

# *A Nation of Immigrants*

*A concert celebrating all immigrants.*

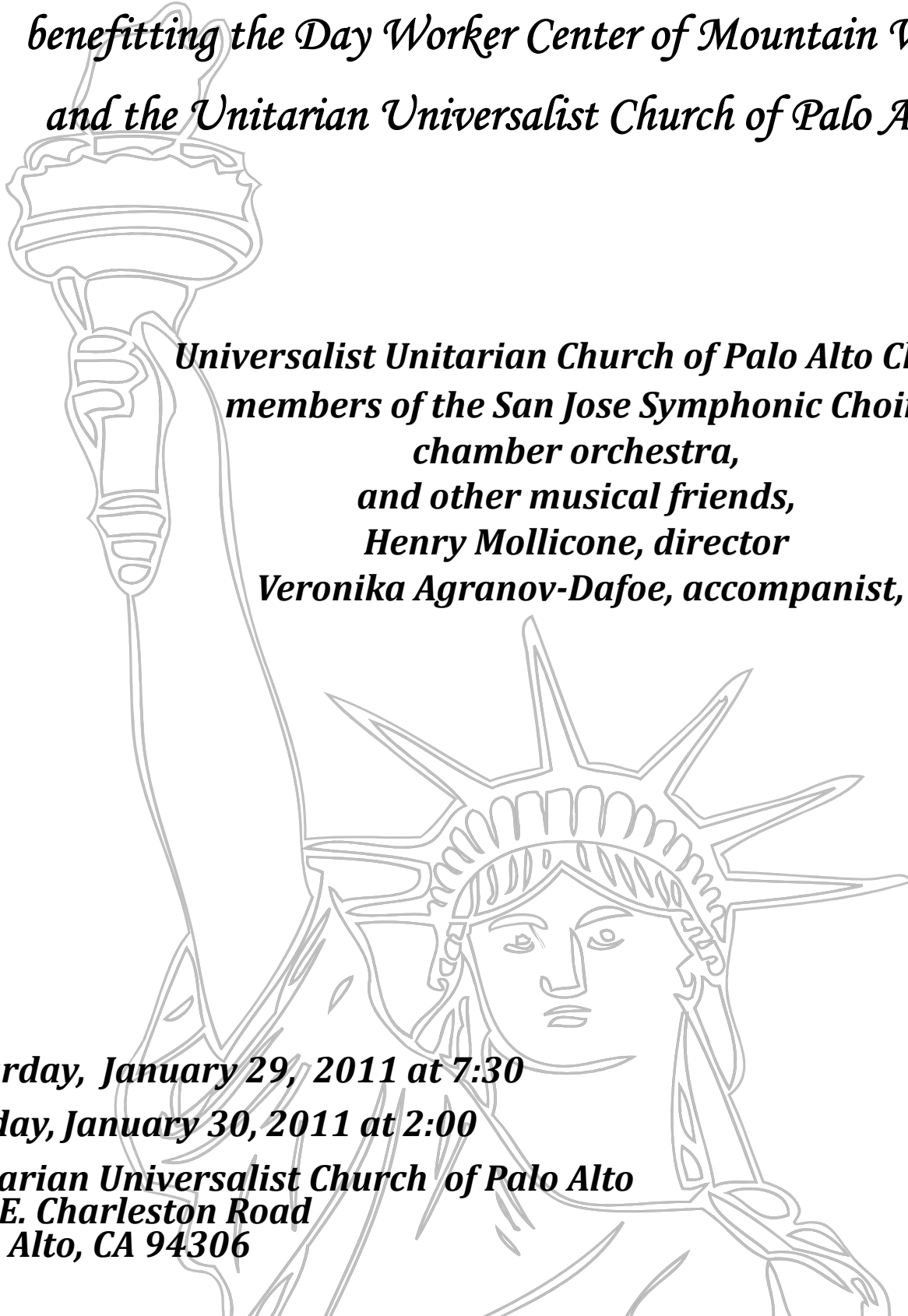
*benefitting the Day Worker Center of Mountain View  
and the Unitarian Universalist Church of Palo Alto*

