



DOUG HOEKSTRA The Day Deserved

This record is intended to be a marker of the times,

disenfranchised characters inhabiting the tunes, pressing on through barriers and breaks fostered by their surroundings. Often, they travel a circuitous route, reflected in music that mirrors their path to self-determination, authenticity, happiness.

Sometimes the fruits of this journey are reflected in something as simple as a better day, their day, the day deserved.

Doug Hoekstra, 2021

Seaside Town

When there's a news report about somebody gone missing, there's often the inference that something terrible has happened to them. But, people go missing all the time in day to day life, invisible to others, not fitting in. This is the story of such a person, a woman in a little seaside town; an artist, she wants something more. She is missing in her environment, but then she goes missing on her own terms, which is a sort of, redemption and of course, the last line is from the Tao. This song also calls attention to the characters in the album, throughout.

Writing the song began with the crows and vultures, which was inspired by Van Gogh's later paintings and the chord progression which began as sort of an Antonio Carlos Jobim bossa nova vibe, sliding chords up and down the neck. Of course, it wound up going different places

This was also the first track I cut with the band that comprises most of the record; I'd worked with Paul Slivka (bass) before, but not Chris Benelli (drums) or Dave Coleman (guitar) and we were able to work quickly and with verve. The basic backing for most of the tunes went down in two or three takes, with overdubs added later.

A painting of an autumn field
Gold and charcoal brown
Crows and vultures in the sky
Trains breaking down
She studied every brushstroke
Until meaning hit the ground
Somebody went missing
In this seaside town

A storm was rising in the west
Nothing built to last
Ego trippers on the dime
Ghosts rising from the past
Good people working day
and night
Never gaining ground
The winners kept on losing
In her seaside town

In this seaside town
Up and down
Sometimes she couldn't sleep
at night
Sometimes, sometimes

Watching from the sidelines
Wasted by the clock
She stole somebody's schooner
Tied up to the dock
Took a trip around the world
With her last love
Nobody looked too hard for her
In that seaside town

She landed on an island
In the ocean of her mind
Her lover stroked her naked back
And they lost all track of time
A painting of an autumn field

Patterns on the wall
Those who speak will never know
In her seaside town

Chorus

Chris Benelli drums
Dave Coleman lead guitar, vocals
David Henry violin
Doug Hoekstra rhythm guitars,
organ, piano, vocals
Paul Slivka bass

Higher Ground

There's a small coastal country the middle of the Pacific Ocean called Kirabiti. Highest point is six feet above sea level and in the near future, this nation of 110,000 is likely to be completely swallowed up by rising sea levels caused by climate change. So, the country's leaders are buying up land in Fiji, higher ground, moving the entire population 75 people at a time, by lottery. Sometimes winning isn't winning. The song is from the perspective of such a winner, an old man, looking back, missing his native land.

This may be the most layered song on the record; it was intended to be a slow burn, with touches of instruments or vocals added as we went, building on the dynamics of the core band. I demoed the songs on this record more thoroughly than usual, because I

wanted them to stretch to different places than I would normally take them

Dave went out and got a new Fender Jaguar for these sessions; which you hear in different textures throughout this record. He plays for and records with lots of acts in town, as well his own band, the Coal Men, and you really get a sense of his range in these songs. I played most of the keyboards myself, just simple counterpoints, melodic lines that work around the guitars but provide a different color. On most of them, I used this cheap Yamaha keyboard that's barely a keyboard, but sometimes that's the thing that works.

Up above the clouds, brought here to higher ground
The waters began to rise. I left my friends behind

It was my childhood town
Another place and time
The beach kissed the sea
That's what things were like
I'm a survivor now
They say I'm doing fine
Don't have much to talk about
When I close my eyes
I see the coral tides

Up above the clouds, brought here to higher ground
The waters began to rise,
I left my friends behind,
I left, I left my friends behind

It didn't happen fast
The governor saw it all
Coming into view
Like a dream in a crystal ball
Buying up Fiji land

The temperature getting hot
Running from the past
And what we hadn't got
As we tied the knot

Up above the clouds, brought here to higher ground
Looking back on life, I made it to 89
I left, I left my friends behind,
I left, I left my friends behind

