

2022-2023

VOICES OF NOTE
presents



**SONGS
OF THE
PHOENIX**

MARCH 25 @ 3PM & 7PM

St Luke's Episcopal Church
435 Peachtree St NE, Atlanta, GA 30308

2022-2023
VOICES OF NOTE
presents



Donald Milton III
Artistic Director

David Aurilio
Interim Executive Director

David Artadi Beno
Assistant Conductor

Patrick Hutchison
Accompanist

SPONSORED BY:



Funding for this program provided by the Fulton County Board of Commissioners and is supported in part by the Mayor's Office of Cultural Affairs.

Program

- The Awakening Joseph Martin
- Song of Purple Summer from *Spring Awakening* by Duncan Sheik,
arr. Mark Brymer adapted by Kevin Robison
David Artadi-Beno, conductor
- Angel Down Lady Gaga arr. David Marenberg
Christopher Turner, Christopher McKnight, soloists
- Rise Up Cassandra Batie and Jennifer Decliveo, arr. Chad Weirick
RJ Wells, Zach Burgess, soloists

SONGS OF THE PHOENIX (premiere)

Co-Commissioned by the Atlanta Gay Men's Chorus and 11 other GALA choruses

- 1 The Life Cycle of a Star Josh Wilder
J.L. Reed, reader
- 2 We Rise Words and Music: Ingrid Michaelson
Christopher Repotski, soloist
- 3 Who Am I? Words: Melissa Li and Kit Yang; Music: Melissa Li
Tony Glass, soloist
- 4 We Are Trees Words and Music: Ty Defoe
*Gabriel Bishop, soloist
Joey Jaworski, reader*
- 5 Mother Dear Words: Seidah Garrett; Music: Andrew Lippa
*Anthony Cunningham, Kevin Crumsey, Eugene Jennings,
Christopher Parks, Philip Rogers, Mykal Slack, readers*
- 6 Invisible Grids Carson Grace Becker
Patty de la Garza, reader
- 7 Song of Tomorrow Words and Music: Joriah Kwamé
Nicholas Johnson, soloist
- 8 Música Y Sabores Words and Music: Diana Syrse
*Patty de la Garza, Miguel Angel Hoppe, readers
Joseph Quintana, David Artadi-Beno, soloists*
- 9 Prayer Words and Music: Daniel and Patrick Lazour
Christopher McKnight, Jim Macknik, Jacob Brinson, soloists
- 10 Wave Josh Wilder
Patty de la Garza, reader
- 11 Flag Song Words and Music: Stephen Sondheim
Kyle Hildebrand, Gabriel Bishop, Raymond Calderón, soloists
- 12 Bloom Words: Alexandra Elle; Music: Stephen Schwartz
Sean McClenney, David Artadi-Beno, soloists
- 13 FIN Josh Wilder
J.L. Reed, reader
- 14 Song of the Phoenix Words and Music: Andrew Lippa
Eric Mask, soloist

From the Conductor

Soon after our previous commission, @QueerZ, was delivered, I received an email from Tim Seelig, legendary conductor of several GALA choruses. He said that he was planning for his retirement and wanted to close out his career with another collaboration with Andrew Lipka (I Am Harvey Milk, Wild Party, Big Fish). He asked if any other choruses would like to join in on the commission and since I was so in love with @QueerZ, I said yes immediately.

It was a joy watching the whole project come together. Instead of writing the whole work himself, Andrew Lipka set out to bring together the most diverse group of lyricists and composers ever to collaborate on a major work. Black, Pacific Islander, Chinese, Mexican and White; women, men, trans, and two spirit; gay, straight, bi and pansexual; opera, theater, performance art and pop; and an extraordinary diversity of ages spanning over five decades. Each of the lyricists and composers bring stories of their own cultural, spiritual, and emotional experiences. Certainly, all of the cultures included can tell of very dark days to not only rise above them but to build new ways of connecting to each other. These are our stories: The stories of lands stolen, bodies broken, hearts lifted, voices united.

The piece was coming together as we emerged from two years of dormancy/hibernation which brought unimaginable dark times to the world and hit the performing arts especially hard. Singing together was taken away. Being together was taken away. And while we were apart, we were brought to our knees by social injustices. Songs of the Phoenix captures that moment when the spirit begins to rise, revived by the sun, and sings glorious music. When tragedy strikes we are given three choices: Fight, Flee, or Freeze. Songs of the Phoenix is about the beauty of the fight, about the heart, about the return of laughter, light, and the lifting of voices locked together in love and music.



