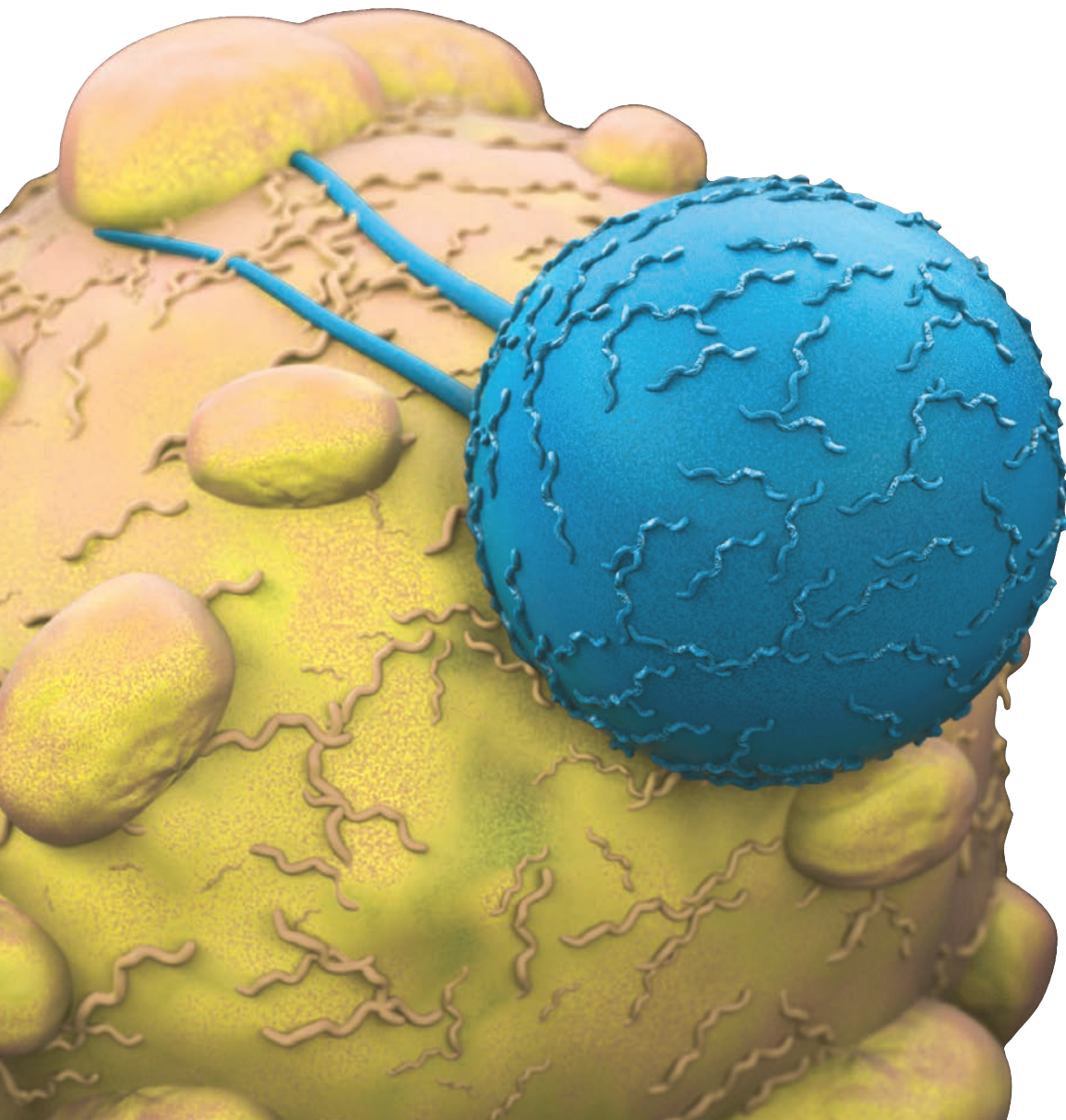


NOBEL CONFERENCE 56 CONCERT

home:

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRIVILEGE TO LIVE

Presented by Aleah Felton '20, Michael McKenzie '19, and members of the Gustavus community



THE
N**BEL**
CONFERENCE
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS COLLEGE

Welcome

Aleah Felton

free

**“WE, UNACCUSTOMED TO COURAGE, EXILES FROM DELIGHT,
LIVE COILED IN SHELLS OF LONELINESS...”
“YET IT IS ONLY LOVE WHICH SETS US FREE.”**

Touched By an Angel (2011)

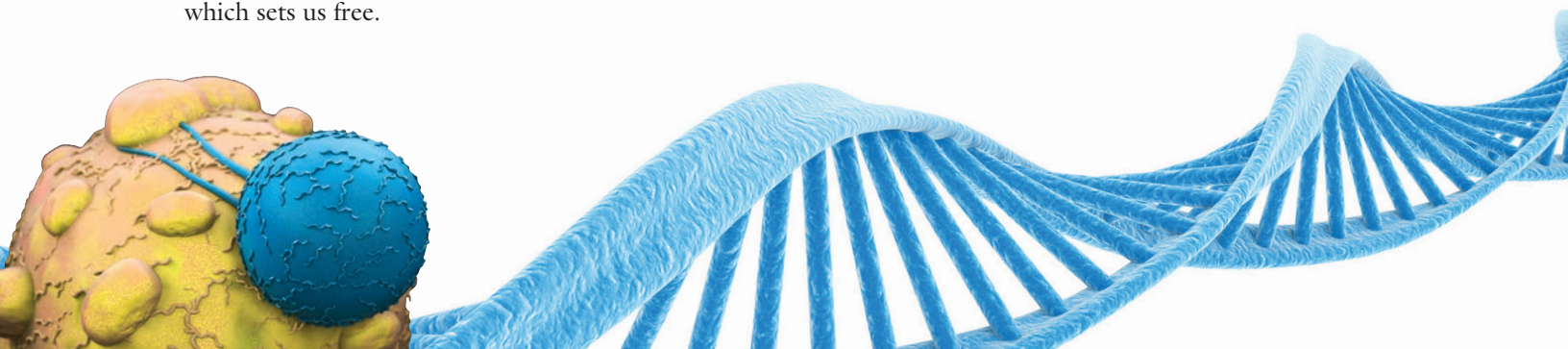
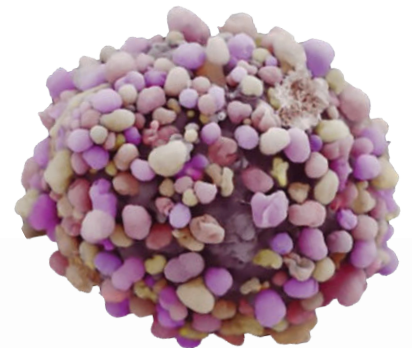
Maya Angelou (1928–2014)

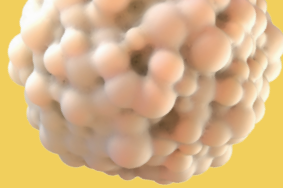
Read by Aleah Felton

We, unaccustomed to courage
exiles from delight
live coiled in shells of loneliness
until love leaves its high holy temple
and comes into our sight
to liberate us into life.

Love arrives
and in its train come ecstasies
old memories of pleasure
ancient histories of pain.
Yet if we are bold,
love strikes away the chains of fear
from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity
In the flush of love’s light
we dare be brave
And suddenly we see
that love costs all we are
and will ever be.
Yet it is only love
which sets us free.





