



Rising Waters
Collective

A Lovely Light

SONGS TO BRIGHTEN OUR
DARK DAYS

December 9, 2025

Connelly Law Offices, Tacoma



TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

The Persistence of Song

Sheila Bristow

from *Song and Silence*

Dawn Sonntag

Gifts

Night Song at Almalfi

Joy

from *Verlorene Heimat*

Once I Had a Garden

from *Beauty Intollerable*

Sheila Silver

First Fig I

Sonnet: Mindful of You

Sonnet: What lips my lips have kissed

Little Black Book: A Song Cycle that Fails the Bechdel Test

Susan LaBarr

1. Five

2. John

3. Vince

4. Steve

5. James Squared

6. Where are they now?

Where the Light Begins

Susan LaBarr

Artists

Amy Boers, *piano*

Holly Boaz, *soprano*

Lucy Weber, *mezzo soprano*

NOTES

A Lovely Light: Songs to Brighten Our Dark Days

There are seasons when the days feel short, the headlines feel heavy, and we find ourselves reaching for any glimmer that reminds us we're still connected - to each other, to beauty, to something steadier than the moment we're in. A Lovely Light gathers that hope and holds it up for a while.

Tonight's program centers the voices of women composers and poets whose work carries sparks of persistence, humor, longing, memory, and warmth. These songs move between the intimate and the expansive: the resilience of everyday joy, the small rebellions of self-reflection, the ache of loss, and the comfort that a single clear voice can offer in dark months.

Performed by Holly Boaz, Amy Boers, and Lucy Weber, the evening weaves contemporary art song with timeless poetry- from Sara Teasdale's quiet meditations to Edna St. Vincent Millay's bright flame, from Dawn Sonntag's stories of home and displacement to Sheila Bristow's luminous reflections. It all leads us toward Susan LaBarr's *Where the Light Begins*, a reminder that illumination often arrives slowly, and sometimes begins within us.

Thank you for joining us, for listening closely, and for letting these songs cast a little brightness into the winter. May they follow you home.

Julia Benzinger, Holly Boaz, Lucy Weber, & Ibidunni Ojikutu
Co-Directors, Rising Waters Collective



The Persistence of Song

Although it is not yet evening,
The secretaries have changed their frocks
As if it were time for dancing,
And locked up in the scholars' books
There is a kind of rejoicing,
There is a kind of singing
That even the dark stone canyon makes
As though all fountains were going
At once, and the color flowed from bricks
In one wild, lit upsurging.
What is the weather doing?
And who arrived on a scallop shell
With the smell of the sea this morning?
Creating a small upheaval
High above the scaffolding
By saying, "All will be well.
There is a kind of rejoicing."
Is there a kind of rejoicing
In saying, "All will be well?"
High above the scaffolding,
Creating a small upheaval,
The smell of the sea this morning
Arrived on a scallop shell.
What was the weather doing
In one wild, lit upsurging?
At once, the color flowed from bricks
As though all fountains were going,
And even the dark stone canyon makes
Here a kind of singing,
And there a kind of rejoicing,
And locked up in the scholars' books
There is a time for dancing
When the secretaries have changed their frocks,
And though it is not yet evening,
There is the persistence of song.

Howard Moss (1922-1987)

The New Yorker, Nov. 19, 1966



Gifts

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

I gave my first love laughter,
I gave my second tears,
I gave my third love silence
Thru all the years.

My first love gave me singing,
My second eyes to see,
But oh, it was my third love
Who gave my soul to me.

Night Song in Almalfi

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

I asked the heaven of stars
What I should give my love —
It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishers go —
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song —
But how can I give silence,
My whole life long?

Joy

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,
I will sing to the stars in the sky,
I love, I am loved, he is mine,
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,
I have heart-fire and singing to give,
I can tread on the grass or the stars,
Now at last I can live!



TEXTS

from *Verlorene Heimat*
Once I Had a Garden

Dawn Sonntag

Christa: Why are you so sad?

Hedwig: I want to go home.

Christa: Is it very far from here?

Hedwig: yes, it's very far.

Christa: Why did you come here, then?

Hedwig: I didn't have a choice. They sent my mother away. The Germans learned that she was a Jew. My uncle sent me away.

Once I had a garden. It was filled with blooming flowers, where all my hopes and dreams were sown, sheltered by the stars. Sunflow'rs waving in clear blue skies, mallows sleeping 'neath the moon...but now my garden of hopes and dreams is gone.

