



*presents*

# **Loving the Stranger**

*Voices of Tragedy and Hope*

**Craig G. Cannon**, *Artistic Director of Belle Voci Choirs*

**Rachel Eaton**, *Director of Solo Voci*

**Kelsey Benigni**, *Accompanist for Belle Voci*

**Giambelli String Quartet**

**Denise Sheffey-Powell**, *Principal Soloist and Narrator*

*Narration written by **Doris Zurawka***

*ASL Interpreter provided by SLIP, **Sign Language Interpreting Professionals***

SATURDAY, MAY 13 @ 7:30 PM

CALVARY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

971 Beech Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Open Seating

**PRELUDE**

Brian Burns, *Director of Music, Calvary United Methodist Church*

**PROGRAM**

Welcoming Remarks - Pamela Bruchwalski  
Introduction to *Loving the Stranger* by Composer David P. Goldstein

**BELLE VOCI**

*Craig G. Cannon, Director*

**Loving the Stranger** - David P. Goldstein  
*Rachel Eaton, Soloist*

Introduction to *Anne Frank: A Living Voice* by Pamela Bruchwalski

**Anne Frank: A Living Voice** - Linda Tutas Haugen

**I. "It Is the Silence"**

The video begins with an image of Otto Frank with his daughters Margot and Anne, in 1931, then two images of Anne and Margot from 1933, and one of Anne's mother, Edith, holding a young Margot. The image switches to one of Anne and Otto sticking their heads out of a boat on a trip in the Netherlands in 1938. We then see an image of Anne and Margot in 1933. As the choir sings "It is the silence," the screen goes dark. The darkness is disturbed by an image of Prisengracht 263, the house where Anne Frank hid for 761 days during the war. A close-up of the building comes up on the screen, and the camera zooms in on the tall windows, taking us inside, to the bookcase that hid the entrance to the Secret Annex where Anne's family hid. A picture of Anne from 1935 comes onto the screen, peeking out from a hand-drawn window frame. The windows open slightly, and Anne's picture is replaced with one from 1938. The windows become more ajar, and Anne becomes older in her pictures, which show her in 1939, 1940, 1941, and 1942. The hand-drawn window around Anne's image opens completely, and we exit Anne's hiding place the same way we entered: through the window of the Prisengracht 23, to the world outside.

We see a piece of footage that comes from April of 1942 and shows German planes bombing Rotterdam, another city in the Netherlands. Smoke billows into the sky. We then see footage people disembarking from trains: these are Dutch Jews in the process of deportation to the Westerbork concentration camp in the northeastern part of the Netherlands. As the choir sings, "Men women and children are separated," we see a picture of the whole Frank family in 1941 in Merwedepelen, where they lived before being forced into hiding. Edith, Margot, and Anne all disappear and leave behind dark silhouettes in the image. In the next images, Hungarian Jewish women and children in Auschwitz head towards the gas chambers and towards forced labor. Religious Hungarian Jews wait to enter the camp, which has a huge pile of clothing blowing in the wind, as well as shoes taken from the admitted prisoners, as we see in the next images. We turn again to footage from the Westerbork deportation, depicting a young woman looking out from a departing train.

In the next image, Babo Batren, an elderly Jewish woman from Tecso, leans against the deportation train in Auschwitz-Birkenau while waiting to be taken to the gas chambers. Her image slides over to reveal a recent colorful image of the deportation trains, surrounded by blue skies and grass. The image switches to one of Jews lining up for selection at Auschwitz-Birkenau—at these selections the Nazis would decide whether to send them to death or to forced labor. Barbed wire is visible in the distance, and this older photo slides over to show, again, a more recent, color photograph of the barbed wire fences at Auschwitz-Birkenau. The next set of images include an old and a recent image of a barrack at Auschwitz. In the recent image, the barrack is red and flanked by leafy trees. The following pair of images depicts the gas chambers of Auschwitz: the one on the left is of the first gas chamber and crematory (which is still standing), while the image on the right shows one of the destroyed crematoria. It is sunken into the ground and appears to be a pile of rubble (The Nazis destroyed many of their gas chambers in an attempt to hide their methods of genocide). We then see the gate to Auschwitz, which reads “Arbeit Macht Frei,” “Work Makes Free,” swinging open on the day of Auschwitz’s liberation. A modern, color image of the gate to Auschwitz shows the same phrase and a gate swinging open to admit visitors. The visitors are a group of young American Jews, visiting to learn and remember. Footage of marching Nazi soldiers takes over the screen, which then fades to show a set of windows in modern-day Auschwitz. Outside the windows, the sky is clear and the former site of mass murder looks like an open field.

Camera zooms in on the window and takes us through it, then back through the window of Prisengracht 263. Anne’s picture from 1942 reappears, with the hand-drawn window open around it. The window slowly closes, and we see Anne’s face up close. Cut to black.

