

**MUSIC AT CHRIST CHURCH ANDOVER**  
**FOURTH ANNUAL MARIE STULTZ LEGACY CONCERT**  
**Sunday, May 31, 2026 at 3:00 p.m.**

**TO MUSIC: LESSONS FROM MARIE**

**Marcus DeLoach, baritone/composer**  
**Grant Loehnig, piano**  
**Anney Barrett, soprano**  
**Omar Najmi, tenor/composer**  
**Barbara Bruns, piano/conductor**  
**Terry Morgan, conductor**  
**The Parish Choir of Christ Church**

*An die Musik*

Schubert arr. Courtney/Bruns

The Parish Choir, Ms. Morgan & Ms. Bruns

*Anney Barrett, Michael Barrett, Gaby Browne, Andrew DeLollis, Don DeLollis,  
Rita DeLollis, Liz Fortino, Ron Fortino, Dee Goyette, Rosemary Hewett, Erica Kenney,  
Mary Ann Lennon, Bobbie McGuire, Don Miller, Terry Morgan, Mark Peterson,  
Jane Roberts, Daniel Schenk, Jane Van Zandt*

*Music for a While*

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) /  
arr. Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

Mr. DeLoach & Mr. Loehnig

*O Mistress Mine*

Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

*Crabbed Age and Youth*

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

*Orpheus with his Lute*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

*It Was a Lover and his Lass*

Geoffrey Bush (1920-1998)

Mr. DeLoach & Mr. Loehnig

*Religious Leanings I*

Marcus DeLoach (b. 1974)

Mr. Najmi & Mr. Loehnig

*Love after Love*

Marcus DeLoach

Ms. Barrett & Ms. Bruns

*The Lord Is My Shepherd*

Marcus DeLoach

The Parish Choir, Mr. Loehnig & Ms. Bruns

*Morning Poems*

Marcus DeLoach

1. *Why We Don't Die*
2. *The Resemblance Between Your Life and a Dog*
3. *Wounding Others*
4. *People Like Us*

Mr. DeLoach & Mr. Loehnig

*The Light Remained*

Omar Najmi (b. 1987)

3. *The Light Remained*
4. *We Clasped Hands*
5. *A Wedding*

Mr. Najmi & Mr. Loehnig

*Litany*

Scott Wheeler (b. 1952)

Mr. DeLoach & Mr. Loehnig

*A Box at the Opera* (premiere)

Marcus DeLoach

Mr. DeLoach & Mr. Loehnig

*Craiglistlieder*

Gabriel Kahane (b. 1981)

- I. *You Looked Sexy*
- VI. *For Trade*
- VII. *Two Years Ago, My Sister and I...*
- IV. *Neurotic and Lonely*

Mr. DeLoach & Mr. Loehnig

***You are cordially invited to a reception in the Parish Hall.***

## TEXTS

***An die Musik***

Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,  
Ein süsßer, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

***To Music***

Richard Wigmore, translation

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,  
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,  
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,  
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,  
a sweet, celestial chord  
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.  
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

***Music for a While***

John Dryden

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain'g to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

***O Mistress Mine***

William Shakespeare

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low.  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting.  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.  
What is love, 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come, is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

***Crabbed Age and Youth***

William Shakespeare

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care,  
Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame,  
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee, Youth, I do adore thee,  
O my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee. O sweet Shepherd, hie thee:  
For me thinks thou stay'st too long.

***Orpheus with his Lute***

William Shakespeare

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music, plants and flowers

Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

***It was a Lover and his Lass***

William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
And therefore, take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
For love is crownèd with the prime,  
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

***Religious Leanings 1***

E. E. Cummings

i thank You God for most this amazing  
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees  
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything  
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,  
and this is the sun's birthday;this is the birth  
day of life and of love and wings;and of the gay  
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing  
breathing any—lifted from the no  
of all nothing—human merely being  
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and  
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

***Love after Love***

Derek Walcott

The time will come  
when, with elation,  
you will greet yourself arriving  
at your own door, in your own mirror,  
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.  
You will love again the stranger who was your self.  
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored  
for another, who knows you by heart.  
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,  
peel your own image from the mirror.  
Sit. Feast on your life.

