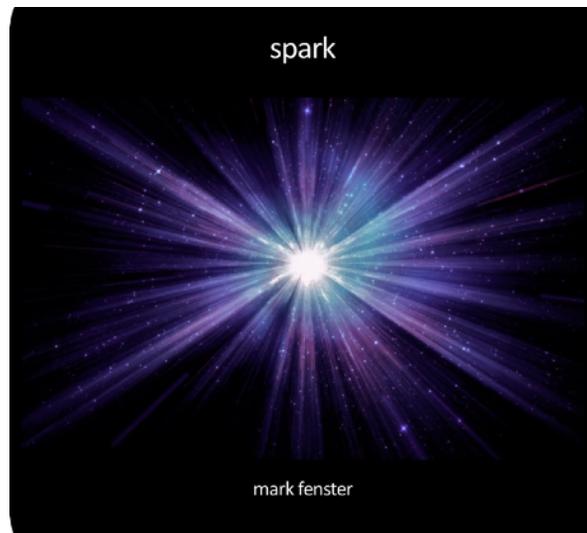




THE MAGNIFICENT COLOURS OF MUSIC



spark  
album lyrics & notes



**spark** is a uniquely inspired album over thirty years in the making. Beginning in 1986 with a lyrical answer to the power of following our dreams, the songs are truthful, moving stories of life and loving with joyful peace in our hearts, and on our one and only home. The musical stylings weave through acoustic ballads, progressive rock, and inspirational lyrics, all surrounded by the completeness of orchestral beauty. The result is a remarkable journey through unique inspirations in Orchestral Rock Fusion.

The music will embrace you, the lyrics entice you, and the stories will bring you home.

**spark** is an album of hope, belief and trust that we can make miracles happen, because we know we can. We've done it before! The music and lyrics are intended to spark inspiration, action, and change for creating the wonderful world we all wish and know we can build. The songs which came through for this album, I believe, are a gift ...as are you the reader!

**spark** also happens to be my nickname, one given to me by a dear old friend, because, as she says, I laugh a lot! (*Thank you, Suzanne!*)

Song Credits & info:

### **the portrait**

*It was a normal night. He went to bed only to awaken some time later in a sea of darkness, no way of knowing where he was, he asked "if it's morning, shouldn't there be light?" In response, a living image in the sky showed him the magnificent beauty of our earth, and how humans are destroying her... 'then man sets his fire, and boulders of smoke replace the sun, in blackened disguise, is nature's demise, oh what have we done??!?' Our hero returns home promising to share what he's learned, and ask us all... "If it's morning, shouldn't there be light?!"*

**Music & Lyrics:** Mark Fenster

**String Arrangements:** Mark Fenster

**Introduction String Arrangements:** Jan Jarczyk

**Published by:** Autumn Song Publishers

**Produced By:** Howard Redekopp & Mark Fenster

**Engineered & Mixed by:** Howard Redekopp

**Mastered by:** Brock MacFarlane, CPS Mastering

**Mark Fenster:** Guitars, Lead & Harmony Vocals, Percussion

**Zoe Fenster:** Harmony Vocals

**Howard Redekopp:** Guitars, Bass, Synthesizers

**Pat Steward:** Drums

**Cameron Wilson:** Violin

**Henry Lee:** Viola

**Finn Manniche:** Cello

**Lawrence Mollerup:** Double Bass

lyrics:

### **the portrait**

*'He had gone to sleep as though it were any other night.*

*But, soon in a dream, he was transported to another place, another dimension.*

*He had awakened to the darkness, the silence only to be broken by a powerful but distant voice crying out its message through a living image in the sky - The Portrait...'*

If it's morning, shouldn't there be light?

The haze in my eyes from the darkness has left me blind

I feel a warning, and yet no one appears

A voice from above calls out pleading me to hear ...

'Can you hold me? Keep the promise you've told me?

Show your love to the child you call your own?'

