

JOHN BERTALOT'S NEW YEAR'S NEWSLETTER 1996, USA.

THE RESPONSE OF FRIENDS AND RELATIONS AROUND THE WORLD TO THIS NEWSLETTER GETS INCREASINGLY LIVELY. One long-time-no-see friend wrote to me, more in anger than sorrow, when she hadn't received last year's ('cos it was three months late) saying that she deserved better treatment. '...and,' she added, 'there are rumours that you're married! Congratulations!' Rumors, like folks, are fallible!

I learn an awful lot from TV: on a program about pets the presenter said, 'The most important thing in training animals is the bond of kindness and consistency on the part of the trainer!' It also works with choirboys! We had a particularly large and intelligent intake of 8-year olds this year. We were sight-singing a Palestrina motet (I teach them how to read music - see my book, 'FIVE WHEELS...pleez Xqqq overt advertizing hereunder!..) and I explained how the cases of words in Latin must agree. One new boy commented, 'It's the same in Greek!' I changed the subject!

I apologise in advance for quoting below, so many Quotable Quotes (99s) from good friends who've said nice things to me. Some of them are so eminently quotable that, even though modesty should forbid, I do include them. I believe that close friends will understand. Those who don't won't have read this far anyway! My supa choirs and published works are 'my children', the fruit of my being, and I feel about them as married friends feel about their children.

OCTOBER 1994

Went to a workshop at the cathedral about sexual harassment. (How not to do it!) All full-time church employees have to go through this (the workshop, not the harassment) before churches can qualify for diocesan insurance. Most of the participants were clergy who, as the day wore on, got increasingly paranoid about the advisability of making any more pastoral housecalls unchaperoned! However, the atmosphere was lightened somewhat when one clergyman told a story of a man who was crying over a grave, and saying, over and over again, 'Why did you have to die - why!' Someone went to comfort him. 'That person must have been very close to you?' 'No,' he replied, 'he was my wife's first husband!'

A choir parent wrote me a most moving letter of thanks, now that her children had graduated from our choirs and she was no longer an integral part of what went on. I didn't realize just how central a place our choir program occupies in the lives of so many wonderful folk in Princeton. She spelled it out for me, most generously, and ended by quoting Emerson: 'A friend is a present you give yourself!' (991) Lovely!

Received an invitation to lead a workshop in San Francisco in 1996. Yes!

The autobiography of **four-star General Norman Schwarzkopf** ('Stormin Norman') was recently published. In the first chapter he said how important it was to him to have been a choirboy at Trinity, Princeton! We wrote to him to tell him that he was an now official Old Chorister, and added his name to our list of over 200 OCs. He was pleased - so were we!

Received a letter from some close Blackburn friends saying, 'Golly - sorry we didn't get to any of the concerts given by your Princeton Singers when they were in England last month. Was your itinerary published in last year's Newsletter?' Yes, it jolly well was! Next summer's itinerary is published in this issue - so, no excuses, cancel your summer holiday plans and come to hear us. It's your last opportunity! In the same letter I was told that a former student of mine at the Royal Northern College of Music (RNCM), **Gordon Stewart**, had just been appointed Organist and Master of the Choristers of Blackburn Cathedral - my successor-but-one. I was thrilled, for he is so talented, abounding in energy and brimming over with good humour.

Another English Cathedral organist, **Malcolm Archer**, formerly of Bristol, flew over to conduct our Girls' 3-Choirs' Festival, which was held in Christ Church, Greenwich, Kermeticult. He, too is so talented, and composes the most lovely music, much of which is published by **Kevin Mayhew**. Malcolm was recently married (to Allison) and was enjoying Life hugely. He told me that he'd composed a bridal march for his wedding, based on 'The Archers' signature tune (a BBC sound 'soap' which has been running for at least 30 years.) Allison didn't know anything about it until they recessed down the aisle! During his stay with me Malcolm attended a Princeton Singers' rehearsal, and sang with us. Afterwards, over pizza, he said, 'That was the most rewarding singing experience I've had since singing with **Simon Preston** at Christ Church, Oxford in '76, when his choir was at its peak!' (992)

As a result of my Princeton Singers' August '94 tour of English Cathedrals, we had been invited back wherever we'd been. In certain places - the Abbey and St. Paul's, for example, as well as Blackburn - we were told we had to come back, or else! So we were busy planning our possible itinerary. Wouldn't it be wonderful, thought I, if we could give a concert in King's Chapel, Cambridge...so I wrote to **Stephen Cleobury** saying that I realized that we stood a one percent chance but, what about it? He replied, saying that he would support, 'strenuously', our request to the College Council. Wow! (993)

My Cambridge College, Corpus (AD 1352), had launched an appeal for more than several million. I was delighted, therefore, to welcome **Tony Byrne**, the Director of Development, who blew in from NYC for an afternoon. He brought me a delightful letter from the College Chaplain, **Mark Pryce**, inviting me to visit him at CCC anytime. I will. He told me that Corpus now had its first female organ scholar. Tymes change!

Flew down to Houston, Texas, to direct a massed choirs' festival in the cathedral. It was so good to meet distinguished colleagues, including mile-high **Bob Simpson**, (actually only about 6' 6") who'd recently been appointed director of music there. I envied him his office - it had been the bishop's, complete with autographed Dali print and deep pile carpets! The festival the next day went very well indeed - several hundred singers from nearly 40 choirs - many of whom had driven long distances to be there (all distances are long in Texas!) - some choirs even stayed overnight in hotels. Our program was ambitious - Gibbons 'This is the CD' with



splendid soloist, Friedell's 'Paint us', Stanford's 'Quorum', Byrd's 'Verum', Finzi's 'Gone up', and my arrangement of 'Amazing Grace' - after which the congregation burst into applause. Nice!

The next day my Princeton Singers sang the first concert of their season, and were given a standing ovation at the end. Very nice!

The next day the matter of the date planned for my retirement came upon me pretty strongly - August 31st, 1996. It had been looming ever nearer for several years and many good friends at Trinity had been talking to me about it. That morning, therefore, I prayed for some clear guidance - which came (as it always has at crises in my life.) Read, in Barclay's notes on Romans, 'Whatever gift a man has, he must use it...seize your opportunities' Hmm! At the staff meeting that morning, the Rector read from Deuteronomy about obedience to God, 'so that you may live in that land a long time.' Wow! I asked to see the Rector. **Leslie Smith**, after staff meeting: would my staying on at Trinity for an extra couple of years (to Aug 31st, '98) fit in with his vision for the parish? Yes, he'd welcome it and he would discuss it with the Wardens! (They, too, generously agreed.) I called several close friends and they were equally encouraging as were many others during ensuing weeks. I was overwhelmed. Alleluia - that's answered prayer! Three very close friends in Blackburn were to write to me later to say, 'OK, two extra years, but no more!' I heard what they said!

