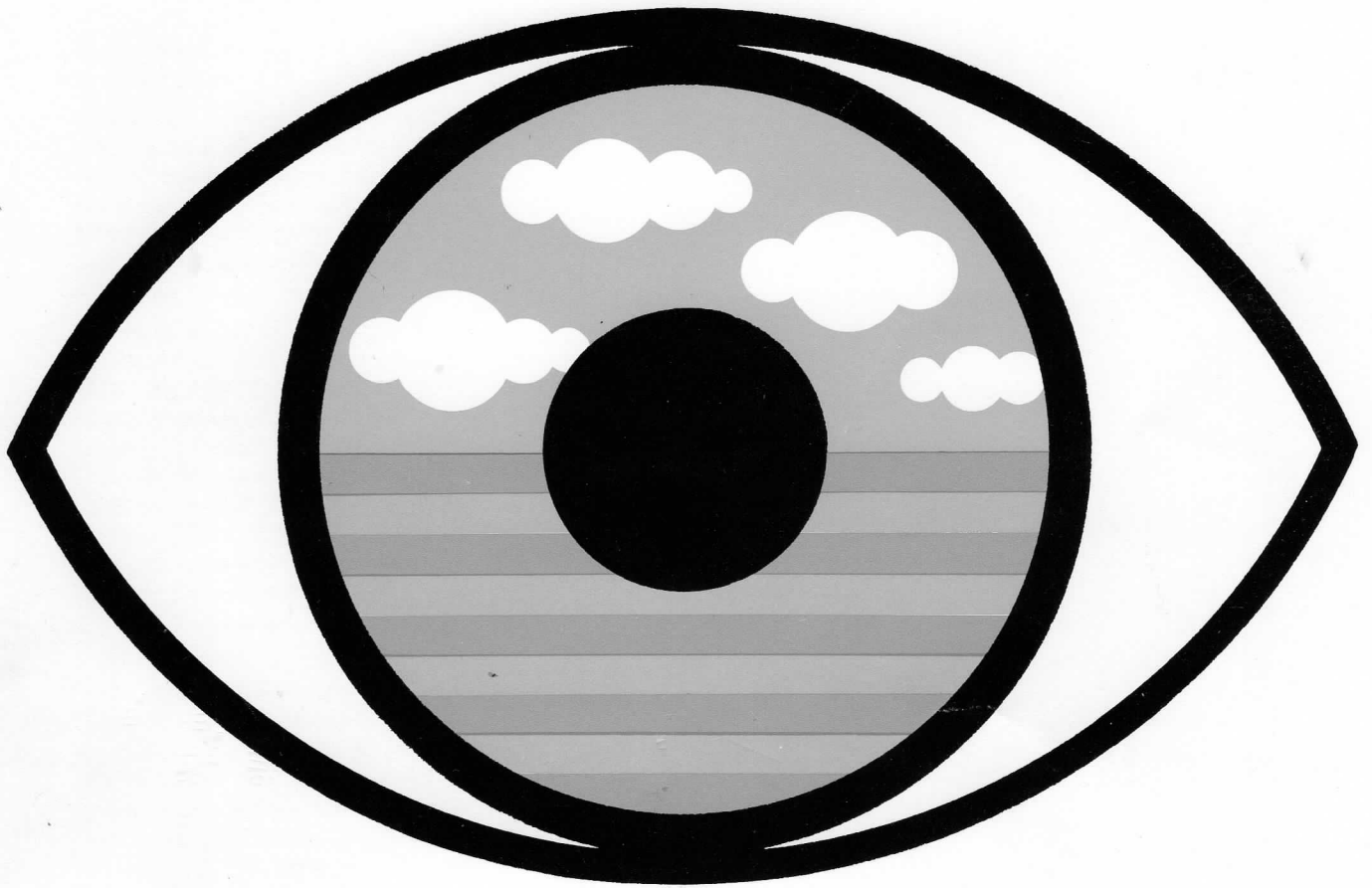


**PICTURE  
THE  
DAWNING**



**PAUL F. PAGE**

# PICTURE THE DAWNING

## **Picture The Dawning**

by *Paul F. Page*

*A collection of original compositions with full text, melody line, guitar chords, and keyboard accompaniment; plus part scores on selected pieces for optional vocal harmony, Bass, Cello, Clarinet, Flute, and Trumpet.*

