

MAY CHAPTER MEETING

It's hard to believe that our 1996-97 year is drawing to a close. We've had some wonderful events this year and will top things off on Tuesday, May 20th, with an informal pot luck dinner at Lee Clark's house, 329 East 1730 South, Orem, UT 84058, at 6:30 p.m. When we've had pot-luck dinners in the past, it's been interesting to see what kinds of dishes everybody brings. (Besides, it gives us more recipes to include in the newsletter, so bring copies of your recipes, too.)



Map to Lee's House

So that we can equally divide up who brings what, we thought that those whose last names begin with A to H should bring the **main dishes**, I to R should bring **salads or chips and dip**, and S to Z should bring **deserts**. Plan on servings for 20 to 25 people, to give you an idea of how much to bring. If you are not able to whip something up, come anyway. There will probably be plenty of food to go around. Spouses are welcome to come, too.

Lee made a special request that each of us play something on the organ in his living room. If you don't want to play anything, please come anyway and listen. We had fun last year chatting, eating, and listening.

We also need to share ideas of the types of activities we would like to do next year. Our Town Hall Meeting in January gave us the incentive to re-evaluate what direction we should take and look for creative ways to accomplish our goals. It is important to hear from each of you, so please take a minute and fill out the enclosed form. If you can't come to the dinner, please fill out the form and mail it to either Larry Tomkinson 244 N. 900 W., Provo, UT 84604 or DeeAnn Stone, 1510 W. 500 N., Provo, UT 84601.

Also, this will be the last newsletter for the 1996-97 year, unless there is a pressing need for another one.

REPORT ON APRIL CHAPTER MEETING

We are grateful to Dr. James Drake for coming down from Logan to teach us the Alexander Technique. He told us that if we tense up while we're playing it's like driving a car with its brakes on. We're getting nowhere fast. He demonstrated how we should keep our spines in line when we sit at the console and the angle of our hands when we play. We should have a "soft" hand and center the hand over the finger that is being played.

As we move our fingers along the keyboard, we should think of them as a blind man trying to carefully find his way. By "crawling" along the bottom of the keyboard, we make the sound more full, more connected. When we are pedaling, we need to keep the heel dropped. When we are alone practicing, he gave us these tips: think of the whole body going up—the head like a balloon. Don't force yourself to sit straight; that creates tension. Think and not pull from the tailbone. Become aware of what you're doing. "Rest" on every note like it's the last one you'll ever play. Check your breathing, elbows (they should be limp like a noodle), shoulders, wrists, and your jaw (it should be dropped). Make sure what you're doing is as easy as possible. Think of the ends of your fingers as steel tipped needles—the point where the contact with the keys is focused.

There was so much to absorb in one evening it would be nice to have him come again.

Utah Valley Chapter Newsletter

Chapter Officers

Dean

Larry Tomkinson
375-5691

Sub-dean

LuJean Moss
374-2595

Sec/Newsletter

DeeAnn Stone
377-4728

Treasurer/Registrar

Mary Paz
377-4605

Members at large:

Dr. Parley Belnap
756-3490

Lee Clark
244-1591

David Pickering
379-0392

DUES FOR 1997-98

As was stated in the January 1997 newsletter, National Headquarters has raised the dues for next year by \$6.00. Enclosed is a membership/dues form that lists the dues structure. Since the AGO fiscal year runs from July 1st to June 30th of each year, the dues need to be paid by **August 1st** in order to get them into National Headquarters in time. If you would like, you can bring your dues with you to the potluck dinner and pay Mary Paz then. Otherwise, you may mail them to her before the deadline.

CONGRATULATIONS



This summer David Pickering will be graduating from BYU and has been accepted in graduate school at the University of Kansas. We congratulate him and wish him well. We appreciate the work he has done as a chapter officer since 1994. Good luck on your future endeavors, David!

CONDOLENCES

Our thoughts and prayers are with Claire Rogers at this time. Her mother, Rose Brockhoff, passed away on Sunday, May 4th. Services were held at the State Hospital Chapel on May 6th.

