

The background is a complex abstract composition. It features several concentric circles drawn with thick, textured brushstrokes in shades of light pink and cream. Overlaid on these circles are several triangles of varying sizes and orientations, some in a muted pink and others in a dark navy blue. The overall effect is a sense of depth and movement, with the text elements placed within the central, lighter areas.

SACRA/PROFANA  
presents

*a Space  
to  
Belong*

JUNE 1, 2024 at 7PM  
St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral



WELCOME TO SEASON 15!



"ALL WE NEED: MEDITATIONS ON QUEER BEING" is a multi-movement choral work that explores themes of identity, community, and the significance of safe spaces for marginalized, specifically queer, individuals. It seeks to reflect the emotional journey of living in a world that often tells us we shouldn't, can't, or don't exist. Through this music, I aim to highlight the struggles and triumphs of finding and creating spaces where we can be our true selves without fear or judgment.

The creation of this piece involved close collaboration with members of the queer community and the singers of SACRA/PROFANA. Personal stories and experiences, honed through workshops, have shaped the lyrics and musical themes.

In this work, I have included solo parts that represent significant elements of the journey. "The Composer," a tenor role, serves as a reflection of myself, guiding the narrative. Alongside "The Composer," there are "The Guides," three treble voices that help navigate the experience of self-actualization. The choir acts as a kind of Greek chorus, offering shifting perspectives, commenting on the action, and expanding on the themes and ideas presented.

"ALL WE NEED" is a meditation on the necessity of safe spaces and the search for belonging. Each movement reflects different aspects of this journey—from moments of vulnerability and fear to those of strength and solidarity. "The Composer" searches for a place to belong, looking to external sources like school, religion, love, and other people, as well as within music and the art we create. Ultimately, the piece conveys that our true home is within ourselves. It is not something external that can be given or taken away.

The final words of the piece—"You are the room," "you are the air," and "you are the wind"—highlight this realization. "You are the room" signifies the space within which we inherently exist. "You are the air" represents the intangible, invisible substance that fills and expands to fit any space. "You are the wind" reflects movement, action, and our agency. We create our own spaces and dare to take up that space because it is inherent in our being. We don't need anyone's permission to exist; we persist despite obstacles. This is our gift and our right.

– Cory Hibbs

a Space to Belong

JUNE 1, 2024 at 7PM  
St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral

World Premiere

All We Need  
Meditations on Queer Being

Music and Poems by Cory Hibbs

1. Recitative: *What Do I Have to Tell the World*
2. Chorus: *Sense the Vastness Your Breath Creates Around You*
3. Chorus: *Your Face Appears at the Water's Edge*
4. Recitative: *I Didn't Know What it Meant*
5. Chorus: *Humming Chorus I*
6. Chorus: *We Raise Our Eyes to the Endless Stars*
7. Chorus: *Home is Hard*
8. Recitative: *Still, Years later*
9. Chorus: *Is It Winter Still?*
10. Chorus: *Roots Drink From Stones*
11. Recitative: *We Sat, Side by Side, in the Car-- Parked*
12. Chorus: *And Then, The Sound*
13. Chorus: *In the Clash of Traffic*
14. Recitative: *There was Peace in the Cadence*
15. Chorus: *Come Out*
16. Chorus: *Can You Feel It?*
17. Recitative: *Today You Swam Through Tides of Scorn*
18. Chorus: *Humming Chorus II*
19. Chorus: *Home is Not a Place*
20. Chorus: *You Set Your Clock*
21. Chorus: *Sense the Vastness Your Breath Creates Around You*



# MEET THE CONDUCTORS AND COMPOSER



## JUAN CARLOS ACOSTA - ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Juan Carlos Acosta is a critically acclaimed American conductor specializing in contemporary vocal music who has led world and regional premieres of choral works by Anthony Davis, Saunder Choi, Sarah Kirkland Snider, Kim André Arnesen, Brandon Waddles, and others. He served as chorus master for the live world premiere of the film *Star Trek: Beyond* (Michael Giacchino), and the live premiere of music from the television series *The Lord of the Rings: The Rings of Power* (Bear McCreary). In addition to contemporary works, Juan Carlos has conducted nearly twenty different masterworks for choir and orchestra, and served as musical director and conductor for six productions of *All Is Calm: the Christmas Truce of 1914*, including San Diego Opera's award-winning production, which was hailed as "excellent" by *Broadway World*, "masterfully conducted" by the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, and "nothing short of amazing" by *OperaWire*. Juan Carlos has made conducting appearances with the New York City Opera, Vancouver Chamber Choir, San Diego Opera, Bodhi Tree Concerts, and the Los Angeles Choral Lab. In addition to his role as Artistic Director, Juan Carlos serves as the Director of Worship at the Village Community Presbyterian Church, where he directs the Chancel Choir, Village Community Chorale, and Youth Choir.



