

Mp3 Scott Kalechstein - Something New



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Combine Michael Franks, Diana Krall and The Beatles and you come to close to describing this indescribable blend of jazz, samba, pop, and calypso...with lyrics that will make you laugh out loud as well as live and love more boldly. 12 MP3 Songs JAZZ: Jazz Vocals, POP: Beatles-pop Details: If you get one Scott Kalechstein CD, this is the one to get! "The album is truly a masterful collaboration, with Scott's vocals moving with the band from one style to another (jazz, pop, samba and swing) with the ease of a cat jumping up on a fence. Scott has truly found his voice in these songs. At times smooth and liquid, then full and spicy, he rocks us and cajoles us and makes us want to push 'Play' again and again when it's done." -The Light Connection In Scott's Words: I'm so proud. I'm a proud father. I hate playing favorites when it comes to my musical children, but, in all honesty...This is my best CD. By far. Hands down. Case closed. I can't imagine anyone listening to this and not being totally touched, uplifted, stirred, tickled and thrilled. Expect a few belly laughs, as there are songs here that will make your face ache from laughter. But there are also some deeply romantic tunes, as well as a few that are sexy and sultry. There is something for everyone here. I predict you will want to buy multiple copies for gifts." AN EXPLOSION OF JOY! Here is some information about each song that I think will enhance your listening experience: 1. Something New I wrote Something New when I was embarking on a new, wonderful and scary relationship journey. I didn't want to repeat old patterns, and I was scared of doing so. I wrote this song to empower and encourage myself and others to not shy away from discomfort and fear as we are step out on a road less traveled. I have found in my life that the bigger the dream, the more fears come up to be embraced and released on the road to manifesting our heart's desires. The ego self can feel very threatened by thoughts and actions that reflect a trust in the universe and a belief in the bigness who we really are. This song brings us right to the edge of our self-imposed limits and beckons us to leap into the

unknown with courage - feeling the fear and doing it anyway! 2. The Call I wrote The Call to encourage all of us to step out of our own way and let something bigger direct us to our most joyous expression. The song uses my life as an inspirational mirror, chronically my journey from childhood to the present in five minutes or so. It's about how I've learned to let the personality serve the needs of the soul and answer The Call. 3. Freedom Child Freedom Child is an antidote to perfectionism and any and all rigidity. It calls to us from the part of God (and therefore deep within ourselves) that is pure playfulness. This song deeply questions the need to tread through life somberly. The Divine Child that we all are wrote this song to awaken the adult out of the slumber of seriousness. Freedom Child began to write itself when my girlfriend asked me to help her lighten up and take herself less seriously. I wrote it for her, but then quickly recognized the universal appeal and opened it up, changing some of the lyrics that only she would relate to. It remains a precious reminder for both of us to choose lightheartedness in any and all situations. 4. A Little Levity This song is about the medicinal quality of humor, levity and play. It is another antidote for the disease of taking life too seriously. Play it as a homeopathic remedy and a reminder to lighten up and let in the light! 5. Mr. Right (A Poem) Read by my sweetheart, Venus, I wrote this poem to poke fun and bring to consciousness the fantasy that a knight in shining armor is coming to the rescue to end your loneliness, take away your pain, and love you more than you have learned to love yourself. Venus loved reading it, since she has been recovering from this fairy tale over the last few years. 6. Mr. Right (A Song) The song has the same intent as the poem, but is a whole lot funnier. This culture teaches us to look towards romantic relationships for our wholeness and happiness. This song shows us quite humorously where that search leads. That's Venus singing the background vocals and the voice-overs. 7. Never Again I wrote Never Again while feeling tremendous rage. I was realizing that I had a right to say no to verbal abuse and create appropriate boundaries in a certain relationship. I was screaming, pounding pillows, and laughing hysterically while this song was coming through me. I never had more fun with my anger! 8. Next Time Oh, boy. When I wrote this song I had no intention of sharing it with anyone but my therapist. It's a lighthearted but very honest inventory of my relationship history, highlighting the dysfunctional parts. It's also a powerful commitment statement about changing the programming and patterns that create disharmony and dysfunction in relationships. In the end I decided to share it because we are all in this together, and everyone can benefit from hearing each other's stories. 9. I Want To Make Love Last I wrote this to express the longing to experience a lasting love that didn't fade away after the honeymoon

period was over. It also expressed the delicious and difficult challenge of being sexually attracted but choosing to hold off on expressing it so a friendship can blossom first. I consider this song to be the most beautiful and vulnerable that has ever come through me.

10. **Traveling Companions** An explosion of celebration, this song is my YIPPEE! to the universe for sending me Venus, such an amazing and perfect partner for me to grow with and journey with.

11. **The Space In Between** Sometimes I called this song **The Long Distance Relationship Blues**, as it vents the pain of living five hundred miles away from my beloved. (Now I only live a mile away!) Many people have reported that this song speaks to them of the space in between themselves and God, or themselves and their soul, and the longing to be closer. There are many levels and meanings to each line. I wore dark sunglasses when I sang this one. It is touching, funny and sexy as hell! I love it!

