

# The Grey

Run Time 62:39

© *Stephen Melillo* **STORM**records

IGNA August 1993 to Christmas 2019

Download your free Digital Libretto in PDF  
at [stormworld.com \(resources/digital libretti\)](http://stormworld.com/resources/digital-libretti)

01. The Empty Stocking .....	2:40
02. Colombia Corazón .....	4:16
03. Unspoken Prayer .....	4:27
04. Supplications .....	3:56
05. Old Super 8s .....	2:14
06. For a Quiet Purpose .....	3:16
07. I Too Was Simeon .....	4:14
08. Longing .....	3:33
09. <i>If I Sleep I Will Dream of You</i> .....	3:39
10. Absence .....	2:28
11. Resonance of Our Ancestors .....	4:20
12. The Lost Music .....	5:20
13. Seele Im Spiegel .....	2:56
14. A Man Without Fear .....	2:22
15. In a Small Window .....	2:36
16. Where Beauty Has No Chance .....	2:51
17. While Looking for Something Else .....	4:23
18. Seeing in the Darkness .....	2:32

# THE GREY

Stephen Melillo, Composer

Zsuzsanna Emödi, Guest Artist - Produced by Curt DeMott

*The Grey* is simply a question. That question is different for each of us. For some, it may be a question of faith. For others, it's a matter of one's purpose. Why am I here? Maybe the question concerns the choices you've made, the paths you've traveled, relationships gained and lost, or the journey you're on. *The Grey* is YOUR story, whatever that may be.

Music can be a powerful muse. As you listen, remember; let go. If you do, you're in for a treat! No, not a treat. A gift! As you start your journey, things may seem a bit grey at first, but soon you'll realize that the sun is just beyond the clouds.

Curt DeMott, Producer

Important Message for those who see *The Grey*. Is it *Grey*? "Behind that thin subjective veil of grey clouds, the Sun still rises, the Universe sings out with uncountable Stars and Worlds... and even now, the Wind grazes the water while Seagulls carry on... *greyless*... a reminder to remain steadfast beyond the eyes. Never be deceived by *The Grey*. God is always..." SLM

**FOR SOLILOQUY PIANO & SMALL ORCHESTRA**

**GUEST ARTIST, ZSUZSANNA EMÖDI, VIOLA**

**PRODUCED BY CURT DEMOTT**

**MUSIC BY © STEPHEN MELILLO**

**IGNA AUGUST 1993 TO CHRISTMAS 2019, 2-3 MILLENNIUM**

**STORM<sup>®</sup>RECORDS STORMWORLD.COM**

**SPECIAL THANKS TO CURT DEMOTT FOR HIS INSPIRATION,  
TO ZSUZSANNA EMÖDI FOR HER MUSICIANSHIP,  
TO ALDO FORTE FOR HIS SUPPORT, AND TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE INSPIRED  
THIS MUSIC WITH THEIR LIVES.**

**PLEASE DOWNLOAD YOUR DIGITAL LIBRETTO IN PDF  
( UNDER RESOURCES ) AND ENJOY THE STORY THAT ACCOMPANIES THE  
MUSIC ON THIS ALBUM! STORMWORLD.COM**

**The Empty Stocking**  
**#1185, Musical Haiku #77 in 2:40**  
**by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 3 December 2018, 2-3 Millennium**

A reflection of *The Grey*?  
Empty Stocking or Empty Heart?  
Everyone will have/receive a different  
message, depending on where one Is....

We are in *The Grey*. They are not...  
We are sad they have left us, but know  
their Hearts are as full as ours. We  
must stay and endure *our* time, our  
Grey... There is sadness, emptiness,  
loneliness.

But by the end of this song/psalm/  
prayer, after tears have been shed and  
the mind has been emptied, we are  
hopeful and Heart-full as we are made  
better by remembering, reflecting.

Sincerely, B. Nick Melillo





## Colombia Corazón


#1042, in 4:16

by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 6 June 2012, 2-3 Millennium

We travel around the world. We meet people of all kinds. In 2012, I traveled to Colombia, there to fall in love with the people. Speaking no Spanish, I felt somehow deprived, but when I got into a taxi, and saw hanging from the rearview mirror, the same exact rosary that I was carrying in my pocket, no words were needed. The driver and I both smiled. He looked out and up to the sky. So did I.

No matter how “different” we appear to be, we look to the same sky, see the same light and stars, and yes... sometimes *The Grey*. We have so much in common.





Unspoken Prayer  
#1196, Musical Haiku #84 in 4:27  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 17 May 2019, 2-3 Millennium



## Supplications

#1139, Musical Haiku #68 in 3:56

by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 25 August 2016, 2-3 Millennium

For me, this piece is about the adventure of one's life. From birth to rebirth. It allows you to see through the eyes of a child as well as the eyes of an elder. Each stage of one's life can be wonderfully beautiful as well as incredibly heartbreaking. What will this musical journey reveal to you?

Curt



## Old Super 8s

#1153, in 2:14

by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 1 June 2017, 2-3 Millennium

My mom is the family historian. Her method of documentation? Pictures. Ever since I can remember, she was taking photographs and shooting Super 8 movies of the family. I can recall, as a child of the 70s, playing with my newly acquired toys from Santa, the heat exuding from the lighting-pole my Mom had previously set up in my Grandmother's living room. Its purpose was to ensure that the Super 8 film would be properly exposed, and not dark and grainy. This very hot lighting-pole made it possible for the people in the film to be recognizable when the film was projected.