– Donald Milton III

Lyrics

The Awakening by Joseph Martin

I dreamed a dream,
A silent dream,
Of a land not far away.

Where no birds sang,
No steeples rang,
And teardrops fell like rain.

I dreamed a dream, A silent dream
Of a land so filled with pride
That ev'ry song,
Both weak and strong, withered and died.

I dreamed a dream.

No alleluia,
Not one hosanna,
No song of love,
No lullaby.

And no choir sang to change the world.
No pipers played; no dancers twirled.

I dreamed a dream,
A silent dream.
Silent. Silent...

Awake! Awake! Awake! Awake!
Soli Deo Gloria! Awake! Awake!

Awake! Awake, my soul, and sing!
The time for praise has come.
The silence of the night has passed;
A new day has begun.

Let music never die in me!
Forever let my spirit sing!
Wherever emptiness is found,
Let there be joy and glorious sound.

Let music never die in me!
Forever let my spirit sing!
Let all our voices join as one
To praise the Giver of the song!

Awake! Awake!
Let music live!

Song of Purple Summer

from *Spring Awakening*
by Duncan Sheik

And all shall fade
The flowers of spring
The world and all the sorrow
At the heart of everything

But still it stays
The butterfly sings
And opens purple summer
With the flutter of its wings

The earth will wave with corn
The gray-fly choir will mourn
And mares will neigh with
Stallions that they mate, foals they've borne
And all shall know the wonder of purple summer

And yet I wait
The swallow brings
A song too hard to follow
That no one else can sing

The fences sway
The porches swing
The clouds begin to thunder
Crickets wander, murmuring

The earth will wave with corn
The gray-fly choir will mourn
And mares will neigh with
Stallions that they mate, foals they've borne

And all shall know the wonder
I will sing the song of purple summer

Lyrics

Angel Down by Lady Gaga

I confess I am lost
In the age of the social
On our knees, take a test
To be lovin' and grateful

Shots were fired on the street
By the church where we used to meet
Angel down, angel down
But the people just stood around

I'm a believer, it's a trial
Foolish and weaker, oh, oh, oh
I'd rather save an angel down
I'm a believer, it's chaos
Where are our leaders? Oh, oh, oh
I'd rather save an angel down

Doesn't everyone belong
In the arms of the sacred?
Why do we pretend we're wrong?
Has our young courage faded?

Shots were fired on the street
By the church where we used to meet
Angel down, angel down
Why do people just stand around?

I'm a believer, it's a trial
Foolish and weaker, oh, oh, oh
I'd rather save an angel down
I'm a believer, it's chaos
Where are our leaders? Oh, oh, oh
I'd rather save an angel down

Rise Up

by Cassandra Batie and Jennifer DeCliveo

You're broken down and tired
Of living life on a merry-go-round
And you can't find the fighter
But I see it in you so we gonna walk it out
And move mountains
We gonna walk it out
And move mountains

And I'll rise up, I'll rise like the day
I'll rise up, I'll rise unafraid
I'll rise up, And I'll do it a thousand times again
And I'll rise up, high like the waves
I'll rise up, in spite of the ache
I'll rise up, and I'll do it a thousand times again
For you

When the silence isn't quiet
And it feels like it's getting hard to breathe
And I know you feel like dying
But I promise we'll take the world to its feet

And I'll rise up, I'll rise like the day
I'll rise up, I'll rise unafraid
I'll rise up, And I'll do it a thousand times again
And I'll rise up, high like the waves
I'll rise up, in spite of the ache
I'll rise up, and I'll do it a thousand times again
For you

All we need, all we need is hope
And for that we have each other
And for that we have each other

And we will rise
We will rise

Lyrics

SONGS OF THE PHOENIX (premiere)

The Life Cycle of a Star

by Josh Wilder

We Rise

Words and Music by Ingrid Michaelson

We rise through the darkness
And the night that never ends
Through the winters
And the summer green again

We rise and we rise
And we rise up like a friend
Or a mother or a lover
Or a brother
We rise

Who Am I?

Words Melissa Li and Kit Yang;
Music by Melissa Li

I went back to my hometown
To the house where I was raised
As a kid, spent all my days
Maybe twenty years ago.

