

Greetings to the March 25 Krafft Ehrlicke Conference

Krista Ehrlicke Conference Greeting

Good morning. My name is Krista Ehrlicke. I was asked by my friend Marsha Freeman, to speak a little about my father as I and my sisters knew him. You all know him as a far thinking space enthusiast and scientist. We knew him as simply our dad. My friends these days say, “Oh, your dad was a rocket scientist” and then there is that “rocket scientist” chuckle and no one knows what he really was all about. What you all know are his academic accomplishments, his innovative ideas, and his tremendous understanding of the human spirit. There are so many things to tell, but from my perspective the everyday things are those that others don’t realize. He was brilliant, but he was so much more as a man and father. He valued his

family and we valued him.

One of the truths in our house was that when my dad was at home, he was working, and we had to be quiet. Not an easy thing with three girls, and in the sixties that meant two little ones and a teen. I was the teen or the tween. My dad had a study in the back of the house which was his sanctuary and not to be entered by his screaming, playing daughters. My mother always said our father had important things to calculate and write, and we could not scream at the top of our lungs or run through the house like banshees, or we would give him a headache, which, of course, was not good.

I finally figured out how to spend more time with him, through my love of books. Of course he had a lot of multi-subject books in his study, so I would say I wanted to look at them and pick one to read. What parent would say no to a child that wanted to read?? Since reading was a quiet endeavor I always got per-

mission to go into the inner sanctum. There, I would lay on the floor, on my stomach, legs crossed at the ankles, and I would generally end up with “The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire”. It was the one I liked the most. I found it very satisfying to just lay on the floor in front of his desk and read. I knew he was there and felt I was together with him. And if, on the rare occasion I had a question, I could ask and he would answer me. I thought this was the perfect set up.

We had the old fashioned family dinners, and most of the time my dad would be home. Our discussions were pretty vivid. My parents would steer the conversation to the news, or politics, or whatever family things needed discussion. Of course school would come up, but after that it was often the abstract subjects, such as politics, morality or philosophy, or even mythology. He would set up situations and then ask me, what would I do, or what did I think of something. He never told me I was wrong, he always waited for me to figure it out. He would steer me with a provocative question and make me think.

I later figured out that this was his way to stimulate my curiosity, because every time when I couldn't answer his question I would rush to the encyclopedias and look up the subject. We had four encyclopedia sets at home, so I could do a lot of reading to find the answers I wanted. I didn't like not knowing something, so this would push me to research for an answer. One thing that I remember so distinctly was never being exactly told I was wrong. Rather my father would ask me why I thought the way I did. If I could show him my thought process was solid, he would give me big kudos for the thinking, then he would gently suggest I take another look, or investigate further and tell him what I thought after that.

I was in high school during the sixties and President Kennedy's space race. My sisters are eight and ten years younger than me so they were quite young, and I had the greatest exposure to that excitement. My dad was on TV a lot in San Diego, and so I got a sort of notoriety of my own in school. I got interviewed by the press, and I told them lofty things about my ambitions. Of course none of that ever happened, but at the time I had the confidence of youth.

At that time, my dad was involved with the origi-



Images from Atlas Collection

Krafft Ehricke with satellite models, Oct. 10, 1957.

nal team of astronauts. I was privileged to meet some of them and became very fond of Scott Carpenter and Alan Shepard. If you knew my dad, you knew he hated things like press conferences, or cocktail parties where people just talked fluff, in other words the political side of the space race. He thought his time was wasted there and better spent behind his slide rules. On one occasion he had a press conference and dinner to go to, which he was quite annoyed about. He decided I should go in his stead and represent him there. My escorts were Scott Carpenter and Alan Shepard. Of course I was elated! I was in high school and being escorted by astronauts! This was important, so my mom and I picked out a green taffeta dress for me to wear.

The astronauts came to the house to pick me up. They were very cordial and protective of me and never left my side at the event. After dinner there was coffee and dessert. I was trying so hard to fit into this august group, that I spilled my coffee all over the front of my dress. Taffeta gets darker when it gets wet, so here I was, the entire front of me covered in coffee. I was horrified, as you might imagine, with these dark wet stains in plain view. These two men flanked me, trying their best to cover the front of me and still walk and talk on the way out, with flash bulbs and the press leading the way. Flash forward 25 years or so and I found myself at a Hall of Fame induction dinner, sitting next to Alan

Shepard. He smiled and asked me how that dress was with the coffee on it! I about fell over, but apparently it was a fun memory for him too.

I was fortunate enough, due to my age, to accompany my dad on various trips. My mom always stayed with my sisters and I was more than willing to go! One time we went to Houston to the Johnson Space Center. There was no launch pending so we were able to see the control center where all the guys sat during launch, wringing their hands in high stress mode. We got a private tour of the accessible areas. Everyone knew my dad, and I was beaming to be with him!

Another time my dad had to speak to Congress regarding budgets and costs and we flew to D.C. together. I spent the day racing in and out of museums. We went to the air and space museum together the next day. I also had the good fortune to go to Orlando with him, to the Kennedy space center, where I got to witness the launch of Apollo 15. My dad said David Scott was a great guy and someone he respected. That made the launch even more interesting. I didn't get to meet him and of course we sat a mile away in the bleachers. But even at that distance, the ground shook more than any earthquake I had ever been in, and the sky lit up and filled with smoke. It is definitely something you never forget!

The next time I would be in D.C. was in 1984 to accept the AIAA's Goddard Astronautics Award for my father who was too ill to go. It was only a few months before his passing. I accepted the award in his honor and was able to pass on his gratitude and speak for him to the group. Once again I was filled with pride.

