



OUR HOPE
OUR LEGACY

50 YEARS OF SONG

2020

ROBBINSDALE HIGH SCHOOL CHOIRS

DIRECTORS: STEPHANIE TRUMP AND TONY RANGEL

ACCOMPANIST: STEVE SWANSON

Cantori

Hope is the Thing with Feathers

Susan LaBarr

*Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words,
And never stops at all,
And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.
I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.*

Emily Dickinson - 1830-1886

HOPE through relationships

Concert Choir

In Meeting We Are Blessed

Troy Robertson

*We are met together and in meeting we are blessed.
Peace in coming and in going, peace in labor and in rest.
Hold on dear brother! Hold on dear sister! Hold on to me.
You are not alone and you never more will be.
I will be with you and I will carry you with me.
Friendship endures, surely we will prove it's not ourselves, but our bodies that move.*

Based on John Dunne

Chamber Singers

Good Night, Dear Heart

Dan Forrest

*Warm summer sun, Shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind, Blow softly here,
Green sod above, Lie light.
Good night dear heart, Good night.*

Robert Richardson and Mark Twain

Butterfly

arr. Mia Makaroff and Anna-Mari Kahara

*Sweet is the sound of my newborn wings, I stretch them open and let them dry.
I haven't seen this world before but I'm excused, I'm a butterfly.
Sweet is the touch of your newborn wings, we fly in circles, we play with the sun.
We haven't seen this world before, so fair, so bright, so blue the sky.
Love me, love me on the leaves before we say goodbye.
Love me, kiss me with the breeze, you will be my lullaby. Tomorrow I'll die.
Sweet is the wind as it gently blows the day away and the night time comes.
Great are the wonders that silence shows, I fall asleep and I dream of the sun and my butterfly.*

HOPE through our per-

The Year's at the Spring

Eric Barnum

*The year's at the spring And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven; The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven— All's right with the world!*

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

The Gift to be Simple

Traditional Shaker Tune

arr. Bob Chilcott

*'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free, 'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
and when we find ourselves in a place just right, 'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.
When true simplicity is gained, to bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed,
to turn will be our delight till by turning we come round right.*

Cantori

No One is Alone

From Into the Woods

Stephen Sondheim/arr. Brymer

*Mother can not guide you. Now you're on your own.
Only me beside you. Still, you're not alone.
No one is alone, truly. No one is alone.
Sometimes people leave you halfway through the wood.
Others may deceive you, you decide what's good.
You decide alone. But no one is alone.
Mother isn't here now. Who knows what she'd say.
Nothing's quite so clear now. Feel you've lost your way?
You move just a finger. Say the slightest word.
Something's bound to linger.
No acts alone. Careful. No one is alone.
People make mistakes. Holding to their own. Thinking they're alone.
Honor their mistakes. Fight for their mistakes.
Witches can be right, giants can be good.
You decide what's right. You decide what's good.
Just remember someone is on your side. Someone else is not.
While we're seeing our side, maybe we forgot.
They are not alone. No one is alone
Hard to see the light now. Just don't let it go
Things will come out right now. We can make it so
Someone is on your side. No one is alone*

Concert Choir

The Human Heart

Eric Barnun

*O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither; Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore, and hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.*
William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Hope Lingers On

Andrea Ramsey

*My mother, when love is gone, in our darkest hour hope lingers on,
My father, when peace is gone, in our darkest hour hope lingers on,
I will not hate, and I will not fear, in our darkest hour hope lingers here.
My sister, when equality's gone, in our darkest hour hope lingers on,
My brother, with tolerance gone, in our darkest hour hope lingers on,
My love, when honor is gone, in our darkest hour hope lingers on,
My country, when justice is gone, in our darkest hour hope lingers on,
I will not hate, and I will not fear, in our darkest hour hope lingers here.*

Choose Something Like a Star

Randall Thompson

*O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud—
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.
Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says, 'I burn.'
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.*

*Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.
It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.*

Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Chamber Singers

Il Bianco e dolce cigno

Orazio Vecchi

*The white and sweet swan dies singing, and I, weeping, reach the end of my life.
Strange and different fate that he dies disconsolate and I die a blessed death,
which in dying fills me full of joy and desire.
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain, I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.*

HOPE from the inside

Cantori

Letter from a Girl to the World

Andrea Ramsey

*In my heart there are hopes and dreams and all different beautiful things.
In my heart there's a sunrise glowing and a warmth that holds me there
And I think in the clouds that roll across the sky,
in the clean smell of the rain and the colors of the fall
And it makes me happy And I wish that others saw it too.
If you love your children are you sure they know?
Have you said the words out loud? We want to hear them.
Are you listening with your heart when they're sharing theirs?
Have you given us a chance to make you proud?
Do you know who I am? Do you really know?
'Cause you can't tell from looking at me
that underneath all this happiness inside there's a part of me nobody sees.
I wonder who I am. I wonder who I'll be.
What will my life become? There are just so many questions inside me;
Am I good enough? Am I pretty enough? Can I learn not to care what others think?
Can I make a difference in someone else's life, and can others see the love in me?*

Adapted from writings of 7th and 8th grade treble singers

Never One Thing

Corie Brown

*I'm the underbelly, I am the claw, never one thing, no, not one thing at all.
I'm a street fighter, I'm a prayer for peace, I'm a holy roller, I'm a honey bee.
I am the truth, I am the lie, I am the ground, I am the sky.
I am the silence, I am the call, never one thing, no, not one thing at all.
I am hope, I am defeat, I am broken, I am complete.
I am the grace, I am the fall, never one thing, no, not one thing at all.
I am the beggar, I am the queen, I am the end, I am the means.
I am the hammer, I am the wall, never one thing, no, not one thing at all.
I am a victor, I am the loss, I am a profit, I am a cost.
I am the salve, I am the sting, never, no, never, no, never one thing.
I am a mother, I am the child, I am the meetk, I am the wild.
I am the witch, I am a saint, I am alive, never one thing.
I am the lion, I am the swan, I am the bull, I am the fawn.
I am a woman, I am the ring, I am my own, never one thing.*

Composer Features on HOPE

Songbird

Sarah Quartel, Canada & Part Uusberg, Estonia

Sarah Quartel

*I am a Songbird; I will sing anything. Give me a tune, I will spin you gold.
Closer you come to the Songbird weaving, stronger the thread of the music's hold.
Feel in the breeze a breath, a soaring song to you, and hear me say: I am a Songbird; I will sing anything.
Follow the breeze and come my way, come my way!
One little bird on a branch sits fanning amber wings to the passersby.
Two little birds in flight are threading webs of gold in an endless sky.
Three little birds with brushes painting moonlit sighs in the height of day.
Four little birds with voices gleaming breath to the wind singing 'come my way!'
Sing little bird so sweetly. Drown my fears completely.
Five little birds with feathers fluffing stretch and spread in the midday sun.
Six little birds are cooing, humming, drawing the eyes of everyone.
Seven little birds in fountains splashing. Droplets soar, they fawn and play.
Eight little birds raise voices higher, breath to the wind singing, 'come my way!'
Fly, little Songbirds, to the horizon. Land meets sky and sky meets sea.
Dance, little Songbirds, flick your feathers, move the current, carry me!
Sing, little Songbirds, call to your lovers. Draw them in completely. You, little Songbirds, you
can sing anything. I follow the wind and I come your way!*

Mis on inimene?
Estonian

Part Uusberg

*What is human?
The shadow of an angel?
Or a cry of yearning towards a union of souls?
Take care, then you are cared for*

The Birds' Lullaby

Sarah Quartel

*Sing to us, cedars; the twilight is creeping
With shadowy garments, the wilderness through;
All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping, So echo the anthems we warbled to you;
While we swing, And you branches sing, And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.
Sing to us now, nightwind sighing, wooing, pleading, to hear you reply;
And here in your arms we are lying, we are restfully lying, and longing to ream to your soft lullaby;
Sing to us, cedars; your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing soft fragrant, your branches so strong;
Our little nest cradles are swaying, so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song.*