*Universalist Unitarian Church of Palo Alto Choir,  
members of the San Jose Symphonic Choir,  
chamber orchestra,  
and other musical friends,  
Henry Mollicone, director  
Veronika Agranov-Dafoe, accompanist,*

*Saturday, January 29, 2011 at 7:30*

*Sunday, January 30, 2011 at 2:00*

*Unitarian Universalist Church of Palo Alto  
505 E. Charleston Road  
Palo Alto, CA 94306*



# Program

***Welcome!***

Rev. Amy Zucker Morgenstern

***Introduction***

Richard Heydt

***Immigration Man***

Graham Nash

***Swing Low Sweet Chariot***

Traditional, arranged by Burleigh

Richard Heydt, tenor

***Hay una Niña en el Alba***

Words, Horacio Ferrer; Music, Astor Piazzolla

Kathy Parmentier, soprano

Chaz Cassel, percussion; Florence Haas, brushes; Henry Mollicone, piano

*There is a girl at dawn dreaming of being.*

*She is a drop of water wanting to become rain.*

*Her voice tells me, in my soul: "I'll be your woman"*

*And for the girl of the dawn I climbed the sunrise.*

*She was born and I seek her mid-morning celebration.*

*She calls me with the sound of lullabies and I will find her.*

*If I did not see her, noon time told me*

*that she is lovely with ribbon and school dress.*

*And I already know that afterwards, on tiptoe,*

*she will write my name on the blackboard.*

*The street is too small for her, after three.*

*Even the air, perched on her skin, compliments her.*

*From her décolleté comes out my name again.*

*I crossed the afternoon seeking her afternoon beauty.*

*And in her already mature emotion, in the flight of the day,*

*I felt her sundown melancholy. And she called my name*

*with her sunset voice. And I sensed her dizzy with dusk.*

*And I looked for her the entire night, until its end.*

*But she called me across the hours.*

*I followed her and at the break of day, perhaps,*

*I felt that her voice was fading, and I felt her soul in mine.*

*If you are watching the sunrise, there is a girl in the dawn. Do you see her?*

*I am with the girl in the dawn, and the day begins again.*

***Klezmer Music***

***Hevenu Shalom Alechem***

***Rosinkes mit Mandalach***

***Und as der Rebbe Singt***

***Tumbalalaika***

Mike Cudahy and Ted Brown, clarinets

Veronika Agranov Dafoe, piano

**Medley: *God Save the King/America* (*My Country 'Tis of Thee*)**

Traditional/arr. Robert Edgerton

***Isle of Hope, Isle of Tears*** (with slides compiled by Sharon Hoyt)

Brendan Graham, arr. Sharon Hoyt

**New Music from *Ragtime, The Musical***

Lyrics, Lynn Ahern; music, Stephen Flaherty

LyriCats:: Sharon Hoyt, soprano; Mayo Tsuzuki, alto;

Dave Hoyt, tenor; Storm Staley, bass

Projectionist: Richard Heydt

## ***Intermission***

***MISA DE LOS INMIGRANTES***

**Henry Mollicone**

with English texts transcribed from interviews by Kathy Mollicone

**(Peninsula premiere)**

### ***Lupe's Story (Introduction)***

*My name is Guadalupe and I want you to know my story. My story is about danger and even terror, but also a small bit of triumph. I want you to know my story, because it is not just my story, but it's the story of so many of my people who have risked everything to escape from crushing poverty. And not just my people, but immigrants from all the world—my ancestors—and yours, who simply want, more than anything, a chance to be what they believe they can be.*

*For most of us, one terrifying border crossing would be one too many, but as my life unfolded in a small Old Mexico village, it would become my destiny to survive two crossings in my struggle to become a citizen of America.*

