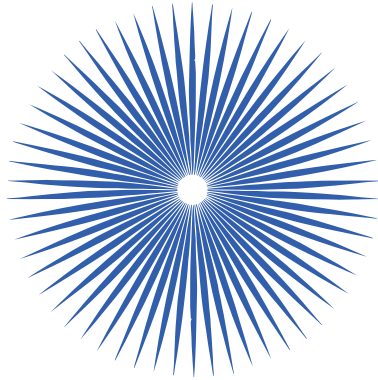


SELECTED READINGS



MEYADI MASS

Tuesday, October 21

We thought of life by analogy with a journey, a pilgrimage, which had a serious purpose at the end, and the thing was to get to that end, success or whatever it is, maybe heaven after you're dead. But we missed the point the whole way along. It was a musical thing and you were supposed to sing or to dance while the music was being played.

Alan Watts

Benediction

*Lyrics by Bonnie Owens
Song by Carmen (Meyadi)*

A tiny turned up nose
Two cheeks just like a rose
So sweet from head to toe

Two eyes that shine so bright
Two lips to kiss goodnight
Two arms to hold me tight

You're all the world to me
You climb up on my knee
To me you'll always be

That little girl of mine
That little boy of mine
That little child of mine

It is a strange and wonderful fact to be here, walking around in a body, to have a whole world within you and a world at your fingertips outside you. It is an immense privilege, and it is incredible that humans manage to forget the miracle of being here. Rilke said, 'Being here is so much,' and it is uncanny how social reality can deaden and numb us so that the mystical wonder of our lives goes totally unnoticed. We are here. We are wildly and dangerously free.

Make Something

*Lyrics and Music by Carmen (Meyadi)
Choral Arrangement by Matt Magerkurth*

Out of the still waters
The dead limbs raised their arms
An ode to mortality

She looked out the window
All of 8
Her mother's voice reminding of her wretchedness

She dreams in books
And stows away in closets
Closed off, hiding from herself

Now as she drives
All of 28
The trees beckon her to remember

Make something of me

CHILD

Sylvia Plath

Your clear eye is the one absolutely beautiful thing.
I want to fill it with color and ducks,
The zoo of the new
Whose name you meditate —
April snowdrop, Indian pipe,
Little

Stalk without wrinkle,
Pool in which images
Should be grand and classical

Not this troublous
Wringing of hands, this dark
Ceiling without a star.

Floating

*Lyrics and Music by Carmen (Meyadi)
Choral Arrangement by Matt Magerkurth*

We're floating out into the icy waters
Where we'll slowly, slowly coalesce
We're just a mess
We are a mess
We're just a mess

The beauty that emerges from woundedness is a beauty infused with feeling; a beauty different from the beauty of landscape and the cold perfect form. This is a beauty that has suffered its way through the ache of desolation until the words or music emerged to equal the hunger and desperation at its heart.

It must also be said that not all woundedness succeeds in finding its way through to beauty of form. Most woundedness remains hidden, lost inside forgotten silence. Indeed, in every life there is some wound that continues to weep secretly, even after years of attempted healing. Where woundedness can be refined into beauty a wonderful transfiguration takes place.

Tablets

Lyrics and Music by Carmen (Meyadi)

came to the foot of the mountain
and you dropped the tablets of stone
no reparations
everything goes

brace yourself
it's not a tragedy
it's just the end
of us

crushed sapphire; blood on your hands
right before my cynical eyes
Emboldened Heart
rouse your wise

brace yourself
it's not a tragedy
it's just the end
of us

"The keenest sorrow
is to recognize oneself as the sole
cause of his adversities"

Sophocles

.....

"It takes a long time to sift through the
more superficial voices of your own gift
in order to enter into the deep signature
and tonality of your Otherness. When you
speak from that deep, inner voice, you
are really speaking from the unique tab-
ernacle of your own presence. There is
a voice within you that no one, not even
you, has ever heard."

John O'Donahue

Oh Susanna
For Susanna May
by Carmen (Meyadi)
Choral Arrangement by Emily Tummons

She stood there in the window
lit up like Eva Peron
Waving, smiling, crying

looked at her,
knowing, knowing

distant now, more distant later
we'll all say our prayers
in the dark

sing you a song
and light you a candle
I'll smile for a minute
cuz all you'll do is cry, cry, cry

oh, susanna
won't you cry for me
cuz i'll be the one here
without you

i guess all i wanna say
is that i love you
you'll always be there
forever etched into the concrete of my being
when it was poured i didn't know it
You're forever,

You're forever
you're forever, forever
you're forever

oh, susanna, oh susanna
you're forever.

