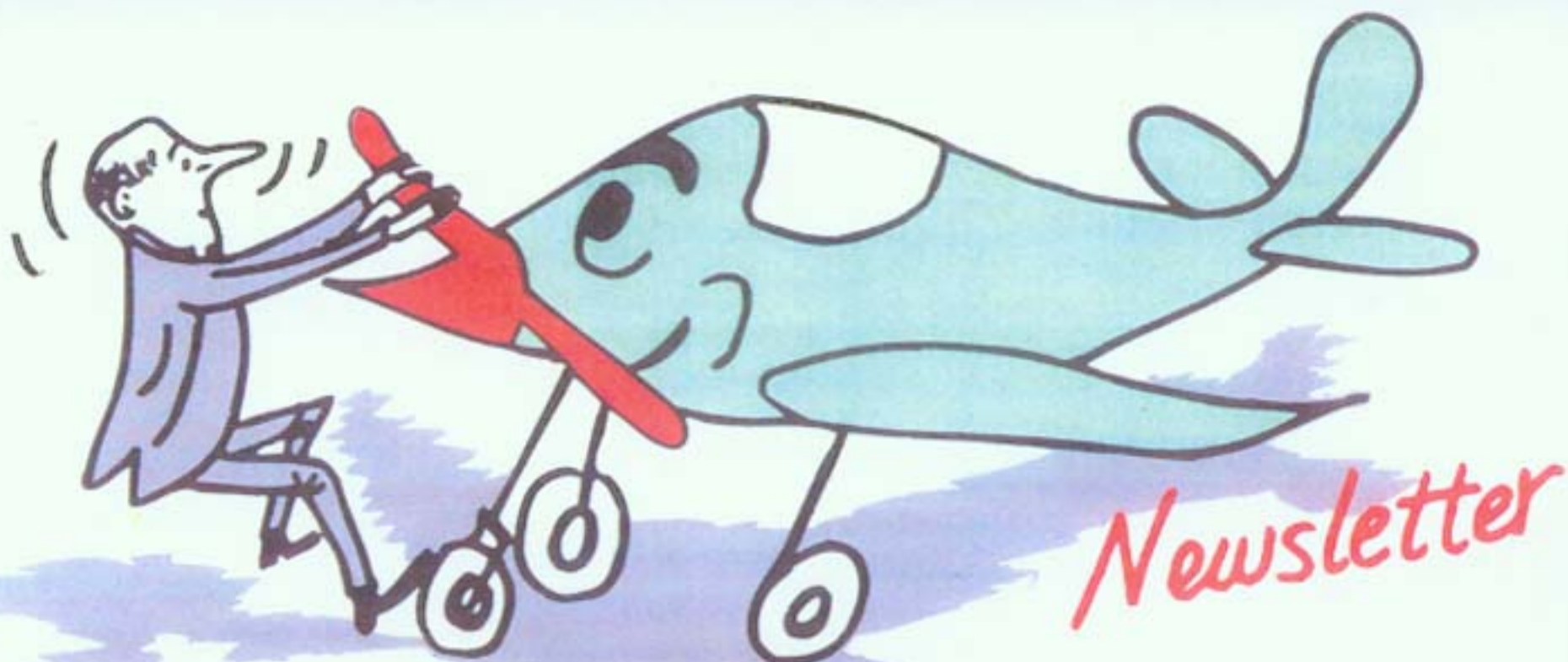


N.A.P.P.