I look around me, unfamiliar ground  
The voice fires light through a Portrait filled with sound  
It shows me rivers, flowing rainbowed hues  
Then suddenly the colors of life turn dark refuse

'Can you hold me? Keep the promise you've told me?  
Show your love to the child you call your own?

I can hold you. Hear the words that I've told you  
Follow me and you'll find your way back home'

The Portrait goes bright. The visions can tear your soul away  
The wind-blown serene of forested green  
In rhythms that only life can play

Then Man sets his fire, and boulders of smoke replace the sun  
In blackened disguise is Nature's demise  
Oh what have we done???

A tear befalls me, for I've learned this time  
A brightened horizon awaits if we heal our crime  
You've told our story, and I'll plant your seed  
Now Portrait I beg for your ears, hear my plea...

I will hold you, and keep the promise I've told you  
Show my love to the Child we call our own

Will you hold me? I've heard the words that you've told me  
I'll follow you and I'll find my way back home

... If it's morning, shouldn't there be light ?

*'The day had begun as though he had never left. Was it only a dream?  
Now returned to familiar surround, he lifted himself off the bed  
and walked over to the window.  
A pillar of smoke was climbing its way toward the sun.  
Can you hold me?'*

Words & Music by Mark Fenster © 2018 Autumn Song / SOCAN

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**where do we go from here**

*He was stoked and ready! Armed to the hilt, off to battle for a cause, our young soldier follows orders and fires off to destroy the enemy. Thrilled with his team's victory, he's confused by a young girl standing on a pile of rubble, crying. On to the next target, he notices a deep similarity between the enemy and himself - and comes to learn why the girl was crying... now sings a very different meaning in the line "where do we go from here?"*

*I have a friend who understands first-hand the meaning of PTSD, a retired lieutenant colonel of the RCAF and one-time leader of the Snowbirds Aerobatics team, Rob "Scratch" Mitchell. He took a very similar leap of faith as I did in going for his dream. His heart is in filmmaking, and we are working together to create a short film about PTSD with where do we go from here as the theme song. I am thrilled and honoured to play a part in this important message. Thank you Scratch! Let the healing begin!!!*

**Music & Lyrics:** Mark Fenster

**Published by:** Autumn Song Publishers

**Produced By:** Howard Redekopp & Mark Fenster

**Engineered & Mixed by:** Howard Redekopp

**Mastered by:** Brock MacFarlane, CPS Mastering

**Mark Fenster:** Guitars, Lead & Harmony Vocals, Percussion, Drums

**Zoe Fenster:** Harmony Vocals

**Howard Redekopp:** Guitars, Bass, Synthesizers

**Holly Bryan:** French Horn

**Kurt Dahle:** Drums

lyrics

where do we go from here

*'A soldier, armed to the hilt with his weaponry & fervent pride for the politics he represents, sets off for a foreign land whence he had been summoned.  
How strange this feeling when he soon realizes the simple truth war speaks along the scarred paths of his travels.  
Perhaps it was the innocent cry of a child, the persistent similarity of us all that began his teachings of the real meaning of the question: 'Where do we go from here?'*

The smoke in the air burns your eyes; It's just another day  
And the sounds of a gun prove our battle's been won  
What a feeling, only rubble remains; motors reeling, look - our enemy's drained  
And there's a child, I see her eyes, why was she crying?

Where Do We Go From Here, so all of this country holds no fear?  
We're torching the land, So bold; And watching the daylight fade to gold

The mountains beyond look so strong, at least they seem that way  
Yet a simple command leaves their fate in our hand  
You can feel it, hear the trouble ahead; we can heal it, 'Point your weapons!' he said  
I killed the man, it was only the one; My God, he looked just like me!!!

Where Do We Go From Here, so all of this country holds no fear?  
We're torching the land, So bold; And watching the daylight fade to gold  
Where Do We Go From Here? The echoes are playing back our cheers  
And through the debris we've told a story where nothing's left to unfold

Here we are in our place in the sun  
I don't know but I still hear the sounds of those guns  
If our freedom is there, they don't know it.... For why was she crying???