The presentation usually took place when "company" was over. Right after dinner, we'd roll out the movie screen, haul out the movie projector, and load up film after film after film as the family watched, laughed and reminisced. There was no sound from these films, just moving pictures and the mechanical sound of the projector, pulling the film from one reel to the other. In that world of sound around the soundless film, there was also laughter and banter, and overlapping comments as family members saw themselves.

Over the past couple of years, my Mom has invested in converting these Super 8s to DVDs. Each Christmas, she gives me a new DVD, each one with a whole new set of converted Super 8s for me to enjoy.

Almost each and every Sunday morning, before my own family is up and about, I put on one of these DVDs, sit back and watch. It's not exactly the same experience that I remember as a child. Most of the relatives that were in the audience back then, and who were also the *stars* of these films, are no longer with us. Gone too, are the mechanical sounds of the Super 8 projector. The captured moments, however... The MEMORIES... are preserved for eternity, thanks to Mom. Curt

**For a Quiet Purpose  
from *Son of the Storm*  
#1065, Musical Haiku #48 in 3:16  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 8 June 2013, 2-3 Millennium**

The first time I heard this piece I was in my car, outside a psychiatric office. My son Matthew, who is a survivor of the Sandy Hook school shooting was inside, speaking with a doctor. My wife Eileen was by his side.

To say that I was sad and angry would be an understatement. I was an emotional wreck. My mind was a whirlwind of emotions. I was literally in *The Grey*.

As I was looking through the front windshield, into the nothingness that was my new reality, my cell phone notified me that I had received a new email. I opened it to read the following message:

"From: Steve Melillo  
Date: Jun 8, 2013, at 10:36 AM  
Subject: Perspective and Prayer..."

For those counting all the 2 + 2s... Here is a small message/gift for this day. **"For a Quiet Purpose," #1065 in 3:16, Musical Haiku #48**

Curt... and everyone...

God bless... S"



They say God works in mysterious ways. That's how the saying goes, right?

At that moment in my life, I wasn't a huge fan of God. You might say I cursed his name a few times back then. Somehow, in spite of my own anger and resentment, He wanted to send me a message. Even though He knew I was angry with Him, He was still being a good Dad. What He was saying, *through Steve's Music*, was simply this; ***“Hey, I know you're upset. But I'm here when you're ready.”***

Even today He sent me a message. How?

As I was searching my inbox, trying to find the email that you see quoted earlier, I glanced at the *date*. Steve had sent *that* email, with ***“For a Quiet Purpose”*** attached, **on June 8, 2013 at 10:36 AM.**

Today, *as* I write this, the date and time are **June 8, 2019, at 10:03 AM.** Exactly **6 years** to the day, minus **33 minutes.**

Thanks, God!

Curt



Photo by Jack Cain on Unsplash

I Too Was Simeon  
for Zsuzsanna Emödi, Violist  
#1187, Musical Haiku #79 in 4:14  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 1 January 2019, 2-3 Millennium

In the synagogue, at the Brit milah of Jesus, Simeon claimed that  
*“he could now die in peace, because his prayer had been answered.  
He had seen the Messiah.”*

There are so many times when we fall back to the world of the  
senses and the pragmatic, saying to ourselves, *“but I have not  
actually ‘seen’ the Messiah.”* As I write, the sky is ironically, eerily  
*Grey*. It is a veil, an obscuring curtain not just to the light, but to  
Time itself as reflected and measured in that light. I know, and  
indeed know *because* of my senses, that there is light and stars and  
even the unseen beyond that *Grey*.