*The music in this book is available in recorded form in the Stereo LP album PICTURE THE DAWNING, from Pretzel Records, P.O. Box 444, Saratoga, CA 95070.*

*Cover Design: George F. Collopy*

*Music Layout: Kerry Lewis*

*Note: Peace, Offering, and The Reproaches appeared earlier in different form in MODERN LITURGY magazine in its regular music section.*

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# PAUL F. PAGE

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*Can a recording do some of our praying for us? Picture The Dawning suggests an affirmative answer. It evokes strong response from the human spirit; we see the power of music to stir the soul to resonate with the promptings of the Spirit; imaginative creativity at the service of the Gospel, stating the familiar themes in a fresh way, for listening and reflecting.*

*The title, Picture the Dawning, and the opening statement strike me that the composer has had the whole exciting meaning of God's love dawn on him in dozens of ways and at ever-increasing depth – and these layers of discovery have spilled out in his song. The next song, Come, Lord, is a touching plea that makes one speculate on whether the Davidic psalms, with their musical performance, had a similar effect on the listener. There is excellent guitar work here. Peace is a quiet, lilting reassurance that Christ's peace is effective in our lives. One is caught up with the spirited urgency of Remember Us, O Lord; and in the measured majesty of My Peace, My Joy, My Love one is moved to understand better the legacy the Lord left to his people. It has an arresting accompaniment by a single guitar.*

*Many of the pieces are echoes of the psalms, with gladsome instruments answering the psalmist's call to play upon psaltery, strings, pipes: Sing Praise and Alleluia To The Living God. Be Strong For Me prays strongly for pardon and mercy, and tries to console the Lord for what he went through for us.*

*A lovely little instrumental called Offering would be a beautiful piece during the preparation of the gifts at liturgy.*

*The renewal of prayer and of the spiritual life in the contemporary church will benefit much from this music. May there be more!*

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## Notes:

This album was not "written" in the conventional sense. It, rather, "came to be" as a reflection of how I pray. It developed from a myriad of thoughts and experiences and conversations — some very good times and some awful times. *Picture The Dawning* neither begins nor ends anywhere in particular because it represents today's impressions of my belief, impressions that are in some ways quite different than ideas I may have had a year or so ago or which I may have tomorrow and next week.

*Picture The Dawning*, if it can be said to "go" anywhere, becomes summed up in the title song. The gong which opens the album, followed by a lone, longing trumpet solo represents a metaphysical moment in eternity when life begins. That life is an image in the mind's eye of the beholder. It is either the physical rebirth of the sun at daybreak or it is the emotional moment of self and God-awareness. It is the dawning of mankind or the fulfillment of the promise to Adam. The text of the song indicates a strong reflection of the latter re-birth: a resurrection that genuinely sums up all the other "dawnings", at least to those who believe . . . The piece rises and falls, describing more in sound than in word the awesome power of the creator . . . and His peace and love. At the end His glory is proclaimed with the wild exuberance of the sun's splashing rays as it is born all across the sky. The story continues, describing in a variety of ways some of the elements surrounding each of us because of that dawning of resurrection and fulfillment of the promise.

*Come Lord* is a simple story of some personal attempts to find the way to peace — We ask simply each time for the Lord to come, to show us the way, to lead our steps in righteousness, to calm our troubled and continuously bickering world.

*Peace* is a quiet prayer, offering a salutation to all men and women. It is the prayer each of us say often but seldom mean. This is a prayer of sharing and of inner conviction and purity. If one doesn't offer "peace and love" and really mean it then these words will come back to haunt him.

*Spread Your Love*. Although we often feel like "we've got it made", the world remains a treacherous place to live in. Although peace and love are easy things to wish each other, we always need the Lord to "look upon us" and to give us His abundant gifts of peace, and strength, and love so that we may share these with the people we meet.

*Let Me Lord*. Continuing the thought of guidance, we ask for "vision" as well as calm. We can easily intellectualize the items of belief, the things we're "supposed" to do. But how much more difficult is it to *know* one's belief without the necessity of *saying* it over and over again. How much more pleasant to "walk in the sunlite of His eyes", knowing full well His peace because our eyes now see?!

