

VII. Enterrado—Buried

Lloré a mi padre
mientras velaba su cadaver,
lo lloré cuando el féretro salió de casa
camino al cementerio
y allí le dije adiós.
Hice el duelo,
y al amanecer en mi orfandad,
me ví solo y comprendí
que para vivir solo
necesitaba dejar enterrado con él
todo el dolor que me impidiera
seguir viviendo.

I wept for my father
during his wake,
I wept when the coffin went out of the house
on the way to the cemetery
and there I said goodbye.
I mourned,
and when I awoke as an orphan,
I saw myself alone and understood
that to live
I needed to leave buried with him
all the pain that could stop me
from living.

VIII. La Respuesta - The Answer

Abrir la tierra
con las manos,
llenarse de su aroma,
levantar el rostro al cielo
y comer el aire:
esa es la paz
—respondió la abuela.

“Open the earth
with your hands,
be filled with its scent,
raise your face to the sky
and eat the wind:
that is peace”
—the grandmother answered.

IX. Las Huellas - Footprints

En el lugar donde uno pone el pie
queda la huella:
la tierra guarda esa memoria.
La vida
es el recuerdo de la muerte,
y la muerte
el recuerdo de la vida.

Wherever you place your foot
a footprint remains:
the earth holds this memory.
Life
is the memory of death
and death
is the memory of life.

Dr. Thomas O. Brumett

BENEDICTION

A Stations of the Cross walking meditation led by Dr. James Woods will be held immediately following tonight’s service.
To participate, please gather under the bell tower.

Celebrate Easter with Us
at
First United Methodist Church McKinney

Easter Sunday - April 5

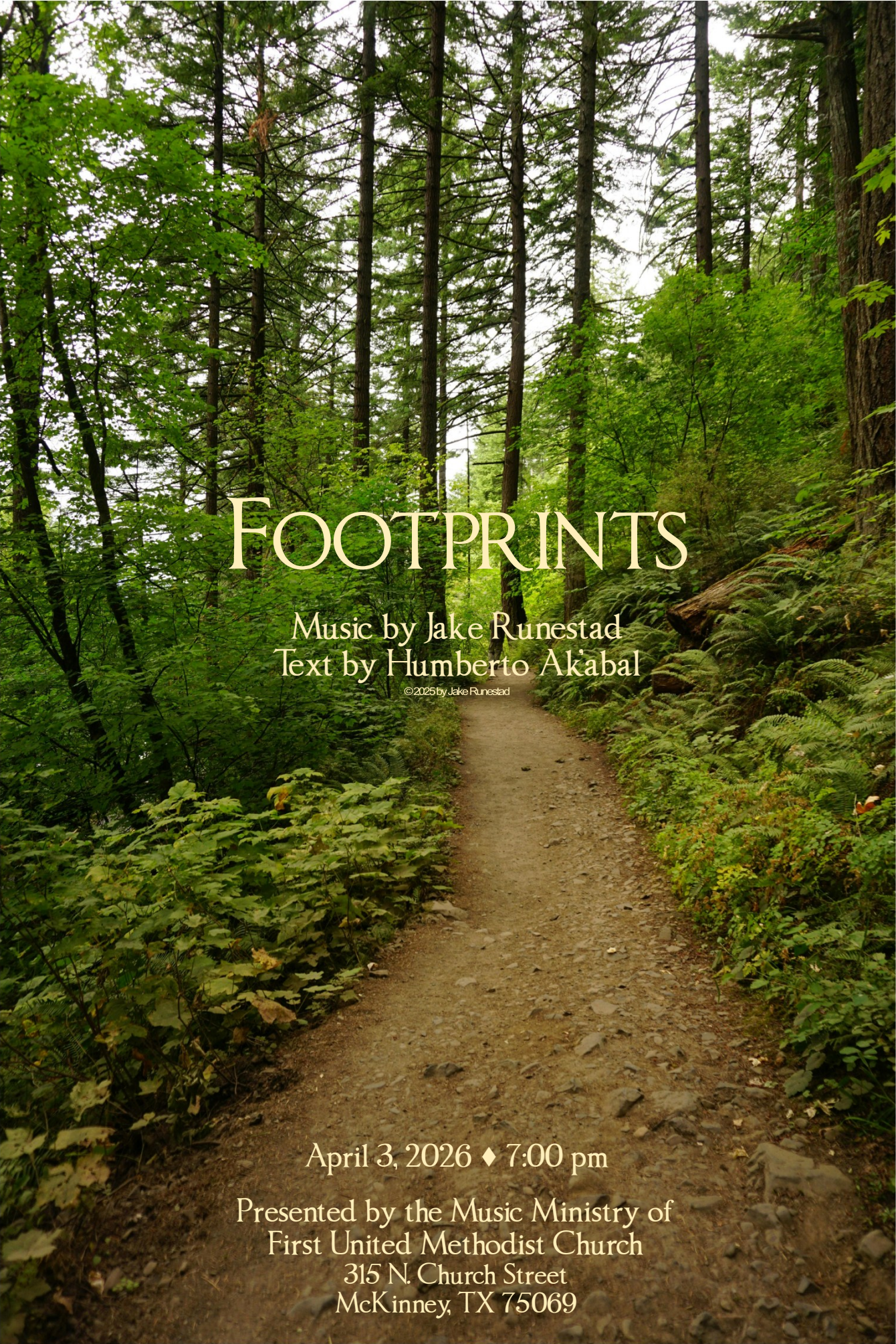
Sunrise Service - 7:00 am
In the pavilion at The Hub youth building on Lamar Street.

