

Contact Details:

Janette Frawley
PO Box 8155
Camberwell North VIC 3124
Australia
higherground_australia@yahoo.com.au

Higher Ground Australia



www.highergroundaustralia.com/

Volume 13 – Edition 1

HIGHER GROUND NEWSLETTER – February 2016

Vale Pete Huttlinger

We were all very saddened with the news of the passing of Pete Huttlinger on the 15th January 2016, aged 54.

On behalf of us all at Higher Ground Australia, I would like to pass on our deepest condolences to Erin and his family.

Here are the words that Erin wrote;

I am heartbroken. Today my beautiful husband, Pete Huttlinger passed away. I am paralyzed. On Monday Pete had a brain bleed and was admitted to Vanderbilt University Medical Center. Over the course of less than 24 hours he went from talking and laughing to unresponsive. He never regained consciousness and today at 12:30pm he died. He was not only surrounded by some of his family and friends, but by so many of his doctors and nurses who have helped keep him alive over the last few years. I was so touched by the humanness and sincere pain shown by these physicians. Over the many years of Pete's ongoing health challenges, these medical caregivers have invested so much of their brilliance and humanity into keeping Pete alive. I appreciate it more than I'll ever be able to express to them.

I loved this man with such depth. My entire essence and energy were devoted to loving him and letting him know how much I loved him. And he made it clear every single day of our marriage that he felt the same way. I am at a deep loss as half of me has now disappeared.

My family and I were given a wonderful gift throughout this tragedy in that Pete stayed with us for nearly four days giving us time to accept what he already knew.

I know that many of you reading this loved him as well. Again, the feeling is reciprocated from both Pete and myself. I have so many more thoughts and emotions I would like to share, but I am in such a fog of emptiness that this is all I can muster.

I also know that messages have been coming in all day. I promise I will read them all. I appreciate them so.

Thank you for loving him too.

Erin Huttlinger

Guitar great Pete Huttlinger dies of stroke at 54

By AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION NEWS

NASHVILLE, Tennessee — Pete Huttlinger was born with a gift for playing guitar, a skill that took him to great professional heights. In addition to Emmy and Grammy nominations and a National Fingerstyle Guitar Championship, he earned the praise of his peers; Vince Gill called him “wickedly gifted.”

Huttlinger also was born with a heart defect, a problem that challenged him as a youth and interrupted his adulthood. After years of battling heart problems and overcoming a stroke, Huttlinger died Friday following another stroke suffered earlier in the week. He was 54.

Huttlinger’s medical and musical odysseys traced to his childhood.

His congenital heart defect prevented him from being able to keep up with kids his age. Instead, he’d pluck a guitar or banjo.

“It was such a great source of enjoyment when I was watching them play football or just whenever I was alone,” he said in a 2013 interview with American Heart Association News.

He was 12 when he had his first open-heart surgery. Much to the annoyance of his nurses, he plucked a banjo while in his hospital bed.

Huttlinger went on to graduate from the prestigious Berklee College of Music and become a touring musician, working behind John Denver, John Oates and LeAnn Rimes. As a studio artist, he joined recordings by Denver, Oates, Faith Hill, Jimmy Buffett, the Nashville Chamber Orchestra and more. He released many solo albums, including a tribute to Stevie Wonder.

His life was interrupted in July 2010. Congestive heart failure prompted the implantation of a pacemaker-defibrillator. That November, he had a stroke that damaged his right side.

Through physical therapy, he relearned how to play guitar. Then came severe [heart failure](#), which resulted in him receiving a battery-operated heart pump called a left ventricular assist device, or LVAD, in April 2011.

Huttlinger walked a half-marathon a year later and, in 2013, released a new album, “[McGuire's Landing](#),” which included a 52-page story that he wrote.

“I decided a long time ago, don’t just live, live well,” he said.

That notion came together while recovering from his LVAD operation, which in turn prompted his involvement with the American Heart Association/American Stroke Association, the

nation's oldest, largest voluntary organization devoted to fighting cardiovascular diseases and stroke.