All the taro plants have grown now
Even me, I've gotten taller
And the world has gotten smaller
Especially this place I used to know.

A little bit of sunshine
A little bit of rainy skies
A little bit familiar,
a little bit foreign at the same time.

I went up to my old room
And I shook out all the blankets
And I opened all the closets
Where my past waited inside

Card games, poems, and recipes
High school yearbooks on the shelf
Pictures of my former self
A person that I was desperate to hide.

Who was I? Was that me?
Don't recognize who I used to be
Who's that stranger I don't remember
in a box of memories

Were these the things that made me who I am?
All these tough reminders
Of how I spent my life pretending
While the pain was never ending
Well that ain't me anymore

So I've moved on, I'm better now
The photographs have long since faded
I'm throwing out the me I hated
I'll burn it down and shut the door

And in the corner of my eye
Peeking out under a book
Is a letter written years ago
Addressed to me

It said, dear you, I don't know what you'll do
The places you'll go or the people you'll see
I just hope that you'll always remember me

That's the moment I realized everyone I've
ever been
Is the most perfect version of anyone I'll ever be.

Who was I?
That was me
I recognize who I used to be
I'm no stranger, I now remember
'Cause my life of memories
Are all the things that made me who I am.
They're all the things that make me who I am.

Lyrics

We Are Trees

Words and Music by Ty Defoe

Way hey yah, way hey yah
Way hey yah, way hey yah

Circle of trees we are gathered Maamawi
Claiming our space
Knowing we are of this place
Remember how we lived
Singing our stories,
Ancient secrets on sacred land.
Listen to understand

We are trees standing strong
rooted deep so long,
Forest green and forest floor
all above eagles soar,

Sunrise, shadows, sound lake,
Broken promises,
When you try to own
you take stone by stone.

This is home, we belong
Voice to wind as song.
If you try to cut us down,
Voice to wind as song.

Burning embers, timber and coal,
taking from our stories
We are run-ning out of breath,
we are facing the fear of our own death

What keeps us alive?
Chosen family who realized
We are part of each other's tree
All related, Waasa Inaabida

We are here, standing strong
rooted deep so long
Forest green on forest floor,
high above eagles soar

Way hey yah, way hey yah
Way hey yah, way hey yah

Mother Dear

Words by Seidah Garrett;
Music by Andrew Lipka

Thomas Wiggins, known to his audiences as "Blind Tom," was born into slavery a hundred miles from this very location, on a plantation in Columbus, Georgia in 1849. Blind at birth, by the time he was 8 years old, he was earning his enslavers over \$100,000 dollars a year, or \$3.6 million in 2023, for his performances at the piano, though he himself would never receive a penny.

Thomas was a composer and a pianist. He was the first black American to play a concert at the White House and reportedly learned over 7,000 pieces of music. No original recordings of his performances exist but many of his compositions have been posthumously published.

The stories of people on the margins, particularly stories from the lived experiences of Black people, have always been erased from the annals of our history, both to solidify the dominance of whiteness and to assuage the discomfort of white people. This erasure also suggests to us that, at best, our Black lives are the sum total of the tragedies and traumas we and our ancestors have endured. But this is a lie, and we and every Black person in this space are the proof.

There has never been, nor will there ever be, triumph in the trans-Atlantic slave trade. But at THIS particular moment in our story, when attempts to erase our stories continue to this day, the real triumph is that enough was left behind for some truth to be told and that we get an opportunity to tell it.

In 1850, when Thomas was 1 year old, to save his life, his mother, Charity Wiggins, engineered the sale of their family to a man who would radically change their lives. This story about survival, ingenuity, exploitation, and black excellence is one that should be heard both by this audience, and by everyone.

Lyrics

Mother Dear (lyrics)

Oh, mother, mother.
Oh, mother dear.

Oh, mother dear, with sightless eyes
My hands command me
Play what I hear!
The master's trick when he commands me.

Some say I'm amazing, some say
I'm just a freak who they don't even need to
see as human.

Oh, mother dear.
I was three when I touched the keys.
By six years old, his prize possession.

Whatever they could throw at me
Classics at twelve, an' I played it well.
Just for the rich and royalty,
my private hello life!

I wasn't ask-in' for.
But here's what I got a passion for.
Life could be worse, and worse by a lot.

Mother dear.
They don't even see a hu-man.
Oh, mother dear, the both of us born
into slavery.
How'd we get here?
I play to fund Confederate bravery.
Some say when they hear my music
they can't believe the blind and stupid Negro
beast can do it.