MUSIC COMPETITION

On September 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, 1997, the Utah State Fair and Snowbird Resort are co-sponsoring a music competition. If you have a student or know of a young person who would be interested in competing, please let them know about this. The entry date is from June 1st to July 15th, and the charge is \$20 (no refunds). The categories include piano, strings, winds, vocal, organ, and harp. The age groups are from 8 to 23 years old with several different divisions for each category. The awards being offered are \$50 to \$300.

For more information and a copy of the rules and entry form, please contact DeeAnn Stone, or the Utah State Fair, 155 North 1000 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, phone: (801) 538-8400, or fax: 538-8455.

Happy 40th Birthday
to LeeAnn Brockbank!

1997 WORKSHOP ON CHURCH MUSIC



19th Annual Workshop on Church Music
Sponsored by the BYU Department of Music

This workshop provides an opportunity for musicians to come together, share ideas, and receive instruction in all facets of church music. Classes are offered in the following areas: choral music, historical perspectives, instrumental music, music administration, music for children/home, organ, theory and composition, and vocal music. In addition, a concert/recital is presented every night during the workshop.

The 1997 dates are August 5 - 8. The workshop will be held on Brigham Young University campus in Provo, Utah. Last year's prices were \$78 to attend the workshop and \$97 for campus food and housing. The prices for 1997 will be similar. Call (801) 378-7692 to get on the mailing list for the 1997 workshop schedule, if you aren't already.



Classical 89
KBYU-FM
Tuesdays at 9:00p.m.
with Michael Barone

May 13 – Out of the Woodson... performances by and conversations with American organist Susan Carol Woodson, a Memphis native who lives in Belgium.

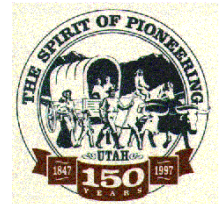
May 20 – Back in Baltimore... for concert demonstrations on new, historic and unusual instruments.

May 27 – Going on Record... a wide-ranging sampler of recent organ music releases on compact disc.

(see page 35, April 1997 issue of "The American Organist" for more details)

PIONEER SESQUICENTENNIAL

This summer promises to be full of activities as Utahns celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Mormon pioneers' arrival in Salt Lake Valley--the theme being "Faith in Every Footstep." Some of those activities in our area are as follows:



- On Sunday, June 29th, in conjunction with their statewide tour, the Tabernacle Choir will be performing their sesquicentennial concert in Provo at

the Marriott Center. According to Deseret News writer Jerry Johnston, the April 18th concert in Salt Lake City was worth begging, borrowing, or stealing a ticket for and repenting later. (By the way, the tickets are free. Check with local papers for places to obtain the tickets and the time of the performance, or call 240-1997.)

After the third standing ovation for the choir at the Salt Lake performance, Lloyd Newell, narrator for the event, told the audience, "Don't encourage them. They know 1,200 songs."

"Another charming moment (according to Jerry Johnston) was one everyone missed. While meaning to say the choir had a tradition 'spanning generations,' Newell accidentally credited the group for 'spawning generations.' Perhaps it sounded so right, no one noticed." Deseret News, Apr. 21, 1997, p. C3

- On Thursday and Friday, July 24th and 25th the highlight of the year-long activities will culminate in Cougar Stadium with the *Sesquicentennial Spectacular: Faith in Every Footstep*. The pre-show begins at 6:30 p.m., and the program begins at 8:30 p.m.. Tickets went on sale on March 29th. While 62,000 were sold in one day, there may be some tickets still available, but not likely. The celebration will be televised via satellite around the world, so if you didn't get a ticket you will be able to see the program on TV.

Featured performers include the Tabernacle Choir, Mormon Youth Chorus and Symphony, Utah Valley Children's and Family Choirs (**including some members of our AGO chapter**), alumni of BYU performing groups, civic and ethnic organizations, and individual LDS artists. Also featured will be an organized wagon train of modern-day pioneers that left Winter Quarters, Nebraska, in April and will arrive in Salt Lake on July 22nd. A handcart built by LDS members in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, was shipped to New York and then joined the wagon train in Nebraska. It is part of the Siberian saints' pioneer celebration.

