

nightclub called Morrison's English Music Box, where we proceeded to drink and dance and drink until the wee hours... a fun little adventure in a foreign land, and probably one of the great party highlights of the tour... and now, back to our regularly scheduled broadcast.....) "I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings." But, you see I didn't go to bed for long. I decided (along with other party members) to hang around and blabber until it was very late. This did happen but continued much later than I had anticipated. Mid-conversation we were accosted by a bunch of young Hungarian boys in the "hotel" stairwell. This was a little scary, as there were no clear methods of communication. But, an English phrase book appeared and conversations about Pamela Anderson, driving, soccer, hockey, and other such things were enjoyed by all. I believe I stumbled into my bed around five in the morning for a brief sleep as I was woken up around two hours later. "Coming down is the hardest thing." My day ended (or began) like I was sixteen again. Not because I had been lifted from my dim existence by experiences in this new land but simply for the fact that upon my return I was greeted with, "Where the [hell] were you?" I supposed this little room, this oasis with the busted and breeze infested doorway, was like home. At least, for a short time...

"Well, the good old days may not return." I just want to take this time to say: I really enjoyed this trip and I want to thank everyone who was there because it just wouldn't have been the same. To everyone: it was a blast. Hope to see you in the fall. By the way, what is that? HAR HAR. Made you look. Gawd, I am childish.

Phane Birley - Saturday, May 2

Day 6: Budapest

2:35 am: Darryl and Felipe stagger in the door. They mumble incoherently. I fall back asleep. 7:00 am (approximately): My alarm goes off at some undetermined but godforsaken hour. I fall asleep yet again, only to be woken up at 7:40am by some inconsiderate basses in the hallway. It's still way too early. 8:15 am: I try talking to Darryl & Felipe, who, as sleeping drunk people can be, were understandably crabby. After my shower, I had better find some other people, preferably awake, to hit the town with. 9:00 am: Let's go! Amy, Heather, Amanda, Andrew Scambler, Peter Samcoe and myself set off for fun and excitement in the city of, uh... two cities. but not before catching a few minutes of Beverly Hills 90210 in Hungarian. I could have sworn Jason Priestly didn't have that accent. At this point I lost track of time, so will cease with the minute-by-minute act. Meandering through the souvenir stands by the amusement park, we discovered a tourist army surplus depot, where some of us purchased guns, bullets, and the first tour copy of "The Best of Communism". We also managed to procure the other infamous tour album by everybody's favourite Hungarian hip-hop group, Animal Cannibals. No songs about Albania had yet been sung. Ah, those were the glory days. Next, we were off to Hero Square, where everybody took turns listening to "The Best of Communism" and posed with the giant horses. Soon after, we found ourselves walking through the gates of what appeared to be a castle, which later appeared to be a massive agricultural museum. We didn't go in because (a) it smelled like buckets and buckets of paint or turpentine, and (b) it was an agricultural museum. Actually, that smell could have been a big vat of nail polish remover, I suppose (note to Darryl and Felipe... the timely use of nail polish remover after a long bus trip may significantly reduce your chances of being hit by Hungarian men). It was here were we encountered...(drum roll please)... the Macarena Guy! A big, hairy vendor, wearing a t-shirt, shorts, and a money belt was dancing to the Macarena, which was playing on his 'blaster. Not the actual dance, mind you, but gyrating in such a comical way as to inspire many of our group to take a picture. I swear we should have been taping this guy... the rest of you really missed out. We next discovered a statue simply called "Anonymous" of a man seated in a chair, wearing a hooded robe and holding an open book in such a way that one could sit on his book and put one's arms around him, giving the appearance of

MÁJUS 3-ÁN, VASÁRNAP
ESTE 7 ÓRAKOR

À

"PRIMA"

KANADAI IFJÚSÁGI KÓRUS
RÖVID HANGVERSENYE TEMPLOMUNKBAN

VEZÉNYEL: BRUCE MORE

MŰSOR:

Gloria in Cielo (13. századi olasz Lauda)
W. BYRD: Ave Verum
J. BRAHMS: Schaffe in Mir Gott
A. BRUCKNER: Locus Iste
A. BRUCKNER: Ave Maria
R. POULENC: O Magnum Mysterium
H. WILLAN: Rise Up My Love
B. MORE: Lord I know I been Changed

