

The Grapevine

It Really Grows on You!

Brandy & Vinny

Lost and Found: Natalie Sherer On Life as a Transfer

Meeting my dearest friends. Experiencing the power of Brahms' Requiem at Symphony Center. Snowshoeing. Being conducted by John Nelson. Being captivated by Lotti's Crucifixus. Observing Doc's dedication. Laughing like crazy at choir dinner. Jumping out of my skin the first time I heard the organ for the MacMillan...This is just a sampling of the rich blessings I have gained since I transferred to Wheaton last fall, and the list continues to grow. I'm trying to treasure everything that is before me for the rest of my Senior year here, almost wishing I had more time on this unique campus. I thank God not only that I'm here but that I'm here with you.

My college journey has taken some unexpected turns over the past five years. I studied at Manhattan School of Music in NYC for my first two years, but was forced to withdraw due to my family's financial struggles, which continue to be an obstacle in my life. My year off from school was infused with anxiety, questions, and lessons as I wondered what was going to happen next. When I had a successful audition at Wheaton and found out that I would be able to finish my degree due to the generous financial contributions of Wheaton alumni, I was thrilled. I remember e-mailing Doc about Concert Choir right away, hopeful to be part of it, especially after watching the Christmas Festival in 2009.

Honestly, it is difficult to be a transfer student at Wheaton. This place stretches students so much. My sponge-brain is constantly trying to soak up

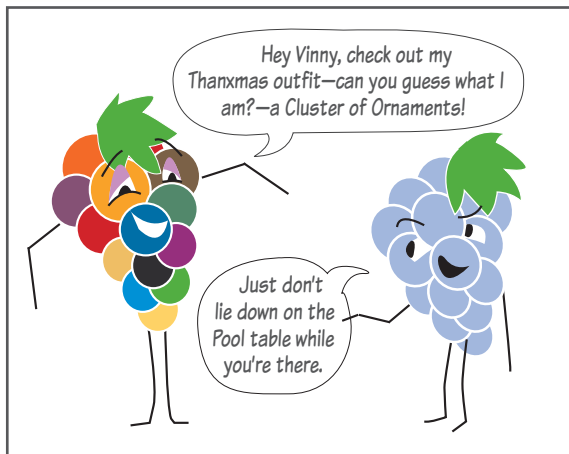


Katie and Natalie, best friends

everything it can, and my planner is exploding with my commitments and responsibilities. It has also been very hard socially. Wheaton is full of cheerful, well-meaning people, but they are busy beyond belief and already part of tight-knit groups of friends. It is hard get integrated into these groups and to feel that you are really part of your class. There were definitely some lonely times at the beginning of my transfer experience. However, Concert Choir has been a valuable part of my Wheaton experience. It was here that I first felt that I had a place to belong, a welcoming community of people to fellowship and make music with. I felt appreciated and began to develop blossoming friendships that mean so much to me. I encourage us all to be mindful of reaching out to new students of Concert Choir, especially transfers.

Katie Nashland has to be one of the best things about Wheaton. Seriously, I don't know what I would do without her. Debbie Rodgers told each of us separately that we should become friends, so (being good Wheaton students) we went above and beyond and became best friends from day one. Transferring into the Conserv together was such a

Continued on side 2



Our Newest Cabinet Member!



**Assistant
Business
Manager:
Claire Stewart**

Born of a Javanese princess and fathered by a leperchan, Claire currently uses her multi-ethnic background to create her world-famous warm-weather wear. Her

company, *The Wheaton Winter*, specializes in tailor-made earwarmers for both attached and detached earlobes, as well as pointy or hyper-tender cartilage. Claire lives in Mississippi where she maintains a mega-herd of male moosen, which make melodious moose music, and for whom Claire has made many moose mittens and antler warmers.



**DOC ON
 EVERYTHING
 FROM
 KITTENS TO
 PURITANS**

Doc on the first note of the White:
 “It’s like you cup a kitty cat and feel the fur behind the ears.”

Doc on the alto phrase, “tired eyelids”:
 “I almost died with you there.”

Doc on wrong notes:
 “You’re so flat it doesn’t count.”

“It’s like you’ve come to the date and you haven’t brushed or flossed. You have spinach and garlic and now you want to make friends.”

“You’ve gone trout fishing.”

Doc on the weather:
 “Here we are in tropical Wheaton.”
 “There’s no humidity except in the Conservatory of Music where the floors are wet.”

Doc on the Grau:
 “This isn’t gonna come as easy as that last little peanut butter cracker that you had.”

Doc on m. 12-13 in the Grau:
 “It’s like trying to crank an old car—pppt!! pppt!!”

Doc on the interval in m. 160 of the Grau:
 “A belly flop from way up high—flat on the stomach. Ooh that stings.”

Doc on tone quality in the Gibbs:
 “3-year-old diaper sound—mommy, I’ve got to go wee wee.”

Doc on singing the Gibbs:
 “Bring the audience into your bosom.”
 “You want to turn everyone in your audience into athiests. You’ve got a great opportunity at Wheaton—think about it.”

Doc on the ending in the Paulus:
 “This is not a log that lies in a canal with a bunch of turtles.”

Doc on dynamics:
 “Crescendo like you love God.”

Doc on singing up to pitch:
 “Raise your eyebrows if you need to.”

Doc on Kourtney’s cough:
 “You need to cut back on those Marlboros there.”