- A Pioneer Rendezvous, with a fair-like atmosphere and free admission, will be held on the BYU campus (at the field by the Harmon Building) both days of the spectacular, from 2:00 to 7:00 p.m. As individual families arrive, they will be placed in companies, each given the identity of an actual pioneer, and will experience loading and pulling handcarts along a trail through which scenes are played out, representing historical events. At the pioneer settlement, demonstrations will include butter churning, weaving, wool carding, and spinning, and treadle-machine sewing. Participants will have hands-on experience with candle dipping,

rag-doll making, quilting, face painting, pottery, making and other pioneer crafts.

The following is an excerpt from an article in the "Church News" about the events which led William Clayton to compose the hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints:"

PIONEER SONG INSPIRES GENERATIONS

BY GORDON W. ROMNEY

July 1997 will mark the sesquicentennial of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers into the Salt Lake Valley. Continuing through December 1997, the Church News will publish articles on the epic trek and the establishment of the Church in the Rocky Mountains. The series began in June 1995. This is the seventh article. Deseret News Web Edition Archives, Saturday, April 6, 1996



It appears almost as an afterthought entry in William Clayton's journal under the date, "Wednesday 15th. This morning I composed a new song, All is Well."

Such a statement would attract attention in most journals. In William's journal it is all the more surprising because, in spite of his being a superb musician, this is the first reference to song-writing. More critically, however, the title "All is well" reveals an emotional calming which he has experienced for, suddenly, all appears to be well in his life. William, by expressing his own innermost feelings in song, succeeded in capturing the uncertainty, courage, faith and feelings of other pioneers and pioneers in all ages even to the present time.

William wrote the words to the song which so much of the world knows and loves as the hymn and anthem **Come, Come, Ye Saints**, in private moments that he found in a very busy day at Locust Creek, Iowa, under the most emotionally and physically stressful and trying circumstances imaginable.

The William Clayton family, with nine members in two personal wagons, was part of the 500-wagon Camp of Israel under the leadership of Brigham Young. On April, 15, 1846, William was into his 46th day of wending his way over countless hills and traversing sloughs, marshes and streams through a stretch of Iowa that President Young himself described as one continuous mudhole. As many as 20 wagons at once were mired up to the wagon boxes in mud.

It had rained, hailed, and snowed a fourth of the time. Even horses were up to their bellies in mud as men on horseback tried to maneuver and scout better trails. Just a few fair but bitterly cold days had broken up one of the wettest springs in recent Iowa memory.

Music was one of William's loves. Thus, it was with sadness that he repeatedly tried to trade his music box for a desperately needed cow. He was proficient in the violin, horn, drums and piano. This passion was turned into a money-raising venture across Iowa as he scheduled concerts and performances for the company band. The funds bought much needed corn to feed the animals. William Pitt, John Kay and others joined to encourage others through the spiritual uplift of music, while, simultaneously benefiting from a rekindling of their own faith.

William Clayton was the clerk for the entire Camp of Israel and supervised all of the clerks of the groups of Fifty. Additionally, he was the primary scribe for President Young and Church councils, and assisted other brethren in keeping their journals. In his clerical role he was responsible for overseeing, in addition to his own wagons, 15 wagons and teamsters carrying property of the Church. His responsibility was to ensure that there was food for the teamsters and fodder for the draft animals and that the goods remained dry. Hosea Stout recorded on March 24, "Today was chilling rain and snow all day no feed in camp today for the

beasts and also more than half of the men out of provisions." The weight of responsibility upon his shoulders was great that pre-dawn morning of April 15 as he had found that cattle and horses, without proper guard during the night, had broken into the tents and wagons. The weather had been miserable, causing many to sleep on wet ground and to be pelted with continual rain and wind that toppled the tents. Many of the Saints were sick, due to the harsh weather and inadequate living conditions of leaky tents and wagons, and deaths were occurring.

