

R *efare*
their
time

Memorial Songs and Music

Volume III

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- 02 Leslie Ritter & Scott Petito – *More Time* (3:43)
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“The word ‘loss’ isn't big enough. There should be an altogether different word for the grief of losing a child, a word that takes weeks, months, years to pronounce. It might take a whole lifetime to get to the last syllable.” — Sy Safransky (The Sun magazine: July, 2004)

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One cannot say “Thanks” often enough to the musicians and the copyright holders who have given generous permission to use the songs and recordings included in this collection, but thank you, each and all. And extra thanks to Rounder Records and Wind River/Folk Era for multiple permissions.

This album could not have been completed without the encouragement, advice and support from many people: Sydney Long, for her original song that inspired *Before Their Time*; the production staff listed opposite; Peter and Jane McLaughlin, Dick Carney, Caroline Cochran Boynton, Medley Gatewood, and Joe Stallsmith; Jay Ungar and Priscilla Herdman, for five years’ worth of advice and encouragement; Nadine Laughlin for all the liner notes; Micah Solomon and the staff at Oasis CD; Roy Sikkink, Buzz Boswell, and Janine Weins; Gerry Putnam at CedarHouse Sound for recording all our “début-artist” tracks; Jo Ann Langone, John Walters, Dai Woosnam, Laurie MacGregor, Rachel Bissex, John Lutz, Laura Gilbert, and Ralph Winslow; John Chapin and the Canoe Club; as well as many, many others.

Production costs for Volume III were underwritten by gifts from many individuals and families, as well as grants from the Upper Valley Community Foundation (NH), the Mascoma Savings Bank Foundation (NH), the Byrne Foundation (NH), and Ledyard National Bank in Hanover, NH.

This album incorporates the combined experience of many people who have suffered through the unexpected – and often unimagined – loss of someone close. Each song was inspired by the acute pain of loss, which is easily recognized by anyone who has also gone through it.

Unlike the passing of an elderly person who has lived a long and full life, the death of anyone “before their time” – from accident, illness or disease, AIDS or stillbirth, suicide, assault, murder, war or terrorism – impacts surviving relatives and friends profoundly. A life cut short takes with it unfulfilled potential, but it also robs others of hopes and dreams that they might have seen realized had not circumstance or unfortunate fate intervened.

The music in these albums helps those who are grieving – even years later – by providing spiritual support during recovery from the depressive grief that may overtake survivors after an untimely death. Media stories perpetuate the myth that “closure” can occur fairly quickly, but this is because intense grief makes so many people uncomfortable.

Grieving after a traumatic loss takes time: it is slow, difficult, private work, and people who have been through it know this and respect others’ need to grieve. They can also provide the empathetic support of the experienced, as does the music of the artists on these CDs. Their songs were inspired by all kinds of different losses, and they focus on many different grief issues.

If you like individual songs in this collection, you will probably also enjoy their “source albums,” which are listed on the following pages. Supporting the musicians through album sales is a very direct way to thank them for donating their work to this project.

Michael Whitman
Executive Producer



This album is dedicated to the memory and freed spirit of Theodore Sizer Cochran
Baltimore, Boulder and San Francisco, 1940–2002

CD #1 – “It’s A Slow Burn”

- 01 Slow Burn** – *Robin Greenstein* (5:16)
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- 02 More Time** – *Leslie Ritter/Scott Petito* (3:43)
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- 03 Dancing Over Me** – *Kate Callahan* (5:58)
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- 04 I Will Fly** – *Kate Taylor* (5:28)
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- 06 Distant Shorelines** – *Rain Dance* (6:11)
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From the album *Let It Rain* (HMM0301)
www.rain-dance.net
- 07 You’re Gone** – *Jon Vezner* (3:57)
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- 08 If It Were Up to Me** – *Cheryl Wheeler* (3:08)
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- 10 Silvery Moon – Aoife Clancy (4:13)**
Traditional
From the album *Silvery Moon* (APR CD 1065) • Appleseed Recordings
www.appleseedrec.com • www.aoifeclancy.com
- 11 Niel Gow’s Lament for the Death of His Second Wife – Alasdair Fraser and Paul Machlis (4:21)** • by Niel Gow (1727–1807) / public domain
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- 12 Wish I Had a Penny – Ben Sands (3:29)**
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CD #2 – “They’re Just Gone”

- 13 1000 Candles, 1000 Cranes – Small Potatoes (4:59)**
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- 15 Ashes in the Wind – Kathy Mattea (4:37)**
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- 19 In the Quiet Morning** – *Joan Baez* (2:55)
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- 22 Bryant Street** – *Darryl Purpose* (4:25)
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- 23 Big Girl Now** – *Bill Isles* (3:39)
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- 24 Four Green Fields** – Tommy Makem (5:34)
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- 25 George and His 88 Keys / Grand Design** (5:55) – *Cosy Sheridan*
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- 26 What Is** – *Johnsmith* (4:15)
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- 27 Go East** – *Nadine Laughlin* (5:07)
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- 28 Peace of Wild Things** – *Paul Reisler and Bobby Read* (4:14)
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www.paulreisler.com
- 29 Sing Me To Sleep** – *Deidre McCalla* (5:01)
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- 30 Snow on the Water** – *Joel Mabus* (6:29)
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- 31 Inhale** – *Kerry Getz* (3:51)
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- 32 So Many Angels (9/11)** – *Jack Kid* (4:16)
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- 33 What Is White?** – *Upper Valley Music Center Youth Chorus* (4:19)
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- 34 One Small Star** – *Eric Bogle* (5:01)
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- 35 Save for the Moon** – *T.S. Baker* (3:00)
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- 36 The Quiet Room** – *Jay Ungar and Molly Mason* (3:49)
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37 Some Boats – *Anne Hills* (3:57)
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38 Bright Day – *Terri Allard* (4:21)
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39 The Gathering of Spirits – *Carrie Newcomer* (3:38)
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41 Singing in the Meadow – *Carrie Hamby* (3:39)
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42 Doubter’s Prayer – *Michael Jerling* (3:34)
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43 I Saw You There – *Still On The Hill* (2:23)
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44 Old Friends – *Mary McCaslin* (5:15)
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45 When I Go – *Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer* (4:15)
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- 46 Wild Geese** – *Dana Cunningham* (6:23)
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www.danacunningham.com
- 47 Gather Up the Lilies** – *Russell Walden* (6:20)
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www.blueoftheflame.com
www.gatherupthelilies.com
- 48 Ready To Fly** – *Calaveras* (5:03)
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- 49 Mimi's Path** – *Mark Spoelstra* (2:43)
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- 50 Onawa's Waltz** – *Upper Valley Music Center Youth Chorus* (2:28)
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- 51 The Art of Being Kind** – *Kristina Olsen* (3:16)
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From the album *Home To Love*
email: kristina@peacefultomorrow.org

People in mourning have to come to grips with death before they can live again. Mourning can go on for years and years. It doesn't end after a year; that's a fantasy. It usually ends when people realize that they can live again, that they can concentrate their energies on their lives as a whole, and not on their hurt, and guilt, and pain.

— Elisabeth Kubler Ross

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01 **Slow Burn** – *music and lyrics by Robin Greenstein*

Few know that “Slow Burn” is a song I wrote about my mother, Ilise Greenstein, a vibrant, vivacious, healthy woman who never had any serious illness until she passed away suddenly at the age of 56. A pain in her jaw wouldn’t go away and three months later she died from a rare form of thyroid cancer. It turned out that she had had acne zapped with x-rays at 16, which was the prevailing treatment in the ’50s and ’60s. It was a 40-year time bomb that ended her life earlier than it should have – both her parents buried her and lived well into their 90s.

My mother was an eccentric painter – an abstract expressionist – who was more suited for the streets of SoHo than the suburbs. If it weren’t for her influence, I doubt I would be a performing musician today. She once wrote in a letter to enjoy my summer, that the time didn’t return. I used that line in my song, which I wrote perhaps a year after she died. The words came first, then the music, and I thought that no one would relate to this song because it was so personal. Turns out it’s one of my most requested songs. Life is funny. — Robin

Robin Greenstein – guitar and lead vocal • Cecilia Kirtland – background vocals
Paul Kaplan – quartet • Mark Dann – bass • Robbie Kondor – synthesizer
Louis Cortelezzi – sax • Tony Conniff – drum programming

Late last night, lying in my bed
I couldn’t sleep thoughts running through my head
I lit a candle while words you said came to me

You taught me how much I still have to learn
How once time passes it doesn’t return
Life is like a flame it starts with a spark
Then it’s a slow burn

Slow burn, I think I’m gonna be up awhile tonight
Slow burn, all the memories are burning bright
Slow burn, I think it’s gonna take a long time
For these lights to flicker out

Yeah, you stood out like burning flame
In a world where everyone wants to be the same
A wild wild woman who wouldn’t be tamed,
that was you

You made me feel like the world was new
Like there wasn’t anything I couldn’t try and do
That’s why I’m singing this song for you –
I miss you

And when you knew the end was near
You made your exit very clear
You said, “I’d rather be anywhere but here,
Languishing in a slow burn.”

I never thought I’d miss you so much
Your hands through my hair with a gentle touch
Singing to me softly songs and such, you’d
calm me down
I guess that’s what happens when people die

They leave you and you don’t know the
reason why

You’re left alone to mourn and cry
These tears are burning holes in my eyes
They’re hot on my face, it’s a slow burn.

You taught me how much I still have to learn
How once time passes it doesn’t return
Life is like a flame it starts with a spark
Then it’s a slow burn.

02 More Time – *music and lyrics by Leslie Ritter and Scott Petito*

“More Time” was a gift. Scott had written this beautiful, haunting music and gave it to me for lyrics. Since I do most of my writing in the car, I took it for a ride on my way to visit a close friend who is HIV-positive. The words and music were there for the asking...one of those effortless writing experiences when you feel you just happen to be the vehicle the song chose to come through. — Leslie

Leslie Ritter – vocals • Scott Petito – bass, guitars, synthesizer

You wanted to be somebody all your life
You wanted to change the world and make it right
Looking back to the time when
Life held such promise
You wish you'd had more time

I look at you lying there so fragile, so frail
The pain in your eyes begs me not to fail
I'd die for you gladly
Trade places willingly
I wish we'd had more time

Do I have the power now to set you free
I've always believed that was for God, not me
I can't sit while you suffer
Can one have too much love?
I wish I had more time.