They took from me my family, they took from me my home. My garden flowers are weeping beneath a shadow'd moon. The sunflowers all have faded. The marigolds are gone.

Christa: But you will soon return to them! Soon your garden will bloom again! Soon you'll return to your family and your home!

Hedwig: They took from me my garden, my family is gone, my flow'rs are weeping beneath a shadow'd moon. The sunflow'rs all are faded, the clouds cover the sun. The purple mallows call me to come home.

Christa: They took from you your garden, your family is gone, your flow'rs are weeping beneath a shadow'd moon. The sunflow'rs are faded, the clouds cover the sun. The purple mallows call you home.



First Fig

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

Sonnet: Mindful of You

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

Mindful of you the sodden earth in spring,
And all the flowers that in the springtime grow;
And dusty roads, and thistles, and the slow
Rising of the round moon; all throats that sing
The summer through, and each departing wing,
And all the nests that the bared branches show;
And all winds that in any weather blow,
And all the storms that the four seasons bring.
You go no more on your exultant feet
Up paths that only mist and morning knew;
Or watch the wind, or listen to the beat
Of a bird's wings too high in air to view,—
But you were something more than young and sweet
And fair,— and the long year remembers you.

Sonnet: What lips my lips have kissed

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.



Little Black Book:

Caitlin Vincent

A song cycle that fails the Bechdel Test

1. Five

[somewhat sourly]

Five.

Five boys or men that could have been "the one."

If the stars had aligned.

If the odds had been right.

Five could-be soulmates.

Five would-be me's.

I could be married.

Partnering.

Parenting.

Parent-teacher conferencing.

But here I am.

Not lonely, but alone.

Eating an extra-large pizza,

while reviewing...obsessing over what-might-have-been.

I always thought it was them.

Five poor choices.

Five iffy seeds.

But now...I wonder...

As I eat pepperoni that fell on the floor.

Maybe...maybe it was me?

2. John

[earnestly, as an eighteen-year old]

Dear John,

It's only been a few hours

since you left...departed...deployed.

It's all so romantic.

(My friends agree).

How our eyes met by chance at the Cheesecake Factory.

Me, ordering Oreo.



TEXTS

You, classic New York.
It's just like a movie.
(My friends agree).
Just three days together, then torn apart by fate.
Me, freshman year of college.
You, Afghanistan.
It's only a two-year tour.
Only a two-year wait.
I'll write you every day.
The time will pass like nothing.
[with a hint of irritation]
Dear John,
It's only been a month
since you left...departed...deployed.
I'm sure you're busy.
Running convoys, guarding prisoners, doing army
things.
But you could try to write.
Send a postcard...or a post-it.
I'm busy too—yesterday, I went to Target.
I'm busy but still manage a letter nearly every day.
It's sort of romantic.
Could be like a movie.
Except you never write!
I know so little about you.
Almost nothing.
Except your favorite cheesecake.
[coldly]
Dear John,
It's been two months
since you left...departed...deployed.
Thank you for your letter.
Your one and only letter.
I've decided: we made a mistake.



Swept away by three days with cheesecake-colored glasses.

You're great.

Great, and I'm grateful for your service.

But I just started college.

And the guy upstairs has cable.

Maybe we can try again when you're home.

3. Vince

[ironically sentimental]

Vince Antonio Giovanni Carlucca.

The Third.

Vince was Italian.

Well, mostly Italian.

Italian and a quarter Puerto Rican.

A fact he never failed to mention in unrelated conversation.

Vince was from Manhattan.

Well, almost Manhattan.

Which means he was actually from Long Island.

A fact he always failed to mention in relevant conversation.

Vince was charming.

Well, mostly charming.

Perfectly tan, passably tall, and handsome.

With a smile as white and as bright as the spotlight he saw for himself.

At twenty, I was dazzled.

By the volume of his hair.

His temptingly empty gestures.

The way he would say, "mozzarella," "bruschetta," and then tell me what I should wear.



At twenty-one, I was smitten.
By the blue-green of his eyes.
His deeply inane mansplaining.
The way he planned my career as a trophy wife.
"Everything I ever wanted."
At twenty-two, I was enthralled.
By his concern for my weight.
His warm, inviting gaslighting.
The way his muscles rippled when he punched the wall.
So understanding of my flaws.
Vince loved me.
Well, said he loved me.
If "love" is mostly patronizing passion.
He loved me almost as much as he loved his mother...
But she did not love me.
And so, I wasn't meant to be:
Missus Vince Antonio Giovanni Carlucca.
The Third.
What a tragedy.

