

MUSIC IN A GREAT SPACE

The Concert Series at Shadyside Presbyterian Church



*the*PITTSBURGH**CAMERATA**

Portraits

Portraits

- I. **Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child** Traditional; arr. Evelyn Simpson-Curenton (b. 1953)
Charlene Canty, soprano
- II. Poem: "Why this Matters" Andy Wilkinson (b. 1948)
Ubi Caritas Nick Strimple (b. 1946)
Jeff Siegfried, clarinet
Song of Peace Jeffrey Nytch (b. 1964)
- III. Poem: "The Tribe" Andy Wilkinson
I Had No Time to Hate Nathan Howe (b. 1982)
When We Love Elaine Hagenberg (b. 1979)
Let My Love Be Heard Jake Runestead (b. 1986)
- IV. Poem: "Paul Milosevich, the Painter - *What I Learned From the Art*" Andy Wilkinson
O Nata Lux* Thomas Tallis (1505-1585)
How Did the Rose Joan Szymko (b. 1957)
The Heavens' Flock Ēriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)
- V. Poem: "Paul Milosevich, the Painter - *What I Learned From The Artist*" Andy Wilkinson
Ubi caritas Paul Mealor (b. 1975)
We Remember Them (from *Triptych*) Tarik O'Regan (b. 1978)
The Peace of Wild Things Joan Szymko
Shall We Gather at the River Robert Lowry (1826-1899); arr. Luigi Zaninelli (b. 1932)
Kathryn Copeland Donaldson, soprano
- VI. Poem: "As the End of the Two Pandemics Came into View" Andy Wilkinson
Where the Two Roads Cross Michael Markowski (b. 1986)
Jeff Siegfried, soprano saxophone
Ekklesia Michael Markowski
Poem: "Where the Two Roads Cross" Andy Wilkinson

Sunday, February 9 3:00 p.m. | Shadyside Presbyterian Church

*This program is made possible by a grant from the
William E. Saul Fund of Shadyside Presbyterian Church*

The Pittsburgh Camerata

Mark A. Anderson, Artistic Director

Soprano

Charlene Canty
Kathryn Copeland Donaldson*
Meghan DeWald Althouse
Juanita Leal
Gail Roup
Marissa Ulmer*

Alto

Jolanta Doherty*
Ashley Episcopo
Ellen Fast*
Jane Boyle

Tenor

Steven Cosnek*
Luke Leone
Christopher Lynch*
Jeff Siegfried
Paul Yeater

Bass

Brian Doherty*
Caleb Hixon
Ivan Plazačić*
Samuel Sartore
Ellen Fast, piano

Founded in 1974, **The Pittsburgh Camerata** is Western Pennsylvania's longest-standing professional vocal ensemble. Initially a small group focused on early music, it has since expanded to explore new repertoire and performance concepts. The Camerata has thrived under strong leadership, starting with founder Arthur Wenk, followed by Gayle Clark Kirkwood (1987-1996), Rebecca Rollett (1998-2016), and current Artistic Director Mark Anderson, appointed in 2016. The ensemble frequently collaborates with Chatham Baroque, Music in a Great Space, the Pittsburgh Girls Choir, and the Chamber Orchestra of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Mark A. Anderson is Director of Music Ministry at Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Artistic Director of the Pittsburgh Camerata, and Executive Director of the Music in a Great Space and Music for Midsummer Nights concert series. He also chairs Pennsylvania's Music in Worship for the American Choral Directors Association. Previously, he was Organist/Choirmaster at The Presbyterian Church of Chestnut Hill and has held roles in New York, Kentucky, Texas, and California. He holds degrees from Westminster Choir College, Eastman School of Music, and Graduate Theological Foundation. He is the founder and past director of the San Marino National Organ Competition and Westminster Choir College's Middle School Vocal Camp.

Pianist **Ellen Fast** is an active contributor to Pittsburgh's music scene. She founded the Jade Piano Trio, which gave its debut performance in October 2018 as part of the Music in a Great Space series at Shadyside Presbyterian Church. The trio was also selected to participate in the Wheeling Symphony Orchestra's SoundBites: Musician Takeover concert in April 2021. Ellen is a sought-after choral accompanist that plays (and sings!) for the chamber choirs Pittsburgh Camerata and Voces Solis (which she accompanied at the 2018 Eastern Division ACDA conference). Additionally, she is a member of the Chancel Choir at Shadyside Presbyterian Church and previously sang with the twelve-voice women's ensemble Seraphic Singers and as a professional Core member for the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh. Ellen received a master's degree in collaborative piano performance from the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where she was a student of Martha Fischer and a recipient of several scholarships. Her undergraduate degree is from Goshen College in northern Indiana, where she studied with Marvin Blickenstaff and was a winner of the school's annual Concerto-Aria Competition. Ellen completed a diploma in Horticulture Technology and works at a garden center in Pittsburgh. Her eye for detail and love of language led to work proofreading books for Harper Collins and Houghton Mifflin Harcourt and music scores for A-R Editions. In her free time, she enjoys baking, doing the New York Times crossword puzzle, and gardening.

