

N.A.P.P.



VOLUME XLI

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NO. 2



FROM THE PRESIDENT

A few months back, at the height of the Iraqi war, I was flying across NW Iowa and wanted to cut through CRYPT MOA where the Air National Guard's F-16s practice.

Minneapolis Center, Cirrus 8822E requesting transition through CRYPT North.

Minneapolis: CRYPT currently is hot, but let me talk to Offutt AFB.

(About 20 seconds of dead air and then Minneapolis came back) Cirrus 22E, proceed through CRYPT as requested, they need some practice on slow targets.

It caused me to reflect on the fragility of our human existence. I have never been in war and have only once experienced a brush with death.

We are dust, and on to dust we shall return.

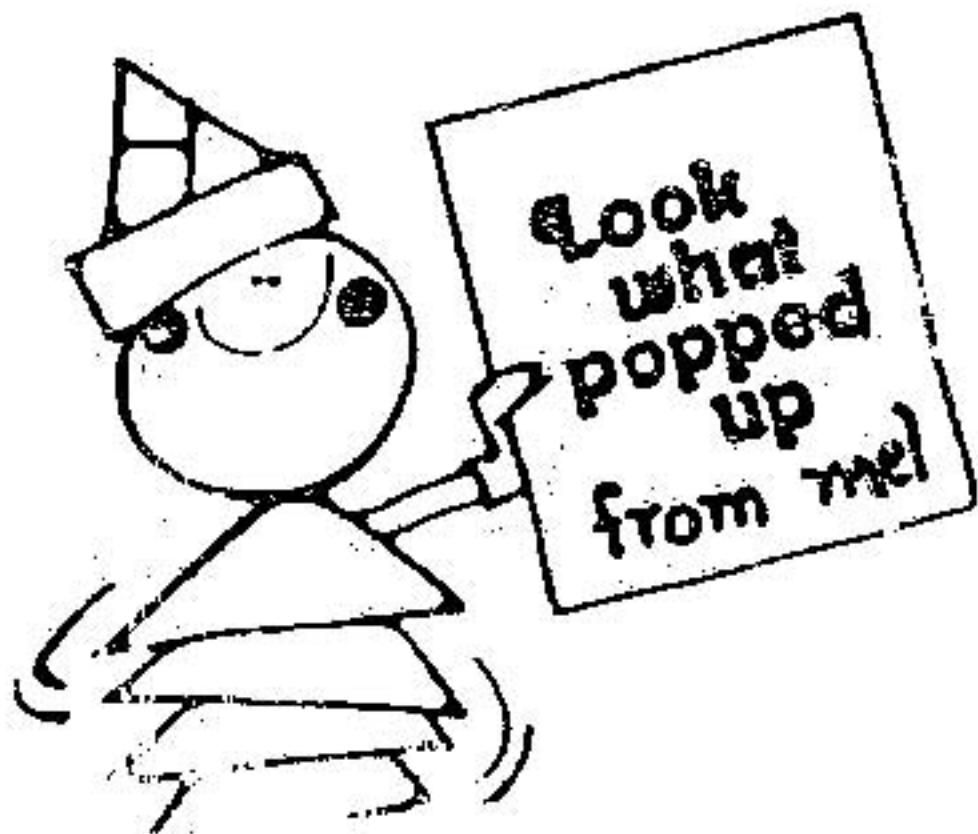
We Catholics are accustomed to praying for the deceased, remembering them and commending them to a loving and merciful God. Especially this is true in November.

Here at St. Thomas Aquinas, we have a large book in the Gathering Space in which we have inscribed the names of those who have died in the past 12 months. We invite parishioners to write in the names of deceased parishioners and family and friends. At the beginning of each Mass during November, someone reads the names of 25-30 deceased persons and we pray for them during that Mass.

I have written into that book, the names of the 57 NAPP members who have died. My parish will remember them, by name, during this month. I ask you to remember them in prayer as well.

Eternal rest grant unto them.

Rev. Everett Hemann



The last few months have been personally gratifying months for me. Those of you who attended the July convention in Ames, IA met Fr. Jacek Rejman, SVD. Jacek is a missionary in Tanzania and, like many of us, has been interested in flying since childhood. He had the good fortune of meeting NAPP member Pat Patten in Arusha, Tanzania. Pat asked me if I'd help Jacek with his U.S. private and instrument licenses. We got that goal accomplished in early August and a recent email from Jacek informs me that he "now flies everyday and is enjoying it very much."

About the time Jacek was preparing to return to East Africa I got an email from Fr. Longin Buhake. He is from the Congo and came to the U.S. to get a license. The email said "would you do for me what you've done for other African priests?" In mid-September Longin spent a week here and we got him to the solo point. It took about 3 days to understand the new English (tower talk) and then the flying part started to fall into place. He will be returning here October 23 and I have scheduled his private pilot's check ride for 9:00 AM Fri, Nov. 7th.

