

WILSON COLLEGE'S ONE HUNDRED THIRD

*Christmas*  
V E S P E R S

A FESTIVAL OF LESSONS AND CAROLS

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 7 P.M.  
ALUMNAE CHAPEL, THOMSON HALL  
WILSON COLLEGE



# *A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols*

The Christmas Vespers service has been a Wilson College tradition for over one-hundred years, bringing together members of our community for an evening of hymns, anthems, reflections, and readings to herald in the holiday season. While it has taken varied forms in its one-hundred and three year history, tonight's service is inspired by King's College's historic "Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols" from 1918. Wilson College's Christmas Vespers incorporates readings, anthems, and carols which speak across our divisions, remind us of our humanity, and inspire us to prepare our souls for the holiday season.

It is with deep appreciation from all of us here at Wilson College that we welcome you to Alumnae Chapel. My hope is that tonight serves as an enduring reminder of our profound love and care for each other, locally and globally in this turbulent time. May tonight's service encourage us to keep our candle of love and compassion burning well beyond this season of light.

–Dillon Beede, Director of Choral Activities & Chair of Music

*Out of courtesy for the performers and all in attendance, please be sure to silence your devices. Extraneous ringing, buzzing, and vibrating is disruptive to performers and other concert attendees.*

# *Order of Service*

## **Organ Prelude**

“O Come, Little Children”–Robert Thygerson  
John Angle, Organist

## **Choral Fanfare**

*\*Please stand as you are able.*  
“Come Today with Jubilant Singing”–Robert Leaf

## **Invitation and Opening Prayer**

Reverend Angela Zimmann, Ph.D.

*\*You may be seated*

## **Meditation**

Reader: Noel Purdy, Executive Director, Healthy Franklin County  
and President/Co-Founder, Franklin County Coalition for Progress

“Season of Light”–Leslie Klein

This season is ripe  
with festivity —  
ancestral rituals of joy love peace  
merge with ancient customs honoring  
a celestial pattern of solar rebirth.  
In this season of light —  
the sun commences to lengthen our days  
we remember the starlight  
guiding sages to the child  
the festival of light  
celebrates the enduring lamp oil  
illuminating a new beginning for a people.

All who gather are entwined  
in this web of winter wonder —  
light the candles incense and yule log  
the bright spirit of yearly rejoicing  
is upon us.

## **The First Lesson**

Reader: Heather Wolfe, Member, Wilson College Parents Council

“As the Wild Wind Bites”–Ben Soule

Let us hold a quiet moment together as our chalice is lit.

As the wild wind bites, so does the still flame warm us.

As the deep snows block our doors, so does the gentle flame bring us out.

As the crackling cold air stops our breath, so does the radiant flame draw

from us the words we need to give and to receive:

words of greeting, words of comfort, words of solace,

words to challenge our minds and words to bring us to action.

Let us gaze upon this our common flame,

so that we remember who we are and what we can do

when we are together.

## **Anthem**

“Winter Wind”–Douglas E. Wagner

Winter wind, soft as moonlight on new fallen snow,  
Gently blow as I roam this clear and peaceful night.  
Oh, winter wind, breathe o’er this landscape of white.

Playful wind makes tiny snowflakes dance,  
And in its wake, bare trees their branches make  
A grateful chance to see a rare ballet.

Zephyr wind whispers kindly,  
Its soothing music brings a song,  
Calling to me, blowing through me,  
Far away from home.

Winter wind, soft as moonlight on new fallen snow,  
Gently blow as I roam this clear and peaceful night.  
Oh, winter wind, breathe o’er this landscape of white.

Winter wind, carry me home.

## **The Second Lesson**

Reader: Maxine Gindelsperger '98  
Member, Wilson College Board of Trustees

“Why Not a Star”–Margaret K. Gooding

They told me that when Jesus was born a star appeared in the heavens  
above the place where the young child lay.

When I was very young I had no trouble believing wondrous things;  
I believed in the star.

It was a wonderful miracle, part of a long ago story,  
foretelling an uncommon life.

They told me a super nova appeared in the heavens  
in its dying burst of fire.

When I was older and believed in science and reason  
I believed the story of the star explained.

But I found that I was unwilling to give up the star,  
fitting symbol for the birth of one whose uncommon  
life has been long remembered.