He volunteered in his hometown of Nashville, occasionally performing at events, including a dinner at last year's International Stroke Conference.

[Stories From the Heart: 'Don't just live, live well,' urges heart disease, stroke survivor](#)

Pete Huttlinger: The Resilience of the Spirit, a Memoir

JANUARY 25, 2016

By Pete Huttlinger

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article is adapted from **Joined at the Heart**, a 2015 memoir about love and resilience, by Pete and Erin Morris Huttlinger. In this November 2015 article from Acoustic Guitar magazine, the award-winning fingerstyle guitarist recalled the challenges of recovering from an earlier stroke and end-stage heart failure. Through hard work and determination, he regained many of his abilities and went on to offer not just music, but inspiration for those in recovery from physical and emotional distress. On January 15, 2016, Pete died of a fatal stroke.*

On November 3, 2010, I suffered a massive stroke. I awakened to find I was completely paralyzed on the entire right side of my body and couldn't speak.

Thankfully my wife, Erin, was there. She recognized the signs of a stroke and immediately called 911. The doctors operated and my recovery began. It was a very slow process. My right hand, which used to be stellar and would obey my every command, failed me completely. I found that I was unable to do an upstroke with a flat pick. I could not write nor could I feed myself with my right hand.

Then just six months later, I suffered end-stage heart failure. My days were numbered. I was life-flighted to Houston, Texas, where I had a heart pump implanted and spent the next four months in recovery—all without playing the guitar. Add all the time up and you're getting close to a year without any meaningful guitar playing from me.

The road ahead was long.

I started out by first deciding that, "Yes, I do want to be a guitar player again." That was the biggest hurdle I had to overcome. It physically hurt to play and, as far as I was concerned, I had had enough pain. My wife would put my guitar out on a stand or lean it on the couch or put it on our bed hoping that I would get theurge to play. But at first I didn't want anything to do with it. I wasn't mad at my situation—not once. I just didn't know if I wanted to do all the work again. It turned out that given enough time, which wasn't really all that long, I did want it and I still do.

I had to start at square one (my left hand worked fine and I never forgot anything I had learned, so that was a big plus) and that meant coming up with a plan. I didn't understand that I would have to revise that plan many times over the next four years (I'm still in the middle of the plan), but I would adjust whenever I hit a roadblock.

And there were plenty of roadblocks.

I began by playing—badly—the simplest things I could remember only about 15 minutes at a time to start. I would fingerpick a little exercise on an open-D chord. I remember going back and forth between 3/4 and 4/4 to keep from going crazy—I hadn't forgotten anything, I just couldn't play anything . . . yet.

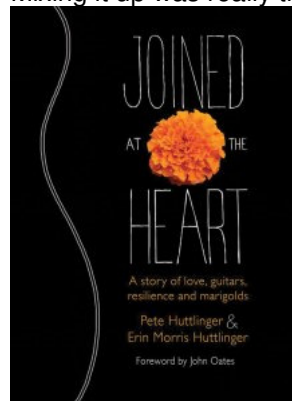
Yet is the key word if you ever have to recover from anything.

Give yourself time.

Then I would take the chords and move them up and down the neck: D, Em/D, F#m/D, G/D, A7/D, D. Repeat again and again. All while playing a simple eighth-note pattern. I love to play bossa nova tunes, so I would play the basic bossa nova pattern with just the chords to "The Girl from Ipanema," "Lucky Southern," "One-Note Samba," and "Wave."

I would get out my metronome and begin to play with a flat pick. Eighth notes at about 60 beats per minute were all I could handle—sometimes it was too much. I would play scales, melodies, fiddle tunes. For several months, I would see progress nearly every day.

My plan was to mix up all this stuff, play as long as I could each day and try again the next day. Mixing it up was really the key for me.



