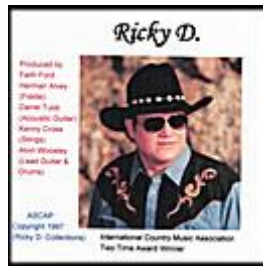


Mp3 Ricky D. - Flying Like An Eagle



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New Country/Gospel 13 MP3 Songs EASY LISTENING: Love Songs, COUNTRY: Modern Country
Details: I remember when I was six listening to the radio hearing Marty Robbins, the Everly Brothers, Elvis, Ricky Nelson and many others which were considered country and rock n roll at the time. I would find myself, even at my age, humming tunes that I had never heard before. And when I was a teenager, I liked the Beattles, the Herman Hermits, and the Monkeys, Jerry Lee Lewis Elvis, and even Motown hits. I guess you could say I was a typical teenager with a taste for rock n roll. I always had a passion for music. When I moved to Louisville, Ky. in December 1969 from Ohio. Country music wasnt popular in the north at the time. But it was blazing hot in the south. I had developed a new infatuation. I met my next door neighbor. He was a lead guitarist with a small country band who invited me to one of their sessions. They played mostly country music with a little rock n roll. A sound, which I had forgotten about since I was a child and it, brought back good memories. They also invited me to try my luck at singing. So I chose some cover tunes. A tune by Bobby Bear "I heard the front door closing softly it was a big hit on the country chart of the early 70s. They were amazed that I sounded so much like him. And when I did a Marty Robbins tune they were even more amazed that I could sound like him as well. But my most favorite singer to impersonate was Elvis but everyone does Elvis. After this they immediately insisted that I join them as a part of their band. I didnt know how to play the guitar but I quickly learned. In just two or three weeks I was playing backup acoustics. I have a natural talent for quickly learning different types of musical instruments. I developed a love for music so much I wrote my first song in 1971 called My falling world of Make Believe which wasnt professionally recorded until 1997. I guess you could say my best friend inspired it, at the time. He had been going steady with his girl friend for three years. They had even set a wedding date for June. She was his entire life. Thats all he talked about and I too thought they were

a perfect match. But just a few weeks before the wedding date she ran off with some one else and of course his world came tumbling down and he wasnt the same person ever again. Less than thirty days she married the other man and my friend never gave up hope that she would leave him and return. That would be my first song inspired over someone elses grief. Sometimes I would be driving along in my car and forgetting to turn the radio on and begin to sing just any old tune and I would discover a brand new melody. Maybe its just the influence of driving and just seeing the sights that brings it out. And there are many times when there is a song on the radio and I hear a different tune within that song that is being played. Its like its screaming to get out and be heard. Songs are like personalities. Each song has one some have two or even more. I had discovered this quite often. It is hard to believe that a tune that comes out of one song could be so opposite of itself. For instance Be Still My Broken Heart was buried deep inside a classic tune. But I heard a different melody and different words. It just needed someone to hear it. I wrote the song in 1984 and professionally recorded it in 1997. Flying Like An Eagle was written in 1996, recorded in 1997, and rerecorded in 2000. While I was cutting grass on a riding mower the engine was making a peculiar sound repeating a bass rhythm. It was due to the engine mount bolt being loose which caused the belt to rub against a spring bracket. Without realizing it I found myself humming along with the rhythm. I knew it had something to do with an eagle. When I heard the sound of a small plane engine in the distance I looked up to see where it was, I was still on the riding mower, in the distance in which I was looking was a cloud shaped like an eagle with its wings spread wide. The shape could not have been more perfect and detailed then if I myself, as an artist, had sketched it. This gave me goose bums. I wasnt the only one who had seen this. I immediately ran inside to write the words which were pouring through my mind, humming the tune with my guitar on a tape recorder. It was something to hear my song playing on the radio. World Wide Christian radio station WJCR, out of Upton, Ky was one of the first to play it. But other stations soon jacked up on it. I heard it personally it on five different stations myself and people that we barely know would call us to inform us of the same thing. One woman called from Oklahoma and a fella from Alabama that we meet briefly in Tennessee informed us that he had heard it on a local station there. But I guess my greatest thrill over this song that it is in fifty-six countries and that I had won the 2004 ICMA award and again in 2006 for the most listened to song for two consecutive years, which makes it Platinum Status. Hes Always There came to me one evening near sunset. I live on the third highest mountain in my county. It was late august; the sun was a golden red with

