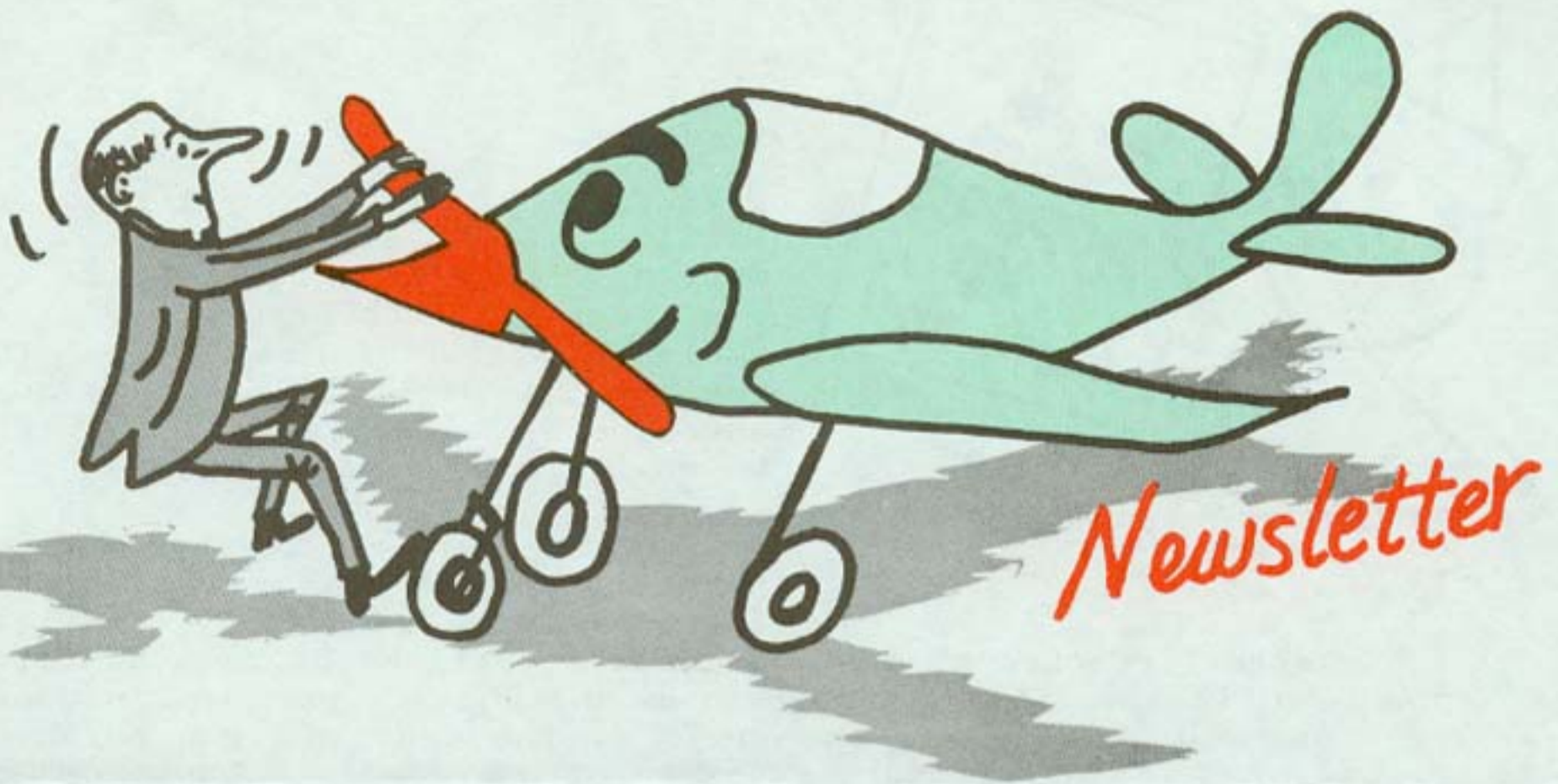


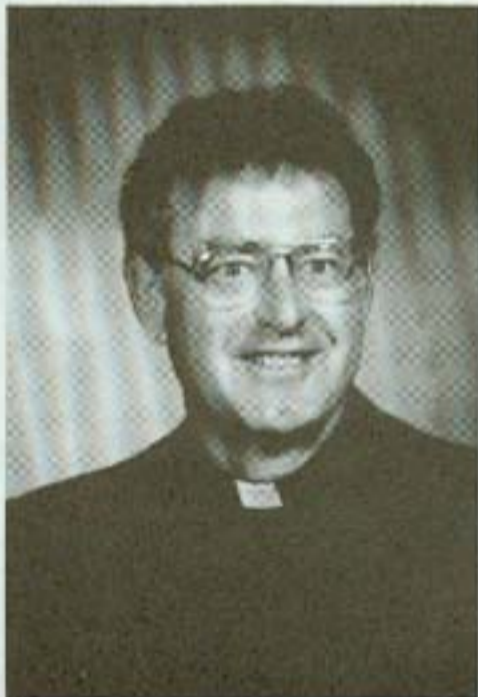
N.A.P.P.



VOLUME XXIX

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NO. 4



#### A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Christmas mail included a lovely Papua-New Guinea calendar from Archbishop Leo Arkfeld. He is "retired-but-working" in his beloved diocese. Remember he was present at the 25th Convention, Franklin, Kentucky.

