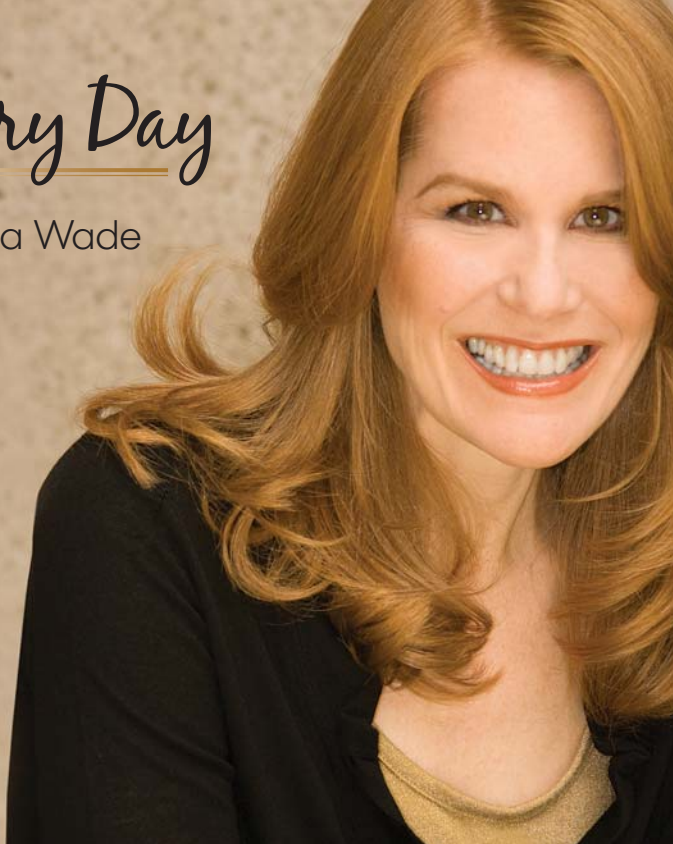


# Every Day

Julia Wade





Watchfire Music presents  
*Every Day* by inspirational  
music artist, Julia Wade.

1. Every Day
2. From A Distance
3. Finding The Christ In Me
4. I Hear The Prophet Callin'
5. Nothing, Only Love
6. Woman On A Train
7. The 23rd Psalm
8. Satisfied

# Every Day

## Julia Wade

*This CD, "Every Day," is a culmination of many months of work and inspiration. The title refers to the things I think about every day: the challenges, the prayers, and the victories – in my life, my community and my world. The songs explore not only the fears and limitations that confront us, but also the solutions that are available to us when we become still enough to hear them.*

*Ultimately I think most people grapple with these same kinds of issues. My innermost desire is to communicate through these songs my hopes – and sometimes fears – but always my quest for solution, and my gratitude for those answers that come to us – every day!*

## Peter Link

For me, "Every Day" has been a work of inspiring grace. We started out to do a 14 song CD, but time being what it is, and both Julia's and my workload being what it is, we decided on completing this 8 song CD for Christmas. We'll have the other songs available

to you as another CD sometime in the spring of 2011.

All of the material was recorded here in NYC at Link Recording Studios. All instrumentation was arranged, orchestrated and performed or programmed by yours truly, Peter Link.

I also want to thank Margaret Dorn for her usual artistic support arranging the background vocals on "From A Distance."

The CD was mastered by Phil Klum of Phil Klum Mastering, NYC and the CD and Digi-Book design and graphics were created by Sara Gray. Photography of Julia was done by our dear friends Eric Stephen Jacobs and Wanda Peters.

We'd also like to thank Craig Wagner, Caroline Montes, Joe O'Neil and Asya Morris, the Watchfire Music staff, for their immeasurable help in producing and promoting this CD and Digi-Book.

And now, "Every Day," Let the week begin.

# Monday

The title track of the CD, "Every Day" just invaded my soul from the very first moment that I heard it. Its sweet and soaring melody took over my being, and the lyrics expressed so truly how I really feel about what I experience and know of God.

It's a special privilege to work with Peter Link who is my producer and composer. He's also my best friend on the planet, and as such, he often knows what's really on my mind – what I am struggling with and what I am cherishing. Though he wrote Every Day, it is exactly how I feel in my best and highest moments of gratitude and realization – and I could not have said it any more joyfully or profoundly than in Peter's words.