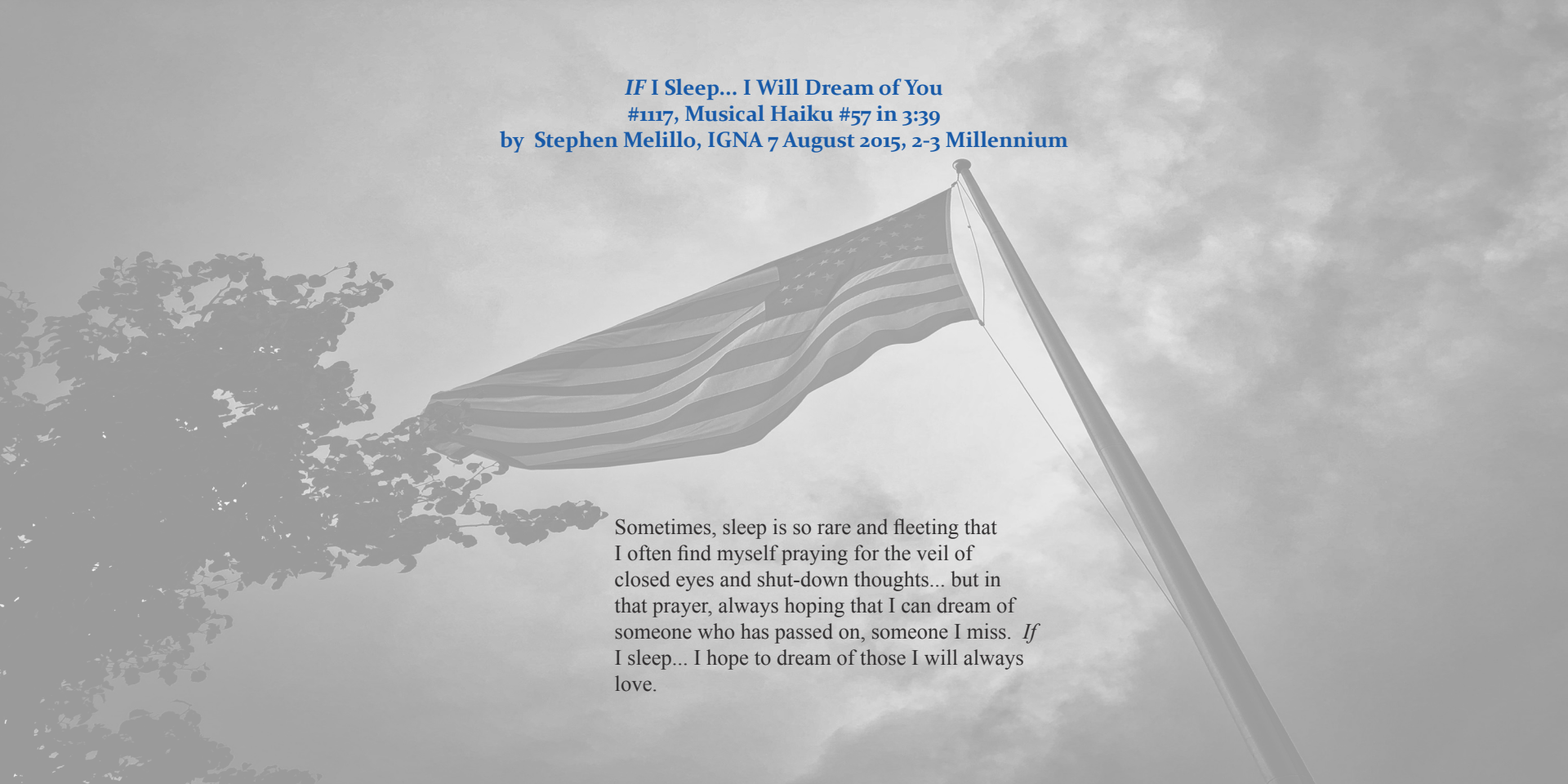
In so many ways, I too was, and am, *Simeon*. And if you’ll look,  
perhaps you are too.

Godspeed! S

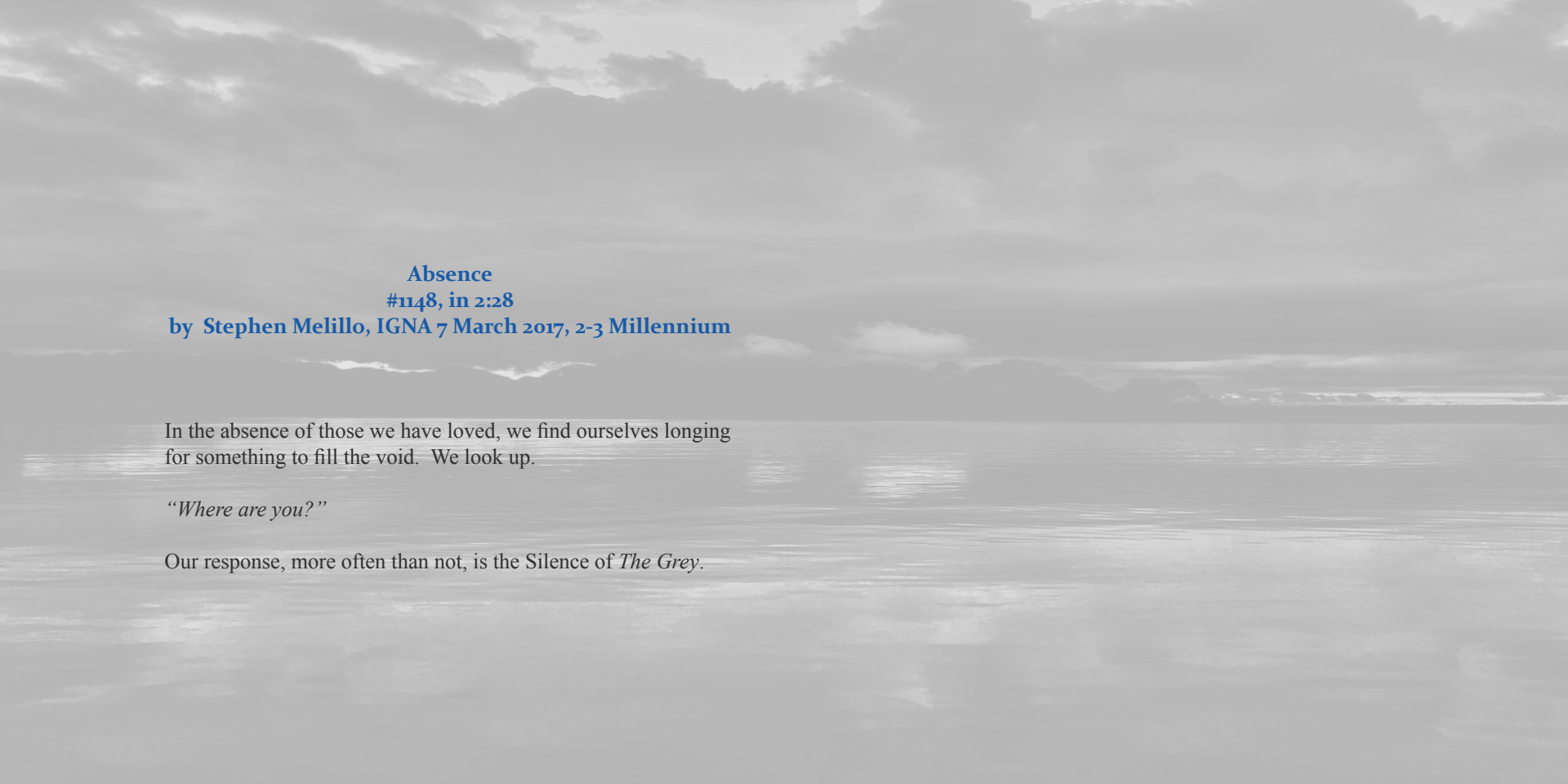


Longing  
#1124, Musical Haiku #62 in 3:33  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 4 January 2016, 2-3 Millennium

*IF I Sleep... I Will Dream of You*  
#1117, Musical Haiku #57 in 3:39  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 7 August 2015, 2-3 Millennium



Sometimes, sleep is so rare and fleeting that I often find myself praying for the veil of closed eyes and shut-down thoughts... but in that prayer, always hoping that I can dream of someone who has passed on, someone I miss. *If* I sleep... I hope to dream of those I will always love.



**Absence**  
**#1148, in 2:28**  
**by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 7 March 2017, 2-3 Millennium**

In the absence of those we have loved, we find ourselves longing for something to fill the void. We look up.

*“Where are you?”*

Our response, more often than not, is the Silence of *The Grey*.

**Resonance of Our Ancestors**  
**Guest Artist, Zsuzsanna Emödi, Viola**  
**#1197, Musical Haiku #85 for Viola & Small Orchestra**  
**© Stephen Melillo, IGNA 25 May 2019**

On 31 May 2019, on what would have been my Dad's 84th birthday, Zsuzsanna Emödi and I recorded 2 pieces for *"The Grey"*. What once had the working title of *"Dreams of Antiquity"* has become, at Zsuzsanna's suggestion, ***"Resonance of Our Ancestors"***.

What both of us experienced in the Music-making was something deep, spiritual, and literally, a "resonance" beyond the veil of Time. She pointed out that her ancestors were/are Hungarian, that mine were/are Italian, that Curt's were/are European, and that apparently Hungarians and Japanese share ancestry. Seems difficult to imagine, and yet, do we not always speak of *"Alle Menschen werden Brüder"*? That, all Men are Brothers?

With so many "different" roots, is this even possible? What we received from the Music yesterday is the paradoxical commonality of our experiences in Time. We are all different, yet we all respond to the same dreams of antiquity, the *"Resonance of Our Ancestors."* In that return to the origin, though different, we are one.



11 Grandparents

**The Lost Music...**  
**for Catherine & all the Children Lost...**  
**#1183, Musical Haiku #75 in 5:23 for Soliloquy Piano**

**26 September 2018, The Greatest Challenge...**

Curt and I *lived* the Story, then and now. We've written the Music, played it, recorded it, and now we're left with the thing most often erased in our instant download/streaming world. It is *this* text, this written expression in liner notes you may or may not even know exists.

Ironically, to share this Story at the level of *Music* is the most difficult part of the task, a process that has been in sleepless evolution since a typical *sunrise* walk to the water.

There is the "*thorough*" method, which would pull the Reader into the actual correspondences, and then, there is the compressed, which I've chosen. I shall do my best to keep the following accounting of the Miracle brief.

We begin with this photo taken at the "sunrise" on 23 September 2018.



I sent the photo in an email to Curt and a few others with this text:

*“Behind that thin subjective veil of grey clouds the Sun still rises, the Universe sings out with uncountable Stars and Worlds... and even now, the Wind grazes the water and Seagulls carry on... greyless... a reminder to remain steadfast beyond the eyes. Never be deceived by The Grey. God is always...”*

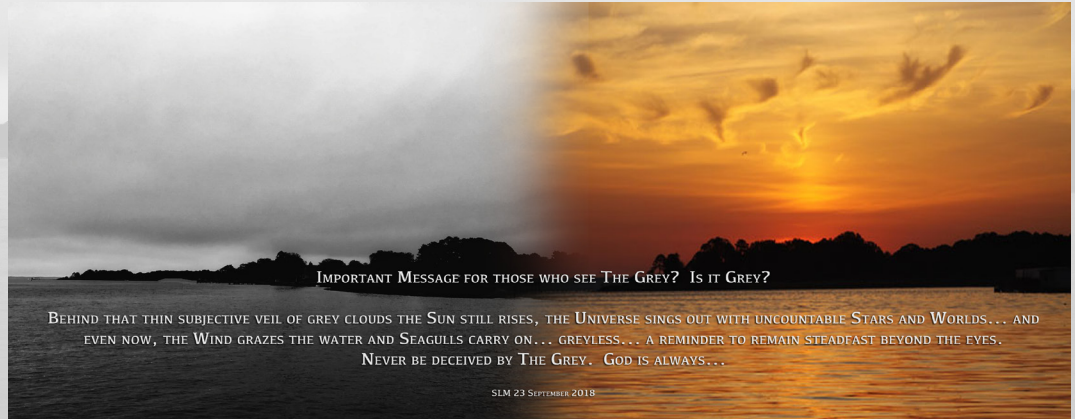
Why was I calling the clouds, “*The Grey?*” The night before, we had watched *The Grey*, starring Liam Neeson. The man should have won FIVE Oscars for his brilliant acting. The Story offered a timely metaphor about looking up and deciding, through great struggle and strife, “*Is God really there?*”

Curt wrote back. “**THIS** photograph should be the cover of an album you call “*The Grey*”. Dude... all the piano pieces you write? (**‘For a Quiet Purpose’**, etc.) This album should contain all those pieces.”

As I was responding, Curt’s wife, Eileen, whose family owned *The Rose*, a ship unknowingly, but fascinatingly mentioned in *Ahab, a Love Story*, was admitted to the hospital! Prayers were in order. My younger Brother had recently been to the hospital with the *same* symptoms. The good news was that both my Brother and Eileen were okay.

I wrote to Curt. “*Love & Prayers, to Our Lady of The Rose...*”

Then this primer photo/CD Cover Art was made and sent to Curt. It now had a double message.





Curt mentioned the piece, *For a Quiet Purpose*. Without delay, I went to find my handwritten score for the piece. With all the many pieces on hard drives and back-ups, the notation for the piece, *For a Quiet Purpose* was nowhere to be found. It was far *more* than a Mystery! Because I am usually organized to the point of obsessed, the fact that we, yes both of us scouring our computers and back-ups, couldn't find that ONE piece, was bizarre!

All sorts of search criteria were tried. Specifically, we used the date **8 June 2013**. The date inference was found in emails Curt and I were rediscovering. Eventually, we found a stream of emails mentioning the work, and because of the specifics of the dates found in surrounding emails, we also discovered that the unnamed "cue" was written as underscore for a scene from "*Son of the Storm*."

Apparently, back in the 2013 reboot of *Son of the Storm*, Curt had heard the improvised cue and liked it so much that he requested it as a separate piece.

**But the emails revealed more.** The reason Curt had requested that Music was attached to the *Sandy Hook Shooting*. Curt and Eileen's 2 children were in the building when all of that happened. You can imagine the level of **distress!**

*(Curt and I eventually wrote the piece "Courageous" together, another SYNC, another large and therapeutic Story connected to more emails we had found, specifically, where the representative of a Hollywood composer was lying for weeks to Curt about getting his piece recorded.)*

Our date search resulted in the following email. It was sent yesterday, 25 September 2018, the official release date for the *Christmas Passion* Album.

"Curt, Check this out:

**'For a Quiet Purpose'** was UNDERSCORE inside of SOTS. (*Son of the Storm*) And... I "improvised" it! There WAS no notation! We have options.

1. We *could* lay that track into THE GREY ... *as is*.
2. We can reopen SOTS when you are here and locate it and *re-record* it.
3. I can attempt to have DP (Digital Performer) produce the notation I improvised! But WARNING, I am just playing... no clock.

4. I can write you something new... simple.  
Emotional. Ready for the Title? ***“The Lost Music...”***

Please advise!

***The Lost Music***, title came from the simple, apparently God-led fact that we had ***both lost a piece of Music!***

We laughed about that. The SYNC with the photograph from yesterday and the new CD Cover and all that had happened to require our Faith and Prayers for Eileen, my Brother, the Chapter 55 Album release, remembering the kids and parents from Sandy Hook, and much more, was in full regalia. In *everything*, we felt God’s presence.

**Curt wrote back...**

“Interesting that *“For a Quiet Purpose”* (a **piece written for Catherine**) lives ***INSIDE*** *Son of the Storm*. So my gut says it should be on this album. Without question. ***And...*** it should be **as is**.

You should also write ***The Lost Music!***”

I wrote back. “Wait. Curt. Was that the complete Title I had sent you? A piece written for **Catherine?**”

**Curt wrote back.**

“DUDE... First... sit down. Now... I’m not sure if you intentionally did this OR if this is God. **Catherine’s Birthday?...**

**June 8th.**

“ **‘For a Quiet Purpose,’ #1065 in 3:16, Musical Haiku #48 - Composed on 6/8/2013.**”

The combination of chills and tears that flooded my body, and I’m sure poured through Curt’s as well, was overwhelming. That same ‘up-pour’ of the Eternal happens even now as I recall the Story for you. I ***saw*** Catherine’s young face. I poured out tears for her parents, but at the same Time, felt ***her*** smiling... ***through*** the veil, ***through ... The Grey.***

Could it be, dear friends, that the **one** piece, *For a Quiet Purpose* was **LOST** on *Purpose*? Not only “lost” so as to inspire another piece, but then, in its new finding, to eventually discover a harrowing *SYNChronicity* of dates spanning 6 years?

Was **EVERYTHING** from that first early morning photograph on the 24th to today’s writing of these notes at 10:33 AM on the 8th of June 2019, a “set-up”?

Were we *supposed* to experience *all* of this, in the blur of no sleep and Timelessness and Prayer, for the sake of Catherine and *all* the Children **LOST** to such horrifying injustice?

Do they send us smiles from behind the veil of *The Grey*?

Well...

We leave that to *you*.

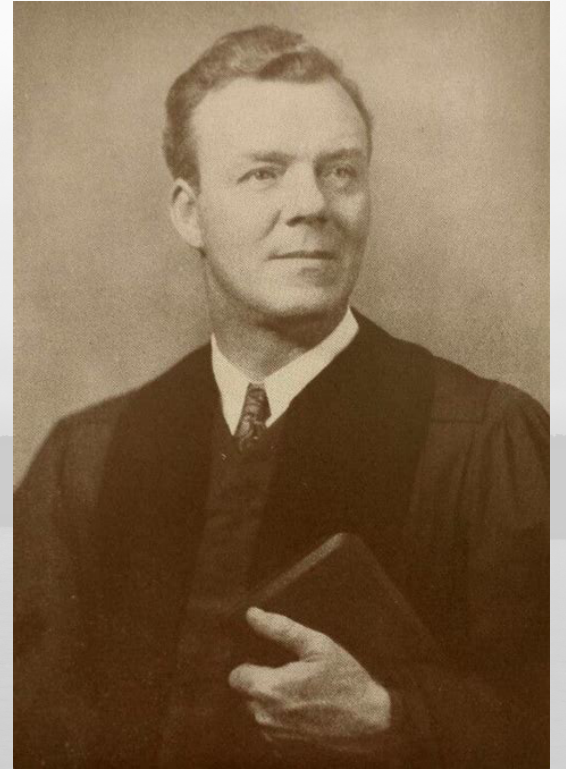
Remember how this CD began. It was a cloudy morning.

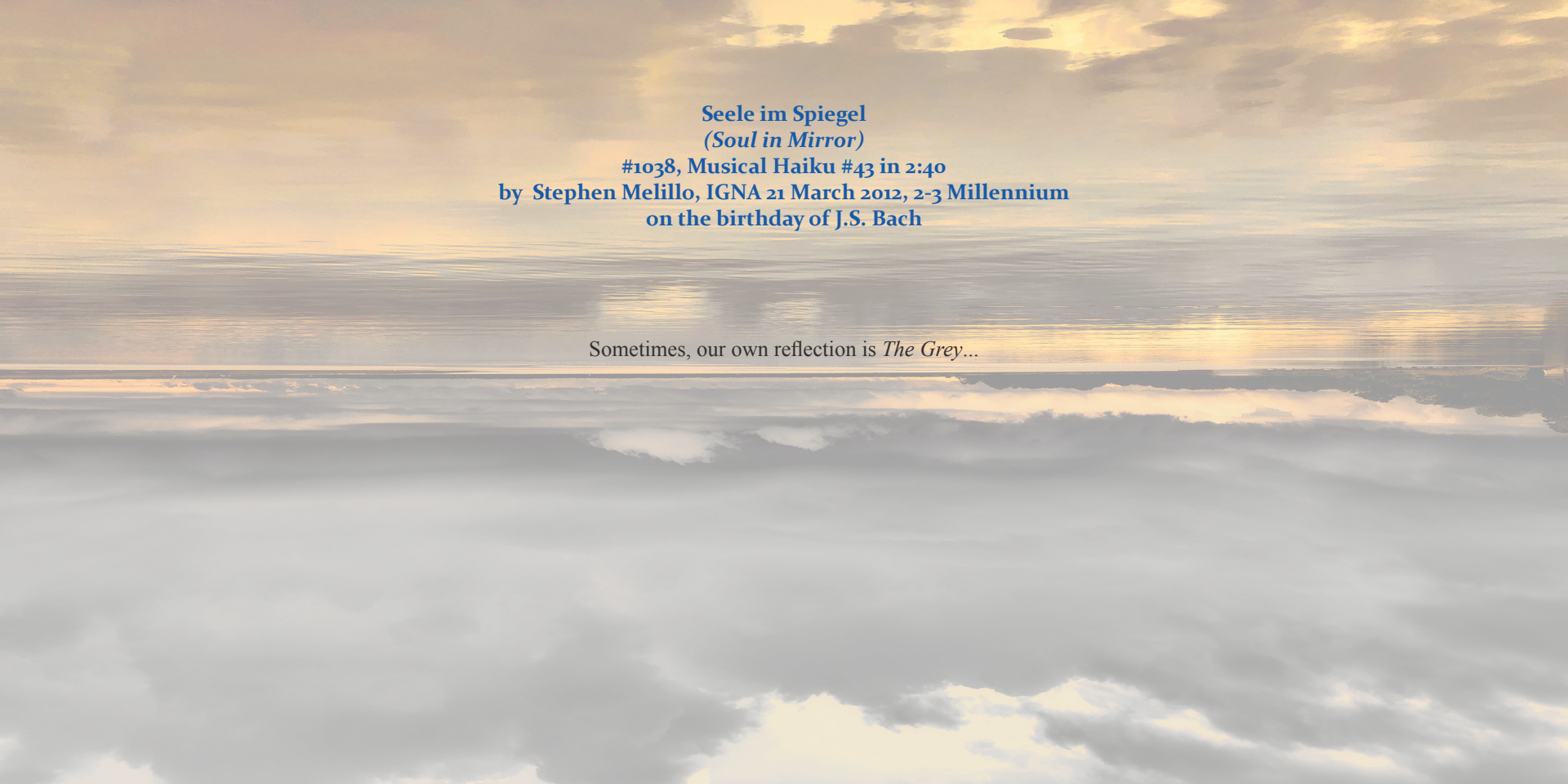
*“Behind that thin subjective veil of grey clouds the Sun still rises, the Universe sings out with uncountable Stars and Worlds... and even now, the Wind grazes the water and Seagulls carry on... greyless... a reminder to remain steadfast beyond the eyes. Never be deceived by The Grey. God is always...”*

