

# The Precisely

The authoritative Stereoreel newsletter.

**stereoreel.com**  
September 2008



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# AND SO WE SING!

A COLLECTION OF RELATED  
THOUGHTS FOR YOUR  
CONSIDERATION

Remember your first Puccini opera? The way the music lifted you right to the rafters. The way you thought for a second that you had grown a couple of inches taller. You were amazed. "That huge, beautiful sound comes from that!?" you thought as you looked at the soprano.

Maybe you haven't had the pleasure of Puccini. Maybe you're thinking of the first time you heard Kind of Blue. That sound! You weren't sure how to define the particular emotion...but you could feel your insides shifting. You couldn't hold still.

Not a Miles fan? Never heard of Giacomo Puccini? (You're missing out.) Still, you know what I mean. Maybe you're partial to driving while singing along with Carrie Underwood at the top of your lungs. (You're not alone. You can be in a club with my sister.) Coldplay sung 'til your voice hurts? The Beatles in the morning? That sound!

I'm making an obvious point I hope we can agree on: Singing is cool, isn't it? Music, singing, has the capacity to remind us of the biggest, the best, the most beautiful, the right. And even when it aspires to less than this greatness, it awakens something in us.

There's more.

Did you know that the bible says "sing" 107 times?<sup>1</sup> "Sing praises to our God," it says. "Sing praises to our King...Sing for joy...Sing, O barren women." Why this scriptural obsession

with singing? Here's my opinion:

When we sing about God or to God we use the greatest stuff of earth to remind us of the greatest stuff of heaven.

So, there you have it. Stereoreel. We make music. But more than that we make music in honor of the creator of the universe. He compels us, motivates us, and inspires us.

That's all real nice. But, (you think to yourself) these pretty words hide a problem; we've taken on an impossibly difficult task. I mean...have you seen the stars tonight, how they shimmer and shine so bright?<sup>2</sup> Can a song reach that high? Have you seen the creator? The one who made the stars. They say he shines too. What can a song give to him?

(Thoughtful pause...)

The only reasonable explanation we have to offer: We are his children.

The other day my child drew me a picture. It wasn't the world's best picture. I mean, as pictures go your child may be able to do better. He's probably not going to get any commissions soon. The Metropolitan Museum of Art probably isn't interested. It was in crayon and chocolate.

But it's from my kid. I guess that's why I like it. I don't care that it's simple. I don't care that the dude has legs coming out of his head and chocolate for ears. I like it that way.


We're pretty sure God feels the same way about our music. We're doing our best, but understand that no matter how great our songs sound they'll never sound better than the stars singing together in the morning.<sup>3</sup> So, we offer you these songs. Humbly, because (in the grand scheme of things) they're not what they should be; but confidently, like a kid proud of his latest creation.

And so we sing. Caleb (and the rest)

<sup>1</sup> Based on an informal biblegateway.com search.

<sup>2</sup> Thanks, David Crowder.

<sup>3</sup> Job 38:7.



Save Me | Stereoreel

**Save Me  
The EP**

We're sure you've noticed: the newest (and by newest, we mean first) Stereoreel CD is out. It's a Jesus-inspired Rock 'n' Roll worship album we recorded in a variety of spare rooms, basements, attics, and home studios over a course of several years. We're excited beyond description to have come to this important milestone.

We hope in listening to the CD you'll resonate with both the joy and the pain; the longing and the celebration. We hope also, that it represents not the reaching of a goal, but the beginning of a joyous journey...a journey of music and words, a conversation; a revelry in the grace that has apprehended us. (In other words, we hope there are many more CDs where this came from.)

Don't forget: CDs make great presents for everyone on your list!

Order now at [stereoreel.com](http://stereoreel.com).



# The Story of a Band

## Prologue: The Beginning of the Beginning: The Carter Years

You could say that Stereoreel began in 2008, but you'd be approaching this whole mess in way too simplistic a manner. Alternately, you could also say it began in 1976 when Caleb was born.

Gifted was he at birth with enormous hands that spanned entire pianos and a voice likened to the sound of soft Pan Flutes on the midnight breeze. An infinite reserve of charisma and musical talent exuded from his being. It was almost as if he had been delivered into this world with a tiny note around his wrist stating: "This kid's gonna be famous! Buy him a candy bar someday!"

