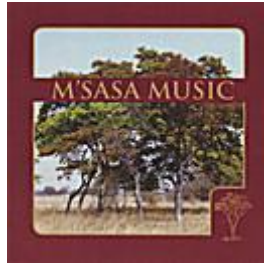


Mp3 Dennis Rawson - M'sasa Music



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African Country 8 MP3 Songs EASY LISTENING: Nostalgia, COUNTRY: Alt-Country Details: M'sasa Music This Album is aimed at all of the folk out there, the African Diaspora, folk who unwillingly boarded a 'plane, 'bus or boat to leave Africa maybe for a while. Some never to return. My Father-in-Law being one of them, his ashes now are a part of the beautiful Pacific, not a bad consolation, at all. We think of Zimbo's in particular - Zimbabweans. This country of an estimated twelve million souls has four million at the last count, dotted all over the world. They were compelled to leave for many reasons. Each has a fascinating story to tell. Try to find one and ask him or her to relax and talk. It will be an interesting time. Then there are the many folk who went to Africa who had planned to stay a short while, and then felt the terrible wrench of leaving something behind that is wonderful and unique, they are never satisfied again. Many returned, others have yet to do so, it is so very special. To them, I say stop, listen and feel that echo for awhile, it is hidden here in this album. It will be a moving experience as you listen to the accents, the sadness. the happiness, the hope and the joy simply for just being, then love it again for a moment. That "something" is hidden here in this album. You, too, may have a story to tell, so why not tell it? I was a British Colonial, (forgot to wear a khaki bush jacket and a helmet, however) I guess, born in Southern Rhodesia at the time that a great percentage of the world map was pink denoting British, some 25 of it. As they said, "The sun never sets on the British Empire." However, being born "out there" made me grow up in rural Africa, running barefoot, with my friends. (Put your SHOES on!) The continent being literally and figuratively in my bones, I developed a great love and appreciation of it's peoples, their polite ways, and the countryside, or veld around myself. Many a climb of a hillside, high up with the raptors circling below us, wildlife darting or scurrying away, the shout, "Snake! snake!" gave us children an insight into how the world worked, with the wildfires, beehives and honey, wild fruit and berries, birds nests and other

delightful things too many to mention here. So the label British Colonial never really dawned on me until recently, I was and am an ordinary guy. That is one of the many labels I have. A lot of the standard African stories of having playful Cape Clawless Otters as pets, mongeese, night apes, monkeys and baboons, gentle antelope in the yard, and all manner of wild things in need of care. Being chased by hippos, hiding from an unhappy elephant, snakes and leopards, not to forget adventures concerning escaping from lions, are stories told around the campfire by my friends, family, my wife and myself. Those moments under dark, diamond studded country skies, on any continent you choose, are wonderful, but maybe it's bringing up old memories, it seems to me an African night is a winner. The sky darker, the stars shimmering ever so much more brightly than say, the New Mexican desert night, or is it simply my imagination running away with itself?. Rose, whom the song "Raindrops" is dedicated to, and I remember our most striking nights in the USA, and they are New Mexico, in the desert, and the California Sierras away from city nights, but do I digress!. I also crave indulgence! Most Afrophiles have adventure stories to tell one way or another. If you can encourage them to talk, especially around a campfire, maybe by telling an exciting story yourself, you may get them going. Then it will be a fun experience! Then the cruel facts of life come to one, too. Many folk out there have heard the distressed peeps of a baby chicken as it is held firm in the talons of a raptor that had swooped down to snatch its prey from a farmyard. One feels so helpless. This helplessness comes to you in glorious technicolor in Africa. Cute little antelope, seized by the nose and drowned in a bloody and terrible way by a seemingly cruel crocodile when thirstily and nervously they edge down to a river to drink. A leopard killing a small animal, seemingly cowards, as they seldom pick a fight with, say, a buffalo or a rhino. Such is life. I went to an Agricultural College then set out to teach rural Africans modern farming methods, got married, went to England awhile on the advice of my dear Father, but came back again, as I missed home, family and friends. I then joined the world of commerce. Latterly we lived very happily working in my home town for the family firm, then at our own account. Living amongst all sorts of Zimbo's, writing songs in the evenings, late nights and early mornings making recordings with them, and having a lot of fun doing it! Then came "our moment", when we realized we simply had to leave. Rose wept bitterly as the 'plane lifted off the runway and headed North away from the lands of the Southern Cross, away from her children and grandchildren, family and friends of many years. Rose and I now live in California, as beautiful as Zimbabwe, so we're happy and we are very enthusiastic Californians indeed. We are so very used to have folk say "Wow!" at the beauty near us,

that to live anywhere "ordinary" would make us feel a little empty. In Zim, we had wonderful vistas, the Victoria Falls, the Zambezi, Lake Kariba, the Eastern Mountains with their orchards and English style cottages and hotels, trout streams and pine forests. As always, the wildlife and Game Reserves. Here we have the Santa Cruz Mountains a stone's throw away with its deer and mountain lions, a short drive passing over them that lands us on the Pacific Coastline, not far from the famed Maverick. (If you are not a surfer, it means HUGE waves.) Go the other way, and Lake Tahoe in the mountains, Alpine Snow in Winter, the Sound of Music vistas in Summer, more little villages, deserts down the road, Death Valley and so much Moore. Having said that, there is beauty everywhere. Rose hasn't seen a bear locally yet, and declares that they are a myth! A word about Rose. I wrote "Raindrops" whilst thinking of her. Like the lovely sentiment in the song, "The wind beneath my wings", she has always been there quietly doing things in the background, filling me up when I am empty, typing for me, doing the errands and the like. Rose is the wind beneath my own wings. On one occasion I got a song in my head and was afraid I would lose it, and had no keyboard around. I dialed home, hummed the tune, and Rose wrote it down for me. It was "The Ocean, Music and Me" . It could have been lost to me had I waited. I was truly lucky to have found a gem like her deep in the African bush where I worked at the time. The wind beneath my wings. Rose's brother, Des, runs a little orphanage in Zimbabwe, and does a lot more to assist folk, and we do a little to help, so when you buy either a CD or a track, you strengthen us, and therefore him. Please tell a friend. Referrals are the best type of marketing. More about Des and Co. on multihelp.org/ Zim. is landlocked, but I was a keen surfer on Durban Beach whenever I could get to it, and the same applies to Hawaii, where last time there I was dumped unceremoniously on my forehead and have the 'photo's, graze and all to prove it! I do not try any more in California, as it is simply too cold! Wet suits seem too rigid. I am happy to watch and enthuse here. The Sea-Fi Song is about a City Dweller that longs for the Ocean. I was that person once, and maybe someone out there is one today. Maybe more than one person! Then try my remedy, it is found in the song if you listen into it. In all cases, one should look for the message, as there is at least one in there. Have fun and enjoy. No, not a spelling mistake. Solve the riddle? Dennis.

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