A "PRIMA" ifjúsági kórust (Victoria, Brit Columbia, Kanada) 1984-ben alapította Bruce E. More karnagy, hogy 16 és 22 év közötti fiatalok 5 évszázad értékes kóruszenéjét énekelhessék együtt a előadásukkal kulturális missziót töltsenek be Kanadában és másutt.

close friendship (ie. another photo opp.) He was a very dark and forboding character, until we got through hugging and snapshooting him. We also spent a whopping two hours at the Art Museum, then returned home for dinner. Then, adorned in our concert gear, we headed off to a Franciscan church, where we sang between evening masses. We received a very emotional response for what I still believe was our best performance of Estidal. With another performance behind us, we headed out for a cruise on the Danube River... but first... a drink!!! Most of us crashed a fancy outdoor bar, and threw back a quick 8-minute pint of beer, then headed for the boat, where, champagne in hand, we saw some of Budapest's most beautiful sights by starlight. After the cruise, the group once again divided, with a small delegation ending up at a Chinese restaurant (apparently, Hungarian Chinese food is quite good)... I found myself searching for a bar called Morrison's English Music Box (which was discovered by Wade, Lexa, Carly, Bruce Hardy, Darryl and Felipe last night) with Alexis, Gabrielle, Lexa, Heather, Kathy, Felipe, Darryl, Bruce H. and Carly. Surprisingly, we actually found it. A good night of drinking and dancing were had by all (well not all of us were drinking)... I finally went to bed around 3:00 am. Not to be outdone, Amy, Amanda and Andrew Scambler actually stayed out all night and watched the sun rise at Hero Square. So ends another day in the annals of PRIMA history. Our time in Budapest was well spent. Daniel Hogg, signing off.

Daniel Hogg - Sunday, May 3

Day 7: From Budapest to Graz, Austria

By Haley: Early Monday morning I was awakened by a loud vibrating sound which pulsed through all of Hotel Goliat (Editor's Note: I think this may have been Darryl, but my suspicions have yet to be confirmed). By 8:30, everyone was piled into the bus heading downtown to the Market. And what a market it was. Not only was it filled with a variety of fresh meats, milk and produce, the top floor had a series of clothes, jewelry and food stands. Then it was time to jump into the rain and into the bus for Graz, Austria. The 5 hour bus ride to the border was entertaining to say the least. During passport checks, Felipe had changed sexes at (in my opinion) a rather bad time. However, by the time we reached our hosts, he'd returned to his less feminine self. (Editor's Note: Not being satisfied with the pedicure given to Darryl and Felipe a few days earlier, Lexa decided that Felipe needed a complete makeover, hence the reoccurring Filipina joke... however, this particular round of jocularitry reached its height during the passport check at the Hungary-Austria border, which caused Bruce some mild consternation over border delays and the possibility of numerous bodycavity checks). Then we all went our separate ways; myself going far from civilization and wondering how we would meet up tonight. After a filling dinner, Liz and I received a phone call to meet the crew downtown in 15 minutes... unfortunately, we were at least 30 minutes away. Well, we made our way to the townhall but could find noone. Luckily, just as we were about to turn back, we ran into a couple of Primates, who gave us vague directions to the pub where the whole gang was supposedly meeting. Well, we got lost for awhile, but managed to eventually find the pub, only to have to leave very soon in order to catch the last bus home... how irritating.

By 'Becca: Today we woke up to a day of bad weather in Budapest. No big deal for us Victorians who are no strangers to rainy weather. However, it was fortunate that we were on the bus most of the day and not outside getting drenched. We went to a huge marketplace in a big building with two levels. Downstairs there were food stalls, while upstairs it was mostly craft stalls. We spent about an hour and a half shopping around. We were back on the bus by 11:15, and then we took off for Graz. The bus ride was nothing too spectacular... lots of people caught up on some much needed sleep, and everybody basically did whatever. Felipe (or should I say Filipina?) and Lexa provided the bus with some entertainment at one point, showing us another side of his personality... umm... makeup. Passing the border from Hungary to Austria was no problem, and we also made a quick stop at McDonalds. Wade presented a new game to the group before entering Graz called Botticelli. We arrived in Graz at about 5:30 pm, where our hosts were waiting for us. It took some organization, but we finally went home with our hosts around 6:00. Everybody seems to be scattered everywhere, but it's a fairly small city, supposedly around a fifth the size of Vienna. Lisa and I went with our host, Petra, and her boyfriend Armin, and we talked for awhile before going to meet other hosts and their billets at a restaurant called Kommod. More people from our group walked over to meet us, then we departed from our hosts and went to an Irish pub. There, everyone had drinks (big surprise) and talked. People dispersed from here after about 11:00. Some people were interested in going to a club, and since Petra and her friends had pointed out a few clubs, some of us decided to go check out a place called "Q". The place had good techno music, but some very weird and sleazy-looking guys. Still, we had a lot of fun dancing. A while after, people took off to find their way home.

