



OPEN MINDS

FEB. 29 & MARCH 1, 2020

Aus tiefer Not

Aus tiefer Not (men)

We Beheld Once Again the Stars

CHAMBER SINGERS

Ana El Na

Miserere mei, Deus

I Am in Need of Music *world premiere*

No Mirrors in My Nana's House

You Find Yourself Here

Unclouded Day

INTERMISSION

Open Minds

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Don't Tell *Murray Spiegel, spoken solo*

Now You Know

What Waits

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Forgiven

All Better *Ted Roper, Laura Quinn, spoken solos*

And Yet

See Me

Breaking Silence *Mickey McGrath*

Johann Walther (1496-1570)

Michael Praetorius (c. 1571-1621)

Z. Randall Stroepe (b. 1953)

Karen Siegel (b. 1980)

Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652)

Thomas Parente (b. 1952)

Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)

Dale Trumbore (b. 1987)

Josiah K. Alwood (1828-1909)
arr. Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)

Rob Redei (b. 1975)
poetry by Deborah Kennedy

Shed a Little Light

James Taylor (b. 1948)
arr. Greg Jasperse

Will Roper, Matthew Shurts

Instrumentalists

Piano/Glockenspiel: Helen Raymaker

Guitar: Max Calbick

Percussion: Joe Keefe, Jeff Kunick, Michele Yurecko

Bass: Tom Richardson

Thank you for being here today. In the first half of our concert, I want to explore some music that meets us when we despair, asks for healing, offers a way to be open, and paves the way for our second half.

Certain psalms (Psalm 51 and Psalm 130 among them) express despair so well, and remind us that this is, and has always been, a part of being human. German Baroque organist **Johann Walther's** five-part Lenten chorale setting of Psalm 130, *Aus tiefer Not*, sets the tune in the tenor part. The descending fifth in the melody is definitely evocative of the descent of the spirit into the depths of despair. **Michael Praetorius** was a German composer, organist, and music theorist of the generation after Walther. His works include the nine-volume *Musae Sioniae* (1605–10), a collection of more than twelve hundred chorale arrangements. He infuses the chorale tune into this trio for three low bass parts as the ultimate in text painting (“out of the depths”).

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir,
Herr Gott, erhöre mein Rufen;
dein gnädig Ohr neig her zu mir,
und meiner Bitt sie öffnen.

Denn so du willst das sehen an,
was Sünd und Unrecht ist getan,
wer kann, Herr, für dir bleiben?

From profound distress I cry out to you,
Lord God, hear my calling;
incline your merciful ear to me
and open it to my plea.

For if you want to look at this,
what sin and injustice is done,
who can, Lord, remain for you?

In Dante's *Divine Comedy*, a trip to hell and purgatory is finally followed by heaven, emerging from the dark depths to that moment when *We Beheld Once Again the Stars*. **Z. Randall Stroope's** work (premiered in 2004) was commissioned by the American Choral Directors Association in memory of Raymond W. Brock. The text from the *Divine Comedy* is not sequential from the original, but nonetheless depicts the emotional arc of the end of Dante's *Inferno*, which is that we must have the courage to confront our deepest fears in order to find redemption in the vision of the stars. At the pit of hell (in the central part of the work) the most sacred Catholic hymn *Vexilla regis* is parodied. The outer parts of the double-choir work are both comforting and yearning, with more than a touch of Morten Lauridsen chords. Stroope is director of choral studies at Oklahoma State University and a well-known festival conductor, who studied composition with Cecil Effinger and Normand Lockwood.

Ma la notte risurge;
oramai è da partir,
ché tutto avem veduto.

But soon it will be night;
now it is time to depart this place,
for we have seen it all.

Ritornar!
Vexilla Regis prodeunt inferni!

Return [to paradise]!
The winged King of Hell flies towards us!

Ma la notte risurge;
salimmo sù,
tanto ch'i' vidi
de le cose belle che porta'l Ciel,
per un pertugio tondo.
Quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.

But soon it will be night;
we climbed up,
and through a small opening,
saw the beautiful
Heavenly light.
We came out, and beheld once again the stars.