Holy-General Jack Lawler also reminds us of his retirement pad in Naples, Florida. Bring plenty of golf balls for the water holes, he warns. Jack helps out at the local parishes and is

still handling marriage cases when he isn't A&Eing his Bonanza. He will be celebrating his "golden" in 1993.

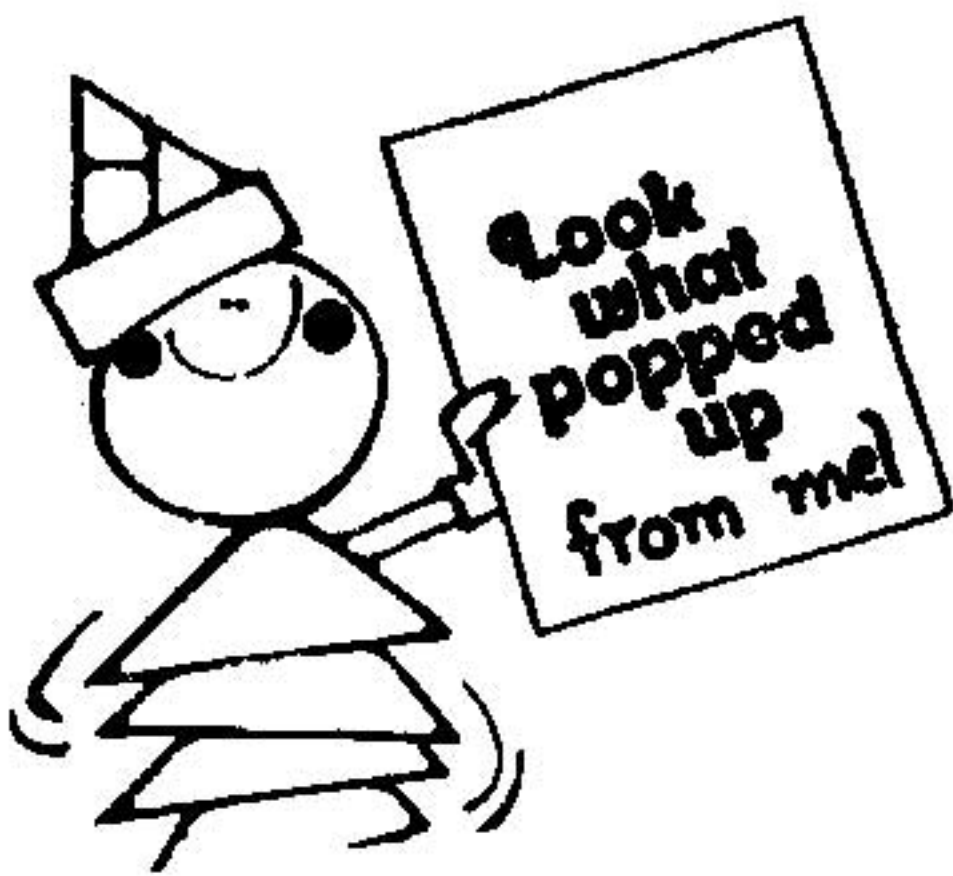
Gene Murray is back (Dec.) from his three-month vacation, 'er sabbatical, at Berkeley. He was hungry for some hours in the family 172, newly overhauled.