**Artist’s statement:** Throughout much of the text featured in this choral symphony, Anne wonders what might be taking place beyond the windows of the attic where she and her family are hiding. In this movement, she makes direct reference to “terrible things” happening outside. In this video, we enter Anne’s hiding place in the Secret Annex building and see Anne’s face as I imagine it looking back at her through the window. I include historical footage and imagery to illustrate the events taking place outside of Anne’s window in Amsterdam. Anne and her family, after being discovered in their hiding place, were sent to Auschwitz. We see what was “happening outside” there, in a number of painful photographs. Anne’s fate was cruel, and her diary expresses a fear of the future as well as a hope for a time when the war will be over when the “waiting” will be done. I tried to capture Anne’s terror and faith by juxtaposing historical photos of Auschwitz with ones that I took on a journey to Poland in 2018. In the more recent photos, Auschwitz is green, sunny, and eerily peaceful. There cannot be true peace at any of these sites of murder, no matter how cloudless the sky. But there can be memory, survival, and continuity.

## II. “My Nerves”

A painting of a bird mid-flight stuck within a cage. The text of Movement 2 is written repeatedly across the background. The painting is made from watercolor paint, pen and ink, and acrylic paint. Fade to black.

## III. “Hanneli”

Scene opens on a bed in a blank space. Camera pans up and cuts to a stop-motion sequence where a black and white photo of Anne Frank and Hanneli Goslar from 1940 is painted using watercolors. Anne is sitting on the pavement and Hanneli is standing nearby. Both are looking at the camera. Text on screen reads, “Anne Frank and Hanneli Goslar, 1940.” This is followed by a second stop-motion sequence of an older Hanneli being

drawn with colored pencil. The reference photo the drawing was adapted from was taken by Martin Schoeller. Text on screen reads, "Hanneli Goslar, 2019." Holds on final drawing before drawing is moved upwards and off screen. Camera pans down back to the bed. Fades to black.

#### **IV. "Sunshine and Cloudless Sky"**

Scene opens with Anne climbing up to the attic. She enters, and the camera shows Peter sweeping. He looks back to see Anne, he stops and walks over. Anne is now sitting, leaning against a support beam, and Peter sits down next to her. They both smile, and the camera changes to show them looking out the small attic window. Shift to outside, where a large, bare chestnut tree stands. There is a closer shot of one of the dewy branches. A bird swoops into view, then up into the sky. Camera changes to show a group of birds flying around in the air, ending the shot with one of the birds gliding down. The next shot is the same bird, but continuing their flight past the attic window. Cut back to Anne and Peter, looking in awe at the window view, they are looking up while still sitting on the floor. There is a shot of their faces, and they both take a deep breath of air. Camera then shifts position to show them looking out the window, this time only the backs of their heads can be seen. Cut again to the outside, where the sun is shining brightly, and the sky is a bright, cloudless blue. Cut to Anne, showing her face. She is smiling, but a single tear falls down her cheek.

Scene changes to be night, and Anne is lying in her bed. Camera shifts to show her praying, the words she speaks matches the lyrics of the music. When she finishes her prayer, she turns on her side and falls asleep. Camera begins to zoom out on Anne sleeping, and fades into her dream. It consists of her sitting under the bare chestnut tree in an open, grassy field. Changes to a closer shot of Anne; she is writing in her journal, smiling. She looks up at the sky. The camera then changes to a view showing the entire tree, with the sun shining brightly and the grass swaying with the wind. This final shot is held until the end of this movement. Fade to black.

#### **V. "My Work"**

The video begins with a photo of Anne's red checkered diary. The screen background turns into lined paper, and the words "Dear Kitty," appear on the screen in a handwriting font. A charcoal drawing of children in ghetto streets comes on to the screen, followed by a blue pencil drawing of connected train cars and train tracks. Above this drawing is a black ink frame, with a rectangle where the drawing usually rests. We then see a school picture of Anne Frank in 1940. She sits at a desk with a pencil and paper. Another picture from 1941 shows her smiling as she writes in a notebook. Her 1935 class photo shows young students sitting at desks and on the carpet, smiling at the camera. The next photo shows Anne with her 1936 class. The last image of Anne is from 1941 and shows her alone, with arms folded on a desk. Italicized comes onto a white screen, reading, "It must all be recorded with not a single fact omitted. And when the time comes – as it surely will – let the world read and know what the murderers have done." Below that, in all capital letters, we read, "From the Warsaw Ghetto Oneg Shabbat archives."

