



susan  
egan

the  
secret of happiness



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Album Produced by **Georgia Stitt**

## start > secret



Here we are: Georgia and me in August of 2010. We went into a friend's studio to record three songs: "Nina Doesn't Care," "Children Will Listen," and "Momsense," as piano/vocals thinking we might release them onto the digital music scene as a little "Mommy Trio." But for many reasons, it didn't gel. We needed more than a piano, more than a few hours, more than three songs; we had more to say, and it would take an album to do it! Deciding to scrap that session entirely, we went back to the drawing board.

Our official first session for what you hear on the CD was 11/4/10 at Martinsound Studios for the fully-orchestrated "Children Will Listen" and "Nina Doesn't Care." With those in the can, we began to build, spending six months searching for the rest of the tunes, writing new pieces, re-conceptualizing songs we loved, creating a through line. In June 2011, we went into EastWest Studios and Umbrella Media to record what we had conceived. On October 1st we were done! Quite a journey. Many stories. The least of which is: I apparently started out blond and became a brunette. ~ SE

I wanted to start this essay by telling you how Susan and I hatched the idea for this record, but honestly, I can't remember. I also can't remember when we started performing together or when we became such good friends. I do remember that Michael Kerker, head of Musical Theater at ASCAP, introduced us to each other because he thought we would hit it off. (Boy, was that an understatement.) What started out as a professional relationship has turned into the most inspiring of collaborations. Thanks to Michael's recommendation, Susan recorded "Sing Me A Happy Song" on her album *Coffee House*, and then she sang the title track of my album *This Ordinary Thursday*. Finally, Susan included my song "At Christmas" on her holiday album *Winter Tracks*. She was singing so much of my material that it made sense for me to play piano for her in some of her concerts. I was really starting to dig this girl-power duo we were creating!

And then we had babies. Our first daughters were a year apart, and then our second daughters were just a few months apart. Between us we had four girls under five years old, and suddenly our work sessions were all about nannies and dress up and grilled cheese sandwiches. We applauded ourselves when we managed to accomplish even the smallest task, but that was the beauty of this friendship, now solidified. The fact that we were holding each other accountable meant that the concerts got planned, the lyrics got written, the musicians got hired. Susan and I accomplish more together than we ever could separately.

That's why I'm so proud of this record, which went from idea to album in less than a year. Susan pushed me beyond my comfort zone, and I pushed her beyond hers. She's nothing if not ambitious, that Ms. Egan, and when she said "Momsense" needed a full orchestra, we did it. We curate a blog together, *Glamour and Goop*, and every time we meet in person we brainstorm about shows we want to create, books we want to write, song ideas, concert ideas, and, of course, recipes. (In addition to everything you hear here, Susan is an astounding gardener.)

I'm thrilled to have a collaborator who is so skilled at so many things, but ultimately, what Susan does best is find her way into a song and sing the truth of it. When that happens, we all understand *The Secret Of Happiness*. Enjoy the music, and thanks for listening.

Georgia Stitt  
Los Angeles, September, 2011



#### PRODUCTION:

Album Produced by **Georgia Stitt**

Executive Producer for LML Music: **Lee Lessack**

Recorded at **Umbrella Media Studio**

Music Direction and Arrangements by **Georgia Stitt**

\*Arrangement by **Jason Robert Brown**

Recorded, Mixed and Mastered by **Andy Waterman**

Assistant Engineer and ProTools Engineering by **Ashburn Miller, Ethan Walter**

*Nina/Children*: Recorded at **Martinsound Studios** by **Dan Blessinger**, Mixed by **Jon Baker**

*Momsense*: Recorded at **EastWest Studio**, Conducted by **Georgia Stitt**, Orchestrated by **Lawrence Blank**,

Music Copied by **John Blane**; Musicians Contracted by **Dan Savant**

All songs recorded in 2011.

