

Authors note:

While recording this CD, I turned 50. With the years, comes gratitude that my dream to be a professional Christian musician never came to be. Still, the Father has gifted me with music, and with so many musicians calling themselves psalmists, worship leaders, prophetic minstrels, performing artists, etc., I asked Him "what am I?" He replied "would you settle for son?"

As a son, I'm free from religious molds and music industry demands to simply serve my Father with His gifts. Accordingly, these songs are unlike anything you might hear on Christian radio or find in a gospel book store.

With this CD, I have but one request of the Father for this world, and that is an outpouring of His Spirit. Not just a sprinkling of the kind we experience during worship, but a deluge. An outpouring of His Spirit that will wash away everything built on sand, and make everything new again.

To that end, something wonderful happened while recording the last song. Recording live requires quiet for which late nights work best. All week the weather had been hot and dry; at sundown there wasn't a cloud in sight. At the end of the first take, it started raining. When it stopped, I recorded another take and it started raining again. As I was about to give up for the night because of the noise, the Holy Spirit prompted me to "keep recording". The rain continued to come in waves between takes of the song, until finally it thundered softly and began raining continuously. With the thunder, came tears as I discerned God's message for me; He had heard my petition and was affirming the central message of this CD: *let it rain*. If you listen closely to the end of *Echoing The Cross*, you can hear the rain.

Lord You Are – Not long after I recorded this song for my first CD, Karen started singing it during our concerts. People who hear Karen sing in concert and then listen to the CD often ask why it isn't Karen's voice on the CD. I can't blame them - I'd rather listen to Karen sing too. This recording is similar to the version we do in concert.

Make A Way – One morning I woke up with this very simple worship song resonating in my spirit. When practicing one evening, I was entertaining (and *annoying*) Karen with one of my goofy voices – a hyper-excited southern charismatic type preacher trying to motivate his congregation to be more lively in worship. Karen loved it, and so I added the parody narrative for some comic relief and to gently chide the hyper-conservative and traditional types to actually *move* now and then during worship.

Heaven Moves - I asked the Lord for a new song to sing at a fund raiser for a local free health clinic. While I was singing, several members glanced nervously at their pastor to see if he was going to forcibly remove me from the stage. When the benefit was over, the pastor thanked me saying "*I love your heart and passion for the truth.*"

Pharisee Like Me - This song was also written for the clinic fund raiser. It would not be right to point out the faults of the institutional church without also confessing my own faults. I hope never again to be the Pharisee but always the Good Samaritan.

Just One King – In a sermon I heard several years ago, the pastor asked "Who is the real King: Elvis or Jesus?" He likened Elvis to the king of this world – he is image, hype, entertainment, and commercialism *personified*. Sadly, the '*spirit of Elvis*' seems to have taken over many churches. Isn't it about time Elvis *left the building*?

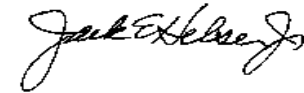
Resurrection Power picks up where *Lord, You Are* left off.

Worshipping and learning at the feet of Jesus is a wonderful place to be. Yet often there comes a time when Jesus moves on and beckons us to follow Him. Sadly, most will remain where they are, to await Jesus return. A few will even build a monument to what He taught them. Our world is filled with such monuments, like historical museums, of which those who remain behind are the curators. But for those who go after Him, it is written:

"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Where Jesus leads is not an easy path, for the cross frustrates our carnal nature and exposes the works of our flesh as vanity. As the cross completes its work, we, like Jesus, cry out: "Father, into thy hands, I commit my Spirit" where all we can do is trust Him for our salvation.

These songs are truths He has shown me, experiences I've had, my confession and prayer. I hope you find them encouraging as you take up your cross and follow Him.



Pigs & Pearls - For years I prayed for more of the Holy Spirit (Mark 1:8, Luke 11:13) because I was hungry for more of God. Finally came the day Jesus baptized me with the Holy Spirit. Wow! With great enthusiasm I told a few friends who quickly distanced themselves from me. Gossip and accusation soon followed and a few members told me I was no longer welcome in their church. *Their church?!?* In time, I've learned to keep my pearls to myself unless the Spirit leads me to share them.

The Compost Song – I never know when inspiration will strike. Sometimes, God hits me square in the heart with a lyric that leaves me trembling. Other songs originate in spontaneous worship. Inspiration for this song was the advice of a friend to someone who said "I feel heaped in garbage" (only the word wasn't *garbage*). The advice? "*Let God manage your compost pile.*" When I finally stopped laughing, I penned this song in under 20 minutes. As often as scripture refers to God as a Gardener and us as His planting, I hope He never treats me like the fig tree in Luke 13:6-9.

Echoing the Cross - Taking up my cross is exhausting. At times, I feel like I'm the only one carrying a cross, whereupon I have tripped on the stumbling block of pride. Taking stock of how I treated others in the past has been quick remedy for pride.

Resurrection Power - This song took 3-1/2 years to write. It began as a spontaneous worship song at a retreat weekend the spring of 2001. One day, while vamping on the chord progression, the words "Resurrection Power" came to me. The first verse was inspired by the painting of a father and his prodigal son that hangs in my living room. The rest came together suddenly the fall of 2004. I offer this song as my heartfelt prayer. Father! Call Your people out of religious bondage and assemble Your Church!

Lord You Are

Lord You are My Righteousness
Lord You are My Holiness

Nothing I can do is worthy
Of your name
Lord I would be lost without you
Clothed in shame

Lord You are My Prince of Peace
Lord You are My Sweet Relief

Storms around my soul are raging
I'm afraid
With one word you hush the wind and
Still the waves

Lord You are My Victory
Lord You are My Jubilee

Devils scheme and lay their snares
To conquer me
You crush them all and take the spoils
For blessing me

Lord You are The Great I AM
Lord You are The Son of Man

You set aside Your crown of glory
Humility
Lamb of God You came for me at
Calvary

Lord You are The Bread of Life
Lord You are The One True Vine

Hunger in my soul was crying
To be fed
You washed my feet and served me with
Your wine and bread

Lord, You Are!

MAKE A WAY

Make a way - Make a way (x3)
Make a way in your heart for the Lord

Now wait a minute everybody – y'all are
standing there like a field of stumps.

Doesn't anybody feel like dancing? C'mon
now folks; let's loosen up and have some
fun worshipping God! Let's try this
everybody - *put your hands in the air!*

You there, yeah you, with the hymnal.
You're holding it like it's the last life vest on
the Titanic. What's up with that? The Bible
says "sing a new song" to the Lord.
Hymnals are for *old* songs. So why don't
you put the hymnal down and *put your
hands in the air!*

And you, what are you smirking at sister?
You got white knuckles from holding the
back of that pew in front of you. Don't
worry, nobody's gonna steal it and it ain't
gonna float away. So why don't you let up
on your grip there and *put your hands in
the air!*

Listen up everybody. The Bible says the
trees of the field will clap their hands. You
have seen the hands of a tree haven't
you? That's right - they got their *hands in
the air!* So let's pick it up at the turnaround
and have some fun worshipping God.
C'mon folks; clap your hands! Dance! And
put your hands in the air!

Make a way - Make a way (x3)
Make a way in your heart for the Lord

Show the way - Show the way (x3)
Show the way I should live for you Lord

I will pray - I will pray (x3)
I will pray to have more of you Lord

Here to stay - Here to stay (x3)
Here to stay is the joy of the Lord

HEAVEN MOVES

Is the church a wooden box
Where members line the pews
And listen to a preacher preach
With "wow's" and "ah's" and "ooh's"

Stained glass windows, organ pipes
And banners on the wall
Where fellowship is little more
Than passing in the hall

A house of wood is not His home
Heaven is our Father's throne
And the earth is His footstool
The Spirit makes His home in you!

The chancel choir sings ancient hymns
In satin robes with sash
While ushers pass the offering plates
To rake in all your cash

It seems sometimes they reach right in
And take food from your mouth
How can they take the children's bread
To build another house

When Jesus said 'my work is done'
He made us priests and made us sons
So should you pay that temple fee?
When Jesus said "The sons are FREE"

It seems to me we've lost our way
And we've fallen into error
When brothers aren't allowed to be
'Cause they can't agree in prayer

The shepherds who should lead the way
Only make it worse
By trading freedom for the law
While citing Moses verse

When factions rule the neighborhood
Your meetings do more harm than good
The will of God is unity
Heaven moves when men agree

PHARISEE LIKE ME

Strutting in my Sunday suit
Leather Bible - matching shoes
Know the words - play the part
Won't find darkness in this heart

Read my Bible every day
Black and white - ain't no gray
Live by all the sacred rules
I'm not like these sinful fools

Search for men lost in sin
Hook them deep and reel them in
Clean them up - teach them well
Just like me - a son of hell

On my way to Jericho
Lay a man beside the road
Heard him moan and turned away
Kept on walking while I prayed

Farther down that busy road
Blinding light - bare my soul
I heard a voice above me
"Helping them is loving Me"

Through His eyes I did see
An empty man who looked like me
Tried in vain to earn my way
Trusted works - needed grace

Could God love a man like me
A Bible-thumping pharisee
Is there hope for hearts of stone
White-washed tombs - dead men's bones

JUST ONE KING

We was waitin' for the service
While the praise band played some tunes
The ushers were gettin' nervous
As they packed us in the pews

The excitement mounted
As the singers took their place
The "Hallelujah's" sounded
As the preacher strolled on stage

And He said: "Good morning ladies
I'm feelin' love here today
We've got a great service for ya
So stay tuned - don't go 'way"

With a quiver of his lip
And a toss of wavy hair
A shimmy of his hip (he)
Thrust the Bible in the air

Then came a strange gyration
That started in his pelvis
Hollywood transformation
Our preacher turned into Elvis!

And He said: "Don't worry ladies
You'll get used to the beat
You need a gimmick ladies
If you want to compete"

Well my eyes were disbeliefin'
And my ears weren't far behind
I thought some folks were leavin'
But they formed a conga line

Strobe lights started flashing
And a fog began to roll
He gripped the mic with passion
As the band cranked out the soul

And He said "Please listen ladies
There's something you need to hear
This service is brought to you by
Our friends at Meuller Beer"

He ascended to the pulpit
And perched above the crowd
I started for the exit
He yelled "Stop! That's not allowed"

The ushers had me cornered
And I couldn't run away
He pointed and demanded
"What DO YOU have to say there Sonny"

And I sang: "Reverend Pelvis
You need to button your lip
'Cause there's just One King for me Elvis
And He'll be back with His whip"

PIGS AND PEARLS

Jesus told the story 'bout a man and his pearl
Who sold all he had to buy
He looked high and low all over the world
For the one that would satisfy

Well the man liked to flash his pearl around
'Til someone said "that ain't so fine"
The crowd turned ugly – ran him out of town
And trampled on his pearl like swine

You see one man's pearl is another man's stone
He's no regard for spiritual wealth
It's best you leave such a man alone
And keep your pearl to yourself

'Cause there's a spirit world our eyes can't see
Where satan plots to do us harm
To stone us all that ol' devil needs
Is a man with a throwin' arm

Now if you need another verse
To understand what Jesus said
Keep your pearl in your purse
And share it only when you're led

And when you share your precious pearl
Or your treasure from the field
Beware the man who stoness dear friend
Like Paul said: "pack a shield"

THE COMPOST SONG

When it feels like yer in it to yer ears
When the smell of it brings you to tears
Remember who the Gardener is and smile
O let Him tend to yer compost pile

Let Him tend to yer compost pile (x2)
When yer limbs are bein' pruned
And it's spreadin' under you
Just remember who the Gardener is and smile

When the worms are nibblin' at yer toes
And the flies are landin' on yer nose
Remember who the Gardener is and smile
O let Him tend to yer compost pile

Let Him tend to yer compost pile (x2)
When yer branches have been cut
And yer heaped in you know what
Just remember who the Gardener is and smile

When the buzzards are circlin' over head
And it looks like God has left ya there for dead
Remember who the Gardener is and smile
O let Him tend to yer compost pile

Let Him tend to yer compost pile (x2)
Tho' yer feelin' like a stump
You'll bear fruit that's nice and plump
O remember who the Gardener is and smile

