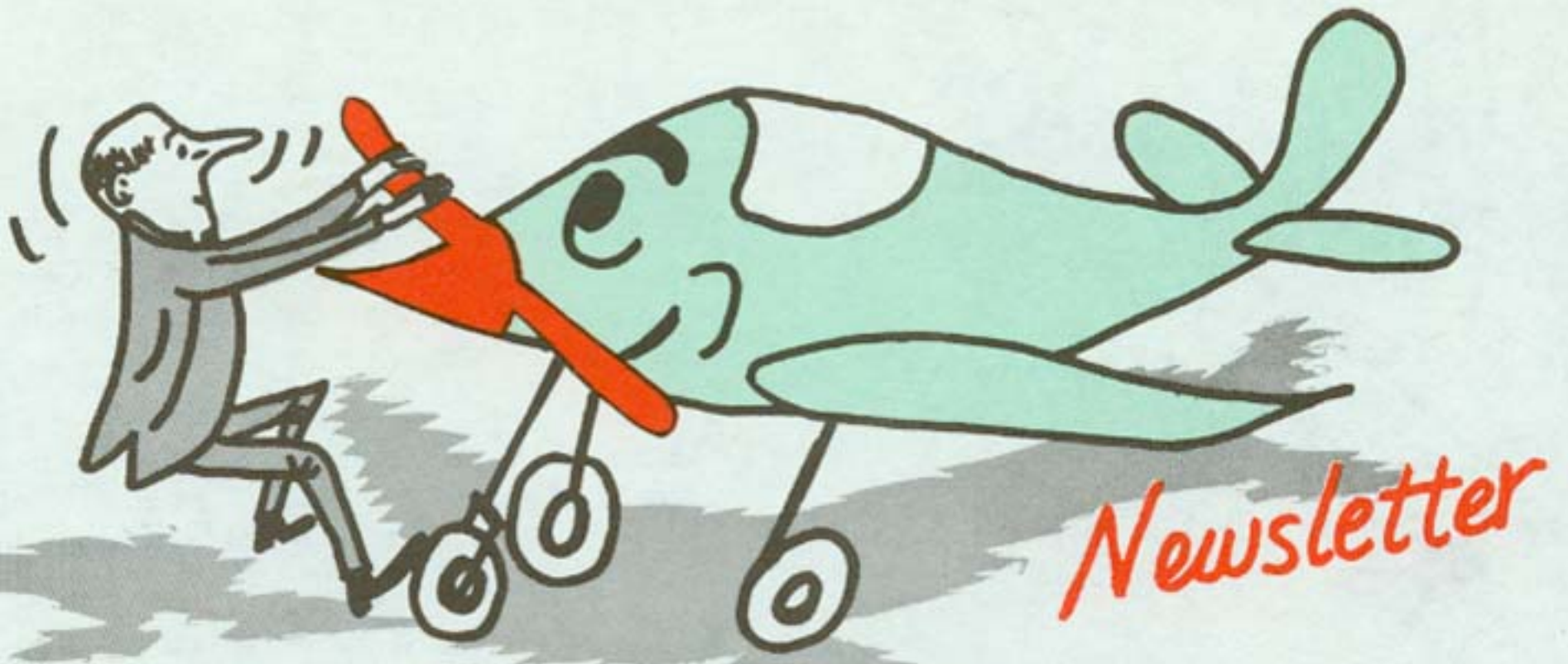


N.A.P.P.



VOLUME XXX

DECEMBER 1992

NO. 3

FROM THE PRESIDENT (lame-duck):



As the sacerdotal mean-age continues to climb, Advent and Christmas bring more to mind both the next life and the quality of life here. Born again on THE FEAST, and as rebirthing pangs also touch emerging deomocratic societies, may our humble efforts to change hearts be effective in the good time of Him who is Chief Provider. Because we share in Christ's life all seasons are holy.