4. Steve

[with sincerity]
I never believed in soulmates.
One perfect match in an imperfect world.
I never believed.
Until Steve.
I knew as soon as I saw him.
In line at the bookstore.
Preppy sweater.
Rumpled hair.
Holding a copy of Hillary Clinton's biography.
Our eyes met.
First mine and Hillary's.
Then mine and Steve's.
And I knew.



The bookstore turned into coffee.
Coffee into Chinese.
Into wine.
Into waffles.
A day.
A month.
A year.
Then five years.
Sharing an apartment.
A dog, a tv.
Sharing our hopes, our fears,
and planning for the rest.
Planning...dreaming our perfect future.
The Tudor ranch.
The fuel-efficient car.
The kids—one of each.
Even the art deco kitchen tiles.
Five years.
With my soulmate.
My perfect match.
[deadpan]
Then he met Bruce.
In line at the bookstore.
Which turned into coffee.
Into Chinese.
Into wine.
Into waffles.
Steve took the apartment, dog, and tv.
Even the art deco tile.
All he left was Hillary Clinton's biography.
Bruce already has a copy.

5. James Squared

[defensively]
Cougars are misunderstood.
Misinterpreted.
A cougar is not a predatory stereotype.
She has feelings.



Reasons.

Rationale.

Sometimes it's just by accident.

Like the two younger men, who came after Steve.

Both called James.

By accident.

James the First...

The barista at my local hipster café.

Affable, adorable, and half my age.

He made a move,

but I was as firm as my gaze.

"Thank you, no. All I want is an almond croissant."

He was persistent.

Every day with my morning latte.

Coaxing, cajoling, and finally convincing.

The same day Steve and Bruce got engaged.

By accident.

I rolled around in bed with him for hours.

Watched him play Xbox for hours.

Folded his laundry.

Cleaned his shower.

Packed his lunch.

Felt myself falling in love.

[with an awkward pause]

Then one day, he called me "Mom."

By accident.

James the Second...

The barista at another hipster café.

Sexy, smoldering, and half my age.

He made a move,

but I was as firm as his pecs.

"Thank you, no. All I want is your chocolate croissant."

He was persistent.

Every day with my morning latte.

Then again in the afternoon.

Coaxing, cajoling, and easily convincing.

The day Steve invited me to his wedding.

By accident.

Program Notes



I role played in bed with him for hours.
Listened to his band practice for hours.
Bought his groceries.
Did his taxes.
Paid his rent.

Felt myself falling in love.
[with an awkward pause]
Then one day, he gave me a STI.
By accident.
James and James.
Half my age....
Half a man.
But still I'm the "cougar."
The cougar who went to Steve's wedding alone.
Who's still avoiding coffee.
By accident.

6. Where are they now?

Where are they now?
The ones that might have been?
[innocently]
Never thought to check on Twitter or Facebook.
Never considered a weekly round of Google.
I wouldn't know...
John lives in Nashville or Vince got divorced.
The James' went to college and Steve bought a house.
I wouldn't know...
Wouldn't care...
That Vince is prematurely bald.
John married a girl he met online.
Steve and Bruce adopted a very ugly baby.
I wouldn't know.
Definitely wouldn't care.



Why should I care?
I was foolish...they were selfish.
I was willing...they weren't able.
None of them was "the one."
And neither was I.
Maybe in another time.
Another place.
Another life.
Maybe me and John.
Me and Steve.
Even Vince, or James, or James.
Or maybe it would still be me.
Eating pizza alone on a Saturday night.
Not lonely, but alone.
Just me and pepperoni.
The only "ones" I really need.

Where the Light Begins

Perhaps it does not begin.
Perhaps it is always.

Perhaps it takes a lifetime
to open our eyes,
to learn to see
what has forever
shimmered in front of us –

the luminous line
of the map
in the dark

the vigil flame
in the house
of the heart

Jan Richardson



TEXTS

the love
so searing
we cannot keep
from singing,
from crying out
in testimony
and praise.

Perhaps this day
will be the mountain
over which
the dawn breaks

Perhaps we
will turn our face
toward it,
toward what it has been,
always.

Perhaps
our eyes
will finally open
in ancient recognition,
willingly dazzled,
illuminated at last.

Perhaps this day
the light begins
in us.