The fields I used to roam
Are an underwater plain
We danced one more time
In the eye of the hurricane
I won the lottery
Half of us moved away
I can see everything
From this mountain peak
I see love that's lost
For eternity
In a lottery

Up above the clouds, brought here to higher ground
When I close my eyes,
close my eyes,
All I see are these coral tides
Up above the clouds

Chris Benelli drums, percussion
Dave Coleman lead guitar, mandolin
Hannah Fairlight vocals
Doug Hoekstra electric rhythm guitars, organ, vocals
Paul Slivka bass

Unseen Undetected

This song alternates narratives, between that of an immigrant family coming to America for a better life, and white nationalists, who espouse intolerance, and worse. Both are often unseen and undetected in the daily

turning of the earth, until of course, someone lets the genie out of the bottle. Then, positive light is shone or hidden darkness revealed. I wanted to write about current events on this record, but in a character-driven way.

Another goal for writing this was to avoid having a traditional chorus; the lines resolve, like something Dylan would do. David Henry, who produced my previous record, "Blooming Roses," did a fabulous job of adding cello to give it something extra for the kids. He also plays some mean gypsy violin on "Seaside Town."

Like any songwriter or musician, I have my influences, which tend to shape the musical starting point for a song, the place from which you depart to head on to your own journey. But for many songs on this record, such as this one, it wasn't about that. I think because I hadn't written or recorded in a decade, I was able to come at it fresh, while still carrying that embedded experience of the years before.

Unseen, undetected
Living in the neighborhood
Working hard, unprotected
Doing what they know they should
To be something, instead of nothing
They don't count on lucky breaks
Unseen, undetected, unseen...far from Monterrey

Unseen, undetected
Until they're othered by the few
Small minds, the unselected

Always turn the screws
For their fears, they are
crippled
By their birth they're falsely
claimed
Unseen, undetected, unseen...
until they have their say

Unseen, undetected
Until they came to build my
fence
Paint my house and talk of
family
And the money they had sent
Back home to their parents
For their children's better fate
Unseen undetected, unseen....
lost or on their way

Unseen, undetected
Until someone lights the flame
Like a nightmare unaffected
By the clocks that are kept at
bay
Little men with blackened
magic
Wearing cloaks of doubt and pain
Unseen, undetected, unseen...on
the corner of Main and Main

Unseen, undetected
Mexico or Viet Nam
Walking miles to California
On the boat from Amsterdam
To be something instead of
nothing
Doing everything it takes
Unseen, undetected, unseen.
In their dreams, in their
dreams, in their dreams...they
always stay

Chris Benelli *drums, percussion*
Dave Coleman *lead guitar*
David Henry *cello*
Doug Hoekstra *rhythm guitars, vocals*
Paul Slivka *bass*

Wintertime

*Winter as a metaphor, ala
"Winter in America" by Gil
Scott-Heron or "Winter's Tale" by
Shakespeare. This song was
inspired by a Nashville-Alabama
drive, past miles of cotton fields,
dark history rising to the present,
in time to the ever redemptive
power of music, especially sweet
soul music. Sanctified.*

*The rhythm tracks to the first four
songs on this record were cut in
sequence, first day we worked
together. Over the years I've
developed a style that for better or
worse, is who I am, and like
anyone, I try to work within that
style while broadening it, partly
dictated by my strengths and
limitations. I wish I had the tools
or make-up to be a traditional soul
artist, but alas, this is as close as I
can get. That said, the arrange-
ment does have instruments
playing off each other, syncopated,
in a way that pays homage to R&B
and was one songs where I did
had a conscious reference point.*

*Hannah Fairlight, a fine artist in
her own right, adds vocals to this
and several other tunes throughout
the record. It was my first time
working with her and she fit into
the tracks effortlessly, with a good
mix of talent and vibe.*

Alabama state roads
Down to Muscle Shoals
Bobby and Aretha testify
To what we know
The highway is a river
Twisted drawn and taut
Woman gotta have it
A little or a lot
Whenever you are sanctified
You only get one shot
You only get one shot
Winter of the heart

Tell me what you're thinking
And who you are
Cotton fields asphalt
Stretching near and far
Holes between the rows
Trees on the line
Branches blown to bits
Among the sea of white
It's the end of the season,
No longer black and white
No longer black and white
Winter of the mind

