



CREATIVE VOICES

An Eclectic Women's Performance Group

PRESENTS

Your One and Only Life

MAY

13, 2023

First United Church
Truro, Nova Scotia
3:00 pm

Artistic Director:

Jacqueline Chambers

Collaborative Pianist:

Sandra MacAulay Thompson

Special Guest:

Joanna Phillips

creativevoices.ca



@CreativeVoicesTruro



@CreativeVoicesNS

For bookings: bookings@creativevoices.ca + To join us: director@creativevoices.ca

Your One and Only Life

PROGRAMME

***Carry Me** *created by Meaghan Smith and Creative Voices*

Wings *(arr Andy Beck)*

Light of a Clear Blue Morning *Dolly Parton (arr Craig Hella Johnson)*
Recorder: Joanna Phillips; Soloist: Heidi Barbrick

***Ahead by a Century** *Gord Downie (arr Jim Duff)*
S1: Monica Hattie, Nancy Thurston, Sam Madore, Kathy Ogden
S2: Heidi Barbrick, Cyndi MacLean, Crystal Mills, Cat Taylor
A: Joye Sears, Colleen Armstrong-Shaw, Lori Logue, René Wall

Closer to Fine *Indigo Girls*
Ensemble: Mary Piers, Jennifer MacEachern, Theresa MacKinnon, Jessica Flemming

And So It Goes *Billy Joel (arr Kirby Shaw)*

***Consider the Lilies** *Stephen Smith*

***Peace Flows Into Me** *Paul Aitken*

Landslide *Stevie Nicks (arr Dorothy Horn)*

Rise Up *(arr Jonathon Miller)*
Soloist: Jennifer Aucoin

Changes *Audrey Snyder*
Soloists: Sonya Parks, Madelyn Isenor-Ryan, Diana Maguire

We Can Do Hard Things *Tish Melton, Brandi Carlile*
*Soloist: Crystal Mills; Ensemble: Cyndi MacLean, Lisa Jennings, Laurie Sandeson,
Esther Bejarano, Jennifer Aucoin*

***Your One and Only Life** *Susan Crowe (arr Stephen Smith)*

***When It Comes My Turn** *David Myles (arr Will Zworsky)*
Soloists: Diana Maguire, Laurie Sandeson, Cat Taylor

Band: Angela Dwyer (bass)
Stephanie Isenor-Ryan (guitar)
Natasha Tobin-Bejarano (guitar)

Emcees: Joye Sears
Sam Madore

* *Canadian*

BIOGRAPHIES

Originally from Parrsboro, NS, **Jacqueline Chambers** went to Acadia University to complete her Bachelor of Music Education in 1983. From there, she continued her musical studies at the University of Toronto, receiving an Artist's Diploma in Voice.

Upon returning to Nova Scotia, Jacqueline became the Artistic Director of the Aeolian Singers, a position she held for 20 years. Her time with the Aeolian Singers was characterized by developing innovative, feminist, programming that emphasized partnerships with women across the province and country.

In 2011, Jacqueline, alongside other musical women in Truro decided to found Creative Voices, to provide a treble choir for people in Truro. She has thoroughly enjoyed being able to provide a space for women to come together to sing and build community.

Outside of her choral pursuits, Jacqueline taught in the public school system for 35+ years, first as a music teacher and later as a guidance counsellor. When not at rehearsal, Jackie can be found at her cottage or spending time with her two favourite people: Ross and Cecelia, and their three dogs, Colby, Ethel, and Grace.

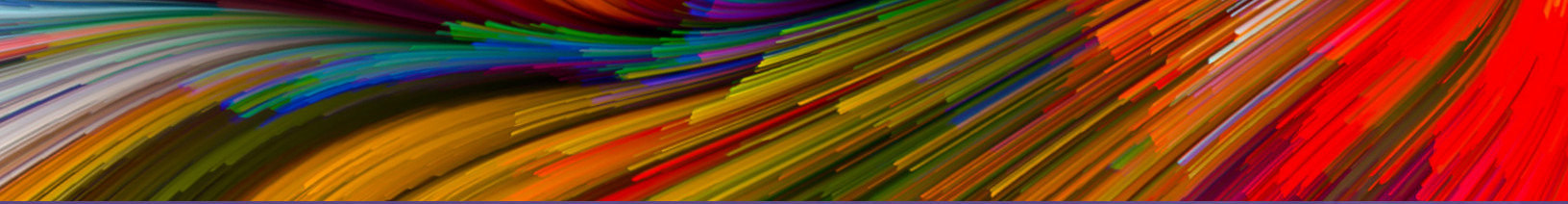
Sandra MacAulay Thompson began playing piano at age 6. She grew up in Dartmouth, NS, where she also played flute and French horn, and eventually received her Grade X in Piano from The Royal Conservatory of Music.

