



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

**University of Toronto MacMillan Singers with
Concreamus Chamber Choir (Modern Sound Collective)**

Michael Denomme, Nathan Gritter, Kai Leung, Emily Parker, *conductors*

Saturday, October 21, 2023 at 7:30 pm | Grace Church on-the-Hill, 300 Lonsdale Road, Toronto

PROGRAM

Considering Matthew Shepard

Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

Prologue

- I. Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass - *Eric Yang, soloist*
- II. Ordinary Boy - *Thea Nappert, Amy Chen, Luca McCauley, soloists*
- III. We Tell Each Other Stories/I Am Open - *Camille Labonte, soloist*

Passion

- IV. Recitation I – *Paige (PK) Kaps, reader*
- V. The Fence (before) – *Ryan Wong, soloist*
- VI. Recitation II – *Simon Vandenberg, reader*
- VII. The Fence (that night) – *Giovanni Rabbito, soloist*
- VIII. Recitation III – *Maia Taruc-Pilling, reader*
- IX. A Protestor
- X. Keep It Away From Me (The Wound of Love) – *Anika Venkatesh, soloist*
- *Sarah Mole, Francesca Hauser, Nikan Kanate, trio*
- XI. Recitation IV – *Sofia Bolonna, reader*
- XII. Fire of the Ancient Heart – *Owen Philipson, soloist*
- XIII. Recitation V - *Joaquin Justo, reader*
- XIV. Stray Birds
- XV. We Are All Sons
- XVI. I Am Like You/ We Are All Sons Part II – *Francesca Hauser, Ania Suri, Luca McCauley, Ryan Wong, quartet*
- XVIII. Recitation VI – *Kathy Haddadkar, reader*
- XIX. The Fence (one week later) – *Nikan Kanate, soloist*
- XX. Recitation VII – *Dorothea Unwin, reader*
- XXI. Stars – *Aidan Reimer, reader*
- XXV. Recitations VIII and IX - *Anika Venkatesh, Nadia Nikolov, readers*

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

XXVI. Deer Song – *Emma Lavigne, Muriel Falkenstein, Jereney Shen, trio*
XXVII. Recitation X – *Sarah Mole, reader*
XXIX. Pilgrimage – *Camille Labonte, Rachel Currie, Henry Paterson, Aidan Reimer, soloists*

Epilogue

XXX. Meet Me Here - *Madison MacGregor, soloist*
XXXII. All Of Us - *Anika Venkatesh, Sarah Mole, Nikan Kanate, trio*
XXXIII. Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass – *Eric Yang, soloist*

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music degree in Choral Conducting. Michael Denomme is a student of Jamie Hillman.

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CONTENT NOTE

Considering Matthew Shepard tells the story of Matthew Shepard who, in 1998 in Laramie, Wyoming, was brutally attacked and left to die because he was gay. In movement 9, titled "A Protestor", hateful and hurtful slurs toward Matthew Shepard and the 2SLGBTQ+ community are sung. These words were shouted and displayed on posterboards by protestors at Shepard's funeral. These words are difficult for the choir to sing. We know they may also be difficult for the audience to hear. Composer Dr. Craig Hella Johnson included this movement in the work as he feels strongly that it is an important part of the full story.

Movement 9 is three minutes in length. Members of the choir and the audience who cannot or do not wish to engage in the movement will be able to leave the performance space prior to it. Assistance will be available to ensure those who leave can return after it is complete.

2023 is the 25th anniversary of Matthew Shepard's brutal murder.

Processing Emotions and Connecting to Supports

Discrimination and violence are difficult to witness and process. They typically surface many emotions including grief, guilt, shame, sadness, and anger. We encourage you to connect with supports available to you, should you need them, as you metabolize this performance.

Resources are available to you should you need them. Mental health supports available to U of T community members and to others are listed at <https://mentalhealth.utoronto.ca/find-support-and-services/>. U of T students can access 24/7 counselling services at <https://mentalhealth.utoronto.ca/get-urgent-help/>.

U of T's Sexual and Gender Diversity Office provides education, programming, resources, and advocacy on sexual and gender diversity for students, faculty, librarians, and staff. It develops partnerships to build supportive learning and working communities at the University. The Office is available during regular business hours on weekdays to members of the University community.

