

N.A.P.P.



Newsletter

VOLUME XXVIII

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NO. 2



GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

We hope the newsletter brings pleasant thoughts and plans to your stress filled days. Aren't we fortunate to have a willing editor like Mel Hemann!

The dry, cool air above the humid winds were welcome flights this summer. Autumnal color should be providing additional pleasures. The quality of each opportunity gets more value as we grow older.

The years may blur by (like a low pass in a Mooney), but Christian vision brings clarity to each day. Deo Gratias!

I hope each of you are well and flying safely.

Frank Nemmers

Frank Nemmers



The above are the last pictures that pertain to the July Convention in Anchorage. I thought it best not to share all of them with you at one time but elected to leave the BEST till LAST.

Pictured above is "YOURS TRULY" being HUSTLED at Sophie's Sourdough Saloon in Anchorage. Life is tough all over!!!

2. In addition to the exciting and tantalizing pictures above, this newsletter also contains three interesting articles or letters. One is from Pat Patten in Tanzania. John Herzog shares with us in another article his three and a half year struggle to fly once again. We thank him for this information and his persistence. Hopefully it will give others hope. Lastly, Frank Nemmers shares his letter to Bishop Tommy Lobsinger in Whitehorse. (Incidentally, one or two others have mentioned doing the same. A wonderful example of the brotherhood that exists among us).

3. We welcome to our midst three new members. Thomas De Young left Army duty July 31. August 15 he reported to his home diocese, Grand Rapids, Michigan and has been assigned to a parish in Grand Rapids. He soloed in July of 1987 and plans to begin his Instrument training in his new location.

While in Fairbanks, Bishop Mike introduced us to his newest pastor. Jim Falsey comes from Michigan and has signed on for 5 years. He is presently assigned to Nome. Welcome to both of you.

Our July Convention co-ordinator is a private pilot and Anchorage's only seminarian, Lee Walsh. Lee is currently pursuing his studies at the North American College, 00120 Vatican City, EUROPE.



ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

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E. Joann White
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Sept. 19

Dear Father Mel,

This is a belated thank-you for your thoughtfulness in sending more copies of the NAPP Newsletter. What a great time it was having you here in July.

I'm sending back to you the set of labels you had provided earlier. I didn't have to use them and they'll probably come in handy for one of your mailings.

It was lucky you had the good weather in July. August and September were/are rainy. Every time it clears enough to cut my grass about 2 weeks have gone by and the grass is as high as an elephant's eye!

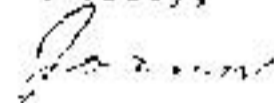
Archbishop and the priests of the archdiocese, plus a few from Fairbanks, are on retreat this week south of Anchorage at Alyeska Ski resort. Archbishop Hunthausen is the facilitator for the retreat. One priest declined to make the retreat because of his presence. Sad.

The Russia ecumenical center project is moving along rapidly. Two weeks from now the Russian delegation comes to negotiate; in November, probably, the Anchorage delegation will go to Magadan for on-sight planning. It is busy here!

Lee Walsh is now at North American College in Rome. He sent a very enthusiastic letter last week--likes it very much.

Hope you'll find your way to Alaska again before too long. In the meantime keep us all in your prayers--you are in ours.

Sincerely,



EVENTS OF THE FUTURE

- 1). MIDWEST REGIONAL. Flying Cloud Airport, Minneapolis. Monday, April 29. Tour the WWII museum. 21 restored and all "flyable" planes. Details will follow in a later issue. Mark it on the calendar NOW.
- 2). 1991 National Convention. St. Louis, MO. July 9 & 10, 1991
- 3). 1992 National Convention. Frederick, MD. July 7 & 8, 1992.



Welcome

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Change of Address

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(October-December)

COMMERCIAL/INSTRUMENT

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(January - March)

MEL HEMANN
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BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

Saint Patrick Church

1127 Tenth Street
Nevada, Iowa

Dear Mel,

I thought I would write up my struggle for recertification and perhaps encourage some one through the newsletter to persevere with their own struggle if they are presently medically grounded.

In the winter of 1986-87 I noticed that an irregular heartbet was being experienced more frequently. I finally went to a doctor early in Lent in 1987. He recommended that I wear a Holter monitor which puts on a very slow moving tape all that the heart does over a 24 hour period. I happened to be wearing this at a very stressful parish council where I resigned and walked out of the meeting. When the tape was read in Des Moines the beats per minute were around 175. My doctor recommended a complete checkup with Cardiologists in Des Moines. Their conclusion was intermittent atrial fibrillation, which is one form the arrythmia take. They said it could be controlled through medication, but I would have to be hospitalized and have supervision because the possible side effects could be serious. I stopped smoking enroute to the hospital at 3:30 and went into the hospital on Easter Sunday, April 19, 1987. That was a memorable Holy Week. I was in the hospital 40 hours and the medicine seemed to work except for bouts with either diarrhea or constipation. That medicine was disopyramide.