**PS:** There is even *more* to this SYNC. In addition to the 26th being George Gershwin's Birthday, an edifice to the god, BAAL was erected in Washington DC.

Coincidence?

If you have yet to watch it, or have not seen it in a long while, it is Time to re-watch **A Man Called Peter**. It is about Peter Marshall who became the Chaplain of the US Senate in 1947. Within the film, at his "DC-Based" Church, Reverend Marshall gave a sermon on "*Choosing God or choosing Baal.*" What amazing SYNC with... "*The Grey.*"





**Seele im Spiegel  
(Soul in Mirror)  
#1038, Musical Haiku #43 in 2:40  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 21 March 2012, 2-3 Millennium  
on the birthday of J.S. Bach**

Sometimes, our own reflection is *The Grey*...

**A Man Without Fear**  
**#1184, Musical Haiku #76 in 2:21**  
**by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 28 November 2018, 2-3 Millennium**  
**photo by Meredith J. Hudson**

There are those who face  
*The Grey* without fear.



## In a Small Window

#967, in 2:36

by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 18 April 2019, 2-3 Millennium

At 17, *Dame Mary Sigillo Baracco*, knighted as a Freedom Fighter for her service during World War II, was a prisoner of the NAZIs. Separated from her fiancé, Artur, she looked out a small window one day. Later, in her journal, she wrote; “*One day, in a small window, I thought I saw you.*”

A nun visited Dame Mary soon after that day. “*Coragio, mi figlia.*” Courage, my daughter. Artur had been executed by the NAZIs, right outside that small window.

It’s difficult to view the world from our perspective as *Grey-dwellers*, and try to make sense of the senseless. Yet, at 96 years of age, Dame Mary is perhaps one of the most consistently faithful Souls I have ever been blessed to know.

With Love, this piece is offered.





Death brought them together.  
Death could tear them apart.

Carmela Ramirez struggles to live off the streets of a Northern Spanish city. She hates her life and searches desperately for a way out. A shocking murder and the appearance of an extraordinary foreigner catapults her into a race for the French border and a chance for a new start.

(English Version)

Running time 87 minutes. Color

Filmed entirely on location in Spain's Northern provinces and Basque Country.

**INTRODUCING:**

Lorea Aguirre and Eduardo Luquin

**ORIGINAL FILM SCORE BY:**

Stephen Melillo

**PRODUCED BY:**

Edward A. Kuplerski

**WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY:**

Rogers V. Follansbee

**ODENNA** INTERNATIONAL FILMS

ODENNA  
INTERNATIONAL  
FILMS

GYPSY GIRL

A Rogelio Velázquez Film

LOREA AGUIRRE EDUARDO LUQUIN

A Murder  
in Spain

The American  
Knew She Was Next

GYPSY  
GIRL ... A Love Story

Where Beauty Has No Chance  
originally, "Can You Smell the Storm?" Cue M20 from Gypsy Girl  
Music by © Stephen Melillo, IGNA 23 August 1993

Though using old and inexpensive equipment back in 1993, this has always been one of my favorite cues. In 1994, I orchestrated the theme into a piece called *Where Beauty Has No Chance*. The meaning of its title I leave to you. As part of *The Fountainhead*, a work about artistic integrity, it was recorded for the very first *Stormworks CD, Chapter 1: Without Warning*. The recording suffered technical mishaps after the fact, and one day should be recorded again. Alas, another story.

Mere days ago, and as SYNC would have it, I was invited to Hofstra University where Dr. James McCrann was rendering *The Fountainhead*. This 75th D-Day (2019) is also the 25th Anniversary of its writing. After many years of not having heard it, I immediately thought of resurrecting the work and re-recording it. Days later, and without him knowing about events at Hofstra, Curt called and suggested that *this* cue be included within *The Grey*. An interesting SYNC indeed. I searched for the old sequences and couldn't find them. Remember *The Lost Music*? It was happening again, so instead, I had the chance to *re-create*.