Where Do We Go From Here, so all of this country holds no fear?  
We're torching the land, So bold; And watching the daylight fade to gold  
Where Do We Go From Here? The echoes are playing back our cheers  
And through the debris we've told a story where nothing's left to unfold

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## colours

*As difficult a belief as it is to embrace, the potential for a third world war rests with us and within our intolerance of the differences between us. Just how is it that we can so appreciate all the colours of nature, yet not of human-nature? Our story begins at the end of this war, when our hero emerges from his bomb shelter to at last see for himself the resultant truths of our fears. And yet fears remain. But with the help of his fellow survivors, the natural colours of a rainbow are a vision of beauty once again.*

**Music & Lyrics:** Mark Fenster

**String Arrangements:** Mark Fenster

**Additional Arrangements & Inspirations:** Claude "l'Inferno" Laflamme

**Published by:** Autumn Song Publishers

**Produced By:** Howard Redekopp & Mark Fenster

**Engineered & Mixed by:** Howard Redekopp

**Mastered by:** Brock MacFarlane, CPS Mastering

**Itamar Erez:** 12-string Guitars

**Mark Fenster:** Lead & Harmony Vocals, Percussion

**Zoe Fenster:** Harmony Vocals

**Howard Redekopp:** Guitars, Bass, Synthesizers

**Pat Steward:** Drums

**Cameron Wilson:** Violin

**Henry Lee:** Viola

**Finn Manniche:** Cello

**Lawrence Mollerup:** Double Bass

lyrics

colours

*'As difficult a belief as it is to embrace, the potential for a third world war rests with us and within our intolerance of the differences between us. Just how is it that we can so appreciate all the colours of nature, yet not of human-nature? Our story begins at the end of this war, when our hero emerges from his bomb shelter to at last see for himself the resultant truths of our fears. And yet fears remain. But with the help of his fellow survivors, the natural colours of a rainbow are a vision of beauty once again.'*

The streets were shadowed silver, the cold could make you quiver  
And I saw through the dark, not a soul survived  
I thought we'd find our future, but visions grew too obscure  
In the fears of the blinded, the end had finally arrived.

A coloured shadow appeared before me  
He held my fears in his hands as he told me ...

"We can begin again tonight  
So take your brother by the hand, it's only right  
And it can be so forgiving to see how the Colours light the sky"

His ways were not like my own; He'd shown me things I'd never known  
And his colour grew brighter, and the air seemed to clear

There beside us a woman stood still  
The clothes she wore seemed so strange, the air turned a cold chill

We can begin again tonight  
I'll take my sister by the hand, it's only right  
And it can be so forgiving to see how the Colours light the sky

Where is the way for us; Old thoughts linger still  
There is a day for us  
Do you feel it in the wind; Let the Colours all begin to show...

I can see the walls as they start falling  
Holding fast to worlds we knew kept us hidden from the view

Then I'll sing, and free the voices calling  
In the wisdom of those souls, flowers can unfold ....

And there we walked along those lanes of baron cross-roads  
We turned to the sky ... and saw a rainbow ....

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## **endless journey**

*My first commissioned work, an orchestral suite for an independent dance company in Montréal, and I had no idea what I was doing. I composed it, sure, on a synthesizer keyboard, but with zero music training, I needed some help moving on to arrangements. Enter Jan Jarczyk, a brilliant musician, composer, pianist, and professor at McGill University. He came over and pretty much wrote all the arrangements and then played nearly every instrument into the computer. He often jokingly complained about having to play on a plastic keyboard and not a real piano! (Ok, maybe he wasn't really joking ?!) Once completed, mixed and mastered, I whispered to Jan, 'One day we'll record this with a real orchestra!'*

*With the awesome support of Creative BC and the Province of British Columbia, the opportunity arrived. I began working to take the music out of the computer files and morph it into actual sheet music real musicians could read and play. As it began to happen, I wanted to let Jan know, thinking how happy he'll be hearing this, and how great it will be to celebrate this together! The universe had a different need of Jan; he passed from cancer in 2014.*

