

ABOUT THIS PIECE

I lived a rough life my whole life Slept in a cardboard box full of broken dreams Seeking safety and finding danger Trying to meet some basic needs

This claustrophobic crowd
We're like micro-nomads
The same tribe of people
Walking from place to place
With people who don't feel like my people
Thrust together in poverty and space

But this is a place to come and feed the spirit A home away from homeless Where we know they love and see us A place where we can be us We're wearing wet socks all day long Walking miles and miles till our feet bleed Nowhere to lie down, nowhere to heal Nowhere to sit or sleep or breathe

And some of it is not as bad as people think And some of it is way worse And I'm dancing just as fast as I can And somehow I'm going in reverse

But here
It gives you a peace, a sanctuary
Someplace to come to
This door's always been open
Someplace to come to
Someplace to come home to
Home.



This is a very bittersweet song about a special place that is gone now. The Connecting Grounds was the church where the Street Choir rehearsed from Day One until the pandemic halted our rehearsals in March of 2020. It was a church, yes, but it was also a shelter, a cafeteria, a meeting place, a grocery store, a clothing boutique, a bike-repair shop, a field hospital, a foster-visit center, and whatever else it needed to be, all in three bays of a strip mall up against the railroad tracks, in a shady part of town. It was all that, but it was so much more than that.

Every person I interviewed for this project -- the ones quoted here, and the ones not -- used words like "sanctuary" and "home." "They love us," they said, over and over and over. And they did -- they do -- love the homeless and marginalized so well that the neighbors complained. The neighborhood organized. And this little church was told that they either had to stop serving their beloved homeless friends, or they had to leave. So they did, and have created a wonderful constellation of outreach services and others elsewhere in the city that quite literally have kept our homeless population alive. And yet, the thing that is missing is the place for everyone to be together under the banner of love. A place for everyone to come to -- home.

Katie Kring



Katie Kring is a composer, writer-of-musicals, baker and alto. Katie's choral works and commissions are performed internationally and she has served as Springfield Chamber Chorus's Composer-in-Residence for several years. Her "At the Hour of Closing" was the winner of the 2019 MCDA Opus Award. She is particularly interested in creating work that empowers disadvantaged communities and is a passionate advocate for writing good parts for altos. Katie's musical theatre works include PEARL, ONWARD, FARMERS MARKET THE MUSICAL (about the time she got kicked out of the farmers' market -- twice!), IN THE SWIM and THINK BIG for the Monterey Bay Aquarium, and KELLY THE DESTROYER VS THE SPRINGFIELD COBRAS. Her first opera, SWEET LOUISA, is slated to premiere in 2022. Katie is the owner of Pickwick & Cherry, a bakery & cooking school, and an adjunct professor in the Missouri State University Music Department. In 2019, she founded the Springfield Street Choir, a choir made up of people experiencing homelessness and extreme poverty. She received her MFA in Musical Theatre Writing at NYU and her BFA in music at the University of Michigan, where she danced 25' up a tree and lived to tell about it.

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Forgotten Voices Some Place to Come To

This text was created from conversations with Springfield Street Choir members Paul, Katy, & Nino

























