

*B*efore
their
time

Memorial Songs and Music

Volume II

- 01 Sand and Water – Beth Nielsen Chapman (4:04)**
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- 02 Stillness of the Night – Anke Summerhill (3:49)**
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- 03 Didn't You Think Anybody Loved You? – Karen Nash (4:38)**
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- 04 'Til I See You Again – Jim Wilson (4:54)**
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- 05 One Less Weary Witness – Don Bray (4:19)**
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- 06 Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth – Cindy Bullens (4:34)**
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- 07 In the Middle – Rachel Bissex (3:14)**
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- 08 O'Connell's Lamentation – Jacqueline Schwab (4:13)**
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- 09 Who Will Sing Me Lullabies? – Kate Rusby (5:16)**
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- 10 **29 – Slaid Cleaves** (3:26)
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- 11 **Conversation with a Ghost – Ellis Paul** (3:55)
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- 12 **Lament for Elizabeth Anne Forbes – Sarah Bauhan** (5:14)
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- 16 **Last of the Widows – Jez Lowe** (3:12)
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- 17 **Over the Rainbow – Eva Cassidy** (5:00)
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Liner notes by Michael Whitman

We can't say "Thanks" often enough to the musicians and the copyright holders who have given generous permission to use the songs and recordings included in this collection, but thank you all.

This album could not have been completed without encouragement, advice and enthusiastic support from many people: the production staff listed above; contributors of written materials for the liner notes; Marie Kirn, Dick Carney and the board and staff of Hospice VNH; and Connie Korda, Sally Bailey, Andy Smyser, Judith Schlesinger, David Block, Mike Flynn, Ted and Alice Cochran, Sandra Bertman, Joe O'Donnell, Kitty and Homer Wallin, Dick Gilbert, Mac MacLanahan, Mary Burdette, Skip Gorman, Hugh and Barbara Cassidy, Micah Solomon, Janine Weins, Michael Noyes, Leslie Hatch, HowellMartin Communications, Douglas and Susan Harp, Molly Wakeman, David Tamulevich, Laura Ellis, PJ Birosik, Rob Newman, Ted Jolly, Peter and Jane McLaughlin, Nancy Carlin, Billy Straus, Peter and Jane Orzechowski, Matt Tingle, Irmi Snowden and many, many others.

Production costs were underwritten by generous individuals and grants from the Lyme Foundation, Upper Valley Community Foundation, Byrne Foundation, Golub Foundation, Anne Slade Frey Charitable Trust, Thomas B. Watson Foundation, Elizabeth Parkhill Charitable Foundation, Jeffrey Gutin Memorial Fund, Samuel P. Hunt Foundation, PAV Foundation, and Mascoma Savings Bank Foundation.

My appreciation for memorial songs and music increases, the more I work on this project. This is clearly a rich vein that musicians work, and it seems that almost every songwriter or composer over the age of twenty has written at least one.

Art is life. When songwriters fall in or out of love, they write a song about it, and they do the same after any major life experience. It's clear from their songs that their experiences and feelings are the same as ours; the difference is, they can write beautiful songs about it. Their creativity enriches our lives: listeners going through a similar experience can identify with these songs and the shared experiences, and feel particularly fond of one because the songwriter gives voice to an identical feeling, which may not have been previously encountered.

The loss of a relative or close friend, or the passing of a public figure, or strangers' deaths in a disastrous accident or other traumatic event, may give off more creative sparks than any other experience. Songwriters ply their unique craft in response, but sometimes they relate that they felt like the creative vehicle for a work that emerged from somewhere within, of its own accord.

Their inspired songs and melodies are a gift to us all because they help us experience our own grief more fully. When grief is fresh, these songs may produce tears; later, feelings of profound sadness may eventually segue into poignancy: the normal process of grieving. While friends and relatives hesitate to speak about our loss for fear of "upsetting" us, we know that we need to spend time in each stage of grief in order to achieve a measure of healing. Tears – and songs – help us visit our places of mourning so that we can eventually move beyond them.

I find it helpful to know that the creators of these moving, comforting songs have made it through the difficult times that I have encountered, struggled with the same issues, and survived – often stronger emotionally. Their songs are like spiritual lights.

Michael Whitman • Executive Producer



Music is the most profound of all the arts: it expresses the deepest thoughts of life in simple language, which nonetheless cannot be translated.

Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860)

Sand and Water – Beth Nielsen Chapman

The title song of Beth Nielsen Chapman's 1997 album describes some of the grief and poignant periods that followed the death of her husband, Ernest. Chapman "composed her way through the healing process," and songs from this time formed an album that many people can relate to. Elton John wrote, "Sand and Water" says everything I want to say," and substituted this song for his own "Candle in the Wind" during a 1998 tour.

"That deep connection – the incredible, comforting belief that we all stay connected to each other, even though we change form – remains, and sustains me," Chapman said in a 1998 interview.

"This is a very important song for me, the first song I wrote after my husband's death. I was really not sure how I was going to proceed with my life. I couldn't see my life beyond just what I was going to have for breakfast the next morning. I wrote it very quickly and I wasn't even sure what I had written. It came from such a very deep place. I played it for Rodney Crowell and he said, 'This song is going to help so many people.' I thought it was too sad, or too personal, but I have to say it's the most powerful song I ever took out of my house! By virtue of its being so intimate and true, it has been the most universal." (Ft. Myers *News-Press*, Jan. 16, 1998)

Beth Nielsen Chapman – acoustic guitar, vocal, backup vocals

Stuart Smith – gut-string electric and acoustic guitars

Michael Rhodes – bass

Steve Nathan – keyboards

Kirby Sheistad – percussion & drum program

Kim Fleming – background vocal

All alone I didn't like the feeling / All alone I sat and cried
All alone I had to find some meaning / In the center of the pain I felt inside.

All alone I came into this world / All alone I will someday die
Solid stone is just sand and water, baby
Sand and water, and a million years gone by.

I will see you in the light of a thousand suns
I will hear you in the sound of the waves
I will know you when I come, as we all will come
Through the doors beyond the grave.

All alone I heal this heart of sorrow / All alone I raise this child
Flesh and bone, he's just / Bursting towards tomorrow
And his laughter fills my world and wears your smile.

All alone I came into this world / All alone I will someday die
Solid stone is just sand and water, baby
Sand and water and a million years gone by.

Stillness of the Night – Anke Summerhill

When I first heard of my friend Ken's suicide, my grief was buried so deeply that I couldn't reach it. It wasn't until a year had passed and two acquaintances also lost their lives – within the same week – that I was able to feel some of my sadness, as if my capacity for 'feeling' needed to be stretched. I took a walk through falling leaves in a park down the street and was gifted with the beginnings of 'Stillness of the Night.' I believe in the powerful connection between creativity and the divine, and that this combination is one of God's ways to bring about healing.

Grief is as much a part of life as joy, and I have learned a lot from what it has taught me. This song is for Ken Gelster and Lance LeValley. (Anke)

Anke Summerhill – guitar, vocal

David Grier – guitar

Matt Larson – acoustic bass

David LaMotte – harmony vocal

I hear the whisper of your voices in the leaves
I hear them calling out to me
One by one, the leaves will fall and disappear
Into the stillness of the night
Your lover called me and she told me yesterday
So many things you couldn't say
But we held something of our memories of before
We knew the stillness of the night
Now we won't get those second chances
Like the leaves that will return again in spring
A lifetime lived out in a moment
And a moment that changes everything
If there was one thing that I could've said to you
What would it take to change your mind
But I saw nothing of the anger in your soul
That bore the stillness of the night
Now we won't get those second chances
Like the leaves that will return again in spring
A lifetime lived out in a moment
And a moment that changes everything
Where did you go, we didn't know
I hear the whisper of your voices
Your lover called me yesterday
If there was one thing I could've said to you
What would it be, what would it be,
What would it be?

Didn't You Think Anybody Loved You? – Karen Nash

The first line I thought of for the song came out of one of the most horrible images in my head after my brother killed himself. I walked into his room at my parents' home and saw the calendar I had given him for Christmas the year before. It was the kind that you tear one page off every day, and he had been using it until the day he died. The last page he tore off was May 8th, leaving May 9th staring at me when I walked in.