'Play What You Can Today'

But all was not good—at least not good enough for me. I used to be a player. I used to be a really good player. I played at the first three of Eric Clapton's Crossroads Festivals. I played Carnegie Hall—three times. I played for LeAnn Rimes at Abbey Road Studios, toured and recorded with John Oates and John Denver and a lot of other great gigs. Now I was doing simple exercises—poorly most of the time.

I had a hard time with alternate picking, and playing from one string to another was a



nightmare. Friends would try to make me feel better by saying things like, "Now you know how the rest of us feel," or "So you're mortal after all!" I would laugh it off because I knew their intent, but I was not happy knowing how the "rest" felt.

I did not want to be mortal. I wanted to be what I used to be. I wanted to be a really good guitar player again.

Erin would hear me in our living room playing something, then suddenly I would curse loudly, put the guitar down, and walk away. I was frustrated. Then, 30 minutes or an hour later, I would go back in, grab my guitar, and try again. This happened multiple times each day for almost a year.

But eventually things got more consistent. I made fewer mistakes. I started to enjoy learning again, just like I did when I was a kid. Tunes I thought were lost forever were coming back to me.

The great Nashville fiddler Aubrey Haynie told me after I had the stroke, "You may not be the player you once were. You'll just be different."

It took me a long time to realize what that meant and to accept it.

Jazz guitarist Pat Martino told me, "Play what you can today. Don't think about what you used to do." That was perhaps the best advice I ever received. I learned to let go and rebuild.

So now I'm a different player. After four and a half years I've got 90 percent of my chops back, which is more than enough for any session or gig. I'm working all the time and I'm a better person for all I've gone through.

And being a better person is by far the greater gift. You can learn more about Pete's music at Petehuttlinger.com

<http://acousticguitar.com/pete-huttlinger-the-resilience-of-the-spirit-a-memoir/>

2016 JD Tribute Weekend

Our 2016 JD weekend will be held in Victoria on the weekend of 14-16 October, in line with the official dates for Aspen in October. More details to come soon.

Max the Wedgie Stars on Facebook

(From Peggy)

Hi Janette,

I have mentioned you and shown "Max" in my latest facebook post for

www.australianraptorcareandconservation.com

<https://www.facebook.com/ARCCInc/>

You might like to share with all my HG friends? Facebook is driving me nuts and added immensely to the workload – but I am told is necessary

Another young wedgie came into care yesterday – now I have 8!!

All is well
Kindest regards to all
Peg

Please check out and 'Like' the Facebook page, and Peggy's website from time to time. Watch the video of Max, and check out some of the new stories that Peggy has posted. Peggy's regular updates are much appreciated.

Rocky Mountain Foundation for the Performing Arts

The Foundation is now an official non-profit organization.

[From Willie]

I was in Georgetown, CO for American Veterans Radio to broadcast live from the 55th Annual Christmas Market! This is where the John Denver movie "The Christmas Gift" was filmed on location, so after the show, I decided to buy up ALL of the DVDs available in town and here they are! All 22 of them...and for the 1st 22 donations of \$125, we will send you a copy...shipping and handling included. After your donation is recorded, we will send you an email with information on how to receive the DVD...Thank you!!

<https://www.gofundme.com/rmfpa>



John St. Augustine – broadcast available

John St. Augustine posted on one of the Facebook groups;

"The human voice is the organ of the soul..."
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

That's how Chapter 1 "Your Voice Matters" begins in my book "Living An Uncommon Life" and its about my friend John Denver, whose voice for millions was exactly what Longfellow was talking about. Honored to release "John Denver The Man & His Music" the original broadcast I hosted in 2007 on the 10th anniversary of John's passing. Stories from Annie Denver, , Ronald L.

Deutschendorf, John Berry, Michael Martin Murphey, "The Immortal" Roger Nichols & Conrad Reeder along with names like Milt Okun, Tom Crum and Terry Lipman among others. I am only taking orders at this point until January 30th."