slight pink cast. And the sky was like a brilliant water paint of pastel colors, pink, green, gold and turquoise blue. The horizon looked like it was on fire in blazing golden red with just a touch of bright orange. And the whole wonder in the sky was a brilliant yellow sunburst streaming like an open fan broken and fragmented due to clouds that had blocked its way and continuing on to the eastern horizon. My mind took in the sight even noticing the shadow of the trees lying softly across the grass stretching out longer and longer as the sun faded. I savored each moment of Gods great wonder and it was as though I could hear him speaking to me saying how much he loved me. Perhaps it was the gentle wind I was hearing in my ear, but I found myself at that time humming a new tune Hes Always There which was recorded in 2000. I live in an area where the Iroquois Indians lived many moons ago. And we find Indian artifacts all the time, arrowheads, spearheads. In the spring of 1995 we were plowing one of our many fields, and yes there are many flat areas on a mount to plow. Well anyway while plowing the field we came across a chipping bow. It was turned over by one of the plow blades. Im not sure you know what a chipping bowl is? Maybe I should explain. It is usually made of gray or black onyx a stone like glass. The Indians found them to make the best arrowheads from. The stone was strong and could be made razor sharp and could keep its edge longer then any other stone material. They would chip pieces off the size they needed until it developed into what was left a cup shaped bowl that would normally fit in the palm of your hand. This was used to start fires with. Drilling pivot hole in the center and turning the bowl upside down they put a wooden rod in the pivot hole and bow with a string around the rod and worked it back and forth to build friction to start a fire. I gazed at the bow for quite some time. I can only imagine how long ago an Indian had made this object and how hard he worked at it. This brought back of hearing stories when I was in the boys scouts just sitting around a campfire late into the evening singing songs and telling stories. My scoutmaster told of one particular one. I still remember it clearly it was about a young brave he was madly in love with a young maiden. She was beautiful, according to the story, and he would give anything to be with her and when he got his chance it had to be in secret for she was from the enemy tribe that fought constantly with his and if he was caught any where near her they would kill him. I though it was a sad but beautiful story that they were from opposite sides and still had an undying love for each other. I guess that little chipping bowl said a lot to me. It gave me the story in a song, Young Indian Brave. I still have the chipping bow. I probably wont ever sell it. To me it has a sentimental value more than historical. Walking in the Summer Night and Goodbye Forever were my first two recorded songs in

1997. In January of 1994 we moved to our new farm but it was the winter of the ice storm. Everything was covered in ice. The trees looked like crystal glass glistening in the sun and it was almost impossible to drive to town. The main highways were closed down. We were stuck in our motor home on the first flat of our new place. There was no way we could make it completely to the top. So we decided to settle there till the winter was over. The month of May came slowly but when it arrived it warmed quickly and we couldn't wait to move to the top. The nights were cool but at least it wasn't freezing. A light spring jacket was enough for the evening and the moon was full. My wife, Loura and I decided to take a walk to the top ridge where we would soon build our home. When we reached our destination it was a ponderous sight to see. In the horizon you could see the city light twinkling like Christmas trees lights. In every direction we turned you could see a far distance it felt like we were on top of the world. The trees were preparing their summer foliage and you could smell the perennial flowers blooming. Their fragrance was everywhere. The sky was velvet purple and the stars glittered like sparkling diamonds. The full moon was its centerpiece. It felt like a cool summer night rather than spring. We walked hand in hand and when we came to the edge of the world I held her in my arms and sang softly in her ear a melody that came from out of nowhere with words that just fell into place like a beautiful boutique arrangement. It even amazed me. My one thought at that time is that I hoped I could remember this beautiful song but all I had to do was remember the moment and it would instantly return to me. I rerecorded Walking In The Summer Night again in 2000, this time putting in the mandolin, which I felt, would express romantic essence of what I experienced that evening. So if you ever find yourself walking under a full moon in a cool summer evening with the stars glistening above your head and the love of your life walking along side with you, I do hope you take along a CD player and this song and play it softly and enjoy the moment of building good memories. I have written quite a number of songs over the years and I believe God sends the angels to give us gifts. It is a special honor from him and therefore it is our duty to share the gifts with the world however it is not an easy thing to do. It can be very expensive with is a shame in its self. So many wonderful and beautiful songs and singers as well will go unheard denying the world of its beauty. A songwriter/singer can only hope that there are people that can understand this problem. If I only have the opportunity of producing more songs and never making a fortune but sharing them with who ever enjoys listening to them, then I am already indeed a wealthy man. Thanks to CD Baby I hope to be getting my chance and not only for myself but to help others to achieve their goals as well. I do hope you enjoy the

Ricky D. collection CD Flying Like An Eagle. Thank you and God bless.

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