Play "Yankee Doodle" with one hand.
Dixie and rag with the other,
And sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me"
then play minstrel.
Dance a jig then take my Nappy place.
Look, ma, I'll make my happy face.
We could be rich and free, but we,
We could be rich and free, but we
We could be rich,
And free.
But we're not.

Mother dear. Mother

Invisible Grids

by Carson Grace Becker

Lyrics

Song of Tomorrow

Words and Music by Jariah Kwamé

That face on the screen looks a lot like mine.
Looks just like my brother. We could share
a mother.
It's like I'm placed at the scene stuck behind
a line.
I can breathe cuz it really is safer inside
Should I hide

There's no harmony, once a song now spoken
Once we were a chorus, now the chords
are porous
But a scraped harmony hurt but still un-bro-ken.
If we breathe we can revive the pride.

The dusk and dawn both start in darkness
The sunrise fades with little starkness
Let the light pour in.
Feel how it glows on the skin.
Let it begin.

The start of tomorrow unstained with the sorrow
We will see the horizon
This moment will wisen and when the sun
flies in
I'll still be as dark as before
But I'll know it's tomorrow, unstained with
this sorrow
We will see the horizon
Pain tends to wisen and when the sun flies in
I'll know
It's the start of tomorrow

That face on the screen looks a lot like mine.
Why is it not ending, treacherously trending
Wake, up don't wash your mind clean, let this
be a sign.
If you see the, Don't as-sume it's im-plied.

We're never alone if our hearts share a tether
We're strong on our own but we're
stronger together
Let the light pour in.
Feel how it glows on the skin.
Let it begin.

The start of tomorrow unstained with the sorrow
I can see the horizon
This moment will wisen and when the sun
flies in
I'll still be as dark as before
But I know it's tomorrow, unstained with
this sorrow

I can see the horizon
Pain tends to wisen and when the sun flies in
I'll know
It's the start of tomorrow

That face on the screen looks a lot like mine.

Música Y Sabores

Words and Music by Diana Syrse

To heal the sad soul it is necessary to surrender
To the flavors that soothe the sorrows of the
serious lack of love.

Welcome to the table, everyone is invited:
The tall, the small, the rich the poor, the
adorable, the unbearable...

Everyone is welcome regardless of age, sexual
orientation,
Condition, religion, or origin.
Come in and enjoy with us a delicious...

Adobo amaranto, buñuele y bolillo,
camarones, chalupas, enchiladas y flautas,
Guacamole, gorditas, horno pibil, chile,
churros, chalupas,
Exquisite, empanadas, elote, enchiladas,
flautas, tortillas, tostadas, tacos, tortas, yuca.

With a good tepache, may it light up
the nights,
With an aguamiel to cure the pain.
A beer with salt and lemon to cure
love sickness.
And to finish we need a mezcal.
And don't forget a faithful friend to eat with.

Lyrics

Prayer

Words and Music by Daniel and Patrick Lazour

Universe stretcher, galaxy maker, stone mason
of the stars
fill me up with your unending love.
Move into my heart!

I am sure now of the rights of rivers,
of infinities in a touch,
of the dignities of quiet deaths on icy plains in
little huts.
We go to little heaven houses, kitchen
remodeled pillow plush.
We go to little heaven houses, good light,
garden lush!

Universe stretcher, miracle maker, cloud baker
of the stars,
Fill me up with your unending love.
Move into my heart!

Rearrange my body
Put my heart in my ear, that it rings only truth,
put my stomach in my lungs that they hunger
for each breath,
put my brain in a drawer that it ceases to think.
Shun ev'ry thought, here I go!
I will leave the door open.

Universe stretcher, night dissolver,
creator of the mystery inherent in the stars
Fill me up with your unending love.
Move into my heart!

Wave

Josh Wilder

Flag Song

Words and Music by Stephen Sondheim

You can gripe all you like, you can sneer
"where are the heroes?"
You can shout about how ev'rything's a lie.
Then that flag goes by.

You can snipe at the greed, at the need to be
a winner,
At the hype you keep hearing from on high.
And you think, "why try?" and you want to cry,
Then that flag goes high, and you think
"that's why"
'Cause of that idea.
That incredible idea!

What you want to do is brag: "I'm part of that,"
Yeah I know it's just a flag, OK but still
For a minute you say, hey! We could, we fill
fix ev'rything tomorrow."