The 519 services local 2SLGBTQ+ community members, offering a range of services including counselling, queer parenting resources, coming out groups, trans programming, and senior's support.

The Matthew Shepard Foundation

The Matthew Shepard Foundation's mission is to amplify the story of Matthew Shepard to inspire individuals, organizations and communities to embrace the dignity and equality of all people. Their work is an extension of Matt's passion to foster a more caring and just world. They share his story and embody his vigor for civil rights to change the hearts and minds of others to accept everyone as they are. To learn more or to contribute, please visit their website.

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Piano – Dr. Joy Lee
Piano – Nicholas Wanstall
Violin – Jennifer Jeon
Viola – Rosie Ryel
Cello – Maren Helyer
Bass – Marcus Chan
Clarinet – Ann Murdocca
Guitar – Jonathan Stuchbery
Percussion – Kelsey Choi

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Faculty of Music Voice Faculty

CONCREAMUS CHAMBER CHOIR

Kai Leung, *artistic director*

Nicholas Wanstall, *collaborative pianist*

Emily Parker, *assistant conductor*

Soprano

Amy Chen

Rachel Currie

Nikan Kanate

Katie Kirkpatrick

Clara Krausse

Madison MacGregor

Kathleen O'Keefe

Camille Labonte

Emily Parker

Zyion Stevens

Alto

Annie Elgie

Paige Fitzpatrick

Francesca Hauser

Sarah Mole

Théa Nappert

Annick Read

Ania Suri

Maia Taruc-Pilling

Anika Venkatesh

Ali Winn

Tenor

Nicholas Bridi

Nathan Gritter

Erik Kreem

Luca McCauley

Steven Noronha

Alek Rosolowski

Danial Sheibani

Tyrese Walters

Bass

Jayden Browne

Max Webb Comor

Evan Hammell

Joshua Holme

Lucas Kalechstein

Sean Parker

Henry Paterson

Aidan Reimer

Simon Vandenberg

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MACMILLAN SINGERS

Dr. Jamie Hillman, *conductor*

Dr. Joy Lee, *collaborative pianist*

Kathy Hadaddkar, *assistant conductor*

Soprano

Ana Sofia Castro Barrios

Arushi Das

Muriel Falkenstein

Charlotte Fowler

Paige Kaps (PK)

Nadia Nikolov

Maren Richardson

Kwan Yu (Jereney) Shen

Celeste Thordarson

Paulina Zmak

Alto

Daina Babeckas

Sofia Bolonna

Maria Conkey

Kathy Hadaddkar

Aimee Harness

Emma Lavigne

Théa Nappert

Sofia Radenko

Ania Suri*

Priya Thachet

Dorothea Unwin

Tarquin Wongkee

Tenor

Scott Angelides

William Cheng

Nathan Gritter

Wenrui (Victor) Huang

Luca McCauley*

Michael Pirri

Danial Khan Sheibani

Eyal Stopnicki Udokang

Jingren Sun

Bass

Michael Denomme

Joaquin Justo

Bennett Luo

Rocco Marciano

Cooper Pearson

Owen Phillipson

Arthur Podpora

Giovanni Rabbito

Charles Sadler

Vikram Srinivas

Ryan Wong

Zhong Tian (Eric) Yang

Daniel Zhou

*Ensemble Manager

BIOGRAPHIES

Michael Denomme (he/him)

Michael is a Canadian musician, educator, conductor, and performer, holding a Bachelor of Music with honorary standing from the University of Toronto. Previously, he has studied piano with Brian McDonagh, and is currently completing a master's degree in Choral Conducting with Dr. Jamie Hillman at the University of Toronto. He has also studied conducting with Professor Uri Mayer, Dr. Mark Ramsay, Kathleen Allan, and Zimfira Poloz. Michael has also had the pleasure to participate in choral conducting workshops around North America, including the Vancouver Chamber Choir's conducting symposium, and the University of Cincinnati, Conservatory of Music's international conductors training program, where he has studied with Dr. Kari Turunen and Dr. Joe Miller respectively.

Michael has acted as a Choral Scholar in the Near North Voices choir under the direction of Dr. Adam Adler (Nipissing University). He also studied conducting and vocal pedagogy with Dr. Adler and was the assistant conductor for the 2018 season. This experience was extremely influential in his current love and passion for the choral arts.