Wintertime, Wintertime
I can feel it

Calloused hands relentless
Backs against the wind
Sweating, shackled shouting

Families gone again
Soldiers and their guns
Tramping through the real
As if their father's bidding
Was a noble legacy
Lifeless on the barren ground
Where memories are sold
Where memories are sold
Winter of the soul

Wintertime, Wintertime
I can feel it

Alabama State Roads
Down to Muscle Shoals
Wondering will I see
The past up and go
Or is it trapped between us
And can't escape
Pops and Mavis sing
The uncloudy day
Let the people say
Storm clouds blow away
Storm clouds blow away
Winter of the day

Chris Benelli *drums, percussion*
Jimmy Bowland *saxophones*
Dave Coleman *lead guitar, organ*
Hannah Fairlight *vocals*
Doug Hoekstra *rhythm guitar, vocals*
Paul Slivka *bass*

Late Night Ramble

*This a late night conversation
between friends, she is one of those
people who takes risks, standing at
the edge, in a world that doesn't
understand. She pays for it,
sometimes, but that's still where
she wants to be. The song alludes
to some of the things she is going
through, but ultimately, for her,
feeling of any kind is where it's at,
even when it's a rough ride. The
narrator is simply there to listen
and try and sympathize with her
point of view.*

*Spent a lot of time working on
composing the musical changes for
this one, it's subtle, but there is the
verse, the b verse, the chorus, the
bridge, all necessary in terms of
creating the mood and building
the song. It's live really, with
keyboard and clarinet added
later. My son, Jude plays the*

*clarinet, which was a great
moment for me, first time he's
been on one of my tracks. Funny
thing about that was I scored part
of the tune and just had him
improve on another part, and his
ideas were probably better than
mine, which just goes to show.*

She's got blue marks
From falling off her bike
Wears a patch to stop the
smoking
There's a dude she likes
Who'll take her out to dinner
On a date if she quits first
I saw her two weeks later
Her cough was sounding worse

She smiled like no tomorrows
Bit down harder on her nails
Sitting close together
Our feet upon the rail
Searching for the words
There was nothing I could do
To give her what she needed
To start her life anew

Late night ramble
In this, in this
Late night ramble

She wore long sleeves
And hats in mid-July
Moving like the wind
The saddest pair of eyes
Steady and unblinking
As if every tear she cried
Soaked into the pillow
Never left to dry

Chorus

Sirens passed us by
She made the sign of the cross
The radio filled with static
Somewhere a child was lost
In a field full of maiden grass
Confidence at bay
Some words last forever
And only later resonate

At home at night, in darkness
The blade catches candlelight
A couple go to bed and
Try to stop the time
Some people skate the surface
Others go just deep enough

To feel any kind of feeling
That isn't mindless and numb

Chorus

Chris Benelli *drums*
Dave Coleman *lead guitar*
Doug Hoekstra *rhythm guitars, organ, vocals*
Jude Hoekstra *clarinet*
Paul Slivka *bass*

Carry Me

*Radnor Lake in Nashville. When
my son Jude was little, we'd go for a
hike and it wouldn't take long for
him to reach up and shout "Carry
Me." Time goes on, things change,
but it's still something you do as a
parent, in a different way. Somehow
I get as much or more from this
dynamic than he does, over the
years, and this song tries to get at
that idea - we are all connected,
taking turns carrying each other as
our lives go on.*

*I wrote a tune for him when he was
born ("Picture of the Soul") and
this is sort of the bookend to that.
It was also a good excuse for me to
slip into reggae mode and play
some melodica. I love reggae, but
beyond that it's probably more
common for the song about your
kids to be more in ballad mode. I
wanted this to be more up tempo,
to evoke the joy in that experience.*

*In another side note, my brother
Dave, and I, went out for a walk on
Christmas Eve at Radnor, just
before the pandemic. Unknowing
to me, Dave snapped the picture of
me and my son on the back cover,
which fits all of this perfectly*

Rambling autumn walk,
Colors turn to sounds
Woodpecker clouds
All around
Off the beat
Hammer trees
In this boss nova forest
Carry me

Critters rustle leaves
A newborn wails
Reminding me

Another time
This very place
You would always say
Before we even started
Sunny and light hearted
Carry me away

Reaching outstretched arms
I'd pick you up so sure
Proud of who I was
Proud of who we were
Your feet touched the ground
You ran beyond my reach to be
free
Carry me

