Gratitude 2

A Celebration of Music, Transformation, and Community

Saturday, August 23, 2025, 4pm
UCLA Mathias Botanical Garden Amphitheater

Featuring Singing Performances By

Annabelle • Thomas • Robbyn • Greg

Accompanied by the extraordinary musicians of Liquid Indigo

Invocation of Service

I am grateful, eternally grateful.

This gift is not mine to own, but mine to serve.

Through me, not for me, unconditional love flows.

I accept the weight, I accept the scope.

I do not falter, for my word is my bond.

I serve faithfully, with nothing else to give but all that I am.

The Meaning of Gratitude

Gratitude is more than thanks. It is the recognition that every breath, every moment, every connection is given—not earned. Gratitude opens us to the truth that life itself is gift, and that our response to such a gift is not possession, but service.

The Othello Metaphor reminds us that identity is never fixed. Like pieces on a board that flip in relation to one another, we are constantly changing through reflection, choice, and relationship. Gratitude is the posture that makes this motion meaningful—it transforms chaos into harmony, polarity into possibility.

This performance is the living expression of that truth.

Each song is more than musics it is a reflection of the human journey through fear and love, through loss and renewal. Together, these voices weave the story of transformation — not as philosophy alone, but as sound, as resonance, as shared experience.

Tonight we sing not only to perform, but to remember:

That gratitude is the bridge between what we have been given, and what we are called to give in return.

If I Die Young

The fear of leaving too soon, of words unsaid or love unfinished, is one of the deepest human fears. It is not unusual — it is where we all begin. If I Die Young gives voice to this universal starting point, naming the shadows that every heart knows.

But the song does not remain there. In the spirit of the Othello Metaphor, it flips from darkness into light: from fear into love. Instead of silence, it asks for music. Instead of sorrow, it asks for laughter and memory. By its closing verse, the song moves beyond regret, carrying love forward as presence — as the echo in our laughter, in our music, in our lives.

If I Die Young

Paper hearts I meant to send Words I thought I'd say again In a world that spins too fast Shadows fall but moments last

And I don't wanna be a ghost in someone's song
I'd rather be the laughter you lean upon

If I die young, let the music play
Don't wear black, just dance on that day
Light a candle on my birthday
Grab the blanket from my bed
Wrap yourself up in the warmth of
the things we could have said
If I die young

Crayon dreams in scribbled lines
Pages filled with borrowed time
Sunny days not mine to keep
A Souvenir in your memory

Maybe I'll live in a, a memory's glow in the hearts of those who never let me go If I die young, let the music play
Don't wear black, just dance on that day
Light a candle on my birthday
Grab the blanket from my bed
Wrap yourself up in the warmth of
the things we could have said
If I die young If I die young

At night I worry in bed sometimes
I might not get the chance to say
to my family I love you so very much
and it's gonna be okay
Hold onto my hugs and silly jokes
and know my love goes on

If I die young, play my favorite song
The one that makes you laugh out loud
and carries me back home
Don't say you're sorry, just let me fly by
I'll be the echo when you close your eyes

Mmm... If I die young...

Oak Tree

At the heart of Oak Tree is another universal human experience: the fear of losing what grounds us. The oak is more than a memory of childhood — it is a living symbol of strength, rootedness, and unconditional love. Its absence brings grief, yet its presence remains in the seeds it left behind.

In the language of the Othello Metaphor, the song begins in shadow — facing the loss of what once stood tall — but it flips into light through remembrance and gratitude. The oak tree teaches us that even when what we love passes, its roots reach on through us. What begins in mourning becomes a song of legacy, reminding us that love does not end, it transforms.