This began a long period of encountering many different kinds of medicine. As time went on, I gradually regressed back into the old unevenness. I never was incapacitated at any time and I continued to play racquetball. My third class medical needed to be renewed in December of 1988 and I had a terrible temptation to not tell the truth about being on any medication. When I told the examiner about the arrythmia medicine, all the lights went on and the examiner said he couldn't certify but would send it on to Oklahoma City. His office nurse said I might as well forget about ever flying again. That was quite a challenge.

When I heard from the FAA they said they wanted the results of a Holter monitor, a stress test and an evaluation from a cardiologist. I did a treadmill at the local hospital which is a satellite from Mercy and got established with a new cardiologist since my old one moved to Ohio. I did well with the treadmill and thought I would be flying soon, but I flunked the Holter monitor. It had all kinds of blips and skips. I tried different levels of the medicine with blood tests each time. Finally after an office visit to the cardiologist in May, he recommended that I be hospitalized to start a new medication; this was Quinidine. After about 3 days, I went home and everything was fine for awhile, but then I was back to the old unevenness. About this time, I heard

from the FAA who said they would reconsider my application for recertification if they had recent data, Holter, etc., but I was so irregular there was no way I could send them anything. For a number of months I was more interested in survival than flying again. I went into the hospital again in October of 1989 and started a new medicine again. This was Tambocar. Before this admission, I wore a monitor that looked like a watch expansion bracelet. This was a machine called Cardiocare. It taped for a minute, then I would call an 800 number in New York and play the tape over the phone. If there was anything unusual, they would call my cardiologist in Des Moines. The first day I had this machine, I taped 3 times and they called Des Moines twice. Then there was some experimenting with combinations. Often the New York monitoring would indicate BPM's around 140 so then I got some Lanoxin to slow things down and then I got too slow. One of the Holvers that Fall indicated I got down to 39 BPM one night while I was asleep. Nothing seemed to be working so I went into the hospital in December. I was taken off everything and started on a new medication called Cordarone at 1200 m.g. for a daily cost of \$7. I had gone through just about all the different kinds of medication and I got the impression my cardiologist didn't have too many options.

However, to make a long story longer, the Cordarone worked. It took 3 months to, as they say, load the system with periodic checks to see if there were any side effects like liver damage. Then I went back to dealing with the FAA. I had appealed my recertification denial and told them to keep my file open until I finally got regulated. They wanted a Holter monitor on February 20, 1990 and it went very well. Then in May I took an EKG and a stress test and all the data was sent to the FAA. From other

encounters I knew I needed to keep in touch often by phone. 10 days after the data and test results were sent to Oklahoma, I called to see what was happening. After numerous attempts to get through and being put on long holds, I discovered they had lost all the data. I got some more copies sent from Des Moines. Many more calls and many more holds. One call that involved about 4 minutes of talking to a live person took 26 minutes of long distance. Finally, late in June when I called, the technician said my file had gone upstairs to the DOCTOR. I thought that sounded properly divine. She said I should get a decision in about 2 weeks. On June 26, I heard from the FAA. The first paragraph said, "Our review of your medical records has established that you are eligible for a third class medical certificate." The second paragraph said: "Enclosed is your medical certificate." That short little sentence capped about three and a half years of much stubbornness and determination. I made an appointment for a BFR immediately. The day I was supposed to go out with the instructor I just did ground school because we had a 25 knot wind and a temperature around 95. Then the instructor was all booked for charters so FINALLY on July 10 I got checked out and am now flying a rental Skyhawk from the Ames, IA airport. It is just grand to get up in the air again.

I say all this to encourage you if you are dealing with the FAA. If you think you are qualified to fly, don't give up. Use the phone a lot. Persist with all that bureaucracy. You, too, can get up in the air again - Slipping those surly bonds, I remain

Sincerely yours,

John
John

Flying Medical Service

P.O. Box 3044, Arusha, Tanzania, East Africa

4 April 1980

Dear Friends,

By the time you receive this, Good Friday and Easter will most likely have come and gone. My own Good Friday was a little early this year. I would share some paragraphs from my pilot's log. Perhaps they will give you some small indication of a different side of our work here.

I buried him in the little plot of land next to the banana trees behind my house. He was, maybe, 12 years old. No one knew for sure. His older brother, a Maasai warrior, was afraid, not of dying, but of the dead body.

Wrapped only in a plain white sheet, we lowered him into the soft volcanic earth, strangers till last night. We covered him with the dirt, and didn't even know his name when we prayed a soft prayer to his God.

I have seen people die before. Young ones, old ones. It is impossible to live in Africa for any length of time without feeling close to death -- not as a feared stranger, but a constant companion on the way.

Only yesterday morning he was playing in the cattle corral before the gate to the village was opened. Before anyone knew what had happened a lion jumped over the fence, and, not seeing a goat or young calf nearby, and certainly fearing for her own life and the lives of her cubs, took the first living thing she could carry. Her mouth firmly now a part of the boy's waist she jumped over the nine foot high thorn fence, warriors in fast pursuit.

She was terrified, no doubt. She dropped the boy on the other side of the fence when she realized that with warriors only seconds away she had to choose between the boy or her own life.