Michael is now the associate conductor of the Mississauga Children's Choir, where he leads the Junior choir. Additionally, Michael is the assistant conductor of the Main Choir at the Toronto Children's Chorus, VIVA Singers Toronto's Every Voice Matters chorus and the University of Toronto's Tenor-Bass Chorus. He has worked previously as an assistant conductor with U of T's MacMillan Singers, as an apprentice conductor with Exultate Chamber Singers, and Toronto Children's Chorus. Michael has also performed with the North Bay Symphony Orchestra as a soloist, winning their young performers contest in 2017, and will return to North Bay in 2024 to guest conduct the season finale of their 'From Home and Abroad' season.

Nathan Gritter (he/him)

Nathan Gritter is a singer and conductor based in Toronto. He is currently studying choral conducting at the University of Toronto in a master's degree program with Dr. Jamie Hillman. He is the Director of Music at Kingsway-Lambton United Church, conducting its Chancel Choir. Nathan is also the Assistant Conductor for the Soprano/Alto Choir at U of T and an Associate Conductor with Modern Sound Collective. He sings professionally with the Toronto Mendelssohn Singers, Soundstreams' Choir 21, Trinity Bach Project, and the Elora Singers. During his graduate studies, Nathan was awarded the Elmer Iseler National Graduate Fellowship in Conducting. When not singing or conducting, you can find Nathan running, swimming, playing board games, or spending time with friends and family.

Kai Leung

Kai Leung holds a Bachelor of Music from the University of Toronto, where he studied voice and composition. He is the Artistic Director of the Modern Sound Collective, where he conducts Concreamus, Datsuzoku, Sehnsucht, and Frisson. He also serves as the Associate Conductor with the Orpheus Choir of Toronto, and as the Assistant Conductor and Composer in Residence at St. Clements Church. Kai sings baritone with the TMSingers and the Schola Cantorum of St. Basil's Catholic Church. Kai is also the conductor and choir manager of the Toronto Festival Singers, the professional synagogue choir at the Song Shul. Kai is the 2020 recipient of the prestigious William and Phyllis Waters Graduating Award from the University of Toronto Faculty of Music. This award is presented each year to one graduating student from any stream who is deemed to have the greatest potential to make an important contribution to the field of Music. During his time at UofT, Kai was also awarded the 2019 Arthur Plettner Scholarship, the 2019

Richard I Thorman Award, and the 2018 Lloyd Bradshaw Prize. During his undergraduate years, Kai studied composition with Roger Bergs. His works have been performed by the Vancouver Chamber Choir, Resonance Youth Choir, the Amadeus Choir of Greater Toronto, the Vancouver Youth Choir, Modern Sound Collective, and many other choral groups around Canada, the United States, and Europe. Kai is the winner of the 2023 Debbie Fleming prize for choral composition, presented by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir.

Emily Parker (she/her)

Emily Parker is a Toronto-based soprano and conductor. Emily's passion for choir emerged at a young age, and today she sings professionally with a number of choral groups including the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, St. Clement's Church choir, and the Toronto Festival Singers. Emily is a conductor with Modern Sound Collective where she leads Duende, Frisson, and Concreamus. She is also a conductor with RESOUND choir and Young Voices Toronto. Recently, she was a conducting intern with the 2023 Ontario Youth Choir. Emily has previously conducted with the Etobicoke Centennial Choir and Kingsway-Lambton United Church's Junior Choir. Emily also enjoys teaching from her private voice and piano studio. She holds a Bachelor of Music from the University of Toronto.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

TEXT

by Michael Dennis Browne, Lesléa Newman, and Craig Hella Johnson

PROLOGUE

All.

*Yoodle-oooh, yoodle-oooh-hoo, so sings a lone cowboy,
Who with the wild roses wants you to be free.*

Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass

Cattle, horses, sky, and grass
These are the things that sway and pass
Before our eyes and through our dreams
Through shiny, sparkly, golden gleams
Within our psyche that find and know
The value of this special glow
That only gleams for those who bleed
Their soul and heart and utter need
Into the mighty, throbbing Earth
From which springs life and death and birth.