Sandra took a break from music to study engineering at Acadia University and TUNS, and practiced engineering until the birth of her first child in 2006. At that time, she decided to stay at home with her children and return to the musical world. While her kids were young Sandra taught private piano lessons and worked as the organist for St. Andrew's United Church in Truro.

Over time, Sandra has gradually moved back into her engineering career. She currently works as an Engineer in Residence in the Faculty of Engineering at Dalhousie University in Halifax, and teaches Capstone Design in the Department of Industrial Engineering.

Sandra is married to Glenn and they have three children: Sappho, Molly Maelle and Oscar. Her current musical pursuits largely involve helping her kids with their own piano, voice and band practicing, as well as her role as Collaborative Pianist for Creative Voices. Being a part of the Creative Voices sisterhood provides her with immense joy and gratitude.

Joanna Phillips was raised in Truro, NS. Before graduating high school, she was very active in the CEC band program. Joanna then went on to study clarinet performance where she played in various university music ensembles, and was principle clarinetist in Nova Scotia Youth Orchestra. Joanna currently plays in Hubtown Big Band, and continues to play in various ensembles when possible.



I still carry her sometimes; some say too much. But I carry on and carry her.
I bring her close to me. I carry her like she's still my baby.
Because she is still my baby. She will always be my baby.
Because regardless of age or size or whether we can get from A to B on our own, regardless of the load we are carrying ourselves, we all like the load to be shared or carried for us sometimes, don't we?
Because regardless of what others think, allowing ourselves to still be carried sometimes is important, isn't it?
I still carry her because I want to teach her this.
I want to normalize sharing the load and allowing herself to be carried sometimes.
I want her to value herself enough to know that being carried sometimes is never a weakness.
Because as women we carry a lot. Some say too much.
So, I carry her now. I will carry her when she lets me.
And I will always carry more than her weight whether she needs me or not.
In my mind, my heart, my every breath, I will carry her forever.

– Emma Heathy

Carry Me

Meaghan Smith with Creative Voices

When I arrive to end my day
And my fabric has begun to fray
I hear your voice it makes me whole
Your melody, it mends my soul.

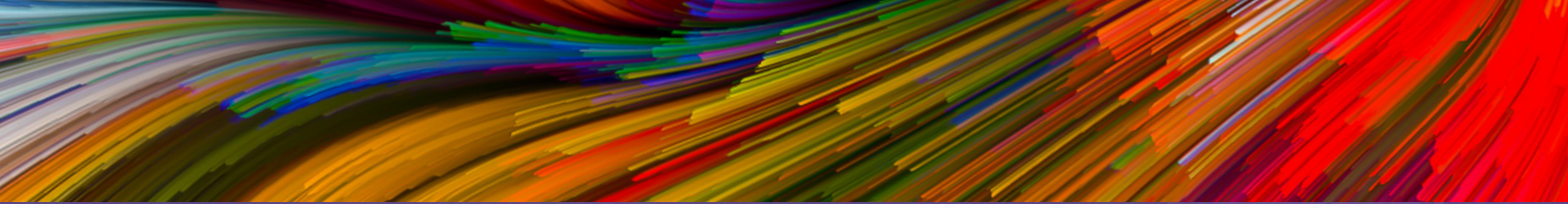
We are not alone
Our voices lead us home

Carry me right on through
When I have strength I'll carry you
But until then until I do carry me

A single voice
A single thread
Blue alone is calling out for red
Held together we can see
All the colours of a tapestry

Music fills us up
Let it fill your cup

Carry me right on through
When I have strength I'll carry you
But until then until I do carry me
Carry me right on through
When I have strength I'll carry you
But until then until I do carry me
Carry me



“There is freedom waiting for you, on the breezes of the sky, and you ask, ‘What if I fall?’
Oh my darling, what if you fly?”