03 Dancing Over Me – *music and lyrics by Kate Callahan*

While writing this song, I had a vivid image of a young wife at home on a ranch, from which her cowboy husband is gone all day. She's always had a sense of danger, but today she knows something has happened. She's received no news yet but it's unmistakable, his presence there with her, above her, in her ears, behind her as she turns to look. The refrain is her plea, a denial of what she knows, and the bridge of the song spans a later period, after her loss, when she is talking to her deceased husband.

The lyrics for this song came pouring out one night in a subtle exchange with what I sensed to be a presence in an old Victorian house in Connecticut. The story was told through me, not by me. This doesn't happen often, but when it does, I don't argue. — Kate

Kate Callahan – vocal, acoustic guitar • Damon Honeycutt – percussion • Michael Deming – bass

Look at your ghost dancing over me
With fingers I reach and
touch less than I see
And you're falling darling
You're falling down to me

Get him up, round him up
And bring him home safely
Fix him up, wake him up
He's dancing over me

A year seemed like a long time
To be bound
But nothing made time pass
Quite like his sound
I hear ringing, singing
But I see nothing
When I finally turn around

And I want you to know
People think I'm charmed
And I lead a decent life
But I want you to know

Since you left the earth
I've been more like your wife
And I have settled down
In the morning grass
In the soft and steady ground
And I throw my head back
And I look for peace
And I feel it all around
Cause you're right there
And I'm upside down
And you're right there
And I'm upside down

I hear ringing, singing

If not for this feeling I might not believe
That he's still around and
He's watching over me
And he feels real
I feel him over me.

04 I Will Fly – lyrics by Charles H. Witham • music by Charles H. Witham, Arlen Roth, Tony Garnier

Charlie began writing “I Will Fly” the night of the tragic accident that took the lives of our friends, guitarist Arlen Roth’s wife Deborah and daughter Gillian. Arlen’s ability to collaborate on such a personal and emotional musical endeavor is testament to his courage and strength of spirit. Soon after he began writing “I Will Fly” Charlie became very ill. Transcending grief took on still deeper meaning in his life as he faced his own mortality. He hoped to create a song that would give comfort. His gift has helped us through the loss of Deborah and Gillian, as well as the loss of Charlie himself. We miss you so. — Kate

Kate Taylor – vocal • Arlen Roth – guitar • Mindy Joslyn – guitar, violin
Levon Helm – mandolin • Charlie Witham – foot

I was waiting in the darkness
For the telephone to ring
I was waiting for the headlights
And the comfort they would bring

A policeman came a-knocking
He came a-knocking at my front door
He said, “I’m sorry to have to tell you
Things won’t be the same anymore.”

I will fly on wings of grief
To that place beneath the clouds
And there I'll cry and call out to you
And call your name and cry out loud

A salty gale destroyed the flowers
The hummingbird had naught to eat
I lost the path whereon I traveled
From heart to soul on crippled feet

It felt like God had whispered something
Into my ear I could not bear
And though I called out in shock and sadness
I could not cry enough tears

Mama Mama, can you hear me crying?
My sweet sister, where did you go?
Though we're still riding on this dark highway
I'll keep on trying, I miss you so.

05 Rain and Sunshine (for Maribel) – music and lyrics by Sam Shaber

The first time I ever went on tour, one of my best friends from college, Maribel Garcia, came with me. She wanted to see the West and practice her stick-shift driving. We were having a wonderful time, going from gig to gig and camping in state parks from Montana to Arizona, when halfway through the trip, we got into an accident one morning while Maribel was driving. Hours later, I woke up in a hospital with a concussion and no memory. Maribel had been helicoptered to a head trauma unit in a bigger hospital in Flagstaff. She was in a coma for four days and died with her family around her. I wrote “Rain and Sunshine” about two months later, back home in New York, as a tribute to Maribel’s essence and a personal response to the well-meant but unhelpful ‘explanations’ that some people offer, such as “God works in mysterious ways” or “It was just her time.” All I knew in my heart was that rocks and earth, sunshine and biology, physics and gravity – and death – are real, and I needed to hold on to that. — Sam

Sam Shaber – vocals, acoustic guitar • Mike Steele – bass • David Patterson – electric guitar
Gerry Hansen – drums • Shawn Mullins – keyboards, additional guitars and vocals
Eleanor Arenz and David Arenz – violins • Paul Murphy – viola • Jere Flint – cello
Strings arranged by Ricky Keller

Lately, I've not been too well / And how are you, Maribel?
So much has changed, so soon since you've flown / I find myself so alone

Now I believe in rain and sunshine and gravity
That's what took you from me

I've got this story that I tell / About where we went, Maribel
And an open road through an Arizona valley / They say their god works mysteriously

And now if roses cast their spell / I sense you there, Maribel
And everywhere I carry you inside me / Your body is bound, but your beauty is free.

o6 Distant Shorelines (for Matt) – *music and lyrics by Doug Prescott*

“Distant Shorelines” is my attempt to deal with and understand the suicide of my only sibling. He was a wonderful, warm, intelligent person, with an endless desire to help improve the lives of his elderly patients with mental problems. Ironically, his own profession was clueless about how to help him with his own bipolar condition. When his marriage broke up and his wife moved away with their son, Matt basically gave up his career and moved from the Northeast to the South to be near his boy, but his burden eventually became too heavy. My wish is that others will find the means necessary to deal with this condition. I will always love and miss my brother Matt. This is his song. — Doug

Doug Prescott – acoustic guitar, vocal • Ronnie Parks – Godin Acousticaster, harmony
Jay Street – piano and string intro, keyboards • Robert Hudson – drums, percussion
Harry Tueting – bass, harmony • Mike Gardner – acoustic guitar lead

I watch the ships out in the harbor / I watch the ships sail out to sea
I watched my brother set his own sail / And sail forever away from me

He had a burden way too heavy / That he could no longer bear
He rigged his sails for distant shorelines / And set his sights on nowhere

Time stands still for those who grieve / As sorrow ends for those who leave
I wish that I could turn the clock back / And make things right so he was here.

o7 You're Gone – *music and lyrics by Jon Vezner and Paul Williams*

Jon and Paul, two longtime friends, memorialized people who gave them a hand when they couldn't get through rough times without help. Several have since died, so Jon and Paul use this song to send their messages of thanks for what have become full and rewarding lives for them. — Michael Whitman (MCW)

Jon Vezner – piano • Carson Whitsett – organ • Bernie Chiaravalle – acoustic, electric guitars
Duncan Mullins – bass • Jim Brock – drums

I said hello I think I'm broken
And though I was only jokin'
It took me by surprise when you agreed
I was trying to be clever
For the life of me I never would have guessed how far
The simple truth would lead
You knew all my lines, you knew all my tricks
You knew how to heal that pain no medicine can fix
And I bless the day I met you
And I thank God that he let you
Lay beside me for a moment that lives on
And the good news is I'm better

For the time we spent together
And the bad news is – you're gone
Looking back it's still surprising
I was sinking, you were risin'
With a look, you caught me in midair
Now I know God has his reasons
But sometimes it's hard to see them
When I awake and find that you're not there
You found hope in hopeless
And you made crazy sane
You became the missing link
That helped me break my chains.

o8 If It Were Up to Me – *music and lyrics by Cheryl Wheeler*

Voicing her dismay after the shootings at Columbine High School, Cheryl's sharp eye for detail produces a volley that blasts our obsession with fixing easy blame to hard problems. — Scott Alarik

Cheryl Wheeler – acoustic guitar • Shawn Pelton – drums, percussion • Zev Katz – bass
Larry Campbell – electric guitar • Lloyd Landesman – Hammond organ

Maybe it's the movies, maybe it's the books
Maybe it's the bullets, maybe it's the real crooks
Maybe it's the drugs, maybe it's the parents
Maybe it's the colors everybody's wearin'
Maybe it's the President, maybe it's the last one
Maybe it's the one before that, what he done
Maybe it's the high schools, maybe it's the teachers
Maybe it's the tattooed children in the bleachers
Maybe it's the Bible, maybe it's the lack
Maybe it's the music, maybe it's the crack
Maybe it's the hairdos, maybe it's the TV
Maybe it's the cigarettes, maybe it's the family
Maybe it's the fast food, maybe it's the news
Maybe it's divorce, maybe it's abuse
Maybe it's the lawyers, maybe it's the prisons
Maybe it's the Senators, maybe it's the system
Maybe it's the fathers, maybe it's the sons
Maybe it's the sisters, maybe it's the moms
Maybe it's the radio, maybe it's road rage
Maybe El Nino, or UV rays
Maybe it's the army, maybe it's the liquor
Maybe it's the papers, maybe the militia
Maybe it's the athletes, maybe it's the ads
Maybe it's the sports fans, maybe it's a fad
Maybe it's the magazines, maybe it's the internet
Maybe it's the lottery, maybe it's the immigrants
Maybe it's the taxes, big business
Maybe it's the KKK and the skinheads
Maybe it's the communists, maybe it's the Catholics
Maybe it's the hippies, maybe it's the addicts
Maybe it's the art, maybe it's the sex
Maybe it's the homeless, maybe it's the banks
Maybe it's the clearcut, maybe it's the ozone
Maybe it's the chemicals, maybe it's the car phone
Maybe it's the fertilizer, maybe it's the nose rings
Maybe it's the end, but I know one thing –
If it were up to me, I'd take away the guns.