Embracing your own love
Happiness, and
Sometimes, crazy sorrow
I walk not far behind
If you need a little rest
Please remember when
Everything was new
And if you're ever feeling blue
I'll be there to carry you

Chorus

Chris Benelli *drums, percussion*
Dave Coleman *lead guitar*
Doug Hoekstra *rhythm guitars, melodica, organ, vocals*
Paul Slivka *bass*

Grace

*Grace is a lost word in many ways,
sometimes feels like a word of the
past. Doing something without
self-interest, acting with humility
and cutting each other slack,
whether it's in a relationship or
navigating daily waters. Some of
us have a difficult time accepting
love when it's given, also a cause
for grace.*

*I wound up recording this song in
both Chicago and Nashville, with
different bands, different lyrics,
just trying to wrap my head
around all the ways that grace
plays out. To me, both versions
are cool in different ways, but
obviously, the Music City session
belongs to this record. I think
Chris and Paul did a really nice
job laying down a steady but lilting
groove and Dave played beautifully*



with the key guitar figure that supports the vocal.

Jimmy Bowland, who is a terrific horn player and also played on my previous record, came straight from a Nashville Symphony concert playing Prokofiev, which gave him the idea of using a “classical sax” on this. As Jimmy says – a classical has smaller internal dimensions and a design that allows a slower and smaller amount of air into the horn. This makes the sound more mellow and homogeneous throughout the range of the horn.” It was a perfect choice.

For those who care, I tend to demo and have some sort of general idea mapped out for lines or parts, because it helps set the tone and I think folks like some sort of road map when they’re playing. But, when we get going, everyone pours in their ideas and talents and takes it somewhere else, where ideally you wind up with the best of both worlds. Overall, this was a fun record to make and that was part of the point; part of what I’d missed in not doing an album in so long was this sort of collaboration. Everyone who contributed did so in the best sense of the word.

You hate it when I love you
When we’re close you move away
The moment I start running
You come back to stay
I just wanna say

I’m here for you baby
Here for bad and good
As long as it may last
As long as it should

We’ll wash our sins away, yeah
Cut a little slack
Look at what we have, yeah
Instead of what we lack
Baby, it’s a fact

Chorus

Watching from my window
It’s like a picture show
People to and fro

We only get the power
When we let it go

Chorus

It’s a complicated world
But, some things still remain
A little bit of love
A little bit of faith
A little bit of grace

Chris Benelli drums, percussion
Jimmy Bowland classical saxophone
Dave Coleman lead guitar
Doug Hoekstra acoustic guitars, vocals
Paul Slivka bass

Gandy Dancer

Before my parents passed, I recorded many hours of interviews with them, family questions, about their lives and the times they lived. Recently, I was driving along listening to my Dad from the past coming to the present to tell me about his brother Herbie, who worked for a short time as a gandy dancer, on the railway in Chicago. Apparently, it was a terrible job, very hard, and he quit after a week. I didn’t remember this particular family tale and I wasn’t even sure what a gandy dancer was, so I looked it up. Herbie is not Eddie, the rest of this story is simply a noir tale I made up, but I thank my Dad for giving me the idea from then to now, as if he was just waiting to lay it on me, from the great beyond.

This was the last song we finished for the record; I felt like the bass/drums were solid, but that it didn’t have enough layers and that it was probably a song that needed to deviate more from the original path. When the pandemic hit, however, necessity became the mother of invention as we went back to the drawing board, flying in overdubs, with Wurlitzer (me), guitars (Dave), congas (Chris), and sax (Jimmy) getting added to the mix and creating a whole new stew.

Next up, I’d had this idea of doing round robin vocals, like something you’d hear from the Band or the Staple Singers or Prince (1999). I just had a one-take scratch vocals in place, but we flew the backing over to Hannah to sing all the way through and did the same, for an old friend of mine, stellar bluesman Preacher Boy. Then Dave and I listened through and picked parts and put them together and it made sense. So this track really has a nice evolution, from my Uncle Herbie to my folk’s recordings to the studio to the “community” created during the pandemic.

