Twitter Thread by Rob Arnol



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Sitting here thinking of some of the people I've been lucky enough to meet and talk to or spend time with over the years. From Queen Elizabeth to Jeff Fenech, Nelson Mandela to Ivan Lendl. All impressive, but all beaten by a 15 year old work experience girl I had the absolute

pleasure to have with me for a week. It was a bit over 30 years ago when I was a radio announcer in Darwin presenting an Aboriginal program for 2 hours daily Mon - Friday. The week before the assistant to the Manager of Radio told me she had a problem. This girl was coming in to

do work experience with us and she didn't know what to do with her. Why? I asked. She replied She's blind.
Ok, stick her with me. I replied. Jo came in the following day with her father to meet me and learn where she had to go. No seeing eye dog. Do you have a Braille writer,

good, bring it in and any sticky labels for it.
Monday morning comes around, she arrives with her gear, we chat for a while and I take her into the studio we would use all week. We spent the next couple of hours marking everything including the radio desk/panel in Braille.

The very first show I involved her by getting her to do the weather reports we transcribed into Braille. The following day I taught her how to run the desk/panel before we went on air. We practiced that for the next couple of days.
This girl was amazing, she played bass guitar

Water ski'd, sang, Damn she made me feel inadequate and useless. I took her to a play that my girlfriend was the designer on, one of the actors, jazz musician George Washingmachine was, like me amazed at her talent. And they put on a small performance after the show. Friday came

Around too quickly, but I had one last 'surprise' for her. I asked her to do what was my very last program for the ABC. 2 hours or presenting, weather, interviews etc. the @TheNTNews did a story on both of us, mainly her, I just sat back and basked in her reflected glory.

She blew my mind and stole my heart, I've though about her a lot over the years since. I don't know what happened in her life after that as I moved on to an Aboriginal station in Townsville, but I guarantee what ever she did with her life, she would have been successful. If

Anyone of my friends and followers in Darwin know Jo Hayden, I assume she probably married and her surname may be different now, tell her I said G’day, and that she taught me more in one week, than I’d leant in my life up until then.