VOLUME XLII DECEMBER 2004 NO. 3



FROM THE PRESIDENT

**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU
AND
YOUR LOVED ONES**

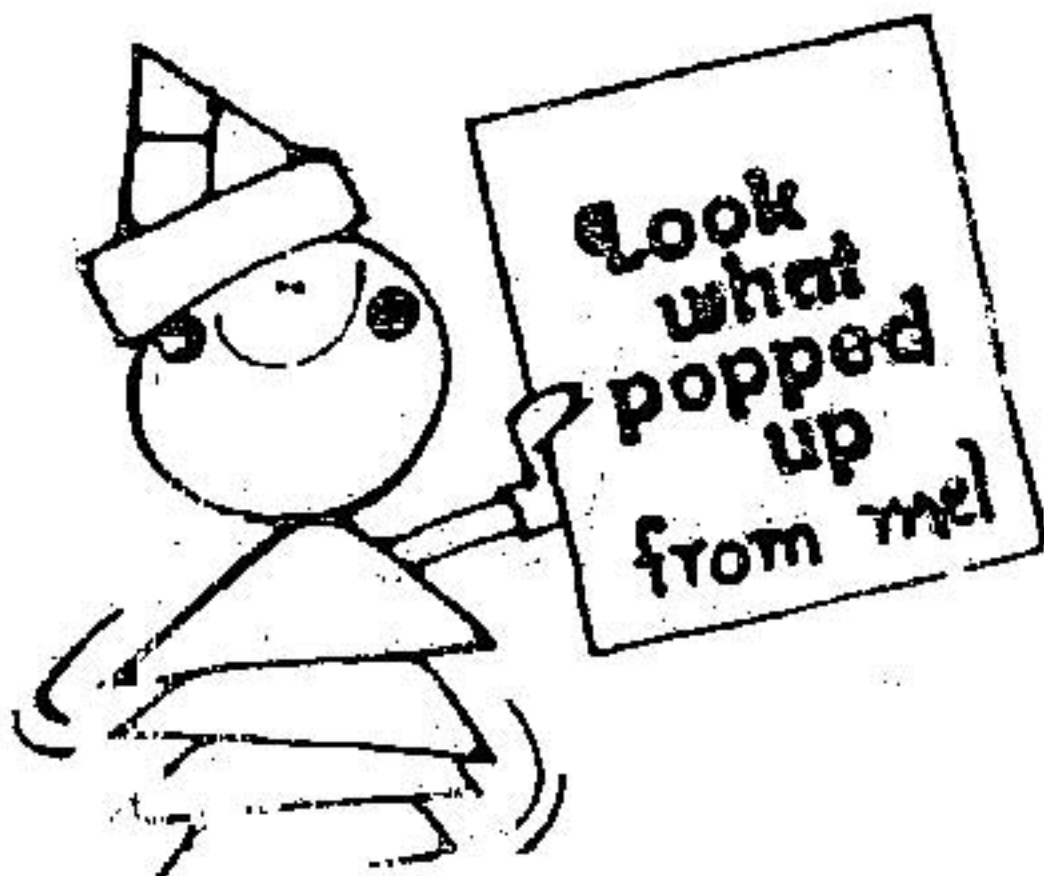
The Flying Monk and his Tri-pacer appears in the January 2005 issue of Private Pilot. It is a delightful story about Fr. Bernie McCoy, Our Lady of Spring Bank Monastery, Laser Monks and Ludwig and Luxor. The five page article begins on page 58. If you don't know who Ludwig and Luxor are, it's a must read. If you already know who they are, you also must read this article.

This Christmas season, Hollywood provides us with two aviation films. The Aviator, a Martin Scorsese film about Howard Hughes has received excellent reviews. The Flight of the Phoenix has been reviewed more as an average film. Treat yourself. Go see at least one, if not both of them

The Cirrus I had access to has found a new home, and I am back to renting. I do a lot less flying. The least amount in 6 years. But like you, the extra time I have gets soaked up by parish demands. I will have to discipline myself more seriously during these winter months and get out to stay current.

Several pilots here in Ames get together monthly January through April. We watch a video from the Kings or some other aviation educational film. It's a good way to refresh ourselves, do some hangar flying and pass the long cold nights.

Everett Hemann



In the Briefs section of this newsletter we carry the sad news of John Bellon's death. After his lengthy illness the Lord called him home. The albums of photos, the only pictorial history of NAPP that John compiled in almost 40 years of faithful attendance at NAPP conventions, disappeared as John was brought to the Redemptorist elderly care center in Ligouri, Missouri.

May he rest in peace

Those who have paid their dues since the last mailing will find their new membership card enclosed. Another dues envelope is a reminder to those who haven't sent the dues. Please return that as soon as possible since the end of this year is now here.

Thanks for your help and continued support. Your dues enable us to continue to financially support, although in a small way, our brothers who rely on airplanes to serve God's people as they minister to those in their care. Your dues also make it possible to keep this newsletter coming your way. Like everything else those costs continue to creep upward.

