

I am amazed by the response that comes from 1,000 friends and relations all over the world to the receiving of this annual NEWSLETTER. For example, last August, when vacationing in England and enjoying afternoon tea with **Francis & Priscilla Jackson** in their exquisite cottage outside York (Francis, of course, having been the distinguished organist of York Minster for many years), I saw a pile of my Newsletters on his piano. "Good heavens!", said I, "do you keep all these?" "Yes," replied my host, "they're all neatly filed!" A week later when I was staying with **Roger Judd** in Windsor Castle (Roger = sub org. of St. George's Chapel) I told him that Francis had kept all my Newsletters. "So have I!" retorted he.

And so, here we go again for another year - as ever leaving out far more than I can possibly include ... at the risk of bruising friends who have been so wonderfully generous to me during the last 12 months. Because this Letter goes to so many folk who do not know each other, I must, necessarily, introduce the friend about whom I write so that you may know who s/he is, thus taking more space than 'bare' news, and also structuring each snippet to embrace Introduction, News and Denouement! Nothing is more boring than to read "Jackie has given birth again, and Arthur has given up golf" - for the Gentle Reader has no idea who Jackie nArthur are - or if the two events are connected! So, if you have a spare 50 mins., here goes:

SEPTEMBER 1991

I plan to return in 3 1/2 years to the Land of my Birth (England) to live, again, in a village just outside Blackburn, Lancs, where I was cathedral organist for 18 eventful years, for I'll have notched up three-score years 'n 5. To that end, as most of my readers will know, I had begun negotiations to buy a supamodern bungalow - not 200 yards from where I used to live. Wow! You'll know what it's like buying a house - the legal formalities can drive one crazy - but this is compounded when one's doing it from 3,000 miles away across the Atlantique. However, the process began well this month with a letter from **David Demack**, my solicitor and long-time friend, enclosing a satisfactory survey of the house, so all looked promising.

On my birthday (featured in last year's Newsletter) I received a letter from Westminster Choir College, here in Princeton, asking me to direct a week's workshop for choirmasters at the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. the following summer. Golly, yes! That glorious cathedral had just been completed - it is magnificent in its majesty and splendor - a week spent basking within its walls would be idyllic.

Six days later I filled in a form to have my particulars in the International *Who's Who in music* - felt I might just be making it!

A week after that I drove up to Bedford, NY, (2 hours north) to lead a workshop for **Gregg Rednor's** children's choir of the Presbyterian Church in that picturesque town. The children were equally delightful because Gregg is a very caring person - as well as being 6'6" tall!

OCTOBER

8th. Trinity Church staff meets every Tuesday morning: today, halfway through the meeting, a secretary stuck her head round the door to say, "John, there's an urgent call for you from the BBC in London!" This delightful summons was greeted by a chorus of 'oohs' from all those present. Gratifying! The call came from **James Whitbourn**, producer of Choral Evensong on BBC Radio 3, who wanted to discuss details of my Princeton Singers' upcoming broadcasts. More of this anon.

10th This has been a year of pretty regular dental work. I've a supa dentist who takes good care o' me. He told me, today, that I needed a bridge (whatever that was) - but it would cost more than the computer I was thinking of buying for my home, and it would take four sessions! So be it. At the end of my first 2-hour session of pulling and drilling I found myself in no fit state to take choir practice so I went home and flopped.

The next two days I was in Little Rock, Arkansas, to lead a workshop for **Charles Rigby**, organist of the cathedral there. Charles was a delightful host - his family were early settlers in the State, and he lives in a Victorian house a few blocks from his cathedral - it was so good to relax (from dental excavation) on his verandah, rockin' away in a rockin' chair in Little Rock - sett'n a spell. He told me that the governor of the State, who lived just round the corner, (Bill something or other) was running for president. I tried to look interested, but had more important things on my mind - like leading this 2-day workshop. After it was all over, one choirmaster came up to me and said, "I was thinking of giving up choir training, but now, after your workshop, I'm all fired up to give it another try!" That's the sort of remark that makes life worthwhile.

I whizzed back to Princeton for the next day's Sunday services, and that evening entrained for New York for the night, to stay with friends, 'cos I was leading a workshop there on the morrow. I found them watching on TV the last day of the Senate hearings on Judge Clarence Thomas / Anita Hill. It was an awful public live spectacle which degraded the candidate, the witnesses and the Senate - but it was compulsive viewing, so we succumbed.

The next day was glorious - I led a workshop on music in worship for the arch-diocese of New York (RC) in an enormous Seminary in Yonkers. We had well over 100 choirmasters, priests and nuns there and all the sessions were videot. The whole thing had been superbly organised by **Michael-John Caprio**, chairman of the liturgical committee of the archdiocese - who had recently added to his creative work by accepting the post of director of music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Avenue, New York. There is a man who Gets Things Done!

Composing church music (nearly all of which is being accepted by publishers) seems to be looming ever larger in my life: the following week I completed an

anthem, "How lovely on the mountains", for a joint Anglo-American venture - the upcoming visit of the choir of All Saints' Richmond, Virginia, to Bearsted, Kent, where I was born. **Trevor Webb**, organist of Bearsted Parish Church, had asked for this anthem as the visit had come about when the All SS. choirmaster, **Andy Koebler**, had asked me, when I was leading a workshop for him the previous year, if I knew of an English church choir which would be interested in an exchange. (I like convoluted sentences!) The same day I started work on a cantata, "The Crown of my rejoicing", to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of St. Wilfrid's School in Blackburn, Lancashire. Amazingly, much of it 'came' quite quickly for I was inspired by a simply splendid tape of the school choir which their director, **Howard Seymour**, had sent me. Clearly his choir is used to scaling the highest heights.

21st Woke up in the middle of the night for no reason and heard water running. Discovered that a rubber tube connected to my washing machine had burst and that the floor in part of my basement was awash with 1/2" of water. As the burst was pretty big it was clear that this had happened only within the last minute, and so I quickly got it under control. If I hadn't wakened I could have found my whole lower floor flooded by the morning. Praise the Lord!

Four days later I flew to Atlanta to lead a two-day workshop for choirmasters and also a choral festival for 100 children. It went exceedingly well, so much so that, at the end of the festival service I was presented with a bunch of carnations and a thank-you card signed by all the kids. **Bob Simpson** (organist of Atlanta cathedral) had his choristers sing in the festival - they were superb. Bob is another of these 6'6" choirmasters - they grow them big over here!