It struck me as both touching and heartbreaking. He must have been thinking about me, on some level, when he tore off that last page, and I have forever wondered if I crossed his mind when he made that awful decision. My little brother was Matthew Steven Morrison, and I love him and miss him very much. He was 17 when he died. (Karen)

Karen Nash – guitar, vocal

Bob Malone – piano

Renee Safier – background vocals

Candy Lerman – fiddle

Andy Hill – guitar and background vocals

John Meadows – bass

Jeff Falcone – drums

I thought about goin' back, but there'll be nothing there
Just a stone that says your name and flowers everywhere,
Left by the people who've been left behind,
I wonder if that's where the answer lies,
But I can't get the questions out of my mind:

Where are you now?
Is there a chance I could have helped somehow?
What if all they say is true?
Didn't you think anybody loved you?

Well, I've got my bad dreams and all your photographs,
I've got a clear memory of your laugh,
And I'm afraid of what I won't find if I go back;
Oh, the calendar is stuck on the ninth of May,
I never tore the other pages away,
If I could go there now, would I have the right things to say?

Wasn't anything good enough?
What was the last thing that made your mind up?
Wasn't there anything we could do?
Didn't you think anybody loved you?

Did you think about the river? Did you think about me?
Or was it just too dark inside your head to see?
Weren't there any memories good enough to pull you through?
Oh, didn't you think anybody loved you?
I loved you! — I loved you!

'Til I See You Again – Jim Wilson

When I perform this, I dedicate it to “anyone who’s gone before,” because I believe that we are re-joined with all of those closest to us, on the other side. I am deeply moved to hear that this song has been requested for use in funerals. (Jim)

Jim Wilson – piano, synthesizer

Steve Porcaro – synthesizer

Davey Johnstone – guitars, mandolin

Doug Lacy – accordion

Eric Rigler – Uilleann pipes

Lenny Castro – percussion

One Less Weary Witness – Don Bray

A recurring ache among relatives and friends of people who died under traumatic circumstances is wishing we might have been there for them, both figuratively and literally. Might we have changed the course of events by offering love and support, had we known of their desperation? Certainly we wish that they had not died alone.

Don writes, “When my friend John killed himself, at first I was astonished that he had taken such an extreme step. My astonishment turned to anger when I saw how many people he had hurt. In the end I settled into a feeling of terrible sadness at the pain he must have felt and at the tremendous waste that was his early end.

“The writing of ‘One Less Weary Witness’ went a long way toward helping me deal with his decision. All these years later, I have only partially filled the space he left behind. I still think of him regularly, and wonder how all of our tattered lives would be different, had he decided to stay.”

Don Bray – guitar, vocal

Mark Mariash – djembe

Paul Vienneau – fretless and string bass

Todd Lumley – piano

“Hurricane” Mike Thompson – pedal steel

The sun will rise tomorrow, just like it always has
With one less weary witness to impress;
And I will wake to Mary, and she will wake to me
But what will mark the absence our hearts see?

If I could, I would bring him back,
I would hold his hand in my own;
'Cause I can't see how a man could be
So completely alone –

There can be no rebuttal and there won't be a goodbye
To grace this grievous sunset in our sky;
So I will face the music and still my shaking hand
With every fading memory of the man.

Somewhere Between Heaven and Earth – Cindy Bullens

This is the title song from a remarkable album chronicling a mother's spiritual journey after her adolescent daughter's death from Hodgkin's Disease. Three and a half months after putting aside her music career following Jessie's death, this song came to Cindy suddenly – an experience shared in this genre by a number of songwriters. Other songs followed, and although she originally had no intention of releasing this song cycle as an album, she realized that sharing her journey with others, through her music, would be part of her healing process.

Cindy Bullens – guitar, vocal
George Marinelli – guitar
David Santos – bass

Jeff Levine – Hammond B-3, piano
Rick Lonow – drums
Bryan Adams – background vocal

I curse the night I watched you slip away,
Wouldn't have done no good to beg you to stay
You were here beside me but now you're gone
I'm just trying hard to carry on.
But there's no rhythm in the rain,
There's no magic in the moon
There's no power in this pain
'Til somewhere between heaven and earth
I can find you again.

Hearts are broken and dreams are lost
But I made a promise to love at any cost
Little did I know the price was so high
Losing forever in the blink of an eye.

There's no rhythm in the rain
There's no wishes in the stars
There's no power in this pain
'Til somewhere between heaven and earth
I can hold you again.

If I could one more time feel your hand in mine
Hear your voice call my name and whisper sweet goodnight –

Then there'd be rhythm in the rain
There'd be magic in the moon
No such thing as love in vain
And somewhere between heaven and earth
You'd be with me again
And I could see you again
And I could hold you again, my baby
Somewhere between heaven and earth
I will see you again.