After 1976, however, the world encountered an unprecedented drop-off in infant musician births. Those musicians who were born seemed to be mediocre, filler-band material - the kind that exist to make good bands sound great (i.e. Fabian, The Monkees, Creed). Several years of this drought passed. Things began to look grim for Caleb's musical aspirations. If this trend wouldn't turn around soon, people were ready to stop buying Caleb candy bars.

Enter: Dustin Martin.

## The Reagan Years

It was in the year of 1985 that Dustin came to be. He was born with the steadiest heartbeat that doctor's have ever heard, which would often change seamlessly between musical stylings. 4 on the Floor when he was having a good ole time, Polyrhythms during large family visits, and Bosanova whenever Dustin was on his game. It was almost as if Dustin was born with a tiny note around his wrist stating: "I'm looking for Caleb Nei. I hear he's got candy!"

The newly formed duo realized that the ability to provide roving piano licks and angelic vocal melodies, accompanied by a strong back beat that grooved and rocked at the same time, could benefit greatly from a member conceived solely to play guitar, while another laid down the very foundations of music with his bass. Caleb and Dustin didn't have to wait very long for this vision to become a reality.

In 1986, an elfin creature was born. He was named Seth Dean. He possessed ears of gold, as is typical with his race, that allowed him to not only hear music, but to cut to its very soul, reasoning whether it was good or evil. As well as his aural prowess, Seth exercised great implacability whenever he laid hand to any stringed instrument: the Bow and Arrow, the Jew's Harp, but most notably, the Guitar. His presence in the delivery room was accompanied by a tiny note that stated: "I'm waiting for Caleb Nei. My sister is a candy bar."

Prophetic were those words. In time, Caleb and Dustin found Seth, but no matter how glorious they sounded together, their musical vision did not come to fruition until 1990.

### **The Bush Years Followed Closely by the Clinton Years**

This was the year that no one saw coming, though in hindsight, 1990 seemed like the next logical step after 1989. A good thing, too! In this windfall year, the world was given the final piece to the musical puzzle which Caleb had begun piecing together 14 years earlier, and which would lay the groundwork for the course of music history into the 21st century and beyond.

That piece was Ethan Dean.

Ethan was born into this world with a Bass Guitar in his hands. It was that simple. He had no note attached to him, because he needed none. The notes he played on his bass were as enormous as Caleb's hands, the grooves he played were as funktastic as Dustin's drumming was solid, and the musical highway he plowed made way for the harmonic voicings of Seth's guitar. It was a fitting addition to the group, whose sound was now a big as their aspirations!

### **The New Millennium**

Thus, Stereoreel was formed! And though the journey seems now complete, it has really only just begun! We take this time to invite you to come along on our musical voyage which spans decades. You only need to listen. Listen and enjoy. Enjoy.

This, on the other hand, might be a bit excessive. (Though we're often accused of this.)

### **Epilogue: It's the New Prologue**

Caleb plays piano. Dustin plays drums. Seth plays guitar, and Ethan plays bass. Dave is the manager and the rest of the guys just work like dogs to keep him happy.

# The Schedule



## **October**

11 Greenwood United Methodist Church Winchester, VA  
31 Block Party Leesburg, VA

## **November**

Call us. We're free.

## **December**

Call us. We're still free.

## **January**

16-18 Cove Valley Youth Camp Mercersburg, PA

## **March**

1 Cornerstone Bible Church Huntsburg, OH

\*Information contained herein is complete and accurate to the best of our knowledge. But band schedules are known to change more than weather.com's forecast. For the most up-to-date information visit our website: [stereoreel.com](http://stereoreel.com) or [myspace.com/stereoreel](http://myspace.com/stereoreel).