For a minute you're aware of feeling proud,
And then suddenly you're staring at the crowd
And you're thinking there's no link I can see,
they're as different from me as they possibly
could be.
Then you see the idea!

And you know it's a dream, and you know it
isn't perfect
And at times it may seem to go awry.
Then that flag goes by, and no matter how
you sigh
it's the bright blue sky, it's just mom and
apple pie.

There's this thing you can't deny!
This idea that it's fixable tomorrow.
We've a chance, there's a choice
we can change ourselves tomorrow
we're in charge, we've a voice,
an idea about tomorrow
to remember when the flag has gone by!

Lyrics

Bloom

Words by Alexandra Elle;
Music by Stephen Schwartz

There will be moments when you will
bloom fully
and then wilt, only to bloom again.
If we can learn anything from flowers
it is that resilience is born even when
we feel like we are dying.

Look at you, still standing after being
knocked down,
knocked down and thrown out.
Look at you, still growing after being picked
and plucked
and prodded out of your home.
Look at you, still dancing and singing after
being defeated
and disassembled.
Look at you love, still here and hopeful,
hopeful after it all.
You bloom.

Fin

by Josh Wilder

Song of the Phoenix

Words and Music by Andrew Lippha

Then it was dark where there had been a
thousand fires.
Then it was cold where there had been the
heat of others.
Some were lost and some were left behind.
Then it was time that stretched beyond the
bleeding hours.
Then it was fear that overcomes and
overpowers.
Some were angry, some completely blind.

But soon the healing rose.
And soon the answers came.
And now, instead of sinking down, we fly.
And hear our song.

We hear the song of the Phoenix.
A silver song in the sky.
We fly along with the Phoenix with
skies unbounded,
No longer grounded, we hear the song.

And there were those who kept their word and
kept their distance
And ones who chose to offer only
inconsistence.
We reacted. We were not deterred.
We knew a kindred tale.
We too had wondered why.
But now, instead of sinking down, we fly.
And hear that song.

We hear the song of the Phoenix.
Not only hear but...

We'll sing the song of the Phoenix.
A silver song in the sky, sung all together.
We'll fly along with the Phoenix
With skies unbounded, no longer grounded.
We sing along!



ATLANTA GAY MEN'S CHORUS

Members

Tenor I

Anthony Cunningham #
Charles Davis III
Tony Glass
Austin Haynes
Adam Harris
Tomas Helgason
Dick Johnson
Nicholas Johnson # ^
Jim Macknik
Sean McClenney #
Christopher McKnight
Daniel Moore #
Matthew Olivas
Doug Rosauer
Nick Ruhe
Manny Sandow #
Zackary Turner
Amos Warren

Tenor II

Miguel Angel Hoppe
Alex Baker
Andrew Berardi
Dywahn Bethea
Gabriel Bishop #
Zach Burgess
Harry Chiu
Donald Deyo
Immanuel Dye
Caleb Evans
Len Fukuda
Kordai Harris
Brandan Howell
Frank Hayn
Phil Julien
Vito Leanza
Eric Mask #
Timothy McDonald
Ben McNair
Mykal O'Neal Slack

Bill Paden
Chris Parks
Joseph Quintana
Christopher Repotski #
Lance Strahan
Scott Tanzer
Asher Thompson
RJ Wells
Jay Wynn # ^

Baritone

David Artadi-Beno # ^
Lucas Artadi-Beno #
Josh Bosin
Alan Brown
Raymond Calderón
Malcolm Caldwell
Joe Christley #
Jaliyl Collins
Binh Dam
Samuel De Carlo
Steve Dondero
Daniel Dunlop *
Woody Eadie +
Matt Harrington # +
Kyle Hildebrand
Chandler Horning
Gellin Hughes +
Michael Jacobs
Joey Jaworski + *
Eugene Jennings
Mark Keeler
Christopher Merkle
Sion New III
Thomas Nguyen
Christopher Robinson
Joe San Pietro
Tom Sands
Greg Savitt
Jeffery Zwartjes