*I'm alive! I'm alive, I'm alive, golden. I'm alive,
I'm alive, I'm alive . . .*

These cattle, horses, grass, and sky
Dance and dance and never die
They circle through the realms of air
And ground and empty spaces where
A human being can join the song
Can circle, too, and not go wrong
Amidst the natural, pulsing forces
Of sky and grass and cows and horses.

I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive . . .

This chant of life cannot be heard
It must be felt, there is no word
To sing that could express the true
Significance of how we wind
Through all these hoops of Earth and mind
Through horses, cattle, sky, and grass
And all these things that sway and pass.

Ordinary Boy

Let's talk about Matt—

Ordinary boy, ordinary boy, ordinary boy . . .

Born in December in Casper, Wyoming

Ordinary boy

to a father, Dennis
and a mother, Judy

Ordinary boy, ordinary boy

Then came a younger brother, Logan

Ordinary boy

His name was Matthew Wayne Shepard. And one day his
name came to be known around the world.
But as his mother said:

Judy Shepard: You knew him as Matthew. To us he was Matt.

He went camping, he went fishing, even hunting for a moose
He read plays and he read stories and especially Dr. Seuss

He wrote poems with illustrations for the neighbors on the street
And he left them in each mailbox till he learned it was illegal

He made friends and he wore braces and his frame was rather small
He sang songs his father taught him

Frere Jacques . . .

Row Row Row Your Boat . . .

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star . . .

Judy: He was my son, my first-born, and more. He was my friend, my confidant, my constant
reminder of how good life can be—and . . . how hurtful.

How good life can be, how good life can be

Judy: *Matt's laugh, his wonderful hugs, his stories...*

Matt writes about himself in a notebook:

I am funny, sometimes forgetful and messy and lazy. I am not a lazy person though. I am giving
and understanding. And formal and polite. I am sensitive. I am honest. I am sincere. And I am
not a pest.

I am not a pest, I am not a pest . . .

I am my own person. I am warm.

I want my life to be happy and I want to be clearer about things. I want to feel good.

I love Wyoming . . .

I love Wyoming very much . . .

I love theatre

I love good friends

I love succeeding

I love pasta

I love jogging

I love walking and feeling good

I love Europe and driving and music and helping and smiling and Charlie and Jeopardy

I love movies and eating and positive people and pasta and driving

and walking and jogging and kissing and learning and airports

and music and smiling and hugging and being myself

I love theatre! I love theatre!

And I love to be on stage!

Such an ordinary boy living ordinary days

In an ordinary life so worth living

He felt ordinary yearning and ordinary fears

With an ordinary hope for belonging

He felt ordinary yearning and ordinary fears

With an ordinary hope for belonging

(Born to live this ordinary life)

Just an ordinary boy living ordinary days with extraordinary kindness

extraordinary laughter extraordinary shining

extraordinary light and joy

Joy and light.

I love, I love, I love . . .

Ordinary boy, ordinary boy

We Tell Each Other Stories

We tell each other stories so that we will remember

Try and find the meaning in the living of our days

Always telling stories, wanting to remember

Where and whom we came from

Who we are

Sometimes there's a story that's painful to remember

One that breaks the heart of us all

Still we tell the story
We're listening and confessing
What we have forgotten
In the story of us all

We tell each other stories so that we will remember
Trying to find the meaning . . .

*I am open to hear this story about a boy, an ordinary boy
Who never had expected his life would be this story,
(could be any boy)*

I am open to hear a story

*Open, listen.
All.*

PASSION

RECITATION I

Laramie, southeastern Wyoming, between the Snowy Range and the Laramie Range. Tuesday, October 6, 1998.

The Fence (before)

Out and alone
on the endless empty prairie

the moon bathes me
the stars bless me

the sun warms me
the wind soothes me

still still still
I wonder

will I always be out here
exposed and alone?

will I ever know why
I was put (here) on this earth?

will somebody someday
stumble upon me?

will anyone remember me
after I'm gone?

Still, still, still . . . I wonder.

RECITATION II

Tuesday night. Matthew attended a meeting of the University of Wyoming's Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Association, then joined others for coffee at the College Inn. Around 10:30, he went to the Fireside Bar, where he later met Aaron McKinney and Russell Henderson. Near midnight, they drove him to a remote area, tied him to a buck and rail fence, beat him horribly and left him to die in the cold of night.

