

BYU

BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY

International Folk Dance Ensemble
Performing Arts Company



MID-SEMESTER TOUR
SUMMER TOUR

2001

canada new york belgium england wales ireland scotland

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MID-SEMESTER TOUR HISTORY

FRIDAY MARCH 9 (BY JESSE ALBA)

6:20am – Well, we all met together at the RB. It was a beautiful morning; the sun was just coming over the mountains as we left Provo. Although tired, there was a the bus, Alicia and I announced our engagement our tour! We slept for the first few hours of our so I was vocal and asked if we could pull over. After that we ate lunch and were on our way!



definite air of excitement. Once everyone was on to everyone. It was a great way to start the day and trip. About a million people had go to the bathroom

After a seven-hour trip from Provo to Nampa, Idaho, we made it! We arrived at the Nampa Civic Center. It was a beautiful center and the stage was great! Our stage had a beautiful wood floor and the stage was a thrust one. We then proceeded to block all of our numbers and try to refigure our tag for Hopak. Unfortunately – this is about the tenth time we have redone our tag in the last week so none of us are sure exactly what we will do! Dinner was great! We had sandwiches, broccoli soup, hot vegetables, and one of the best desserts ever – it was some mix of pineapple and peach or something but it was delicious! After warming up we were ready for our first two shows on Mid Semester Tour 2001!

SHOW #1

Basically a good show – all of us thought we were ready but then realized we were not all together! In our first number, Juba Rhythm, Collin's heel whacked Benny on the head. Benny had a lovely lump to show for it. Then in Uveges (Bottle Dance), both Alicia Crowley and Chevy missed their entrances (and thus the whole number). Alicia usually goes out and drops the hankies, which are picked up by Chevy and Julianne – without them there Julianne simply went out and bent down as if normal! The rest of the number went well since our girls so quaintly re-blocked it while dancing. The rest of our show was great until we got to our new Hopak tag. None of us were sure which tag was the right one since we had done a million different versions – it never fell apart but it was interestingly funny to say the least. Our audience was great and loved it all!

SHOW #2

We felt tons better about this show. All of us were a bit more together and we felt we had a great show – except for Festival Clog. Alicia Davis was in the middle of a duet with Jacob in Showdown and low and behold her entire clog shoe fell off. She left it there and moved away and then John Noll ran up, grabbed it, and held it up as if it was some great prize! He then proceeded to toss it in a grand arch to the waiting Alicia on the other side of the stage – it was quite the spectacle. Our show was great besides all that – the crowd was wonderful and we had a great time. We struck the set and were off to our host families – so long Nampa!

SATURDAY MARCH 10 (BY CHEVY ALLRED)

The day started with a funny story from Andrew about a young boy in his host family who kept waking him up during the night and an outstanding devotional and prayer and a long bus ride to Richland, Washington. We stopped at a gas station for a bathroom break and everyone else made their way off the bus except Ed, who was dead asleep. Our plan was for everyone to leave the bus then when Ed woke up he'd have an empty bus. So we had Ken, the bus driver, drive around a little bit but Ed never woke up. This man knew how to sleep on a bus. He didn't wake up until after we had loaded on the bus again and were already driving on the freeway. So Ed never knew we had even stopped. If only the rest of us could sleep like that.

Today was also the first day of the "Compliment Can." before and after the can is announced. We also found which means: to make a small offense. We were told to day; we should use it in our dances where we could, etc.



So Chevy decided to do just that and during Bottle Dance in We have a little ditty that goes with it that is sung out our first word of the day, today it is peccadillo, use this word as much as possible throughout the

our show today she yelled, in a Hungarian sort of way, "Peccadillo." It sounded sort of like a pig call; pigs started showing up outside the theater and by the time the show was over the roads were so crowded with pigs that people couldn't get to their cars, the whole audience had to stay in the theater until animal control cleared the area...or so the rumor said.

The show had many interesting little faux pas. The first half actually went really well. We had tons of energy and all of us played our characters better than ever. Little did we know that our confidence was premature. After intermission it seemed that every dance had something go wrong. In Croatian, Shannon walked out with black tights on and Chevy forgot to put on her beads...she just sort of wandered off stage to get them and then meandered back on. Also during that number Amber Wood just forgot to come on at all. She was backstage talking to Ed when he casually mentioned that she was supposed to be on stage. How embarrassing. Some time either before or after that, Cat walked off stage and realized one of her buttons had been undone on her shirt... again, there were red faces. Then during French Canadian, Cammie did not make the entrance and walked on late and Marsha (who was doing the solo) didn't make it on stage until the second step of her solo. Her partner, Josh, was surprised to see her walk on and welcomed her to the stage with a nod. During Moldovan Clay's sash fell off and he handed it to Julianne (who was his partner) who then slid it toward the band area, then after the end of the dance during the blackout, Julianne got on her hands and knees searching around for the sash.... luckily she found it fast. Then in Hopak, besides the fact that this was the first time we had done the new tag with ribbons, Clay whacked Lisa in the head during one of the moves, we learned later that this was a regular gesture.

After the show, we got some fun comments from the audience. One concerned girl said to Julianne "the whole time we were scared that your curly hair would fall off. Another woman observed, "Their hair dressers must have to work so fast." And a mother came up to Kim and, glancing at her small daughter, said "She wants to know if you're real or if you're a doll." That sure made Kim's day. Another woman wanted to know if Cammie would be a pen pal for her daughter. We also found out that we weren't the only ones having a rough day. Ed, too, had learned that sometimes bad things happen. During the show he wanted to have a little fun before we went on to play the bones for French Canadian so he started playing with the wheeling stool that Arden uses in Hopak. But he must've leaned back too far because he fell off of it, flat on his bum. Too bad most of us didn't see it; he would've never lived it down.

Needless to say we had much to laugh about this day. But there were also other things that we found funny. Brent decided to start telling jokes, nothing new, and several others joined in. But it was Russ' reaction to these jokes that caused half the bus to roll with laughter. I have never seen Russ laugh so hard. I guess "your mama" jokes are really funny when you're in the right mood.

All in all the day was eventful, but I'm sure there are many more stories yet to come.

OTHER FEATURES OF TODAY

- BYU won the Western Championship in Basketball (we cheered)
- Amber slept with a dog who sneezed
- The Band played "Danny Boy" for the first time
- Ed encouraged us to move around on the bus and meet new people
- The bus flipped a "U" on the freeway (hopefully no one was looking)
- We got fed oranges in the morning
- Half of the team claimed to be allergic to pets

SUNDAY MARCH 11 (BY ARDEN ANDERSON)

And what a day it was! After a good night's rest with our host families in Richland, we were privileged to go to church with them. In sacrament meeting, I saw a general trend of blue Blazers and bobbing heads... they say the second speaker was really good.

As far as some of the events of the day go, we all met in the church parking lot after sacrament meeting at 10:30am. After saying good-bye and a few last minute visits to the restrooms, we were off and on our way to Vancouver. Mike shared a wonderful thought with us for our devotional and Marsha offered our morning prayer. Following that, we held our own little testimony meeting and sang hymns by request. Such a wonderful spirit attended us this Sabbath morning.

During the bus trip, we turned on Chow Yon Fat's new movie "Crouching Tiger Sitting Duck." What a great movie... or so they say. I decided to lie down on the floor of the bus to take a nap and to take the blow of wandering feet. We stopped to see Multnomah Falls along the Columbia River an hour or so outside of Vancouver. It was absolutely beautiful. I started feeling a little nauseous at the time, so all I could do was go get a soda to try and settle my stomach. There never ceases to be witnesses of the light we share with others. Marsha observed that as they were hiking part of the way up to the falls, a man noticed all of the BYU students and remarked: "I feel better now. God is with us."



Well, I debated on whether or not to write about this part of the day, but I might as well share some of the realities of tour. The rest of the bus ride I did not feel good at all. My stomach wouldn't settle. I still had effects of flu I couldn't shake and throwing up seemed to be a desirable option. I made it through until Vancouver, met my host Dad, and rode home with him and the other guys I was staying with. As soon as we got home, I walked in, shook the hand of my host Mom and said, "Nice to meet you. Where's the bathroom?" Moments later, their upstairs toilet and I began a long lasting friendship. Needless to say, I didn't partake of one of the most incredible dinners in the state of Washington that night. Actually, I made my host family aware of my condition and went to bed.

The fireside was wonderful. Benny, Russ, Cammie, and Shannon bore their testimonies and Marsha read a scripture. There were numerous sincere compliments on the musical numbers. The spirit they felt astounded people.

Meanwhile, I was astounded by other feelings that the toilet bowl and I were experiencing. One of the members, a doctor, gave me a call that night and talked with me about my condition and a possible treatment. After a dry spell of a decade or two, the mention of suppository came into my life again. I woke up to the reality of it later that night when I saw the rubber glove. But the rest and medicine I got did a world of good. Even more so, I had the privilege of receiving a blessing from my host Dad, the Stake Patriarch. What a wonderful experience. All in all it was a great day. At least Mr. Toilet bowl and I think so.

MONDAY MARCH 12 (BY KERRY BLACK)

Today was a wonderful day! The word of the day was stentorian. We woke up this morning, knowing we did not have a long bus ride to look forward to. Most of us took advantage of our early evening, and actually went to bed at a decent hour. The rest of us however, stayed up late talking to our wonderful host families. So, despite the nice amount of sleep, we were all still pretty tired. We started our day by meeting bright and early (yes, 8:30 is early these days) and going to set up the stage. On the way to the school Josh gave a very nice devotional. He paid tribute to all the women in the group. He talked about how he was looking around at all the girls during the fireside and noticing how beautiful we all were. He said it wasn't just the physical, outer beauty, but the light that shined from within due to the gospel of Christ in our lives. It was a very complimentary devotional. Josh loves us!

We spent the morning without Ed, Shannon, Arden, or John Noll. Shannon stayed with her family, and Ed stayed with Vickie's family in Sherwood, Oregon. Arden and John were feeling very sick, so they stayed at their host family's home to rest. We spent a few hours laying the marley floor and starting to get the stage set up at 11:30. Most of us hopped back on the bus to go sightseeing for a few hours. The tech crew (Keenan, Heidi, Ryan, Masaki, Dave, Jeff) and Jared Peterson stayed to finish setting up. We drove to Beacon Rock. We all got so excited to get off the bus and romp and frolic. We had no idea we would be frolicking up the mountain for an hour, but we kept going and enjoyed the view from the top. I think the movie "Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon" got to some people's heads. They thought

that maybe if they would make a wish and jump off, they would float away forever. We had to restrain some people. A few of the guys managed to slip through our fingers and climb down some rocks. We were afraid we might lose some team members. We managed to all survive and make it back to the theater.

We finally got to set up our costumes, and then we had a very yummy dinner. BBQ roast beef sandwiches with fruit and veggies and yummy desserts. Before dinner, while we were setting up our costumes, a lady came in the choir room looking for pizza orders or something. She asked us some funny questions. She said, "So what play are you girls doing, Snow White?" And then she thought our costume bags were sleeping bags. When we explained to her that our "sleeping bags" were really costume bags that we put our costumes in (we even showed her the side pockets for shoes), she turned to her son and said, "See, she just said that they use their sleeping bags to put their costumes in." It was really funny.

Well, finally it was Showtime! We all had a lot of energy, since all our wonderful host families were in the audience. The guys started off with Juba. They seemed to be showing off just a bit more than normal. It became apparent when Arden got tossed over the guys instead of landing on top of them. The girls all thought he was dead for sure this time. We had to compliment Arden and John Noll for dancing when they weren't feeling well. Alicia Crowley didn't feel well either, so yay to them for doing a great show anyway.



The next dance was Festival Clog. Jon Gibson added a new element to his duet when he fell flat on his hiney. Lindsay Turner acquired the nickname Lindsay Terminator for this show by running into Lindsay Folkman during clog, and then trampling her as flat as a pancake in Hopak. She also lost a shoe. And then she dazzled the audience with a lovely viewing of her puffy slip, since her Hungarian Bottle dance skirt was tucked up in the back. It was quite the show for Lindsay the Terminator Turner. Some other not so smooth events of the show were when Alicia Davis came on for Croatian with still wearing her Irish earrings. She managed to take them off backstage. Chevy's hat broke at the beginning of French-Canadian, and Cat snuck back on stage with her headset, when the girls in French-Canadian walked on. Pretty tricky! Overall, the show was awesome! Our audience was wonderful, and our host families loved us.

We had an awesome time in Vancouver, and we all will miss the wonderful people that we have met. We give lots of thanks to Dennis Hill for organizing everything. We'll remember these two days for a long time!

TUESDAY MARCH 13 (BY BRENT BRIMHALL)

- Before we left this morning for Seattle, Dennis shared with us some wonderful stories of how much of an impact we made on people as a result of our performances. We tend to forget that sometimes. He told us of a non-member family that the stake had been working with for some time. They had been to numerous activities but wouldn't make any commitments. Yesterday after the show, the father had tears in his eyes and said he finally understood what they had been trying to tell him all along. The spirit truly touched his heart. He asked to see the missionaries and the family will be having the first discussion tonight.
- Today we hitched off the "Love Machine Can." Paul: "Masaki, all I have to say is A B Potter."
- Upon arriving at the Jane Adams School, Kerry Black had the following conversation with one of the kids. Kid: "What are you looking for?" Kerry: "I'm just looking at your school." Kid: "Our school sucks!" Kerry: "What makes you say that?" Kid: "Look at it."

Well, the school was pretty old and needed some modifications for the show but it turned out well nonetheless. Julianne's mother brought 23 nonmembers to the show. It is really neat to be able to share the gospel with others through folk dance!

WEDNESDAY MARCH 14 (BY CHRISTINA BUTLER)



Today was an awesome day, full of adventures. The day started with the team on the bus traveling to Pike Place Market in Seattle. Julianne's mom was our tour guide. Not only did she fill us in about the city, but also she guided us through Pike Place. The market was fun; there were shops that sold T shirts, silver, food, and fish. There was also a beach that many of the team members walked along and took pictures of. At one of the fish markets, Julianne asked the guy in charge to throw some fish for us. He moved her right in front of him, threw it and she ducked so she wouldn't be hit. Everybody laughed and wanted more. He said that he would throw more only if someone would dance for him. Everybody started pointing at one another trying to get the other to dance. Finally Cammie's name was brought up to be the one who should freestyle clog. The man basically screamed Cammie's name and told her to get over where he was and start dancing. We all started clapping like in Showdown and she did some freestyle clog. It gathered quite a crowd and after Cammie's dance he threw quite a bit of fish for us. The corner of the fish market was the same corner shown in the movie "Sleepless in Seattle." After Pike Place we drove the bus onto a ferry. The ferry was awesome and many got cheap entertainment by feeding the seagulls that flew along the boat. We held out our arms beyond the railing and the gulls would dive and eat the chips we held in our hands. It took several times before I was able to feed them. I was so scared that they were going to take my finger along with the chip. I kept screaming and dropping the chip just before they were able to reach it. Finally I was able to do it by closing my eyes. Amber had the same fear I had and she finally was able to do it after a few tries. They even tried to get the gulls to eat off the top of Jeff's head, but it didn't work. When it was time to get off the ferry we started to drive away and realized we had left Heidi on the ferry. Soon we saw Heidi running toward the bus. I'm sure she thought that we hadn't realized that we had left her. She looked a little worried. While traveling to our destination, the Yasser jokes started up again. This is the third day and everyone is catching on to the jokes. In fact, when I was alone with Ed he said: "I heard that Yasser is going to be coming tonight." This threw me because I didn't realize he was involved. Basically the jokes are that Yasser keeps showing up in odd places and everyone sees him but me.

The show was held in a great theater and it was sold out. Before the show, the stake brought in Olive Garden dinners. The food was great. The show was full of many odd happenings. It started out with Jon Gibson sleeping through the first number. Collin was the hero that found Jon sleeping in a random room by himself. He barely made it for his clog duet with Chevy. During 6-Hand, the zipper on Lindsay Turner's dress busted. Not only was it falling off but also the silk shirt under the dress was completely open. Everyone got quite the show. In Keltatak Chevy was struggling and she slipped on her stage exit (hard) and then on her way back on again her sleeve got caught on the side lights. Chevy was struck with fear that she would soon be on fire and Lark couldn't stop laughing. At the last second they freed her and she made it on stage. Up to this point in the show no one noticed that Josh Probert had left his Walkman on one of the front speakers. Now this Walkman is bright yellow and I'm sure very noticeable. It was not noticed until Croatian. Arden was informed of the problem and was asked to retrieve it. During the blackout after Croatian, Arden ducked behind the speaker and reached on top of the speaker to retrieve the Walkman. He was successful in completing his mission. Chevy and Russ as well as others had a hard time with the last couple of numbers. Both never made it on for "Bread and Salt" and both were late coming on for Hopak. I guess they thought they had all the time in the world and that their conversation was much more important than their dancing. Ed was the one that informed them that they were missing Hopak. Though the show had many adventures, it still was pulled off and ended up just fine. Clean-up was very fast and we were able to go home a little earlier than on other nights. All of us were very grateful. All were looking forward to getting a little more sleep.

THURSDAY MARCH 15 (BY ALICIA CROWLEY)

After a wonderful night with our host families, we met at 9am at the local stake center. Our first stop was at a beautiful little dock alongside Puget Sound. We walked out onto the dock in the freezing cold and then hurried back to the warmth of the bus. Next we went to a mall that was nearby and spent the next couple of hours shopping at our

leisure or relaxing in the “quiet only” bus. We met at noon and had a fun laugh at some of the presents that Lisa and Cat had bought. There was a hilarious umbrella hat, a groovy M & M dispenser and a startling sea slug. It was lots of fun!

After only an hour in the bus we arrived at the quaintest, most elegant old-fashioned theater. It was old-school style with an upper balcony and tiers, lush red curtains and elegant decorations. It even had grand staircases in the entry. Well, we unloaded the bus down an incredibly steep and slippery ramp (it was raining) – it took at least four guys to take one Bertha! Our little dressing rooms branching off a hall were wonderful with good lighting and lots of mirrors – the only problem was that it was a long flight of stairs away from the stage! Although we set a lot of costumes off-stage, we still got our exercise!

The setup went smoothly and we soon left for El Toro (or “El Tobo” as Amber Wood called it) for a scrumptious Mexican restaurant. We had each placed our dinner and drink orders from a menu in advance. They even had a “randoa vegetarian” AKA “con do a vegetarian” selection available. However, it still took a long time to get everyone their dinners. We split into 2 groups for the bus to take us back.

A few fun memories from the show:

- A little boy asked for Mike and Julianne’s pictures because he thought they were movie stars because of their roles in the Disney movie “Luck of the Irish.”
- Arden left his Hopak shirt on the bus, so he swapped with Jesse who wore a Moldovan shirt during Hopak.
- Josh forgot his Moldovan hat and when he told Cameron to take his own off, he replied in his funny way “No way dude!” – Ben got blamed for it in the audience later – “Oh, did you forget your hat?”
- Good quotes: Clay – “Thank you for letting me use your dryer sheets.” Cammie – “Thank you for using them.” Chevy – “Sometimes I wonder why I just can’t breathe, then I take off my costume and remember why.”
- Arden ran over Chevy on the way off stage after Juba as she was coming on for the clogging duet.
- Everyone made it on stage for every number – Yay!! (It’s been a couple days since that happened ☺)
- Jacob ran around all by himself (a little solo) during the beginning of tag.
- The spotlight didn’t work the whole first half of the show, much to the distress of the techies.
- There was another Yasser sighting – sorry Christina, you missed him again!
- An old man in the audience blessed us for bringing and showing our hope with him and his family – he had tears in his eyes.
- Julianne’s mom (who had the opportunity to come again) shared how wonderful it was for us to have all these various cultures on stage because it represented cultures coming together in harmony.

It was a beautiful show. After cleaning and packing up, we went home with our generous, wonderful hosts.

Here is a special note given to us by our sponsor in Tacoma:

Please accept the love and appreciation of the members of Lakewood Stake and our member and nonmember friends of the Tacoma area.

Thanks for your energy and enthusiasm and skill.

Thanks for sharing world cultures through music and dance.

Thanks for concluding your concert with music that invited the sweet spirit of the gospel to linger with all of us.

Thanks for coming into our homes. It’s like having our own children and brothers and sisters returning for a little while.

Enjoy Olympia. Avoid the dome of the state capitol building. It wasn’t entirely earthquake proof!

Your Olympia audience will love you. Have great shows tonight and tomorrow and travel home safely.

We send you on with joy and thanks.

Rita Happy



FRIDAY MARCH 16 (BY ALICIA DAVIS)

Good morning Washington! Since I didn't hear any funny host family stories, I assume everyone slept well in Tacoma. Our bus call came at 9am, but we had another chance to nap when we drove to Barnes and Noble. Some of us slept, some of us read Harry Potter, some of us wandered the mall, and some of us were really good and did homework! After lunch, our bus drove us about half an hour to Olympia where we began unloading at one of our best facilities on this tour – the Washington Center for the Performing Arts. In addition to already having much of the tech equipment we needed, this venue also produced a few surprises. The water main had suffered earthquake damage, so an emergency line was put in, complete with glowing tape and a string of twinkle lights to make sure we didn't trip over it. Unfortunately this also meant we had no drinking water – what an adventure! We also discovered the theater had four balconies, and our show was sold out, due to an amazing article in the local newspaper – *The Olympian*.

Dinner at Tea Leaf II produced some excellent Chinese food and a dinner guest – a black spider that invaded only momentarily.. Jacob squished him. Later we found out this restaurant housed a homicide a few years ago... hmmm. Always something fun, right?

Our show went well – not too many embarrassing stories. (It's hard to believe tour is almost over). Actually there was a Yasser sighting today, as well as a hanger sighting. Our dressing rooms were equipped with small openings in the top of the wall just right for curious little boys named Cameron to be interested in. A hanger subsequently flew over the wall and hit Lark in the face. "Tee Hee" thought Cameron as he giggled in the opposite dressing room. But Lark heard him and went to beat Cameron up. Way to go! Score one for the girls, Lark. ☺

Several great comments followed our show. One man found Arden and told him that his family had been going through some hard times, and this show was just what they needed. Another man offered Jesse some "pamphlets" with supposed information on our church. Since anti-Mormon literature wasn't his favorite he decided to throw them away. Others loved the spirit in our show, and that's what impresses me. Despite the fact that we're not singers, people still feel the spirit as we close our show. And that's what we're all about!

I love you guys! Thanks for making this tour wonderful!

(We've continued a favorite pastime – Scum. But this time Ed joined in. After a pretty rousing game, Ed didn't end up where he wanted. But nevertheless, he established his reign by using a stage-ladder for a throne – appropriate, eh?)

SATURDAY MARCH 17 (BY JACOB DAVIS)



Happy St. Patrick's Day. Thank you to Amber Wood for passing around the green tape to wear so we wouldn't be pinched. Today we traveled from Olympia to the thriving metropolis of Mattawa, WA. Mattawa is a small town on the Columbia River amidst a valley of fields and orchards. We stayed with 2 retired schoolteachers, and they told us that 90–95% of the school children are Spanish. The Spanish people are the workers out here.

Today has been a great day. For starters, it was the first time we fully unloaded the truck and the bus. Today was also our first gym show. Once the floor was laid and the lights were up, about a third of us went outside for some wholesome recreation, Ultimate Frisbee. What a game! We had some dives, jumps, crashes, saves and even a few touchdown catches! After the game, we all went in for dinner, which was supplemented with character developments by Dallon Whitney. Ask him about his grape juice character.

Other than a few slips and falls by Alicia Crowley (walking) and Amber Wood (dancing), today has been fairly routine, so Ed and Scottie decided to liven things up a bit. In fact, it was so good; they were going to cancel the rest of the show. ☺ Okay, maybe not. The kids were sitting on the cord, and the CD input line came out of the board. If that

wasn't enough, Ed decided to have his own fun by showering Jon Gibson with a water bottle. Jon was so stunned by what had just happened that he just stood there. The ironic thing is that Ed would have killed anyone else for pulling the same trick during a show.

The crowd tonight was really responsive. They clapped for everything, even the beginning solos of Keltatak. We had a good show! The little kids in the front were kept on their toes all night. They jumped when Russ cracked his whip and when the Moldovan men charged at them. And, of course, John Noll and I had to talk to the kids during Croatian. They were so cute.

The best part of the evening, however, was Amber Jensen's devotional. She reminded us of what a gift it is for us to be alive and to be able to play instruments and dance. "'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free, 'tis a gift to come 'round where we ought to be." What a blessing it has been to come up to the Northwest this week to meet so many good people and to touch their hearts in a way that no one else can. I feel it a real privilege to be a part of the missionary work of the church. I know we all feel that way.

One short story to end with; Mike and Julianne stayed with a part-member family, but they didn't find that out until this morning. They stayed up last night talking for a long time and Julianne told them her conversion story. It turns out that the mom is not a member, but she supports the rest of the family in the church. She was touched by our singing last night and by Julianne's story. We don't know what will happen to her in the future, but what a wonderful experience it is to touch a few lives and hopefully help somebody begin their path to baptism!

SUMMER TOUR HISTORY

TUESDAY JULY 3 (BY SHANNON ESPLIN)

We're on tour! The day began early with the wake-up calling tree and arrival at the RB at 5am. The team was split up into two flights. Group 1 was scheduled to leave at 7:45am and Group 2 was scheduled to leave at 8:35am. The bus showed up an hour late however, so Vickie and Andrew's mom had to shuttle the first group up to Salt Lake to make their flight. All went well making our flights and checking our luggage until Group 2's flight was delayed an hour and a half. Everyone had to run down the terminal to make the connecting flight to Montreal. During the flight to Chicago, Chevy had a missionary experience talking to two airline stewardesses who wanted to know about the LDS missionaries they always saw on the flights. Group 2 arrived in Montreal about an hour before Group 1 and was entertained in the waiting area watching two guys try to get the number of a girl in the currency exchange booth (I wasn't there but supposedly it was funny!).



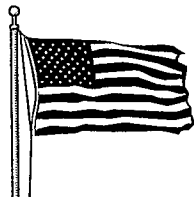
Next we all the filed onto a bus and drove to Drummondville. We arrived there around 8pm and were served a "light" dinner of veggies, dressing, coleslaw, triangle sandwiches, and juice. Afterwards some of us met with Mackinaw and learned a gumboot dance that would be used as the show finale each night. The group rehearsed until 11pm and then Mackinaw wanted to see us dance Keltatak. So those not rehearsing already were dragged out of bed and had to dance in their pajamas!

We said a quick goodbye to Mackinaw as they began to undress in front of us, and we met upstairs on the 4th floor in the boys' room for a meeting. We had a devotional by Arden, talked about the schedule, and sang happy birthday to Kim Leinbach. We then had a prayer, said goodnight, and the girls went next door to their room. A few of us began a tour goal to do push-ups and sit-ups every night and began the first night of working out. Lights went out at 1am... whew what a day!

Kim Leinbach's Birthday Report:

Someone made a crown for me that said "Happy Birthday" out of a Burger King hat. On both flights, the captains wished me a happy birthday as well. Every time Cammie would see me she would say, "Happy Birthday Kim!" Once we got to Drummondville and ate, I noticed Ed and his table talking about me and pointing. A cake soon appeared and everyone started singing Happy Birthday. Then half of the guys gave me kisses on the cheek!

WEDNESDAY JULY 4 (BY LARK FILLMORE)



Happy 4th of July! And Happy Birthday Cammie! We met for devotional in the morning in the boys' room. We had announcements and Susanne Davis gave the devotional. She gave us all a story called "Celebrate Freedom" that talked about how the Statue of Liberty is a symbol of freedom. She also gave us Hot Tamales. We sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and Jacob Davis gave the prayer. From there we all went to lunch. We all sang Happy Birthday to Cammie and the cooks gave her a cake. One of the guides from Drummondville gave Amber Jensen a piece of bread stuck on a fork and gave her a kiss on the cheek. He said it was a French tradition and that she had to give it to another guy and give him a kiss. It went back and forth between the Turkish group and us and it came to Russ about three times! It also started on the other side of the room when Amber Wood was given a piece of bread. It went back and forth there with a French-speaking group and us.

After lunch we went to the Grand Place to learn the clogging tag and to block Festival Clog on stage. During rehearsal it started to rain. It got really slippery and Chevy fell during her solo. Just kidding! Nobody fell, but they told us several times to be careful when it's raining because when it's wet it gets slippery!

We drove back to the school and rehearsed more. We polished Southern and Monroe's. When we finished it was time for dinner. At dinner they sang Happy Birthday again, but it was for the United States. They gave us a cake and we took about 20 pictures around the cake. We stood and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" for everyone.

We had free time after dinner except for those who had rehearsal with Mackinaw for the closing number. The coolest thing happened that evening. First, the Turkish group was teaching some people some of their dances. Then the Slovakian group brought out their band and started singing and doing recreational dances. They grabbed some of us and we joined in. Lisa was a favorite among the Slovakian men. They grabbed her several times to do tricks like throwing her up on their shoulders. After a few hours of that, the Ukrainian group from Toronto brought out their band and we all formed a huge circle. One at a time, the guys and girls came out and did trick steps and turns. They were amazing! The girls' turns were similar to jazz turns and the guys did C jumps and one-handed back handsprings in a circle! And for the record, I would like you all to know that several married girls were at the discotheque, myself included. We had a blast... don't tell Parker (just kidding)!

Cammie's Birthday Report:

As for my birthday festivities, for our morning devotional, the social committee gave me a Burger King crown and cinnamon rolls with a candle in each. Then everybody sang. The cooks brought me a cake at lunchtime and they sang to me in English and French. I also got kisses from everyone. The Puerto Rican group then sang to me in Spanish. People all day recognized me as the birthday girl.

THURSDAY JULY 5 (BY LINDSAY FOLKMAN)

Today, in my opinion, was a pretty relaxing day. I don't know what the rest of you did, but you should have been relaxing. The day wasn't as crazy because we didn't have as many rehearsals today.

Before our 11:30 devotional, many of us had to take a little trip to the nearby Wal-Mart. I was a third wheel with Jacob and Alicia. We tried to get bikes but they were all gone (we later found out people would check them out and hide them for personal use later). So... with every cloud there is a silver lining... because of other people's dishonesty, we got to burn a few calories on our walk to and from Wal-Mart. I believe most people went to buy snacks for our late nights (the school doesn't feed us after 6:00). And because you're interested, I bought some great oatmeal/fruit cookies called "Maxi Fruits"!

After the devotional and our lunch hour, we had quite the trial to face. We set a 50-minute show on a 6' x 30' stage! We practiced in the little theater/practice room and taped our borders on the floor. Of course, there were many times when we stepped over the lines ("according to these borders, girls will be flying off the stage all through Exhibition Square!"). We were all a bit skeptical. But hey, we do what Ed tells us... we'll just see what happens tomorrow.

Most of us went to the festival before the scheduled bus pick-up time. Tonight was the Opening Ceremony. We watched the show from the back of the crowd and listened to the MC talk for ten minutes between every 2 dances. In fact, the first half hour of the show was ALL talking. Whenever there was a dance on stage, we were extremely impressed and loved every second. The immediate favorites were Turkey, Germany, and Ukraine (Toronto). We were relieved when it was finally our time to wait backstage in the tents—it was freezing outside!

Our performance of Festival Clog went well. And there's not much more I can say about that. Again, Josh stole the show.

On the bus ride back to the school, the Slovaks joined us in song... "Bingo", "Old MacDonald", "ABCs", etc. it's strange how other nations sing with a pretty voice and we just scream.

The disco tonight was a chance for all the teams to dress up in costume (Hawaiian shirts and leis for us) and teach each other a dance. Ed was amazing up there. When the Cha-Cha Slide caller told us to get down... Ed got down!

Martin (from Mackinaw) said, "That's so American," because he noticed that people clear back to the hallways was doing our dance—and that didn't happen with the other groups. We ARE so American... and proud of it. Later, some of us stayed up late at the disco.

FRIDAY JULY 6 (BY KIM FRANCOM)

This morning we got up at the crack of dawn after a very late night and we had rehearsal at the Grand Place. The band didn't have to go so we just went back to sleep! The dancers got back at 11:45 and we had devotional. That was cool because Scottie walked in during the middle of it, sat down on Jared Rowe's bed, and the bed broke! So after that we ate lunch and bussed over to some rose gardens. The place had about 6 billion different kinds of roses and Gerber daisies. We learned all about roses in Ecuador and how long it takes to get them to your neighborhood flower shop. Then the nice people there gave us some pretty pink roses to put in the girls' room and some almost as pretty Gerber daisies for the boys' room.

When we returned to the school, we had a bit of hangout time. Most people took naps but since the band slept-in until 11:30, we had some extra energy and we rode bikes to the mall. Later, Joseph talked in French on the Quebec news... what a celebrity! The dancers had a huge dance jam with Turkey and then we took off for the Grand Place. Our first show was an opening for an awesome Quebecois band called La Bottine Souriante. Lindsay T. did a cool tap dance and my favorite part was during Brent's slappy solo in Mountain Rhythms when he yelled, "I've got the rhythm!" So then we went on to the best part of the night, and the best part of the whole tour so far, really. We went over to the side tent (the Folktheque) and did a really fun show with tons of audience participation and line dancing and such. All in all, it was a choice day. The best yet, I think.

SATURDAY JULY 7 (BY JON GIBSON)

Another early morning to everyone's delight
We were off to Montreal after a short, short night.
The garden was so beautiful with all the sculpted flowers
It was planted in the middle of some old rusty industrial towers.