# THAT'S RIGHT, I WILL ONE DAY BE A 50 YEAR OLD MAN, AND I WILL *STILL* LOVE STAR WARS AND STAR TREK!

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*Seth Dean* —

Imagine an alternate universe where George Lucas, instead of reworking the original Star Wars movies and developing ideas for new additions to the series, spent the 90's and the first part of the 21<sup>st</sup> century capitalizing on all the royalties he made off of the first Star Wars trilogy, and then used those funds to build a cloaking device to hide Skywalker Ranch from public view; and from that day forward, no one ever heard from him again. Heck, imagine a universe where he spent most of his time building LEGOs! Anything that keeps him from writing the screenplays to Episodes I, II, and III !!!!

While you're at it, also imagine that Star Trek fans didn't spend the majority of their life spans being Star Trek fans. That's not to say that they can't enjoy the show more than a normal human being should, I'm saying imagine, for their sake and mine, that they aren't obsessed about it. This way you don't have to suppress the urge to lay one of them out in a body bag (for their own good) any time they make a science fiction reference that, 9 times out of 10, involves a space captain, a space doctor, and a Vulcan.

If that doesn't work, and you still find yourself battling the desire to murder sci-fi fans, you should probably stop reading this and seek out professional help, because I just so happen to be a fanatic of the science fiction genre.

That's right, kids, I'm a fan of Star Wars *and* Star Trek!

"But, Seth!" you cry in surprise. "Doesn't that make you a (gulp)... nerd?"

**NO!**

When was the last time I spent more than 15 minutes discussing intergalactic politics and the shortcomings of Federation directive?? Did you and I ever have a debate on the benefits of the Republic's democracy as opposed to the Empire's totalitarian rule?

**NO!**

I've spent more time reciting witty banter from Rocky and Bullwinkle cartoons, while seamlessly transitioning between character voices, than I have spent drooling over hyper drives and androids, but you don't see me donning a flight cap and a pair of antlers any time I just want to lounge around the house! If you're going to watch science fiction, you're going to have to set some ground rules.

Par Example: My relationship with science fiction is a respectful relationship where we both know our boundaries. I don't spend too much time with it, and it doesn't impose its geeky overtones upon my everyday life. Allow me to put this into perspective. If science fiction were a relative of mine that just so happened to be in prison, I *might* visit it once a month, and even then I would have a hard time finding any real depth to or interest in our conversation through the glass. I wouldn't tell anyone outside the family about it either. In return, she (yes, "she") would spend all of her time telling all the other inmates (dead television genres such as the sit-com and couple's game shows) how much she needs my visits to survive. She would be dead right, too. But, I digress.

The fact remains that when the time is right, I can sit down and enjoy a Star Trek movie, as long as it isn't the *Original Motion Picture*, the *Final Frontier*, or anything after *First Contact*, and as long as you *AREN'T* talking. As far as Star Wars goes, you can skip Jar Jar Binks, green screens, and all of Hayden Christensen's dead panned and dying acting. I cannot forgive him for single handedly turning Darth

Vader (once a pretty intimidating villain) into an emo screamo introspection on teenage angst and ooey gooey love puppies with your so-much-older-than-you trophy wife. Lucas might have saved himself the trouble and simply cast Ashton Kutcher and Demi Moore in the roles of Anakin and Padme. Then, just to make things interesting, write Bruce Willis into the script as the Chancellor. Once you cast Samuel L. Jackson as Mace Windu you need to give him a far cooler enemy to battle than old guys with lightening bolts and mousy robots, so that now you've got two hardcore bald guys wielding super-human powers in an epic battle for the known universe.

The action-packed possibilities are endless! I mean, Willis rocked out the Die Hard series, even allowing Jackson to co-star with him in the 3<sup>rd</sup> installment, and Samuel L. Jackson was **and still is** Samuel L. Jackson. The last time I checked, that's enough cool to sustain you for 5 lifetimes, which is enough cool to offset creepy young-boy to old-woman love and unbelievable muppet-like make-up jobs.

That being said, I can sit down and watch *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi* with little to no resistance. *A New Hope*, while not obtrusively offensive to my senses, is just too boring to devote an afternoon to.

