

Way to enter cathedral

alleys on my own. Then they go back to their revelling, and I go back to my writing, and we're all equally exhausted the next day, when we do it all again. So far three different gentlemen have taken it upon themselves to see me home safely, because that's just the kind of choir this is.

It really is a fabulous group. It was fabulous to begin with, but a week of singing in a foreign country has a way of making a good group even better. We sang our final three services today, conjuring up just enough adrenaline to combat our fatigue and lead us to a stunning finish. There's always a certain sorrowful ecstasy in singing something really well for the last time; I think we all felt that bitter-sweetness today as we completed our final anthem, knowing that this particular combi-

nation of people will likely never sing together in this particular place again.

But the melancholy passed quickly enough in the post-service reception, at which a solemn clergyman in a black robe informed us that we sounded "jolly good," and invited us to come back in a few years. They served wine and cheesies (yes, cheesies) in the beautiful Chapter House that had so captivated me a few days ago - no longer a place of

contemplation, but a place of celebration and farewell.

It's not over yet, though. We have one day left in this fair land before we head back to the inferno, and I intend to spend it at the seaside, strolling along the beach, enjoying the breeze, and eating fish and chips - with my bodyguard, of course.

Natasha Regehr is a member of the Peterborough Singers, and will be sending updates during the choir's stay in York Minster, U.K.