My Heart Be Brave (2018)

Music by Marques L.A. Garrett (b. 1984)

Text by James Weldon Johnson (1871–1938)

My heart be brave, and do not falter so,
Nor utter more that deep, despairing wail.
Thy way is very dark and drear I know,
But do not let thy strength and courage fail;
For certain as the raven-winged night
Is followed by the bright and blushing morn,
Thy coming morrow will be clear and bright;

'Tis darkest when the night is furthest worn.
Look up, and out, beyond, surrounding clouds,
And do not in thine own gross darkness grope,
Rise up, and casting off thy hind'ring shrouds,
Cling thou to this, and ever inspiring hope:
Tho' thick the battle and tho' fierce the fight,
There is a power making for the right.

diagnosis

**“NO PORCH LIGHT ON TO PULL ME HOME.
AND WHERE I WAS IS BEAUTIFUL BECAUSE I WAS FREE.”**

Once Upon Another Time (2012)

Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)

Soloist Kaitlyn Peroutka

Ensemble Aleah Felton and Natalie Johnson

Accompanist Samantha Walters

Once upon another time, somebody's hand who felt like mine
Turned the key and took a drive, was free.
Highway curved, the sun sank low. Buckley on the radio.
The cigarette was burning slow. So breathe.
Just yellow lines and tire marks, and sunkissed skin and handlebars.
And where I stood was where I was to be.
No enemies to call my own. No porchlight on to pull me home.
And where I was is beautiful because I was free.

Once upon another time before I know which life was mine,
Before I left the child behind me,
I saw myself in summer nights, and stars lit up like candlelight.
I make a wish but mostly I believed
In yellow line and tire marks, sunkissed skin, and handlebars.
And where I stood was where I was to be.
Once upon another time, decided nothing good in dying.
So I would just, I'd keep on driving because I was free.



Waiting for Results (2016)

Anonymous

Read by Kaitlyn Peroutka

I'm being taken on holiday but it's a surprise. I wonder where I'm going?
I think I've guessed but I've been wrong before. What do I pack?
It could be cold and rainy, could be a tropical paradise.

I had better pack everything.

I wonder where I'm going? I think I've guessed.
I feel it in my bones. Have I remembered to pack everything?
I may need scuba gear, climbing gear, warm clothes, or bikini.

I think the bikini is unlikely but I try to fit it in the case.

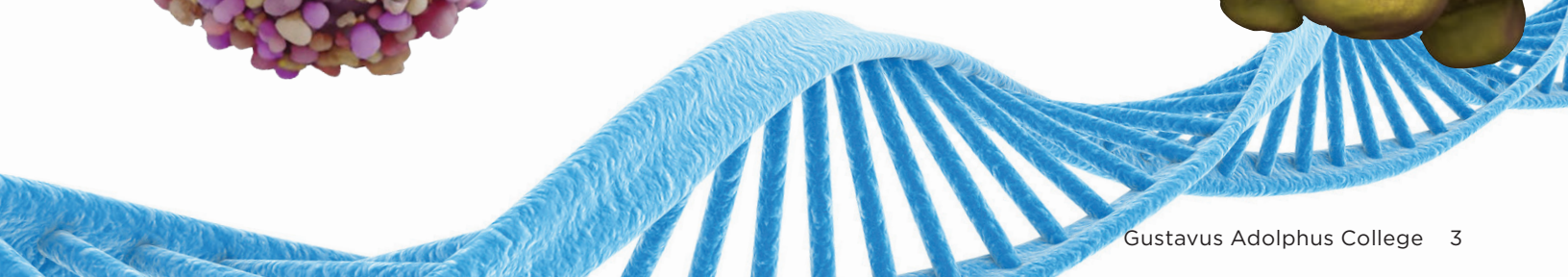
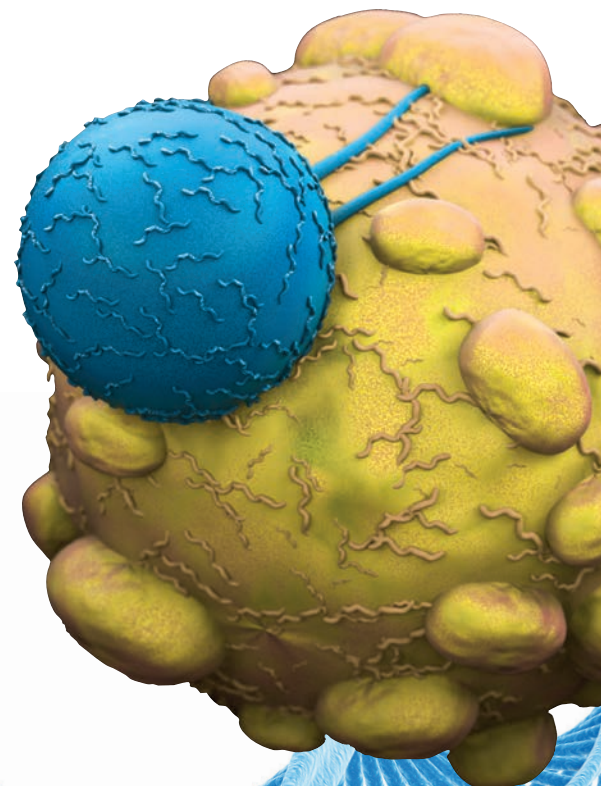
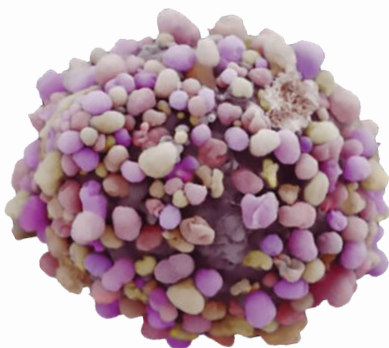
I lie awake considering all possibilities and trying not to, knowing it futile.