*I was stunned, floored. I wanted to honour Jan and all his beauty with this recording and album. I found his old home number and called. Danielle, his sweet widow answered the phone. "Hi", I said, "I'm not sure if you'll remember me but..." "Of Course I remember you Mark Fenster!" she said, and we spent the next hour and change talking, reminiscing, crying, feeling the warmth Jan brought to us so many times before.*

*We recorded this piece at Monarch Studios, where they have great rooms for orchestral instruments, and they have a beautiful Yamaha C7 full concert grand piano - WITH MIDI! (To perhaps avoid a boring technical explanation of midi, just think of an electronic version of a player piano = computer reads the "player piano paper scroll", and sends the information to the MIDI motor on the piano itself, causing the piano to play, acoustically, what was once played into the computer on a synthesizer. (Pretty cool huh?!?) [btw, MIDI = Musical Instrument Digital Interface].*

*So, here's what we did to honour Jan: We re-created a recording session that was synced to Jan's original piano track, and then recorded the strings, winds, horns, drums and guitar over it. Once done, we re-recorded the piano using Jan's performance on a now mic'd concert grand piano, and recorded that on it's own audio tracks. Jan finally got his wish to play the piece on a real piano, and we all can immerse ourselves in the magic he and I created together with love & light.*

*Endless Journey is the musical story of life: beginning with a birth, childhood is simple, playful, and grows with joy until the concerns and confusion of adolescence moves in. At this point, there is a softer motif, a pensive time... leading to an "Ok, let's go!" moment. This is where things kick up a notch or 10, distorted rock guitar (Howard Redekopp) and awesome power rock drums (Pat "the axe" Steward, Bryan Adams' drummer) kick up with the orchestra and move into the pursuit of life's rapture! The calm after the storm follows, and a recap of finding the simple joys of youth and living the roller coaster of life rides on .... ending in, you guessed it, another birth. In this music as well as in life, things seem to happen in 3's, and the "ending" as a new birth shows us how life truly is an Endless Journey, and as precious as it is endless.*

*There's so much more I can say about this piece and the glorious experience of bringing it to life, but I'll stop here and invite anyone who wishes to learn more to just reach out and ask me - I'll happily share as much as you wish to know. It was an incredible time, and I hope you enjoy listening and feeling the result of all the love that was instilled in the music and burned into the tracks.*

*This piece is dedicated to Jan Jarczyk, his incredible family, and to all his colleagues, students and friends with whom I share Jan's gifts and my gratitude for his presence {presents} in my life. I love you Jan. Thank you so much for You.*

**Composer:** Mark Fenster  
**Master Arrangements:** Jan Jarczyk  
**Additional Arrangements, MIDI Transcription:** Mark Fenster, François Houle  
**Music Preparation:** François Houle, Mark Fenster  
**Conducted by:** Mark Fenster  
**Published by:** Autumn Song Publishers  
**Produced By:** Howard Redekopp & Mark Fenster  
**Engineered & Mixed by:** Howard Redekopp  
**Mastered by:** Brock MacFarlane, CPS Mastering

**Jan Jarczyk:** Piano  
**Cameron Wilson:** Violin  
**Henry Lee:** Viola  
**Finn Manniche:** Cello  
**Lawrence Mollerup:** Double Bass  
**Kristen Cooke:** Oboe  
**Heather Beaty:** Flute  
**François Houle:** Clarinet  
**Holly Bryan:** French Horn  
**Howard Redekopp:** Guitars, Synthesizers  
**Pat Steward:** Drums

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### **never just a dream {live chorale}**

*A year after I'd opened Impact, ski bag sales were growing exponentially, success clearly in view... and I felt confused... What to do, follow my dream or this path, tried and true, of money? This song came in reply, and astonished me, because it was true. I'm so glad I listened.*

*Several decades later, a kind woman asked me for a choral version for her church choir to sing (Thank you Marion!), I asked Larry for help, and he offered to do it for us! A few years later still, Chilliwack Symphony Orchestra conductor Paula DeWitt created a string arrangement for it and premiered the piece in concert March 3, 2018. Now, recorded live off the floor - in one take - at Monarch Studios, Vancouver, here is the song that says it all and now with glorious arrangements & performances from some amazingly talented hearts and souls.*