*It's that familiar story of the drunken, unpredictable father, abusive in every way imaginable, forcing me to keep a shameful secret for years. My mother, Carmen, tried to protect my brother, Sal, and me—and herself—but it was hard. The year I turned 8, was the year Mama took Sal and me, and we ran.*

*For years, we barely made it, living in a relative's dark shed. Poor, yes, but free from dread...at least for the moment.*

*In time, my father begged to rejoin our family—he promised to change his behavior and to stop gambling. And he kept his promises for a time before it all started again—only worse. In the end, he abandoned us with all his gambling debts and we lost everything.*

*Now destitute, visions of a land of opportunity and hope, seemed to linger just over the horizon, offering sanctuary. We felt it deep in our souls—in spite of the horrifying stories we'd heard, we knew the time had come to find a coyote, you know, a smuggler, and try our escape to America.*

## **Kyrie**

*Señor, ten piedad,  
Cristo, ten piedad,  
Señor, ten piedad,*

*Lord, have mercy.  
Christ, have mercy.  
Lord, have mercy.*

## **The Crossing**

*Brave Sal, only 15, crossed first. He suffered extreme hunger, thirst and fatigue, but luckily he made it past the border with no problem. The journey would not be so easy for Mama and me. We endured a grueling 3-day bus trip, a rat-infested motel room with 23 others, and truck rides that jarred our bones; but the most painful of all was the walking—always at night, no food, and very little water. We hid in farm outbuildings for short rests—hoping against hope the farmers wouldn't discover us.*

*Mama began to fail and feared she wouldn't make it. I helped to support her and urged her on, reminding her of our dreams. Some could walk no more on their blistered feet, and simply stayed there in the country, gradually fading into the distance....I never knew their fate.*

*The rest of us sneaked through a town, scrambling to hide at the sight of anyone. Only 8 made it through and were crammed into the back seat and trunk of a car—driving for hours until, suddenly, the driver spotted a checkpoint, he switched gears and raced backwards for a few miles before dumping us out to begin another long, agonizing walk. We were now 4 days into our odyssey.*

*Now another town, another barn and another pair of coyotes who drank until they passed out. We devoured what little food and water we could find in the room. At dark we shook the drivers awake and piled into a truck for the 4-hour trip to California. At last, exhausted, feet bloodied, insect bitten, starved and thirsty, we were actually in America and our reunion with Sal was pure joy!*

## **Gloria**

*Gloria a Dios en el Cielo,  
y en la tierra paz a los hombres  
que ama el Señor.  
Por tu inmensa gloria te alabamos,  
te bendecimos, te adoramos,  
te glorificamos, por tu inmensa gracias,*

*Señor Dios, Rey celestial,  
Dios Padre todopoderoso.  
Señor, Hijo único, Jesucristo.  
Señor Dios, Cordero de Dios,  
Hijo del Padre;*

*Glory to God in the highest,  
And peace on earth to all those  
who love the Lord.  
We glorify You, we praise You,  
we bless You, we worship You,  
we give thanks to You according to Your great  
glory.  
Lord God, heavenly King,  
God, the Father almighty.  
Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son.  
Lord God, Lamb of God,  
Son of the Father.*

*tú que quitas el pecado del mundo,  
ten piedad de nosotros;  
tú que quitas el pecado del mundo,  
atiende nuestra súplica,  
tú que estás sentado a  
ten piedad de nosotros.  
Porque sólo tú eres Santo,  
sólo tú Señor,  
sólo tú Altísimo, Jesucristo,  
Con el Espíritu Santo  
en la gloria de Dios Padre. Amén.*

*You who take away the sins of the world  
have mercy upon us.  
You who take away the sins of the world,  
Receive our prayer.  
You who sit at the right hand of God,  
have mercy upon us.  
You alone are the most holy,  
You alone are the Lord,  
You alone art the most high, Jesus Christ.  
With the holy spirit  
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.*