From the very first note, I began to hum and sing this song in my mind non-stop – every day! It made a home in my soul. That's when I knew that this song's central idea was indeed the central idea for the whole CD. And it just seemed natural to start with this song at the top of the week: Monday.

I woke up humming this melody one morning last spring. Its simplicity struck me as something that would

stick if I could only find the right words for the lilt and feel of the song. I don't know where the words "Every day" came from. They just popped into my head as words that would scan perfectly with my melody.

Every day... what? I wandered around for a couple of days singing the first words and then humming the rest wondering what it was that I was supposed to write about. Then in a quiet moment it came to me that God enables me every day, every hour, every moment to live and breathe.

I had my song.

"The Divine pervades everything in the Universe. This may not be understood by everyone. Some may not agree that the Divine is Omnipresent. But whether they accept this fact or not, the truth is, evidence of the presence of God can be found wherever one turns."

- Sri Sathya Sai Baba quotes  
(Indian Spiritual leader, b.1926)

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." - James 4:8

## Every Day Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

Every day	You who gives me	The child of your light
Every hour	All the essential things	The like of you
Every moment	of life	
You are there		You who loves me
Here in my life	Every breath	You who gives me
Abling me	Every heartbeat	All the essential things
	Ev'ry footstep	of life
	Here in my life	
Every breath	You are	Every truth
Every heartbeat		Every substance
Every footstep		Ev'ry song
You are there	Every day	Every insight
Right by my side	Every hour	The fabric of my being
Letting me be	Every moment you	My life
	are there	
Watching over	Here in my life	Every day
Holding me in the	Abling me	Every day
arms of love		Every hour
While I try the sky	In my times of trouble	Every moment
As the clouds cross	There you are in the	Every day
over	morning light	
And shadows shape	As the night draws	
the light	down	
And darken my world	You are standing by me	
I turn to you	You see me as I am	
You who knows me		



# Tuesday

Both Julia and I have known singer-songwriter, Julie Gold, for many years now. Whenever she performs around town we always try to catch her act because this lady is full of music. She also has a terrific somewhat self-deprecating sense of humor and keeps us laughing and smiling throughout her set.

A number of years ago, while working as a secretary for Home Box Office, Julie wrote a song called "From A Distance". The song then became an international commercial success after it was recorded in 1990 by Bette Midler.

"From a Distance" went to number one on the Adult Contemporary chart and peaked at number two on the Billboard Hot 100. The song went on to win a Grammy for Song of the Year in 1991.

## statement of truth

Much of the song's popularity coincided with the first Persian Gulf War.

Julie Gold has stated that she believes in an immanent and beneficent God, and also thinks that people have a right to interpret the song any way they want, as with all art. She has stated that the song is about the difference between how things appear to be and how they really are.

My own personal experience with the song as I arranged and orchestrated it has enchanted me. Here is a statement of truth profound in its depth, yet so simple.

It has been an absolute joy to work on and I stand in awe of the clarity of Julie Gold's original idea.

*I am a true fan of Julie Gold, her music and her voice in the world. I have also loved Bette Midler's recording of this song for years. The simple profundity of the lyrics and the sweeping effect it has had on popular culture is nothing short of wondrous to me.*

*With the problems of the world – wars, famine, natural disasters and more all trying to convince us of a desperate state of humanity, I constantly find myself searching for a higher, truer view of the world and for practical, spiritual solutions to these problems.*

*"From A Distance" has long been one of those shining lights of truth to remind me that God has a different view – a different perspective. And if we can get even a glimpse of that view, we can change this desperate picture of humanity and heal the world.*

## from a distance

## a different perspective

*The dictionary definition of 'distance' is the extent or amount of space between two objects or points. In this song, I like to think of distance as the space between God and me – between God and each one of us. If you really think about it, there is no distance – no space – between you and God.*

*Where we first perceive God is in our own thought or consciousness. So, there is no distance between you and God. How could there be? There's no space between you and your thoughts! "From A Distance" is only as far away as your thought!*

*This tells me that from a distance (from my own consciousness) God sees us – and the whole world – as we truly are. We can then begin to see ourselves and others this way too. And then we can begin to heal the world.*

*This is my Tuesday song. It's my battle cry and my social justice prayer for the world.*

## *From A Distance* Music & Lyrics by Julie Gold

Vocal Arrangement by Margaret Dom

Background Vocalists: Emily Bindiger, Margaret Dom, Kevin Osborne

From a distance  
The world looks blue  
and green  
And the snow-capped  
mountains white