## CORY HIBBS - COMPOSER

Cory Hibbs is an American composer, performer, and writer based in San Diego. He has earned accolades from ASCAP and the American Composer's Orchestra and served as composer-in-residence for the San Diego Opera. Hibbs co-founded CITY Opera in 2014, praised by the *San Diego Union-Tribune* for its innovative productions. His work is noted for its expressive power, lyricism, and sensitivity to text. As a performer, Hibbs has appeared in films and stage productions across the country. Dr. Hibbs holds advanced degrees in music composition, theory, and voice from the Peabody Conservatory, Boston University, and SDSU. Hibbs is also noted for his involvement in education and community arts projects.

[www.coryhibbs.com](http://www.coryhibbs.com)

# SAVE THE DATES: SEASON 16

## Mirrors, Windows, and Sliding Glass Doors



**JULY 8-13, 2024**  
Summer Choral Intensive,  
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**Sat. Mar 29, 2025:**  
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**Sun. May 18, 2025:**  
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Tickets and info at: [sacraprofana.org](http://sacraprofana.org)

# TONIGHT'S PERFORMERS

## SOLOISTS

*The Composer* -- Adam Davis  
*Guide I* -- Calieanne Grossheim  
*Guide II* -- Libby Weber  
*Guide III* -- Lara Korneychuk

## SOPRANOS

April Fisher  
Calieanne Grossheim  
Katina Mitchell  
Shea Perry  
Libby Weber

## TENORS

Andrew Bearden  
Aaron Burgett\*  
J. Anthony Malerich  
Michael Sakell  
Kurt Wong

## ALTOS

Lara Korneychuk  
Jiachae McGee  
Ellie Mout  
Michelle Risling  
Meghan Rossi

## BASSES

Adam Davis  
Jonathan Gonzales  
Kevin Martin  
Allen Pace  
Richard Stanford

## ACCOMPANIST

Adam Ferrara

\* Assistant Conductor

POETRY

1. Recitative: What Do I Have to Tell the World

What do I have to tell the world  
About what it means  
To exist in a place that says you  
shouldn't,  
Can't,  
Don't?  
But I am here.  
Against all odds,  
I am here.  
Still here.

What do I have to tell the world  
About what it means  
To love despite the violence,  
Despite the hate,  
Despite the isolation?  
But still I love,  
Against all odds,  
I love.  
Still love.

What do I have to tell the world  
About the need  
To create your own space  
To survive,  
To grow?  
To carve a home,  
Sculpt a family,  
Fight for safety,  
In your own country?  
In your own body?  
Under your own heart?  
But still here I am.  
Against all odds,  
I am here.  
I am here.

2. Chorus: Sense the Vastness  
Your Breath Creates Around You

Sense the vastness your breath  
creates  
around you,  
the stillness,  
the space.

Sense the boundless,  
sprawling light,  
the stars,  
the network of night.

3. Chorus: Your Face Appears  
at the Water's Edge

Your face appears at the  
water's edge,  
Spinning out in fluid fractals,  
A shattered moon.  
And so the image of ourselves  
Mirrors to us through others,  
twisted,  
misread.

In the silence of your room  
You pray for healing,  
Another life,  
Anything but this.

Yet, love in all its forms,  
like water,  
carves canyons in your soul,  
And In the pride of your scars,  
there is nothing more whole.  
**You are the face not the mirror,  
You are the song not the echo.  
And nothing within you  
whatsoever needs healing.**

4. Recitative: I Didn't Know  
What It Meant

I didn't know what it meant,  
I had never heard such a thing  
And the ease with which they  
sung it at me,  
taunting...  
Then, to survive,  
I smiled in semiquavers  
And ignored them in drones,  
Pretending nothing happened.  
Even when an older boy,  
I didn't know,  
For no reason at all,  
Spat on my back.