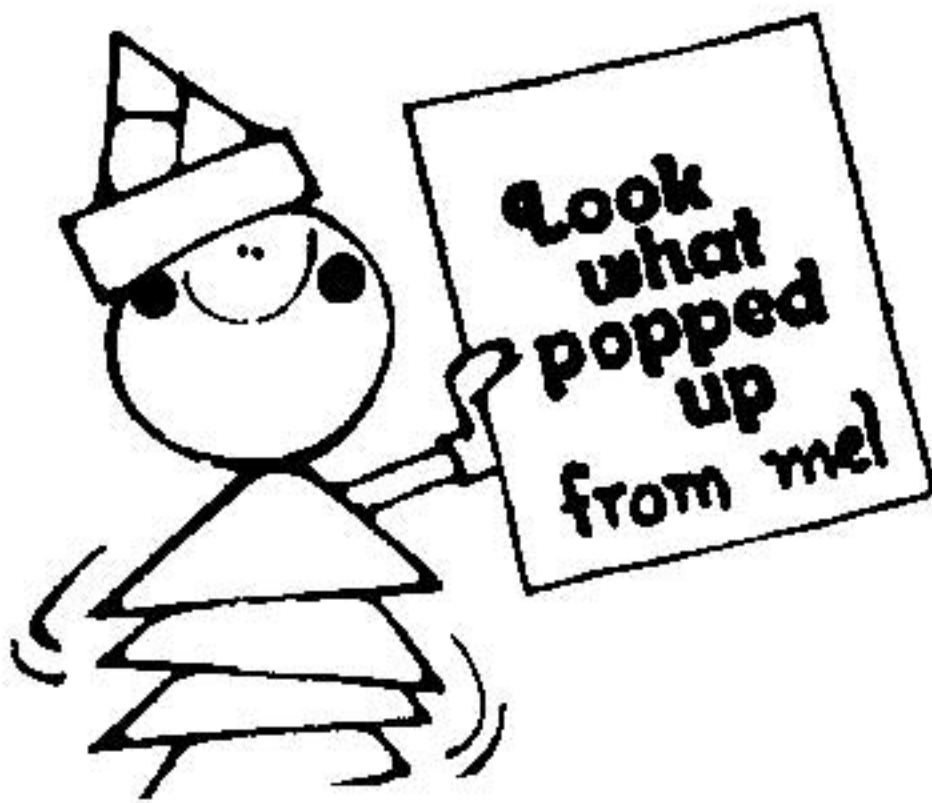
A satisfying task on a rainy afternoon is to thoroughly clean the vehicle at hand. A screw tightened, some glue and tape, shampoo and wax, etc. Ever notice how the bird flies faster after loving attention?

Meanwhile "back on the farm" we budget time, talent and treasure for 1993. May your year be full of hours and days which are healthy and happy.

*Dominus vobiscum.*

*Frank Nemmers*





This newsletter contains the following items of interest:

1. The annual renewal dues envelope. The dues remain the same. **15 USA dollars.** We encourage you to get that in as soon as possible. It certainly makes the book work and address files much easier to maintain if you get it in immediately. Like you, we have a multitude of tasks in our ministry. Like you, those tasks aren't lightening up any as the years go on. So once again - **PLEASE** - send your renewal in as soon as you get this letter.

As you know, one of the noble traditions we have is to make a financial contribution to one of our members in missionary work. As the interest rates have dropped our available cash has dropped with it. For that reason we encourage you to maintain your membership and perhaps even give a few extra bucks.

2. The letters in this edition point out just how International the National Association has become. We have letters from Germany, Pennsylvania, Thailand and Tanzania. Pat Patten's letter was written a little over a year ago but time prevented him from getting it mailed until several months ago. In light of the present U.S. assistance being offered to Somalia, I thought it interesting that Pat mentions that, and a host of other countries, in his letter.

3. Convention reminders:

The Spring Midwest regional gathering will be in Pontiac, Illinois on Monday, May 10. Ed Higgins will be hosting this gathering and details will follow in a subsequent newsletter.

The annual NAPP national convention will be in San Antonio, Texas on July 6 and 7. Mark both of dates on your calendars and begin making plans to join us.

4. We will have a registration and informational sheet shortly for the San Antonio get together. Thus far we have this information to share with you.

Reservations have been made at **OUR LADY OF THE PILLAR MARIANIST** Retreat Center in San Antonio. They have 31 private rooms (with bath) at \$65.00 per day which includes three (per day) meals, use of conference room and coffee/soda for the break times. The other rooms have shared baths with next door neighbor (one person) at \$55.00 per day and including the same as above.

The rate is reduced when meals are not eaten in, e.g., less \$5.00 for no breakfast and further reductions if no noon lunch or evening dinner. In other words, a contract would be agreed upon before hand as to how many meals will be taken at the Center and the room rate reduced accordingly. We will work out the details within the next couple of months and reflect that in the reservation form.