#### MUSICIANS:

Piano/Organ: **Georgia Stitt**; Piano/Organ: **Jason Robert Brown\***

Guitar/Mandolin: **Andy Synowiec**; Electric/Acoustic Bass: **Trey Henry**; Drums/Percussion: **Tom Walsh**

Electric Violin: **Charlie Bisharat** (*The Wanting of You*); Jazz Electric Guitar: **Nick Brown** (*Cock-Eyed Optimist*)

Guitar: **Kevin Dukes** (*The Me Of The Moment*)

Bass: **Tim Christensen** (*The Me Of The Moment*)/**David Stone** (*Nina/Children*)

Flute: **Sara Andon**; Oboe: **Chris Bleth**; Clarinet: **Jeff Driskill**; Bassoon: **Rose Corrigan**

French Horn: **Joe Meyer, Brian O'Connor**

Trumpet: **Wayne Bergeron, Dan Fornero, Jeff Bunnell**

Trombone: **Alan Kaplan, Charlie Morillas, Craig Ware**; Percussion: **Bernie Dresel** (*Momsense*)

Violin: **Sid Page** (concertmaster), **Becky Bunnell, Tiffany Hu, Lily Ho Chen, Julie Rogers, Barbra Porter,**

**Peter Kent, Sharon Jackson**; Viola: **Bob Becker, Jennie Hansen, Jessica Van Velson**

Cello: **Giovanna Clayton, Rudy Stein, Diego Miralles**

Harp: **Amy Wilkins**

#### ARTWORK:

Photography: **Olivier Ciappa** • Photo Graphic work by **David Kawena**

Additional candid photos by **Susan Egan** and **Georgia Stitt**

Art Direction & Package Design: **Doug Haverty** for Art & Soul Design (Los Angeles)



This is me contemplating music at Umbrella Media. ~ SE

# The Me Of The Moment



I feel a surge of excitement.  
I feel my heart start to swell.  
I want to say some thing different.  
I've got a new story to tell.

This place may seem unfamiliar.  
I might feel strange in my skin.  
But I am writing a chapter,  
And this is how chapters begin.

I never expected the journey I've taken.  
I thought that by this point my path would be clear.  
Yet every decision reversed my direction.  
I've made lots of choices;  
They all led me here.  
This is the me of the moment.  
You get the me of the moment.

Sometimes you just get distracted.  
You let your dreams go astray.  
I made some stupid decisions.  
I let some jerks get in my way.

But through the doors that were opened,  
I met my personal best.  
I've landed here in your presence,  
And look at how much I am blessed!

What we know when we're small is limited and often wrong.  
How we grow through it all determines how we sing our song!

I never expected the journey I've taken.  
I had some disasters. I made some mistakes.  
Yet every decision reversed my direction.  
I've made lots of choices,  
'Cuz that's what it takes  
To be the me of the moment.  
This is the me of the moment.

Sometimes it's hard getting started.  
But life explodes once you've started.  
And I am just getting started!

# A Musical Apology

---

I didn't mean it when I said, "I hope the cable in the elevator snaps  
As you step on board."  
And I was joking when I said,  
"I hope you crack your head  
And get mangled by the downstairs revolving door."  
And I was kidding when I said, "I hope the  
#103 bus  
Hits and makes a pancake out of you."

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...  
Isn't it amazing what a woman in love will do?

And I really don't want to see your taxi on the 59th Street Bridge  
Flip over and crash through the rail.  
And I'd feel bad if at the airport you were  
Mistaken for a local sex offender,  
Arrested, beaten up, and thrown in jail.  
And I really don't want to see you getting radiation poisoning  
From the metal detector that all passengers on  
Foreign and domestic flights must walk through.

I'm sorry... Forgive me...  
For all the mean things I said to you.

You thought I didn't have a temper.  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, surprise!  
But I really don't want to see you  
Dismembered by the marijuana-sniffing dogs  
When a simple little nipping would suffice.

And I'm sorry when I said, "I hope the  
Flight attendant spills scalding hot coffee on your lap  
As you fly away from me."  
And I'm sorry when I said, "I hope you break both legs  
On the mountain while you ski."  
And I'm sorry for all the nasty things  
I said about your mother  
Even though we both know they're true.