– Erin Hanson

Wings

arranged by Andy Beck

Mama told me not to waste my life (ah-ooh)
She said, “Spread your wings, my little butterfly” (ah-ooh)
Don’t let what they say keep you up at night (ah-ooh)
And if they give you-, shh
Then they can walk on by

My feet, feet can’t touch the ground
And I can’t hear a sound
But you just keep on running up your mouth, yeah
Walk, walk on over there
‘Cause I’m too fly to care, oh, yeah
Your words don’t mean a thing
I’m not listening
Keep talking, all I know is

Mama told me not to waste my life
She said, “Spread your wings, my little butterfly”
Don’t let what they say keep you up at night
And they can’t detain you
‘Cause wings are made to fly

And we don’t let nobody bring us down
No matter what you say, it won’t hurt me
Don’t matter if I fall from the sky
These wings are made to fly

I’m firing up on that runway
I know we’re gonna get there someday
But we don’t need no ready, steady, go, no
Talk, talk turns into air
And I don’t even care, oh, yeah
Your words don’t mean a thing
I’m not listening
Keep talking, all I know is

continued on next page



Wings (continued)

arranged by Andy Beck

Mama told me not to waste my life
She said, "Spread your wings, my little butterfly"
Don't let what they say keep you up at night
And they can't detain you
'Cause wings are made to fly

And we don't let nobody bring us down
No matter what you say, it won't hurt me
Don't matter if I fall from the sky
These wings are made to fly

I don't need no one saying, "Hey, hey, hey, hey"
I don't hear no one saying, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey"
You better keep on walking
I don't wanna hear your talking, boy
You better keep on walking
I don't wanna hear your talking, boy
Your words don't mean a thing
I'm not listening
They're just like water off my wings

Mama told me not to waste my life (ooh, woah)
She said, "Spread your wings, my little butterfly" (my little butterfly)
Don't let what they say keep you up at night
And they can't detain you
'Cause wings are made to fly

And we don't let nobody bring us down
No matter what you say, it won't hurt me (oh, woah)
Don't matter if I fall from the sky (oh, woah)
These wings are made to fly

And we don't let nobody bring us down
No matter what you say, it won't hurt me
Don't matter if I fall from the sky
These wings are made to fly

“I really think it’s wonderful that we’re getting a chance to show what we can do and that we’re being accepted. I have been at it a long time, and it’s a new day and age...”

– Dolly Parton

Light of a Clear Blue Morning

Dolly Parton (arr Craig Hella Johnson)

It's been a long dark night
And I've been a waitin' for the morning

It's been a long hard fight
But I see a brand new day a dawning

I've been looking for the sunshine
You know I ain't seen it in so long

But everything's gonna work out just fine
And everything's gonna be okay

I can see the light of a clear blue morning
I can see the light of a brand new day
I can see the light of a clear blue morning

Everything's gonna be alright
It's gonna be okay

I can see the light, See the light
Brand new day.

I can see the light, I can see the light,
Blue blue morning blue.





Ahead by a Century

Gord Downie (arr Jim Duff)

First thing we'd climb a tree
And maybe then we'd talk
Or sit silently
And listen to our thoughts

With illusions of someday
Cast in a golden light
No dress rehearsal
This is our life

And that's where the hornet stung me
And I had a feverish dream
With revenge and doubt
Tonight, we smoke them out

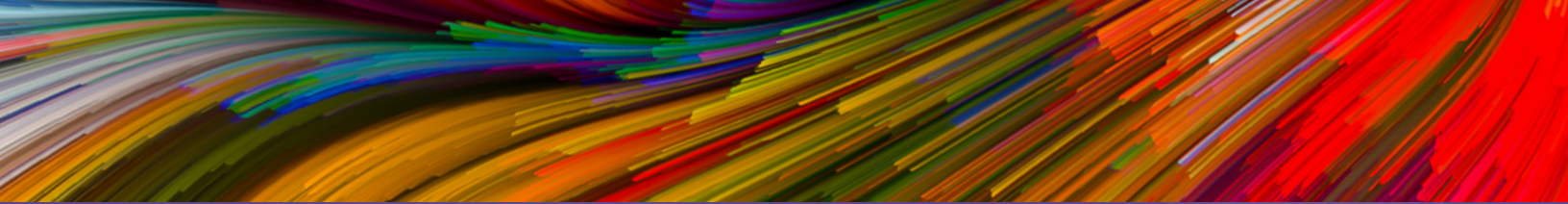
You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century