## **One Small Room**

*My aunt and her family shared their studio apartment with us. For 2 long years 7 people crowded together in that one small room—sleeping anywhere we could find a spot. Hard work and high hopes kept us going. We worked long days for little pay, but we managed to save some here and there. We found better jobs and were promoted. Sal found a job at a restaurant and eventually became top chef. I passed my GED and wanted to go to college, but, being illegal, I couldn't.*

*But then—I fell in love with the dashing Diego, married and had two sons. Once Diego achieved citizenship, he hired a lawyer to petition for mine. During this time, I got into college by learning to avoid legality issues. Life seemed good...then.*

## **Credo**

*Creo en un solo Dios,  
Padre todopoderoso,  
Creador del cielo y de la tierra,  
Creador de todo lo visible y lo invisible,  
Creo, en un solo Señor, Jesucristo,  
Hijo único de Dios,  
nacido del Padre antes de todos los siglos:  
Dios de Dios, Luz de Luz,  
Dios verdadero de Dios verdadero  
engendrado, no creado,  
de la misma naturaleza del Padre,  
por quien todo fue hecho;  
que por nosotros, los hombres,  
y por nuestra salvación, bajó del cielo,  
Y por obra del Espíritu Santo  
se encarnó de María, la Virgen,  
y se hizo hombre,  
por nuestra causa fue crucificado,  
en tiempos de Poncio Pilato;  
padeció y fue sepultado,  
y resucitó al tercer día,  
según las Escrituras, y subió al cielo,*

*I believe in one God,  
the Father Almighty,  
Maker of heaven and earth,  
Maker of all things visible and invisible.  
I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ,  
the only-begotten Son of God,  
eternally begotten of the Father;  
God from God, Light from Light,  
true God from true God;  
begotten, not made,  
of one being with the Father,  
Through him all things were made.  
For all men  
and for our salvation, He came down from heaven  
by the power of the Holy Spirit.  
He was born of the Virgin Mary,  
and was made man;  
for our sake he was crucified  
under Pontius Pilate;  
He suffered and was buried;  
on the third day He rose again,  
according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven,*

*y está sentado a la derecha del Padre;  
y de nuevo vendrá con gloria  
para juzgar a vivos y muertos,  
y su reino no tendrá fin.*

*Creo en el Espíritu Santo,  
Señor y dador de vida,  
que procede del Padre del Hijo,  
que con el Padre y el Hijo,  
recibe una misma adoración y gloria,  
y que habló por los profetas.  
Creo en la Iglesia,  
que es una, santa, católica y apostólica.  
Confieso que hay un solo bautismo  
para el perdón de los pecados.  
Espéro la resurrección de los muertos  
y la vida, la vida del mundo futuro. Amen.*

*and sits on the right hand of the Father;  
He shall come again, with glory,  
to judge the quick and the dead;  
His kingdom will have no end.  
I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the Lord and Giver of Life;  
who proceeds from the Father and the Son;  
who with the Father and the Son,  
He is worshipped and glorified;  
He has spoken through the prophets.  
I believe in the church,  
one holy catholic and apostolic Church.  
I acknowledge one baptism  
for the forgiveness of sins;  
and I hope for the resurrection of the dead,  
and the life of the world to come. Amen.*

## **Deported**

*Unbelievably, through a legal mix-up, Diego was deported. I felt I had no choice but to take my sons and follow my husband and I found myself right back where I started.*

*Diego couldn't find work and became depressed and angry—divorce followed. I got a job teaching school and accepted that I would never leave. But that wasn't to be either. Mama wrote me that she had cancer and I knew she needed me so I knew that I had to try to cross again.*

*Against all my instincts, I tracked down my father, now a U.S. citizen, for help and, this time, he came through. He took my two legal sons to a hotel in Southern California to wait for me to cross, but the fear that my father may not have changed and might abuse my sons consumed me—I had to get there, and fast!*