09 **Closer to Truth** – *music and lyrics by David Mallet and Lance Cowan*

This song started when the title phrase, which had first run through my mind ten years before, took on new meaning during the Gulf War. I was living in Nashville at the time, and became aware that the constant violence in that city mirrored what was happening in the Middle East. Two incidents became entwined: one the story of a young woman killed at an ATM machine for \$5, the other of an American soldier killed by so-called “friendly fire” – but what a stupid term! The “bad news coming down the wire” was all from us, ourselves. — David

David Mallett – guitar, vocals • Steven Sheehan – guitar • Mike Burd – bass

I sit alone in the mornin' light
My head in my hand
I didn't get to sleep last night, I was
Thinking 'bout my old friend
Bad news comin' down the wire
Another victim of unfriendly fire

We are closer to truth
In dangerous times
We are closer to truth

Pain and suffering all about
Never hit so close to home
Right now I'm so filled with doubt
Has God left us all alone
Staring up at the empty sky
Does anyone know why we are

We are nearer to God
When our lives are on the line
We are nearer to God

The last time I saw my friend
He just laughed and said goodbye
That's how I'll always think of him
Standing there so alive
In the best and the worst of times
Seems we always find we are

We are nearer to God
When our lives are on the line
We are nearer to God

We are dying for love
For all of mankind
We are dying for love
In dangerous times.

10 **Silvery Moon** – *Traditional*

This song may be a music-hall song, or again an English “parlour song,” says Aoife, who got the song and this information from Dave Webber and Anni Fentiman, who themselves passed this on to me: “Packie Byrne, a traditional singer from Donegal, changed some of the words from those he learned to ‘improve’ the song, which he certainly did. He told me that he knew a couple of people who sang it including his mother, so it was a popular song at one time, which also suggests its route was from the music hall rather than The Tradition, though by now it has been absorbed into the tradition.” — MCW

Aoife Clancy – vocals • Jacqueline Schwab – piano • Donal Clancy – guitar

As I strolled along
At the close of the day
It being the beginning of June
'Twas there in a glade
That I spied a fair maid
As she sang her lament to the moon

Roll along silvery moon
Guide the traveler on his way
While the nightingale sings a sweet tune
There is no time so sweet
As when true lovers meet
By the grey silvery light of the moon.

My love he was young
And a bold fisherman
His arms they were brawny and strong
His voice was so clear
And a pleasure to hear
While singing an old shanty song

But his boat went down
And my true love found
A grave 'neath the cold and deep sea
No more to return
And it's for him I'll mourn
Till the day that the clay covers me

11 Niel Gow's Lament for the Death of his Second Wife – *composed by Niel Gow (public domain)*

In remembrance of Margaret Urquhart of Perth, to whom Gow was married for 30 years.

Alasdair Fraser – fiddle • Paul Machlis – piano

12 Wish I Had a Penny – *music and lyrics by Ben Sands*

My brothers Tommy, Colum and Eugene, my sister Anne and I were on our second “band” tour of Germany in November 1975 when Eugene – always “Dino” to us – was killed in an autobahn car smash near Osnabruck. We were devastated and considered giving up our music careers, even though we'd had the success of singing in Carnegie Hall just the year before, on St. Patrick's Day. Eventually, feeling that Dino would not have wanted us to stop, we decided to continue and have done so to this day. Each time I travel the autobahns in the north of Germany, I have a very real feeling that Dino is not far away, and this feeling was in my mind when I awoke on a misty early morning near Osnabruck, when I began to write “Wish I Had a Penny.” — Ben

Ben Sands – vocals • Johnny Scott – guitars • Graham Henderson – accordion, keyboards
Rod Patterson – double bass • Johnny Scott – string arrangement

I wish I had a penny for every time I think of you / As the morning sun comes a-peeping through
And a single blackbird sings its notes at break of day / Sending busy bees on their buzzy way

I'd have pennies by the score / I would be no longer poor / But I'd still be wanting more

I wish I had a word for every time I see your face / In a busy street or a marketplace

Seeing your reflection in shop windows in the town / But you disappear when I turn around

I would write an endless song / Words so gentle, words so strong / Sing them to you all day long

I wish I had a canvas for each night I sit and stare / At the silent phone and the empty chair

Listening for a footstep or the laughter of your voice / Or a chiming clock on the mantelpiece

I'd paint a picture of the sky / Filled with stars to watch you by / When I once again ask, Why?

13 1000 Candles, 1000 Cranes – music and lyrics by Rich Prezioso

The urge to write a song about World War II in the Pacific came to me around the 50th anniversary of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. My father swears he would have been in the Japanese mainland invasion force if it weren't for the bomb, and that there's a good chance he wouldn't be here. The Chicago *Tribune* printed an excerpt from Hideko Tamura Snider's 1996 book *One Sunny Day: A Child's Memories of Hiroshima*. Snider, who now works at the University of Chicago, tells a simple, compelling story that says, "Please, do not let this happen again."

This song's blending of the shared plea from survivors on both sides has brought touching comments from ex-soldiers, Japanese and Americans who use it for teaching healing and friendship, in commemorations in the two bombed cities, and even from a man coincidentally named Nakamura. His family still lives in Hiroshima and he performed our song at a local rally.

Candles and cranes are powerful, prayerful, parallel motifs in our two countries. — Rich

Rich Prezioso – vocal, guitar • Jacquie Manning – vocal, pennywhistle

My grandmother had three sons
She dreamed about her children's children
But then came 1941
Only one son would see the war end

Joseph died marching in Bataan
Frank on the sands of Iwo Jima
The day the bomb destroyed Japan
She thanked God and Harry Truman

She blamed the godless Japanese
For having crushed her sweetest dreams
One thousand candles for my sons
Every day I will remember

In Illinois, far from her past
Miss Nakamura still remembers
She was six when she saw the flash
That turned the world to smoke and ashes

Mother taught her daughter well
Run from the fire to the river
There she found a living hell
But not a mother or a father

Though she survived with just a scrape
Her family vanished into space

One thousand suns, a thousand cranes
Every day I will remember

My grandmother had three sons
She never dreamed she'd have a daughter
But at the age of eighty-one
She met a nurse named Nakamura

And it was a question only meant
To make some talk and pass the hours
About a picture by the bed
A photograph of two young soldiers

Hatred and anger stored for years
Slowly melted into tears
One thousand candles, a thousand cranes
Every day I will remember

I've a picture in my mind
Of two women slowly walking
August 6th, 1985
Walking to church to light a candle

And they once asked me to explain
Why grown men play such foolish games
One thousand candles, a thousand cranes
Every day I will remember.

14 **She's Just Gone** – music and lyrics by Greg Greenway

I wrote this after reading in the Boston *Globe* about a drive-by shooting. Tiffany Moore, 10, lived in Roxbury with her grandmother, who planned to send her to South Carolina to live with other relatives because their neighborhood seemed to be getting too dangerous. The day before she was to leave, Tiffany was sitting on a sidewalk mailbox with a 14-year-old girl who was a friend in the neighborhood, but who was also the leader of a gang.

On this sunny summer afternoon, members of a rival gang shot at the other girl, but hit Tiffany. This incident shocked Boston, where it was widely believed that significant inroads had been made in reducing gang violence. — Greg

Greg Greenway – vocal and guitar

The sky is so wide
And the world is so big
How could I find the way?
And this smaller space and nearer the sun
Put in the air by a blind revenge
She never would see the face
Never would know the name
Of the one

Into the day without a trace
Nothing she could have done
It tells you when it is time,
Your time has come
Shake your head for the ones she loved
Feel for the ones she knew
Pray if you don't find harm,
It won't find you

She was a young girl,
Sitting on a mailbox,
Young girl, her friends are all smiling
And she was a headline
For being in the wrong place
A headline and living in a
Senseless time, gone wrong,
And now she's just gone

If I go in the wink of an eye,
I would not change a thing
I'm glad I was a singer and
Had a chance to sing
If I go in the wink of an eye
My love, it would not erase
The mornings I watched the sun
Warm you awake.

15 **Ashes in the Wind** – music and lyrics by Jon Vezner

Kathy Mattea performs several of her husband's songs. Although the friend's name was not actually "Davey," this song is a friend's story, which Jon transformed into a very moving tribute.

In an interview published in the newspaper *Vail Trail*, Mattea explained, "Songs are at their best when the writer tunes into something very personal. That's when it becomes universal, and that's the magic in it." — MCW

Kathy Mattea – vocal • Mark Stallings – piano • Byron House – acoustic bass
Joanie Madden – whistle • Carl Marsh – string arrangement
John Catchings, Dave Davidson, Kris Thompson, Pam Sixfin, David Angell – strings

Ashes in the Wind

The first time I met Davey It was 1985
We were three sheets to the wind and a couple of tokes over the line
But I've replayed that moment like a movie in my mind
The first time I met Davey It was 1985

The next time I saw Davey it was at a high school dance
He was with my best friend Mary, I was singing with the band
My life passed before me, In that passing glance
And I knew I'd never be the same again

And I sing Davey runs through the roses and Davey runs through my mind
Thinking that the road I chose was the best one at the time
Those memories they're just moments you wish would never end
But they never stay, they just float away like ashes in the wind

Now Davey married Mary and went on with his life
So I went and found a husband and tried to be a wife
But I knew from "I do" deep down it wasn't right
And that's why I'm looking back alone tonight

The minutes turn to days, and the days they turn to years
And a lifetime you can waste, when you're running from your fears

And I sing Davey runs through the roses and Davey runs through my mind
Thinking that the road I chose was the best one at the time
Those memories they're just moments you wish would never end
But they never stay, they just float away like ashes in the wind

The last time I saw Davey it was 1999
We had gathered all together, we had come to say goodbye
To the heart of an old soul who was far too young to die
And in the still you could hear the angels cry

And I sing Davey runs through the roses and Davey danced through my life
I can see him up there with Moses, right next to Jesus Christ
While I'm standing at the crossroads wondering what's around the bend
He's miles from here beyond the atmosphere, just ashes in the wind
I can see him rise into the sky, just ashes in the wind.

16 Tuesday – music and lyrics by Amy Fairchild

On September 11, 2001, I was standing on the shore in Hoboken, watching the events of the morning unfold across the river. This event impacted me so deeply that I knew I would write a song about it: I just didn't know when. Few songs come out all at once, but this is one of those songs. It's a truly personal account of an event that will stay graphically etched in my mind, heart and soul until the day I die. I'm glad that what came out wasn't political in nature. I hope, therefore, it's accessible to everyone with ears to hear and a heart to feel. — Amy

Amy Fairchild – guitar and vocal

I guess I'll see you around
I'm taking a trip, I'm leaving town
I can't decide on which airline
I never really had a fear of flying
I'm sure I'll be fine

I can see it all now
Everyone was running around
And by the time I got you on the line
The world was no longer yours and mine
And I wasn't fine

Way across the river
I heard the city cry
I lost my mind on Tuesday
Kiss the life you knew goodbye

I see things so different now
You can hang there, floating on a cloud
Live your life in future time
I'm going to take it from the vine
This is the end of the line

Way across the river
I heard the sirens cry
I lost my mind on Tuesday
Kiss the life you knew goodbye

Way across the river
I saw people die
I lost my mind on Tuesday
And kissed the life I knew goodbye.