I have a classmate who says he won't fly in a light plane until he has terminal cancer. (His liturgy is a bit dated also). Our class celebrates 35 years of ordination this year.

Two very frustrated gentlemen were stranded with their C-172 near here --FSD (Sioux Falls)--for fourteen (count 'em, 14) straight days. Yes, the ground fog had daily ceilings from 100 to 300 ft. An instrument rating and currency are good insurance. Is this how the long, dark days of Alaska feel?

Enough of usurping Mel's gossip column. Best wishes to all.

*Frank Nemmers*  
FRANK NEMMERS



1). Those of you who were good little boys and girls and mailed in your annual dues will find your 1992 membership card enclosed with this mailing. The rest of you will find another dues envelope as a gentle reminder that we're still waiting on this end.

As I write this - January 29 - we have about 97 that have responded. There may be a few more by this time that haven't reached my desk. Treasurer Bill Roche is away for a couple of weeks. If you happen to be one who has sent in his dues, rest assured it will all end up OK in the end. If you haven't, please send it in. It sure saves a lot of grief and book work on our end.

2). One of the things that is different this time around is that not very many of you included news items. Usually there is enough that keeps me going for several issues. I will print what little bit did come in. If you have news of interesting trips you've taken or other things that may interest us, please send it to me.

3). Mark your calendars for several important functions this year. First on the agenda is the Midwest Regional gathering in Wisconsin Rapids, WI Monday, May 4. Second is the Annual National (International) Convention hosted by Pete Sweeney in Frederick, MD on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 7 and 8. Please mark these important dates on your calendar. Next issue we will start carrying details regarding reservations, time, etc. In the meantime, get the charts out and begin locating the May and July destinations.

4). I am enclosing a copy of the letter received from GREENS' Writing Services. The letter is self-explanatory. I sent him a copy of the group picture taken at Parks Air College last summer. It shows all of us standing around the Beaver. I am also putting him on our mailing list as he requested. We'll see what happens after this.

## **ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:**



**REV. MEL HEMANN**

20245 ST. JOSEPH DRIVE  
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319-552-2233



# BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

*[The following letter from Pat Patten comes to us via John Bellon in Detroit. John is now in the parish where Pat's family used to worship. Maybe we'll be lucky enough to see Pat at our convention in July].*

Oikokola, Tanzania  
3 November, 1991

Dear Friends,

I rode my motorcycle through the dust, six miles up into the mountains today. The trip was for a Sunday Mass at a small village called Engalaoni right on the edge of the great Rift Valley. In wet or dry season the Rift Valley is a spectacular place to experience. This is the dry season. I was gray from crumbling earth before even going one mile. As the climb progressed, the dust became deeper, often covering the axles on the motorcycle. There is no grass left, only blowing dust. I know from experience that the green will return after the first rains. But looking on this desert scene now, it seems almost impossible.

Further along the way, I saw a black cross fallen over on the side of the footpath. The cross was formed by two dark lines on the back of a donkey. The donkey had collapsed and died from hunger. A few minutes later I came upon a dead cow, then several sheep and a goat. On the other side of the valley, the situation is worse. But it is bad enough here.