Oak Tree

Some time ago
There was a tree
Right outside grandma's door
So full of life
So tall and free
Nothing in the world matched its beauty

It watched me grow
From a toddler to a man
She's everywhere I go
Roots reaching far beyond this land
And the memories of that oak tree stay with
me all along
Color changing leaves of nature's song
Even when she leaves me only seeds of how
she loved
I'd go back to that old oak tree and give it one
last hug

A long time ago
Out there in the field
Where the sun would shine down upon her
face
I remember the branches; I can still feel the
leaves
God himself would come down to sit in its
shade

I remember the branches
I remember the leaves
God himself would water it as angels sang
Would come down to sit in its shade

It watched me grow
From a toddler to a man
She's everywhere I go
Roots reaching far beyond this land
And the memories of that oak tree stay with
me all along
Color changing leaves of nature's song
Even when she leaves me only seeds of how
she loved
'd go back to that old oak tree and give it one
last hug

That oak tree across the road
Showed me how to live my life
She wasn't afraid
Long of growing old
She'd reach her hands up to the sky
When the angles came to take her she was
strong she was bold
How do I keep going on in a world without
that oak

From a toddler to a man She's everywhere I go Roots reaching far beyond this land And the memories of that oak tree stay with me all along Color changing leaves of nature's song Even when she leaves me only seeds of how she loved I'd go back to that old oak tree and give it one

One last hug
One last hug
One last hug...
One last hug

last hug

atched me grow

1,000 Butterflies

We all know the quiet fear of insignificance — the shadow whisper that one life, one choice, cannot make a difference in the face of so much need. 1,000 Butterflies begins there, naming the temptation to wait for "someday" while the world's hunger and sorrow press

But in the spirit of the Othello Metaphor, the song flips from despair to action. Compassion becomes motion, and one person's kindness becomes a thousand butterflies — ripples of love spreading across the sky. What begins in doubt transforms into beauty, reminding us that even the smallest act of love carries the power to turn darkness into light.

1,000 Butterflies

There's Actor on the TV from in Circe 93
Talkin bout poverty and hunger with a cryin baby on his knee
So you sip your triple latte thinking yeah you'll do your part someday
Keep stacking up that shiny stuff planning summer holidays
Someday comes and someday goes and hope just fades away

You may only be one person in the world
But you could mean the world to somebody in
need

What if you gave someone a reason to believe They can make it through the darkness and rise

Release a thousand butterflies

captive free

Now there are those of us who don't have much, bank accounts and such
But have you ever tried looking in the eyes of a stranger with love
There's a world of beauty that ripples out just from a simple smile
But the dirtier your hands get brother the more its worth your while
Compassion is an action that can set the

You may only be one person in the world But you could mean the world to somebody in need What if you gave someone a reason to believe They can make it through the darkness and rise Release a thousand . . . Butterflies pour from the hands of those who stand in love Watch the black sky open like fields of wild flowers

You may only be one person in the world
But you could mean the world to somebody in need
What if you gave someone a reason to believe
They can make it through the darkness and rise
I am you and you are me
If you are weeping I am weeping
Oh if you are weeping I am weeping

Release a million butterflies

Shiver & Shake (I Love You Rock & Roll)

This song begins in the shadow of youth — restless nights, unanswered questions, the fear of not yet knowing who you are. But then a sound cuts through the silence: raw, electric, undeniable. Rock & Roll becomes the voice that flips confusion into clarity, loneliness into belonging.

In the spirit of the Othello Metaphor, Shiver & Shake shows how passion transforms fear. What begins in restlessness turns into rhythm. What begins in shadow becomes fire. Rock & Roll does more than entertain — it awakens the soul, reminding us that life is meant to be lived load, alive, and free.

Shiver & Shake (I Love You Rock & Roll)

I was a boy, tryin' to stand like a man Too young to know, or understand Restless nights awake in my bed Untold stories danced in my head

Pretty girls, with painted smiles
Promised me, aww-wicked wiles
Restless nights with dreams in disguise
Hidden away from all of their lies

Then a sound cut thru the air It was so raw it laid me bare Burned like fire, struck like fate It made me shiver, it made me shak

I said, Crank It Up!
And, Lose Control!
Feel the fire burnin' in your soul
Every chord, ignites a dream
You gave me life, you made me whole
You know I love you, kock & Roll

I love you Rock & Roll

Now I'm a man, standin' tall and strong
Made my bed, rectified my wrongs
Restless nights I'm dancin' instead
'Cuz I'm alive, I'll sleep when I'm dead

When the sound cuts thru the air
It's so raw it lays me bare
It burns like fire, it must be fate
makes me shiver, it makes me shake!

