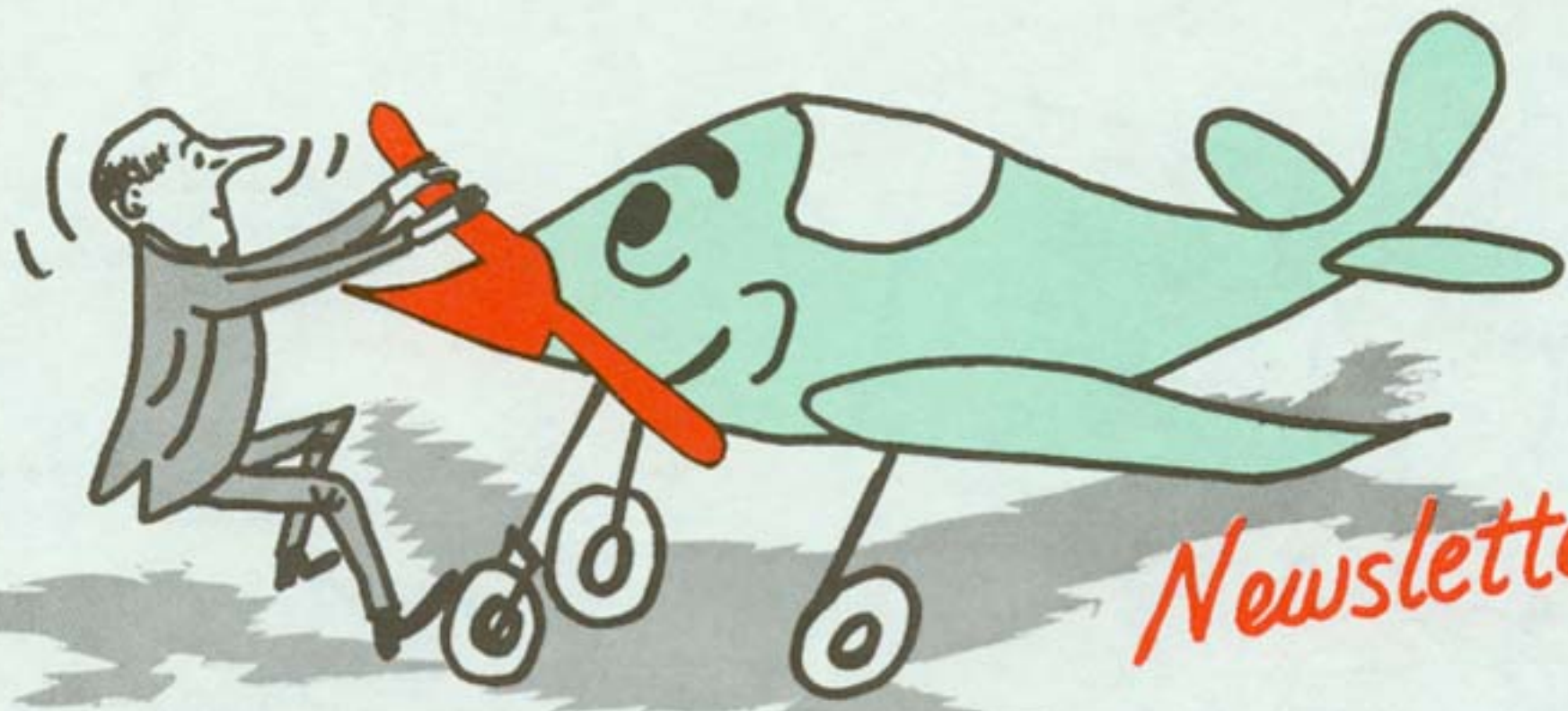


N.A.P.P.



Newsletter

VOLUME XXXD APRIL 1998 NO. 5



**FROM THE PRESIDENT**

Greetings brother priests and fellow pilots!

**A HAPPY EASTER SEASON!**

Just as Lent gave way to Easter, winter has given way to spring. The warmer weather sure makes it a lot easier and much more pleasant to crank up the plane. Tomorrow I am going into Wichita for a static and transponder check.