There were large birds, turtles, and panda bears
We ate lunch with a letter, but who really cares.
All the people loved our costumes, I think mostly it was the chaps
Until we started clogging, we had some real problems with our taps.

So home it was for naptime—we could all use the sleep
For dinner, pea and gravy sandwiches—through the bread sauce would seep.
Then off to the show we went, we did our American show
With Southern, Fandango, and Clog, roses, money, and flowers the audience would throw.

Later on we would do Irish, the crowd loved that dance
Then we hurried off to change, and put on jean pants.
To get to dance with Mackinaw, that was the topping on the cake
But after the show we danced again, to fix all the tech mistakes.

So here all of us sit in the hall, writing what happened for the day
Up till 2am—for some sleep and dreams, that night we would pray.

SUNDAY JULY 8 (BY AMBER JENSEN)

Today we got up early so we could make it to church at 9:00. We were in a rush as usual. We barely made it. The people were so excited to see us there. Many remembered us from before. They had a translator there to help us understand the meeting. Ben was asked to speak to the youth, but I think Joe had the harder job of translating the talk into French! Ben spoke of a story from his youth. It was humorous and very touching. We were also asked to sing. Six girls sang first and brought the Spirit. The entire group sang next, and although we were all off key, the members loved it anyway. Upon leaving the church, Christina noticed a girl who had been very emotional during the meeting and she had the impression to talk to the girl, and Christina introduced herself as the girl started to cry. The girl explained that she had been born into the Church but had recently fallen away. She was in the process of trying to straighten out her life and said that seeing our group was what she needed. She also expressed how glad she felt to be able to talk to Christina... it was exactly what she needed.



Later that day we went to Quebec City. It was a bit rainy but it didn't take away from the great day. The city had beautiful and unique architecture. We came back and rushed to Mackinaw's show. The dance from Finland was my personal favorite. The night ended with our usual closer finale. What a great spirit throughout the day.

MONDAY JULY 9 (BY CAT LARSEN)

Two Martins, two Taylors, and one Helicore... FIVE broken strings, one nearby tornado, and wet bunk beds. That pretty much described the day.

Everyone slept in a bit at Ed's discretion. No one made it to breakfast on time, so lunch was inhaled voraciously after an elongated devotional.

The band members frantically tried to throw together two hours' worth of material for their evening concert—Mountain Strings Live at the Folkotheque. Everyone made it to the bus on time—a habit unlikely to stick. We did a 30-minute show at the Grand Place, complete with jumping and slapping (and that didn't even include the dancers!).

Highlight: Second only to Jared Peterson and Jared Rowe posing for pictures with something like 200 million billion girls from Taiwan was the Mountain Strings show. In true form, Catherine Larsen and Jared Rowe each broke two guitar strings. "Bill's Reel" would have been incomplete otherwise. After a dramatic beginning of stomping and singing



in the humidity came the warning from the side tech lady ("Stop the show now because the weather is not good"). Of course, the band continued to play in hopes to finish "Forked Deer," when word came about the local tornado. The song ended and people packed up... not the glorious ending the band had envisioned by any means. Chantal helped everyone head to a lodge, with the exception of Kerry Black who got trapped in the Ecuador booth and came out having purchased a new blouse. After 30 minutes of rain and lightning, the sun came out and the band went back on. After an hour break, dancers and band members alike made their way back up to the Folkotheque for the last show. The crowd was enamored by so many sticky Americans who could keep the beat and clog.

That night, two boys from Taiwan offered a musical demonstration to those writing in their journals in the hallway. Everyone else went to bed. Amber Jensen and Lindsay Folkman and Lisa Malan had to re-evaluate their bed situations due to the opened window and the storm. Thanks to some of the nice guys on the team, all of their stuff was set out to dry and it was a smashing day for all. Thank you.

P.S. I forgot that this great fiddler named Matthias from Germany joined in on playing Orange Blossom Special.

TUESDAY JULY 10 (BY KIM LEINBACH)

The group met at 9am to rehearse a few numbers for our international show with Mackinaw. We rehearsed Croatian, Hopak, Hungarian, Six-Hand, and then we learned the parade routine to "Oh Susanna." Russ pulled a hamstring so Arden planned to fill in for Russ's solo in Texas Fandango that day

Since we didn't have much time between lunch and our first two shows, most people went to lunch in our blacks and then got dressed in our costumes. The two shows were on a stage set in the middle of the mall. The band performed a number followed by our Western dance section. The audience was compiled of mostly older people. We had 45 minutes in between shows to do some shopping. We repeated the same show and went back to the school to get ready for the rest of our shows. We met at 4:00 for the bus and we had to take every costume we had along with props for both American and International shows!

At the festival, we set up and performed two American shows. We finished around 7pm and ate dinner provided by the cafeteria... triangle sandwiches, yogurt, fruit, donuts, and juice. Next was our international show at 8:30pm in the Folktheque and we were combined with Mackinaw's full show. We couldn't believe how much noise the audience made. The tent was full and people were standing packed in the back, in the aisles, etc. We got a standing ovation!

Immediately after the show, we left everything and ran over to the Grand Place stage to perform the closer. Then after we had finally packed up and were bussed back to the school, we met for group prayer. Ed complimented us on performing 7 shows today. We were exhausted... so he cancelled our tech rehearsal at 8am the next morning! The meeting ended around 1:30am and we went to bed.

WEDNESDAY JULY 11 (BY LISA MALAN)

Today could have been another long day of practices and performances, however, Ed, out of the generosity of his heart, called off our early morning practice. Maybe he was feeling extra nice because Vickie and Trevor were arriving later this afternoon? Well, not everyone got to just sleep in until noon. The band had to be up around 8 or so to go to the Cultural Center Theater and tech until noon. Also, Russ and myself had to attend a breakfast presentation type thing with Susanne and the mayor. A couple from every team at the festival along with at least one of their directors attended the reception. We all had to stand very prim and proper while the mayor came around and spoke with each of us. Susanne was very helpful in instructing Russ and I on exactly what to say. But when Russ kept repeating things back to her incorrectly, she just gave up on us. We were able to go around and talk with the directors and couples from the other groups. They were all so kind and complimentary about our team! Russ and I also got to talk with the Turkish couple and found out that they were dressed in a traditional wedding outfit. So, of course, we found out their wedding customs and we took a picture of the wedding costumes with Russ lifting the Turkish girl's veil and me getting kissed on the forehead by the Turkish groom. Amidst all this fun we did present the mayor with gifts from BYU—some paperweight thing and a CD. We were given a framed picture done by a local artist of people from every country at the festival. I'm sure you'll all see it hanging somewhere. Despite our lack of sleep, the mayor's reception was very fun. We were dressed in Southern costumes and the directors and dancers loved them. Many of them came up and talked with me about the old South and how my outfit looked like Scarlet from Gone With the Wind. So that's what you missed while you were sleeping.

We arrived back at the school in time for devotional. We showed everyone the picture and told a bit of what we did. Everyone got ready for the day then went down to lunch. Our first performance of the day was at the Cultural Center. We all went down to the Mackinaw practice room and waited forever before we performed. People just did their own thing—played the piano, put on makeup, read, slept, etc. until our short show of Clog and Appalachian.

Our next event for the day was the parade! Although it didn't get rained out, the weather was still very cold and no one wanted to take off jackets. Also, because of the weather, we were told we had a smaller audience than usual. It

certainly didn't seem small and there were people lining the streets and even up in the balconies of the buildings! Our parade dances were pretty crazy... the little tunnel run through didn't work so well. Everyone just ran through trying to keep their hats on and not get knocked in the head by the flailing arms. However, going out and dancing with the people, shaking their hands, and handing them pictures of us was really fun. The best was when you went to look for someone to dance with and you could just see them itching in their seats, ready to jump up and take your hand. Although the band about froze to death and the dancers' arms almost fell off and "Oh Susanna" is now our least favorite song..., the parade was really fun.

Immediately after the parade we had to run to the Grand Place to get ready for the Keltatak and Mackinaw closer. Ed had to run and welcome Vickie, Trevor, and the Crislars. He was quite a bundle of excitement for the rest of the night. The best thing about the finale (aside from still being freezing) was how many people were there. I couldn't believe how packed the place was with people out into the walkways. The sad part was that the Ukrainian group was leaving and had stayed to do one last number at the Grand Place, but because of a mix-up with the parade and the band equipment, they didn't make it to the stage in time, and weren't able to perform. We were really sad for them... they were really cool to us about our Ukrainian dancing! Fireworks ended the evening's festivities.

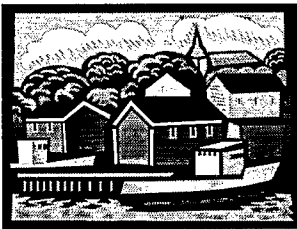
We ended the night with our usual midnight snack guarded ever-so-faithfully by our lovely but tough guides... "Now remember only one donut per person!" Lark also injured her foot at some point today and had her last performance for a time today. Some of us are under the weather, but the tour is great and we are still here and kicking!

THURSDAY JULY 12 (BY CLAY MERRILL)

Number of shows: 1

Sightseeing: Le Village de Quebec d'Antans

The day started out glorious because everyone got to sleep in till 10am. Once we were up and ready, our lovely guides escorted us to a quaint little French Canadian village just over the river from where the Festival was being held. The



village was created in 1977 to represent what a village would have looked like in the 1800s. The village looked like something out of an episode of "Little House on the Prairie." People walked around in old clothes that fit the portrayed time period. Most everyone hustled to the Beignerie, which was the donut shop. The donuts were not at all like American donuts. They tasted like a scone without any sugar. We were able to spend two hours there looking at all the different places like the church, the farm, the school, etc. From there we came back to the school for lunch. We then went to our

rooms and slept until we had to leave... lucky for us it wasn't until 6:30pm. While some slept, others emailed, played cards downstairs with the other teams, and other miscellaneous activities. The card players enjoyed Egyptian Rat Screw with the Turks.

The group did a great job of being ready by 6:30 to get on the bus. We made it to the Folkotheque ready to go for our hour and a half show. We started out with a band number, which led into our Western suite. The rest of the day had been pretty rainy so during Exhibition and Fandango, the sawhorse for Frontier had been left outside in the rain. Dallon and I hopped up on it for our arm-wrestling sequence and I fell on my bum as I toe-touched off the sawhorse. The water on the stage combined with the water on my boots made my feet slip right out from under me.

The rest of the show was rather unique because they wanted us to do more animation with the audience. So we began with a cakewalk and an entertaining juggling act by John Noll using shoes, oranges, and whatever else the audience threw at him. Ed then proceeded to have the MC and two of the festival sponsors participate in a pie-eating contest. A few of them were reluctant to eat, so Ed shoved their faces in the pies. He got creamed by one of the participants right in the face afterward. Lemon meringue covered Ed's glasses (we sure enjoyed that one).

The next dance, Southern, was also entertaining. Our three guides were included in the Waltz and Polka Quadrille. Chantal danced with Russ, Ann with Arden, and Monique with me. They did an excellent job. Chantal mentioned that it was a dream for her. Ever since she had seen the Southern Reflections suite in 1990, she had wanted to dance in it. Next Russ and Lisa did a country swing exhibition. We then grabbed some people from the audience and had a competition. Afterwards, we danced Festival Clog in Hawaiian shirts and pants/capris and the girls had their hair down!

To our great delight, Soiree Branchés (the nightly closer) was canceled so Mackinaw met us at the school at 11pm to take us out for Poutine. They took us to Le Roy Jucep, which has the best Poutine in Quebec. At midnight, we sang Happy Birthday to Jeff Dunster. Big Jeff is now 27 years old. We came back to the school, danced, and went to bed.

FRIDAY JULY 13 (BY JOHN NOLL)

Today was a special day for our team. We met the bus at about 11am to go to a retirement home. We got there at 11:30 and found out the show wasn't until 2pm. A feeling of discontent fell over the group because we had planned to get there, dance a little, and get some personal things done. The show was also supposed to be primarily band numbers. The band was planning to perform a lot of their numbers because the dancers only had one costume each. The organizer at the home said the residents wanted mostly dancing, so the show was changed and we performed Mountain Rhythm, Exhibition Square, Texas Fandango, Clog Duet, and Monroe's Hornpipe in half Clog and half Appalachian costumes.

Jon Gibson spaced after Clog Duet and snapped at the band like he usually does to start Festival Clog. So the band played the music for Festival Clog and we danced Monroe's Hornpipe! We sang "Come Thou Fount" and then talked with the residents. They mostly spoke French so we really couldn't communicate much but we gave lots of hugs and handshakes. We shared BYU pins and team photos with them as well. One resident, Rock, was very friendly. The band and a few dancers played and sang the blues for him and he sang along. The feeling in our hearts when we left was much different than the feelings felt when we realized we wouldn't be in and out in just a few minutes. We ended up getting back to the school around 4:30pm rather than 1pm as we had expected. Our hearts were full and smiles were on our faces. Russ mentioned on his way out, "I really needed that."

Our show later that day was canceled due to rain, but we still danced the finale.

SATURDAY JULY 14 (BY JARED PETERSON)

Well here we are, another page in our history and another day at the festival. Much continues the same here at *Mondial des Cultures de Drummondville*. The dancers danced, the band banded, and Susanne reassured us that yes, there still might be fruit at the bottom of the yogurt. Many members of the group continue to magnify their calling to maintain and strengthen foreign relations.

First and foremost, we must pause and take a moment of silence to pay our respect to the coming manhood of Ben White. Today Benjamin Hyrum White turned 23. He can now legally receive kisses from Croatian women and he took full advantage.

So today didn't really start until 11:30 when we had devotional. The weather continued the same... rain, rain, and rain. Our day was pretty much free until later in the evening, so we took advantage of the time to say goodbye to many of the other groups. Each group was lucky enough to receive a limited edition, autographed picture of our group, with a copy of our program at no additional charge!!

This afternoon, a couple of people went to the Folktotheque to do a workshop. All involved were uplifted, edified, and walked away better people I am sure. Tonight at dinner we were treated to a rare breed of fish that I don't think any of us had tasted the likes of before. Tonight we did a show at the Grand Place and it was really fun. It was also the last night our group did the finale with Mackinaw. In between our 8:00 show and the finale, most everyone went and spent the remainder of their Canadian money on hot dogs and the oh-so-delicious Beaver Tails. Mmmm.

The finale was a roaring success. The band was especially good. After the finale, we took a group picture with Mackinaw and the moment captured in that picture will be forever cherished. It was way cool. And thus ended the day of July 14, 2001... and these are the days of our lives.

SUNDAY JULY 15 (BY JOSH PROBERT)

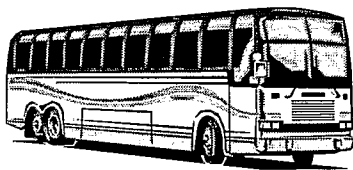
We got up, dressed in our Church clothes, and went to the Drummondville ward sacrament meeting. We sang "My Shepherd Will Supply My Need" because the ward was going to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. They left early and we had our own Priesthood and Sunday School meetings. Chantal was with us as well as Shane Wright.



After Church, we went to the school and changed our clothes. Then we walked down the street to Melanie's house for a surprise barbeque with Mackinaw. They were sitting on the lawn blowing bubbles at us. We visited for a while and then ate hamburgers, hot dogs, and various side dishes. Rene Frechette and Ed gave short tributes to each other and our groups. Ed gave Rene a blanket with Utah/LDS history symbols on it along with a Mormon Tabernacle Choir CD. We went from there, went back to the school to change and went to a short performance at the Cultural Center Theatre. From there we went to the Folktotheque and did a show, followed by another one at the Grand Place. After the show, there was a great fireworks display. Then everyone was given a candle to hold. We walked on the stage and out to the audience when announced. All the groups were throughout the stage and audience creating a pattern of candle light.

Later, a few members of the group stayed up all night hanging out with members of the other groups.

MONDAY JULY 16 (BY CAMERON RITCHIE)



This is the day that we left Drummondville for New York. Many people stayed up all night saying goodbye, and the others stayed up late packing. This made the 8am departure time come very early. There were people from Mackinaw, Croatia, Germany, and Canada at the buses to say goodbye. We sang "Irish Blessing" and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" in French. Everyone was crying because it was hard to leave the people we had become such good friends with. We boarded the bus at 8:30am and many of us slept all the way to the first rest area. At the second stop we had lunch (triangle sandwiches, yogurt, fruit, juice, and cookies). It was good to eat. However, not so good for Amber Wood and Lindsay Folkman who both got ill. We had to stop for Amber who had to stop at another rest stop for an emergency.

It was neat to see the skyline of New York as we drove in.