The next day **Barry Rose** brought his fabulous St. Alban's Abbey choir, with accompanist **Andrew Parnell**, to give a concert which we had organized in the University Chapel. The place was packed (we raised nearly \$7,000 for charity) and I sat on the front row with **Scott Dettra**, Trinity's young and brilliant new assistant organist (see last year's Newsletter.) I don't know how I survived that experience for Barry is a genius of the first water.



I've never heard such exciting singing, and nearly threw up when they sang 'No small wonder' by Paul Edwards, it was so movingly perfect. Barry and **Elizabeth**, and daughter **Nicola**, stayed with me and the repartee sizzled. We got to bed at midnight - but not before Barry had invited my Princeton Singers to give a concert in St. Alban's Abbey next summer! The arrangement, alas, fell through, but it was nice to be asked!

Two days later we had a pretty spectacular wedding at Trinity. Former head choir girl, **Suzie Georgantas**, married her beau from Yale, (where they'd met), helped by members of all three church choirs and some Princeton Singers, two organs (one imported specially for the occasion), soloists and orchestra. The church was laden with flowers, and the Prelude was a Handel coronation anthem. That was a service none of us will forget - it was glorious!

The next afternoon the Princeton Singers gave another concert in Pennsylvania - the place was packed to the doors and extra chairs had to be brought in. **Andrew Nethsingha**, organist of Truro Cathedral, was there. His father, **Lucian**, and I had been at Cambridge together, and he had been the distinguished organist of Exeter Cathedral for many years. It was a unique situation to have father and son as cathedral organists - in adjoining dioceses!

NOVEMBER

Two days later my **St. Luke Passion** was published by Augsburg.

Some folk - a very few - complain that my Newsletters are only full of good news. Well, this is not the forum to present bad news - especially when it affects close friends. We've had our share of such major tragedies this year and my respect for friends and colleagues who have had to deal with seemingly impossible situations (mortal illnesses, and worse) has risen sky-high. They are an inspiration to all who are privileged to know them, but I will not share their tribulations or confidences in this letter.

Gordon Appleton, RSCM HQ, wrote a most generous review of my **FIVE WHEELS** sight-singing book in the RSCM's quarterly magazine, and the following day an American choirmaster wrote to me that '*my professional life has been changed by your book.*' Golly, thank! (994)

Five days later I flew up to Boston to lead a workshop for the American Guild of Organists - the largest Chapter in the US - through the kind organization of **Murray & Hazel Somerville**. That was a most happy visit, not only because of the response of the choirmasters who attended, (extra chairs had to be brought in again!) but also because I met so many close colleagues, including **Brian Jones**, ebullient organist of Trinity Church, Boston, and **Andrew Shenton**, former organist of St. Matthew's, Northampton, (my successor-but-six or so) who's over here pursuing a Ph.D. I was thrilled to be shown Harvard University Chapel, where Murray is director of music - what a stunningly beautiful building it is.

The Dean of the BOSTON AGO was to devote three articles about my visit in the next issue of the BOSTON/AGO Newsletter. She wrote, '*Rarely have I attended a set of workshops so packed with practical information ... I was able to put several of Bertalot's ideas into practice right away.*' Thank you, Jennifer! (995)

Three days later I received a fax from **Stephen Cleobury** telling me that King's College Council had given the go-ahead for the Princeton Singers' concert in their Chapel. Hallelujah!

Ever since **Scott Dettra** had joined us I had become increasingly aware of just how talented he is. His father, Lee, is organist of West Point - the 'Sandhurst' of America, where he has a modest 800-stop organ! Scott's genes and upbringing are, therefore, A 1. I wondered what Scott might do after he graduated from Westminster Choir College here in Princeton, and so I wrote to **Stephen Cleobury** to ask if it would be possible to accept a graduate, instead of an undergraduate, as organ scholar at King's, assuming he was good enough. He replied saying that this was possible, and that he would be happy to give Scott a preliminary hearing when he brought his King's choir to NYC next month! Wow! I wrote to Scott's parents to ask their permission, which they kindly gave, and on Sunday morning in Trinity's organ loft I gave Scott a copy of



my letter to them. His eyes opened wide when he read it. He told me that it had always been his dream to go to King's, but it never occurred to him that it might become a possibility.

DECEMBER

A few days later my Trinity Choir of men, senior boys and senior girls went to NYC for two days - the first to rehearse in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the second to give a concert there with St. Patrick's enormous choir plus professional orchestra. That was an experience we shall ever remember with awe. The cathedral was packed to the doors - 2,000 congregation and many other folk coming and going at the West end of that soaringly superb building, which is at the center of the city, on 5th Avenue, opposite the Rockefeller Center. My choir sang, on the chancel steps, 25 minutes' of unaccompanied motets to start the concert - which went very well indeed and the attentive audience clapped us loudly. The Trinity men then recessed to the back of the chancel to join the main choir, while I led my boys and girls in a slow dignified procession to the West end, for we were to sing the next part of the concert in the organ loft. That was an extraordinary experience, because the audience continued clapping us for the entire procession. I felt what it must be like to be Pope, and almost gave blessings on either side, but I remembered that I was an Anglican and we don't do that sort of thing! The main work was Vaughan Williams' 'Hodie' - a 60 minute Christmas cantata. My boys and girls sang the narrative recits from the organ loft, which commanded an unparalleled view of the ca-

thedral, while the main choir sang the rest of the work half a block away at the East end! Near the end of the work we processed up the center nave once more, so as to join in the final chorus, standing in front of the soloists, orchestra and massive choir. We received yet another standing ovation. Fortunately the whole thing was captured on in-house (in-cathedral?) video, and we'd brought our own photographers, too. **John-Michael Caprio**, the cathedral's lively and gracious director of music, was so pleased with the evening that he wants us to do it again. Yes, please!