Stare in the morning shroud
And then the day began
I tilted your cloud
You tilted my hand

Rain falls in real time
And rain fell through the night
No dress rehearsal, this is our life

But that's when the hornet stung me
And I had a serious dream
With revenge and doubt
Tonight, we smoked them out

You are ahead by a century (*repeat*)
And disappointing you is gettin' me down



“The best thing you’ve ever done for me is to help me take my life less seriously. It’s only life, after all.”

– Indigo Girls

Closer to Fine

Indigo Girls

I'm trying to tell you something 'bout my life
Maybe give me insight between black and white
And the best thing you ever done for me
Is to help me take my life less seriously
It's only life after all, yeah

Well, darkness has a hunger that's insatiable
And lightness has a call that's hard to hear
And I wrap my fear around me like a blanket
I sailed my ship of safety till I sank it
I'm crawling on your shores

And I went to the doctor, I went to the mountains
I looked to the children, I drank from the fountains
There's more than one answer to these questions
Pointing me in a crooked line

And the less I seek my source for some definitive
(The less I seek my source)
Closer I am to fine, yeah
Closer I am to fine, yeah

And I went to see the doctor of philosophy
With a poster of Rasputin and a beard down to his knee
He never did marry or see a B-grade movie
He graded my performance, he said he could see through me
I spent four years prostrate to the higher mind
Got my paper and I was free

And I went to the doctor, I went to the mountains
I looked to the children, I drank from the fountains
There's more than one answer to these questions
Pointing me in a crooked line

continued on next page



Closer to Fine (*continued*)

Indigo Girls

And the less I seek my source for some definitive
(The less I seek my source)
Closer I am to fine, yeah
Closer I am to fine, yeah

I stopped by the bar at 3 A.M.
To seek solace in a bottle or possibly a friend
And I woke up with a headache like my head against a board
Twice as cloudy as I'd been the night before
And I went in seeking clarity

I went to the doctor, I went to the mountains
I looked to the children, I drank from the fountains
We go to the doctor, we go to the mountains
We look to the children, we drink from the fountain

Yeah, we go to the Bible, we go through the workout
We read up on revival, we stand up for the lookout
There's more than one answer to these questions
Pointing me in a crooked line

And the less I seek my source for some definitive
(The less I seek my source)
Closer I am to fine
Closer I am to fine
Closer I am to fine, yeah



And So It Goes

Billy Joel (arr Kirby Shaw)

In every heart there is a room
A sanctuary safe and strong
To heal the wounds from lovers past
Until a new one comes along

I spoke to you in cautious tones
You answered me with no pretense
And still I feel I said too much
My silence is my self defense

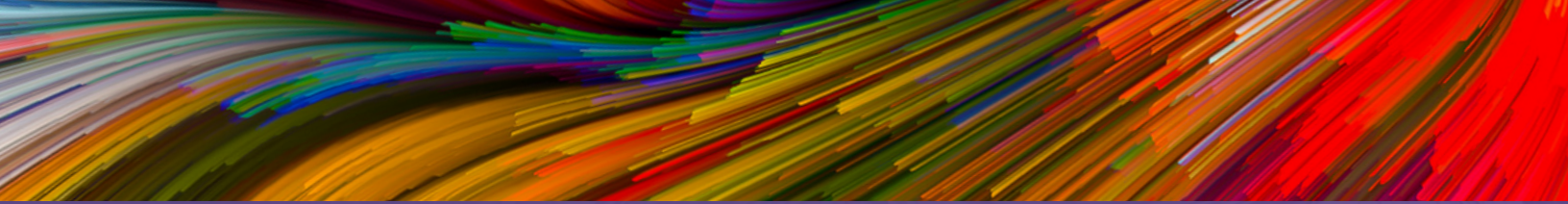
And every time I've held a rose
It seems I only felt the thorns
And so it goes, and so it goes
And so will you, soon, I suppose

