



VOLUME XLV FEBRUARY 2007 NO 4



From the President

Sadly, at 9:50 on Monday morning, January 8th, we lost our good friend and faithful NAPP member, **Tony Attea**. Leaving the remains of his plane 900 feet to the right, and several feet beyond the departure end of runway 25 at Jamestown, NY, Tony flew on the wings of angels, up through the snowy clouds, toward his final destination. He heard the Eternal Controller say to the transporting seraphs: "Cleared for the approach," and "Cleared to land." Tony arrived safely home.

On Thursday evening, his spiritual children of St. James and Our Lady of Victory churches celebrated a "Parish Mass" for Tony.

Friday morning saw 50 priests and a church full of people join Bishop Edward Kmiec (my classmate) at the Mass of Christian

burial. Tony's two classmates and I were invited to join the bishop in the sanctuary. He acknowledged the NAPP.

Our own Dino Lorenzetti gave a beautiful homily. Dino recalled an event long ago when some planes were temporarily grounded by hail damage. Tony simply found a hobby shop, got some cloth, glue, and paint. After patching up the damage, they resumed their trip.

Dino once asked Tony why they were visiting some remote island. Tony's reply: because God made it for us to see. Now Tony is exploring heaven.

Before the long trip to the cemetery in Buffalo, a car in the rear was missing the rubber in the right wiper blade. To prevent scratching the windshield, a golf club "sock" was tied over the wiper arm, a trick Tony would do. So Tony rode to the cemetery, not only in the front of the procession, but also in the rear. May God bless him and all of us! Charles B. Teufel

Charles B. Teufel



By this time I think most of you have heard about Tony Attea's January accident in the Aerostar in Jamestown, NY. Nick Rossello sent a copy of the article in the local newspaper, We have a fairly good reproduction of that in this issue to fill you in on some of the details.

May he rest in peace!

The Briefs section of this newsletter has some very interesting and newsy responses from our two recipients of the NAPP gifts.

There is also a wonderful account of Peter Geldard's trip from England to the land of the midnight sun.

After looking over the Briefs pages I've already printed I see I forgot to mention that the first article is from Fr. James Woeber in Irving, Texas.

Reminder: If you have any tid-bits to share, please send them to me. I've got a couple of goodies for the next issue. We need material for subsequent issues.

The Spring Midwest Regional will be in Cedar Falls/Waterloo, Monday, April 30, 2007. There is a reservation form elsewhere in this newsletter

If you want to read the NTSB initial report on Tony's accident, go to:

http://www.nts.gov/ntsb/brief.asp?ev_id=20070118X00066&key=

The two lines above are one command so type the whole thing in your web address when looking for the report.

Gene Murray reports that the co-hosts for the July 10-11 NAPP convention in Denver have given him some of the preliminary arrangements. **Jeffco (BJC)** is the airport of destination for those flying in. 20 rooms are reserved at the Interlocken Motel, our convention headquarters. The major group event is a tour of the Adam Aircraft factory.

More details will follow in the next newsletter. For now, get those dates on your calendar.

If you haven't already received the NAPP annual directory it should be in your mail soon. Those who do not have access to electronic mail will have their newsletter in the envelope with the directory. The rest of you will receive this as usual.

Please: If you do have an email address please send it to me.

The Midwest April 30th gathering in Waterloo, IA can be found on the last page of this newsletter. It is at the conclusion of Peter's story of his flight above the Arctic Circle.

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Jamestown priest dies in plane crash



Monsignor Antoine P. Attea, pastor of St. James Catholic Church in Jamestown since 1978, also was the episcopal vicar for Southern Chautauque.

Experienced pilot only one on board

By JAY TOKASZ

NEWS RELIGION REPORTER

The longtime pastor of a Jamestown Catholic Church was killed Monday morning in the crash of a twin-engine plane shortly after taking off from Chautauque County Airport.

Monsignor Antoine P. Attea, a well-known priest and experienced pilot, was headed to Buffalo Niagara International Airport in Cheektowaga when his Aerostar aircraft went down about 100 yards from the end of

the runway in the Town of Elliott, outside Jamestown.

