

## Wendy's Eulogy

It was my privilege to last speak with Wendy on Tuesday, 28<sup>th</sup> of May at 10:00am EST, sadly it was but for a brief two minutes as her condition wouldn't allow her to continue. Although I prayed earnestly for it not to be so, in my heart I think I knew that this would be the last time I would ever hear my beautiful Wendy's voice ever again except in memory. So I am writing this to celebrate the life of one of the most extraordinary, spiritual human beings that I have ever been blessed to know, let alone call one, if not *the* closest of friends.

I know virtually nothing of Wendy's early life, all she ever told me was that she started singing in coffee lounges around Melbourne. My first meeting was when she had become a feature writer for Go-Set magazine, with no experience of the VOICE that I was destined to fall in love with, and she interviewed us about a fiasco that happened on a Melbourne Saturday morning POP show where, contrary to my prerequisite of performing on a stool, they didn't pause long enough to allow me to get set up and I was forced to perform, propped precariously, on a slippery studio floor on my crutches. Through our interview, being the champion of causes that she was, she *took* them thoroughly to task.

Strangely, I have no recollection of how it came to pass that she joined Copperwine, I'm sure there must have been much discussion but with my fragmented memory these days it seems that she was just suddenly there and I was happily sharing the stage with one of the most electrifying voices and personalities I have ever been graced to know. Her commitment to a song was total and absolute. Her understanding and empathy for a lyric was second to none, whether you, as a listener, grasped the song or not, she'd touch your soul. Such was the power of this gifted, enigmatic woman.

When she returned from America as the tragic "Periot" persona, as seen on the ABC special "Wendy Saddington and Friends" (excerpts on YouTube) this power was all the more amplified.

Having become disillusioned with the music industry, Wendy went in search of her spiritual centre and after finding it, she has remained steadfast throughout her entire life.

To finish, I take humble pride in being regarded as a close friend by this remarkable woman and I take heart from knowing that, through the love I have seen expressed by the unknown you out there that I have never met, that "MY WENDY'S" legacy will live on, far beyond her passing from this mortal coil.

**Would that I could have seen her but one more time.**

In Memoriam,

Jeffrey St. John.