



MAY

6 Upchuck Track Zero at Gabe's
with Burger & Flowerfield

7 Lucius with Victoria Canal

SPONSORED BY: Best Case Wines

10 Forever Young
The Music of Bob Dylan

PRESENTED BY: Summer of the Arts

16 The Magnetic Fields

-17 Performing all of "69 Love Songs" across 2 nights

CO-PRESENTED BY: Hancher Auditorium

20 Robin Wall Kimmerer Prairie Preview

PRESENTED BY: Bur Oak Land Trust

31 Bluebird Improv

with Matt Walsh, Brad Morris, & Joe Canale

JUNE

TICKETS AT
ENGLERT.ORG/EVENTS

1 Valerie June

with Jess Nolan

12 A.J. Croce

14 I'm With Her

with Mason Via

18 The Allman Betts Band

with Greg Koch

20 Jay & Silent Bob's
Aural Sects Tour

24 Steve Earle

29 Del McCoury Band



The Family Folk Machine is a non-auditioned, intergenerational, nonprofit choir. We build community through singing songs with our neighbors, explore American history and culture through song, foster individual musical growth, and pursue excellence as an ensemble.



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RSFIC is an Iowa City foundation building long-term, systemic resilience. We support Family Folk Machine because it's a healthy and fun way for people to grow solidarity and de-grow individualism. There aren't many places that provide such good practice for working together to create something beautiful. Thanks to everyone that makes it happen!

If you're looking for other types of opportunities to build solidarity out of joy, sign up for our newsletter at rsfic.org/newsletter



FAMILY FOLK MACHINE SINGERS

Kristi Abuissa
Amel Ali
Laura Bergus
Asha Bhandary and
Sundari Bhandary-Narayanan
Ann Broderick
Glenda Buenger
Laura Christenson
Aprille Clarke and Callum Crall
Michael Crow
Amy Dobrian and Mike Partridge
Celia Dunnington
Josie Dunnington and Sasha Jakob
Emily Edrington
Michele England
Ned Epps
Michal and Riley Eynon-Lynch
Nancy Footner
Etta Goedken
John and Donita Grebner,
Harper and Olivia
Renee Harper and Beatrice
Missy Harrison
Brian Hartley
Susan Henke and Star Marcelino
Roxanne Hughes
Denise Kanne
Craig Kessler and Janet Lessner
Joe Klingelhutz
Alex Korotkov
Jenna Ladd
Dave Larew
Perry Lenz
Shawna Levy
Gene Light
Ruth Manna
Joe McGee
John McKinstry
Marty Miller
Brandy Mitchell
Jane Moeckli
Jeffrey Morgan

Jane Murphy
Melinda Myers and Orion Orrico
Katherine Nydam Olivier and Louise
Bill O'Neill
Seth Owens
Lynn and Jerry Partridge
Cecelia Proffitt and Conor Hilton,
Harper, Emerson, and Zora
Reed Renneckar
MaryAnn and Bob Reynolds
Derek Rodgers and Margot
Susanna Rodriguez and Halah
Michael Sauder
Mendi Schmelzel
Alan Schoer
Mike Severino-Patterson and Lisan
Janet Shepherd
Harper Sherwood-Reid
Susan Stamnes
Charlie Stanier and
Heather Widmayer
Corinne Stanley
Martha Szyzberg and Alina
Alicia and Sam Taylor, Evan and Alma
Claire Trettin,
Charlotte and Theodore, and
Audrey Laux
Annette Vernon
Mykola and Svitlana Volkogon,
Sashko and Oriana
Laura Yoder
Rachel Yoder and Cohen Michel

FAMILY FOLK MACHINE BAND

Kylie Buddin, electric guitar
Alma Drake, guitar
Ed English, bass
Donita Grebner, ukulele
Harper Grebner, ukulele
John Grebner, ukulele
Laurie Haag, drums and percussion