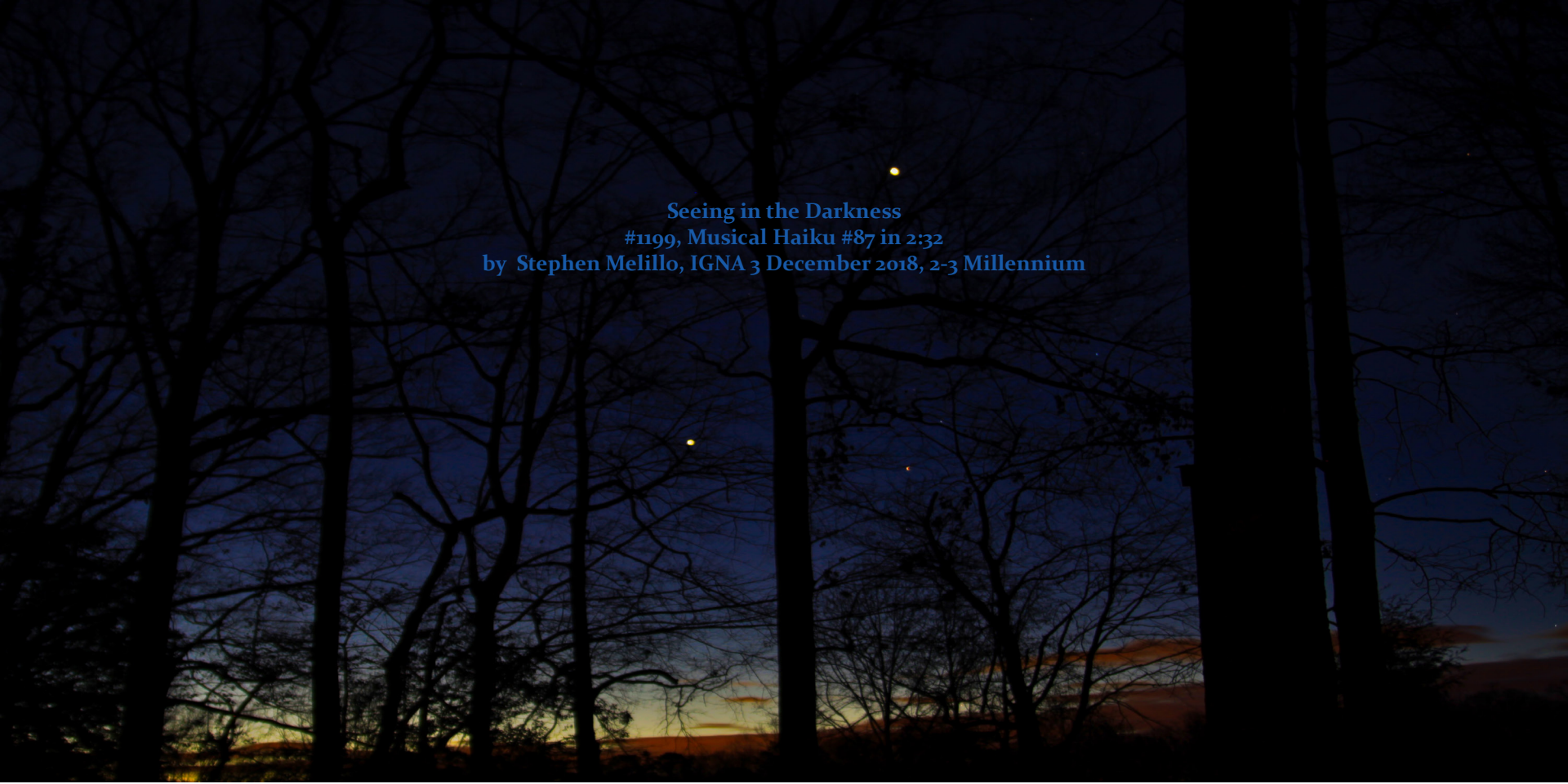
As you listen to this Music, please consider the *paradox* that is built into it. Everything about this seemingly free flow of expression was *predetermined* by the director, Rogers Follansbee. Before writing a note, *where and when* the Music would begin, *where and when* the two lovers would touch and then kiss, *where and when* the cut to the Grey Clouds would echo the sentiment of the scene, and *where and when* the Music would end... *all* was set into pre-existing moments of picture and Time and then scored to within an accuracy of 1/384th of a second. Perhaps as Shakespeare implies, "*we too are actors on a stage*". We have been given the Gift of this brief Moment, there to see either *The Grey*, or perhaps, the Light and the designing *Director* beyond it. Godspeed! Stephen Melillo



While Looking for Something Else  
#1194, Musical Haiku #82 in 4:23  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 27 April 2019, 2-3 Millennium

How often do we painstakingly search for *The Lost* only to find something we don't even remember having? And, how often, in finding that lost 'item' or idea, do we find our own selves?

IT was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us... in short, it was a period very like the present ...



Seeing in the Darkness  
#1199, Musical Haiku #87 in 2:32  
by Stephen Melillo, IGNA 3 December 2018, 2-3 Millennium



### **A Message from Our Guest Artist, Zsuzsanna Emödi, Violist**

Any instrument, be it the violin, the viola, the flute, or horn, or plastic drums, or *anything* on which Music might be made, is simply an instrument to a Goal. As Music-makers, what we are always concerned about is the Music itself, an expression of our Souls and in many ways the revealing of those Souls who can't speak Music themselves, but understand it in their hearts.

For anyone who would listen, I would gladly play Music, from Bach to the Music on this Album. I loved playing it. I look forward to making more of this Music, so sincere and Giving.

With singing heart,

Zsuzsanna Emödi