**Music & Lyrics:** Mark Fenster  
**Choral Arrangements:** Dr. Larry Nickel  
**String Arrangements:** Maestra Paula DeWitt  
**Music Director:** Maestra Paula DeWitt

**Published by:** Autumn Song Publishers  
**Produced By:** Howard Redekopp & Mark Fenster  
**Engineered & Mixed by:** Howard Redekopp  
**Mastered by:** Brock MacFarlane, CPS Mastering

**Itamar Erez:** Piano  
**Laura Chenail Hough:** Violin  
**Llowyn Ball:** Violin  
**Henry Lee:** Viola  
**Peter D. Caton:** Cello  
**Mark Haney:** Double Bass  
**Belle Voci Ensemble:** {*Paula Dewit, Bevin Liempt, Jodie Stenekes Amaya, Nancy Hasiuk, Henry Waldock, Amanda Eve Slattery, Gregory Gascoigne, Peter Ki, Jim Bauman, Lemuel Sanchez*}: Vocals

## lyrics

never just a dream

In the night, when you've walked alone, through the cobbled roads of stone  
Reaching out, wishing your thoughts could let you know

Find your way, fly into your dreams, feel the mountains, touch the streams  
And let the wonder in your eyes just let you go

Is it just a dream you've had so long, is it just the sunlight in your eyes  
Can you find the meaning of the song whispered in your mind

Follow all the clouds that lead you home, let the rainbow guide you through the storm  
And you'll find the song that's in your mind is Never Just A Dream

So don't run away, don't keep it inside, the road can seem too long sometimes  
And the wind, strong on your shoulders, can weigh you down

For all you know, and all you've believed, you know the magic just won't leave  
So hang on to what you treasure, you'll hold the crown

Is it just a dream you've had so long, is it just the sunlight in your eyes  
Can you find the meaning of the song whispered in your mind

Follow all the clouds that lead you home, let the rainbow guide you through the storm  
And you'll find the song that's in your mind is Never Just A Dream

Is it just a dream ... It's Never Just A Dream

Words & Music by Mark Fenster © 2018 Autumn Song / SOCAN

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## gratitude

*No thing happens in isolation. There is TREMENDOUS THANKS to be given to the amazing team who helped make this happen and bring it to life so beautifully! I could not be more proud or more humbly grateful!*

**Howard Redekopp** - *Thank you Howard - you are a master and I love you! You heard and felt my vision, shared yours with me, and directed the project in such an incredible fashion, the original intentions intact, new and intriguing sounds added, and it's simply magic. Pure love, light, magic. Thank you!*

**Jan Jarczyk** - *How can I ever thank you? Your generous spirit and music made Endless Journey a reality. And you did it all without ever asking for a cent of payment!! I learned so much from you Jan, of course in music, but also in the spirit of giving, the love of sharing, and the value of friendship. I can only hug you in my mind and hearty now, but somehow I truly believe that you can read this, feel my love and gratitude, and hear the magic you made happen. May all the gifts you left here with us remain forever in our hearts. I love you Jan. Thank you.*

**Paula DeWit** - *Thank you for your vision, collaboration and leadership. When you offered to create a string section to the already beautiful choral arrangement written by Dr. Larry Nickel, you and your beautiful heart brought in and shone a light so bright and filled with the loving intentions of this song. Thank you Maestra for sharing your beauty.*

**All the incredible musicians & technicians** - *this is here simply because you came and shared your love & light with us. Thank you!*

**My beautiful family, small circle of amazing friends, fans and strangers** - *Where to start...? how to say what is at times so unimaginable to believe .... you, my dear family, my precious friends, amazing fans, and the wonderful strangers, all of whom remind me every moment just how blessed I am, you are, we all are, and how much we can achieve just by believing in our own magic, and knowing we belong, and are so very loved. Thank you All.*

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