

MID-COLUMBIA
MASTERSINGERS
2025-2026 SEASON FINALE

We Are
Phaenix



MAY 22 & 23, 2026
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Kennewick

www.mcmastersingers.org



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Benjamin Bouton, tenor
Rachel Condie, soprano
Kezia Hartman, violin 1
Lisa Sorenson, violin 2
Aaron Clark, viola
Lauren Edmondson, cello

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PROGRAM

SACRED PLACE (2023)

ALEX BERKO (B. 1995)

I. Opening Prayer

Benjamin Bouton, soloist

II. Amidah

III. Shema

Rachel Condie and Benjamin Bouton, soloists

IV. Mi Schebeirach

V. Kaddish

Benjamin Bouton, Jacqueline Green, Nelson Green, Rachel Condie, soloists

VI. Closing Prayer

Benjamin Bouton, soloist

INTERMISSION

WE ARE PHOENIX (2025)

TIMOTHY TAKACH (B. 1978)

Washington State Premiere

1. Imagine

2. In the Beginning

3. Turning

Rachel Condie, soloist

4. Nubes Oriebatur: the eruption of Vesuvius

5. Digging Up a Rose

6. To Risk Your Heart

7. Things Worth Praising

8. New Rising Out of Old

Rachel Condie, soloist

9. Ragnarök

10. I Fall, I Rise

11. Imagine We Are Trees

CONCERT SURVEY

What did you think of today's concert?

Please help us by filling out the online survey at this QR code link



SPECIAL THANKS

St. Paul's Episcopal Church

PROGRAM NOTES - SACRED PLACE

SACRED PLACE

Sacred Place is an ecological service that connects the old with the new, the sacred with the secular, and the individual with their community. The outline of the work is a Jewish service. However, rather than Jewish prayers, the text is made up of various writers and thinkers who speak of the environment as a place of safety, comfort, and beauty. Written for SATB choir, piano, violin, and cello, the six-movement piece is at times a meditation and at times an impassioned prayer for the world we inhabit and share.

While discussing this new work for *Conspirare*, Craig Johnson and I spoke about many ideas surrounding themes of community, nature, compassion, and healing. He expressed interest in creating a sonic space that united the singers and audience in collective feelings of compassion and grief. This idea resonated with me, and these communal aspects brought to mind the concept of a liturgical service.

Several composers throughout history have written liturgical works such as Masses, Requiems, and Cantatas. Many of these settings come from Christian liturgy with text in Latin. There are also many secular masses that are not written specifically for a liturgical purpose nor have text exclusively in Latin. In very recent years, composers such as Sarah Kirkland Snider (*Mass the Endangered*) and Carlos Simon (*Requiem for the Enslaved*) have further expanded these forms by weaving in elements of social justice.

I was inspired by my contemporaries to combine the old with the new and bring a piece of my identity and tradition into this work. As a result, rather than using the Christian liturgy, *Sacred Place* is based on the Jewish service. Additionally, while each movement is titled after a different pillar of a Jewish service, none of the text is in Hebrew. Instead, I stitched together the writings of several American environmentalists and poets who have spoken about their relationship with the earth.

Sacred Place is broken into 6 movements: Opening Prayer, Amidah, Shema, Mi Shebeirach, Kaddish, and Closing Prayer. Opening Prayer and Closing Prayer use the same serene Wendell Berry passage from the poem "The Porch over the River." Amidah (to stand) uses snippets of a letter written by John Muir to Theodore Roosevelt asking him to meet at Yosemite National Park. Muir pleads Roosevelt to "stand" with him in preserving this land. Shema (to listen) uses a poem by William Stafford who urges us to listen to what the earth is saying. Mi Shebeirach (a prayer for the sick) is the only English translation of the Hebrew prayer in the work. In the Jewish service, the Mi Shebeirach is often the emotional peak as it asks for the congregation to pray for those in need of healing. I view this movement as a call to action for us as inhabitants of the earth to do our part to heal it. Finally, Kaddish (a prayer for the dead) uses a very short line from the Bengali writer Rabindranath Tagore speaking about the sunset as a metaphor for remembering those who are no longer with us.

The title *Sacred Place* holds many meanings. Each writer that I have chosen views the earth as sacred. They speak of us as inhabitants, as visitors. Without the earth, there is no us. Another dimension is the experience that the listener has while hearing the piece live. It is not a coincidence that a piece framed in a Jewish service was premiered in a Lutheran church. I find it beautiful that the audience will be entering one sacred space with its own history and religious traditions and experiencing elements of another culture's service. There is a deep, unifying power in collective listening that transcends a single person or a single group's traditions. I am thinking about the concept of the "service" in the broadest sense: coming together to sit, listen, breathe, and understand. The audience is entering a sacred space within themselves, silently resonating with those around them.