*My father hired a coyote who did drugs and tried to force himself upon me—when I resisted, he threatened to leave me there. Feeling helpless, focused on getting to my sons, I knew what I had to do. I begged him “Please don't hurt me.” Afterward, instead of taking me to the border, he fell asleep. I yelled at him, shook him, hit him, and finally he woke up. We got in the car and headed out...knowing that the worst was just ahead.*

*Now, after all that I had been through, my future seemed to shimmer like a mirage before me. Even if it vanished, I braced myself to follow it, no matter how exhausting, hoping to help Mama and make for my children and myself, a new beginning...*

## **Sanctus**

*Santo, Santo, Santo es el Señor,  
Dios del Universo.  
Llenos están el cielo  
y la tierra de tu gloria.  
Hosanna en el cielo*

*Holy, holy, holy, Lord  
God of the Universe.  
Heaven and earth are full of Your glory.  
Hosanna in the highest!*

## **Fear**

*We drove to the border, then walked in the oppressive heat, searching for a place to cross a raging river and, hopefully, get past the border patrol. On our way, we suddenly came face to face with two Mexican police officers. Thinking on his feet, the coyote told them I was his pregnant wife who needed to get to the U.S. for medical attention. That story, plus a bribe, allowed us to continue.*

*Just before dawn, we found a place to try crossing. Partially undressing to blend into the color of the water, we tied our clothing onto a stick, holding it above water as, choking and coughing, we struggled to the other side into California and our last great obstacle—an eight-lane freeway which we somehow had to navigate. Quickly, we dressed and turned to face what seemed to be a roaring, hungry beast.*

*He told me "Ignore the cars and just run when I tell you." I knew that many immigrants before us died on this freeway. I ran as fast as I could—cars swerved around me, horns blaring. At the median, I just froze, sobbing. Then at the thought of my sons, I ran again. I have never been so terrified, and no sooner had I made it across and rejoined the coyote when the border patrol spotted us.*

*We ran toward a dry creek bed, threw ourselves into a drift of leaves and, paralyzed with fright, watched flashlights flicker over us, saw boots come toward us----and pass by. Incredibly, we had not been caught! He looked at me in awe and spoke "This is a miracle, an omen that you will be successful in your life here." I couldn't stop shaking.*

*But even then, the ordeal wasn't over. Many hours of walking lay ahead, filled with that now familiar terrible thirst, heat, lacerated feet, and constant fear. Then, rising in the distance, I saw the hotel where I knew my sons waited. With renewed strength, I rushed forward, keeping my eyes on that hotel until I literally staggered in to kiss my sleeping children, truly feeling the power of God's grace in this blessed reunion.*

## **Benedictus**

*Bendito el que viene en nombre del Señor.      Blessed is He who comes in  
the name of the Lord  
Hosanna en el cielo!                                      Hosanna in the highest!*

## **Finding My Way in America**

*In the morning, my sons told me that no harm had come to them, and I felt such relief and hope that my father had really changed this time.*

*I went straight to Mama and helped nurse her back to health. Just as I was preparing to start my own new life—still illegal—I got the terrible news that my father had been arrested for molesting a young girl. I was beyond horrified and when Sal suggested he put up his house as bail, I had to tell them my old secret and that our father most likely was guilty.*

*Shocked and sad, we gave up all hope that his awful behavior was a thing of the past and we could not, in good conscience, help keep him out of jail.*

*With all that finally behind me, I began to settle into finding my way in America—to make a home and a life for my sons and for me. I applied for a job at an organization where I was promoted and today am a manager there. I even was able to save enough for that family home I dreamed about, but I still look over my shoulder with fear, as, believe it or not, I am not yet legal and fear of deportation overshadows my life every day.*

*It can take 20 years to gain citizenship here. My older son, now 16, can start a petition for me when he becomes 21. In another 6 years or so my goal of citizenship might be realized. It really shouldn't be this difficult, but this is my story and the story of so many of my people...and yours. Please keep us in your prayers.*

## ***Agnus Dei and Amen***

*Cordero de Dios, que quitas el pecado del mundo, ten piedad de nosotros.*

*Cordero de Dios, que quitas el pecado del mundo, danos la paz.*

*Amen*

*Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.*

*Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant us peace.*

*Amen*

Unitarian Universalist Church of Palo Alto Choir  
Henry Mollicone, Music Director  
Guest singers from the San Jose Symphonic Choir  
Veronika Agranov-Dafoe, accompanist  
Maria Maroquin, narrator  
Kathy Parmentier, soprano solo  
Mayo Tsuzuki, mezzo-soprano solo  
Isabelle Chapuis, flute  
Kris Palmer, flute  
Dahna Rudin, cello  
Patricia Lujan Grima, trumpet  
Chris Barnes, trumpet  
Mark Veregge, percussion  
Walt Birkedahl, bass

## BIOGRAPHIES

### Henry Mollicone

[www.henrymollicone.com](http://www.henrymollicone.com)(website) "...One of the most distinctive American opera composers." --The Washington Post . Mr. Mollicone's one-act operas have been performed extensively. His full-length opera *Coyote Tales* (with libretto by Sheldon Harnick), is available on CD (Newport Classic). The opera *Hotel Eden* was premiered at Opera San Jose in 1989, and has since been produced in New York and Baltimore. Mr. Mollicone has been a Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellow since 1997. He has worked with several distinguished actors and musicians as a conductor, composer, and pianist. *BEATTITUDE MASS* ("mass for the homeless") has had several performances, and was recently done under his direction at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, DC. After recently completing commissions for the San Jose Chamber Orchestra and for soprano Nancy Wait Kromm, he is presently writing a work for the new Georgia Symphony Orchestra.

**Richard Heydt** has been a member of UUCPA for 15 years and in the choir for almost that long. He enjoys solo and choral singing and especially appreciates songs from musical theatre and American classics. Richard also loves words and poetry and writing, and during the last few years has collaborated occasionally with Henry Mollicone on comic and serious lyrics for some of Henry's music. (No charges have been filed so far as a result of these collaborations.) Richard lives in Palo Alto and works at SRI International in Menlo Park as an engineering researcher.

**Kathy Parmentier** has had a life-long love of music and singing. Her mother said that she could sing recognizable melodies before she could pronounce the words. She has a Bachelor of Music degree, has studied locally with Greg Wait and Michael Morris and has sung with many choral groups. The tangos of Astor Piazzolla have long been a love of hers, and she is delighted to introduce his music to a wider audience.

**Ted Brown** is a member of the NASA-Ames Jazz Big Band and two jazz combos, playing saxophone and clarinet. He is also a member of the Los Altos Ye Old Town Band and the Les Sophisticates, a jazz combo that often plays at Avenidas events.

**Mike Cudahy** plays tenor saxophone in the Los Gatos/Saratoga Big Band, and often sits in with other local jazz bands on tenor or alto sax. He also plays classical music on clarinet when he gets a chance. Some of his ancestors came to Cleveland, Ohio from villages in Ireland in the 1860s. Others came to New Jersey from ghettos in Russia and Poland in the 1890s.

**Mayo Tsuzuki** , a UUCPA member since 2002, discovered her inner mezzo late in life but endeavors never to be late for the beat. She started her musical career as a piano soloist (and a tenor in the Juilliard Pre-College chorus), got bitten by the a cappella bug in college and now understands why her piano teachers encouraged her to play melodies like a singer. Mayo loves singing alto in the San Francisco Choral Artists and the LyriCats, and studies voice with Michael Morris. She is a program manager for Cadence Design Systems, and if she had one, her personalized license plate would read CINC0-DE.

**LyriCats** Sharon Hoyt, soprano; Mayo Tsuzuki, alto; Dave Hoyt, tenor; and Storm Staley, bass, have discovered they share a love of a cappella swing and jazz music as well as voice teacher, Michael Morris. They are singing or have sung in many choral ensembles in the area, including San Francisco Choral Artists, Opera San Jose Chorus, Schola Cantorum, Symphony Silicon Valley Chorale, and various productions of Lyric Theater. The LyriCats have also discovered that Trader Joe's has the best supply of affordable and decadent chocolate treats and wines that make rehearsals even more enjoyable.