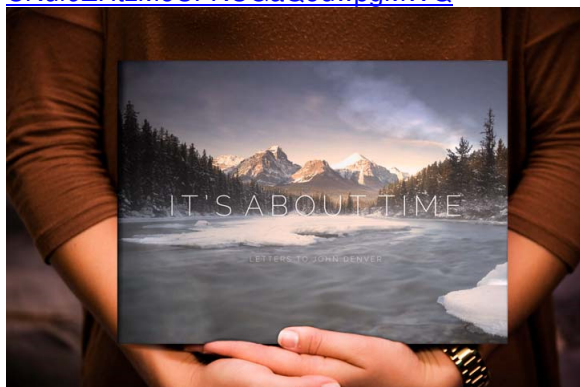
If you are interested in a copy of this 3 CD set, send the money and a note to him via PayPal to pwrtalk@hotmail.com -- the set is 35 \$, postage 5\$ for the USA and 12\$ for other countries.



It's About Time

This book is for the millions of John Denver fans and friends in honor of the great American bard whose gentle, loving and environmentally inspired music moved the hearts of so many. It's About Time - Letters To John Denver is a collection of fan-written stories about how John Denver's music inspired and uplifted people around the world. Available for \$59.95. Please check this website for a preview and for ordering details;

<https://store.weeva.com/books/johndenver?gclid=CNuf9ZHtzMoCFRCGaQodwpgMWQ>



Jim Curry's Newsletter

Jim Curry's newsletter has been posted (click link below) Jim and Anne put together an excellent newsletter regularly. It also includes a link to Anne's blog, which is always fun to read, plus a full listing of where they are appearing in concert. Great news again – Jim and Anne will be travelling on a couple of Holland America ships during April.

<http://myemail.constantcontact.com/Jim-Curry-Newsletter--February---.html?soid=1104525466960&aid=olpcsTZ070c>

American Veterans Radio

American Veterans Radio is honored to feature the wonderful music of John Denver. Please join Willie From Dillon on his regular Music of John Denver radio show. Here is a link to the podcast of the last show.

<http://www.avradio.org/rewind---podcasts.html>

This show airs fortnightly at the following times

4:00 - 6:00pm Eastern time

3:00 - 5:00pm Central time

2:00 - 4:00pm Mountain time

1:00 - 3:00pm Pacific time

12:00 - 2:00pm Alaskan time

6:00 - 8:00pm Chilean time

9:00 - 11:00pm UK time

10:00 - 12:00Mid European time

Next Morning

6:00 - 8:00am Japan/South Korea time

8:00 - 10:00am Australian time

10:00am - 12:00Noon New Zealand time

Jimmy Fong

Jimmy's CD, My Time With John Denver is available for \$25 (2 for \$40) + Postage. If you would like to buy a CD or 6, please contact me on hga.vic@gmail.com, and I will arrange to have them shipped or delivered to you.



Jimmy's other CD 'Just When You Thought' is also available. This CD includes all original songs. To quote Molly Meldrum, 'Do yourselves a favour and go out and buy these CDs'. You will not be sorry. They also make great gifts.

John Denver's Unsung Story It Wasn't Easy for John Denver and Annie to Survive Their Rocky Mountain Highs— and Lows

By Frank W. Martin People Magazine February 26 1979

Come let me love you
Let me give my life to you
Let me drown in your laughter
Let me die in your arms...
—Annie's Song

It may be the most celebrated love ballad John Denver ever wrote and still wafts out at an occasional flower-child wedding. But what jolted Denver into creating Annie's Song back in 1975 were the aftershocks of the near breakup of his own celebrated marriage to the lady of the title, Ann Martell Denver.

Admittedly "insecure" and overwhelmed by John's staggering success during their "tough" early years together, Annie, as well as John, had withdrawn into "noncommunication." Finally they actually separated, and a confused Denver fled their Aspen aerie for Switzerland. "It was only six days, but felt like three months," Annie recalls now. "I would get up at 4 a.m. and start crying and continue until I went to sleep that night." The crisis didn't end until a tearful long-distance call helped Annie "really get clear that I loved him totally. What it came down to is that love is unconditional. We've had some bad times, but now we keep talking."