We stopped at a mall and were given five dollars to eat dinner. We had to hurry because our Canadian driver could only legally drive for a certain time total. It probably didn't help him when later we got lost for an hour trying to find the Chinese Cultural Center where half of the host families were waiting to take us home. During the hour drive, the girls' "team mascot" (a yellow powderpuff backpack) was stolen by Jared Peterson. Cat Larsen went to save the

mascot when Jared began to lovingly punch it and bounce it on his knee. Cat didn't like that too much (I don't know why because the powderpuff girl smiled the whole time). When Cat went to save it, Jared threw it to me who threw it to John Noll who threw it up to the girls in the front of the bus. He redeemed himself when he got it back from Lisa Malan. Each time a boy got it, three thousand girls would mob him until they got it back.

So, back to the hour-long tour by the lost bus driver. It wasn't too bad due to a private Broadway musical about New York by Josh Probert. We finally met up with the host families and were excited to relax that night.

TUESDAY JULY 17 (BY MARSHA SEARLE)

Today was our first morning in New York City. We didn't have to meet until 12pm, so most people got to spend the morning with host families. Others spent the morning on the beach or doing laundry, so it was nice and relaxing.

At around 1pm we met at Beth Page High School for setup and blocking. Because it was our first international show since Lark hurt her foot, Julianne learned Szatmari and Bottle Dance was reblocked without her. She was sad. Everyone else shut themselves up in the only air conditioned room in the whole school because it was scorchingly sticky and hot. Dinner was provided by the Chinese Cultural Center and it was Chinese food... wonderful (and no gravy)!

The auditorium where we performed was having the air conditioner fixed and it was raining outside, so we were absolutely dripping with sweat for the entire show. The audience was fanning themselves down as we melted onstage. It was the hottest show of the tour! Because of the lack of air conditioning and the excess sweat during the show, we left our costumes on the stage to let them air out overnight.

Points of interest:

- Kim lost her skirt during Szatmari. It was toward the end of the dance and she handled it beautifully... just held her skirt and left the stage
- I flashed the audience on French Canadian. While turning, the Velcro on my skirt popped completely open
- Christina and Russ had a scare when Christina accidentally saw Russ in his birthday suit

WEDNESDAY JULY 18 (BY COLLIN SHEPHERD)

Wednesday came and passed just as every other day has gone—very quickly. Everyone met up at the school to collect all our costumes, which had been drying overnight due to the sauna we performed in the previous night. Soon enough, we were off to Manhattan. Because of the heavy traffic—which I assume is normal—we were dropped off at midtown instead of Battery Park with its view of the Statue of Liberty. Because of our drop-off point at the Lincoln Center, most everyone saw sights such as Times Square, Broadway, and Central Park. Many hit the Metropolitan Museum of Art (due to the free passes from our hosts) and 5th Avenue. Others made it to the Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, and even Wall Street and China Town.



Food became popular with the variety of restaurants and street vendors. Chevy, for example, stopped twice for street vendors within the few blocks to and from the museum. Kerry loved her hot dog with ketchup, mustard, onions, sauerkraut, and relish. Michael and Julianne enjoyed the famous hot pastrami sandwiches and cheesecake at Leo Lindy's in Times Square. I thought the cheesecake there was fantastic although pricey (\$7.50 for a strawberry cheesecake). Then, who can forget the one-of-a-kind experiences that make New York a "high energy city," says Arden. A few were graced by a breakdance exhibition in the subway. Some were "privileged" to see the naked guy (underwear, cowboy boots, cowboy hat) playing guitar on the corner at Times Square. Whatever the experience, we can all agree that the food, accents, sites, and people give New York a style all its own.

Next it was on to Europe. The plane taxied for what seemed like an eternity and during the 8-hour plane ride, we lost 6 hours between New York and Belgium. As soon as we were in the air, the captain announced Julianne's birthday over the loudspeaker (quite special). We made it, eventually, without realizing it, into what could have been thought of as Thursday but kind of a continuation of Wednesday.

THURSDAY JULY 19 (BY PAUL SPRINGER)

It is amazing the range of emotions one can feel in a day!!! We definitely had the lowest lows and experienced the highest highs that we have felt at this point on tour. It will forever be known in the hearts of the folk dancers as "Belgium Doomsday!"

It all started in New York when we left JFK Airport for Brussels. We left New York at 6pm (NY time), which was 1am Brussels time. In other words, when we arrived in Belgium, our internal clocks were messed up. Most people didn't sleep at all on the plane and somehow I was put in the last 3 seats on the plane with James and Susanne where the seats wouldn't recline and all the passengers kept asking us where the bathroom was. Most importantly, no one was at all impressed with our airline, Sabena. We lovingly refer to the airline as Such A Bad Experience Never Again (SABENA).

We were all groggy upon landing, but that soon wore off with the excitement of sightseeing and buying things. Unfortunately, that wasn't in our plans, though, and we soon discovered we had two shows that evening. One show for the festival and another for the members of the Church in the area. Our first stop was the festival at Charleroi. Charleroi was the polar opposite of Drummondville. It was small and not social. It was hard to meet any of the other groups as each group had to eat in separate designated areas. At least the meals were not covered in gravy!

After lunch, everyone crashed in the costume room. I have never seen folk dancers being more quiet and dead than



they were today. Somehow Ed woke us up for our 30-minute festival show. We all staggered on stage and managed to get some energy back for a fun show. The audience loved our Western section and were clapping and cheering the whole time (unique for a Belgian audience). Ben White tried to steal the spotlight in Texas Fandango when he walked out on stage 2 minutes before we needed to. Instead of panicking, he just sat down on his barrel and acted like it was just a part of the show.

After our dinner of a scoop of tuna and a peach (delicious though small), we headed to our venue for our full international show. We were all excited and nervous because the show would be televised and we were asked to perform by the Area Presidency. It was a real opportunity to strengthen the members and help bring the Church out of obscurity. The show held special meaning for Trevor as he performed for many of the people he taught on his mission and the members he knew. After the show, it was evident that the audience had been touched. Although we were exhausted and sick, we truly gave all we had for that show. This is a testimony that the Lord blesses us when we are a part of His work in strengthening the members and spreading the gospel. I love being a folk dancer!

FRIDAY JULY 20 (BY RUSS TALBOT)

Here it is the 31st of July and I'm just beginning my tour history. I wanted to start earlier but Ed wouldn't let me. He kept telling me that I would remember more the longer I waited to write. It finally got the point that I told him I wouldn't dance unless he let me take a little time to write about our second day experience in Belgium.



We started the day after a very restful night in one of Charleroi's premier hotels, The Formula One (I think the "One" comes from the fact that there is only one shower and bathroom per floor). After the "huge" breakfast of chocolate spread and bread, we took off for Brugge "the Venice of the North." Needless to say the men of the group were very

anxious to get to the city of "love and lace." Many of the girls were less excited and spent most of the travel time sleeping on the floor of the bus while us guys decided how we were going to decide what to spend our money on.

Brugge was everything we expected and more. It emptied almost everyone's pockets of their cash, which turned into chocolates, lace, fries, etc. Lindsay Turner even got into the action as earlier predicted despite her repeated statements of remaining strong and steadfast. As usual, we were rushed to get to the bus, but not without a little levity this time. Susanne, who we all know and love, realized that she was a tad late for our bus departure time. Upon this realization, our fearless leader took off in full sprint while poor James was left in the dust with his Palm Pilot.

After the trip back, we began preparing for a fairly easy show at the festival. The show turned out to be quite special. The highlight was when the crowd joined the band in humming with Drew's solo of "Amazing Grace." The crowd's response helped us all realize the importance of touring. Although we suffer from lack of sleep, malnourishment, heartache, and getting on each other's nerves, it is worth it when we can touch the hearts of those for whom we perform. I pray that we might continue to have the Spirit of the Lord with us as we dance and the boldness to share our testimonies. This tour rocks!

P.S. we mustn't forget that today was also Lark's band debut. After her performance, it was noised all over Belgium that never was there anyone who could play the spoons or the shaker quite like she did. I do believe that she's had requests for solo performances since her debut.

SATURDAY JULY 21 (BY TREVOR AUSTIN)

Today we went to Brussels (except for Ed, Vickie, myself, Andrew, and Joseph who went to Liege. We left early in the morning so that we would have more time to spend in the city. The big group took the bus and the small group trained into Liege. Today, of course, was Belgium's national holiday—a celebration of becoming a country. I, Trevor, was able to go back to Liege where I served on my mission and to see a few of the sights Liege has to offer. Today the streets were barren and we were the only occupants. We did however find the missionaries and took them to lunch. Shortly afterward, we headed to the cathedral in town and the never-ending stairs. Next we were off to Brussels and we hurriedly saw the Grand Place and Mannequin Pis before leaving the city without the group. We couldn't find them so we took the train back to Charleroi. The main group stopped in Waterloo on the way back, thus making them late.

That night at the festival, the Brazilian group—due to their exotic interpretation of love—dominated the show. In other words, it was an "I didn't need to see that" type of dance. The night ended with our trip back to the hotel for a restful night sleep and a long wait for the shower.

SUNDAY JULY 22 (BY LINDSAY TURNER)

Today started in a very traditional folk dance way. We were up at 6am and ready to go outside our hotel only to find that the bus wouldn't come for an entire hour because the driver slept in! We thought we might miss our flight into London, but we made it to the airport eventually. But before the plane got off the ground, we had one more problem. The entire plane had to wait for Susanne and James Davis. Logically, looking for gate 92 they kept walking down the terminal instead of taking the shortcut downstairs just after gate 31. Everyone knows that 92 comes right after 31! The Virgin Express flight was a whooping 45 minutes. Perfect for catching up on last night's lack of sleep. And, as traditional folk dance flights go with our favorite airline Sabena, we lost a few prop boxes and found one ravaged costume bag. But the save of the day goes to our very own Clay Merrill who threw himself in front of the Hungarian bottle box as it almost came crashing off the conveyor belt at baggage claim. Note to self: don't ever fly on Sabena again. As we waited in the never-ending customs line, our



enthusiasm can be noted by the debate of whether the high-pitched ringing noise was an A or a G. Cat even got out her guitar to check, and sure enough, it was a G. Congrats to all those on the team who have perfect pitch and guessed it right!

As we left the airport and headed to Huddersfield, we drove by Windsor Castle and stopped at Blenheim Palace. The palace was beautiful and as we walked around, we might have even learned something about the history of England's royalty! The gardens outside were even more beautiful with fountains, flowers everywhere, a lake for romantic walks, a rose garden, and a helicopter show (for the boys). Our first day in England and we even got to watch a cricket match on the back lawn of the palace.

After a few hours at the palace, we started the long haul off to Huddersfield. We were able to have a mini-sacrament meeting on the bus. Our arrival in Huddersfield was also in very traditional folk dance fashion... we arrived at the stake center about two hours later than planned... oops. But as usual, the saints who were housing us gave us a warm welcome and were extremely generous. We are truly blessed by such kind people.

MONDAY JULY 23 (BY SUSANNE DAVIS)

Met at Huddersfield Stake Center at 9:00 am to go on an adventure—sightseeing to Haworth. It was about an hour drive through scenic, picturesque countryside with sheep grazing in the fields. Fields were divided with short rock walls, quaint homes dotted the landscape, and history was all around us. Barrie Crossley was our LDS guide as we journeyed to Haworth.

Upon arrival, we found the village was built in the 1750s and was a major weaving center due to all the local sheep. Most shops dated back 400 years ago. One of the most interesting shops there was the Apothecary. The sales clerk was shaving soap as a demonstration. A number of us bought fragrant hand creams and lotions plus other health items. Being there felt like we had stepped back in time. The old Haworth Parish with its cemetery of high, closely positioned head stones gave a sense of medieval mystery. Some of us had our lunch on the picnic table by the side of the cobblestone street. Today we had the chance to go back into the early years of life in England.

We got back to the Huddersfield Stake Center to set up—no space for a show our size. The band ended up on the stage and the dancers on the floor in front. Chairs were set up on three sides and about 350 attended out of 400 chairs! The show began with a bang when Jacob Davis landed on the floor as he entered for Mountain Rhythms. You guessed it... the floor was extremely slick! The audience loved the show and it was well received with a standing ovation. Note: as we unpacked to get the props for the show earlier that afternoon, we opened the green case to find that three of the Hungarian bottles had shattered on the Sabena flight. Glass and red liquid were everywhere. The bottle bows were washed and cleaned. Lois Ann and Barrie (one of our hosts) went scouting for like bottles. After many attempts, two glass bottles resembling the others were found. Oops... almost \$450 was spent, but they worked! The girls adapted to using the new bottles just wonderfully.

A side story: Arden Anderson and Paul Springer had met the Roberts family at Epcot Center in Orlando when they were on tour last year. They befriended the mom, dad, grandma, and Natasha (the 4-year-old from Scuntchorpe, England) while at Epcot. Arden had been emailing them and let them know we would have a performance in Huddersfield. Not only did they come but brought both sets of parents. All were not members of the Church. They met another family at the show that just happened to be living very close to them... they planned on meeting for a family home evening together.

Side story two: Ed always says, "Do not move costumes!" Well, one or two minutes before Mountain Rhythms, Dallon could not find his Clog shirt he had just laid out. He asked everyone including Ed! Ed had taken it, thinking it was Trevor's. Well it wasn't Trevor's, and Dallon recovered it just before running on stage.

All in all we had a good show. Saints there were pleased because the concert was done as a charity for two groups: Catholics and Baptists to support the Child Victims at Chernobyl and the support of the unborn child (£500 each). We also donated our £300 proceeds to the cause. They were appreciative. Being on the tour makes me realize the blessings we have living in America with the restored gospel of Jesus Christ as our guide. It is well to remember, "Where much is given, much is required." We were able to deliver the best today!

TUESDAY JULY 24 (BY JAMES DAVIS)

The day began with everyone meeting at 9:00 at the Huddersfield Stake Center to board our bus. As we began our travels for the day, we started with a devotional. Then, to help remember July 24th and Pioneer Day back in Utah, we sang four verses of "Come, Come Ye Saints." We then sang happy birthday to Jesse Crisler (our cultural leader), who informed us that this allowed him license to do as he pleased. This would mean he wouldn't be changing from what he usually does...

Later that day, we stopped over at Chester (an ancient walled Roman city) to do a little sightseeing. While there, we looked at one of the only intact Roman walls (about two miles in length) in through the ancient cathedral within the old city. The old stained glass many stories about the "saints". Then, most went further into the old town historic two-story walking mall. One of its unique features is that the buildings were built around or before the 1600 to 1700s. At 1:45pm we get to our next performance site at the very nice Pavilion Theatre in Rhyl. dinner at the Stake Center, most everyone noted the waves rolling along we got back from dinner, the tide had already gone out—probably a dinner at the Stake Center was very good, with plenty to eat for all. The show at the Pavilion Theatre was the first in a theatre. The audience was fantastic and showed a great appreciation for the show.

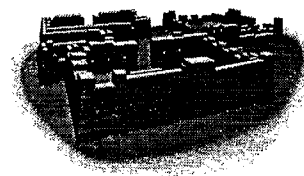


England and went windows depicted to look around the majority of the got back on the bus to When we left for the beachfront. When quarter of a mile! The

WEDNESDAY JULY 25 (BY CAMMIE VAN KATWYK)

This morning we met at the Rhyl chapel to leave for Anglesey, an island in North Wales. We sang "Irish Blessing" to our host families and boarded the bus. Then it was on to Beaumaris Castle, which means "beautiful marsh" (a fitting nickname for Marsha Searle!). Beaumaris is the most technically perfect medieval castle in Britain, or so the castle brochure tells us. It's very symmetrical.

The group had fun exploring the castle and taking pictures. Ben, Joseph, Paul, Brent, and Cameron jumped over the iron railings into a pit and played Gladiators. Joseph and I went to the chapel and got married by Cameron (Collin was just three seconds too late), and Mike & Julianne filmed a fight scene from Robin Hood with Trevor, Brent, Clay, and Benny. We all had fun. We also walked through the shops nearby and bought patches and Welsh love spoons. Owen Huw Roberts, the man credited with keeping Welsh Clog alive, joined us on the bus before we left.



From there we rode to our venue in St. Helens (close to Liverpool). The stage was very small and very raked. The dressing rooms smelled musty (I've never heard guys more thankful for fruity perfume). The boys' bathroom was putrid (or so I hear—I didn't actually go in, of course, but I assume it was really bad because I found some boys in the girls' bathroom!). But hey—there was a free, working washer and dryer!

Today was the first day Dean and Sister Conlee joined us. We all went to dinner at Duke Bistro Restaurant and our hosting couple helped the restaurant staff serve us to get us out on time for the show. My favorite part of the meal was the chocolate cake and cream. It was a great dinner. We sang "Irish Blessing" to the cooks and servers before we left.

Our show was fun (besides the difficulty in dancing on a slanted stage). I don't know of any major foibles.