The next piece of artwork on the screen comes from Theresienstadt concentration camp and shows a group of eight blind people walking with white canes held out in front of them. Trees surround them. The video turns to a pencil drawing of German soldiers leading men, women, and children out of a building, all of them holding their hands up. A young girl holds a doll. The next drawing is by Leo Hass, an ink drawing of a prisoner roll call at Matthausen concentration camp. People with shaved heads and wearing

prison uniforms stand before barbed wire, while a well-dressed Nazi soldier paces in front of them. Two bodies lie on the floor, motionless. The next image, by Felix Nussbaum, shows skeletons playing instruments: clarinet, drums, trumpet, and fiddle. Around them is the wreckage of broken walls and abandoned possessions. The next image is on a slightly ripped piece of grid paper, sketched in colored pencil. It shows two German tanks entering a village, with more approaching through the town's twisted roads. The image bears the signature of the artist, Charles Weingarten. The next drawing, by the same artist, shows a tall yellow windmill surrounded by hills and animals. The page turns, and the notebook paper background reappears, with text slowly appearing, as if being written. The text reads, "The time will come when we'll be people again and not just Jews!" The text disappears to show a video of young children on the day of Auschwitz's liberation. The children all roll up their sleeves to show the numbers that the Nazis have tattooed on their arms. We zoom in on one child's arm, then see the entire group, fists raised. Fade to black.

**Artist's reflection:** In this movement, Anne sings about her purpose in life and what she believes she was put on this earth to do: write. The Holocaust has made her question the purpose of her efforts to continue writings, in the midst of the horrors and chaos going on around her. Anne was not alone in this feeling: many artists and creators wondered how they could produce work when they didn't know if they would live to see another day. This movement's visuals feature Jewish efforts to continue creating during the Holocaust. Like Anne, some of these creators were very young children. We see 4-year-old Robert Michael (Bobos) Gurdus' sketch of deportation train. Bobos' non-Jewish Polish friend told him, "Soon, you will be in train." Bobos drew this image in August of 1942 and succumbed to disease a month later, from the harsh ghetto living conditions. We see also a drawing of tanks that 4-year-old Charly Weingarten drew from his place of hiding in Nice, France. He and his mother, Margarethe, pretended to be Catholic until Nice was liberated in 1944. The Movement ends with Anne's hope for the end of the war, and with footage of child survivors at Auschwitz's liberation in 1945. The Nazis have tried to rob them of their humanity again with the numbers tattooed onto their arms, but the liberation has given them the possibility of realizing their potentials as people.

## VI. "Peter"

Scene opens on a sunset sky. Camera pans up slowly. Cut to Anne and Peter hugging each other with their eyes closed, surrounded by darkness. The next scene is Anne and Peter standing on a hill together. They are holding hands and looking at each other. Camera zooms in slowly. Next shot is a closeup, and the camera pans up to show their smiling face. Final scene is a closeup of Anne's smiling face in the bright sunlight, with the camera panning to the right slowly. Fade to black.

## VII. Ideals and Hopes, *Jennifer Miller, Soloist*

# Intermission

Special Presentation by Belle Voci Board Chair, Doris Zurawka

## **Signal Songs of the Underground Railroad**

### **BELLE VOCI**

**“Steal Away”** - arr. John Leavitt

**“Let Us Break Bread Together on our Knees”** - Gwyneth Walker

### **SOLO VOCI**

*Rachel Eaton, Director*

**“Harriet Tubman”** - arr. by Kathleen McGuire

### **BELLE VOCI**

**“Wade in the Water”** – arr. Mark Hayes

### **SOLO VOCI**

**“Storm Comin”** (as performed by The Wailin Jennys) – by Ruth Moody

### **BELLE VOCI**

**“Follow the Drinking Gourd”** – arr. Victor C. Johnson

### **SOLO VOCI**

**“Keep Your Lamps”** - arr. Randi Grundahl Rexroth

### **BELLE VOCI**

**“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”** - Traditional

**“Michael Row the Boat Ashore”** – arr. Earlene Rentz

**“Go Down, Moses”** – arr. Mark Hayes

Closing Remarks - Denise Sheffey-Powell

### **POSTLUDE**

Brian Burns

The visual artwork that accompanies our performance was originally created for Radcliffe Choral Society's (Harvard University) 2021 virtual performance of *Anne Frank: A Living Voice*. Belle Voci extends our sincere thanks to them for donating its use to us, and we have, in turn, made a donation to Tree of Life Holocaust Center of Pittsburgh.