The Center is about 15-20 minutes from San Antonio International by way of the freeway.

5. Finally, we wish all of you a very **Blessed and Holy Christmas** and an exceptionally **Good and Happy New Year.**

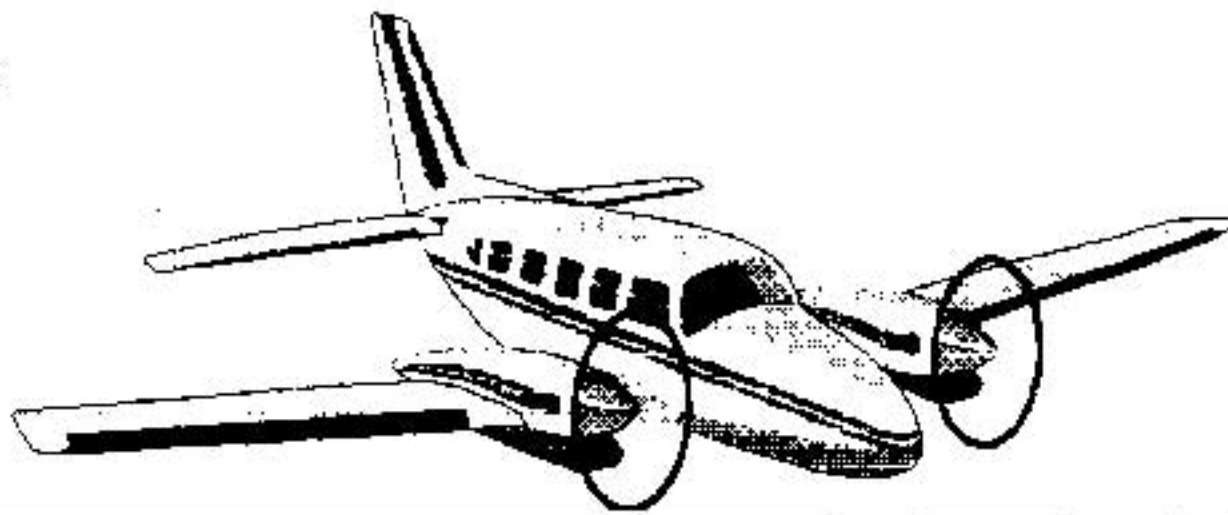
**ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:**



**REV. MEL HEMANN**

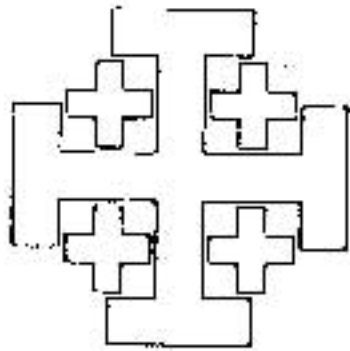
20245 ST. JOSEPH DRIVE  
RICKARDSVILLE, IA 52039

319-552-2233



## BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

This letter from Bill Travers, O.Carm:



*Parish of Saint Thomas More*

AMERICAN CATHOLIC COMMUNITY  
AMERICAN EMBASSY, BONN, GERMANY

FATHER WILLIAM L. TRAVERS, O. CARM.  
Kolumbusring 2/3  
5300 Bonn 2  
Tel: Home: (0228) 37 47 92  
Office: 37 35 26

Dear Mel and Frank,

Just a fast note to thank you for the article from Kinship you printed in the October issue of NAPP. Nothing like plugging the home team!

All goes well with me and the 3 parishes I serve - the Embassy parish in Bonn and the 2 US Air Force Squadrons I take care of on Sundays and assorted weekdays - each Sunday I drive 178 miles to say Mass in Norvenich and Buchel Air Bases - these are German airbases with the USAF Squadrons on them. I have been doing this for the past 13 years.

Problems, of course, here in Germany - the neo-nazis and the skinheads are very much with us - shades of the 1930s and the Jews. The trouble is that a fair proportion of Germans are with them in spirit. We do have now 350,000 refugees from Eastern Europe and the Kurds and the German economy really can't afford to support them all. The problem is that the German Constitution written in 1953 - when I was stationed here in Germany - specifically states that ALL refugees are welcome in Germany. And then there is the criminal system in Bosnia etc., not to mention the Somalia deal -

Stay well and God bless you - and thanks for putting out the NAPP newsletter.

