

N.A.P.P.



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No. 4

President's column:

Warm-weather respite is nothing compared with ultimate paradise

By Fr. Joe McCaffrey
NAPP President

Did you get away during these crazy weather days of winter? Between the never-ending demands of parish life, especially now that I have seven parishes into one, and the FBI chaplaincy requests for service, with the rigors of Lent just around the corner, a getaway to warmer weather is a welcome gift!

Some dear friends of mine presented me with just such a gift. They took me with them on a four-day cruise to Cozumel, Mexico. We flew on a very blustery, snowy day from Pittsburgh to Houston. We ar-



Bob and Chris Pietrandrea and Fr. Mac

rived in Houston where it was a sunny 50 degrees! Then we made our way to Galveston where we caught a Royal Caribbean ship and began sailing for calm seas and warm weather!

The marvels of modern-day travel are truly miraculous. We are only a matter of hours from a new place and a new adventure. God is good!

How blessed we are to share in the wondrous gift of flight! It is more than just a means of getting from one place to another. It is an experience of the Divine calling us to our ultimate destination of union with Him for all eternity.

No matter where we travel on the face of this globe, we will never find that true paradise for which everyone longs. Oh, there are some beautiful respites along the way.

But our ultimate home is heaven. And we will arrive there not by means of human technology but by the even-more-amazing, mind-boggling grace of God!

Message from the Treasurer:

Checks totaling \$4,500 have been sent, as requested by the membership, to the Catholic Diocese of Fairbanks, Flying Medical Service in Tanzania and Catholic Medical Mission Board in New York.

I am happy to report that an NAPP associate member elected to have \$1,000 transferred directly from his Individual Retirement Account to the National Association of Priest Pilots (a non-profit, charitable organization) as a "charitable gift." A gesture of THANK

YOU from the membership would be to offer a prayer (or more) for this gift.

Our fiscal year ends June 30, 2020. If you have not yet provided your annual dues, you may still do so. Please see the form on Page 2.

If you pay in advance for fiscal year 2021, please make that notation as you send your \$25, to assist with the treasurer's bookkeeping. Any donation as a charitable gift, is always accepted.

Msgr. John Hemann

NAPP MIDWEST REGIONAL MEETING

**Monday, April 20, 2020 (third Monday)
Dubuque (Iowa) Airport (KDBQ)**

*Please call, email or mail reservation
by Tuesday, April 14*

NAME _____

CELLPHONE _____

EMAIL _____

ARRIVAL DATE _____

By private plane: N _____

ETA _____

By car _____ ETA _____

DEPARTURE _____

*Reservations to: Phillip Gibbs, dbq058@dbqarch.org
2525 St. Anne Drive, Dubuque, IA 52001
563-590-2341 (c) 563-556-7511 (o)*

SCHEDULE

10:30 a.m. Arrival at Dubuque Airport (KDBQ)

11:15 a.m. Plan agenda for annual NAPP July meeting (includes places for the July visitation sites and program)

12:30 p.m. Lunch (place TBD)

1:30 p.m. Meeting (where in fall 2020?)

2:45 p.m. Departure



SAVE THE DATES: NAPP Convention, July 7-8, 2020, in Dubuque, Iowa (arrivals on July 6; departures on July 9)

Please send newsletter articles, notes and photos to: Tom Enwright, napp.editor@gmail.com; 419 Chestnut St., Sauk City, WI 53583

Deadline for the April edition: March 31.

NAPP Dues – U.S. \$25.00

2020 fiscal year began July 1, 2019

Use this form to send your dues or use PayPal (go to www.priestpilots.org and click on PayPal).

NAME: _____

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**Mail to: Msgr. John Hemann, NAPP Treasurer,
481 N. Shore Dr., Apt. 301, Clear Lake, IA 50428-1368**



NEW ARCHBISHOP FOR PHILLY: On January 23, 2020, Cleveland Bishop Nelson Perez was named as the next archbishop of Philadelphia, where he originally was ordained a priest.