Rebecca Lampard & Haley Farnow - Monday, May 4

Day 8: Graz

So this is Graz! Tram into town square. Great tram system in Austria! Met everybody and some of our hosts. Tour

of the city. Climbed up the fortress hill, beautiful view, saw the tunnel through the mountain. The city has really fascinating architecture, ranging from the medieval core to the grand austro-hungarian styles. Tour guides were excellent - much information. This city is a real gem! Lunch at strudel place, checked out concert place: (Meersteinschlüssel, which means "Sea-mug-little palace: - hmm, clears that up!) Alexis and I took #1 tram to the end and back, did some window shopping. Late rehearsal at da "Schlüssel" and then to dinner at the Schubert restaurant, which turned out to be on "us", not our "hosts". The singers took it in stride but not the conductor - who was a sorehead and quietly left.

Bruce More - Tuesday, May 5

Day 9: Graz

Second day in Graz. Strudel experimentation which turned out to be a bad experience for Sara; she got the mouldy one...sounds gross, but it seemed really funny at the time. Tonight was our concert at the Meerscheinschloessl, which was a beautifully decorated room that could easily have been an early century ballroom. The lavish chandeliers and ceiling mural of angels were most memorable. Such a place inspired us to sing well and we were encouraged by a lively cheering section. At the end, the girls were given roses and kisses - two things that always make for a good night! Afterwards, we ate at the banquet Carmen (our host) had organized, and then went to party at the Arcadium where there was a great live jazz band. The group of us took over the dance floor and danced all night - till three or four, it's a little hazy now... A great day and night! Graz was always fun-filled.

Sarah Donnelly & Nicole Gives - Wed, May 7

Day 10: From Graz to Trieste

Today, we had to get up early to catch the bus. We were supposed to leave at 8:30am, however not everyone was there at that time, so we had to wait. We finally left at 10 am. Our new bus driver was Valentin. We left Graz, drove through the mountains towards Klagenfurt (Editor's Note: Klagenfurt was originally on our itinerary, but was dropped) then south to Italy. We drove through the Austrian-Italian border and then, we stopped in Travasio for lunch and shopping. This was the first time we saw squat toilets. Little did we know it wouldn't be the last. We were a little late leaving because some people had to wait for their food then run for the bus. Finally, we were off to Trieste. The mountains soon disappeared. Italy had rolling hills and the sun was shining. We drove south towards the Adriatic Sea (Editor's Note: another country that borders on the Adriatic is... Albania) then east to Trieste. Our hostel was across the street from the Adriatic Sea (which also borders... Albania - Editor). I stayed in the room of 18 girls. We had squat toilets, however there were some real ones upstairs. Once our beds were organized, a lot of us got our bathing suits on to go and have a swim. We went right in front of the hostel, over a gate, down to a cement breakwater. The water was cold, but many enjoyed its temperature; some even took off their suits and swam naked! (When in Rome... or Albania...) Poor Haley and Amy had a run-in with a couple of fierce, vicious sea urchins. Luckily, Magnus and Shane took the time to take them out (the urchin spines, that is... out of their feet). Just before dinner, two police officers came and told us that we were swimming in a military zone, and that if they caught us there at night, we would be shot on sight ("BoomBoom! You unnastan'a me?" were their exact words, I believe). We got the idea and never returned to that area of the beach. We had dinner at 7:30 pm at the hostel. It was very good. We had spaghetti, a mixed salad & veggies, and meat and peas. After dinner, everyone did their own thing. I walked down the shore and went to a cafe for dessert and drinks with nine others. We had fun trying to communicate to the waitress who only knew how to say "cat" and "dog" in English. I had a great time, especially because I was being treated for my birthday. Thank you everyone for the card. After dessert, we walked back to the hostel. I tried to stay up and write my journal, but I was too tired (among other things) so I went to bed. Good night.