*alles Gute -  
Bill*



**DIOCESE OF LAFAYETTE**

P.O. Box 3387  
Lafayette, LA 70502

November 9, 1992

Reverend Mel Hemann  
20245 St. Joseph Drive  
Rickardsville, IA 52039

Dear Mel:

Just a note to say hello to you in what seems to be the 20th parish you have pastored and hope all goes well with you.

I am writing also to note that I have chosen not to renew my certificate. I have been on some high blood pressure medication and the medic in Oklahoma asked for more than I am ready to provide, so I will maintain my NAPP membership, restricting my flying to dual, and hoping to make your next convention.

Best wishes to Frank and your brothers and God bless our wonderful association.

Yours in Christ Jesus,



(Rev. Msgr.) Alexander O. Sigur  
Vicar General

---

**SAINT MARGARET MARY CHURCH**

One Parish Place  
Moon Township  
Coraopolis, PA 15108

Dear Mel,

We no longer have an airport in our parish. The new airport is now in a neighboring township. We used to be 1 1/2 miles to the front door of the Pittsburgh International Airport. Now we are 7 miles away. You would be surprised how many people are under the impression that the new airport also has new runways.

The enclosed pamphlet titled "A Shepherd's Care" was a great success. Close to 390 priests attended the Oglebay Resort. My former Assistant, Jim Dolan and I always refer to priests we rarely see as members of the Order of Melchizedek...the kind who make an appearance about every ten years and then go into hiding for another ten years. A few of those priests were in attendance. We will not see them again until the next convocation or around the turn of the century.

I just received a letter from Ann Haacke Haegle. She is now a police officer in Covington and enjoys her work. As of June I have been here for 25 years...just about 5 years too long. In the new system pastors are appointed for 6 years and may get a second term of 6 years. The Bishop just created 11 new parishes and merged many others. Over 60 priests were transferred. More mergers are planned but we will not be affected.

Have a good Advent and Christmas. Enclosed are a few bulletins with parish news. Regards to John & Ev.

Fraternally in Christ,



Jack Dompka

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**REBIRTH THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY CENTER**

96MU 4 Chombung District  
Ratchaburi, 70150 Thailand

May 6, 1992

Hello,

I have been out in the boonies near the Burma border here in Thailand, and out of touch with NAPP. Finally received a card from Fr. Bob Kirsch asking what I was doing a few weeks ago.

Been up to my ears with drug addicts, but constant rattling the home office desk brought relief. He arrived nine days ago, so I would like to rejoin NAPP with a Thailand NAPP branch.

Hopefully the fifty will bring me up to date on the dues. Well, maybe a little extra?



Alden Thorsen

---

**Olkokola, Tanzania**

15 June, 1992

Dear Mel,

*(The enclosed letter was supposed to be sent in November of '91. Just getting around to it now)  
(We'll use it this Christmas Pat)*

I rode my motorcycle through the dust, six miles up into the mountains today. The trip was for a Sunday mass at a small village called Engalaoni right on the edge of the great Rift Valley. In wet or dry season the Rift Valley is a spectacular place to experience. This is the dry season. I was gray from the crumbling earth before even going one mile. As the climb progressed, the dust became deeper, often covering the axles on the motorcycle. There is no grass left, only blowing dust. I know from experience that the green will return after the first rains. But looking on this desert scene now, it seems almost impossible.

Further along the way, I saw a black cross fallen over on the side of the footpath. The cross was formed by the two dark lines on the back of a donkey. The donkey had collapsed and died from hunger. A few minutes later I came upon a dead cow, then several sheep and a goat. On the other side of the valley, the situation is worse. But it is bad enough here.

In a strange sort of way, it reminded me of Christmas: the donkey, the cow, the sheep and the goats surrounding a manger where there is no hay left to eat, only a newborn child to look on. But for these animals on Monduli mountain in north-central Tanzania, there was nothing to look on. No hope of a future Messiah. Their time for hope was gone. Hope had failed them.

Among the people are signs that their fate might not be far behind the fate of the animals. On our emergency flights, we are responding to more cases of bowel obstruction caused by simple lack of food. The intestine walls adhere to themselves and won't let anything pass. Surgery is needed to save the life of the patient.