Keep us in your prayers.

It's **DUES** time again. Those who missed the annual convention will find the envelope asking for your 2004 dues. A few of you have already sent your dues. You will find your new membership card enclosed.

I am enclosing in some of your mailings NAPP lapel pins. A few of you requested them. I know some do not have them so I'm sending one to you as well. One member did request one with his dues. I forgot to make a note on that person's record. Please remind me again and we'll try to get one to you.

REMINDERS

2004 NATIONAL CONFERENCE

**Frasca Field
Urbana, Illinois
July 6 - 7, 2004**

Fr. George Remm and Rudy Frasca will begin offering us the particulars in the new year.

Meanwhile, get it on your calendar

Spring Regional Meeting

Monday, May 17, 2004

Duluth, Minnesota

*Particulars will follow on this later.
We definitely will tour the Cirrus plant.
Write this one down in the appropriate place.*

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

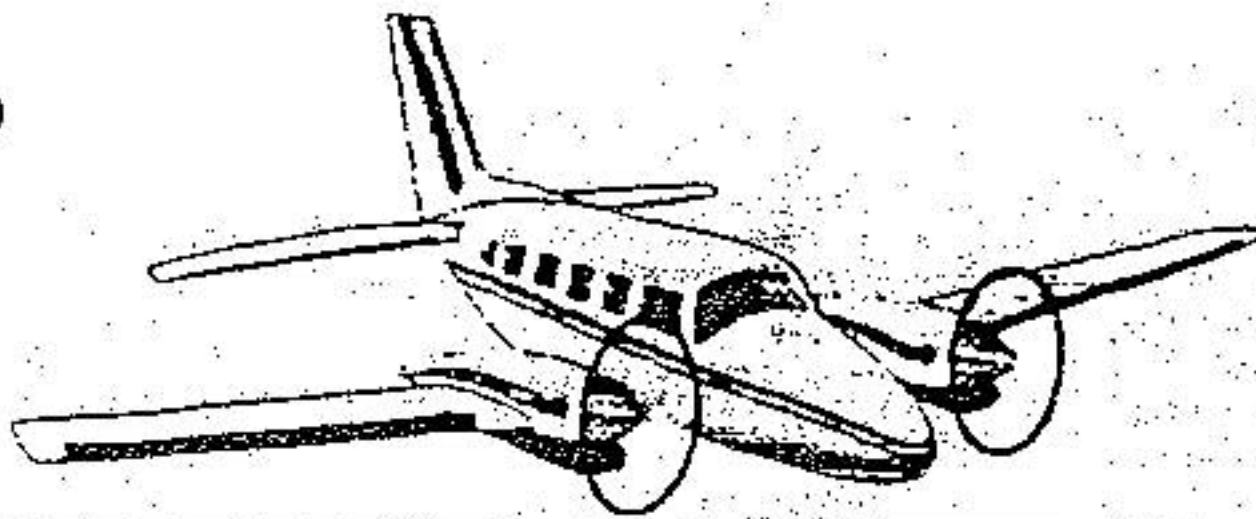
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BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

NEW MEMBERS

We've had several new members since the last issue.

CH(MAJ) David J. Dormer, is a priest of the Scranton, PA diocese and now an army chaplain at Fort Wainwright, AK. David began flying in September of 1978 and got his private ticket January 30, 1985. He rents a Cessna 150 or Cessna 172 when flying. He read about NAPP on Van's RV Aircraft web site.

Jerry Machilik lives in Shelby Township, Michigan and a priest in the Archdiocese of Detroit, pastor of St. John Vianney Church in Shelby Township. He is a 300+ hour private pilot and is a third part owner of a Cherokee 6. He recently got all the paraphernalia to study for the instrument ticket. Getting that is his next goal.

Recently in Grand Island, NE for the triple anniversary celebration of Bishop Lawrence McNamara's 75th anniversary of baptism, 50th priesthood and 25th episcopal ordination I met the rector of Conception Seminary College. He said, "We've got a seminarian from the Dodge City diocese who is a pilot." I emailed him and we now have a seminarian member. Darin L. Hickel holds a commercial single & multi engine license with instrument ratings. He is also a flight and instrument instructor for single and multi engine aircraft.

Welcome to the three of you.

Ray Crowe, OMI, writes from Christ the King Church in Miami, FL
Mel,

Keep up the good work. Looking forward to hearing Archbishop Schwietz's report on the Cessna 206. I heard it drinks about 13+ gals per hour.

The OMIs have a convention in October '03
God bless!

Ray Crowe, OMI

CATHOLIC EXTENSION
September 2003

The Faith has taken wing once more in the far-north Archdiocese of Anchorage. Earlier this year, EXTENSION Magazine published an appeal for an airplane to serve the Alaskan archdiocese - the only practical way of getting to the far corners of a mission territory that covers nearly 140,000 square miles.

