my mission, and it applies here. Marriages, school, dance, graduation, real life, money, and student poverty possibly lie somewhere in all of our futures. And with excitement for the future inside us, we conclude Tour '99.

Today began with a wake-up call that was 25 minutes late (oops) as we all sleepily lugged our stuff out to the bus at 7 a.m. Most of us didn't have time for breakfast and ended up starving or eating a banana, but then of course there's Ben Blaser (he just can't get enough roughage), who ended up paying \$12.00 for the Hotel's Breakfast Buffet. We arrived at the White House around 8 a.m. for our scheduled tour, so we got to butt in the line in front of everybody! As we were there, it was rumored that ol' Bill had just taken off in his helicopter, so dang it, we weren't gonna see him. The White House was incredible though. We only saw the bottom two floors, but the history within those rooms was overwhelming. One thing we found really neat was the "White House Prayer" which stated something about those who lived there would live in honesty and integrity. Well, it was just a prayer, wasn't it. After the tour, Joseph Kroupa was infatuated with the Secret Service guide, asking all sorts of questions and finally concluded that being a tour guide was the worst thing to do in the Secret Service. As we filed out, we all said good-bye to Johanna. We wish her all the luck in the world with her marriage and new life. We'll miss her enormously and the great additions she's given to our Irish technique. (Good luck with your \$100 a month budget, Johanna!)

Next we walked over to the Smithsonian Museum of American History (where we always meet) to get on the bus and rode over to the U.S. Capitol Building. Here we proceeded to take group pictures with all of us squinting straight into the sun. During the tour we were shown the Statutory Hall, where everyone was excited to see Brigham Young. (Utah's other statue was some guy we'd never heard of, but I guess he was pretty famous, since they called him the "Father

of Television".) Amelia was so excited to see the statue from New Mexico, but it was at the other end of the Capitol and we never got to see it. As we ended our tour and went downstairs, most everyone was so hungry that we looked around and then left to get FOOD! This would come after more "Group Pictures" were taken and then we were all treated to Planet Hollywood! YUM! We all got hamburgers from our menu and spent the time looking at the cool artifacts from Hollywood. Some of the girls, (Maria and Kamae) met a nice lady in the bathroom that was trying to sell perfume and was spraying everyone that came in with it. Boy, did that lady have the bathroom smelling something different. Once lunch was over, we had about thirty minutes to shop and then got back on the bus. Then we all went out to Arlington National Cemetery, which turned out to be one of the best places on the tour we have visited.

Address list:

Aldous, Lindsay
1749 E. Millbrook Rd.
Salt Lake City, UT 84106
(801) 467 9491
LJA9@email.byu.edu

Andersen, Joseph
1724 S. 165 W.
Orem, UT 84058
(801) 358 6573
jca28@email.byu.edu

Anderson, Arden
5497 S. Jordan Canal Rd.
Taylorsville, UT 84118
(801) 957 9747
Ardena@ee.byu.edu

Anderson, S. Craig
22 Laverne Dr.
Rutland, VT 05701
(802) 773 0995
Anders@et.byu.edu

Austin, Brent
194 N. 1040 E.
Orem, UT 84097
(801) 225-1862

Austin, Ed and Vickie
194 N. 1040 E.
Orem, UT 84097
(801) 225-1862
Ed_Austin@byu.edu

Black, Tony & Kerry
Harris Ln 102-6
Blanding, UT 84511
(435) 678 2493
1633 Hidden Mesa Rd.
El Cajon, CA 92019
(619) 444 5251

Blacka@et.byu.edu
ssb@email.byu.edu

Blaser, Ben
4378 Kitsap St.
Boise, ID 83703
(208) 345-8956
Bb42@email.byu.edu

Bowen, Steven
4210 Minstrell Ln.
Fairfax, VA 22033-3217
(703) 378-6711
ssb@email.byu.edu

Bradburn, Kamae
P.O. Box 5928
Concord, CA 94524
(925) 825-6890
Picolumbo@aol.com

Brems, Rachel
13438 SW Mtn Rdg Ct.
Tigard, OR 97224
(503) 590-9713
Rb2@email.byu.edu

Brinkerhoff, Roy and Ann
219 W 900 S
Orem, UT 84058
(801) 226-8899
Abrinkerhoff@juno.com

Brown, Karen
Trabuco Canyon, CA 92679
(949) 858-0630
Kgbrown@home.com

Brown, Mike
579 E. Alpine Dr.
Elk Ridge, UT 84651
(801) 423-2828
Mpb7@email.byu.edu

Carwin, Mindi
2343 Red Willow Ln.
Henderson, NV 89014
(702) 433-4222
Mmn2@email.byu.edu