## **Additional Image and Video Sources and Acknowledgements**

### **Additional Video Credits from *Anne Frank: A Living Voice***

**Anne Frank House, Prinsengracht 263-267. © Anne Frank House/Photographer Cris Toala Olivares**

**Anne Frank House, Prinsengracht 263. © Anne Frank House/Photographer Cris Toala Olivares**

**Bookcase, with visitor, entrance secret annex. © Anne Frank House/Photographer Cris Toala Olivares**

**Bookcase, entrance Secret Annex. © Anne Frank House/Photographer Cris Toala Olivares**

**Anne Frank House, close-up Prinsengracht 263. © Anne Frank House/Photographer Cris Toala Olivares**

**United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, courtesy of National Archives & Records Administration, Public Domain.**

**Westerbork Deportation, RG-60.2102, Accessed at United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, Courtesy of Nederlands Instituut voor Beeld en Geluid**

**Block 11, Photographs from The Archive of the State Museum Auschwitz-Birkenau in Oswiecim**

**Anne Frank's first, red chequered diary. © Anne Frank House**

**Triumph des Todes (Die Grippe spielen zum Tanz) (Felix Nussbaum 1944). *{{PD-Art/PD-old-auto|deathyear=1944}}***

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**Rebecca Araten, Madi Fabber, Sally O'Keeffe, Rosa Louise Beretich, Jadi Wang - *Video Segment Artists***

**Various organizations including: United State Holocaust Memorial Museum; Anne Frank House, Amsterdam; National Archives & Records Administration: Public Domain**

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## **Signal Songs of the Underground Railroad**

**28 enslaved men, women and children escaping from the eastern shore of Maryland**

**Wikipedia: public domain**

**Underground Railroad map**

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**Harriet Tubman**

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**Big Dipper constellation**

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**Moses Brown**

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## PERFORMERS

### BELLE VOCI

#### *Soprano I*

Stephanie Backus \*  
 Jude Barrett \*  
 Maureen Cassley  
 Mikayla Ferchaw \*  
 Kathleen Galper  
 Yukiko Giho  
 Cynthia Goff \*  
 Pamela Kimmel   
 Jennifer Miller  
 Lindsay Patterson  
 Mia Vento  
 Frances Verschuure

#### *Soprano II*

Casey Bruchwalski  
 Audrey Callahan \*   
 Sandra Miller  
 Emily Peffer  
 Jeannine Pitas  
 Maddy Stewart  
 Carly Tansimore \*  
 Tiffany Vasilakis  
 Lynne Williams

#### *Alto I*

Alexis Bovalino  
 Kim Campuzano  
 Lori Cole \*  
 Erica Hacker  
 Naomi Killian \*  
 Sandi Kruse  
 Mara Letterle  
 Kristin McCrory  
 Gail Planz-Wachter  
 Katelynn Powell

#### *Alto II*

Natalie Antonucci  
 Darlene Berkovitz  
 Pamela Bruchwalski \*  
 Rachel Eaton \*   
 Mary Findlay  
 Paula Meverden  
 Beth Minnigh   
 Roberta Nicholas   
 Amanda Tran  
 Doris Zurawka

\* *Solo Voci - May 2023*

 *Belle Voci Charter Member*

## MUSICIANS

**Kelsey Benigni**, *piano*

### Giambelli String Quartet

Katie Wickesberg, *violin*  
 Mairi Cooper, *violin*

Louise Farbman, *viola*  
 Freya Samuels, *cello*

**Robert Patterson**, *bass*

**P.J. Gatch**, *percussion*

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*\*\* Updated as of 5.10.23*

**Belle Voci Memorial Fund**  
*founded in memory of*  
**Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo**

The Belle Voci Memorial Fund is a Board of Directors' restricted fund. The Memorial Fund provides an opportunity for all persons to make specially recognized contributions to Belle Voci in memory of a friend or loved one who has passed away. Donations in any amount are accepted. The Fund's primary purpose is to provide a special funding source for one-time purchases of specific items, not typically included in Belle Voci's regular yearly budget. Each purchase requires Board approval. The Fund was established in 2019 in memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo, who was the choir's beloved piano accompanist from 2012–2018. To donate, visit [www.bellevocipgh.com/bv-memorial-fund](http://www.bellevocipgh.com/bv-memorial-fund).

Joanne and Eric Beckman "In memory of Joanne's father, Avery Eliot Newton"

Joanne and Eric Beckman "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Darlene Berkovitz and Robert Zinn "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Amy and Terry Bilkey "We, along with our two daughters, wish to celebrate the life and talents of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo."

Maria Brooks "In memory of Anne Vanko Liva"

Pamela and Daniel Bruchwalski "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Pamela Bruchwalski "In memory of my grandmom, Anna E. Bruce, who unconditionally loved the music in me."

Jon and Debbie Burnett "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Lawrence and Regina Callahan "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Craig and Nancy Cannon "In loving memory of Susan Bauder, Nancy's grandmother"

Craig and Nancy Cannon "In loving memory of Allen L. Cannon, Craig's father who LOVED to sing!"

Craig and Nancy Cannon "In loving memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo, my virtuoso accompanist, loyal colleague, and dedicated friend. I love you like a son!"

