



THE GONZAGA UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT PRESENTS

CRAIG HELLA JOHNSON'S

CONSIDERING MATTHEW SHEPARD

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY CHAMBER CHORUS

SPOKANE KANTOREI + SPECTRUM SINGERS

TIMOTHY WESTERHAUS, CONDUCTOR

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 3:00PM

LIVESTREAMED FROM THE MYRTLE WOLDSON PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

CONSIDERING MATTHEW SHEPARD

CRAIG HELLA JOHNSON, COMPOSER

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CRAIG HELLA JOHNSON

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY CHAMBER CHORUS SPOKANE KANTOREI

TIMOTHY WESTERHAUS, CONDUCTOR

AMY PORTER, STAGE DIRECTOR

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 2021, 3PM

SPOKEN RECITATIONS BY MEMBERS OF SPECTRUM SINGERS:

Noreen Duffy

Sue Dunn

Whitney Grayhorse

Maura Kegley

Bobby Kizer

Anne McCaslin

Ariel Ocker

Jared Schatz

MUSIC OVERVIEW

PROLOGUE

Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass
Ordinary Boy
We Tell Each Other Stories / I Am Open

PASSION

The Fence (before)
The Fence (that night)
A Protestor
Keep It Away From Me
Fire of the Ancient Heart
Stray Birds
We Are All Sons
I Am Like You / We Are All Sons
The Innocence
The Fence (one week later)
Stars
In Need of Breath
Gently Rest (Deer Lullaby)
Deer Song
The Fence (after)/The Wind
Pilgrimage

EPILOGUE

Meet Me Here
Thank You
All Of Us
Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass (Reprise)

PROLOGUE

Cattle, Horses, Sky and Grass

All.

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

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 . . .

Just an ordinary boy living ordinary days with
extraordinary kindness extraordinary laughter
extraordinary shining extraordinary light and joy
Joy and light.

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:

Matt: 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)

I love, I love, I love . . .

Ordinary boy, ordinary boy.

We Tell Each Other Stories / I Am Open

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! (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

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 / We Are All Sons

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

The Innocence

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 rivers 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?*

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.

Recitation VIII

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

In Need of Breath

Matt:

My heart
Is an unset jewel
Upon the tender night

Yearning for its dear old friend
The Moon.

When the Nameless One debuts again
Ten thousand facets of my being unfurl wings
And reveal such a radiance inside

I enter a realm divine
I too begin to sweetly cast light,
Like a lamp,
I cast light
Through the streets of this
World.

My heart is an unset jewel
Upon existence
Waiting for the Friend's touch.

Tonight

Tonight
My heart is an unset ruby
Offered bowed and weeping to the Sky.
I am dying in these cold hours
For the resplendent glance of God.

My heart
Is an unset jewel
Upon the tender night

My heart is an unset ruby
Offered bowed and weeping to the Sky.

Gently Rest (Deer Lullaby)

Gently rest now, you the child of angels
Spirit shining, resting in creation
Universe is holding you so deeply
Gently rest now, you the child of angels

Deer beside you, hear your brother breathing
With you always in your starry shelter
Dreaming in the holy home of wonder
Universe is holding you so deeply
Light of every sun you felt around you
Blessing bringing our own hearts of longing
Spirit sleeping in the arms of ages
Gently rest now, you the child of angels

Universe now dreaming you so deeply
Spirit shining, home within creation
Dreaming in eternal light of wonder
Gently rest now, you the child of angels
Spirit sleeping in the arms of angels
Gently rest . . .

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)

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

The Fence (after)/The Wind

prayed upon
frowned upon

revered
feared

adored
abhorred

despised
idolized

splintered
scarred

weathered
worn

broken down
broken up

ripped apart
ripped away

gone
but not forgotten

*The North Wind carried his father's laugh
The South Wind carried his mother's song
The East Wind carried his brother's cheer
The West Wind carried his lover's moan
The Winds of the World wove together a prayer
to carry that hurt boy home*

prayed upon
frowned upon

revered
feared

North Wind, South Wind, East Wind, West Wind

*(Splintered, scarred, weathered, worn, broken down,
gone)*

Winds of the World: carry him home.