Since our last newsletter another member of our association died, Dick Skriba. It was sudden even though he had not been well for a while. Our sympathy! I remember him hosting our annual convention just a few years back in Chicago.

It's time to make plans for our annual convention on Vancouver Island, July 7 & 8. It should be a great one. Don't miss it. If anyone needs a ride I should have a seat or two available.

I heard this one a few months back. A Warrior had just taken off from Wichita:

Tower: "Warrior, why are you turning left? Did I instruct you to turn left?"

Warrior: "I am sorry. I understood to turn left after take off."

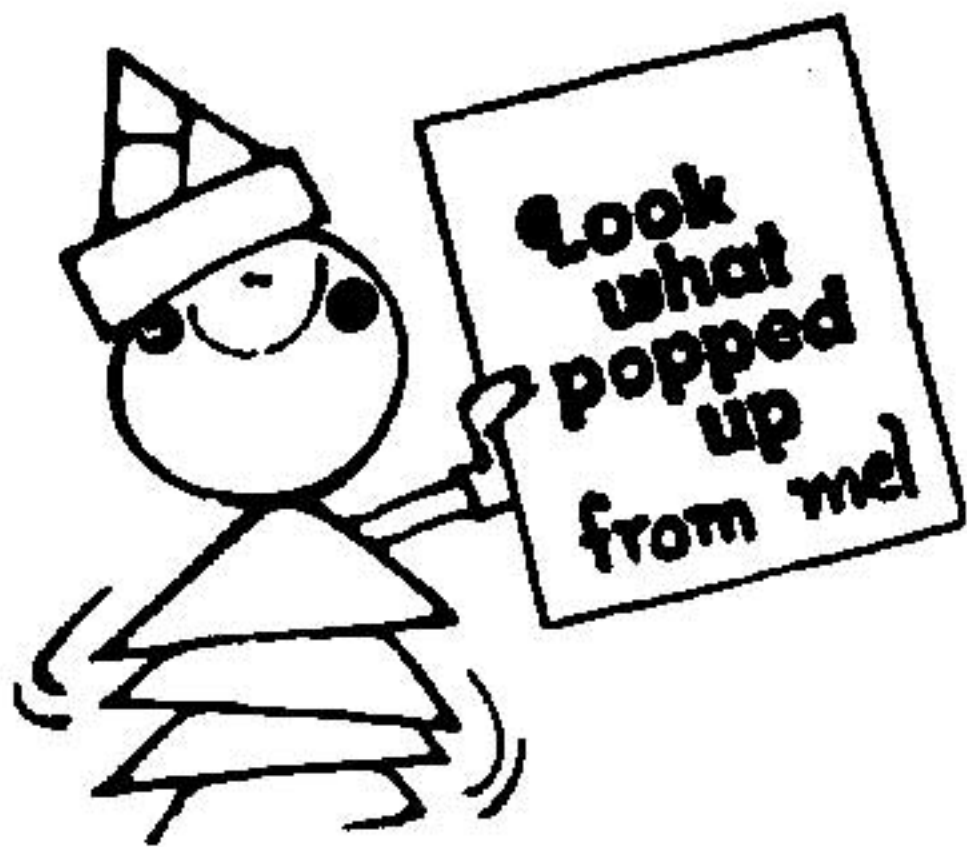
Tower: "I instructed you to proceed runway heading until further notice. Why did you turn left?"

Warrior: "I apologize. It appears that the problem is between the seat and the yoke."

Fly safely!

Al Werth





This issue contains a couple pages which probably some of you received from Jack Lawler's niece about Uncle Jack. I decided to include this in the newsletter because I am sure many have not received a copy.

I also have a small bit of informational update on the death of Dick Skriba. It is interesting how the Lord works. In Dick's case, fighting cancer, and a fall down the steps resulting in massive head injuries does him in. Perhaps it is the Lord's way of protecting him from additional painful and debilitating circumstances surrounding the cancer.

May they both rest in peace.