31st Letter from Augsburg accepting my arrangement of "Softly and Tenderly" for publication. (I'd sent it to them at the end of the summer.) I like publishers who respond quickly - there are publishers who take a year or more to assess a composition - I've given those up, for life is too short when the Muse is active!

NOVEMBER

7th For 5 months I had rapidly become addicted to the new MAC computer in my office - I couldn't do without it - and so today, after not too much thought, I ordered an identical model for my home - Wow! - but it turned out not to be identical - it was 5 months better and \$100 cheaper!

Today, on TV, 95-year old **George Burns** said, "You can't help getting older, but you can help not growing old. So, fall in love with what you do for a living." Yes!

13th Collected my computah and set it up, feeding in all the programs I had at my church office. However this new machine didn't recognise who was in charge for, to almost everything I told it to do, it kept saying "No!".

Two days later, after having reconsidered the situation, my new computah changed its mind and said 'Yes' - so

I spent the whole day (foregoing lunch) writing out a draft of "The Crown of my rejoicing" for Blackburn, and discovering along the way lots of exciting secrets as to How To Do It. (I'm still discovering new things 12 months later!) How could I have lived so long without this wondrous machine?

18th The paper-work for my new house in Mellor, Blackburn, had now reached the stage of sending a deposit to England - whoopee - it was almost mine! Terry Waite was released.

The next day my American Bank approved my re-mortgaging my American house to help pay for the English one - it was All Happening!

The following week **Harry Bramma**, director of the Royal School of Church Music, came to stay for a night. As well as sharing deep joy in church music we also discovered we liked Grouse whisky; I had to buy a new bottle! He told me that the RSCM would be moving soon from Addington Palace because the rent was going up seventy times! Fortunately they had a splendid offer of accommodation from Lady Suzi Jeans who lives in Cleveland Lodge, a glorious house near Guildford. But that would mean many changes in the RSCM's *modus vivendi*. We shall await events.

DECEMBER

9th Sent "The Crown of my rejoicing", gloriously presented, print-ready on my computah, to **Howard Seymour** in Blackburn - if it sounded as good as it looked I would be pleased.

14th My Princeton Singers sang a Christmas concert in a vast retirement home (more like a small village - the Americans do things in a big way) in Pennsylvania. When we arrived all the lights went out (a storm was raging without) and we nearly had to sing by candlelight - but, just in time, power was restored. We had an audience of over 200 in one of the lounges of this immense complex. In the audience was **Vernon deTar**, one of America's most distinguished church musicians (he'd been organist of the church of the Ascension, NYC, for 42 years and has a host of pupils who occupy leading positions in this country today). We included one of his carols in our program - which went down well. Afterwards a member of the audience told me that he had trained singers for La Scala, Milan, and another commented, "That was the finest singing we've ever heard - it was ineffable." Nice!

Two days later I closed on re-mortgaging my current home to help finance my new English house. My American attorney comes from a distinguished family - one of his ancestors had signed the Declaration of Independence, and one of Princeton's main streets is named after him! Also that day the contract arrived from Flammer (one of my American publishers) for my arrangement of Holst's "In the Bleak mid-winter". I was thrilled when they originally asked me to arrange this for them, because I'd been a pupil of **Harold Darke** who had composed the other well-known version of this carol - and so I dedicated it to his memory.

Two days later I received a call from Howard Seymour in England - graciously thrilled with "The Crown" and

telling me that it would be sung in Blackburn Cathedral in May at the 25th anniversary service for his school.

22nd **Robert Schuller**, founder-pastor of the Crystal Cathedral in Los Angeles - whose services are relayed to 50 countries every week on world-wide TV - said, "The first Christmas gift was not a thing but a Person - he is a Practical gift, a Powerful gift and a Permanent gift; all we have to do is to accept that gift." Yes! Also today my arrangement of "Lord of the Dance" (published by Hinshaw under the title "Jesus Christ is Lord") was sung at the carol service in St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue, NYC to a packed congregation, which included **Jessye Norman!**

Just before the first Christmas Eve service at Trinity all the lights went out (this is not an American Christmas custom) - hasty arrangements were made to change all the music from accompanied to unacc. - but, five minutes before deadline, power was restored and supa services were held - broadcast live on local radio. The choir families at Trinity are incredibly generous and loving - as the evening wore on the grand piano in my practice room gradually disappeared under a pile of highly colored boxes of presents - which I unwrapped on Christmas day (after enjoying a supa dinner in the home of supachoirparents). What a bless-ed place this is!

Telephoned my cousins and also some close friends in England to exchange Christmas greetings, including the **Hunwick family** in Blackburn. Spoke to Godson **Christopher**, who was the inspiration, 14 years ago, for my carol "Little Baby born at dark midnight" - his name appears throughout... "Christ over us all doth shine"... I also greeted his younger brother, **Noel**, appropriately named, for he was born on this day ten years ago. Both lads sing in Blackburn Cathedral choir. Noel told me that he had recently been made a bishop's chorister - the youngest ever - and had won the JB Memorial Award for the cathedral choirboy showing most promise. I was proud of him - and felt such joy that the title of the carol I had written for him when he was born - "Alleluia, sing Noel" had now been fulfilled, for the title should be read as a command - SING, Noel! (Both carols available through Robertson publications - please X-cuse commercial!)

It is such a joy to be swamped by a multitude of cards every Christmas from friends all over the world - many of them enclosing fascinating letters. A few extracts:

"Kate lost her violin in a bomb blast."

"I'm going to lotus-eat in Bali for a year"

"Come and see us - we have 7 miles of Pacific beach outside our front door."

"Am planning to be in the USA in August - may I stay with you?" (Whoops, no - for I shall be in England and had hoped to stay with you!)

"Please pray for us..."

"Delighted to hear you are coming home to Mellor"

27th Letter from Augsburg accepting "The Crown" for publication!

29th Fantastic Nine Lessons and Carols service in Princeton University Chapel (similar in size to that of

King's, Cambridge) - led by my choir of men, boys and girls, with our supasuborganist, **Greg Vick**, playing the just-completely-rebuilt (by Mander of England!) gargantuan organ. The chapel was packed, the choir sang like angels and the whole thing was recorded - one item was sung so well that it was to appear later on our first choir CD. (More about that in next year's Newsletter!)