NAPP members at the 2018 convention may recall that he joined the group for lunch at an Italian restaurant. (This photo shows him with Fr. Mel Hemann and Fr. Allen Corrigan, who hosted the convention.)

Archbishop Perez, 58, is the first archbishop of Philadelphia of Hispanic heritage; his parents emigrated from Cuba and he was born in Miami.

A Christmas to remember: Priest pilot chronicles the challenges of reaching God's people in Alaska

Editor's note: The National Association of Priest Pilots provides financial support for the aviation ministry in the [Diocese of Fairbanks](#). [Fr. Jim Falsey](#), a senior priest from Michigan, has served the Diocese of Fairbanks since 2013. He also ministered in Alaska in the 1990s while on a leave of absence from the Diocese of Saginaw. A licensed pilot since 1989, Fr. Jim uses a Cessna 182 to bring the sacraments to those in remote areas. The plane, named "[Yellow Bird](#)," was donated to the diocese in 2014. This is an abbreviated version of Fr. Jim's ministry journal from the 2019 Christmas season.



Flying in Alaska is always a great adventure. Some days are more adventurous than others. After six unusually warm winters, this winter started off downright frigid. It caught me off guard.

For the Christmas/New Year's season, I was scheduled to go to McGrath and the four parishes in the

Aniak region. I had expected temperatures to be in the +25°F to +35°F range. Instead, the temperature hovered around -25°F to -35°F the whole time. I was also given a very ambitious schedule that could only be accomplished with the use of a personal aircraft.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 2019

2-hour flight from Fairbanks to McGrath. McGrath had about 2½ feet of snow on the ground. The taxi lanes between the parking spaces on the ramp had been plowed, but the spaces themselves had not. I first had to locate the tiedowns, then dig out a parking space using a small collapsible shovel that I carried in the plane. The digging and "putting the plane to bed" (wing covers, engine blanket, tying down, etc.) took almost as long as the flight.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

10:30 a.m. Fourth Sunday of Advent Mass. That evening, I walked out to the airport (only a few blocks) to plug in the airplane and set the timer to start pre-heat at 6:00 the next morning. A parishioner who parks his plane nearby allows me to use his electrical outlet.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23

10:30 a.m.: "Christmas Mass" with our tiny McGrath congregation. Then out to the airport to fly to Holy

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New member profile: Stephen F. Conti, M.D.

I am a 60-year-old orthopaedic surgeon and have been flying for 7-8 years with about 700 hours total.

My first flight in a GA airplane was with Fr. Mac (Joe McCaffrey) in his Cessna Cardinal right before I decided to become a pilot. That was a short flight around Pittsburgh. I flew in a local flying club in a Cessna 172 for a while, then decided to buy my first and current airplane, which is a 2015 Cirrus SR22.

Fr. Mac and I coincidentally met at Sun 'n Fun one year while he was with some friends. I had no intention of buying an airplane, but they took me over to the Cirrus tent and introduced me to a salesman, saying that, "I wanted to buy a Cirrus." The salesman invited all of us over to the big Cirrus event that evening



for a free dinner. Fast forward and I ended up buying one, so:

- Fr. Mac attributes my flying career to him taking me up for

my first flight.

- Fr. Mac attributes my buying a Cirrus to him and his friends.

Anyway, we have been together at either Sun 'n Fun or Oshkosh the past few years. In 2019, he arranged for us to stay a few miles from Oshkosh in a retreat house, which was great because it was close and inexpensive.

Incidentally, I was a member of your group a couple of years ago when the meeting was in Pittsburgh, then never got a renewal, so I forgot to renew and was reminded this year by Fr. Mac to sign up. Is there a recurrent theme in all this? Here is a picture of us at Oshkosh 2019.

Steve

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Cross. Originally, I planned to fly the following day, but there was IFR weather moving in from the southwest, so I decided to go while I still had a chance to make the flight.