Craig Kessler, soprano sax
Craig "Pappy" Klocke, all instruments
Jeffrey Morgan, ukulele
Jane Murphy, ukulele
Mary Neumann, violin
Katherine Olivier, flute
Diane Platte, cello
Jon Ranard, keyboard
Ben Sauder, violin
Susan Stamnes, ukulele
Martha Szyzberg, viola
Claire Trettin, viola
Nicole Upchurch, ukulele

LEADERSHIP

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Alma Drake, Associate Director
Jon Ranard, Associate Director
Nicole Upchurch, Kids' Program In-structor

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IN LOVING MEMORY

Krysty Bujakowska (2011–2024)
Rob Dietrich (1941–2025)

STRING OF PEARLS

Laurelyn Dossett
via Laurelyn Dossett and Rhiannon Giddens
Susan Stamnes, soloist

I am a stranger on a winter's night, mile after mile, light after light.
The moon a lantern for the frozen world, moon after moon on a string of pearls.
I am a mother, I count the years, day after day, tear after tear.
My boys beloved, my precious girls, joy after joy on a string of pearls.
I am a daughter, I am a son, heart after heart, hope begun.
My mother's hands, my father's curls, love after love on a string of pearls.
I am a stranger on a winter's night, reach for the joy, lean for the light.
The moon a lantern for a frozen world, moon after moon on a string of pearls.

SQUEEZE A LIME

Aprille Clarke
arr. Aprille Clarke, Alma Drake, and Jean Littlejohn

Every messy-headed Monday, every crust cut off the toast, every joke that isn't funny:
that's what makes us laugh the most. Cut the toast, laugh the most.
You're learning things I never taught you. I watch you leap and I watch you fall.
I'm just awfully glad I've got you; I love you short and I love you tall.
Leap and fall, short and tall. Yeah, you leap and fall. Yeah, you're short and tall.
When you're feeling unwelcome, when you're feeling uncertain,
peek on out through the curtains and try to feel the breeze.
And we'll raise a glass to the future, keep on asking the questions; turn your face to the tensions,
and squeeze a lime with me.
I've felt it too: out of place, in outer space, another kind.
Always pressed to rearrange our bodies, brains, and fall in line.
You teach me things I never learned, brand new joy and brand new pain;
You deserve to have the nerve to turn and face the strange.
Joy and pain, face the strange. You give me joy and pain, turn and face the strange ch-ch-changes.
Sleepy morning, sweaty little head.
Whispering the stories of your dreams as they sublime into a mist above your bed.
When you're feeling unwelcome, when you're feeling uncertain,
peek on out through the curtains and try to feel the breeze.
And we'll raise a glass to the future, keep on asking the questions; turn your face to the tensions,
and squeeze a lime with me.
'Cause you're sublime to me.

GIVE YOURSELF TO LOVE

Kate Wolf
arr. Jon Ranard

Kind friends all gathered 'round, there's something I would say:
that what brings us together here has blessed us all today.
Love has made a circle that holds us all inside,
where strangers are as family and loneliness can't hide.
You must give yourself to love if love is what you're after.
Open up your heart to the tears and laughter, and give yourself to love.
I've walked these mountains in the rain, I've learned to love the wind.
I've been up before the sunrise to watch the day begin.
And I always knew I'd find you, though I never did know how.
But like sunshine on a cloudy day I stand before you now.
Love is born in fire. It's planted like a seed.
Love can't give you everything, but it gives you what you need.
Love comes when you are ready, love comes when you're afraid.
It'll be your greatest teacher, the best friend you have made.