I have had another personal enjoyable experience. A retired business man recently gave himself his retirement present - a new Piper Archer III. It has all the goodies in it and he needed an instrument instructor. I am making the sacrifice and teaching him. Piper has really done a quality job on the plane. Far superior to the 172 I ferried home for the CAP. One of the local pilots said, "You're probably the only pilot in Iowa who has flown 2 new planes in the last

6 weeks." The young assistant manager (early 30s) of the DBQ airport said, "Gee! That's the first new plane I've ever seen." Sometimes we forget how long it has been since new planes have rolled off the assembly line.

Tom O'Neill, our Vancouver Island host, asked that I remind you that hotel reservations are to be made directly with the hotel. Info is on the reservation sheet.

For those flying in commercially:

1. Fly into Vancouver
2. Take a bus to downtown
3. Transfer to a bus going to Horseshoe Bay, the ferry going to Nanaimo

Car rentals:

Tom says **Rent-a-Wreck** is the best deal. Their phone number is 1-888-296-8888. Fax is: 1-250-753-4355. Contact Stephanie Nieson.

A few other tidbits:

1. Tom says the airport to go into is Cassidy. He sent approach plates & all refer to it as Nanaimo.
2. He said there is a special VFR approach but I found nothing in the literature sent to me about VFR.
3. It is my understanding you can go through customs at Nanaimo.
4. My conclusions: If you've made it as far as B.C. you'll make it safely into Nanaimo.
5. If you want to do any fishing let Tom know so he can reserve a spot for you. They're usually heavily booked in the summer months.

We had a special treat at our Sioux City fly in. Charter member John Brickley, a retired priest in the Archdiocese of Dubuque, flew with us to the gathering. I think John holds the distinction of being our senior member. John will be 89 in a few weeks and the first time in a while he has been able to join us. He usually has a conflict in his busy schedule. This time we lucked out and it was fun having him around. We hope your schedule lightens up in the future so that you can continue to grace us with your presence.

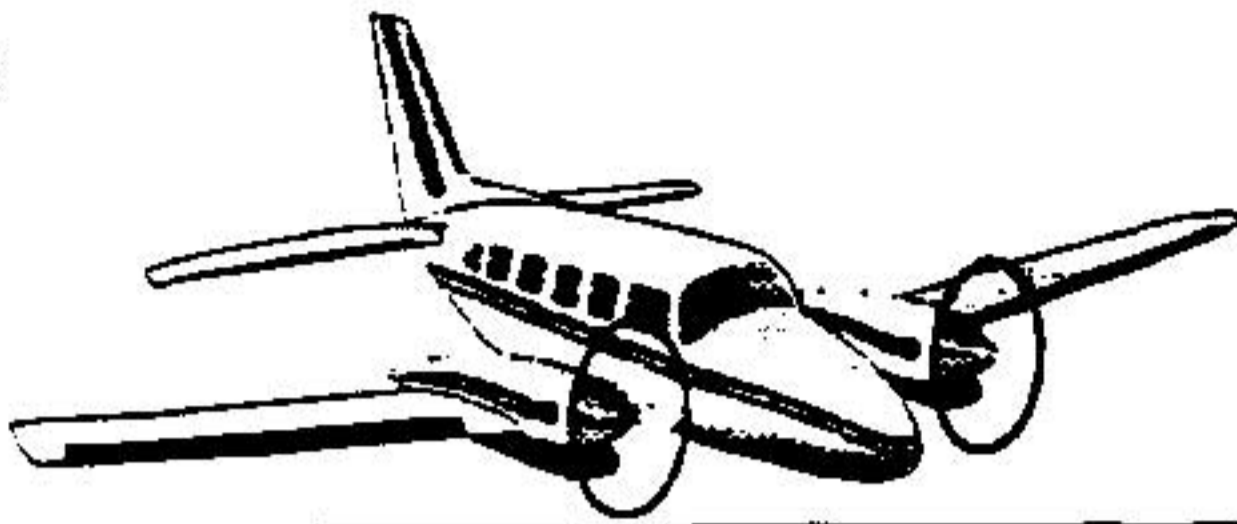
**ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:**



**REV. MEL HEMANN**

20245 ST. JOSEPH DRIVE  
RICKARDSVILLE, IA 52039

319-552-2233



## BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

March 22 Bert Pepowski E-Mailed the following from the Galapagos Islands.

Dear Fr. Mel,

Good morning to all of you out there in Iowa, and greetings from hot and sticky Galapagos Islands.