Flying Medical Service did a survey this week at the request of Our Diocesan Development Office and for Catholic Relief Services. We found that 2% of the children we see on our regular clinic flights and vaccination programs should be hospitalized immediately because of severe weight loss. Another 14% are critical. Only a few percent continue to gain weight as young children should.

I don't write this to paint a horror picture. In fact, I don't even write it to ask your sympathy or understanding. This is only a slightly drier year than usual. It sticks in the throat to say that all of the above is quite normal. There are parts of the country in much worse shape. There are neighboring countries where the situation is desperate: Somalia, Sudan, Mozambique. As I write this, there is civil war in all of the above countries, all neighbors of ours. There is also war in Rwanda, Uganda, and Zaire. They too, are our neighbors, just across the border.

These are the silent wars, the silent suffering of a different kind of Silent Night.

I don't write this on behalf of the people I live with to ask for your help. We hear that the donor countries are tired of giving. There is donor fatigue. There are problems enough at home. Only, part of this upcoming of Thanksgiving is that we are able to give thanks largely because we were born in the right place at the right time. Tanzania, Mozambique, Uganda, Zaire, could just as easily have been home for any of us. Pity us, then, because the donor

countries are tired.

That's what I could have said in this letter. I won't. Instead, I'll tell you the good news. Musa, one of our students who came to us 18 months ago walking on all fours, is now standing up straight after several operations and leg braces to correct his polio.

Eliakesia, another student at Olkokola is able to walk and talk and work without trembling all over from her cerebral palsy. Mild medication together with physiotherapy and speech therapy has dramatically improved her life. This will be the first Christmas in her 21 years where she will be self-supporting because she now has a sewing machine and has learned to be a tailor.

Obedi had a leg severely bent because of excess fluorine in the water supply of his village. The natural fluorine content in the only water available in some of the villages in Tanzania is 400 times that allowed by law in the U.S. and Europe. Obedi's leg has been surgically straightened. In between operations he has been studying wood-working at our school. He is now quite a good carpenter and walks completely upright.

There are twenty four students like Eliakesia, Obedi, and Musa at Olkokola Training Center. They're all here because people like you have cared and shared, each in your own different ways. You should be happy. You've made a big difference in the lives of at least a few people who certainly won't forget.

That's the view from the ground. From the air:

In our work in remote areas during the past 12 months, Flying Medical Service has treated 5,872 patients in their own villages, vaccinated 8,910 children and 2,251 pregnant women, evacuated 267 patients from distant villages to health care centers or hospitals, and done 41 emergency flights outside normal scheduled clinics. It was a busy year and, as usual, exciting. We're hoping to add a small Suzuki ambulance to our two airplanes in the coming months.

This is my report to you for the year. This is my Thanksgiving. And as Christmas always signals hope in the face of incredible odds -- a king in a manger? come on! -- so we continue to hope, thanks to you.

Happy Thanksgiving and Christmas, and a beautiful new year, to each of you

  
Pat Patten

Donations can be sent to:

Pat Patten  
% 1758 Manchester  
Grosse Pointe Woods,  
Michigan 48236-1920



# NOSTALGIA

If you are near sixty, you have been witness to more changes - good and bad, than any other generation from Adam and Eve on. Wow! What a time you have lived. Consider the following:

Consider the changes! We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastics, contact lenses, Frisbees, and the Pill.

We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams, and ball point pens, before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes...and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first, and then lived together. How quaint can you be?

In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of."

We thought fast food was what you ate during Lent, and Outer Space was the back of the Strand Theater.

We were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual-careers, and commuter marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, time-sharing meant togetherness...not computers or condominiums: a "chip" meant a piece of wood; hardware meant hardware and software wasn't even a word.

In 1940, "Made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on your exams. Pizzas, "McDonalds," and instant coffee were unheard of.

We hit the scene when there were 5 and 10 cent stores, where you bought things for five and ten cents. Sanders or Williams sold ice cream cones for a nickel or a dime. For one nickel you could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$600, but who could afford one - a pity too, because gas was 11 cents a gallon.

In our day, cigarette smoking was fashionable, grass was mowed, coke was a cold drink, and pot was something you cooked in. Rock music was Grandma in a rocking chair, humming a lullaby, aids were helpers in the Principal's office, and mother was one word...not two!

We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes were discovered, but we were surely before the sex change - we made do with what we had. And we were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby!

No wonder we were so confused and there is such a generation gap today! But we survived. What better reason to celebrate!