12. **On The Same Page** Another celebration of love bursting from my heart. After many attempts to fit a square peg in a round relationship hole, my experience with Venus was and is of a perfect fit. No red flags, no painful compromises, just a delicious perfection to be explored and celebrated. Of course, that perfection includes triggering each other to evolve and stretch in ways we probably wouldn't have chosen on our own. But we both are ready and ripe for such growth, and we embrace it equally with an identical soul hunger and commitment. This song encourages us all not to compromise or settle for anything less than what feels totally right when it comes to choosing a life partner.

Finding My Singing Voice An excerpt from Scott's forthcoming book *I sing*. I sing as part of my livelihood. I sing for my supper, and I am happy to say that I am not going hungry - although friends who watch me eat after a concert might disagree! I pay the rent, take care of bills on time, and go to movies, all with the money I earn from offering my musical gifts. People who hear me sing often assume that I've been a singer forever. The truth is that most of my life I did not sing, and finding my voice was quite an adventure for me. I was one of those people who believed you are either born with a natural talent for singing or you are doomed to be a non-singer all your life. This was a curious thought, because I had started from scratch with both the violin and guitar, and stumbled through learning to play them over time. When I took violin lessons I knew that through practice and diligence I would learn to play the violin. When I took up guitar I knew that I would eventually, with the help of my weekly lessons, become a guitar player. Yet somehow it did not enter my mind that I could take singing lessons and learn how to sing. Much to my delight I discovered that the voice is just another instrument, and that it can be developed through exercises, practice and persistence. In a few years I went from playing my guitar without singing

to making my own recordings and putting myself out in the world as a (gulp!) professional singer. What happened? How did I take such a leap? I'm glad you asked.... In my college years I took an anthropology course called Magic, Witchcraft And Sorcery. This was a fascinating course that sent my young mind soaring with ideas to ponder. Basically, under the guise of anthropology, we were learning about the power of beliefs to create reality. We learned about how refugees from Haiti were mysteriously dying in Florida hospitals. Doctors could not find anything wrong with them and were unable to help. Then someone summoned a Haitian witch-doctor who diagnosed the remaining patients as the recipients of a spell. He recited some incantations over the sick people, and color instantly came back to their skin. They walked out of the hospital within hours! We also learned about a "primitive" culture in Africa that did not believe that having babies had anything to do with having sex. These people had no concept of or need for birth control. The women in the tribe would freely have intercourse for years with no pregnancy. One day they would receive a vision. In an altered state they would experience being impregnated by Spirit. Their experience of conception was completely non-sexual! The course opened my eyes to the relative nature of reality. At the conclusion, the professor recommended a few books to those of us who were interested in further study. One of those books was Illusions, by Richard Bach. Illusions became my Bible, and I carried it around everywhere. Through that book and others like it, Life was saying to me, "Scott, you can do anything you truly want to do. That's what life is for. All limitations are illusions held in place by your worship of the word impossible. Take away that word, and the whole game changes." What does this have to do with singing? Lots! Although I adored music, I had successfully convinced myself that I was not and never could be good enough to pursue it as a career. Talk about casting a spell! When I left college and began my training to become a seminar leader, music was just a hobby. I had written a few songs, but I didn't sing to others. I had no confidence in my musical talents, although secretly I fantasized about becoming a singer. I was very surprised when one of my trainers said to me at the end of class, "Scott, I'm never wrong about these things. When I look into your eyes, I see music. My intuition is that music will become a very important part of your life purpose." Her prophecy was exciting to my soul, and threatening to my mind. Although I could feel a kettle of songs brewing inside of me, I was convinced that becoming a singer was a fantasy not worth indulging. But the stove was lit and the teapot was starting to whistle. My secret dream was reaching the boiling point. One day I was listening to a barber shop quartet singing acappella on a street corner in Greenwich Village. Singing along under my breath (as usual), I felt

enchanted, swept away by the beautiful harmonies. Then one of the singers in the circle asked his buddies, "Hey, does anyone know the lead to that new Billy Joel song on the radio, The Longest Time?" Everybody lit up, knowing it was a perfect song for their style of singing, but no one knew the lyrics all the way through. They were about to drop it and start on another song, when a hand went up from somewhere within the audience. I noticed it was attached to my arm. Then a voice piped up, coming from the vicinity of my throat. "I know the song!" I exclaimed, in a tone of authority I must have borrowed from the gods. The quartet, slightly surprised that someone outside their circle was inviting himself to lead a song, allowed me in. I moved into the center. My knees were shaking, and I wasn't imitating Elvis. I was so scared I'm convinced my angelic cheerleaders were working overtime to help me get through this. The quartet started the song with the background oohs. I opened my mouth and started singing. I noticed some vibrato in my voice that I had never heard before. Maybe it was from my terror! When I was finished, the quartet applauded me and I slipped into the crowd, aware that my life had suddenly turned a corner and a new direction had opened up. I could no longer pretend to myself. Music was not just a hobby - it was a passion, and I burned to find out if there was a singing voice in there to discover. I started taking lessons, but even more significant than that, I started singing, in front of people, at any opportunity. I remember a deal I made with God at that time. "OK, God, you gave me this love of music and song. I can't think of anything in the world I'd rather do than celebrate life through singing. I'm going to bet that if you gave me the dream, then you will guide me on the path of having my dream come true. I'm going to take these lessons, God. I'm also going to sing, privately and publicly, at any chance I get. I'm going to become a singing fool, God. And I will trust that with each song I sing, You are helping me to develop a beautiful voice that I can use to spread joy on this planet. God, here's the deal. I'll open my mouth. You, make me a singer!!" Well, I did follow through on my part of the deal. I sang in my apartment. I sang for my friends. I sang on the sidewalks of Greenwich Village. I even tried my craft at Folk City, a club where Simon and Garfunkel, James Taylor and Joanie Mitchell performed. The club had weekly open mikes where people like me could have eight minutes on stage. For my eight minutes I sang an original song and I performed some comedy, which was a form of expression I felt much safer with. When I was done, an old friend who had been in the audience said to me, "Great comedy, Scott. You should stick to just comedy, though." I felt crushed. His comment invalidated the part of my performance that I was most hopeful and vulnerable about. Walking home, I allowed my hurt to turn into a delicious determination. "I

