

The University of Michigan presents Marilyn Mason, organist, in

The Breath of the Spirit

Le Souffle de l'Esprit

poetry by Ken Gaertner
music by Gregory Hamilton
Marilyn Mason, organ
Don Fishel, flute
Paul Melton, producer

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The Church of the Holy Trinity
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46, boulevard Malesherbes
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Paris, France

The Breath of the Spirit

Le Souffle de l'Esprit

Poetry by Ken Gaertner
Music by Gregory Hamilton

Duo Pneuma

Marilyn Mason, *organ*
Don Fishel, *flute*

Frank Hankey, *narrator (New York)*
Margo Hammond, *narrator (New York)*
Michael Lonsdale, *narrator (Paris)*
Francoise Thuries, *narrator (Paris)*

Overture

Annunciation ~ *Annonciation*

Children in Praise ~ *La Louange de Tous Petits*

Herod ~ *Herode*

Mary Dancing ~ *Marie Danse*

Judas ~ *Judas*

Mary Magdalene and Doubting Thomas ~
Marie-Madeleine et Thomas l'Incrédule

Poverty Shared ~ *La Pauvreté en Partage*

Desert Grief ~ *Douleur Nue*

Pentecost ~ *Pentecôte*

This work was commissioned by the Duo Pneuma in 2003 at the invitation of ICNE Paris.

*New York post-performance reception courtesy of The University of Michigan School of Music
and the University of Michigan Entertainment Coalition.*

i.

Annonciation

Le pas léger comme tenant son âme
en paix
Ses petits pieds délicats
avancent dans le jardin familial,
mais quand la lumière prit la forme
d'un jeune figuier,
Sa vision se fit intérieure
sinon les branches
incandescentes
de la présence de Dieu
et l'éruption blanche du tronc
auraient soudé ses paupières.
Et maintenant il semble qu'elle
voyait d'un regard second
qui naissait quand ses yeux se fermaient
silencieuse, le front pâle et lisse
face à l'ange vertical
pourtant consciente que son regard
se drapait de Dieu.
Ses mains se tendent pour sentir
le visage de cette imposante présence
qui l'enveloppait si totalement,
mais elle ne put sentir que la force angélique.

Son coeur avait toujours rayonné
comme une lampe
dans la furie des simouns,
ou dans l'immense fracas de vagues écumantes
et sous ce ciel d'argent poli
quand Joseph avait lancé
sa joie nuptiale
à la face de cieux invaincus.

Et maintenant quoi ?
Une fille obéissante
et cet ange docile
et sa voix qui
si calmement fit l'annonciation.

i.

Annunciation

Her small, delicate feet
had stepped many times
into the small garden,
a weight of great silence within her,
so when the light gathered
in the shape of a small fig tree
her sight was transformed from within,
otherwise the branches
bearing God's unbearable light,
the white eruption of the trunk,
would have seared her uplifted eyes.
It seemed that she now saw
with an inner vision
that opened with
the lowering lids of her eyes,
her bowed silence
her pale, uncreased forehead,
all standing before the towering angel
which remained the lone image,
and yet,
she knew that her eyes
were now swathed in God's robes.
Her hands reached to feel
the face of the great presence
that so engulfed her
and felt only the force of the angel.

Her interior had always glowed
like a lamp,
in the fury of sand storms,
during the great clashing
of white waves upon the sea,
and under that sky
of polished silver
when Joseph flung
his betrothal joy
up to the invincible heavens.

And now this:
the obedient girl
and the obedient angel
and his voice
that so quietly made the announcement.

ii.

La Louange de Tous Petits

Soudain, le Maître et ses amis sont là,
mystérieusement, tranquillement,
comme parfois des barques apparaissent
dans les allées ensoleillées de la mer,
et les enfants s'étonnent
que ces hommes, ainsi, aient surgi
sans bruit pas, sans que fusent leurs voix,
sans comprendre pourquoi le rabbi s'adresse
au mendiant paralytique ?
La plupart détournent le regard
que ce mendiant interpelle
tous les jours, et les enfants dans les ruelles jouant
ont appris à ignorer ses furtifs regards d'envie.
Et soudain, voilà ce paralytique qui s'extasie
et embrasse les amis du Maître
et sa main desséchée, comme se tend-elle
vers la visage du Christ, vers lequel l'ont
jeté ses pieds redressés !
Le Christ recule, puis rie, avant
de le prendre dans ses bras.
Dans la barbe noire en brousaille,
les dents du mendiant éclatent
comme les veines argentées de grandes roches,
scintillent sous la lune,
alors même que sous le soleil de midi,
l'air surchauffé tremble
et que la chair des mains enfantines
ressemblent à des dalles de marbre
sur lesquelles dans la lumière.
Les enfants soulevés par cette mystérieuse délivrance,
respirent profondément.
Nouveau mais très ancien dans leurs âmes
quelque chose se révèle que,
depuis longtemps ils savaient,
et qui pétille maintenant autour
de leurs sourires humectés de larmes.

Le Christ dit quelque chose à Ses amis et,
tout le monde s'esclaffe
et les enfants aussi se mettent à rire et courent
dans tous les sens,
s'attrapant et se bousculant,
comme en état d'ivresse,
comme les oripeaux du mendiant,
tournoient dans le vent.
Puis ils s'arrêtent et regardent
le mendiant battre ses habits,
conscient que l'événement mérite qu'il
soit vêtu correctement,
et même la poussière que s'en élève aspire,
dirait-on à une existence plus haute.
Et maintenant, le voilà,
redressé, le corps ennobli,
comme un Roi à qui l'on remet le trône
et non simplement un invalide guéri.
Mais le Christ, déjà, au bout du sentier disparaît,
quant l'un de ses disciples se retourne
et voilà le mendiant qui, se sentant appelé,
prend plutôt la direction de la ville,
tremblant de joie et d'appréhension.
Sera-t-il accepté des siens
où le prendra-t-on pour ange,
et tremblera-t-on à cette extraordinaire
ressemblance ?