Thank you, dear friends from all over the world for your Christmas cards, which the mailman (she's strong!) brings to my home every day for a month or so. I read each one with joy, and pin them to the real imitation oake beams in my sitting room. Extracts of news from this year's cards:-

i I interviewed the Cabinet Secretary for a book I'm writing, and was even given access to Cabinet Office files.

ii The experience of singing with the Princeton Singers is one that touches me...musically, spiritually and emotionally...thank you!

iii I have been fitted with a pacemaker...

iv I met the Lord afresh as I experienced the 'Toronto Blessing', and through that relationships have been re-shaped.

v We're looking forward to hearing, through your Newsletter, of another action-packed year. Don't let the tradition drop, will you?

vi I'm making my conducting debut at Covent Garden next September and at the Paris Opera in '97. (A Blackburn Old Chorister.)

vii In Malay, 'djinn' means 'fairy' (as in Aladdin), and so when I call for a djinn and tonic from one of my Balinese servants he rolls about!

viii We had a disastrous fire in the house which gutted one bedroom and, like the temple in Isaiah VI, 'the house was filled with smoke.' Apart from falling downstairs and breaking a rib, I am well!

ix I had 1,384 pupils this year!

x We sang your 'Alleluia, sing Noel' at our annual carol concert in Johannesburg City Hall - it went down very well. Thanks for a super second sop. part!

I'd been interviewed by former RNCM student, **Michael Emery**, now a BBC producer, for a programme the BBC were preparing to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the BBC Singers. He spoke to me across the Atlantic, courtesy of satellite and a Princeton local radio station. I found the situation somewhat un-nerving, for the local studio churns out 'pop' and the announcers are so busy running around that they had no chairs in the studio. To try to speak intelligently into a mike whilst standing up was not easy. However, Michael exercised great tact and, through skilful editing, made me sound quite intelligent when the programme was eventually broadcast in the UK this month. He sent me a tape of the finished product - 'twas nice to be remember-ed by someone who, as a student in my choirtraining class at the RNCM, (along with **Gordon Stewart** - see Sept) was so outstanding.

JANUARY 1995

One of my greatest privileges here is to lead the choirboys' confirmation class. After today's class one of the boys rushed out to tell his Mom all about it, and then went home and began reading his Bible. He can't wait until the next class. Alleluia! Took 1,300 Newsletters to be printed - the price had risen 80% since last year, and even then I had to collate and staple them all myself!

A distinguished choirmaster from Georgia blew in to my Thursday full practice for the boys. Afterwards he said, 'That practice lived up to your 2nd book.' [JB's Practical Hints - Augsburg] 'the amount of music you got through in 75 minutes was astonishing!' (996) An article I had written for the Choristers' Guild was published in their monthly magazine. I suggested ways that choirmasters could teach their children in three rehearsals an anthem of mine which they had just published [*Alleluia, come let us sing*]. I omitted to tell them that my boys and girls had read the anthem through almost 100% accurately, not in three practices but in three minutes!

Fri, 13th Bizzee day.

Began printing over 1,000 envelopes to Airmail Newsletters to friends all over the world.

Lunched with the chief of the local classical radio station, **Alice Weiss**, through the initiative of **John Baker**, our Man at Trinity who Gets Things Done. She wants to broadcast most of the Princeton Singers' concerts, and also the other concerts we have at Trinity - John Baker being our lively concerts' chairman.

That evening I attended, along with 299 others, the dinner which would launch Trinity's Appeal for \$7M to renovate, restore and extend the church's facilities. The chairs of the Appeal were **Reg Bishop** and **Sally Buck**. The coincidence of their names was too much for our MC, Associate Rector **Kit Sherrill**, who commented that with a Bishop and a Buck together things were obviously going to happen, for we would get *Consecrated Dough* ('Doe'). Our Diocesan Bishop, **Joe Doss**, made an excellent speech (he's a qualified attorney, too!) in which he quoted Churchill: "A man lives through what he earns, but makes a life through what he gives!" (997)

Later that evening **Stephen Cleobury** called from New York, to confirm that I could bring **Scott Dettra** to play to him the next day, and also a budding Trinity super-counter tenor, **Jesse Antin**, whom I thought would stand a good chance of a King's choral scholarship.

And so, the next day, Scott, Jesse and I, with Jesse's young lady, head chorister **Kathy Pappastephanou**, set out for the Big City for an experience which could begin to change their lives. I was excited, for I knew that their musical talent was matched by their supa technique. After strolling up Fifth Avenue in the Spring-like sunshine, enjoying looking at Steuben glass and having a snack at the Trump

Tower, we crossed the road to Saint Thomas' Church where King's choir was about to rehearse for its evening concert. We were warmly welcomed by both **Stephen & Penny Cleobury**, and spent the next hour wondering why Stephen needed to rehearse his choir at all, they were so polished!

Stephen then gave us a whole hour of his time. For 20 minutes he heard Scott play prepared pieces, (*Bach Dorian and Widor 6th*) then tests: 'I'm going to play a chord on the organ - listen to it, then play it yourself...Oh, you've got perfect pitch!' "Read this Poulenc vocal score...transpose this hymn." Scott did brilliantly. Jesse did equally brilliantly. He sang *This is the record* (*Gibbons*) while Scott accompanied him, then there were tests: "Listen while I play a chord - the top note is C#, what are the other notes? Sight-read this anthem... Right, let's go and talk." And for then for 20 minutes Stephen told Scott and Jesse what Cambridge is all about and that they would be excellent candidates for scholarships if they came over next September. "Of course it's all a matter of competition. There might be a couple of budding Simon Prestons there, and so you would have to take your chance."

Needless to say we were all thrilled by what had happened - not only because Scott and Jesse had covered themselves with glory, but more particularly by Stephen's tremendous courtesy in seeing us for so long - between rehearsal and a major concert. In fact he had given so much time to us that he was unable to have dinner or rest himself before the concert! That is generosity pressed down and running over! We, on the other hand, popped down the road to McDonald's for a quick hamburger and raced back for the concert which was, of course, splendid to the Nth degree and sung to a packed church. Whattaday!