***The Lord Is My Shepherd***

Psalm 23 (*King James Version*)

The Lord is my shepherd;  
I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
he leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul;  
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil;  
for thou art with me;  
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;  
thou annointest my head with oil;  
my cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,  
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

***MORNING POEMS***

***Why We Don't Die***

Robert Bly

In late September many voices  
Tell you you will die.  
That leaf says it. That coolness.  
All of them are right.

Our many souls—what  
Can they do about it?  
Nothing. They're already  
Part of the invisible.

Our souls have been  
Longing to go home  
Anyway. "It's late," they say.  
"Lock the door, let's go."

The body doesn't agree. It says,  
"We buried a little iron  
Ball under that tree.  
Let's go get it."

### ***The Resemblance Between Your Life and a Dog***

Robert Bly

I never intended to have this life, believe me—  
It just happened. You know how dogs turn up  
At a farm, and they wag but can't explain.

It's good if you can accept your life—you'll notice  
Your face has become deranged trying to adjust  
To it. Your face thought your life would look

Like your bedroom mirror when you were ten.  
That was clear river touched by mountain wind.  
Even your parents can't believe how much you've changed.

Sparrows in winter, if you've ever held one, all feathers,  
Burst out of your hand with a fiery glee.  
You see them later in hedges. Teachers praise you,

But you can't quite get back to the winter sparrow.  
Your life is a dog. He's been hungry for miles,  
Doesn't particularly like you, but gives up, and comes in.

### ***Wounding Others***

Robert Bly

Well I do it, and it's done.  
And it can't be taken back.  
There's a wound in my chest  
Where I wounded others.

But it will knit, or heal, in time.  
That's what you say.  
And some that I wounded  
Claim: "I am the better for it."

Was it truth-telling or  
A thin man with a knife?  
The wound will close, or heal  
In time. That's what you say.

***People Like Us***

Robert Bly  
*For James Wright*

There are more like us. All over the world  
There are confused people, who can't remember  
The name of their dog when they wake up, and people  
Who love God but can't remember where

He was when they went to sleep. It's  
All right. The world cleanses itself this way.  
A wrong number occurs to you in the middle  
Of the night, you dial it, it rings just in time

To save the house. And the second-story man  
Gets the wrong address, where the insomniac lives,  
And he's lonely, and they talk, and the thief  
Goes back to college. Even in graduate school,

You can wander into the wrong classroom,  
And hear great poems lovingly spoken  
By the wrong professor. And you find your soul,  
And greatness has a defender, and even in death you're safe.

***THE LIGHT REMAINED***

***The Light Remained***

Omar Najmi

No, I did not understand:  
We are not fire  
That breathes up the air  
And ravenously bites through paper

He kissed me by the waterfall –  
We are not fire.

No, we are light  
Instantaneous and everywhere  
Ancient and eternal  
Reaching to the ends of the Universe

So that when we left the waterfall  
The light remained  
And through it I saw  
The entire world

***We Clasped Hands***

Omar Najmi

We clasped hands under the blanket  
Secretly, we thought  
With the electricity of confession  
We clasped hands

It's a curious thought:  
For everyone, there is a moment  
When you touch the last person  
Whose body you will ever know

And I did not realize until today  
That the moment (likely) came for me  
– twelve years ago –  
With that most virginal of gestures

For him, I was the first  
And (likely) last  
Does he wonder what other hands  
He might have known, before  
We clasped hands under the blanket?

### *A Wedding*

Omar Najmi

We walked by the sea, under a deep blue sky  
The morning that my Nana died

A perfect August day  
Shock clear from horizon to horizon  
Just before the cusp of Autumn  
Came to steal the blue away

He took my picture on the rocks  
Beaming, weightless

The morning that my Nana...  
The morning after a wedding  
That would have been illegal  
Scarcely a decade before

### *Litany*

Billy Collins

You are the bread and the knife,  
the crystal goblet and the wine.  
You are the dew on the morning grass  
and the burning wheel of the sun.  
You are the white apron of the baker  
and the marsh birds suddenly in flight.