At last July's convention in Illinois the membership voted to give our 2004 \$1000.00 donation to the Flying Medical Service in Arusha, Tanzania. Two of our members, Pat Patten and Jacek Rejman, are the driving force behind this important ministry in their part of the world.

The Good News is an anonymous donor gave NAPP the \$1000.00. It means NAPP is currently financially in a position to offer more assistance in 2005 to others. If any one else is so motivated let us know and we'll pass it on.

Get the following dates on your calendar. The National Conference should be most interesting. Reports from those who've been there, the Air Museum is something to behold

REMINDER

2005 NATIONAL CONFERENCE

July 12-13, 2004

Hosted by the Eastern Region

Main Event:

***The new Air Museum at
Dulles Airport***

Please note new date

SPRING MIDWEST REGIONAL

April 25, 2005

Mason City, Iowa

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

REV. MEL HEMANN

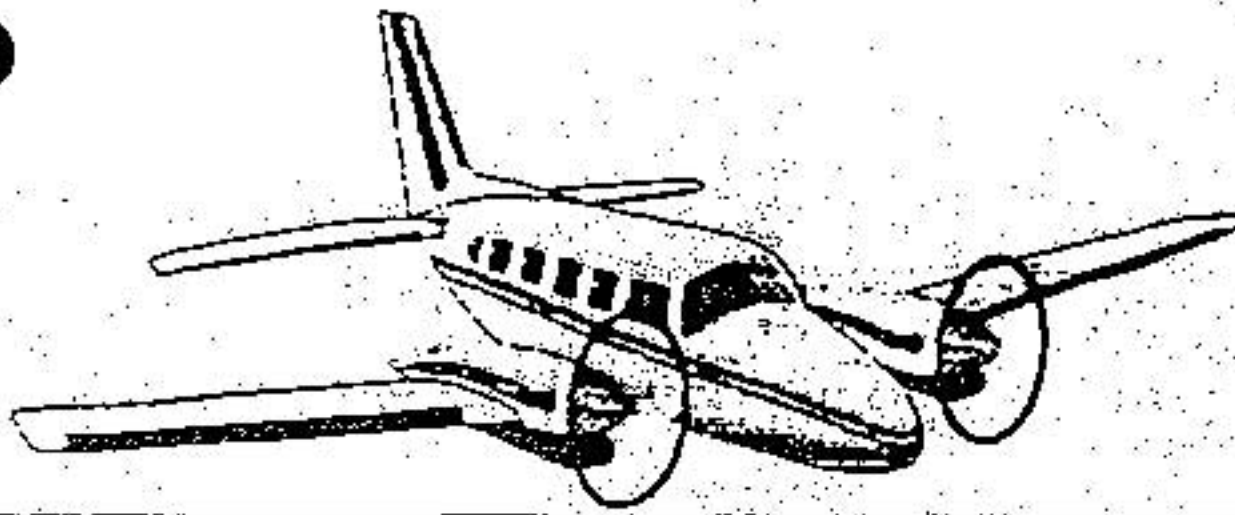
127 Kaspand Place

Cedar Falls, IA 50613-1683

319-266-3889

Email: n298mh@cfu.net





BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

The following comes from Jim Falsey in Augres, MI

We just received word that John Bellon died last Thursday. Announcement as I received it from our Diocese is below.

We have learned that Fr. John Bellon, C.S.S.R., died Thursday evening after suffering a heart attack last week. He was 90.

Fr. Bellon entered the Redemptorists in 1936 and was ordained in 1941. He was assigned to St. Brigid Parish, Midland, from 1971 to 1990. Most of us know him better from his weekend help out service following retirement. He always counted himself as part of the Saginaw Diocese.

Visitation will be at St. Clement's Health Center, 300 Ligouri Drive, Ligouri, Missouri, on Sunday, November 7, with the Vigil service at 7:00 p.m. His funeral will be at St. Clement's on Monday, November 8, 10:00 a.m.

May he rest in peace.

Editor's Note: Those who have been in attendance at an NAPP convention from #1 in July, 1964 through #38 July 10-11, 2001 at Wing South, FL knew John Bellon well. John was one of two charter members who attended every convention. He was NAPP's unofficial photographer and all of us enjoyed the pictorial volumes he assembled. Unfortunately his latter years were "dementia years" and his albums were lost at the time of his move from MI to Ligouri, MO.

