



SACRA/PROFANA

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

Gender: X

Generously Sponsored by
Sandra New and Tori & Aaron Haberman

Friday, March 22, 2019 @7:30 pm
St. David's Episcopal Church
5050 Milton St., San Diego, CA 92110

Saturday, March 23, 2019 @7:30 pm
Christ Lutheran Church, Pacific Beach
4761 Cass St., San Diego, CA 92109

SEASON X
2018 - 2019

TONIGHT'S PERFORMERS

SOPRANO

Carolyne DalMonte
Carron Martin
Courtney Minor
Jasper Sussman
Katie Walders

ALTO

Gianna Hamilton
Lara Korneychuk
Helen Mout*
Elly Roseberry
Molly Smith

TENOR

Colin Barkley
Aaron Burgett
Brad Fox
Frank Napolitano*
Kurt Wong

BASS

Aaron Bullard*
Adam Davis*
Andrew Konopak
Thomas Lokensgard

* Core Subs



Emilie Amrein, D.M.A.

Guest Conductor

Emilie Amrein is Assistant Professor of Choral Studies at the University of San Diego where she serves as the conductor of the USD Choral Scholars and teaches courses on the intersection of music and social justice movements. Amrein has recently appeared as invited guest conductor with the University of Cologne Collegium Musicum, the Ball State University Women's Chorus, California Music Educator's Association South Border Section SATB Honor Choir, the Bakersfield Real Women Sing Middle School Honor Choir, and SACRA/PROFANA Summer Choral Intensive. She maintains an active schedule as an adjudicator and clinician. In addition to her role at USD, Emilie is co-artistic director of Common Ground Voices / La Frontera, an international community music project situated at the Mexico/US border. She is also the founding artistic director of Peregrine Music, an arts and education nonprofit organization committed to engaging communities in meaningful dialogue about the most pressing social issues facing the world with creative, musician-driven performance projects. As the co-leader of the Justice Choir San Diego, Amrein facilitates justice themed, community singing opportunities throughout San Diego County.



Juan Carlos Acosta, M.M.

Artistic Director and Conductor

Acosta joined SACRA/PROFANA in June of 2015 as Associate Artistic Director and was named Artistic Director effective July 1, 2018. Acosta has continued our critical acclaim and prepared the choir for noted performances with Art of Élan, La Jolla Playhouse, and the San Diego Symphony. In addition to his role with SACRA/PROFANA, Juan is the Director of Music Ministries at the Village Community Presbyterian Church in Rancho Santa Fe and Director of the Village Chorale. Previous positions include Associate Conductor of the Folklore Guild, Director of the University of San Diego Concert Choir, Director of the Cuyamaca College Choir, Director of Music Ministries at First United Methodist Church, Chula Vista, Director of the San Diego Children's Choir Preparatory and Intermediate Choirs, and Choral Director at the Chula Vista School for the Creative and Performing Arts. Juan holds a Bachelors of Music Education and a Masters of Music in Conducting from San Diego State University and has done additional study in conducting with Charles Bruffy at the Westminster Conducting Institute and Jon Washburn with the Vancouver Chamber Choir.

OUR MISSION

SACRA/PROFANA strives to awaken and nurture enthusiasm for the choral art through vibrant performances and focused education outreach throughout San Diego. We have accomplished remarkable things in just nine seasons including numerous world and U.S. premieres and collaborations with leading regional arts organizations: San Diego Symphony, Art of Élan, San Diego Opera, California Ballet, and many more. SACRA/PROFANA also has performed with many artists of worldwide renown, including the legendary Irish band the Chieftains, producer Carlton Cuse (of ABC's hit show *Lost*), film composer Michael Giacchino (*Star Trek*), and composer Alan Menken and lyricist Stephen Schwartz in the development of Disney Theatrical's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* at La Jolla Playhouse.

After a successful first nine years, we are poised for a strong and notable 10th Anniversary Season including innovative choral programming, renewed collaborations with local and regional artists/groups, and service to our community through vibrant performances and focused education outreach.