Pamela and Louis D'Abruzzo "In loving memory of our son, Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Nan and Bill Donovan "In memory of Wilma Cannon"

Kenda and David Hammer "Joyfully remembering Glenn and Phyllis Spangler for beautiful music-making lives!"

Kenda and Dave Hammer "In loving memory of Hiroshi Hishiki, contributor to community - from LA's Little Tokyo to Heart Mountain Internment Camp and back again. Hiro forgave and taught us this genuine grace and generosity of spirit."

Nancy and Ronald Jalbert "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

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Marshal and Patti Linder "In memory of the greatest Piano Man, Gabe D'Abruzzo"

Angela and Patrick McKiernan "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

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John and Wilberta Pickett "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

The Platt Family "Gabe touched our family with his musical talents and generosity with his time and commitment to the Fox Chapel High School music department. We miss him." Love, Carlie, Jeremy, Eric, and Suzanne

Mary F. Probst "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Dawn Griffith Salerno "In memory of my beloved parents, Edward and Patricia Griffith. I hear your voices in my ear, and your songs in my heart."

Tracey and Carey Vinson "In memory of Gabriel T. D'Abruzzo"

Greg Warshafsky and Diane Sober "We honor Gabe with fond memory."

## ABOUT THE BELLE VOCI ARTISTS

### CRAIG G. CANNON

**Craig G. Cannon** is the founder and artistic director of Belle Voci. He was the Director of Choral Activities at Fox Chapel Area High School (FCAHS) for 34 years and also served for ten years on the adjunct faculty of the Mary Pappert School of Music at Duquesne University, and was the Director of Choral Organizations at Duquesne University from 2013-2015. Craig graduated from Duquesne and went on to study choral conducting at Arizona State University in Tempe, Arizona where he earned a Master of Music degree in choral music. Craig's professional affiliations include the American Choral Directors Association (ACDA), Chorus America, National Association for Music Education (NAfME) and the Pennsylvania Music Educators Association (PMEA). Mr. Cannon is a life member of ACDA and has served both as President and Treasurer of the Pennsylvania chapter. He also completed a two-year term as President of ACDA's Eastern Division from 2002-2004.

Craig retired from his position as Faith United Methodist Church Choir Director on April 30, 2023, and he accepted the position of Emeritus Choir Director, honoring his special relationship with the church into the future. Craig will retire as Artistic Director of Belle Voci on May 30, 2023, and he will stay involved as President of the Organization. Craig and his wife, Nancy, reside in Pittsburgh and are the parents of three daughters and grandparent of one active, already musically-inclined granddaughter.

### DENISE SHEFFEY-POWELL

**Denise Sheffey-Powell** is a native of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She has been an active member of the Pittsburgh Opera company since 1982, and has performed various roles with other companies, including the Civic Light Opera, City Theatre at Hartwood Acres, and Pittsburgh Festival Opera. Competitively, she is a recipient of the Leontyne Price Vocal Arts Award and the Pittsburgh District Metropolitan Opera Award.

### KELSEY BENIGNI

Kelsey Benigni is a pianist and accompanist based in Pittsburgh, PA and has been serving as Belle Voci's accompanist since January 2022. A graduate of both Duquesne University (Bachelor of Science in Music Education, 2017) and Boston University (Master of Music in Music Education, 2021), Kelsey taught instrumental and vocal music in public schools for five years and is an active musician in the Pittsburgh area.

At Duquesne, Kelsey studied classical piano with Sister Carole Riley and was the recipient of two awards for Excellence in Piano Performance by the university piano faculty. She also sang and served as section leader in the Pappert Chorale. Upon graduation, Kelsey was awarded the PMEA Society for Music Teacher Education Award for Scholarship and Research and the Presser Foundation Undergraduate Scholar Award.

In addition to accompanying Belle Voci, Kelsey has served as a piano accompanist with the Pittsburgh Youth Chorus, at Faith United Methodist Church in Fox Chapel, and for a range of school choral programs, musicals, and festivals, including PMEA and the Allegheny Valley Honors Band.

\*\*\*\*

### **ABOUT BELLE VOCI — CONNECTING SONG AND COMMUNITY**

Belle Voci is a community-based intergenerational women’s choir that performs an eclectic repertoire of wide-ranging styles, showcasing the performance practices of the music’s origin. Founded in the fall of 2012 by Craig G. Cannon, Belle Voci is currently operating in its eleventh concert season.

Our mission is “Connecting Song and Community” through exemplary collaborations of artistic diversity. We are committed to fostering and preserving a culture of diversity, accessibility, and inclusion. We believe music encourages creativity and promotes civic engagement and a healthy community. Belle Voci welcomes singers of all backgrounds, ethnicities, gender identities, sexual orientations, races, religious beliefs, and mental and physical abilities.