I. Opening Prayer

In the dusk of the river, the wind
gone, the leaves grow still—
The beautiful poise of lightness,
The heavy world pushing toward it.

— *Wendell Berry (b. 1934)*
Excerpt from "The Porch Over the River"

PROGRAM NOTES - SACRED PLACE

II. Amidah

“How softly these mountain rocks are adorned, and how fine and reassuring the company they keep—their brows in the sky, their feet set in groves and gay emerald meadows, a thousand flowers leaning confidingly against their adamantine bosses, while birds bees butterflies help the river and waterfalls to stir all the air into music—things frail and fleeting and types of permanence meeting here and blending as if into this glorious mountain temple Nature had gathered her choicest treasures, whether great or small to draw her lovers into close confiding communion with her.”

— *John Muir to Teddy Roosevelt
on preserving Yosemite National Park*

III. Shema

The earth says have a place, be what that place requires; hear the sound the birds imply and see as deep as ridges go behind each other. (Some people call their scenery flat, their only pictures framed by what they know: I think around them rise a riches and a loss too equal for their chart—but absolutely tall.)* The earth says every summer have a ranch that's minimum: one tree, one well, a landscape that proclaims a universe—sermon of the hills, hallelujah mountain, highway guided by the way the world is tilted, reduplication of mirage, flat evening: a kind of ritual for the wavering. The earth says where you live wear the kind of color that your life is (grey shirt for me)* and by listening with the same bowed head that sings draw all things into one song, join the sparrow on the lawn, and row that easy way, the rage without met by the wings within that guide you anywhere the wind blows. Listening, I think that's what the earth says.

— *William Stafford (1914-1993)*

IV. Mi Shebeirach

May the source of strength
Who blessed the ones before us
Help us find the courage
to make our lives a blessing
And let us say Amen
Bless those in need of healing
with r'fuah sh'leimah
The renewal of body,
the renewal of spirit
And let us say Amen

— *Traditional Jewish Prayer*

TRI-CITIES ARTS EVENTS

ART WITHOUT BORDERS

May 28-30 - Jane Austen One Acts
June 19 - Evening in the Shire

COLUMBIA BASIN COLLEGE ARTS CENTER

June 9 - Spring Choral Concert
June 11 - Spring Jazz Night

SACAJAWEA BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

June 11-14

RICHLAND PLAYERS

June 12-28 - Arsenic and Old Lace

MID-COLUMBIA MUSICAL THEATRE

June 19-28 - My Fair Lady

MID-COLUMBIA OPERA

June 27 - Cabaret & Canapes

YES& PRODUCTIONS

July 3 - Party in the USA!
August 13-22 - Guys and Dolls

ART IN THE PARK FESTIVAL

July 24-25

V. Kaddish

“Let my thoughts come to you, when I am gone,
like the afterglow of sunset at the margin of starry silence.”

— *Rabindranath Tagore, 1861–1941*

VI. Closing Prayer

In the dusk of the river, the wind
gone, the leaves grow still—
The beautiful poise of lightness,
The heavy world pushing toward it.

— *Wendell Berry
Excerpt from “The Porch Over the River”*

PROGRAM NOTES - WE ARE PHOENIX

WE ARE PHOENIX

In 2022, I found myself envisioning a new multi-movement work for choir. At the same time, I was reflecting on several a cappella pieces in my catalog—works I deeply believe in, though they lean toward the more demanding side of things. As I sat with the poetry that was stirring my imagination and revisited the themes threaded through my earlier compositions, a larger narrative began to take shape—one that explores our relationship with the earth.

Earth, our Pale Blue Dot, has a remarkable resilience to natural disasters, constantly regenerating and adapting. Volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, and wildfires may cause destruction, but ecosystems recover over time. Forests regrow, coral reefs regenerate, and rivers carve new paths. The planet's natural cycles—such as erosion, plate tectonics, and climate regulation—help restore balance. Although human activity can hinder recovery, Earth's inherent ability to heal showcases its enduring strength and adaptability.

Human beings are marvelous creatures. We fall down and get back up again. We face opposition, and our minds immediately start searching for a way around. Or over. Or through. We reshape our surroundings, redefine ourselves, and forge a path forward. And yet, it's easy to forget this capability. There are moments when everything is too much, when we can't see around or over or through the obstacle.

But in those darkest, lowest times, we can look to the planet itself as a mirror of our own existence—its resilience, its constant cycle of destruction and renewal. In doing so, we may find a small point of light, a glimmer of hope, and a way to rise.