So, I started thinking one day, "Hmm...I'm 21. In 29 years, I'm still going to enjoy these movies." This got me thinking even more. Except this time, I began thinking about *how* I would enjoy these movies when I'm older. I began taking into account the massive leaps and bounds we're making with technology, the massive amount of time we're spending on the internet, the massive amount of fast food we eat, and the massive amount of nothing that we do, and I eventually came up with this scenario:

40 years in the future, I'll be reclining on my threadbare arm chair enjoying a VHS of the *Wrath of Kahn* after a day of laboriously mulching my garden (face it, all old people love flowers). Just as I start to doze off on one of those coveted catnaps we all look forward to, my grandchildren float into the room. Yes, I said float, because by then people will have exchanged the use of their legs for specialized levitating devices that can travel at speeds well beyond Mach 10. (Yes, I had this idea *before* watching WALL-E.) This sounds like a great idea until everybody gets one and the government starts setting speed limits on these over-hyped wheel chairs, so that your max speed doesn't exceed 80 miles per hour in order for your state to maintain federal aide for their Wheel Chair Highway Fund. You may think you could just fly off into the sunset at speeds unheard of to avoid all of this, but then you'd risk getting blown out of the sky by military airforce drones that are programmed to neutralize all violators of speeds beyond 120 MPH above 3,000 feet. They're robots. They have no qualms in burning just another carbon-based lifeform. And, they never will. But, I digress.

At this point, all the children begin floating in front of the TV Screen, which I can only hope will be the size of a small house. They proceed to ask questions like, "Grandpa, what are you watching!?" Or, "Who is that? What's going on!?" And, "What in the world is a video tape??" Now is the time where you avoid saying things like, "Well, kids. Movies like this inspired scientists of my time and your time to invent super cool gadgets in order to make life easier for all of us to live, and by doing so have turned the entire human race into large, disgusting, smelly bottles of mayonnaise that float around and ask me stupid questions."

It might be well worth noting that I tend to be the wise and stoic hero of my day-dreams.

Nonetheless, science fiction is something that should be enjoyed in the privacy of your own home. If you intend to enjoy it, you should probably try to do so now, before your children and grandchildren turn into airborne cyborgs with GPS locators that can track you down anywhere you try to hide, asking you stupid questions about phasers, lightsabers, and warp drives. God forbid your guilty pleasure turn your progeny into the next generation of nerds! It will be one less thing my lineage won't have to deal with.

At the heart of the universe is the exploding love and joy that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit have as they each defer to glorify, center upon, rejoice in and adore the other. Every human being is built and designed to stand in the presence of God to defer to, glorify, center upon, rejoice in, and adore the glory of God supremely. That is the love you are looking for in every set of arms, that is the beauty you are looking for in any face, that's the goal you are looking for in all your competition, that's the rest you are looking for in all your homes and all your houses. Nothing else is going to satisfy the deep place in your soul because **THAT IS WHAT YOU'RE BUILT FOR.** We must cultivate such a deep and satisfy relationship with God that we rest in him whether living or dying, whether comfortable or miserable. We must cultivate the unshakeable confidence that God Himself is better than anything life can give us or death can take away from us.

Tim Keller

# Movie Madness...

# MOVIE

# MADNESS!!

*With a Panther, a Panda, and a Mongoose*

**It may or may not** have occurred to many of you, but summer is in the middle of ending, and there is no doubt in our minds that you have busied yourselves with menial tasks that were intended to make your summer appear worth while. Yet, while you've set about accomplishing these things (cleaning the gutters, planting a garden, moving the furniture around, visiting the fam...), my colleagues and I decided to blissfully waste our summer away at the movies.



The fortunate part about that decision was the unprecedented amount of absurdly promising movies set for release EVERY SINGLE WEEKEND. Being fierce creatures of opportunity, we ignored the rising gas prices and insane ticket costs, and ventured into a movie theater at least once a weekend to experience the newest release and to critique its staying power. Each one of us has a unique and different point of view when it comes to the Silver Screen. Our definitions of what makes a motion picture "good" tend to be rather...different. And that's being kind.

Here are the films that we have seen thus far, although we sadly could not present all of them to you, due to the overwhelming amount of movies and much too little space allotted for their discussion. Too bad.

And you thought this was all about music... PSHAW!!