1.1-hour flight to Holy Cross: I climbed above the clouds and mountains flying slightly north of a direct line to Holy Cross. This kept me out of the weather. When I got over the Yukon flats, I had clear skies above and below. I descended to 500 feet AGL and turned south following the Yukon toward Holy Cross. Five miles from Holy Cross, I ran into the weather. Visibility was minimal, but at that altitude, I could still see the terrain and the only hill I had to worry about was on the other side of the river. Landed safe and sound, the only plane to fly to Holy Cross that day.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24

Weather is severe clear at Holy Cross. (Wouldn't you know!)

8 a.m.: Walk to the airport to plug in the plane. Again, a parishioner allows me to use his outlet.

1 p.m.: Christmas Eve Mass

3 p.m.: 25-minute flight to Aniak. "Put the plane to bed." I carry a 1,000-watt generator in the plane along with a 3-gallon fuel tank to power the engine pre-heater when I do not have access to an electrical outlet. The generator does not like to start in subzero temperatures, so I put the generator, fuel tank, and my luggage on a small plastic toboggan and walk them to the church, about a half mile.

8 p.m.: Christmas Eve Mass at Aniak

Midnight: After much coaxing, I was able to start the parish snowmobile. While it was warming up, start the generator in the church, hook up the auxiliary tank, take them outside, put them on the toboggan, hook the toboggan to the snowmobile and tow all out to the plane. After plugging the engine pre-heater into the generator, I hung out at the plane for a short time to make sure everything was running properly. Returned to the church and got to bed at about 2:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY, DECEMBER 25

9:30 a.m.: Back to the plane for a short flight to Kalskag for an 11 a.m. Mass. "OH NO!" The generator quit. The engine is cold, not frigid, but cold. Maybe I can start it. After numerous attempts, I ran the battery down. I even tried to hand prop the plane. No luck. By now it is 10:30 a.m. I called Kalskag to tell them that I would not make it for morning Mass, but



Fr. Jim Falsey with his generator apparatus getting "Yellow Bird" ready for flight.

that I would start over and possibly make it by Christmas evening. So, I hauled the generator back to the church, warmed it up, restarted it and hauled it back out to the plane.

3 p.m.: Back to the plane with all my gear. The generator is running, engine feels warm. Toss everything into the plane, drive the snowmobile back to the church, walk to the plane, preflight and go!

15-minute flight to Kalskag: "Put the plane to bed" and got a ride to the church with all my gear.

6 p.m.: Christmas Day evening Mass followed by a huge Christmas dinner.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26

The body of a former village resident arrives from Anchorage. In the frigid cold, the carrying handle on one side of the casket breaks off. The casket falls, landing on the foot of one of the men carrying it. Ouch! The body is taken to the home of her parents where it will remain until Saturday evening. I lead the prayers for Gathering in the Presence of the Body. Each evening, I also go to the home to lead the Rosary.

The church has a sewer hookup but no running water. Parishioners bring 5-gallon cans of water and pour them into a holding tank in the kitchen. To flush the toilet, one draws a bucket of water and pours it into the toilet. The first time I attempted a flush, the toilet filled, but nothing went down. The water in the toilet trap was frozen. The toilet is on a raised platform with a vent to allow air from the room to circulate around the trap to prevent freezing. But it doesn't always

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work. I turned up the heat in the room, dumped some ice melt into the toilet and a few hours later followed that with a gallon of boiling water. That did the trick.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28

The family wanted the funeral on Sunday at 1 p.m. No one is going to attend two Masses in one day, so we moved the Sunday Mass to Saturday at 4 p.m. (In the Bush, you have to bend the rules.)

5 p.m.: After Mass, I rushed up to the house for the transfer of the body. If there is a priest, he is expected to say prayers before the transfer of the body and again after the body arrives at the church. I was also informed that they never move the body after dark. The sun had long since set, but I rushed to take advantage of the long winter twilight. On arriving at the home, I was informed that they planned to move the body at 6 p.m. So much for not moving the body after dark.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29

Another local practice is to dig the grave at the last minute so that bad spirits cannot occupy the open grave. In the interior, the grave is always dug by hand. But in this area, they use an excavator/backhoe. The men planned to dig the grave Sunday morning. At about 10:30, I get a call that they can't get the excavator started. They "blew up" the battery. Not to worry, they will borrow an excavator from Lower Kalskag, a village about 8 miles away.

12:45 p.m.: I get a call that the funeral is rescheduled for 2 p.m. because the excavator is still en route from Lower Kalskag. This tracked vehicle travels at only about 5 mph.

1:50 p.m.: Another phone call. Move the funeral back to 3 p.m. The grave is still not ready.

3:10 p.m.: I start the funeral Mass. After Mass, they reopen the casket for the "final viewing." Everyone views the body for the last time and offers their sympathies to the family amid much weeping. (It's a horrible practice from a liturgical and psychological point of view, but a firmly embedded custom in the Bush.) After the final viewing, the casket is again closed and I suggest that we take the deceased to her final resting place. "Father, the grave is not ready. Give us another 10 to 15 minutes." Someone suggests that the Russian Orthodox in attendance sing a hymn. They consent, and after some discussion among themselves, they sing a hymn from their tradition.

Again, I suggest moving to the cemetery. Again, "the



Fr. Jim shared these photos of an Arctic Nativity set (made in China).



grave is not ready. Give us 10 to 15 minutes." Finally, we move to the grave three blocks away. I keep the prayers short due to the frigid weather. Then the grave, dug by machine, is filled in by hand. At least the work helps to keep us warm. It is dark by the time we finish.

After the burial, everyone moves to the family home for a meal.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30

6 a.m.: I get up, start the generator inside, hook up the auxiliary tank, put everything on the toboggan and walk about a mile to the airplane. Then I return to church to pack my gear, empty the trash, straighten

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up the church living quarters, etc. At noon, I get a ride to the airport, stash my gear, wing covers and generator, preflight the plane and fly to Russian Mission, a 35-minute flight.

At Russian Mission, I receive a ride to the church, again hauling everything including the generator. The church has neither water nor sewer. Fortunately, a parishioner offers me 2 gallons of water for drinking and washing. She also invites me for breakfast and dinner in her home each day that I am there.

I receive a call from Tanana. They have had a death. The funeral will be Thursday or Friday. Can I make it? The flying weather has been good since I arrived in the area, so I promise that I will come for the funeral "God willing and weather permitting." I calculate that I do not have enough fuel to make the flight. The only place I can get avgas is in Aniak. And if I have to fly on New Year's Day, I am sure that the only supplier will be closed. So, with the help of a parishioner, I obtain four gas cans, purchase 20 gallons of auto fuel, and add it to the wing tanks. The Continental 0-470 was designed for 80/87 octane fuel, so auto gas works in a pinch. It beats running out of fuel over tundra 100 miles short of your destination.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31

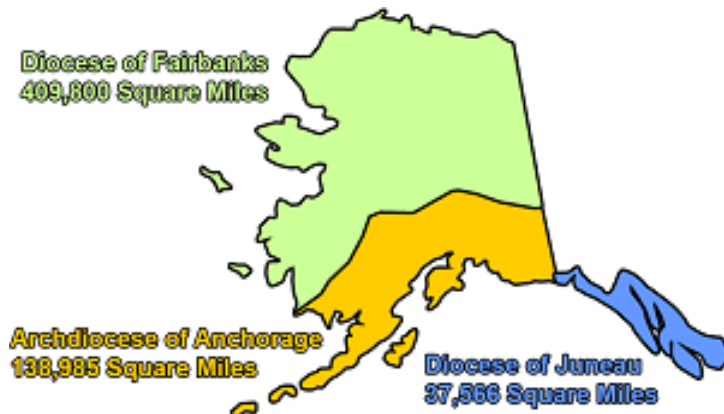
New Year's Eve, 5 p.m. Holy Day Mass. Three people present, half the usual number due to the fact that the others were out of town.

Received an update from Tanana. The funeral will be on Friday. This is good news. This means that I can fly to Aniak, celebrate the Holy Day Mass for them, top off the tanks on Thursday and fly to Tanana for the funeral.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 2020

I get up at 5 a.m., start the generator, load it on the toboggan and begin the trek to the airport. The first half of the three-quarter-mile walk is downhill on very icy roads. Less than 100 feet from the church, I slipped and landed flat on my back. Dazed but not broken, I laid there for a few minutes before resuming. This time, I looked for patches of snow that might give me a little traction and braced myself to slip and slide with every step.

As it began to get light outside, I could see that the weather was less than ideal. ASOS was reporting 1 mile visibility with light snow and a ceiling of 1,000 feet. The automated weather at my destination, Aniak, was reporting better conditions, VFR to marginal



VFR. I kept checking the reported weather at Russian Mission every 10 to 15 minutes. Conditions were up and down as snow squalls moved through, but they were mostly in the IFR range. Finally, at 1 p.m., ASOS was reporting 8 miles visibility and ceiling at 2,500 feet. I grabbed a ride and headed to the airport. By the time we got there, another squall was passing through, dropping the visibility. I continued to stow the gear and preflight the plane. The visibility was maybe 1 mile, hard to tell. Aniak was reporting 10 miles and clear skies. I decided to give it a go. I took off, turned out over the flats toward Aniak. Visibility was still marginal, so I started an aggressive climb to get above the weather. Sure enough, I broke out into clear skies at 3,000 feet. From there it was an uneventful 35-minute flight to Aniak where the skies were clear.

Aniak: First chance for a hot shower since leaving Fairbanks! It felt good, until the water stopped! The well had apparently frozen. As soon as I used up the water in the holding tank, it was game over.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2

Again, I got up early, started the generator and hauled it out to the plane. At 1 p.m., I called Crowley Fuel for avgas and headed back to the plane. When the fuel truck arrived, the driver had trouble getting the fuel pump to operate. Apparently, the truck doesn't like the frigid weather either. After 10 minutes and about a dozen attempts, the truck gave in and started pumping avgas. I had the operator top off the tanks. After all that I had been through, I decided that I would rather pay the higher cost and land with two hours of fuel in the tanks rather than land with one hour or less. The 2.8-hour flight to Tanana was uneventful.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3

1 p.m.: We celebrated the funeral of a 32-year-old homeless man. Born and raised in Tanana, he suffered from schizophrenia and had been living on the streets in Fairbanks. No one mentioned the cause of

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Letter from Arusha: Rainy season tests a seasoned pilot

Editor's note: Jacek (Jack) Rejman is co-founder, director and chief pilot of [Arusha Medivac](#) in Tanzania. He sent this report in January.

The rainy season is upon us!

Somehow it feels strange to divide the year not into four seasons, but just “rain” and “no rain.”

Someone said that to live in Africa is like to live under a microscope – good things are much better and bad things are much worse!

Well, it seems to be true regarding the weather this year here in Tanzania! We had a really dry “dry season” and now a very wet rainy season! It has been pounding with rain for three months. In order to see the sun, you have to fly above the clouds! (That we do!)



Our beloved Zoggy (PA31) is, of course, parked outside (next to two C206 aircraft of Pat Patten’s Flying Medical Service) and rain is definitely an issue not only when flying.

Gremlins living in various parts of the plane seem to thrive when it is wet.

Just recently, I was flying back into Arusha, our home base, with a 2-week-old baby on board needing medical help. It was a very uneventful flight, except for the last 100 nautical miles!