ARTISTS

Composers & Poets:

Sheila Bristow is a composer, church musician, and collaborative keyboardist living in Tacoma, WA. Her compositions are inspired by her love of poetic texts and the beauty of the human voice. Her choral works have been performed by Choral Union (Pacific Lutheran University), the Medieval Women's Choir, Opus 7, and Seattle Pro Musica. Recent choral works include *Winter Solstice* and *At harbor, waiting for wind*, both premiered by Harmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Harmonia also premiered her largest work to date, *When Music Sounds* for solo tenor, chorus, and orchestra, which was a finalist for the American Prize, Major Choral Works division. Current projects include a song cycle on the poetry of Harlem Renaissance writer, Angelina Weld Grimké; a suite for pipe organ based on the tune, "Fisk of Gloucester"; a choral mass; and a work for string orchestra and percussion inspired by the poetry of Paul Claudel.

Sheila received a BFA from Cornish College of the Arts, where she studied composition as a Kreielsheimer Scholar, and earned an MM in organ performance from the University of Washington. Her composition teachers include Bern Herbolzheimer, John Muehleisen, and Matthew Fuerst. She has received awards from the American Prize and Deus Ex Musica; artist residencies at Hypatia-in-the-Woods and the Sou'wester Lodge; and participated in workshops sponsored by Lehigh University, Vancouver Pro Musica, and Vancouver International Song Institute.

Sheila serves as Music Director & Organist at St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, Bainbridge Island, and is the keyboardist for Harmonia Orchestra and Chorus. She is also in demand as an opera accompanist and vocal coach. More information can be found at sheilagailbristow.com.

Howard Moss (1922-1987) began working at *The New Yorker* after a brief stint as a reviewer for *Time* magazine and a teacher at Vassar College. He was the poetry editor of the *New Yorker* for almost forty years, lifting the voices of many poets, including Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath. Moss was a talented writer in his own right, producing literary criticism, satire, plays, and fourteen books of poetry. Upon Moss's death in 1987, the *New Yorker* had this to say: "Few poets in our time have been able to concentrate their whole lives on poetry, but Howard Moss did just that.... It was not simply our offices but the office of poet that he graced with his life."

Olympia, Washington based composer **Dawn Sonntag's** music has been called "hauntingly lyrical," "profound," and "freshly relevant." Her works have been performed by ensembles and soloists across the U.S. and in Europe, including Burning River Baroque, the Delgani Quartet, the Ensign Chorus and Orchestra in Seattle, the Cleveland Chamber Chorus, the Choral Arts Ensemble of Portland, the Fairbanks Summer Arts Festival Orchestra, the Cleveland Opera Theater, and many more.



ARTISTS

Her art songs have been widely performed in recital and are included in recordings by sopranos Michelle Murray Viertek ([Every Tiny Thing](#)), and Megan Ihnen ([Currents in Time](#)) and by Burning River Baroque duo Malina Rauschenfels and Paula Most, who commissioned the cycle [Love Poems in the Time of Climate Change](#). Her music has been broadcast on public radio in Ohio and Oregon and is published by Carl Fischer, North Star Music, and Dagny Press.

Based on the true story of East Prussian refugees during World War II, Sonntag's first opera, *Verlorene Heimat* (Lost Homeland), was awarded Honorable Mention in the 2021 American Prize for Opera, Musical Theater, Dance, and Film composition. Her opera *For Life*, with a libretto by Harvard-trained psychologist Kermit Cole, was commissioned for the Cleveland Opera's Operas in Place Festival, which won the 2023 Opera America Award for Digital Excellence in Artistic Creation.

In addition to her activities as a composer and performer, Sonntag has been actively involved in environmental and human rights advocacy. Her successful battle to stop a Washington State commission from building a mega airport in rural Western Washington is described in her forthcoming book, *Nothing but Trees*. She is an avid hiker, cyclist, and kayaker.

dawnsontag.com

Sara Teasdale (1884–1933) was a prominent American lyric poet known for her accessible, musical writing on love, nature, and mortality. She was born in St. Louis and as a sickly child, found solace and inspiration in poetry. She became a part of the literary circles in Chicago and New York, winning the first Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1918 for *Love Songs*. Her life, marked by chronic illness, depression, and a surprising divorce, sadly ended in suicide in 1933. Her work endures and has been set to music by numerous composers for solo voice and choirs.