That reconciliation, and rethinking, preserved a union that's now lasted 11 tumultuous years. John, after all, was an obscure folkie with the Chad Mitchell Trio when he met Annie. Then stardom hit like an avalanche, as he sold more than 100 million records, became a movie actor (in 1977's Oh, God!) and TV fixture (hosting last



week's Grammys, for example, and headlining his own special next month). Annie, now 32 to his 35, sat home worrying, "How am I going to compete with this? It was very threatening for me," she notes. "I didn't know who I was. I didn't have an identity."

John's absences didn't make it easier. Even though he writes about home and hearth, Annie tends them—seldom leaving the Aspen he so lovingly limns in song. Characteristically, she turned down even the trip to Washington, D.C. with John when he represented American pop music at last month's hoopla for Chinese Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping. Teng was so touched by John's rendition of Take Me Home, Country Roads and by his halting Chinese phrases (Denver was the only entertainer on the program who even tried) that 110 copies of the new LP John Denver were dispatched to the departing visitors. ("Now we've got 900 million new potential customers," gloats Denver's mega-manager, Jerry Weintraub.) "John would be happy traveling, seeing the seven wonders of the world," figures Annie. "I'm pretty happy at home."

The difference now, of course, is that she has a reason—rather, two reasons—to stay there. After learning that John was unable to father children himself—a fact he has frankly acknowledged, though "People were first blown away when I was willing to say that I'm sterile"—the Denvers decided to adopt. To shorten the wait, they didn't specify sex or race but only that the babies be healthy. Zachary John, now 4, is one-quarter Cherokee, and Anna Kate, 2, is Japanese-American. "I feel an incredible bond with the women who gave birth to them," glows Annie. "But they are totally our children." "How did we ever live without those little children?" marvels John. "We were always meant to be together. It enhances everything."

They have certainly eased Denver's wildly gyrating emotional swings. A complicated and intense man (for all his onstage cheerfulness), Denver admits that his Rocky Mountain highs "have been balanced by incredible lows. When I get depressed," he admits, "I question whether life is worth living." Parenthood has changed that dire outlook and convinced him that "the epitome of being a man is being a father." For one thing, the children have altered John's Cuisinart approach to the consciousness movement. Where once he united yoga, est, aikido, pyramid power and rolfing, John has now discovered a more traditional faith. "Anna Kate likes to hold hands and pray at dinner. It's something special they enjoy doing," reports Annie, (est, to be sure, remains a passion, and Denver still praises Werner Erhard as "one of my dearest friends.") "I think more about the family now," sums up John. "That's an interesting progression for me." A "night person" on tour, Denver has had to

readjust, especially to early rising. "No more making love in the morning," Annie cracks. He still spent half of last year away from Aspen, but now when he's there, he's there. "I used to be here physically, but my head would be on the road," he admits. For Annie, too, it's an adjustment. "She has all this stuff going—errands, visiting friends, taking care of the children," says John. "It's difficult to pull her out of that to where she will accept that I'm home and give me a little attention."

But John has been arriving or leaving on a jet plane since they met in 1966. He had just replaced Chad Mitchell in the folk-singing trio. After a concert at Gustavus Adolphus College in Saint Peter, Minn., he spotted a pretty sophomore in the student union. "I wore blue jeans, lumberjack shirt and penny loafers. John later told me he fell in love on the spot," recounts Annie. But it wasn't until a year later, when John was giving a concert 10 miles away, that they had their first date. John hit it off with her restaurateur father and he "really appeals to those mothers," Annie jokes now. But she herself said no when John proposed in 1967. But then, she adds, "I changed my mind. So my best friend called John and told him to ask me again." That time she accepted. "Of all the people I ever met in my life, he really seemed to care and love me. That's why I married him. There wasn't this—boom—sexual attraction, but he's that too."