5. Chorus: Humming Chorus I

6. Chorus: We Raise Our Eyes  
to the Endless Stars

We raise our eyes to the  
endless stars.  
Here is the land, tilled and broken.  
Here is the house, wind-splayed open.  
Here is the kitchen.  
Here is the table.  
Here is the bed.  
Silent.  
Dead.

We've come to discover America.  
And here we stand  
in fields of dust.

We two,  
Embracing,  
Enfolding,  
Tethered,  
Ignite a spark,  
A civil war.  
Your hands rend prairies.  
Your back breaks mountains,  
Your knees raze cities.

And yet the truth of us,  
Our mouth,  
Our heart,  
Our love  
Persists.

And here we stand.  
under endless stars,  
Tilling the land,  
Building the house.  
Knitted together  
In the American body.  
Love in all its forms  
For the kitchen,  
the table,  
the bed.

Heart of the American body,  
Love of the American body,  
We are The American body.

7. Chorus: Home is Hard

Home is hard,  
and terrible,  
and tedious,  
and the place you  
should  
belong-

but even the dirt taunts  
and even the trees tease.

You carry your home,  
The weight of it all.  
The work.

Your jeans?  
Cling.  
Drag.  
A Sweat-soaked weave.  
Your bones?  
Dense.  
Caustic and dry.

Home is tedious,  
terrible.  
Home is hard.

And the silence?  
Of course, the silence.  
The shocking, stinging silence.  
The roar of silence.

Home is an accident.  
Home is unavoidable.  
Home is burning,  
blazing,  
singeing,  
searing;  
biting.

All of it hard.  
All of it stone.  
All of it home.

8. Recitative: Still, Years later

Still,  
Years later,  
As I write this,  
I am afraid.  
Queers in the house of God!

The walls have eyes,  
The floor a tongue,  
And the arches, altar, and tabernacle,  
a memory.

I can hide from all but God.

But silence breaks,  
As music transforms the space,  
The walls shake with echos,  
The floor- stretched like a snare,  
And the arches, altar and tabernacle-  
Flicker to the rhythm of my heart.

It's in my pen.  
It's in the songs.  
The length of waves,  
The frequency,  
The amplitude.  
Every chord- divine.

We are whole,  
We are full,  
We are here to show the world  
Love sings.

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9. Chorus: *Is it Winter Still?*

Is it winter still?

Didn't spring sow its seeds? Didn't  
ice melt away?  
Didn't night's reign end?  
Didn't moonlight fade?

Didn't stars retreat,  
When the sun began to rise?

See the Night Phlox and Tuberose  
bloom?  
Sleepless.

Wasn't there a time  
When the sun's rays played?  
Didn't embers ignite?  
Didn't hope persist?  
Didn't the world awaken,  
In every breath?

Those glowing flowers in the  
garden?  
We hate them.

10. Chorus: *Roots Drink  
From Stones*

Roots drink from stones,  
Branches cleave the sky,  
And the crack of leaves  
whisper wisdom.

Teach us strength.  
Teach us warfare.

The sun scorches.  
The wind whips.  
The poppies unful.

The weight of truth is wood.  
The verb of truth is flame.

The tree on fire,  
The grove on fire,  
The forest on fire.  
All of it- fire.

11. Recitative: *We Sat, Side by  
Side, in the Car- Parked*

We sat,  
Side by side,  
In the car-  
Parked-

The radio singing softly,  
The world outside vanishing  
As we spoke under stars  
Dimming to dawn.

We stood,  
Face to face,  
In the dark wings of the stage,  
Shadowed from view.  
The choir spinning partsongs,  
Intricate,  
Our song improvised,  
Our silent tune.  
Our lips could almost, almost...

We wanted to sing it,  
Claim it,  
But fear kept the song in our  
throats.

So we sat,  
Silent,  
Side by side,  
In the car-  
Parked.

12. Chorus: *And Then, The  
Sound*

And then, the sound,  
and then, the storm,  
and then, the roar of wind in  
your ears.  
And then, the prick,  
the bite,  
the sting in your eyes,  
the flash on your skin.

The torrent of rock,  
and then, of fire.  
And then, the rush of earth giving  
way,  
the crumble,  
the cleft,  
the split.

And then, the opening.

And then, the dawn.

