

It's a Wonder

by Linnea Good
from the Christmas Eve pageant by the same name ©2005
Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Cello - Finn Manniche,
Viola - Henry Lee, Violin - Mark Ferris, Bell tree - David Jonsson

When the moon unfolds its blanket
And enwraps the earth with care
And the stars are shaken loose to fill the sky,
When the creatures of the night-time
Trade with those who roam the day
And the earth begins to hum a lullaby...

It's a wonder that human eyes are anywhere but here
It's a wonder, heaven so close and earth so small
When the song of all creation is a melody of love
It's a wonder there is any fear at all.

If you listen you will hear it
There is laughter on the wing
And it joins with those whose lives are knit with grief
And the gift that we are given is a small and a fragile thing
that can only call us far beyond belief

It's a wonder that human eyes are anywhere but here
It's a wonder, heaven so close and earth so small
When the song of all creation is a melody of love
It's a wonder there is any fear at all.

In the heartache of the moment
Some will tell you life's all pain
And that the days of angel company are gone
But, let your eyes become adjusted to the diamonds in the dark
You will know beyond a doubt that they are wrong.

It's a wonder. We are loved and love is all that life is for
It's a wonder, heaven so close and earth so tall
When the song of all creation is a melody of love
It's a wonder and it's living in us all
In us all
In us all
In us all

Patience

by Linnea Good
inspired by the words of Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)
in Letters to a Young Poet, ©2003 Borealis Music

Have patience
with everything that lies upon your heart

Unresolved
Try to love the questions in themselves

Don't go searching for the answers
which could not be given now
Don't go chasing after reasons, for in truth,
you don't know how

Just have patience
With all that lies a burden on your heart
Unresolved
Try to love the questions for themselves.

Don't go searching for the answers
which could not be given now
Don't go chasing after reasons, when in truth,
you don't know how

Just have patience
For some day far beyond you, you might see
That step by step
little by little
though your spirit scarcely marks the changes past
you'll have lived your life
into
the thing
you asked

Have patience

Rivers of Memory

by Linnea Good, from Psalm 137, ©2004 Borealis Music
Tune: Traditional Irish tune "The Saileach Gardens" (pron. sally, and meaning willow)
Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Flute - Bruce Harding, Guitar - David Sinclair,
Keyboard Pads - Michael Creber

By the shores on the rivers of memory,
there we laid us down and cried
And hung our dearest melodies
on the weeping willow's side.

Now vanished our horizons
and lost each day before its rise
There died our songs without singing
under fierce and foreign skies.

Now those whose very living
makes a prison of our days
They require of us our singing
"Give us songs from your ancient ways"

For we can only plunder
seeking life in the blooms we tear apart
And your strains of an ancient freedom
like an arrow pierce the heart.

Every morning as I awaken
I ask my God above
Can a soul that lives in exile
Sing of life, sing of pain, sing of love?

This is my peace, my comfort
My prayers to you belong
In the silence of my yearning
Will you lead me back to song

Stand on the Rock

Psalm 95 by Linnea Good, ©2005 Borealis Music
Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Keyboard - Michael Creber,
Trumpet - Terry Townson, Trombone - Rod Murray,
Saxophone - Steve Hilliam, Vocals & Handclaps - Bruce Harding,
David Jonsson, Paul Giltitz & Linnea, Tambourine - David Jonsson

Come let us sing and give thanks to God
Stand on the rock of our salvation!
Come let us sing and give thanks to God
Stand on the rock and shout with joy!