But if my silence made you leave
Then that would be my worst mistake
So I will share this room with you
And you can have this heart to break

And this is why my eyes are closed
It's just as well for all I've seen
And so it goes, and so it goes
And you're the only one who knows

So I would choose to be with you
That's if the choice were mine to make
But you can make decisions too
And you can have this heart to break

And so it goes, and so it goes
And you're the only one who knows



While the words of this piece (taken from the Gospel of Matthew) are familiar to us in their King James English version, their origin is of course first-century and Middle Eastern. My setting, for unaccompanied voices, uses an exotic-sounding artificial scale (C,D,E,F,G,Ab,Bb) and vocal ornaments typical of the Middle East to emphasize the ancient mysticism of the text; and it uses repetition, imitation and layering of textual and melodic fragments, along with drones, to create a sense of meditation.

The first (and longest) of the piece's three sections is built out of step-wise melodies that gradually spiral upward and build to a climax on the words, "Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The middle section is more homophonic uses wider melodic intervals, and introduces the one pitch in the piece that does not belong to the aforementioned scale: an E-flat on the word "God." The final section returns to step-wise melodies, which briefly rise and then subside, resolving on a softly-glowing C Major chord.

– Stephen Smith

Consider the Lilies

Stephen Smith

Take no thought for your life
what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink.
Behold the birds of the air;
they sow not, nor do they reap
Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them

And why take ye thought for raiment
saying where-with-al shall we be clothed?

Consider the lilies of the field;
they toil not, neither do they spin.
Yet Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these.

Take no thought for the morrow,
for the morrow shall take thought for itself.
But seek ye first the kingdom of God
and His righteousness
and all these things
shall be added unto you.
Consider the lilies of the field.

The year 2020 was a tough one for most of us...but for MacKenzie and me, it was especially tough. MacKenzie had a massive stroke on New Year's Eve, 2019 and then six weeks later, her youngest son (my stepson) died by suicide. Four weeks after that, COVID engulfed my music program in silence.

During the following weeks of quarantine (during which time our world was again rocked by a strong 6.5 earthquake in Idaho), MacKenzie and I decided it was time to move home to Canada. Our goal was to sell everything we had and to buy a small B&B in beautiful Nova Scotia. On August 31, 2020, we crossed the border back into Canada to start life anew.

We were home.

I wrote "Peace Flows Into Me" our second winter in Parrsboro. We'd left city life behind for a town with no stoplights. The frenetic professional life we had was swapped out with sunsets over the Bay of Fundy and the happy interactions with our guests at the Maple Inn in Parrsboro.

Even though our healing journey continues from the challenges we experienced in 2020, life is now better, sweeter, and more peaceful here in our adopted province of Nova Scotia.

– Paul Aitken



Photo: Parrsboro Band Association, 2023



Peace Flows Into Me

Paul Aitken

Peace flows into me as the tide to the pool on the shore;
It is mine for evermore, it will not ebb like the sea.

Peace flows into me, peace flows into me.
Peace flows into me.

I am the pool of blue that worships the vivid sky;
My hopes were heaven high.
They are fulfilled in you.
I am the pool of blue and peace flows into me.

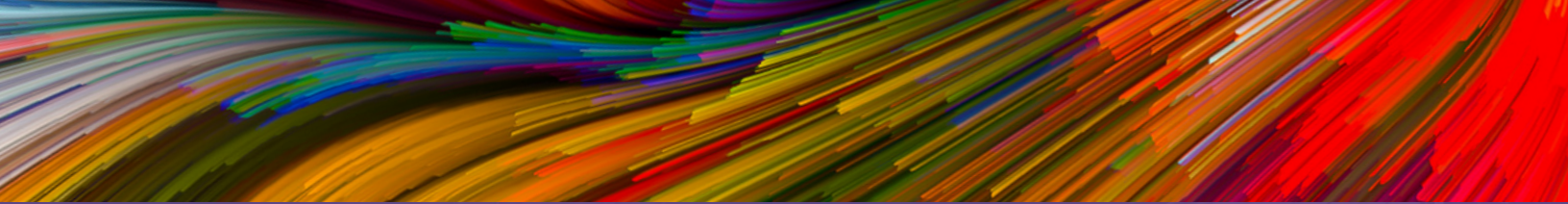
I am the pool of gold
When sunset burns, and burns and dies.
You are my deepening skies; deepening skies

Give me your stars to hold!
I am the pool of gold!
They're all fulfilled in you!
You are the pool of blue!
It will not ebb like the sea!