JANUARY 1992

Flu bugs seem to get stronger every year. On 7th & 8th I was laid low with a bug - but felt moved to make a start on composing a setting of the *St. Luke Passion* which was scheduled to be sung at Trinity on Palm Sunday by choir and congregation. Much to my surprise the bug actually helped the process for I wrote the whole thing in those two days in white heat. Even better, it was later accepted for publication in 1995 by Augsburg (who had already accepted my settings of the *St. Matthew & St. Mark Passions*. The *St. Matt. Pass.* is now published ready for Passiontide 1993!)

11th Delightful letter from **Fred Swann**, superlative director of music of the Crystal Cathedral, LA, who told me that his choir would sing the Easter anthem I had written for them, "Jesus Christ arose from death", this coming Easter Day - it would be relayed world-wide to 50 countries on the following Easter day - 1993! Golly, I was thrilled, for the C. Cathedral has the largest audience for a religious program in the world and Fred's choir is superb - they sing everything from memory. As Fred presides over the largest church organ in the world I knew they would produce a jolly row - especially as I'd written parts for optional brass! Yippee!

24th 'Phone call from **James Whitbourn** (BBC) telling me that, for my Princeton Singers' forthcoming broadcast services to be recorded in the Episcopal Cathedral in Trenton, **Bishop Jack Spong**, from Newark NJ, would be preaching and our own Diocesan, **Bishop Mellick Belshaw** would celebrate. I had asked **Dean Lloyd Chattin** to sing the gospel, and our new assistant priest at Trinity, **Elizabeth Rechter**, who has a lovely voice, to take care of the singy bits in the prayer of Thanksgiving. (We all love 'Beth' at Trinity - I especially, for she can sign her name 'Elizabeth R.!) All seemed set for a splendid occasion - all we had to do now was to learn the notes of a pretty demanding program of all-American music - none of which we knew!

Was teaching a course again at Westminster Choir College, Princeton, to show students how to teach children to sight-sing - with two distinguished colleagues who concentrated on vocal production techniques. I asked one of them how many choirs she conducted. "Eleven," she replied, "everything from pre-school to pensioners; or," she added, "from sperm to worm!" Delightful! One of my choristers at Trinity, who is a supa tennis player told me, "Choir comes before tennis!" I like that!

31st Letter from Augsburg accepting my setting of "How lovely on the mountains". I like Augsburg!

FEBRUARY

1st Phone call from **cousin Peter** in England - he'd just become a father again - **Benjamin** (7lbs 11oz), **Noreen** and dad doing well. The whole family had moved to England from their home in Zambia to stay with Nick's parents, my cousins **Sheila & Dick** in Reigate, so that Benj. could be thoroughly British (as is his young elder bro., **Sebastian**).

How often do I find sound advice from watching TV here - as well, of course, as enduring a load of rubbish! Today a priest was talking about families; he said, "If I could give a present to every couple I marry it would be Flexibility, in a beautiful box, tied with white ribbon!" It seems to me that this applies to Life in General - a useful thought.

Again I found great joy in leading the choirboys' confirmation class. This year I had a particularly intelligent lad who spent most of the time arguing with me - I didn't always win! Today he let slip that he can speak Portuguese and has a little Greek! I felt kinda inadequate.

Robert Schuller, during his weekly sermon from the Crystal Cathedral, said, "Lord, help me, not to see through people, but to see people through." Yes!

5th My bible passage for today was Proverbs chapter 27. I underlined verse 1: "You do not know what a day may bring forth." Lo and behold, five major things happened today:

1 I was commissioned to compose a setting of Psalm 100 to celebrate the 20th anniversary of a distinguished NY choirmaster.

2 Worked out details with **Ken Kelley**, director of music of Princeton's large Presbyterian church, for a massive concert our combined choirs would be giving in the University Chapel in the spring.

3 Phone call from South Africa asking if I would be available to undertake a tour there in August 1993.

4 Phone call from **Roy Massey**, organist of Hereford Cathedral in England, confirming that he wanted my Princeton Singers to give a concert at his Three Choirs' Festival in August 1994.

5 At our monthly meeting of our Trinity choirs' committee, **John Baker**, ideas-man, Captain in the US Navy and a Person who Gets Things Done, presented his plan to enable us to produce a CD of the best anthems our choirs had sung at services and concerts during the last 3 years - all of which had already been recorded on the church's superb digital recording system. Yes! Slept well that night.

10th Message from New Zealand where **cousin Nick** (Pete's twin brother) had just become a father for the first time; **Lorna Kate** (5lbs), **Helen** and dad all doing well. What prolific cousins I have!

14th To NYC for a reunion lunch for FOOSMCNNLIA (Former Organists Of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, Now Living In America). Met with **Alec Wyton & Andrew Shenton** in Grand Central Station and enjoyed a superb lunch in a very swish restaurant Alec wotted of. Alec is a distinguished past

president of the American Guild of Organists and former organist of St. John the Divine Cathedral, NY. Andrew has just left St. Matt's to come to Yale to study for higher degrees. I gave up studying years ago and have no wish to be a past, present or future president of anything! Alec said that when he was a student at Oxford he was playing the *Reubke 94th* (organists will know what I mean!) at the cathedral, and **Herbert Howells** was turning over for him. Afterwards Howells said to Alec, "It's an interesting phenomenon - when you get to a difficult passage you go red behind the ears!" Alec also talked about the American Cathedral Organists' Association, which changed its name a few years ago to the Association of Anglican Musicians. "I suggested that might like to be called the **Delegation of Religious Individuals of a Neurotic Kind** - but they wouldn't have it!"

16th Letter from **Richard Cock**, in South Africa. (Richard wears three major hats: he's a senior music producer for the S.A. Broadcasting Corp, organist of Johannesburg Cathedral and chairman of the Northern Branch of the RSCM in S.A.). He said that my setting of the communion service for choir and congregation, based on S.A. melodies and harmonies, which he had commissioned for the 1992 RSCM course in Johannesburg, had gone down very well. It had been conducted by **Martin How**, (very special commissioner of the RSCM and a close friend for nearly 40 years) and a tape of the first performance was on its way to me. I was thrilled.

18th Delightful letter from **George Guest**, who had recently retired as director of music of St. John's Coll. Cambridge. "There appears to be no such thing as 'retirement', for I have no less than five visits to the USA this year, quite apart from a pretty full diary of events throughout Gt. Britain." He added, "I'm glad you're going back to Blackburn ... Blackburn Rovers are currently top of Division 2 and look to be a safe bet for Division 1 next year." They did even better than that; please read on!