I'm sorry... Forgive me...  
I'm swallowing my pride,  
I'd feel so guilty if you died!  
Oh, I'm sorry,  
But I'm still pissed at you.

# The Secret of Happiness

---



I've discovered the secret of happiness is learning how to glide.  
I've discovered the secret of happiness is just enjoy the ride.  
Don't let the journey be tainted by the pride, and ...

I've discovered the secret of happiness is not to mourn the past.  
I've discovered the secret of happiness is not to run too fast.  
You can still beat them by coming in last, and  
The secret, the secret of happiness is...

I've discovered the secret of happiness is not to be afraid.  
I've discovered the secret of happiness is all illusions fade.  
Don't fear the future, you'll just be delayed, 'cause  
The secret, the secret of happiness is ...

Living in the now.  
Living in the time it takes to blink  
I think is how we we're meant to be living.

I've discovered the secret of happiness is following my will.  
I've discovered the secret of happiness is though we can run that hill,  
Happiness comes when we learn to be still, and  
The secret, the secret of happiness is...  
The secret of happiness is clear.  
The secret of happiness is near.  
The secret of happiness is here.



# Nina Doesn't Care



Brian Haner and Susan Egan: The Rocker and Belle - together at last. Famous stand-up/rock musician, Brian Haner "Guitar Guy" writes edgy, hilarious tunes for his act, and I'm the luckiest gal around that he lends his brilliance to my style of music just as easily. He's a big softie! Shhh! And his incredible wife, Suzy, produced the video of "Nina Doesn't Care." I love this family to no end! [Their daughter has a cameo in the video!]. ~ SE



I've been up since 4 AM 'cause she had a runny nose.  
Changed her diapers twice – washed her dirty clothes.  
She threw down her sippy-cup and then smeared me with some jam,  
I looked at her and said, "Don't you know who I am?"

Nina doesn't care if I was once a star,  
She just pulls my hair as I strap her in the car.  
She's never seen me soar or charm them with a song;  
Once an ingénue, to her I'm only mom.  
When I'm on stage it's like I walk on air –  
Nina doesn't care.

The Times said I was "stunning;" I got "4 stars" from the Post;  
Nina only giggles and whacks me with her toast.  
As she puts me through the paces, I try not to yell,  
But it's hard when she prefers the Mermaid over Belle

Nina doesn't care if the crowd is so impressed,  
She just makes a face and spits up on my dress.  
She's never seen my name up on the marquee,  
She's the princess now, and I'm just plain ol' me.  
She's never seen me in the spotlight's glare ...

Nina doesn't care  
If my hair's just right, or I took 3 curtain calls;  
She just needs me there to hold her tight,  
Catch her when she falls.

Nina doesn't care if I've had a lousy night –  
Tired voice worn out, every song a fight.  
Or if I lost the part – a role I wish I'd won,  
Or got a bad review – what more could I have done?  
Then holding her's the answer to my prayer,  
Thank God – Nina doesn't care.



# Cock-Eyed Optimist



When the sky is a bright canary yellow,  
I forget every cloud I've ever seen,  
So they call me a cockeyed optimist:  
Immature and incurably green.

I have heard people rant and rave and bellow  
That we're done and we might as well be dead,  
But I'm only a cockeyed optimist  
And I can't get it into my head.

I hear the human race  
Is falling on its face  
And hasn't very far to go,  
But every whippoorwill  
Is selling me a bill,  
And telling me it just ain't so.

I could say life is just a bowl of Jello  
And appear more intelligent and smart,  
But I'm stuck like a dope  
With a thing called hope,  
And I can't get it out of my heart!  
Not this heart...

The sky is a bright canary yellow ....

"Cockeyed Optimist" was a last-minute decision for this CD. Georgia and I felt we needed a true classic Broadway song on the album, but it needed to be outside the box. Miraculously Georgia had done this arrangement years ago, pulled it out of her files, and taught it to me the day we recorded it! After having done *South Pacific* three times, I adore Georgia's new interpretation of this song! ~ SE

# Children Will Listen

How do you say to a child in the night,  
“Nothing’s all black, but then nothing’s all white?”  
How do you say, “It will all be all right”  
When you know that it mightn’t be true?  
What do you do?