Enfin, les enfants
debout, regardant,
avant de suivre le Rabbi
sans comprendre – courant et criant –
pourquoi leurs larmes coulent de joie.
Ils s'arrêtent, essuient leurs yeux
se secoient et s'embrassent
et repartent derrière la troupe
sans savoir où cette course les mènera.

Children in Praise

The rabbi and his friends appeared suddenly,
 quietly and mysteriously,
 as boats sometimes emerged
 in the glare of the sunlit sea,
 and the children wondered
 how these men had come upon them
 without footsteps, or bargaining voices,
 and why the rabbi was talking to the crippled begger.
 Most people averted their eyes
 when the beggar called to them
 and the children,
 who played in the street everyday,
 had long ago learned to ignore his sneaky looks
 as he watched their games with weary envy.
 But suddenly the crippled man was ecstatic,
 embracing the rabbi's friends,
 his once withered arm now reaching
 towards the face of Christ
 as his straightening legs propelled him upwards.
 Christ leaned back and laughed,
 but, then, embraced him.
 The man's teeth,
 shining in his black, unkempt beard,
 were like the silver veins
 that glow in desert rocks in the moonlight,
 yet the air shimmered with the noonday sun
 and the flesh of the children's hands
 resembled marble floors on which the light danced.
 The children breathed deeply
 of this mysterious elation:
 something new
 but very old in their souls,
 something known always
 but just now discovered,
 and it bubbled up into their wet smiles.

Christ said something to His friends,
 and they laughed,
 so the children also laughed, and ran about,
 grabbing one another,
 out of control,
 like the beggar's rags,
 that were being swirled by the wind.
 Then they stopped and watched
 as the beggar beat his garments,
 knowing that the celebration deserved clothes
 that had been taken care of,
 the dust streaming away from him
 as if it, too, was eager to find its entry
 to a higher nature.
 Finished, his straight body stood regally
 as though he had been made a king
 instead of merely a cured cripple.
 Christ was already disappearing down the path.
 One of his disciples glanced back
 and the beggar felt himself start to follow
 but instead turned towards the city
 shaking with joy and apprehension.
 Would his family accept him?
 Or would he be seen as an angel
 terrifying in his resemblance
 of their lost kin?

The children stood around
 and looked at one another,
 then screaming they followed the rabbi.
 They didn't understand
 why they were crying as they laughed,
 so they would stop,
 wipe their eyes,
 and hug one another again
 before once again running off
 having no idea how far they would follow.

Herode

Deux luxures m'obsèdent :
 les seins d'Hérodiade
 luisants de passion
 comme feuilles de palme,
 et les imprécations de Jean
 qui voltigent dans de sa geôle
 comme des étincelles.

Je descends de nuit ces marches étroites
 pour l'épier dans sa prison.
 Dans sa bouche, les mots vibrent
 comme les fanions d'une troupe de cavaliers,
 fonçant vers la bataille
 et mes péchés réveillés
 jettent mon cœur dans le trouble.

Se dents brillent
 comme des morceaux de sel
 ses yeux,
 placides,
 comme le sable sous la lune.

Parfois je le quitte pour
 les seins d'Hérodiade
 que je saisis.
 O ce spasme,
 de me voir à ses pieds,
 pantelant et pâle,
 lunaire.

Rien, elle ne disait rien d'autre que son haliene
 embaumant de miel mon visage
 et sa langue savourant ma bouche,
 le melon de sa langue,
 succulent et fondant.

Parfois, toute la nuit
 avec Jean, je veillais
 et pendant qu'il me révélait
 les pensées de mon cœur
 même mes rêves me paraissaient artificiels.
 Comme un filet sur la mer écumante
 sa parole se déployait
 et de commencer à le contredire
 mon cœur en tremblait d'effroi
 comme tombant d'une falaise.

Le corps d'Hérodiade
 est une colline de fleurs
 que j'envahis comme la brume.
 Et ses cheveux noirs sont un buisson d'encens.

Quand je quitte Hérodiade
 ses lèvres sont des baies craquelées.

Quand je visite Jean
 mon cœur devient de liège
 et se détache de mon souffle.

Silencieusement je l'observe
 ses côtes saillantes comme des branches d'olivier
 sans fruits ;
 ses dents comme des échassiers
 au milieu des roseaux ;
 ses paroles sont des chariots
 bondissant sur les pierres.
 Quand il prononce mon nom
 ses dents étincellent comme des épées se heurtent,
 dans la pénombre sa tête s'élève
 comme une lourde grappe de raisin au vent.

iii.

Herod

Two luxuries fascinate me:
the breasts of Herodias
upon which passion gleams
as oil on a palm leaf,
and John's denunciations
which fly about in his dungeon
as sparks through fire.

I walk down steep steps
late at night
to peer into his cell.
His tongue wags as a warrior's flag
above a galloping horse
and my sins are disturbed
and set loose in my heart.

His teeth are shiny
as bits of salt,
his eyes,
placid,
as moon-lit sand.

Sometimes,
I would leave him and set my hands
over Herodias' breasts
and she would gasp
to see me kneeling beside her
as pale and shadowy in the moon.
She would say nothing.
Her breath would flow
with an odor of honey;
her tongue would fill my mouth
as smoothly and succulently
as a wedge of melon.

Sometimes
I wouldn't leave John
the whole night,
and as he unraveled
my intentions to me
it seemed that even my dreams
were of my doing.
Visions flew from his tongue
as nets over sea foam.
If I started to reason with him
blood fell in my heart
as from a high ledge.