In a strange sort of way, it reminded me of Christmas: the donkey, the cow, the sheep and the goats surrounding a manger where there is no hay left to eat, only a newborn child to look on. But for these animals on Monduli mountain in north-central Tanzania, there was nothing to look on. No hope of a future Messiah. Their time for hope was gone. Hope had failed them.

Among the people are signs that their fate might not be far behind the fate of their animals. On our emergency flights, we are responding to more cases of bowel obstruction caused by simple lack of food. The intestine walls adhere to themselves and won't let anything pass. Surgery is needed to save the life of the patient.

Flying Medical Service did a survey this week at the request of our Diocesan Development Office and for Catholic Relief Services. We found that 2% of the children we see on our regular clinic flights and vaccination programs should be hospitalized immediately because of severe weight loss. Another 14% are critical. Only a few percent continue to gain weight as young children should.

I don't write this to paint a horror picture. In fact, I don't even write it to ask your sympathy or understanding. This is only a slightly drier year than usual. It sticks in the throat to say that all of the above is quite

normal. There are parts of the country in much worse shape. There are neighboring countries where the situation is desperate: Somalia, Sudan, Mozambique. As I write this, there is civil war in all of the above countries, all neighbors of ours. There is also war in Rwanda, Uganda, and Zaire. They too, are our neighbors, just across the border.

These are the silent wars, the silent suffering of a different kind of Silent Night.

I don't write this on behalf of the people I live with to ask for your help. We hear that the donor countries are tired of giving. There is donor fatigue. There are problems enough at home. Only, part of this upcoming feast of Thanksgiving is that we are able to give thanks largely because we were born in the right place at the right time. Tanzania, Mozambique, Uganda, Zaire, could just as easily have been home for any of us. Pity us, then, because the donor countries are tired.

That's what I could have said in this letter. I won't. Instead, I'll tell you the good news. Musa, one of our students who came to us 18 months ago walking on all fours, is now standing up straight after several operations and leg braces to correct his polio.

Eliakesia, another student at Olkokola is able to walk and talk and work without trembling all over from her cerebral palsy. Mild medication together with physiotherapy and speech therapy has dramatically improved her life. This will be the first Christmas in her 21 years where she will be self-supporting because she now has a sewing machine and has learned to be a tailor.

Obedi had a leg severely bent because of excess fluorine in the water supply of his village. The natural fluorine content in the only water available in some of the villages in Tanzania is 400 times that allowed by law in the U.S. and Europe. Obedi's leg has been surgically straightened. In between operations he has been studying wood-working at our school. He is now quite a good carpenter and walks completely upright.

There are twenty-four students like Eliakesia, Obedi, and Musa at Olkokola Training Center. They're all here because people like you have cared and shared, each in your own different ways. You should be happy. You've made a big difference in the lives of at least a few people who certainly won't forget.

That's the view from the ground. From the air:

In our work in remote areas during the past 12 months, Flying Medical Service has treated 5,872 patients in their own villages, vaccinated 8,910 children and 2,251 pregnant women, evacuated 267 patients and 41 emergency flights outside normal scheduled clinics. It was a busy year and, as usual, exciting. We're hoping to add a small Suzuki ambulance to our two airplanes in the coming months.

This is my report to you for the year. This is my Thanksgiving. And as Christmas always signals hope in the face of incredible odds -- a king in a manger? come on! -- So we continue in hope, thanks to you.

Happy Thanksgiving and Christmas, and a beautiful new year, to each on you.

Pat Patten  
Olkokola Catholic Mission  
P.O. Box 3044  
Arusha, Tanzania  
East Africa

*Pat*  
-or-

c/o 1750 Manchester Ave.  
Grosse Pointe Woods  
Michigan 48236-1920  
United States of America

# THE JOSEPHITES

FATHERS and BROTHERS

1130 NORTH CALVERT STREET • BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21202

Josephite Father, Earle A. Newman sent this note with his renewal.