The star explained became the star understood, for Jesus,  
for Buddha, for Zarathustra.

Why not a star? Some bright star shines somewhere in the heavens each  
time a child is born.

Who knows what it may foretell?

Who knows what uncommon life may yet again unfold,  
if we but give it a chance?

# Carol

*\*Sung by choir and congregation, those who are able please stand*  
"The First Noel"—vs. 1, 2, 4—Arr. David Willcocks

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## The First Noel

*Some Ancient Christmas Carols*  
2nd ed., 1823

THE FIRST NOWELL

*Christmas Carols*  
*Ancient and Modern, 1833*

1. The first no - el the an - gel did say was to cer - tain poor  
2. They look - ed up and saw a star shin - ing in the  
3. And by the light of that same star, three wise men  
4. This star drew nigh to the north - west; o'er Beth - le -  
5. Then en - tered in those wise men three, full rev - 'rent-

shep - herds in fields as they lay, in fields where they lay keep - ing their  
east be - yond them far; and to the earth it gave great  
came from coun - try far; to seek for a king was their in -  
hem it took its rest; and there it did both stop and  
ly up - on their knee, and of - fered there in His pres -

sheep on a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.  
light, and so it con - tin - ued both day and night.  
tent, and to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went. No - el, no -  
stay, right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.  
ence their gold and myrrh, and frank - in - cense.

el, no - el, no - el! Born is the King of Is - ra - el!

## **The Third Lesson**

Reader: Wesley R. Fugate, Ph.D., College President

“How the Grinch Stole Christmas”—Dr. Seuss

“They’re just waking up! I know just what they’ll do!”

“Their mouths will hang open a minute or two,

Then the Whos down in Whoville will all cry BooHoo!”

“That’s a noise,” grinned the Grinch, “That I simply MUST hear!”

So he paused. And the Grinch put his hand to his ear.

And he did hear a sound rising over the snow.

It started in low. Then it started to grow.

But the sound wasn’t sad! Why, this sound sounded merry!

It couldn’t be so! But it WAS merry! VERY!

He stared down at Whoville! The Grinch popped his eyes!

Then he shook! What he saw was a shocking surprise!

Every Who down in Whoville, the tall and the small,

Was singing! Without any presents at all!

He HADN’T stopped Christmas from coming! IT CAME!

Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Grinch, with his grinch-feet ice-cold in the snow,

Stood puzzling and puzzling: “How could it be so?”

“It came with out ribbons! It came without tags!”

“It came without packages, boxes or bags!”

And he puzzled three hours, till his puzzler was sore.

Then the Grinch thought of something he hadn’t before!

“Maybe Christmas,” he thought, “doesn’t come from a store.”

“Maybe Christmas...perhaps...means a little bit more!”



## **Anthem**

“Christmas Star”–John Williams

Arr. Tom Fettke & Thomas Grassi

Distant stars, at home up in the heavens.  
Wonder what they see, are they watching me?  
Christmas Star, you spin your strands of silver.  
What a sight to see, are you there to guide me?

Star light, shine bright, see me through the dark night.  
Light my pathway; guide me home for Christmas day.

Midnight stars, they sail the sky in silence.  
Hearing all they see, are they hearing me?  
Christmas Star, you watch the world so wisely;  
At my journey’s end, will you be my true friend?

Star light, shine bright, see me through the dark night.  
Light mine, half way; guide me home for Christmas day.

Christmas Star light, see me on my way.  
Light my pathway; guide me home for Christmas day.

## **The Fourth Lesson**

Reader: Jack V. Jones, President and CEO, BOPiC, Inc.

“Psalm for the Wintered Soul”—Cynthia Frado

To the Weaver of Molecules, the Spinner of Stars  
the Impulse that gives birth  
to the Universe, to the Earth,  
to Me

In the deepest, darkest night of my wintered soul  
I wrap myself in the blanket  
of my sadness and grief,  
pain and suffering,  
doubts and concerns,  
fears and questions,  
and look out from my wondering eyes  
toward the Light that  
dares to penetrate  
the layers of blindness  
that surround me.

So obscured is my vision  
because of the trials and tribulations  
of this life,  
that it is Your fractal rays of  
possibility and hope  
that I seek  
to inspire me  
to emerge from this cocoon  
that holds me.