However, you are not the wind in the orchard,  
the plums on the counter,  
or the house of cards.  
And you are certainly not the pine-scented air.  
There is just no way you are the pine-scented air.

It is possible that you are the fish under the bridge,  
maybe even the pigeon on the general's head,  
but you are not even close  
to being the field of cornflowers at dusk.

And a quick look in the mirror will show  
that you are neither the boots in the corner  
nor the boat asleep in its boathouse.

It might interest you to know,  
speaking of the plentiful imagery of the world,  
that I am the sound of rain on the roof.

I also happen to be the shooting star,  
the evening paper blowing down an alley,  
and the basket of chestnuts on the kitchen table.

I am also the moon in the trees  
and the blind woman's tea cup.  
But don't worry, I am not the bread and the knife.  
You are still the bread and the knife.  
You will always be the bread and the knife,  
not to mention the crystal goblet and—somehow—  
the wine.

### ***A Box at the Opera***

Howard Moss

*For William Meredith*

Into some country where sopranos  
Beautifully rage and range, arranging  
Echoes beyond the score's intention,  
I watched you travel. All was hung there:  
Ourselves buoyed up in a box by darkness,  
The faint oval glitter across the theatre,  
The stage suspended in a gilt rectangle.

Who is to know when music's angel  
Arrests its flight and, whirring downward,  
Stops to undo its gold illusion?  
The music lovers gather at the bar,  
The chandeliers assume their mimic brilliance,  
The prompter disappears below the stage.

There must be something in old age  
That seems like this: a theatre filled  
With all that might and could not happen,  
More an intermission than an ending.  
The audience about to leave its seats,  
The actors about to become less real.

And there is someone much too real,  
Suffering somewhere in a theatre,  
Unknown to the audience or performers,  
Whose heart is about to break or stop,  
Whose mind is about to close on music,  
Whose eyes are about to close on love,

Whose single tear might cancel magic  
(Even the magic about that tear),

The marble stairs be brimmed with panic,  
The angel dead who brought the music,  
And, out in the lobby, a white silk scarf  
Whirl in the wind like a lost love.

### From *Craigslustlieder*

#### I. You Looked Sexy

You looked sexy even though you were having a seizure. It was in the hair care section of the Vancouver Walgreens. I was the guy in the blue shirt holding your legs while that old man put his wallet in your mouth. Let's get together when you're feeling a little less woozy.

#### VI. For Trade

I have one pair of slightly used assless chaps, size 42. Perfect condition, barely noticeable stickiness. Will trade for Spider-Man comics or equivalent.

#### VII. Two Years Ago, My Sister and I...

Two years ago, my sister and I went from New York to Catskills. Somewhere up there at one of those stands (as it was Fall and there were pumpkins out) we pulled over and bought some stuff. One of the things we bought was a kind of sandwich relish. It was super spicy. There was nothing like it in the grocery stores (I know because I always look) yet I don't know what it was because some dipshit threw out my bottle of it. You know those chopped up red peppers people put on sandwiches? It was kind of like that but so much more. If anyone knows what I am talking about, please tell me. It is driving me crazy.

#### IV. Neurotic and Lonely

average height, brown eyes (slightly disproportionate), brown curly hair (jewfro),  
20 y/o, slightly hunched, occasionally employed anthropologist, chain-smoking jew, currently living with parents, off from school to deal with emotional problems (medicated), seeks gorgeous artsy genius woman interested in philosophical discourse, making out, television, woody allen movies, thelonious monk, the nazis, chinese food, thomas pynchon, digestive disorders. must enjoy video games. must own a video game system. (my parents refuse to buy one for me) no ugg boots. no long island.

## THE ARTISTS

Baritone **Marcus DeLoach** has been hailed by The New York Times as "a fine baritone who puts words across with clarity and naturalness." A leading performer of contemporary vocal music today, he has established himself in the areas of opera, concert, and cross-over.