THURSDAY JULY 26 (BY BEN WHITE)

Our group arrived this morning with CLS again (Chronic Late Syndrome). It seems like we are half an hour behind every morning, but it caught up with us today because we had to take a vote on Liverpool or Manchester because we couldn't do both due to lack of time. Some of the men wanted Manchester because Cameron knew a place to get excellent suits for cheap. The lure of the big Beatles museum and the history of Liverpool won out 19-9. So some saw the Beatles and others got to check out the Albert Docks where many of the LDS pioneers pushed off on their way to Zion. Oh, and there were plenty of stores to shop at as well.

Next, Ed made a special allowance for the men who wanted to get suits, and on the way to our venue, we got dropped off. The suit brigade included Cameron, Brent, Jon, Josh, Michael, Julianne, Lisa, and myself. We were led by Cowboy Crisler. This turned out to be a GREAT success because even Brother Culture Class bought a suit for £99! Cameron and I found 3-piece, 4-button suits for £125. And Michael, Brent, and Josh found 3-piece, 3-button suits for £99-£125. Only Jon didn't buy one, but he got a tie. It was a definite highlight of the day! Lisa even scored a couple of ties for Jared Peterson...



When we all got to the performance site, we were in awe. It was the nicest venue yet! A relatively new theater—it had a tri-level seating arrangement with plush chairs. Ed got really mad about the lateness of the suit brigade. It has just been building up and so after our fieldtrip to the Church house to eat dinner, we had a cast only meeting without the leaders to discuss doing better at being on time. That way things will run smoother and we won't feel like we're treated as children! Before the show began, we were all surprised by Julianne's mom when she showed up unexpectedly at the theater with her "special friend" Gordon. They didn't tell Julianne or any of us that they were coming and we were so excited to see them again (just like a SPAC reunion!). Gordon was planning on proposing to Julianne's mom later on in Dublin... they would meet up with us again there. They stayed for the show and loved it (of course).

The performance was a knockout! It seems like the better our site, the better we all perform. After the show we all went home with our host families, and Dallon and I experienced the super-zealous, over-patriotic Englishman. Brother Brown stayed up all night telling us about why England is better than the United States in everything from commercials to health care. After a while we just tuned him out and watched the TV.

A HUMP DAY CATALOG:

Injuries/Illnesses/Sufferings/Broken Stuff/etc.....

Kim Leinbach—Wretched cough, sore throat, congestion
Michael Lewis—General sickness since Drummondville
Julianne Lewis—Bruised elbow (from Clog... ?), pulled tricep muscle from carrying luggage
Lisa Malan—Smoker's lung, everlasting cough
Sister Culture Class—Scratchy throat
Cowboy Crisler—Post birthday blues, CP envy, general grumpiness
Cameron Ritchie—All mental cough, cold, fleas, fungal mold-on-skin allergies
Jesse Alba—Twisted ankle
Alicia Alba—Bronchitis
Jacob Davis—Minor sniffles, occasional heat stroke
Alicia Davis—Allergies
Lindsay Turner—Perfect as usual
Amber Jensen—Sore throat, green snot
Cat Larsen—Allergies, cold, bad attitude, TMJ, Turrets, ADD, pneumonia

Chevy Allred—Dehydrated
Paul Springer—Hyperextended knee, bloody toenail
Cammie VanKatwyk—Cold
Dallon Whitney—Tiny blister on medial side of maleolus, bunk-bed-head
Arden Anderson—Knocked in head multiple times during show
Shannon Esplin—Sleep deprivation
Amber Wood—Right foot sprain, left thumb sprain
Clay Merrill—Sore throat
Brent Brimhall—Missing his linka to Jasminka
Marsha Searle—Bruised gluteus maximus
Jon Gibson—Happy and healthy... except for the broken back
John Noll—Sore throat
Scottie Horman—Punctured index finger
Karen Horman—Sprained left wrist
Christina Sanchez—Serious left ankle sprain
Russ Talbot—Strained quad, strained heartstrings
Lindsay Folkman—Carsickness
Joseph Anderson—Broken heart (failed tour romances)
Jared Rowe—Cold
Andrew Williams—Bronchitis in both lungs KNOCK-KNOCK Mackinaw withdrawal
Jared Peterson—Daily aneurysm with inner ear disorder complete with twitch
Kim Francom—Complete and utter bliss
Josh Probert—Nothing
Ben White—Strained hip ligament (Keltatak) and tendinitis (Hopak)
Lark Fillmore—Broken Achilles, stomach trauma due to 1 burger, 2 scones, and one sub after show
Jeff Dunster—No T.R. trauma
Matt Lund—Loss of finger dexterity
Kerry Black—Stuffy head

FRIDAY JULY 27 (BY DALLON WHITNEY)

We left Salford (near Manchester) about 8:30am and drove south toward Weston Super Mare. We stopped at Tintern Abbey to see where the monks used to live. Nice place really, too bad King Edward and his wives couldn't have any male offspring or else he wouldn't have created the church of England and then cut off funds for nice places like Tintern Abbey. So when we saw it, it was all ruins. Don't get me wrong, nice ruins really... brilliant. We arrived in Weston Super Mare after 1:00pm and were told we had free time on the beach until 2 and that you probably don't want to swim in the water on the beach. Weston Super Mare is a resort town packed with tourists and the elderly folk. Some people went shopping, some threw a Frisbee on the beach, who knows what Cammie and Collin did, and others took pictures of the ocean while I went down to the beach to turn flips in the sand. By the way I just had to make sure that this made tour history... A few days ago Jon Gibson and myself were driving back to the bus in the morning and after it had been quiet in the car for about 5-7 minutes, our host dude said with a heavy English accent in a giddy sort of way, "The devil went down to Georgia—that's me favorite!" Then he smiled and chuckled to himself. How awesome is that.

Our show was in the Winter Gardens Pavilion. It looked like a recreational ballroom dance hall. The outer edge was decorated in arches. It was a oval-shaped hall with a wooden floor and rounded ceiling. High-speed acoustics man. Sister Crisler said there is a 7-second reverb in the center of the hall. So we had to see if Clog would work with all the noise. We had to tape our shoes to muffle the sound. Oh the noise. So we are taping our shoes and Jon Gibson puts this tiny little piece of tape on his—"Oh sure Jon, put the small piece of tape on YOUR shoes so yours will sound louder than everyone else's"—you gotta watch Mad-Dog Boss Gibson.

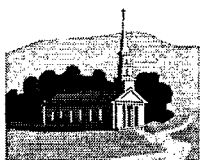
During rehearsal and blocking, Ed had a special sectional rehearsal for the men in 4-man butterfly. Everyone kept saying, "Dallon is so awesome... he gets his legs totally inverted and they fly two feet higher than any one of the others." That's just what everyone was saying. Dallon must be the coolest. That's for darn sure.

Today was Karen Horman's birthday. Of course, we sang for her and all the men gave her kisses. She loved every second of it—she told me so. Also at dinner this one lady gets up and starts talking at us with this heavy thick southern accent. What's going on here?

So the show went very well. Mountain Rhythms was very powerful because of acoustics. Every sound was amplified in that room. There were a lot of elderly folk hanging around before the show. Some were talking to our coordinator at intermission and telling her they got tickets to see the dancing because the tickets were only £5. They asked her lots of questions about us "Mormons." After a few questions, the ladies said, "Well, we certainly had the wrong impression of the Mormons!" This just goes to show we are affecting many people in many ways. Most ways we will never know. Most of us enjoy these shows where the audience is right there around us so we can see their faces close up. This is very rewarding! This was our 5th day in a row of travel and a show. Lots of us are spent and tired. But you will never know it on stage and that's for darn sure!

SATURDAY JULY 28 (BY ANDREW WILLIAMS)

So it's 7:30am and may I be so bold as to say that everyone's a little tired and then some! Like toy soldiers we are marched on the bus yet again. The monotonous daily routine is played in our minds as we each assume the position on John's bus. Like clockwork, the select few take their spot on the floor and within minutes the only sound on the bus is the drone of the road. (And Ed's voice on the mic!??!) For the next 4 to 5 hours we all seem to lose feeling in our legs and wake up with a crick in the neck. Go figure



We arrive at the Preston Temple grounds and are directed to our rooms. Come to find out they are extremely nice accommodations, which come with a sigh of relief. Before we had time to breathe, we either got on the bus, or went to the temple. The majority seemed to not want to miss another minute on the bus, and we headed for Preston. President Pickup gave us an historical Church history tour.

We were eager to do the fireside that night that ended up turning into a show. Yippee. As it were, we enjoyed another evening of sweat dripping off our faces. Yummy. We left a little of the Salt Lake with Preston. Ed introduced us to the audience, and we all had to say where we went on missions: Madagascar, England, Korea, Philippines... and when I said Indiana, they laughed. Joe looked exceptionally good today, and he was seen by moonlight with Chevy. Your guess is as good as mine.

SUNDAY JULY 29 (BY AMBER WOOD)

Welcome, welcome Sabbath morning! Today has been a special Sunday because we spent last night and this morning on the grounds of the Preston Temple. The Spirit here is so strong and we all feel so safe and at peace. Also, today is special because we are off to Ireland! This tour is amazing... the places we get to see and the opportunities we have are incredible!

This morning a few people slept in (especially those who stayed up until the wee hours playing cards), and a few woke up early to finish some laundry. Others spent the morning on the temple grounds. Eventually it was 9:00 and time for Church. We held our Sacrament meeting across from the temple housing in the MTC cafeteria. We arrived awake and cheerful because we had just finished a yummy breakfast provided by the local Relief Society. Scott conducted the meeting and invited the Spirit to be there. Jared Peterson bore his testimony about the Sacrament, which helped put us all in the right mindset to receive it. It is so nice that we have the Priesthood always with us so that we can have the Sacrament even if we are traveling. After the Sacrament, Lindsay Turner bore her testimony about hope and

forgiveness and Christina spoke about the constant love and understanding of the Savior. It was a sweet meeting... to be together there on the grounds of the Preston Temple. I think our time here has been the highlight of the tour.

As soon as we finished Church, we had to hurry to the bus so we could make it on time for the ferry to Ireland. You could feel the excitement in the air as everyone started to realize that by the end of the day we would be in Dublin, Ireland. So we packed as usual: 50 pieces of luggage, 31 dancers, 7 band members, 2 techies, 10 leaders, 1 bus driver, and about a million souvenirs. We didn't get far before we had to make a long stop because the tech truck was having problems. Word to the wise: don't put the wrong kind of fuel in a big, heavy tech truck. I think they eventually had to drain the tank and refill it... poor Scottie. We actually left him behind with the truck before it was done, but he made it later just in time for the ferry. The good thing about stopping was that it gave us a chance to fix the air conditioning on the bus. Today was a HOT day and we would have all died without air. So all is well that ends well.

We were happy to arrive at the ferry in Holyhead because even after working with the A/C, it was still pretty warm. As we got on the ship, I was surprised at the size of the boat. We got off on deck 5 and climbed up to deck 11 to poke around a bit. Some of us were reminded of the Titanic because there were restaurants, shops, and lounging areas throughout the ship. There was even a movie theater! During the ferry ride, everyone just did their own thing. Some people found quiet spots to sleep. Some played cards for the entire trip. Others read or wrote in their journals.



Brother Spriggs passed out little treats to everyone. The trip lasted 4 hours and as we got nearer to Ireland, we all went up to the outside deck to watch the ship dock. Before we got off the ship, Joseph and Andrew exhibited a "ferry kiss," if you will.

We got in the bus and prepared to go through customs again. But for some reason, we didn't have to stop. We arrived at the Stake Center and met the members. I stayed in the mission home with some other girls that night. President and Sister Brighton have only been serving for 3 weeks! They are from Chicago (Rochester originally). At first we met and had family prayer together. I understand that everyone else had a wonderful first night in Ireland as well. Hopefully we can make a difference and give something back to these people who have opened their homes to us.

I know this tour will be an experience we will never forget. We are creating memories that President Monson says will be, "June roses in the Decembers of our lives." Thanks for being such awesome people. I admire each one of you.

MONDAY JULY 30 (BY ROBERT CONLEE)

This was the much-anticipated day, the first performance in Ireland. The group arrived the day before and started the day well rested. We met at the Dublin Stake Center at 9am and departed for sightseeing in Dublin. Brother Crisler and Sister Conlee told of places to see and how to see them. The major attraction was Trinity College. Within Trinity College, one could see the Book of Kells, one of the oldest preserved books in Western society. Other attractions were St. Peter's Cathedral, The Green, shopping, etc. Lunch was on our own and many chose to sample the food at a pub or other local eatery. The weather was warm with partial clouding. By evening, however, light showers had begun to fall, but the temperature was still mild late into the night.

We gathered at the National Concert Hall in the heart of Dublin at 3:15pm for initial set-up. The stage was hardwood and slippery. It was a concert stage with no curtain or wings. Patron seating wrapped around the back of the stage. It was a nice facility—fairly modern—the site for all major concerts in Dublin. The seating behind the stage was the source of a rather humorous moment during the show. The smoke dispersed during Keltatak went right into the crowd above the stage and those people were



scrambling to get breaths of fresh air. Needless to say, they did not see much of Keltatak.

The theater seats 1100 and it was nearly full by show time at 8:00pm. The priesthood leadership of the stake and mission made every effort to get people to the theater. We were told that numerous friends of other faiths were in attendance. Prior to the show, Bro. Conlee reminded the troupe of why they were in Ireland—they had been preparing for this night for three years. A member of the Dublin mission presidency told Bro. Conlee that he felt the performance by the BYE FDE would be the start of renewed growth of the church in Ireland. The performers rose to the challenge with a brilliant show. The theater was alive and the patrons applauded vigorously after each number.

When the girls came on stage to do their Irish 6-hand reel in their beautiful costumes, the audience applauded and cheered even before the dance started. One could feel the power of the moment. At the end of the performance the audience rose in a standing ovation. Hearts had been touched, purposes fulfilled. The performers were exhausted both physically and spiritually. They had been instruments in the Lord's hands to bring to pass his purposes and they gave the Lord their best effort. It was not just another show. It was a remarkable event. Following the show, the troupe members stayed over night in the homes of the local members with whom they had stayed the night before.

TUESDAY JULY 31 (BY MARIANNE COINLEE)

This day we started by meeting at the Dublin ward building to begin our journey to Belfast. Once again we were humbled by the wonderful saints who hosted us in their homes and opened their hearts to us. Brother O'Farrell, who hosted Bob and I along with his wife Margaret, shared with us that the Saints and Priesthood leaders had prayed for our group in Ireland because the work is so slow here. He shared an experience that happened recently in which, in a visit from Elder Scott, he challenged the missionaries to baptize. The Mission leaders and missionaries had been praying for an opening to begin the process for increased missionary work.

Our trip to Belfast provided vistas of classic scenes of Irish countryside. Brilliant green hills marked with hedgerows, picturesque homes, farmhouses, and grazing sheep.



Our lunch stop in Northern Ireland was lovely. Half ate at one Information/Rest Stop site and the other half ate a ways up the road. The second group left at the appointed time only to find Dallan on the street corner looking at the traffic. The kids on the bus were hanging on the windows to get Dallan's attention. John, the bus driver, thought they wanted him to stop, not realizing that Dallan wasn't on the bus. After a little chaos, Dallan was back on board and we picked up the first group.

We arrived at the Royal Ulster Hall at about 4pm. Shortly thereafter, a dozen or more missionaries joined us. The missionaries were excited to see us and expressed great hope that the performance that night would help to further open the doors for missionary work. Four of the performers went with Brother Spriggs and Brother Conlee to a public relations interview for the local radio, which went very well. A great picture of the four kids in their Ukrainian costumes appeared in color with a terrific write-up in the morning newspaper the following day. That was the icing on the cake, as the performance was stunning.

The attendance was about 1000+. Members, investigators, dignitaries, and those from the community, and the Mission President and his wife were treated to a spectacular performance. Brother and Sister Black commented on the excellence of the Scottish number (Sister Black is from Scotland). Both were amazed at the perfect performance of the Irish dances. The Riverdance rendition swept the audience away. It was crisp and breathtaking. The idea of the proceeds from the performance going to charity was certainly inspired. That, along with the outstanding performance will have a lasting effect in bringing the Church out of obscurity in Northern Ireland.

P.S. Wormsville: "The performance was great, two little blips that only the group would know about—Josh left Lindsay during the polka number, but Lindsay covered perfectly. Lisa, in charge of French Canadian hats, forgot to set the hats out before the show. They didn't wear them, but the audience never knew.

P.P.S. This was Paul's last performance as he is leaving for graduate school at Auburn University. Tonight's performance was dedicated to Paul and it was marked by excellence and spirit!!

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 1 (BY VICKIE AUSTIN)

Today was a free day in Belfast before boarding the ferry back to England. We met at the Holywood Stake Center with our host families—once again having had a delightful home stay with the saints. They have been so kind and gracious to us.

Jared Rowe and Josh Probert stayed with one of the top policemen in Belfast. He trains the others in anti-terrorist tactics. They felt quite secure when he checked under his car for a bomb before bringing them to the church!