The next day I received a letter from **Martin How** inviting me to send two of my best boys to be part of his special RSCM choir which would sing services in Canterbury Cathedral this coming August. Wow! Martin had had two of my boys last year who'd enjoyed a supa time. Who would be the fortunate ones this year?

28th Met **James Whitbourn** at Newark Airport who'd come to take charge of our two broadcasts the following day. I learned that he had produced the last two live broadcasts of the Nine Lessons and Carols from King's, Cambridge, and that, immediately after leaving us, he'd be producing the Ash Wednesday broadcast from St. John's College, Cambridge! He was a delightful guest and a superb producer. He had only to lift his little finger and Things Happened. For example, during a run-through in the cathedral, he asked me, in front of my Princeton Singers "Why don't they begin together" (I'd been saying that to them for years!) However he clearly had something that I didn't, for the Singers immediately sang as one! How does he do it?

After we'd recorded the Eucharist, with bishops and deans thick upon the ground, James said, "That one service made my journey across the Atlantic worthwhile!" Nice! In the afternoon we recorded Choral Evensong which was even better. The settings of Responses and Canticles by leading American composer **Gerald Near**, went particularly well.

We were signally blessed not only by James, but also by our guest organist, **Tom Goeman**, who lives locally and plays like an inspired dream; and also by our sound engineer, **George Blood**, who regularly records the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. With professionals like that, how could we not do well?



James Whitbourn on my landing holding the fruit of his labours - three tiny digital tapes - gone are the days of massive reels! He seems reel pleased!

MARCH

7th Conducted a children's festival at Bedford Presbyterian Church, NY, (see last Sept). Afterwards one of the delightful kids told his choirmaster, **Gregg Rednor**, (6' 6" - remember?), "Last year's festival was boring, but this is the most exciting thing I've done all year!" You see why I love being here!

9th Augsburg accepted my arrangement of "See amid the winter's snow" for choir and 'optional' congregation. Dear Augsburg!

16th Tape of the first performance of my "Johannesburg Service" arrived from South Africa sung by a choir of 200 in Jo'burg cathedral. Superb! Martin How had also included my arrangements of "Amazing Grace" and "Abide with me" in his festival service. My cup overflowed!

The same day I invited two of my best choristers, **Joel Wuthnow & John Griffith**, to go to Canterbury in

August to sing with Martin. It was a hard choice for I had so many supa lads to choose from. Our head boy, **Judd Antin**, had shown remarkable generosity in not accepting my original invitation - for he had sung there last year. "I've been once, so let someone else go in my place!" he said. That's true Christian chivalry.

19th **Victor Borge** said, on TV, "A smile is the shortest distance between two people." Wow!

Two days later I took my girls' choir for a weekend singing visit to Bedford, NY (Gregg Rednor's church, as you will know by now!) He and his choir gave us a great time - wonderful hospitality, super co-operation in singing together - a real tonic. Our coach was due to pick us up for the return journey at 1.0pm, after morning service and massive lunch - but it didn't arrive until over 3 hours later - by which time we were going slightly frantic, not least because Princeton parents had been expecting us to arrive home at 3.0 pm! When the coach finally appeared the driver said he'd mis-read his instructions! The following week a check arrived from the coach company refunding the full amount of the return journey - we felt better!

24th I'd been waiting for several days to hear if the house in Mellor was officially mine - for **David Demack**, my solicitor, had told me several weeks ago that it was immanent. That morning I asked the Lord what he would have to say today about my new house. My bible passage was Nehemiah 1. "If you return to me...even if your exiled people are at the farthest horizon, I will gather them from there and bring them to the place I have chosen..." Telephone call from David Demack: "The house is all yours!" Hallelujah! Felt I must go and see it immediately!

APRIL

5th The rebuilt organ in Princeton University Chapel was officially opened with a superb recital by **Tom Trotter**, former King's organ scholar, and Everyone was there. As ever, he was wholly brilliant and had the packed chapel in the palms of his most capable hands (and brilliant feet). His playing of an arrangement of the Mastersingers' Overture made me wonder just how many hands and feet he had - no one person could play all those notes at one time - but he did!

That evening friends from England arrived for a brief stay - **Dickie' and Ann Bird**. Dickie and I were contemporaries at school in Shoreham, Sussex; he had recently retired from an executive position in the Home Office and said that one of his colleagues there, some years ago, had been the novelist **P.D. James**, many of whose detective stories had appeared over here on TV to wild acclaim, (BBC produced, of course!) Dickie told me, "She is now *Baroness James!*"

10th To NYC for a simply splendid college re-union dinner at New York's exclusive Tennis Club on Park Avenue (oak-panelled gracious rooms and chandeliers) with **Michael & Christine McCrum**. Michael was Senior Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge when I was a student there in the '50s, and I hadn't seen either of them for 34 years! Since then he'd been Head Master of Eton, and returned to CCC a few years ago as Master. It was wonderful to see them both again

- nostalgia and joy vied with each other as former students, both young and old, caught up with each other's news. The Master gave a fascinating speech on the college's progress: most students these days achieve first class degrees or at least 2.1s - standards have risen since my day. He also outlined exciting plans for the future. The college was founded over 600 years ago, and I felt anew a tremendous sense of pride at being included in such a privileged society. How good it would be if I could do something to enable future generations enjoy the privileges that I had had! The following day I wrote Michael a letter - but before doing so felt moved to open my bible at random, and read (in psalm 78): "...hear my teaching... what our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children. We will tell the next generation... and they in turn will tell their children." Wow and Hallelujah!

12th Palm Sunday. At the 11.15 service we sang my setting of the *St. Luke Passion* which went very well: I'd given the congregation the part of Jesus to sing (without rehearsal!) - i.e. the Body of Christ singing the part of Christ - which seemed appropriate. They managed it successfully (because that's how I'd planned it!). A few weeks later Augsburg accepted this setting for publication in 1995. Dear, dear Augsburg!

The next day I read, in Genesis 9: "*Be fruitful and increase in number*" That day **Bob Berglund**, a leading tenor in the Princeton Singers offered to come and sing in two of our choirs at Trinity on a regular basis - Wow, yes!