Two days later I flew to Denver, Colorado, where I stayed with American composer **Gerald Near**, for a few days who, with **Michael Case**, is *Aureole Publications*. Gerald spends many hours each day at his fabulous computer with electronic keyboard, creating most beautiful copies of compositions by himself and selected others for publication by his splendid Company. He accepted for Aureole my arrangement of *Three Purcell Songs*, just in time for his 300th. (Henry's, not Gerald's!) He has the most lovely house, some 20 miles from Denver, and the view from my bedroom was of 100 miles of Rockies. What a blissful time of relaxation I enjoyed, after the hectic Christmas period. I played a tape of my Princeton Singers singing Gerald's *Mag & Nunc* which we had performed at St. Paul's and Gloucester Cathedrals in August. He loved them so much that he said, "You and George Guest are the only choirmasters who perform my music exactly as I envisioned it. Thank you!" Wow! (998)

Two days later I flew to Seattle to lead a day's workshops for *Augsburg Fortress* which publishes some of my music and as well as both my books on choirtraining (which are selling all over the world very nicely, thank you!) I stayed for one night with **Robert Poovey**, who is portrayed in my second book as *Bob from Seattle*. (See photo over)

I then moved into a hotel, which commanded fabulous views of that glorious city, to prepare for the next day's workshops, when I would be presenting, to a host of enthusiastic choirmasters, new music which had just been published. My two books were prominently displayed, too, and one choir-master came up to me and said, 'I bought



Scott, Stephen Cleobury, Kathy & Jesse at St. Thomas'

review by **Michael Fleming** of my *St. Mark Passion*, (Augsburg) in the RSCM's Quarterly Magazine. In it he said that it would be a 'good alternative to *Stainer's Crucifixion*'! (9911)

Two days later I woke up to find that 12" of snow had fallen during the night. Thanks to energetic and helpful neighbors I was soon dug out. Weather happens here with a capital Wubbleyou.



your second book three weeks ago and already my choir's improved!" (999) A couple of days later, after I'd returned home, I received a supa letter from **Scott Barker**, head of the music department of the Seattle Augsburg shop, who wrote 'We are still getting calls from customers who enjoyed watching you work, [and] we did more sales on the day of the clinic than we ever have for a winter session.' (9910) Thanx!

Two days later I watched the opening arguments for the prosecution in the **O.J. Simpson** double murder trial. Almost certainly he did it. The trial was shown live on TV for the next nine months and dominated almost all American news programs. The next day the defense opened its argument. Almost certainly he didn't do it! That day I had a letter from Augsburg to say that they were reprinting my *FIVE WHEELS to successful sight-singing* - it's only a couple of years since it was published!

The following weekend I 'phoned **Trevor Webb** across the Atlantic. Trevor, and his lovely wife, **Marion**, have been dear friends for a dozen years. Trevor is the organist/choirmaster of the Parish Church in Bearsted, Kent - the village where I was born. They and members of his superb choir, have offered me the privilege of their friendship during the many times I have re-visited my roots. So close is their friendship that I regard them as Family. Trevor was retiring this weekend from the church he had served so faithfully for so many years and the choir had arranged a surprise party for him. The choir of 50 had been joined by 50 alumni to sing Choral Evensong - Trevor knew nothing about that, either! My 'phone call was part of the surprise. How greatly he will miss them all, and how much they will miss him!

Wrote four articles for **Paul Hale's 'Organists Review'** in England, about how I teach sight-singing. They were published a few months later. Nice!

On the last day of January my Princeton Singers had their first recording session in Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, for a Christmas CD we had planned. The ubiquitous **John Baker** was our recording engineer - no-one could be more helpful or considerate. We thought that four, or at the most, five evening recording sessions would take care of it. How wrong we were!

The following week an American Cathedral organist, who had read my second book, came to soak himself in the Trinity music Experience. He told me that he had, as his assistant, a Ph.D. dean of Music of a local University, who is in charge of his church's children's music program. 'All the children are taught music by rote - and there's nothing I can do to alter the dean's mind!' *Kyrie eleison!*

The second recording session by the Princeton Singers went very well indeed. We have, as our producer, **Tom Whittemore**, organist of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, who sang with us for several years. Such is my respect for his musicianship that I told the Singers that he is the only person I would allow to tell me what to do, musically. He did, very clearly, and we all gained immeasurably by his perceptive comments.

Two more guests attended an evening's choir practices at Trinity. One was a lady from Iceland, whom I didn't know, but the other was a choirmaster friend from Blackburn days, **Malcolm Bulcock**, who is a riot of fun and has an extraordinary memory. He reminded me of many hilarious incidents that had happened to us in times past, and 'did' his party trick of balancing a glass of water on his upturned foot, which works well - most of the time!

Received a FAX from another long-time friend, **Kay McLennan**, whom I'd met 22 years ago in Australia. She was the RSCM coordinator of that country and had kindly taken on the task of organizing my tour there after I had completed my 4-weeks' tour of duty as 'Artist-in-Residence' at the Hutchins School, Hobart, Tasmania. During the following months Faxes whizzed halfway around the world from Kay and from a host of hosts who invited me to visit them to conduct massed choir festivals and lead choral workshops. My Down Under file began to get very bulky indeed!

I'd been feeling fairly low, physically, for several days, so I paid a visit to my friendly doctor (who is both choir parent and choir husband!). He wasn't there, but his young assistant was. He suggested, after looking me over, that it would be helpful if he were to test me on his treadmill. "What's the mortality rate?" I asked. "One in 10,000!" he answered quick as a flash.

Hmm! And so, before stepping on to the machine I had to sign a form acknowledging the risk of heart attack or death, then I was wired up and off we went. I did 11 minutes' walking from slow to very fast, after which the doctor pronounced me wholly fit! It certainly did my morale good, and I felt better for the supervised exercise!

The following day I went to NYC for lunch with **Dr. Alec Wyton** and **Andrew Shenton**. All three of us had been organists of St. Matthew's Church, Northampton. We enjoyed a delightful Chinese meal together and I asked a waiter to take our photograph. "Will that appear in the Newsletter?" asked Alec. Yes - if it turns out well. (Alas, it didn't!)

Telephone call from **James Whitbourn**, BBC producer who produced my Singers' two broadcasts a couple of years ago. He'll be over here to record **Gerre Hancock's** choir at Saint Thomas, Fifth Avenue, and would like to come to Princeton for lunch. OK! He added that, 'People in England are desperately waiting for your Newsletter' (9912) (Copies had been sitting on my dining room table for several months waiting an opportune moment to mail them.)

FAX from **Indra Hughes**, old chorister of Blackburn Cathedral. He'd just been appointed Director of Music of Auckland Cathedral, New Zealand. I was thrilled, for my Australian tour seemed likely to include a visit to New Zealand as well. It would be so good to see him again.

There was a long article in TIME magazine about the age of the universe, following discoveries made by the Hubble space telescope. These seem to tell scientists that the universe is younger (8 billion years) than some of the stars that go to make it up... which is, as we used to say when learning trigonometry, impossible!

MARCH

Noel (BBC producer) & **Angela Vincent** came to Princeton for a Sunday and enjoyed what they saw and heard. Noel filled in a gap in my life that had been there for very many years: After I had gone down (graduated) from Cambridge, my teacher, **Boris Ord**, director of music of King's Choir, had been given an honorary doctorate of the University. He was a sick man and so, after the ceremony in the Senate House, he was wheeled back to King's where he was greeted by trumpeters and the King's Choir standing ready to welcome him. It was a most moving occasion, by all accounts, and many times I wished I had been there to witness that historic scene. Noel said, "I was one of the trumpeters!" and told me all about it.