In the Middle – Rachel Bissex

I've lost several people close to me over the last number of years. My mother in 1986 was the most powerful, but some others died who were too young: Zoot Wilson, Fred Tagushi, Andy Shapiro, Marcia Rhodes, Florence Osman, and most recently my father. I was inspired to write "In The Middle" after Fred died, actually, but it's not for any of these specific people: it's for all of them. (Rachel)

Rachel Bissex – guitar, vocal
Stacy Starkweather – bass

Gabe Jarrett – percussion
Joan Hale – background vocal

I'm standing in the middle of the room / Wondering what to say
I'm staring in the depths of my gloom / Wondering what you would have said –

And I wonder... Where did you go?
And I think of... How you held your head up high
And I wonder... Where we all go
When we're dead? To the sky? Do we fly?

I'm standing in the middle of the road / Wondering which side to try
I'm staring at the sun at noon / In this New Mexico sky –

I'm standing in the middle of my life / Wondering what to do
I'm staring down an empty glass / And I'm missing you –

I'm standing in the middle of this field / Picking flowers for you
I'm staring through the sands of time / I can still see you –

I'm waking in the middle of the night / With a dream of you
You're walking through a tunnel of light / I'm so happy for you –

O'Connell's Lamentation – Jacqueline Schwab

The center of my music is the creation of moods through theme and variation. I draw on country dance tunes in my work with the Bare Necessities quartet, vintage American music for documentarian Ken Burns, Scottish airs, Billie Holiday ballads, tangos, or whatever takes my fancy at the time.

My work for Ken Burns has opened me to more freely expressing emotions in my playing as they tumble out, regardless of tempo. When recording "O'Connell's" in 1994, I was recovering from a muscle attack that had left my right side partially numb for over a year. During my recovery, I learned how I had held in years of repressed anger, fear and sadness. Although therapy has helped me start the long work of owning these feelings, they still lurk, so I draw upon them in my playing. They reappeared after my mother's sudden death last year (2000), and I dedicate the new version of this tune to her memory. (Jacqueline)

Jacqueline Schwab – piano

Who Will Sing Me Lullabies? – Kate Rusby

Kate has said that after she heard of her friend and first love Davy Steele's terminal illness, she couldn't sleep. She got up, picked up her guitar, and wrote a song.

This song took on new meaning and importance for me after Sept. 11, since I remember singing lullabies to my children when they were young. After losing my oldest son several years ago, I think I can appreciate the devastating emptiness that children feel when they lose a parent, and Kate's song expresses beautifully the feeling of a breaking heart.

Kate Rusby – guitar, vocal

Darrell Scott – guitar, harmony vocals

Danny Thompson – double bass

Mairton O'Connor – accordion

Tim O'Brien – mandolin, harmony vocals

John McCusker – fiddle

Lay me down gently, lay me down low,
I fear I am broken and won't mend, I know;
There's one thing I ask when the stars light the skies,
Who now will sing me lullabies? / Oh who now will sing me lullabies?

In this big world I'm lonely, for I am but small,
Oh angels in heaven, don't you care for me at all?
You've heard my heart breaking for it rang through the skies,
So why won't you sing me lullabies? / Oh why won't you sing me lullabies?

I lay here, I'm weeping for the stars they have come,
I lay here not sleeping, now the long night has begun;
The man in the moon, oh he can't help but cry,
For there's no one to sing me lullabies, / Oh there's no one to sing me lullabies.

So lay me down gently, oh lay me down low,
I fear I am broken and won't mend, I know;
There's one thing I ask when the stars light the skies,
Who now will sing me lullabies? / Oh who now will sing me lullabies?

Who will sing me to sleep?
Who will sing me to sleep?
Who will sing me to sleep?...

This song was inspired by two musicians who had a great impact on my becoming a songwriter. Manuel Verzosa was a charismatic and gifted singer who was the king of the local music scene in Portland, Maine when I moved there in early 1989. I was just out of college, trying to decide what to do with my life, playing on street corners and harboring unconfident ambitions of making a career as a professional musician.

Manny saw me busking and immediately started supporting me by bringing me into his circle of musician friends, using his influence to get me my first paid gigs in Old Port bars, praising my voice and songwriting. Still, I was hesitant about committing to such a risky career because before Manny, everyone around me had told me, in one way or another, that I couldn't make a living singing.