John had first visited Aspen while courting Annie on a ski trip. He attached to it as only a rootless Air Force brat could. And after three years of living in Chicago and Minneapolis, the Denvers started house hunting in Aspen. John had left the trio, but his solo earnings had gone primarily toward making good the group's inherited debt. "There was nothing we could afford," he recalls. "This guy said, 'Let me show you some lots.' And he took us up on the hill here. There was lots of snow and it was near evening. Annie and I held hands and said, 'We'll take it.' We had found our home. It's as simple as that." Then, after Country Roads hit in '71, the Denvers suddenly could not only afford the payments on the land but moved to Aspen and erected the prize-winning redwood-and-glass contemporary house where they roost to this day. They have added a living room filled with earth-tone supergraphics, stained glass and plants, a separate guest house and small outdoor pool. Annie still does the shopping, cooking (John's favorite: chicken curry), dishes and laundry. A friend does her cleaning. When John is home they ski, go camping and hiking together. John also likes an occasional joint and, in summer, tattles Annie, "to take off all his clothes and go out and till the soil."

This month he will tape the second annual John Denver Pro-Am Ski Tournament in Heavenly Valley for an ABC special. At the same time, he



will do a week-long stint at Harrah's Tahoe. He is also contemplating a wildlife documentary, Rocky Mountain Reunion, in the spring. Since Oh, God! he has read "tons" of scripts, but "I don't want to do another one just to do a movie."

Denver still gives time and money to what he calls his "concerns": anti-hunger programs, the antinuclear-power movement, endangered species, the ERA and the exploration of space (he's a board member of the National Space Institute). Although he "thought seriously about getting into politics a couple of years ago," Denver is now disenchanted. "It is one of the least effective arenas in the world," he has decided. "I frankly think I'm in a much more powerful position as a singer and songwriter." He no longer plans to do fund-raising concerts for politicians (as he did for Carter and McGovern), though he continues charity gigs like last month's UNICEF concert with the Bee Gees, Olivia Newton-John, et al. His own SRO tours will continue, with or without Top Ten records—"It's been so long I don't remember," he jokes, though "it sure would be nice to get one." The muse and subject of so much of his writing still glows over "the romanticism of it all. It's like having a man defend your honor and fight for you," says Annie. "I think it is a wonderful thing that a lot of women have lost in liberation." Still, when John comes home from a hard stint at the studio looking for compliments, she sometimes annoys him by innocently asking, "Isn't that too much echo on your voice?" Zachary is equally blasé. John can't forget the time when, in a limo on the way to see his father perform, Zachary looked at the crowds and remarked to his parents: "Are all these guys going to hear some guy's dad sing?" "At times I've got a really big ego," John goes on, a bit misty-eyed. "But I'll tell you the best thing about me. I'm some guy's dad; I'm some little gal's dad. When I die, if they say I was Annie's husband and Zachary John and Anna Kate's father, boy, that's enough for me to be remembered by," says John Denver. "That's more than enough."

<http://www.people.com/people/archive/article/0,,20073026,00.html>

Has a New Song; Flying For Me' – John Denver Pushes Civilian-in-Space Program

Combined Wire Services March 27 1986

WASHINGTON – Entertainer John Denver yesterday urged NASA to continue plans to put an ordinary citizen in space, despite the disaster that destroyed the space shuttle Challenger.

'If given the opportunity, I would go tomorrow,' said Denver, who told the Senate Appropriate subcommittee that oversees NASA funding that he played a role in getting the space agency's citizen program off the ground.

Denver, a longtime promoter of the space program and recipient of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration distinguished public

service medal, told senators he originally proposed the civilian-in-space program three years ago, when he contacted the head of NASA and urged him to gain support of the American people by sending into space 'someone who can relate a little more easily'.

He also said he would have been the first participant in that program if President Reagan had not decided to send a teacher into space first. Christa McAuliffe, a teacher from Concord, N H, was selected to be the first ordinary American in space, she perished along with six other astronauts when the space shuttle blew up about a minute after liftoff on Jan 28.

'It's a risky business,' Denver said of space exploration. But he said NASA should proceed 'full steam ahead' with its citizen-in-space program because they provide hope and inspiration for the world.