We Are Phoenix explores this metaphor, drawing deep connections between the earth and humanity. We are not unfaltering success, nor are we perpetual failure. We are not always full of hope and light, nor are we forever shadowed by despair. We are all of these things and everything in between. We are fire; we are ash. We are phoenix.

As you listen to this piece, let this idea settle within you. Carry it beyond this moment. Let the music remind you that, like the earth itself, you are capable of renewal—of healing, of rising, of continuing forward.

The texts here are moving, beautiful, and warrant reflection and reading on their own. I hope that they illuminate a new perspective on yourself, on humanity, and on the strength of the human spirit.

- Timothy C. Takach, 2025

1. Imagine

2. In the Beginning

Before land, sea, sky, before all that:
nature was chaos; our cosmos, all chaos;
all the same enormity, all in one;
there was no form, no moon to walk
the night, no earth to dance with air...

Now let me tell you how things change,
new rising endlessly out of old,
everything altering, form unto form,
let me be the voice of mutability,
the only constant in the world.

- Patricia Monaghan (1946-2012)

3. Turning

There comes a time in every fall
before the leaves begin to turn
when blackbirds group and flock and gather
choosing a tree, a branch, together
to click and call and chorus and clamor
announcing the season has come for travel.

Then comes a time when all those birds
without a sound or backward glance
pour from every branch and limb
into the air, as if on a whim
but it's a dynamic, choreographed mass
a swoop, a swerve, a mystery, a dance

and now the tree stands breathless, amazed
at how it was chosen, how it was changed.

- Julie Cadwallader Staub

PROGRAM NOTES - WE ARE PHOENIX

4. Nubes Oriebatur: the eruption of Vesuvius

A cloud was ascending.

(There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth.)

A cloud was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine tree.

For it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into branches of a sort; Because, I believe, it was occasioned by a sudden gust of air that impelled it.

A black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet-lightning, but much larger.

It was sometimes clear and bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according to whether it had picked up earth or cinders.

Soon afterwards, the cloud began to descend, and cover the sea. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though it was still sparse.

Soon the real day returned, and even the sun shone out. Every object that presented itself to our faltering eyes seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow.

- *Pliny the Younger, Letters to Tacitus, 61-112 AD*
Translated by William Melmoth, with revisions by Anne Groton

5. Digging Up a Rose

I dug up a rose in my garden.

To make room for something new.

Less formal.

Less fussy.

More me.

I dug up a rose.

Dropped it sideways in a broken pot.

And forgot it was there.

Then summer came.

And the old discarded rose

Shocked me with a shock of pink.

With a cloud of old-fashioned blooms.

It refused to let me choose.

Refused to let me deny its value.

But bloomed.

To spite me.

Bloomed.

In spite of me.

Bloomed.

To remind me.

To know my worth.

And to know it most of all.

When sideways in a broken pot.

- *Caitlin Vincent*

6. To Risk Your Heart

Life will break you. Nobody can protect you from that, and living alone won't either, for solitude will also break you with its yearning. You have to love. You have to feel. It is the reason you are here on earth. You are here to risk your heart. You are here to be swallowed up. And when it happens that you are broken, or betrayed, or left, or hurt, or death brushes near, let yourself sit by an apple tree and listen to the apples falling all around you in heaps, wasting their sweetness. Tell yourself you tasted as many as you could.

- *Louise Erdrich (b. 1954)*

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PROGRAM NOTES - WE ARE PHOENIX

7. Things Worth Praising

Rain. Soft rain. Hard pelting rain. Sleet and snow.
Clouds: white, grey, dark. A spring breeze.
The predictability of stars and moon and sun.

Green small hills. Craggy slopes. Granite cliffs.
Topsoil deep and rich. The melody of rivers.
The powers of tides. The cycle of change.

Industry of bee and worm. Sweet fruit that follows.
Microbes that make cheese. Ones that cure us.
Profound cooperation that begets lichen.

Birdsong carried on wind. The shadow of a horse
against a limestone wall. A dog's warmth.
Blood. Flesh. Bones. Hearts. Breath.

A friend's hand, reaching out for help or tea.
A sigh, an honest smile, a body dancing.
Everything that connects and is connected. Everything.

- Patricia Monaghan

8. New Rising Endlessly

Now let me tell you how things change,
new rising endlessly out of old,
everything altering, form unto form,
let me be the voice of mutability,
the only constant in the world.

- Patricia Monaghan

9. Ragnarök

Hagalaz (wrath of nature), Sowilo (sun)...
Dark grows the sun,
and in summer soon
Come mighty storms:
would you know yet more?
Brothers will fight one another
and kill one another
the world will be a hard place to live in.
skeggold, skalmold, (an age of the axe, an age of the sword,)
vindold, vargold, (an age of storms, an age of wolves,)
Before the world sinks in the sea,
there will be no man left who is true to another.