And then, the love,  
the love,  
the love.

And then,  
the love.

13. Chorus: *In the Clash of Traffic*

In the clash of traffic,  
In the buzz of circuits,  
All we need is a pocket,  
To rest,  
Together,  
To read.

See! The dome of the universe  
behind this button.  
Where stars unfold,  
Where creation sings,  
We'll touch the sky.

Through every quiet corner,  
every deep recess,  
Through nooks and bins we'll crawl.  
In closets,  
In pouches,  
In linens  
you'll sow and take root.

All we need is hollow.  
All we need is a drawer.  
All we need is a pantry,  
A cupboard,  
A bread box.

14. Recitative: *There was Peace  
in the Cadence*

There was peace in the cadence,  
Escape and protection.  
Where the act of shaping the lines,  
Lost in the counterpoint,  
Offered freedom.

It was in the rhythm  
That I was found,  
In the melody,  
That I awakened,  
In the harmony,  
That I connected.

I tried so hard to quell my song,  
I'm sure there must be a box  
somewhere,  
Maybe under that music,  
That holds a piece of me,  
Forever.

15. Chorus: *Come Out*

Come out,  
Come out.  
Show us the truth of your spirit  
Where living is not a land to defend  
but a world to explore,  
And every act of being-  
A defiant act of love.

If we sought only to exist,  
We could as a shadow.  
If we sought only to breathe,  
We could as the breeze.  
We could as the rain.  
We could as neon, contained.

In the heart of rebellion,  
there roars a storm,  
A wildfire,  
A hot wind.  
And If we sought only to stand,  
We could as a pillar,  
Bent and bowing,  
Particles grinding.

What joy there is in the  
crumble of concrete,  
The powder and ash,  
And the choice to bring it all down.

16. Chorus: *Can You Feel It?*

Can you feel it?  
The earthquake of their  
enormous feet,  
Marching.  
Their shadow eating streets,  
buildings,  
Blocks.  
Around the corner  
just out of view  
Beyond the motorcycles,  
the queens,  
the banner held by a thousand hands  
Rolling down the avenue  
A river of prismatic color  
Washing shame away.  
Can you feel it?  
Excitement roars through us.

And then silence  
As the universe itself leans down  
to whisper,  
"Beautiful one,  
You are born of love,  
To show love,  
To challenge love.  
Stand and listen.  
This is your call."

17. Recitative: *Today You Swam  
Through Tides of Scorn*

Today you swam through  
tides of scorn,  
Through whispers and gales,  
Waves dark and strange,  
Where love is a risk  
And your smile hides  
before strangers  
Almost too late,  
Almost betrayed.

Today you looked for a bed,  
Through doors and alleys,  
Love despised and perfect.  
Where touch is a crime,  
And your hands long for shackles,  
Almost burned up,  
Almost ash.

Today you tore at your arm,  
Against voices and shame,  
Self-doubt and hate,  
But your blood is a trumpet,  
And you exist despite,  
Your pain the proof,  
Rage and being undeniable.  
Almost gone.  
Almost betrayed.  
Almost ash.  
Almost.

18. Chorus: *Humming Chorus II*

19. Chorus: *Home is Not a Place*

Home is not a place.  
It has no longitude,  
no latitude.  
There is no point,  
No position.  
It can't be measured.  
There is no district,  
No zone,  
No throne.  
And you...

Home is not a book.  
It has no story,  
No plot,  
There is no cover,  
No spine.  
It can't be bound.  
There is no verse,  
No stanza,  
No lines.  
And you...

Home is not the tie that binds.  
It's not your blood,  
Your birth.  
It's not the tangle of bonds,  
The braids of lore,  
The code that came before.  
Your house,  
Your race,  
A tree shaped space,  
The photo of a face.  
And you...

You belong to a different kind.  
Cut by other stones,  
Different blades,  
Fostered under foreign shades.

Home is not a place  
But the sound,  
imminent,  
Terrible majesty,  
Rolling across the horizon,  
Lifting all in her embrace,  
that cries,  
"Yes,  
I am."

20. Chorus: *You Set Your Clock*

You set your clock,  
brush your teeth,  
Make your bed.

You tie your shoes,  
Don your sweater,  
Check your mail.

You fold your laundry,  
Water your plants,  
Sweep your floor,

And you are miraculous.

