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How To Be a Better Elvis

The Parkes Observatory, surrounded by its wheat and alien sheep, listens to the stars. The town statue of the Founding Father looks to be singing or preaching, an over-sized book in hand. In January, the Elvis Festival herds in the over-weight men, the Priscilla look-alikes, the memorabilia's promise of a Golden Age.

I'm not interested in the Vegas era. I return each summer like an old-time itinerant, getting younger every year, reaching back, until I find that boy in a Tupelo shotgun shack, crazy for music and listening for God.

David McCooey