From a distance  
The ocean meets the  
stream  
And the eagle takes  
to flight

From a distance  
There is harmony  
And it echos through  
the land

It's the voice of hope  
It's the voice of peace  
It's the voice of every man

From a distance  
We all have enough  
And no one is in need

There are no guns  
No bombs no diseases  
No hungry mouths to  
feed

From a distance  
We are instruments  
Marching in a common  
band

Playing songs of hope  
Playing songs of peace  
They're the songs of  
every man

God is watching us  
God is watching us  
God is watching us  
From a distance

From a distance  
You look like my friend

Even though we are  
at war  
From a distance  
I can't comprehend  
What all this war is for

From a distance  
There is harmony  
And it echos through  
the land

It's the hope of hopes  
It's the love of loves  
It's the heart of every man

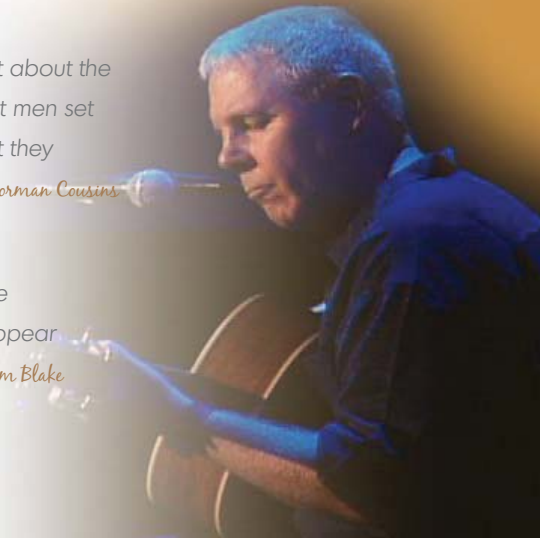
God is watching us  
God is watching us  
God is watching us  
From a distance  
He's watching us  
From a distance

*"Our loyalties must transcend our race, our tribe, our class, and our nation; and this means we must develop a world perspective." - Martin Luther King, Jr.*

*"We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are." - Anais Nin*

*"What was most significant about the lunar voyage was not that men set foot on the moon but that they set eye on the earth." - Norman Cousins*

*"If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite." - William Blake*





# Wednesday

*A couple of years ago, Peter wrote a hymn called "Finding the Peace In Me." Not long after, I was asked to close an international church meeting with a song that would express the theme of the meeting, "The Simplicity That Is In Christ."*

*I spent a month searching for the perfect song, but I came up dry. In the beginning, I wanted to sing "Finding the Peace In Me" but it was the wrong message. I was running out of time.*

*I never said a word to Peter about this, but one day he casually plunked a lyric sheet down on my desk and said, "Try this on for size." It was called "Finding The Christ In Me." I immediately knew that he had transformed this into the perfect song for the meeting. It has since become the best selling sheet music title on [watchfiremusic.com](http://watchfiremusic.com) and is sung by many all over the world.*

*This song means so much to so many because I think it acts as a re-energizer. It motivates us to keep going, keep searching, and even regroup when we have to. It reminds me of what my true quest is – to find the truth of myself right where I am – no matter what I am doing, feeling or experiencing. And it is through*

*finding the Christ – the true idea of God – in my thought that I find courage to keep moving forward in my life.*

**To me, the Christ idea is the image and likeness of God that is spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis in the Bible. It is the anticipated ideal that the man Jesus brought to us and personified through his life. He presented us with the possibility. It is the true spiritual man that I am, but all too often fail to connect with in this mortal dream called human life.**

**Perhaps it's the reason why we're here – to rediscover this image and likeness in ourselves and live the Christ idea.**

*"Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come!"  
- 2 Corinthians 5:17-21*

*"For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, for as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."  
- Galatians 3:26-27*

## Finding the Christ in Me Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

Oh God to Thee I turn  
Touch now this life

On bended knee  
I come to Thee  
Lost in the dark of night  
Feeling You near  
I seek your care  
Under your wings  
of light  
Here is Christ  
Here in my life  
Watching over me

In this state  
Truth is revealed  
I'm seeking the Christ  
in Thee  
And finding the Christ  
in me

On bended knee  
I come to Thee  
Seeking the narrow  
way

I leave behind  
This mortal mind  
These tired feet of clay  
All my life  
I've tried to live  
Closer still to Thee  
As I strive  
As I achieve  
I'm seeking the Christ  
in Thee  
And finding the Christ  
in me

Here in my heart  
My heart of hearts

Here in this quiet place  
Here's where the Christ  
Abides with me  
Here in this silent grace  
God's great love  
Shows me the way  
Here's where I must be  
In this space  
In love's embrace  
I'm seeking the  
Christ in Thee  
And finding the  
Christ in me



*Bobby Stanton,  
guitar*

# Thursday

I first heard Julia sing this song as a solo in church in her Sunday webcast with organist Bryan Ashley accompanying on piano.