I saw Manny at a show at the Tree Café in Portland one night, and he invited me backstage for a chat, to see how I was progressing. I told him I was still waffling, thinking of going to graduate school. He blew out a puff of cigarette smoke and set down his shot of whiskey, looked me in the eye and said, "Are you stupid?" And in that instant, I knew I was ready to burn all my bridges and commit to the path of the performing songwriter. He gave me the confidence I lacked to put my career, my life, in motion. I've since found out Manny's enthusiasm inspired more than a few careers, not only in Portland, but wherever he traveled. On a cross-country trip with his band, Manuel was killed in a rollover accident in November, 1993.

Several months later, when I came across Manny's obituary, I thought I'd try and write something about my friend. It occurred to me that Hank Williams and Manny shared some tragic details: they died on the way to a gig, in the winter, in cars, at about the same age. Their deaths left such a sting of unfulfilled promise. They inspired so much music that continues today, long after they are gone from this world. (Slaid)

Slaid Cleaves – guitar, vocal

Troy Miller – dobro

\When you died at 29 / You heard the voice of angels
But could you hear the lonesome cries / Of the ones you left behind?

On your knee there was a child / On your arm a handsome girl
Left to wander this old world / When you died at 29.

On that cold winter's night on the highway / You left us wondering why
No one could believe the chilling story / When you died at 29.

When the leaves fall from the trees / And the sky begins to darken
I listen to your lonesome song / And I know I'm not alone.

And when they say how you suffered / That there's a reason for your dying
Was it for my sins or yours / I think I know but I'm not sure.

You lived more joy and more sorrow / Than most do in twice your lifetime
You spoke of things we know deep down inside / And then you died at 29.

When you died at 29 / You heard the voice of angels
But could you hear the lonesome cries / Of the ones you left behind?

Conversation with a Ghost – Ellis Paul

This song is for my great friend Allison, who gave me my first guitar, and later passed away from leukemia at the age of 32. I pictured the song as what she would say to me from beyond, since I never got the chance to see her in her last few months of life. I pictured her speaking to me, and the only way I could picture it was as a ghost through a ouija board, which isn't mentioned directly in the song. It helped me a great deal to write it. (Ellis)

Ellis Paul – guitar, vocal
Seth Connally – bass

Johnny Cunningham – violin
Patty Griffin – background vocal

I'll respond to you in letters / Sorry so slow, sorry so few
In a nutshell, I'm much better / So far the complaints I hear are few

So how have you been? Have you been to the races?
Did you take my mother? Is your sister in braces?
I wish I could've been there to see you through
Hey, are all those things you told me once still true?

Do you remember that time / It was cold in the park
You were running a race / I was there on a lark
Who would've thought that New York could be such a small town?

Margaret is tired / Let's let her get some sleep
Bored with these letters / Let her count her sheep
So goodbye love, goodbye love....

Lament for Elizabeth Anne Forbes – Sarah Bauhan

I wrote this lament for my mother, who was taken in 1990 by the disease of alcoholism at the age of 56. Hers was the fourth death in fourteen months for me, and by far the most devastating. This lament came the following summer, but I didn't realize until a few months later that there was a process to all of this and that I was in the infant stages.

I went to teach the whistle at Pinewoods, a dance camp in Massachusetts, where I met Martyn Bennett, a piper, pianist, violinist and composer from Scotland. I played the lament for him very tentatively, since I hadn't played it for anyone yet. He liked it immediately, wrote out an arrangement and agreed to play it with me at the upcoming faculty concert – on my condition that we not say what the tune was, because it was still way too raw. After barely getting through it, I broke down and sobbed uncontrollably. Martyn hugged me and told the camp audience over my shoulder that it was a piece I'd written for my mother. Person after person came up to me later and told me that bearing witness to my grief had helped them in their own process. It was a true catharsis for me: the first time I realized that what I communicated through my music could make a difference in people's lives. I couldn't have asked for a greater gift from my mother. (Sarah)

Sarah Bauhan – D-whistles
Martyn Bennett – piano

Rick Watson – additional keyboards

Epitaph – Malcolm Dalglish and the Ooolites

Commissioned for the Indianapolis Children's Choir by Director Henry Leck in 1996, this funeral song sets Wendell Berry's poem for his father to the Scottish-Irish bagpipe lament, "Lochaber No More." A part of the grieving process is being pulled into a world of timelessness, where you seem to float above, visiting for awhile a place of the spirits. (Malcolm)

Malcolm Dalglish – hammer dulcimer, vocal

The Ooolites: Lydia Herring, Naomi Dalglish, Moira Smiley Jena Carpenter, Georgia Rose Armstrong/Park, Beth Carpenter, Suzannah Armstrong/Park, Nick Provenzale, Dan Schumacker, Nils Fredland, Dan Reed.