Attea, 73, was the only person on board. He was pronounced dead at the scene.

Attea had served as pastor of St. James Church since 1978. He also was pastor of Our Lady of Victory Church in Frewsburg since 2003 and served as the episcopal vicar for the Southern Chautauque vicariate.

Episcopal vicars are considered the bishop's representatives in a region, and Attea is the second episcopal vicar and

the third sitting pastor in the Catholic Diocese of Buffalo to die unexpectedly during the past two months.

Attea was expected at Prior Aviation in Cheektowaga at 10 a.m. to pick up three friends before flying to Clearwater, Fla., for a two-week vacation, said Monsignor Dino J. Lorenzetti, a retired priest.

The plane crashed near West Oak Hill Road, shortly after taking flight from Runway 7 at Chautauque County Airport.

The Elliott Police Department received an emergency

See Crash on Page A2

Avid flier ventured far and wide in service of church

CRASH • from A1

call at 9:46 a.m.

The Federal Aviation Administration and National Transportation Safety Board were investigating.

It was the first accident at the county airport since the early 1970s, Chautauque County Executive Gregory J. Edwards said.

Whether Monday's inclement weather, which included rain and heavy winds, played any role in the crash had not been determined.

"There was significant wind, but I don't know if that contributed to the crash. We'll let the FAA determine that," Chautauque County Sheriff Joseph A. Gerace said.

Attea was a member of the National Association of Priest Pilots and had flown planes for decades, venturing as far as Alaska, the Caribbean and South America. He used to fly supplies to Panama for Catholic missionaries.

"He was an avid flier, going back many, many years," said Jamestown Mayor Samuel Teresi, a member of St. James Church. "The only time he'd go commercial is on a long-journ international flight."

"His love of flying and his airplane were superseded only by his love of his family, love of his parish, love of his faith and spreading his faith to other people," Teresi said. "I think he loved the connection between man and machine, and the separation from the earthly envi-



Monsignor Antoine P. Attea, right, talks with the Rev. Nicholas Rosello before a 1996 flight. Both were members of the National Association of Priest Pilots.

ronment. He just said it was a peaceful experience."

Attea helped organize a national meeting of the piloting priests group in 1996 at the St. Columban Retreat House in Dorcy.

Bishop Edward U. Kmiec of the Catholic Diocese of Buffalo termed Attea's death a "tragic loss" not only for the two churches where Attea was pastor, but the entire diocese.

"He was dedicated to the priesthood and the people he served," Kmiec said. "His untimely passing leaves a void in Jamestown, and he will be difficult to replace."

His death comes in the wake of that of the Rev. Gary J. Sappley, former director of the Diocese's youth department and pastor of St. Benedict Church, who died Nov. 14, and Monsignor Robert C. Wurte, also an

episcopal vicar, pastor of Our Lady of Victory Basilica in Lackawanna and a leading force in the drive to make Fisher Nelson Baker a saint. Wurte died Dec. 12.

A native of Williamsville, Attea attended Diocesan Preparatory Seminary and graduated from Our Lady of the Angels Seminary at Niagara University in 1953. He received a theology degree from Gregynion Univer-

sity in Britain, where he was ordained into the priesthood in 1968.

"He's all priest, just a very good friend and a very good priest," said the Rev. Nicholas Rosello, a retired priest.

In the mid-1970s, the two priests taught at Cardinal Mindszenty High School in Dunkirk, and Attea, who taught Latin and was the school librarian, introduced Rosello to piloting.

"He got me hooked on flying," said Rosello, also a member of the National Association of Priest Pilots.

Attea's most recent plane, which he bought within the past year, was a twin-engine Aerostar with a pressurized cabin, capable of seating up to six people, Rosello said.

"It was a beauty," he said. Rosello said he, Attea and two nonpriest friends regularly vacationed together in Florida and the Bahamas.