17 Hymn: Page 9/11 – composed by Peter Ostroushko

I wrote this as a melodic meditation to try and come to some understanding and resolution of my feelings from that tragic day. — Peter

Peter Ostroushko – mandolin • Greg Liesz – Sheerhorn resonator guitar
Diane Tremaine – cello • Ritchie Dworsky – piano, Hammond B3 organ

18 Rosemary's Sister – music and lyrics by Huw Williams

A brief, passing mention of this true story planted a seed for the song. Now living in Wales, Rosemary was 5 years old and living with her family in London when this archetypical World War II tragedy occurred. The title actually came first, even before I worked out the chorus and the melody line that for me, make the song. A story-song such as this is not what I usually write: I prefer that a song not reveal

itself on first listening, but unravel its emotions and meanings gradually. “Rosemary” has surprised me because it was only after some persuading from my musical partner Tony Williams that we included it in our repertoire. Thank goodness, otherwise the song would never have seen the light of day.

Over the years people say they have used it to explain death to children, and I remember seeing many front-row people in tears, at concerts. Even I can be surprised by the power of a song. — Huw

Connie Dover – vocals • Phil Cunningham – whistles, keyboards • Mánuš Lunny – guitar

Brother of disaster and sister of our fate
Do you count the tragedies we see?
And brother of confusion and sister of debate
Do you remember the sister of Rosemary?

The doodlebugs were flying and the blitz was at its height
Rosemary lay sleeping with her sister only nine
And no one heard the one that hit, the one that blew the lid
Rosemary came out crying but her sister never did

And we fly high, our dreams are all in vain
One moment we are singing and the next we cry in pain
But high above the heavens in a host of angels’ wings
Rosemary’s sister will be dancing

Her mother cried all that year as many others did
There were times when she’d pull through now and again
And the people there in Bethnel Street in the rubble and the stone
Swept up the street and started all again

When tyranny is biting you do your best to try
And stifle all your heartache till it’s safe again to cry
And when the darkness disappears and the light comes shining through
We’ll gather up and start our fall anew

There’s a teacher in the classroom, there’s a mother in the hall
The children sit and wait for the bell for home
And Rosemary is waiting, she has a child now of her own
And she’s waiting to collect and take her home

And sometimes in the firelight in the silence where she sits
Her mind goes back to Bethnel Street, the darkness and the blitz
And she hears if there’s another one, then the end will be complete
Well, I wonder what they’d say in Bethnel Street?

19 In the Quiet Morning (for Janis Joplin) – music and lyrics by Mimi Farina

A number of beautiful and insightful songs have been written in memory of someone whom the songwriter did not know personally, and this is one. Mimi – and all of us – knew who Janis was, and Mimi was moved by the tragic death of this tremendously talented, hard-living megastar, whose music Mimi loved but who seemed to be from a different planet. — MCW

Joan Baez – guitar and vocals • Sid Sharp, Henry Ferber, Bill Kurasch, Ralph Schaeffer, Jimmy Getzoff, Tibor Zelig, Lenny Malarsky and Ron Folson – violin • Harry Hyams and Al Neiman – viola • Jesse Ehrlich and Ray Kelly – 'cello
Kenneth Buttrey – drums • Norbert Putnam – bass • Glen Spreen – string arrangement

In the quiet morning / There was much despair
And in the hours that followed / No one could repair

That poor girl / Tossed by the tides of misfortune
Barely here to tell her tale / Rode in on a sea of disaster / Rode out on a mainline rail

She once walked right at my side / I'm sure she walked by you
Her striding steps could not deny / Torment from a child who knew

That in the quiet morning / There would be despair
And in the hours that followed / No one could repair

That poor girl / She cried out her song so loud
It was heard the whole world round / That symphony of violence / The great southwestern vow

In the quiet morning / There was much despair
And in the hours that followed / No one could repair

That poor girl / Tossed by the tides of misfortune
Barely here to tell her tale / Rode in on a sea of disaster / Rode out on mainline rail.



The season of grief is our shutting down time. We prepare the cottage of our hearts for the winter, securing our windows to the world, stocking the cupboards with what will sustain us during the cold and dark.

Carefully we rebuild our inner fire, and huddle in its warmth while the storms of winter pass, awaiting a spring that will come as surely as the steady passage of the days.

— Molly Fumia, *Safe Passage – Words to Help the Grieving*
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www.redwheelweiser.com

20 Omaha – music and lyrics by Marie-Lynn Hammond

Marie-Lynn wrote this for her sister, “Forever in my heart and thoughts.”

Only someone who has lost a sibling or a child, early and out of the natural order, can appreciate fully the depth of the ache that could create the lines, “I’d trade all the music in the world, all the paintings by Monet / Oh, I would gladly give my voice to have you back just one more day.” Even though a second separation would be harder than the first, survivors invariably try to imagine the reunion. — MCW

Marie-Lynn Hammond – guitar and vocal • Ben Mink – violin • David Woodhead – bass

I’m in some motel room in Omaha
I’m not sure why I’m here
It’s supposed to be about the music
But these days nothing is very clear
Nobody knows me in Omaha
Nobody meets my eyes
I walk the streets invisible
Like I’m wearing some disguise

There’s a river by the highway in Omaha
And paths on its grassy banks
And a little arched bridge
Like in a Japanese print
And I cross on its wooden planks
And the slanting light is silvery gold
The way it gets at the end of the day
And though it’s only Omaha
It’s like a painting by Monet

And you’re the one
I’d have shared this with
Who’d have seen just what I’d seen
Who knew about light and shadow
And the infinite shades of green
You were the one always took the most
Delight in my delight
So now I keep these things inside
Where they never shine so bright

Oh once there were three sisters
Just like in an old folk tale
And the gentlest one had eyes of blue
And skin so fine and pale
But someone put a spell on her

And we watched her fade away
And no white witch or faerie queen
Turned up to save the day

So I went to sleep in this motel room
And in the morning on the floor
I found a small grey perfect feather
I swear wasn’t there the night before
But even if I believed in ghosts
Or that supernatural stuff
I’d be lying if I said a sign
Like this would ever be enough

Still I took that feather and I tucked it in
With the picture that I carry of you
In the face of the unspeakable
I mean, what else is there to do?
And the sun still rises every day
And the world keeps spinning blind
But me, it seems I’m frozen here
In the space you left behind

So I’m writing these lines in Omaha
Because writing’s all I’ve got
Though I’m thinking now
That it’s a pretty poor bridge
Between what is and what is not
And I’d trade all the music in the world
All the paintings by Monet
Oh I would gladly give my voice
To have you back just one more day

I’m in some motel room in Omaha
And I’m not sure why I’m here.

21 Catherine and Georgia – music and lyrics by David Roth

My wife Tricia helped care for her dear friend Nancy, who struggled mightily with breast cancer for the last eight months of her life. As this transition was unfolding, two more people entered the picture – Nancy’s doctor and her hospice nurse – with the same first names as two of Nancy’s sisters who had previously passed away. The “coincidence” was so powerful, the glimpse into “what’s next?” so riveting that a song was born, different in style and substance from anything I’d done before. My father Irving died in the Evanston (IL) Hospital’s hospice unit, and my cousin Michele is a hospice nurse in California. We’re eternally grateful to those who work in this remarkable field. — David

David Roth – vocal, guitar, keyboard • Mark Dann – electric guitar

Frances and Joseph Cardullo had children
Enough for a basketball team out in Yonkers
A son and four daughters
The light of their lives
Little did they imagine
The future they harbored

Catherine and Georgia, MaryEllen and Nicky
And Nancy the youngest
They moved to Cape Cod
More suited to raising of kids than a city
The sand and the breakers
The old promenades

Catherine, the eldest
Gave birth eight times over
Georgia had two of her own along the way
Catherine and Georgia
Both stricken with cancer
Survived by their parents
Were Catherine and Georgia

Nancy the baby, now fast turning forty
A picture of health, diminutive body
A call from the clinic
It’s still in the family
The world upside down,
The world topsy turvy

Her doctor said
“Nancy, I’ll be here to help you
We’ll use every option, we’ll do all we can
Alternative treatments
The strength of your spirit
We’ll find a way through this
My name is Katherine.”

The winter was whipping the snow
’Round the cottage
Where Nancy was shedding
The shell of her soul
Katherine the doctor
Turned Nancy’s care over
To a registered nurse
From the local hospice

Who entered the bedroom
And took Nancy’s hand
Looked in her eyes and said
“You’re not alone
With five of your loved ones
And me here to help you
We’ll find our way through this
My name is Georgia.”

22 **Bryant Street** – music and lyrics by Darryl Purpose and Ellis Paul

I had two sisters named Dori Lynn – one older, and one younger. My father left us when my older sister Dori was 1-1/2, then remarried and named his next daughter the same. My younger half-sister drowned in their backyard when she was 1-1/2, so my father lost each of them at the same age. I heard the story decades later from a man who lives where the drowning occurred, how my father spiraled downward into a drinking haze and died of alcoholism some years later. — Darryl

Darryl Purpose – acoustic guitar and vocals • Ellis Paul – acoustic guitar • Daryl S – viola

A paper-thin time machine, an old Polaroid
A black and white faded scene
A girl with a toy
You kept your smile on while
Someone took pictures
Were you holding the family up?
I'm driving down Bryant St.
Come to chase down your ghost
You, I will never meet
But today I'll come close
Knocked on a neighbor's door
Told him my story
He said he knows who you were

They say that God works in patterns
But hey what does it matter
When faith and hope can be
Shattered so easily

A plastic-lined swimming pool
A hot summer's day
A wandering little girl
Discovered too late
Mother was gone to work, Papa was inside
When you took that walk 'round the block

Chorus

The caretaker says you'll be found
Third row, seventh place
Forty years since they laid you down
Now we've come face to face
I brought some flowers for you little sister
I've come here to tell you my name.