Jeff Siegfried combines a “rich, vibrant tone” (South Florida Classical Review) with “beautiful and delicate playing” (Michael Tilson Thomas) to deliver “showstopper performances” (Peninsula Reviews).

Siegfried serves as Assistant Professor of Saxophone at West Virginia University. He is the tenor chair of The Moanin’ Frogs and alto chair of Estrella Consort. He pursues a wide variety of musical interests including new music, jazz, composition, and musicology.

Siegfried is a Luminarts fellow in classical music and has received awards at competitions including the Frances Walton Competition, Carmel Music Society Competition, MTNA, and the NASA Saxophone Quartet Competition. He has appeared as a soloist with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra (WA), the U.S. Army Band “Pershing’s Own,” the University of Portland Wind Ensemble, the Oregon State University Wind Ensemble, and the Northwestern University Contemporary Music Ensemble. He has also appeared with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the New World Symphony, the Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival, and Spoleto Festival, USA.

Michael Markowski is fully qualified to watch movies and cartoons. Although he graduated from Arizona State University with a degree in ‘Film Practices,’ his thirst for writing music has always been the more persistent itch. At Crismon Elementary, he first joined band playing the alto saxophone under Gary Larkins. This was the start of his journey, one that would continue under several notable mentors and music teachers: Dawn Parker (Rhodes Junior High School), Jon Gomez (Dobson High School), Dr. Karl Schindler, Larry Hochman, and Michael Shapiro.

In 2006, *Shadow Rituals* – one of Markowski’s first compositions for concert band – received First Prize in Manhattan Beach Music’s Frank Ticheli Composition Contest. Since those early years, his music has been performed around the world, from the Musikverein in Vienna to the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade on the streets of New York City, from the Arizona Musicfest Symphony Orchestra, The Memphis Symphony, The Phoenix Symphony, The Houston Symphony, The Pittsburgh Camerata, to the United States Army and Air Force Bands. He has been the composer-in-residence for the ‘Music for All’ organization (2015), the ‘Mid Europe’ international wind band festival in Schladming, Austria (2013-2018), and frequently visits junior high schools, high schools, universities, and community bands around the country to share stories about his music.

Still, Markowski continues to grow his craft by pursuing and participating in programs like The Art of Orchestration, the National Band Association’s Young Composer and Conductor Mentorship Project, and the NYU/ASCAP Foundation’s Film Scoring Workshop. As a film composer, Markowski has composed music for several independent projects, most notably Nathan Blackwell’s “The Last Movie Ever Made,” which is now streaming on Amazon Prime and Apple TV. His commercial music can also be heard in various ad campaigns from brands like Chi-Chi’s, Gila River Casino, and Truly Nolan.

He was invited to join the BMI Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop in 2015 as a composer and lyricist where he honed in and explored various songwriting and dramaturgical skills. As an orchestrator, he has prepared charts for conductor Steven Reineke and The New York Pops Orchestra, which have featured stunning vocalists Hailey Kilgore, Derek Klena, Javier Muñoz, Ali Stroker, and Valisia LeKae. Over the years, he’s also been very fortunate to work closely with the talented Jay Klaitz, Paige O’Hara, and the late John Dunsworth.

Beyond composition, Markowski has occasionally taken on the roles of producer and engineer, collaborating on projects like opera singer Timothy Stoddard’s debut solo album, “Tarot” (2023, Navona Records), and curating his own album of original compositions with the Brooklyn Wind Symphony.

Michael is a member of ASCAP, the Recording Academy, and currently lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Andy Wilkinson (in his own words). I was born in Slaton, Texas in late June of 1948. I spent my first few years on a farm just north of town before moving with my family to Lubbock when I was five. I attended public schools there and got my undergraduate degree from Texas Tech University. I spent the last six years of the 1970s in the Denver area before removing myself to the Llano Estacado, where I remain. Flatness is in my genetic makeup. I am dependent upon our 360° of horizon that permits a perfect view of our 180° of sky. While I don't consider myself to be a claustrophobe, trees in sufficient number cause me to sympathize with the condition.