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 . . .*

Thank You

Choir: Thank you

Listen with the night falling we are saying thank you
we are stopping on the bridges to bow from the railings
we are running out of the glass rooms
with our mouths full of food to look at the sky
and say thank you
we are standing by the water thanking it
standing by the windows looking out in our directions

*Thank you, thank you
Hohou, hohou (Arahapo—thank you)
Yontonwe (Huron—thank you)*

back from a series of hospitals back from a mugging
after funerals we are saying thank you
after the news of the dead
whether or not we knew them we are saying thank you

over telephones we are saying thank you
in doorways and in the backs of cars and in elevators
remembering wars and police at the door
and the beatings on stairs we are saying thank you
in the banks we are saying thank you
in the faces of the officials and the rich
and of all who will never change
we go on saying thank you thank you

Hohou, Yontonwe . . . Thank you.

with the animals dying around us
taking our feelings we are saying thank you
with the forests falling faster than the minutes
of our lives we are saying thank you
with the words going out like cells of a brain
with the cities growing over us
we are saying thank you faster and faster
with nobody listening we are saying thank you
thank you we are saying and waving
dark though it is

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.

*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.

Cattle, Horses, Sky, and Grass (Reprise)

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.*

IN GRATITUDE

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Community Partners

Spectrum Singers
Bobby Kizer, Board President, Spectrum Singers
Dr. Joshua Shank, Spectrum Singers Past Conductor, Pre-Concert Lecturer
Ian Sullivan, Executive Director, Odyssey Youth Movement
Lance Kissler, Spokane Human Rights Commission
Dean Lynch, Spokane Human Rights Task Force
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Grant Ogren, Spokane AIDS Network
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Kristine Hoover, Gonzaga Institute for Hate Studies Director
Kevin Jung, Tech Assistance
Sandy Hank, Campus Printing
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Gonzaga Music Department

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Natalie Marssdorf, Spokane Kantorei Operations and Outreach Intern

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GONZAGA UNIVERSITY CHAMBER CHORUS

SOPRANO

Kendra Brislawn	Music Education, 2023	Vancouver, WA
Anna Carparelli	Music Education, 2022	Helena, MT
Olivia Howe	Communications, 2022	Livermore, CA
Karlee Ludwig	Vocal Performance, 2022	Spokane Valley, WA
Bridgette McCarthy	Psychology and Pre Med, 2022	Washougal, WA

ALTO

Emma Accardi	Civil Engineering, 2022	Hillsboro, OR
Katie Blair	Business Administration, 2022	Vancouver, WA
Mary Claire Clark	English and Film Studies, 2023	Bentonville, AR
Claire Enfield	Sociology, 2021	Steilacoom, WA
Natalie Marssdorf	Vocal Performance and Marketing, 2023	Beaverton OR
Lauren Miller	Music Education, 2023	Issaquah, WA
Aubrey Scott	Mechanical Engineering, 2023	Kennewick, WA
Isabel Thurston	English and Education, 2021	Rice Lake, WI

TENOR

Patrick Driscoll	Vocal Perf. and Political Sci., 2021	Portland, OR
Rodrigo Gonzales	Economics and Philosophy, 2023	Santa Ana, CA
Taylor Lupo	History and Economics, 2023	Ferndale, WA
Alex Ryan †	Broadcasting and Electronic Media, 2021	Phoenix, AZ
Holden Smith	Vocal Performance and Economics, 2024	Saint Helena, CA
Robert Waltenbaugh	Music Education, 2024	Bothell, WA

BASS

Brayden Dini	Political Science, 2023	Tacoma, WA
Sam Johnson Backes	Psychology, 2022	Kent, WA
Connor Trewet	Psychology, 2022	Renton, WA
Mickey Zhang	Vocal Performance, 2021	Gansu, China

S P O K A N E K A N T O R E I

SOPRANO

Andrea Olsen
Amy Porter
Maura Schaefer

ALTO

Kristina Ploeger-Hekmatpanah
Darnelle Preston

TENOR

Conner Ealy
Brendan McEachran

BASS

Nathan Lansing

“I AM LIKE YOU” VIRTUAL SINGERS

Amy Porter, Darnelle Preston, Eric Betz, Matt Johnson

TIMOTHY WESTERHAUS, CONDUCTOR

We are thankful for the more than 100 singers who rehearsed and prepared for our original performance in March 2020 from Spokane Kantorei, Gonzaga Chamber Chorus, and Spectrum Singers, but who are not able to perform with us due to COVID restrictions. You are all in our hearts as we share this performance.