Credits

Songs feature Good Company Trio:
Linnea Good - Piano
Bruce Harding - Electric Bass
David Jonsson - Drums

Produced by Paul Giltitz of Glitchless Productions
<www.glitchless.net> with Linnea Good, ©2008 Borealis Music

String sections were arranged by Finn Manniche
Horns were arranged by Terry Townson

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For album, book and sheet music sales: admin@LinneaGood.com
Linnea's CDs: Stickpeople, Sunday Sessions, Sometimes
Christmas, Crazy Faith, I Know You, Greatest of These,
Swimmin' Like a Bird

Momentary Saints musicians are members of the Vancouver
Musicians' Association
Proudly made and printed in Canada

Momentary Saints

For some reason, as we were creating this album, I happened to
take note of the end words of each of its songs: Grace, Night,
Song, Thee, For All, Peace, Other Side, Joy, In Us All, Enough and
Fred. I suppose, at the twenty-year mark of music-making, if I had
to come up with a litany of the themes that guide my days, these
might be the ones (and when you hear The Three Tenors you will
know why Fred is among them). However, I know that life is not
best lived by its end-notes, but mid-song. In the arc of everyday
living, we are suddenly stilled and held in the moment. Something
becomes illuminated, suddenly true and in its right place. We know
ourselves to be alive. Yet, the day propels us forward once again.
As Jay McDaniel (who inspired the title for this album) said, "If
sainthood means living from the Center, then most of us are but
Momentary Saints". And maybe that's just fine. Life is not about
living *up* to something; it's about living *into* something.

My profound thanks to the people who have encouraged me in all
aspects of my own momentary sainthood. The older I get, the
more gratitude and admiration I have for my parents Pat and
Frank Good. Helen Mogensen continues to call me family and has
generously assisted in the funding of this album. Thank-you to
Brenda Hardisty - my tour coordinator and business anchor,
Brenda Murti - my dedicated administrator, Bruce and Cheryl
Harding - now longtime musical buddies, Keri Wehlander -
confidante and mentor, Nancy Reeves - spiritual guide and co-
God Detective. I offer a different kind of thanks to Patrick, Nicole
and Isaac Jonsson-Good, who are wise and beautiful in each their
own ways - and have done everything in their power to make me
keep up. Finally, to my dear David Jonsson, who has been my
partner, advisor and co-conspirator in the adventures of these
years, I can only say that any part of it would have been enough.

Linnea Good

Momentary Saints



Rain on Snow
 by Linnea Good ©2007 Borealis Music
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Conga - Ed Johnson,
 Flugelhorn - Terry Townson, Cello - Finn Manniche,
 Viola - Henry Lee, Violin - Mark Ferris, Shaker - David Jonsson

There sits an eagle's nest above in these branches
 Now that it's winter, all is bare, you can see
 The branches wheel about and dance in the wind's edge
 It makes you wonder how secure it can really be
 Yesterday it was cold and not like here;
 The snow was shouting and our breath hung in stars
 And now this eagle nest above in these branches,
 Upon this bare tree.

Rain on snow
 Rain on snow
 Rain on snow

I tried to tell you once but you wouldn't listen
 Or maybe someone was trying to tell me
 Guilt is a load, I often move its position,
 I changed the subject and you bought an SUV
 So, maybe those who denied there was a problem
 And made a living saying just what we'd hear
 Will fill the blanks in on this Quiz for the Planet
 And add their pensions' share in
 Rain on snow...

There sits an eagle's nest above in these branches
 The rain has tapered and the wind takes its place
 The branches wheel about and dance in the wind's edge
 And yet the nest above it seems to be braced.
 O God please tell me the wisdom of creation
 Can rise above this gasping mess we have made
 At winter's edge, I'll be the eagle returning
 Upon the wings of grace

Rain on snow
 Rain on snow
 Rain on snow
 Rain on snow

All Through the Night
 Welsh lullaby; tune first recorded in Edward Jones' *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards (1784)*; adapted by Linnea Good
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Saxophone - Steve Hilliam,
 Soprano, Alto, & Bass Flutes - Bruce Harding

Sleep, my child, let peace unfold you
 All through the night
 Guardian angels watch and hold you
 All through the night
 Silver moonlight paints the ocean

Earth and sky in endless motion
 Show your Maker's deep devotion
 All through the night

Sleep, my child, leave day behind you
 All through the night
 In your slumbers dreams may find you
 All through the night