My dad had done some day-working at the Forrest Ranch in the Yellowhouse Canyon before I was born, and I've a fifth-generation-back uncle, Charlie Goodnight, who was a drover and rancher. As a kid, I chopped cotton, mowed lawns, and sacked groceries, none of that horseback. While living in Colorado, I was one of the founding members of the Colorado Law Enforcement Rodeo Association, an outfit aimed at getting inner-city and problem kids to a more wholesome and healthy life by exposing them to the culture of the American West, though after meeting several PRCA crazies I had second thoughts about our methodology. I rode bulls only one year, or rather tried to ride them, after which I unsuccessfully lobbied for the adoption of the cumulative ride rule – in which an entrant's time on each ride was to be added up over the season, the total divided by eight as the last buzzer buzzed at the end of the year with the winner being determined by the total number of complete rides, if any had been achieved. I have gathered cows twice, once with J. B. Allen and once with Frankie McWhorter, and flanked calves during brandings on more than one occasion. I have never been in a horse wreck or a cow wreck, other than in my short stint in amateur rodeo, which was a total wreck. And as you might guess, I have never been a cowboy.

I have, however, been lots of other things. The latter half of my working life has been spent in the arts, primarily as a writer and performer. The beginning half, though, I spent as a manager and supervisor and budget-planner in two very different, but very intense, worlds. The first dozen years I was in police work, half in my home town of Lubbock and half in Lakewood, Colorado. During my time in Lubbock, I was shot at, but never hit, stabbed at, but never cut, worked through one major tornado disaster in 1970 and a riot the following year. I was fortunate enough to gain a spot on the night shift, which allowed me to attend college classes during the day and complete an undergraduate degree in sociology. In Lakewood, I spent a couple of years in graduate school at the University of Denver, all the while I had a series of interesting assignments in police administration.

I left police work so as to be able to play music, but took a decade-long detour in business, thinking that in the world of commerce I'd make enough money to be able to afford a life in art. Which was a backwards way of thinking, as life isn't something to be purchased, but rather to be spent. From time to time, people credit me with courage for having quit my day job to write and sing songs, but it was not courage at all – it was desperation. Yet that is important, too, for in my own life I have since been able to witness the power of art to transform the world, rather than to merely reflect it. Since 1991, I have been able to make my way as a writer and performer. I've recorded over a dozen albums of original music, written over a half-dozen plays and the same number of books. I've been fortunate to have won some nice awards and probably just as fortunate to have never had a big hit. One of my greatest honors has been my induction into the West Texas Walk of Fame, in September of 2014. Along with my writing and performing, I've taught music and art in university and workshop settings, and I edit the book series "Voice in the American West" for Texas Tech University Press.

I've been married only once, in 1968, and still am. Mary Ann, my wife, is both a baby-whisperer and an incomparable and incorrigible animal lover. We've two children, Ian and Emily, both of whom are fine musicians and writers but, in spite of that, are also gainfully employed. We've a daughter-in-law – Bonnie, who's over-employed as both an artist and the mother to three of our grandkids, Pixel and Sterling and Zia – and a son-in-law, Justin – who doesn't let his work as a middle-school administrator get in the way of his work in photography. Emily and Justin round-out the grandchild list with Margaux and Maizy.

Texts and Translations

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long way from home

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
A long way from home

True believer
A long way from home
A long long way from home

Why This Matters

Sage Wallace Stegner tells us this : no place
can be a place until a poet's grace
hath made it so. We know this truth. We Ride
where big horizons... open ranges hold
the world together. We're the poets here
who prowl the hidden canyons... overhangs...
where live the pictographs and petroglyphs
as witnesses to those who came before.
And we're the painters now.

But first... we sing -
as sang the oldest peoples of this Earth
for music is the mother of us all -
we sing the world into existence...sing
to keep this world alive... sing every song
to set a wrong aright...

we sing. We sing.

- **Andy Wilkinson**

Ubi Caritas

Where charity and love are, God is there.
Love of Christ has gathered us into one.
Let us rejoice in Him and be glad.
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.
And from a sincere heart let us love one.
Where charity and love are, God is there.
Love of Christ has gathered us into one.

Song of Peace

Let the sun rise, let the morning shine,
The purest of prayers will not bring us back,
He whose light has been extinguished
and has been tucked into the earth,
Bitter tears will not wake him up,

Will not bring him back here,
No one will bring us back
From the deep pit of darkness,
Nor can the joy of vict'ry
Nor songs of glory.

