

## Authors Note:

**Lord, You Are** was released in 2002. In 2006, the songs were re-mastered to improve the sound and match volume levels to the *Resurrection Power* CD. Since its release 4 years ago, the Father has provided for giving away about two thousand home-made copies. With this re-mastered version, a sponsor has come forward to pay for one thousand copies of each CD to give them away!

Since 2002, I've met a number of musicians who give their CDs away and do free concerts in obedience to the Lord's command: *"freely ye have received, freely give."* I'd like to think it is a move of God to ensure His music remains free of commercial influence.

The reactions of people to a free CD have ranged from joy to suspicion. Some I imagine have rarely been given a free gift, but have instead been asked too often to give out of what little they have. Others make a face that says: *"A free CD? Must be awful – I'd better humor this guy before he starts singing."* Whatever their reaction, I have thoroughly enjoyed giving my music away. For the skeptics, be assured that listening to this CD will not induce a trance wherein one day you'll awaken at the airport with a shaved head, wearing a toga and selling carnations while a girl named "Moon Beam" plays the tambourine and dances for weary travelers.

*What's in it for me*, you ask? The simple joy of giving.

### MY LIFE IN SONG (FROM RELIGION TO JESUS)

When I was little, my mom and grandmother took me to Sunday School, where I remember listening to Bible stories and making crafts. When the day came that I pushed mom too far about staying home with my dad, she invited the pastor to drop by after church. When he visited us, my dad remarked "I just don't know what it will take to get those boys to go to church". The pastor looked my dad in the eye and replied "you need to take them, Mr. Helser" (DEUTERONOMY 11:18-21). Dad liked him instantly for his bold answer and from that day on we went to church as a family. **"A Song For Daddy"** is in memory of that pastor, Rev. James Ford Armstrong.

For several years I sat through church worship services, but I didn't know Jesus. I knew the Bible buzzwords that made me sound like a Christian, but I was a phony. During Maundy Thursday service I accompanied the choir on guitar. Near the end of the candlelight service when Rev. Armstrong read the last words of Jesus, I looked up at the cross and I saw Jesus hanging there. I was deeply grieved, and I knew at last that I loved Him. Three days later on March 29, 1970, I was **"BORN ON EASTER MORNING"** when I received Jesus as my savior (ROMANS 6:4).

Having confessed in Jesus, I believed my eternal fate was secure and I went about life as usual. After all, Jesus is the ultimate **"FIRE INSURANCE"** policy, right (MATTHEW 7:21)? Nowhere was I more obnoxious than behind the wheel of a car. My lead foot (a condition afflicting Christians everywhere) did not deter me from spreading the gospel of Christ as a **"BUMPER STICKER WITNESS."** I testified to many drivers as I sped by – until the day I passed a Washington State Trooper who wasn't persuaded by my smooth talk and excuses (ROMANS 13:1-5).

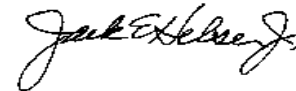
Fatherhood made me more responsible and I sought to develop a 'more vibrant spiritual life' through Christian books and tapes. But the 'methodical approach' didn't work for me and I floundered. By the time I was 30, I had seen 3 church splits and the ousting of several pastors including Rev. Armstrong. As I struggled to keep the faith, I wrote **"DON'T BE DECEIVED"** (JAMES 1:16). But the wounds I received from "church" and the Christian music industry were too much for me and instead I buried my talents and dedicated myself to my family and career.

Giving my all for my family and my employer emptied me. After 16 years of marriage and 3 daughters, my first wife filed for divorce. It was unexpected and I was devastated. Concerned for my own safety, I checked into a Christian counseling clinic to get some help. While there a nurse heard me talk about giving up the guitar, so she brought hers in for me. Playing again was like being reunited with a dear old friend. As I played, God reminded me of the first song He gave me **"THE LORD'S ALWAYS CARED FOR ME"** and the promise it holds for me (PSALM 23:4).

*Lord, You Are is a beginning. These songs reflect my life-long journey to Jesus. The story opens with a little boy kicking and screaming as he was dragged to Sunday School, who grew up to be a young teen enamored with church, youth groups, and the new Christian music of the early 70's.*

*As a young adult, my youthful enthusiasm gave way to resentment following several church experiences that hurt me deeply. Approaching 40, I was beaten and robbed by the world, and left for dead. In desperation I cried out "Lord, All I want is You." He heard my cry and had compassion on me; He rescued me and healed me. In the years since, He has equipped me for ministry by His Holy Spirit.*

*It is with Jesus that my journey home really began; no more excuses or pretenses. Just one day at a time, hand in hand with Jesus, who is the beginning and end of my journey home.*



*God bless and guide you!*

In the clinic, I met Shawn who is like a sister to me. As she struggled to remember a time in her life before abuse, the Lord stirred up my creativity and I began collecting Shawn's memories in **"EMILY"**, which is the name she often took when playing make believe. The song reminds us to be childlike to enter God's Kingdom (MATTHEW 18:3).