Having lived long in time,
he lives now in timelessness
without sorrow, made perfect
by our never finished love,
timelessness made perfect
by our compassion and forgiveness,
and by his happiness in receiving
these gifts that we give. Here in time
we are added to one another forever.

The poem "Epitaph" is from *Entries*, © 1994 by Wendell Berry. Used by arrangement with Pantheon Books, a division of Random House, Inc.

Down to a River (Alan's Song) – Connie Kaldor

I wrote the chorus for this song while driving back from the funeral of my good friend Alan Stein. He was a musician, filmmaker and for many years he had been the source for the best jokes, good music, fabulous dinners and the kind of camaraderie that always left me feeling better. The last time I talked to him, he said, "Hey, Connie, write a song about me." Al, this one's for you. (Connie)

Connie Kaldor – vocal

Marco Tessier – piano

George Mitchell – upright bass

There are dinners, there is music, there is laughter, there were tears
There are memories that go back over the years
There are the marks made in a life, life only good friends do
Now I must choose to make a mark for the things I loved in you.

I'll go down to a river and plant a tree
Something strong, wild and living – those are my memories
And I'll go up to a mountain and sing to the stars
Can you hear me, wherever you are?

And there's phone calls and there's crying, and there's clutching to the chest
And there's singing songs and throwing dirt and laying down to rest

And there's carving words on stone and making church bells ring
But the river when it freezes over still thaws and runs each spring.

Do you hear the ones who loved you, who were glad they knew you well?
Do the hearts you left that miss you ring like a bell?

An Air for Mary Tipton – instrumental air by Connie Dover

Mary Etta Tipton Steed, my mother's mother, was lively, kind, affectionate and witty. She was a snappy dresser who sewed my prom dresses, taught me how to do the Charleston, and astonished me one day by calmly arising from her chair and doing a head stand. She told rich, detailed stories of growing up in Kansas City during the first World War, and of living in Japan after the second. Over iced tea, we gossiped about beaus – her old ones and my new ones.

With growing dismay I watched my grandmother become elderly, until she no longer recognized me and I mourned the passing of her youthful qualities. My wish was for her to know, before she died, that I loved her not only for being my grandmother, but for who she was. I wrote “An Air for Mary Tipton” in honor of her beauty and brightness, her tender heart, her romantic nature – and so she might know she was cherished during her life and would be remembered after her death. It's a song without words because I could not find words.

As a singer, I have learned that music often has a potency that surpasses language. While I was in Scotland making my first album, I gave this air to my producer, Phil Cunningham, a wonderfully expressive instrumentalist. Phil's sensitive keyboard performance and soaring pennywhistle, intertwined with the Christy's bittersweet pipes and Aly's fiddle, give a voice to my grandmother's melody that words could never express. (Connie)

Phil Cunningham - keyboard, penny whistle Christy O'Leary - Uilleann Pipes
Aly Bain - fiddle

Last of the Widows – Jez Lowe

Each person follows his or her own timetable, script and mileposts on the journey through grief. After an untimely death, there is no real healing: the concept of “closure” is only in others' minds, because a hole in the heart cannot be filled. The world moves on quickly, mourners much more slowly as they try to return to a level of functioning and productivity that seems, to outward appearances, like getting back to normal. Some marry again, others do not. Some aspects of their old life remain intact because changing them would simply not work.

Jez Lowe waited until the last surviving spouse died before writing about the aftermath of a coal mining disaster in his own village, out of respect for her privacy and personal grief, and to not subject her to unwanted attention or sad memories. Easington is a small village and everyone in the community was affected by this tragedy: some families lost multiple relatives, and all lost friends and acquaintances.

The towns named at the end of the song also experienced devastating mine accidents. Miners

underground at the time of an explosion or collapse rush to aid those in the vicinity and those who are above ground enter the mines to help their brethren. As in the Sept. 11 disaster, rescuers died while performing acts of great heroism.

