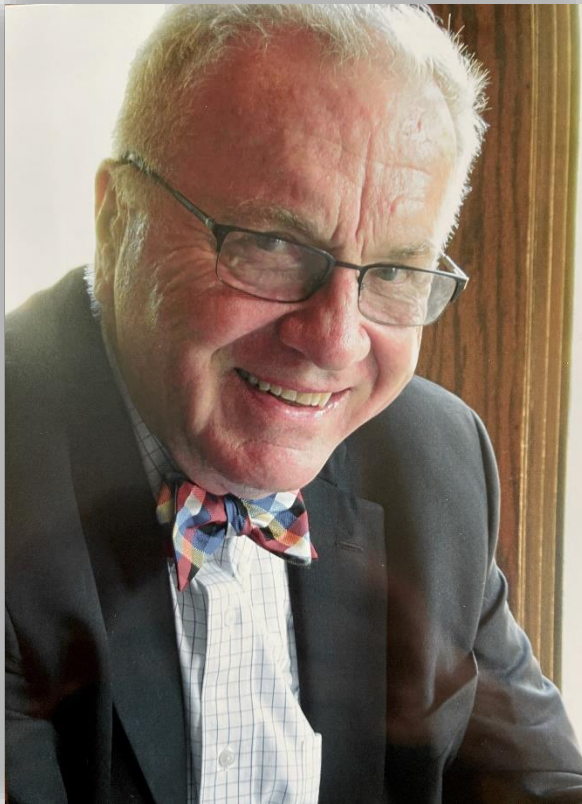


MASS OF CHRISTIAN BURIAL
FOR
JOHN G. HOESCHLER



CHURCH OF SAINT OLAF
August 22, 2022
Fr. Kevin McDonough

ORDER OF WORSHIP

Prelude

All Glory, Laud and Honor

Johann Sebastian Bach

Glorious Majesty

Aaron Jay Kernis

I Find My Feet Have Further Goals

Libby Larsen

Song For Everyone (There Are No Outsiders)

Steve Heitzeg

With a Gladsome Mind

Daniel Godfrey

Benediction

Stephen Paulus

Opening Rites

Opening Hymn

For all the Saints

"Sine nomine"

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading

Philippians 4

Frederick (Fritz) Hoeschler

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm 23

Second Reading

Revelation 7 and 21

Kristen Hoeschler O'Brien

Gospel

Homily

Fr. Kevin McDonough

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Preparation

Come Down, O Love Divine

"Down Ampney"

Gift Bearers

Jack and William O'Brien

Communion

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

"Hyfrydol"

Eulogy

Linda Hoeschler

Song of Reflection

Pavane

Janika Vanderveelde

Prayer After Communion

Song of Reflection

Ya Vas Lyublyu (I Love You)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

COMMENDATION

Commendation

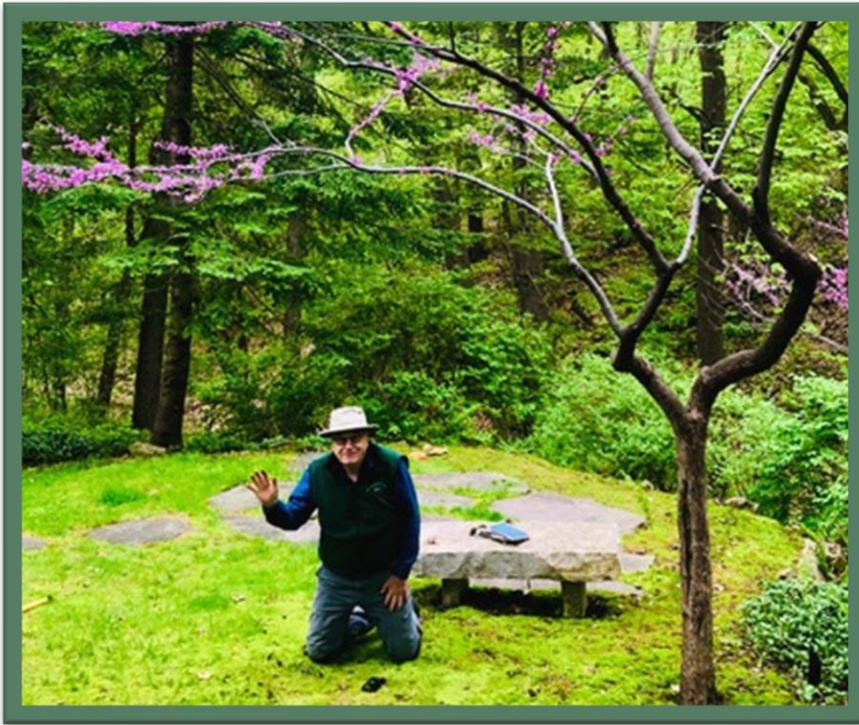
May the Angels Lead You into Paradise

Final Blessing

Recessional

Grand Responsive Chorus

Eugene Gigout



Music

Philip Brunelle, *Music Director and Organ*

Janika Vandervelde, *Composer, Keyboard*

Laura Sewell, *Cello*

Bradley Greenwald, *Baritone*

Visit our just-launched website about Jack:

www.thehoeschlers.com

Pavane (A Love Dance) for cello and piano

In April, 2022, when Linda Hoeschler first called me with the news that her husband, Jack, was ill and not expected to live more than a few months, I was stunned. It was a call I was not prepared for. So when the conversation quickly turned to ‘would I write a Pavane for Jack’s memorial service’, all I could think to utter was: ‘Of course. I would be honored to.’

But how? This was not a commission for which I had a reference point. For a few weeks all I could do was think about it, nothing more. My primary thought was: *above all, it needs to come from the heart.* Then something rather mysterious happened. I was sitting in the parking lot of Mississippi Market at 8 a.m. on Monday, May 9th. It would become the day I began *feeling* the Pavane all around me. It was as if the piece already existed and was just waiting for me to translate it onto the page. This was a distinct shift.

Linda requested that it be a slow, stately Pavane for solo cello (or cello and piano). After talking to cellist Laura Sewell, we both agreed that it needed to be a duet. For the first week I held a space at the piano, improvising, trying to remain open to whatever came through. To my amazement, each day the same theme would come forward. Steady, simple, and above all, heart-felt. It developed a little, but remained relatively the same each day. It would instruct me not to rush, and I frequently found myself having to stop and start over at the original tempo, because something I couldn’t explain would inevitably push the tempo along. Sometimes I’d find myself suddenly going twice as fast as when I started. Later I realized what it was. There was a second presence waiting in the wings. It was (of course) the cello part. And that’s when I realized the Pavane was going to be a love dance.

Once that was made clear, I relaxed. The main body of the piece quickly emerged from the ether, and I crafted it onto the page. Along the way I received some interesting compositional nudges. One was the introduction. I very clearly got: *we want an introduction that represents the ‘invitation to dance’.* Later I realized why: Jack and Linda had met at a tea dance. This was the occasion that brought them together, that changed the course of their lives.

At one point I wondered: *so how does this end, when it hasn’t ended yet?* On the last page there are long phrases, like breaths exhaling, with shorter, silent inhalations in between. Each one expands a little more than the previous one until, finally, the piano and cello converge on the note B – one from above, the other from below.

Now what? I asked. The response I got was: *give permission and the rest will take care of itself.*

And so it did. Linda’s beautiful account of the last hours, which I read later, shed a final light on this nuance. Laura and I pondered over just when the pianist should rise up to find the last string. Laura thought sooner, before her final flourish with the bow, and that’s what we did. It’s the permission, setting up the final choreographic moves.

Teamwork through to the end.

-Janika Vandervelde