Traditional Worship in the Sanctuary
8:00, 9:00, 10:05 and 11:10 am
Livestream 10:05 at Facebook.com/FUMCMcKinney and
SharingTheHeart.org

Wellspring Contemporary in Dyer Hall
10:05 and 11:10 am
Livestream 11:10 at Facebook.com/WellspringFUMC and
SharingTheHeart.org

Melissa United Methodist Church
Sunrise Service at 7:00 am
9:00 and 11:00 am
3851 McKinney Street
Melissa, TX 75454
MelissaUMC.com
Livestream all services at Facebook.com/MelissaUMC and MelissaUMC.com

FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH MCKINNEY
315 N. CHURCH ST. ♦ MCKINNEY, TX 75069 ♦ 972-562-8556 | SHARINGTHEHEART.ORG
Sharing the heart of Christ from the heart of McKinney



FOOTPRINTS

Music by Jake Runestad
Text by Humberto Akabal

©2025 by Jake Runestad

April 3, 2026 ♦ 7:00 pm

Presented by the Music Ministry of
First United Methodist Church
315 N. Church Street
McKinney, TX 75069

PROGRAM NOTE FROM THE COMPOSER

Humberto Ak'abal was one of the most important poetic voices from Latin America. A member of the K'iche' Mayan community in Guatemala, he wrote with honesty, intensity, and passion — an art of protest, of truth-telling, and a deeply-felt expression of the human condition.

I came to know Humberto's poetry through another musical project ("El Último Hilo") which led me to visit Humberto's home in Momostenango, Guatemala and meet his family. I will never forget walking arm-in-arm with his mother, Estebana, and noticing her hands: weathered, wrinkled, and luminous with history. In them, I felt the weight and beauty of generations, the very spirit that inhabits Ak'abal's work.

That encounter became the seed for "Footprints" (Las Huellas), a multi-movement work for choir, flute, clarinet, piano, percussion, and strings. The piece sets a cycle of Ak'abal's poems in which ancestors appear not as distant figures of the past, but as a presence that lives on in trees, wind, water, and memory. The poems trace a path between loss and renewal, light and dark, and life and death.

Across its nine movements, "Footprints" invites us to listen for those who came before us: to hear their voices in the rustle of leaves, to feel their touch in the soil beneath our feet, and to breathe the air they once breathed.

