

WINDING DOWN

Fourth and final portion of an autobiography

By

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Preface

“Winding Down” concludes my autobiography. This fourth section developed very slowly. At my present age, just short of 88, I seem to do everything very slowly. But I am thankful for all that I have been able to do.

Janet, my son Roger’s wife, spent many hours editing the first three sections of my autobiography, for which I was thankful. This section came about in a way different from the other three, sometimes just a sentence or paragraph at a time. I simply made no effort to obtain editorial aid in preparing this section.

For simplicity’s sake I have used a different format. Printing will be done, one side per page. And divisions are not made defining chapters.

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Winding Down

Needed – a Place to Live

If we ever discussed where we might desire to live, if and when I retired, I don't recall our ever having any disagreement regarding it – we wanted to return to Oregon. We had enjoyed living in Eugene, but there was no question, we wanted to be near family. Roger and his family were in Kennewick, Washington. Tom and his family were in southern California. Bonnie and her family were in Canby, Oregon. They were members of Trinity Presbyterian Church (OPC) in Newberg, and, somewhat closer, there was an OP church in Milwaukee. Without question, the Canby, Oregon area was our goal.

May 25, 1985, with Sallie Hayes as a passenger, Carmen and I flew to Cheyenne, Wyoming for a preaching and evangelism seminar. May 27th Carmen and I flew to Aurora, Oregon. Bonnie had made arrangements with a realtor, Elroy Knudson, to show us houses for sale in the Canby area, houses that had ready proximity to an airport. (A couple of years earlier we had looked at a house at Workman Airpark just south of Canby. It had almost everything that made itself ideal, as far as I was concerned. It had one great detriment - price.)

Mr. Knudson took Bonnie, Carmen and me to several houses that met our requirements. Any one of them would have met our needs and desires, but the last one won hands down. The house was about ten years old. It was on just under an acre of land, and it was across the road from Lenhardt Airpark. We met Jack Lenhardt, the airpark's owner, and he said he would see to it that if we moved there we would have a hangar for our plane. Before we returned to Texas we made an offer on that house.

On our way back to Texas we stopped at Cheyenne, picked up Sallie Hayes and she rode with us back to Lubbock.

Before long we received word that our offer on the house was accepted. Closing took place readily.

Goodbye Texas – Hello Oregon

It is with thankfulness that I recall that Bonnie was willing to come to Lubbock to help us with the move and that Mike was willing for Bonnie to do so, leaving him to work and to care for Jeremy and Gloria.

We rented the largest U Haul truck and packed it to the gills. Our Chevrolet Citation likewise served as a carrier.

Bonnie enjoys thunderstorms. She was disappointed that there had been no storms during the packing process. Rather late on July 2nd, as we were doing the last of the cleaning of the house, Bonnie was favored with a thunderstorm. Not only was there lightning striking nearby, but also there was an abundance of rain. We had reserved a motel room for that night. As I was driving the truck to the motel, some of the time the water I was driving through was so deep that I was concerned about Bonnie's driving through it in the Citation. They made it safely, and, though it was a shorter night's sleep than we would have liked, we were fairly well rested for the start of our trip on the 3rd.

Dove Creek, Colorado, just outside of which Waldo and Mary lived, was not far off a straight line between Lubbock and Canby, so we had arranged to stay overnight with them.

On the 4th traffic was heavy in the Salt Lake City area. It had been a hot day. Carmen and Bonnie were pleased that the Citation had air conditioning. The U Haul truck lacked that advantage. We stayed overnight in a Salt Lake City motel just off of the interstate highway. From its second floor we watched fireworks.

We completed the move with nothing outstanding, problem-wise. The house was vacant, ready for us to move into it. To this day we are thankful!

50th Anniversary

Waldo and Mary were married July 20, 1935. A number of relatives and friends accepted their invitations to celebrate their 50th anniversary with them at Dove Creek. In order to accomplish two things with one trip (go to the anniversary celebration and move our airplane from Texas to Oregon) I took an airline flight to Lubbock, picked up N3490R and flew to Dove Creek on July 19th.

Roger, Janet, Rob and Tim were flying an RG C-182 from Pasco, Washington. A thunderstorm was in the vicinity about the time we expected them to arrive at Dove Creek. Probably I showed some concern for their wellbeing. When we heard a plane approaching, we rejoiced. In her excitement Mary began jumping up and down like a little child – Mary, who had been “ill” for the 50 years of their marriage. I was pleased that she was so concerned for their wellbeing and was so glad for their safe arrival.

Waldo had changed in more than one way in 50 years. In the early years he would laugh at some of Mary’s idiosyncrasies. In time he joined her in them.

There was one way he changed negatively, and in that he became less like Mary. I can still visualize him when I was a young boy and he was dressed in a well-pressed suit with shirt and tie. At their anniversary celebration he was dressed in new denim overalls. Mary had retained her love of beauty, as was seen in her floral arrangements for the anniversary celebration, for example.

Roger and his family and I stayed over the weekend and attended church services in Dove Creek. Our departure Monday morning did not go as planned! There had been rain, and the runway was not paved. I attempted a “soft-field” departure. After a short run at full throttle, I came to a stop. Mud filled the wheel pants of all three wheels. We took the wheel pants off of the right and left wheels and cleaned the nose wheel and its pants as thoroughly as we could.

Our plans were for me to try again. The cleaning procedure had taken enough time that, with the sun shining on the runway, the runway was somewhat drier. If I got off this time, Roger would follow, but without his family. Waldo would take Janet, Rob and Tim to Monticello, Utah, about 25 miles northwest of Dove Creek, and Roger would pick them up there.

Field elevation at Dove Creek is 6975 feet. Nevertheless this time I got airborne within a reasonable distance, and Roger did also. We flew together to Monticello, then I went on while Roger landed to pick up his family. They had preceded us to Monticello, and Waldo had treated them to lunch while they waited for Roger and me.

Roger and family caught up with me. Though not having the wheel pants on meant that my speed would be less, for a time we compared our speeds with similar power settings.

We encountered thunderstorms. On the basis of what my Stormscope indicated, I chose to deviate to the right, even though visually it appeared it would be better to go to the left. Roger chose to go to the left. We both flew through rain, but my visibility restriction was less than what Roger experienced.

We both landed at Twin Falls, Idaho for fuel. Our routes deviated from there, but we remained in radio contact until after I had passed John Day, Oregon.

5659 South Reatha Court

A number of years ago, perhaps as early as when we were living in Sterling, Kansas, as I was going to college, our children came up with this idea: their father was going to become a pilot, farmer, preacher. At that time I had been a pilot for a number of years. While in Sterling I had done aerial spraying and wheat combining. Also I did some plowing for a farmer who was a member of the Covenanter church. And I did become a minister. But it was after I “retired,” that I came closest to having all the three professions together.

Not only did we have our own plane which we used for our own transportation and for transporting myself and other elders to committee, presbytery and general assembly meetings, but also I received some income via flight instruction. Our new house was on a fraction less than one acre of land. There was plenty of room for a garden and there were trees, vines and bushes needing care. In the months remaining in 1985 I preached twelve times in Oregon OP churches. Yes, my children, your father was a pilot-farmer-preacher.

A Great Disappointment

Snow is not a common sight on the floor of Willamette Valley, even at Christmastime. Our son Tom and his family were pleased to experience the exception as they visited with us in 1985. Snow and cold weather greeted these southern Californians. We enjoyed their visit, but it was interrupted, and to some extent spoiled, on Christmas Day.

As we were sitting at the table, the telephone rang. Waldo’s son Delbert was calling. He wasted no time getting to the point. He said that his parents were accusing Carmen and Bonnie of trying to poison them and had stolen specific items from them. I laughed. Delbert was shocked by my laughter, so I explained to him that mine was laughter of derision. The accusations were unbelievable and irrational – the claimed actions were totally out of character for Carmen and Bonnie.

The time that these sinful actions supposedly took place must have been when we were there on July third and fourth. But there was not a hint of any such accusation two weeks later when I was there for their 50th wedding anniversary.

The things they were supposed to have taken were a set of stainless steel bowls and some music – probably written for piano.

Telephone conversations and communicating via letters never indicated yielding to arguments against the accusations, except for one – it was accepted that Bonnie had not participated in the poison attempt or stealing, but it was claimed she had known about what her mother had done.

One argument I used against the idea that Carmen had stolen those things was an example of Carmen's unselfishness. Carmen had been heir to one half of the sale price of the house her father and Lillian had in Austin, Texas. Because Carmen believed that it was Lillian's work that had paid for the house, she, voluntarily, had papers drawn up forfeiting her right to the proceeds. (This required that each of our children signed papers agreeing to that change.) To this date I've never heard Carmen express any second thoughts about her decision.

Why did Waldo and Mary make these accusations? We never found out, but we think we know what was behind them. When we were with them early in July they had made accusations against Bunny, Delbert's wife. (Bunny's name is Anetta, but we know her as Bunny.) Very early in Delbert and Bunny's marriage they accused Bunny of trying to poison them. We never accepted Waldo's and Mary's claims against Bunny. On this occasion Carmen spoke in a very positive way about her experience with Bunny. She had always dealt kindly and lovingly toward us. For example, when I was away at a general assembly and Carmen's mother was in a hospital, Bunny took Carmen to the hospital to visit with her mother.

If there is any other explanation for their accusations against Carmen and Bonnie, we are not aware of it. (However, early in their marriage Mary had given evidence of paranoia. In later years Waldo followed suit.)

With Waldo being my senior by fifteen years, we were never very close. But I loved him and honored him as my older brother. He and Mary claimed to be Christians. He reiterated that in our communications regarding the accusations, but their words and behaviors leave me with uncertainties as to their claims to be believers. "You will recognize them by their fruits." Matthew 7:16 (ESV).

A Pattern for this Portion

Earlier I spoke of my children's summarizing what my life's work might be – a pilot-farmer-preacher. Although I don't expect to keep accounts of these elements totally separate, it is my intention to emphasize how these played out, from 1985 onward, in that order – as a pilot, as a farmer and as a preacher.

Pilot

Recalling this element should be somewhat easier, for I continued to log all my flight time. Even there, however, I am sorry I didn't include more information in my log books. The FAA requires instructor pilots to include what was done in each flight, but I don't foresee that I will have much to say about that.

Why did I maintain my flight instructor's certificate? It cost me time, money and effort. One might find in it a bit of altruism, for there were students needing (or at least wanting) instruction, and I provided it relatively economically. But my primary reason for continuing flight instruction was simply – to keep me flying. Yes, I could keep flying

without doing it as an instructor, but being a conservative economically, I would be inclined to fly less than is good for retaining currency. It is claimed that, for safety, the recency of experience is more important than how much total time one has.

For the most part, students came to me, requesting instruction. There was one exception – I went to Aurora Airport and made it known to one operator that I was available. As a result I had a number of students until that operator went out of business (I don't believe I contributed to her going out of business).

A Combination Event

My first experience of combining pilot and preacher elements since retiring took place in September 1985. The stated fall meeting of the Presbytery of the Northwest was scheduled to be held in Missoula, Montana.

In the OPC a minister, once he becomes a member of a particular presbytery, remains a member of presbytery after his retirement, and he is expected to remain active in presbytery, including being present at the stated meetings of presbytery.

Several made it known to me that they would like to fly with me to the meeting. At best, I could carry three passengers in our airplane. To accommodate more passengers I rented a Piper Cherokee Six, a six-place single-engine plane. The Rev. Messrs. Larry Conard, John Mahaffy, Ron McKenzie and Jay Milojevich and a ruling elder, David Van Den Burg, were my passengers to and from Missoula.

That arrangement became a pattern - whenever the stated meeting of the presbytery was to be held in Montana, I rented a six-place plane and thus provided my transportation and that of five other commissioners.

Uncommon Instructing

Jack Lenhardt, owner of Lenhardt Airpark, over the years had owned a number of airplanes, and they commonly were not run-of-the-mill types. He had owned an F-4F and a DC-3, both of which he had flown from his short runway. In June 1986 I began instructing in an ex-military type of **much** lower power and performance than those two, a possession of Jack's. It was an Aeronca L-3, a WW II liaison 65 h.p. airplane.

My first student in the L-3 was Doug Coleman, Jack's son-in-law. He was a good student, with whom it was a pleasure to work.

Since Doug began his flight instruction in the L-3, he did not have to overcome the foot laziness that commonly afflicts many whose only experience has been in nosewheel types of airplanes. Tailwheel types (such as the L-3) are more demanding of rudder action, both in take offs and landings - foot work of a type that is not essential in nosewheel types.

A number of licensed pilots, who had nosewheel time only, sought tailwheel time in the L-3. In flying with them the following was so common, I came to expect it. (This was before runway lights had been installed along the runway.) Though I clearly warned the pilot before his first take off in the L-3, that he was going to need a generous amount of right rudder when the tailwheel lifted off the runway, invariably the plane would go to the left, and usually they would go off the runway onto the grass to the left of the runway.

I would override the controls only if the deviation threatened to be harmful. Usually, out of sight in the back seat, I would be grinning, enjoying the ride.

The landing was more serious. Proper use of the rudder on landing was critical, especially if landing in a cross-wind. A ground loop was the common penalty for inadequate use of the rudder. A ground loop might be merely an embarrassment, or it can result in totaling the airplane.

Taxiing, taking off and landing tail draggers (the common way of identifying tailwheel types) was enough of a problem of those who had only flown nosewheel types, that the FAA made a regulation that required such pilots to obtain a taildragger endorsement (a check out by a flight instructor) before serving as pilot in command in a taildragger. It is my personal opinion that this relatively new regulation has not brought about accident free taildragger flying that equals the record of the 40's and 50's when virtually all initial instruction was in taildraggers.

Regulation changes have been interesting. I obtained my instructor's rating in 1948. Following WW II the federal regulations were altered radically, making it much easier to obtain a private pilot's license. Gradually new requirements were added. Today's newly licensed private pilots would laugh if they heard of the simplicity of the written exams of the 50's era. And then no night experience or instrument flight capabilities were required. Additionally, when one was licensed, he could fly indefinitely without further testing or instruction. All that was needed was a current medical. Today, to remain legal to fly an aircraft, at the minimum one must experience a biennial flight review (BFR). Every two years one must have a BFR (airline pilots' six months check rides more than satisfies the BFR requirements).

A fair amount of my flight instruction in "retirement" was giving BFR's. In my earlier years of instructing I often found it challenging to figure out some way of getting ideas across. In my "retirement" giving of BFR's, often it would be a pilot whom I had instructed from the beginning of his piloting experience. The challenge was to make the BFR an interesting, learning experience. A minimum of one hour of ground time and one hour of flight time was required. I charged a flat rate for the review, and I was not willing to cut the time short of what I thought was needed. Sometimes the review would consume three or four hours.

57th Bomb Wing Association

August 6, 1986, we flew 90R to Sacramento, California for the 57th Bomb Wing Association annual reunion. I had been a member of the association for several years, but I hadn't attended any of the reunions. By way of the association I had renewed contact with some of my overseas friends.

At the reunions it was customary to have special get-togethers of the squadrons and to have those who were at a reunion for the first time to introduce and tell something about themselves. When it was my turn I said that I had expected to see my navigator who also was supposed to be present for the first time, at this reunion. When I was saying that his first aid actions might have saved my life I noticed that the men were looking behind me to my right. When I turned, there was Grady Paul. The last I had seen him I was in the hospital on Corsica. We embraced. I believe there were some tears shed in that room.

Among the things I asked Grady at that reunion was, "Did you actually give me a shot of morphine?" I had not experienced any reduction in the pain. He laughed and said, "We gave you **two** shots." He said they had thought the two would knock me out, but they didn't seem to phase me. Also I asked, "Did you get out onto the nose (of our crash landing plane) before we came to a complete stop?" He answered that he may have.

It appeared to me that Grady had an unhappy marriage. His wife was with him in Sacramento, but she remained in their room. It also became evident he had had an unhappy life. When driving under the influence of alcohol he had an accident that left him epileptic (I did not know an accident could result in epilepsy). I don't recall his saying anything positive about his life.

At Sacramento was the last time I saw Grady, but we began communicating via old fashioned letter writing. There were scripture passages I wanted him to read, but I know it is very easy for one to be willing to read them, but never get around to doing it, so I would type the whole passage.

One time Grady wrote that the Bible was meaningless to him. It was written so long ago. It didn't apply to us today. These were his beliefs.

In the last letter he wrote to me before he died, he expressed an entirely new belief. He said that the Bible was as if it were written today. He didn't enlarge upon that, but that was enough to encourage me that he may have come to faith before his death.

Other Crew Members

At the 57th BWA meeting in Salt Lake City we saw Pete Cardimino and met his wife. Pete was my flight engineer for all my crew training in the States and for the first of my combat missions. I don't recall when he was transferred from my crew. At the reunion he said he had always wondered why he was removed from my crew. He thought I might have been displeased with him for some reason. I assured him that was not the case. I did not have an answer for him. It may have been that, from the time I was made an element leader for medium altitude missions, my crew included a copilot, a navigator, a bombardier, a radio man, a waist gunner and a tail gunner. There was no room for an engineer.

Nicholas Katsirubas, my bombardier, had taken a lot of kidding about his last name. After the war, for business reasons, he changed his last name to Peterson. His father's name was Peter, he was Peter's son, so he took the name Peterson. Just before we moved from Pennsylvania to Illinois we visited the New England states, and we had a brief visit with Nick and his family. One time while we were living in Eugene, Nick was in Portland for a meeting of Rotary International, he invited us to have dinner with him at a Japanese restaurant in Portland. It was a very pleasant experience. In September 1992, on our way to Portland, Maine where I was to speak at our church, we stayed overnight with Nick and Foula. Whether or not he had known about the 57th BWA before, I'm confident I spoke to him about it, for we were planning to go to the reunion which was scheduled to be held at Columbia, SC later that month. I believe he and Foula attended a couple of reunions after that, probably the one in Phoenix being the last one. After his death Foula sent us newspaper articles which made it clear that Nick had been a very influential businessman and citizen.

Inauguration

January 8, 1987 Carmen and I took off in 90R for Oklahoma City. My cousin, Henry Bellmon, who had been the first Republican to serve as governor of Oklahoma, had again been elected to serve as governor. Oklahoma's law had not allowed its governor to serve two terms in a row, but it did allow one to be reelected after a break. After completing his first term, Henry served two terms as a U.S. senator from Oklahoma. Then, in 1986's election he again was chosen to be the governor, and he invited us to be present for his inauguration. We had not been able to be present for his first inauguration in 1963, but later Roger was able to represent our family at a Thanksgiving dinner. Presently I do not recall anything specific about Roger's experience, except one thing – he observed the governor exercising on a trampoline.

Henry was not a typical politician! That is true in several ways, but I'll name only a couple. He was honest! He voted according to his conscience, not according to what appeared to be politically advantageous. When, as a senator in Washington, D.C., an event required men to wear a tuxedo, he wouldn't attend that event. My memory may not be accurate in this, but I think he considered a tuxedo to be a "monkey suit."

Precisely what the weather was like on Inauguration Day, I don't remember. But I remember well that there was no rain, snow or cold that would have made this outdoors event uncomfortable or miserable – great weather for mid-January!

At the banquet in the governor's mansion Henry asked me to give thanks to our Lord.

January 13th we flew to Galveston, Texas to visit with Lillian. She was living in Moody House and had made arrangements for a room for us and for us to have meals with her.

En route to Galveston we encountered instrument meteorological conditions. Though ATC tolerated our problem, we were told our transponder worked only intermediately. Leaving Carmen with Lillian, I flew to Houston and left my transponder for repairs.

Grand Forks, North Dakota

July 21, 1987 included a flight of 4.2 hours that were *memorable!* We were en route to Grand Forks, North Dakota for that year's 57th BWA reunion. The flight from Oregon to Glasgow, Montana was uneventful. The flight from Glasgow to Grand Forks was otherwise!

I don't recall precisely what the weather forecast was, but I think I would not have begun the flight were it not for the presence of the Stormscope. The flight could not be made in VFR conditions, and there was the probability of there being thunderstorms.

We were in instrument meteorological conditions shortly after take off. I logged 3.9 hours of seeing nothing but the insides of the clouds. I don't recall how much of that time was in turbulence, but I well remember there was prolonged turbulence. In my log book I indicated we had experienced moderate and severe and **extreme** turbulence. Using the Stormscope I was able to avoid flying into thunderstorms. Air Traffic Control was obliging to my requests for deviation from my filed route. And when I informed

ATC that I could not maintain altitude, they merely requested that I inform them when I was able to maintain altitude. I had been cruising at 9,000 feet. But vertical currents exceeded our capabilities. The limits on my VSI (Vertical Speed Indicator) were 2,000 feet a minute, both up and down. In downdrafts the VSI was stuck on 2,000 feet per minute down while I was using full climb power at best rate of climb airspeed. Then in rising currents we would be showing 2,000 feet a minute up with the power almost fully back.

Over the years I have many times flown in turbulence that caused me to bump my head on the ceiling. This day I not only bumped my head on the ceiling, but I also bumped it on the left side window.

Throughout this flight I didn't say a word to Carmen, and, as far as I know, she didn't say a word to me. (The noise was such, and our being tossed about so much, it would have been hard to communicate if we had tried.) My task was to keep us right side up, on course, and in safe speed ranges. That Carmen didn't complain was much appreciated!

At some point before we reached Grand Forks we were out of the turbulence and flying in light rain. When I realized ATC was taking me past the localizer I asked ATC why. It had been a long day of flying, and especially tiring because of the turbulence, so I wasn't desirous of going further than necessary. Approach Control told me there was a cell between me and the airport, and he was taking me around it. My Stormscope indicated there was no electrical activity, and I was in very smooth air, so I would have preferred to go more directly to the airport. However, I appreciated ATC's attempt to be helpful and had no zeal to tell him I could do without his help, so I took the longer way.

July 25th we began our return to Oregon. We had good VFR conditions. For those we were especially thankful, because we were having problems with two of our radios. I ended up using my handheld radio for communications with ATC. I was glad I had not had that problem while wrestling with the turbulence a few days before.

We spent the weekend with Roger and Janet in Kennewick, Washington.

Less Memorable Flights

August 21st Bonnie and Gloria flew with us to San Joes, California for Lisa Venuti's wedding. On the 24th we had a brief stop to visit with Tom's family at Auburn on our way back to Oregon.

October 20th I began an enjoyable flight in N54040, a Cessna 172P. It was Fenn Bourland's airplane which he had sold to a man in the east coast. I was to deliver it to him in St. Cloud, Minnesota. Cessna 172's are not famous for speed, and I was not in a hurry, so I RONed in Hardin, Montana. When I delivered the plane the next day the buyer, who had bought the plane unseen (for his wife), remarked that the plane, which was an attractive one, looked better than he expected.

March 5, 1988 saw my last flight in N3490R. We had made good use of 90R, but we concluded that expenses didn't justify continued ownership. She (90R) was the best equipped and best performing airplane we had owned. It was hard to give her up!

Steve Liss, a contract photographer for a national news magazine bought 90R. I should have insisted on cash. I accepted something more than a third of its value in cash. He was not consistent in making payments. A number of months after he purchased her

he claimed he had an engine problem that required its overhaul. I made an adjustment on his debt to enable him to continue ownership. After that matter was taken care of, irregularity in payments continued. Finally, when the debt was down to about \$3,500.00 he ceased making payments. Among efforts to obtain the balance I contacted a lawyer, but eventually I simply accepted the loss.

Flight instruction continued to get me airborne, but there was one kind of flight instruction for which I wasn't qualified but would like to have been – instrument instruction. February 16, 1988, I passed the written test for instrument flight instructor. The pastor of Zion Mennonite Church had flown as an airline pilot, and he agreed to work with me toward taking the practical test. Seb Kenagy, whom I had taught to fly in his Cherokee 140 (N7479R), agreed to my using his plane to obtain that rating. Because 79R lacked a second VOR it was more challenging, but it did have everything that was essential. March 22, 1989, Lisa Buswell Dahl, an examiner, gave me my instrument instructor's rating at Salem Airport. Regarding that rating, my only regret was that I had not obtained it much earlier. Though it was the kind of instruction that I did the least, it turned out to be the kind of instructing that I liked the most.

August 8, 1988, I had a repetition, but with a different twist. The repetition was that of taking members of a host family for a local flight. Carmen, grandson Jeremy and I had flown 79R to Medford for me to preach in our church in Medford. The Dennis Gettman family had provided our food and housing. Before we returned home on Monday I made three local flights, taking three Gettman passengers on each flight. But that didn't include the parents or their youngest children. I don't remember how many children they had at that time (I think it was 13), and I don't know how many they had altogether, but I am confident they had at least sixteen.

August 25, 1985, was the first I preached at Medford. When I learned that arrangements had been made for me to stay with the Gettmans and learned how many children they had, I wasn't pleased. Preaching was always rather stressful for me, and I thought that a houseful of children would add to rather than subtract from the stress. But that was before I knew the Gettmans. It turned out to be a delightful time. Older children took care of younger ones. Older ones were responsible to carry out specific chores.

One instance made a memorable impression. A sister of perhaps six years of age changed the diaper of a brother who was probably something over a year old. When the job was finished the brother stood up and hugged his sister.

In the following times when I was scheduled to preach at Medford and was informed that arrangements had been made for me to stay with the Gettmans, there was no anxiety about my hosts! I had been introduced to an outstanding, delightful family.

Throughout the years, one of the problems that I had was keeping current for instrument flight. An over simplification is that an hour instrument time a month was required. For a time, one satisfactory way, and that cost me nothing, was accomplished through my son, Roger.

For several years Roger flew United Parcel Service packages from Pasco to Pullman, Washington, and Lewiston and Grangeville, Idaho. Most of the time he did this in a Cherokee Six. On the occasions when we were visiting with Roger and Janet, I would go with him. As long as we were carrying parcels I would not touch the controls, but after the last package was delivered, usually I would fly back to Pasco. If VFR conditions existed I would fly under the hood, so as to log instrument time. When our

flight was in clouds I would log the instrument time without the hood. I appreciated having the opportunity.

Carmen never wanted to drive, but she agreed to obtain a driver's license if we would get a car having an automatic transmission. In 1952 we bought a Ford with an automatic transmission, and she did obtain a license. However, she never did much driving. She was always pleased to ride in a car.

In 1943 I took Carmen up for her first flight. She was pleased to ride with me, but she had no desire to be a pilot. She was a very good passenger. She never complained about turbulence, even on the occasion that I considered to include extreme turbulence.