William, himself, had been sick with first a cold, then aches and horrible chest pain and discomfort for over two weeks. Nevertheless, as he records, "yet the camp seems in good spirits." Personally, he was suffering from anxiety for his young wife, Diantha, whom he had left in Nauvoo because she was a month from delivery of her first child and was now definitely overdue.

In the process of making the rounds that morning he was informed, by others who had received letters from the couriers from Nauvoo, that "Diantha has a son a fine fat boy but that she was very sick with ague and mumps." William was simultaneously relieved about young Moroni, but concerned about his precious Diantha. This news was already 15 days old when he received it. He recorded his thoughts, "Truly I feel to rejoice" and in this state of jubilation he made time to compose "All is well." The title and refrain of the song reveal his emotional composure, as he now sincerely felt "all is well."

"Come, Come, Ye Saints" has been included in every Church hymnal since 1851. President Heber J. Grant selected it as his favorite hymn and shared the sentiment of his father-in-law, Oscar Winters, who said, "I believe that the young people of Zion do not thoroughly appreciate what Brother Clayton's hymn meant to us, as we sang it, night after night, crossing the plains." Brother Winters went on to share the story of a solitary man in his company who was late coming into camp one evening. "When he arrived, we unyoked his cattle and helped him to get his supper. He had been quite sick and had to lie

down by the road, a time or two. After supper he sat down on a large rock, by the camp fire, and sang the hymn, 'Come, Come, Ye Saints.' He sang the hymn very beautifully, but with a weak and plaintive voice, and yet with the spirit and inspiration of the hymn. The next morning we discovered that he had died during the night."

"Come, Come, Ye Saints" has been compared favorably with two of the great hymns of the world, "Frances La Marseillaise" and Martin Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."

In 1978 President Jimmy Carter gave a speech in the Salt Lake Tabernacle and said: "I thought about the early Mormons coming across this country, singing a famous hymn 'Come, Come, Ye Saints.' Only a deep faith could let the words of that song 'All is well' ring out. In times when you and your forefathers were persecuted and driven one from another, when you crossed this land looking for freedom and a chance to worship in your own way, when perhaps you knew that you were about to die, when drought and thirst affected you, and still the song rang out, 'All is well!' This is indeed a demonstration of faith and a reaffirmation of hope."

Our pioneers exhibited great faith even when confronted with laying down their life and being numbered among the 6,000 Saints who came as far as they could and never set foot into the valley. Even in such heart-rending moments, the refrain from this hymn served as an expression of abiding faith in a cause greater than any single individual.



"Pioneer is by definition one who breaks new ground; who blazes his own trail; who moves and motivates himself and thereby lights the way and smoothes the path of those who follow him." New vistas are ever before us as pioneering in the kingdom of God continues daily, into the future, worldwide with Faith in Every Footstep. --Gordon W. Romney is the executive secretary of the Church Pioneer Sesquicentennial Committee.



UTAH VALLEY CHAPTER

Larry Tomkinson, Dean

244 N. 900 W.

Provo, UT 84601

OFF THE NET

Deseret News Archives,
Tuesday, April 8, 1997

Sport 'voice' now listens - to the Muses

Semi-retired sportscaster Paul James lives life at its fullest
By Doug Robinson, Sports Writer

Paul James - painter, pianist, world traveler, author, gardener, master bridge player, bird-watcher, hypnotist, voracious reader, trivia buff, handyman, songwriter, retired TV and radio sports pioneer, semi-retired Voice of the Cougars and owner of half the world's supply of energy reserves at the age of 65 is standing at the door of his house, ready to begin the day.

Let's tune into the play by play as the renaissance man shows us around. James, dressed in his home uniform (white shirt and jeans), is looking a little disheveled as he waits to kick off the tour. Apparently, he has lost his comb, but it is only 10 a.m., still early for a man who doesn't go to bed until 2 or 3 a.m. Anyway, we're ready to get started. He shuts the door, and we're off and running.