Jake Runestad, Composer

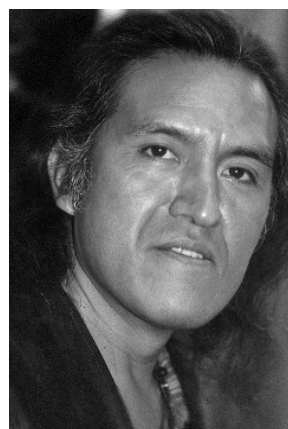


Considered "one of the best of the younger American composers" (Chicago Tribune), EMMY®-winning and GRAMMY®-nominated composer and conductor Jake Runestad has received commissions and performances from leading ensembles and organizations such as VOCES8, Washington National Opera, the Los Angeles Master Chorale, the Munich Radio Orchestra, the Dallas Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, the Pacific Symphony & Chorale, Kantorei (Denver), True Concord Voices & Orchestra, the National Chorus of Korea, the Bavarian Radio Choir, the Netherlands Radio Choir, the Philippine Madrigal Singers, Seraphic Fire, the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and many more. "The Hope of Loving," the first album dedicated to Jake's choral music, recorded by professional American choir Conspirare, received a GRAMMY® nomination. In 2019, Jake became one of the youngest composers ever awarded the prestigious Raymond C. Brock commission by the American Choral Directors Association. "Earth Symphony," Jake's ground-breaking choral symphony written with librettist Todd Boss, earned a 2022 EMMY® Award for musical composition. Jake's visceral music and charismatic personality have fostered a busy

schedule of commissions, residencies, workshops, and conducting engagements, enabling him to share his passion for creativity, expressivity, and community with musicians around the world.

Dubbed a "choral rockstar" by American Public Media, Jake is one of the most frequently performed composers of concert music. His thoughtful and compelling works "that speak to some of the most pressing and moving issues of our time" (Star Tribune), have been heard in thousands of performances across the globe. Jake Runestad holds a Master's degree in composition from the Peabody Conservatory of the Johns Hopkins University where he studied with Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Kevin Puts. Find out more at: JakeRunestad.com

Humberto Ak'abal, Poet



Humberto Ak'abal was a prolific and influential K'iche' Maya poet from Guatemala. His poetry has been published in French, English, Estonian, Scots, German, Arabic and Italian translations, as well as in the original K'iche' and Spanish. His book Guardián de la caída de agua (or Guardian of the Waterfall) was named book of the year by Association of Guatemalan Journalists and received their Golden Quetzal award in 1993. In 1995 he received an honorary degree from the Department of Humanities of the Universidad de San Carlos de Guatemala. He passed away unexpectedly on January 28th, 2019 and left behind an important body of work. Ak'abal contributed greatly to gaining recognition for indigenous Guatemalan poetry and arts.

The K'iche' language has no word for poet; he is called 'singer'.

WELCOME

Dr. Thomas O. Brumett

FOOTPRINTS

Music by Jake Runestad, Text: Humberto Ak'abal
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I. Alguna Sena - A Sign

*Entre las piedras,
debajo de las cortezas de árboles,
en las noches estrelladas,
en los barrancos,
por los caminos,
en los sueños,
en el viento,
en el agua...
Y o busco alguna señal de otro tiempo,
algo que me lleve
a la perdida voz de mis mayores.*

Between the rocks,
under the bark of the trees,
in the starry nights,
in the ravines,
along the paths,
in the dreams,
in the wind,
in the water...
I find a sign of another time,
something that brings me back
to the lost voice of my elders.

II. El Cielo - The Sky

*Si te encaramás a un viejo ciprés
y trepás por sus ramas,
verás que la tierra
no está lejos del cielo.*

If you clamber up an old cypress
and climb through its branches,
you will see that the earth
is not far from the sky.

III. Canto - Song

*El abuelo, de la mano,
lleva a su nieto
a saludar a los árboles,
a platicar con ellos,
a acariciar su piel,
a oler sus hojas...
Y los árboles
cantan sus nombres.*

The grandfather
leads his grandson by the hand
to greet the trees,
to talk with them,
to feel their skin,
to smell their leaves...
And the trees
sing their names.

IV. La Flautista—The Flute Player

*Con su cuerpo de clave de sol,
la flautista ofrece un beso.
Pinta con su pincel de viento
la caída de una gota de té
en el dorado corazón
de un crisantemo.*

With her clef-curved body,
the flute player blows a kiss.
With her wind-brush she paints
a drop of tea falling into
the golden heart
of a chrysanthemum.

V. Manos - Hands

*Las veo y me parece
como si hubieran nacido
antes que ella.
Arrugadas, rústicas,
lejos ya de los trabajos
de aquellos días...
Cómo han envejecido
las manos de mi mamá.*

They look
as if they were born
before she was.
Wrinkled, rough,
already distant
from the work of days past...
How they have aged,
my mother's hands.

VI. Torbellino - Whirlwind

*De repente
un torbellino de luciérnagas
salió huyendo del barranco
como si hubieran visto
a un espanto,
y detrás de ellas
sólo iba la oscuridad.*

Suddenly
a whirlwind of fireflies
came fleeing from the gorge
as if they had seen
a ghost,
and behind them
only darkness.