Herodias' body is
a hill of flowers
over which I settle as a mist.
Her dark hair is a bush of incense.

When I am finished with Herodias
her lips are dry berries.

When I visit John
my heart floats upward
and detaches itself
from my breath.

I observe him silently.
His ribs are like olive branches
without fruit;
his teeth are like cranes
standing in reeds;
his words are chariots
bouncing over stones.
When he calls my name
his teeth flash as swords colliding,
his head rises in the darkness
as a cluster of grapes in the wind.

iv.

Marie Danse

*Marie dansant avec ses amies
battant le rythme avec ses pieds
petits nuages de poussière autour de leurs chevilles,
entourées de visages rieurs,
les tambourins du mariage
faisant leur chemin gracieux
dans leurs bras et leurs tailles ;
et puis de visages déconfits
et une tape sur son bras,
et ce visage souriant qui se tourne
vers son fils que s'approche.*

*Une réponse tranchante
et la danse intérieurement retombe
obéissante, elle s'éloigne.
Quelque chose de plus grand que la danse
de plus précieux que la joie
l'émeut et la change
de la transparence de l'eau
en la lumineuse complexité du vin.*

*La voilà maintenant, plus légère que la danse,
et son savoir plus mélodieux
que les notes s'envolant de flûtes.
Le sang coulant dans son corps
aussi riche que le vin miraculeux,
le souvenir de son ordre très simple
« Faites ce qu'il vous dira »
maintenant énoncé par un silence
qui porte
comme sur l'aile d'une grande colombe
l'immensité de ce qu'elle sait.*

iv.

Mary Dancing

Mary dancing with her friends,
their feet stomping,
dust puffing about their ankles,
the wedding tambourines
winding their way
through the waving arms,
their flowing waists,
laughing faces surrounding them,
and the confused faces,
the tug on her arm,
her smiled sigh
as she turned to approach her son.

The sharpness of his retort
quieted her dancing soul
and, obedient, she turned away.
Something greater than dance,
something more precious than joy
was being changed
from the lucidity of water
into the complexity of wine.

She was now lighter than dance,
her knowledge more melodious
than the notes flying from the flutes.
The blood flowing through her
was as rich as the miraculous wine,
the memory of her simple command
to do as he said,
now enunciated by a silence
that bore
as on the draft of a great dove
the immensity of her knowledge

V.

Judas

Quand je ferme les yeux
c'est comme si j'enveloppai deux corps dans des
linceuls
mais, à l'instant même,
mes paupières commencent à trembler,
pour bondir.

Je déambule nerveusement,
ombre portée de vêtements bruissants
sur un mur nu.
Je n'arrête que pour m'asseoir
et me frotter les orteils
et songer à une vie lourde d'erreurs,
grossières ou divines.

Je glisse une figue mûre
(on dirait presque une bourse pleine de friandises)
dans la paume de mon neveu agité.
Nos dents,
exposés au soleil ont
brillé tout au long de Sa prédication.
Nous étions comme des brebis dans une ravine
poussés et bousculés
la sueur ruisselant des naseaux,
sur la terre piétinée.

Je me dresse,
et marche dans mon ombre
comme un vin qu'on transvase de nouveau
dans un flacon.

Bientôt mes souvenirs seront dispersés
à la surface d'une terre stérile
ame et péché s'entrechoqueront.
Et de mon vin on se souviendra
comme d'un breuvage suri par la lune.
Mais quelle importance revêt ce dont on se souvient ?
L'avenir de l'homme est celé dans son péché.
Pourtant, c'est vers ma vie
que les regards se lèveront,
fixant un cadavre sec, se décomposant
dans les branches
de leurs arbres morts.

v.

Judas

When I close my eyes
it's as though I wrap two corpses in
shrouds,
but, immediately,
my eyelids begin to tremble,
and try to bolt.

I pace,
a rustling garment casting shadows
on an empty wall,
stopping only to sit
and rub my toes
and mull on my life of plodding mistakes,
both coarse and divine.

I slipped a ripe fig
(so like a leather purse filled with sweets)
into the palm of my restless nephew.
Our teeth,
exposed to the sun,
glittered all the while He preached.
We were as sheep in a ravine,
pushed and jostled,
flicking beads of sweat from our noses
into the foot defiled earth.

I rise,
and walk into my shadow,
as a stream of wine being poured back
into a flask.

Soon I will scatter my memories
over the sterile earth,
my soul will rattle against my sin.
My vintage will be remembered
as one ripened by the moon.
But it doesn't matter what is remembered.
Mankind's future is mankind's sin.
Still, it's my life
that men's eyes will turn to,
watching my corpse dry and rot
in the branches
of their dead trees.

vi.

Marie Madeleine et Thomas l'Incrédule

Marie

Je suis comme une mer épuisée
qu'on a rempli des eaux les plus amères
de chuchotements et de chimères.
Des scribes écriront mon nom
et l'encre de leurs plumes débordera
sur les marges aveugles du temps.
Mon nom est immortel
mais seul Jésus connaît l'alphabet
qui fut utilisé pour l'inscrire
sur l'impérissable robe
dont l'étoffe est tissée
dans les mélodies et lumières de l'éternité.

Thomas

La moelle de mes os est pétrie de doute
le doigts encore humides d'avoir glissé dans ses plaies
la foi m'a étourdi.
Comme un visiteur indésirable
au plus profond de la nuit
dérange votre sommeil et le gêne
les plaies du Seigneur m'ont réveillé.
J'ai bafouillé quelque chose, une banalité
et maintenant assis, les yeux abattus,
sous la pleine lune
de la chaleur de Sa plaie mes doigts refroidis
mon corps est lourd
comme si la pesanteur du doute
le rivait au monde.