At dinner, during Noel's brief visit we fixed up details for two broadcasts in the Fall - by one of my church choirs (a service for Thanksgiving) and a Choral Evensong by my Princeton Singers. I suggested that the Beeb ('BBC') go to Westminster Choir College for a half-hour hymn-sing program which Noel originally offered to us. "...for you'll get real American music there!" The repeatedly omnipresent **John Baker** was also at the dinner, and he thereby got his foot into the BBC door, possibly to be the recording engineer for us. A most satisfactory day!

Call from England from Blackburn Old Chorister, **Tony Murphy**. He's a Dad! Congrats! How nice to be remembered by treasured friends even though I haven't seen some of them for many years, separated, as we are, by 3,000 miles. Thanx, Tony & Liz.

Two days later I enjoyed a delightful lunch with the Beeb's **James Whitbourn** and WCC's **Robin Leaver**, when we discussed up-coming broadcasts and generally chewed the cud. James told me something very

nice that I am not allowed to quote. (99X) He also said that Noel Vincent had told him that Trinity presented an ideal model for Church worship today. Hallelujah!

Two days later I spent a day in NYC - lunched with **Chris Babcock & Curtis Pierce**, the big chiefs for the upcoming AGO Centennial Conference, and we discussed the possibility of the Princeton Singers being the featured choir. The prospects seemed good. Afterwards I went to the movies - the first time for years, and saw *The Madness of King George*. I reflected that if he hadn't been mad, the Princeton Singers might not have been invited to sing at the AGO Convention - for there might not have been an AGO - just a Royal College of Colonial Organists!

The Rector, **Leslie Smith**, who is a very considerate man, asked me how I was, because of my recent upsets. He said, "When in doubt about what to eat, eat a plant!" Good advice!

Detective Mark Furman, was being cross examined at the 'OJ' trial. He'd found the bloody glove. There was much live TV coverage that day.

Letter from my cousin **Sheila** in England. Her nephew, (and thus my 2nd cousin) **Brian**, had just been married in New Zealand. I wondered if I could visit Brian and Linda during my upcoming visit? The following day a letter from Brian arrived with the good news, plus photographs of the wedding. Great!

The following week, after yet another recording session for our long-drawn out Christmas CD, my Princeton Singers' committee agreed, enthusiastically, to accept the AGO's invitation to sing at the NYC Centennial Convention. Swell!

28th March. Finally mailed my Christmas Newsletters to England. Sorree!

A telephone call from cousins **Sheila and Dick**. Sheila's brother, **Michael**, had just died. I shed tears with her, for he had been a very special person in our lives. He was a spastic, and yet one of the happiest people you could ever wish to meet. One always felt better after being with Michael, for he was always thrilled to see you. A light had gone out of all our lives. I was especially moved, a few days later, to learn that cousin **Andy Humphrey**, a doctor in New Zealand, and Brian's brother, flew halfway round the world to England for Michael's funeral. That was love.

APRIL

Gave a homily for morning service at WCC, through the kind invitation of **Steve Pilkington**, director of the Church Music program there. It went well, and afterwards one student came up to me to say that she was a student at WCC because of attending a course I led in Washington Cathedral three years ago. Thank you!

Head Girl **Kathy Papastephanou** (see January) learned today that she had been accepted at Duke University. **Jesse Antin** (ditto) had got into Brown. They are two of the most prestigious Universities in this country. Well done! That means that Jesse's potential interest in King's, Cambridge, will have to be postponed for a year or two.

Received two most wonderful letters by the same post. The first from **Dr. George Guest** in Cambridge. 'I must say how much I have enjoyed reading your two splendid books. Both are full of profoundly practical advice and help...many congratulations!'

And the second from **John-Michael Caprio**, director of music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, NYC. "We sang your setting of *Amazing Grace* at the Sunday morning Choral Eucharist...the congregation of over 2,000 applauded!" (9913 & 14) THANK YOU!!

My supa choir of men, boys and senior girls sang my *St. Luke Passion* on Palm Sunday. It went very well indeed, despite having discovered about 20 misprints which I'd overlooked when proofing it. Whoops!

The recording of the Singers' Christmas CD was going along steadily, but not nearly as quickly as we'd hoped. We had to cope with traffic noises and rain and also a dog, which lives near the cathedral. It practised barking just as we were about to makertake. I was enormously encouraged to read, in the recently published biography of Ben Britten, that when he was recording a major work in Snape Maltings, repeated takes in one session reached into the early hundreds!

The Singers insisted that we include some popular Christmas hymns in our CD (which ranged from anthems from Victoria through Howells). I woke up at 4.30am one day and felt that now was the time to start arranging the occasional 'Once in Royal', 'O come' and 'Hark!' in a style which no-one else had done before. Thus early mornings for the next few weeks were wholly occupied on my computer, and the Singers graciously sang them - even though we were way past Easter! **Tim Harrell**, organist of Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, where we made our recordings, played superbly for us. He's also a mellifluous tenor in the Singers, and so he fulfilled two roles, plus being the official dog shutter-upper!

Timothy Byram-Whitfield, organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, generously reviewed my *5 WHEELS* sight-singing book in 'The Scottish Organist' this month. He wrote '[After reading this book] I used my class of eight-year old probationer choristers as guinea-pigs, and their sight-reading came on in leaps and bounds.' (9915) Thanks, Tim!

19th Wed. At 9.02am Central time, the Federal Building in Oklahoma was bombed, killing over 100 people. This would dominate the US news for weeks, eclipsing even the 'OJ' trial, where the jury was currently on strike!

At my last confirmation class I'd talked with the choirboys about answered prayer ('cos there's not much point in praying unless one does expect an answer!) I asked them, before today's class, to pray prayers and to let me know what answers they'd received. Every boy had had his prayers answered - Hallelujah!

MAY 1st. Monday. To NYC to attend a choir workshop at Saint Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue, with **Gerre Hancock's** superb boys, to be led by **Christopher Robinson**, who is acknowledged to be one of the very finest choirtrainers in the UK. I wanted to find out how he did it. I did! His success is due to (i) Superlative musicianship - he plays on the piano exactly what he wants. (ii) Stopping every 15 or 30 seconds to make a musical point - thus keeping his singers interested. (iii) Having a glowing, happy face which spreads joy and excitement. (iv) Playing the piano softly, with detached chords and walking about looking singers in the face. (v) Indicating, in small gestures, when a voice part should 'come in' - for they have to do it, not he. (vi) Loving his singers, professionally: 'You can do it, and I'm here to enable you to succeed.' They did! What a wonderful day!

