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LC 29085

- 1 Close Enough 4:35
- 2 Faith 3:35
- 3 Stand By Me 3:46
- 4 Butterfly Heart 2:45
- 5 The Way We Love 2:30
- 6 The Slow Life 2:36
- 7 The Mystery 3:43
- 8 Humanity 2:18
- 9 Calling Me Home 4:52

All music composed by Shelly Rudolph, Jollyluma (ASCAP), except:
(2,7) Shelly Rudolph & Chance Hayden (3) Ben E. King, Jerry Leiber
and Mike Stoller (6) Chris Pierce

SHELLY RUDOLPH vocals
DAVID DARLING cello
CHANCE HAYDEN guitar (1,2,3,6)
DAVE CAPTEIN double bass (1,2,7,9)
DEVIN PHILLIPS soprano saxophone (2,9)
REDRAY FRAZIER vocals (1,6)
DAVID K. MATHEWS piano (1)
TOM GRANT piano (2,6)
DAVID GOLDBLATT piano (3,4,7)
DARRELL GRANT piano (9)

SHELLY RUDOLPH

the way we love

OA2 22181

SHELLY
RUDOLPH
the way we love



THANK YOU:

Looking back on this epic, kaleidoscopic, musical journey, I am bursting with gratitude for the stars and souls that aligned to make this music-dream come to life.

Thank you to: my sweetie, treasured guitarist & maestro Chance Hayden for his inspiration, steady vision and late night hours; my mystic mamma for listening deeply, loving me always and teaching me to follow my own true voice, and my jackpot boy Hollis, the light of my life.

Thank you to: wild zen wonder man David Darling for his brilliance, and to all the exquisitely talented musicians and sound magicians who blossomed this music into this lush soundscape that I had only once imagined.

Thank you to these supremely generous souls for making it all possible: Steve Larsen "The Lord of the Lake," V&B, sunshine souls Candace & Gil, wild lovebirds James & Robby, sweethearts Dale and Chris, all of my incredible crowdfunding friends who gave me wings and my dearest Allen Lee for his unwavering support and deep well of kindness.

Thank you to poetry, the wind, the sea, the mystery and all the ways of love.

xoxo,

Shelly

www.shellyrudolph.com



The Way We Love

Composed by Shelly Rudolph, Jollylama (ASCAP)

Infinity's pastries we are
Buttery layered lovers of God
Some crunchy, some bittersweet
All of us nutty in our embrace

The Divine's sweet tooth propels us
Imploring: Bite in! Use both hands!
Lick your plate.

Now is no time to diet
Nor for reducing the fat in your secret-recipes
Love large! Love as only You can.

Drench yourself in honey
Roll around in the violets
Scoop yourself up with a sugar-coated spoon
And serve.

We are all hungry for the taste that only you can give.

Please! Do not worry
About the crumbs you might leave
In your lover's beard
Or if your batter is free of lumps.

There is no time to waste!
There is no right way to kiss
All lips open the Beloved's door.

"This is how I love"
Whispers your tongue
So why not open wide and belt it out?
The trees are already humming along
Shamelessly draping their embrace
Over the earth for all these years

And what do you think those insects buzz on about?
Stirred as they are by the sun's sweaty song
And those waxy gardenias,
Luxuriating in their own luscious scent

Listen: This is the way I love.
This is the way
Love.

Credits

PRODUCED BY: Chance Hayden & Shelly Rudolph
ENGINEERED BY: Brud Giles at Fremont Recording,
Portland, OR (vocals 1,2,3,7,8,9/sax 2,9) 2017;
Julius Hocott at Camp David, CT, (cello 1,3,4,6,8,9) 2010;
Bob Stark at Sonic Media Studio & Kung Fu Bakery, Portland,
2010/2015-16 (piano 1,2,9 / bass 2 / vocals 4,6 / guitar 1,2,3,6);
Bryan Appel at Stove Top Stuff!, Portland (bass 1,9) 2015;
David Goldblatt at Zone One (piano 3,4,7) 2016-17;
Tom Grant at Bigger Better Studios, Portland (piano 6) 2016
MIXED BY: Bob Stark at Sonic Media Studio, Portland, OR
MASTERED BY: Nick Moon at Tone Proper, Gresham, OR
VOCAL-SOUL COACHING: Jeff Langston
PHOTOGRAPHY: Addie Mannan
COVER DESIGN & LAYOUT: John Bishop

Dear You,

I am happy to tell you the story of how this album came to be. How the songs quicksilver flew from my wild bird lips. How my hands gathered the words and notes at the kitchen table, catch as catch can. How their harmonies nested and hummed like mantras in my butterfly heart, guiding me, growing me.

How my Darling dreams came lightning flash true, birthed on the shore of a gin & tonic, perfect tomato, Connecticut lake, to be carried home by Rumi's eagle and my young lover's steady hands.

How the rhythms slowed, plowed under ground as I molted and melted from songstress to mother to something altogether April new. How the melodies were lifted and carried by lords and ladies, turn by turn, step by step by step. How a poem broke us open, brought us all together, all to yes-ness, as a poem is want to do.

Yes.

I am happy to tell you all this and more, as the late winter rain blows reverly through the evergreens and I smile, Mona Lisa style, over a decade of memories.

Yes.

But I am happier still to jump to the beginning, to the end, to the point of it all, to the way we love.



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