I was totally bowled over by Julia's discovery of a new voice, a new style of singing for her that I found to be immediately refreshing - like walking through a country meadow somewhere in Tennessee.

When she got back home that weekend I asked her, "Where'd you learn to sing like that?" She answered, "I dunno, that's just the way the character came out."

That's what I love about Julia. Not only is there a world-class instrument to work with, but there's a committed actress inside governing the emotional choices of each phrase and moment of each song.

The combination of the two elements - the vocal instrument and the connected performer - make up the total package.

The Arabic female voices, the Balkan male and East Indian Swaram male vocal were all performed by unknown vocalists as samples that I found and magically conformed to the track and song.

East meets West in a World Music juxtaposition of cultures. Julia echoes them at the end of the song.

## east meets west

*Peter speaks of my finding a new voice with this song and also of my commitment as an actor. It's been a uniquely exciting journey to discover that whether I am performing on the dramatic musical stage, the concert stage, or singing a solo in church, my approach to the preparation and performance is one and the same. The only things that change are the genre and the venue.*

*So if folks hear us speak of the acting part of singing a solo in church - here is what it really means to me: Sanford Meisner, one of the greatest acting teachers of the 20th century defined acting as "living truthfully in imaginary circumstances."*

*This definition, as I have put it into practice, has come to undeniably mean this to me: "living truthfully right now, right here, in THIS moment." From a spiritual perspective, the definition has come to mean "living truthfully in healing circumstances."*

*For example, with this song, I was so moved by the retelling of this text from Isaiah by songwriter Pepper Choplin. And finally, I understood that this text is as important today in little hamlets of Appalachia and in big urban cities like New York and Boston, just as it was when the prophet in the Book of Isaiah first uttered those words!*

*When I first prepared this song for church, I was taken by the Appalachian style of the song.*

## live truthfully

*I responded to it because I have lived and traveled in that part of the world, and I have always loved the music from that region.*

*With all of this information, I set about finding what is called "the reality of doing." I have been trained to ask myself questions when I am first learning a song.*

*I ask, "Who am I in this song? Who am I talking to? What am I doing - am I comforting or waking up, warning or celebrating?" I also ask myself why I am doing what I am doing and how do I feel about it? If I am celebrating, I am going to make the choice of feeling overjoyed or thrilled, etc.*

*All of these questions and the exploration of their answers lead me to discover the lyrics' deeper meaning - for me.*

*Once I have "unlocked" the song's meaning, I seek to apply it to my own life. This is my process because I must live truthfully here and now - in the song, on the stage, in church, and on the CD. That's my commitment to the work.*

## *I Hear The Prophet Callin'* Music & Lyrics by Pepper Choplin

Vocal Arrangement by Peter Link

Background Vocalists: Emily Bindiger, Margaret Dom, Kevin Osborne

I hear the prophet callin'  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

I hear the prophet callin'  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

I hear the prophet callin'  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

I hear the prophet callin'  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

Come and make straight  
The way in the desert  
A highway for our God  
Come and make straight  
The way in the desert  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

I hear Isaiah callin'  
"Fear not your God has  
come"

I hear Isaiah callin'  
"Fear not your God will  
come"

Then will the eyes of the  
blind be opened  
The ears of the deaf will  
hear

And then the mute will  
shout for joy  
The mute will shout for joy  
Shout for joy

They'll be shouting for joy  
They'll be shouting for joy

And the desert will be  
joyful  
And blossom as a rose

And the desert will be  
joyful  
And blossom as a rose

We shall rejoice with joy  
and singing  
And see the glory of God  
We shall rejoice with joy  
and singing

And see the glory of God  
And see the glory of God

I hear the prophet callin'  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

I hear the prophet callin'  
Prepare the way of the  
Lord

Prepare ye the way of  
the Lord

*"The voice of him that crieth  
in the wilderness, prepare ye  
the way of the Lord, make  
straight in the desert a  
highway for our God."*

*- Isaiah 40:3*







# Friday

received hundreds of productions all over the world in the 30 years since. The song was written music first. When I had finished the music, I handed it over to Jacob Brackman, the show's lyricist, who added this beautiful and touching lyric that captivated the essence of the show.