Cox, Leanne
P.O. Box 1431
Gardnerville, NV 89410
(775) 265 3130
Leanne@byu.edu

Debenham, Whitney
536 S. 600 W.
Orem, UT 84058
(801) 225 2380
Wd2@email.byu.edu

Dorny, Clayton
6928 Mitchell Ln.
Valley Springs, CA 95252
(209) 772-8567
Ccd2@email.byu.edu

Dunster, Jeffrey
15146 County Rd.194
Savannah, MO 64485
(816) 324-6638
Jeff_Dunster@byu.edu

Finch, Jason
10821 N. 5750 W.
Highland, UT 84003
(801) 763 9977
Jbf6@email.byu.edu

Folkman, Lindsay
144 E. 1460 S.
Orem, UT 84058
(801) 222-9250
ll39@email.byu.edu

Gamette, Matthew

6119 W. 10550 N.
Highland, UT 84003
(801) 756-3694
Mg23@email.byu.edu

Gowen, Joseph
3921 Donalbain St.
S. Jordan, UT 84095
(801) 280 5318
Jag24@email.byu.edu

Greathouse, Patricia
1135 Loganrita Ave.
Arcadia, CA 91006
(626) 446 8657
Pj22@email.byu.edu

Grossnickle, Melissa
15048 S. Clackamas Rv. Dr.
Oregon City, OR 97045
(503) 655-0246
mmg24@email.byu.edu

Hall, Andrew
296 E. 2100 N.
Provo, UT 84604
(801) 377 1465
Halla@et.byu.edu

Horman, Scott and Karen
1275 Mohican Circle
Pleasant Grove, UT 84062
(801) 785 8960
Skhorman@hotmail.com

Jensen, Amber
5392 Capson
Boise, ID 83704
(208) 378 7401
Arj22@email.byu.edu

Keller, Nathan
473 S. 520 E.
Orem, UT 84097
(801) 226-1464

Nathankeller@hotmail.com

Kroupa, Joseph
854 E 970 N
Orem, UT 84097
(801) 226 1622
Kroupa@byu.edu

Lambert, Johanna
1741 Springbrook Rd.
Lafayette, CA 94549
(925) 938 2439
jce9@email.byu.edu

Lusty, Joni
1267 E. Bryan Rd.
Erda, UT 84074
(435) 833 9003
Jkl22@email.byu.edu

Madsen, Katrina
4401 Calela St
Yorba Linda, CA
92886-3413
(714) 970-5455
Km74@email.byu.edu

McNally, Anne
3007 Ramada
Billings, MT 59102
(406) 248-5605
Amm5@email.byu.edu

Mugleston, Spencer
3609 Crestview Dr. W.
University Place, WA 98466
(253) 564-4054
Mugleston@juno.com

Olson, Nate
3411 S. Fancher Rd.
Spokane, WA 99223
(509) 536 9212
N_olson@yahoo.com

Pinegar, Amy
3441 Brockbank Dr.
Salt Lake City, UT 84124
(801) 278 2098
Amosita15@aol.com

Probert, Josh
Box 560065, 140 W. Main
Scipio, UT 84656-0065
(435) 758 2637
jp76@email.byu.edu

Rasmussen, Sarah
1611 Central Ave.
Alameda, CA 94501
(510) 865-0543
Sarahras@hotmail.com

Rice, Christopher
2047 Essenay Ave.
Walnut Creek, CA 94596
(925) 939 3272
Cjr32@email.byu.edu

Roper, Liz
947 N. 1000 E.
Orem, UT 84097
(801) 224 2483
Ear25@email.byu.edu

Sneddon, Cameron
431 Redwood Dr.
Lincoln, NE 68510
(402) 489 1115
Crs3@email.byu.edu

Strong, Katie
17631 Azucar Way
San Diego, CA 92127
(619) 675-0089
Kms3@email.byu.edu

Thurston, Lisa
2550 E. Neffs Cr.
Salt Lake City, UT 84109

(801) 272 2550
Lat23@email.byu.edu

Tingey, Amelia
1107 E. So. Temple Apt. # 9
Salt Lake City, UT 84103
(801) 359 8491
Aat7@email.byu.edu

Tucker, Greg & Maria
490 E. 900 N.
Orem, UT 84097
(801) 224-0636
211S. 900 E.
Orem, UT 84058
(801) 226-3499
gtt4@email.byu.edu
Myra_t@juno.com

Wallwork, Brent
4541 S. 298th Pl.
Auburn, WA 98001
(253) 941-9308
Wallwork@et.byu.edu

Wright, Shane
576 S. 600 E.
St. George, UT 84770
(435) 673 8138
Shane_wright@yahoo.com