After serving six parishes in Collins Center and Buffalo, Attea was named pastor of St. James in 1978. He co-founded the St. Susan's Kitchen, a soup kitchen that annually serves thousands of meals to the needy in Jamestown.

Survivors include three brothers, Joseph, Martin and William, and a sister, Sister George Marie, a member of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Funeral arrangements were incomplete Monday evening.

Chautauque Correspondent Joe Keger contributed to this report. e-mail: jkeger@buffnews.com



BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

Dear Mel,

I am sending in my dues for another year with NAPP. I had joined a couple of years ago but have been inactive. After meeting one of your members in MD recently I decided to try again and maybe make the fly-in next summer in Denver. I didn't send a bio with the first membership so I'll do that now.

I am a retired priest of the Fort Worth, TX Diocese. Although retired I am still active supplying for parishes most weekends, doing a Mass every Tuesday here at St. Francis Village and remaining active as a weekend chaplain for Retrouvaille as I have since 1984. In addition to my work in the Dallas-Ft. Worth dioceses, since my ordination in June of 1968, I had also been on loan to the Diocese of Fairbanks from 1979-1982. In my two and half years there I was stationed in Bethel, Fairbanks and finally a year and a half in Kotzebue. While in Kotz, I had use of a diocesan airplane. This past summer I flew my own plane up to Alaska and helped out by taking care of three parishes in the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta: Aniak, Kalskag and Holy Cross.

Before going into the seminary in 1963 at Theological College, Washington, D.C., I spent 4 years in the Naval Air Force; Feb. 1951-Feb. 1955 and then got a degree in Electrical Engineering from the University of Detroit. I worked for Raytheon and then a small electronics company here in Texas. I am originally from Lincoln Park, Michigan but decided to study for the Diocese of Dallas - Ft. Worth because of a greater need here than the Detroit Diocese.

I am currently flying a Cessna 172D with an Airplains Lyc 0-360 conversion done in 1999. I purchased the plane in 1982 when I returned from Alaska. I have since flown three round trips to Alaska with it.

Your brother in Christ Jesus, Jim.

The following is an edited version of several exchanges with Bishop Michael Warfel of Juneau.

Dear Fr. Hemann,

I received the \$1,000.00 check and want to express my gratitude to NAPP for your continued support. However I am currently holding the check before depositing as I must clarify a few things with you.

When I came here .10 years ago I bought a Cessna 182. which I flew for a while but for a variety of reasons I decided to discontinue flying. I gave the plane to Mike Nash and he flew it for a number of years. A couple of years ago Mike took a leave of absence and was dismissed from the priesthood last year by Pope Benedict XVI and currently is living in the Seattle area.

When Mike was transferred to Juneau a number of years ago I gave the 182 to Mike Schwarte Sadly Mike left the active ministry over a year ago and married. He is still living in Southeast Alaska. I am in touch with him and offering my assistance as he continues his life's search.

The plane is now for sale and will probably sell this year. We are now using small air taxis to travel when needed.

Please continue sending me the newsletter via email. God bless and may this new year be a good one for all.

Bishop Warfel

(P.S: I made the decision and told Bishop Warfel to deposit the check. Although they no longer are using their own plane they are dependant on air taxi and I'm sure you agree that they need money for that)

(From Pat Patten in Tanzania)

Hello Mel,

Thanks for your Christmas greetings. I hope yours was a good one, and that the new year's beginning is treating you well. We've had some email problems and often can't connect so we get a bit behind.

Thanks for the very nicely done electronic newsletter and for the prominence of the Flying Medical Service news. We're doing well, and keeping quite busy. But unfortunately Civil Aviation is not being very civil to us. We're still struggling to keep the U.S. registration. You might be interested in knowing that our Prime Minister requested us to submit a report detailing what the differences were, between maintaining U.S. registration and changing over to Tanzanian. (He has been very supportive of us, by the way). I knew the amount of difference was substantial -- which is why we have always tried to keep the U.S. registration. But when I finished the actual calculations, I was shocked. It would cost between \$244,040 and \$316,540 EXTRA during the first two years alone, for FMS to be Tanzanian registered. That additional amount would be enough to fully fund all FMS operational expenses for at least three-and-a-half years, and to fly more than 4,200 extra hours under FAA rules

We hope we can maintain the N registration. It's something to be thankful for.