[Refrain]

So sing a song of peace,
Don't whisper a prayer,
better to sing a song of peace with a great shout.

Don't say 'a day will come,' bring the day,
Because it is not a dream,
in all the streets shout for peace.

[Refrain]

-**Yaacov Rotblitt**

The Tribe

We are but two upon the open plains -
just you and I - the oldest story told -
the saga of companionship -
of work that takes more hands than two
that takes art of moving horseback
stormy nights behind
clear days ahead.
We all believe in this.

So what if you don't come from here?
So what if you don't look like me or me like you?
So what if we are born to different tongues
and different clothes and different stars?
Our hearts are both the same.
There is no woman... man... or child
who isn't cowboy in their soul
who doesn't long to let up on the reins
and ride together with the cowboy tribe.
- **Andy Wilkinson**

Texts and Translations

I Had No Time to Hate

I had no time to hate
Because the grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love; but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love,
I thought was large enough for me.

- **Emily Dickinson**

When We Love

The towering tree spreads his greening canopy,
A veil between the soil and sky,
Not in selfish vanity,
But the gentle thrush to shade and shelter.
So it is with love.

For when we love, simply love,
even as we are loved,
Our weary world can be transformed.
The busy thrush builds her nest below
A fortnight's work to weave and set.
Not for herself alone,
But her tender brood to shield and cherish.
So it is with love.

For when we love, simply love
even as we are loved,
Our weary world can be transformed
Into the Kingdom of God!

- **Charles Anthony Silvestri**

Let My Love Be Heard

Angels, where you soar
up to God's own light,
take my own lost bird
on your hearts tonight,
and as grief once more
mounts to heaven and sings,
let my love be heard
whispering in your wings.

- **Alfred Noyes**

Paul Milosevich, the Painter

What I Learned from the Art

There are no ordinary things. It's light
that rounds-off creased-up broken-boot-top lines
on nameless faces yet still leaves the eyes
to shimmer like they're eyes we know. It's light
that weaves from glints and glimmers a belief
of how a carburetor makes a shrine
or how a straw hat shines around the saint
of smoke before barbeque. It's light
on burnished Levi jacket rivets, threads
of indigo worn-out to white that sings
the song of grizzled hands that meditate
the Tao with the chant of push and pull
on brooms and mops and guitar strings. It's light
that comes from some place far beyond the sun
that can't be heard but breathes of rattling dust
that can't be seen but smells of fresh-turned earth
that can't be felt but polishes a wind
that fills each nook and cranny with the swing
of God's own nine-iron, crisp and sweet. It's light
that lives. There are no ordinary things.

- **Andy Wilkinson**

O Nata Lux

O Light of light, by love inclined,
Jesu, redeemer of mankind,
With loving-kindness deign to hear
From suppliant voices praise and prayer.

Thou who to raise our souls from hell,
Didst deign in fleshly form to dwell,
Vouchsafe us, when our race is run,
In thy fair Body to be one.

How Did the Rose

How did the rose ever open its heart
and give to this world all of its beauty?
It felt the encouragement of light
against its being.

Otherwise we all remain too frightened.

- **Hafiz; trans. Daniel Ladinsky**

Texts and Translations

The Heavens' Flock

Stars, you are the heavens' flock,
tangling your pale wool across the night sky.
Stars, you're bits of oily fleece
catching on barbs of darkness to swirl in black wind.
You appear, disappear by thousands,
scattered wide to graze but never straying.
While I, a mere shepherd of these words, am lost.
What can I do but build a small blaze
and feed it with branches the trees let fall:
that twiggy clatter strewn along the ground.
And lichen crusting such dead limbs
glows silver, glows white.
The earth-food for a fire so unlike and like your own.
Oh, what can I do but build a small blaze.

-**Paulann Petersen**

Paul Milosevich, the Painter

What I Learned from the Artist

There are no ordinary lives. It's life
that smooths-off beat-up broken-boot-heel miles
on faceless journeys yet believes the eyes
of every pilgrim are our own. It's life
that weaves from dents and scratches a belief
of how mechanics pray beneath a shrine
of sacred gimme-caps to straw hat saints
of motor oil and cooking grease. It's life
that polishes the rivets and the threads
of worn-out Levi jackets as it hums
the melodies of meditating hands
of janitors whose Tao is the stroke
of broom and mop and sable brush. It's life
that comes from some thing far beyond the soul
that can't be heard but breathes of rustling green
that can't be seen but swells in blowing dust
that can't be felt but flutters on the wing
that often gouges divots with the swing
of God's own driver, hard and true. It's life
that gives. There are no ordinary lives.