won't let him dampen my enthusiasm! I'm going to keep on singing and get really good at this. One day I'll make a beautiful tape of my songs and mail it to him with a note: Never put a wet blanket on somebody's dreams again!" I stayed with the singing lessons, the voice exercises, and gradually noticed improvement. With each lesson, there was more space in my throat for more of my true voice to channel through. It was as if I was building a vocal pipeline for the sweetness of my soul to find its expression. My friends noticed my progress and told me so. Their encouragement was a valuable part of my confidence building. I remember when I met Charley Thweatt. Charley is a globally traveled troubador! He travels to exotic places in the world and does exactly what I was aspiring to do with music. Charley has a beautiful singing voice, and I was instantly intimidated and jealous of his gifts and success. I managed to put those feelings aside long enough to spend some delightful, playful, connecting time with him. We took out our guitars and I shared some of my songs. When I was finished, Charley looked into my eyes and projected a laser beam of love and support my way. After a minute or two of soulful, penetrating eye contact, he broke the silence with words that sailed into my heart like a shooting star. "Scott, I think your music is meant to be heard and appreciated by many, many people." I felt in that moment Charley was a voice for the universe, and I was being called to my calling, summoned to my ministry by a fellow music minister. A few moments later, self-doubt, that old and worn out shoe, began its sermon in my head. I decided to share my thoughts with Charley. "But I'm nowhere near as good as you," I whined. "I'll never be equal to you!" His response was one of the most inspiring things anyone has ever said to me. Shrugging his shoulders, he casually replied, "Equal? Who cares about being equal, just have fun!" Fun? Did he say fun? What about comparing and judging and striving to be better, better, best? What about being so good that everyone loves me and nobody rejects me? I suddenly saw through my ego smokescreen, the complex maze of self-protecting motivations. Was I singing to redeem myself from an imagined sense of unworthiness? Was I hoping to use my talent to convince the world, my parents and myself that I am lovable? Were these the real hunger pangs of every starving artist, the pain of seeking love through performance? The words just have fun cut through all that red tape and put me right in touch with my heart's purpose for my musical expression. They became my constant reply to the steady diet of "not good enough" thoughts that passed through my brain on a daily basis. Thank you, Charley, for your encouragement, for your love, and for baptizing me with a sacred mantra that has helped me break the spell of disbelief in myself: Just Have Fun! In those days I lived by a law: Never miss an opportunity to

play my music for new ears. Wherever I went, my guitar went with me. Health food stores became concert halls while I was shopping. Subway commuters unwittingly became an audience. If you wanted to be in my life, you were going to have to listen to my music. Friends would call me up and ask how I was doing. My reply often was, "Great! Would you like to hear my latest song?" Actually, it was more of a demand than a question. I was in love, and, like all new lovers, I couldn't contain myself! My beloved had been locked in my throat for most of my life. Now I was freeing my singing voice from years of self-judgment and imprisonment. I guess I had some catching up to do! As time went by I was asked a certain question more frequently, a question that thrilled me to no end. "Do you have a tape?" It was music to my ears! Eventually I made my first tape. A year later I knew my gifts had matured, so I made another. Then another. In the next eight years I went on to create nine recordings of my music. Each time in the recording studio I learned more about developing my craft. Each time I noticed my voice was richer, fuller, more pleasing to the ears. My singing voice was like a neglected kid that had been given some love and attention. It had sprouted, grown and blossomed over time. Often I feel like a proud parent who, in the face of the popular medical opinions, had successfully taught their wheelchair bound child to get up and walk. How many dreams do we toss in the closet, never challenging the spells of not good enough and impossible? How many neglected children live inside us, in the forms of secret passions that are not being allowed to develop because we are afraid of doing something poorly, and so we don't do it at all? I think back on all the years I had lived my life with my voice in the closet. I reflect on how convinced I was that I was not a singer and never would be. Thank God I was wrong about my limitations. Thank God we all are wrong about our limitations!

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: