



AS I RECALL
FOREVER

VISION BOOK / *A MUSICAL MEMOIR*

Complementary preview copy

PERFORMED & PRESENTED BY

THE ~~NEXT~~ HUMANITY

LIFE STAGES *WE TRAVEL*

ACT 1 *THE ACTOR*

Imitates others & learns scripts of roles

ACT 2 *THE ADVENTURER*

Tests parts in the world to see reactions

ACT 3 *THE AUTHOR / ARTIST*

Writes his own scripts with ambition & draws conclusions

ACT 4 *THE AGENT*

Shifts from striving for achievement to purpose, negotiating high levels of survival & success

ACT 5 *THE ASPIRATIONAL ANGEL*

Becomes giving, attuned to the higher power, engaged in trans-generational sharing

WELCOME TO THE JOURNEY



If you've ever used the words forever, always, timeless (and who hasn't)... As I Recall F()REVER can reveal reasons why.

We explore the "forever concept", taking us to a new level of understanding. It provides a view from a higher place, giving us the "big picture" perspective to the events of our lives — good or bad.

It helps us understand how our stories have transformed us. It's a realization of a Master Plan that is much larger than we are, that sheds light on the meaning of our lives.

"As I Recall F()REVER" transports you as a musical memoir. It is my story. I am a *really good bad example* to learn from! I also am a survivor and in so many ways blessed with what became a reasonably successful and transformed life.

Yet, my story can apply to anyone at any stage of life, young or old, rich or poor. We travel through every life stage, all within 5 Acts of 24 scenes with 25 songs.

Our tragedies and times we lost our way and made bad choices can be seen as lessons we had to learn, accepting it's all a part of the grand design.

By taking account of our own life stories, we can provide encouragement and strength to our children and others who know us and follow us; giving them hope for their future and strength for their journeys. We will gather up and pass down our knowledge and faith that everything that happens to us has a purpose.



NASHVILLE LEADERS

THE NEXT HUMANITY™

The musical is a production of a creative collaborative named The Next Humanity.

If you're asking what is that, then you are asking the right question.

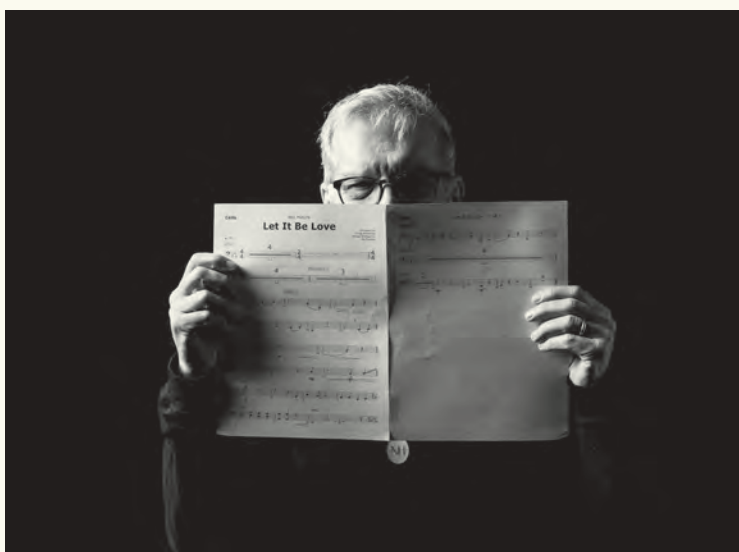
What will be the Next Humanity?

What will the world will see in you, as your version of the next humanity?

The idea of a dynamic, organic and living “collaborative” is itself a new and paradigm-shifting way of looking at human work groups.

Joe Pine, author of “The Experience Economy” provided TNH insight and guidance to that mode of eliciting contribution and perspectives. Creating experiences and assisting in transformational growth is part of that.

In an age of the single song emphasis for short attention span listening, the Next Humanity defies this to create a concept musical fashioned after rock operas and other long-form listening. It's taken on a theatrical nature with a narrative, giving the impressionistic music greater context to reach for meaning.



We may never understand why certain things happen to us, but at a point, we can look back on the journey we've had and find meaning in it. As I Recall F()REVER takes us there.

We hope you get perspective on your life stage, kicking back and listening to an enjoyable faith quest that journeys into our innate belief in forever. You'll want to share it with friends. You'll want to connect the dots in your own story.

Let's tell our stories of grace and forgiveness, struggle, suffering, healing and victory. Let's be bold, taking one step at a time into the wholeness of all we were created for, our stories will leave a legacy for the future which is The Next Humanity.

Bill Mullin

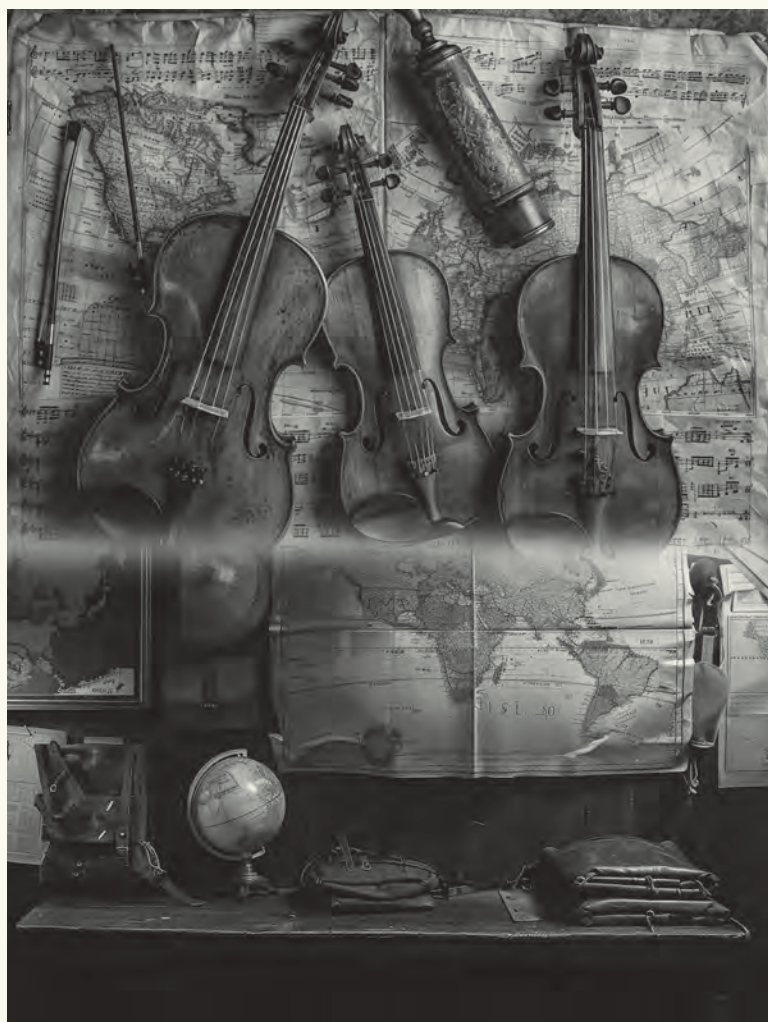
WE ARE NOT
HUMANS HAVING
A SPIRITUAL
EXPERIENCE, BUT
SPIRITUAL BEINGS
HAVING A
HUMAN ONE.

PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

HOW
MANY
PEOPLE
DON'T
THINK
OF
THEMSELVES



AS
ACTORS?



TOO OFTEN

WE ARE

PASSIVE

OBSERVERS

WHO COULD

CHANGE

OURSELVES

TO THEN

CHANGE

(OUR)

CONDITION

(OUR)

FAMILY

(OUR)

NEIGHBORHOOD

(OUR)

CULTURE

(OUR)

COMMUNITY

(OUR)

COUNTRY

(OUR)

COURTESY

(OUR)

CARING

(OUR)

ENVIRONMENT

(OUR)

GOVERNMENT

(OUR)

UNDERSTAND OUR *INHERITANCE* TO MAP THE EXPEDITION TO (OUR LEGACY)

Our story begins looking back until we reach the life stage of becoming
an actor of imitating others & reciting scripts of roles to play.

AS I RECALL FOREVER

Now as I recall
all the people in my life, who cared
Who'd share their very best with me
It is always of you

And when I recall
the times now worth the most
The births, a baby close
The party laughs
The walk-in' down a path
To the shore by the lake so clear

Then when I recall
all the preciousness ahead for us
All the fruitfulness of life in love
There forever with you

It serves me well
My memory fails and I can't tell
Conveniently
I went through hell and back

You were there to see me through
knew what to do

All the details you would note
Like a book that someone wrote
A hero, a zero, a smart buffoon
You tale expressed
Oh, in every word, I confess

Please remember for me
May come a day
by-gones fade away
And I pray when even something wrong
It won't be long we're roaming
like beachcombing
Recollected songs

Or works of art
That warm our hearts

The faint ringing bell
Painting landscapes
Autumn leaves fiery
From a torn, tattered and well-worn diary

Hugs, kisses and I love yous, I believe
It's data that can never be erased

While running in place to give you love
You were already being... love

So, as I recall
all the people in my life, who cared
Who'd share their very best with me
It will always be you
As I recall forever, forever

INDELIBLE MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS

IMBUED UPON THE SOUL



“Every day we slaughter our finest impulses.
That is why we get a heartache when we read
those lines written by the hand of a master and
recognize them as our own,
as the tender shoots which we stifled because we
lacked the faith to believe in our own powers,
our own criterion of truth and beauty.
Every man, when he gets quiet,
when he becomes desperately honest
with himself, is capable of uttering
profound truths.
We all derive from the same source.
There is no mystery about
the origin of things. We are all part of creation, all
kings, all poets, all musicians; we have only to
open up, only to discover
what is already there.”

– Henry Miller

THE JOURNEY
BEGINS TAKING
STOCK OF HOW
FAR YOU’VE
COME ALREADY,
ACCEPTING
WHERE YOU ARE
& THEN GOING TO
THE *EXPEDITION*
OUTFITTER TO
BE GEARED FOR
YOUR NEXT LEVEL
OF ADVENTURE



LULLABY FOR A *LITTLE BOY*

Once in a lullaby
For a little boy
Closing his eyes he heard
In his mother's voice

Soft and serene
a brokenness
With a love that was
so gentle and unreserved
For his struggling
Hugging him her way

Pedaling his home streets
In a play land dream
Reveling to make complete
Imaginary scenes

In rough and tumble
spars with friends
came realities
Awakening to the tough

It was such a lesson

Still in his heart an arbor grew
Harb'ring where his joy and pleasure
was undisturbed

There in the lullaby could be heard
And in the melody beyond measure
Forevermore

He sings the lullaby
For his little boy
Closing his eyes he sounds
Like his mother's voice

So lives the lullaby of the little boy

Long live the lullaby of the little boy

And his boy... and his boy

TO HAVE
YOUR CHILD
KNOW
TENDERNESS,
IS TO PASS
IT ON FOR
GENERATIONS

MAKE ME AWARE

BE FREE FROM PRIDE
BELIEVE IN ONE'S
ABILITIES
HAVE *CONSTRUCTIVE*
DISCONTENTMENT
CONSIDER
WHOLENESS
ESCAPE
FROM HABITS AND
THE LONELY CROWD

THE VOICE:

Quiet boy, Invisible, to himself
Parents teachers with low expectations
Never raising his hand for answers or help
Not making the grades
As he laid in bed he prayed

THE BOY:

Lord I don't have to be
the head of the class
I just want to comprehend
To show I know
So, I don't have to pretend

Make me aware
I know I'm not alone
See the stumbling blocks
as stepping stones
Make me aware

THE VOICE:

Patient one, so quizzical, persevere
Wondering, watchful, you're not waiting for G-D

Know I'm waiting for you
I'm already here
Just acting as-if, explore
You can be the good you wish for

No, you don't have to be
the smartest guy in the room
Play your own game and you're in
Overcome odds
Play for keeps, when you pray to win

Make me aware
you'll know you're not alone
See the stumbling blocks
are stepping stones
Make me aware

Know you just have to be
the best version of you
No excuses that life is unfair
Love everything
That life brings
with this kid's simple prayer

THE VOICE AND THE BOY:

Make me aware
you'll know we're not alone
See the stumbling blocks
as stepping stones
Make me aware
Make me aware

La La, La La, La La La,
La, La La La, La La La,
La La, La, La, La La La,
La La, La La, La La, La La, La, La,

La, La La La, La, La, La,
La, La La La, La, La,
La La La La, La La La La,
La La, La La, La La, La La,
La La, La La, La La, La La La La
La La La, La, La La La La,

La La La La La,
La La, La, La,
La, La, La

STUMBLING BLOCKS



AS STEPPING
STONES —————

MOVING *DAY*



SECRETS SEEN
IN MORNING LIGHT

If I could, that broken latch
crumbling bricks, pavement cracks
Oh, to go back

To fix the things
All done halfway
Too late to fix
Now it's moving day

Stacks of boxes in the hall
Empty space makes me face
Leaving

Packed memories
the past is weighed
So heavy
now it's moving day

If these walls could sing
to hear the things
Who could not bring
a voice to say

Lying there in the night
Secrets are seen in morning light
In the corridor between
Living room and new dreams
Walls ring goodbye

Untried, unknown, untouched ahead

Hurry soon, make the move
like a novel
So it shows it's time to go
There's nothing left to cobble together
Now that it is moving day

One last blown kiss
Now it's moving day.

WHY DO I WANT
TO GO THERE?
WHAT IS GOOD
ABOUT THAT?
WHAT LIES
BETWEEN?
WHO DO I KNOW
THERE?
WHO DO I WANT
TO BE AFTER
I'VE BEEN THERE?

The Adventurer stage of life emerges out of the Actor role. Testing parts learned as an imitative Actor, to see reactions in the world.

VIEW THE
PROBLEM AS
A SITUATION
NEEDING
IMPROVEMENT
INTENTIONS LEAD
TO INVENTIONS
DON'T BE A
VICTIM OF BIAS,
CIRCUMSTANCE,
LACK OF
CONTROL OR
PRIOR WAYS
CHECK YOUR
COMPASS
REGULARLY

We were cool so agnostic
so kozmik, we beamed gamma rays
Off to school in faded glory
our story had something to save

Raised the freak flag so high
never came down
Card-carrying members of any party

We were cool so prophetic
poetic, in every way

On the bus, pass the kool-aid glasses
Gave peace signs, but far from passive
Hip masqueraders

Headlong into the kozmik
Headstrong Kozmik Crusaders

We were rude, crude, lewd dudes
we'd abuse sex and drugs in our wake
We'd refuse rules of prudes
mock the straight attitudes as mistakes

Raised our consciousness
to race and war
Give peace a chance
we'd rock, riot and roar

Knucklehead pre-fab eclectic
true skeptics of what came before

At that point, man could we BS you
Radical chic, no finesse, f-for-get you
Virtue paraders

Headlong into the kozmik
Headstrong Kozmik Crusaders

Came the dark forces by the dozen
Lured into a goth witch coven
Got the hell out, it was no love-in
At least they had a religion

Post-modern pagans
with a smorgasbord worldview
Tech tools and toys
from the technocracy
Only the hippest hipster
can be anti-hipster
With no irony

So autonomic
Into the Kozmik

Going back to bring it forward
disorder pushing boundaries past insane
Hey, no fools, we read Orwell
to know well
it's been made into this play

The utopian dream
worked in altered states
in reality not so much
Nothing new to see
don't look left or right, look up

Into the kozmik, Look up
Kozmik Crusaders, look up, look up
Kozmik Crusader



KOZMIK KRUSADER



REMINDING ME
— OF (YOU)

THE BUSINESS TRAVELER'S TOURISTS TRAP COMING HOME WITH A BAG OF DIRTY LAUNDRY A MATCHBOOK BROCHURE OF A SIDE TRIP NOT TAKEN CROOKED PHOTO OF SOMETHING IN THE FOG AND AN INTENSE DESIRE TO GO BACK BUT NOT BY YOURSELF

I heard a funny thing you'd say
Hearing it made me smile
for everything about you

I saw some sunny scene you'd make
Seeing it, wondering how
How I lived without you

Your gentle face
Your supple lips
If you're glad this night
I'll be your pip
Everything I hear, see or do
Reminding me of you

I smell your perfume like it spilled
Spilling all over my heart
Lost here in the fragrance

Empty, in this room standing still
When we're apart
Fill it with your radiance

Your gentle face
Your supple lips
Be glad this night
I'll be your pip

In the breeze is the spring I met you
Hear you breathing by my side
Every heart beat I can't forget you
In a glimpse the truth confides

In traces that will find me
And new places I already know
In the warmth of the sun on a chilly day
Someone laughing at a silly thing that I say

Through all the things that remind
I still can't find

Can't taste or touch the real you
Holding you in my arms
Come and let me taste supple lips
Come and let me touch, know the bliss
Let me feel the love
That I've missed.

Gentle face
Supple lips
Be glad this night
I'll be your pip

All I've grown to love
Reminds me of... you

ALISON

Ponder now to gather
Is there a forever
Somewhere out there
One life can tell

You'll remember Alison
from her morning whisper
You'll remember Alison
dressing all would fit her
Bringing in the new day

You'll remember Alison
with her mid-day singing
Then you'll feel the sunshine

You'll remember Alison
with her evening laughter
Sounding ever after

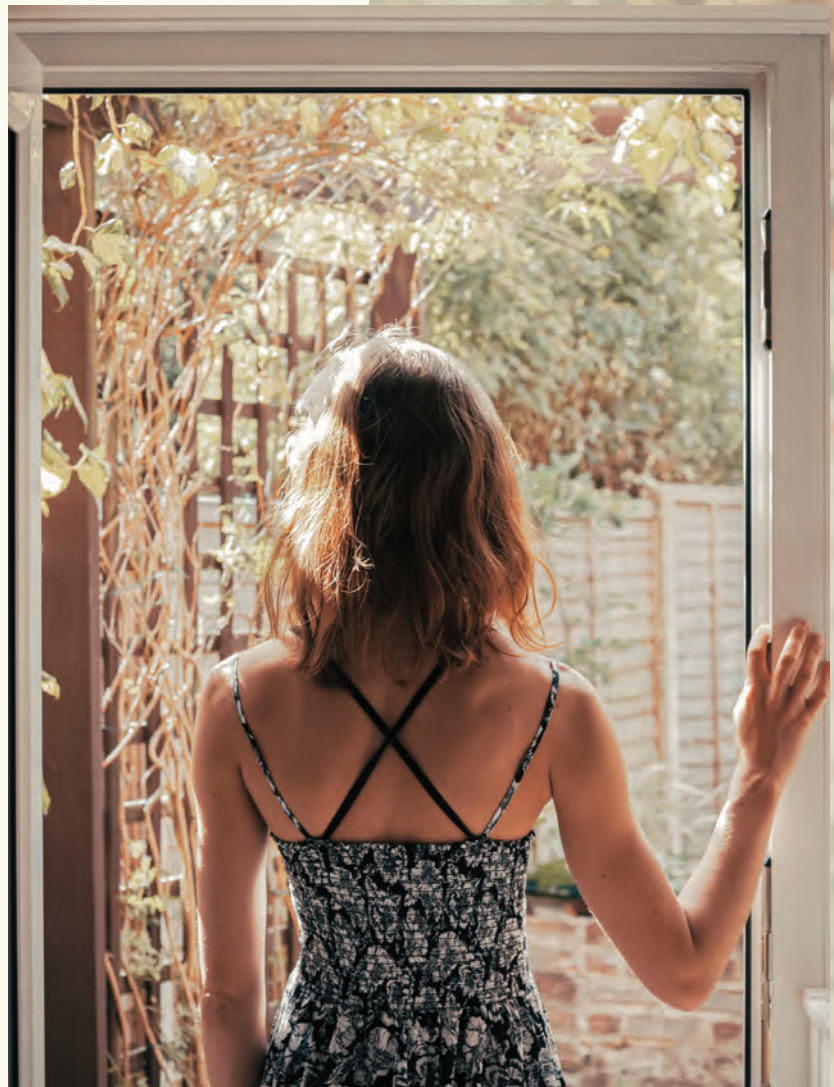
You'll hear her voice
You'll feel her touch
You'll see the brilliance that she makes

In the door way safe and warm
she is there
open arms

Looking
Smiling
Reaching
For you

JULY
27

ACCEPTANCE MEANS
ASSUMING
RESPONSIBILITY TO
AGREE TO GIVING
OURSELVES OVER
TO THE YET
UNKNOWN
REQUIREMENTS
FOR SIMPLY GOING
FORWARD



IT'S TIME

State of shock as trauma set in
Terror flood his mind
Babbling psalms and broken thoughts
The ambulance would find

On his knees shaking
Trembling prayers
How did this happen?
Becoming aware

Where was the saving grace
Lord, in this tragic scene
Wrecked and lifeless

Begging to take him for her
Orders in ER
Signs of life fade before
His desperate tortured strife
Physically shut down
Each word he hears
Meanwhile across town
His wife felt signals of fear

Was there the saving grace
Lord, as he plunged into
Oceans of grief's tears fathoms deep

Upon the shore's sand 4 footprints
Could he be convinced
They became two
He was carried through

As the years passed
traveling once again
Car in his lane on-coming
Ahead of him crashed
He survived to comfort

Then he reached the father
whose daughter who died
In that father's voice, gently
Jesus' reply

"I've already forgiven you,
now it is time to
For your own health
forgive yourself"
Already forgiven saying it's time

From that time guilt faded away
yet sorrow lingers on

Still he knows
there'll come a day
Together feeling strong

His senseless story
Lessened to share
When life is awful
There is glory out there