Doc on Sam preferring to count with her toes:
 “Well, I hope your foot is clean.”

Doc on counting:
 “Remember Sesame St.—I love to count!”

“If you only had Sam’s toes, you too could count.”

“It’s 4:15. Where’s your and-of-3?”

Doc on pronunciation:
 “Not ‘when’ as in Wendy Jennings.”
 “I as in Ichabod.”

“Even if you’re cold sober you should be able to say this.”

Doc on m. 20 of the McM:
 “The monster of the deep will get you if you don’t pay attention here.”

Doc on m. 69-70 of the McM:
 “This man-chord and then a pregnant pause during which you panic and spit.”

Doc on the men’s part in the McM:
 “You guys are like a lost race over there.”

Doc on the last page of McM:
 “We’re getting the blocks to the construction site and ready to pour some mortar.”

Doc on the McM’s last chord:
 “Don’t sing too loudly that your ears curl in on themselves.”

Doc on too much vibrato:
 “It was like the fat lady was really singing.”

Doc on life:
 “You can’t exist without a pencil.”

Doc on illness:
 “You have too many good friends.”

Doc on a Soprano note:
 “Don’t play humble pie if you’ve got the B flat.”

Doc on the melismas:
 “Long measured gaps of lost singers.”

Doc on opening the windows:
 “It’s up to you. You are the ones who will live and die under these circumstances.”

“How many sopranos does it take to open a window?”

Doc on the men’s sound:
 “You sound like you have a four-inch sunfish halfway down your windpipe.”

“Can you turn into liquid gold at 82?”
 “More bassoon, less cottonball.”

Doc on simple mistakes:
 “Make notes to yourself, whatever you need to say, like, ‘Stupid, it’s a transition.’”

Doc on Kirsten catching a mistake:
 “She’s listening over there—that’s pretty scary guys.”

Doc on the men learning hard chords:
 “Do that in the shower men—by yourself.”

Doc on the second sopranos:
 “You sound like you were voted second in the beauty pageant.”

Doc on the sopranos catching the tenors’ mistake:
 “I rely on you because I’m tone deaf.”

Doc on Jack:
 “Jack the Ripper.”

Doc on Jack not being able to see:
 “Jack be nimble, Jack be pushy.”

Doc on a strange A sharp:
 “I think it’s a mistake.”
 Colson: “It’s pretty dumb.”

Doc on tone quality in the Swider:
 “Sing like you’ve arrived in Heaven and you’re very happy about it. You kinda knew this would happen.”

Doc on a wrong alto note:
 “If we make a mistake and repeat it, it’s like rabbits—lots of them.”

Doc on the sopranos outdoing the Basses:

“It’s unbelievable because you weigh more than them pound for pound.”

Doc on a small ritard in the Swider:
 “Not a big hairy one.”

Doc on page turns:
 “You can’t be fluttering with your pages like a butterfly.”

Doc on a phantom foot-tapping:
 “The tell-tale heart of choral singing. Sometimes we lose a choir member—anyone look under the risers.”

Doc on being alert:
 “You’re basically naked in front of these people. You can’t afford to be unaware of that. If you move...”

Doc on m. 66 in the Swider:
 “You sounded like a bunch of junkyard dogs.”

Doc on his way of telling tenors if they are actually tenors or altos:
 “I can’t say it in public.”

Doc on comic strip heroes:
 “We’re talking about Spiderman who sings bass in his third life.”

Doc on not oversinging the last cord of the Swider:
 “I will do all things in moderation, including singing.”

Doc on the final chords in the Gibbs:
 “Build that steam pressure in the old locomotive.”

Doc on slow tenor pace:
 “A turtle in molasses on a cold piece of rock on a glacier.”

Doc on the tone of the Nickel:
 “Darker brown chocolate—no flecks of sprinkles.”

Doc on men not holding out notes:
 “Is it your pop background? Is it the fact that you only have one lung?”

“You didn’t know what a dotted halfnote was until you got to Wheaton. Write home tonight to your dad and tell her—tell him . . .”

“If this was a drinking society, your endings would be fine.”

Doc on not reaching forte on ‘Halleluia’:
 “The hurricane is only blowing at 30 mph—who would evacuate?”
 “It was like you were cleaning up the party favors instead of celebrating.”

Doc on holding out a note:
 “You need to pay all your taxes to Caesar Augustus.”

Doc on the last chord of the Nickel:
 “The Wheaton Strangler Ending.”
 “Many beekeepers died.”

Doc on uptight Puritans:
 “I guess they allow Puritans at Wheaton, but we shouldn’t in Concert Choir. See me afterwards if you’re a Puritan.”

Continued from side 1

gift from God. We were able to bond and be there for each other as we got accustomed to a new school and began creating the beautiful experience we’ve had here. A year later, we already have a wealth of stories (and laughter!) about classes, performances, choir, being housemates, and even wedding dress shopping!

> Natalie at the Brahms Requiem in Chicago
 > Natalie and Katie at HoneyRock



I never want to take for granted Concert Choir or Wheaton College as a whole. I know that I appreciate it more than I would have before, especially because I know what it’s like to be in a secular school. Wheaton has its own challenges, but I am glad that God has directed my life to this place and to this choir for a pair of years that will forever impact my life. For that, I thank God, Doc, and all of you. ❖