Peace flows into me.
Peace flows into me.

Flows into me.
Ah-----

Peace flows into me
Hmmm



“ Your graciousness is what carries you. It isn't how old you are, how beautiful you are, or how short your skirt is.
What it is, is what comes out of your heart. If you are gracious, you have won the game”

– Stevie Nicks

Landslide

Stevie Nicks (arr Dorothy Horn)

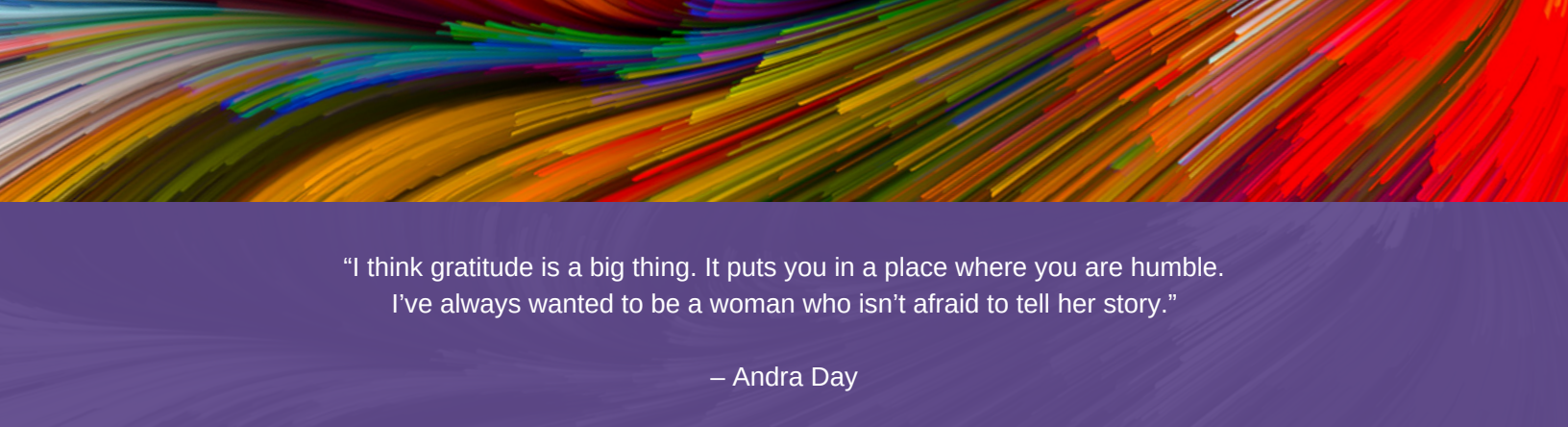
I took my love, I took it down
Climbed a mountain and I turned around
And I saw my reflection in the snow-covered hills
'Til the landslide brought me down

Oh, mirror in the sky
What is love?
Can the child within my heart rise above?
Can I sail through the changing ocean tides?
Can I handle the changing of my life?

Well, I've been 'fraid of changing
'Cause I've built my life around you
But time makes you bolder
Children get older
And I'm getting older too

Well, I've been 'fraid of changing
'Cause I've built my life around you
But time makes you bolder
Children get older
And I'm getting older too
And I'm getting older too

So take this love, take it down
And, if you climb a mountain and you turn around
And if you see my reflection in the snow-covered hills
Then the landslide brought me down
And if you see my reflection in the snow-covered hills
Well maybe the landslide will bring you down



“I think gratitude is a big thing. It puts you in a place where you are humble.
I’ve always wanted to be a woman who isn’t afraid to tell her story.”