There is a saving grace
It waits along the line
May your saving grace
Say that it's time
It's time



THERE IS NO
SENSE IN A
TRAGEDY
AND IT'S TRAUMA
WHILE SORROW
NEVER LEAVES
THERE IS THE
SAVING GRACE
OF SURVIVING
TO BE FORGIVEN



LIFE COMES WITH A
ROUND TRIP TICKET.
THE PASSING BEYOND OF
PARENTS IS PROOF YOU'RE
100% THE ADULT CONSIDERING
COMPARISON RECIPES THAT
WERE TASTY SEEING PATTERNS
THAT WERE FUNNY PACK RAT
COLLECTING TO BRING BACK
ITEMS TO YOUR NEST WHAT
YOU FIND AND FEEL YOU CAN
TRACE BACK TO THE ENERGY
IN FOREVER THE SUN THE
STARS IN SYMPATHIES SEE
WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE TO
TRANSCEND FROM THE GRIEF
AND EXPAND IN MATURITY



TWO DOVES

My nephew and his wife
Looking for his grand-folks grave
Spotted two doves flying
So, they followed them
along their way

Sure enough they landed
Where the burial had occurred
Holding hands together
There were no words

Two doves constantly together
Two doves sharing the way
Two doves flying in the heavens
Giving meaning to the day

For some things there are no words

My sister told the story
From Jersey to my western home
Where I feed and talk to blue jays
Out on my lawn

Thinking how my parents loved me
Flying towards me, what'd I see
Two beige doves coming
With a message for me

Two doves constantly together
Two doves sharing the way
Two doves flying in the heavens
Giving meaning to the day

I've heard the dove metaphor before
Thought it was for the birds
As I'm holding your hand
There are no words
No words

For some things there are no words
There's only doves and love... and small signs

Hold my hand

Sure as "things" will occur
There are no words
There are no words

Just ask the birds
There are no words
Only Love.



DEFINING ISSUES
BY ACTIONS
IN THE EUREKA
MOMENT OR
LIKE A FLOWER
OPENING
WE BECOME THE
SOLUTIONS TO
OUR ISSUES &
THE TRUTH
AS FAR AS WE
KNOW IT
PLAY YOUR OWN
KING OF THE
MOUNTAIN
TRY TO KNOCK
YOURSELF OFF
BY DEFINING
WHAT'S WRONG
YOU MAKE IT
RIGHT

AM I

I love popcorn when I binge watch
I love my friend when he likes my posts
I love the way I feel when winning
or swimming some exotic coast
Am I loving?

I love learning how to play my new song
I love something I love to hate
I'd love to hear your opinion
but don't think I mean it 'cause I'm running late
Am I loving?

When I say love do I mean like?
For some reward or to be nice bluffin'
When push comes to shovin'
gushin', huffin', puffin', blushin'
Am I loving?

Is love the way someone makes me feel?
Is love a prized possession?
Is a love affair a nonplatonic fling?
Or a true confession?
Am I loving?

At times we use love almost absurd
I wonder if we've lost the real meaning
of the fickle word
maybe I know next to nothin'
Am I loving?

I love my car but do I really
I love to judge what I've done myself
I love my job but is that status
Is it all that? Or something else?

LOVING?



(ACT 3)

Entering the Author or Artist stage now (perhaps both) writing our own scripts and drawing our visualizations with ambition.

AFTER LIFE



There's a crack
between my hemispheres
Like a wrinkle in time
That I'm gliding through
To be with you tonight

Like a voice
beyond the stratosphere
I couldn't hear you 'til now
When you floated down
Into my dream so right

Oh, here in the moment soft
Oh, before I'm off..
Running, running, running after life

Do feelings have a half-life?
When do they give up the ghost?
As one's kneeling down
To open up the most

It doesn't lose what you've put inside
It seals up like a drum
It stores fears & tears
For many years to come

Oh, how can I let them go?
Oh, give up control..
Running, running, running after life

Meanwhile back on the concrete
Introspection ends
To be where I'm meant to be
As life intends

The treasure surrounds us
In this instance and eternal too
Contradicting consolation
None the less true

Oh, how it can make me cry

Oh, tears of grace falling while..
Running, running, running.... after life

SUPERNATURAL
EXPERIENCES
ARE HARDLY A
THING TO BE
PLANNED FOR
ONLY REVEALED
TO BE BEYOND
DESCRIPTION,
LEFT ONLY TO THE
IMPRINT OF AN
IMPRESSION

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