The Fence (that night)

*Most noble evergreen with your roots in the sun:
you shine in the cloudless sky of a sphere no earthly eminence can
grasp,
You blush like the dawn,
you burn like a flame of the sun.*

I held him all night long
He was heavy as a broken heart
Tears fell from his unblinking eyes
He was dead weight yet he kept breathing

He was heavy as a broken heart
His own heart wouldn't stop beating
The cold wind wouldn't stop blowing
His face streaked with moonlight and blood
I tightened my grip and held on

The cold wind wouldn't stop blowing
We were out on the prairie alone
I tightened my grip and held on
I saw what was done to this child

We were out on the prairie alone
Their truck was the last thing he saw
I saw what was done to this child
I cradled him just like a mother

*Most noble evergreen, most noble evergreen,
your roots in the sun . . .*

Their truck was the last thing he saw
Tears fell from his unblinking eyes
I cradled him just like a mother
I held him all night long

Most noble evergreen . . .

RECITATION III

The next morning, Matthew was found by a cyclist, a fellow student, who at first thought he was a scarecrow. After several days in a coma and on life support, Matthew Shepard died on Monday, October 12, at 12:53 a.m. At the funeral, which took place on Friday, October 16, at St

Mark's Episcopal Church in Casper, Fred Phelps and the Westboro Baptist Church protested outside.

A Protestor

kreuzige, kreuzige! (translation: crucify, crucify)

A boy who takes a boy to bed?
Where I come from that's not polite
He asked for it, you got that right
The fires of Hell burn hot and red
The only good fag is a fag that's dead

A man and a woman, the Good Lord said
As sure as Eve took that first bite
The fires of Hell burn hot and red

kreuzige, kreuzige!

Beneath the Hunter's Moon he bled
That must have been a pretty sight
The fires of Hell burn hot and red

C'mon, kids, it's time for bed
Say your prayers, kiss Dad good night
A boy who takes a boy to bed?
The fires of Hell burn hot and red

crucify, crucify . . . the light

crucify the light . . .

Keep It Away From Me (The Wound of Love)

don't wanna look on this
never get near
flames too raw for me
grief too deep
keep it away from me
 stay out of my heart
 stay out of my hope
some son, somebody's pain
some child gone
child never mine
born to this trouble
don't wanna be born to this world
world where sometimes yes
world where mostly no
 the wound of love

smoke round my throat
rain down my soul
no heaven lies
keep them gone
keep them never
grief too deep, flames too raw
keep them away from me
 stay out of my heart
 stay out of my hope

don't try
any old story on me
no wing no song
no cry no comfort ye
no wound ever mine
close up the gates of night
 the wound of love
keep this all away from me
 the wound of love
 you take away
 the wounds of the world
keep it away from me

RECITATION IV

National media began to broadcast the story. As the news began to spread, many people across the country gathered together in candlelight vigils, moved to (silently) speak for life over death, love over hate, light over darkness.

Fire of the Ancient Heart

Cantor:

*"What have you done? Hark, thy brother's blood
cries to me from the ground."*

Choir:

Called by this candle
Led to the flame
Called to remember
Enter the flame

Cantor:

all our flames now
swaying and free
all our hearts now
moving as one
every living spirit
turned toward peace
all our tender
hopes awake

Choir:
Called by this candle
Led to the flame
Called to remember
Enter the flame

Fire: howl
Fire: broken
Fire: burst
Fire: rage
Fire: swell
Fire: shatter
Fire: wail
Fire

We all betray the ancient heart
Ev'ry one of us, all of us
His heart, my heart, your heart, one heart
("In each moment the fire rages, it will burn away a hundred veils.")
Burning Breaking Grasping Raging

how do we keep these
flames in our hands?
how do we guard these
fears in our hearts?
how long to hold these
griefs in our songs?

remembering anger
weave it with hope
remembering exile
braid it with praise
longing past horror
longing past dread
dreaming of healing
past all our pain

Fire: living in me
Fire: purify
Fire: now hold me
Fire: seize my heart

*(enter the flame, enter the flame
shatter my heart, shatter my heart
called to enter, burn a hundred veils)*

Called by this flame
Fire of my heart: Break down all walls
Open all doors
Only this Love

“Eyes of flesh, eyes of fire”

Lumina, lumina, lumina

Open us,

All!