On Easter Day, after glorious services at Trinity, I took a plane to England to see my new house - via dear cousins **Dick & Sheila Charge** (remember them? - they'd just become double grandparents) in Reigate, and then to spend a few days with the **Hargreaves Family** in Mellor. **Paul, Pam** and ex-cath chorister **Nigel H.** have put up with me staying with them for the last ten years; they are long suffering and very close friends who throw parties for me at the slightest excuse. My debt to them is incalculable. From 1996 we shall be able to see even more of each other, for my house is just visible, if you stand on tip-toe, from their back garden across a large farmer's field (correction: a large field belonging to a farmer!)

On the Eve of St. George's Day (Patron Saint of England - God save the Queen!) I collected the key to my house from two more close friends, **Geoff & Sheila Heap**, who are also Bbn. Cath. X-Chr. prnts., who live in the house that I used to live in - 150 yards up the road. I unlocked my new front door and went in: it was MINE! I cannot describe the feeling of owning a little piece of England again; that was a very special moment. My new neighbours were equally warm & welcoming.

Two days later I threw a party for some friends who could come at short notice to celebrate my new home with me. The electricity and gas were off, so we made do with candles. That, too, was a special time - for even though I am so very happy in the USA, surrounded by wonderful friends and overflowing generous and supportive colleagues, and also fulfilled musically as never before, I really felt that I had come home.

The headline in the paper that day was "*Origin of the*



Mellor Party in my empty new home! Folk mentioned already herein: (clockwise circumferentially, starting with JB at 6 o'clock) : JB, Noel & Chris Hurwick, (Nigel Hargreaves looming behind), Paul Hargreaves, David Demack, (and Ruth to SE), Phil (dad) Hurwick, Geoff & Sheila Heap. Pam Hargreaves, bottom R, and my distinguished successor at Bbn Cath, David Cooper, top R, with Lindsey in front of him and Joan Hurwick to the L, framed by the door. In the middle is Frank Ashton & Margaret (NE) - Frank is organist of Mellor Parish Church - who are among my most welcoming-back-to-Mellor friends. Plus two of my former Blackburn Singers and two more ex-cath choirparents!

Universe discovered - the Holy Grail of Creation! Apparently the Universe is now 15,000 million years old - but as it still has a further 20,000M. years to live, we should be OK!

Back to cousins Dick & Sheila for the weekend when we listened on BBC Radio 3 (sweet harmonious coincidence) to the Princeton Singers' broadcast of Eucharist from America! They sounded good!

Back in Princeton I found two glowing letters awaiting me about our first broadcast a couple of weeks earlier: from **Roy Massey**, organist of Hereford Cathedral: "*Absolutely first class. It was a superb performance...wonderful blend, intonation, chording and vowel colour, together with unaffected musicality in every note. My, we will be thrilled to hear a choir like that at the 1994 Three Choirs Festival.*" And from Bbn. Cath. old chorister **Peter Heald**, who lives in Ely "*Thrilled to pieces with your Choral Evensong. We've only had time to hear it six times so far!*" The only problem now was, having set ourselves such high standards, how to keep them up!

MAY

10th Gave a most exciting concert in Pr. U. Chapel - all 3 of Trinity's choirs combining for the first time ever with all the choirs of the Presbyterian Church here. The place was packed - each choir sang an item on its own, and we combined in various groupings. At the end of the concert I conducted all the choirs in a

P.S. I really had hoped to get this published in COLOR (colour) this year like wot-I-dun 2 years ago (thro' the kind efficiency of Bbn old chorister John Marr.) I've gone the rounds of printers here but no-one seems able

to do kullough except at exorbitant prices - so here's B & W again. Talking of prtntng, I have been promised that my book, "It's so simple to teach children to sight-sing", will be published by Hinshaw this Spring!

scintillating performance of Vaughan Williams' *Te Deum* with **Greg Vick** presiding at the organ. I was thrilled to bits for I had the 'best seat in the house' and nearly took orff! The concert also raised \$8,000 for charity, so that was an afternoon well spent.

Two days later **Greg Vick** told me that he'd been appointed director of music of St. James the Less Church, Scarsdale, NY - a very 'swish' place - I was delighted for him, for I had known that this was on the cards. But, my goodness, his leaving Trinity would create a massive musical hole which would be very difficult indeed to fill. That lad (he was a grad. student at Westminster Choir College) practised for a minimum of 20 hours a week - sometimes it was double that - and it showed!

Two days later I received a call from my agent in Blackburn - he'd found a tenant for my house. He was the player-manager of Blackburn's ice hockey team. (I didn't know that Blackburn had an ice rink - let alone an ice hockey team - a lot can happen during ten years' absence!)

18th Started putting my address list (some 800 friends and relations) on to my computer so that I could find their addresses and phone numbers instantly instead of leafing through ill-assorted sheets of address labels. It took weeks!

19th The Princeton Singers had a highly colored photo taken at the Princeton Battlefield Memorial (where George Washington defeated the British in 1777!) Don't they look pretty!



The next day I received a parcel from Blackburn containing the most glorious recording of the first performance of my "Crown of my rejoicing" sung superbly by **Howard Seymour's** magnificent school choir in Blackburn Cathedral the previous week, when the school celebrated its 25th anniversary. The accompaniment (which I had written especially for the Blackburn organ - which I had designed, with Francis Jackson, 22 year ago) was most skilfully played by the cath. sub. org., **David Goodenough**. I whooped around the room as I played the recording again and again.

Wowee! Also in the package was a copy of the order of service, signed by all members of the choir - what a gracious gift!

25th Flew to Ottawa to lead two days of workshops for choirmasters and choirs in various illustrious places in that lovely capital city of Canada - including the Anglican Cathedral and St. Matthew's Church. My host was **Andrew Teague**, org. of St. Matt's, who met me at the airport. With him was another man - who was it? - I'd never seen him before. After shaking hands with him silently for 15 seconds - an eternity - (Andrew didn't say a word!), I suddenly recognised him and said, "Good heavens, **Peter Stevenson!**" Peter and I had been fellow students of **Harold Darke** at the Royal College of Music, London, when the universe was a little younger. He'd since been organist of Portsmouth Cathedral and was currently on a recital tour of Canada! "I'm taking you out to lunch," said Andrew, "and two more of your friends are driving down from Montreal to be with us." "Not **Gerald Wheeler** and **Philip Crozier?**" said I, immediately. "Yes!" said he. Gerald was another fellow RCM student, who has been organist of Montreal Cathedral for a number of years, and Philip, a former choirboy of mine at Blackburn, is now a brilliant organ recitalist, living in that city. That lunch was an amazing hour - what a thrill to be with such long-time friends - two of whom had driven for hours to be with me, and had an equally long drive back. The rest of my visit was equally inspiring - but I'm so exhausted by writing this paragraph I'll leave it to your imagination!