Careful the things you say.  
Children will listen.  
Careful the things you do.  
Children will see and learn.

Children may not obey,  
But children will listen.  
Children will look to you  
For which way to turn to learn what to be.  
Careful before you say,  
“Listen to me.”  
Children will listen.

Careful the wish you make.  
Wishes are children.  
Careful the path they take.  
Wishes come true, not free.  
Careful the spell you cast,  
Not just on children.  
Sometimes the spell may last  
Past what you can see and turn against you.  
Careful the tale you tell,  
That is the spell.  
Children will listen.  
Children will listen.





Georgia is a fantastic conductor (I like to think of her as “conductress”) — absolutely in control of the orchestra, the music and the vision.



This was our big orchestra day at EastWest Studios in Hollywood. Exciting, ambitious, pressure-filled, and Georgia was incredible! She conducted every piece that day — some for my album, some for hers. Exciting to watch! ~ SE



# Momsense

Get up now, Get up now, Get up out of bed!  
Wash your face, Brush your teeth, Comb your sleepy head.  
Here's your clothes, here's your shoes, hear the words I said:  
Get up now, get up and make your bed.

Are you hot? Are you cold? Are you wearing that?  
Where's your books and your lunch and your homework at?  
Grab your coat and your scarf and your gloves and hat,  
Don't forget you got to feed the cat.

Eat your breakfast; the experts tell us it's the most important meal of all.  
Take your vitamins, so you will grow up one day to be big and tall.  
Don't forget the orthodontist will be seeing you at three today?  
Don't forget your piano lesson is this afternoon, so you must play.

Don't shovel, chew slowly, but hurry the bus is here.  
Be careful, come back here — did you wash behind your ear?  
Play outside, don't play rough, will you just play fair?  
Be polite, make a friend, don't forget to share.  
Work it out, wait your turn, never take a dare.  
Get along, don't make me come down there.

Clean your room, fold your clothes, put your stuff away.  
Make your bed, do it now, we don't have all day?  
Were you born in a barn? Would you like some hay?  
Do you even hear a word I say?

Answer the phone, get off the phone!  
Don't sit so close, turn it down, no texting at the table.  
No more computer time tonight,  
Your iPod's my iPod if you don't listen up.

Where you going and with whom and  
What time do you think you're coming home?  
Saying thank you, please, excuse me  
Makes you welcome everywhere you roam.  
You'll appreciate my wisdom  
Someday when you're older and you're grown.  
Can't wait 'til you have a couple little (brats, I mean) children of your own.

You'll thank me for the counsel I give you so willingly,  
But right now  
I'll thank you NOT to roll your eyes at me.

Close your mouth when you chew, I'd appreciate.  
Take a bite, maybe two of the stuff you hate.  
Use your fork, do not you burp, or I'll set you straight.  
Eat the food I put upon your plate.

Get an A, get the door, don't get smart with me,  
Get a Grip, get over here; I'll only count to 3.  
Get a job, get a life, get a PhD.  
And also...

I don't care who started it; you're grounded until your 36.  
Get your story straight, and tell the truth for once for heaven's sake.  
And if all your friends jumped off a cliff, would you jump too?  
If I've said it once, I've said at least a thousand times before that  
You're too old to act this way; it must be your father's DNA.  
Look at me when I am talking  
Stand up straighter when you walk  
A place for everything  
And everything must be in place  
Stop crying or I'll give you something real to cry about

Brush your teeth, wash your face, get your PJs on.  
Jump in bed, give a hug, say a prayer with Mom  
Don't forget, I love you  
\*\*KISS\*\*

And tomorrow we will do this all again, because a mom's work never ends.  
You don't need the reason why  
Because, because, because, because  
I said so, I said so, I said so, I said so!  
I'm the Mom  
The mom, the mom, the mom, the mom.  
The mom, the mom!  
Ha!