(In each moment the fire rages, it will burn away a hundred veils.)

RECITATION V

Aaron McKinney and Russell Henderson were arrested shortly after the attack and charged with murder, kidnapping, and aggravated robbery. The first of two trials began on October 26, 1999; both were convicted of the murder and sentenced to two consecutive life sentences.

We Are All Sons

Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away.

*And yellow leaves of autumn which have no songs flutter and fall there
with a sigh.*

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

we are all sons of fathers and mothers

we are all sons

we are all rivers

the roar of waters, we are all sons

I Am Like You

I am like you

Aaron

and Russell

When I think of you (and honestly I don't like to think about you)
but sometimes I do,

I am so horrified, and just so angry and confused (and scared)
that you could do things to another boy—they were so cruel and
so undeserved, so dark and hard and full of (I don't know)

Late one night I had a glimpse
of something I recognized, just a tiny glimpse—
I don't even like to say this out loud,
it isn't even all that true—
but I wondered for a moment,
am I like you? (in any way)

(I pray the answer is no)

Am I like you?

I bet you once had hopes and dreams, too.

Some things we love get lost along the way,
That's just like me – get lost along the way—
I am like you, I get confused and I'm afraid
and I've been reckless, I've been restless, bored,
unthinking, listless, intoxicated,
I've come unhinged,
and made mistakes
and hurt people very much.

Sometimes I feel (in springtime, in early afternoon)
the sunshine warm on my face;
you feel this too (don't you?),
the sunshine warm on your face.

I am like you
(this troubles me)
I am like you
(just needed to say this)

Some things we love get lost along the way.

we are all sons of fathers and mothers
we are all sons

sometimes no home for us here on the earth
no place to lay our heads
we are all sons of fathers and mothers

if you could know for one moment
how it is to live in our bodies
within the world
if you could know

you ask too much of us
you ask too little

RECITATION VI

In the days and weeks after Matthew's death, many people came to the fence to pay homage
and pray and grieve.

The Fence (one week later)

I keep still
I stand firm
I hold my ground
while they lay down

flowers and photos
prayers and poems
crystals and candles
sticks and stones

they come in herds
they stand and stare
they sit and sigh
they crouch and cry

some of them touch me
in unexpected ways
without asking permission
and then move on

but I don't mind
being a shrine
is better than being
the scene of the crime

RECITATION VII

Matthew's father made his statement to the court on November 5, 1999.

Stars

By the end of the beating, his body was just trying to survive. You left him out there by himself, but he wasn't alone. There were his lifelong friends with him—friends that he had grown up with. You're probably wondering who these friends were. First, he had the beautiful night sky with the same stars and moon that we used to look at through a telescope. Then, he had the daylight and the sun to shine on him one more time—one more cool, wonderful autumn day in Wyoming. His last day alive in Wyoming. His last day alive in the state that he always proudly called home. And through it all he was breathing in for the last time the smell of Wyoming sagebrush and the scent of pine trees from the snowy range. He heard the wind—the ever-present Wyoming wind—for the last time. He had one more friend with him. One he grew to know through his time in Sunday school and as an acolyte at St. Mark's in Casper as well as through his visits to St. Matthew's in Laramie.

I feel better knowing he wasn't alone.

*Scattered
sky
blinking
unable
light
Stars
across
in
to help
years
the
dismay*

RECITATION VIII

Matthew was left tied to the fence for almost eighteen hours.

RECITATION IX

Sheriff's Deputy, Reggie Fluty, the first to report to the scene, told Judy Shepard that as she ran to the fence she saw a large doe lying near Matt—as if the deer had been keeping him company all through the night.

Deer Song

Deer:

A mist is over the mountain,
The stars in their meadows upon the air,
Your people are waiting below them,
And you know there's a gathering there.

All night I lay there beside you,
I cradled your pain in my care,
We move through creation together,
And we know there's a welcoming there.

Welcome, welcome, sounds the song,
Calling, calling clear;
Always with us, evergreen heart,
Where can we be but there?