I wake early. I don't want to miss the flight.
It's a 40 minute trip to the airport and will we be able to park?
I hope I have everything packed.

I've had plenty of time to consider.
Folks say 'be positive,' but it's not them who'll get wet if they don't take a mack.
If it's a tropical island then that's great. I can leave the mack in the case.

I wait for the taxi, full of anticipation.
I wonder where I'm going?

I'll only know when I'm on the plane.



resolve

**“WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE TIMES THE WORLD WAS
OURS FOR DREAMING, WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE TIMES
THE EARTH SEEMED LIKE OUR HOME..”**

**The Innocence from
Considering Matthew Shepard (2015)**

Music by Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)
Text by Michael Dennis Brown (b. 1940)

Sololists Aleah Felton and Kaitlyn Peroutka
Accompanist Samantha Walters

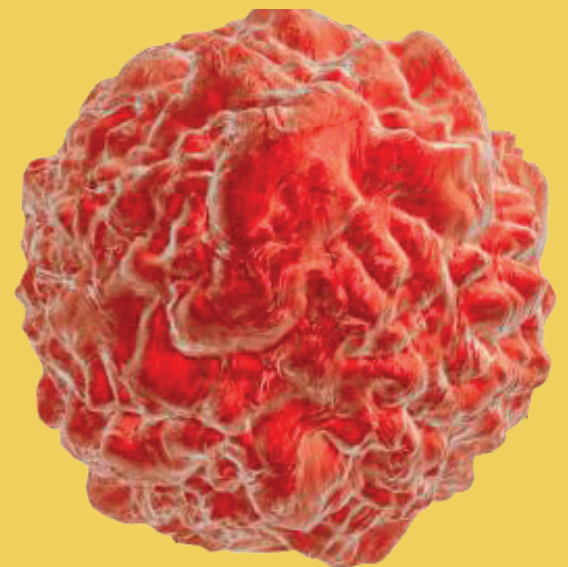
When I think of all the times the world was ours for dreaming,
When I think of all the times the earth seemed like our home -
Every heart alive with its own longing,
Every future we could ever hope to hold.
All the times our laughter rang in summer,
All the times the river sang our tune -
Was there already sadness in the sunlight?

Some stormy story waiting to be told?

Where O where has the innocence gone?
Where O where has it gone?
Rains rolling down wash away my memory;
Where O where has it gone?