'By its very nature, the exploration of space is an expression of mankind,' Denver said at a hearing presided over by Sen. Jake Garn, R-Utah, who traveled into space on a shuttle mission last year. 'I feel responsible for the whole citizen-in-space program getting started,' Denver said, Referring to the doomed Challenger launch on Jan 28, Denver said, 'I believe that was my flight.'

After the explosion, NASA temporarily suspended its launch schedule as the disaster was investigated. The space agency has not set a date for the resumption of flights, and it has not named crew members.

Teacher Barbara R Morgan of Boise, Idaho, who underwent training at Johnson Space Center as McAuliffe's back-up is to be the next teacher to go into space, but NASA has not decided when that will be. Also, selection of a journalist to travel aboard a shuttle mission is under way.

Morgan, who now spends most of her time traveling to speaking engagements on behalf of NASA, told the subcommittee she strongly backs sending a teacher into space. The idea has inspired children and enhanced the prestige of teachers, she said.

'Through manned space exploration we are learning by sharing,' she said. 'We are setting examples for our children. The universe is our classroom.'

Jack Anderson, newspaper columnist and president of the Young Astronaut Council said the country owes it to its youth to continue sending people to explore space.

'Fantastic discoveries await our children if we adults provide the way,' he said.

McAuliffe's journey, even though it ended in tragedy, provoked a deep response from young astronauts' groups, he said.

'They felt that Christa McAuliffe was their space teacher, and they were saddened by her violent death. But the tragedy made them all the more determined to explore space,' Anderson said.



At the close of the hearing, Denver's new song about the doomed Challenger flight was played on a tape recorder for the first time before a public audience.

Denver said he started writing the song, entitled 'Flying for Me', the night the shuttle crashed and recorded it a few days ago. It will be on his new album 'One World' due out in June.

The singer said he wanted to donate the proceeds from the song to a cause related to space exploration.' If not to NASA or to build another shuttle, to the astronauts' families.'

Denver, known for his songs 'Country Roads' and 'Rocky Mountain High,' mouthed the words of the song, including a verse about teacher-astronaut McAuliffe, who was to be the first civilian in space 'She was flying for me'

'She was flying for everyone'

'She was trying to see

'A brighter day for each and every one'

Several people in the crowded hearing room dabbed their eyes, and at the end of the session, committee members stood and applauded Denver.

After his testimony, Denver told reporters he wants to do a concert in space.

'That's one of the things I would like to do,' he said. 'I'd like to take a little digital recording equipment and, if I write a song up there, be able to record it in space.'

'And as a matter of fact, I've had lengthy discussions with the people who put on the Live Aid concert and we've discussed the possibility of doing an hour-and-a-half live performance from space – a program that I would host and have artists and participants in countries all over the world.

'And as we pass over that country, we'd bring them into it and it would be a satellite feed to cover the whole planet.'

<https://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=1917&dat=19860327&id=rQwhAAAIBAJ&sjid=XHIFAAAIIBAJ&pg=6084,2546203&hl=en>

I was ten years of age when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. At the time, we were not aware that Australia had an active role in this occasion, as the pictures from our receiving station were of superior quality and NASA decided to use the Parkes TV pictures for the 2 ½ hour telecast. This happened at 12:56pm Australian Eastern Standard Time on Monday 21st July 1969. I was also unaware that 46 years later, I would have the honour of not only meeting Charlie Duke, the Capsule Communicator on that day, and later astronaut on the Apollo 16 mission, who spent 72 hours on the moon, but having the opportunity to chat with him and his lovely wife in Canada last year. Although I have never had aspirations to travel in space (I am quite happy exploring this

earth, thanks), I can understand why people are eager to explore the regions beyond our world.

Prior to meeting Charlie Duke, I attended a Q&A session with the Canadian astronaut, Chris Hadfield and Ray Martin. Chris performed and recorded the David Bowie hit, Space Oddity during his time as commander of the International Space Station, and also in Melbourne that night. This newsletter is dedicated to the memory of those lost in the Challenger disaster thirty years ago and to the life and music of David Bowie, who died on 10th January, 2016, aged 69. I have included the lyrics to Space Oddity in this newsletter.