11-05-04

Ili Fr. Mel,

Great showing at the Illinois meet. The Murray "boys" had my proxy -- ha!

If you know of any C-182's or Comanche (at least 250) for sale let me know.

Pax


Thomas E. Jones

10-19-04

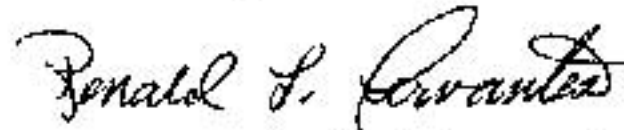
Dear Rev. Mel,

I started a short note explaining cancellation of my associate membership and support but it got too lengthy.

I was active with St. Martin's Flying Mission and Father Bob when I joined the N.A.P.P. I attended several annual conventions and thoroughly enjoyed each one. I was hopeful and optimistic that my time, labor, donations and use my C-182 would be helpful to the mission but it wasn't meant to be.

With regret I ask you to cancel my membership and newsletter.

Sincerely,


215 Tahatchi Trail N.W.
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87104

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS - AVIATION STYLE

'Twas the night before Christmas, and out on the ramp, Not an airplane was stirring, not even a Champ. The aircraft were fastened to tie downs with care, In hopes that come morning they all would be there.

The fuel trucks were nestled, all snug in their spots, With gusts from two-forty at 39 knots. I slumped at the fuel desk, now finally caught up, And settled down comfortably, resting my butt.

When the radio lit up with noise and with chatter, I turned up the scanner to see what was the matter. A voice clearly heard over static and snow, Called for clearance to land at the airport below.

He barked his transmission so lively and quick, I'd have sworn that the call sign he used was "St. Nick". I ran to the panel to run up the lights, The better to welcome this magical flight.

He called his position, no room for denial, "St. Nicholas One, turnin' left onto final." And what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a Rutan-built sleigh, with eight Rotax Reindeer.

With vectors to final, down the glidescope he came, As he passed all fixes, he called them by name: "Now Ringo! Now Tolga! Now Trini and Bacun! On Comet! On Cupid!" What pills was he takin'?

While controllers were sittin', and scratchin' their head, They phoned to my office, and I heard with dread, The message they left was both urgent and dour. "When Santa pulls in, have him please call the tower."

He landed like silk, with the sled runners sparking, Then I heard "Left at Charlie," and "Taxi to parking." He slowed to a taxi, turned off of three-oh And stopped on the ramp with a "Ho, ho-ho-ho..."

He stepped out of the sleigh, but before he could talk, I ran out to meet him with my best set of chocks. His red helmet and goggles were covered with frost. And his beard was all blackened from Reindeer exhaust.

His breath smelled like peppermint, gone slightly stale, And he puffed on a pipe, but didn't inhale. His cheeks were all rosy and joggled like jelly. His boots were as black as a cropduster's belly.

He was chubby and plump, in his suit of bright red, And asked me to "fill it, with hundred low-lead." He came dashing in from

the snow-covered pump, I knew he was anxious for drainin' the sump.

I spoke not a word, but went straight to work, And filled up the sleigh, but I spilled like a jerk. He came out of the restroom, and sighed in relief, Then he picked up a phone for a Flight Service brief.

And I thought as he silently scribed in his log, These reindeer could land in an eighth-mile fog. He completed his pre-flight, from the front to the rear, Then he put on his headset, and I heard him yell, "Clear!"

And laying a finger on his push-to-talk, He called up the tower for clearance and squawk, "Take taxiway Charlie, the southbound direction, Turn right three-two-zero at pilot's discretion."

He sped down the runway, the best of the best, "Your traffic's a Grumman, inbound from the west." Then I heard him proclaim, as he climbed through the night, "Merry Christmas to all! I have traffic in sight."



Through the alertness of my brother in law, Clemens Full, I was privileged to participate October 12 in a program Rockwell-Collins and the University of Iowa are conducting at the Iowa City, Iowa airport. Collins is developing a new weather avoidance system and needed ATP pilots to fly the Boeing 737 simulator and provide input as to how pilots cope with "buildups" ahead. Pictured above is myself and Clemens who acted as copilot on the two simulated flights we took. One from Providence, RI to Covington, KY; another from Nashville, TN to a field east of Raleigh-Durham, NC. It was a fun and challenging afternoon.