In reality, as a young composer, I wrote the song too rangy in its melody. It takes one hellava singer to pull it off. My mistake, but then along comes Julia. The first time I heard her sing it many years ago I said, "This is now your song." She had the chops to do it the way I had always heard in my head.

She's sung the song for years now and it continues to grow within her. I thought it was high time we got a definitive recording of it, so here it is. It's one of those children that you worry about - how are they going to find their way in the world. Now I can let it go. For me, this is the song as first imagined.

*Nothing Only Love is an out-and-out love song! I first came to know this song when Peter presented it to me 15 years ago. It fit me like a glove - back when I was still an ingénue.*

*Since then, I've gained some experience and a little wisdom over the years. I have sung this song in many different situations: auditions, workshops and concerts. Each time I have performed this song, my choices and feelings about the song have changed and deepened. But even with all the transformations of time and experience, I find that I'm still that same girl who sings of nothing, only love!*

*"Nothing, Only Love" is the love song from the Broadway musical, "King Of Hearts" that opened in 1978 and has*

## Nothing Only Love Music and Lyrics by Peter Link and Jacob Brackman

Some people say it all  
ends sadly  
I'll have to pay with  
tears in time  
Prob'ly I should beware  
But I don't think I care  
Cause nothing matters  
Nothing only love

Soon you'll know all my  
secret places  
I'll have lost all my  
mystery then  
How can then matter  
now  
I can't stop anyhow  
When nothing matters  
Nothing only love

The sky may fall but I  
don't care  
The light may fail,  
But it doesn't matter  
The wind may blow  
me anywhere

But I don't care  
Cause it doesn't matter  
My hands may shake  
My dreams may shatter  
My heart may break  
But it doesn't matter  
No nothing does

No no nothing matters  
Nothing only love  
No nothing only love  
Nothing only love

Minutes ago my mind  
was racing  
Now all my worries feel  
so small  
Now there's just you  
and me  
And in your eyes I see  
That nothing matters  
Nothing only love

The moon may crack  
The sea may boil

The song may die  
But it doesn't matter  
This river may carry me  
anywhere  
But I don't care  
Cause it doesn't matter  
My hands may shake  
My dreams may shatter  
My heart may break  
But it doesn't matter  
No nothing does

No no nothing matters  
Nothing only love  
No nothing only love  
Nothing only love

*"There is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love, the first fluttering of its silken wings."*

*- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

*"That love is all there is, is all we know of love."*

*- Emily Dickinson*

# Saturday

As many of you already know, my wife, Julia Wade, has been soloist at the Christian Science Center, the World Headquarters of that church for the past 5 years. Since we live in New York City, that means that she leaves early every Saturday morning for rehearsals, takes the train to Boston and returns the same way very late each Sunday night.

It hasn't meant exactly living the normal husband/wife weekends for these last years, but, hey, that's show biz.

I wait up for her each Sunday night because usually when she returns, she's exhausted from her weekend of performances, but still coming down from performance mode and still buzzed, ready to tell me all about it.

It usually means an hour or more of bedtime stories from Julia and I love listening as she sculpts out every last detail of her job away from home.

Besides, it's together time - something we have far too little of.

One Sunday night she came home abuzz with a story about a sweet old lady she met on the train.

As she got to the middle of the story, I put my hand up giving the pause signal, ran over and grabbed a pack of Post-its and a pen and began writing down the story as she resumed. By the time she finished I had 5 Post-its filled with tiny writing.

## true story

She at one time asked, "What are you doing?" knowing full well what I was doing, but then went on describing in great detail her story.

Later that week, as I thought about the story, I began to spend time scanning, rhyming and shaping a song trying to reflect and synthesize the experience she had down into a five-minute song. I had a blast. It's a lovely story and captures so much of the hundreds upon hundreds of hours that Julia had spent going back and forth, New York to Boston, these past years.