As a registered Pennsylvania Non-Profit Corporation with an IRS approved designation as a 501(c)(3) tax exempt Public Charity, Belle Voci is “In Residence” at Aspinwall Presbyterian Church, 299 Center Avenue, Aspinwall, PA 15215. Belle Voci and Solo Voci rehearse in the church’s Fellowship Hall once a week.

If you would like to support Belle Voci with your voice, your time, or your financial assistance—we’d love to hear from you! Check us out at [\*\*www.bellevocipgh.com\*\*](http://www.bellevocipgh.com)



## **SPECIAL THANKS**

The congregation and staff of **Calvary United Methodist Church.**

calvarypgh.com

Thank you for sharing your stunning space with us.

**Brian Burns**, Director of Music  
**Jennifer Powers**, Video Projections Technician

\*\*\*\*

**Alan Teare**, Live Stream Designer, Videographer  
**Chris Boyd**, Live Stream Coordinator

**Ms. Nancy Cannon**, Ticket Sales Coordinator  
**Ushers/Ticket Takers:**

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Angela Evans  
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## **BELLE VOCI LEADERSHIP TEAM**

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*Music Librarian:* Sandi Kruse  
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**The complete lyrics and text of all works performed this evening:**

**Loving the Stranger - David P. Goldstein**

**Movement 1** - Hebrew Bible, Leviticus 19:34

K'ezrah mikem yih'yeh lachem hager hagar itchem

*The stranger who resides with you shall be to you as the citizen among you*

The piece opens with optimism, and the lilting, dance-like style and major key lay the foundation for our fundamental value as a people of open-heartedness and kindness.

**Movement 2** - Koran 4:97

Alam takun ardu Allahi wasiatan fatuhajiru fiha.

*Was not the earth of God spacious enough for you to flee for refuge?*

Movement 2 is a chant, and the style contributes to the feeling of walking away from what we know and moving steadfastly toward something that we don't know, in this case toward a place where we may or may not be accepted by those who are different from us.

**Movement 3** - Koran 4:100

Waman yuhajir fi sabili Allahi yajid fi fil-ardi muraghaman kathiran wasa'atan.

*Those who migrate for the sake of God shall find many places for refuge in the land in great abundance*

A broad and sweeping anthem - the style of this section represents the feeling of a land of great abundance, the vastness of a space that can accommodate people of different ethnicities and beliefs.

**Movement 4** - Hebrew Bible, Leviticus 19:34

V'ahavtah lo kamocho ki gerim heyitem b'erec mitzrayim

*And you shall love the stranger as yourself, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt*

A lively and punctuated rhythmic section carries the bible's commandment to love the stranger, a commandment that is mentioned 36 times, more than any other commandment or prohibition. The dynamic use of mixed meter adds vitality that helps to drive the piece to its conclusion.

**Anne Frank: A Living Voice - Linda Tutas Haugen**

\*\*\*all lyrics are direct quotes from *The Diary of Anne Frank*

**I. It Is the Silence**

(July 11, 1942) "It is the silence that frightens me so in the evenings and at night...I can't tell you how oppressive it is [to] never...go outdoors...I'm very afraid that we shall be discovered and shot...We have to whisper and tread lightly during the day, [or] the people in the warehouse might hear us. Someone is calling me."

(January 13, 1943) "Terrible things are happening outside." AT any time of...day,... helpless people are being dragged out of their homes...Families are torn apart; men, women, and children are separated...Everyone is scared, ...the entire world is at war, and Jews and Christians alike are waiting, the whole world is waiting, and many are waiting for death."

**II. My Nerves**

(October 29, 1943) "My nerves often get the better of me, especially on Sundays... The atmosphere is stifling, sluggish, [and heavy as lead]. Outside you don't hear a single bird, and a deathly...silence hangs over the housed clings to me as if it were going to drag me into the deepest regions of the underworld...I wander from room to room, climb up and down the stairs and feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of a dark cage. 'Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter!' a voice within me cries. I don't bother...to reply anymore, but lie down...Sleep makes the silence and terrible fear go by more quickly, helps pass the time since it's impossible to kill it."

(Nov. 8, 1943) "I simply can't imagine the worldwide ever be normal for us again."

**III. Hanneli**

(Nov. 27, 1943) "Last night, just as I was falling asleep, Hanneli suddenly appeared before me. I saw her there dressed in rags, her face thin and worn. She looked at me with such sadness...in her enormous eyes...And I can't help her. I can only stand by and watch while other people suffer and die...Merciful God, comfort her, so that at least she won't be alone...if only You could tell her I'm thinking of her with compassion and love, it might help her go on."