- **Andy Wilkinson**

Ubi caritas

Where charity and love are, God is there.
Christ's love has gathered us into one.
Let us rejoice and be pleased in him.
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.
And may we love each other with a sincere heart.

We Remember Them

In the rising of the sun and at its going down,
we remember them.
In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
we remember them.
In the opening buds and in the rebirth of spring,
we remember them.
In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer,
we remember them.
In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
we remember them.
When we're weary and in need of strength,
we remember them.
When we're lost and sick at heart,
we remember them.
So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are part of us,
As we remember them.

- **Roland Gittelsohn**

The Peace of Wild Things

When despair grows in me
and I wake in the middle of the night
I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water,
and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

- **Wendell Berry**

Shall We Gather at the River

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Texts and Translations

[Refrain:]

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. [Refrain]

- **Robert Lowry**

As the End of Two Pandemics Came into View

The circle has more points than we can count.
Each one too small to measure. Infinite
in number. But removing any one -
the smallest one, let's say - the least, let's say -
then naught remains. Then naught but naught remains.
The roundness gone. The infinite made small.
Too small to measure. Maybe that is so.

But maybe not. Geometers will say
the circle isn't made of measurements
or countings-up of things.
Made up instead of how things connect.
Geometry's the poetry of small infinities
will say the poets - you and I - we'll say
we are the circle of infinity.

- **Andy Wilkinson**

Where the Two Roads Cross

for the crew of the Space Shuttle Columbia

When night is done
And day is has yet to come,
Before the sun
Rises inside us;
Let not despair
Trouble our darkened hearts
These morning stars
They burn to guide us.

For now our God
Has caused the Good Great Road
To cross the Road
Of Difficulties;
And, where they cross,
Oh, where the two roads cross,
That place is holy.

In these black times,
There yet remains design
That is divine,
The one true story
That leads our hearts
When crossing is so hard;
We will be stars
That burn in glory.

For now our God
Has caused the Good Great Road
To cross the Road
Of Difficulties;
And, where they cross,
Oh, where the two roads cross,
That place is holy

- **Andy Wilkinson**

Ekklesia

Here we are the final measure.
Before tonight turns yesterday.
We will leave forever better
As we go our separate ways.

We have gathered, one and another,
in this moment, for this song!
Voices joining all together.
Now the many become the one!

Ekklesia! Ekklesia!
We are each part of the other.
Ekklesia! Ekklesia!
Every other is part of us,
as we go... as we go...

- **Andy Wilkinson**

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MUSIC IN A GREAT SPACE

The Concert Series at Shadyside Presbyterian Church

Upcoming Music at Shadyside Presbyterian Church

Jade Piano Trio

City Beat

Sunday, February 16, 2025 | 3 pm

Music inspired by the urban landscape. Works by Bunch, Schoenfeld, Adams, and Okpebholo.

VOCES8

Choral Dances

Sunday, March 2, 2025 | 3 pm

Featuring music from Byrd to Britten to Irving Berlin

Shadyside Presbyterian Chancel Choir

Good Friday

Friday, April 18, 2025 | 7 pm

Easter

Sunday, April 20, 2025 | 9 and 11 am

Vespers Wednesdays | 7 pm

Candlelight Communion in Lent

March 5, 12, 19, 26 | April 2, 9

Featuring: Shadyside Strings; Chatham Baroque

*the***PITTSBURGH CAMERATA**

Speaking of Faith

Wednesday, June 4, 2025 | 7 pm

With Jeff Siegfried, saxophone

Charlene Canty, soprano | Ellen Fast, piano

Music of Florence Price and Ned Rorem

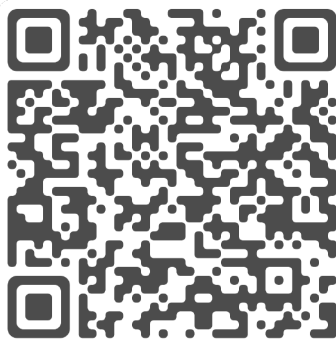
Wednesday, June 11, 2025 | 7 pm



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The Pittsburgh Camerata is embarking on a Major Gift Campaign to raise \$50,000 to celebrate our fifty years of singing in Pittsburgh. By donating via the QR code below, you can help us achieve our goal and ensure we continue to inspire and entertain for many more years to come. Every contribution, whether a one-time gift or a monthly recurring donation, is deeply appreciated and vital to our future.

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Shadyside Presbyterian Church

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