The first thing we did today was spend three hours at the Folk Transport Museum. It was interesting to visit the different buildings and houses transported and recreated from across Ireland. At the end several got a few winks in at the Folk Culture Museum before getting on the bus to Belfast.

We had approximately four hours to spend our time and money. Most people spent their time and a few spent their money. Many visited email cafes, city hall, Clarks Shoes, music stores and some bought regular clothes—after four and a half weeks, what do you expect? Some, tired of the big city stops, even found a cheap movie theater and watched "Shrek."

At sixish we boarded the bus for the ferry—everyone was on time but the bus. Once on board, everyone got situated in their rooms—four to a room, and then we headed down to dinner. There was a good variety to choose from to eat—soup, salad, fruit, fish, Irish stew and pork plus a number of desserts.

After dinner many went right to bed as wake up call was around 4:30am—a very short night. A group went to the movie room to watch "Star Wars Episode I: Phantom Menace." Many didn't make it through the first five minutes before they were snoozing. I'm pretty sure no one saw the whole thing.

And that was August 1, 2001.

THURSDAY AUGUST 2 (BY MATT LUND)

The morning started very early when the crew of the ferry from Belfast to Liverpool woke us up at 4:30 a.m. by ringing an annoying bell and yelling, "Breakfast is served." Everyone woke up and left their nice comfortable bed in the cabins for a shower and breakfast. Then we waited forever for the ferry to dock in Liverpool. After passing through a couple of locks we finally docked around 6:00 a.m. When they called us to return to the bus we discovered that we were missing three people—Paul, Collin, and, of course, Ed. They had returned to their cabin and didn't pay attention to the call, or as they said it, "We didn't hear it." Luckily, Brother Culture class was able to quickly find them before we had to leave them.

Then we had a fairly quiet bus ride to London, since everyone was so tired that they just slept most of the trip. When we arrived in London, all 45 of us stood in line with our passports at Victoria station to pick up our tube tickets. After a couple of minutes the ticket agent just decided to have one person get the tickets for everyone, something they

told us was not possible until they saw our group waiting in line to receive our individual passes. We all packed back on the bus and went to the hotel.

After another tedious bus ride of searching for the hotel, we waited on the bus for an hour before we were able to get off and find our rooms. Married couples with two single beds, two guys with one bed, four girls in one room, one girl in another. After another hour of cramming the lobby with wet luggage and fixing the room situation, we finally settled in and even made it to see a show, eat dinner, and have some time to walk around.

FRIDAY AUGUST 3 (BY JEFFREY DUNSTER)



Today was Paul Springer's last day with us. He left at midnight after a long day running around London. Because he only had one day to see everything, our little group of five roamed all over London. Most of the team was fragmented into small groups, which we met everywhere we went, so I think our day was a good sample of what everyone else did today.

We began with the Tower of London. Most of the team jumped on an early tube and traveled the Circle line all the way around to the other side of town. The line to buy tickets was pretty long, but it moved fast as crowds of people flooded the castle. One of our small groups was so impatient that they gathered other people from the line around them until their group was large enough for a group rate. Then they skipped the individual line and entered through the group line for 7.50 pounds.

Our group spent almost two hours in the tower (which is really a whole castle complex) and saw most of the main attractions, like the Crown Jewels, the Armory, and the Bloody Tower. Some of the team stayed over three hours and took the self-guided audio tour. Everyone I talked to enjoyed the Tower of London.

As our group left the Tower complex, we passed by the Tower Bridge, which looked like a sight from Disney Land because of its baby blue paint and gold trim. Of course we took pictures, then rushed off to the House of Parliament and Big Ben, the famous clock tower. Parliament wasn't in session today so we couldn't enter the building for a tour. Instead, we ran across several busy street to take pictures. Crossing streets here in London is different from other cities in England. The crosswalks have large reminders painted on each side saying "LOOK LEFT" or "LOOK RIGHT." And even though there are crossing signals, most people just watch the traffic and dash to the medians, which are larger islands with guard rails. Many streets require you to cross to the median, press the button again, and then wait to cross to rest of the street.

After Parliament and Westminster, we walked up to the National Gallery and spent an hour there. We all wanted to see different artists in our limited time, so we agreed on a place and time and split up. Next we ran up to Leicester (pronounced "Lester") Square to eat lunch and buy tickets to "Noises Off." Some of the team members were planning to go to the theater at Piccadilly square and buy standby tickets, but our group found some half price tickets at the booths in Leicester Square.

With our tickets for the evening in our pockets, we only had a small window of time left for Paul to visit a certain China shop over in Knightsbridge, near Harrods. We ran from the tube station, not exactly sure if we were heading in the right direction, but we made it before they closed. Paul was looking for the little Lilliputian ceramic scenes for his future mother-in-law. The rest of us laughed at how strange it must look for a group of very masculine men to be browsing a fine china shop.

On our way back to the tube station, we stopped at a grocery store and then walked around Harrods. We saw the little shrine to Princess Diana and then left for our play of the evening. We were a little early for the play but it felt good to sit down after a day of tramping around. The play was controversial for us because of the British humor. I thought it was clever but crass, therefore I could only recommend it if BYU performed it. Others loved it, while a few

were very disappointed. Listening to the debate about it was very amusing. Immediately after the play we gathered together for the trip home. We took some pictures of our group, then Lindsay Turner, Kim Francom and I split off to look for an Internet café. I'm surprised at how many of the team regularly seek out a connection to the Internet. Two years ago, when we last went to Drummondville, I was the only one to seek out the Internet. When I found a connection, a few dancers would check their email too, but I think most of the team thought I was obsessed with the Internet. (I was taking a 3 credit class over the Internet while on tour. I don't recommend that if you want to enjoy the tour.) This year I felt vindicated. Most of the team seeks out Internet cafés at every opportunity and I am often asking them what deals they've found. We have seen prices ranging from one pound for 11 minutes to one pound for an hour. (One pound= about \$1.50)

Some of the men have been extra zealous about email because of certain girls they met in Drummondville. They have already received several messages in broken English. But Friday night Lindsay & Kim were just out for a leisurely trip to check some email if possible. I just went along as a male companion/body guard.

After we returned home, some of us gathered to say goodbye to Paul as he departed on the Midnight subway to the airport. It was a fond farewell for a good friend who we may not see for some time. I think his early departure (to begin graduate studies in the south) has reminded many of the team just how soon we will be parting. There are only 16 days left. But if many of those days are a full as this one was, we will be very worn out and ready to go home to rest.

SATURDAY AUGUST 4 (BY ALICIA ALBA)

Well, today was our last day in London. So after a short devotional and announcement session at 9:00 in the morning, we all went our separate ways to see all the last minute sites of our London experience. Many people started off their day watching the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. They only do it every other day in August, so this was our only chance. This was a special session because today was the Queen mother's 101st birthday. As a conclusion for our time in London, I gathered information from everyone about what their favorite London experience was:



Arden—"Mousetrap"
 Collin—the Temple
 Cammie—"Les Miserables"
 Kim L—National Gallery
 Shannon—Tower of London & Tower Bridge
 Kerry—Big Ben at night
 Lark—National Gallery & Big Ben at night
 Bro. & Sis. Spriggs—the Greek Restaurant
 Cameron—National Gallery & Phantom of the Opera
 Jacob & Alicia—"Mousetrap," Beatles medley
 Matt—the Changing of the Guard
 Mike & Julianne—a romantic walk on the bridge under
 Big Ben at night & "Les Mis"
 Cat—the British Library
 Jeffery—Tower of London
 Russ—Capital Disco
 Jared R—Phone Booths
 Clay—Big Ben & House of Parliament
 Marsha—St. Paul's, "Les Miserables," Big Ben
 Christina—Tower of London
 Benny—Les Miserables
 Jon G—St. Paul's Cathedral

Albas—Tower of London, National Gallery, Big Ben
 Lisa—plays, musicals, & rain every day around 5pm.
 Josh—"King Lear" at the Globe Theater
 Drew—Equinox
 Joseph—Kim F.
 Kim F—Joe
 Jared P—Tower of London
 Dallan—1st Hard Rock Café & the Vault
 Brent—Megastore Internet Café
 Chevy—Big Ben, "Les Miserables," & dinner at Bella's
 Amber J—National Art Gallery
 Lindsay F—"Lion King", "Les Mis", Big Ben at night
 Trevor—Les Mis & Big Ben
 Ed & Vickie—standing 6 hours in a ticket line
 Sister Culture Class—Buckingham Palace
 Brother Culture Class—the Gondoliers
 Lindsay T—ironing Cat's hair
 Amber W—walking through Hyde park
 Scott & Karen—sitting on a park bench across from
 Big Ben just enjoying the beautiful sights &
 sounds of London.

SUNDAY AUGUST 5 (BY JESSE ALBA)

To the tune of "Pioneer Children"—

"Folk Dancers slept as they Drove, and Drove, and Drove, and Drove..."

Today was the longest day! We left our Hotel in London hungry since Comfort Inn didn't want to go to all the trouble to fix us breakfast at their regular 7:30 time (they told us that on Sunday's they don't make it until 8:00). Luckily we were all so tired from seeing London like some WWII Blitzkrieg that sleep numbed the hunger pains we felt. We were awakened at about 10:15 am for a rest stop and a light breakfast Brother Spriggs bought for us. This cared for our hunger and enabled us to get more blessed rest on our journey.



After a few more hours we stopped for lunch and rest for about 45 minutes. Then we were back on the road again! After a little while longer we arrived in Gretna Green—the first town across the boarder from England into Scotland. On arriving we had a very nice sacrament meeting on the bus and then we were able to spend 15 minutes in the town...Gretna Green has an infamous history—English marriage laws were very strict over time while in Scotland couples could get married at age 16. So in a sense it is like Las Vegas—many couples eloped to Gretna Green to overcome English law. It is said of the history of Gretna Green from Pennants Tower of Scotland, 1780:

"At a distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gretna, the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two Guinness a job to a dram of whisky, may instantly unite the young pair. If there is not time for a ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to flip into bed and, imagining that they are irrevocably united, retire and leave to commemorate their unfinished loves."

So goes the history of Gretna Green.

To finish the day we rode to Aberdeen while playing a rousing trivia game. Jared Rowe was the winner with Julianne Lewis coming in 2nd. After that we watched "Oliver." This was very agreeable to the old leaders and a few of the younger generation, but as the movie progressed, those in the back of the bus became progressively irritated and rained their complaints that it was too loud. As soon as the volume was turned down, problems were caused because of those who were trying to watch as it became impossible to hear. So the volume was again turned up and the vicious cycle repeated itself over and over. "Oliver" finally ended to everyone's relief and we all took another short nap until we arrived at 9pm in Aberdeen. For some of us who stayed awake, the drive was beautiful. Scotland's sky was cloudy and yet still bright. We drove over rolling hills and by farm and ranch lands. We passed several castles and spotted three rainbows during the drive. Then we were off with host families for the night.

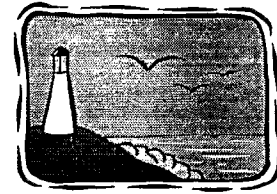
MONDAY AUGUST 6 (BY JESSE CRISLER—ALIAS BROTHER CULTURE CLASS/SHERIFF/COWBOY/ PIEHEAD/ETC.)

This morning all enjoyed the well-earned opportunity to sleep in a little after our exhausting bus ride from Aberdeen yesterday: fourteen hours at a time in the same vehicle with nearly fifty people, no matter how much we all like each other, simply does not constitute an ideal situation. Today was unusual in another respect in that we set up first and then went sightseeing as opposed to our usual ritual of arriving at a performance venue around 2:00 p.m. and staying there until the evening performance.

Because Paul Springer left the tour in London on Saturday, departing for his graduate study at Auburn University, a number of dances had to be re-blocked today in order to fill in his spot in them. This required some ingenuity on Ed's part, since Paul danced in every dance except the all-women numbers and the Hungarian Stick Dance. Who except Paul, of course—knew how nearly indispensable he is?

As the day wore on, we became aware that accommodations for some of our group left something to be desired: six were housed with a family that left for holiday as soon as they had brought the students home. Even though we've all learned to deal with every kind of unusual circumstance, this seems a little more than the normal oddity we sometimes experience.

After nearly three hours of practice, we piled on the bus and drove to the Beach Esplanade where those whose hosts had not provided sack lunches were able to buy something to eat, while the others walked along the North Sea seacoast, some even reaching a nearby lighthouse. The water was not as cold as one might have anticipated, given how brisk the temperature was outside. Ironically, a missionary at tonight's performance commented that today was actually less cool than normal, allowing the missionaries to tract in just their shirts rather than their full suits.



Our next stop was the Aberdeen City Centre. Aberdeen definitely merits its nickname, "The Granite City": the city's buildings, whether those built of stone during the Middle Ages or those made of concrete during more modern time, exhibit an infinite variety of shades of gray. We spent an hour in town, during which some went to Provost Skeen's house, a house built in 1545 and now a museum of several rooms, each decorated in the style of a different century, toured the Maritime Museum down on the harbor, a rich collection of material pertaining both to Aberdeen's shipping past and its current reliance on off-shore oil drilling, or simply strolled the streets.

Following our time in the City Centre, we drove to the Aberdeen Stake Centre for a huge meal graciously provided by the Relief Society: lentil and barley soup, mince, potatoes, carrots, and skirlie, topped off with deep-dish apple pie and rich British ice cream which contains a far higher butter fat content than does ours in the States. For those interested, here's the recipe for skirlie for fifty: chop the desired quantity of onions finely; fry them in lard until brown; add enough rough oatmeal to absorb the lard; season with a smidgen of salt and pepper to taste. Skirlie developed along with other hearty meals here in this cold climate because it is cheap and filling, since the oatmeal expands in one's stomach, absorbing stomach juices and making one feel full on fairly little.

At dinner one table enjoyed hearing the true story of the abortive Julianne/Andrew Williams romance. For particulars, see either of them, though you should be prepared for radically different accounts, depending on who's telling the tale. Sister Culture Class was also serenaded at dinner when she was presented with a huge apple tart. (Word has it that this birthday song was by far the most subdued of several she received later from the girls in their dressing room: Renditions there were so raucous that one of the singers actually bit her lip and started bleeding.)

As always, tonight's performance went well, despite a few inexplicable glitches. Apparently, Johnny (Andrew Williams) thought the dancers needed a bit more changing time during "The Devil Went Down to Georgia," since despite Jared's invitation, he failed to come in for several bars; and even the intermission was enough time for Alicia Davis to change from her Keltatack costume to her Croatian costume. These and other minor mistakes were redeemed, however, by the quality of the entrance on the song that completes the show each night when the troupe started in five or six different keys.

All in all, Aberdeen has been good to us. The Saints thoroughly appreciated the performance. They fed us well. We saw some of the city, though, of course, never enough. And the band learned that they could set up anywhere, even on a staircase!

TUESDAY AUGUST 7 (BY LUANN CRISLER)

Weather—Cool—60°

We drove today from Aberdeen to Dundee. John Watson, the coach driver took the coastal route and we enjoyed the beautiful scenery. Devotional was Arden Anderson who encouraged us to not only ask ourselves "What would Jesus do?" but to try to follow His example. Reports were John Noll, "Dundee" and Jared Peterson, "Highland Games." We handed out a lot of silly worms but enjoyed it all in good fun. Then we heard several good stories—

#1—Why there is a white cross on the blue field of Scotland's flag. The Scots were losing a battle when they looked up at blue sky to see the white cross of St. Andrews formed by clouds. This sight inspired them to victory.



#2—Why the thistle is the symbol of Scotland. The Scot's army had been fighting with the Romans and had retired to rest. The Romans decided to sneak up on the Scottish camp barefoot in the dark. As they approached the camp they stepped in a patch of thistle, cried out in pain, and alerted the Scots who awoke and defeated the Romans.

Amber Jensen's host family had sent home-made haggis for us to taste—so most of the team tried it. The verdict?...meatloaf or spicy hamburger. Not bad! We stopped just outside of Stonehaven for a group picture with the North Sea and cliffs in the background. Then we drove out on a headland to see the ruins of Dunnottar Castle, listed as an "Impressive Ruined Fortress."

Lunch was in the town of Montrose—many shopped at the local TESCO and a great bakery. We arrived at the school about 2:30—unloaded the truck—and began the process. The Stake prepared a delicious meal for us—served at the Stake Center—the drive gave us an interesting view of the old Dundee Cemetery or Necropolis. The headstones are very large and extended well beyond the boarder of the fences.

The show was full of surprises. The Hungarian stick dance fell apart, with sticks flying everywhere, meeting mid-air, twirling end-over-end out of surprised hands. Joseph joined the dance for a walk-on during the Croatian number. Carol Spriggs and Vickie entertained the team backstage, literally letting their hair down and putting spare costumes to interesting use. The closing song was "spot on" tune, repairing the sad impression left the night before.

