

Mp3 Nod Arvefel - Vassal



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Original instrumental of a celestial heart heard by an earthen vessel, pouring out on a world void of peace, joy, & hope for tomorrow, loaded w/synths, strings, sharp Brass, choirs, snappy percussions, topped w/humor, smorgasbord of wonder & delight, a must hear. 16 MP3 Songs EASY LISTENING: Lounge, ELECTRONIC: Techno Details: As long as I can remember music was always a part of my life. I was influenced at an early age by the songs I heard on the radio. Every now and then Dad would break out his harmonica and play a few tunes from the past. The era of radio tunes gave way to the visual of television. Now I could see the faces, full bodied, belt out the music that captured my heart. I have often wondered what composers were thinking when they wrote their masterpieces or what it was that influenced them to pour their heart and soul into their music. I believe that everyone is a little tune that the world needs to hear. Vassal is a collection of gifts. One may think they are listening to songs, but in all reality, they are gifts . . . special delivery via the Holy Spirit. Many a time I would stand at the keyboard and diddle on the keys. The next thing I knew I was playing the most beautiful and unusual music in the world. I have no formal music education or musical degrees. In the sixth grade, I tried to take a shortcut on a music test . . . by cheating. The music teacher pronounced a curse on me by barring me from ever participating in any Fort Wayne, Indiana public school band or ever having public instruction to learn to play an instrument. My musical journey began with learning to play guitar by ear. Down the road awaited many rock bands, in which I was to play for a season or two. This led to the nightclub and bar scene and all the sins associated with the nightlife. I was sowing the wind not knowing that the whirlwind was right on my doorstep waiting to claim my marriage and children. As a band musician I actually believed that I was a someone in the eyes of the world. That concept bit the dust one night at the closing of a gig. Before the band could finish the last song, someone reconnected the power to a jukebox. As its mechanical melody

drowned out the fading notes of our last song, I got a reality check of who I was. The lingering audience never noticed the change and continued with their partying. I was amazed, yet saddened, by what I saw. I was a nobody, without someone to play to. This incident, coupled with my getting saved, led me to quit the band and the club scene. Thus began the long journey to sainthood. Little did I know that I would have to go through hell and have to die to self to get there. Playing in sin bins on Saturday night, then going to church on Sunday, posed an internal conflict. I had to make a choice. I chose to serve Christ. That brought up another problem . . . musically, I didnt know how to serve Christ. I once told God that I didnt know how to write Christian music . . . I mean, How does one improve on How Great Thou Art? God spoke to me and said, There will be a time when people will not go to church or read a bible, or trust pastors or priests, but they will still identify with music. You will write message music. Not only has God gifted me with being a lyricist, but an arranger as well. In his great mercy for my lack of ability, he provided one of the most beautiful keyboards ever made. One year after I bought that keyboard, the man who designed it died. I have one of the last models ever made. God gave me these gifts and the joy of music to share with the world. Go ahead, world . . . enjoy!

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