When I think of all the joys, the wonders we remember
All the treasures we believed we'd never ever lose.
Too many days gone by without their meaning,
Too many darkened hours without their peace.

Where O where has the innocence gone?
Where O where has it gone?
Vows we once swore, now it's just this letting go,
Where O where has it gone?



Caged Bird (1983)

Maya Angelou (1928–2014)

Read by Aleah Felton

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Take My Hand, Precious Lord (1957)

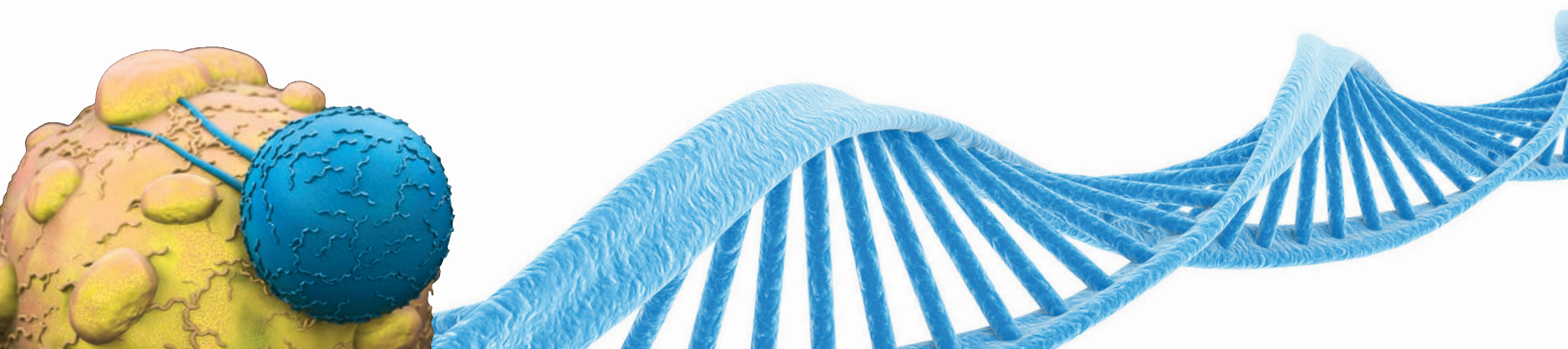
Mahalia Jackson (1911–1972)

Music and Text by Rev. Thomas A. Dorsey (1899–1993)

Soloist Aleah Felton

Precious Lord, take my hand
Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn
Through the storm, through the night
Lead me on through the light
Take my hand, precious Lord
And lead me home

When my way grows dreary
Precious Lord, lead me near
When my life is almost gone
At the river I will stand
Guide my feet, hold my hand
Take my hand, precious Lord
And lead me home



home

**“A LITTLE BROKEN LITTLE NEW.
WE ARE THE IMPACT AND THE GLUE,
CAPABLE MORE THAN WE KNOW,
WE’LL CALL THIS FIXER UPPER HOME.”**

North (2014)

Ryan O’Neal (Sleeping at Last) (b. 1983)

Arr. George Chung (b. 1986)

Sololists Aleah Felton and Kaitlyn Peroutka

Accompanist Samantha Walters

We will call this place our home,
The dirt in which our roots may grow.
Though the storms will push and pull,
We will call this place our home.

We’ll tell our stories on these walls.
Ev’ry year measure how tall.
And just like a work of art.
We’ll tell our stories on these walls.