## Rating Legend



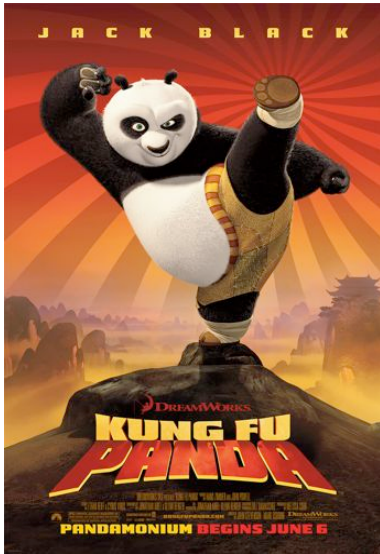
= Absolutely Kid Friendly



= Some Questionable Material. Further Research Recommended



= For the love of God, watch it *after* the kids go to bed!



**Kung Fu Panda**  
Rated PG  
DreamWorks Animation

**Mr. Panda:**

This movie had the proud distinction of being the first movie in a loooooong time to make me laugh till I cried. Boffo! A true depiction of how seriously pandas should be taken! My only qualm with the movie? I kinda got the vibe that there was something going on between the panda and the tiger. How ridiculous! Pandas don't even like *other* pandas. No way we're jumping species for love! That's like humans going online to find a mate. That computer isn't going to help you, and neither is that tiger.

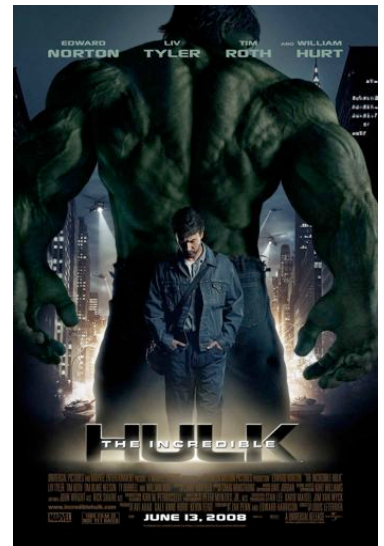
**Miss Mongoose:**

Funny you should ask – Kung Fu Panda remains to be one of the first kid-proof movies I've enjoyed since Finding Nemo. A funny, yet clean movie, it's sure to enthrall each viewer with fresh humor and a thoughtful story. Now, on to the important information – The review by Mr. Panda may be slightly biased. Just ever so slightly.

**Mr. Panther:**

Animals are normally cute, cuddly and cute. But this movie portrays them as savage beasts dead set to kill anything that they want dead and to kill it; kill it dead. Kung Fu Panda shook me all night long! However, in this case you *must* pay for awesomeness, because I can now no longer go five minutes without saying "Skadoosh!!!" One more thing: The so called "Miss Mongoose" should not be trusted.

**The Incredible Hulk**  
Rated PG-13 ("Intense smooching")  
Marvel Enterprises



**Miss Mongoose:**

Whilst watching this movie, I couldn't help but fall asleep.

**Mr. Panda:**

Every single frame of this movie that scrolls by is like literally watching the Incredible Hulk beat the living crap out of Ang Lee's emo flick Pansy Fest from 2003. This movie embodies every reason why it is good to be a man. Honestly, take your girlfriend to this one, and then lecture her, scene by scene, why you did not now, and never will, see Sex in the City!

**Mr. Panther:**

Whilst watching this movie, I couldn't help but wonder "why am I not currently outside wearing ripped pants while shirtless?" Then I realized that I could not possibly be as awesome as Edward Norton. This movie has everything a movie needs: Action, violence, unrealistic scenes, and improbable happenings...Skadoosh!

**Get Smart**  
Rated PG-13 (Anne Hathaway)  
Mad Chance



**Mr. Panther:**

I hated it. This movie had everything that a Panther of my stature can disagree with, such as Steve Carrell, Anne Hathaway and any other crappy actor that ever walked on God's green earth. Now you're asking me, "Mr. Panther, is there ANYTHING in this movie that caught your fancy?" Yes, yes there was. And that "Thing" is more of a man than you'll ever be! And that "Thing" so happens to be called "THE ROCK." .... Skadoosh!