– Andra Day

Rise Up

Cassandra Batie and Jennifer Decilveo (arr Audrey Snyder)

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 gon' walk it out
And move mountains, We gonna walk it out
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 – For you – For you – 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 move mountains, Bring it to its feet
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
For you – For you – For you – For you

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

And we will rise, We will rise
We'll rise, oh, oh, We'll rise

I'll rise up, Rise like the day
I'll rise up, In spite of the ache
I will rise a thousand times again

And we'll rise up, High like the waves
We'll rise up, In spite of the ache
We'll rise up, And we'll do it a thousand times again
For you – For you – For you – For you



“If you don’t like something, change it. If you can’t change it, change your attitude.”

– Maya Angelou

Changes

Audrey Snyder

Here’s one clear voice just singin’ a song.
Add another voice to sing along.
Three together, we’ve got something to say, hey.
Gotta make some changes in the world today.

Woh, woh.
There’s trouble in the world, there is no denyin’
Woh woh
You know that too many people are dyin’
Mm Mm

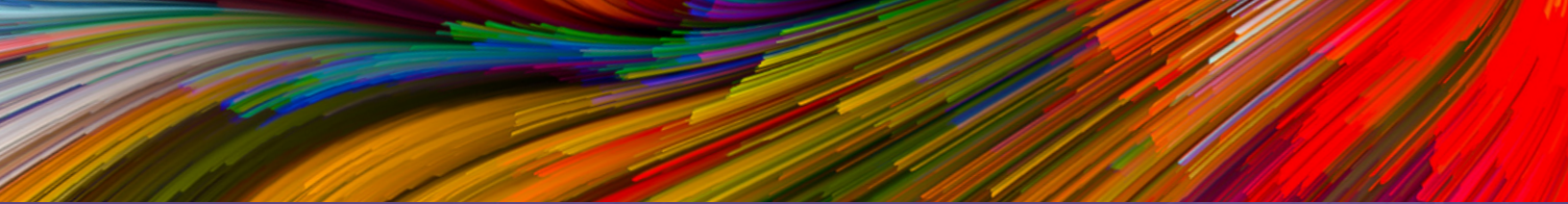
People everywhere come answer the call.
it really doesn’t help if we do nothing all.
Be the people who will lead the way, hey, hey.
Raise your voices. Start today.

Woh Woh
There’s trouble in the world, there is no denyin’.
Woh Woh
You know that too many people are dyin’.

Gotta change the world, gotta change the world.
Come on people, hey, hey, hey.

Woh Woh
There’s trouble in the world, there is no denyin’.
Woh Woh
Too many people are cryin’, dyin’.

Gotta make some changes, gotta make some changes in the world,
Woh, changes in the world today.



“The truest, most beautiful life never promises to be an easy one.
We need to let go of the lie that it's supposed to be.”

– Glennon Doyle

We Can Do Hard Things

Tish Melton, Brandi Carlile

I walked through fire
I came out the other side
I chased desire
I made sure I got what's mine
And I continued to believe
That I'm the one for me
And because I'm mine, I walk the line
Cause we're adventurers and heartbreak's our map
A final destination we lack
We stopped asking directions
To places they've never been
And to be loved, we need to be known
We'll finally find our way back home
And through the joy and pain, that our lives bring
We can do hard things
I hit rock bottom, it felt like a brand new start
I'm not the problem, sometimes things fall apart
And I continued to believe
The best people are free
And it took some time, but I'm finally fine
'Cause we're adventurers and heartbreak's our map
A final destination we lack
We stopped asking directions
To places they've never been
And to be loved, we need to be known
We'll finally find our way back home
And through the joy and pain, that our lives bring
We can do hard things
'Cause we're adventurers and heartbreak's our map
We might get lost, but we're okay with that
We stopped asking directions
To places they've never been
And to be loved, we need to be known
We'll finally find our way back home
And through the joy and pain, that our lives bring
We can do hard things
Now we can do hard things
Yeah, we can do hard things

“We are always running out of time. And we know it. So we move faster, do more, fill life to the full, to better make it count. When what we should be doing is slowing down, stopping, taking in the world around us and squeezing everything out of the moment, not in. It’s only when the pace settles, and the breaths deepen that life can truly be absorbed. We are always running out of time, and we know it. We are always running out of time as we know it. So, start being here and now, my friend, because we do not know when that last grain of sand will drop. And you may miss the beauty of its moment. Never miss the beauty of that moment”

– Donna Ashworth

Your One and Only Life

Susan Crowe (arr Stephen Smith)

About a thousand years ago, when I was very young,
My hair burned like the sea beneath an ever-rising sun;
My blood ran thick with promise, I was tender to the bone;
But now I'm Evangeline, made of stone.