Jez Lowe – guitar and vocal

The last of the widows of the Duck Bill seam,
Is lying tonight with her young man again,
They're clinging fast together, soothing sighs and pain,
And coaxing back the love their loss survived.

The last of the widows of the Duck Bill flare,
Is brushing black dust from his strong brown hair,
And he's stretched on her bosom with his love laid bare,
And making up for time fate stole away.

Parting words were never spoken,
Last kisses never broken,
She never even watched him walk away,
But the last of the widows of the Duck Bill seam,
Reached out and took his hand again today.

The last of the widows of the Duck Bill fire,
Stood bleak and bewildered as the count climbed higher,
Then wept for the world across a newsroom wire,
When she heard his name called out across the crowd.

And when the world had turned to leave,
Eighty women turned to grieve,
And cursed their compensation through their tears,
But the last of the widows of the Duck Bill seam,
Can close her eyes and wipe away the years.

The last of the widows of the Duck Bill flames,
Is free of the lonely nights of bitterness and blame,
And there's some who'll remember when they speak her name,
The reason why she lived so long alone.

And in the fields above the dangers,
Of Gresford, Trimdon Grange,
Haswell, Hartley Beam and Markham Main,
The last of the widows of the Duck Bill Seam,
Is walking with her miner lad again.

Over the Rainbow – Eva Cassidy

One measure of a standard – a composition continually used in repertoires – is how well it seems to fit in many different settings. Harold Arlen's classic song from the 1939 movie *The Wizard of Oz* has the universal quality of transcending its original setting to take on diverse associations for many people, including the ache of wishing reality were not always so harsh.

“Over the Rainbow” has been recorded hundreds of times, in many styles and settings. None is as moving as Eva Cassidy's, which has become a posthumous signature song of this Washington, DC-area artist who died in 1996 at age 33. Although this song is not a memorial song *per se*, Eva's rendition captures the essence of longing for someone forever absent: in this case, the artist herself.

Eva Cassidy – guitar, vocal, keyboards

Somewhere over the rainbow, 'way up high
There's a land that I heard of
Once in a lullabye.

Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream
Really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star and
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me –

Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream
Really do come true

If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?

Surviving A Loss

If you have suffered a loss in your life of a son, a daughter, a spouse, a dear friend – especially if they died too soon – you will understand this album. People who lost someone very important to them through death – deaths that came too soon – created this entire project.

In a way, most deaths come too soon: even if someone is with us for 90 years we often don't want to let go. But, there are times when it makes sense, though just as painful. There are times when we know the person will be better off if they go on. We know they want to leave, and we steel ourselves to that fact.

But when death comes too soon, there is no way to prepare. There is no good way to let go of that person. All of the people involved with this album have gone through this very painful process...and come out on the other side as better people. They did not survive by simply being tough. Nobody is that tough. They survived by walking the floor, pounding on the wall, talking to friends, getting involved with a job, writing songs, praying, crying. Lots of crying.

Do you recall when you were young that grown-ups told you not to cry. "Big boys don't cry!" Well, what terrible advice. Big boys do cry. Big girls also cry. And mothers and fathers cry for their children. Wives cry for husbands, and husbands cry for wives. Chances are, you already know this is true. We all cry.

As you listen to this album, you will cry. You should cry. And, believe it or not, it will make you feel better. Crying will help you to survive the pain.

When my wife died in 1993, a friend sent me a book by Eugenia Price, *Getting Through The Night*, (Harper) and I read a line in that book that I hoped would come true: "The missing will go on, but the hard work of grieving, the darkness, the agony, will end. You will be whole again."

Her words did come true for me, and I want them to come true for you, as well. This music will be a part of the healing. The songs are not meant to make you feel good about your loss. They are meant to make you cry. And, it's the crying that is good for you.

*Mike Flynn, creator and host of "The Folk Sampler, Music from the Ozarks"
Aired weekly on many NPR stations*



The magic of art is that it transforms sorrow into beauty.

Upton Sinclair (1878–1968)

I Am Music

I am Music, most ancient of the arts. I am more than ancient; I am eternal. Even before life began upon this earth, I was here – in the winds and the waves. When the first trees and flowers and grasses appeared, I was among them. And when Man came, I at once became the most delicate, most subtle and most powerful medium for the expression of their emotions.