Every question, each equation
 Give to God's imagination
 Dreams may bring God's new creation
 All through the night

Every question, each equation
 Give to God's imagination
 Dreams may bring God's new creation
 All through the night

Blessed are Those Who are Called to the Table
 by Linnea Good, ©2007 Borealis Music
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Keyboard - Michael Creber, Guitar - David Sinclair
 Singers - Gwen Chapman, Mary Ellen Kish, Ben Chapman-Kish, Bruce Harding,
 Patrick Jonsson-Good, Nicole Jonsson-Good, Doris Kizinna

Blessed are those who are called to the table
 This meal rich and simple to nourish and heal
 Blessed are those who have folded the napkins
 Set out the water, and tended the meal.

Blessed are those, candle in hand,
 Blessed are those who serve

Blessed are those who are called to the table
 The children out playing in sun sinking low
 The ones who stand close by the cook and the fire
 The friend and the neighbour, the one we don't know

Blessed are those, towel in hand,
 Blessed are those who sing grace

Blessed are those who are called to the table
 The one who has hurt you, the one who is wrong
 The ones unrepentant, unworthy, ungrateful
 The ones who come early, stay late and too long
 Blessed are those, apron in hand,
 Blessed are those who know

Blessed are those who are called to the table
 This banquet of plenty where God's loving abounds
 Let all of Creation, in serving and sharing,
 Rejoice at this table the whole world around

And blessed is God!
 And blessed are we!
 Best be this Table for all.

Cast Your Net
 by Linnea Good, ©2004 Borealis Music
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Conga - Ed Johnson, Trumpet - Terry Townson,
 Trombone - Rod Murray, Saxophone - Steve Hilliam
 Guiro, Cabassa, Claves, Shaker - David Jonsson

I said I'm going fishing. There was nothing more to say
 When everything is said and done, more words get in the way
 So everyone came with me, but the sea and time weren't right
 Because we didn't catch a single thing that whole confounded night

You knew we know our business, but sometimes that's how it goes
 Until some expert on the beach tries to tell you what he knows
 He said, "The fish are out there; you can give it one more go.
 Turn your head to the horizon, turn your back on what you know.

Cast your net on the other side
 Swing it hard and high
 You can fight the ocean,
 you can row with the tide
 Or you can cast your net on the other side.

Well now, I'm here to tell you that our nets hit home that day
 And all that really seemed to do it was to do it another way
 My buddy turned to tell me that the beach-guy was the lord
 I didn't hear him say a single word, cause I'd jumped straight overboard.

Cast your net on the other side
 Swing it hard and high
 You can fight the ocean,
 you can row with the tide
 Or you can cast your net on the other side.

I should have left my clothing
 But I knew that it was him
 For when I left the starting block,
 I forgot that I can't swim!!

I guess you know that breakfast was a simple, chic affair
 And when we sang God's praises it was best with Jesus there
 But this will never leave me, like the graces of that morn
 That when the net was pulled to overflow, not a single line was torn

Cast your net on the other side
 Swing it hard and high
 You can fight the ocean,
 you can row with the tide
 Or you can cast your net on the other side.

Now you may think it's risky; you may think we're not too bright, to let
 a carpenter tell fishers how to do their own job right
 So, I won't try to sell you; this is all I have to say:
 That when the Spirit calls you, you might be looking the opposite way!

Cast your net on the other side
 Swing it hard and high
 You can fight the ocean,

you can row with the tide
 Or you can cast your net on the other side.
 Cast your net on the other side.

I am becoming peace
 by Linnea Good ©2007
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Guitar, Laudin - David Sinclair,
 Octave Mandolin - Paul Gitlitz, Cabassa - David Jonsson

I am becoming peace
 I am becoming peace
 A well of patience, well of grace
 Make my soul a holy place.
 I am becoming peace

Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah
 Popular Welsh tune written by: John Hughes (1873-1932)
 Text: William Williams
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Trumpet - Terry Townson,
 Trombone - Rod Murray, Saxophone - Steve Hilliam,
 Singers - Bruce Harding & Linnea, Tambourine - David Jonsson

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land.
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more,
 Feed me till I want no more

Open now, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream doth flow.
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside.
 Death of death and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee
 I will ever give to thee.

