



Bella
Lumina

spreading light, hope & joy
through song

come, celebrate the gift of song

everyone SANG!

Michelle Gehrz, artistic director | Jeffrey Patry, collaborative pianist | Caitlin Lucic, percussion

Storytellers:

Helen Arneson, Ruth Hoffman, Jill Oliveri, Cathy Rosenholtz,
Ellen Junko Sandoval, and Beth VonEschen

MAY 16, 2026 — 4:30 & 7 PM

Gethsemane Lutheran Church, Hopkins

BellaLuminaChoir.org

How does music make you dream?

Can singing inspire change?

How does music connect you to this world?

We Are The Music Makers | by Reginal Wright

*We are, we are the music, we are the music makers.
We are, we are the dreamers, we are the dreamers of dreams.
Wand'ring by lone sea-breakers
Sitting by desolate streams; Losers, forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams.
We are, we are the movers, we are the shakers, we are the music makers.
The dreamers, we are the dreamers of dreams.*

Our Song | by Katerina Gimon / text by Lauren Peat

Trio: Caroline Drew, Mari Espeland, Jill Oliveri

*There were three women in a field:
one song between them, in the grass.
It trembled, and one woman kneeled—
the song recoiled from her grasp.*

*They knew to wait, these women three,
close to the quiet of all things.
Dappled by the fruit trees' leaves,
these women coaxed the song to sing.*

*They did not work to name the song,
or ask from where the music came.
Their only task to raise it strong:
the spirit of a new refrain.*

*The village children had come near,
the hour that the song unclasped;
the passage of each body's figure
long and charcoaled in the grass.*

*They did not work to name the song,
or ask from where the music came.
Their only task to raise it strong:
The wonder of a new refrain.*

*You've seen these creatures, voices who
though shy with contact, need it too—
they come to meet us and we try
to ease their landing, loose their cry.*

*They did not work to name the song,
or ask from where its music came.
Their only task to raise it strong:
the courage of a new refrain.*

*And when at last we took our leave,
our song returned from whence it came.
Its only task to rouse belief
in the music that is ours to save.*

- Cheri Almquist
- Helen Arneson*
- Shawna Bartelmehs
- Darcy Bodger
- Ruth Campbell
- Noreen Carlson*
- Angela Carpenter
- Ashley Delamater
- Caroline Drew
- Sarah Eagle
- Mari Espeland^
- Gena Gerard*
- Gay Gonnerman
- Sydney Gramstad
- Kathleen Grindeland
- Julianne Heil
- Stephanie Henry
- Ruth Hoffman
- Ellen Junko Sandoval
- Paige Kamin-Bergstrom
- River Kennitz
- Barbara Kern-Pieh
- Tanya Kirschenman
- Shelley Kline
- Jan Lillemo
- Julie Lindstrom
- Emma Lohman
- Doreen Lorentz
- Rhonda Lundgren
- Emma Melick
- Mindy Mennicke^
- Kay Netland
- Jill Oliveri
- Jean Olson*
- Sandy Olson*
- Joanna Padden
- Nancy Pearson
- Larissa Penny
- Tricia Porter
- Karen Quady
- Jill Reid
- Sandy Ricci
- Cathy Rosenholtz
- Cynthia Scherer
- Jamie Schmidt
- Cara Schoenberg
- Chris Starr^
- Cindy Stauffer
- Julie Stauffer
- Amy Steffen
- Judy Sunderland
- Suz Swanson
- Karin Vavrichek*
- Heidi Vickerman
- Beth VonEschen
- Jodi Washek
- Victoria Wilgocki

* Board member
^ Section leader

Sing Out, My Soul | by Marques L.A. Garrett

*Sing out, my soul, your songs of joy.
Sing as a bird will sing, beneath a rainbow's lovely arch, in early spring.
Think not of death, strive not for gold.
Train up your mind to feel content,
What matters then how low your store? It matters not.
What matters then how low your store? What we enjoy, and not possess, makes us rich or poor.
Sing out my soul.*

How does singing lift you?

I Sing that My Voice May Be Heard | by Gwen McLeod Hall

*I sing that my voice may be heard in the language of souls whose passion and courage rise from the earth.
Voice upon voice, heart upon heart, voice upon heart upon voice, their symphonies of word and deed
drown out the cacophony of injustice, their symphonies of word and deed breathe hope, sing hope.
I sing that my voice may be heard in the language of souls, and wherever voices are rising, my voice will sing.*

Fresh and Fearless | by Daniel Elder / poem by Sara Teasdale

*The spring is fresh and fearless and every leaf is new,
The world is brimmed with moonlight, the lilac brimmed with dew.
Here in the moving shadows, I catch my breath and sing—
My heart is fresh and fearless and over-brimmed with spring.*



Everyone



suddenly



burst out



singing!

Everyone Sang | by Richard Burchard / text by Siegfried Sassoon

Small Group: Darcy Bodger, Ashley Delamater, Sydney Gramstad, Ellen Junko Sandoval, Doreen Lorentz, Emma Melick

*Everyone suddenly burst out singing; and I was filled with such delight.
As prisoned birds must find in freedom, winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields, on and on and out of sight.*

*Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted; and beauty came like the setting sun.
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.*

And She Sings! | arr. Ken Berg / text by Victor Hugo

*Be like a bird, who pausing in her flight,
On a limb too slight, feels it give way beneath her,
But sings, knowing she has wings,
Sings, knowing she has wings.*

Sing to the World! | arr. Robert I. Hugh | Audience please join in singing when directed!

*Sing! Sing a song. Make it simple to last your whole life long.
Don't worry that it's not good enough for anyone else to hear. Just sing. Sing a song!*



Take This Gift | by Tracy Wong

*My feet are rooted to the ground; my voice is soaring in the skies.
I am tied to the past, beautifully tangled with you. Hand in hand we look to the stars.
We are branches, independent, intertwined. We are sunlight spreading warmth, dazzling bright.
Here, take this gift, it's not mine to keep. Here, take this gift, share it far so all may know,
Let our love for singing grow.*



Scan code for video transcripts.
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thank you ...

Gethsemane Lutheran Church & staff

for supporting Bella Lumina on a weekly basis for our rehearsals

Mitchell VonEschen | tech assistance

Julie Lindstrom Design | creative services



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