I saw the storms brewing for quite some time and finally I got into them. There were no more ways around that stuff. Sure enough, there was a need to tightening our seatbelts and I was trying to follow the lightest shades of green on my WWII weather radar, which still works amazingly well!

Arusha airport was getting closer and closer and we

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death, but I am presuming it was exposure. The funeral potlatch was scheduled for 6 p.m., but actually started at 7:30. (That’s “village time.”)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5

Again, got up early to start the generator and walk it out to the plane, less than a quarter mile.

11 a.m.: Celebrated Epiphany Sunday Mass.

1 p.m.: Walked back out to the plane towing the rest of my “stuff” on the toboggan. Flew 1 hour back to Fairbanks. On arrival, I put the plane back in the hangar, hung up the wing covers, etc., to dry, got into my car and drove home.

Then I crashed and hibernated; enough adventure.

As the old saying goes: “Cheer up. Things could be worse. So, I cheered up and sure enough, things got worse.” Did I mention that during this whole escapade, my new autopilot failed to function? Not a real problem. We all can (and should more often) hand-fly a plane in VFR. But it does eliminate a potential safety backup.

Seriously, flying in Alaska is always an adventure, usually a pleasant adventure. While one should expect a few problems now and then, I have never had so many things go wrong on a single outing. I pray this record stands for a long time. I still enjoy flying, even the challenge of winter flying.

Blue skies,

Jim Falsey

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were still solid IFR. (There is no official IFR approach for our airport, although we follow a GPS procedure developed for the last 15 years or so; pretty good.)

On 5-mile final, I popped out of the cloud and saw the runway.

Great! But I noticed light, misty air between our Zoggy and the threshold of runway 09. Hmm... RAIN! I can see the runway, so Arusha, here we come! At 1-mile final, I got into this rain! And it was the heavy one. By this time, I was at about 500 feet and following one of those weird flight rules, VFR through the side window and solid IFR forward.

Zoggy was designed in a way that it carries two engines on the wings, so no propeller in front to clear the windshield from water. I was getting close to the ground with very little forward visibility, so windshield wiper ON! Nothing happened, but I didn't have time to think about it. It was time to land.

Somehow through the water-covered windshield, I was able to see the white runway centerline markers and touched down OK.

But then after slowing down, there was even less visibility (just the side window, like taxiing a P-51) and then suddenly PUFFFFF!

White smoke was coming from below the instrument panel!

Wow! I immediately remembered that I FORGOT to turn off the windshield wiper after it refused to move, so I quickly turned everything off (including the master switch) and opened the window to clear the smoke.

Of course, there was a question in my mind: Was it just a puff or is it still burning there? We were safely on the ground, so we could easily and quickly evacuate the plane if needed, so we had options but it was a scary experience.

It was just a puff, so the smoke cleared quickly. We taxied to our parking spot with no further problems



except pouring rain getting into the cockpit through the open window.

The puff was caused by a windshield-wiper resistor that burned in a spectacular way. The burn lasted maybe a second but it seemed like forever. A little thing can cause big trouble. Lesson learned: "Remember not to forget!"

So I am happy to announce that I successfully caught another Gremlin living in the wiper system and feeding on water.

Just to give you a little idea about landing on a wet, muddy runway: The Piper Navajo has those pizza-cutter wheels that sink into anything. Takeoffs are also challenging in these conditions! I al-

ways walk the runway, trying to find the best way for the takeoff roll, use flaps for takeoff (that is unusual for a Navajo) and drink a lot of coffee that keeps my heart going.

On the photos, you can see that we landed in one of the Serengeti airstrips to pick up a patient attacked by a buffalo. Our Zoggy got a little stuck trying to turn, but with help of quite a few people, we got it out of there in no time – and there was no delay for the patient, who is doing OK in one of Arusha's hospitals.

Well, if you need some rain, we have it!