Yes, these are my paintings, he says in answer to a question. He is standing in front of a wall covered entirely with watercolors, most of them landscapes. The house is a virtual art gallery. Paintings everywhere you look. In the entryway, the living room, the kitchen, the basement studio.

"This is from Holland," he says, pointing to a painting, "and this is a scene I painted from China. Oh, and this is a scene in New Zealand."

Did we mention that James took up painting 4 1/2 years ago? Yes, well, it seems that he was reading biographies of Churchill and Eisenhower, and there was some mention of them taking up painting late in life to occupy their retirement. James, staring at retirement himself, decided he would take up painting. Just like that. Why not? He took an art class in the second grade that lasted all of three months.

"I hated it," he said. James, you learn, is not one for learning by the numbers. If he wanted to be a surgeon, he'd skip the med school part and start cutting.

James signed up for a weekly painting class, hated it, signed up for another less formal class, and began painting. A year later a friend suggested that he show his work at ZCMI. He laughed. The friend made the arrangements. James has sold paintings ever since.

He sells enough originals and prints that he can make a good living with only his brush. James' paintings have hung in the Kimball Art Gallery and the Springville Art Museum. He was one of 47 artists whose paintings were exhibited at the Days of '47 art show last summer.

"Here, follow me a second, I've got some others to show you," he says, heading downstairs. More paintings. Stacks of them on the floor and in boxes. Somebody suggested turning his paintings into greeting cards. A local Hallmark store sells them. Want some? he asks, and he is handing you two dozen cards, one at a time, as fast as he can pull them off a rack.

"Send them to someone," he says.

James returns upstairs and walks into the living room, sipping a glass of grapefruit juice. He is talking nonstop. He is excited. He shows and tells about other paintings, some of them on the floor leaning against the wall, two or three deep. His guest notices the glossy grand piano in the room. James slides behind the keys and begins to play Chopin's Prelude in C Minor.

"I can play 90 minutes of classical music from memory without stopping," he says, and he proceeds to play one piece after another. Closing his eyes, he runs through Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu and Etude in E Major, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and two Broadway hits, the "Sun and Moon" and "Memories."

Did we mention when it was that James took up piano playing? Apparently he had some late-life crisis 4 1/2 years ago, so he decided he would take up the piano. Not that he was completely ignorant of music. After all, he took piano lessons when he was 8 years old that lasted for six entire months.

"I hated it," he said.

One day he announced to his wife, Annette, that he was going to learn to play the piano. Annette, an accomplished pianist who taught lessons for years, suggested that he begin by learning scales. Their conversation went something like this:

"I don't want to learn scales. I want to play Chopin," he said.

"That's too difficult," she said.

"I don't care," he said.

He learned Chopin. He plodded through the music a note at a time, asking questions about the fingering and the timing when he had to. Eventually, he learned the piece, and so it goes each time. He can read music, but he's no sight reader. He grinds through each new piece over and over learning the notes until finally he can play it smoothly from memory.

"Here's one you'll know," he says, and he plays "Send in the Clowns," followed by "The Rose."

The concert finished, James grabs his glass of juice and moves to the kitchen, which adjoins what appears to be a large atrium. "Is that an atrium?" he is asked.

"Yeah, I built that."

You could hate this guy.

On James' desk, in a gold frame, is a quote from Socrates: "The unexamined life is not worth living." "That's been my motivation," says James. "If you're not doing quality things, then life is not worth living. People say, 'I don't have time.' You have all the time there is. We all have the same amount of time. It's a matter of priorities. The things I regret are not the things I did, but the things I didn't do. If I spend my entire day reading or practicing piano, it will be a day well spent. I tell people, 'Enjoy your life. Don't let it slip by.'"

At the door, James says goodbye to his guest and returns to the busy work of retirement. More paintings to paint, more plants to nurture, more songs to learn, so many things to do.

1997 Deseret News Publishing Co.

AGO Region IX Convention

Honolulu, Hawaii—July 16-19