23 **Big Girl Now** – music and lyrics by Bill Isles and Tiffany Stensland

As a teenager Tiffany lost a grown sister to a murder-suicide and when she got older, she missed acutely the interaction she had always expected when both would be “big girls.” This song grew out of lyrics that Tiffany found running around in her head – what she calls “sappy longing” for her sister’s influences now that Tiffany is grown up: “You know when you’re a kid you wish you could hang out with older siblings and you wonder what they are doing when they’re gone, imagining that it’s all so exciting. Now I realize that I just wanted to be with my sister, in her company. It didn’t matter if we were playing games or doing chores; it was just comforting being with her. Now I wish I had her presence near me as I go through the stuff she went through.”

Bill set his song in the first person female, using Tiffany’s lyrics and broadening the theme to include missing anyone who has died unexpectedly. — MCW

Bill Isles – vocals, acoustic guitar

I'm a big girl now, can't you take me where you used to go
A big girl now, can't I see the things you wouldn't let me know
I used to wish, I used to scheme and I would dream
Of that day when you would

Take my hand, and walk with me
Lead me through the grown-up places
That you wanted me to see
Take my hand, and walk with me
Help me be the kind of woman that you wanted me to be

I'm a big girl now, you used to hold me down and tickle me
A big girl now
I laughed and cried and couldn't hold my pee
I'd see you run off with your date, but I could wait
For that day when you would

Sometimes I do my makeup and check the mirror 'fore I go
I see a bit of you in me and I wonder if you know
That I'm a big girl now
It's been years since he took you away
A big girl now
And I know it's gonna hurt a little every day
It's the way things are, the way things go, but I'll never know
How it feels to have you.

24 Four Green Fields – music and lyrics by Tommy Makem

This song was a premonition of new losses of the kind that Ireland has suffered for centuries, but no one could have foreseen the extent and the intensity of The Troubles. The four Irish provinces of Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught are, of course, the four green fields. The Old Woman is Ireland herself. I wrote this song in 1967 and it's a plea for Ireland to be left to chart her own destiny without interference, a destiny for all her sons and daughters. Surely, after eight hundred years of 'interference,' it's not too much to ask. — Tommy

Tommy Makem – vocal, whistle • Ronnie D'Addario – back-up vocal, guitars • Gene Ragosta – bass

What did I have, said the fine old woman
What did I have, this proud old woman did say
I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
I had fine strong sons, who fought to save my jewels
They fought and died, and that was my grief said she

Long time ago, said the fine old woman
Long time ago, this proud old woman did say
There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cried, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

What have I now, said the fine old woman
What have I now, this proud old woman did say
I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage
In stranger's hands, that tried to take it from me
But my sons have sons, as brave as were their fathers
My fourth green field will bloom once again said she.

25 George and His 88 Keys / Grand Design – music and lyrics by Cosy Sheridan

“George and His 88 Keys” took me almost twenty years to write. I started it when I was 18, as my grandfather was slowly succumbing to Alzheimer’s. I used to sit with him on Sunday mornings, while my grandmother went to church. He would tell me amazing stories – it was a wonderful time together, even though he was losing his memory. I sang one version of the song at my high school senior recital that year, then put the song away until my early 30s, when I took it out again one night in my kitchen. I knew I couldn’t use it the way it was originally, but the first two verses were a great start. So, I said a short prayer to my grandfather and the rest of the song came in about twenty minutes. I’m pretty sure he helped me write it. — Cosy

“George and His 88 Keys”: Cosy Sheridan – guitar and vocal • Mitchel Forman – piano

“Grand Design”: Cosy Sheridan – guitar • John Pierce – bass • Ben Wittman – drums
David Surette – bousouki and mandolin • Mitchel Forman – piano

My grandfather used to play “76 Trombones”
And “Miss Otis Regrets”
On a piano on a flat-bed truck a
All the way down Main Street
With the color guard and the Vets

Miss Otis regrets that George will be
Unable to lunch today
He’s down the hall in his room
With some childhood tune
That will not get out of his way

My grandmother saved the picture
They ran in the paper
George and his ivories in the lead
76 trombones lead the big parade
George and his 88 keys

And there’s a bird on the windowsill
Or is that his old back yard?
And the sparrow that once sat on his palm
76 trombones lead the big parade
In George’s head they all play different songs

He wore a tulip, a big yellow tulip
And she wore a big red rose
George wears what the nurse dresses him in
Now he can't understand his clothes

My grandmother comes to help him
Eat his lunch every day
And sits with him through the long afternoon
76 trombones lead the big parade
And love does not forget its tunes

Amazing Grace, where is your sweet sound
Let it come and abide with me
In the gathering dark
We'll play a song in F-sharp
'Cause George taught himself
On just the black keys

We'll play it by ear, to call heaven near
Where not one note has to sound alone
76 trombones lead the big parade –
And George – all the way home.

27 Go East – music and lyrics by Nadine Laughlin

In May 2002, a very dear friend of our family, Jessamyn Iselin, died suddenly and unexpectedly at 18 years old from cardiac arrest. Jessamyn is the daughter of close friends and neighbors, and lifelong best friends with my daughter Eliza. I wrote “Go East” for Eliza in the weeks following Jessamyn’s death. I wanted to let her know that if she let herself fall into her grief, she wouldn’t fall into an abyss. Though it was a great and frightening darkness, she would be held and carried by the great arms of love. The Four Directions came to me as a reassuring way to envision aspects of the path of grief and the enduring and guiding nature of love. — Nadine

Nadine Laughlin – lead vocal, piano • Gordon Bok – cellamba
Terry Landis – harmony vocal • Danny Solomon – synthesizer

You should go east into the day
There’s nothing left to do, nothing to say
But go east into the light
There’s nothing in the world to make this right

You should go south into the heart
To the love that brings us here and tears us apart
Go south, right into the fire
Let the ashes fall and the smoke grow higher

And I will walk beside you as far as I can go
Let your tears baptize me as they flow
Let this path of sorrow let me know
We are always together, and alone

You should go west into the dream
You don’t have to know what it means
Go west, right into the dark
Look into the night for a guiding star

Go north into the cold
Find a mountain stream and look for gold
Go north right into this loss
Climb up to the top and look across

And I will fly beside you as far as I can go
Let these winds baptize me as they blow
Let this flight of sorrow take us home
Where we’re always together

Let this flight of sorrow take us home
Where we’re always together
We are always together
Always....home

28 Peace of Wild Things – music and lyrics by Paul Reisler

When my cousin Suzie was dying of liver cancer in her 30s, she and her husband Ben used to visit our farm in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Once when she wasn't feeling too well and was particularly worried about the future, she told me how much she loved coming out to visit, and how walking through the woods among the animals made her feel their peace – the deer grazing in the field at dawn, the geese floating on the still lake.

What she said reminded me of a poem by Wendell Berry. I read it to her and then stayed up all night to write this song, borrowing its title from Berry's poem. As her condition deteriorated in the next six months, she and Ben played it every night before she went to bed, and I played it at her funeral hoping it would bring some peace to those of us left behind.

This is one of those songs that comes from some other place, and it was unintentional that it has monochrome verses and a full-color chorus. — Paul

Leslie Tucker – vocal • Paul Reisler – guitar • Bobby Read – soprano sax, keyboard, vocal •
Jeff Romano – rhythm guitar • Tracy Silverman – violin • Peter Mark Prince – bass

On a withered branch outside my window
A crow alights and whispers in my ear
A worried wind blows from northwest of Canada
I long for the peace of wild things

When shadows grow thin, sadness swells within me
My dreams are of nothing but fear
I go to the wood where white deer lie sleeping
And rest in the peace of wild things

The call of the great blue heron
A snow-white swan gliding on the lake of dawn
The scarlet cloak of autumn, feathers falling
I go where the wild things have gone

When my life is strained, shadows cloud my dreaming
I go where the golden eagles soar
The heavens lie sleeping above and below me
I rest in the peace of wild things

For a moment I rest
In the grace of creation
Free, free like the wild things

29 Sing Me To Sleep – music and lyrics by Deidre McCalla

This was written ten years after my best friend, Debbie, died of cancer at 25. I think every song synthesizes different moments in a writer's life and this finally emerged after its years as a shadowy concept.

I settled on an approach and metaphor after a friend shared with me her experiences at the death of an elderly friend. She had taken pictures of the room in the moments surrounding this woman's passing: they resonated with me and became the images in the first lines. Seeing those pictures brought back Deb's death to me and helped me reflect on our connection. Music was a central part of our friendship and we truly had sworn "we'd trade our dying breath for a tune." Ahh, the idealism of youth! There is no trading with Death.

She and I lived many hundreds of miles apart at the time she died, and although we did manage a final phone conversation, I was not with her when she died. This song was my way of capturing the essence of our last conversation. – Deidre

Deidre McCalla – vocal • Benny Rietveld – bass • Kevin Hayes – drums
Bonnie Hayes – piano • Nina Gerber – acoustic guitar • Paul Davis – electric guitar
Vicki Randle, Linda Tillery, Teresa Trull – supporting vocals

The books and the photographs
Seem to glow in the sun's golden haze
The shadows are long and still
As the evening light fades
Remember the days
Music filled every room
And we swore we'd trade
Our dying breath for a tune

Would you sing me to sleep
And hold me 'til tomorrow
Your presence will ease
My journey through this night
There's no longer need
For all the tears of sorrow
I am finally free
Would you just sing me to sleep

We never expected this
And the timing has torn us apart

For you more than anyone
Dearest friend of my heart
I know that this leaving
Is not what you'd choose
But there is a limit
To what love can do

We long to hold our loved ones here
But deep inside we know
That often for the spirit to heal
The body must let go

It's almost a luxury
To know just how this chapter will end
So many pass away
With a fence still to mend
There's nothing unspoken
No thread left untied
I ask one last favor
Instead of good-byes

30 Snow on the Water – music and lyrics by Joel Mabus

The repeating images are from two religions. To meditate upon snow falling on water, ice becoming liquid, which will in turn become ice, is a Taoist exercise, and Jesus instructed us to work to gain the kingdom of heaven, not earthly wealth, for “Where you put your treasure, there will your heart be also.”

