

Mp3 Jack Connelly - Kid Dreams



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Feast your senses to soothing, instrumental sounds of piano, ocean waves, strings and ocarina. Music to transcend the senses and refresh the soul. 9 MP3 Songs NEW AGE: New Age, NEW AGE: Ambient

Details: Quick! find some space, pull up a favorite chair, grab a drink, a good book and prepare to feast your senses to soothing, instrumental sounds of piano, ocean waves, strings and ocarina. Order the CD Kid Dreams today. Music to transcend the senses and refresh the soul. Composer: Jack Connelly

Location: Spokane, WA Interests: Piano, synth and guitar, watercolor painting, Future interests: Writing music scores for movies Favorite sounds: lush textures on multiple tracks, ocean waves Gearheads: Jack uses Korg 01-W FD, X-3 and Triton keyboards Style of music on this CD: New Age instrumental

Influences: Jazz, classical piano Favorite place to be: Beach walking the Oregon coast The Music: (All songs written and copyrighted by Jack Connelly: Kid Dreams 2001) THE SONGS: Latino: Spirited, rhythm to the soul. Lively and candid, a joyous journey. Guitar, drums, bass Oceania: Reflective and peaceful: Walk on a tranquil ocean beach. Turquoise cool water laps at white sand beneath your feet. The sun slowly sets into orange and magenta clouds. Gulls overhead sing melodies to quiet the spirit. Reflective and peaceful. Piano, string, ocarina. Soulful: A smoky, moody tenor sax solo with melodic fifths. Relax and unwind. Sax Carols Song Deep and meditative, flutes echo melancholy strains of string and oboe. Me: a searching melody. You: a searching soul looking for what is yet to be found. Ebbs and flows with pent up emotion. Star Dreaming Deep-space. A wandering star. Hidden melodies. Flying toys. Quiet evenings beside firelight. Star dreams of unrealized potential. Picked as a favorite by Oasis CD Duplication for their 2001 CD sampler. Synth, flute, ocarina. The Princess The song of ancient struggles of adversity and perseverance, between strength and weakness, good and evil. Rolling pad textures weave across a landscape of tenor sax. Pulls on the heart and carries the soul to a peaceful haven. Lush

string, sax Moms Dream A yearning soul longs for release. A spiritual journey of heights and depths. Cries for freedom amid chains of chaos. Put on doves wings, fly away and be at rest. Piano, choir and string To Every Dreamer Ethereal, unearthly, the spirit pursues what can only be captured by toil and pain. A Josephs dream. A vision within the soul. The kid dreams in us all. Synth, flute and ocarina. Dorothy A love sonnet. A push through the night fog to morning light. The Mandela of ceaseless struggle to a tranquil mind. Souls journey. Come to Him all who are weary, and find rest. (All songs written and copyrighted by Jack Connelly: Kid Dreams 2001) The Music A note of explanation: My inspiration ebbs and flows like a wave of the sea, (usually about 2 am or so). The music (piano, strings, flute, etc.) is recorded one track at a time, without making any changes. What you hear is the flow of whats created as originally composed. Each song was written in one session and any mistakes that were made were included. Two songs, (Moms Dream and Dorothy) were both written the same night my mother passed away. My children were the thought behind the other songs with the exception of Carols Song, which was inspired by my wifes mother. Emotions and feelings have much to do with my creativity. For me, I cannot just turn it on and create. There has to be a force or guiding hand behind it. Special Thanks: To Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit for His guiding hand. You are faithful to me. Much thanks and appreciation for my loving wife, who stood by me when she didnt have to (only we know). I adore you! Thank you for your encouragement to pursue my music and kid dreams: My awesome children: Youre all special! Sarah, Paul, Andrew and Becca (this CDs for you): For my mom, whose life taught me the love of learning, and forced me to practice on Saturdays instead of watching TV: To Dad who sort of played the uke and banjo but otherwise did a terrific job in loving his kids by example: To the C. Clan, Jim, Kitty, Rita and families, I love you all: My uncle Jim A. for his picture: For all my relatives I hardly know (Theres still time for us to get to know each other): Karl Bingle and his help in the studio: Lea for her pics: For graphics by XXX who will remain anonymous (great job): Heidi, The A-1 crew (which arrow is up?) and Dwayne, Mark and Helen and SCF friends who loved me when I needed it most. The Songs Latino Dreamy-eyed blondie A lively jewel who knows her mind This belle enamors all who listen to Take me out to the ballgame. Cause Im a girl states the rights of a 3 year old gone 4 Hopes daughter, child of promise Eternal youth relived again Assurance from Him that love abides ...quot; and prevails Carols Song Concrete reality A fatal blow Gun-shattered world Closure to a puzzled past A fresh beginning A new future - running companions Two strangers learn to love again Oceania The endless waves crash over surf and sand The sea calls to itself