Archbishop Roger Schwietz, OMI, needed Catholic Extension's help in replacing a plane lost in 2002 when Fr. James Kelley was killed in a fog-related crash on his way to celebrate Palm Sunday Mass at his missions along Bristol Bay.

With \$30,000 in gifts from Catholic Extension donors, the archbishop was able to purchase a 1974 Cessna 206 aircraft at a discount from a 74-year-old local Catholic, Ray Carey.

Catholic Extension also helped Archbishop Schwietz obtain his pilot's license so he can drop in on Catholics in isolated parts of southern Alaska. But he still is looking for a qualified pilot-priest to take over the missions served by Father Kelley.

From Pat Weidinger, Camas, WA

Enclosed please find Frank's dues for the coming year. Frank still gets up a couple of times a day. We have to help him with everything. He knows us and he is aware of what is going on around him but unable to carry on a conversation.

When the newsletter comes, I usually go through it with Frank. We have a new grand daughter who is seven months old.

DREAMS

(From President Ev Hemann via a former student)

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned around to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being. She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?" I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze. "Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked. She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids..." "No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age. "I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months we would leave class together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this "time machine" as she shared her wisdom and experience with me. Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I'll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium. As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, "I'm sorry I'm so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I'll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know."

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began, "We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humor every day. You've got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it! There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding the opportunity in change. Have no regrets. The elderly usually don't have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets."

She concluded her speech by courageously singing "The Rose." She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives. At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago. One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep. Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.

When you finish reading this, please send this peaceful word of advice to your friends and family, they'll really enjoy it! These words have been passed along in loving memory of ROSE.

REMEMBER, GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY. GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL.

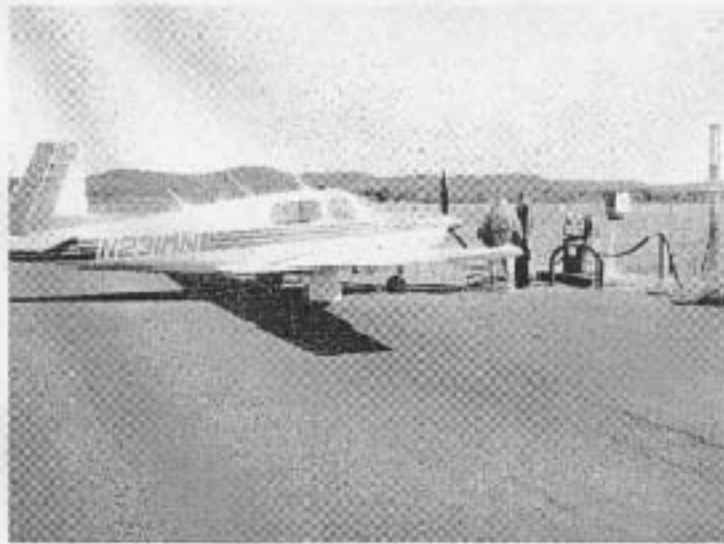
We make a Living by what we get, We make a Life by what we give. God promises a safe landing, not a calm passage. If God brings you to it—He will bring you through it. Lord I love You and I need You, come into my heart, Today. For without You I can do nothing.

FALL MIDWEST REGIONAL MEETING

CISTERCIAN ABBEY

SPARTA, WISCONSIN - SEPTEMBER 29, 2003

On a beautiful midwest autumn day a dozen NAPP members arrived at the Camp McCoy-Sparta airfield in Wisconsin. They came in 5 planes and a couple of cars from 4 different states. They were met at the airport by Trappist Fr. Bernard McCoy who guided all to the Cistercian Abbey. The ETA was perfect in that we arrived at the chapel in time for midday prayer. The next visit was to the dining room for dinner and the scrumptious dinner was indeed a testimonial to the power of prayer. Father Robert was a chef in a variety of restaurants through out the country prior to responding to God's call to monastic life. It was quite obvious his new life has not diminished his culinary skills. The following shows some of the other activities. They look much better in color but reproduction costs would be prohibitive.



Airport security in Sparta, Wisconsin is so time consuming. But Fr. Bernard seems to have things under control in spite of the fact refueling continues right before his eyes.



Fr. Robert's hobby, model trains, is a room full. The environment surrounding his trains is patterned after the scenic countryside of southwest Wisconsin.



To assist in dissipating some of the calories of the noon meal all were invited to the back yard for a try at trap shooting. I'd hate to meet a couple of those "dead eye" padres on a dark night.



The last stop on the tour was a visit to the "hermitage" overlooking the bluffs of the Mississippi River south of La Crosse, Wisconsin. Site and solitude unbelievable. The overlook terrific...looking across the river at Minnesota and Iowa. The evening cookout turned out to be indoors because of the early chill and slight drizzle. It was a terrific day.