And we would also like to say thanks once again, and very much, to you and to all the NAPP members for the \$1,000 gift. It certainly makes a difference, especially for those flights where people are particularly

poor and can offer no help towards our fuel costs.

Thanks again.

Pat and crew
Flying Medical Service

Tom DeCarlo sent these goodies from Des Moines, Iowa

1. Beware of folks who are willing to kill to win the Noble Peace Prize.
2. Borrow money from pessimists – they don't expect to be repaid
3. Remember half the people you meet are below average
4. 99% of lawyers give the rest a bad name.
5. 82.7% of statistics are made up on the spot.
6. A conscience is what hurts when all your other parts feel good.
7. A clear conscience may be a sign of a poor memory.
8. Remember if you want a rainbow, you must endure the rain.
9. The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.
10. It seems the speed of dark is faster than the speed of light.
11. Would a psychic girlfriend leave you before she met you?
12. It's really hard to tell when you are out of invisible ink.
13. If everything seems to be going your way, you are probably overlooking something.
14. Depression is anger without enthusiasm.
15. When everything is coming your way, you are in the wrong lane.
16. Ambition is a poor excuse for not being lazy.
17. Hard work pays off in the future, laziness pays off right now.

Rev's Rendezvouses

Peter Geldard

To the land of the Midnight Sun . . .

and along the north coast of Germany. Our object was to land at an obscure German island: Helgoland.

Ever since being a schoolboy, when I learnt how England had 'swapped' this little outcrop (some 60 miles into the North Sea) for Zanzibar, I was intrigued to visit. [At the time, 1913, it must have felt like a bargain; but I bet the politicians had regrets a year later when war was declared!] As well as being England's it is a mark of how fluent the Norwegians are in English, that when I phoned their CAA to make preliminary enquiries about this trip, I was greeted with the request: "Did I want to hear the good news or the bad news, first?" The 'bad' news is that "we require foreign GA to fly VFR"; the 'good' news is that "where you are going, it is daylight for 24 hours a day!"

Our ambition was to fly to **The Lofoten Islands** above the Arctic Circle and experience '**The Midnight Sun**'. The first decision was whether to go North or East? Although via Scotland & The Shetlands and then across the North Sea to Bergen is the usual route and seemed the obvious choice, that would have involved 240 miles across cold water which in the single PA28, G-BPOT, wasn't very attractive. So after many a beer drinking evening spent with Brian Head, a genial 'non-flying' navigator who accompanied me on the trip, the 'overland' route via Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Denmark won the argument. [In fact when we checked the distances, the 'overland' route is *only* 4NM longer!]. Even so, we made sure we had a life raft (which we hired from Brian Bennewith of Millen Aviation) and that we always wore our life jackets.

After ensuring that we carried spare oil (+ funnel!), a hand-held transmitter, and a second GPS, G-BPOT left Rochester on 15 June at 9.00. Our route (coasting out over Deal) was direct to **Texel**. It was perhaps an omen of things to come that no sooner had we left England than we were in IMC! We maintained 4,500' and remained 20 miles out at sea following the Belgium coast. After working Ostende, they are inclined to hand you over to Dutch Mil on 132.35; but if you are going to enter the '*Genofic*' area (the coastal area of Holland) it is essential that you contact Amsterdam Info on 119.17 (due to the intensity of traffic – not least Oil Helicopters – in this region). After nearly 2 hours of IMC we finally broke the clag at 1200'. We were grateful for our Garmin 430 that not only gave us a course but put us on a 15 mile 'straight in' to Texel 04. Although Texel is a pretty strip, it is just that: a pretty grass strip in the middle of grass fields, and difficult to spot in marginal VMC.

