



Bella  
Lumina

spreading light, hope & joy  
through song

# see the LIGHT

an inspiring winter solstice concert

**Michelle Gehrz**, artistic director

**Jeffrey Patry**, collaborative pianist

**Caitlin Lucic**, percussion

**Laura Sewell**, cello



**DEC 20 — 7 PM | DEC 21 — 3:30 PM**

gethsemane lutheran church • 715 minnetonka mills road, hopkins

[BellaLuminaChoir.org](http://BellaLuminaChoir.org)

## program

### I Giorni

Ludovico Einaudi, arr. Sally Whitwell

### Vuilie | traditional Sámi "Yoik" song

Christopher Beck and Frode Fjelheim

### O Oriens

Anna Rocawska-Musiacyk

*Latin to English translation:*

*O Rising Sun, splendor of light eternal and sun of righteousness:*

*Come and enlighten those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death. [Dec. 21 O Antiphon]*

### Solstice Carol

Kim Baryluk

### Snow Angel

Sarah Quartel / narration written by Lisa Helps

### Prologue

### Creatures of Light

### God Will Give Orders/Sweet Child

*Small group:*

*Sydney Gramstad, Rhonda Lundgren, Elizabeth Padula, Megan Paulus  
Karen Quady, Cindy Stauffer, Beth VonEschen*

### Snow Angel

*Narrators: Diane Wold, first angel; Olivia Michael, second angel; Abbie Delauney, third angel*

*Video: Laura Sam of Women's Voices Chorus, Chapel Hill, NC*

### The Bowl of Light | read by Kathleen Grindeland

*From: Tales of the Night Rainbow, as told by Tutu Kaeli'ohe ne'ekoa of Molokai'i*

*by Koko Willis and Pali Jae Lee*

### See the Light | based on the Hawaiian Bowl of Light story

Sarah Quartel

### Heaven Unfolding

text by Charles Anthony Silvestri /music by Andrea Ramsey

### Christmas Light

Lorenz Maierhofer

### Angel's Gloria

Traditional Carols / arr. Laura Farnell

*Please share in singing portions of this medley of carols  
as cued by the director and shown on the screen.*

## ROSTER • Fall 2025

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

\* Board member

^ Section leader



## 1 Prologue

All his angels, all his heavenly armies.  
Open your eyes, sweet child.

### **First Angel:**

*On a rock, head in hand, I sit. Long, white hair falls now  
to my lap and my old, tired wings rest now at my side.  
Peaceful. Still.*

*Dawn. I watch the day come into being: the gentle  
approach of the sun, the world above, the world below,  
graced with light. And I, witness of thousands of dawns,  
can't help but remember, this morning near my passing,  
a time long ago when for a moment these wings, which  
define my very angelhood, become invisible.*

*There was a long spring festival in the countryside where  
I had been sent. Adults and children alike danced and  
celebrated the end of winter's shelter, the bountiful  
green beginnings, the harvests to come. My task was  
very unique, you see, for I was sent to gather light. Our  
world then—our world now—both bleak and bright, always  
on the brink of night. So as the townspeople danced  
and sang, I opened my magic leather sack and let their  
light flow in. I went from town to town in this way, and  
in each town I passed through people greeted me with  
a generosity of spirit and gentle kindness. Yet, seeking  
light, I had little time to respond in kind. When I arrived  
in the last village, just when I had almost enough light, I  
was stopped.*

*"I've heard about you," said a young man, close to the age  
I was then. "You are the angel gathering light to save us all  
from the world's night."*

*"That's right," I said, a little too proudly for an angel.*

*"But if you truly are an angel then where are your wings?"*

*I was puzzled for a moment, sure that my wings were  
where they had always been - strapped onto my back with  
heartstrings. But I tried to flap, nothing. I looked behind  
me, nothing. Then, panicking, I looked into my magic bag  
... nothing. Where is the light?*

## 2 Creatures of Light

Creatures of light, such as still play, like motes in the  
sunshine, round the Lord,  
And through their infinite array, transmit each moment,  
night and day,

The echo of His luminous word! Creatures of light.  
When earth lay nearer to the skies than in these days  
of crime and woe,  
And mortals saw, without surprise, in midair,  
angelic eyes  
Gazing upon the earth below. Creatures of light.