While healing I experienced the love of God as never before. Though the Lord is "close to the brokenhearted" (PSALM 34:18), I was still quite lonely and wanted to meet His choice for me. God however intended to heal me, and teach me to wait and depend on Him. After several years alone with God, I met His choice through America Online. Everything we needed for our Seattle to Chicago relationship was provided, and a year later, Karen and I were married (PSALM 37:4). In college, when Karen prayed for a husband, God replied **"WAIT ON ME."** I am awestruck by His goodness and wonderfully blessed by my wife who waited 21 years for me (PROVERBS 31:29).

Driving home from a prophetic conference during November 1999, Karen and I were worshipping and reminiscing about the weekend. The Lord gave me a new song called **"SOUL BY SOUL"** which is a wake up call for the Church and a reminder that we have much work to do before we can go home to be with the Lord (MATTHEW 24:14).

As our relationship with the Lord deepened and He gave us gifts (1 CORINTHIANS 12:8-10), it became increasingly difficult to remain in the traditional church we attended (MARK 7:9) for the simple reason that the Spirit's fire was quenched (1 THESSALONIANS 5:19) and spiritual gifts were forbidden (1 CORINTHIANS 14:39). In time, the Lord called us to simply follow Him where He set us free (2 CORINTHIANS 3:17). As Karen and I waited on the Lord, He began teaching us that worship is a lifestyle (ROMANS 12:1), and that "Church" is not a Sunday morning routine as we had been taught, but rather the children of God coming together to live in community (ACTS 2:44-47, ACTS 4:32-35). The Biblical example for Christian fellowship is informal gatherings, often centered around a meal, where everyone may share, worship and pray (1 CORINTHIANS 14:26) in the family atmosphere of believer's homes (ACTS 5:42, ACTS 8:3, ACTS 16:40, ACTS 20:20, ROMANS 16:3-5, 1 CORINTHIANS 16:19, COLOSSIANS 4:15, PHILEMON 1:2).

Karen and I enjoy such gatherings with other believers to break bread, fellowship, study, pray and worship. We gather whenever and wherever the Lord leads. The key is to allow the Holy Spirit to lead us (Galatians 5:25). Sometimes the Lord blesses us with a spiritual song (EPHESIANS 5:19) such as **"LORD, YOU ARE"** which the Lord gave to me during the summer of 2001 while worshipping with Karen. The song fixes our eyes upon Jesus, and reminds us that Jesus is the beginning and end of our journey home (REVELATION 21:6-7).

### A SONG FOR DADDY

Daddy don't send your boys to church  
Get out of bed and take them  
They're looking up to you  
That football game you're missing  
Can't mean that much to you  
After all it's just the Seahawks  
And they're sure to lose.

Daddy you surely need to rest  
You work long hours to pay the bills  
For that your boys are blessed  
But Sunday when you're sleeping in  
Like dad, they'll sleep in too  
You could take your boys to Sunday school  
And nap that afternoon

Daddy you make them earn good grades  
Brush their teeth and comb their hair  
And sometimes even shave  
But when it comes to Sunday school  
You let them have a choice?  
You should set a good example dad  
If you love your boys

Daddy please take your boys to church  
Your wife will gladly thank you  
For lending her a hand  
Sometimes mother needs your help  
To make them sit up straight  
You can also help keep fingers out  
Of the offering plate

One day they'll all be grown and gone  
You'll wonder if you raised them right  
Or if you raised them wrong  
I can guarantee they'll thank you dad  
For taking them to church  
'Cause it was there that they met Jesus  
And learned about God's word

### BORN ON EASTER MORNING

When I was just a little boy  
I went to Sunday school  
And listened to the stories  
Of Noah and Joseph too  
On the classroom wall there hung  
A painting of the Lord  
A little boy was sitting on his knee

Jesus smiled as He held him  
And children gathered 'round  
They giggled as he told them a story  
I imagined I was with them  
Sitting at His feet  
But I knew not who He was  
Or why He'd come

I found myself years later  
At the table of the Lord  
To eat the bread of Christ  
And drink His wine of love  
There were seven candles burning  
One for each word of Christ  
Spoken as he hung upon the cross

As the pastor read each word He spoke  
A candle was put out  
Until the light of only one remained  
"Father into thy hands  
I commend my spirit"  
Were the final words Christ spoke  
Before he died

As the pastor put the candle out  
I looked up at the cross  
And saw the Lamb of God hanging there  
I remember how the tears welled up  
When He hung His head and died  
I knew at last I loved Him  
While silently I cried