DeLoach received critical acclaim for his creation of the roles of Senator Joseph McCarthy in Gregory Spears' *Fellow Travelers* at Cincinnati Opera and the Minister in Missy Mazzoli's *Breaking the Waves* at Opera Philadelphia. He was hailed as "powerfully convincing" in his Opera Ireland (Dublin) debut as Joseph De Rocher in *Dead Man Walking* and received additional acclaim for his portrayal of Jean in Philippe Boesmans' *Julie* at Teatro Comunale di Bolzano. His work in modern opera has included principal roles at Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opera Philadelphia, PROTOTYPE, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, New York City Opera, and Seattle Opera where he has been heard in the works of Heggie, Higdon, Mazzoli, Hoiby, Schoenfield, Spears, and Wheeler. In 2026, he will reprise the role of Joseph McCarthy in *Fellow Travelers* at Seattle Opera, Portland Opera, and San Diego Opera.

As a principal artist of New York City Opera, he sang the roles of Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Satyr and Cithéron in *Platée*, Slim in *Of Mice and Men*, Don Alvaro in *Il viaggio a Reims*, Schaunard in *La bohème*, and many others. He has also appeared in leading roles with Arizona Opera, Bard Summerscape Festival, Boston Lyric Opera, Central City Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Kentucky Opera, Lyric Opera of Kansas City, Nashville Opera, On Site Opera, Opera Santa Barbara, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Portland Opera, San Diego Opera, Syracuse Opera, Tulsa Opera, Utah Opera, Wichita Grand Opera, and others.

An acclaimed recitalist, he was the first-place winner of London's inaugural Wigmore Hall International Song Competition. Of his singing, Hilary Finch of The London Times wrote, "A well-groomed voice, a flair for programme shaping, a fervent desire to communicate, and, above all, that elusive fusion of instinct and understanding which sparks a quality of imagination transcending mere accomplishment." His recital engagements have included regular appearances with The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and The Marilyn Horne Foundation, and he has toured nationally singing lead vocals with the acclaimed rock group Trans-Siberian Orchestra for their rock opera *Christmas Eve and Other Stories*, which included Madison Square Garden and the Fleet Center, performing for an estimated audience of a quarter million.

DeLoach holds both Bachelor and Master of Music degrees in Voice Performance from The Juilliard School and a Doctorate of Musical Arts from Rice University's Shepherd School of Music. He has also attended The Britten-Pears School, New England Conservatory, and The Music Academy of the West. The Opera Index, Albanese-Puccini, Rosa Ponselle, Liederkrantz, and George London Foundations, the Young Concert Artists International, The National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts, Metropolitan Opera National Council, and The Gaddes Fund have all honored him for his outstanding achievements and artistry.

Pianist and vocal coach **Grant Loehnig** serves as Head of Music Staff at Opera Philadelphia and is a Master Opera Coach on the faculty of the Curtis Institute of Music. He has worked regularly on the music staffs of Lyric Opera of Chicago, Aspen Opera Theater, Spoleto Festival USA, Festival Napa Valley, and Wolf Trap Opera. He also frequently serves as a judge for the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions.

His recital credits include collaborations with Anthony Roth Costanzo, Morris Robinson, Paul Groves, John Holiday, Will Liverman, Lawrence Brownlee, Marcus DeLoach, and the dance company BalletX. Recordings include a premiere recording of songs of Carlisle Floyd with Susanne Mentzer, art songs of Karim Al-Zand, the premiere recording of David Hertzberg's opera *The Wake World*, and the premiere of Tyshawn Sorey's *Save the Boys*, written expressly for countertenor John Holiday and Grant.

For over ten years Grant served as Head of Music Staff for Wolf Trap Opera, where he also served as a recitalist and chorus master. He prepared the chorus and small roles for Houston Symphony's performances of *Wozzeck*, awarded the 2018 Grammy Award for Best Opera Recording.

Grant is a graduate of Macalester College, Manhattan School of Music, Houston Grand Opera Studio, Music Academy of the West, and San Francisco Opera's Merola Program. Before joining the Curtis Institute faculty, he served on the Opera Studies faculty of Rice University in Houston.