The Dundee Saints are so spread out that some of the team will meet us on the highway tomorrow morning on our way to Edinburgh rather than drive in to the Stake Center at 8 am.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 8 (BY CHEVY ALLRED)

Hey all you lads and lassies! It was a brilliant day, it was. Full of adventure and joy...and a few odd occurrences. The day started with an hour or two bus ride from Dundee to Edinburgh. It took a little longer than usual because we had to take a detour to pick up Chevy's forgotten jacket...too bad we ran out of worms to pass out. But we did reach our destination at Portobello Hall in downtown Edinburgh. The venue was typical with it's raked stage and cramped seating (poor Dallan) and cramped changing rooms...some girls changed in the kitchen.

The performance scheduled today was an afternoon shortened show for an elderly crowd and a full evening show. Lunch was on our own before the matinee (thank goodness for host family sack lunches) and dinner was between the shows provided by the local Stake. Then after the performances we went home with host families for the last time this tour. Aye laddies, it was a day to cherish.

Now for the fun stuff...

Faux Pas:

- Jacob hurt his foot today right before Hopak in the first show so we had to quickly figure out how to reblock.
- Brother Crisler filled in for Arden during Mountain Rhythm's dog pile while Arden stood on the side and watched. Brother Crisler just walked off stage in the best western character he could.

- Brother Crisler played the spoons during one of the American numbers and was so bad a woman in the audience who played the spoons was looking for him after the show to teach him a thing or two. She said "Well, does anyone know how to play the spoons?" When Lark explained we had only taught him two minutes before he went on.
- Jon Gibson got mangled a lot more than usual during dog pile when Dallon decided to pull some WWF moves on him. We saw him stagger off with his hair a mess, his shirt untucked and his suspenders unbuckled, and a smile on his face.
- Jon got back at Dallon during Hoedown when Dallon is caught by the group of boys. Instead of letting Dallon back up Jon said he just "made sure Dallon didn't get back up."

Other significant stuff:

- During our blocking session we saw a floating Buddha named Jeff. (He was actually just sitting at the top of a dark colored ladder)
- Missionaries were ushers during both performances
- Dinner was American, served buffet style. Everything from Pizza to McDonalds hamburgers was there...I guess that's what Americans like...or it was just more convenient. Clay said he got coleslaw "up the yin-yang"
- The entire audience joined the band singing "Amazing Grace" during both shows. The elderly audience especially loved it.
- Christina Sanchez was sent to the doctor to see if she had bronchitis. She didn't but she got some nasty tasting (and smelling) medicine. She said "it smells like nail polish remover and it tastes 10 times worse."

THURSDAY AUGUST 9 (BY ARDEN ANDERSON)

BOOK OF ARDEN

Chapter 1

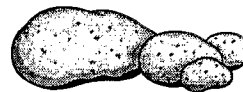
Vs. 1 And it came to pass that two days after the best stick dance EVER, having occurred in Dundee, yea, the day after the miracle shows, for Jacob had injured his ankle coming down the steps and could therefore not dance, and Paul had left several days before, thus alternates were sparse, but we filled in for Jacob and everyone rose to the occasion and the show went well—thus having all occurred in Edinburgh, yea verily, after all this, the sun did rise again and I decided to quit this "Book of Arden" junk and write tour history like a normal person.

ANYWAY, we met at the Stake Center at 8:30 in the morning and after saying good-bye to Elder and Sister Leisure (or however you spell their name) we made our way into the city center of Edinburgh. After listening to Ed's "funny" jokes on the bus, we made it to the Edinburgh Castle, which we visited first. Amber had some problems with an ingrown toenail and Jacob had a sprained ankle. But Amber was O.K. to walk around for a while and Ed was able to obtain a wheelchair to push Jacob around, so everyone got to see the Castle. Afterwards, we went into the city for more sightseeing and shopping. The Royal Mile had plenty of souvenir shops. Tartan wool blankets seemed to be popular items for our team, as well as Tartan ties.

After our city excursion, we went back to the Stake Center to pick up the truck and to say good-bye to the Crislers. After a wonderful month together our cultural advisors, Cowboy Crisler and Deputy Luann, better known as Brother and Sister Culture class, had to leave to go home to a funeral. Tour will not be the same without them. They will definitely be missed. But alas, tour goes on and off we go to Billingham. Upon arrival we were fed dinner and shown our rooms. Many of us are tired, but this should be a fun festival. We'll have a good time here. And thus I make an end.

FRIDAY AUGUST 10 (BY MICHAEL AND JULIANNE LEWIS)

The day started early for some with a face full of sun, bright enough to wake all those who chose to sleep on the wrong side of the gym. Others slept until they were thrown out of bed show. Many made their way to breakfast excited for something new and had recollected that the food at Billingham was incredible, only to be more carbohydrates and something far less than incredible. Many are lack of any type of fruit or vegetable in their diets.



for our morning fulfilling, since Ed disappointed with suffering from

We met in costume at 9:30 for a devotional by Julianne, and then boarded the festival bus for a short show in the town center (for the mayor). The show was impromptu and fun...we exhibited our skill at being seaweed-like for Ed, performing Festival Clog and every American number in our Appalachian costumes. Amber still has a hurt toe and Jacob's on crutches, so we had to fill in certain people for all the numbers. Following, we walked over to the old folk's home to play, dance, & sing for them. The band jammed and we sang "Irish Blessing"—triggering emotions and tears from the elderly audience. Olive & Ivy, two of the elderly women at the home were having a birthday! So Ed announced a special impromptu birthday dance just for them...a clog duet by Chevy & Jon. It was smashing!!

The mayor had invited us in town to a catered meal, so off we went to another school for a yummy lunch and chats with the mayor. Lunch was delish (it was the only good meal the entire week at Billingham) and it made us all sleepy. So after getting back on the bus and arriving at the school dorm, most of us snuggled into our beds for naptime.

After naptime, we met the whole group in the dining area so we could all be there when the "Lord Mayor" arrived. All of the countries were there in full costume. When the mayor walked in all were beckoned to stand in honor of his holiness "Lord Mayor". Such a task seemed quite ridiculous as there wasn't enough room between tables to scoot all the chairs out. Many found themselves stuck between the table and the opposite guy trying to scoot out behind him at the same time, so some were unable to formally honor "Lord Mayor." Our dinner was served...Yum?...potatoes, carrots, rutabaga/parsnips (couldn't tell), chicken, something that might have been stuffing, and a puffy roll type of a thing. As we ate, the band from each group took turns dazzling the mayor with their sounds. Some of our poor guys (Russ & Brent) each had a CD player stolen from their stuff just before dinner, so as we ate, we listened to their futile cries, and plotted ways to catch the thieves.

Then we all quickly grabbed our clog costumes for a mini-performance that evening—an exhibition of a few dances from each country, if you will. The MC was surely tactless as he announced the groups and tested ALL seven of the microphones on stage while all patiently waited. As he announced the members of the Kenyan group, Mr. MC welcomed them to come on stage "in their pajamas." We couldn't believe he actually had said it, but alas, it's true. We watched excerpts from all the countries in an almost alphabetical order as Mr. MC once again shined in deciding to put Moldova ahead of Mexico because "Moldova and Romania are almost identical, so we'll split them up a bit." Ba-dum-ching! We hoped the two countries weren't too offended.

The performances went long because all went over their allotted 10 minutes, so by time we were up to finish off the show only Mackinaw and a few others were there to see us. We were beat after performing. So off we went to change out of our costumes and hurry down for hot chocolate & biscuits before they ran out. Of course, the biscuits were gone—as all had been eaten while we were performing, but we were happy to be nearing the time for beddy-bye. Goodnight all!

SATURDAY AUGUST 11 (BY CAROL SPRIGGS)

It's overcast today, but what's new? We started the day with devotional and prayer in the gym. The gym really isn't that bad...except for security since we have had items stolen. While Derek was explaining about a World War II song

"We'll meet again" for devotional, Jared fell off of his bed—so much for putting him to sleep! It's the big parade today and expectation is already in the air...lets hope the rain holds off.

The parade is now over—if they had walked any faster they would have been at the final destination before the parade started...they really moved along; but it was fun to see the route lined with hundreds of people. I marvel how our kids stand out amongst the others, they really are a beautiful group...even the men have a certain something.

The day ended with dinner and bed. We have had our share of starch while we've been here...but as you consider the numbers, the cooks and volunteers do a great job.



SUNDAY AUGUST 12 (BY DEREK SPRIGGS)

"Rain, Rain go away, come again another day."

We started the Sabbath at 9:00am with a sacrament meeting. Sadly we could not go to the local ward as it started at 11:00am and the festival had arranged for the group to go to the city of York. However we had our own meeting. After the sacrament was passed we had a testimony meeting that lasted until 10:45. We really have some wonderful young people and to listen to their love for the Savior really boosts one's spirit.

We departed for York at 10:45. Cat and Ed stayed behind along with a couple of the sisters as Cat wasn't feeling too good. It rained on and off most of the time but this didn't really stop the group from enjoying the old walled city. The Minster was built in the 13th Century and there have been several fires over the years, but the restoration goes on.

This evening we did a fireside at the Billingham Stake Center where we had a beautiful musical fireside by the group with Michael, Julianne, Brent, Lisa, and Dallon sharing their testimonies to the saints in the area. Many hearts were touched. The Hormans were back from London after returning the truck, so they were able to join us. One brother came up to Derek and said, "You gave me a pin 13 years ago when you were here and I still have it." How small the world really is with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

MONDAY AUGUST 13 (BY SCOTT HORMAN)

T'was Market Day in ol' Billingham, and amongst the tomatoes, carrots, leeks and tangerines, one could find Mountain Strings on the town square delighting a large crowd with their outstanding style of music. Whilst performing ye old "Devil Went Down to Georgia," Jared of the Banjo seemed to have lost his way, but soon recovered with the help of Andrew of the Fiddle. Joseph of the Bass, but sans bass, due to a lack of electricity, provided prodigious vocalization of a unique nature, and added the clinking of spoons to the melodious renditions of the ensemble.

The day was rather quiet, with a few rehearsals scattered here and there. One of the highlights of the day seemed to have been a competition amongst the men as to who could do the most hand-stand push-ups. This was an ongoing event throughout the day, however, when all was said and done, Dallon of the Dance was the champion with 12. Andrew of the Fiddle took the Silver with 11 and Jared of the Banjo nearly passed out (or so it is rumored.)

For dinner, we experienced what is strongly suspected to have been steak and kidney pie; albeit a bit short on the steak. It gained mixed reviews amongst our people.

The evening was spent in performance with Mackinaw in what was billed as "North American Night" at the College Theatre. T'was an enjoyable evening watching these two groups perform together again. A good friendship has developed over the years with our visits to the Drummondville Festival and the opportunities we have had to work with them. The event was capped off by a great rendition of "Orange Blossom Special" performed by the combined

musicians of both ensembles, and then a repeat performance of the closing number done each night during the Drummondville Festival.

As Technical Director, I cannot help but comment on the technical skills of the crew at the College Theatre. The lighting designer seemed to have been schooled in the art of 'Dark and Weird Lighting' and the sound technician in the philosophy of "if all the mics don't work, then turn the rest of them up to the threshold of pain, and it will compensate.'

TUESDAY AUGUST 14 (BY KAREN HORMAN)

Today was a busy day for the Folk dancers. Ed was asked to teach a dance course for dance instructors from England. Ed thought it was just for four couples, but soon found out that they wanted all the dancers there. There was a hustle and bustle for the dancers to get up, get dressed and get to the dance course instruction.

Ten men from the group were given the opportunity to learn the Newbiggin Rapper Sword Dance from Brian Padgett. It was challenging but well worth the effort to learn this dance.

Cammie and Collin represented the group along with Derek and Carol Spriggs at a International Rotary Club luncheon today. Dallon and Kimberley represented us at the beginning of the show at the Marquee.

There was a performance at about 4:30pm at the Marquee. The performance began with the Southern Suite. The girls were tired of the wearing the same dress to the Cotillion so they decided to switch costumes.

We had the evening free to do what we wanted. A bunch of the group decided to go to Stockton-on-Tees. Brian, our guide, rented a van for any who wanted to go. It finally ended up that a group of girls and a guy went bowling and a group of guys and a girl went to the movie. Some came to Scott and Karen's room for a DVD movie only to have the DVD cover and no movie. They ended up playing some cards instead. It was a nice evening to have off.

Our meals are always an adventure. For lunch, it was lasagna, which was the best lunch we have had so far. For dinner, we had fish and chips and mushy peas. Jesse said he was sure that his peas moved by themselves. It was also found that the peas could suction the plates together very well.



Over the last week or so I have started an English terms list:

standard drink = regular size

drink

desk = a console

cans = intercom

tabs = a theater curtain or your

earlobe

junction = motorway exit

boot = trunk of a car

HGV = heavy goods vehicle

lemonade = Sprite/ 7-up

counsel pop = tap water

sponge = cake or a jam

sandwich

scones = biscuits

sultano = green grapes/ golden

raisins

prunes = plums

smashers or mash = potatoes

bangers = sausage

toad in hole = sausages dropped

in Yorkshire pudding/

Welsh rarebit

Edinburgh rock = long stick of

candy

tomato sauce = ketchup

chips = french fries

fritters = apple slices dipped in

batter and fried

zimmer = a walker for an older

person

skip = garbage can

wheel-a-bin = garbage can with

wheels

frock = dress

jumper = pull-over sweater

knickers = ladies underpants

nappies = baby diapers

serviette = napkin

pinafore = regular apron

jello = jelly

cornet = pointed ice cream cone

flat = apartment

bungalow = house on one level

braces = suspenders

tights = pantyhose

pop socks = knee highs

cotton wool = cotton ball

cob = bread roll

bonnet = hood of a car

bumper = fender


rubber = an eraser

spanner = wrench
toffee nose = a stuck -up person
biscuit=cookie
lorrie=truck
lolly=candy
motorway=freeway
carriageway=highway
bloke=a guy
trump=toot/fart

broody=baby is hungry
snaps suspenders=garter for
men's socks
channel locks = footprints
pavement = sidewalk
entry = space between two
houses you can walk down
pram=stroller
loo=toilet

bobbins=hair elastics
tea=dinner
petrol = gas
crisps = potato chips
wireless= radio
telly = television
overall = apron that snaps down
the front

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 15 (BY JARED ROWE)

So this is the day when Ed got sick of us all and left for the day. That meant Josh was in charge & who could ask for more? We danced & played for the little kids. John did circus tricks. Jesse told stories about small, furry animals. What did we have to eat?  Potatoes—mashed, boiled, baked, & fried. We did a show in the Forum Theater, after which Finland stole the show. Joe won dominoes at the party. Once again he was also writing sweet love songs. Missionary work went on late into the night. It's amazing how receptive drunk Europeans are.

THURSDAY AUGUST 16 (BY JOSEPH ANDERSON)

August 16th was graduation day for Cat. At 7:45am. She was awakened by Kim's and Amber's stirring rendition of Pomp and Circumstance. After taking her ceremonial walk in some fairly unorthodox attire, Cat gave a rousing speech about the benefits of her undergraduate education. She was then showered with gifts and door prizes.

The morning continued in the boys room with Scottie playing drill sergeant. The response that he received from the guys explains why he's a technical director instead of an army officer. Following an hour of "we're going home" announcements, Andrew gave a spiritually grounded devotional on getting things done. Today was a relatively busy festival day. In the afternoon we did a short American show. Dallan "Big D" Whitney took advantage of hoedown to plant one on Amber Wood. She's a good kisser. In other news, during the Fandango Benny and Jon "Boss" Gibson attempted a WCW Ambush on the "Big D." They failed as badly as any other contender that dared to challenge the BioDome. There were reports that Benny landed a few kidney blows.

In the evening the group performed their last international show together. During the pre-show devotional, the returning members sang the traditional "Go Ye Now in Peace" to those who were leaving. No one was really surprised by who did or didn't cry. The highlight of the show was the French Canadian section when Mackinaw joined us on stage. The show was full of energy and was a powerful ending for the international performance side of tour. Following the show the church held a reception.

FRIDAY AUGUST 17 (BY KERRY BLACK)

"Oh what a beautiful morning, Oh what a beautiful day," thought Lisa Malan, Lindsay Folkman, and Lindsay Turner as they were awakened by a gruff voice asking "who's been sleeping in my bed?" For some bizarre reason, all three of them spent the evening hiding in the boys' beds waiting for them to return from their nightly escapades. As each boy returned, they would find new beds to occupy. Some of the dashing young men took their merry old time to retire for the night, and by the time they did, the three sleeping beauties were fast asleep. Joseph and Trevor rudely kicked two of the lovely ladies out of their beds and they were forced to retreat to Benny's bed to wait out the night. So Benny's voice was the gruff voice awakening the three sleeping ladies at approximately 5:30 in the morning. Which is why it was such a beautiful morning.

