

- A a memento Gift for all those who continue to search the Stars on this cornerstone date:  
**27 January**, the birth of **W.A. Mozart**, **Jerome Kern**,  
the **1201PM** recording session, the anniversary of **Only for Now**  
and the **23rd** anniversary of **STORMWORKS**.  
Godspeed!

Once there was a man who searched for a single stone on the seemingly endless shores of a pebble-laden beach. A young man, he began his search with great faith and hope. With each and every stone, he bent to his knee, clutched his possible prize, and touched it to a simple chain he wore around his neck. When the chain turned to gold, his search would be over... for he would have found "The Touchstone". Days passed, then weeks, then months, then years... until finally he had reached the end of his life. Old and worn he looked back over the many miles. Tired and defeated, he looked down at the chain around his neck. It had become gold! He had found The Touchstone... but caught in the persistence of his action... he had thrown it away.

*The Story as told to David by a Hindu Emissary*  
*"You must FIND this Stone!"*  
*"Yes... I shall!"*

**The Touchstone** by © Stephen Melillo IGNA 1994  
There is no time... only the pulse and heart of the performers

The image shows a musical score for 'The Touchstone' by Stephen Melillo. It consists of multiple staves of music with lyrics and chord progressions. The lyrics include: 'I see You... and then at Dusk, I pray for strength from You. In the Twi-Light of the Star-Night I am awed by the Sight of the Lights in the Sky that Praise You... Work awaits me in the morning, the-Search for something that will save my heart. So I pick up every stone and then I Touch it to my Soul and then I Wait to see if You have blessed this Moment... Why, oh God is Life but just a Moment? Then I start again to search for You. In the Twi-Light of the Star-Light, Night is fighting, filled with Might to stamp out every Hope of morning's Light... So I start again to search for You. In the twinkling, fleeting, glistening of Sun on the Sand I can look in my Hand and Find in its grasp the chance to Give with every fiber... Even if my Life is just a Moment... Even if my Life is just a Moment...'

*And so, David sets out...* "In the morning Light I see You... and then at Dusk, I pray for strength from You. In the Twi-Light of the Star-Night I am awed by the Sight of the Lights in the Sky that Praise You... Work awaits me in the morning, the-Search for something that will save my heart. So I pick up every stone and then I Touch it to my Soul and then I Wait to see if You have blessed this Moment... Why, oh God is Life but just a Moment? Then I start again to search for You. In the Twi-Light of the Star-Light, Night is fighting, filled with Might to stamp out every Hope of morning's Light... So I start again to search for You. In the twinkling, fleeting, glistening of Sun on the Sand I can look in my Hand and Find in its grasp the chance to Give with every fiber... Even if my Life is just a Moment... Even if my Life is just a Moment..."



*Excerpted from a personal letter to Norman Grüneberg and his Gewandhaus audience of 1 May 2016.*

On the autobiographical level, I wrote **DAVID** as a statement about Faith, Purpose, and as a manifesto of personal conviction. From one perspective, I wrote it about the folly of finding "Touchstones" and then throwing them away. But from a personal perspective, I wrote it about finding wealth and fame and the decision to throw those away too. Instead the piece would present in Music the choice of Love for God and as Beethoven believed, the "Brotherhood of Man."

In the score it reads, "*dedicated to the DAVIDS of our world,*" but there is much implied within those words. I know that despite the languages, the borders, the faiths, the races and more that there are those in the audience who have CHOSEN Goodness and Kindness in spite of a world that continually slaps them in the face. You are "Davids," and *this* is why this piece exists and *why* I write Music. It is to give you solace and strength as you fight the Good fight with your own personal Goliaths.

May this work and all such works that come from my pen serve that Purpose. Godspeed!

Stephen Melillo  
Composer