Its spray a cadence of twofold purpose: In beauty the heart yearns - pulls of hidden vistas and horizons not yet touched - scintillating ploy But duty beckons the ships to ports of call and business yet undone - a harvest to be won Andrew ...quot; constant plodding, straight furrowed, pulled and tossed yet yielding at last to His Call His name a bringer, fruitfulness his fortune The little prince Soulful Soulful, a full soul, word play of a young boy loved by dad and mom with special care. Full of zeal, filled with love for God, the angels twice visited Pauls bed. His voice cried in the wilderness he himself did not create. Mind troubled, he sought his anchor the only way he knew. Soulful, his youthful heart pained by sickness unknown to all, he struggled past questions made by God alone. Who knows the depths of reason or why the answer never comes. Life is a why never answered until the proper time. Walls are meant to climb over and the mountains beauty is seen best from the top looking down. He may fall but God will arise in him and his path will lead not follow. A different drummer will speak for Him, unashamed and undaunted. Remember your name. Star Dreaming I basked on sun-washed steps in Moberly and Kid Dreamed of tennis heights with Tannecomo Flying saucers, star drifting thoughts of green alien planets With smoky clouds. My UFO detector at ten didnt work Many projects ...quot; unfinished business ...quot; time stealers Oh to focus on right things... God things I still dream. To push ahead - To advance - To go - Even a small bit. Still a pioneer at heart I am sorry The Princess She dreams in colors of a Future hidden with God The Princess Bright smile of hope Sweet laughter paints The canvas of lives dimmed in sorrow Silent encourager and friend to all, She fell off the dining room table as an infant I am forgiven Moms Dream In words hard fit to find true meaning Dot rode the trail of lifes trials hard Her hand in the game more difficult by sickness Her breath in labored strains of will A learning path she chose not alone, but passed on to all who knew her well ...quot; life is learned in the living, not easy, but well - to hope, to dream, her dream to learn ...quot; we, the recipients, made better by having known her Thanks mom ...quot; I miss you To Every Dreamer Wild turnings and echoes of past defeats march against the rhythm of cadenced drums. The Joseph dream is to sing above the background noise of fools mirth and lies the mind paints against the notes of faith. Amid discordant sounds, the choir drowns doubtful fears and gives ear to the melody of vision within the soul. The kid dreams in us all Dorothy A song of sad strains - tired strings worn in Life pained with fights Strong mind and broken body - she shouldered her pain To push through the fog to light She sang and played, and drew with pencil until her crippled Fingers refused the keys and brushes, and twisted joints silenced the guitar she loved. A lost, loved daughter, guilt and remorse, a finding release anew with

written pen, a way to remember, a means to forget - she loved her books The peaks and valleys were colors on her brush She painted her life a palette of Things could be worse and Im ok. The notes soar in triumph - the end speaks larger Than the first. You taught me much. I wish I had told you I Loved you more. We will sing again the songs you loved on The other side.

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