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WE MAKE MAGIC

Craig Kessler, Janet Lessner, and Orion Orrico
arr. Jon Ranard

Orion Orrico and Craig Kessler, soloists

Together, we make magic; we paint the sky with song. The spell we cast will linger; our harmony is strong.
Together, voices weave a spell that single voices can't. A single voice can charm us all; together, we enchant.
The choir's sweet embrace brings comfort to our souls.
With powers fierce and gentle, its magic makes us whole.
A voice she thought could barely sing now soars in harmony. A voice that angels bend to hear completes the alchemy.
One part sound to one part spirit in a close circle of friends.
Our hearts will start to beat as one; the magic never ends.
The timid grows bold, the bold holds back in service to the whole.
Bound in reverent wonder, we reach our magic goal.
We may begin as strangers, but singing makes us friends. Each note makes connections; the song will never end.
Softly, without fanfare, the joy of it arrives. Singing in the choir brings magic to our lives.
The choir's sweet embrace brings comfort to our souls.
With powers sweet and gentle, its magic makes us whole.

LOVE IS LOVE IS LOVE IS LOVE

Abbie Betinis

Love, love, love. All we need is love, love, love.
Love is love is love is love.

SHINY HAPPY PEOPLE

Michael Stipe, Mike Mills, Peter Buck, and William Berry
via R.E.M.
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Shiny, happy people laughing.
Meet me in the crowd. People, people, throw your love around. Love me, love me. Take it into town; happy, happy.
Put it in the ground where the flowers grow. Gold and silver shine.
Shiny, happy people holding hands. Shiny happy people laughing.
Everyone around: Love them, love them. Put it in your hands: take it, take it. There's no time to cry; happy, happy.
Put it in your heart where tomorrow shines. Gold and silver shine.
Shiny, happy people holding hands. Shiny, happy people laughing.

LOVE, REIGN O'ER ME

Pete Townshend, via The Who
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Gene Light, soloist

Only love can make it rain the way the beach is kissed by the sea.
Only love can make it rain like the sweat of lovers laying in the fields.
Love, reign o'er me.
Only love can bring the rain that makes you yearn to the sky.
Only love can bring the rain that falls like tears from on high.
Love, reign o'er me.
On the dry and dusty road, the nights we spend apart, alone, I need to get back home to cool, cool rain.
I can't sleep and I lay and I think; the night is hot and black as ink; ooh, God, I need a drink of cool, cool rain.
Love, reign o'er me.



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Why Scattergood? We provide students with essential skills and habits that build a solid foundation for life-long learning and global citizenship.

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The Family Folk Machine Board
Sasha Jakob, original poster art
All FFM members, past and present
Dennis Green, KCCK Radio
Emily Edrington, audio/visual support
Heather Widmayer, treasurer
Senior Center Technology and Video
Sara Feldmann, keyboard
Tyler Hagy and City High, choral risers

Family Folk Machine: LOVE

SEVEN BRIDGES ROAD

Stephen T. Young
via the Eagles

There are stars in the southern sky, southward as you go.
There is moonlight and moss in the trees down the Seven Bridges Road.
Now I have loved you like a baby, like some lonesome child.
And I have loved you in a tame way, and I have loved you wild.
Sometimes there's a part of me has to turn from here and go.
Running like a child from these warm stars down the Seven Bridges Road.
There are stars in the southern sky, and if ever you decide you should go,
There is a taste of time-sweetened honey down the Seven Bridges Road.

ALWAYS LOVE

Daniel Prieto Castro Lorca, Ira Elliot, and Matthew Rorison Caws
via Nada Surf
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Ned Epps, soloist

To make a mountain of your life is just a choice.
But I never learned enough to listen to the voice that told me,
Always love. Hate will get you every time. Always love. Don't wait 'til the finish line.
Slow demands come 'round. Squeeze the air and keep the rest out.
It helps to write it down, even when you then cross it out,
but always love. Hate will get you every time. Always love, even when you want to fight.
Self-directed lives, I want to know what it'd be like to aim so high above
any card that you get dealt, you always love. Hate will get you every time.
I've been held back by something (yeah) you said to me quietly on the stair, you said,
Hey, you good ones.