On Easter Sunday morning  
The pastor stood to speak  
He said with joy: "Jesus is alive"  
He led us all in simple prayer  
To have new life in Christ  
When I said "yes" to Jesus  
He gave me brand new life

I was born on Easter morning  
The first day of my life  
I owe my all to Jesus  
I'm never going to die

### FIRE INSURANCE

*Fire insurance won't do you no good  
After you have died  
Unless you have confessed in Jesus  
Man you're gonna be fried*

Jack's Allstate was all paid up  
When they found him dead  
Saint Peter met him at the gate  
And this is what Pete said

"Jack are you a Christian?  
Your name's not in the book  
I guess you're going to the other place  
Man you're gonna cook"

### BUMPER STICKER WITNESS

At last the service ended  
Man the sermon was a bore  
I wish the church had padded pews  
'Cause man my buns get sore

I walked out to the parking lot  
And eased into my car  
The sticker on the bumper said:  
"Christ is the Morning Star"

Well rubber squealed & the engine roared  
As I pulled out on the street  
The cloud of smoke left in the air  
Made all the deacons wheeze

I stepped on the gas & pulled out to pass  
Every car and truck in sight  
There never was a driver  
I could stand to be behind

I looked ahead but not in time  
To slow down for a black and white  
The rear view mirror filled up quick  
With the cruisers flashing lights

I pulled onto the shoulder  
And brought my car to a stop  
Rollin' down the drivers window  
I looked up at the cop

He was eight feet tall & he looked mean  
He was the biggest Smokey I'd ever seen  
He raised his clipboard & started to write  
"Your license sir - please step outside"

Well I pleaded with the officer  
But nothing seemed to work  
He frowned and said "there's no excuse  
For driving like a jerk"

"Seventy seven miles an hour  
Is a serious violation  
When you start to speed again  
Remember this citation"

I pulled back on the freeway  
And shifted through the gears  
The words I mumbled at the cop  
Would have surely burned his ears

I fumed about the ticket  
And how much I'd be fined  
The thought of someone else's safety  
Never crossed my mind

I was finally home and I slammed the door  
And walked around the car  
The sticker seemed to speak to me  
"Christ is the Morning Star"

Father please forgive me  
I'm ashamed of what I've done  
What kind of witness have I been  
For Jesus Christ Your Son?

### DON'T BE DECEIVED

*Don't be deceived  
The Devil's a liar  
Don't you believe  
Don't let him deceive you  
With his lies*

Remember the time  
You knelt down to pray  
You asked the Lord's guidance  
In your despair  
When God didn't answer  
You right away  
Old Satan whispered  
"God doesn't care"

Faced with temptation  
He says "it's all right  
God will forgive you  
Whenever you sin"  
He mixes some truth  
With each of his lies  
Will you listen to God  
Or listen to him?

You can distinguish  
The truth from a lie  
By learning and living  
The word of God  
Like holding a diamond  
Up to the light  
You'll see if it's good  
Or see if it's flawed

### THE LORD'S ALWAYS CARED FOR ME

When my heart was troubled  
And I knew not where to turn  
That's when God spoke to me  
And showed me His concern

He said "I've always been there  
I've loved you through and through  
You have not chosen Me  
For I have chosen you"

*The Lord's always cared for me  
He hears my every prayer  
When no one else could comfort me  
I turned and He was there*

"I sent my Son to teach you  
And bring you joyous news  
When you try to reach Me  
His is the way to use"

"Jesus lived and died for you  
So you could be set free  
Now that you've been shown the way  
Give your life to Me"

His words removed the veil of doubt  
That hung before my eyes  
His love embraced my troubled heart  
And made me realize

### EMILY

She reached for the clouds  
As the wind brushed back her hair  
Swinging ever higher  
She was free without a care

Chasing butterflies  
With her curious brown eyes  
She gazed across the sea  
Of rolling blue posies

*Emily, Emily  
Do you have a smile for me  
Emily, Emily  
Won't you come out where I can see*

Running through the grass  
Mommy kissing banded up knees  
Healing with the love  
Mommy had for Emily

Sitting down to tea  
With her good friend Mr. Clown  
Eating toast and honey  
She spread her joy around

Bathing in the light  
Dancing in its warm embrace  
Feeling like a princess  
In her gown of satin lace

Angels 'round her bed  
Singing gentle melodies  
She drifted off to sleep  
With dreams of soaring on the breeze

*Emily, Emily  
Lives within my sister Shawn Ree  
Emily, Emily  
Long as lives dear Shawn lives Emily*

### WAIT ON ME

Many years I've waited  
For the one whose heart would be  
The echo of the heart  
That beats in me

In my dreams I've seen her  
When I look for her, she's gone  
The hope that I might find her  
Leads me on  
Where is she Lord?