I've been out here for a little over three months and will be here till June, and then the plan is to return to the states for 6 months and possibly return here for another 6 month tour of duty.

My present address till June is:

Fr. Bert Pepowski, O.F.M.  
Prefectura Apostolica  
ISLA SAN CRISTOBAL  
GALAPAGOS, ECUADOR

I have been able to establish an Email connection, my address here is

*bertmp@ga.pro.ec*

The above address is valid till June and then all will revert to Cedar Lake, IN.

My address in June and until further notice will be

Fr. Bert Pepowski, O.F.M.  
12915 Parrish St. P.O. Box 156  
CEDAR LAKE, IN 46303

Phone: 219-374-5931. Fax: 219-374-4841

Email: *bertpepo@mail.icongrp.com*

The Galapagos Islands are Ecuadorian, and are out in the Pacific about 600 miles directly west of the mainland of Ecuador. Right on the Equator. Four of the Islands have people living on them. Santa Cruz has the largest population, and is the most commercialized. The Darwin Institute is there in Puerto Ayora. It's where Darwin wrote his "Origin of the Species." San Cristobal is the capital and the second largest population, and it is where the plane is based, and where I live and the Bishop resides here. Isabela is the largest Island and has the third

largest population. It also has a steam and heat belching Volcano some distance from the town. The fourth Island that has a few people (50) on it is Floreanna. The three islands we fly to are Cristobal, Santa Cruz and Isabela. There is no runway on Floreanna.

My primary work here besides attempting to learn Spanish is to fly a Piper Aztec between three Islands. The longest leg, from San Cristobal to Isabela, is 80 nm with the other island Santa Cruz, about mid way between and to the north about 30 miles. The primary passengers thus far have been members of the Catholic Church, including the Bishop and various staff members. Along with that passenger list there have been emergency and humanitarian flights. By the end of this month we will have two doctors here who are volunteering their services for two months, and the plane will be used to move them back and forth between islands and/or patients.

The flying has been sporadic because initially we were out of fuel and it took a month and a half for the Aviation Fuel to get there. Then we have had a monthly hassle with the Government getting permission to fly the plane under US registry. We are now in the midst of drawing up the paper work, where in we will be leasing the aircraft to the Ecuadorian Council of Bishops, and supposedly, we will then be able to operate the plane without any hassle. If this does not work out and we will continue to experience such monthly difficulty and uncertainty, we might be removing the plane from here, and move it to another country where it might serve the Body of believers with less opposition. The aircraft is a 1973 Pipe Aztec and it has been working well. It is due for it's annual inspection in May and we're in the process of working out the details for a Mechanic to volunteer his services and get the job done down here. It will be interesting.



There is now an Air taxi service between the Islands and they are based here too. They operate an Aztec and a Seneca. We buy our gasoline from them. They have a mechanic and he has been very generous with his knowledge and even help. Of course we share our resources too and so far the relationship has been working fairly well.

My Spanish is a slow process but there is a constant improvement. By the time I leave here in June I might have a sufficient knowledge to know if someone is trying to sell me into slavery or some other strange transaction and be able to talk myself out of it. In flying everyone uses Spanish, and I have been studying aviation Spanish just so I know what the few others are doing when we're up there together. The controllers all speak enough English to make the traffic flow without mishap.

The temperatures have been in the 80ies and 90is+ since December and they tell me that in April things start to get cooler. The nights seem cooler now but it may just be that I'm getting accustomed to the heat. This Wisconsin born body really is waiting for some cold temperatures and snow, etc. It's getting a continuous shock.

Didn't mean to get carried away with this letter but I just received the March Newsletter. Since it was sent to the initial Quito address I thought I'd better update my addresses, etc. and also send regards.

Keep me in your prayers, and I'm praying for all of you. Bert

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I have had several conversations with family and friends of Fr. Dick Skriba. In a nutshell here is what they reported.

Dick found out last summer he had cancer, non Hodgkin lymphoma. He began treatments and suffered some of the usual side effects. Last Fall he moved to his sister's home so that she could take care of him. The month of December was a terrible month for him but improvements came after the first of the year. With the help of a cane he was able to walk around. On the morning of March 11 he evidently tripped or lost his balance at the top of the stairs. The autopsy revealed he died from a blow to the head. He never regained consciousness. His funeral was March 16. If I get any other news I'll pass it on.

