



HEATHER DALE

Fundamentally I think we are all spiritual beings, which in the 21st century can be a reasonably radical thing to say and easily misunderstood. In my own mind, I don't elevate any particular philosophy or discipline higher than any other: billions of us are searching for ways to enjoy and celebrate whatever aspects of life we experience. Language cannot cross boundaries; it has to be overcome. Physical contact is so laden with cultural significance that even a simple touch can't be relied upon as a fool-proof bridge between individuals. But music, whether you consciously appreciate its form or not, can be experienced by every living thing – it crosses the boundaries of culture, species, and age. It somehow touches the spirit within. I can hum an ancient Mediterranean lullaby; my grandmother can get angry about rap music. I can lure cows across a field with a tin whistle; my dog howls along when we play earthy Quebecois fiddle tunes. My own original Celtic melodies have been sent out into the world, and fans write to tell me that they've incorporated them into weddings, funerals, palliative care, birthing, work, and education: all the milestones and rituals that define our finite lives. If music isn't a fundamental expression of our common spirit, then what else makes it so universal?



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