*Sometimes, O Lord*. It is a frightening thing, this Christianity of ours. It is so unreal, so non-tangible. Yet, at every turn there is a sign — even if just a faint glimmer of that ancient resurrection. It seems a constant, life-long searching of our souls for the understanding of ourselves that is necessary for the understanding of eternity. That ancient resurrection keeps eating away at us until it becomes our own . . . and when it does the world of our minds, souls and our own personal universe is infused with the light and life of suns and stars mingled in morning's first light.

*Remember Us*. We all remember the many psalms which speak about how wonderful and great God is in the reflection of His creations. The wonder of His loving might is everywhere evident in the plants and animals and the wonders of the universe. Mankind somehow gets lost in this mélange of creation. We are so small, so insignificant, so unimportant. And yet . . . to Him, we *are* important! We ask the Lord, in the words of a doomed yet repentant thief, to remember us!

*My Peace, My Joy, My Love*. Christ's first words after His recreation to the men who followed Him through His ministry: "my peace, my joy, my love." One may have expected, and perhaps rightfully so, that He would have returned a triumphant ruler with gold in one hand and a sword in the other, these being the gifts to His faithful ones. They may even have been momentarily disappointed because revenge seems to be a strong human aberration. But, in the stead of more destruction, He offered the genuinely priceless treasures of His

life and death and new birth, the gifts His Father had promised the first man and woman. He offered His hands and side and feet as symbols of His covenant.

*Sing Praise.* The gifts Christ left us are beyond the most lavish treasures of mankind. He is worthy of our deepest praise and thanks . . .

*Be Strong.* As if remembering our part in His suffering, our cry is one of hopelessness because of our realization that we could never have done what He did for us. The pressure would have been too great; the strain too intense; the pain too severe. We want to reach out and carry that cross or wipe His face but we lurk in the crowd, alternately crying in anguish and jeering at Him with the rest of the crowd. We know that everything depends on Him and still we continue to place new burdens on His shoulders: we ask Him to carry our hopes and dreams and wildest imaginings. Do we have some kind of hidden, inner trust and confidence? Is our Lord, our God that strong?

*Offering.* We offer many things to each other: presents, cards, compliments. We offer our spirit and our minds when they are joyful or sad, our hands to those who need, our smiles to the lonely. And so too, Jesus. Was His offering easy? Perhaps, depending on one's point of view. He must have known the fulfillment of the promise was near. Did a kind of peace pervade His broken body at that moment? or was His spirit utterly destroyed? Would we have been overcome on His cross? Are we destroyed by our own crosses?

*The Reproaches.* The final cries are of a God-man weary of His destiny but relieved that His time of glory has come. It is a mournful cry, made even more so by our inattention to His suffering. "My people, *WHAT* have I done to you?"

*The King of Love.* He is, after all, a King! But perhaps of a new kind. He is a King who would enjoy sharing a handshake or a good conversation or exploring the fascination of dreams. He is a King who neither needs nor brandishes a sword. He is a King of peace and the Prince of new life. "Hallelujah" is His song . . . again and again and again. Our response is an unending *Amen*. So be it.

And so the cycle of rebirth and visions and hopes and dreams begins anew with a risen Savior and the re-creation of our hearts. The re-establishment of wonder has been accomplished and it is now again that our minds can imagine, reflect upon and picture the dawning.

"Picture The Dawning" is a reflection of prayer — perhaps only one man's prayer — but a prayer nevertheless vital to share because it speaks to all of us of a mystery beyond our dreams; beyond our understanding. So then, listen! imagine! picture—the dawning.

#### **Biography:**

Paul F. Page lives in San Jose, California with his wife Theodora and two daughters Cynthia and Marie. He has been an active church musician for 14 years, most recently at St. Lucy's Church in Campbell where he serves as organist and music director. Paul teaches orchestra, harmony, choir and guitar at Saratoga High School near San Jose and is also in charge of musical drama.

Paul's musical talents range from composer to arranger to performer where he has occupied himself to a large degree with the preparation of music for weekly liturgies. He has composed well over 200 hymns and masses and is presently the music editor for MODERN LITURGY through which he is introducing to the world a great many new composers of contemporary Christian music.