I have also had several conversations with

members of Jack Lawler's family. I am including in this newsletter the two pages his niece Donna sent for us. Perhaps some of you may have already received it but we'll publish it so that all have the opportunity to reflect on the life of our brother Jack.

May both rest in peace.

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## THE MIDWEST FLY IN

On Monday, April 20, Tom Geelan and Dave Hogan hosted a very wonderful gathering in Sioux City, Iowa for 16 Midwest priest pilots.

The top of the list on adventures for the day, in addition to the flight to Sioux City, was a tour of the 185th Fighter Wing (Iowa National Guard) facilities. Several of the top honchos are Tom's parishioners and so they were very proud to share some of their history and videos of training exercises.

Tom and Dave proved to be exceptional hosts in that they arranged for a flight of 6 F16's to return from a tour of duty in Kuwait while were there. The 6 flew that day from Spain to Sioux City, a flight of about 10 hours as they were restricted to 450K so they wouldn't out run the tankers. One of the pilots was a young lady who had her first plane ride with her high school principal while a student at Kuemper HS in Carroll, Iowa. The principal at the time was Tom Geelan. As Tom said, "I told her she owes me one."

The remainder of the afternoon was spent at Loess Ridge. This ridge extends for about 200 miles from north of Sioux City to St. Joseph, MO. The ridge is fine loose ground that the winds have piled over the centuries and contain the largest amount of original prairie in the state. The only other place such a phenomenon exists is in China and efforts are underway to make this a national park.

The Fall Midwest Regional meeting will be hosted by John Wolesky in his hometown of Owatonna, Minnesota. Principal attraction will be a newly constructed museum housing a retired business man's collection of planes, motorcycles and cars. The date is Monday, September 21, 1998. Details will follow later.

## Donna Lawler Callinan

55 Lexington Ave.  
Needham, MA 02194  
USA

Home Phone (781) 449-3286  
Email Address DCull121@AOL.Com

March 05, 1998

Dear Friends of Father Lawler,

I'm sure that many of you may have heard the news, that my Uncle Jack was in a plane crash, but for those of you that do not know I will recount the past few months for you.

Uncle Jack was in a plane crash October 5 in Purdue, Indiana. He came up short on the runway on a trip to visit the Smiths. He suffered severe injuries but with the wonderful care he received at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, the caring he received of Tom and Pat Smith, and his undetermined will, he stabilized enough for us to bring him home. We had him airlifted to Hanscom Field, his home base, on November 5, being a General gave him significant pain. He was welcomed home by myself and a Military Guard. Uncle Jack then went to St. Elizabeth's in Brighton, where he continued to improve. The cards and letter from all of you were read to him and brought a smile to his face. He was even off the ventilator some days and he let us know how much your notes, thoughts, and prayers meant to him. We know how important you, his friends, were to him throughout his whole life.

Just before Christmas, Uncle Jack went to Vencor Hospital for rehabilitation and to be weaned off the ventilator. He tried hard to continue to fight but the infection that he had been battling for three months overwhelmed him and his systems failed. He died on January 17, 1998.

Uncle Jack was waked at my father, his brother Bob's, funeral home and then he lay in state at his home of over twenty years, St. Mary's Parish in Billerica. People he loved just flowed through the church in true sadness. We as a family were touched to know how loved he was by so many. Uncle Jack's funeral mass was beautiful and touching with over forty of his brother priests, his family, friends, and parishioners overflowing the church. Bishop Reilly spoke of his wonderful contribution to his people and the priesthood. My daughter Joan wrote and read a poem that I have enclosed and Father Keenan brought smile's to our faces as he remembered the man we all loved. His four nephews and four grandnephews were the pall bearers to "America the Beautiful," I know how much this would have meant to him. Uncle Jack was buried at the National Cemetery (section 28) with full Military honor Guard and a fly by of Lear Jets. We know he would have been very proud.