E. Pauline Johnson (1861-1913)

*Sing for the promise in each new morning. Sing for the hope in a new day dawning.
All around is beauty bright! Wake in the morning and sing, my child.
Dance in the joy of the day unfolding. Dance as you work and dance as you're learning.
All around is beauty bright! Take in the day and dance, my child.
But when troubles come and worry is all that can be found,
Gather your strength and hear your voice. Sing, my child.
Laugh in the cool and the fresh of the evening. Laugh in your triumph, laugh in succeeding.
All around is beauty bright! Rest in the evening and laugh, my child.
Peace in the stillness and dark of the night. Peace in the dreams of your silent delights.
All around is beauty bright! Sleep in the night and peace, my child.*

*Somewhere the original harmony must exist,
hidden somewhere in the vast wilds.
In Earth's mighty firmament,
in the far reaches of swirling galaxies,
in sunshine,
in a little flower, in the song of a forest,
in the music of a mother's voice,
or in teardrops –
somewhere, immortality endures,
and the original harmony will be found.
How else could it have formed
in human hearts –
music?*

*There's part of my story, there's part of my song, There's part of my journey that's yet to be
found.
With life all around us and so much to see, Adventure is calling, It's calling to me.
Out in the wide open spaces around me.
With big sky above me, I'm on my way, Scanning the horizon of a brand new day.
Feet to the earth now, there's no turning back. Into the world now, look at me go!
Out in the wide open spaces around me.
But as I journey out I look within and see The spaces inside of me yet to be filled,
Filled with what I have seen and what I will be. Oh!
I'm filling the wide open spaces inside of me With something I love, something I would like to
be!*

HOPE through history and faith

Cantori

By the Rivers of Babylon

Susan Brumfield

By the rivers of Babylon, Where we sat down, And there we wept, As we remembered Zion.
For the wicked carried us away; Captivity, required of us a song.
How can we sing our Lord God's song in a strange land?
So let the words of my mouth, And the meditations of my heart Be acceptable in Thy sight, Oh, my Lord.
Let the words that I say, Ev'ry song I sing, Ev'ry prayer I pray, Oh, my Lord. Amen.

Psalm 137 & Psalm 19

Diva Voce

Rise, My Soul

Susan LaBarr

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward Heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven.

Robert Seagrave (1693-1759)

Concert Choir

The Battle of Jericho
Traditional Spiritual

Moses Hogan

Joshua fought the Battle of Jericho and the wall came tumblin' down.
Talk about your kings of Gideon, talk about your men of Saul,
but none like good old Joshua at the Battle of Jericho.
Right up to the walls of Jericho, he marched with spear in hand,
"Go blow that ramhorn!" Joshua cried. 'Cause the battle is in my hand.
God almighty, then the lamb, ram, sheep horns begin to blow and the trumpet begins to sound.
Joshua commanded the children to shout! And the walls come a tumblin' down.

Dance in the Graveyards

arr. Justin Havard

*When I die I don't wanna rest in peace. I wanna dance in joy! I wanna dance in the graveyards.
And while I'm alive I don't wanna be alone mourning the ones who came before.*

I wanna dance with them some more. Let's dance in the graveyards!

*Gloria, like some other name we kept on calling ya and
waiting for change but I belong to all of your mysteries.*

*All of us are meant for the fire and we keep rising up and walking the wires
so when we go below don't lose us in mourning.*

*Oh my love! Don't cry when I'm gone. I will lift you up the air in your lungs
And when you reach for me, dance in the darkness!*

And we will walk beyond our daughters and sons!

They will carry on like when we were young and we will stand beside, and breathe in the new life!

'll Be On My Way

Shawn Kirchner

When I am gone, don't you cry for me, don't you pity my sorry soul.

What pain there might have been will now be past and my spirit will be whole.

I'll be on my way, I'll have left my feet of clay upon the ground, I will be glory found, I'll be on my way.

*When I am gone please forgive the wrongs that I might have done to you;
There'll be no room for regrets up there, high above, way beyond the blue.*

When I am gone, don't you look for me in the places I have been;

I'll be alive, but somewhere else, I'll be on my way again!

HOPE through our songs

Cantori and Concert Choir

Sing

Andrew Lloyd Webber and Gary Barlow/arr. Lojeski

Some words they can't be spoken only sung, So hear a thousand voices shouting love.