Matthew:

I'll find all the love I have longed for,
The home that's been calling my heart so long
So soon I'll be cleansed in those waters,
My fevers forever be gone;

Where else on earth but these waters?
No more, no more to be torn;
My own ones, my dearest, are waiting
And I'll weep to be where I belong.

Welcome, welcome, sounds the song,
Calling, calling clear;
Always with me, evergreen heart,
Where can I be but here?

RECITATION X

The fence has been torn down.

Pilgrimage

I walk to the fence with beauty before me
The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want

I walk to the fence with beauty behind me
Yit'gadal v'yit' kadash (may his great name grow)

*I walk to the fence with beauty above me
Om Mani Padme Ham (Om! the jewel in the lotus, hum!)*

*I walk to the fence with beauty below me
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit*

*I reach the fence surrounded by beauty
wail of wind, cry of hawk*

*I leave the fence surrounded by beauty
sigh of sagebrush, hush of stone*

*(Beauty above me, beauty below me
By beauty surrounded)*

*Still, still, still, I wonder....
wail of wind, cry of hawk*

*Still, still, still, I wonder. . .
wail of wind, cry of hawk*

Still still still

EPILOGUE

Meet Me Here

Meet me here
Won't you meet me here
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins
There's a balm in the silence
Like an understanding air
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins

We've been walking through the darkness
On this long, hard climb
Carried ancestral sorrow
For too long a time
Will you lay down your burden
Lay it down, come with me
It will never be forgotten
Held in love, so tenderly

Meet me here
Won't you meet me here
Where the old fence ends and the horizon begins
There's a joy in the singing
Like an understanding air
Where the fence ends and the horizon begins.

Then we'll come to the mountain
We'll go bounding to see
That great circle of dancing
And we'll dance endlessly
And we'll dance with the all the children
Who've been lost along the way
We will welcome each other
Coming home, this glorious day

We are home in the mountain
And we'll gently understand
That we've been friends forever
That we've never been alone
We'll sing on through any darkness
And our Song will be our sight
We can learn to offer praise again
Coming home to the light . . .

All Of Us

What could be the song?
Where begin again?
Who could meet us there?
Where might we begin?
From the shadows climb,
Rise to sing again;
Where could be the joy?
How do we begin?

Never our despair,
Never the least of us,
Never turn away,
Never hide our face;
Ordinary boy,
Only all of us,
Free us from our fear,
Only all of us.

What could be the song?
Where begin again?
Who could meet us there?
Where might we begin?
From the shadows climb,
Rise to sing again;
Where could be the joy
How do we begin?

Never our despair,
Never the least of us,
Never turn away,
Never hide your face;

Ordinary boy
Only all of us,
Free us from our fear.

Only in the Love,
Love that lifts us up,
Clear from out the heart
From the mountain's side,
Come creation come,
Strong as any stream;
How can we let go? How can we forgive?
How can we be dream?

Out of heaven, rain,
Rain to wash us free;
Rivers flowing on,
Ever to the sea;
Bind up every wound,
Every cause to grieve;
Always to forgive,
Only to believe.

[Chorale:]

Most noble Light, Creation's face,
How should we live but joined in you,
Remain within your saving grace
Through all we say and do
And know we are the Love that moves
The sun and all the stars?
O Love that dwells, O Love that burns
In every human heart.

(Only in the Love, Love that lifts us up!)

This evergreen, this heart, this soul,
Now moves us to remake our world,
Reminds us how we are to be
Your people born to dream;
How old this joy, how strong this call,
To sing your radiant care
With every voice, in cloudless hope
Of our belonging here.

Only in the Love . . .
Only all of us . . .

(Heaven: Wash me . . .)

All of us, only all of us.

What could be the song?
Where do we begin?
Only in the Love, Love that lifts us up.

All Of Us

All.

Reprise: This Chant of Life (Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass)

(This chant of life cannot be heard
It must be felt, there is no word
To sing that could express the true
Significance of how we wind
Through all these hoops of Earth and mind
Through horses, cattle, sky, and grass
And all these things that sway and pass.)

*Yoodle—ooh, yoodle-ooh-hoo, so sings a lone cowboy,
Who with the wild roses wants you to be free.*