

DING DONG ~WINTER MORNING WALKS~

DECEMBER 6, 2025 The Red Barn at Southlands

DECEMBER 14, 2025 Robson Square UBC Theatre

JOY TO THE WORLD	Issac Watts Arr. by Pentatonix
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR	Gloria Shayne Arr. by Shane Raman
RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER	Johnny Marks Arr. by Hylton Mowday
CHRISTMAS GLOW	Nora Jones Arr. by Carman Price
IF WE MAKE IT THROUGH DECEMBER	Merle Haggard Arr. by Steve Maddock
DECK THE HALLS	Arr. by Miles Ramsay
A CANDLE BURNED	The O'pears (Lydia Persaud, Jill Harris, Meg Contini)
WINTER SUN	Don MacDonald
WINTER MORNING WALKS	Composed by Maria Schneider Arranged by Réjean Marois

musica intima performs and operates on the stolen territory of the Coast Salish peoples, including the territories of the x^wməθk^wəyəm (Musqueam), sk̓w̓xwú7mesh úxwumixw (Squamish), səliłwətaʔ (Tɬleil-Waututh) nations, Katzie First Nation, the Kwantlen First Nation, Kwikwetlem First Nation (k^wik^wəʔəm) and Tsawwassen First Nation.

Singers

Sofia Avelino
Stephen Baker
John Carpenter
Renee Fajardo
Anja Kelly
Kate Medcalf
Danny Najjar
Elizabeth Petersen
Jaime Yoon
Patrick Zhu

Triology

Miles Black, Piano
Bill Coon, Guitar
Jodi Proznick, Bass
featuring,
Mili Hong, Drums
Gregory Samek, Drums

Board of Directors

Troy Topnik, president
Dan McFaull, treasurer/vice chair
Katherine Evans, singers rep
Brigid Lumholst-Smith, director
Lisa Slouffman, director

Are you enthusiastic about musica intima and passionate about decolonization in the arts? Talk to us about getting involved with our **Board of Directors** - now is the time you can help us make a difference! Introduce yourself tonight or email manager@musicaintima.org.

Staff

Artistic Manager – Risa Takahashi

General Manager – Rita Ueda

a message from artistic manager Risa Takahashi

On behalf of music intima, I would like to say thank you for choosing to be here today. Without the audience members, we will not be here today. There are a lot of things happening everyday, all around the world. And we are a group of people who love to sing and share this love of music with the community. So I hope, during our concert today, you get to leave all the chaos behind you, whatever the emotions and thoughts come in to you, and just let it be. We are excited for our season ahead. If today's concert brought you joy, please visit musicaintim.org and consider a small gift. Thank you again and hope you have a wonderful holiday season!

Sponsors

Musica intima is generously supported by Colourstrings conservatory of Music, SOCAN Foundation, Martha Lou Henley Charitable Foundation, City of Vancouver, British Columbia Arts Council, Province of British Columbia, and the Canada Council for the Arts.



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sung texts

WINTER SUN Poem by Malca Litovitz

To light, to water,
and the flow of birds
through ancient stars.
To the wild sun of winter
startling the dark green
trees: giants of majestic silence.
To snow on roofs and the peace of Sunday.
To quiet and certitude,
to breathing, to air.
To acceptance, to dreams.
To disclosures of the sleeping heart,
for air, for light.

WINTER MORNING WALKS Poem by Ted Koozer

Perfectly Still This Solstice Morning

Perfectly still this solstice morning,
in bone-cracking cold. Nothing moving,
or so one might think, but as I walk the road,
the wind held in the heart of every tree
flows to the end of each twig and forms a bud.

When I Switched On a Light

When I switched on a light in the barn loft late
last night, I frightened four flickers hanging
inside, peering out through their holes.
Confused by the light, they began to fly
wildly from one end to the other,
their yellow wings slapping the tin sheets
of the roof, striking the walls, scrabbling
and falling. I cut the light
and stumbled down and out the door and stood
in the silent dominion of starlight
till all five of our hearts settled down.

Walking by Flashlight

Walking by flashlight at six in the morning,
my circle of light on the gravel
swinging side to side,
coyote, raccoon, field mouse, sparrow,
each watching from darkness this man with the moon on a leash.

I Saw a Dust Devil This Morning

I saw a dust devil this morning, doing a dance with veils of corn shuck
in front of an empty farmhouse, a magical thing, and I remembered
walking the beans in hot midsummer,
how we'd see one swirling toward us over the field,
a spiral of flying leaves forty or fifty feet high,
clear as a glass of cold water just out of reach,
and we'd drop our hoes and run to catch it,
shouting and laughing, hurdling the beans,
and if one of us was fast enough,
and lucky, he'd run along inside the funnel,
where the air was strangely cool and still,
the soul and center of the thing,
the genie whose swirls out of the bottle,
eager to grant one wish to each of us.
I had a hundred thousand wishes then.

My Wife and I Walk the Cold Road

My wife and I walk the cold road in silence,
asking for thirty more years.
There's a pink and blue sunrise with an accent of red:
a hunter's cap burns like a coal in the yellow-gray eye of the woods.

All Night, in Gusty Winds

All night, in gusty winds,
the house has cupped its hands around
the steady candle of our marriage,
the two of us braided together in sleep,
and burning, yes, but slowly,
giving off just enough light so that one of us,
awakening frightened in darkness, can see.

Our Finch Feeder

Our finch feeder, full of thistle seed
oily and black as ammunition,
swings wildly in the wind, and the finches
in olive drab like little commandos
cling to the perches, six birds at a time,
ignoring the difficult ride.

Spring, the Sky Rippled with Geese

Spring, the sky rippled with geese,
but the green comes on slowly,
timed to the ticking of downspouts.
The pond, still numb from months
of ice, reflects just one enthusiast

this morning, a budding maple
whose every twig is strung with beads
of carved cinnabar, bittersweet red.

How Important It Must Be

How important it must be
to someone that I am alive, and walking,
and that I have written
these poems.

This morning the sun stood
right at the end of the road
and waited for me.