How I prayed to meet her  
How I longed to hear  
When at last the answer came  
His voice was clear  
Wait on Me

Broken hearted and ashamed  
I fell upon my knees  
And laid my heart's desire  
At Jesus feet  
With trembling voice I prayed  
"Forgive my selfish ways  
Oh Lord, have all of me"

His loving arms embraced me  
Healing words were sewn  
As He shaped my broken heart  
To be His own

In His time He gave me  
The one I've longed for all my life  
This day my heart's desire  
Will be my wife  
Thank you Lord

Many years I've waited... for you

### SOUL BY SOUL

Soul by soul we'll find the lost  
Lead them to the Savior's cross  
Help them turn away from sin  
Die to self and live again

Teach us at the Savior's feet  
Lead the milk bring on the meat  
Fit us with God's battle gear  
Time for war! His Kingdom nears!  
(optional: *Time to kick the devil's rear!*)

*Jesus! Hail the risen King!  
Jesus! Conquers everything!  
Jesus! Every knee shall bow!  
Jesus! Is our victory now!*

Step by step we'll win the war  
Raise your shields and draw your swords  
Soon He'll give the trumpet blast  
The time to fight has come at last

No retreat - we'll forge ahead  
Take the cities, raise the dead  
Like Jericho we'll march on hell  
Sound the trumpets! Give the yell!

### LORD YOU ARE

Lord You are My righteousness  
Lord You are My holiness

Nothing I can do is worthy  
Of your name  
Lord I would be lost without you  
Clothed in shame

Lord You are My Prince of Peace  
Lord You are My Sweet Relief

Storms around my soul are raging  
I'm afraid  
With a word you hush the wind and  
Still the waves

Lord You are My Victory  
Lord You are My Jubilee

Devils scheme and lay their snares to  
Conquer me  
You crush them all and take the spoils for  
Blessing me

Lord You are The Great I AM  
Lord You are The Son of Man

You set aside Your crown of glory  
Humility  
Lamb of God You came for me at  
Calvary

Lord You are The Bread of Life  
Lord You are The One True Vine

Hunger in my soul was crying  
To be fed  
You washed my feet and served me with  
Wine and bread

Lord, You Are!

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### INFORMATION

Web: lordyouare.com

### GIVING THANKS!

**Mom and Dad** – I love you, and I'm grateful that you MADE ME take guitar lessons and practice. Dad, when I envisioned myself another 'Chet Atkins' and refused to sing, you bought and hid a tape recorder behind the couch cushion and taped me singing. That was real sneaky Dad, but I'm glad you did it. I can't imagine my life without music. And Mom, your love of poetry, and writing silly poems introduced me to writing songs, especially the humorous lyrics I love so much. When my goofy songs annoy you, remember who taught me. ☺

**Rev. Jim Armstrong** – There are 2 songs on this album dedicated to you "R.A." – "A Song For Daddy", and "Born on Easter Morning". Your boldness led to my salvation. Later, you were a fatherly influence in my life, especially when I flirted with trouble during my late teens. I miss you Jim.

**Mrs. Nansen** – God's Creation Company was a blast. When I played my first song for you and suggested Lewis sing it, you said "Lewis is not singing **that** song, **YOU** are." Thanks for giving me a push, and letting me back in the group every time you had to kick me out for disrupting practices with my constant playing.

**Dan** – There's never a time I sing publicly that I fail to remember our years as "The Singers David" and the fun we had teasing each other, and ganging up on Dad (our soundman). I miss you most though when I am lugging my sound equipment into a church building, alone.

**Char** – Knowing you is a real blessing. Talking about struggles with expectations of perfection in music and overcoming the unrealistic demands of the world has restored my love for music, even in the studio when the "RECORD" light is on. May God bless you and your music.

**Roger** – You encouraged me with stories of Christian artists whom you knew from your days in the coffee house ministry. I will never forget our trip to Kansas City and how you worshipped with such abandon while I drove. And now you see Him face to face. I love you brother, and look forward to seeing you again soon.

**Lisa, Lindsay and Savannah** – Thank you for believing in me. With God, all things are possible. I love you sweeties!

**Karen** – Music is best with you! Thanks for your love, prayers, encouragement, and helping me stay on track. While I love singing publicly with you, I treasure most our times of private worship where God often gives us new songs. You are my Proverbs 31:29 wife. I love you!

**Jesus** – Thank you for the bread and the wine, and the freedom to be what You created me to be. Thank You for restoring me, and for being the Lord of 2<sup>nd</sup> chances. It is my prayer that everyone who hears these songs You have given me, will know You as the same wonderful Savior that I know You to be. Lord, You Are! I love You!