Think of the end of life as the ultimate snow-onto-water metaphor: snow, after all, IS water. Although the form may change, it is not destroyed but transformed. So “we are gone – not really gone, just gone.”

The chorus acts as an unchanging mirror that reflects the verses as they go by. The first is personal, the second societal, and the third universal, about death: our lives that we inhabit day to day end, but there is an echo that lives on in memory and dreams. — Joel

Joel Mabus – guitar, mandolin • Peter Dominguez – bass

You can steal my money, you can wreck my car
You can cut the strings off this old guitar.
You can do what you will, but you won't get the best of me
You can take back the love that you swore was mine
You can turn out the lights but the stars still shine
'Cause where you put your treasure, that's where your heart will be

It's snow on the water, snow on the water
Such beautiful snow on the water
Gone...gone...gone

You can touch it on your body, you can put it in the bank
You can nail it up in the suburbs plank by plank
You can drink it from a bottle, sail it on the deep blue sea.
You can rock it in the cradle, seek it in a friend
Why, some people fight about it to the bitter end
But where you put your treasure, that's where your heart will be

It's snow on the water, snow on the water
Such beautiful snow on the water
Gone...gone...gone

Tonight I'm thinking 'bout my friends who have gone before
I sure do hate to think I'll never see them no more
But sometimes in my dreams, I can hear them talk to me
And when the time comes for me to go
I want my friends to consider the snow
Because where you put your treasure, that's where your heart will be

31 Inhale – music and lyrics by Kerry Getz

When I began performing in public, my only brother was one of my earliest champions. I wrote this song for him after he died from a drug overdose. The song came spilling out of me in about fifteen minutes. This has become one of my most requested songs, and I feel incredibly grateful to be able to honor my brother in this way, which has also brought solace to others. Helping others during such a difficult time is the greatest gift I could hope to give. — Kerry

Kerry Getz – vocals, acoustic guitar • Chris Gaffney – accordion
Tim Chandler – fretless bass • Steve Distanislaou – drums • Missy Hasin – cello

Inhale, exhale, there I am
Breath in the air
I'm not this shell, I'm not these bones
I'm floating beyond / There I am

Open window, there I am
Wind in the trees
Hear the sound like a whisper
That's my voice / There I am

Sunlight and shadow, there I am
I'm darkness and light
I can't be caught, can't be held
Close your eyes / And there I am

Slowly waking, there I am
As the dream starts to fade
I'm not quite here but I'm not quite there
You reach out for me / There I am

Inhale, hold it, there I am
I'm part of you now
You're my glove, my balloon
But not for long
You exhale, then I'm gone

Inhale, exhale, there I am

32 So Many Angels (9/11) – music and lyrics by Jack Kid

This song is in memory of the 9/11 terrorist victims and their families, and it came to me in a dream. This gift was a message and revelation, and the song is an ecumenical spiritual that summons angels of strength and resurrection for all victims of tragic circumstances.

“Angels” seemed to dissolve my personal feelings of anguish and helplessness in the face of terrorism. Perhaps it will help heal others as well. Imagine if such a vision and dream had beckoned our nation's leaders towards peaceful resolution rather than war! — Jack

Jack Kid – vocal and guitar • Aoife O'Donovan – vocal

So many angels
So many songs
So many singing
We shall be strong
Peace revelation
Come gather me
Join hearts together
We shall be free

Release this sorrow
Come sail with me
Send us the angels
Simplicity
Lightness of being
The truth to see
Send us the angels
We shall be free

The dawn is breaking
We shall not sleep
The spirit calls us
To all we meet
Peace revelation
Come gather me
Join in this chorus
We shall be free

33 What Is White? – lyrics by Mary O’Neill • music by Laurie MacGregor

This song is a memorial to the sixteen children and their teacher who were killed by a gunman at school in Dunblane, Scotland on March 13, 1996. The children were five and six years old, and particularly because my own son was six at the time and I have a personal connection to Scotland, I was deeply moved by a newspaper photograph of a young Scottish boy carrying flowers to a memorial. The Dunblane children became the inspiration for my song cycle for children’s chorus, *Hailstones and Halibut Bones*, a musical adaptation of Mary O’Neill’s book of color poems. The title song of the cycle, “What Is White?,” with its lines “White is the shining absence of all color/Then absence is white/Out of touch/Out of sight,” is in special commemoration of them. — Laurie

Upper Valley Music Center Youth Chorus • Rebecca Luce – Director

Duet: Jacob Lenz and Rebecca Scelza

Benjamin and Madeline Anderson*, Shannon Blankenbeker, Rebecca Butler, Alicia and Hannah Cerasoli*, Kylie Cook*, Rachael Garnjost, Kyle Gellerstedt, Ian and Kalin Gregory-Davis, Gus Griffin*, Troy Hemenway*, Peter Horak, Hannah Kazal, Jacob* and Lauren Lenz, Sage Morison, Catherine O’Brien*, Zamir Zenya Paley*, Erica Poland*, Rebecca Scelza*, Rebekah Schweitzer*, Jenni Thompson, Miriam and Rebecca Whittington*, Claire Wild, Scout Wilkinson*

**also sings “Onawa’s Waltz” (Track 51)*

William Ghezzi – guitar • Carol Hartman – rehearsal pianist

White is a dove
And lily of the valley
And a puddle of milk
Spilled in an alley –
A ship’s sail
A kite’s tail
A wedding veil
Hailstones and halibut bones
And some people’s
Telephones.
The hottest and most blinding light
Is white.
And breath is white
When you blow it out on a frosty night.
White is the shining absence of all color
Then absence is white
Out of touch

Out of sight.
White is marshmallow
And vanilla ice cream
And the part you can’t remember
In a dream.
White is the sound
Of a light foot walking
White is a pair of
Whispers talking.
White is the beautiful
Broken lace
Of snowflakes falling
On your face.
You can smell white
In a country room
Toward the end of May
In the cherry bloom.

*From Hailstones and Halibut Bones by Mary O’Neill, copyright © 1961 by Mary LeDuc O’Neill.
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34 One Small Star – music and lyrics by Eric Bogle

I wrote this song after the terrible massacre in Dunblane, Scotland, when a madman shot sixteen 5- and 6-year-old children and their teacher. It was an attempt to bring a small measure of comfort to those left struggling to cope with the grief of losing their sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, grandchildren, friends, in such a horrific manner. — Eric

Eric Bogle – vocal and guitar • Ian Blake – soprano saxophone • Paul Stender – cello.

When I need to feel you near me
I stand in this quiet place
With the silver light of countless stars
Falling on my face
Though they all shine so brightly
Somehow it comforts me to know
That some who burn the brightest died
An eternity ago

But your light still shines
It's one small star to guide me
And to help me hold back the dark
Your light's still shining in my heart

I'm learning how to live without you
And I never thought I could

And even how to smile again
I never thought I would
And to cherish the heart's memories
That can bring you back to life
Though some caress me gently
And some cut me like a knife

Can your soul be out there somewhere
Beyond the infinity of time
I guess you've found some answers now
I'll have to wait for mine

Till my light joins with yours one day
To shine through time and space
And one day fall in a distant age
Upon some stranger's face

35 Save for the Moon – music and lyrics by T.S. Baker and Jodie Curtis

I started writing the music when a member of my husband's family was near death. We don't know if the pain caused the addiction or if the addiction caused the pain, but I didn't want it to be a sad song. Jodie Curtis took little more than the title phrase and created lyrics that captured my original feeling and added hopefulness. Lots of people cry when they hear it; many say it's their favorite, and knowing that it affects people on different levels makes me feel we succeeded in what we set out to do. It feels good to sing it – every time. — T.S.

TS Baker – vocals, acoustic guitar • Steve Scully – percussion • John Troy – electric bass

We're all alone tonight
Save for the moon
The sky above lacks for light
Save for the moon

No one can touch us now
Save for the moon
No one can show us how
Save for the moon

And when we reach that place
Where we are bathed in grace
All of our pain's erased
Save for the moon

And on the other side
Where we won't have to hide
Love will not be denied
Save for the moon

36 The Quiet Room – *composed by Jay Ungar*

While Molly was recovering from complicated brain surgery at the New York Presbyterian Hospital in 2003, her brother James and I frequently played music for everyone in the ICU. Later, when she was out of danger and moved to the Helen Hayes Hospital closer to home, I found that playing helped me relax and process what we were experiencing, especially in a kind of haven called “the quiet room,” two doors down from Molly’s, where I often sat and played by myself while she slept. This tune came to me in a moment of deep admiration for Molly’s strong spirit and will to live. When we perform it together now we always dedicate it to her nurses, whose skill, caring and dedication helped her make it through to recovery. — Jay

Jay Ungar – fiddle • Molly Mason – piano

37 Some Boats – *music and lyrics by Anne Hills*

I wrote this song after reading my grandfather’s poems and writings, inspired by the tragic loss of his only son. Louis Hartley was a gunner in the U.S. Navy during WW II. His ship, the S.S. Maiden Creek, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean Sea on March 17, 1944. Though some on the boat were saved, the boy with the dark hair, nicknamed “Curly,” was never found. — Anne

Anne Hills – vocal • Joe McGinty – piano • Larry Packer – viola, violin • Scott Petito – bass

There are some boats, once set out to sea
Never to return, sailing endlessly
Still, sweethearts watch and wait
Foreheads graced by hands
Gazing from the gate

Time riding on the waves
Biding in the tide
Just to fall again

Call their names from the shore
Call their names evermore

There are some hands, weathered by the wind

Buttoning the gown, lace against the skin
Then, turning back the sheet,
Turning down the lamp
Only to repeat

The last searching of the sky
Breathing in the night
Singing her “Goodbye”

Call their names from the shore
Call their names evermore

There are some dreams, drifting between stars
Tethered to the past, beautiful and far

CD #4: We Celebrate You

38 Bright Day – music and lyrics by Terri Allard

This song was inspired by a memorial service held for Dave Grant, another musician in the Charlottesville, VA area, when friends and family gathered on a hillside at his home and sang and told stories and celebrated Dave's life, which had been cut short by an accident. This memorial was one of the saddest, but also one of the most beautiful gatherings I've attended.

