

# WHEN WE NO LONGER TOUCH

**Prologue** What Will I Do If It Happens? The fear that I would  
come home one day and find you gone has turned  
into the pain of the  
reality.

What will I do if it happens?

What will I do now  
that it  
has?

Requiem  
GRANT  
aeternam  
THEM  
ETERNAL  
dona eis.  
REST.

I know our time together  
is no more.

Then why do words  
come to mind that call you back?

Why do I plan lifetimes  
that include you?

Why do I torture myself  
with love

I never felt while you were here? **Denial** Why Do I Torture Myself?

The layers I have put  
around the pain of your going are thin.

I walk softly through life, adding thickness each day.

A thought or a feeling  
of you cracks the surface;  
a call to you shatters it all.

I spend that night in death  
and spin the first layer of life  
with the sunrise.

HEAR MY PRAYER,  
FOR UNTO YOU, *Exaudi orationem meam;*  
*ad te omnis caro venit,*  
ALL FLESH SHALL  
COME



## **Anger**

### **I'm Past The Point**

I'm past the point of going quietly insane.

I'm getting quite noisy about it.  
The neighbors must think I'm mad.

The neighbors,  
for once,  
think right.

# iraee Dies

DAY OF WRATH

I know, I know it was time for us to part,  
but today?

## Bargaining

I know I had much pain to go through,  
but tonight?

## But Today?

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

WHAT THEN

AM I TO SAY?

## Depression I Am Missing You

Lacrimosa

TEARS

I am missing you  
far better than  
I ever loved you.

Agnus  
LAMB  
OF  
GOD

I shall miss loving you.  
I shall miss the Comfort of your embrace.

I shall miss the  
Loneliness of waiting for the  
calls that never came.

I shall miss the Joy of your comings,  
and the Pain of your goings  
and,

after a time,  
I shall miss  
missing  
loving  
you.

**Hope** I Have Loved

And through all the tears  
and the sadness  
and the pain  
comes the one thought  
that can make me  
internally smile again:

I have  
loved.  
GRANT  
aeternam  
THEM  
dona eis  
ETERNAL  
REST.

**Acceptance** I Shall Miss Loving You

# Traces of My Self

THE TESORO STRING QUARTET

you left  
traces  
of your self  
all over my room:  
a poem scribbled in the  
margin of a book  
a corner of a page  
turned over in another book.  
your smell on my blanket.  
where are you tonight?  
in whose room are your leaving  
traces?  
are you perhaps  
discovering  
the traces of my self I left on your soul?

**MOVEMENT 1 1:39    MOVEMENT 2 4:46**

**MOVEMENT 3 2:02**

**MOVEMENT 4 2:20**

*The Turtle Creek Chorale*, with over 200 singing members, presents a full subscription concert series at its home, The Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center, performing annually to live audiences in excess of 50,000. All members of the chorale are dues paying volunteers who donate over 100,000 hours to rehearsals, service projects and as many as 50 benefit performances annually. The TCC has four sub-groups: Chamber Chorus, ENCORE!, Turtle Soup; and One Achord, a mixed chorus. The Turtle Creek Chorale has lost over 140 members, mostly due to complications of HIV/AIDS.

On October 20, 1991, the Turtle Creek Chorale performed the world premier of *When We No Longer Touch* composed by Assistant Conductor Kristopher Jon Anthony. The text followed the stages of grief the chorus was experiencing at the beginning of the AIDS crisis. At that point, no one knew that Kris was HIV positive himself. Once this was disclosed, the local PBS affiliate committed to make a documentary based on the Chorale and its members, resulting in *After Goodbye: An AIDS Story*. The documentary went on to win nine national awards including the EMMY in 1995. The music and the film have comforted millions and given hope to all who listen. Kris and author Peter McWilliams have both passed away, leaving this work as their legacy.

Our debt of gratitude to Kris and Peter could never be expressed in words. They believed that music could heal and change peoples' hearts. Their gift to us is immeasurable. May it fill your heart with peace and hope as well.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF GIFTS

This entire project has evolved through a series of open doors and miracles. There are a few people I must thank: Kristopher Jon Anthony for his inspiration and genius; members of the orchestra and Delmar Pettys, concertmaster, for donating much of their time. Tony Balquin, for his gift of art; Ben Britt, photography, Lonnie Lane, Production Coordination; Peter McWilliams, for his poetry, and most of all, the men of the Turtle Creek Chorale for their timeless dedication, love and gift of song.



Artistic Director

Anne Albritton, Principal Accompanist;  
Recorded at the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center  
World Class Recordings, David Tuggy, Engineer,  
Digital Mastering by David Powers  
The poetry is from a book by Peter McWilliams entitled  
HOW TO SURVIVE THE LOSS OF A LOVE,  
published by Prelude Press.



*The Power of Harmony.*

# WHEN WE NO LONGER TOUCH

by Kristopher Jon Anthony  
Poetry by Peter McWilliams

THE TURTLE CREEK CHORALE Dallas Texas

PROLOGUE What Will I Do if It Happens? 4:38 ①

DENIAL Why Do I Torture Myself? 7:26 ②  
ISOLATION The Layers I Have Put Around The Pain

ANGER I'm Past The Point 3:39 ③

BARGAINING But Today? 7:38 ④

DEPRESSION I Am Missing You 4:10 ⑤

ACCEPTANCE I Shall Miss Loving You 4:21 ⑥

HOPE I Have Loved 3:35 ⑦

SOLOISTS:

CRAIG GREGORY 2, 3

NANCY KIETH 2, 4, 5, 7

JOHN CARROLL 3

# TRACES OF MY SELF

by Kristopher Jon Anthony

Based on Poetry by Peter McWilliams

THE TESORO STRING QUARTET

① MOVEMENT 1 1:39

② MOVEMENT 2 4:46

③ MOVEMENT 3 2:02

④ MOVEMENT 4 2:20