Lisa Head - Thursday, May 7

GRAZER UNIVERSITÄTSSCHOR

Chor der Karl-Franzens-Universität und der Erzhzog-Johann-Universität

präsentiert:

Prima Youth Choir Victoria-Canada

**Mit Werken von
Puccini, Beethoven, Brahms,
Bruckner, Orff und Dvorak
sowie Komponisten des 20. Jahrhunderts**

**Mittwoch, 6. Mai, 20.00 Uhr
Meerscheinschlössl, Mozartgasse 3**

**Leitung:
Bruce More**

Karten an der Abendkasse
Preis öS 100,- / 60,-
Internet: www.kfunigraz.ac.at/unichor

Day 11: Venice

After what seemed to be a restful sleep for everyone on tour, most of us awoke for breakfast at 7:30 am. Refreshed and satisfied with our bread roll and cafe au lait, the bus headed out for Venice at 8:30 am. The sun kissed our cheeks and the wind blew in our hair while we waited for Valentin the bus driver. The busride to Venice took us through a myriad of beautiful landscapes, and the excitement built as we approached the city of canals - a magical city, a real-life fantasy land. "I can't believe we're in Italy and going to Venice" was the tour quote for the day. ITALY?!! Arriving in Venice at 11:00 am, we had all afternoon to explore the maze of canals, enjoy the Venetian glass, the hand-made lace, the elaborate masks and the museums and breathtaking cathedrals. While walking the alleyways in Venice, one can just imagine masquerading in a deep velvet cloak and a delicately-designed mask for the October festival. As we walked closer to the main attractions, the smell of pizza, fresh bread and the sweetness of waffle cones and Gelati caressed our nostrils. Upon approaching the Ponte Rialto and Piazza di San Marco, the overwhelming quality of architectural design and the personal touch that has been added to each balcony, window and shopfront are amazing! The amount of pedestrians rapidly multiply, indicating THE TOURIST ZONE!!! Despite the hustle and bustle of wide-eyed tourists, the magic of the Grand Canal took over and played "O solo mio!" on the strings of my heart. The Piazza di San Marco also deserves a quick mention. The live music from the various restaurants floats over the waves of people and pigeons, creating a Romantic ambiance. The Ducal Palace is an incredible building, ornately decorated in every room. The diversity between the richly designed ceilings, floors, fireplaces and the cold, dank and depressing dungeons brings to light the huge difference in human existence. While in Venice, a visit to La Finece (the opera house), the Arsenal and the leaning spiral staircase are also worthwhile. However, to simply roam the streets of Venice licking an ice-cream is a treat. Expecting to wait for lost Prima folk at the bus parking lot,

were were a full group again by 6:15. There were some unhappy and less rich people... 90,000 lire less rich... ouch! Nevertheless, after a hot (28°C) and exciting day, we were ready to sit down and eat some FOOD. After a brief rest in the bus, a group from Prima were ready to do some serious drinking! A perfect picnic with music, chocolate, nuts, Big Turks ("An orgasm in a wrapper" says Darryl) and, of course, ALCOHOL, was set up with an almost-full moon over the Adriatic Sea as a backdrop. A perfect way to end a perfect day!

Angela Tongue - Friday, May 8

Day 12: Llublyana

Got up, had stale roll, cubes of jam and butter and Café "Olé". Bus to Llublyana, went to main city square, 3 bridges, pink baroque church. Met Liz Novak's family - lot's of cousins & aunts, much enthusiasm, flower for everybody. Climbed the castle hill, great view, (not to mention workout). Checked out the market, had lunch on steps. Back on bus to Trieste Conservatory. Dressed, rehearsed, sang for a good sized and very enthusiastic audience, encores, complete call back. Bus to harbour, most of us got ripped-off for dinner. Without telling you, they charge individually for the bread (sticks and buns), tablecloths, napkins, plus a 20% service charge (that's not what they said but it's what they charged). Back to the hotel, more partying on the beach, many went swimming. Great day!!! (Written in haste in lieu of the jerk who didn't submit their diary for this day.)

