

What started It All

My father's birthday was coming up and I had wanted to give him something special. The dilemma is that when it comes to buying your parents a gift, what they don't own by now, you most likely can't afford to buy for them. They just seem to have everything they need. I decided that my gift to him need to be creative, and deeply personal. After thinking about it for a few days, I remembered the song that I had wrote, about a child hood experience I'd had with my grandfather; his father. What could be more special than sharing a memory of someone we both loved very much.

So I bought some fancy paper, and started to create a document on my PC. After I finished typing the song, I thought about another one I had written, that Dad might enjoy reading as well. It was kind of like eating potato chips; one song just led to another. As I sat there proofreading my document, I realized that these songs were more than just songs: they were stories. I decided to put all my songs together in a book of poetry. My good friend Cyndi, sent me a link to an on line book printer, and my adventure began.

It was an easy decision to make, but not an easy task. I confess that I am not a very disciplined or organized person, so most of my songs were written on scraps of paper, or in a variety of battered note books scattered around the house. I did have a few stored on the hard drive of our PC, but only because my husband insisted that he needed the lyrics with the cord progressions, if I wanted him to play a bass line for them. It took several months to locate, type, format, and arrange all the songs I could find into a book.

Then I had to decide on what I wanted on the cover. My husband had taken a photo of me during one of our camping trips, where I was standing on a rock jutting out into the lake, under a full moon. The image didn't have much detail; little more than a silhouette, but I remembered how I had felt that night as I stood on that rock in the water, the moon shining down all around me. In my heart I knew that this was the image that would best define the book, but the program I was using, wouldn't accept the photo because the quality was too poor. So I got out my pastels and discovered that I still have a few surprises left in me. It was even better than the photo, and I still can't believe that I managed to create that drawing!

So for my Dad's birthday the *following year*, I presented him with the very first copy of "Gypsy Song." He had to settle for a card the year before, but that's the way life goes. I hope he enjoys the book, and the fact that he was the inspiration behind it. Thanks Dad!

I am always writing songs and stories, because I just can't seem to stop. It is what I do. Trying to stop the flow would be like damming up a river: it just builds up and spills over anyway so why bother. Some times it is kind of scary when you are taking what you do to new places, but life becomes unsatisfying when you stay too comfortable. It gives me great joy to sing and share the songs and stories that I write with other people. And while it is true that you create and share because you want to express yourself, my greatest joy is when someone tells me how a song or story that I wrote, touches their heart in a special way.

We all have a story to tell, and a dream to live; may your's be a love story.

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