We have heard his stories of all of you, his friends from Greenland to Germany. On behalf of my father, Uncle Jack's brother Bob, and my mother Alice, my Aunt Eleanor, Uncle Jack's brother, Bill's wife (Uncle Bill died fourteen and one half years ago), my cousins, brothers and sisters, and all of Uncle Jack's grandnieces and nephews- thirty six in all, we want you to know how much all of you meant to his life and we thank you for being so good to him on his visits to you. We will all miss him for he touched all of our lives.

Love,  
One of his "favorite nieces"

*Donna*  
Donna



## Goodbye, Uncle Jack

My heart sank and I felt tears swell up in my eyes so blue,  
I knew what my mother was gonna say, it was all to true.  
"His heart gave out minutes before I arrived" she said,  
Shaking, confused, I lay helpless in my bed.  
Never before had I lost someone that I did love,  
My mother assured me he was at peace, I can picture him laying there, peaceful as a dove.

Uncle Jack I wrote this for you,  
I hope you like it as much as I love you.

When I was a small child, as children often do, I looked up to many adults- especially you,  
You were a great man, as a priest, brother, uncle, friend and general in World War II.  
You always treated me like a princess, I was you're favorite grandniece you often did proclaim,  
You're hockey stories, Christmas sweaters and you're shimmering smile, without you my life will  
never be the same.

You've given me so much from goalie pads to life long lessons that I will cherish forever,  
You were a strong man, you didn't often lose, but more importantly you gave up never.  
Many years in the service and playing hockey till age 76 showed how strong you were,  
But the last four months have been your biggest battle for sure.

After the crash you held on for so long, you did it for us, so we could talk just one last time.

In the hospital, that rainy day, I talked to you but in the bed you just lay.  
I knew you were listening, like you always did. As you squeezed my hand I knew everything would  
be all right, You didn't need to say a thing- I knew you loved me too.

You've been so strong and fought so hard,  
But I understand you must go home to God.

My heart aches for I loved you more then you could ever know or even understand,  
Yet it comforts me to know you'll always be watching over me or there to give a helping hand.  
You're welcoming smile, you're warm soft embrace- and your words of advice- always the best,  
It is this along with you're courage and hope that separates you from the rest.

You were always happy to help someone in need, anytime,  
If someone had a problem and need to talk, you made the time.

Uncle Jack, you're friends, family, and parishioners care for you and love you with all of their  
heart,

Although it's hard for all of us- we know we must part.

You're parishioners at St. Brigid's and St. Mary's appreciate all you've done, more then anyone  
can explain,

You're words of advice and you're whole being will be missed, yet we give thanks to the Lord that  
you are out of pain.

You always admired the works of Mother Theresa and the Sisters of Poor Claire,  
Yet more people then you'd ever know admire you, young and old- from far and near.

You taught me to be proud of my faith and more importantly myself,  
You did this through your own actions, in you're pride in you're friends, family, and self.

