

Christmas is over, and Dave Hum is gone



A note to Dave Hum's family, and friends:

Christmas always makes me think of Dave's music. My husband is a guitarist and when he got started on banjo a couple of years ago, he discovered some of the YouTube videos and became enthralled. The CDs are hard—impossible—to find in the States, or at least out here in rural Upstate New York. Luckily I have a sister in London, so I emailed her and she went looking. That year, her Christmas parcel to us contained a Huckleberries CD!

The following Christmas brought bad news. Dave had passed away. We'd become big fans. My husband wept when he read the announcement on the website and later, sent a condolence note.

(c) Salisbury (UK) Journal Tonight, the kids gone, the house quiet, the holidays over, I started to take the ornaments off the tree. Partway into the job, I decided to put on "Traveling Light." The fireplace crackled, the dog snoozed, and Dave Hum music filled the room as I worked. It was so beautiful. Just beautiful. He had a gift for precision and rhythm, like Bach, or John Fahey (an American acoustic guitarist I admire). He had a gift for arrangements—when other instruments, from a bass to an electric guitar to a drum machine, joined in, the song was enriched, never cluttered. Tonight, the sincerity and fidelity and beauty he brought to the banjo filled my heart like a sail.

Christmas is over and Dave Hum is gone. We just wanted you to know that we miss him over here.

Teri and Alan Chace
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