Only a few short hours later, sleeping beauty #2, Lindsay Turner, was once again awakened from her slumber. Only this time it wasn't one gruff voice, but several ladies' morning voices singing "This month is such a special one, it's birthday time for you..." Since it was ten minutes till devotional, the lovely USA ladies room G15 and G16 hurriedly scarfed down a birthday breakfast of bread and chocolate. Yummy!

After we returned from devotional, a few lucky souls got to go to a "Heal the World" rehearsal. Julianne returned to find a fragrant vase full of roses and a card from all of the girls and Jared Peterson for her and Michael's ONE year anniversary. We also sang "Happy Anniversary" to her. It was quite an eventful day today. Loads of Celebrations!

After lunch, several people took naps, some went to check their email, and others just took advantage of our free afternoon. Kerry decided to run her own hair straightening business, and spent several hours straightening seven girls' hair. It was a lot of fun at the time, but it turned out detrimental to the 2 shows later on since no one's hair would curl like normal. But they all sure looked pretty! While all this hair excitement was going on, Lindsay Turner returned from an outing to Thorntons and Boots to find a yummy ice cream, Aero Mint bar, whipped cream, and chocolate sauce birthday cake. It had to get eaten fast or else it would have been birthday soup. Inside a bite of cake, Lindsay got a surprise. It was a clue for a scavenger hunt—or a "wild goose chase" as the English call it. Her hunt led her to the community center, the Forum Theater, ASDA grocery store—where they announced her birthday over the loud speaker, the school foyer, the girls' bathroom, and back to her bedroom. When she finally returned she was greeted by loads of birthday blower horns madly blaring out the frustrations of seven weeks, balloons, and a pile of wonderfully pink presents. Oh what a birthday! We should all be in Billingham for our birthdays—there's no other way to go.

After dinner, we all had to finally get ready for our two ten minute shows. All except Kerry that is—with only a show line-up of Running Sets and Festival Clog, she didn't have to participate. She got to watch instead. The band girls sure had a good time getting ready. They felt slightly left out on the show preparations during this tour and they finally saw their chance. They appeared for the performance with braids in (2 for Cat, even) and eye lashes. They were smashing! Amber Jensen finished her look off with butterfly clippies and a pretty red bow. These two shows were the best EVER for the band—due to the girl's new look. Ed even liked it.

The day of celebration ended on stage after our final bow as Mr. MC announced Michael and Julianne's one year anniversary. As the crowd began to sing to them, Julianne ran and leaped into her husband's arms and they twirled as two love birds might on their one year anniversary in front of a large audience. Finally, Lindsay was called forward, her birthday announced, and all joined in singing once again to wish her a happy, happy, birthday.

At the end of the evening, most of the group made their way to the center of the park to the Cappuccino Café to get some pizza causing an unexpected influx for Mr. Pizza man—he ran out of Pizza dough, slowing the process. It was a refreshing and tasty change from the divine festival meals. It was approaching midnight when some of the team made their way back to the school. There could be no other splendid way to end the day than to see Brent, Joseph, and Benny strutting their stuff in their newly purchased suits. You should have seen the swarm of Finnish & French-Canadian girls gawking at these handsome young BYU/USA men. Watch out GQ—here they come! With a trail of broken hearts to follow..."Oh what a beautiful day!"

SATURDAY AUGUST 18 (BY ALICIA & JACOB DAVIS)

- ✓ Slept in 'til 10am.
- ✓ Heal the World rehearsal.
- ✓ Boy's soccer game with Gerald & Dominique from Mackinaw.
- ✓ Lunch @ noon (potatoes AGAIN!).
- ✓ Teeny, tiny parade...waiting, waiting...packed, slept, waited...

- ✓ Last tent show, last show ever, last time to curl hair, last chance to pound on Dallan in Hoedown, last tech problems (except for the Soiree Branchés fiasco), one last dose of Orange Blossom with Mackinaw, one more farandole, one last solo/song from Jon's favorite MC, last "Heal the World."
- ✓ Dinner @ 6pm in costume (potatoes AGAIN!) Yummy ice cream.
- ✓ Costume exchange—watching Finland and Canada become cowboys was entertaining. Their "yee haws" were really funny! Mackinaw and Finland girls wore our costumes and curly hair. We wore Mackinaw and Finland's costumes and even got to represent a few countries by carrying their flags on stage! (Clay and Chevy for Mackinaw; Shannon for Finland; Russ for Moldova) When we entered the arena we came in with our new country, not USA—we had so much fun!
- ✓ Huge dance party with bagpipers and brass band. We danced to "YMCA," "Go West," and lots more.
- ✓ One more teeny tiny parade/torch light procession with the band, followed by fireworks (Drummondville's were way better).
- ✓ One last throw around with Frisbee.
- ✓ One last cup of hot chocolate before packing, showering and saying goodbye to everyone. Mackinaw and Finland sang us off and even guided our bus to the street as we left. Good times!

MEMORIES OF BILLINGHAM:

(Things that are normal for festivals but seem utterly ridiculous in any other situation)

- ✓ Having fourteen roommates
- ✓ Showering in swimming suits with seven other countries
- ✓ Boiled potatoes
- ✓ Eating bread & chocolate and brushing your hair at the same table
- ✓ Bringing your own toilet paper to the bathroom
- ✓ Being lulled to sleep by Salt Creek and Finnish music
- ✓ Fried potatoes
- ✓ Sharing testimonies with a Mariachi band accompanying us
- ✓ Brown sauce, salad cream, and malt vinegar
- ✓ Hot Chocolate in August
- ✓ Potato Crisps
- ✓ Wearing nylons all day, every day
- ✓ Realizing that you probably wear a leotard more than your normal underwear
- ✓ Ice Cream birthday cakes and graduation ceremonies with diplomas signed by Ed Austin

SUNDAY AUGUST 19 (BY EDWIN GEAN AUSTIN, JR.)

Each year I write the last journal entry on our return trip home. It usually contains more impressions and feelings about the tour than an account of the day's events, because traveling home is usually quite uneventful. However, today was different.

A DAY NOT TO REMEMBER—

English Time/ Local Time

12:00 am—	12:00am—	Everyone is doing their final packing so that they will be ready when the bus and truck arrive at 1:00am.
1:00am—	1:00am—	The bus and truck does not arrive.
1:45am—	1:45am—	The bus and truck finally arrive and we commence loading. Joseph is nominated the biggest heart throb ever.
2:15am—	2:15am—	The bus—finally loaded—departs for the airport.
4:30am—	4:30am—	In the rain, we unload the bus and truck. Sabena looks at our group. They don't seem to know how to check-in 45 people who all show up at once. Our baggage looks big.

4:45am—	4:45am—	Sabena continues to consider their alternatives. Meanwhile, other passengers seem to check-in quite normally.
5:00am—	5:00am—	Sabena clerks are beginning to sweat now. The line of students looks long. Meanwhile, other long lines are getting shorter because the people are being checked in. (Is it possible that Sabena Airlines has never checked a group in before?)
5:15am—	5:15am—	The discussion continues. "How does one check-in a group that arrives all together on one bus?"
5:30am—	5:30am—	Sabena has done it! They finally decide to check-in our group in the same way they handle their other passengers. They look relieved.
5:45am—	5:45am—	They are still working on the first member of our group. This clerk seems very slow.
6:00am—	6:00am—	Sabena is beginning to realize that the boarding time (6:25) is drawing near. Maybe they should have begun the check-in procedures sooner.
6:15am—	6:15am—	BYU group members suddenly realize that they will have to stand in a second line which seems slower than the first in order to check in oversized baggage.
6:20am—	6:20am—	Personnel checking in oversized baggage love to take breaks and tell stories.
6:30am—	6:30am—	Boarding has begun. Only Clay, Ed, Vickie, and Christina have made it to gate ____ Oops!
6:45am—	6:45am—	The final boarding call for Sabena flight 2184 has taken place. Only 6 people have made it to the airplane. Ed begins to really worry.
7:15am—	7:15am—	A pilot now enters the scene wanting to know why his plane cannot leave. He does not like the answer.
7:20am—	7:20am—	The pilot now questions why these late passengers seem to be only walking to his airplane. Don't they know they are holding up the plane? One passenger politely explains that there are still more than a dozen passengers being checked in by airline for which he works. The pilot frowns.
7:32am—	7:32am—	Sabena Airline personnel announce to their passengers that the plane is late due to uncontrollable problems with passport control—my, that was very creative! (I don't believe there even was a passport control!)
7:35am—	7:35am—	Now the situation is becoming humorous. How could any airline be this incompetent?
7:45am—	7:45am—	The final passengers arrive, and the plane pulls away from the terminal. Oh, oh— there is BYU baggage still sitting on the tarmac. Well, what more can one say about Sabena Airlines. Only 6 pieces of baggage are left—as far as we can tell.
9:50am—	10:50am—	We land in Brussels. Sabena airlines cannot help us with our baggage.
11:am—	12:pm—	We depart Brussels on Sabena Airlines.
7:40pm—	1:40pm—	We land in New York. The count of missing luggage (different country, different word) is actually at 45 pieces! Sabena Airlines tells us that it is Delta Airlines who will now be responsible for getting the luggage to us in Salt Lake City. Those Sabena workers are clever!
8:15pm—	2:15pm—	Ed, Scott, and their luggage are trying to follow the path of the group to Delta Airlines. However there is no path. Instead they are "arrowed" through an amazing series of ramps, sidewalks, and paths which eventually lead them, (approximately), to Delta Airlines. I think this "unstraight" and narrow path is sometimes referred to as a maze.
8:30pm—	2:30pm—	Delta Airlines insists that my luggage claim, according to policy, must be done in Salt Lake City...when I am tired, ready to go home, and the group is anxious to leave.
12:10am—	6:10pm—	We enjoy a late departure to Salt Lake City. We have now been traveling for almost 20 hours.

5:50am— 9:50pm— We finally arrive in Salt Lake City. Friends and family have arrived to take us home. Ed and Scott spend an hour doing paper work in order to retrieve the lost luggage. One by one, each piece of missing luggage requires a tag number and a description. Others in our group patiently wait the hour.

8:15am— 12:15am— Ed arrives home with his family, (I'm not sure of details for the rest of the group,) after traveling for 22 hours. He had begun this very long day 41 hours earlier.

POSTSCRIPT—

M -Day 2— We learn that Sabena Airlines has not sent the luggage on. (They probably believed that passengers do not need their luggage upon arrival to a destination. Besides, we are speaking of only 45 pieces.) The best they can do is to have it arrive on day 3.

T -Day 3— The luggage is to arrive at 6:00pm tonight. Students are to pick up their luggage at the Richard's Building at 9:00pm. However, the luggage does not arrive at 6:00pm. Scotty and Matt get to wait for the 9:45 flight. Students have been informed to now pick up their luggage on day 4.

W -Day 4— Ed receives word that 6 pieces of luggage are still missing which includes all of the missing personal luggage. This luggage will not be arriving until tonight. However, this day is not over yet. I know that everyone feels the worst for Cameron who is getting married in just a few days, and whose personal luggage is on the missing list.

Th -Day 5— The last of the luggage is scheduled to be picked up at the RB. Any bets?

F -Day 6— Cameron gets married-but that's all he gets. However, one black box arrives with the last flight of the evening.

S -Day 7— It is looking now as if the remaining luggage may be very, very lost. Amber has been notified she should begin making a list of personal items that were in her bag. Cameron is on his honeymoon. I guess what he doesn't know won't hurt him. . . for now.

PPS—

We learned recently that Clay Merrill, playing with fate, hopped a plane to be with his family for a few days only to have his baggage come up missing. His baggage ended up in Mexico and is now having a problem re-entering the United States because of customs! I think I we should all stop flying.

DIRECTOR'S COMMENTS—

This tour to Quebec, Belgium, The United Kingdom, and Ireland has been a another wonderful experience—but it has not been without its challenges.

The length of the tour itself, almost seven weeks, would be a challenge for even the most seasoned traveler, but our students held up very well. A bit of illness, some homesickness, and some injuries did occur, but everyone worked together well to bring about each and every performance. I was especially proud of those alternates who were prepared so well that they could jump in at the last moment. Everyone is to be complimented.

Sabena Airlines probably created our greatest challenges by damaging—even destroying—some of our equipment, and by consistently leaving our luggage behind. But we were very fortunate in each and every circumstance (until we returned home.) We never missed a performance, and for that I give thanks to a watchful Father in Heaven.

Each of us were greatly blessed by the beauty we encountered—both of the earth's own natural wonders, and the inward beauty of the wonderful saints who shared of their time, their homes, and their precious testimonies of the gospel. The countries we visited held so much cultural history and beauty. Our visit to Scotland was especially beautiful and seemed to be on everyone's list of favorite destinations. And it is truly a blessing to be members of the Kingdom here on earth, and to meet other saints throughout the world who are working so hard to live the gospel of Jesus Christ in their lives.

And in between all of the hard work and travel, the students were very successful in the marketplace. There was plenty of Belgium lace and chocolate, Irish bodhrans and CDs, a plethora of stylish men's suits, Welsh love spoons,

and a "forever list" of Scottish plaid.

THANK YOU—

Of course, the success of any tour is a team effort. And again this year, we thank our tour leadership, (of whom there were many,) who sacrificed their summer to serve each of us. For a job well-done—a big "thank you" to Sister Austin (Vickie), Brother and Sister Davis (James and Susanne), Brother and Sister Crisler (Jesse and LuAnn), Brother and Sister Horman (Scott and Karen), and Brother and Sister Spriggs (Derek and Carol). I believe there was more mending on this tour for the "sewers" than there has ever been on any tour in the history of our group! I also give a special thanks to my wife, Vickie, and to the Hormans who, year after year, sacrifice the presence of their families, and their summer vacation in our behalf.

We also were blessed by a special visit from Brother and Sister Conlee (Robert and Marianne.) The light they added to the tour was immeasurable, and we loved their enthusiasm and fun.

Thank you to everyone for the contributions you made this summer. May the Lord's choicest blessing be upon you for the work you do in his behalf. And may your testimonies of Jesus Christ, and his work upon this earth, continue to nurture and bless the lives of others.

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EMAIL CORRESPONDENCE

"Well, what can I say? Fantastic, brilliant, think of superlatives! We had the most wonderful evening on Monday—if only we could have bottled the terrific atmosphere there. People packed in (as many as we dare), 400 with approximately 40–50% non-members. We raised £1,000 for our two chose charities and their respective representatives (6 Baptists and 6 Catholics) were absolutely thrilled. Everyone had such a great time.

"Eric (my husband) and I had invited 8 non-member friends and family members. One of them—Elsa—is an Italian lady from Leeds, who is a friend of my husband's sister and brother-in-law (both non-members). Elsa had previously been to one of our concert series events (we have them in our Stake every other month) and enjoyed herself so much that she couldn't wait to see the dancers. After the show, one of the dancers, Brent Brimhall, introduced himself. It turned out he had served his mission in Italy and he and Elsa were chatting away in Italian like old friends. Elsa had the most wonderful evening—she thoroughly enjoyed herself and can't wait to come to our next concert.

"Why did Brent choose to introduce himself to our friends including Elsa? I guess you know the answer. Thank you so much for letting us know about the concert—we're so glad you did!"

–Denise Sheard
Huddersfield, England

"I was on holiday at Western Super Mare, England. I had the pleasure to see your International Folk Dance Ensemble. The vibrant performance was wonderful. Thank you for the entertainment."

–Mabel Manton
Birmingham, England

"I have got to email you right away to let you know about the performance of the International Folk Dance Ensemble last evening at the St. Helens Theatre Royal. IT WAS ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL!!!!!! Everything went to plan and the whole event was extremely successful. The performance was outstanding and EVERYONE thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The VIPs including the Mayor and Mayoress were very impressed and very much enjoyed the show.

"The young people did the University and the Church proud, and it was a great missionary tool for our area. It was a joy to have them in our homes. Words cannot express how I feel about the whole event. A BIG THANK YOU to the whole of the Company for the wonderful ambassadors they have been for the Lord here in our area of England."

–Beryl Oliver
Liverpool, England

"I've seen the BYU Folk Dance Ensemble in Drummondville and I can't believe how fantastic those dancers are. They are just so nice and they were great teachers too! I just wanted to congratulate all the group and wish them good luck for their tour in Europe."

–Catherine Desgagne
Quebec, Canada

"I just wanted to thank you very much for the wonderful performance of the BYU dancers. My children enjoyed it too. The time went so quick and I could've sat there all night watching them. Thank you very much!"

-Dawn Connell
Dundee, Scotland

We just arrived home from the fireside at the Stake Center and I just have to tell someone how marvelous it all was! What a night! They were outstanding. My husband and our three kids all floated out of the building. It was spiritual and fun and moving and heartening and all other kinds of things. They were a great testimony of all that is good and pure and righteous about the Church. Please make sure they come back again—soon!

Marie
Preston, England