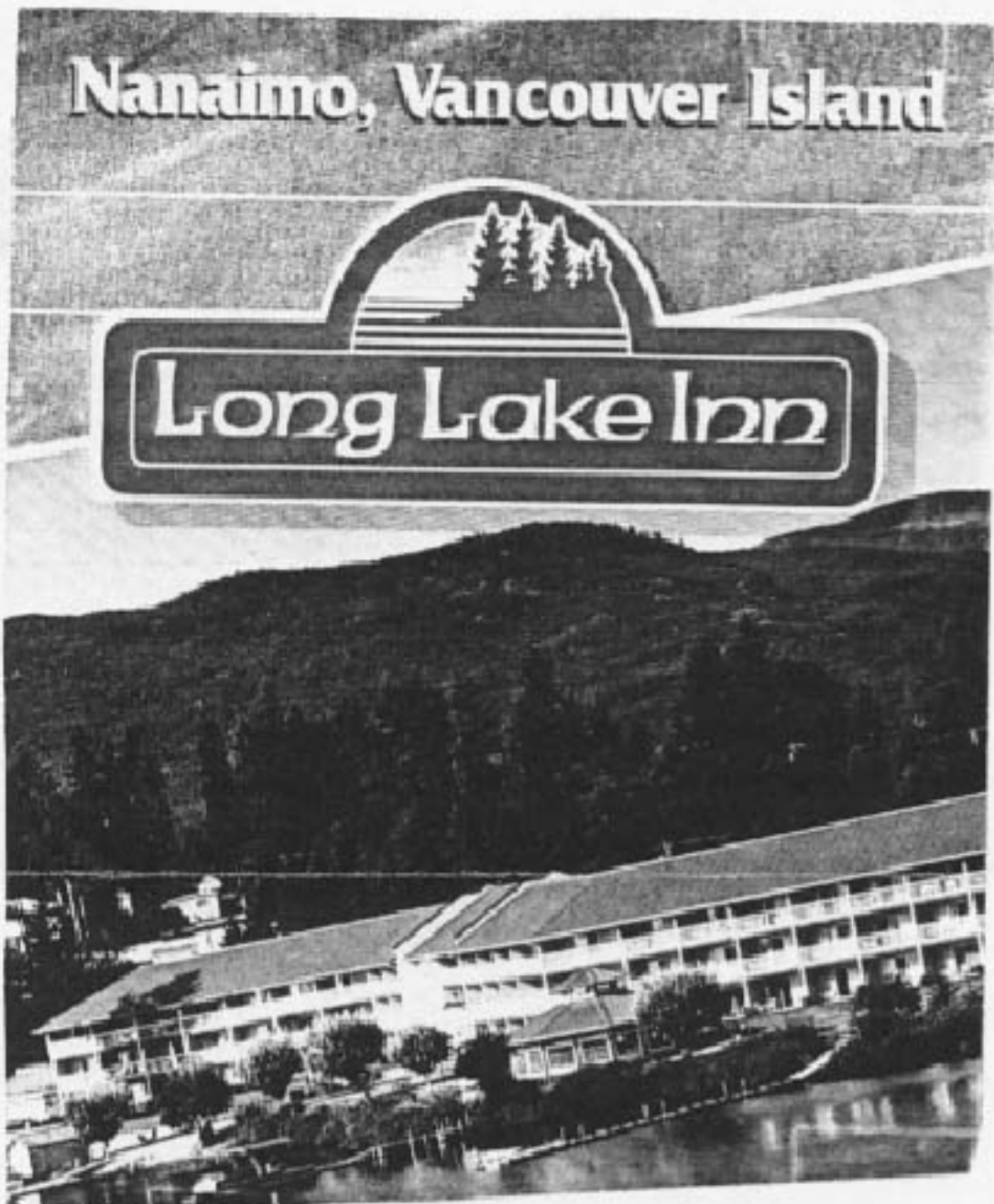
I loved and appreciated you more and more everyday for the past sixteen years,  
May you live for eternity with the Lord- On this joyous day it is for you I shed these tears.

One day we will meet again- and talk for hours on end,  
Until then my love and thanks is what I send.

I Love You Uncle Jack

Written January 17th, 1998

By: Joan Patricia Cullinan



**NAPP  
INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION**

July 7 - 8, 1998

**CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS -  
Long Lake Inn**

**ROOM RESERVATIONS:**

250-758-1144  
Fax: 250-5832  
Toll Free: 1-800-565-1144

Rooms are double or twin.  
Convention rate per room:  
\$104.00 Canadian (Very cheap U.S.)  
Rate applicable all days you stay

Reservations must be made by **6-1, 1998**

**NAPP CONVENTION HOST in Nanaimo, B.C.**

- **Rev. Thomas O'Neill**
- 5469 Kenwill Dr
- Nanaimo British Columbia V9T 5M5 CANADA
- 250-758-7587 Fax: 250-390-1142

**Activities Galore:**

- Hiking & Biking
- Fishing & Swimming
- Golfing
- Sightseeing
- Ferry rides
- Just loafing around



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

ETA (Date) \_\_\_\_\_ (Time) \_\_\_\_\_ ETD (Date) \_\_\_\_\_ (Time) \_\_\_\_\_

ARRIVAL BY: \_\_\_\_\_ BOAT: \_\_\_\_\_

PLANE: Make: \_\_\_\_\_ N \_\_\_\_\_ Commercial: Airline & Flt \_\_\_\_\_