Eddie was a gandy dancer
He only lasted a week
Driving nails, making peanuts,
he said
My time ain’t worth the grief
Took a cab to see his girl
Spent the night half alone
Drinking wine, making love
In somebody’s home
Interrupted by the phone

Back in the day, remember
Receivers on the wall
Voices echo through the building
Between apartments in the hall
Shady and expensive
On the line was a certain man
You still working that railroad job?
Because I’ve got a handsome task
It was a complicated plan

Gandy Dancer, Gandy Dancer

Eddie was a gandy dancer
And tried to keep it cool, but
In a day he’d make more money
Than a year as a working fool
She said, oh, baby don’t you do it
He ignored her desperate pleas
Working on a straight job
Was close to slavery
Pinching pennies getting squeezed

Gandy Dancer, Gandy Dancer

Little did he know his neighbor
Was an eager beaver cop
Who loved to play canary
And was prone to eavesdrop
He never liked Eddie anyways

Had a thing for his girlfriend
The cops were waiting armed
and ready
The bank job met an early end
Up the river Eddie was sent

Eddie was a gandy dancer
But he only lasted a week
Driving nails, making peanuts,
he said
His time wasn’t worth the grief
Couldn’t see his girl no more
Always alone
Stuck inside four walls
In somebody else’s home
Always waiting for the phone
Gandy Dancer, Gandy Dancer

Chris Benelli drums, congas, percussion
Jimmy Bowland sax
Dave Coleman guitars, synth guitar
Hannah Fairlight vocals
Doug Hoekstra rhythm guitars, organ, Wurlitzer, vocals
Paul Slivka bass
Preacher Boy vocals

Recorded by Dave Coleman at Howard’s Apartment Studio and various locations in Nashville, Franklin, and Santa Cruz

Keeper of the Word

This song takes place somewhere in England a chance meeting in a bookstore, between patron and clerk, lovers finding solace in words and deed during a tumultuous time. Somewhat reminiscent of Winston and Julia, but different. In this story, love prevails, as they embark on their adventure.

Often, when out gigging, I wander around into charity shops, record shops and bookstores. And, it made me want to pay tribute to those “bookstore girls,” the keepers of the word. But, of course, the song needed greater context and in the end, the keeper of the word could also be me or the narrator. It’s in the story and apart from it and the music shifts to accentuate that and the changing world they are a part of.

This and “Gandy Dancer” were written after the record started, so I was intentional about making them compliment what we already had; this was designed to be a toe-tapper and yet, I still wanted the textures to shift, with the extended chorus/bridge and the outro and the dynamics throughout. In that sense, it was put together like “Late Night Ramble” even though they are completely different songs. Mad props to the band, and Hannah, again, for execution.

Somewhere in Soho,
the Village Square
Came in from the rain to see
what was there
Looking for some Shelley or Keats
Sorry for myself, lonely and beat
Dust on the shelves some kind
of proof
Of a world that lost objective truth
The keeper of the word

Cat eye glasses, hair tucked back
Triple pierced ears and a case of
tact
A life preserver when you’re lost
at sea
A mix of sex and dignity
Secrets bound to tantalize
My weakness is the very wise
The keeper of the word

I ran upstairs to clear the shelves
Everything I wanted and
something else, to which I return
The keeper of the word

She rang me up I asked her
out for tea
To talk about what I was
about to read
She laughed and said I
couldn’t be done
But looking to the future was
always fun
Autumn was coming we didn’t care
About the revolution in the air
The keeper of the word

Precious and rare like
Audubon’s birds, the light the
day deserved
To which I return
Keeper of the word

Together we formed a secret code
The good kind of tension about
to explode
Stumbling through her one room
flat
Like a dirty paperback
The keeper of the word

Chris Benelli drums percussion,
handclaps
Dave Coleman lead guitar,
“Nashville” strung acoustic,
handclaps
Hannah Fairlight vocals
Doug Hoekstra acoustic guitars,
keyboard, xylophone, handclaps,
vocals
Paul Slivka bass

Innovation (a Sedoka)

I also write prose and poetry and people often ask me the difference, to which I say, there isn’t much, it’s just about the tools or headspace I have at the moment. Sometimes I deal with the same ideas in different mediums because you look at different angles that way. But, “Carry Me” and “Winter-time” are unusual for me, in that they started straight-up as poems and morphed into tunes. This is a sedoka I wrote around the same time as “Keeper,” extra credit for this booklet