Jack

From the NAPP archives, read Pat Patten's 2016 account of the Piper Navajo's 9,300-mile ferry flight from the United States to East Africa: ["Journey to Tanzania."](#)

CFI Corner: TAA-DUH? Flying a Technologically Advanced Aircraft

By Fr. Ed Moran, CFI, CFII

Given all the time, money and expense the FAA is planning to put into the Global Network of Surveillance Satellites (GNSS), it's not difficult to suppose how much aircraft cockpits will change to accommodate the new technology.



The 1980s saw the advent of the mandatory transponder. Starting this year, we who fly in regulated airspace must comply with the new ADS-B requirements (WAAS GPS position, ID, speed and verified heading to ATC). What will follow in the next 10 years will be ADS-direct (like protocol of aircraft to aircraft), ADS-R (dissimilar protocol aircraft to ground to aircraft), TIS-B (radar traffic from ATC out for full coverage) and FIS-B (weather, airspace, NOTAMS in 978 protocol only). Of course, the FAA will want aircraft that can take full advantage of these new features by which airspace will be governed.

These proposed undertakings lead us into the discussion of the Technologically Advanced Aircraft (TAA), which will interface with all the new capabilities the FAA is ready to foist on many unsuspecting GA pilots. In addition to the checkout provisions for complex and turbine aircraft, the FAA has added TAAs into the circular that governs such checkouts (61.129 (a) 3 (ii)).

It defines TAA as aircraft that: (a) use a Primary Flight Display (PFD) or Main Flight Display (MFD) as the primary instruments in the cockpit. (These can also show traffic, weather or terrain advisory depending on the grade of software you purchase.) (b) has IFR GPS with a moving map, and (c) an autopilot (minimum of two-axis) coupled to heading and guidance.

Knowing this from my last Flight Instructor Refresher Course (FIRC) prompted me to "bite-the-bullet" and take my Biennial Flight Review in a TAA. Given my feelings as a "technological luddite" pilot who trained in the 1980s and 1990s, flying a TAA seemed like a daunting task.

What I needed was some simple manuals on the Garmin G-1000W (with WAAS capability) as well as finding a check pilot who was current in instructing in TAAs, preferably one who could be kind, gentle and merciful to this VOR/NDB-aged E6B pilot.

The pilot-friendly manuals by John Dittmer (www.pilotworkshops.com) and Max Trescott (www.maxtrescott.com) were some of the best resources I found. A retired State Police pilot filled the instructor's seat, remembering his not-so-far-distant transition.

Here are some points learned from the manuals and the flight:

How flight instruments (airspeed, altitude, pitch attitude, turn-and-bank and HSI) are portrayed on the Primary Flight Display. This makes cross-check for Instrument flying very simple. I found that the problem with such a great PFD was the "screen fixation," especially under VFR conditions when outside reference, especially around uncontrolled airfields is important.

The G1000W gives accurate fuel consumption and remaining time aloft, overlay GPS position for great situational awareness, can load and use com and nav frequencies, gives data link weather in the cockpit while providing improved status of electrical systems and annunciators that help direct attention. It even helps to anticipate frequency changes while providing accurate at-a-glance engine instrument conditions. By the end of the flight, I even started to understand what all those buttons at the bottom of the unit do.

The Garmin G-1000W "spoils" the pilot with so much information. Basic skills like plotting a course and correcting for wind drift as well as calculating weight and balance seem like things of the past, which is what started to worry me. While the safety margins were much improved with "glass," automation can degrade hand-flying skills as well as lull one into falsely thinking that the plane could fly itself.

Early glass cockpits had electrical issues galore! Today's glass cockpits are beefed up with tremendous redundancy and multiple backups. I could see how much of the workload was reduced because of the automation as well as situational awareness greatly enhanced. To many pilots, the benefits of glass cockpits are not intuitively obvious until they have flown in one. Take your next biennial in one to see what I mean. Any questions, recommendations or subjects needing parsing? Always happy to learn and help.

Email moranec13@gmail.com

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