Sheila Silver has written in a wide range of mediums, from solo instrumental to large orchestral works, from opera to feature film scores. "Only a few composers in any generation enliven the art form with their musical language and herald new directions in music. Sheila Silver is such a visionary." (*Wetterauer Zeitung*, Germany)

Her recent opera, *A Thousand Splendid Suns*, based on the international best-selling novel by Khaled Hosseini, was premiered to rave reviews by the Seattle Opera in February, 2023 and short-listed for "Best World Premiere" by the International Opera Awards, 2023. In order to develop a musical vocabulary with which to evoke the color of Afghanistan in the opera, Sheila made several trips to India to study Hindustani music with Pandit Kedar Narayan Bodas. This Hindustani sound world has filtered into many of her recent compositions.



ARTISTS

Her honors include a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Sackler Prize in Opera; several Opera America awards; Bunting Institute Fellowship; Rome Prize; Prix de Paris, American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters Composer Award and numerous grants and commissions. Her music is performed internationally.

A two CD album of her vocal works, *Beauty Intolerable: Songs of Sheila Silver*, was recently released on the Albany label and includes performances by Dawn Upshaw, Stephanie Blythe, Lucy Fitz Gibbon, Deanne Meek and Risa Renae Harman. *Resilient Earth*, a set of 7 piano preludes and 4 caprices for solo violin, was premiered in July 2022 at the Dorsky Museum in New Paltz, NY, in celebration of artist Mary Frank's retrospective, *The Observing Heart*, with Emmanuel Vukovich, violin, and Ryan MacEvoy McCullough, piano.

Silver is Professor Emerita of Music at Stony Brook University. Her teachers have included Arthur Berger, Harold Shapero, Erhard Karkoschka, and Gyorgy Ligeti. She was born and raised in Seattle, Washington and began studying piano at the age of 5. Sheila and her husband, film-maker John Feldman, make their home in the Hudson Valley, New York.

www.sheilasilver.com

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950) was one of the most respected American poets of the 20th century. Millay was known for her riveting readings and feminist views. She penned *Renascence*, one of her most well known poems, and the book *The Ballad of the Harp Weaver*, for which she won a Pulitzer Prize in 1923. Millay read her poems with passion and often sprinkled in her forward-thinking opinions regarding politics and women's issues, sometimes causing controversy. In her poem *First Fig*, she coined the popular phrase, "My candle burns at both ends." Millay married Eugen Boissevain, a Dutch businessman who supported her feminist views. Unusual for the time, her husband gave up his career to manage hers.



ARTISTS

Susan LaBarr is a composer and choral editor living and working in Springfield, Missouri. Her compositions are published by Walton Music, Morningstar Music, and Santa Barbara Music Publishing. Susan has completed commissions for choirs worldwide, most notably Seraphic Fire, the National ACDA Women's Choir Consortium, and the Texas Choral Director's Association's Director's Chorus. She served as the Missouri Composer Laureate for 2012 and 2013. Her arrangement of *Quem pastores laudavere* appeared on New York Polyphony's 2014 Grammy-nominated album, *Sing Thee Nowell*. Her work for mezzo soprano and piano, *Little Black Book*, was premiered at Carnegie Hall in October 2019.

Central to Susan's musical vocabulary is the knowledge she gained from studying with Alice Parker at her home in Hawley, Massachusetts, where she attended the Composer's Workshop and Melody Studies Workshop. Susan attended Missouri State University in Springfield, where she received a Bachelor of Arts in music and a Master of Music in music theory. Susan, her husband Cameron, and their son Elliott reside in Springfield, Missouri, where Cameron is the Director of Choral Studies at Missouri State University and Susan works as Editor of Walton Music.

Caitlin Vincent is an award-winning librettist, trained vocalist, opera company director, and arts commentator. Her librettos have won all three of America's top opera prizes: the Sackler Music Composition Prize (with composer Douglas Buchanan), the Domenic J. Pellicciotti Opera Composition Prize (with composer Timothy C. Takach), and the 2024/25 Dominick Argento Chamber Opera Competition (with composer Douglas Buchanan). In addition, her vocal work is featured on the Grammy Award-nominated album *40@40*. Vincent was the artistic director of *The Figaro Project* from 2009 to 2014. She holds a PhD from Deakin University (Australia), an MM in vocal performance from Peabody Conservatory at Johns Hopkins, and a BA in history and literature from Harvard. Her new book, *Opera Wars*, an exploration of opera's colorful and sometimes warring personalities, increasingly fierce controversies over content, and the battles being waged for its economic future, will be released in January by Simon & Schuster. She currently makes her home in Melbourne, Australia, but was born in the USA, and raised in Issaquah, Washington. www.caitlinvincent.com