On Charing Cross Road
Bookstores line up in a row
Beckoning passerbys 2
Stop. Escape the rain
Take shelter in flowing words
Ideas cast from the past

Outside Looking In

When I was a kid, I used to go to Wrigley Field to watch the Cubs, and we’d sit in the bleachers and look back at the manually operated scoreboard. The guy inside changes big metal number plates to reflect the score, and there are a couple openings, so he can see the game. In Edward Hopper paintings, the windows often hold the subjects in, rather than the reverse. This character in the scoreboard, he’s of the park and the action, but apart, as well, outside looking in. I think it’s a

feeling lots of us have and one I can relate to. He's working at inclusion, but he doesn't want to give up himself It's a good song to end the record on as he leaves the park, with a glimmer of hope.

This is the only non-band song on the record, me and Dave just handling the instruments as we went; beyond guitars, he played percussion on a mail box and I once again, hauled out the trusty melodica, an instrument I never thought I'd use as much over the years as I have. Eat your heart out Augustus Pablo and Damon Albarn.

Sittin' in the scoreboard, watchin' all the plays go by It gets hot in here sometimes, but I don't really mind Players on the field, others in the stands Leather gloves or cell phones in their hands I got no plans

Hanging up the numbers, I see a girl who comes alone Shirtless men badger her but she's always in a zone Like rookies on the bench, they always miss her signs A motion detector, an invisible line Sittin' in the scoreboard, I'm doing time

Outside looking in, that's how it's always been for me On the edges of the crowd don't you see

Sittin' in the scoreboard, wondering about the other league In the designated hitter, I'm afraid, they still believe I wish I had a coach who could tell me what to do If I'm shy and nervous and don't have a clue I'm feeling blue on blue

Sunlight paints her graceful hands Holding a pencil keeping score while she tans Sitting in the scoreboard I don't understand

Chorus

Sittin' in the scoreboard, she's not satisfied It's the way that she moves when they leave in single file I put away my water, my radio, my chair And climb down the steps, to breathe the evening air Neither here nor there

Going home alone, every day is the same Win or lose, its how you play the game Living in the moment, eyes on the ball I grow strong like ivy on the wall Sitting in scoreboard, ready to heed the call

Outside looking in Outside looking in Don't you see

Dave Coleman *guitars, bass drum, mailbox, percussion*
Doug Hoekstra *acoustic guitar, keyboard, melodica, vocals*

The After Party

This poem is from my "Unopened" poetry collection, which came out just before I started this record. In the intro, I set up the sections of the book and talk about each representing the indefinable spaces that live "on the page, off the canvas, or between the notes," It's as much about what you leave out, the negative spaces in art, the quiet in a conversation, the dynamics or stops in music. So, here's a poem from that book that reflects some more on that, calls back to the songs, and adds to this special edition booklet, as a closer.

At the Orpheum in Memphis, Waiting for the crew to guide us Backstage to the after party I met legendary songwriter David Porter, and his wife

When soul was soul, there was McLemore Avenue. Hayes and Porter

Hold On I'm Coming
I Thank You. And later....
I'm Afraid the Masquerade is Over

David was older by that time,
Like all of us, but still hip
With his black leather jacket
and
Purple beret, tilted ever so slightly
Still working the angles

When he slipped out to the restroom
His wife just smiled, eyes
Affectionate, knowing, as if
Waiting was something she was
Used to and didn't really mind

"I'm sure you get this all the time"
And there are so many good ones
But what is your favorite
David Porter song?" I asked,
Making conversation notes