Excerpts From a Grief
Observed by C.S. Lewis

I had yet to learn that all human relationships end in pain— it is the price that our imperfection has allowed Satan to exact from us for the privilege of love.

Her absence is like the sky—spread over everything.

You never know how much you really believe anything until its truth or falsehood becomes a matter of life and death to you.

Death only reveals the vacuity that was always there

And grief still feels like fear. Perhaps, more strictly, like suspense. Or like waiting; just hanging about waiting for something to happen. It gives life a permanently provisional feeling. It doesn't seem worth starting anything.

For then, though I have forgotten the reason, there is spread over everything a vague sense of wrongness, of something amiss.

Does grief finally subside into boredom tinged by faint nausea?

"Getting over it so soon? But

the words are ambiguous. To say the patient is getting over it after an operation for appendicitis is one thing; after he's had his leg off is quite another. After that operation either the wounded stump heals or the man dies. If it heals, the fierce, continuous pain will stop. Presently he'll get back his strength and be able to stump about on his wooden leg. He has 'got over it.' But he will probably have recurrent pains in the stump all his life, and perhaps pretty bad ones; and he will always be a one-legged man. There will be hardly any moment when he forgets it. Bathing, dressing, sitting down and getting up again, even lying in bed, will all be different. His whole way of life will be changed. All sorts of pleasures and activities that he once took for granted will have to be simply written off. Duties too. At present I am learning to get about on crutches. Perhaps I shall presently be given a wooden leg. But I shall never be a biped again."

This Isn't Goodbye
Music By Carmen
Lyrics by Alissa Arnason
Choral arrangement by David Olsen

I reach for your hand
You pull it away
it's hard to admit
that today is the day

I turn my face from you
So you can't see me cry
and go on pretending
This isn't goodbye

you, you'll be alright
and me, I will try
now we're not pretending
that this isn't goodbye

We started out kinder
each giving our best
Then time got to passing
and we got the rest

all of the flowers are dying
it's the end of the road
there's no use in fighting
this we both know

you, you'll be alright
and me, I will try
now that we aren't pretending
this isn't goodbye

With Love

Rumi

With love bitter things seem sweet
With love bits of copper are made gold
With love pains are as healing herbs
With love thorns become roses
With love vinegar becomes sweet wine
With love the scaffold becomes a bed
With love mishap seems good fortune
With love a prison seems a rose garden
Without love a garden is a desolate place
With love burning fire is pleasing light
With love the devil becomes an angel
With love hard stones melt like butter
Without love soft wax hardens like iron
With love poison turns into honey
With love lions are harmless as mice
With love wrath turns into mercy
With love the dead rises to life
With love the king becomes a slave

Alleluia

By Randall Thompson

There is a land
That only your heart knows.
But if you trust the music in your
veins
You will journey to the place
Where love and power,
Innocence and wonder,
Merge inside your soul.

And you will emerge
Shimmering with light.
There is a dream
That only your eyes know.
But if you trust the music in the
sky
You will rise to the place

Where limits become possibili-
ties,
Where endings become begin-
nings,
Where horizons flow toward you
in the color of light.
There is a moment
That only your breathing knows.
But if you trust the music in the
wind
You will become a river of bless-
ings,
A fountain of hope,
A well of healing,
And a source of peace.
—Alden Solovy

Te Deum Singers,

Altos

Allyssa Kemp
Ann Lewis
Tara Curtis

Tenors

Tom Assel
Andrew Flanagan
Jeff Jasperson

Sopranos

London Roysden
Lucy Conklin
Paige Flenniken

Basses

Sam Nolte
Evan Nelson
Asher Tillman

Matthew Christopher Shepard *Artistic Director*
Shannon Solis *Director of Operations and Development*

Meyadi: Carmen (Dieker) Aguilar
Cello: Matt Magerkurth
Synth/Keys: David Olsen
Sound Engineer: Ian Corbett
Graphic Design: JC Franco
Acupuncture: Stacy Tucker – Taochemy Method Acupuncture
Video: Matt Thomas