#### **IV. Sunshine and Cloudless Sky**

*(Feb. 23, 1944)* “I go to the attic almost every morning...This morning...Peter was... cleaning up. He finished quickly and came over to where I was sitting...on the floor. The two of us [Peter and I] looked out at the clear blue sky, the bare chestnut tree glistening with dew, the seagulls and other birds glinting with silver as they swooped through the air, and we were so moved and entranced that we couldn’t speak...We breathed in the air, looked outside, and both felt that the spell shouldn’t be broken...’As long as this exists,...the sunshine and this cloudless sky, and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?’”

*(March 7, 1944)* “I lie in bed at night, after ending my prayers with the words, ‘thank you God for all that is good and dear and beautiful,’ and I’m filled with joy...At such moments, I don’t think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains...”

#### **V. My Work**

*(April 4/5, 1944)* “For a long time now I didn’t know why I was bothering to do any...work. The end of the war...seemed so far away, so unreal, like a fairy tale...Until Saturday night...I slid to the floor...and began...saying my prayers...I drew my knees to my chest, lay my head on my arms and cried...I finally realized that I must do my...work,...to get on in life, to be a journalist, because that’s what I want! I *know* I can write...I don’t want to have lived in vain...I want to go on living even after my death...I’m so grateful to God for [giving] me this gift which I can use...to express all that’s inside me! When I write I can shake it off...my cares...My sorrow disappears, my spirits are revived!”

*(April 11, 1944)* “One day this terrible war will be over. The time will come when we’ll be people again and not just Jews!”

#### **VI. Peter**

*(April 19, 1944)* “Is there anything more beautiful in the world than to sit before an open window and...listen to the birds singing, feel the sun on your cheeks and have a darling boy in your arms? It is so soothing and peaceful to feel his arms around me, to know that he is close by and yet to remain silent...this tranquility is good. Oh, never to be disturbed again...”

#### **VII. Ideals and Hopes**

*(July 15, 1944)* “It’s twice as hard for us young people to hold on to our opinions... when ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when the worst side of human nature predominates, when everyone has come to doubt truth, justice and God...we’re much too young to deal with these problems...dreams and cherished hopes rise within us, only to be crushed by grim reality. It’s...impossible for me to build my life a foundation of chaos, suffering, and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us,...I feel the suffering of millions. And yet,

when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty...will end, that peace...will return once more. In the meantime, I must hold onto my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them!"

### **Steal Away**

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.  
Steal away, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the thunder;  
All trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.  
Steal away, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees are bending, Poor sinners stand a-trembling;  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.  
Steal away, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the lightning;  
All trumpet sounds within-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

### **Let Us Break Bread Together**

Let us break bread together on our knees.  
Let us break bread together on our knees.  
When I fall on my knees, with my face to the rising sun,  
O Lord have mercy on me.

Let us love one another on our knees.  
Let us love one another on our knees.  
When I fall on my knees, with my face to the rising sun,  
O Lord have mercy on me.

Let us rise up together all as one.  
Let us rise up together all as one.  
When I rise from my knees, with my face to the rising sun,  
O Lord have mercy on me.

O Lord have mercy and bring us peace.

## **Harriet Tubman**

Come on up, ch! (repeat)

One night I dreamed I was in slav'ry, 'bout eighteen fifty was the time.

Sorrow was the only sign; nothing around to ease my mind.

Out of the night appeared a lady leading a distant pilgrim band.

"First mate," she yelled, pointing her hand,

"Make room aboard for this young man," an sayin'

"Come on up, I got a lifeline, come on up to this train o' mine."

She said her name was Harriet Tubman, and she drove for the Underground Railroad. Come on up, ch! (repeat)

Hundreds of miles we traveled onward, gathering slaves from town to town.

Seeking every lost and found, setting those free that once were bound.

Somehow my heart was growing weaker, fell by the wayside's sinking sand.

Firmly did this lady stand, lifted me up, and took my hand,

"Come on up, I got a lifeline, come on up to this train o' mine."

She said her name was Harriet Tubman, and she drove for the Underground Railroad. Come on up, ch! (repeat)

Who are these children dressed in red?

They must be the ones that Moses led.

Who are these children dressed in red?

They must be the ones that Moses led.

Come on up!

## **Wade In The Water**

Wade in the water. Wade in the water, children.

God's gonna trouble the water. (Repeated)

Down in the valley, down on my knees. Wade in the water.

Askin' my Lord to save me please. Wade in the water.

Wade in the water. Wade in the water, children.

God's gonna trouble the water.

Up on the mountain, Jehovah, he spoke. Wade in the water.

Out of his mouth came fire and smoke. Wade in the water.

I heard a rumblin' up in the sky. Wade in the water.

Musta been Jesus passin' by. Wade in the water.

You gotta wade in the water. You gotta wade in the water, children.

You gotta wade in the water. God's gonna trouble the water.

Wade in the water. Wade in the water, children.

God's gonna trouble the water.