Two days later I was in NYC again - this time at St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Avenue, to hear a fabulous recital by **John Scott**, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. The large audience was blown away by his abounding musicianship and scintillating technique as he played the glorious giant **Mander** tracker which is

splittered across the West gallery alla Haarlelem, and floodlit. I went with **Nancianne Parrella**, my former associate organist who is now associate at St. Ignatius, and her husband **Joe**. After the recital we went with **Kent Tritle**. St. I's dynamic and highly gifted director of music, for a supa dinner at a nearby restaurant where repartee scintillated way past midnight. John said that he'd just received a fax from his dean, because, four days later The Queen and 60 other Heads of State were coming to St. Paul's for a service to mark the 50th anniversary of the end of the war in Europe. John just took this in his stride as part of normal life. Golly!



John Scott, Kent Tritle, Nancianne & JB

Received an invitation to lead a workshop in Michigan in 1997. Yes! Printed 170 envelopes for postcards to friends and relations at home and abroad for when I go to NZ and Australia. The Rector and Wardens had generously given me leave of absence for a quasi-Sabbatical when I would lead workshops, conduct massed choir festivals and do all sorts of interesting things in these two lovely countries. Read on!

JUNE Supa review by **Malcolm Archer** in *CHOIR AND ORGAN* of my 'Immediately Practical Hints for Choral Directors'. I daren't quote quotes, for he was so kind. Thanks, Malcolm! Received an invitation from **Gordon Stewart**, (see October) to compose an anthem for Blackburn Cathedral when it would be hosting the annual convention of the Federation of Cathedral Old Choristers - in June '97. Yes! I'd already been asked by **Neil Shroff**, founder-director of the Auckland Boys' Choir, to compose an anthem to celebrate their 25th anniversary this month and requests for other anthems were coming my way, too, so my computer was getting somewhat chocablock with new works, and it was slowing down under the weight of note creating. I determined that, on my return from NZ & Australia, Something had to be Done - such as buying a brand new and glorious computah with kullah and spede.

My Princeton Singers finished recording their Christmas CD at last! We'd been at it, on and off, for six months, and, although we enjoyed the experience tremendously, we found it very hard work and also frustrating when things didn't come out right. **John Baker** worked miracles with his recording equipment, **Tim Harrell** played his cathedral organ exquisitely for us and **Tom Whittemore's** musical direction as producer was beyond price. John broke out bottles of Champaign in the cathedral after the last chord had

thanks to the generosity of friends who had, most thoughtfully, decided to live along the route I would take.

I was whisked off to Newark Airport by Trinity music secretary, **Robbie Ellsworth** and head chorister-son, **John**, who vacuumed my carpets and emptied the trash before we left - real friends! - and my first stop was Denver, to stay with **Gerald Near & Michael Case** again. (See January.) Gerald said, 'I'll write an anthem for you if you'll write one for me!' Wow! Also, for good measure, he composed a Mag & Nunc for my Princeton Singers - which I promised him we would sing for our BBC broadcast in the Fall.

Second stop, Honolulu, with former Trinity Adult choir member, **Ann Besenbruch**. The sea around that magical isle really is deep blue and emerald green. Coming in to land I saw fabulous views of exotic beaches and I determined to bathe there before returning to Princeton. The weather, alas, was not too wonderful during these three days, but I would be returning there on my way home! I asked Ann where she had met her husband, 'I was a translator from German to English at the Nuremberg trials, and Max was a translator from English to German!' What a fitting match!

Third stop, Auckland, NZ, where I stayed for 10 days with **Neil & Sue Shroff**. Neil had arranged a wonderful itinerary for me there - preaching at his large church in the city, attending his Auckland Boys' Choir Silver Jubilee celebrations, when they sang two of my compositions, and conducting some fine choirs, including the University choir. A special joy for me was to greet **Indra Hughes**, (see Feb.) who arrived in NZ only two days before I did. It was a terrific thrill to be shown over his new cathedral, which was nearing completion, and which would be opened by The Queen in November. The nave, which was still shrouded in scaffolding, would have an altar that was on a lift, and which could descend to the crypt to make room for an orchestra for concerts. My, my! It was a particular



John Baker, JB & Tom W with Tim Harrell, organ

died away and we celebrated right merrily! (The CD is supa! It's called **WELCOME YULE** - copies available from Trinity, see p. 12, at \$15 plus p & p).

AROUND half THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS

There is no way that I can even begin to describe adequately the thrills, excitements, glories and joys that came my way during the next two and a half months as I made my way to NZ and 'Ozzy' and back, nor thank, adequately, the many hosts who welcomed me so lavishly during that fabulous time. I've already sent to my hosts a 16-page account, with photographs, describing how much their hospitality meant to me - therefore, dear hosts, please excuse if I make but the briefest summary hereunder, for the over 1,000 friends and relations who will receive this shorter Newsletter. Your welcome to me was more than any words of mine can ever express. Thank you!

This whole venture came about through the generous invitation of **John Bednall**, headmaster of The Hutchins School in Hobart, Tasmania. I was to be 'Artist-in-Residence' at this fine boys' school for four weeks, and he would ensure that I could travel there and back in comfort. That was a tremendous joy in itself - how lovely to be waited on hand and foot, whilst reclining in spacious seats looking at the world going by! I determined to reach NZ & Ozzy by easy stages,



Neil Shroff and Indra Hughes and the new Auckland Cathedral nave

thrill for me to play the organ for Indra's first Sunday Choral Evensong, and to take his choir for part of their rehearsal. He is a young man with tremendous energy, and he quickly made a great impression on all who met him.



Fourth stop in Tauranga, a 3-hour drive from Auckland, where I stayed with cousin Dr. **Andy & Wendy Humphrey** (see March) and his lovely family. Because Andy had flown to England for my cousin **Michael's** funeral, and because Andy's elder son was named **Michael**, after the elder Michael, his great-uncle, I took a stool which my cousin Michael had re-strung for me when I moved to the US 13 years earlier, to give to Andy and his family, and especially for his Michael. The unwrapping of this gift was a very special moment for all of us. For the remainder of my stay, and afterwards, all four children took it in turns to sit on it.



Andy, Mike, Tim & Wendy with Chloe & Lauren

It was very good to spend a day with Andy's younger brother, **Brian** and his recent bride, **Linda**. They took me to Rotorua to experience the sulphur springs. I wasn't prepared for the smell, but we went up a mountain, by cable car, above the smell, and enjoyed terrific views as well as a supa lunch. It's a unique place to visit - once!