PEACE

Poem by Paul Éluard
translation by Walter Lowenfels
Music by Nitanju Bolade Casel
via Sweet Honey in the Rock
arr. Jon Ranard

Brandy Mitchell and Kristi Abuissa, soloists

I write your name on my school desk, on treetops
On all pages anyone ever read
On jungles, on deserts
On eagles' nests, on echoes of my childhood
On the margins of night, on the day's bread
On seasons that love one another, on my faded blue rags
On the musty pool of the sun, on the living lake of the moon
On fields across the horizon, on wings of birds
On shadows behind the rain
On every breath of dawn, on the sea, on ships,
On crazy mountain paths, on footpaths that wake up,
On highways that branch out, on public squares that are flowing over
I write your name on that fruit cut in half, on my bedroom mirror and my bedroom
On the empty shell of my bed, on my greedy and affectionate dog
On his limp, awkward paw, on the springboard of my door
On every common object, on the top flame of the fire
On my friends' foreheads, on each body I love
On every outstretched hand, on absence without loving
On loneliness behind bars, on the stairway to heaven
On health won back, on danger passed, on baseless hope
I write your name
And by the weight of one word I start my love all over again
I was born to know you, and call you by your name
Peace

GUANTANAMERA

José Martí, José Fernández Díaz, and Julián Orbón
via Pete Seeger and the Weavers
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Mike Severino-Patterson, Susan Henke, Star Marcelino, Jenna Ladd,
Aprille Clarke, Alicia Taylor, Sam Taylor, Evan Taylor, and Alma Taylor, soloists

Guantanamo, guajira Guantanamo

*I am a truthful man from the land of the palms. Before dying I want to share these poems from my soul.
My poem is a light green and a burning crimson.
My poem is a wounded fawn seeking refuge in the mountains.
I grow a white rose in June as well as in January for the true friend who gives me his hand.
And for the cruel one who would tear out my living heart, I grow neither thistles nor nettles;
I grow a white rose.
With the poor people of the earth I cast my lot.
The mountain stream pleases me more than the sea.*

DON'T YUCK MY YUM

Nicole Upchurch and the FFM Kids

Don't yuck my yum, don't yuck my yum.
When I'm trying to have fun, don't yuck my yum.
I love the smell of fresh mint. I love to craft a mug.
I love a good slice of pizza, and to give my friend a hug.
Well to you it may not sound fun, but don't yuck my yum.
I love to eat some sweets. I love hugging my pet friends.
I love reading a good book. I love being at the park and playing pretend.
Well to you it may not sound fun, but don't yuck my yum.
When I'm trying to have fun, don't yuck my yum.
I love the smell of roses, and daffodils too.
I love writing prose, and making art with glue.
Well to you it may not sound fun, but don't yuck my yum.
I love to walk in the rain, splash in puddles on my way,
Back home to bake with family: red velvet cake for you and me.
Well to you it may not sound fun, but don't yuck my yum.
Don't yuck my yum, don't yuck my yum.
When I'm trying to have fun, don't yuck my yum.
'Cause we can like different foods, and we can be in different moods,
So there's no need to be rude: Don't yuck my yum.

SIT DOWN

Gavan Michael Whelan, James Lawrence Gott,
James Patrick Glennie, and Timothy Booth
via James
arr. Joe Duddell

I'll sing myself to sleep, a song from the darkest hour; secrets I can't keep inside of the day.
Swing from high to deep, extremes of sweet and sour; wisdom that I seek won't just wash away.
Drawn by the undertow, my life is out of control; I believe this wave will bear my weight, so let it flow:
Oh sit down next to me; sit down in sympathy.
Now I'm relieved to hear that you've been to some far-out places; it's hard to carry on when you feel all alone.
Now I've swung back down again, it's worse than it was before;
If I hadn't seen such riches, I could live with being poor.
Oh sit down next to me; sit down in sympathy.
Those who feel the breath of sadness, sit down next to me.
Those who find they're touched by madness, sit down next to me.
Those who find themselves ridiculous, sit down next to me.
In love, in fear, in hate, in tears: down. Oh sit down next to me; sit down in sympathy.