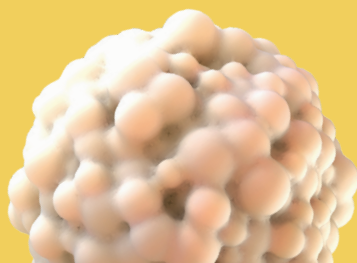
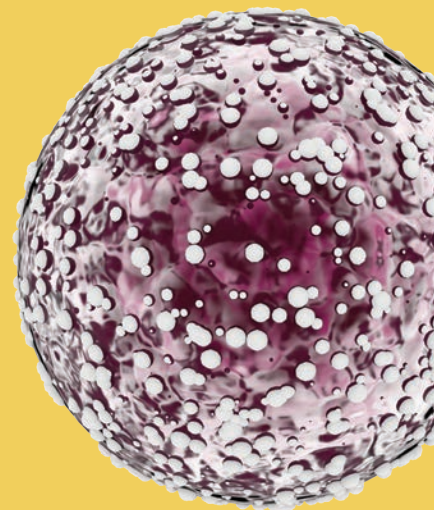
Let the years we’re here be kind, be kind.
Let our hearts like doors open wide, open wide.
Settle our bones like wood over time, over time.
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine.

A little broken little new.
We are the impact and the glue
Capable more than we know
We’ll call this fixer upper home.
With each year our colour fades.
Slowly our paint chips away.
But we will find the strength
And the nerve it takes to repaint,
And repaint, and repaint, ev’ryday.

Let the years we’re here be kind, be kind.
Let our hearts like doors open wide, open wide.
Settle our bones like wood over time, over time.
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine.

Let the years we’re here be kind, be kind.
Let our hearts like doors open wide, open wide.
Settle our bones like wood over time, over time.
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine.
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine.

Smaller than dust on this map
Lies the greatest thing we have,
The dirt in which our roots may grow,
And the right to call it home.



PERFORMERS

choir

*denotes section leader

Soprano

Natalie Johnson '21
Isabella La Marca '22
Lindsey Westerberg '23

Alto

Annalise Lundeen '23*
Nora Mohamed '21
Megan Nipe '22
Amber Simon '23

Tenor

Nathan Habben '21
Nathan Thompson '21*

Bass

Gabe Hansen '24
Bryce Knutson '23
Peter Neuman '22
Henri Santelman '21
Andrew Stumbo '21*

guest artist



Kaitlyn Peroutka '18, Soloist

Katie Peroutka is from Bloomington, Minn. She earned her BA in vocal performance from Gustavus and is currently working to obtain her K-12 Music Education teaching license from the University of Minnesota. In the last few years, Katie has sung with multiple vocal ensembles in the Twin Cities such as MPLS (imPulse) and the National Lutheran Choir. In addition to her schooling, she serves as the rehearsal assistant for Angelica Cantanti Youth Choirs.

creative team



Aleah Felton '20, Co-Artistic Director and Soloist

A recent graduate of Gustavus Adolphus College, Aleah Felton is a teacher of English language arts to secondary students. Throughout her upbringing and education, Aleah has found passion within the power of music, singing in church and school ensembles throughout her life. Although she has concluded her collegiate choir journey, Aleah continues to serve in worship arts at her home church, as she has done most of her life. Through enriching musical experiences, Aleah has found that music unifies humanity across the diaspora of ages and life experiences, bringing people together in even the lowest and toughest of times. Additionally, she has also learned that music continues to live on through the people it affects even outside of the musical experience itself. Words and music have power. Through this program, Aleah is excited to explore that power through amplifying human experiences.



Michael McKenzie '19, Co-Artistic Director and Conductor

Michael McKenzie is a national award-winning conductor, active social justice advocate, and music educator whose work centers around the power that choral music has to affect social change. Michael currently serves as artistic director of Voices for Social Justice, a national nonprofit choral organization. Prior to the work with Voices for Social Justice, Michael was the founder and director of two social justice choirs at Gustavus Adolphus College. For the work as director of the Gustavus Social Justice Choir, Michael earned second place in The American Prize for Choral Conducting - Community Division. Michael graduated from Gustavus Adolphus College, summa cum laude, with a BA in music education with certification in K-12 vocal, instrumental, and classroom music. Michael is a member of the Music Honors Society Pi Kappa Lambda, the Education Honors Society Kappa Delta Pi, and holds professional affiliations with the American Choral Directors Association and the National Association for Music Education.



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