The boy's family lives miles from the bush hospital. When they arrived hours later carrying him, there was no doctor. He had gone to town, a day's drive away, to buy provisions. The sister-nurse did the best she could. Her best wasn't enough. It was 4:45 in the afternoon when I received her radio call. "Can you come right now? We won't be able to keep him alive till morning."

I live 15 minutes from the small airport on the edge of Arusha town. In 20 minutes the plane was airborne, flying towards the sunset and many different kinds of dangers: zebras and gazelle -- beautiful during the day -- deadly in the twilight standing in the grass on an unlighted airstrip in the deep bush. The plane set down safely just minutes before darkness.

We strapped the boy loosely onto the airplane's stretcher and clipped the I.V. bottle to the shoulder harness. His brother sat beside him. We took off hurriedly into what remained of the twilight. Night comes quickly in Africa. And this night, as many others, had a beauty of its own, mixed inseparably with the urgency, the fear, the smell of the blood-soaked sheet that shrouded a young barely breathing body. So many mixed images -- beautiful, horrible.

Unless you have flown in an African night you probably cannot appreciate the thickness of the dark. With clouds covering moon and stars, there is no up or down. Not even a single street light or solitary car's headlamps to signal the ground. And in Africa the electronic navigation systems which we take so much for granted elsewhere, bow to the simple centuries-old magnetic compass and the pilot's watch ticking away the seconds.

Course set to 098 degrees. If all goes well, in 62 minutes our tires will touch ground at Kilimanjaro Airport 124 miles away -- a full day's drive by Land Rover. Often enough, things do not go so well. Kilimanjaro's radio and landing lights could be out. If that's the case, we have enough fuel to make it to Nairobi, another hour-and-fifteen minutes away into the night that swallows everything.

It is like the first Good Friday. Who knows what surprises the next hours, the next days, might bring? A warrior, spear and short-sword at his side, so much like the Roman centurion, sits next to the body of his young brother, neither able to appreciate the excitement of a first flight, or what will happen on the other end.

The deep throaty growl of the powerful engine bites into the blackness outside. The sound grasps my thoughts over and over again, forcing them to a different image, the terror of another throaty growl hours before which deafened a small boy before white teeth tore into dark flesh.

Keep breathing. Keep breathing. Keep breathing.

I see the landing lights of Kilimanjaro. We begin our descent.

I am hopeful. Not far from the airport is a major medical facility. In fifteen minutes he can be in the hands of a good surgeon. All is going well -- until the last few seconds of our final approach. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the boy is racked with convulsions. A little like a God rudely tied to a cross so many hundreds of years ago lies this boy strapped to a metal cross hurling horizontally over a hundred miles an hour through space. There is nothing I can do except fly that cross. I look at the older brother's eyes as soon as we land. I see that he had seen such convulsions before in the dying gasps of a speared animal. His eyes recognize what is happening just as surely as they scream: *No! This is not a wild animal, it is my only brother!*

Flying Medical Service has been in operation for seven years. With as many emergencies as we've responded to, this is the first patient to die on a flight. The airport security people are kind. Kilimanjaro is an international airport. They waive the formalities. Our Suzuki car is too small for us all. I lift the lifeless body wrapped in its shroud onto the roof rack. The airport policeman helps me tie it securely. We don't have an ambulance. We get into the car. We say nothing. We drive silently the 38 miles home.

Surely there will be an Easter one day. That is my hope. That even the sad stories will one day end well.

In the midst of your own personal and community struggles in moving from the Good Fridays to the Easter Sundays of life, my wishes for peace in what you do, and many celebrations of Easter in the days and years ahead.

Very special thanks to you for being mindful of the different struggles of others, many thousands of miles away from your own.

Pat

Pat Patten



Saint Lawrence Church

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OCTOBER 1990

Bishop Thomas Lobsinger
Diocese of Whitehorse
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Greetings from Saint Lawrence Parish, Carroll, Iowa.
Enclosed is a check for your diocese. It comes
from a monthly second collection. This year beginning
in October we are sending this collection to your
diocese. Use it for educational needs or whatever.
Last year we had adopted a parish in Haiti.

Accepting these special aid funds will be doing my
parishioners a favor. We need a broader vision of
the church.

With fond memories of the NAPP meeting in Anchorage,
I remain

Fraternally yours in Christ,

Frank Nemmers

Rev. Frank Nemmers

MIDWEST REGIONAL MEETING
October 8, 1990 HAMPTON, IOWA



12 Midwest priest pilots gathered in Hampton, IA to tour the vintage air museum of Ed Doyle. 16 years ago he began collecting WW I memorabilia. He now has three authentically built planes of the era. A SOPWITH CAMEL (below left), a SPAD (below right) and a FOLLKER TRI-WING. The latter has the

markings of the Red Baron's plane. (Unfortunately I was not able to get a picture of the TRI-WING). Due to lack of space Ed is now confining himself to collecting & rebuilding engines and other pertinent items of interest that make the small museum an interesting and enjoyable place to visit.

It was a great day!!!

