

Allison Speer Bio

Allison Speer was raised in the Bluegrass fields of Kentucky, and even a land as vast as that was not big enough to contain her talent. Her early childhood was spent enjoying spring vegetable gardens and sun drying autumn apples; tending cattle and crops, and developing a deep respect for God's creation gave her a down-home sense of self.

A concert by The Imperials was Allison's earliest introduction to Christian music. She watched as Russ Taff performed the songs, "Praise the Lord" and "New Creation," and was instantly passionate about the gospel word set to song. The passion she felt that night has taken her to the stage, performing alongside Russ Taff, and as a regular on the Gaither Homecoming videos and tours. "It's so surreal to perform next to Russ; he and The Imperials are the reason I fell in love with Christian music in my teens. That means that Russ is a considerable number of years older than me, a fact I continually remind him of."

Allison communicates the Gospel in all she does, in mega-churches such as First Baptist Atlanta (Dr. Charles Stanley), The Brooklyn Tabernacle, First Baptist Orlando (Rev. Jim Henry), as well as small rural churches. She has also been a featured artist for many Bible study cruises with Charles Stanley and D. James Kennedy. She has also performed with evangelists Luis Palau, Bailey Smith, David Ring, and Johnny Hunt (First Baptist Church of Woodstock, GA). Her appearances on the Gaither Homecoming videos, The 700 Club, and The Trinity Broadcasting Network have left the nation wanting more of this incredible singer.

She has been the guest soloist at the national Southern Baptist Convention, the Nazarene General Assembly, and numerous Praise Gatherings and Family Fest Events hosted by Bill Gaither. Her time has been spent touring with the Gaither Vocal Band and Gaither Trio, and with Mark Lowry and Wayne Watson, as well as keeping a hectic schedule of solo appearances.

Her grounding lies at her home church, Grace Church of the Nazarene in Nashville, TN. But no matter where she is, a consuming flame keeps her searching for ways to be used, as she says, "to help others identify with the suffering of Jesus and bring clarity to the word of God through music."

Allison's zeal for communicating the Gospel through song led her to begin the GodSong Music Academy (www.godsongmusicacademy.com), a four-day conference that in Allison's words, "makes communicators and ministers out of singers." She adds, "I have a passion for giving new performers the tools that they need to better

minister the Gospel." As a student of communication skills, her desire is to equip the next generation of singers and musicians to reach their audiences to their fullest potential. This conference has been held annually in Nashville, TN since 2008.

Allison's latest recording, "Writer," is her first self-penned project, featuring songs co-written with some of Gospel music's finest writers. "Writer" showcases the depths of her musical abilities and her passion for presenting the Gospel with unique poetry and melodies. Her performance seems effortless but pushes you beyond the voice to allow you to become one with the intimate message. "Writer" is packed with scripture and Biblical truths for the ages. Allison says, "This is the first project I've written and it gave me a freedom of expression that I've never had before."

This talented woman's unique gift of storytelling embraces you with the comfort of a good friend. Allison says, "One of the multitude of things that I learned from my years touring with Bill and Gloria Gaither - and am still learning - is that the warmth and comfort of your own living room is a wonderful atmosphere to strive for in a concert."

Her travels to Russia and Bosnia with Christian relief organization International Aid, and The Philippines with the American Leprosy Mission, have left her changed, moved to a deeper communion with God, and with a resolve to banish complacency. "We must lose our egos and find our complete identity in the person of Jesus. It is in the shedding of His blood that we find our lives and in His suffering and death alone, that we must boast."

The conviction of her heart is to provide music for the church. Choosing songs that will minister to others is her policy. Words that glorify God are her creed. Bringing the scripture alive with music is her artistry. "My music is for people who need Jesus, and we ALL need Jesus. This one similarity overthrows all the politics of our differences. I am learning that you can make a feast on a mustard seed of faith. So when I sing, I just welcome folks to the table."

Allison Speer Personal Bio

When thinking about having a new biography written, the question of who to write it always stumps me. Answering someone's questions about who you are has always seemed a strange way to approach the task of telling others about yourself and your life's mission. Because who knows you better than you do?

In order to alleviate that emotion of seeming vanity, I decided to take on the job myself.

I was raised by people who found life hard and wonderful at the same time. A farm in central Kentucky is what I call my homeland. The tender shoots that sprang from my grandfather's carefully plowed rows were lessons about life. Planting, reaping, seedtime, and harvest, these are the bases of all of our existence, really. We planted each spring to make sure we survived the winter's dark days. Spiritually we are nothing if we are not farmers planting seeds for the Master's great wedding day harvest.

We celebrated the rain after weeks of drought, always decidedly giving glory to God for His provision.

We fed and housed ornery old Angus and Herford cows as if they were better than we were. We sweated through the heat of tobacco season and we prayed before every meal. We were fed on the baby food of "every good gift comes from the Father." As we matured, we graduated to the meat of "though He slay me, yet, I will praise Him."

Surprisingly, no one has ever asked me how I came to follow Jesus. Of course my parents and grandparents held my feet to each precept of Christianity, but just because that is so does not mean salvation for me. Actually, I was wooed. For years, I sat and listened to the congregational songs, and their gospel plucked strings in my heart. It was not until I went to youth camp that it became clear that I had to take part in my Savior's death by repentance. After camp, I did just that. There was not a parade. There were no fireworks. There were no flaming tongues falling at the front pew where I knelt. It was just Mrs. Davenport and me kneeling there. She prayed the words first, and I repeated them. I have repeated them in some fashion every day since. "Lord, forgive me for I am a sinner." After words that heavy, God does the great and awesome remaking of a human heart. Nothing is ever the same then. Thank God for that.

Though I did not come from a musically literate family, music has always been a part

of me. Each week my mother cleaned the small Baptist church where we attended. My job was to vacuum the never-ending sea of sanctuary carpet. Mom allowed me to take a turntable from our home and listen to records as I swept. At the time, I only owned two LP's. One I got from a mail order ad of Keith Green. The record was sent on a "just send what you can" basis from Keith's ministry. "So You Wanna Go Back to Egypt?" was the title. Keith impacted my life by allowing me to pay for the recording with what I had, which was \$2.50. Another LP landed in my pile of two from God only knows where. It was The Gaither Trio recording called "We Are Persuaded." I would listen to that music for hours, and would often look at Gloria's smile. I remember being envious of their happy faces and locked arms as they skipped down the sidewalk together. I understood that music then, but understand it even more deeply now. "Because He Lives" was on that recording. I swept, dusted, picked up discarded bulletins, and sang, "I know who holds the future, and life is worth the living just because He lives."

Last weekend I got off the Gaither's bus at the arena. I walked along side of Bill into the auditorium. He seemed to be skipping, and so I skipped along beside him. He stuck a microphone in my face on the last verse of Because He Lives and I sang as fine as I could sing. I think my arm made an involuntary sweeping motion.

Planting and reaping. Jesus planted in me. And still today, He is reaping what He has sown. Like Jesus, I am also a planter now. I plant the strange supernatural seeds of faith, love, mercy, forgiveness, trust, and joy... and I do it for the child who vacuums the auditoriums of life.

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