**Miss Mongoose:**

A film with two perfectly matched co-stars, Anne Hathaway and Steve Carell deliver a solid plot, along with several well-placed gags throughout the movie. If viewers are able to pull their eyes away from Hathaway, they will also notice that the fast paced film stands firmly not only as an excellent television series-to-cinema adaptation, but a comedy suitable for any rainy day.

**Mr. Panda:**

Vindication! I totally thought Anne Hathaway was hot way back when I saw Princess Diaries! If I can drool at her on-screen image while laughing at Steve Carrell's gut-bustingly funny antics, you could shove bamboo up my fingernails, and I wouldn't care. Pandas eat bamboo... and people, too.

**WALL-E**  
Rated G  
PIXAR



**Mr. Panda:**

Never before have I been so moved to weep uncontrollably for the broken heart of a mechanized object, completely devoid of emotion! If you like robots and robot love, then get yourself down to the movie theatre, because this movie has plenty of both! It's so good, it will make you want to hug your over-stimulated, hormone-enraged teenager; and if they go with you, they may just hug you back.

**Mr. Panther:**

I have chosen not to review this movie. Instead, in tribute to this film, I will go outside and run. This Panther needs a diet. AND SO DO YOU...SKADOOSH!!!

**Miss Mongoose:**

Arguably the best Pixar film to date, WALL-E is a completely family-friendly film that will, at times, inspire tears as well as laughter. Flawless in animation, it is both a loveable story as well as a work of art. Unlike previous Pixar films, parents will not be checking their watches every three minutes while sitting on the couch with their children, but joining in with the fun. This is no Saturday morning cartoon.



**Hancock**

Rated PG-13 (Lotsa language)  
Columbia Pictures

**Miss Mongoose:**

This was nothing that I anticipated it to be. I was dreading ANOTHER Spiderman, Hulk, or what have you. Instead, Will Smith was ideal in his role as a comically misunderstood "superhero". A fun movie, but with a certain charm that is all too easily destroyed by the overly critical.

**Mr. Panda:**

What a fiery little piece of cinematic num-nuns! Super heroes! Self-improvement! Prison riots! An attractive woman in a supporting role! I sat there thinking, "This movie is good, but only if it had a twist... it could be **great!**"

BAM!! TWIST! OSCAR GOLD FOR ALL INVOLVED!!! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

**Mr. Panther:**

When viewing this film I couldn't help but feel the strange feeling that you feel when something just doesn't feel right, and when you have felt that feeling you realize that its MORE than a feeling... its déjà vu. Unfortunately, this wasn't the case for me. I soon realized that I've seen this movie before, not in my mind, but in every single preview toting its Will Smith anti-heroic self. I was pleased by this movie upon further watching, but it really bugged me that I didn't wield the power to predict the future. So, I sat in this movie for about 2 hours contemplating what it would be like to have such an amazing and satisfying supernatural power. Then I realized that the movie had been over for quite some time, and so I up and left...Skadoosh!

**The Dark Knight**  
**Rated PG-13 (Your kids are crazy enough)**  
Warner Bros. Pictures

**Mr. Panther:**

I can no longer watch a movie and not think, "Oh shucks...Dark Knight was so much better than this!" This is why I'm currently looking for another job... skadoosh!

**Miss Mongoose:**

Wow!

**Mr. Panda:**

**5 STARS!** Sell your firstborn to buy a ticket, because between gas prices, inflation, and rising corn costs this movie may be the last thing you see before the apocalypse!!



**The Mummy: Tomb of the Dragon Emperor**  
**Rated PG-13 (Mummies, duh!)**  
Universal Pictures

**Mr. Panda:**

The next time you and your sweet, snuggle-bunny, panda gal want to snuggle some bunnies while watching a movie involving kung fu, mummies, and World War II weaponry, you may consider picking up this gem of a production. The Mummy does a great job of realizing it's the ugly step-child of a broken marriage, and goes all-out ADD on the movie screen, courteously refraining from giving you prolonged boring moments for character development. Seriously, action from beginning to end! Yeti cameos should be a prerequisite for all movies.