Four days later I had a preliminary meeting with Trinity's associate choirmaster, **Robert Palmer** and chairman **Steve Farris**, to set up a new concerts' committee at church, (Steve was to be chairman). There was a lot of goodwill about and a number of folk were keen to get supa concerts going again (for there'd been a lull in recent years due to all sorts of reasons). We felt we could really harness the potential energy that was lying so close to hand and Get Things Moving. My word, they did! - read on.

The next day **Lionel Dakers** blew by, (Lionel = former director of the RSCM and long-time friend and colleague.) He was in the US on an examining tour and he invited me to visit him in his lovely house in Salisbury. That was a happy coincidence for, today, I had written some thirty letters to friends and relations in England asking if I could stay with them in August!

The next day, at my confirmation class, I was waxing enthusiastic about St. Francis and his gift of the Stigmata, trying to give the lads a vision of a far-out Christian experience. One of them said, in a conversational way, "My dad's written a book about St. Francis, and he's visited a woman in California who has the Stigmata!" This is What Happens to me in Princeton when I try too hard!

JUNE

5th My "*Bearsted Canticles*" arrived from my OECUMENESE publisher in England. (Whoops - I hadn't mentioned that I'd been sweating blood on my home computah for several months trying to hone my skills to present to **Barry Brunton** [= Oecumense] a copy that was really worthy of being 'print-ready'. I finally

achieved it, which meant that all Barry had to do was to photocopy it!! It looked great and sounded great! I'd written it several years ago for **Trevor Webb's** fine church choir in Bearsted, Kent, the village where I was born - and they sang it in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle - and I'd accompanied them. I was thrilled that this Mag'n Nunc were now published. I'm now starting to give Barry a print-ready copy of my *Festive Responses* for double choir. I spent all day at the computah working also on my address list and finally completed it - phew!

10th Letters started arriving from friends and relations in England as to whether or not I could see them this August. Today I heard from **Robert & Truda Martineau** in North Wales (Robert = former bishop of Blackburn) and also from **Roger Judd**, sub org. St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle; OK to stay with them both! Supal The same day **John Baker** (see Feb 5th) outlined firm plans, at our monthly choirs' committee, for the producing 1,000 CDs in early Fall. We were on our way! All I had to do was to choose the best 50 performances of the last three years - John would dig them out from our archives and re-record them for me to listen to, from which I'd pick the superest, and there we are!

15th Letter from **Harry Bramma** (see Nov) telling me that the RSCM has accepted my *Johannesburg Communion Service* for publication. Wow - I've been trying for years to get something published by the RSCM and I'd finally made it! (Maybe it helped to have had Harry conduct the work when he was in South Africa recently?)

Two days later my arrangement of Holst's *"In the bleak mid-winter"* was published (by dear Augsburg!)

The following day a letter arrived from Flammer telling me that they had accepted my Easter anthem, *"Jesus Christ arose from death"*, composed for **Fred Swann** (see Jan 11th). The same day we had our first meeting of our new concerts' committee at Trinity. We began to plan a spectacular concert of coronation music in the Fall to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Queen's reign. That ended quite a week!

26th Spent 2 hours at the dentist's for work on a crown - part 1. (With both a bridge and a crown this year my mouth was becoming quite crowded!) He said that I was the only patient he'd ever had who said "Thank you" after having been given pain-killing injection. Extra-ordinary! That same evening I was invited to a spectacular party given by two Trinity choir parents in their 300-year old home across the border in Pennsylvania. They always choose fascinating guests who are marvellous communicators. Tonight one of the party was a surgeon who'd saved children's lives in Iraq and Turkey and gave lectures to the police on child abuse; also an octogenarian actress who recited Shakespeare for us at the dinner table. The time flew! My host told me that I was the only person who'd written to him about his son's behavior, and that he so appreciated it. "That man has standards!" he'd said he said.

A couple of days later disaster struck: I was playing with my address list on my computah when I gave an instruction which was clearly misguided, for all the

numbers on the entire list were erased - street numbers, post codes and phone numbers! Ughh! I had to start all over again. The restoration thereof took months!

JULY

This was a spectacular month - for I had been asked to lead no fewer than three workshops around the country for choirmasters, organists and singers.

The first was at Denver, Colorado, where my host was **Donald Pearson**, organist of Denver Cathedral. He organises an annual course held in an idyllic setting high in the rocky mountains. I'd been there twice before and knew that I was in for a simply fantastique week, for I'd conduct Don's marvellous cathedral choir in a concert, lecture choirmasters surrounded by views of mountains and running streams, eat spectacular food and receive a welcome which would eclipse that of the prodigal son. This year was even more special because two of my colleagues were the legendary **Alec Wyton**, who had preceded me as organist of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton aeons ago, (see Feb 14th). I'd known him for years and it was to him that I owed my present position in Princeton, for it was he who suggested that I apply for the job, ten years' previously!

For the first time I met leading American composer **Gerald Near**, who was giving lectures for composers there that week. We immediately got on very well - so much so that he invited me to join with him and Alec in leading a weekend for composers at the end of the course and stay with him when next in Denver. He



Alec Wyton, Don Pearson, Gerald Near & JB. (Gerald always looks this cheerful!)

also showed me his marvellous music-writing computer set-up in the spectacular basement of his spectacular home which has spectacular views of the Rocky Mountains - which we saw during a most spectacular storm. For the only time in my life I saw great black clouds madly scudding in different directions at once. It out-did Disney! Also there, to

add even more joy to the week, was former Trinity sub-organist, **Eric Plutz**, who is now Donald's assistant. Eric is one of those whizzo organists who seems to make the playing of Messiaen seem easy. Sickening!

The Dean of Colorado gave marvellous meditations during that week. He said, "Our vocation is to interact with others; we are in the people business! All our good moments come from interaction - we need diversity to build up the whole - we can't do it on our own. So always speak positively about any situation. Regular maintenance of personal relationships is vital - like servicing a car." Yes! (Why do you think I'm sending you this Newsletter?)

For one of my lectures I asked to work with four of Don's choir-children (to demonstrate how simple it is to teach kids to sight-sing). Four came - all from one family. They were very keen. They had to be - their Mom drives them to the cathedral three times a week for they live 75 miles away! That blew my little English mind!

The following week I lectured 80 choirmasters for three days at a conference organised by the University of Madison, Wisconsin in a vast choir-room belonging to a local church which has only 2,000 members. My English mind was blown again. This week was made delightful because, amongst the choirmasters were several dear friends who took me out for meals - and also two senior representatives of dear Augsburg, who'd come to see what I was really like! (I liked them, too!) In my hotel bedroom was the usual TV with 30 channels to choose from. Boring - for every one of them showed the Democratic national convention when Bill something-or-other was nominated to run for President.

I returned to Princeton to play for the weekend services - and found a small package from South Africa awaiting me. It was a cassette of an hour's broadcast of 'all-time favourite music' performed recently by the South African Choral Society and Symphony Orchestra, including the Hallelujah Chorus, Land of Hope and Glory, and finishing with my arrangement of *Amazing Grace!* More than several minutes were spent whooping around my room - especially as the cassette was accompanied by a letter from **Richard Cock**, who'd conducted the concert (see Feb, 16), confirming my proposed tour of South Africa in 12 months' time!

And if that weren't enough, I spent the following week in Washington, DC, leading yet another workshop for choirmasters, held at the College of Preachers - a delightful modern gothic building nestling at the East end of the recently gloriously completed National Cathedral. This was sponsored by Westminster Choir College, here in Princeton. It was their third annual conference in Washington; the first two having been led by **David Willcocks** and **Barry Rose!**

Saw many friends during that most happy week, including, of course, **Doug Major**, organist of the cathedral who told me that his monster organ now has an electronic 64ft reed. "It's far better than the real one we had previously," he said, "which only went down to AAAA anyway, for the last note of Franck's 3rd chorale!"



John Fenstermaker, organist of Grace Cathedral, San Francisco and former sub. org. of the Nat. Cath., was just passing through. He and I went to a nearby pizza-haus one evening where he dropped one of the best one-liners I'd heard: He said, "You know, this cafe hasn't changed since I played for President Eisenhower's funeral!"

Well, if all that weren't enough, a few days later I went for my annual vacation to ENGLAND!

AUGUST

As ever, I find it impossible to list all the wonderful things that happened to me during that fantastic month: I stayed with 20 different hosts in England and Wales - wrote 87 thank-you letters, drove 2,227 miles, and I was welcomed publicly by name at the three services I attended (at Bearsted Parish Church in Kent where I was born; at Blackburn Cathedral where I was organist for 18 years; and at Nutfield P.C. in Surrey where I went with cousins **Dick & Sheila**.) I cannot tell you how much that exquisite courtesy meant to me!

It seemed to me that the world had gone mad: every day the newspapers were full of the awful situations in Somalia and Yugoslavia; hurricane Andrew wreaked havoc in Florida, and strife was rampant in England where thousands of New Age hooligans were invading peaceful villages for days on end for pop festivals, damaging property and leaving a disgusting mess in their wake. And as for the shootings in the foot by certain younger members of the Royal Family! - it was all very sad. The good news was that Blackburn Rovers, far from heading the first division in the country's football league, were heading the new premier league - the top of the top - unbelievable! It's the first time Blackburn has been top in anything since my Blackburn Singers won the national rounds of the BBC's international choral competition for two years in succession way back in 1966-67!

And so, some snippets from hosts around the country:

From talk on the radio: "Flowers are earth's laughter; they're there to make us happy!"

Played my arrangement of "In the Bleak mid-winter" (dedicated to my teacher, Harold Darke) to Darke's son, **Michael**, after enjoying a delightful lunch with him and **Dorothy**, in their idyllic country house near Chichester. They liked it. Phew!

When lunching with **Lionel Dakers** (see May) in the New Inn, Salisbury, built 500 years ago (that sort of thing blows Americans' minds!) - he introduced me to the cathedral verger who was sitting at the next table and whom I'd never met. "Your name?" he asked. "John Bertalot." "Oh, St. Matthew's Northampton!"

When staying with **Adrian & Pat Stear** (former Princeton choir parents now living in Dorset!) we visited Portland. "There's a hole in the ground over there where the stone was quarried to build St. Paul's Cathedral!"

When staying with **Anthony Caesar**, in Winchester - recently retired chaplain to The Queen: "When she said goodbye to me, she handed me this autographed photograph saying, 'Here's the inevitable!'"

When staying with **Andrew Sackett**, former student of mine at the RNCM and now sub org. of Tewkesbury Abbey, I noticed that he, too, has a new Mac computer. However his is British (mine being American), and where mine has a "Trash" logo for throwing away unwanted material, his is marked "Waste basket!"

Malcolm Archer (former organist of Bristol Cathedral who publishes a lot of music with **Kevin Mayhew**) "You should publish some of your compositions with Kevin Mayhew, he's marvellous!"

Cousins Joan & Llewellyn Williams in their weekend country retreat house, nestling in a Gloucestershire valley: JB: "What flavour is this ice cream? - it's delicious!" "Lavender - picked from the garden today!" Wow!

Frank and Christine Hare in Malvern (Frank was a superb baritone in Bbn Cath Choir during my time there): "When **Yehudi Menuhin** was here recently we

asked him if the story told about him in the history books was true... when he, at the age of 16 in 1932, went to Elgar's home to rehearse his violin concerto with the composer at the piano; they played a couple of pages and then Elgar stood up and said, "That'll be alright - I'm now going to the races!" "Yes!" answered Menuhin! "And he's still around," he added, "I can feel his presence."

Bishop Robert Martineau: I asked him what led him to seek ordination: "There were two turning points. I



Truda & Bishop Robert Martineau displaying similar tastes in neck-wear.

read mathematics at Cambridge and started life as an astronomer. The Astronomer Royal, Sir Arthur Eddington, said to me at our first meeting, "I can't understand the mentality of those who look at the stars through this telescope and don't believe in the God who made them." And the second turning point came the day after the atom was split in the Cambridge Cavendish laboratory and it was feared that great power might be released. I was at a Quaker meeting and the scientist who did it was there and said, "I'd like to put on record my faith that the God who made the atom is infinitely greater than the atom he made." This so moved me," concluded Robert, "that I began to seek for ordination!"

Judge Brian Duckworth & family during tea in the garden of their 17th century home near Blackburn: "Have another cucumber sandwich!" This is England!