I said, Crank It Up!
And, Lose Control!
Feel the fire burnin' in your soul
Every chord, ignites a dream
a gave me life, you made me whole
You know I love you, Rock & Roll

I love you Rock & Roll

I said, Crank It Up!
And, Lose Control!
Feel the fire burnin' in your soul
Every chord, ignites a dream
You gave me life, you made me whole
You know I love you, Rock & Roll

I love you Rock & Roll

Late Bloomers

Beneath its humor and self-mockery, Late Bloomers speaks to another universal human fear: the fear of being behind, of missing life's milestones while others seem to move ahead. This is the shadow of comparison, the feeling that our story is out of sync with the world's expectations.

Yet in the language of the Othello Metaphor, the song flips that fear into freedom. To be a late bloomer is not to be broken — it is to bloom in your own time. With laughter and resilience, the song transforms insecurity into identity, reminding us that there is no single timeline for love, growth, or belonging. Every bloom is right on time.

Late Bloomers

Remember when I was 17 A late bloomer honestly I hadn't even kissed a girl yet

High school and a summer dream Captain of the golf team I guess girls don't really like to watch those games

Damn you, private school
Dress code, never cool
Probably spent too much time praying

There were five girls at my friend's new lease Bonfire and smoky jeans Might've helped if I'd actually talked to them

You can't blame me for trying 'Cause I'm not sure I did I remember crying Thinking there's gotta be one fish in that sea

Late bloomers all alone in the night
Late bloomers unite
Late bloomers put up a hell of a fight
I'm a late bloomer for life

Now I'm 27 and I'm closer to heaven
With a big backpack full of shoulda done bette
and it
Might seem that I really might end up alone
forever

Til I met a girl at the RadioShack
Invited her to the kickback
She said, "I'm sorry, I'm taken

You can't blame me for trying Even though I do I remember crying Over the 3.5 billion fish in the sea

Late bloomers all alone in the night

Late bloomers unite

Late bloomers put up a hell of a fight

Em a late bloomer for life

The early bird gets the worm
The early bird sucks
The early bird gets the worm
I can't get up early enough
No, I can't get up early enough
I'm just a...

Late bloomers all alone in the night

Late bloomers unite

Late bloomers put up a hell of a fight

I'm a late bloomer for life

Late bloomers all alone in the night

Late bloomers unite

Late bloomers put up a hell of a fight

I'm a late bloomer for life

Late bloomers unite Late bloomers unite I'm a late bloomer for life

Shine (Like the Diamond You Are)

At its heart, Shine speaks to the fear of invisibility — the shadow of believing our voice, our light, might never be seen. It begins in uncertainty and doubt, the universal human place of wondering whether we matter.

In the spirit of the Othello Metaphor, the song flips that fear into radiance. The diamond has always been there, waiting beneath the shadow. With courage, voice, and choice, what was once hidden breaks into light. Shine reminds us that each of us carries a brilliance no one else can replace — and the world is waiting to see it.

Shine (Like the Diamond You Are)

I see you so uncertain
Lost in the shadow of your doubt
Inside you is the message
Crying, dying to get out
Afraid nobody hears you
Looking for your breakthrough Wandering if
the darkness
Looking for a sign...

I wanna see you shine (shine)
Shine like the brightest star that you've ever seen (shine)
Shine like a spotlight waking up your wildest dream (shine)
Shine cuz I know you wanna
And I do believe you're gonna go far
Shine like the diamond you are

If you want the world to hear you
First you got to find your voice
(We're here to help you now)
Yeah you got find that courage
Be brave enough
And you can make that choice
(We're here to show you how)
Nobody else can make it
And there vin't no way to fake it
Here's the key to opening
Your heart and soul and mind...

I wanna see you shine (shine)

Shine like the brightest star that you've ever seen (shine)

Shine like a spotlight waking up your wildest dream (shine)

Shine ew I know you wanna

Yes I do believe you're gonna go far Shine like the diamond you are Shine like the diamond

Shine like the diamond you are

Shine like the diamond

My Butterfly Effect

From its opening lines, My Butterfly Effect reveals the heart of transformation. It begins with the shadow of self-made walls — the masquerades, the noise, the blindness we all build around ourselves. Yet through love and presence, those walls are pierced, and what once felt imprisoned takes flight.