Texel requires 12 hours notice for Customs for flights from non-Schengen states (which the UK is) and encourages the use of a BP Card for purchasing fuel. All these details (and more) are on their friendly web site: <http://www.texelairport.nl/>. We landed after a flight of 2:20; some 20 minutes after another 'G' registered plane had come in from Denmark. Such activity meant that the Border Police felt it necessary to visit the airfield and thoroughly checked our papers. This was the only Customs we met on the whole of the trip!

With the benefit of the other 'G' plane's knowledge we were assured that although the weather looked terrible, it was clear 'further east'. Although Texel is heavily surrounded by Military Restricted areas to the NE we were able to get clearance through them to follow (on the GPS – as we couldn't see them on the ground!) the chain of islands that skirts the Netherlands Coast a German outpost during the First World War, it was also a major submarine depot during the Second, when conveniently a small airfield was built.

Luckily, with some 20 miles to run we had perfect VMC, which is essential to see the little island, let alone the runway! The airfield is built on a small secondary outcrop, appropriately called 'The Dune'. The landing plate must have one of the rarest notes for pilots anywhere: "R24 is 258 metres (845') - 100 hours as P1 + experience with short Rwy's required. Beware of distraction as extended threshold is over a naturalist beach."!

The main Island (which one gets to via a shuttle boat) is run totally on the basis of the fact that it is 'duty-free'. At night there are about 500 residents, whilst during the day after the ferryboats arrive it goes up to about 5,000! Although we stayed there our return, we were keen to get on, and our next stop **Tonder**, just inside the Denmark border. This was again a very friendly little field with Avgas (although only on a BP card) where – as is often the case amongst the flying fraternity – “someone had a sister who had a friend who ran a motel just ½ mile from the field”!



on
was

Tonder is a compact medieval gem and worthy of a trip itself. We explored it thoroughly the following morning as we waited for the cloud base to rise. On the basis that every leg got us closer to our destination, we decided in the afternoon to fly to the north of Denmark to **Thisted** – a modern hard runway field. With the weather deteriorating we were resigned to stay there for the night, only to be informed that despite all its wonderful facilities, the field was closed for the weekend. But with flying comradeship once again in evidence, the controller “knew a farmer



who had a strip nearby. He was away at the moment, but he would contact him on his mobile and make arrangements for us. And, by the way, as the field is very isolated would you like me to arrange for a taxi to pick you up?” The farmer’s field at **Sennels** was not for the faint-hearted, being an unmown short uphill field; but it was at least a point of departure for the flight the next day across **The Skagerrak**.

After submitting a flight plan by phone to Copenhagen from our hotel, we took off the next morning for a direct 50 mile over water flight to **KristiansAnds** – we had arrived in

Norway!

Immediately one became conscious of where all their Oil revenue was being spent: Every airport in Norway is state-of-the-art with all the ‘bells & whistles’. [In winter they like very accurate ETA, so that the snow ploughs can clear the runway 3 minutes before arrival!] From then on, (apart from Bergen when there were two of us), we were the *only* GA aircraft ever to be present at any field.

One’s first ‘point of entry’ into Norway must be via a ‘designated airport’ to ‘clear customs’ – this consisted of a fireman shaking our hands and, in perfect English, welcoming us to his country. He then guided us through the process of purchasing a ‘Landing Card’ (more accurately, a T/O card) which for £73 (\$100) allows you unlimited use of their facilities, landings and parking for 7 days. [As you would expect, no one ever asked to see this all the time we were there.]

Although GA is very welcome in Norway it is, even for the locals, let alone for visitors, a very minority activity. The airports (and staff) are all geared for commercial traffic so going in/out of security locked doors – sometimes just to get a chart – was a bit of a hassle and one was treated (respectably) as a rather rare species. Each airport has a ‘GA Room’ but because it is so underused creates confusion, as nobody quite knows who has the key for it! In it, there is usually a brand new sofa, telephone, fax machine and computer. The rest is up to you! Luckily, early on

we became conversant with the web site: <http://www.ippc.no/ippc/index.jsp> On this one official web site there is everything you need: details of every airport, weather, Notam's and the ability to submit a flight plan. The weather section is very important since, as we quickly found out, it quickly changes (even in Summer) and because of the distances involved can be quite different at arrival, whatever the TAF's said when you departed! There is, though, a very good and simple 'VFR map page' that shows the whole of Norway and instantly marks what areas are/are not VMC.