**Maria Marroquin** has been the Executive Director of the Mountain View Day Worker Center (MVDWC) since 2000. She is recognized as one of Mountain View's most tireless community activists. Because of her efforts to "give back to the city she calls home," the Mountain View Senior Center garden is thriving, St. Joseph Church's parking lot was striped, blood was donated to the community, and Huff Elementary had desks when school started in 2008. She originally came to the Center in 1999 looking for housecleaning work after moving to the United States in 1997 from Mexico City, where she worked in a law firm as an administrative assistant. But Marroquin views the center as more than a job placement service. The predominately Mexican and South American workers come to the Center every day for the sense of community the Center creates, as well as the job-advancement services the Center offers, like college scholarships, job training, and ESL classes.

**The Day Worker Center of Mountain View**, a gathering place for day laborers that has been called a "model for the nation" recently opened its new facility on Escuela Avenue in Mountain View after 14 years in temporary locations. The Mountain View Day Worker Center connects workers and employers in a safe and supportive environment with a commitment to fair employment, education, job skills and training. Staff, board members, volunteers and the day workers all participate in advocacy efforts that support the community in and around Mountain View. All are concerned with fairness and dignity in the immigration process.

**Composer's Note:** *MISA DE LOS INMIGRANTES* was written as a tribute to all immigrants in the hope of raising awareness of the injustices in our present immigration system. Its narrative depicts the true story of Guadalupe and her family, and their difficult journey from Mexico to the United States in search of a decent life. My wife Kathy interviewed Lupe several times, as Lupe shared all the details of her odyssey for the purpose of making her story public. Her experiences are not unique; they are, in fact, similar to those of so many others who are forced by poverty and violence to leave their homes and seek a better life in America for themselves and their families

## Choir

### Soprano

Joanna Bresee  
Patti Conner  
Sharon Xavier de Sousa  
Janice Goertz  
Pearl Gunsell  
Florence Haas\*  
Sally LeSchofs  
Ann McCown  
Bertha Mosqueda  
Kathy Parmentier  
Beth Sherman\*  
Hannah Slocum\*  
Marilyn Terman\*  
Arlene Wilder\*  
Louise Dondero Xavier

### Tenor

Tim Anderson  
Louis Bookbinder\*  
Richard Heydt\*  
Don Lorents\*  
\* UUCPA Choir

### Alto

Debbie Battersby  
Jane Chronis\*  
Jan Lynch  
Patricia May  
Diane Meier-Phelps\*  
Patty O'Brien  
Fran Perry\*  
Roslyn Raney  
Karen Skold\*  
Pat Thomas\*  
Mayo Tsuzuki\*

### Bass

Robert Neff\*  
Rick Porter\*  
Carl Skold\*  
Mark Slagle  
Carlos Soriano  
Lewis (Tom) Thomas\*  
Paul Wendt

## Acknowledgements

We are particularly grateful to Henry Mollicone for his extraordinary ability to compose wonderful music and conduct it, always with gentle kindness and humor, inspiring us to be better than we are;  
to Veronika Agranov-Dafoe, our marvelous accompanist, who helps us stay musical and on pitch;  
to members of the San Jose Symphonic Choir, who beautifully and graciously swelled our ranks,  
and to Sharon de Sousa, who brought them to us;  
to Louise Hall, whose generous bequest provided the orchestra;  
to Pat and Tom Thomas, for producing the program;  
to the UUCPA staff-- Jeff Cashdollar, Debra Heinz, and Howard Milligan-- for their willing help with logistics and facilities;  
and to the Music Committee-- Mike Cudahy, Richard Heydt, Don Lorents, Beth Sherman, Pat Thomas, and Henry Mollicone-- for pulling it all together!