THIS EVENING'S PROGRAM

Juan Carlos Acosta, conductor
Emilie Amrein, guest conductor
Lara Korneychuk, assistant conductor
Adam Ferrara, accompanist

INVOCATION

I Himmelen

Karin Rehnqvist

THE SACRED FEMININE

The Womanly Song of God
And the swallow
The Mountain to the Moon

Libby Larsen
Caroline Shaw
Katerina Gimon

BODIES DESIRED/BODIES IMPRISONED

The Devil's Tower

Mari Valverde

Sarah Rimkus

Sympathy

arr. Kristina Boerger

Scot Hanna Weir and Bruno Ruviano

Like Something Newly Freed

Bernice Johnson Reagon

Dale Trumbore

INTERMISSION

MOTHERHOOD

Ya lel ma atwalak
She took his hands
Salve Regina/To the Mothers in Brazil

Rim Banna
Nicholas Cline
arr. Gunnar Erickson

AGENCY & AUTONOMY

What Happens When a Woman?

Alexandra Olsavsky, arr. Artemisia

PORTRAITS

When Thunder Comes
Strange Fruit
Ella's song

Mari Valverde
arr. Kristina Boerger
Bernice Johnson Reagon

I Himmelen / Laurentius Laurinus

In heaven's hall, in heaven's hall
 Where God the Lord resides
 What utter joy what pleasure there
 Where happiness abides

And here are we, now face to face
 Where God eternal fills the space,
 The Lord, the Lord of Hosts.
 In heaven's hall, in heaven's hall

What crystal purity
 den Not even the sun in clarity
 Can shine as bright as He,
 Who is the sun that never sets,
 He never even darkened gets

He is the Lord of Hosts.
 In heaven's hall, in heaven's hall
 The blessed gather there.
 And there the saints and angels wear

A sheen and haloed hair!
 My soul, your soul shall ever be
 Enriched for all eternity
 By God, the Lord of Hosts.

Womanly Song of God

I am the woman dancing the world alive:
 Birds on my wrists
 Sun-feathers in my hair
 I leap through hoops of atoms;
 Under my steps
 Plants burst into bloom
 Birches tremble in their silver
 Can you not see the roundness of me:
 Curve of the earth
 Maternal arms of the sea?
 I am the birthing woman
 Kneeling by the river
 Heaving, pushing forth a sacred body!

Round, round the wind
 Spinning itself wild
 Drawing great circles of music
 Across the sky
 Round the gourd full of seed
 Round the moon in its ripeness
 Round the door through which I come
 Stooping into your house
 I am a God of a thousand names:
 Why cannot one of them be
 Woman Singing?

And the swallow / Psalm 84

How beloved is your dwelling place, O Lord.
 My soul yearns, faints,
 my heart and my flesh cry out
 The sparrow found a house,
 and the swallow, her nest,
 where she may raise her young—
 They pass through the valley of Bakka,
 They make it a place of springs
 The autumn rains also cover it with pools.

The Mountain to the Moon / Katarina Gimon

luna (moon) / amica mea (my love) / sweet, silver moon
 hanging in the sky
 you fade away at dawn
 and return to me each night
 oh, how I wish you could stay
 but your home is in the stars
 luna / amica mea / amor aeternus (love forever)
 sweet, silver moon
 if only we could be near
 but I'm bound to the earth
 so I'm reaching to the heavens
 to you

The Devil's Tower / adapted by the composer from the Kiowa legend of Devils Tower, Crook County, Wyoming

Eight children are playing in the woods,
 Seven sisters and their brother.
 They indulge a little game.
 The boy claws and howls
 Like a beast.
 The sisters laugh and run through the trees.
 But his fingers become claws.
 His body is covered with fur.
 The sisters flee in terror.
 A deep roar erupts from his throat.
 The boy has become a bear.
 They come upon the stump of a great tree.
 The tree speaks, and says
 "Climb upon me. I will save you."
 They scamper onto the stump,
 And the tree begins to rise.
 The bear rears to kill the sisters,
 But they are beyond his grasp.
 He scores the bark with his claws.
 The seven sisters are borne into the stars.

Sympathy / Paul Lawrence Dunbar

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
 When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
 When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
 And the river flows like a stream of glass;
 When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
 And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
 I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
 Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
 For he must fly back to his perch and cling
 When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
 And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
 And they pulse again with a keener sting—
 I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
 When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
 When he beats his bars and he would be free;
 It is not a carol of joy or glee,
 But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
 But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
 I know why the caged bird sings!

Ya lel ma atwalak / Rim Banna

Oh never-ending night, how long you are.
 You made me walk barefooted,
 This scale, how heavy you are,
 You crush my shoulders, I can't bear it anymore,
 My heart is tired for you, and the black hair which was left, turned grey.

She Took His Hands / Emma Lazano

She took his hands; she said to him,
 "Have faith; I will be fine. I will be with you soon."

Salve Regina/To the Mothers in Brazil

"Children are not the only ones to cry out for their mothers. Old men and women in solitude and despair cry out for their "mama" like children. Mothers all around the world travel to the front-lines of war to bring their children home from unnecessary killing in pointless wars fought in the name of patriotism. Mary, the mother of Jesus, represents well the loving, mothering qualities, and throughout history, people have cried out to her for comfort and aid."

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy, to thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve.

Like Something Newly Freed / Laura Foley

When you watch blackbirds flocking
 in silhouette
 against bare trees, against
 a salmon sky, you wonder
 at the sight, at the lift
 you feel inside, the wings
 and all that space.

As night begins,
 you raise black wings
 like leaves, like the lightness of a song.

As night hurries in,
 you streak across the darkening sky
 like something newly freed
 and gaining, gaining on the sun.

What Happens When a Woman?

What happens when a woman takes power?
What happens when she won't back down?
What happens when a woman takes power?
What happens when she wears the crown?

We rise above; we lead with love.
We have won; we've just begun.

When Thunder Comes / J. Patrick Lewis

The poor and dispossessed take up the drums
For civil rights—freedoms to think and speak,
Petition, pray, and vote. When thunder comes,
The civil righteous are finished being meek.

Why Sylvia Méndez bet against long odds,
How Harvey Milk turned hatred on its head,
Why Helen Zia railed against tin gods,
How Freedom Summer's soldiers faced the dread

Are tales of thunder that I hope to tell
From my thin bag of verse for you to hear
In miniature, like ringing a small bell,
And know a million bells can drown out fear.

For history was mute witness when such crimes
Discolored and discredited our times.

Ella's Song / Bernice Johnson Reagon

We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes
Until the killing of black men, black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of white men, white mothers' sons

That which touches me most is that I had a chance to work with people
Passing on to others that which was passed on to me
To me young people come first, they have the courage where we fail
And if I can but shed some light as they carry us through the gale

The older I get the better I know that the secret of my going on
Is when the reins are in the hands of the young, who dare to run against the storm
Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me
I need to be one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot, I've come to realize
That teaching others to stand up and fight is the only way my struggle survives
I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard
At times I can be quite difficult, I'll bow to no man's word

Strange Fruit / Lewis Allan

Southern trees bear strange fruit
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the gallant south
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop
Here is a strange and bitter crop

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*Donations from January 1, 2018
to December 31, 2018.
We apologize for any errors.*

*Our season is sponsored in part by the City of San Diego Arts and Culture Commission,
the County of San Diego, the California Arts Council, and our many generous donors.*

SACRA/PROFANA

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

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Sabrina Stern & Christ Lutheran Church, Pacific Beach
Wendy Naylor, Volunteer Usher Coordinator
Karen Myers-Bowman, Box Office Coordinator
Daniel Rumley, Rumley Audio and Video
Kenneth Martin, Texts and Translations

UPCOMING EVENTS

Garden Party

Saturday, April 27th @ 5:00 pm

Border X-sings

Sunday, May 19, 2019 @ 4:00 pm
First Unitarian Universalist Church



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www.sacraprofana.org



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P.O. Box 712049
San Diego, CA 92171



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