While replacing a light bulb,  
Taking out the trash,  
Waiting for the water to boil,  
You are majestic.

While scrolling on your phone  
You are the algorithm.

While stirring a cup of coffee  
or tea  
You are the alchemist.

Picking up the dropped pen,  
You draw a sword.



Searching for the remote,  
You bounty hunt.

Peeling an orange  
multiplies like loaves and fishes.

Adjusting a chair before sitting,  
Adjusting a chair,  
A chair.

## 21. Chorus: Sense the Vastness Your Breath Creates Around You

Sense the vastness your breath creates  
around you.  
Feel the space expand

You are the room.  
You are the air.  
You are the wind.

## ART INSTALLATION

In "Blanket Fort," Cory Hibbs reimagines the playful blanket forts of childhood as a profound exploration of independence and sanctuary. This installation, constructed from repurposed wooden chairs and handmade blankets—all sourced from San Diego County—carries the rich histories of its materials, weaving together both personal and communal stories.

The piece confronts the challenges queer individuals face in establishing their own safe spaces in a society that may not always recognize their rights or existence. The structure is more than a simple shelter; it is a bold declaration of resilience and self-empowerment. Dr. Hibbs celebrates the notion of self-created safe spaces, meticulously crafted with intention and care by those who seek solace in them.

Illuminated from within and consecrated by the artist, "Blanket Fort" transcends its material form to become a sacred space. The light filtering through the blankets resembles the colorful glass of a cathedral, while the thick fabric muffles external noise, enhancing the fort's sense of isolation and protection. The strategic arrangement of chairs creates hidden nooks that store energy, memories, creativity, and imagination—key components for sustaining our inherent creative spirits.

Cory invites viewers to enter the fort and engage in a reflective experience, contemplating the significance of safety for marginalized individuals. Through "Blanket Fort," the artist demonstrates the power of community and the enduring spirit of individuals dedicated to forging spaces where they can fully exist and thrive.

## RAINBOW SPACES



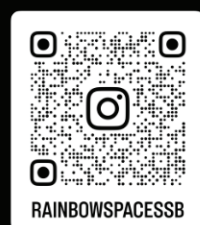
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## ABOUT SACRA/PROFANA

SACRA/PROFANA redefines choral music by combining technical mastery with a dedication to diversity and inclusion in choral repertoire, and an eye toward social justice. The ensemble is acclaimed for its musical diversity; merging pop, classical, and contemporary music with its commitment to amplify the artistic voices of women and individuals from diverse cultural backgrounds, alongside traditional works.

As a nonprofit organization, SACRA/PROFANA is committed to innovative choral programming, renewed collaborations with local and regional artists/groups, and service to the surrounding community through unforgettable performances and education programs that change choral students' lives.

SACRA/PROFANA has accomplished remarkable things in 14 previous seasons, including numerous world and U.S. premieres and collaborations with leading regional arts organizations: San Diego Symphony, Art of Elan, San Diego Opera, California Ballet, and many more.

SACRA/PROFANA has also performed with many artists of worldwide renown, including the legendary Irish band the Chieftains, Producer Carlton Cuse (of ABC's hit show Lost), composer Michael Giacchino (Star Trek), and composer Alan Menken and Lyricist Stephen Schwartz in the development of Disney Theatrical's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" at La Jolla Playhouse. Some recent highlights include performing the trailer for Amazon Pictures' "Lord of the Rings: Rings of Power" at Comic-Con 2022, and presenting the world premiere performance of the complete song cycle of Amy Gordon's "Songs of Hope in Strange Times." SACRA/PROFANA was also honored to receive the 2023 Chorus America Education and Community Engagement Award.

A debut album, "Elegies & Ecstasies," was released in 2012, and in 2014 SACRA/PROFANA produced the world premiere recording of "when we were children" by Pulitzer Prize-winning composer David Lang, available on the Cantaloupe Music record label. Their second album, "A Longing for Christmas" was released in 2021.

### STAFF

JUAN CARLOS ACOSTA– Artistic Director  
KRISHAN OBEROI– Founding Director &  
Principal Guest Conductor  
AARON BURGETT– Assistant Conductor  
REBECCA UNG– Chorus Manager  
JAMIE SWANN BEARDEN– Operations Assistant  
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JASPER SUSSMAN– Education Outreach Coordinator  
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