GRAMMY-nominated artist **Omar Najmi** splits his time between composition and performance, maintaining a busy schedule as an operatic tenor. His upcoming season includes several role and company debuts: Darius Shah in the world-premiere of *The Many Deaths of Laila Starr* at Minnesota Opera, Jack Worthing in *The Importance of Being Earnest* at Chicago Opera Theater, Ferdinand in the world-premiere of *The Tempest* at Teatro Grattacielo, and Narraboth in *Salome* with Kentucky Opera. Recent engagements include Peter Quint in *The Turn of the Screw* at the Spoleto Festival, Simon in the world-premiere of *Adoration* with Beth Morrison Projects and LA Opera, Arbace in *Idomeneo* with Boston Baroque, Prince Kodanda in *The Last Savage* with Odyssey Opera, and Handel's *Messiah* with Boston Baroque and the Seattle Symphony. Najmi enjoys a close relationship with Boston Lyric Opera, where he began his career as an Emerging Artist, and where he has performed over 15 roles including Enoch Snow in *Carousel*, Valcour in *The Anonymous Lover*, and Vanya Kudrjas in *Katya Kabanova*.

Najmi was a GRAMMY nominee in 2026 for his role in Mary Kouyoumdjian's *Adoration* (nominated for Best Opera Recording), and in 2025 as a lead vocalist in Danaë Xanthe Vlasse's album *Mythologies II* (nominated for Best Classical Compendium). In 2025, Najmi and his husband - pianist Brendon Shapiro - released their debut album *Transformations*, featuring works by Gerald Finzi, Ernest Chausson, Robert Schumann, and some of Najmi's original songs.

As a composer, Najmi was a 2025 member of Washington National Opera's American Opera Initiative, through which his and librettist Christine Evans' opera *Mud Girl* received its premiere at the Kennedy Center. He was a 2023 finalist in Atlanta Opera's *96-Hour Opera Project*, culminating in the commission and premiere of his and librettist Catherine Yu's opera *The Portrait*. In 2020, Najmi served as Boston Lyric Opera's first ever Emerging Composer in Residence. He collaborated with Boston youth poet laureate Alondra Bobadilla on the song cycle *my name is Alondra*, which premiered in 2021. He has additionally had works commissioned by White Snake Projects, Juventas New Music Ensemble, Emmanuel Music, and City Lyric Opera. In 2022, Najmi, Shapiro, and director Katy Early founded Catalyst New Music, a Boston-based nonprofit dedicated to commissioning, developing, and producing new works. That same year, Catalyst presented the concert premiere of Najmi's second full length opera *This Is Not That Dawn*, set during the 1947 Partition of India.

Soprano **Anney Barrett** holds a BA in Great Books from the University of Notre Dame, an MM in Vocal Performance from the Longy School of Music, and an MA in Mental Health Counseling from Lesley University. She co-founded and was principal arranger/composer for the professional quartet Anthology, performing folk, vocal jazz, and world music throughout the greater Boston area. She has performed with Cambridge Concentus, Labyrinth Choir, Schola Cantorum of Boston, The Boston Cecilia, Convivium Musicum, the Boston Concerto Soloists, Boston Composers' Coalition, and the Boston Modern Orchestra Project. A committed ensemble singer, she has been the soprano soloist and section leader at Christ Church Andover since 2006 and has worked with individuals and groups toward more healthy, musical, and joyful singing for more than 20 years. Anney lives in a 250 year old house in Methuen, MA with husband Michael Barrett and their two young and exuberant children. Currently she works as a psychotherapist specializing in perinatal mental health.

## REMEMBERING MARIE STULTZ



Marie Irene Schmidt Stultz (1945-2017), composer, conductor, author, and music educator, was devoted to developing vocal and choral excellence in the young singers and choirs she worked with. As a sought-after music educator and choral clinician, she was particularly known for her expertise in choral literature. In 1975, she founded the Treble Chorus of New England and was its Artistic Director until 2004. In 2005, she founded The Young Opera Company of New England and was its Artistic Director until her death. She led two European trips with the Treble Chorus of New England that included memorable performances in Leipzig, Germany, St. Martin-in-the-Fields and Herrod's in London, and Chester Cathedral, England.