This is your one and only life. What will you do?
Now the meteors of August, they fly all through my hair.
The day will come when I will rise to find my eye less fair;
And this body scorched by beauty and these hands I left unplayed-
What was I waiting for, afraid?

This is your one and only life. What will you do?
You can dream, you can imagine, you can simply hope and pray,
You can save yourself for glory, you can wait til judgement day;
You can hold out til you stand a breath away from heaven's gate;
Your day of redemption will come – too late.

This is your one and only life. What will you do?



Christmas Concert, 2022



I hope you get old. I hope time is heavy on your bones, draped over you like an embrace from God.
I hope the backs of your hands become deep maps of all the places you have been.
Dark stains where your fingers dipped into clay and dirt and mud.

I hope you get old. I hope time fills your heart with joy and triumph. I hope you have enough obstacles to teach you character and empathy and enough challenges to bestow you with uniqueness. I hope pain shows you how strong you are and the value of a true friend. I hope you've been alone enough to know yourself.
I hope you find quiet more than you find chaos.

I hope you get old. That time wraps around your legs like a desperate lover. I hope you can look into the faces of people you have loved and cherished and that you leave behind echoes of grief, because you were loved in turn. I hope you give thanks for every waking moment, for what you have and for what you have not.

I hope you get old. I hope you make things that last. I hope you've inspired people

I hope you've helped someone. I hope grace rests at your feet. I hope.
You forgive everything you did not get quite right.

– Jann Arden

When It Comes My Turn

David Myles (arr Will Zwozdesky)

Oh, I'm getting old but I'm not old yet
I'm already worried that I might forget
How to laugh, how to love
How to live, how to learn
I want to die with a smile when it comes my turn

I don't want to get weary, I don't want to get bored
Don't want to get tired, walking down this road
I've seen that happen so many times
I just want to believe that it's still worth trying

Chorus

Well, I know that it's easier said than done
And I ain't that different from anyone
I worry about my money, got bills that I can't pay
Swear I'm more like my mother everyday!

Chorus

Maybe I'll start bowling, maybe I'll play bridge
Maybe I'll join a band with my own grandkid.
I don't care if it kills me, I'm gonna do what it takes
To keep some warmth in my heart and a smile on my face

Chorus (repeat)



Soprano I:

*Esther Bejarano
Helen Bell
Natasha Greener-MacLean
Monica Hattie
Adele Kinley
Jennifer MacEachern
Sam Madore
Ella McCurdy
Kathy Ogden
Sonya Parks
Mary Piers
Nancy Thurston

Alto I:

Colleen Armstrong-Shaw
Bonny Bay
Angela Dwyer
Sheena Henderson
*Stephanie Isenor-Ryan
Lori Logue
Diana Maguire
Susan Scharpegge
Joye Sears
Natasha Tobin-Bejarano

Soprano II:

Heidi Barbrick
Jessica Flemming
Melanie Grant
Madelyn Isenor-Ryan
Cara Kirkpatrick
*Theresa MacKinnon
Cyndi MacLean
Crystal Mills
Cat Taylor
Rainah Wallace

**Section Leads*

Alto II:

Jennifer Aucoin
Audrey Fultz
*Lisa Jennings
Nicole Lennerton
Lori Mackey
Tanya Mackey
Laurie Sandeson
René Wall
Cathy Weldin

THANK YOU

Cobequid Dance Academy, First United Church,
Zac Baird, Chris Bowman, Joy Hewitt,
Melissa Page-Webster, and Brenda Ryan

Sponsored by the Music & Concert Committee, First United Church

creativevoices.ca

 @CreativeVoicesTruro |  @CreativeVoicesNS

For bookings: bookings@creativevoices.ca + To join us: director@creativevoices.ca