Days later a song seemed to need to come out while I was writing at my kitchen table, and I imagined one of Dave's oldest friends and bandmates singing it with me, remembering that it had been Tim Anderson's singing that had carried and lifted me through the saddest moments of Dave's memorial. I sang it to him on the phone and he agreed to record it with me. — Terri

Terri Allard – vocal, acoustic guitar • Tim Anderson – vocal
Jeff Saine – accordion • Sonny Layne – bass

On this bright day we gather to be strong
On this bright day we fill the hills with song
On this bright day with oceans in our eyes
We celebrate you, we celebrate love
We celebrate life

And we know while that old March wind blows
You're somewhere reaching out
Holding our hands,
Keeping our dreams
Mending our hearts

On this blue day we climb the mountainside
On this blue day we raise our glasses high
On this blue day with laughter and good-byes
We celebrate you, we celebrate love
We celebrate life

On this bright day your voice comes blazing thru
On this bright day we make promises to you
On this bright day your words are not in vain
We're gonna celebrate love
We're gonna celebrate life again and again

39 The Gathering of Spirits – music and lyrics by Carrie Newcomer

No single loss created this song. Part of the song is from my own story, part from the stories of others. After a time of deep loss, untimely death and miscarriage, I wrote this as a comfort to myself and for those who entrusted to me their own stories of loss.

“The Gathering of Spirits” is written from the perspective of someone who has passed on. It's what I hope and imagine a beloved would say to those left behind, and it could also be taken as the voice of God the Comforter. I've always loved a Bruce Cockburn song called “A Festival of Friends,” and that image and phrase were the jumping-off point for this song. Loss is intensely personal and private, and yet it connects us in the most intimate of ways. — Carrie

Carrie Newcomer – vocals, acoustic guitars • Jim Brock – drums and percussion
Jeff Hedbeck – electric bass • Winton Reynolds – piano • Keith Skooglund – electric guitar
Chris Wagner – mandolin • Alison Krauss – backup vocal

Let it go, my love, my truest
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling that's for certain
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again

I can't explain it
I couldn't if I tried
How the only things we carry
Are the things we hold inside
Like a day in the open
Like the love we won't forget
Like the laughter that we started and
It hasn't died down yet

Oh yeah now didn't we
And don't we make it shine
Aren't we standing in the center
Of something rare and fine
Some glow like embers
Like a light through colored glass
Some give it all in one great flame
Throwing kisses as they pass

East of Eden
But there's heaven in our midst
And we're never really all that far
From those we love and miss
Wade out in the water
There's a glory all around
And the wisest say there's a thousand ways
To kneel and kiss the ground

40 Basket of Roses – music and lyrics by Heather McLeod

This is a lullaby sung to a fictional child who has died, sending love and comfort to them wherever they may now be. Equally it could be a lullaby sung to ward off bad luck in the dark tradition of lullabies, trying to convince the Fates that the child has already died to trick them into not stealing the child away. But “make me a casket of mead” in the chorus, as well as all the water imagery, refers to fertility, announcing a willingness to risk your heart and conceive another child, even a plea to do so. — Heather

Heather McLeod – vocals • David Woodhead – piano
Terry Jones and Rebecca Campbell – harmony vocals

Weave me a basket of roses
Roses and thorns, willows and reeds
Weave me a basket of roses
And make me a casket of mead

Suckle my child, feel her nuzzle and pull
Suckle my child 'til her belly is full
Then cradle my child, sing her softly to sleep
Cradle my child, sleeping tender and meek

Cradle my child, sing her softly to sleep
Cradle my child, sleeping tender and meek
Then tickle my child, hear her giggle and squeal
Tickle my child 'til her laughter will peal

41 Singing in the Meadow – *music and lyrics by Fred Burns*

Fred wrote the song for a friend, Nick Leslie, who died of cancer some years ago. Originally from the perspective of a friend or brother, it morphed over time into a song about one widow whose lover or husband died on a battlefield – as timely in 2004 as it has been in the time of every war.

Some of the “romantic” pictures of war we are given alternate with the reality of individuals being killed and those at home left with only memories – millions, over the ages. — Carrie

Carrie Hamby and Dennis Hardin – vocals, guitars
Mike Snelling – bass • David Leporati – mandolin

As I sit alone in the silence, thinking thoughts of long ago
A vision comes before me of the one that I loved so

We courted in the meadow, in the shade of the trees
He promised to be mine forever, through all eternity

Oh I hear him singing in the meadow
In the rustling of the leaves
For now he sings with the angels
His voice is on the summer breeze

His country called him as a soldier, to fight for the brave and free
He vanished into the fire of battle, from flesh to a memory

One day when I get to Heaven, I know he'll be there to meet me
Once more we'll walk in the meadow, this time for eternity

42 Doubter's Prayer – *music and lyrics by Michael Jerling*

This started as an instrumental, when I was snowbound one December night in a Maine motel, watching the heavy flakes come down, about a year after my father's death. I can't recall if it was an old movie, or a football game on television, but something made me think of my father and this “list song” was finished by morning. — Michael

Michael Jerling – vocal, acoustic guitar • Tony Markellis – acoustic bass
Teresina Huxtable – reed organ • Peter Ostroushko – mandolin

When I pick a ripe tomato
Off the vine
When I think I've got a nibble
On my line

When I sip an ice cold beer
Some hot day in June
That's when I'll think of you

When I hammer in a nail
Or cut a two by four
When I see that John Wayne movie
On the Late, Late Show
When I watch the old home team
Manage to lose
That's when I'll think of you

We all ride the orphan train
Looking for a home
A song of the family
In our blood and in our bones

When I hurt the ones I love / By losing my cool
If I have one too many / And act a fool
When I do the things I swore
That I'd never do
That's when I'll think of you

When I finally get it right
And I need a pat on the back
When I think about the son / That I never had
When I send my doubter's prayer
Into the blue
That's when I'll think of you

43 I Saw You There (for Dave Carter, July 2002) – music and lyrics by Donna Stjerna

This was a song that came through me very fast, when we had just heard about Dave Carter's passing. He was a good friend who had played in a band together with Kelly when they were both quite young. The night I heard the news, I couldn't sleep, and I got up again. I decided to go for a walk in the rain, and felt connected to everything. The air was charged with a static and energy that I couldn't explain. I went in and got my guitar and this song sort of spilled out. I cried with joy as I wrote it, and felt a deep sense of expansiveness for Dave and for everyone crossing over. We now perform the song at memorials for family, friends or acquaintances who have moved to the other shore and I always take a moment to think about our friend, Dave Carter. — Donna

Donna Henshell – vocals, fiddle

Kelly Mulhollan – vocal harmony, guitars, bass, harmonica, pump organ

The rains were falling soft
Rolling down my window
I saw you there, I saw you there
I ran out to the yard
The wind brushed my hair
I felt you there, I felt you there
Standing 'neath the willow tree
Soaked to the bone
I was weeping tears of joy
For I was not alone
I felt you there
Pouring down like diamonds
Raining like diamonds
The rain finally stopped

The crickets started singing
I heard you there, I heard you there
I stayed up all night to watch the morning rise
I saw you there, 'twas like a prayer
Out there in the garden on each and every leaf
There were millions of dewdrops
Dancing 'neath my feet
I felt you there
Shining down like diamonds
Glistening like diamonds
I felt you there
Shining down like diamonds
Glistening like diamonds
Oh you were there

44 Old Friends – *music and lyrics by Mary McCaslin*

I wrote “Old Friends” on my 30th birthday. At the time I had not experienced the kind of loss the song expresses. However, over the years “Old Friends” has become a sadly meaningful song and has been used at many memorial services. — Mary

Mary McCaslin – vocals and guitar • Doug McClaran – piano
Jay Ungar – violin/arp (keyboard synthesizer) • Tony Markellis – bass

I saw an old friend the other day
In San Francisco by the Bay
It took me back to only yesterday
The years somehow let slip away

I often think the times get crazier
As this old world goes round and round
But just the memory makes it easier
As the highway goes up and down

We laughed and talked about the days gone by
And brushed a tear away with a sigh
We promised not to let it be this long
Like the old refrain from an old, old song

Lately word’s been coming back to me
There’s a few I will no longer see
Their faces will be seen no more along the road
There’ll be a few less hands to hold

Remember old friends we’ve made along the way
The gifts they’ve given stay with us every day

But for the ones whose journey’s ended
Though they started so much the same
In the hearts of those befriended
Burns a candle with a silver flame

Looking back it makes me wonder
Where we’re going and how long we’ll stay
I know the road brings rain and thunder
But for the journey what will we pay?

45 When I Go – *music and lyrics by Dave Carter*

Inspired in part by his extensive shamanic studies and by symbols from “the flower ornament scriptures,” a sacred Buddhist text, Dave wrote this song to give his mother images and music to journey by as she made her way through the final stages of Alzheimer’s. The song was written in June, 1997; Nadine Carter died on July 10.