Jan Richardson is an artist, writer, and ordained minister in the United Methodist Church. She serves as director of *The Wellspring Studio, LLC*, and has traveled widely as a retreat leader and conference speaker. With work described by the *Chicago Tribune* as "breathtaking," she has attracted an international audience drawn to the spaces of welcome, imagination, and solace that she creates with her words and her art. Jan's books include *The Cure for Sorrow*, *Night Visions*, *In the Sanctuary of Women*, and her latest release, *Sparrow: A Book of Life and Death and Life*. www.janrichardson.com



ARTISTS

Performers:

Amy Boers is well known as a collaborative pianist, music director, singer, and church musician. As pianist and collaborator, she currently holds positions at Pacific Lutheran University, Symphony Tacoma, and Symphony Tacoma Voices (pianist and assistant rehearsal conductor). Her work at Pacific Lutheran University is varied between rehearsal pianist for Opera Workshop, accompanying and coaching private voice students, team-teaching numerous theater classes, and most recently named resident Music Director for productions in PLU's Theater & Dance program.

As a conductor, Amy has led regional honor choirs and coached developing choral conductors from across the Western Hemisphere at the annual Cascade Conducting Workshop in Tacoma, WA. As a true collaborative artist known for her deep insight and "getting inside the conductor's head," Amy provides feedback through the special lens of accompanist, singer and conductor combined. She leads pedagogical workshops for choral conductors and collaborative artists regionally and in Canada.

As an active singer, Amy is a member of Musing, a beautiful project-based treble ensemble. When not making music, she loves to garden, cycle, and travel. Most important to her currently is spending time with her three beloved grandchildren: Adler, Jack, and Holden.

Mezzo-soprano **Lucy Weber** is an accomplished singer/actor whose artistry, versatility, and commitment to storytelling make her a standout presence in regional opera, theatre, and concert stages.

Known for her vocal warmth and expressive range, Ms. Weber recently took on the emotionally demanding title role in a modern English adaptation of *La voix humaine* which she filmed and performed for live audiences in an immersive production with Rising Waters Collective. She has brought to life a variety of roles across the Pacific Northwest, including recent favorites Siebel (Faust) with Tacoma Opera, Stephano (Roméo et Juliette) with Vashon Opera, and Angelina (La Cenerentola) in a star turn with Kitsap Opera. She has also performed Papagena/Second Lady (Die Zauberflöte) with Northwest Opera in Schools, and Adalgisa (Norma) with Sky Opera. A frequent collaborator with Seattle Opera's Programs and Partnerships department, Ms. Weber has performed lead and featured roles in several innovative educational and community-based productions. Her work with the company includes memorable performances in *Our Earth*, *Cinderella in Spain*, *The Three Feathers*, and she created the role of the Avatar in *Earth to Kenzie*. Her performance work is not limited to opera; Ms. Weber has been featured in Spectrum Dance Theater's dynamic staging of *Carmina Burana* and in Seattle Shakespeare Company's striking reimaging of *Medea*, showcasing her broad range as a performing artist.

Ms. Weber was a Young Artist with both Tacoma Opera and the esteemed Ohio Light Opera, and is the winner of a Seattle Opera Guild Artist Development Award.



ARTISTS

Soprano **Holly Boaz** enjoys a varied career in opera, oratorio, chamber music, and theatre. Career highlights include appearances with Seattle Symphony, Symphony Tacoma, Hartford Symphony, Seattle Opera, Pacific MusicWorks, Music of Remembrance, the Russian Chamber Music Foundation, Vancouver Early Music Festival, Connecticut Opera, The Aspen Music Festival, the Emerald Ensemble, Early Music Tacoma, and in the UK; the Aldeburgh Festival and Caritas Chamber Choir.

She is a winner of the Northwest Region of the National Association of Teachers of Singing Artist Award Competition (NATSAA), and the Ladies' Musical Club of Seattle Competition. She received an encouragement award from the Connecticut District of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, was a finalist in the Palm Beach Opera Competition, and completed fellowships at the Aspen Music Festival, Music Academy of the West, and the Britten-Pears Programme in England. She is a graduate of the Seattle Opera Young Artists Program and the Baroque Performance Institute at Oberlin College and holds degrees from the Hartt School at the University of Hartford and from the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Upcoming performances in 2026 include appearances with Drama Dock Theatre Company (Raquel, anthropology and Music Director of the 50th Anniversary Gala), the South Sound New Works Festival (Rebecca, L'Dor Vador), and Puget Sound Concert Opera (Magda, The Consul).

SPONSORS & PARTNERS