One submits a faxed flight plan, and then phones Oslo on the 'free' phone to check it is O.K. The next leg was going to be 3 hours involving going over the mountains, so they asked for a checkpoint about every hour. For the rest of the trip one simply entered one's departure and arrival airfield with "c/w" (for 'coastwise') as the main route and they were entirely happy. Once you have spoken to Oslo, the flight plan is 'in the system' and one can depart immediately. As we needed to refuel (both ourselves and the plane), we delayed our departure for 1 hour. During it, we learnt two useful tips that paid off for the rest of the trip: Nearly every airport preferred that fuel is paid for on a Shell Card. I had one (they are relatively easy to obtain – although it involved some paperwork). This made payment not only painless but, because I suspect very few 'private' planes – as against 'commercial' ones – use these at the moment, when the bill finally came through some 2 months later, fuel was often charged at the lower 'commercial' rate!

The other 'tip' was that if one wore one's 'hi-viz' vest + carried a 'Crew card' (I have an PPL/IR one, but AOPA can also produce one), not only did it get you through closed doors more easily, but food/drinks could be bought at 'crew' rates. When one considers how expensive the cost of living is in Norway, every little thing, helps.

Fully re-fuelled, we took off for a direct flight to **Bergen**. As this was over rather high and inhospitable country we climbed to 8,500'. Innocently, I reported "level at FL85" to which a sweet female Controller corrected me: "No you are not! You are at altitude 8,500', transition level is 9,000'." [In the UK, transition level is 3,000'.] This was also a polite reminder as to how mountainous Norway actually is, and why IFR flights can be difficult for small planes: Even in summer the Icing Level hovers around the Transition level. Unless the plane has de-icing equipment, one cannot afford the 'luxury' of always being routed above FL90.

Although at our level the VOR and NDB worked, one soon realised that when lower down - especially among the fjords – these soon 'dropped out'. It is here that GPS is essential. This was doubly so if one has been in IMC for a couple of hours and then suddenly see one island among a group of 30 and need to identify it!

Even though one is 'technically' flying VFR - because the total traffic is so small - everyone is given a unique 'Squawk' and is constantly under radar surveillance. [The equivalent of 'Flight-following' in the States.] One is then 'handed over' from one area control to another. There was one occasion during the trip when, due to the mountains, we 'lost' contact. Kindly, a Ryan air flight 'relayed' our call and we were given a new 'discreet' frequency that relayed us via a local tower direct to area control.

Although now one can use GPS for one's 'primary' navigation it is important, due to RAIM [Receiver Autonomous Integrity Monitoring] failure, that one does not rely on it 'solely'. Our Garmin 430 did 'fail' once (mid-ocean when we were returning across The Skagerrak) but because we were also following airways (which were VOR based) no panic ensued. [Interestingly, because my alternative Skyforce GPS needs only 3 satellites to function – as against 4 for the Garmin - the Skyforce one came back in to operation a good 20 minutes before the Garmin. Another reason for having two GPS!]

The let-down and approach in to **Bergen**, the second biggest airport in Norway with much helicopter traffic due to the oil industry and quite busy, was simplicity itself. It is vital that you have current plates (I used *Bottlang* for the whole trip) since the tower directed us to rather obscurely-named Reporting Points before integrating us in to the circuit (pattern). On landing we

were met by a 'Follow me' vehicle that took us to the GA parking – rather a long way from the main terminal; however fairly soon a 'free' shuttle van arrived to transport us. Even here GA personnel – especially 'foreign' ones – were an unusual experience for security. Bergen's GA room was part of the General Manager's office that made for interesting conversation with personal help thrown in!