Marie

Dans cette rue, je suis une inconnue
mais Sa voix en moi
pendant que je vais allant
murmure mon nom.
Comme un moineau qui volette
et cherche la graine
autour des paniers d'un âne qui se dandine
des inconnus pressentent en moi
Sa présence
et leurs regards cherchent le mien,
comme on ouvre un cadeau, je ferme ma porte.
Quand je fais silence une lumière me comble
et mon sourire comme un barque
dérive et vogue.
La maturité me rendra plus claire
mais l'extérieur
cachera ma vie comme l'écorce cache
la fontaine de sève.

Thomas

Croire m'engage dans un obscur ravin
aux prolongements effrayants
aux soliditudes terrifiantes.
Enfant, il m'était difficile de croire
allongé dans la fraîcheur de l'herbe
aux rêves que j'inventais.
Me rêves me dépassaient
ils allaient trop vite pour que je puisse les habiter.
J'ai touché Ses plaies
mon doute a été repris,
pourtant je lutte pour comprendre
ce que ma chair m'a révélé.
Ma foi est comme un roche du désert fendue
sur laquelle je trébuche.
Ma foi flotte en moi comme débris sur la mer.
Ma foi est un autel dépouillé
devant lequel un prêtre se tient
offrant mes doutes en sacrifice.
Mon salut me terrifie.
Le Seigneur m'a révélé l'abysse de mon doute
et je n'ose m'y engouffrer.

vi.

Mary Magdalene and Doubting Thomas

Mary

I am like an emptied sea
that has been refilled
with the darkest waters
of rumor and imagination.
Scribes will write my name
and their pens will push the flow of ink
into the white, blind edges of time.
My name is immortal
but only Jesus knows the alphabet
that was used to inscribe my name
upon the imperishable robe
whose fabric is woven
of eternities pure light and sound.

Thomas

Doubt nourishes the marrow of my bones.
My fingers slid from His wound
and belief stunned me.
As an unwelcome guest in dead of night
betrays one's sleep with responsibilities
so did the Lord's wound awaken me.
I stammered something, some platitude,
and now I sit, eyes downcast,
before a wafer of moon,
the heat of His wound receding from my fingers.
My body is heavy
as though doubt is the gravity
that still holds me fast to the earth's floor.

Mary

No one in this street knows me
but while I walk
His voice within me
whispers my name.
As the fluttering sparrows
desire the seed
in the donkey's swaying baskets
strangers sense His presence
within me,
and their eyes seek mine.
When I close my door I open a gift.
When I am silent light fills me
and my smile is like a boat
drifting upon the sea.
I will grow brighter as I age
but my exterior
will hide my life as bark hides
the flowing sap of the tree.

Thomas

Belief to me is like a gorge in the mountains,
frightening in its possibility
and terrifying in its remoteness.
I was a child who could not believe,
while lying in the cool grass,
the dreams he created.
My dreams were beyond me
and if I walked or run I could not inhabit them.
I have touched his wounds
and my doubt has been rebuked,
yet I struggle to comprehend
what my flesh has revealed to me.
My faith is a split rock in the desert
over which I stumble.
My faith floats within me like debris upon the sea.
My faith is an empty altar
where a priest stands
waiting to sacrifice my doubts.
I am terrified by my salvation.
The Lord has revealed the depth of my doubt to me
and I fear to plunge into that abyss.

continued...

...Marie-Madaleine et Thomas l'Incrédule

Marie

Debout à l'entrée de la tombe vide
seule
toute en sanglot
pleurant toute seule.
Près de la pierre roulée, debout, je sanglote.
Comme un héron dans les roseaux je m'étais penchée
sur la tombe
mais elle était vide.

« On a enlevé mon Seigneur », me suis-je lamentée.

Le cœur déchiré

« Et je ne sais pas où on l'a mis. »

Pleine de douleur
comme des champs
envahis d'herbes ondoyantes
ma peine au-dedans de moi.
Comme des collines
envahis par des troupeaux de brebis,
mon cœur piétiné sous leur pas.
Ah ! Cacherais-je mes larmes !
Je me tiens là, sans avoir que c'est Lui,
les idées confuses,
versant des larmes sans honte.
Il m'interroge.
« Pourquoi je pleure ? »
Et je demande à cet étanger devant moi
s'il sait où on a mis mon Seigneur ?
Lui,
dont les paroles avaient créées
toutes les harmonies de mon âme
a prononcé mon nom.
Le Seigneur m'a calmement appelée de mon nom.
Mon cœur a résonné comme une chorale,
mon cœur a retenti comme un psaume
Sa face, devant moi, s'est illuminée
plus blanche que la lumière du soleil.
J'ai tendu la main
pour saisir mon Seigneur
mais d'un geste il me l'interdit.

Et pourtant, mon bras tendu devint de miel,
et envahie, je fus remplie d'un miel
parfumé et d'odorantes épices.
Il sourit, et dans ma poitrine mon cœur s'exhaussa
comme une colombe s'envole
jusqu'à la plus haute tourelle du temple
ainsi mon cœur s'éleva.
Je Le fixais et son esprit se défroissa
comme une nappe lissée sur un autel,
il parla et ma propre voix
fut entendue lui répondant
comme sous le vent répond au tonnerre
l'écume de la mer.

Thomas

Sous le ciel de minuit
dont le cortège païen
de lune et d'étoiles ressemble
à un tyran et son armée
je m'assieds mais ne crains.
La faucille de la lune ne fauchera ma tête,
ni les dards des étoiles me perceront.
J'entends des malédictions avinées dans la rue
un pichet qui se fracasse.
C'est le monde trébuchant dans les ténèbres
et prenant son ombre pour la lumière du soleil.