Canon Geoffrey Williams of Blackburn Cathedral. "I've got one of those new computers on which I'm writing a book. It has a spelling mechanism which is not, alas, geared to theological subjects. When I wrote the word, *ecclesiastical*, the machine suggested that I really meant *ectoplasm!*"

Howard Seymour (see May 20th) "Please accept this crystal goblet, engraved with the words *The crown of my rejoicing*" with the thanks of St. Wilfrid's school choir." Golly, I was moved, for representatives of the choir were there in Howard and **Margaret's** lovely home - that was the culmination of a remarkably creative 9-month Experience.



Philip Duffy, choirmaster of Liverpool's spectacular RC Cathedral: "Bring your Princeton Singers here to sing Sunday morning mass in August 1994!" OK!



With **Michael & Christine McCrum** (see 10th April) after lunch in the Master's Lodge at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge: Michael: "This court is a recent addition to the College." "When was it built?" I asked. "In the 15th century!"

During tea with **Geoffrey Styler**, former Precentor of CCC, C. "I've invited two other guests, **Ann & Richard Marlow!**" (Richard is now the distinguished director of music of Trinity College Chapel). Richard said to me, "When I came up to try for a Cambridge organ scholarship in 1958, you were the first person to greet me!" (How kind of him to remember that!) "If present standards of entry to Cambridge applied in my day," he added, "I wouldn't have been admitted!"

With **Barry Brunton** in Ely (see June 5): "I'm sending out copies of your *Bearsted Mag & Nunc* to all the English cathedral organists today!" (His office was festooned with Bertalot Canticles in various stages of printing and assembly). "I have 7,000 works on my books," he added, "and publish 400 new ones annually!" And he's a one-man business! Does he ever sleep?

With **Norman & Margery Haydock** in Norwich. (Former members of my Blackburn Singers - recently retired from Hong Kong). "When we were in the Kremlin yesterday we bought you this tie!" (I collect ties - I've got over 300 in my bedroom, all neatly arranged according to country of origin and when I last wore them!)

With **Kevin Mayhew** in Bury St. Edmunds: "Malcolm Archer's told me about you; we'd like to publish some of your music!"

With **Keith & Ruth Bond**, near Aldeburgh (Keith was sub. org of Bbn Cath. during my time and my predecessor-but-one as organ scholar of CCC, C): "We know the curator of Britten's home - let's go and see it!" We did, and I played Britten's piano - wow!

Telephone call to **Roger Judd** (see opening para.) at Windsor Castle: I said, "I'm trying to take off weight, so please give me a light lunch when I arrive today." Replied Roger, "It'll be positively helium flavoured!" When I arrived at the castle by car two hours later I stopped at the gate, as usual, to be checked by the policeman on duty. "I'm staying with Roger Judd," I said. "Oh yes," replied the courteous cop. "I thought I recognised you!" Nice! When I gave Roger two bottles of wine he said, in the new inflationary idiom, "You are three kind!" He'd just returned from a holiday in China. "I took the train from Windsor and got off at Peking!" It sounded so easy.

Visited Canterbury Cathedral to hear my two Princeton choristers sing in **Martin How's** last cathedral course. What a joy to take them, and their two Moms, out to tea after a most supa Choral Evensong. I was so proud of them, for Martin had put them in the place of honour right next to him in the cathedral - the identical position occupied by my two Princeton lads who'd been there last year.



Martin How rehearsing in Canterbury, with Joel Wuthnow & John Griffith to R.

Paul Ferguson, in his 500-year old Precentor's office at Westminster Abbey (things don't change here unless they have to!): "Bring your Singers here to sing three Sunday services in August 1994. Matins and Eucharist are non-stop, but the choir can leave halfway through, during the sermon, to have a break!" Whatta good ideal

After that I walked to **84, Charing Cross Road**, the springboard-site for a unique best seller by Helen Hanft about a bookshop. (*Get a copy if you've never read it - it's totally fascinating*) Progress has caught up with the place - it's now a plastique n'glass shop selling CDs. However the management is clearly aware of the shop's history for it's the only one in the row to have its number and street name outside, AND, when I went inside to evoke musty smells of old books, there, along the wall was the old sign "**H. Marks & Co**". I tried to buy a copy of "84" from one of the myriad booksellers that still crowd Charing Cross Road - but they hadn't got the book - not anywhere there!

And so I finished the tour by staying with cousins **Dick & Sheila** in Reigate. They are both keen gardeners - both the front and back of their house are ablaze with colours - we took special delight in a yellow crop of Evening Primroses which 'pop' open in a fairly spectacular manner each evening. The next day, before I flew back to Princeton, we went to church. One of the hymns was, "Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, and publish abroad his wonderful Name." An appropriate musical note on which to end an unforgettable holiday!



SEPTEMBER

And so, back to the United States to begin what promised to be one of the busiest seasons ever of music-making in Princeton with burgeoning choirs, exciting workshops and ever dearer friends to bless my life. The only problem was an ever-deepening black hole regarding the appointment of our new sub organist. We'd been singularly fortunate during the last ten years to have enjoyed a succession of brilliant students from Westminster Choir College who had added so much to our program here and gone on to great things when they'd graduated. We were at our wits' end when, suddenly, It Happened, through a chance remark at a concerts' committee meeting early in the month (when we were discussing who should play the organ at our Coronation concert in November). Choirparent **Elizabeth Scott** said, "Why don't you call **Nancianne Parrella**?" She asked me about the Trinity organist's post last summer, but I said you always had Westminster students! My mouth dropt open and I raced for the nearest phone. Nanci is one of the very finest organ accompanists in the United States. She plays at places like Carnegie Hall and has been the chosen accompanist for **Robert Shaw** for many years. Miracle of miracles, she was at home, she would play for our concert, she was, at this time, without a church job (having been organist in NYC) and she lived only 5 miles away! Within a week she'd been appointed our Associate Organist and Life has not been the Same!

Already Christmas cards are arriving in an ever-increasing torrent from all parts of the world. I check each name and address on my computah - if your address is wrong on mine to you, please let me know - legibly! So many of you have written so fully about your doings, outrageous (from Bali), joyful and tragic; thank you for sharing so much. It's taking hours to read them all - how richly you bless me, thank you! May 1993 be a richly bless-ed year for you!

John Bertalot,

Trinity Church, 33 Mercer Street,

Princeton, N.J. 08540, USA.

(609) 924-2277