Mistakenly, we had failed to ask for Avgas the moment we landed so when we wanted to departure there was quite a delay that had a knock-on affect. We used the spare time to make friends with the very small local flying club. [We carried with us a 5 litre wine box that, with the horrendous price of alcohol in Norway, must have been worth about £70 (\$100) to the locals. Put that on anyone's table and tell them "to help themselves" immediately makes friends!] They passed on their laid-back advice: For them 'good' VFR meant 500'; and they didn't bother with Flight plans, "just follow the coast"! As we were now running behind time, for this once, we partly followed their advice and left simply using the radio. Our destination was **Alesund**. Although we were in contact with area control, because we did not have a flight plan, no-one felt it necessary to report the deteriorating weather at our destination and our arrival at Alesund required a rather difficult Instrument Approach – not least because there is an 800' radio tower just 200' from the centre line! Here we broke another of our rules: Not to arrive anywhere after 5.00pm to allow plenty of time to find accommodation. Arriving at 9.30pm meant being at the mercy of a local (expensive) taxi driver who drove us the 14 miles to the town and whose "daughter worked in a hotel" – the best in Alesund! At that time of night one cannot be fussy and so we enjoyed the luxury and explored the beautiful seaport, which was on our doorstep, in the morning.

Keen to get on, we returned, this time by the Airport bus from outside the hotel, and planned to make the which was in a corner'. I had field and was setting.

land 'short' or ideal, but for the ILS. As I on the extended noticed that campsite with

We were realise just how



accomplish our task we should get going a.s.a.p. So refuelled – and this time with a flight plan – we set of for **Bodo**: a 4 hour flight. With ATC contact we climbed to 6,000' – 'VFR on top'. During it Brian, in his inimitable way, commented that we had "crossed the Arctic Circle" but due to the weather had not noticed it on the ground.

We agreed that even in VMC the line would be hard to identify! Again because of the cloud base we did the ILS approach to Bodo. Feeling we now deserved a break we spent time looking at the very impressive Norwegian Aviation Museum

<http://www.luftfart.museum.no/Engelsk/default.htm> to which we were made welcome by the women at the desk who came from Rainham, Kent before she married a Norwegian pilot!

Our final destiny beckoned: the 50-mile sea crossing to **Leknes** on **The Lofoten Islands**. Here there was only an NDB approach between two mountains into a field that was surrounded by hills on three sides. By creating an 'extension' line of the runway on the Garmin one could double-check the NDB. With something like a 700' cloud base we joined a rather tight circuit (pattern) to land.

short hop to **Molde**, fjord 'around the seen pictures of this intrigued by its Provided one did not too 'long' it was safety's sake I used did, whilst descending threshold of 07 I there was an attractive log cabins for hire. now beginning to long Norway is! To

Working for 'large international organisations' does have some benefits, and the Catholic Church is no exception! Via email, I had arranged accommodation in the most northerly Cistercian monastery in the world! Not only were we intrigued to see them but them us: since hardly anyone ever visited them! When the young weathered Polish Abbot met us, his first information was that the Community was 'suspending' their activities during our time with them, since they felt it their duty to care for their rare 'guests'. The result was four days under the Midnight Sun with the weather finally so improved that they maintained it was the best they had had on the islands all year.



With beautiful scenery; invited to go fishing; travel to places most 'tourists' never see; and 'free' accommodation & food, together with the Community's car at our disposal: We had fulfilled our mission.

Our flight path back was almost identical to our arrival but with repeated reminders of the Norwegian weather. Our initial departure from Leknes was delayed due to bad visibility at Bodo and it was only when an arriving schedule flight reported that it was 'do-able' did we depart. Even then the cloud base lowered and trying to fly VFR – even over the sea - at 500' was scary. I immediately requested to climb for the ILS. When landing we finally broke cloud at 400'.