Maintenant, avec les autres caché,
je garderais le silence.
Dans une chambre loin des leurres de la rue.
Comme un puits profond aspire,
le débordement du soleil,
ainsi mon âme assobrie
a bu les paroles du Seigneur.
Mais comme le Seigneur l'a ordonné
je me cacherais et attendrais calmement
que la lumière jaillisse des profondeurs.
Dans la plus grande abîme de mon âme
les ailes de l'Esprit Saint se déploieront

Mary

I stood outside the empty tomb,
alone,
crying,
crying alone.
Beside the rolled stone I stood crying.
I had bent like a crane in the reeds
and looked into the tomb
and it was empty.

'Where have they taken my Lord,' I cried.
My heart was wrenched with pain
stretching to see where they had taken my Lord.

I was filled with grief.
Like the meadows
that are filled with swaying grass
I was filled with grief.
Like the rolling hills
that are filled with sheep
my soul was trampled with grief.
I was unashamed of my tears.
I stood before a stranger,
confused at his presence,
weeping, unashamed.
He asked me why I wept.
I asked him,
I asked the stranger before me,
did he know where they had taken my Lord?
He,
whose words had created
all those melodies in my soul,
called me by name.
My Lord quietly said my name.
My heart sang as a choir,
my heart became a psalm being sung.
His face ignited before me
and outshone the blazing sun.
I stretched forth my hand
to touch my Lord,
but he raised his hand
and forbade my touch.
He forbade my touch

but my outstretched arm was filled with honey,
my arm was filled with golden honey
and it seeped through me,
and I was filled with sweet honey,
with fragrance and gentle spices.
He smiled and my heart rose in my breast.
As a dove flutters to the temple's highest turret
my heart rose in my breast.
I looked at Him and my spirit uncoiled
as linen being readied for the altar,
He spoke and my own voice
was heard answering
as the surf on the wind blown sea
answers the thunder of the skies.

Thomas

I sit under the midnight sky
whose heathen array
of moon and stars
is like a tyrant and his armies.
But I am unafraid.
The sickle of the moon will not behead me.
The points of the stars will not pierce me.
I hear wine thickened curses in the streets,
a goblet thrown and breaking.
The world stumbles through the darkness
believing its shadow to be the light of the sun.

I will hide now with the others.
I will remain silent
in a room above the street's muttered delusions.
As a deep well swallows the outpouring of the sun,
so has my dark soul swallowed
the words of the Lord.
But I will hide and wait quietly
as The Lord commanded,
wait for light to bubble up
from within my depths.
In the darkest pit of my soul
the bright wings of the Holy Ghost will spread.

continued...

...Marie-Madaleine et Thomas l'Incrédule

et l'Esprit Saint chuchotera mon nom
L'Esprit Saint
me tirera de ma torpeur et
mon esprit prendra son envol
sur Ses ailes...

Dans ma bouche, une langue de feu se formera
une flamme incandescente jaillira de mes lèvres
mes paroles fondront sur ceux qui m'écoutent
comme ces aigles aux becs argentés
dont les serres pointues scintillent
sur les cimes les plus élevées.

Ma face rayonnera
comme feu au désert,
comme le feu d'un campement au désert
comme le flamme des armées de Dieu
embrase une trouée
que rien ne pourra réparer
dans la muraille de nuit du désert.

Je surgirais, guerrier du désert
comme rugit la flamme de Dieu
pour calciner mon doute.

Les visages des multitudes irradieront
des mots que se répandront sur eux
et leurs visages rayonneront
comme feux au désert.

Tandis que les paroles de Dieu flambent
et réduisent en cendres leurs péchés.

...*Mary Magdalene and Doubting Thomas*

The Holy Ghost will whisper my name,
the Holy Ghost
will rouse me from my slumber then
and my spirit will take flight
on His wings...

A flaming tongue will be formed in my mouth,
a white fire will burn in my mouth.

My words will fly into the ears of men
as silver beaked eagles fly,
their sharp talons gleaming,
onto the loftiest peaks.

My face will glow
as a fire in the desert,
as a camp fire in the desert,
as the fire of God's army
that burns a hole
in the desert's darkness
that will not be repaired.

I will rise like a desert warrior
as the fire of God roars
and consumes my doubt.

The faces of the multitudes will glow
as my words fall upon them
their faces will glow
as fires in the desert.
as the word of God blazes
and consumes their sins.

vii.

La Pauvreté en Partage

Les pauvres se tenaient debout
portant leur pauvreté dans la frêle ossature
de leurs épaules voûtées
leurs cours tendus comme des tiges de blés
sous le vent,
le visage attentif
à la prédication du rabbin,
leurs cous tendus comme des tiges de blé
dans un champ mûr pour la moisson.
Et cet homme-là, au fond,
un veuf,
un homme dont la pauvreté
gisait comme un cadavre dans son âme,
nue et sans linceul,
un poids immémorial pesant sur sa vie,
se tenait là, indifférent au soleil
suintant de la plaie du ciel
dont le pus acide giclait sur sa face.
Immobile
comme des montagnes retenues par la terre
les paraboles du rabbin le figent sur place.
ses mots de grâce ailée percutent
le sanctuaire de son cœur
et les oreilles de son cadavre de pauvre
qui frémissent comme gronde la terre
se préparant au séisme.
« Cinq moineaux pour deux as,
Et aucun n'est oublié de Dieu. »
A l'instant, le moineau s'envola de sa cage
pour en habiter une autre
son sort ignoré de tous
indifférent à tous
hormis à l'Un,
l'Omniscient, le Tout-Puissant.
et pendant que le rabbin poursuivait son discours
le pauvre homme n'entendit plus rien.