The Three Tenors
 by David Golden ©2000 www.oatmealbible.org
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Guitar - David Sinclair, Tambourine - David Jonsson,
 Singers - Bruce Harding & David Jonsson, Gwen Chapman,
 Mary Ellen Kish, Doris Kizinna, Patrick Jonsson-Good,
 Nicole Jonsson-Good, Isaac Jonsson-Good, Ben Chapman-Kish

LA LA LA
 Fred has sung in the church choir for longer than anyone can remember
 So they're all too embarrassed to ask him if he's a bass or a tenor.
 You see, Fred loves his singing,
 he loves it more than any singer I've heard
 But he has trouble with pitch, rhythm, tone, phrasing and diction
 And he often makes up words.

Fred has an attendance record that could make Cal Ripkin weep
 Though he missed one Sunday for a hip replacement
 and twice he's fallen asleep
 He sings out with abandon, he sings with robust tone
 And when the rest of the choir finishes before he does, he accidentally
 sings alone.

LA LA LA
 They keep him in the back row and try to bury him in the crowd
 But he just turns his hearing aid lower and he sings out nice and loud.
 The sopranos cringe and grimace; it is more than they can stand
 The altos look disgusted, as only an alto can

He never is pretentious, he never asks for praise.
 He never gets a solo and for him that's quite OK
 He is getting up in years, so they figure his time's not long
 But - so far he's lasted through five directors and he's still going strong.

When it's time to make a joyful noise,
 That's not the time to critique your voice
 A hundred people will tell you that you can't sing
 But you just ignore them. They're just jealous; they don't know anything.

LA LA LA
 Now, the bible says a lot about Jesus the man
 How he could heal a leper with the touch of his hand
 He could calm a raging storm and turn water into wine
 And using mud, he gave sight to a man who'd been born blind

He could preach, he could tell stories, he was good at many things
 But the bible never does tell us just how well Jesus could sing.
 If that had been among his talents,
 I am sure it would have been mentioned
 So, either his voice was ordinary or no-one paid attention

So, after the last supper, when they were in the upper room
 James and John asked Jesus to sit in the centre - I assume -
 so that one could sing in his left ear and one could sing in his right
 And then maybe they could help him to stay on pitch
 and the hymn would sound alright.

When it's time to make a joyful noise,
 that's not the time to critique your voice
 A hundred people will tell you that you're singing it wrong
 But, you just ignore them - or invite them to sing along

LA LA LA

You can talk about your three tenors and forget everything I've said
 But I'll know that I'm in heaven when the three tenors are
 Jesus, me and Fred!

It Would've Been Enough
 by Linnea Good ©1995
 Piano, Bass, Drums - Trio, Cello - Finn Manniche,
 Viola - Henry Lee, Violin - Mark Ferris

It would've been enough to eat a peach from a tree
 To hear the small, sweet voice of the chickadee
 A cat sand-bathing on a front walkway

It would've been enough to shovel sidewalk snow
 To hear the sorrow rise under a violin bow
 A wood fire burning in a twilight glow
 It would've been enough.

It would've been enough to drink fresh water
 It would've been enough to have one friend
 It would've been enough to smell fresh baking
 Just to be
 Just to be
 Just to be...

It would've been enough, old jeans to wear
 To have a cup of tea waiting by a comfy chair
 The dawn's first murmur and the evening's prayer
 It would've been enough.

It would've been enough to drink tap water
 It would've been enough to have one friend
 It would've been enough to hear folks laughing
 Just to be
 Just to be
 Just to be

It would've been enough. And this is true
 That still my life burst open when it gave me you
 And if I could sing thank-you till the day was through
 It could never be enough.

And I'll be singing thank-you till the day is new
 'Cause it would've been
 Enough