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*I had no idea until I was deep into my story that night that Peter was going to turn my experience into a memory for all time: a beautiful song. I have told him many train stories over the years - little anecdotes about the folks I have met: the wonderful train conductors along the way, the redcaps at Penn Station in NYC and the blessed Joyce, the station lounge hostess, who greets me without fail by name every Saturday morning and, of course, the travelers.*

## reflect and synthesize

*These people have contributed to creating a unique community of strangers upon whom I have come to depend.*

*"Woman On A Train" is an iconic, true story that represents all the tales of the fantastic folks who have blessed my life in surprising ways along the journey.*

*The lady who inspired "Woman On A Train" is out there somewhere, but I don't know how to find her to thank her. We only exchanged names. She became my friend on that 4-hour train ride, but the experience will live forever. This one's for you, Frances Smith.*

## woman on a train

## Woman On A Train Music & Lyrics by Peter Link

Based on a story by Julia Wade

I met a woman on the train  
Usually the conversation skirts  
the mundane  
Usually I find a seat apart from all  
the people  
But I can't complain  
About the night I met a woman  
on the train

I show her my Kindle on the train  
She sits in rapt amazement while  
I explain  
She admits to me she's 83 and  
looks much younger  
But I sense her pain  
As the night rolls on behind us on  
the train

I tell her I sing every weekend  
At a church in Boston  
She confesses to being a Catholic  
And that she finds me a little odd

She says she told her children  
To go and find their own truth  
I look into her eyes  
And give my new/old friend a nod  
She says, "Oh honey, we are all  
children of God"  
Oh honey, we are all children of God

We talk a lifetime on the train  
The veils of social prudence  
No longer pertain  
Funny how we open up so quick  
To perfect strangers  
But I can't complain  
All because we shared two lifetimes  
on the train

I tell her of all my regrets  
Of never raising children  
She admits to her rash impatience  
And that she should have spared  
the rod

We both look out the window  
And accept our imperfections  
I look into her eyes  
And give my new/old friend a nod  
She says, "Oh honey, we are all  
children of God"  
Oh honey, we are all children of God

New York to Boston  
Boston to New York  
Trains have a way of putting a  
stop on time  
No one grows any older on a train  
A perfect stranger  
Sleeps head on my shoulder  
The sleeping train gets quiet  
The car a little colder  
Mile after mile  
With her head upon my shoulder  
And I dare not move a muscle lest  
she wake  
This woman on a train



*"Good things happen when you meet strangers."  
- Yo-Yo Ma*

*"Men always talk about the most important things  
to perfect strangers. In the perfect stranger we  
perceive man himself; the image of a God is not  
disguised by resemblances to an uncle or doubts  
of wisdom of a mustache."  
- Gilbert K. Chesterton*

*"There are no strangers here;  
Only friends you haven't yet met."  
- William Butler Yeats*

# Sunday

As an Inspirational music composer, I've wanted to tackle the twenty-third Psalm for a number of years now, but always hesitated because I felt that it would be better written later in life when I had experienced more of life.

On one particular long lonely weekend when Julia had Monday meetings in Boston and had to stay an extra day, I decided that the time was ripe to give David's Shepherd Song a shot.

I turned off the phones and walled myself up in my studio cancelling all meetings and began to work. I don't actually remember much of the weekend. I don't remember eating or going to bed. I tried to spend the weekend with King David, getting into his life, his mind, his thoughts and the playing of his harp.

His lyric for the twenty-third Psalm is a masterpiece of dramatic evolution. Filled with iconic passages of healing truths, it is one of the great prayers of humanity. I was privileged to have the opportunity to work with such a piece of inspiration.

I wrote and orchestrated the entire piece that 3 day weekend and gave it to Julia upon her return as a 10th Anniversary present. She gave the present back with her gorgeous vocal rendition.

It is the perfect Sunday song.

*The 23rd Psalm. It's is an ancient, healing text. It's as relevant today as it was when King David wrote it some 3000 years ago. It transcends time and distance, religions and cultures.*

*I've sung many musical settings of the 23rd Psalm in my life and this new composition by Peter Link is my favorite. Peter's music captures for me the essence of the spiritual journey through this ancient text and illuminates it.*

*Together, the music and the text remind us that the psalm gives us comfort, restoration and peace. It gives us courage to face our death-valley experiences, and takes us through those valleys safely no matter how difficult they seem to be.*

*Whenever I hear the opening phrases of this incredible setting, I like to think of King David playing on his harp.*

## The 23rd Psalm Music by Peter Link

Lyrics from Psalm 23 by King David

The Lord is my shepherd  
I shall not want  
The Lord is my shepherd  
I shall not want

He maketh me to lie  
down in green pastures  
He leadeth me beside  
the still waters  
He restoreth my soul  
He restoreth my soul

And He leadeth me  
Yes He leadeth me  
In the paths of  
righteousness  
For his name's sake

The Lord is my shepherd  
I shall not want.