The old tree sighs
when the giant shakes it—
Yggdrasil still stands, (Skelfr Yggdrasils)
but it trembles. (askr standandi.)

The sun turns black,
the earth sinks into the sea,
the bright stars
fall out of the sky.

Flames scorch
the leaves of Yggdrasil,
a great bonfire
reaches to the highest clouds.

Here is a house,
here is a neighborhood.
Here is a street, a door, a room, a window.
Here is a drought, here a beetled pine.
Here is a wildfire leaping from limb to roof.

There is a law of lightning, law of wood.
There is a need to burn, to lose, to grow.
There is the charred scar, there the flying ash.
To dwell is not to shelter, we should know.

Here are the people packing their cars to flee.
Here are the photos in frames, the pets on leashes.
Here are the children bewildered, coughing smoke.
Here are the firemen climbing the hills in the heat.

Berkana (growth), Dagaz (day)...

I see the earth
rise a second time
from out of the sea,
green once more.
Waterfalls flow,
and eagles fly overhead,
hunting for fish
among the mountain peaks.

We are the street, we are the neighborhood.
We are the garden living and dying to bloom.
We are the parched yards, we are the trembling deer.
We are the long walk looking to find our home.

I see the earth rise a second time.
Rise.

- *Poetic Edda: Völuspá (41, 46, 55, 57), translated by Dr. Jackson Crawford, sung in English and Old Norse "The Fires," by David Mason (b. 1954)*

PROGRAM NOTES - WE ARE PHOENIX

10. I Fall, I Rise

A wonder of biology and stardust combines to form me.
Improbable, yet here I am—trillions of cells with rhythm
and life,
each breath and heartbeat a quiet symphony.
Each movement a melody

I hope to keep falling in love with this world again and
again,
with every stranger's kindness,
with every life bent low that finds the strength to rise.
A caterpillar turns inward before it grows wings,
a forest survives and prospers from fallen trees,
and I am transformed by each experience of loss and joy.
When I am broken, my mind rewires,
regrows, together.

We move back and forth between grief and laughter,
each adding meaning to the other.
Alone, now together.
Broken, now whole.
We are fire. We are ash.
We are Phoenix.

Oh, this delicate flight of the soul.
I fall, I rise.
I withdraw, then reach out.
I find myself in love with this
beautiful world.

- C.J. Nichols

11. Imagine We Are Trees

Imagine we are trees.
Both about to bud
We are itching with tiny leaves
To shake and shade each other with.
We've known each other forever,
Weathered all of it.
There, when you lost a limb
I swayed and prayed in my trunk
you'd not go down. We shed
what we no longer need
no longer can hold up
to the light. I've seen you
in twilight blue, seen the moon
cradled in your branches.
This morning your canopy
Glazed in tangerine light.
If this isn't love
I don't know what is.

- Julia Klatt Singer

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The Mid-Columbia Mastersingers organization offers several opportunities to sing in our choirs: Chamber Choir, Symphonic Choir, Treble Choir, and Columbia Chorale

Chamber Choir: voice placement hearing, project schedule typically 6-8 weeks, advanced repertoire, high level of personal preparation and musical independence, includes a cappella selections and languages other than English

Symphonic and Treble Choirs: voice placement hearing, project schedule typically 8-10 weeks, moderate repertoire, some level of personal preparation and musical independence, includes selections accompanied by symphony/chamber orchestras and occasionally in languages other than English, Treble Choir is for sopranos and altos

Columbia Chorale: no voice placement hearing (just come and sing!), project schedule typically 12+ weeks, accessible repertoire, little to no level of personal preparation, typically includes selections accompanied by piano

Please contact Artistic Director Justin Raffa at jraffa@mcmastersingers.org with any questions and to request to be added to the singer roster. Please indicate:

1. I want to join Columbia Chorale! (no placement hearing)
2. I want to do a voice placement hearing for the performance choirs!
3. I want to do an advanced audition for the performance choirs and potential solo opportunities!

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Learn more at: artscentertaskforce.com



Saturday, June 6

6:30-9:00pm

Moonshot Brewing, Kennewick
Family friendly venue!

Beer Choir is the choir that sings while drinking beer! Come join us in the grand old tradition of pub singing.

All are welcome!

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17
Frichette Winery

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The meeting will be preceded by an invitation-only listening party
of the new Nuclear Dreams recording, especially for donors.
Make your MCM contribution to receive an invitation!

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an Oral History of the Hanford Site

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