Son oeil intérieur qui avait cillé
avant de s'ouvrir
s'était fixé dans l'extase de glorieuses images.
Sa pauvreté se dépouilla de son linceul
sa pauvreté s'éveilla en lui et brilla.
La misère s'était maintenant simplifiée.
Comme des ombres bougent,
sous la courbe du soleil
ainsi son cœur s'était centré
sur la lumière
et les ombres s'évanouirent dans ses souvenirs oubliés.
Criant de joie
sa voix, comme un moineau libéré de sa cage,
vola au-dessus de Bethléem
et les Romains se mirent
en garde
contre cette étrange voix,
qui ne leur disait rien
sinon mystère et danger.
Cet homme que sa pauvreté
unissait à ce Fils de Dieu
cet homme
ce nouveau citoyen d'un Royaume
indestructible et éternel.
Dieu pouvait-il donc habiter
une autre demeure
que celle de la pauvreté ?
Il ferma les yeux
et jeta un regard au-dedans
et vit son âme pleine des trésors de Dieu.
Qui donc pouvait piller Dieu ?
Qui, souiller son âme ?
Si Dieu gardait ses biens dans son âme
qui donc pouvait les ravir ?
Quel voleur pouvait-il dérober à Dieu ses biens ?
Si le Seigneur amassait ses trésors
dans les âmes des pauvres
qui pouvait les piller ?
L'air pouvait-il voler leurs
sons aux psaumes qui s'élèvent ?
La terre voler aux fleurs leurs parfums ?
Il embrassa sa pauvreté et mendia son pardon.
Sa malédiction n'avait-elle pas été, depuis toujours,
son salut ?

Poverty Shared

The poor stood
 carrying their poverty in the fragile bones
 of their stooped shoulders,
 their necks straining like stalks of wheat
 in the wind,
 faces uplifted
 as they listened to the preaching rabbi,
 their necks straining like ripe wheat
 in a field ready for harvest.
 And that man in the back row,
 a widower,
 a man whose poverty
 lay like a corpse within his soul,
 naked, without shroud,
 an eternal weight upon his life,
 stood, ignoring the sun,
 that swelled as a blister in the sky
 and excreted its acid upon his face.
 The rabbi's stories held him fast.
 As the mountains are held in place
 by the grip of the earth
 so he was held by the rabbi's words.
 The rabbi's words had wings that flew
 into his inner chambers,
 into the ears of his poverty's corpse
 which stirred as earth stirs
 readying itself for an earthquake.
 "Five sparrows are sold for two farthings
 and not one of them are forgotten before God."
 The prisoner sparrow freed from its cage
 to inhabit another cage
 its fate unknown and indifferent to all,
 unknown to all but One,
 the all-seeing, all-powerful One.
 As the rabbi continued to speak
 the poor man heard no more.

His inward eye which had blinked,
 then opened
 was transfixed on glorious sights.
 His poverty shed its shroud,
 his poverty awakened and glowed within him.
 What was wretched was now simple.
 As shadows
 are rearranged by the floating sun
 so was his soul changed
 until light was at its center
 and shadows were interred in his lost memories.
 He shouted his joy
 his voice flew like a sparrow released
 from its cage,
 his voice flew over Bethlehem
 and the Romans turned,
 on guard,
 at this strange voice
 that signified nothing to them
 but mystery and its dangers.
 This man,
 whose poverty joined him
 to this Son of God,
 this man,
 this new citizen of a kingdom
 beyond rust or dissolution.
 Could God enter any room
 but that of poverty?
 He closed his eyes
 and saw into his soul,
 and it was full of God's treasures.
 Who could pillage the Lord?
 Who could defile his soul?
 If the Lord stored His possessions in his soul
 who could remove them?
 What thief could steal what was God's?
 If the Lord piled his treasures
 in the souls of the poor
 who could plunder them?
 Could the air steal the psalms being sung?
 Could the earth steal the flowers scent?
 He embraced his poverty and begged forgiveness.
 For had not his curse always been his salvation?

viii.

Douleur Nue

Marie marche lentement,
le sable,
les bords de sa robe,
ses yeux humides,
ourlés d'argent par la lune.
Seule, confuse, le souvenir de la croix
balafre son âme pure
comme ces rides que tissent
les sillons de l'âge sur sa face.
La voilà assise sur la roche grisâtre,
elle aussi comme une larme
dans la nature déserte
attendant que le silence
annonçât à nouveau
la venue du Sauveur.

Et soudain, Il est là,
assis près d'elle,
et son âme s'élançait vers Lui
comme bondirait une tigresse
jouant avec ses petits.
Et le voilà qui, de sa main transpercée,
touche ces joues humides
tandis que des saillants
de la montagne
tombe
sur le sable éclairé par la lune
la cendre grise des péchés du monde consumés.

viii.

Desert Grief

Mary walked slowly,
the sand
the edges of her robe,
her moist eyes,
all silver plated by the moon.
Alone, troubled,
the memory of the cross
tracing wounds upon her pure soul
as the lines of time
had spun webs upon her face.
She sat on the grey rock,
itself like a large tear
on the desolate landscape
and waited for the silence
to announce again
the coming of the Savior.

And then he was there
sitting at her side
and her soul leaped towards him
as a tigress playfully leaps
upon her growing cub.
He stroked her damp cheeks
with that wounded hand
while from the sharp ledges
of the mountains
the burned sins of the world
fell in grey ashes
onto the moonlit sand.

ix.