Composer **Karen Siegel** draws on her experience as a vocalist in her creation of innovative choral and vocal works. Hailed as “complex and wonderful” (TheatreScene.net) and “colorful and at times groovy” (WQXR.org), her works are frequently performed by the New York City-based ensemble C4: The Choral Composer/Conductor Collective, which she co-founded in 2005. Also active as a conductor and as a soprano, Karen often performs her own works. She holds a PhD from the CUNY Graduate Center and degrees from Yale and NYU Steinhardt. Karen has been on the faculty at Drew University and the City College of New York. Her works are published by See-A-Dot Music Publishing (SeeADot.com), self-published through Chestnutoak Press (KarenSiegel.com), and distributed in the Justice Choir Songbook (justicechoir.org). Karen lives in Hoboken with her husband and two sons. *Ana El Na* is from the Justice Choir Songbook. Karen writes:

I sing the first three measures with my synagogue congregation on Shabbat mornings with the traditional words “r’fa na la” (“heal her”) from Moses’ prayer for his sister Miriam. Our congregation traditionally repeats it while the rabbi recites the “Mi sheibeirach” prayer, a traditional prayer for those who are ill, which includes a plea for both physical and spiritual healing. In a time of so much hatred, I have been thinking of the need for emotional healing, especially for those who feel the urge to lash out with words or physical violence. I have adapted the prayer, adding text from the “Mi sheibeirach” prayer, and directing it at all of us. The song is therefore a prayer for the healing of all of our minds and hearts, and I like to think it is especially for those among us consumed by anger.

Ana el na r’fa na lanu
r’fuat hanefesh

Please God, heal us
with renewal of the soul.

Miserere mei, Deus, Latin for "Have mercy on me, O God" is a setting of Psalm 51 by Italian composer **Gregorio Allegri**. It was composed during the reign of Pope Urban VIII, probably during the 1630s, for the exclusive use of the Sistine Chapel during the Tenebrae services of Holy Week, and its mystique was increased by unwritten performance traditions and ornamentation, as well as a legend that the young Mozart heard it once and wrote it down. Less than three months after hearing the song and transcribing it, Mozart had gained fame for the work and was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement XIV, who showered praise on him for his feat of musical genius and awarded him the Chivalric Order of the Golden Spur on July 4, 1770. Sometime during his travels, Mozart met the British historian Charles Burney, who obtained the

piece from him and took it to London, where it was published in 1771. It remains a staple of Anglican choirs and is often sung on Ash Wednesday. It is written for two choirs, of five and four voices respectively, singing alternately and joining to sing the ending in 9-part polyphony.

Miserere mei, Deus:
secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.
Et secundum multitudinem
miserationum tuarum,
dele iniquitatem meam.

Have mercy upon me, O God:
after Thy great goodness.
According to the multitude
of Thy mercies,
do away mine offences.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea:
et a peccato meo munda me.
Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco:
et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness:
and cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my faults:
and my sin is ever before me.

Tibi soli peccavi,
et malum coram te feci:
ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis,
et vincas cum judicaris.
Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum:
et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Against Thee only have I sinned,
and done this evil in thy sight:
that Thou mightest be justified in Thy saying,
and clear when Thou art judged.
Behold, I was shapen in wickedness:
and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti:
incerta et occulta
sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.
Asperges me hyssopo,
et mundabor:
lavabis me,
et super nivem dealbabor.

But lo, Thou requirest truth in the inward parts:
and shalt make me
to understand wisdom secretly.
Thou shalt purge me with hyssop¹,
and I shall be clean:
Thou shalt wash me,
and I shall be whiter than snow.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam:
et exsultabunt ossa humiliata.
Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis:
et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness:
that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.
Turn Thy face from my sins:
and put out all my misdeeds.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus:
et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.
Ne projicias me a facie tua:
et spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.

Make me a clean heart, O God:
and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from Thy presence:
and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Redde mihi laetitiam salutaris tui:
et spiritu principali confirma me.
Docebo iniquos vias tuas:
et impii ad te convertentur.

O give me the comfort of Thy help again:
and stablish me with Thy free Spirit.
Then shall I teach Thy ways unto the wicked:
and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus,
Deus salutis meae:

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God,
Thou that art the God of my health:

et exsultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam.
Domine, labia mea aperies:
et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness.
Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord:
and my mouth shall shew Thy praise.

Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium,
dedissem utique:
holocaustis non delectaberis.
Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus:
cor contritum et humiliatum,
Deus, non despicias.

For Thou desirest no sacrifice,
else would I give it Thee:
but Thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.
The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit:
a broken and contrite² heart,
O God, shalt Thou not despise.

Benigne fac, Domine,
in bona voluntate tua Sion:
ut aedificentur muri Jerusalem.

O be favorable
and gracious unto Zion:
build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis
sacrificium justitiae,
oblaciones, et holocausta:
tunc imponent super altare
tuum vitulos.

Then shalt Thou be pleased
with the sacrifice of righteousness,
with the burnt-offerings and oblations³:
then shall they offer young bullocks
upon Thine altar.

1- a Biblical aromatic plant used for sprinkling in ritual practices

2- repentant

3- offerings of the Eucharistic bread and wine to God

Dr. Thomas J. Parente is associate professor of piano at Westminster Choir College in Princeton and composer in residence for the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Montclair. He holds degrees in theory and composition both from the Manhattan School of Music and Rutgers University, respectively, and a Doctorate in Music Education from Teachers College/Columbia. His composition teachers have included Robert Moevs, Rolv Yttrehus, George Walker, and Ludmila Ulehla, among others. His compositional output is varied and includes works for singers, solo piano, piano duo, choir, strings, and piano trio. Several of his compositions have received notable performances. Perhaps most prominent was a concert devoted entirely to his works that took place at the Conservatory of Music in Paraná, Argentina on November 29, 2019, presented under the auspices of El Coro Carmina Gaudii and their director Evangelina Burchardt. Dr. Parente is the author of several piano pedagogy textbooks (Oxford and Linus publishers) and has conducted Dalcroze Eurhythmics courses throughout the world. He maintains a private piano teaching studio in Montclair.

About *I Am in Need of Music* he explains:

After losing my sister, Debbie, to mental illness in 2016, I found myself unconsciously and mysteriously drawn to women poets who suffered and died similarly. In retrospect, I am sure that it was a way for me to attempt to understand the unfathomable. In 2017, I composed and published three songs by the great American poet Sara Teasdale and shortly thereafter I found this magnificent sonnet, which profoundly spoke to me, by the

equally monumental poet, Elizabeth Bishop. The feelings engendered by the poem's reference to the "subaqueous stillness of the sea" and being "held in the arms of rhythm and sleep" seemed to rise to me as if from another eternal world. One line that was particularly poignant and resonant was "Oh for the healing swaying, old and low of some song sung to rest the tired dead." Bishop's words proved to be tragically prophetic for her but for me they were, in an odd way, soothing in that they helped pave the way towards understanding, acceptance and healing as my sister had finally found the peace that had eluded her in life.

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody deep and clear and liquid-slow.
Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over my quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

Dr. Ysaye M. Barnwell is a native New Yorker now living in Washington, DC, where she is a singer, actress, teacher, choir director, community worker, and retired health care professional. She is best known as a member of the internationally acclaimed a cappella quintet Sweet Honey In The Rock, with whom she recorded and toured the world from 1979 to 2013. Her first children's book, *No Mirrors in My Nana's House*, illustrated by Synthia Saint James and published by Harcourt, was released in 1998. The song speaks for itself, especially in this age of social media and childhood angst.

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house,
no mirrors in my Nana's house,
and the beauty that I saw in everything
was in her eyes.

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house,
no mirrors in my Nana's house.
So I never knew that my nose was too flat,
and I never knew that my skin was too black,
and I never knew that my clothes didn't fit.
I never knew there were things that I'd missed,
and the beauty in everything
was in her eyes.

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house,
no mirrors in my Nana's house.
And I was intrigued by the cracks in the walls,
the dust in the sun looked like snow that would fall,
the noise in the hallway was music to me,
the trash and the rubbish would cushion my feet,
and the beauty in everything
was in her eyes.

There were no mirrors in my Nana's house,
no mirrors in my Nana's house.
The world outside was a magical place.
I only knew love
and I didn't know hate,
the beauty in everything
was in her eyes.

Child, look deep into my eyes.

Hailed by *The New York Times* for her “soaring melodies and beguiling harmonies,” **Dale Trumbore’s** compositions have been commissioned, awarded, and performed widely in the U.S. and internationally by a diverse group of outstanding ensembles since she won the Harmonium High School Composition Contest 15 years ago. *How to Go On*, Choral Arts Initiative's album of Trumbore's choral works, debuted at #6 on Billboard's Traditional Classical Chart. Trumbore holds a dual degree in Music Composition and English from the University of Maryland and a Master of Music degree in Composition from the University of Southern California. As well as being a wonderful composer, Dale is an accomplished writer and writes many of her own texts, as well as lots of essays on composing. She recently published the book *Staying Composed: Overcoming Anxiety and Self-Doubt within a Creative Life*.

Regarding *You Find Yourself Here*, she shares:

This vibrant, fast-paced piece is about those moments when an experience reshapes you: you visit a place, meet a new person, or learn something new about yourself you'll carry with you for the rest of your life. The text for this piece began as an erasure of an essay about how it feels to experience an artist residency. At an artist residency, you have abundant time. You determine how you spend each day, and you find a routine that serves you. Ideally, when you return home, you bring these new revelations and routines back with you. Perhaps most importantly, artist residencies were where I first learned to put my own mental and physical health above all else, above even my composing work. That realization—that you are the best person, or maybe the only person, to prioritize your own well-being—is reflected in the lines “You learn to watch over yourself / when there's no one else / to watch over, and no one to watch over you.”

You find yourself here,
different somehow,
learning to build a life worth living.
You carry it home.

You learn to abandon
what isn't important,
you learn to sit still,
to stay in one place.

You learn to watch over yourself
when there's no one else
to watch over,
and no one to watch over you.

You see yourself reflected;
you learn to love what you see.
You live with yourself,
you live.

You find yourself here,
different somehow,
learning to build a life worth living.
You carry it home.

Unclouded Day is an eight-part *a cappella* setting of the treasured gospel tune written in 1879 by the Reverend **Josiah Kelley Alwood**, a circuit rider and later presiding elder of the United Brethren of Christ in Ohio. **Shawn Kirchner**, L.A.-based songwriter and composer who writes often for the Los Angeles Master Chorale, has made this the first movement of his three-movement *Heavenly Home: Three American Songs*.

O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,
They tell me of a home far away,
And they tell me of a home
Where no storm-clouds rise:
O they tell me of an unclouded day.

Refrain:

O the land of cloudless days,
O the land of an unclouded sky,
O they tell me of a home
Where no storm-clouds rise:
O they tell me of an unclouded day.

O they tell me of a home

Where my friends have gone,
They tell me of a land far away,
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.

Refrain

They tell me of a King in His beauty there,
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold
Where He sits on the throne
That is bright as the sun
In the city that is made of gold!

Refrain

About *Open Minds*

It will take me a while to decompress from this program. There are many lines connected to my own journey. It has been hard to watch members of the choir cry in rehearsal. We are neither here to diagnose nor give answers, but I do hope we bring a voice out from the silence. I did not actually realize how much we needed to sing this piece until we started singing it.

—Christopher Thomas, director, Rowan University Concert Choir

The Rowan University Concert Choir (Glassboro, NJ) premiered *Open Minds* on March 9, 2019, under the direction of Dr. Christopher Thomas. My daughter Grace sang in this premiere and felt so strongly about the work that she encouraged me to give this, the second full performance.

Rob Redei received a BA in Music and English from the University of Pennsylvania, and a Master of Music in Composition from the University of South Florida. His music spans a broad range of styles and genres, and has been performed and recorded in the U.S., Europe, and Japan. Rob was a finalist of the 2007 Robert Helps International Composition Competition. He has had works performed and recorded by Ensemble Pi, the Kiev Philharmonic, The University of South Florida Percussion Ensemble, La Caccina, the TFO Brass Ensemble, The Wicker Park Choral Singers, and the CSO String Quartet.