When men were little better than beasts, I influenced them for their good. In all ages I have inspired men with hope, kindled their love, given a voice to their joys, cheered them on to valorous deeds, and soothed them in times of despair. I have played a great part in the drama of life, whose end and purpose is the complete perfection of Man's nature. Through my influence, human nature has been uplifted, sweetened and refined. With the aid of men, I have become a Fine Art. I have a myriad of voices and instruments. I am in the hearts of all men and on their tongues, in all lands among all peoples; the ignorant and the unlettered know me, not less than the rich and the learned. For I speak to all men, in a language that all understand. Even the deaf hear me, if they but listen to the voices of their own souls. I am the food of Love. I have taught men gentleness and peace: and I have led them onward to heroic deeds. I comfort the lonely, and I harmonize the discord of crowds. I am a necessary luxury to all men. I am MUSIC.

Anonymous



Perhaps they are not stars,
but openings in the Heaven
Where the love of our lost ones
Pours through and shines upon us
To let us know they are happy.

Anonymous

I Have A Gift

I have a gift,
I did not want this gift, it meant suffering and pain.
The pain because of love.
A love which had manifested itself in a child.
The child brought its love to me and asked for my love.
Sometimes I did not understand this.
Sometimes I was too busy to listen quietly to this love.
But the love persisted; it was always there.
And one day the child died.
The love remained.
This time the love came in other forms.
This time there were memories, there was sadness and anguish.
And unbelievable pain.
One day a stranger came and stood with me.
The stranger said, "I understand." And did.
You see, the stranger had also been this way.
We talked and cried together.
The stranger became my friend as no other had.
My friend said, "I am always here." And was.
One day I lifted my head,
I noticed another grieving, gray and drawn with pain.
I approached and spoke.
I said, "I will walk with you." And I did.
I also had the gift.

*Joe Lawley, founder of The Compassionate Friends
Coventry, England, 1969*

Use the Internet – for finding information of interest to survivors.

The Internet has become for many a ready source for information on topics related to death and dying, grieving, bereavement support and other issues.

Any list becomes outdated as soon as it is published, but the following web sites with excellent information were current in early 2002. All sites have links to other sites with related information, and new sites appear frequently.

National Hospice & Palliative Care Organization	www.nhpco.org
American Foundation for Suicide Prevention	www.afsp.org
The Compassionate Friends (for bereaved parents)	www.compassionatefriends.org
Suicide Prevention Advocacy Network (SPAN)	www.spanusa.org
The Link Counseling Center (Atlanta, GA)	www.thelink.org
Growth House (book source)	www.growthhouse.org/books/books.htm
Befrienders International (The Samaritans)	www.befrienders.org
American Association of Suicidology	www.suicidology.org
Funeral & Memorial Societies of America (nonprofit)	www.funerals.org/famsa
National Alliance for the Mentally Ill	www.nami.org
Suicide Awareness\Voices of Education	www.save.org
Suicide Information and Education Center of Canada	www.siec.ca
Last Acts: A campaign to improve end-of-life care	www.lastacts.org
AirCraft Casualty Emotional Support Services	www.accesshelp.org
National Hospice Foundation	www.hospicefoundation.org
<i>Bereavement Magazine</i>	www.bereavementmag.org
Parents of Murdered Children	www.pomc.org
The Healing Exchange (brain tumor-related)	www.braintrust.org
Tragedy Assistance Programs for Survivors (military)	www.pomc.org

Thanks to our benefactors

Underwriting for production and distribution of *Before Their Time* has been provided by gifts from individuals and grants from these charitable entities:

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Golub Foundation
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Before Their Time is a project of Hospice VNH, a program of the Visiting Nurse Alliance of Vermont and New Hampshire, a tax-exempt 501(c)(3) organization. All gifts are tax-deductible to the full extent of the law.

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— Ken Doka, Hospice Foundation of America

“Listen, learn, heal and sing your song.”

— Bernie Siegel MD, author of Love Medicine

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Over the Rainbow **Eva Cassidy**

All net revenue will benefit Hospice VNH (Vt/NH), the NH Youth Suicide Prevention Asspciation, the National Hospice & Palliative Care Organization and the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention. Produced and distributed by Hospice VNH, 46 So. Main St., White River Junction, VT 05001.

For information visit www.beforetheirtime.org