Pentecôte

Muets, les Apôtres assis
comme si le silence furtif
avait quitté la chambre
sans laisser, pour les distraire,
ne fut-ce que le souvenir des sons.
Leurs souffles semblaient trembler
à l'unisson
comme des ondes de chaleur dans le désert
et il semblait même que leurs esprits
avaient commencé à flotter au-delà de leurs limites.
Dans l'air chargé de leur attente
des particulières de poussières évoluaient
comme des planètes mortes.
Tout comme à l'aube, au lever du jour,
le souvenir d'une tâche agréable
doucement s'impose
voici qu'une joie mystérieuse commence à surgir
qui lentement envahit la chambre
et c'est vers cette pureté
que leur âme s'oriente
cette douceur
dans laquelle ils avaient exulté jadis
entre les bras de leurs mères
mais quit avait reculé comme recule
l'eau d'une mare
à la saison sèche.
Maintenant
avec leurs têtes penchées
l'extase était revenue
et emplí l'espace
d'un violent coup de vent
un ouragan d'attente
et de consommation.
Et voici que la Grâce émerge

comme un arbre inondé de fruits
d'un sol
enfoui au plus profond de leur âmes ennoblies
dont ils ne soupçonnaient pas l'existence.
Des visions
comme des gouttelettes de pluie sur une vigne
perlant aux rives de feuilles
dans la fraîcheur de l'aube
en eux rayonnent.
L'Esprit Saint avait touché
au plus profond de leurs êtres,
et voici que lâchetés, timidités,
en flots sombres
s'écoulaient de la crevasse ouverte.
Maintenant, des langues de feu flottaient
au-dessus de leurs têtes.
Le visage tourné vers le ciel
recevant ces langues de feu
remplissant la chambre de lumière
et dont la redoutable flamme ne brûlait que la terreur,
au-dedans d'eux
jusqu'à ce que leurs illusions deviennent cendre
et que la vérité,
comme l'éclatante épée de Gédéon,
miroitant au soleil,
tranche leur oppressant passé,
et que les lèvres ouvertes
un chant de louange à ce monde nouveau
s'élève de leurs gorges.
Debout au milieu de cette création nouvelle,
leurs pieds foulant ce lieu sacré
avant de se hâter vers la rue,
sanctifiant de leurs voix jusqu'aux langues
si couramment formées sur leurs lèvres,
éveillant une foule de ses rêves
la voix des Apôtres s'élève
emportées sur de ondes de louange
devant les foules stupéfaites,
tandis que se tordant de douleur
dans leurs rêve menacés, certains
se juraient vengeance
vouant à la mort ces usurpateurs insensés
qui étaient morts une fois
et ne pouvaient plus mourir.

ix.

Pentecost

The apostles sat without speaking,
as though silence itself
had stolen from the room
and left not even the memory
of sound to distract them.
Their breaths seemed to waver
in unison
like heat waves over the desert,
and it seemed as if their souls
had begun to flow past their limits.
Within the anticipating air
particles of dust floated
like planets in a dead universe.
As at dawn,
upon awakening,
the memory of a pleasant task
to be accomplished
slowly emerges
they began to sense the mysterious joy
that was slowly filling the room,
and it was to this purity
that their souls turned,
this radiance
in which they had long ago exulted
while squirming in their mother's arms,
but which had receded
like water receding from a pond
in years of drought.
Now,
with their heads bowed
this ecstasy returned
and filled the room
with a rushing wind,
a hurrican of anticipation
and consummation.
Graces emerged

as fruit laden trees
from a soil
in the depths of their enriched souls
of which they had never been aware.
Visions
like raindrops on a vineyard of grapes,
luminous in the dawn's fresh light,
shone within them.
The Holy Spirit struck deep into the roots
of their souls,
as cowardice, timidity, flowed
in dark sluices
out of the cleft that was opened.
Above them flaming tongues hovered.
Their heads bent back
to receive those flaming tongues
that filled the room with light
and whose terrible fire burned only the terror
within them
until their delusions were ashes
and truth
as bright as Gideon's sword
gleaming in the sunlight
cut through the oppression of their pasts,
and they began to speak
praising this new world.
Standing in the center of this new creation
their feet touching the sacred floor
before racing into the street,
their voices sanctifying even the languages
they now shouted so fluently,
so that a crowd awoke from their dreams
and the apostles' voices rose
riding on the waves of praise
from the crowds,
while others writhing in the pain
of their threatened dreams
vowed revenge
promising death to these mad usurpers
who had already died
and could not die again.



Marilyn Mason is University Organist and Chairman of the Organ Department at the University of Michigan. Her extensive career as concert organist, lecturer, adjudicator, and teacher has carried her throughout the musical world. During a single year, invitations took her to five continents. Professor Mason has served as a judge at nearly every major organ competition in the world. Her dedication to contemporary music is evidenced in the 65 works that she has commissioned and premiered. Currently, she is pursuing her commitment to stylistic integrity through research into the construction and tonal design of historic European instruments. Twenty research tours have focused on historic organs in Europe.

Marilyn Mason was honored as the "1988 Performer of the Year" by the New York Chapter of the American Guild of Organists. Her discography includes music of Bach, Pachelbel, Handel, Mondonville, Alain, and Dupré.



Flute soloist **Don Fishel** studied at the University of Michigan School of Music under Nelson Hauenstein and Michael Stoune. He then embarked on a career in music publishing and began writing the Christian songs for which he is best known. His hymns "Alleluia No. 1" and "The Light of Christ" can be found in the hymnals of the Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist, and Roman Catholic Churches.

Don Fishel is the principal flutist of the Ann Arbor Civic Band and has played in musical theater productions with the Chelsea Area Players, Tecumseh Youth Theater, Saline Area Players, the Comic Opera Guild, and the Crosswell Opera House. In 2000, he was the flute soloist performing Peter Schickele's "Concerto for Flute and Orchestra" at the Ann Arbor Summer Festival.