Each luminescent ray  
of Love and Hope and Possibility  
is that catalyst which I need  
to transform my thoughts and emotions  
into fuel for that inner fire  
which will dispel the darkness of my night,  
which will help me to see  
more clearly  
the embers of love and hope and possibility  
that dwell within me.

I long to be filled  
with renewed energy and strength  
to thrust new life  
into these wings of my rebirth;  
the fragile fragments of my life  
the ingredients in the Alchemist's hand,  
creating a new energetic substance  
to course through my veins.

This womb of my becoming  
has been one of struggle and transformation.  
I was never meant to remain  
in this confinement of darkness.  
I was created to dwell  
in the Infinite Light.

To the Weaver of Molecules, the Spinner of Stars  
the Impulse that gives birth  
to the Universe, to the Earth,  
to Me

In the deepest, darkest night of my wintered soul  
I shall look thru the window of my expectant eyes  
toward the Source of my Being,  
waiting as I do  
for Your Alchemist's hand  
to create within me  
the change that is necessary  
for the season of my rebirth.

I was never meant to remain  
in this confinement of darkness.  
I was created to dwell  
in the Infinite Light.

Spring will come again,  
this I know.  
And I,  
I will be ready for my emergence and unfolding,  
that I might soar  
ever higher  
into my own Becoming,  
into the Light of my own Transcendance.

Reawakened.  
Renewed.  
Reborn.  
Amen and Blessed Be

## **Anthem**

“A Winter Night”–David Waggoner

A winter night, a winter chill,  
Wind and cold are bitter; still.  
Snowdrift high and frost below,  
Icy lane and moon and shadow.

December night, December chill,  
Wind and cold are bitter; still.  
Child is born, the angels call,  
“Peace, goodwill to all.”

In the purest white of snowfall,  
A sign of hope comes quietly.  
A rush of angel wings and voices  
Beckon all to come and see, come and see.

A winter night, a winter chill  
Wind and cold are bitter; still.  
Child is born, the angels call,  
“Peace, goodwill to all.”

## **The Fifth Lesson**

Reader: Hugh Davis '20, Ph.D.  
President and CEO, Menno Haven

“Come We Now Out of the Darkness”—Annie Foerster

Come we now out of the darkness of our unknowing  
and the dusk of our dreaming;  
Come we now from far places.  
Come we now into the twilight of our awakening  
and the reflection of our gathering.  
Come we now all together.

We bring, unilluminated, our dark caves of doubting;  
We seek, unbedazzled, the clear light of understanding.  
May the sparks of our joining kindle our resolve,  
brighten our spirits, reflect our love,  
and unshadow our days.  
Come we now; enter the dawning.

## Carol

\*Sung by choir and congregation, those who are able please stand

“O Come All Ye Faithful”–Arr. David Willcocks

### O Come, All Ye Faithful

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
2 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
3 Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this hap - py mor - ning,

come ye, O come ye to Beth - - le - hem;  
sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heaven - - a - bove;  
Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry given;

Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;  
glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the high - est;  
Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

#### Refrain

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,

O come, let us a - dore him, Christ, the Lord.

Text: Attr. John F. Wade (1711-1786);  
tr. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880)  
Tune: John F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751



Irregular  
ADESTE FIDELES  
[www.hymnary.org/text/o\\_come\\_all\\_ye\\_faithful\\_joyful\\_and\\_triumph](http://www.hymnary.org/text/o_come_all_ye_faithful_joyful_and_triumph)

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## **The Sixth Lesson**

Reader: Allen B. Coffman, President of Council,  
Borough of Chambersburg

“The Moment of Magic”–Victoria Safford

Now is the moment of magic,  
when the whole, round earth turns again toward the sun,

and here’s a blessing:  
the days will be longer and brighter now,  
even before the winter settles in to chill us.

Now is the moment of magic,  
when people beaten down and broken,  
with nothing left but misery and candles and their own clear voices,  
kindle tiny lights and whisper secret music,  
and here’s a blessing:  
the dark universe is suddenly illuminated by the lights of the menorah,  
suddenly ablaze with the lights of the kinara,  
and the whole world is glad and loud with winter singing.

Now is the moment of magic,  
when an eastern star beckons the ignorant toward an unknown goal,

and here’s a blessing:  
they find nothing in the end but an ordinary baby,  
born at midnight, born in poverty, and the baby’s cry, like bells ringing,  
makes people wonder as they wander through their lives,  
what human love might really look like,  
sound like,  
feel like.