LIKE YOU LOVE ME

Sasha Jakob and Alma Drake
arr. Alma Drake and Jean Littlejohn

Sasha Jakob, soloist

You call me out when I’m hating on myself. You lift me up when I start tearing myself down.
You remind me that I’m worthy of my own love. I can be my own light when darkness surrounds.
You’ve got to know what feels like love, so you know it when you find it.
Love has to start from within, has to grow up strong and wild before it can go out in the world.
Starting now, I’m gonna treat myself better, learn to love me like you love me.
I call you out when you’re hating on yourself. I lift you up when you’ve got yourself on the floor.
It’s so easy to see it on the outside, but invisible when it comes to the mirror.
You’ve got to know what looks like love, so you don’t end up blinded.
Love has to start from within, has to grow up strong and wild before it can go out in the world.
Starting now, I’m gonna treat myself better, learn to love me like you love me.

NEVER SO FAR

Greg Brown
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Reed Renneckar and Jeffrey Morgan, soloists

Too many miles there between us; too many kisses, nowhere to go.
Don’t want to moan, don’t want to fuss; I’m calling you up now just so you’ll know:
You are never so far that my love can’t find you; never so far I can’t see your face.
We are never so far, let me remind you: we’re never so far from our loving place.
Love is a gift, life is a journey. We’ll get ‘em together some sweet day.
When we’re apart it’s all such a yearning, but listen now, darling, to what I say.
I can feel your hand in mine right now; I feel your sweet love in my bones.
Let’s not cry, let’s not fight now; love will hold us even when we’re alone.

WE ARE ALL MADE OF STARS

Richard Hall (Moby), via the LA Philharmonic
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Dave Larew, Josie Dunnington, and Denise Kanne, soloists

Growing in numbers, growing in speed. Can’t fight the future, can’t fight what I see.
People they come together. People they fall apart.
No-one can stop us now ‘cause we are all made of stars.
Efforts of lovers left in my mind. I sing in the reaches, we’ll see what we find.
People they come together. People they fall apart.
No-one can stop us now ‘cause we are all made of stars.
Slowly rebuilding, I feel it in me. Growing in numbers, growing in peace.
People they come together. People they fall apart.
No-one can stop us now ‘cause we are all made of stars.

LOVE IS STRONGER THAN DEATH

Matt Johnson, via The The
arr. Jean Littlejohn

Michael Crow and Janet Shepherd, soloists

Love, love, love, love.
Me and my friend were walking in the cold light of morning. Tears may blind the eyes, but the soul is not deceived.
In this world, even winter ain’t what it seems.
Here come the blue skies, here come the springtime, when the rivers run high and the tears run dry.
When everything that dies shall rise.
Love is stronger than death.
In our lives we hunger for those we cannot touch.
All the thoughts unuttered and all the feelings unexpressed play upon our hearts like the mist upon our breath.
But awoke by grief, our spirits speak: How could you believe that the life within the seed that grew arms that reached,
and a heart that beat, and lips that smiled, and eyes that cried could ever die?
Here come the blue skies, here come the springtime, when the rivers run high and the tears run dry.
When everything that dies shall rise.
Love is stronger than death.

DIRECTOR’S NOTE


Welcome to Family Folk Machine: LOVE! It has been good for our spirits to spend concentrated time each week singing the meditations on love that we share with you today. This concert is not about love in a don't-worry-be-happy sort of way. It's about keeping our hearts tender during times that encourage numbness. It's about facing the evils and the hate that we see in our country with a love that has been tempered in the fire of our intentional, dedicated work in community. We in the FFM feel these bonds getting stronger each time we meet for rehearsal, with each connection we make. We extend this love to you today—thank you for being here to sing with us, smile with us, and imagine what happens when love rains down.

May Love prevail.

Jean



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Love,
Grandy Lynn and Poppy



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AND
PEN

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