There's a place, there's a time in this life, when you sing what you are feeling.

Find your feet, stand your ground, don't you see right now the world is listening to what we say.

Sing it louder, sing it clearer, knowing everyone will hear you.

Make some noise, find your voice tonight. Sing it stronger, sing together,

Make this moment last forever Old and young shouting love, tonight.

To sing we've had a lifetime to wait. And see a thousand faces celebrate.

*You brought hope, You brought light, Conquered fear, no it wasn't always easy. Stood your
ground, kept your faith, don't you see, right now the world is listening to what we say.*

Just sing! Hear a thousand voices shouting love, singing love!

AWARDS

The Class of 2020 in Pictures

Cantori and Concert Choir

Alleluia

Ralph Manuel

Concert Choir

Allroggen, Natalie #
Barton, Katie
Beane, Tiron
Berglund, Nick
Bies, Daniel
Bjorgvinsson, Thor
Boese, Andy #
Burglechner, Natasha DV
Choi, Hareem #
D'Avilar, A'yani #
Ekel, Moses
Geller, Jordan
Goodson, Ian
Gumz, V
Guncheon, Vienne
Guye, Serena DV
Harris, Avital
Harrison, Johanna DV
Hilleren-Policy, Kat # + ^

Homme, Carter # *
Hotzler, Kayla #
Hubbard, Nick
Johnson, Mathew
Karjala, Nolan
Kunze, Adriana
Ladendorf, Sam
Larimore, Harry
Larsen, Kjersten # ^
Lesch, Mitchell
Lishman, Jessica DV
Lutz, Mike #
Madson, Kate
Malacek, Christian #
McCoy, Richard
McCullough, Jacob # P *
McNutt, Ally # O
Medina, Rachel
Meerovich, Aaron #

Morris, Ben
Mullan, Emily DV
Ohm, James
Olson, Mac
Pawlak, Emma # M
Pederson, Alaina
Piela, Kayli # ^
Pilon, Isaac
Pilon, Luke
Rogan, Riley
Rolstad, Siver # O
Ruddy, Ryan
Russell, Sawyer #
Samuel, Jessica DV
Scheldrup, Caroline DV
Schnitzer, Zach
Schoenberg, Carter
Schunk, Zachary
Shiff, Sara # * +

Cantori

Barton, Katie
Botros, Isabel
Briscoe-Adams, Imani
Buck, Coragyn
Choi, Hareem
Cole, Jacquelyn
D'Avilar, A'yani
Fiske, Avae
Gumz, V
Guye, Serena DV
Harrison, Johanna DV P
Hathaway, Tinley
Hawkinson, Abigail
Jayee, DJ

Johnson, Ella
Karbeah, Daemeah
Kitchen, Sierra
Kruger, Lauren
Lishman, Jessica DV
Mash, Maya
McGregor, Makayla
McQuirter, Maya
Michel, Alicia
Miller, Ashley
Mira, Rahma
Monegro, Isabel
Moreno-Tablas, Leslie
Mullan, Emily DV P

O'Rourke, Rhiannon
Ostgaard, Kathryn DV
Peterson, Larissa
Peterson, Samantha
Potvin, Megan
Reisner-Negard, Sydney
Samuel, Jessica DV
Sanders, Kris
Stately, Ruby
Stover, Jennie DV
Torrey, Kaylee
Tucker, Cerrai
Vincent, Lydia
Washington, Kayla

Chamber Singers
DV Diva Voce
P President
O Officer
* Section Leader
M Chamber Singer's Manager
+ All-State
^ All-Conference

As parents, it's a joy and privilege to have our students sing in the Armstrong High School choirs. Our kids gain wonderful experiences and grow their musical ability as they traverse from 9th–12th grade in choir. Music lifts everyone's spirits and our students realize how it brings people together! It's no surprise how good it felt when we heard the news of Italians singing to each other from their flats while in quarantine due to Covid-19.

While our students and Ms Trump and Mr Rangel adapted to the challenges of distance learning this Spring, there is no denying that the joy of musical connection from singing in a choir cannot be reproduced with Zoom video conferences. Students and teachers both missed singing together.