He was a very kind man which I think is an important quality. He had emotional intelligence. When it came to matters of the heart he was always available. If you were sad or had a heavy heart he was the one to go to.

We adored my dad, and my friends felt the same way. He danced with us at my home parties and would join in to make up special dances. He stayed just long enough and left just soon enough. My friends always asked if he were home, because he would answer their questions. He had the ability to simplify his answers so regular people understood, even my high school friends, and they always felt like they had gotten a pearl of wisdom that others hadn't. That was the magic of my dad: he could explain anything to anybody, and he would do it until you understood, even if it took most of the night for you to get it!

My dad had a genius' mind, which was actually a difficult cross to bear, at least to me. I could see his visionary mind working so far ahead, in places the rest of us didn't have a glimmer of, and I thought that must be a burden or a frustration at the least. I asked him once, very pointedly, how he managed to keep repeating everything, how he managed to constantly be told his calculations or advanced thoughts were impossible, until they were also proven by others. To have his designs be seen as silly, such as Skylab, which was dubbed "Ehrlicke's orbiting outhouse." His response has stayed with me forever. Paraphrasing, he said, "Krista, don't worry about me, I am ok. You see I have a core, right here in my center that knows exactly who I am and knows if I am right or wrong. It is my core that no one can ever enter, no one can take away from me, and that's where I know the truth and where I can go and am protected. It has saved me many times and it will never be breached by anyone." He amplified this and told me to search for that refuge within myself. I think I have succeeded. This was the personal philosophy that got him through any difficulties and is something I have never forgotten.

Greeting from Gemini and Apollo Astronaut General Thomas P. Stafford

I'd like to extend my greetings to the participants of the Schiller Institute conference celebrating the life and work of Krafft Ehrlicke.

Though I couldn't be there in person, I think that this conference is very timely. As someone who has been part of the U.S. space program since its very early days, from Gemini through Apollo, from the Apollo-Soyuz mission to our participation in the International Space Station today, I can tell you that to achieve these great things, we must have clear goals, and a vision. The ideas of Krafft Ehrlicke for lunar development and mankind's settlement of space can be looked to today for those far-reaching goals and that vision—especially for a return to the Moon, something that the United States turned away from 7 years ago, though I believe we can reverse that today.

I wish your conference the very best success.

General Thomas P. Stafford
Gemini and Apollo Astronaut

An Electronic Message From the Yemeni Pioneers

Introduction: We thank the Schiller Institute for extending this invitation to the Pioneers' Office in the Advisory Office for Coordination with BRICS (AOCB).

Ali al-Ghaffari, Chairman

Pioneer Ali Al-Ghaffari, Chairman of the Pioneers

Good morning! Today is the 8th of March, which is the International Women's Day. On this occasion, we send our best wishes to the New Silk Road Lady, Mrs. Helga Zepp-LaRouche, and to all women and men of the world, via commemorating Dr. Kraft Ehrlicke. This occasion represents for us an inspiring event for our actions today and tomorrow, especially as the visions of Dr. Ehrlicke have topped the global agenda one hundred years after his birth.

I would like to welcome you all to the Remote Sensing Center at the Yemeni Ministry of Communications in San'aa.

Pioneer Azzhra'a Mohammed al-Nunu

First we would like to extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Hussein Askary, who has been encouraging the Pioneers to study one of the most important sciences in human history.

Based on the vision of the Pioneer heroes, the chairman of our organization "Friends of the BRICS" wrote a groundbreaking text on a vision for the reconstruction of Yemen, explaining the metrics of progress and victory of the BRICS nations. This text was sanctioned by the great novelist Al-Gharbi Amran, and was translated to Chinese by the Friends of the BRICS in Yemen.

It represents a comprehensive program of action for us today, and a message of peace that space and rocket technology should be utilized for creative reconstruction, and not for destruction as the Anglo-Saudi aggressors are doing.

Pioneer Abdullah Ridwan Jaghman

The Special Report "The New Silk Road Becomes the World Land-Bridge" represented the nucleus for our thinking about space.

We believe that our sustainable path towards space will only be achieved by securing our right to national credit, and through achieving our goals for sustainable development 2030.

Pioneer Retaj Abdul Salam Aldar

The Space Silk Road is the new language of peace.

Pioneer Fajer Fouad

Join us to live in accordance with the 5 metrics of progress of the BRICS.

Teacher Mohammad Al-Ansi

One of the messages we send to the BRICS nations is our effort to teach the Chinese language once a week at the Café Mazaji, and we preparing to join the celebration of the International Day of the Chinese Language on April 20.

Pioneer Abdullah Yones Alademy

We call ourselves the Pioneers, because we, the children of the founders of the AOCB, are dreaming of becoming space explorers.

The idea of the Pioneers emerged to launch the concept of the Space Silk Road. In the same way, the AOCB launched the notions of the maritime and land New Silk Road here.

Ruba Aref Muthanaa Alameree

Pioneers, because we took the lead in building our organization on the basis of the 5 Metrics of Progress of the BRICS nations, through which we will face the challenges of our childhood.

Pioneer Mohammed Maeen A Resident of Maryland, U.S.A.

Not only earth, but the entire solar system is our home, and the only limitations that exist are the ones we impose on ourselves. Our freedom starts with creating our own credits and financial resources. A necessary step to enjoy our freedom is to establish our own national reconstruction bank on Hamiltonian principles.

Fouad al-Ghaffari

The Pioneers have created a development process for childhood in Yemen.

Discussing space is not a fantasy, but rather the most basic notion of the human right of thought.

And it is the fourth element of the Four Laws of the economist Lyndon LaRouche to reform the world order on the basis of building the individual human being and culture, and not on the idea of economics as financial matters!