**Miss Mongoose:**

Other than the terrible chemistry between Rick and Evie O'Connell due to the replacement of Rachel Weisz with Maria Bello and the thirty-something old Luke Ford attempting to play the role of a 19 or 20 year old, this movie isn't really ALL that terrible. This mongoose is an adoring fan of the first two Mummy movies, but this one just seemed to fall short. There is limitless potential in the idea of the clay warriors, but unfortunately, nothing seemed to go quite right for the film. You're better off re-watching the first two and forgetting that they even made a third.

**Mr. Panther:**

WHAT?!?! But...but...but...I thought Miss Mongoose LIKED this movie... (quickly runs upstairs and crosses movie off of potential birthday/Christmas presents

list.) Of course, we all can't have our slice of pudding and I wish that I could stay the same age I was 30 years ago...which Brendan Fraser is ever so amazing at. Quite frankly, I cant even get past the movie poster. I'm sitting here thinking "Whoa, if Jet Li REALLY looked like that, I'm more than certain that he would realize that it looks like he has a booger up his large nostril!" But seriously, this was a good movie...skaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaadoosh!

Stereoreel is available to play at your church or youth group or birthday party or bar mitzvah or bat mitzvah or funeral or garage sale or little league awards ceremony or graduation or grand opening or garden party or the birth of your firstborn son or christening or hot air balloon festival or revival or boar roast or 80s party or barn raising or pie baking contest or jubilee or demolition derby or pool party or spelunking expedition or music festival or fireworks display or rodeo or LAN party or battle of the bands or youth retreat or surgery or apple butter party or ditch digging or movie night or turkey bowl or horse race or Super Bowl half time show or babysitting or late show or hammer toss or anniversary or wedding or engagement or rehearsal dinner or prom or scene show or Halloween alternative party or baptism or book signing or house warming or military ball or David Crowder Band concert or coffee house or block party or HSPN basketball tournament or hootenanny or shindig or inauguration or cheese tasting or foosball tournament or corn shucking or three-legged-race or stargazing or book club or clambake or fête champêtre or coffee klatch or Tupperware party. We're flexible.

Call us.

**The first time, I heard the song “Save Me,” I wept.**

Only minutes earlier, I had pulled myself from the depressive cave of my bed to go to church with my family. Being around a bunch of kind smiles and warm hellos was really the last thing I wanted to do. Not to mention the singing part. I had no intention of singing insincerely to a God I suspected wouldn't be listening anyway. I stiffly walked into church and secretly hoped I wouldn't bump into one of those smiley-faces on the way to my seat. I busied myself with rearranging the bows in my daughter's hair and diligently studying my bulletin. I don't remember how many songs were sung around me before the following words broke through my dark solitude.

Save me, save me  
I'm a drifting man, lost at sea  
Parched and burned and cracked, mercy rescue me

With my last breath I will call, will call your name  
With my last breath I will call, will call your name

I see a light on the horizon  
You said you'd come and now you've found me  
And I just raise my arms and cry

I envisioned myself on a raft, gripped in the claustrophobic entrapment of a too-wide space where I could reach nothing...and no one. And where no one could reach me. It was in that solitary place of despondency that Jesus himself met me that morning. As the song's wails of desperation shifted to cries of triumph and thanksgiving, I trembled with the awe of one who has been both found and saved.

You said you'd come and now you've found me  
And I just raise my arms and cry

Marlisa Groff Eyre



# Loose Ends

*Here's where we say the things that didn't get said elsewhere.*

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**Our new EP, Save Me**, is available on our website and, soon, on iTunes..

**Booking:** Contact David by emailing [booking@stereoreel.com](mailto:booking@stereoreel.com).

**We found our cool fonts** at [dafont.com](http://dafont.com).

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**If you've taken a really cool photo** recently we'd love to consider including it in our next issue.

**Trista Watson** designed the Save Me CD jacket. She's available for all of your graphic design needs. Contact her at [tristarenee@gmail.com](mailto:tristarenee@gmail.com).

**Coming next issue:** Your questions! Have one? Email it to [info@stereoreel.com](mailto:info@stereoreel.com).

**Kristi Bergner** took the cloud photos. Have a set of photos on a theme? We'd love to see them.

**Special thanks to Marlisa** for her letter.

**If you're an aspiring** (and inspiring) writer or artist we just might like to publish your work. It just might be the beginning of a beautiful, symbiotic relationship.