# I Have You

Da Vinci had the "Mona Lisa;" Thomas had his phonograph;  
Henry Ford had his Model T; Freud had a funny idea about dreams,  
And Einstein had his theory; Perlman has his violin.  
Until now I always felt outside looking in.

I have you to tell me I'm the only one,  
I have you to warm me like the morning sun,  
All I do is count my blessings one by one,  
All my dreams have come true – I have you.

Crosby had "White Christmas;" Armstrong had the moon.  
Newton had his apple; Michelangelo had the Sistine Chapel.  
Bogie had "Casablanca," Disney had his land,  
I never thought I'd have the chance to truly understand.

I have you – you always seem to know the way.  
I have you – you always know just what to say  
All I do is look to heaven for another day;  
All my dreams have come true; I have you

My love for you is never-ending,  
A timeless flame inside my heart  
A perfect circle that has no beginning,  
I have found a work of art

I have you to hold me when I'm feeling down.  
I have you – the one I want to be around.  
All I do is thank the stars for the love I've found.  
All my dreams have come true,

I have you.  
I have you.



# The Wanting of You

I'm walking in my head down on Avenue B  
As the echo of a guitar strums  
Tightening my overcoat  
And waiting for contentment  
Like a bus that never comes  
Crushing my hat over angry hair  
I beg my pocket for a cigarette  
And instead I find a nickel  
And a crumpled little napkin  
With a poem for a lover I need to forget...

The wanting of you  
It colors everything I do  
It's in my house and in my bed  
It's there in every tear I shed  
When I don't think I'll make it through

The wanting of you  
It is my unsundered prayer  
I trace your hands upon my skin  
How did I dare to let you in  
It's almost more than I can bear  
The wanting of you

I patronize myself as I take my chair  
In the couldn't care less café  
Accept the silent greeting of the mother with the baby  
And the model with the black shar pei  
There's a NYU kid who raises one lid  
Then goes right back to his thousand page book...  
And I spend another morning tracing stories in the oatmeal  
That some Spanish guy did not remember to cook...

The wanting of you  
It wakes me up at half past two  
With long gone shadows I converse  
I think it can't get any worse  
But how I know that isn't true

The wanting of you  
It is a neverending storm  
I wear it everywhere I go  
Just like a coat that doesn't know  
That it's supposed to keep me warm.

You  
Knocking on my door, stumbling over words  
Laughing at my jokes, losing wallets  
You  
Never getting mad, sort of getting mad, never understanding  
Understanding everything  
You  
Absolutely right  
Absolutely wrong

Everything that matters...

Nothing but a song  
Nothing but a song

I step into the bath round a quarter past three  
Let the water ease my wounded pride  
I wash away my sorrow with a promise of tomorrow  
But the water doesn't let me hide...  
The clock on the wall says go ahead stall  
You're entitled to a way to cope...  
And I wonder if it isn't really loneliness that kills you  
I think people really die of hope

The wanting of you  
It colors everything I do  
It's in my house and in my bed  
It's there in every tear I shed  
When I don't think I'll make it through

The wanting of you  
It is my unsundered prayer  
I trace your hands upon my skin  
How did I dare to let you in  
It's almost more than I can bear

I trace your hands upon my skin  
How did I dare to let you in  
It's almost more than I can bear

The wanting of you.



# From the Stars (Isla's Song)

---



When I met your daddy his eyes lit the night,  
And his smile made my heart skip a beat and take flight,  
And you sat up on high and you sighed in delight as we kissed.

Then you danced on your cloud as we walked down the aisle,  
And our lives filled with love as we traveled each mile,  
'Til the day we both stopped and knew with a smile what we missed.

You, we dreamed of you, love.  
And the planets aligned up above.  
Your wings touched the night skies of Saturn and Mars;  
My angel on loan from the stars

Now you're growing and waking a world of your own,  
As you babble and bask in the welcomed unknown,  
And I watch you in wonder as each milestone passes by.

You, we whispered your name,  
And the universe cried the same.  
How lucky are we that you chose to be ours?  
My angel on loan from the stars.