### **Second Angel:**

*I'm Grace. That's what my father calls me anyway, although  
most days I'm not sure why. My friends call me Gray,  
'cause I'm somewhere in the middle, between black and  
white, boy and girl, angel and human. I do have wings,  
though, and I'm seventeen and hip so they're tattooed,  
and I've even got a piercing in my nose. So this is how it  
goes. We've been hanging around up here for a while  
now. Waiting for heaven to fall. Waiting for a call. Every  
day we look out across the sky, across the city - the urban  
playground for earthbound teenage angels. And every  
day we look: we see the city spread, we watch with dread  
the trees disappear, the rivers run dry - we anticipate the  
end of thousands of harvests.*

*We watch with fascination angels in human form look  
without seeing, hear without listening, touch without  
feeling. I watch compassion disappear as if it were simply  
going out of fashion. Compassion. Out of fashion as I  
suppose my own wings might be, tattooed, when I'm old  
and wise.*

*So in a flurry I transcend the borderland of the sky  
between you and me. I swoop down into the heart of New  
York City, of Montreal, of Moscow. I creep quietly through  
graffiti-covered alleyways, looking for a message. Looking  
for direction. I look into the eyes of the people passing  
by for a message, for direction. And on one corner sits a  
woman, with a boy child. She looks at me with innocent  
eyes. I touch her gently. She smiles, then cries. Around the  
bend near the end of yet another shop-lined street lies a  
man. I help him to his feet.*

*And then I come to you. You look at me as if I were  
anything but heaven-sent. You cannot see past my  
tattoos, my piercings, past all of me that is different from  
all of you. Yet I am also the same, you see, and so you  
let me take your hand. "Let me show you compassion," I  
say. I lead you to what used to be a garden; it was your  
Father's when you were a child. But you had forgotten,  
you see, and in the meantime it became a parking lot.  
"But look," I pointed. And there, pushing up through the  
pavement, a solitary red flower, unselfconsciously perfect.  
"I remember," you assure me, and so I leave you graced,  
an adult child in the garden of your Father.*



### 3 God Will Give Orders

God will give orders to his angels about you,  
And all his angels, all his armies sing: "ah!"  
Do not think poorly of these little children.  
All of them have an angel in heav'n,  
And all of their angels can see the face of the Father.  
And all your angels see the face of your Father.

### 4 Sweet Child

Sweet child, hear my song.  
Sweet child, I will guard you.  
Sweet child, you're the future.  
Love and mercy show to others.  
Faith, like a child, can hear the song,  
A song that falls on ears of those who wait,  
Like a child, for peace to come.  
And trust that we will learn to show them love,  
  
Like a child, who knows no wrong  
From being loved by those who've taught them.  
Faith, like a child, forever strong.  
The circle goes on.

Sweet child, hear my song.  
Sweet child, I will show you how to love!

#### Third Angel:

*I am a small angel. Eight years old to be exact. I have a crooked nose and tiny wings. I like them because they make me a little bit different from everyone else, and that makes me special. I know I'm a special angel for other reasons, too - because I'm one of the only angels my age who has a human friend. She's like me - eight. Where she lives it's almost springtime, and the flowers in her mother's garden are poking their heads up through the snow. But she's sad. At first I thought it was because she couldn't see her own wings, but I learned the other day it's because her best friend moved away and she doesn't know who to love anymore. She is what adults call 'lonely.' But I am a young angel with a big heart and tiny wings, and I know how to love. So I went to visit her before bedtime the other night as she sat at her window looking out at winter's end. She smiled as I danced and sang my song, and she giggled, hiding her face in her hands, when I threw myself into the snow and flapped my wings. And when I got up there was a picture of me left behind in the snow. And I felt happy because the little girl had laughed. And I felt happy because she could see love, like a picture in the show.*

#### First Angel:

*"Sweet child," I say, here at dawn from the rock of my old age. Sweet children. What do we do when the snow melts,*

*when love remains although love's imprint is gone?  
Once upon a time I told you I couldn't see my wings.  
Not because they weren't there, but because in seeking light I had forgotten how to give it. The energy of generosity, of compassion, of love, is circular. Inside we know no differently.*

*Look and see. Hear and listen. Touch and feel. Each of us, inside, a child in the garden. A flower pushing through the pavement. An angel in the snow. Go.*

### 5 Snow Angel

I went to my window one bright winter's morn and  
gazed at the new fallen snow.  
The world overtaken by flurries of white had set my  
surroundings aglow.  
I looked to the heavens seeking the source of this  
wonderland newly appeared.  
When there I spied a snow angel holding the flakes  
and spreading them near.

She sang: "Even though the snow may blow, there's  
not a wind can stop my music. For I know that winter  
shelters life."

On silver blue wingtips she soared through the air  
ensuring the flow'rs were warm.  
She knew that her snowflakes would blanket the earth  
and keep all its friends safe from harm.

I thought for a moment she must be a dream, this  
angel with silvery wings.  
But then I discovered she was heaven sent as her icy  
lips opened to sing.

She sang: "Even though the snow may blow, there's  
not a wind can stop my music. For I know that winter  
shelters life."

When she knew that the flow'rs were asleep she beat  
her wings faster to go.  
But soon, looking back on the work she had done,  
She let herself fall to the snow.  
I saw for a moment the smile on her face 'fore she  
launched herself back in the air.  
I'm sure there are many snow angels in heav'n, but  
now I have one down here.

I sing: "Even though the snow may blow there's not  
a wind can stop my music. For I know that winter  
shelters life!"

In memory of Katie Childress