**Storm Comin'**

When that storm comes, don't run for cover, (3x)  
 Don't run from the comin' storm, 'cause there ain't no use in runnin'

When that rain falls, let it wash away, (3x)  
 Let it wash away, that fallin' rain, the tears and the trouble.

When those lights flash, you hear that thunder roar, (3x)  
 Will you listen to that thunder roar, and let your spirit soar?

When that love calls, will you open up your door? (3x)  
 You gotta stand on up and let it in, let love through your door.

When that storm comes, don't run for cover, (3x)  
 Don't run from the comin' storm, 'cause you can't keep a storm from comin'  
 (Repeated)

**Follow the Drinking Gourd**

Follow the drinking gourd. Follow the drinking gourd.  
 For the old man is awaitin' for to carry you to freedom, follow the drinking gourd.

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls, follow the drinking gourd.  
 For the old man waits for to lead you home, follow the drinking gourd.

Follow the drinking gourd. Follow the drinking gourd.  
 For the old man is awaitin' for to carry you to freedom, follow the drinking gourd.

Now the riverbank will make a mighty good road. Dead trees will show you the way.  
 And the left foot, peg foot travelin' on. Just follow the drinking gourd.

Follow the drinking gourd. Follow the drinking gourd.  
 For the old man is awaitin' for to carry you to freedom, follow the drinking gourd.

The river ends between two hills, follow the drinking gourd.  
 There's another river on the other side, follow the drinking gourd.

Follow the drinking gourd. Follow the drinking gourd.  
 For the old man is awaitin' for to carry you to freedom, follow the drinking gourd.  
 (Repeated)

## **Keep Your Lamps**

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin',  
 Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin',  
 Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin',  
 The time is drawin' nigh. (Repeat)

Hold on, children, don't get weary, 'til your work, work is done

Sisters, don't stop prayin',  
 Brothers, don't stop prayin',  
 Sisters, don't stop prayin',  
 Oh, see what the Lord has done.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin',  
 The time is drawin' nigh.

Soon the darkness will be over, the dawn is drawin' nigh.

Keep your lamps trimmed and burnin',  
 The dawn is drawin' nigh!

## **Swing Low, Sweet Chariot**

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.  
 Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jord'n and what did I see, coming for to carry me home,  
 A band of angels coming after me, coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.  
 Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.

If you get a-there before I do, coming for to carry me home,  
 Tell all my friends I'm coming too, coming for to carry me home.

## **Michael, Row the Boat Ashore**

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah. (Repeated)

Jordan River is chilly and cold, Hallelujah. (Repeated)

Gabriel, blow the trumpet. Gabriel blow the trumpet horn.  
 Sound it long, and sound it strong. Sound it the whole day long.

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah. Hallelujah! (Repeated)



## Go Down Moses

Go down, Moses, Go down to Egypt land!  
 Let me tell ya 'bout a story long time ago way down in Egypt land.  
 Seems the Pharaoh had taken control of things, had the people in the palm of his hands.  
 But a certain group of people called the Israelites didn't want to play his game, oh no!  
 So the Pharaoh forced the people into slavery and he caused them grief and shame.

Well, the Lord in the heavens looked down and saw His people and their pain,  
 Whoa, so he called out a man from Midian and Moses was his name.  
 Well, Moses was attendin' his flock one day when a bush began to burn,  
 And the Lord spoke to Moses from the burning bush, Said,  
 "The Pharaoh's got a lesson to learn!" Whoa!

Go down, Moses, way down to Egypt land.  
 Tell ole Pharaoh let my people go!  
 I said, Go down, Moses, way down to Egypt land.  
 Tell ole Pharaoh let my people go!

Well, Moses had some doubts about takin' this job. He felt a little bit out of his league.  
 Leading out his people from Pharaoh's land was quite a job indeed.  
 "What will I say and tell me how will they know that I'm the man that's appointed by you?  
 A leader I'm not, but I bet for this spot my brother Aaron will do better for you."

But the Lord said, Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land.  
 Tell ole Pharaoh let my people go!

Back by the bush the Lord kept on; He knew He had the right man.  
 "You need a sign, Well, that's just fine. Just look what you have in your hand."  
 All it seemed to Moses was a wooden rod until he threw it down.  
 Imagine his surprise when a snake appeared as soon as it hit the ground.

Well, Moses started runnin' but the Lord said, "Stop, pick the serpent up by the tail."  
 What the Lord commanded seemed crazy to him and he protested to no avail.  
 When he fin'ly picked the serpent up you know what occurred.  
 The snake became a rod in his hand.  
 The miracle the happened gave old Moses strength to lead his people to the Promised Land!

Go down, Moses, way down to Egypt land.  
 Tell ole Pharaoh let my people go!  
 Go down, Moses, way down to Egypt land.  
 Tell ole Pharaoh let my people go!

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