Bass

Don Becker
Steve Benfield
Jacob Brinson
Felix Castro
Jeff Cone
Kevin Crumsey
James Davis #
Aaron DeSilva +
Thomas Flake
Jarrett Heatherly
Neil Hediger #
Nicholas Kennell-Mazenko
Nathaniel Lewis
Micheal McKinney
Adam Miller
Paul Newman
Philip Rogers
Jason Royal #
Eric Schrecengost
Dan Seymour #
Philip Shannin
Hugh Simons
Max Smith
John Stegall
Brian Taylor ^
Tony Thomas
David Welniak

^ Section Leader

** VON Board Member*

Panache

+ Chorus Leadership

Voices of Note Staff



Donald Milton III (He/Him/His) joined the Atlanta Gay Men's Chorus in January 2018, bringing an impressive background in conducting, music education and music administration. He came to Atlanta in 2008 to become the director of music for the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Atlanta, the largest UU congregation in the Southeast. At UUCA Mr. Milton runs one of the most eclectic and excellent music programs in the city. Active in the Atlanta music scene, he has served as the executive director of the Atlanta Master Chorale, artistic director of the DeKalb Choral Guild, founder and artistic director of Lux Atlanta, and founder of Sky Punch, a company that produces sing-alongs, concerts and other interactive community music events.

Mr. Milton is an active choral clinician, guest conductor, lecturer, and performer. He has presented his lecture "The Second Voice Change: The Aging Voice" in a dozen states and three countries. Inspired by many trans people in the Atlanta community, Mr. Milton has been focusing on working with trans voices, helping people express themselves fully as they truly are.

Mr. Milton studied at the University of Michigan School of Music, with concentrations in education, conducting and vocal pedagogy.



David Aurilio, *Interim Executive Director*, (He/Him/His)

David Aurilio has over 35 years of extensive experience in the Entertainment, Marketing/Branding and Non-Profit sectors. Career highlights include creating, executive producing and casting live shows for Universal Studios theme parks in Florida, California, and Japan to producing Film/TV projects and Live Events for ABC-Disney, NBC, Warner Brothers, New Line Cinema, 20th Century Fox and the Dolby Theatre in Hollywood. Since moving to Atlanta in 2011 and has produced the GLAAD 10th Anniversary event honoring Don Lemon,

volunteers as an adjudicator for ArtsBridge and served as the Executive Director for the Spiritual Living Center of Atlanta. A graduate of Kent State University in Ohio, David has a Bachelor of Science (BS) degree in Journalism and Public Relations.



David G. Artadi-Beno, *Assistant Conductor*, (He/Him/His)

has proudly sung with the AGMC and Panache since 1996. He holds a B.A. in linguistics and studied music and piano performance at the University of California, Los Angeles, where he sang and accompanied for the Men's Glee Club and Madrigals. After earning a Master of Public Affairs degree at Princeton University, David pursued a career as an analyst with the U.S. Government Accountability Office and now serves as the agency's Atlanta Field Office Manager. David also sings with OurSong Atlanta, speaks several languages, and is married to fellow baritone Dr. Lucas Artadi-Beno, with whom he enjoys traveling around the world and raising their rescue "fur babies."

**Additional
Voices of Note Staff**

Melissa Arasi,
AWC Artistic Director

**Voices of Note
Board of Directors**

Dan Dunlop, Chair
Marc Tammes, Treasurer
Nathaniel O'Leary-Hodges,
Secretary
Sharla Borghorst
Gail Crowder

Joey Jaworski,
AGMC President
Elizabeth Scott
Chantae Pittman,
AWC President
Dr. Jesse Peel,
Board Member Emeritus



ATLANTA GAY MEN'S CHORUS

Band

Piano – Patrick Hutchison
Synth – Eric Baumgartner
Guitar – Sean Thrower
Bass – Adrian Ash
Violin – Benito Thompson
Cello – Nan Kemberling
Woodwind – Aaron Kruziki

Orchestral arrangements for *The Awakening*, *Rise Up*,
and *Song of Purple Summer* by Jay Wynn

The Crescendo Chorus

Celebrating our Dynamic Community of Investors

Terrie and Jim Adkins
Amazon Smile America's Charities
Douglas Andridge
Dr. Missy and Tony Arasi
Shane Arrington
David & Dr. Lucas Artadi-Beno
Daniel P Barker
James K Bass Jr
Benevity Community Impact Fund
Elijah Bergevin
Sharla Borghorst and Sue McHale
Robert Boulet
Lila Bradley
Trisha Lynn Brake
Bright Funds Foundation
Robert Brown
Tom Brumlik
Brett Butler
Eve Campbell
Terry Carpenter
Joe Christley
David Clark Stuart
Gail Crowder (In Memory of Scott
Trump)
Jonathan Crutchfield
Katie Culp
Sheryll Dahlke
Don Deyo
Dr. Maureen Dinges
Scott Doss Wellness
Bromley Dyson Dr.
Shirley Estes
Kelcy Freeman
Joe Gallagher
Penny Goshert
Phillip Groover
Alison Hill
Susan Hodges
House of Heralds
Innovative Product Achievements
Paul Jensen
Beverly Jordan
Dick Johnson
Laura Josel
Roger Klaaskate