ECHOING THE CROSS

Sometimes when I'm weary
I reflect upon the cost
While others count their blessings
I struggle with my cross
I hear you calling "follow Me"
My heart longs to obey
Without You Lord, I'd lay it down
Turn and walk away

In the deepest part of me
A sorrow numbs my soul
Not for cross or nails I grieve
But for men who strike the blows

Hatred for the Truth within
This temple of the Lord
Echoing the cross of Christ
They crucify once more

Foolishly I've said with pride
"Had I lived before
I would not deny Him
Nor would crucify my Lord"
'In everything you do' He said
"You've done it unto Me"
I hope to never count the times
I've nailed Him to the tree
... Forgive me, Lord, forgive me ...
I nailed You to the tree

RESURRECTION POWER

Heart in hand – a father prays
For his son – who's gone astray
Laying siege - to God's throne
One request "Lord, bring him home"
And he waits – he waits

On her knees – a woman crawls
Final hope – she's given all
Desperately - through crowds of men
Reaching out to touch His hem
And she prays – she prays

Slumbering saints with carnal minds
Amazing grace but still they're blind
Touched by God then led away
Stripped and bound – religion's prey
And they lie – in her grave

In the distance – a rumbling sound
Flash of light – advancing clouds
Swirling winds – the scent of rain
Barren lands made green again

Let it rain – let it rain
He reigns – He reigns

With resurrection power
From the throne of God
He's calling forth the dead
In this final hour

Let it rain – let it rain

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CREDITS

Lyrics and Music: Jack Helsler

Vocals: Jack and Karen Helsler

Instruments: Jack Helsler

Just One King: Joe Bluesfield - Lead

Electric Guitar and Blues Harp; Phil

Giordano - Rhythm Electric Guitar

Heaven Moves: Jack Plaggenberg -

Acoustic Bass; Bert Masino - Lead Guitar

Resurrection Power: Mark Jackson -

Electric Guitar and Drums

Recorded at: Outside the Camp

CD Photo: Verna Bice

INFORMATION

Web: lordyouare.com

GIVING THANKS!

Dad and Mom – Late in October 1999,
just a few months after Karen and I moved
from the state of Washington to Illinois,
Mom suffered a stroke that left her unable
to take care of herself or to communicate.
Without hesitation, my father stepped up to
be mom's full-time care provider. Through
my dad's selfless devotion to Mom, I saw
Jesus words "*greater love has no man,
than he lay down his life for a friend*" lived
out, day after day, for 3-1/2 years, until
Mom went to be with Jesus.

Dad and Mom have always been
supportive of my music. And with this CD,
Dad's support was invaluable. Recording
spiritual music is always a battle, but this
was the most difficult I have ever
experienced. About the time I started
recording, my oldest daughter was faced
with a long and difficult trial. My middle
daughter required major surgery. Karen
had a serious health scare, suffered a
layoff and we were forced to sell our
home. Through it all, my Dad was a rock
for me. If not for his help, this CD would
never have been completed. Thank you,
Dad.

Karen – You have bathed me in prayer.
Without you, I would not have grown to be
the person I am today. Your unwavering
encouragement and support has enabled
me to write and record these songs. To
have you sing with me on this CD is a
dream come true! It is written: *He who
finds a wife finds a good thing and obtains
favor from the Lord.* I have indeed found a
very good thing in you babe and I am
crazy about you – my Proverbs 31:29 wife!

Jesus – Recording this CD has been a
real battle. Many of the songs were birthed
by the often-painful process of pruning
and growth, of revealing religious
falsehoods and replacing them with
spiritual truth. Though sometimes it felt like
You were far from me, Your power was
evident as the enemy was beaten back
and the project inched forward. Through
it all, You blessed me with something far
more valuable than gold or silver – You
taught me Truth (1 John 2:27) and gave
me clear vision. With this CD, I have one
prayer – that the song *Resurrection Power*
would be manifest in the earth – that the
day is at hand when You will call Your
people forth from dead religion (Revelation
18:4) and fill them with your life giving
Spirit. Amen and thank you, Lord. You
rock! I love you!