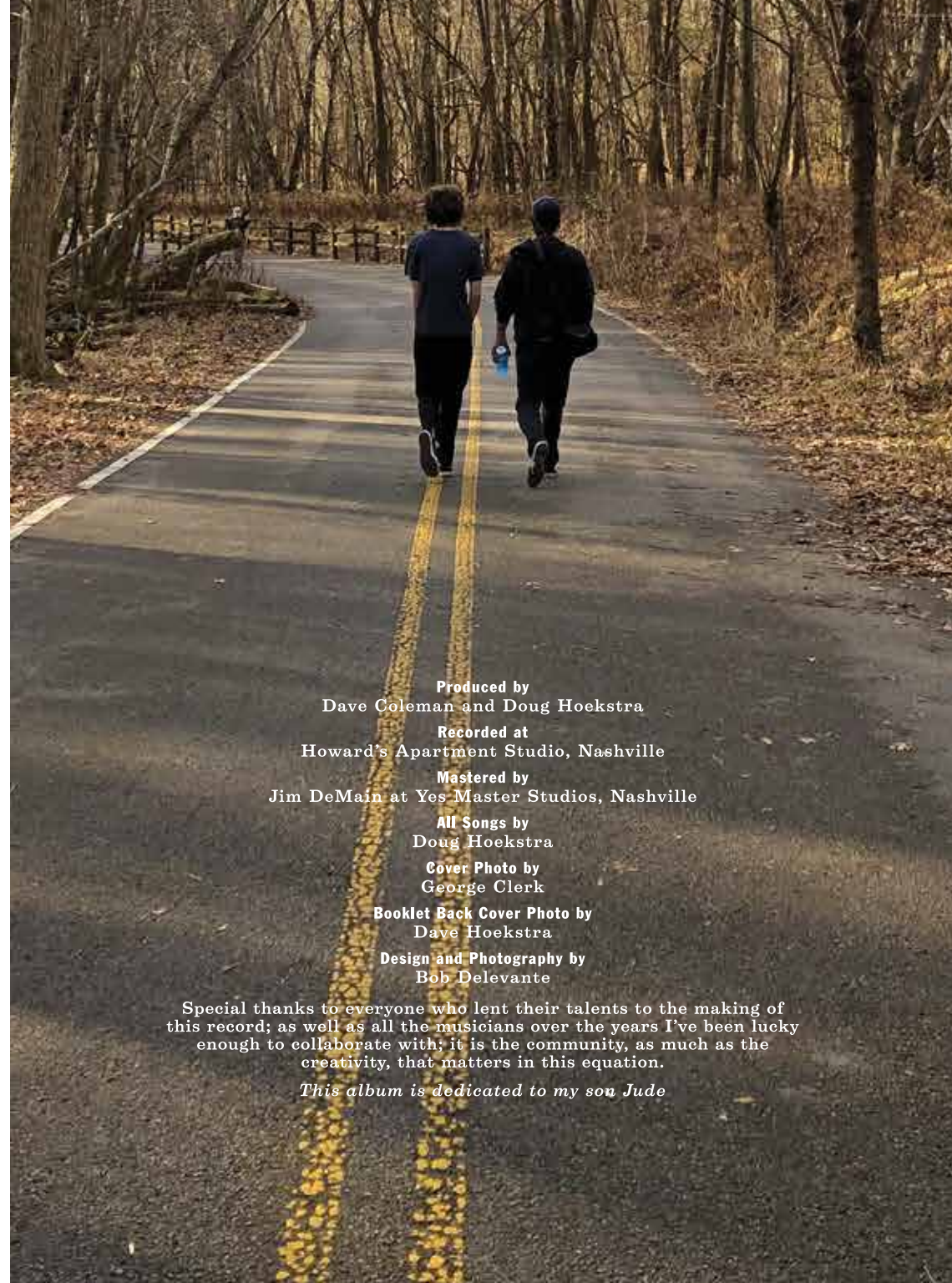
Her face became thoughtful
As the stage hands broke down
Rolling and rumbling
equipment
Flight cases on casters to the
Unseen side of the stage

"No, I don't get that at all," she said
"But I'd have to choose,
When Something is Wrong
With my Baby,"
Past the stage lights she gazed
Searching for the shadow of a
young girl

I nodded in agreement,
Thinking of past loves, wrong
turns
Destinations lost and found
When something is wrong with
my baby
Something is wrong with me

DougHoekstra.net

All songs by Doug Hoekstra (Doug Hoekstra Music,
BMI) Administration by Kobalt Music Services



Produced by
Dave Coleman and Doug Hoekstra

Recorded at
Howard's Apartment Studio, Nashville

Mastered by
Jim DeMain at Yes Master Studios, Nashville

All Songs by
Doug Hoekstra

Cover Photo by
George Clerk

Booklet Back Cover Photo by
Dave Hoekstra

Design and Photography by
Bob Delevante

Special thanks to everyone who lent their talents to the making of this record; as well as all the musicians over the years I've been lucky enough to collaborate with; it is the community, as much as the creativity, that matters in this equation.

This album is dedicated to my son Jude