On to Sydney, where I stayed with **Dick & Pat Watts**, friends with whom I stayed during my last visit to Australia, 22 years earlier! They live in the Blue Mountains, 40 miles from the city, which is a most lovely part of the world - heavily wooded valleys and

Nico & Andrea Bester with Ken Willy



endless vistas of mountains - and jolly cold! They gave me a bedside book to read - *Strine* - which explains the Australian language. I learned that *Furry Tiles* were stories for kiddies; an *egg nishner* is used for cooling rooms, and that one has *Baked Necks* for breakfast, whilst listening to the *Hip ride* (top 10) on the second day of the week. *Money*. On the other hand, there was also a book on upper class English. I learned that the place where the Trooping of the Colour takes place is *Huu skod spread!*

And so to Hobart, the *raison d'être* for my tour. I stayed for five whole weeks with **Nico and Andrea Bester**, and family **Sarah-Anne & Nicholas**. Now that is hospitality with a capital H! They have the most lovely home, which they had just built, commanding fabulous views over the city, the estuary and 15 storey casino tower. (See photo over) I've never seen more stunning views than those which I enjoyed every day *chez Bester*. I'd met Nico 15 years earlier when he invited me to direct a week's course for his cathedral choir in Kimberley, South Africa, and we'd stayed in close touch ever since. Such was the quality and quantity of the hospitality that I came to regard their home as my home, and I put on 14lbs!

Ken Willy, who had stayed with me for a few days last year (see my last Newsletter) the No.2. music master at the Hutchins School, was my ever present and attentive guide, who drove me everywhere, organized every moment of my time and became, in the process, and warm and valued friend. He has a terrific sense of humour which, sometimes almost had me rolling on the floor.



Extra curricular delights included delicious meals at a number of homes, including a glorious dinner with the Bishop of Tasmania and his family.

Phillip Newell has a splendid singing voice (unlike many other bishops I have known!) After dinner he asked me to accompany him in *aulde favourites*, including 'Bless this house' and 'Did you not see my lady.' I was so impressed by his musicianship that I invited him to be our surprise guest at

My school duties were to take a number of classes for singing, train the school's fine chapel choir for a super service in the cathedral, teach the beginnings of sight-reading to small groups of boys, rehearse the excellent cathedral choirboys three times a week (who all go to the Hutchins School), be interim choirmaster at the cathedral for two weeks, visit a number of schools in Hobart to rehearse their choirs, and to prepare a major concert for the Hutchins School which would be held in the University Concert Hall! It was a glorious time made even more agreeable by the courtesy of staff and pupils at the school. I could not walk down a corridor without at least one boy saying, 'Good morning, Mr. Bertalot!' I was impressed by these olde world virtues which are so strong 'down under'.

Bishop Phillip Newell singing with JB



the school's concert. He graciously and happily fulfilled my invitation, to the delight of the capacity audience.

The Besters took me to a nearby wildlife park where we fed Wallabies (small kangaroos with warm, furry tongues), Peacocks and Emus, which peck rather hard when being fed. But we kept our distance from Tasmanian Devils (yes, they are real!) for they would bit off your finger if you got too close.

I spent a most happy Sunday afternoon with the Headmaster, **John Bednall**, and his delightful family - who live in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by hills, rather like the Lake District. It was raining at the time, and so I felt very much at home!

The final concert was a tremendous thrill, for we'd all worked hard for four weeks to prepare for it. The climax came when all 150 singers combined to form one choir which sang several of my compositions, and the responsive audience joined in as well. At the end the Headmaster made a most gracious speech and presented me with a fabulous water colour of the school's very fine chapel choir singing in the cathedral when I was conducting it. For once I was lost for words, for it was so exquisitely crafted. It was painted by one of the masters at the school, **Tim Fish**, who, despite teaching full time at Hutchins, also paints for 40 hours every week. (Before coming to Hobart he sheared sheep for 12 years - he's also a qualified pilot!) I visited him and his lovely family in their home to say thank you - when he gave me yet another painting of Hobart's beautiful harbour! Both are prized possessions, displayed, floodlit, on a wall in my home for all to see and enjoy, serving as reminders of those amazing weeks. Thank you, all my most wonderful new friends in Hobart, so many of whom I haven't even named in this brief summary. Please forgive!

On to the mainland for two more weeks 'down under'. First stop, Melbourne, where I was privileged to conduct the best prepared massed choirs' festival I have ever experienced. It was held in Melbourne's very fine Anglican Cathedral - where we had 200 singers, eight soloists, a string quartet and cathedral organ (played by **June Nixon** the most talented director of music there, who has a superb cathedral choir of men and boys which sings seven times a week!)

We sang a concert to celebrate Purcell's 300th anniversary and we had a near capacity audience, whom I cajoled to join in at the end of the final anthem, Purcell's 'O God, thou art my God.' That day flew by on wings of achievement and thrill, and after it was over everyone was walking on air. I certainly was. My admiration for **Geoffrey Cox**, my host, who is President of the Australian RSCM, and his superb team, is boundless.



For Sunday lunch **Kay McLennan**, (above, see February) invited me to her home. I hadn't seen her for 22 years, and her spirit of unbounded energy and joy were much in evidence during those two most happy hours. She's on the staff of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation and had broadcast an hour's interview with me, nationwide, illustrated by recordings of my Princeton Singers. Thanks to her I'd become quite well known in Ozzy and so my RSCM workshops in Adelaide, Canberra, Sydney and Newcastle were attended by record numbers of choirmasters and singers. I also spent a productive and hard-working evening recording my *Johannesburg Communion Service* with **Meg Matthews'** fine school choir near Sydney. Would that I could recount, even briefly, the bountiful welcomes I received in those most lovely cities and name names of all my many wonderful hosts, chairs and secretaries of RSCM committees, who work so hard for The Cause and whose graciousness was matched only by their generosity to me.

I was mightily impressed to be introduced to a movement I didn't know: The Australian Youth Choirs. It's been going for some 12 years and has over 3,000 children on its books. They rehearse twice a week at local centres, conducted by local musicians, many of whom are school teachers, and it has already achieved international fame. I spent some time at its headquarters in Melbourne, where I was greeted by Director **Peter McKenna** and his dedicated staff. On the walls of his office were photos of his choirs giving concerts in Sydney Opera House, Disneyland, Westminster Abbey and Rome. One of his choirs was about to undertake yet another world tour - Los Angeles, New York (Carnegie Hall), London and Rome again. I had the

privilege of conducting some of his choirs in Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney, and he was kind enough to suggest, after seeing me at work with them, that I might like to return to Australia to work with 60 hand-picked children and conduct a concert in Sydney Opera House! I thought that this was a most attractive ideal! We'll see what happens.

