

# Memories of the River

By

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This may well be a first for a music writer, I am going to be writing about my own music, I cannot do a review that would be ridiculously egotistical, so I thought I would explain the narrative behind the track.

My first single **Memories of the River** explains the tale of a father and son relationship that was late to bloom to its full maturity, and highlights the impossible desire to slow down time, so that this precious moment would never end.

There is a constant light drone, almost a hum that runs through the piece, for me it shows mid-summer, the heat of the day, the tone of the afternoon and the evening falling, the gentle natural sounds were wonderfully placed by *Chrissie Sheppard*, she in my view is has some of the finest ears in the business, and her capabilities as a master of mastering are well beyond mine, and many others I know. Another special mention needs to go to *Andy Rogers* for his addition of synths, adding to the multi-layered textures of the composition.

The keyboards tones are upbeat, but within the fluency of the composition hides a little reflection and sadness, this comes from many memories of just not spending enough quality time with my father, this partially comes from the fact that he was fairly old when I was born, close to 40.

Music would eventually be our panacea, and we would have endless conversations about that and of course the meaning of life and the universe and everything, all of those debates usually took place by the river whilst fishing.

**Memories of the River** for me is an endless slice of utter ambience, it is warm, heart felt, sad and happy, but more than anything, it shows one underlying fact, we spend so much energy trying to fight the endless onward progression of time, when the reality of obtaining peace and tranquillity, is a simple acceptance of what and who we are. This is a message I truly believe my father obtained before his passing in 2012, and it is this song that I dedicate to his memory.

The singles art work is the actual river where our days were spent, a river called The Ivel, in a small English village called *Broom*, and after we have all gone and moved on from this place, that river will still flow, and call to others to reflect and accept and enjoy.