In the language of the Othello Metaphor, this song is the flip completed: from fear into love, from shadow into reflection. The butterfly effect is more than chaos theory — it is the truth that every act of love, no matter how small, ripples outward into freedom. This piece closes the arc of Gratitude 2, reminding us that joy, voice, and light are not just our own to carry — they are gifts we reflect into the world.

My Butterfly Effect

A blind man could see the mirror masquerade I made of you and me to put on my parade

Didn't think I'd feel the wind again Behind the walls I built within But you whispered through the noise and helped me find my voice

I searched for an ocean inside of a teardrop
A forest where this tree could belong How
could I see so clearly and yet become so blind
Hear all the words, but forgot the rhyme

Oh, you sang to me
And called me to be free
You spread your wings
And crown the air with dreams
Yes, it's the beauty of the view
It's the smile I love on you
And the joy that you reflect
My butterfly effect

One look into my eyes
Without a second thought
You brought me by surprise
To a place I never sought

I watch the people that you meet sight up like fireflies, they find their beat You whisper through the noise And help them find their voice

Amonarch in slow motion
You flutter by and by
You touch a life and then you set it free
isoned by the stories Lused to cry to you
Now wings unfold where fear once grew

Oh, you sang to me
And called me to be free
You spread your wings
And crown the air with dreams
Yes, it's the beauty of the view
t's the smile I love on you
And the joy that you reflect
My butterfly effect

My butterfly effect

My butterfly effect

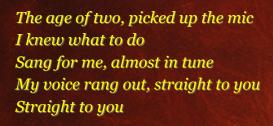
My butterfly effect

Belle of the Ball

Belle of the Ball carries the fearless joy of selfexpression. It remembers the child's first song, the courage to stand on stage, and the lifelong truth that every performance is more than sound — it is healing, for self and for others.

Through the lens of the Othello Metaphor, this song is the celebration that follows transformation. No longer bound by fear or comparison, the singer shines with boldness, humility, and grace. The crown is not needed — the voice itself is enough. To be the "belle of the ball" is not to be above others, but to stand tall in one's own truth, glittering with the freedom of authenticity.

Belle of the Ball



Let them talk, let them stare While I'm dancing through the air Not above, just keeping it real Every song is a chance to heal

I'm the glitter in the air
I was born to stand tall
No crown on my head
Just the bell
I'm the belle of the ball

From that day on, I never quit
On every stage, a perfect fit
And every song, a piece of me
A piece of me

Let them talk, let them stare Couse I'm dancing through the air Not above just keeping it real Every song is a chance to heal

I'm the glitter in the air
I was born to stand tall
No crown on my head
Just the bell
I'm the belle of the ball

Too bold? Maybe
Too bright? Sure
And I'm not afraid to open every door

I'm the glitter in the air
I was born to stand tall
No crown on my head
Just the bell
I'm the belle of the ball

Gratitude 2 was not just a concert — it was a journey.

We began in stillness with a Sound Bath, Guided Meditation, and Tai Chi, centering body and spirit. We gathered as community with food and friendship.

We received The Othello Metaphor book, an invitation to reflect on the deeper patterns that shape our lives.

And then, through music, we walked together into the heart of the Othello Metaphor: from fear into love, from shadow into light. Each song carried a piece of this passage — mortality, memory, compassion, passion, growth, radiance, reflection, and celebration.

Gratitude 2 reminds us that transformation is not a single moment, but a journey we share.

Thank you for being part of this one.

Thank You to Our Performers

If I Die Young
• Annabelle •

Oak Tree
Thomas

1,000 Butterflies
• Robbyn •

Shiver & Shake (I Love You Rock & Roll)

Greg •

Late Bloomers

• Thomas •

Shine (Like the Diamond You Are)

Robbyn

My Butterfly Effect
• Greg •

Belle of the Ball
• Annabelle •

Acknowledgments

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Thank you for attending Gratitude 2 and for taking part in this journey of stillness, community, and song, May the reflections you carry forward ripple outward in love.

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Simi Valley, California

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