My hosts in Sydney deserve a Newsletter to themselves, for I stayed with them no less than three times during my peregrinations. **Graham & Heloise Barr**, made me so thoroughly welcome in their lovely home that I cannot even begin to thank them adequately. Graham is a judge (he invited me to sit with him during a trial, which was a fabulous experience - I knew what Hilda Rumpole must have felt like when she sat next to Judge Bullingham!) He was courtesy incarnate, arrayed in wig and court dress, and I shall ever remember that morning with awe and gratitude.

Another frequent guest in their home was **Christopher Dearnley**, who had retired as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and was now living near Sydney, where he was spreading musical joy and know-how as he deputized in churches and cathedrals throughout that enormous country. He was currently playing at Sydney's Anglican Cathedral for a few weeks, and popped in and out of the Barrs' home sev-



Sailing past Sydney Opera House with supa host Heloise Barr

eral times during my stay. He is such good company, and it was a real joy to meet up with him again.

Heloise drove me here, there and everywhere, and also took me out for a fabulous afternoon's cruise around Sydney harbour - the most beautiful harbour in the world. We sailed through myriad exquisite bays, past yachts in full sail, along a coastline dotted by fabulous houses owned by millionaires, and crowned, of course, by the unique Sydney Opera House.

And so, one Sunday morning, I boarded my plane to fly back to Honolulu, arriving there on the Saturday night, courtesy of the international date line! There I was welcomed by **John & Betsy McCreary** who live in

a most lovely house, whose garden is filled with tropical plants, and in whose sitting room is a three-manual cinema organ which John built himself. On Sunday, he showed me his cathedral organ which had, the previous week, been enlarged by some 30 stops, added by **Bob Walker**, an electronic wizard from Pennsylvania, whose work is so fabulous that one cannot tell his work from real pipes. I spent an hour on the cathedral organ the next day, and couldn't discover which stops were 'real' and which were Walker. (His phone is 610-966-2515.) Before leaving Honolulu John took me swimming. ('I am swimming in Honolulu!') Ambition achieved!

My final stop en route home was with **David & Lisbeth Harrje** in Seattle. Lisbeth, like **Ann Besenbruch**, sang with Trinity's Adult choir, and she and David now live in the most exquisite home on an island near the big city. They drove me all over their lovely island, filled with endless vistas of trees, winding roads and exquisite bays, and introduced me to some friends who took us for a 3-hour power-boat ride on the ocean. Fabulous!

SEPTEMBER

1st. Friday. Exactly on the 80th day, I flew back to Newark Airport, where I was met by Trinity choirman, **Bob Berglund**, who had just started a limousine service (I commend him, too: 1-800-918-8218), who whisked me home in Lincoln Luxury, where I found my house in pristine order, for **Scott Dettra**, my most talented assistant organist, had been house-sitting for me, as well as looking after 'the shop' at Trinity, most ably. It was good to be back!

And so to start my 14th year at Trinity - which was to prove one of the most exciting, ambitious and exhausting ever! All choirs were to prove that they were the best yet and I just pray for sufficient energy to continue leading from the front for my remaining three years here.

But first, two wonderful choir parents, **Ted & Benita Ryan**, who've appeared in these Newsletters before because of the marvelous parties they throw, invited a dozen close friends to help me celebrate my 64th birthday in their historic house in Pennsylvania. Drinks were outside in the spacious grounds as the sun was setting, and dinner in the candle-lit dining room, which is the original part of the house, built in 1684! That was a most special occasion and I found that I didn't mind having notched up an extra year, thanks to having such warm, supportive and generous friends.

Trinity's core staff enjoyed a 24-hour away two days at the NJ shore, staying in the lovely seaside home of **Mrs. Lee H. (Louise) Bristol**. We'd gone there, supposedly, to prepare for the upcoming season, but, thanks to the Rector's relaxed leadership, it turned itself into a mini vacation - which did us all the power of good. What a great team! (Photo above)

In the middle of September **Scott Dettra** flew to England for the Cambridge organ scholarship trials. Three days later the phone rang in my home. 'It's Scott - I've been awarded the King's organ scholarship!' I was so excited I nearly hit the roof. He is the

first American to win this most coveted award. This, for me and for him, was the culmination of a year's hopes and prayers, and I knew that his delightful parents would be as pleased as I. **Stephen Cleobury** told me later that Scott was one of the most talented candidates that he had ever examined, and that he looked forward to Scott taking up his scholarship in September 1997.

Listen to the Princeton Singers Choral Evensong, BBC Radio 3, Wed. 10th April, 1996

If you are in England in **August 1996**, please plan to hear the **Princeton Singers**, who are currently at their highest peak since I founded them, twelve years ago. And please remember to say when we meet, 'Hi! I'm Gladys Bloggs from Ilkley!' (Check times locally.)

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 18 Sun | CONCERT & Evening service: W. Abbey |
| 19/20 | Evensongs: Westminster Abbey |
| 21-24 | Evensongs: St. Paul's Cathedral |
| 25 | Free day |
| 26 Mon | CONCERT: St. Matthew's, Northampton |
| 28 Wed | CONCERT: King's College Chapel, Cambridge (in aid of Corpus Appeal) |
| 29 Th | Evensong: Ely Cathedral |
| 31 Sat | CONCERT: Blackburn Cathedral to celebrate the 1,400th anniversary of the building of the first church on the site. |
| Sep.1 Sun | Eucharist: Blackburn Cathedral and Evensong: Mellor Parish Church, Bbn. |

May the New Year bring many joys to thrill you, happy surprises to delight you and answered prayers to lift you.

Trinity's Core Staff working hard at Bayhead, Sept., '95



Kit Sherrill (L. bookend, Assoc. Rector) **Carol Stoy** (Deacon), **Robin Schweppe** (Center, Publicity), **Nancy Metcalf** (Office Manager), **Leslie Smith**, (R. bookend, Rector), Center: **Maggie Schwarzer** (Associate Clergy), **Louise Kingston** (Hospital Chaplain), Front: **JB** and **Cyndy Westbrook** (Religious Education)

John Bertalot
JOHN BERTALOT,
 Trinity Church, 33 Mercer Street,
 PRINCETON, NJ 08540
 Ph:609-924-2277 Fax:609-924-9140