Now you're walking and running and reaching new ground,  
And I know what comes next, we are calendar bound,  
To keep time and take turns on this merry-go-round, it will fly –  
The years racing by.

Oh but,  
You, don't fear what's in store.  
Darling, some day we'll all be stardust once more.  
But I'll find you, my beauty, and I'll hold you tight;  
My angel, back home in the light.

Once heaven is ours,  
We'll all be back home in the stars.

# All Things In Time



Here you can see Jason at the piano in the background. We were at EastWest Studios so he could have this particular piano at his fingertips as we lay down the track for his song, "All Things In Time." In each take his piano solo was completely different. Having to choose just one was a bummer; I could listen to him play forever. ~ SE

All things in time.  
If not today, if not tomorrow,  
Then all things in time.  
We can't predict what comes to pass.  
All we control is how we react and how we recover.  
Something like faith  
Deep in our skin:  
Everything in its time.

All things in time.  
Some things come quick, some things come easy.  
But all things will come,  
Given the chance,  
Given the room.  
I can't decide the length of a day, the depth of an ocean;  
I just decide  
What to explore.  
Maybe it's just wanting it more.  
Want it enough, let it begin,  
Everything in its time.

No way to know, no guarantees, nothing but choices.  
Plenty to lose,  
Plenty to fear;  
Let's make a deal I will be here,  
Waiting with you,  
Trusting what's true,  
Stumbling blind, but knowing we'll find  
Everything,  
Everything in its time.



# Bridge Over Troubled Water



Here's Jason running the session for "Bridge Over Troubled Water" at Umbrella Media. Georgia and I can sit back for a moment, as Andy readjusts microphones in the background.

One of my favorite aspects of this project was watching this crazy-talented, married couple work together. Georgia as producer letting Jason know what we could and could not (afford to) do; Georgia and Jason, the musical minds, working out a chart; Georgia and Jason figuring out who was going to pick their daughter up from school ...

When you're weary  
Feeling small  
When tears are in your eyes  
I will dry them all

I'm on your side  
When times get rough  
And friends just can't be found  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will lay me down  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will lay me down

When you're down and out  
When you're on the street  
When evening falls so hard  
I will comfort you

I'll take your part  
When darkness comes  
And pain is all around  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will lay me down  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will lay me down

Sail on Silver Girl,  
Sail on by  
Your time has come to shine  
All your dreams are on their way

See how they shine  
If you need a friend  
I'm sailing right behind  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will ease your mind  
Like a bridge over troubled water  
I will ease your mind





Here is dreamy Ashburn working his magic at the computer — making me sound better than I do. ~SE



Here's Georgia at Umbrella Media laying down some of the piano tracks. She was in an isolated booth, but still managed to conduct the other musicians via the video screen. And she looks cute. How does she do it?



Here is Andy at work at EastWest Studios on our big orchestra day. He is a master, and one of the kindest souls.



A full-page photograph serves as the background for the text. It depicts a woman in a dark dress lifting a young child into the air. The child is wearing a light-colored dress and has their arms outstretched. Another child in a light-colored dress stands in the foreground, looking up. The scene is set in a grassy area with trees in the background, bathed in the warm, golden light of late afternoon or early morning. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong lens flare and silhouetting the figures.

## susan thanks:

Georgia Stitt, whose friendship and collaboration are two great joys in my life – I don't know where one ends and the other begins. JRB, for sweetly lending his brilliance. Brian Haner, mentor and mench, for divulging his softer side (with killer hooks), and Suzy Haner, who has us all under her spell. Andy, Lauren, Ashburn and Ethan at Umbrella Media, Lee at LML Music, Melissa Verdugo at Levity, Jon Baker, Madeline Myers, Larry Blank, Bob Wackerman, and Doug Haverty – dream colleagues. Mon nouvel ami, Olivier, pour inspirer ma vue éclairée du monde, et David pour toute son aide. Karen, BFF. And of course, my family, most especially Robert, Nina and Isla – my loves, my secrets ...





For my mother –  
*sail on ...*