At Bodo we checked the METAR's & TAF's and saw that Molde was CAVOK. With this in mind we departed. How grateful we were that we had filed. ATC kept us regularly informed of deteriorating weather and after some 3 hours flying informed us that Molde was now suddenly closed due to 'a mountain storm'. Then it hit us:

Within a space of 3 minutes the sky turned from blue to black; the hail hitting the plane made speaking almost impossible, and the wind became so violent that a quick glance at the VSI showed I was losing 1000' a minute. Looking at the charts we opted immediately to divert to **KristiansUnd**. With the innocence of ATC, they asked us to clarify whether I meant KristiansUnd or KritiansAnd (a mere 2500 miles away – I wonder what kind of tanks they think my PA28 had!) Without hesitation I asked for the nearest: the weather was deteriorating at a

horrible rate; the plane was all over the place; and sooner down the better. With torrential down-drafts and wind-shear, a huge cross wind, and ATC informing me that the surface was: “wet, wet, wet”, and braking was: “poor, poor, poor”; runway visibility disappearing in sheets of rain; the door seals failing so it was like flying inside a shower; we crabbed in. The airport lounge was crowded with stranded passengers as no commercial flights were going in or out. The hotels of the town were full to bursting because the King of Norway was in town, and it was after 8 at night. For once we thought we might have to use our sleeping bags and the small tent we had bought with us. Then, at 8.50 pm, just as quickly as it had started, the rain stopped and clear blue skies appeared: Molde – here we come. We arrived (in pure daylight) at 9.30pm and by phoning the campsite obtained the last log cabin that was free.



Next morning we filed for Bergen, and from there via **Stavanger** to KristiansAnd. En-route to Stavanger we were ‘cleared direct’. Due to the mountains I requested FL90, which they gave me – a FL at last! After we had been at that height for an hour, Brian Head, my likeable navigator who had been calmness and patience itself on many a hairy approach, enquired what it was outside the windshield that seemed to be coming towards us: It was snow! We mused that it was just 16 hours

after Midsummer’s Day! As soon as the terrain allowed I requested descent, but even then did not break IMC until we were approaching the coast near KristiansAnd.

It was just our luck that, except for the GPS failure over the sea the next day, the remainder of our flight was perfect and in VMC. This time we stayed a night at Helgoland; and used Middelburg-Midden-Zeeland <http://www.zeeland-airport.nl/> (rather than Texel) for our Holland stop. We arrived back at Rochester after 12 days to be informed that England had had perfect weather all the time we were away!

Was it worth it: A big YES! and also some But’s:

- Ensure that you allow plenty of time for being weathered in; Even then, be very current in IMC or IR flying. Remember: although most Norwegian fields have an ILS, due to the mountains, they are sometimes as much as 45° off-set from the centre line!
- Ensure you have all the plates (VFR & IFR) for all the fields you are passing.
- “Do as I say, not as I did!” – if you want accommodation, arrive by 5.00pm [due to weather it is often difficult to ‘book ahead’]
- Get a Shell (and BP?) Avgas card
- The flying costs are about the same as the UK (with ‘commercial’ fuel prices, a little less). Food & Accommodation is much dearer than the UK. As for drink: Don’t even think about it – “Sign the pledge, before you leave!”

With some 34 hours of flying in my logbook, my wallet may be a little thinner, but my head is crammed full of wonderful memories . . .

[As always, I am happy to exchange my limited knowledge with others if it might be of use. Just phone me on my mobile: 07970 228762 or email me: chaplain@cathsoc.org]

Peter Geldard
25 November 2006

NAPP MIDWEST REGIONAL MEETING
Monday, April 30, 2007
Waterloo (ALO) Iowa

Co-Hosted by

Jim Secora and Mel Hemann

11:00--- A.M Arrive at the ALO airport.

11:30--- Travel to St. Patrick Church, Cedar Falls, for noon luncheon

12:00--- Luncheon

1:00 --- Depart for John Deere tractor plant tour. World's largest

???? --- Depart for home

(If you want to arrive early or stay late, mark proper box below)

NAME _____

ARRIVAL: _____

By: Pvt Plane: N _____ ETA: _____

By: Car _____ ETA _____

DEPARTURE: _____

(I need a place to stay DATES: _____)

RESERVATIONS TO:

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319-266-3889

n298mh@cfu.net

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Cedar Falls, IA 50613