For our seniors, let's celebrate their three and a half years of wonderful music-making. The music will be remembered by our kids for years and the life lessons they learned along the way while creating music will go even further. And for all our continuing students, let's remain hopeful that we will be back in Armstrong's auditorium in the Fall! On behalf of the choir parents, I can confidently say that the choir experience at Armstrong High School has a positive and lasting impact! We and our sons and daughters are better because of it. Thank you Ms Trump and Mr Rangel!

Scott Burglechner, Choir Booster President

To the rest of the school, choir is just a class, our classroom is just room 208, and Mrs. Trump and Mr. Rangel are just staff members.

One of the songs our Concert Choir has programmed is "In Meeting We Are Blessed" by Troy Robertson; the opening lyrics are "We are met together and in meeting we are blessed". Every school day for the past four years, this meeting has been the best part of choir. Our friendships have blossomed and we've grown up in those walls. Countless memories have been made, laughs shared, and goosebumps moments happened in Room 208.

Armstrong has an esteemed choral program that is recognized throughout the state. Some may accredit our success to the area's reputation of producing talented singers, but I prefer to attribute it to something else. We produce such fine music because of our relationships with one another. These relationships foster respect and trust with each other. Another reason is the people who taught us this concept; Mr. Rangel and Mrs. Trump. These two phenomenal individuals met us where we were freshman year and guided us through high school. In a four years stretch where everything, everyone, and we ourselves are changing, they provided us with a constant. They generously shared their knowledge with us and worked to give us a collegiate level choral education. They taught us how to sing, then used singing to teach us about life. We are so blessed to have had them for these four years of our lives.

To us, choir has become family, the choir room our home, and Mrs. Trump and Mr. Rangel two of the most important people in our lives.

Jacob McCullough, Armstrong Concert Choir President

Singing in Cantori has been one of the best decisions of our high school years. Armstrong Choir gave many things, opportunities, chances, challenges, friends, memories, and plenty more. My best memories of high school can be found in the choir room. Armstrong is filled with such strong, powerful singers. Making music with other singers who share our passion made the music all the more meaningful. Choir became a home away from home. Seeing friendly faces and people to laugh and connect with. Choir is a family, and we are so proud to have been a part of it.

Although this year did not turn out how any of us imagined, we are so beyond proud of what Cantori has accomplished this year. from MMEA, to contest, to everything in between. Cantori is truly a family, and we are honored to have been a part of that family. Thank you Cantori, for all the beautiful music that we made together. for all the wonderful memories. Thank you for all the laughter, and the tears. stay grounded in music. We love y'all.