For over 30 years, Marie was the choral consultant at Spectrum Music in Lexington, MA. Since 1991, she wrote new-release reviews for their monthly newsletter, *The Choral Room*.

In the 1970s, she taught elementary music in the Burlington and Wilmington public schools. From 1973-1986, she served as Children's Choir Director at Old North Church in Marblehead, MA, and instituted the Marblehead Walk Concert Series. She was the conductor of the North Reading Choral Society from 1976-1985. More recently, she directed choirs in Lynnfield, MA at the Centre Congregational Church and Good Shepherd Lutheran Church.

Marie is the author of several books on the treble voice including *Innocent Sounds ~ Building Choral Tone and Artistry in Your Children's Choir ~ A Personal Journey*; *Sacred Music for the Treble Voice* and *Choral Excellence for Treble Voices: A Comprehensive Guide to the Finest Choral Literature*. She was the editor of *The Treble Chorus of New England Sacred and Secular Choral Series*, published by MorningStar. A prolific composer and arranger, Marie had her works

premiered by many music organizations throughout the United States and Europe. Notable published works are *Ode to Shelley*, *Song of Solomon*, *Suite on the Nativity*, *Song of Jubilation*, *Horseshoe Nail*, *The Man in the Moon*, *Hail the Blest Morn!* and *I Will Extol You O God*. Numerous unpublished works include chamber music, song cycles, plays, musicals, stories, operettas and opera adaptations. Her final composition before her death was *O Music, Sweet Music* for Treble Voices and Organ which received its world premiere at Christ Church, Andover on November 20, 2016.

Marie had memberships in various organizations including ACDA (American Choral Directors Association), MENC (Music Educators National Conference), AGO (American Guild of Organists), Choristers Guild, and Rotary Club of Andover, MA. She received awards and citations from the State Senate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (1996 & 2005), a Teacher Recognition Award from the US Department of Education (2002), and a Lifetime Achievement Award from Methuen Memorial Music Hall (2005). She was a Paul Harris Fellow of The Rotary Foundation of Rotary International.

Marie was born in San Antonio, Texas on April 13, 1945. She was raised in Iola, Kansas and attended Southern Methodist University where she earned her Bachelor of Music Education degree in voice and Master of Music degree in music history. While studying at SMU, she met her future husband, Richard Stultz. They were married in 1973 and collaborated musically for 25 years until their divorce in 1998. Marie lived in North Reading, MA from 1976-2015 where she had a private voice studio and taught hundreds of young singers, leaving a lasting legacy.

*We acknowledge with deep gratitude...*

## **FRIENDS OF MUSIC AT CHRIST CHURCH ANDOVER**

### ***Benefactor***

Brandon Bigelow and Tracey Blueman  
Ed Bogusz in Memory of Marie Stultz and Trudy Bogusz  
Don & Rita DeLollis, Jim & Jo Anne McConaughy  
Donald B. Miller, Daniel & Maria Shirai da Costa

### ***Patron***

Anonymous, Paricia M. Ashton in Memory of David Moore  
David Baxter & Diane Hodun in Memory of David Moore  
William & Barbara Bruns, Ron & Liz Fortino in Memory of David Moore  
Dr. & Mrs. Pardon R. Kenney in Memory of Robert & Maywood Kenney  
and Kenneth & Brita Marsland  
David Marshall & Dominic Wolocko, Herb & Ginny Oedel  
Christa Rakich & Janis Milroy in Honor of Barbara A. Bruns  
Daniel Waters in Memory of Penny Pilzer

### ***Sustainer***

Bobbie McGuire & Robert Brown  
Janice Lee Parent in Memory of Janice B. Parent & Alex Monius, John & Jane Roberts  
John & Carolyn Skelton in Memory of The Reverend Susan Russell

### ***Sponsor***

Gabriella Browne & John A. Nissenbaum, Rick & Jane Cardoso in Memory of Randy Humphries  
Julie Curtis in Memory of Patricia, Phillip & Peter Curtis  
Paul & Barbara Dundin in Memory of Frank & Ann Lander  
Lelie Frost in Memory of Norman Frost, Keith Glavash & Marylène Altieri  
Diane Hinzelman, Rowena Hodges  
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