Dave and I sang this song at every full-length concert we gave from 1998 to 2002. The song has always been my favorite of Dave’s works. On July 19, 2002, Dave Carter left this world at the age of 49. I did not know how deeply the song was ingrained in my consciousness until that final moment, when in a profound state of shock and grief I uttered to him the most earnest wish I could think of, from his song: “Fly like the falcon...” — Tracy

Dave Carter – vocal, banjo • Tracy Grammer – vocal, violin

Come, lonely hunter, chieftain and king, I will fly like the falcon when I go
Bear me my brother under your wing, I will strike fell like lightning when I go

I will bellow like the thunder drum, invoke the storm of war
A twisting pillar spun of dust and blood up from the prairie floor
I will sweep the foe before me like a gale out on the snow
And the wind will long recount the story, reverence and glory, when I go

Spring, spirit dancer, nimble and thin, I will leap like coyote when I go
Tireless entrancer, lend me your skin, I will run like the gray wolf when I go

I will climb the rise at daybreak, I will kiss the sky at noon
Raise my yearning voice at midnight to my mother in the moon
I will make the lay of long defeat and draw the chorus slow
I'll send this message down the wire and hope that someone wise is listening when I go

And when the sun comes trumpets from his red house in the east
He will find a standing stone where long I chanted my release
He will send his morning messenger to strike the hammer blow
And I will crumble down uncountable in showers of crimson rubies when I go

Sigh, mournful sister, whisper and turn, I will rattle like dry leaves when I go
Stand in the mist where my fire used to burn, I will camp on the night breeze when I go

And should you glimpse my wandering form out on the borderline
Between death and resurrection and the council of the pines
Do not worry for my comfort, do not sorrow for me so
All your diamond tears will rise up and adorn the sky beside me when I go

46 Wild Geese – *composed by Dana Cunningham*

This was inspired by Mary Oliver's poem, "The Wild Geese," which is very much about finding one's place in the world even in the midst of despair. An excerpt from the poem includes these lines:

"Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
But meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile, the sun and clear pebbles of rain are moving across the landscapes,
Over the prairies and the deep trees, the mountains and rivers
Meanwhile, the wild geese high in the clean, blue air are heading home again." — Dana

Dana Cunningham – piano

47 Gather Up the Lilies – music and lyrics by Russell Walden

This song came in response to the loss of Michael Currier, whose surreal accidental death dumbfounded our Santa Fe community. This new grieving led me to revisit my brother Bret's death from leukemia, at the same age as Michael. I have rarely experienced the grail of automatic writing, but this piece refused to not be written. — Russell

Russell Walden – vocal, keyboards • Jeff Sussman – percussion
Lucy Dickinson, Pilar O'Connell, John Walden, Susannah Walden – backup vocals

Silence is the language of the senses come undone
The strands have torn and broken from the tales that you have spun
The world has shuttered down to just a picture of your face
Wandering through this night we look for light and grace
Gather up the lilies, angels of the field
Gather up the sorrows that hearts may be healed
Gather the children close to your breast
Long for the taken, live for the rest
And remember that beauty can be carried away
So gather up the lilies while you may
Gather up the lilies, lords and ladies of the field
Gather up the joy of what love has revealed
Gather the memories into your care
Sung like a wild wind or sung like a prayer
And remember that beauty can be lost in a day
So gather up the lilies while you may
And remember that beauty can be lost in a day
So gather up the lilies while you may
Gather up the lilies while you may

48 Ready To Fly – music and lyrics by Greg Beattie

"Ready to Fly" was inspired by a Bread and Roses benefit concert our band Calaveras performed at a nonambulatory senior facility in Mill Valley, California. Afterwards, we spoke to several members of the audience, who told us the music brought back memories of dancing at the Avalon Ballroom, of loved ones they had lost, or just of feeling young and alive. Knowing that they were nearing the ends of their lives and that they would probably never leave the facility made me realize that their stories, smiles and tears had moved me profoundly.

A couple of weeks later I was thinking of these people, and this song nearly poured out of my guitar and onto the page – essentially finished in half an hour. It was as much a gift to me from them as a work of my own. — Greg

Greg Beattie, Victoria Blythe, Dave Decker – lead vocals • Theresa Trull – backup vocals
Mike Marshall – guitar, mandola, mandolin • Benny Rietveld – bass

I am standing on the edge of the water
And I am watching the wild birds fill the sky
And I am longing to be lifted up among them
I am not dying I'm getting ready to fly

I am an old man and these old hands tell my story
Fifty years on the Boston piers took their toll
Faded faces smile from those places I cannot return to
'Til my days are done and they take me home

I was a young wife with my whole life still before me
It was the last year of the last Great War
My darling Edward never returned from Normandy
But soon I can see my Edward once more

My memory is fading like an ember
But I remember a promise I once made
I said, "Dear Father, I'll be faithful forever"
And as he draws near me he can hear me pray

49 Mimi's Path – *composed by Mark Spoelstra*

I met Mimi Baez in the fifties at a Quaker Meeting in Redlands, CA. She and her husband Richard Fariña and I performed together at concerts, festivals and coffee houses in the sixties, but many years went by until I ran into Mimi again at the Kate Wolf Festival just two years before she passed away.

Mimi was one of a kind, who dedicated herself to the Bread and Roses Foundation* after Richard's death because she had a vision of how music could help people. So I needed to create a song that was unique in its technique from any other instrumental I'd ever done, and I started working on it before it was known that she wouldn't survive her cancer. I had hoped to play it for her when she felt better.

The title came from Mimi's memorial service in San Francisco: someone mentioned that she often walked to meditate on a path on Mt. Tamalpais, where she could view the ocean and the Bay and find peace for the coming day.

The title also refers to selfless giving. Sharing through music with those in need of encouragement was Mimi's true, consistent, rewarding and inspired "path" in life. I asked her if she ever missed playing her guitar, and she said she didn't. But later she wrote in a note to me, "Mark, I always loved your guitar playing." She never got to hear this tune, but I feel she would be pleased to know that others will. — Mark

Mark Spoelstra – guitar

*Visit www.breadandroses.org

50 **Onawa's Waltz** – music and lyrics by John Krumm

Onawa Pardini lived in the Catskill region of eastern New York State. She was badly injured in a car accident in July 1985, and shortly after lapsed into a coma. Thousands of people in surrounding communities took part in meditations on her behalf. At the nearby Ashokan Fiddle and Dance Camp, caller and fiddler John Krumm wrote a powerfully beautiful round to a lovely waltz tune, which was sung each evening while awaiting Onawa's return to consciousness. Sadly, there was no happy ending: on January 18, 1986, one day after her 14th birthday, Onawa passed on without ever having woken up. Her memory, however, lives on in this beautiful song. — Sol Weber

Upper Valley Music Center Youth Chorus • Rebecca Luce – director
Jacob Lenz and Rebecca Scelza, duet • Carol Hartman – rehearsal pianist
(All the singers are listed at Track 34.)

I've been waiting all the day long	And as you sleep my dear
To see the stars in your eyes	Know that I'll be near
My love come dance with me now	To hold you when you arise
See how the evening flies	

51 **The Art of Being Kind** – music and lyrics by Kristina Olsen

This is dedicated to my older sister Laurie Neira, a flight attendant who died 9/11 on American Airlines Flight 11. The first verse, written 100 years ago by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, inspired me to become an activist for more understanding, compassion and peace in the world, visiting Afghanistan and Iraq with peace delegations. — Kristina

Kristina Olsen – vocal and guitar

So many gods, so many creeds, so many paths that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind is all the sad world needs

One world, one heart, yet so much we think sets us apart
Let's take the time to understand the stories of our fellow man
And that is all we'll need
Understanding is the key

One world, one seed, a little love from time to time
We'll make it grow, a sheltering tree

And this is all we'll need
Understanding is the seed
Love will make it grow
And all the kindness we can show

One God, one creed, so many paths that wind and wind
While just the act of being kind is all we really need

It helps to bear in mind that emotional pain isn't constant, and that we don't have to grieve forever. We will love forever, whether our loved ones are with us in body or not, but we do not need to grieve to honor that love. We can just love.

In talking to many people who have suffered sudden loss, I have learned that there are several important, possibly universal, ways to help yourself heal:

- Love yourself and take special care of yourself through your grief.
- Do your mourning now. Being strong and brave is important, but I always tell those I counsel to never miss an opportunity to cry. That is not self-indulgent, but simply sensible and honest in dealing with your emotions.
- Expressing your feelings will help you heal, as feelings expressed disappear. Feelings repressed don't. So give vent to your feelings.
- Get support from other people—counselors and support groups like widow's groups, bereavement groups, compassionate friends, or suicide survivors. You may find them through a hospice, your church, or a community or social service agency.
- You will not only help yourself, but you may also help another and that can be a great source of strength, joy and recovery.

And, most of all, trust that the person you loved and lost would want you to recover from losing them, and would want you to remember and honor them by living a fulfilling life.

— *Judy Tatelbaum, MSW*

This article originally appeared in the April 1996 issue of "Journeys," a bereavement newsletter published monthly by the Hospice Foundation of America, www.hospicefoundation.org/publications.

Before Their Time, Volume III – CD #1 and CD #2

- 01 Robin Greenstein – *Slow Burn* (5:16)**
- 02 Leslie Ritter & Scott Petito – *More Time* (3:43)**
- 03 Kate Callahan – *Dancing Over Me* (5:58)**
- 04 Kate Taylor – *I Will Fly* (5:28)**
- 05 Sam Shaber – *Rain and Sunshine* (4:21)**
- 06 Rain Dance – *Distant Shorelines* (6:11)**
- 07 Jon Vezner – *You're Gone* (3:57)**
- 08 Cheryl Wheeler – *If It Were Up to Me* (3:08)**
- 09 David Mallett – *Closer to Truth* (3:41)**
- 10 Aoife Clancy – *Silvery Moon* (4:13)**
- 11 Alasdair Fraser & Paul Machlis – *Niel Gow's Lament for the Death of His Second Wife* (4:21)**
- 12 Ben Sands – *Wish I Had a Penny* (3:29)**
- 13 Small Potatoes – *1000 Candles, 1000 Cranes* (4:59)**
- 14 Greg Greenway – *She's Just Gone* (4:41)**
- 15 Kathy Mattea – *Ashes in the Wind* (4:37)**
- 16 Amy Fairchild – *Tuesday* (3:12)**
- 17 Peter Ostroushko – *Hymn: Page 9/11* (4:40)**
- 18 Connie Dover – *Rosemary's Sister* (6:19)**
- 19 Joan Baez – *In the Quiet Morning* (2:55)**
- 20 Marie-Lynn Hammond – *Omaha* (3:48)**
- 21 David Roth – *Catherine and Georgia* (5:28)**
- 22 Darryl Purpose – *Bryant Street* (4:25)**
- 23 Bill Isles – *Big Girl Now* (3:39)**
- 24 Tommy Makem – *Four Green Fields* (5:34)**
- 25 Cosy Sheridan – *George and His 88 Keys / Grand Design* (5:55)**

“The word ‘loss’ isn't big enough. There should be an altogether different word for the grief of losing a child, a word that takes weeks, months, years to pronounce. It might take a whole lifetime to get to the last syllable.” — Sy Safransky (The Sun magazine: July, 2004)

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www.beforetheirtime.org