Dear Fellow Napper,

Responding to higher authorities, dues are sent along herewith, for myself and for reinstatement of a former member. The latter is:

Rev. Patrick Healy, SSJ  
St. Benedict the Moor Church  
320 21st Street NE  
Washington, DC 20002  
1-202-397-3895

Fraternally yours in Christ



Rev. Earle A. Newman, S.S.J.

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## [AN APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA FROM YOURS TRULY]

I am sure many of you recall some months ago John Herzog contributed the odyssey of trials and tribulations with the FAA over his physical. I would like to share mine.

While attending my niece's wedding in St. Paul, MN on November 4, 1989, I experienced a strange and numbing feeling below my left ankle. On Monday I went to see my doctor and I ended in ICU for 3 days during which time I had the whole battery of tests. The conclusion: a tiny capillary on the top of my brain (I do have one) got plugged. As the doctor said, "It was a type of stroke. That part of the brain controls the lower left extremities and that caused the strange feeling below your left ankle. If you're going to a stroke, that's the kind to have." My FAA physical was due in December. When we finished, the doctor said, "I have been examining you for 8 years and there's certainly nothing wrong with you. But you can bet you'll hear from Oklahoma City." On February 4, 1990 I did. I had to mail in my medical certificate and had 30 days to appeal their decision, which I did. I was directed to see a neurologist for a complete examination and evaluation. It took till the end of July (right after getting back from Alaska) when I was informed they wouldn't do anything for two years. (Why didn't they tell me that the first time around?) Once again, if I wanted to pursue it, I would have thirty days to notify them of my decision. I asked them to send the requirements for the next exam and on October 31, 1991 the neurologist once again gave me a clean bill of health. On December 7, 1991 I got an affirmative FAA response with a caveat saying this letter is valid till December 31, 1991. On December 17, 1991 I took my 2nd class flight physical and, lo and behold, my right eye wouldn't correct to 20/20. Best we could get was 20/25 and this necessitated a visit to an ophthalmologist. He couldn't find anything wrong except that my right eye was a little weak. The papers were mailed on December 27, 1991. On Thursday, January 30, 1992 the mail from Oke City contained my new medical certificate...a very nice 33rd ordination anniversary gift.

What has all this taught me? 1. I didn't miss it as much as I thought I would. Deep down inside I knew that day would eventually come when I could no longer fly. When the time factor was taken into consideration there were times it would have been nice. But I did survive! 2. I was able to fly during this time as an instructor as long as I wasn't PIC. 3. In 32 years of flying I achieved goals that have far exceeded my wildest dreams when I started in 1960. Those experiences and friendships can never be taken away. 4. I discovered I had some extra money each month. Those birds do take a sizeable chunk each month.

It's nice to be back at it...for however long it will be. Meanwhile, if you have a problem, don't give up. GO FOR IT! - 5 -

# GREENS' *Writing Services*

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January 28, 1992

Rev. Father Melvin Hamann  
20245 St. Joseph Drive  
Rickardsville, Ia. 52039

Dear Rev. Hamann:

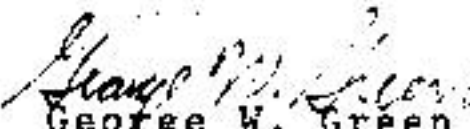
Rev. Frank Nemmers gave me your name and address after I wrote him about a book I am writing: "Global Mobile Ministry: Land, Sea & Air Transportation in Religion" (on foot, horseback, vehicles, planes, trains, boats, etc.) which will cover all religious activities for all denominations worldwide.

I would like to feature a photograph of your association, preferably showing one or more of your members identified as to title, location, etc. with his plane. Anywhere in the U. S. or abroad will be appropriate.

How can I get on the mailing list of your newsletter and are back copies available?

I can return an original photo promptly or reimburse you for a copy print, postage, etc.

Sincerely,

  
George W. Green

PRESIDENT

GWG/ps

Enc.