<http://chrishadfield.ca/space-oddity/>

THEY ARE FLYING FOR ME.....

We also 'lost' the following people in January;

Alan Rickman – aged 69

Dan (Grizzly Adams) Haggerty – aged 74

Glen Frey (Eagles) – aged 67

'Black' (A Wonderful Life) – aged 53

Terry Wogan (BBC Broadcaster) – aged 77



It's a Sign

Yes, it is! Seen somewhere in Italy recently!



Some material included in this newsletter has been derived from the public domain, such as the internet and printed media. Articles and reviews are the opinion of the individual writer and as long as the content is of a reasonable nature and it is appropriate, it will be included. Organisations mentioned or featured in this newsletter are included to educate and inform people of their role and purpose. HGA does not profit from including the names of any organisation in this newsletter.

This newsletter is only emailed to those people who have individually contacted HGA and expressed a wish to receive it. Please do not hesitate to let me know if you no longer wish to receive the HGA newsletter.



Flying for Me

*Well I guess that you probably know by now I was one who wanted to fly
I wanted to ride on that arrow of fire right up into Heaven
And I wanted to go for every man
Every child, every mother of children
I wanted to carry the dreams of all people right up to the stars
And I prayed that I'd find an answer there Or maybe I would find a song
Giving a voice to all of the hearts that cannot be heard
And for all of the ones who live in fear And all of those who stand apart
My being there would bring us a little step closer together*

*They were flying for me
They were flying for everyone
They were trying to see
A brighter day for each and everyone
They gave us their light
They gave us their spirit and all they could be
They were flying for me
They were flying for me*

*And I wanted to wish upon the milky way
And dance upon a falling star
I wanted to give myself and free myself, and join myself with it all
Given the chance to dream, it can be done The promise of tomorrow is real
Children of spaceship earth, the future belongs to us all*

*She was flying for me
She was flying for everyone
She was trying to see
A brighter day for each and everyone
She gave us her light
She gave us her spirit and all she can be
She was flying for me*

*They were flying for me
They were flying for everyone
They were trying to see
A brighter day for each and everyone
They gave us their light
They gave us their spirit and all they could be
They were flying for me
They were flying for me
They were flying for me
They were flying for me*



Space Oddity

David Bowie

*Ground Control to Major Tom
Ground Control to Major Tom
Take your protein pills and put your helmet on
Ground Control to Major Tom (Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six)
Commencing countdown, engines on (Five, Four, Three)
Check ignition and may God's love be with you (Two, One, Liftoff)*

*This is Ground Control to Major Tom
You've really made the grade
And the papers want to know whose shirts you wear
Now it's time to leave the capsule if you dare
"This is Major Tom to Ground Control
I'm stepping through the door
And I'm floating in the most peculiar way
And the stars look very different today
For here am I sitting in my tin can
Far above the world
Planet Earth is blue
And there's nothing I can do*

*Though I'm past one hundred thousand miles
I'm feeling very still
And I think my spaceship knows which way to go
Tell my wife I love her very much, she knows
Ground Control to Major Tom
Your circuit's dead, there's something wrong
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear And I'm floating around my tin can
Far above the Moon
Planet Earth is blue
And there's nothing I can do."*

Post Script:

On 12 May 2013, after handing over command of the ISS, but before returning home, Hadfield released a music video recorded on the ISS of a modified rendition of "Space Oddity" by David Bowie. As of January 2016 (shortly after Bowie's death), the video has over 28 million views on YouTube. The performance was the subject of a piece by Glenn Fleishman in *The Economist* on 22 May 2013 analysing the legal implications of publicly performing a copyrighted work of music while in earth orbit. In October 2015, Hadfield released 'Space Sessions: Songs From a Tin Can', an album of songs that he had recorded on the International Space Station.