KPMG Gives c/o Bergen County's
United Way
Kroger
Michael Lammons
Michael Larson
Paul Larsen
Tim Lawson
Nathaniel Lewis
James Macknik
Leeanna Marshall
Sean McClenney & Christopher Repotski
Timothy McDonald
Carol and Bill McGinnis
Jeffrey McIntyre
Donald Milton III
Clayton Morey
Jon Nay
Netflix
Paul Newman
Joshua Noblitt
Micky O'Leary
Nathaniel O'Leary Hodges
Lorri Palko
Beth Patrick
Chris Pickle
James Peck
Dr. Jesse Peel
Ann Pinyan
Stephanie Post
Richard Potter
Prima Printing
Jeremy Reese
Dara Reynolds
Nicholas Roth
Gary Sanginario
Christopher Saltalamacchio
Paul Sands
David Sawyer
David E. Todd
Schwab Charitable Trust
Laura Shirley
Kelen Shostak
Preston and Irina Simmons
Betty Smith
Scott Sox

The Crescendo Chorus (Continued)

Celebrating our Dynamic Community of Investors

Angela Stallings
State of Georgia Dept of Economic
Development
John Stegall
Tori Stivers
Lorikay Stone
Sulzberger Rolfe Foundation
Sharon Sutherland
Marc Tammes
Robert Thompson
Joshua Tripp
Elizabeth Wade
Dr. Justin Wells
Kent Wethy
Julian Williams
Jeanne Wood

Legacy Society:

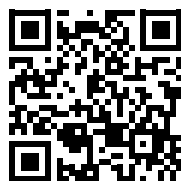
The following members are recognized for their generosity in helping ensure the future for Voices of Note by including us in their estate planning:

Lee Alexander Hamel*
Loyd Clifton Lietch*
Dennis R. Nance*
Tom Sands
Greg Savitt
Elizabeth Scott
John Stegall



JOIN OUR VOICE
VOICES OF NOTE

Join us at
<https://voicesofnote.kindful.com/?campaign=335601>





*We are excited to officially
announce the*

Ann Pinyan Memorial Music Commission Fund!

As many of you know, Ann was a board chair for the Atlanta Feminist Women's Chorus and the Atlanta Gay Men's Chorus and was instrumental in the creation of the Atlanta Women's Chorus. As an active singing member of the AWC, Ann was membership president twice. As an honoring of her immense service to our Voices of Note family, we have started the Music Commission Fund in her name. These funds are being used to support the commissioning of new works for chorus of all voicings (SSAA, TTBB primarily, but also SATB). Ann's commitment to our organization and her love of music makes this dedication especially meaningful for all who knew and loved her.



We hope you will support the Ann Pinyan Memorial Music Commission Fund!

Donate today by clicking the link below:

awchorus.org/ann



2022-2023
VOICES OF NOTE
presents

ATLANTA GAY MEN'S CHORUS

RETURNING
TO THE
ROOT

JUNE 9 & 10, 2023

Book Ahead!



Tickets and more at:
voicesofnote.org



ATLANTA
GAY MEN'S
CHORUS

More Than A House. It's A Lifestyle.



SCAN FOR
MORE

— AS A MEMBER OF THE ATLANTA GAY MEN'S CHORUS, I PROUDLY SUPPORT THE ARTS IN OUR COMMUNITY. WHEN YOU BUY OR SELL WITH ME, I DONATE A PORTION OF MY COMMISSION TO VOICES OF NOTE

LET'S WORK TOGETHER TO FIND YOUR NEXT HOME!

**VOICES
OF NOTE**



NEIL HEDIGER

✉ NEIL.HEDIGER@COMPASS.COM

📞 678.642.9037

❤️ @NEILHEDIGERREALESTATE

COMPASS

DOYLE | GOODBROWE