Yea, though I walk  
through the valley

Of the shadow of  
death  
I will fear no evil

For thou art with me  
Thy rod and thy staff  
Thy rod and thy staff they  
comfort me

Yea, though I walk  
through the valley  
Of the shadow  
of death  
I will fear no evil  
I will fear no evil

Thou preparest a table  
before me  
In the presence of mine  
enemies  
Thou anointest my  
head with oil

The Lord is my shepherd  
I shall not want.

My cup runneth over

Surely goodness and  
mercy  
Shall follow me all the  
days of my life  
And I will dwell in the  
house of the Lord  
forever  
Ever more

The Lord is my shepherd



# Your Day

Greg Granoff, the composer of this song, is not only a master organist, but also a piano builder. You might say he's got his head and life into those keys. His music reflects this dedication and passion.

I've taken a turn at composing music for this well-known poem by Mary Baker Eddy, but I must say that Greg's setting is my favorite.

When I first heard this setting performed by Greg himself on the organ with no voice and just a keyboard melody, I fell in love.

Orchestrating the organ arrangement was pure joy. Working with the inner rhythms and pulse of Greg's imagination was an orchestrator's dream.

The original arrangement was easily broken down into harp, strings and brass and I was swallowed up in the inner sonorities for days at a time as I orchestrated.

This song is a bit of a classical throwback for our Classical Cross-over artist. It shows Julia's more pure classical beginnings and reminds us that behind this artist stands a rich and powerful instrument that should never be left behind.

Though stylistically it's a bit different than the rest of the album, we thought it was a perfect closer and an added bonus to crown the week.

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*I love to think of "Satisfied" as the crown jewel to the album. It is a contemporary classical song, and I think it is a very special piece of material. Greg Granoff is a crafted composer with a unique harmonic language that, as he says, literally "paints the text" to illuminate the spiritual message.*

*This song - Mary Baker Eddy's beautiful late 19th century poem and Greg's sonorous music - combined with Peter Link's gorgeous orchestration really speaks to me of the spiritual state of being satisfied.*

## Satisfied Music by Greg Granoff

Lyrics from a poem by Mary Baker Eddy

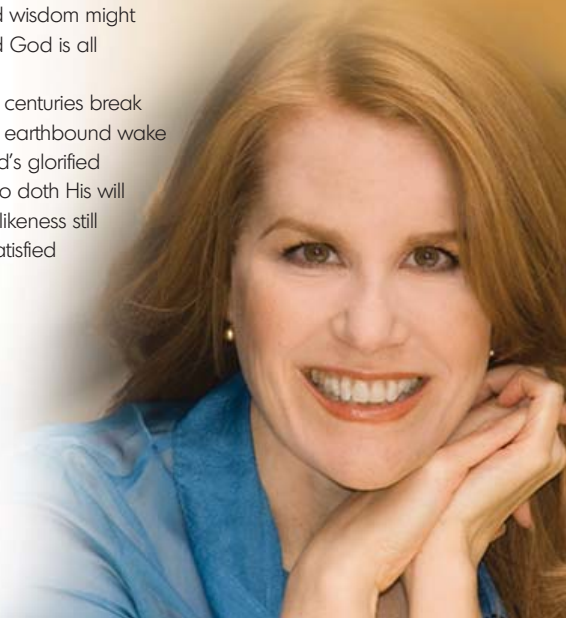
It matters not  
What be thy lot  
So love doth guide  
For storm or shine  
Pure peace is Thine  
What e're betide

And of these stones  
Or tyrant's thrones  
God able is  
To raise up seed  
In thought and deed  
To faithful his

Aye darkling sense  
Arise go hence  
Our God is good  
False fears are foes  
Truth tatters those  
When understood

Love looseth thee  
And lifteth me  
Ayont hate's thrall  
There life is light  
And wisdom might  
And God is all

The centuries break  
The earthbound wake  
God's glorified  
Who doth His will  
His likeness still  
Is satisfied





# Every Day

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Julia Wade

[www.watchfiremusic.com](http://www.watchfiremusic.com)