From the poet **Deborah Kennedy**:

Everyone knows someone dealing with a mental health issue, they just don't know who, because we don't tell you. The media is full of caricatures and extremes – crazy funny, crazy scary or celebrities misbehaving. We don't see all of those who manage, who work to seem 'normal,' and the struggles they face when plans and pills fail. There isn't much upside in 'coming out' but until we do, stigma and misunderstanding will remain.

Open Minds gives voice to people with mental health challenges and the people who love and care about them. Here are minds laid bare, in the hopes of opening the minds of others.

Deborah wrote *Breaking Silence* in May 2015, after the music director at her church committed suicide. A friend urged her to find a composer for the poem, a challenge since none of her work was public. Fortunately, Rob Redei came to her congregation as the interim music director that fall and agreed to compose the piece. Over the next few months, Rob and Deborah decided they should collaborate on a larger work, exploring mental health challenges and the people who struggle with them. They wrote *Forgiven* that spring. Later that year, Rowan University performed this piece and Dr. Thomas agreed to commission *Open Minds*. Deborah and Rob wrote most of the remaining movements in summer 2018.

A recent campaign titled "Open Minds 10/10" began on October 10, 2019 (International Mental Health Day); it includes 18 choirs in 11 states performing the movement *See Me*. Performances will run through October 10, 2020. (Visit openmindssavelives.org for more information.)

The opening *a cappella* movement ***What We Are*** talks about the different words that are used when referencing mental illness, and sometimes, to define it.

Grandmother was crazy, crazy and flying, or drunk, in hiding
or that was the hope, to keep her home,
but no one tried to keep her secret
Crazy isn't quiet

There's always a name
for what we are

To be kinder than crazy, absolve family fault
let's not be Insane
We'll be more comfortably
mentally ill, awaiting a cure
If ill we can be waiting for saving

Mania is a craze, a mad passion, at worst an obsession, but
manic is insanity with clarity of purpose as a weapon
Depression, the place heavy leaves when lifted
as depressed is trapped by the weight of all light having gone
a name with weight and no better
Manic depression is only crazy in clinical mode

We evolve, to more palatable
bipolar
disorder
and who isn't laughing at two points opposing, how orderly two armies must be
to be so marching
instead of the chaos that erupts in havoc's rapture, floods of light, sometimes

trapped, but not captured, and not kept, never kept longer
than the dark can swallow,
they are destined to follow
Disorder is kinder than ill

It's what we are, what we have
what we learn to take
a pill to sleep, to wake
cycles upon cycles
but lower;
the weighted average flows lower

So when we sit and the doctor explains medicine to my child, my child—
God no
I should marshal manic armies, almighty fighting
screaming no, crying no, wailing, ranting, raving, giving into
no, and No, no
slipping under the weight
of no

I am still,

one more of us named.
Lord help me,
I have put what we are
in my child's soul.

Don't Tell is ironically both spoken and sung, like an accompanied narration, using the choir as a kind of “vocalizer” effect.

“The very first time we sang through ‘Don't Tell’ and I heard the lines ‘Could you let your child be with the mom with the mistrusted mind although she's been boring, normal - the doubt is seducing’ I had to stop and remind my present self that I was no longer that mom with the mistrusted mind. I have fought my way out of the darkness and I am now the one holding that beacon of light to those still fighting their way out.” - Jamie Vergara

shh, don't tell
it never goes well

Most days move as they do
in the houses you pass
They work, come home
do the routine
they find their beds

Most days move as they should
but sometimes don't

They know that they won't
and when days fall or fly
they've learned what to do
what to take
who to call

and not to tell you

Everyone knows a someone
whose mind is singing
too high, too low, in too many voices
but makes an art
of finding the tune
or the harmony

You know someone
but not who,
they know not to tell you

Could you let your child be with
the mom with a mistrusted mind
although she's been boring, normal
the doubt is seducing
you know, you know
no proof is enough
Once you know
nothing changes
and everything does

and so, they know
not to tell you

Now You Know uses lots of percussion as well as yelling, stomping, and clapping to literally recreate a panic attack.

"...PANIC!! It's an incredible feat to write a piece of music that is made to sound like a panic attack. Since anxiety is at the root of my main 'problem,' I feel like panic and worry are two demons I am very familiar with, and this movement is very powerful at creating the feelings of a panic attack with music." - Anonymous

in a panic nothing's
static to stand on hands
or toe a ledge.
toss the thought of legs
and torso or even more so
a sturdy chair from which to fall

and land on knees
which know to beg.

say your prayers in bold
hysterics, laughing past
the point of dread.
shred the truth you gave
or told to, even sold to
lovers dark and manic maimed
with well-worn words
you fear but save.

fall with purpose
be an art form, tragic shades
of standard themes.
break your fall on me
who hides here, even thrives here
now you know, it breaks apart
the settled lie
that we do seem

What Waits begins lyrically and sweetly, celebrating the dark, and builds to a tortured climax at
“let us live lies.”

The dark is peace
the circle small
the world is close
I touch it all

Leaving the light
what should I fear
What is the truth
the night makes clear

Forgive the day
the lie it is
the all we claim
to be within

The dark knows less
than one am I
my hold is weak
my time is finite

The dark is peace
Night knows its place

Let us live lies,
the dark will wait

Where You Go was hard for many of us to sing as it speaks in the voice of someone who loves someone who is suffering, “I want to know where you go when you’re gone.” It begins with a short aleatoric section in which the chorus members sing randomly “where do you go?” and ends with them all coming together in a fade with the words “we’ll go on.”

“[This] has been the movement I have most resonated with. Having experienced again and again how much mental health can separate and isolate, the words settled deep within me the moment we sang it for the first time. The gentle, pleading words: ‘I want to know where you go when you’re gone’ make me think of trying to reach loved ones when they’re ‘gone.’ I remember times desperately trying to reach someone, and the struggle of not being able to, fearing the day when the pain could take them away.” - Anonymous

“This haunting text reminds me of all the times my sister left us behind for days, weeks, or months, sometimes to the psych ward, sometimes back to the psychiatrist for yet a different prescription, sometimes back to bed to slide into deeper darkness. There was no reaching her. The line that disturbs me the most is ‘Let me hold you’ because I regret I did not have the skills to show my sister how much I loved her, not even with a simple touch or hug. Most of the time I stood by and watched, useless, or protected myself by removing myself immediately from her world.” - Linda K. Clark

I want to know
where you go when you’re gone,
when you’re less than half here
and I want you whole home

Where do you go?

Does the time move more quickly,
more slowly, more brightly
is the light more inviting
the people exciting
where do you go to be whole
and who or what holds you there?

Let me hold you
while we ride out the night
then we’ll do what we have done
We’ll go on

Forgiven explores self-hatred and self-forgiveness.

I am the beast
who tore this home

roamed the halls
stalked your children

I shed promise
shattered trust
and played with the pieces
I lied and smiled

I cannot be forgiven

I see you ablaze
raging against hope
a fire-storm, elated
with destruction

this is you
and not you
hear me, hear me
I can see you well

I don't want you
today, but stay
this is our crucible
we are forged

I will forgive you
not today, but stay
I will forgive you

I cannot be forgiven
I will forgive you,
we are forged
in forgiving

this is my love
stay

All Better brings a note of humor, parodying those commercials that list the crazy side effects over a falsely happy rock 'n roll outburst (“wa na na na!”) and a bit of *Also sprach Zarathustra* thrown in.

The Antidepressants

Got a diagnosis? The drugs are next
You'll get one, two, four, six
No one knows what works for who

It's trial by error,
and error

Celexa

Prozac

Nardil

Welbutrin

May Cause:

Nausea, insomnia, tremors and sedation

Dry mouth, sweating, headaches, constipation

Blurred vision, jitters, sexual dysfunction

Alcohol and caffeine increase the bad to worse

The Antipsychotics and Mood Stabilizers

Haldol

Seroquel

Lamictal

Zyprexa

may cause

Vomiting, nausea, weight gain, diabetes

dizziness, drowsiness, a rash that could be serious

Cross effects with other central nervous system medications (and no one takes just one)

Alcohol and caffeine increase the bad to worse

The Queen Mother

Lithium

Lithium

Lithium

may cause:

Dizziness, Confusion, tremors, all embarrassing

nausea, vomiting, inescapable weight gain

Long term use can cause kidney dysfunction (welcome to semi-annual blood testing)

Alcohol and caffeine will increase the bad to worse

The Alternative

No Meds

Lose your job, lose your house, lose your kids, lose your spouse

Lose most everyone who ever trusted you

And

Alcohol and caffeine increase the bad to worse

And Yet uses double choir to most literally contrast the way of acting normal (Choir I “this is the way to be to seem”) with the way one could be feeling inside (“and yet...”).

“‘And Yet’ is my favorite movement. I am very ambitious and high achieving, but I also spend much of my time alone crying, panicking or unable to get out of bed. Sometimes it feels like I live

a double life. The double choir of 'And Yet' really captures that for me. This is the way to be, to seem, and yet..." - Anonymous

this is the way to be pleasing
measure time and light
to see days repeat
with solid sleep as mark between.

and yet,
I'm blind
I'm bound
complicit in
a mind mid-drown

this is where the lies lie
past catastrophes
under the terms of surrender
where I smile, I'm fine

and yet,
deities still sing
my fingers
to their weaving

this is the list of needs to be
for the you or they
who loved without leaving
begging repent without reprise

and yet
sirens scream
fire fed be
breathe chaos deep

this is the cost I know alone
when God calls, calls, calls and calls
don't go
to the call, be lost

this is the way to be
to seem, meet needs,
consent to days repeat
even if unknown
unseen
I lose my mind

and yet,
let the lie lie
I'm fine

See Me was the first movement composed, based on interviews with students from the Rowan choir. It is based on the contradiction in every interview – I want someone to know how hard this is, how hard I'm fighting vs. I don't want anyone to know I'm struggling, to think I'm weak. It can be sung *a cappella* or with piano.

"I have yet to sing or rehearse it without having to pause and simply listen. I can't get through it without crying. In the times where anxiety and depression have had their strongest grip on me, those three words – 'I see you' - were the ones I was both terrified by and yet deeply longed for. I was always terrified people would see through the front I was putting up, but it was also what I was desperately wishing would happen. I just wanted them to see that yes, things were really tough, but that I was trying." - Mickey McGrath

"Parts of 'See Me' parallel the experiences of a family member. I have not yet been able to rehearse it without weeping." – Anonymous

"The first time we rehearsed 'See Me', I started crying. I endured a lot of bullying in elementary school, and singing the words 'It hurt me, it mattered, it never ended' encapsulates my struggles with accepting the past and moving forward." - Caitlyn

tell me your story

it was long ago
 it wasn't often
 they didn't know
it hurt me
 it mattered
 it never ended

my cutting doesn't bleed, it begs
see me

my terrors hold me to nightly dying
see me

the panic takes till the panic breaks
me horrified
see me

laughter loves a catastrophe
I'm hilarious
see me

See me
Open your eyes, see me fighting
Open your mind to the war that's raging in mine
Know, it's a war I'm still willing to win

See me, please
I am still here

Breaking Silence transitions from an opening lonely *a cappella* solo to the joyful potential of “break free” accompanied by piano and percussion, and ending with the ultimate line that describes what we are doing here today - “lift up your voice.”

“The first time we rehearsed...this piece, I had to stop singing and found myself in tears.”
- Anonymous

“‘If you can't walk this path, take my hand and we'll dance.’ I believe that is the most powerful and positive line I have heard in any song and I aspire to be that voice to anyone on a difficult path.” - Anonymous

Silence is the song of loss,
the lyric of despair
Silence bathes love in sadness,
destroys hope with fear

Your life, the instrument you play
Is trapped behind this silence
You have a song, let it be heard
Let me help you break free

We will dress our words in wonder,
strike a rhythm, take a chance
If you can't walk this path
take my hand and we will dance

Leave the silence holding you;
let life be your choice
Bring the world your own true self
Lift up your voice.

Thank you again for your bravery in joining us here today. While we are all about the music, the fundamental purpose of *Open Minds* is to spread the word that we need to be talking about mental health challenges without stigma. Our goal is to make it more possible for more people to ask for and to offer help. With that in mind, the music will remain free to anyone who downloads it by October 10, 2020. (Copies may be obtained @ openmindssavelives.org/the-music/.)

We want to leave you with this arrangement of **James Taylor's *Shed a Little Light***. Although a tribute song to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., these words were what we wanted to send you away with: "There is a passage through the darkness and the mist."

Let us turn our thoughts today to Martin Luther King
and recognize that there are ties between us.
All men and women living on the Earth,
ties of hope and love, of sister and brotherhood.
That we are bound together
in our desire to see the world become a place
in which our children can grow free and strong.
We are bound together by the task that stands before us
and the road that lies ahead.
We are bound and we are bound.

There is a feeling like the clenching of a fist.
There is a hunger in the center of the chest.
There is a passage through the darkness and the mist.
And though the body sleeps, the heart will never rest.

Shed a little light, oh Lord, so that we can see.
Just a little light, oh Lord.
Wanna stand it on up, oh Lord.
Wanna walk it on down.
Won't ya shed a little light, oh Lord?

Can't get no light from the dollar bill.
Don't give me no light from a TV screen.
When I open my eyes,
I wanna drink my fill from the well on the hill.

What does it mean to the members of Harmonium to be singing the cantata *Open Minds?*

"I'm so grateful to have found in Harmonium an organization that can be this generous to and supportive not only of their audiences, but with one another. It has all of the best parts of choir: technical ability, real material, expression and emotional connection, and a celebration of community. It has been healing for me on a number of levels. Music is the core of myself, and I am finding my way back to it by joining this wonderful choir." - Anonymous

"It's a step forward. It's a community coming together to say, 'This is a problem, and this is how we feel.'" - Caitlyn

"The music we sing is challenging and beautiful and it feels good to be working towards something that you know will impact your audience in a positive way." - Anonymous

“I think music is the great equalizer. Bringing these conditions out into the open makes it less scary for others...to know you are not alone is huge!” - Linda Bowden

“I feel proud!” - Anonymous

“I think it’s great to get the conversation going. It’s all about breaking the stigma and normalizing what SO many people already experience but keep undercover.” - Anonymous

“Courageous approach to difficult and personal subjects. Singing soothes souls and connects us with others. Perhaps singing and sharing this work will affect change in how we communicate about mental health conditions and issues.” - Linda K. Clark

“This is important. This is impactful and necessary, and I am so thankful we can bring this music to our audience and beyond... This event will let people know that they aren’t alone, that they don’t deserve to feel that way, and that it can get better.” - Anonymous

*“Music and arts are wonderful vehicles for exploring topics and exposing them to an audience that might not have considered them prior. Harmonium’s program selections are always topical and compelling, and I appreciate that we are tackling this particular topic this concert.”
- Anonymous*

“Wonderful and triggering at the same time. Some of the music captures the feelings so well; much better than words ever could.” - Martie Ripson

“I had not thought about this type of performance before, but I think it is a good idea as music can be healing to those who are suffering.” - Anonymous

*“It’s an amazing work and the stories ring true. This is the kind of music everyone needs to hear because everyone has some sort of connection, whether they are aware of it or not.”
- Anonymous*

“It is difficult in some ways, because rehearsing these songs reminds me of some of the lowest points in my life, which I try not to ruminate on too much for fear of getting stuck there. At the same time, I think it’s extremely important to weave mental health into arts of all sorts so that it can be expressed to - and hopefully understood by - as many people as possible, especially for people who may find more clinical expressions uncomfortable.” - Peter Moody

*“It is gratifying to belong to an authentic agent for change in my own community.”
- Jabez Van Cleef*

*“I think this is a valuable tool to bring awareness to others about this important topic.”
- Anonymous*

*****Special thanks to Jennifer Holak and Jamie Vergara for curating these stories.*****