Bruce More - Saturday, May 9



Condottieri G. Tartini - Trieste Pagella d'Utah 982798

Concerto Straordinario

Sala Tartini - ore 18.00

Sabato 9 maggio 1998

**CONCERTO
DEL CORO
DELL'UNIVERSITÀ
DI VICTORIA
(CANADA)**

Day 13: From Trieste to Munich

Today we sadly left Trieste, Italy and said goodbye to the obnoxious but beautiful Italian men. Luckily though, yes, we have the memories (such as swimming naked under the moonlight in the Adriatic off the coast of Italy)! Three countries in ONE DAY! Whew! On the road to our destination in Germany, we drove out through Italia, passed through Austria, on our way through the German countryside to the quaint little town of Forstern (on the outskirts of Munich). The sights were beautiful & were wonderfully accompanied by our back of the bus conversations & storytime from Cosmo! We made two stops in Austria, one for currency exchange & potty break, the other for lunch. For lunch we stopped at the most beautiful rest stop I've ever seen. We ate delicious food with a view of LUSCIOUS greenery accompanied by a backdrop of rolling hills leading up to the Swiss Alps... all this accentuated by the clear blue sky and shining sun! Off on the road again, we drove until we reached Forstern. We arrived at approx. 4:30 or so (I think) at which point we had a snack, played soccer, ate some sandwiches for dinner then got dressed for the concert. We were only some of the performers in the Mutterstag concert which doubled as a benefit for the local church (built in the 17th or 18th century) which was sadly in a state of disrepair. Our portion of the concert was extremely well received; a wonderful finale to a magnificent tour!

Sillian Miles - Sunday, May 10

Day 14: Daytrip to Munich, then Party in Forstern!!

Got up late, made it to the bus with sandwiches in our hands and a big PHAT bottle of juice! The bus flew to Munich in under an hour. Everyone dispersed to beer gardens and educational entertainment. Kathy, Bruce, Alexis & I wandered aimlessly until we walked into a beautiful church. Most of the churches were newer because they had been bombed during the war. We wandered until we found an atlas, and got burned in the process. The atlas and a fuzzy animal was for the bus driver that flew us to Munich. We saw the Glockenspiel a few times which was thoroughly amazing. Eventually, Kathy & I lost Bruce and Alexis to the Museum. Kathy & I ended up getting beer & Sprite at one of the restaurants next to the Platz. We met some slimy men that wanted us to walk from Forstern to Munich so that we could go dancing with them. Eventually we made it out alive and back to the bus, flying once again back to Forstern in under an hour to get to the restaurant for our FINAL DINNER. Kathy... Dinner consisted of lots of tasty food, including vegetables... but no pancakes! We popped the champagne corks but nobody got hurt. After dinner, Gabrielle & Patrick tactfully presented us with our tour awards - some of which will probably result in people having some explaining to do to their parents... or boyfriends! When the awards wrapped up the drinking and merriment continued. Darryl hypnotized some of us and we performed for everybody's amusement. Afterwards Gabby, Alexis & I put that phat bottle of juice to good use with Alexis' bottle of Hungarian vodka. Soon our hosts came to pick us up (mine & Gabby's played the accordion for us) and home we went and off to sleep. That's where mine & Gabrielle's evening ended. Maybe others have more entertaining stories of their evenings?

Kathy Laughton & Gabrielle Warr - Monday, May 11

Day 15: Back home

Home, sweet home... well, not until we'd been crammed together for 11 or so hours on a plane... The morning started like any other Primatour morning, with the choir standing around at our designated meeting point waiting for the latecomers. Unfortunately, to my great embarrassment, I was one of them... luckily enough (for me, that is) there was a miscommunication between Bruce and the bus company, and the bus had yet to arrive. Several rather stressful minutes down the road, the bus arrived... the driver assured us that there was no problem getting us to the Munich airport on time...