Now is the moment of magic,  
and here’s a blessing:  
we already possess all the gifts we need;  
we’ve already received our presents:  
ears to hear music,  
eyes to behold lights,  
hands to build true peace on earth  
and to hold each other tight in love.



# Carol

“Hark the Herald Angels Sing” – Mendelssohn

*\*Sung by choir and congregation, those who are able please stand*

Arr. David Willcocks

## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley

Felix Mendelssohn

Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King: peace on earth, and  
Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the e - ver - las - ting Lord, late in time be  
Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right eous-ness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, —  
hold him come, off - spring of the Vir gin's womb: veiled in flesh the Go - dhead see; —  
all he brings, risen with heal - ing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, —

join the tri - umph of the skies; with th'an ge - lic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is — born in  
hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty, — pleased with us in flesh to dwell, Je - sus, our Im  
born that we no more may die, — born to raise us from the earth, born to — give us

Beth - le - hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry — to the new-born King."  
ma - nu - el.  
se cond birth.

## **The Seventh Lesson**

Reader: Hannah Bost '27

“Carry Each Other into the New Year”-Beth Monhollen

In this new year, may we leave behind the weight of unfulfilled  
resolutions, of unrealized dreams,  
and of unrealistic expectations.

May we unpack the heavy weight of stories that tell  
us we are unworthy and unlovable.

May we remember that we each carry inside of us  
a spark of the Divine.

In this new year, may we carry kindness, gentleness  
and hope that hold us through even the hardest days  
and the most daunting risks.

May we carry the weight of memory that reminds  
us of who we are, and the weight of spirit that  
reminds us we are still becoming.

May we carry the seed of knowledge that teaches us that improvement  
and growth aren't linear  
and individualistic but are cyclical and communal.

May we carry the wisdom to seek rest and connection,  
to lean into mutual care.

May we carry the certain belief that when we have patterns of thinking  
and behaving that harm ourselves and others, we can seek resources that  
will help us move towards healing.

May we carry the knowledge that happiness and success take many  
shapes and one of those shapes is purpose.

May we carry purpose lightly, trusting that it changes and evolves and surprises us.

May we carry curiosity, wonder, and the ability to be surprised.

This year, may we carry space for all of our flaws, all of our longings, and all of our love, remembering that the truly daring adventure of life is not to be better-better-best! but to show up wholly, authentically, lovingly as ourselves.

May we carry these prayers and carry each other into the new year.



## **Anthem**

“Bashana Haba’ah”–Nurit Hirsch

Arr. John Leavitt

Bashana haba’ah  
Neshev al hamirepeset  
V’nis por tsiporim nod’dot  
Y’ladim b’chufsha y’sachaku  
To fest ben habayit l’ven hasadot  
Od tire kama tov yiye.

Next year, when peace will come  
We shall return to simple pleasures  
Of life so long denied us.  
You will see, you will see,  
oh how good it will be, next year!

## **The Eighth Lesson**

Reader: Marianne Ngo Bapa Ba Boumtje '26

“Hope Continues”–Kevin Jagoe

When the candle dims,  
The wax almost spent  
The light turns amber like a sunset  
Still it provides light  
Still it provides heat  
Still it can kindle new flame  
And pass its glow on  
And contribute to new illumination  
When sunsets turn to new days  
When seasons transform all  
When the candle dims, all is not lost.

Hope continues, uncertain and true,  
like candlelight, ready to spark again.  
All is not lost.

## **Anthem**

“When the World was at Peace” (December 1914)

–Douglas E. Wagner

Dona nobis pacem, (grant us peace)

Bring us peace.

Bring us hope.

Bring us peace, again.

## **The Ninth Lesson**

Reader: Connor Bowers '24, President,  
Wilson College Government Association

“Now the Work of Christmas Begins” –Howard Thurman

When the song of the angels is stilled,  
when the star in the sky is gone,  
when the kings and princes are home,  
when the shepherds are back with their flocks,  
the work of Christmas begins:  
to find the lost,  
to heal the broken,  
to feed the hungry,  
to release the prisoner,  
to rebuild the nations,  
to bring peace among the people,  
to make music in the heart.

