

Song introductions... just because it's kind of fun to know how they came about.

My Offering:

This song started with just the first little verse and that was all I could come up with. There were two lines that it needed to make it a complete verse and I just couldn't come up with anything. I even got out the rhyming dictionary and tried over and over... then one day my dear wife said "how about these words?" and popped in with just the right phrase. I've often felt it would be a good song for an altar call. You know... like the song Just as I Am at a Billy Graham crusade. 😊

Cry of my heart

I wanted to write a song expressing a prayer from my own heart, or our hearts as believers, because for me, there have definitely been times of spiritual laziness. I need Him to take control of my heart because it seems the tighter I hold onto it, the darker my heart grows. Know what I mean?

Your Love:

I was sitting on my deck browsing through the Word one day and was prompted by something I read that made me start comparing God's love to different things. Kind of like a metaphor... (or is it an allegory) hmmm? Anyway, I started with a chord progression I had recently been experimenting with and low and behold it became a song.

Just Dance:

This song actually started in an unusual way. Our oldest daughter spent a year on a missions trip as part of a team of six or seven people which was part of a larger group consisting of several such smaller teams. All of the participants on the trip were able to post a weekly blog. One of the gals she became acquainted with wrote the main part of these lyrics in her blog one week, not even thinking of them as any kind of lyric or poem, she just wrote from her heart. When I read them, I was instantly touched. I copied them into my music notes where they sat for a year or more until I ran across them again. I was moved by them once again and started using them with some chords I liked. We felt it needed another verse so Mili and I worked on it while driving to California one day and the song became complete. Initially I was going to sing it myself but I soon realized it needed to be sung by a female and Mili nailed it.

Cry Holy:

This one started with a simple two-line lyric. "You lived a life I could not live and paid a price I could not pay." I heard a little two note picking pattern on the guitar and after a few hours it mostly fell into place. Then, as often happens with song writing, it sat with one verse and a chorus for over a year before I finished it.

A Prodigals prayer:

I was watching a Hallmark Christmas show a couple years ago and there was a recurring musical progression of just a few notes which I really liked at the change of some of the scenes. So, I grabbed my guitar and tried to duplicate it, but rather than duplicating it, I actually came up with something I liked better and it seemed to fit some lyrics that had been floating around my head about then... it could be an altar call song as well.

Still, I will Praise You:

I have been married 45 years to whom I consider to be the most amazing woman on the planet. We first met when she auditioned and was selected to join the Christian band I was part of. Two years ago, my bride was diagnosed with a “raging case of Mono” to quote her doctor. She was virtually knocked out of commission for well over a year with extreme fatigue; fighting depression and anxiety. It was during the darkest part of that illness; she wrote this song. I can hardly listen to it without tears. The vocal performance you hear on this recording was done during those dark times. I hope it will be as inspirational to you as it is to me.

Beautiful:

This song started out completely instrumental at first. Often, our pastor would pray before communion and I would finger pick this chord structure softly in the background. I just thought it was a pretty chord progression. Then I got to thinking; “I ought to be able to put some lyrics to this.”

In Your Presence:

This one came during a visit with someone who for years just resisted having anything to do with Jesus or the church. We were with them for several days and I just kept saying to myself “If this person could only experience the presence of God in their life, it would certainly change them.” I was sitting in the basement of their house playing around with an old, terrible sounding, acoustic guitar with worn out strings, when it just seemed to come together all at once.

No other:

I was driving down the Eastern slope of Lookout Pass between Idaho and Montana alone, one Fourth of July... It was kind of weird actually. I just started to praise the Lord by singing some of the names for the Lord and there it was... so I got out my little mini recorder and just kept singing. A few weeks later I figured out what the chord structure would be and added another verse. I like to just sit quietly and meditate on who God is, and all He has been in my life, while listening to this song.

He Giveth More Grace:

This song is a remake of an old Hymn by Annie Johnson Flint, from around 1858. A friend set the lyrics to a new melody and it has been one of my favorites for a while now, so we just had to add it to the album.

Love Called My Name:

How easily we forget how gracious and merciful our God really is. His Grace runs free and his Mercy never ends. Over and over, I have seen His hand on my life, yet still, how easily I forget that “God is good... All the time... It is His nature.” He called me out of darkness and into His marvelous light.

Nobody loves me like Jesus:

One day I was reminiscing and remembering a little ditty from my childhood... “Nobody likes me, everybody hates me, so I think I’ll eat some worms”... yada, yada, yada... you may remember it as well. I was imagining how sad to think nobody loves me. But I instantly thought to myself; Jesus loves me! He died to prove it. He’ll move mountains, etc., and so, the lyrics came before the melody, which is usually not the case with me.

What kind of love?

One Sunday our youth pastor was delivering the message and he asked, "What kind of crazy love must it take for God to lay down His life for a bunch of rebels like us?" I liked it, so, I tried to be inconspicuous while typed it into a notepad app on my phone because it really struck a chord in me. (pun intended) I also had a couple lyrics about fear, shame and guilt sitting in my notebook waiting to find a home within a song and they finally found one.

Your Name:

I woke up in the middle of the night with the melody and lyrics for the chorus of this song pretty much intact and had to assemble the verses. I literally had pages of verse ideas for a couple of years and couldn't seem to get it to fall into place. So, I sent the chorus and my scribbled ideas for verses to my dear friend Bruce Hawker in Canada. I travelled with Bruce for a couple of years in the music ministry and he is a marvelous song writer. He saw the direction I wanted to go with the verses and my vague melody ideas and between the two of us it became a complete song. It was originally a fairly slow and mellow feel. When we started working on it at the studio, the bass player said "Hey Dan, this needs to be a fast song" I said "what?... a fast song?... no way!" I resisted at first but after working with the rhythm and tempo while laying it down I started to really like it. Go figure!

Dad:

This song came into being as a kind of therapy for me after my dad passed away in 2009. I was just reminiscing about all the amazing things he loved to do with my brother and I. I couldn't put them all into one song without it getting far too lengthy. It has been a catharsis to my soul to sing it over and over since then. He was an amazing man who loved his native Montana.

Montana Sunrise:

I was driving alone on highway 200 in Eastern Montana from Lewistown, where we were living at the time, on my way to meet up with my wife and her family for a summer get together in North Dakota. I left early that morning and I witnessed a sunrise that was so amazing that I pulled off the highway onto a little gravel siding road. I got out, leaned against the hood of the car, and for about a half an hour, watched it unfold in silence. It was absolutely wind still with the Meadow Larks and Mourning Doves greeting the dawn. It was absolutely stunning. Since then, I have seen quite a few great sunrises in Montana, but none quite like that one.

Psalm 92

I love the Psalms... they are, in reality, some of the very first corporate worship songs. I was reading Psalm 92 from my confirmation Bible which I was given as a Lutheran youth. I used the Revised Standard Version, word for word in the chorus of this song. As I was reading it, the melody and chords just seemed to come all at once so I grabbed my guitar and sang it into my cell phone so I wouldn't forget it. This recording will sound a bit different from the rest because it was recorded about 10 years ago and we couldn't remix it but we thought we should include it anyway.