*Benefizveranstaltung
zugunsten der
Renovierung
unserer Wallfahrtskirche
Maria Himmelfahrt
Tading*



NOTHING TO SEE HERE

thankfully, he was correct. Once we got off the bus at the airport, we said fond farewells to the several Primates who were staying on in Europe... lucky buggers... some for only a few days, some for a couple of weeks, one for a whole year! Well, a multitude of handshakes, hugs and kisses later, the remainder of Prima stood in line trading our carefully-guarded tickets for boarding passes. Lexa and I stood together in line and requested seating together in order to avoid a relapse of the dreaded "500-pound Smelly German Seatmate Syndrome" that poor Lexa endured on the flight to Europe two weeks ago. We flew from Munich back to Frankfurt (1 1/2 hours) then switched planes and headed to Vancouver. Tensions were regrettably somewhat elevated... between being sad that the tour was over, being anxious to get back home to loved ones, and suffering from plain-old long flight bitchiness, there were more than a couple nasty comments being passed around the choir, I had noticed... oh well, that's what the end of tour is often like, just roll with the flow... The long flight from Frankfurt to Vancouver (9 1/2 hours) was actually quite pleasant, compared with the one from Vancouver to Frankfurt... the plane wasn't quite so crowded, and although the airflow was still pretty bad, it was much better than the flight over. People were more laid back, and the flight seemed (to me at least) to go a lot quicker. The movies were "The Jackal" with Bruce Willis and Richard Gere, and "Shooting Fish" with some other people in it. Neither were terribly memorable, and I don't think many of us watched the entirety of either movie. Our flight arrived on time at 2:30pm in Vancouver... by now, Tuesday had stretched to somewhat Olympian proportions... I was exhausted, and the thought of spending another 4-5 hours in transit from the Vancouver airport to Victoria via bus, ferry and more bus was completely intolerable to me. Luckily, I was fairly frugal in spending during the trip, and had enough to buy a ticket on the next Canadian Airlines flight to Victoria (\$165 after all the taxes, etc). I think the remaining Primates thought I was a bit stupid for spending so much on a plane ticket, and I have to admit, I felt a bit guilty myself... for about 15 minutes, which was how long the flight was... and when I saw my wonderful wife Mickie at the Victoria airport arrivals gate at just after 3:30pm, when the rest of Prima were still at the Vancouver airport waiting for the bus to take them to the ferry, I realized that that expensive plane ticket was worth every last penny. We drove home and had a very relaxing evening, until I passed out at around 9:00pm. It was a fantastic tour, folks... y'all should be really proud of yourselves for the good work you did in Europe... you made an excellent showing of yourselves, and I'm really looking forward to the next Prima Tour!!! Have a fantasmagorical summer!!

Wade Noble - Tuesday, May 12

Bunter musikalischer Reigen für einen guten Zweck

Beim Benefizkonzert zugunsten der Renovierung der Tadinger Kirche sorgt der Prima Youth Choir für den Höhepunkt

FORSTERN - Ungeachtet des Benfalls, den die Tadinger Kirche bei der Renovierung der Tadinger Kirche erlebt, ist die Kirche nicht nur ein Ort der Gottesdienste, sondern auch ein Ort der Begegnung. Die Kirche ist ein Ort, an dem die Menschen zusammenkommen, um ihre Gedanken und Gefühle auszutauschen. Die Kirche ist ein Ort, an dem die Menschen sich gegenseitig unterstützen und ermutigen. Die Kirche ist ein Ort, an dem die Menschen sich gegenseitig lieben und achten.

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Munich area newspaper - May 12, 1998.

Colourful musical offering for a good purpose

Prima Youth Choir was the highpoint at the benefit concert to raise money to renovate the Tadinger Church.

FORSTERN: The performance of the Prima Youth Choir under Bruce E. More was the rejoicing highpoint of the benefit concert to renovate the Tadinger Pilgrimage Church "Ascension of Mary"..... Music has always been the language of angels; it strengthens the communal bond to achieve a common goal: to renovate the church. But this common bond also goes beyond borders, as apparent when the mayor welcomed the guest choir from Canada.

Good guests: The recorder ensemble played "I like to be in America" and thus made the transition to the Prima Youth Choir from Victoria, Canada who are currently touring Europe. "From Prague, Vienna and Triest to right here" Mr. Schalk commented.

The 43 singers between the ages for 16 and 22 years of age had been announced as the climax of the evening: not in vain. The choir under conductor Bruce E. More, who holds a professorship in conducting, was an experience, displayed the highest precision, expressive body of sound, able to modulate well.

Their vocal selections were applauded at wildly. There were some moments of utter silence during the performance, as the audience was eager to hear every single note.

Encores: The singers who had been applauded enthusiastically had to give various encores. Only after all sang "Sagt an, wer ist doch diese" together was the enthusiastic audience of this benefit concert able to let this choir go!

- S. Quast