# Carol

## “Joy to the World”

*\*Sung by choir and congregation, those who are able please stand*

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## Joy to the World

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive  
2 Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns! Let all their songs  
3 No more let sins and sor - rows grow, nor thorns in - fest  
4 He rules the world with truth and grace, and makes the na -

her king; let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room,  
em - ploy, while fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
the ground; he comes to make his bless - ings flow  
tions prove the glo - ries of his righ - teous - ness

and heaven and na - ture sing, and heaven and na - ture  
re - peat the sound - ing joy, re - peat the sound - ing  
far as the curse is found, far as the curse is  
and won - ders of his love, and won - ders of his  
and heaven and na - ture sing,

and  
sing, and heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.  
joy, re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
found, far as, far as the curse is found.  
love, and won - ders, won - ders of his love.

heaven and na - ture sing,

## **Closing Prayer**

Reverend Zimmann

*\*Those who are able, please stand.*

*Response: Amen*

## **Benediction**

Reverend Zimmann

*Response: Amen*



# Carol

## “Silent Night”

*\*Sung by choir and congregation, those who are able please stand  
As the light is passed around, the choir will sing a prelude in German.  
The congregation should join in the remaining verses.*

### Silent Night, Holy Night

60

STILLE NACHT Irregular

Joseph Mohr, 1818  
Trans. John Freeman Young, 1863

Franz Xaver Gruber, 1818

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round you  
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight, Glo - ries  
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant  
4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Won - drous star, lend thy light; With the

vir - gin moth - er and child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
stream from heav - en a - far, Heav - en - ly hosts sing: "Al - le - lu - ia;  
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,  
an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to our King;

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born."  
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.  
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born.

At the conclusion of “Silent Night,” please enjoy a moment of meditation before extinguishing your candle to contemplate this season of light.

*“What is the spirit and meaning of our winter holidays and how can we live that message in the year to come?”*

## **Organ Postlude**

“How Brightly Beams the Morning Star”–Phillip Nicolai

# Acknowledgements

This event could not have happened without the hard work of many individuals and departments behind the scenes. My deep appreciation goes to Wilson College Physical Plant in preparing this beautiful space, ensuring it is well maintained, and for moving equipment in preparation for this evening. My appreciation also goes to our Marketing and Communications team who have spent months with me in conversation to coordinate the event. Finally, my appreciation goes to all of you who are here this evening, who support the Arts, and continue to support the dedicated students, faculty, and staff at Wilson College.

Wishing you all a blessed season and all the best in the New Year.

-Dillon Beede

## **Music Personnel**

Reagan Bush '24

Loudon Bricker, Community Member

John Compton, Community Member

Erin Gohegan '26

Steve Keefer, Community Member

Debra Kennedy, Community Member

Gabby Lee, Staff

Emma McDowell, Community Member

Molly Proctor '27

Emily Reeder '26

Jessica Reynolds, Community Member

Emile Taylor '26

Bethany Toms '27

Ryan Torres '26

Chelsea Zimmann '26

Diana Reinert, Pianist

John Angle, Organist

Jessica Reynolds, Guest Director

Dillon Beede, Director

## **Readers**

Noel Purdy

Heather Wolfe

Maxine Gindelsperger '98

Wesley R. Fugate, Ph.D.

Jack V. Jones

Hugh Davis '20, Ph.D.

Allen B. Coffman

Hannah Bost '27

Marianne Ngo Bapa Ba Boumtje '26

Connor Bowers '24

## **Reverend**

Angela Zimmann, Ph.D.

## **Stewards**

Mike Bowers, Co-Chair, Wilson College Parents Council

Nic Wolfe, Member, Wilson College Parents Council

## **Special Thanks**

Jennifer Cisney, Associate Director of Digital Advertising  
and Marketing

Office of Marketing and Communications

## **Administration**

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Katherine Buck, Vice President for Student Development  
Brian Ecker, Vice President for Finance and Administration  
Elissa Heil, Ph.D., Vice President for Academic Affairs  
and Dean of the Faculty  
Cassandra Latimer, Vice President for Marketing,  
Communications, and Strategic Initiatives  
William Sommers, Vice President for Enrollment Management  
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for Institutional Advancement

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# SAVE THE DATE

# theARTS

AT WILSON COLLEGE /// artsfest /// april 1-6, 2024



Join us for a week of remarkable art from the Wilson community.  
This year's theme is ART IS...TRANSFORMATION.



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