Frank Hankey has worked on Broadway in *End of the World*, off-Broadway in *Once on a Summer's Day* (EST), *Johnny Pye and the Foolkiller* (Lamb's Theater), *The Dining Room* (Astor Place Theater), *The Cocktail Hour* (Promenade), and *The Cruelties of Mrs. Schnayd* (NY Theater Studio), and regionally at Pittsburgh Public, Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park, Boston's Huntington, the Long Wharf, Buffalo Studio Arena, the Pioneer Salt Lake City, Fulton Opera House, the Emelin Theater, Ford's Theater, and four seasons with the Williamstown Theater Festival. He appeared on television in *Ryan's Hope*, *One Life to Live*, and *The Trial of Standing Bear* (PBS). Frank Hankey holds an MFA in Acting from Brandeis University.



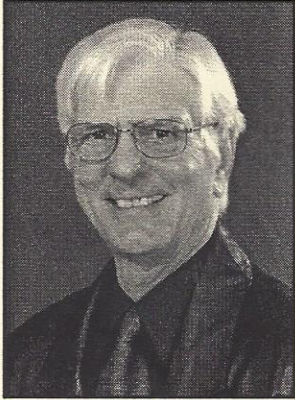
Margo Hammond has many years of acting experience in NYC and in major regional theaters around the country. As a voiceover talent, she has been heard on major network commercials representing such products as Woolite, Motrin IB, Discovery Channel, Rogaine, and General Nutrition Center. She is proud to be a voice representative for the Cancer Survival Kit (an audio tape used to help patients endure their journey to health). As a professional actress, Margo has been seen on several soap operas, including an ongoing role as nurse Carol Eckert on NBC's *Another World*. Margo is also active with the Off World Theatre company in Teaneck, NJ. In addition to performing, Margo works as an independent theater artist/educator and has shared her workshop with thousands of children and adults throughout the greater NYC area.



Michael Lonsdale made his theater debut in *Pour le meilleur et pour le pire* ("For Better and For Worst"), directed by Raymond Roulleau, in 1952. His first film was Michel Boisrond's *C'est arrive a Aden* ("If Happened to Aden"). Through the sixties, he worked with Gerard Oury, wrote seven long works with Jean-Pierre Mocky, and developed a reputation as a comedian for his supporting roles. He collaborated with directors including Francois Trouffant, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and Marguerite Duras.

Michael Lonsdale's film career includes roles in the James Bond movie *Moonraker*, *Chariots of Fire*, John Frankenheimer's *The Holcroft Covenant*, *The Name of the Rose*, and Merchant-Ivory's *Remains of the Day*.

Most recently, Michael Lonsdale has been concentrating on theater productions, but he appeared in *Le Mystere de la chambre jaune* ("The Mystery of the Yellow Room") by Bruno Podalydes in 2003.



Ken Gaertner is a poet/dramatist whose plays have been produced in New York City at The Open Eye Theater, American Theatre of Actors, Actors Institute, Vital Theatre, Samuel French Festival of One-Act Plays, Salt and Pepper Mime, and the Mystic Theatre, along with productions in the Midwest and in Florida. His one-act play, *Seventeen Hoofbeats*, was published in *Confrontation Magazine* of Long Island University. He has published poetry in *America*, *Commonweal*, *The Christian Century*, *StAR*, *In the West of Ireland*, and numerous other magazines. A book of poetry, *Koan Bread*, was published by Survivors Manual, Oceanside, New York. His poem "911" was awarded the Editor's Choice Award from the *Penwood Review* of Los Alamitos, California. He currently is an adjunct professor at the Drama Department of Ave Maria College in Ypsilanti, Michigan.



Dr. Gregory Hamilton studied musicology and early music at the Royal College of Music in London, England, before returning to his native state of Michigan, where he commenced organ study with Dr. Marilyn Mason and completed his Doctorate in sacred music / organ in 2000.

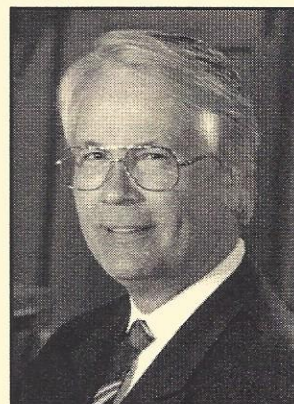
As a composer, Dr. Hamilton is published by music and liturgical publishers including Augsburg Fortress, Morning Star, and CanticaNova, featuring organ, piano, and choral music.

As a performer, he is an active recitalist, playing organ recitals, early music, and accompanying chamber music concerts in the U.S. and abroad.

Dr. Hamilton is presently music minister at St. Thomas the Apostle Roman Catholic Church in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he directs multiple choirs and a chamber orchestra.

Fady Noun (58 ans) est journaliste à *L'Orient-Le Jour*, quotidien politique francophone paraissant au Liban. Il est marié et père de cinq enfants, et vit dans la banlieue de Beyrouth. Sociologue de formation, il a publié plusieurs recueils de poésie et un livre sur la guerre au Liban (*Guerre et Mémoire, la vérité en face*, publié à Beyrouth en avril 2004). Prépare un ouvrage sur les apparitions mariales au Liban, dans le contexte de la guerre et un recueil de poésie.

Stephen Hamilton is minister of music at the historic Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopal) in New York City, where he conducts the semi-professional Holy Trinity Choir and is artistic director of Music at Holy Trinity, the church's subscription concert series. *The New York Times* acknowledges that Hamilton's concert series "is an important venue for week-end presentations." As a concert organist, Hamilton has been heard in hundreds of solo recitals and on the nationally broadcast radio program *Pipe Dreams* as well as WETS-FM's *Pipes, Pedals and Pistons*. In addition to his duties at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Dr. Hamilton is a member of the artist faculties at Hunter College and Queens College. Hamilton recently completed his third two-year term as Dean of the New York City Chapter of the American Guild of Organists. He is also President of the Alain Association in America and is the general chairman of the REGION II AGO convention in New York City in June of 2007.



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