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Jane Ellsworth, clarinet
Mellad Abeid, guitar
Andrew Repsold, percussion
Amanda Howard-Phillips, violin
Nick Carper, viola
Mika Hood, cello
Eugene Jablonsky, bass
Timothy Westerhaus, piano

SPECTRUM SINGERS RECITERS

Noreen Duffy
Sue Dunn
Whitney Grayhorse
Maura Kegley

Bobby Kizer
Anne McCaslin
Ariel Ocker
Jared Schatz

LGBTQIA+ HATE CRIME INTERSECTIONALITIES

We are grateful for the research and presentations of students from Dr. Jonathan Rossing's Intersectional Communication course—Kelsey Lally, Molly Quillin, Caitlin Fitzgerald, Marisa Montesi, and Lauren Schaefer—who applied an intersectional lens to the public's response to Matthew Shepard's story, covered as a hate crime victim who identified as a young, white male. We also remember and honor the stories of the following LGBTQ+ community who were murdered around the same date as Matthew Shepard (October 12, 1998), but who received little or no news coverage, many of whom are people of color, women, or non-binary. We acknowledge that advocacy against hatred targeted at the LGBTQ+ community must also expand into advocating for an end to racialized hatred and for sharing LGBTQ+ stories of all racial identities, genders, abilities, socioeconomic statuses, religious backgrounds, and beyond. We seek to acknowledge the intersections of identity that contribute to silencing LGBTQ+ stories and highlight that homophobic and transphobic acts persist today.

Chanel Chandler (murdered September 20, 1998; Fresno, CA)

Rita Hester (murdered November 28, 1998; Boston, MA)

Lauryn Paige (murdered January 8, 1999; Austin, TX)

Laaron Morris and Kevin Tryals (murdered January 17, 1999; Texas City, TX)

Steve Dwayne Garcia (murdered February 6, 1999; Houston, TX)

Winfield Scott Mowder and Gary Matson (murdered July 1, 1999; Happy Valley, CA)

Chareka Keys (murdered September 27, 1999; Cleveland, OH)

Arthur J. R. Warren (murdered July 3, 2000; Grant Town, WV)

Fred Martinez (murdered June 16, 2001; Cortez CO)

LGBTQIA+ ADVOCACY RESOURCES

Empathy in Action

We invite you to learn about, donate, and volunteer with these organizations serving the LGBTQ+ community in Spokane and across the nation.

We share Matthew's story so that we can all engage in conversation and become advocates, getting involved and building relationships within these communities.

LOCAL SPOKANE ORGANIZATIONS

[Spectrum Center \(Click for Info\)](#)

Offers educational opportunities, social events, visibility, and activism to uplift and celebrate the intersectional and multi-generational LGBTQIA+ community in Eastern Washington.

[Odyssey Youth Movement](#)

Serves LGBTQ+ youth in the Inland Northwest through community education and youth-driven programs, with drop-in center located in the Perry District of Spokane. [Learn about volunteering opportunities here.](#)

[Spokane Pride](#)

Organizes the annual Pride Parade and Rainbow Festival and provides progressive cultural opportunities for the INW community.

[North Idaho Pride Alliance](#)

Seeks to create a more inclusive North Idaho through networking, educating, and advocating for LGBTQ+ equality.

[Spokane Aids Network](#)

Empowers and supports people at risk of or affected by HIV/AIDS in Spokane through education, outreach, and advocacy.

[Peace & Justice Action League of Spokane](#)

Promotes peace, economic justice, and human rights for LGBTQ+ communities, communities of color, and faith communities through engaging youth, nonviolence training, volunteer involvement, and education.

[Wonderfully Made](#)

Provides support and intentional conversations to foster LGBTQ+ inclusive faith communities.

[Spectrum Singers](#)

An all-inclusive and intergenerational community choir in Spokane that seeks positive social change through song and community engagement.

[NAACP of Spokane](#)

Seeks to secure economic, social, and political equality to end race-based discrimination and also emphasizes LGBTQ+ rights and issues.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

[Matthew Shepard Foundation](#)

Amplifies the story of Matt Shepard to strengthen hate crime laws as well as inspire organizations and communities to embrace human dignity of all people.

[GLSEN](#)

Organization of educators, students, and families that advocates for comprehensive policies to protect LGBTQ+ students and students of marginalized identities in K-12 schools.

[The Trevor Project](#)

Provides crisis prevention and suicide prevention services for LGBTQ+ individuals.

[Human Rights Campaign](#)

Supports LGBTQ+ individuals and allies with comprehensive resources and programs, seeking to end violence and discrimination against LGBTQ+ individuals and for them to be treated as equal citizens.

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY CHOIRS MISSION STATEMENT

Gonzaga University Choirs seek artistic expression through choral excellence
to deliver passionate, imaginative performances
that move audiences, spark the imagination,
and create a sense of awe and wonder.

We advocate for choral arts among singers of all ages because
we believe that choral music inspires creativity,
it bonds humans together in community,
and it builds bridges between cultures.