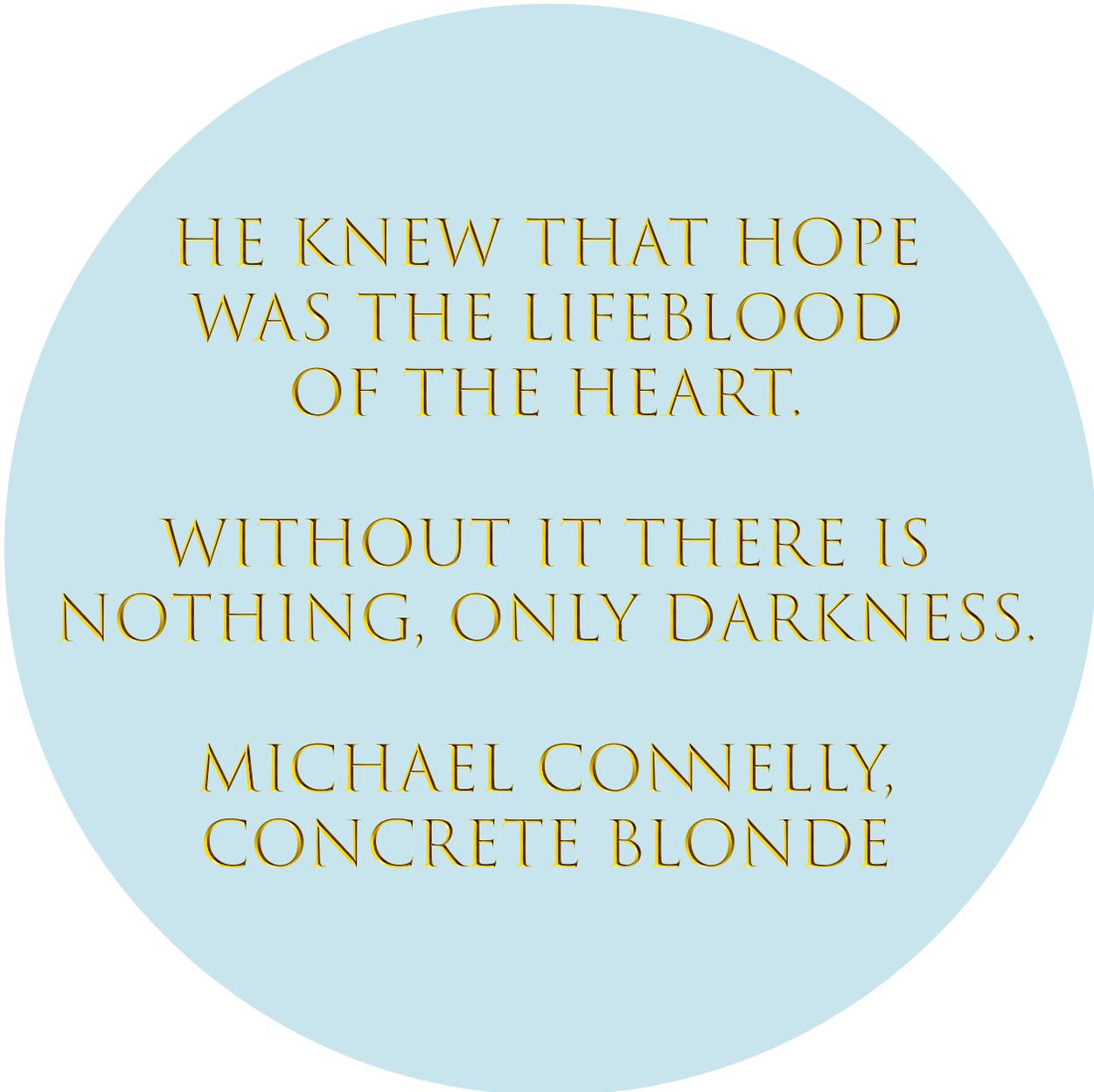
Johanna Harrison and Emily Mullen, Cantori Co-President

A Special Thanks To

Dr. Kristina Boerger, Augsburg University
MMEA - Minnesota Music Educators Association
Dr. Therese Hibbard, St. Olaf College
Dr. Dale Kruse, St. Olaf College
Katlyn Larson & Belle Chantez, Stillwater High School
Shaun Halland, Bel Canto, Andover High School
Dr. Eric Barnum & The Drake Choir
Liberty North High School Concert Choir, Kansas City
Dr. Ryan Beeken, Wichita State University
Charles Bruffy, Kansas City Chorale
Troy Robertson, Tarleton State University
The Armstrong Choir Boosters
Patti Weldon, Armstrong Activities Director
District 281 Vocal Music Teachers
Best Wishes Floral, Golden Valley
Program Design, Brent Carlson
Choice Sign and Graphics, Michael Moat
Westmark Productions
281 Video Crew, Gordy Spielman
John Stafford, Kansas City Community College

With special recognition to Todd Burkholder on his retirement from Armstrong High School. He has honorably and lovingly directed the Armstrong Band Program for three decades. Mr. Burkholder is an outstanding musician, cherished colleague, and beloved teacher. The Armstrong Choirs want to thank you and wish you all of the very best!!!

We recognize and honor Patti Weldon, Armstrong Activities Director, as she heads into her retirement. Patti has been a solid and ongoing support to the Armstrong Choirs throughout her years as AD. We thank you, Patti for your work and honor your career at Armstrong High School as a teacher, coach, and Activities Director. Best wishes to you in your next adventure!!!



HE KNEW THAT HOPE
WAS THE LIFEBLOOD
OF THE HEART.

WITHOUT IT THERE IS
NOTHING, ONLY DARKNESS.

MICHAEL CONNELLY,
CONCRETE BLONDE

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