I wanted her to learn to fly. I wanted her to get enough experience that she would be able to take us both to a safe landing if I experienced a serious medical problem in flight. And I thought that if she learned to fly and developed a love for flight similar to mine, she would see the value of owning our own or being active in a club having a plane that would be satisfactory for cross country flying.

A time or two Carmen gave me little handmade cards that were good for something I liked especially. Among the cards were those "Good for 10 minutes of flight instruction." So occasionally I would get her to fly for a few minutes when we were traveling together. One such time, for me was memorable. She was practicing stall recovery. On one recovery she moved the yoke forward so abruptly and far that we would have left our seats, were it not for our seat belts. She startled herself (and me), and her eyes opened wide. There was no harm done, and we both laughed about it both then and as we recalled it since then.

February 27, 1990, I gave her an hour of instruction in a Cessna 150. In my log book I call it her first serious instruction.

There was a brief period of time when a Cessna Aerobat was available for rental at Aurora Airport. I flew it several times, alone, and did rolls, spins and loops. But it was sold and was no longer available.

Hello, N6697G

A time came when people came to me, wanting me to instruct them, but I knew of no suitable planes to rent for that purpose. Once when I was on the ground, I believe it was at Nampa, Idaho, I came across a Cessna 150 that was for sale. It wasn't possible for me to meet with the owner at that time, but later I contacted him and agreed to purchase N6697G. April 21, 1991 Roy Cooper provided my transportation in his C-177B (N19763) to Boise, Idaho to pick up 97G.

Aero Dynamic Flyers (henceforth identified as ADF) was the name Carmen suggested, and I agreed to, for the corporation I established to use for my instructing. Soon I was also renting 97G to other instructors and pilots.

At that time fuel was not available at Lenhardt Airpark. Sometimes I would fly to Aurora to obtain fuel. I obtained everything that was necessary to use auto fuel in 97G. On a private landing strip just northeast of Salem auto fuel was available. Often I would fly there to obtain it.

As was true of my operating the parachute service in Denver, so also did I enjoy the business that ADF was. It wasn't very profitable financially, but it kept me flying economically.

The end to ADF came about in a totally unexpected way. The Rev. Jack Peterson, pastor of our church in San Antonio, asked me to preach for him for eight consecutive Sundays beginning in October 1993. I agreed to do so. There did not seem to be any satisfactory way for ADF to continue to operate in my absence, so I decided to shut it down and to use 97G for our transportation to and from San Antonio.

A Cessna 150 does not have much space or weight-carrying capabilities for two people to transport clothing for a variety of activities and variations in weather. Therefore we shipped most of our clothing.

To cater to Carmen's desires and needs I told her before we began our journey that I would plan our flights, as much as possible, to limit each leg to no more than two hours. That would guarantee that the overall flight would take longer. At a minimum, each stop that included refueling would take an hour. If a stop included a meal, an additional hour would be required.

On this flight I was going to enjoy and benefit from a great advance in navigation capabilities – the GPS. I had obtained an early Garmin portable model, having rather limited abilities, but with distinct advantages over the equipment on which I had been dependent over the years. For example, as long as I was in contact adequately with three or more satellites, I could know my groundspeed moment by moment. Prior to GPS I discerned my average groundspeed by knowing how long it had taken me to fly from point A to point B.

The following may be attributed to weakness on my part or simply as kindness toward Carmen. Over the years, in regard to traveling, I had adapted to Carmen's preferences in regard to rising times. Generally, for good reasons, pilots prefer to have an early start in the morning. Carmen was a night person. The only time I remember getting a good, early start, was for a flight from Lubbock to Canby. The reason for going to Canby was the birth of our granddaughter Gloria. How did I manage the early start? Carmen was already in Canby, having gone to Oregon as an airline passenger.

October 6, 1993 was one of those days when an early start would have made a big difference. Not only did we get up later than I would have liked, but also Carmen was very slow eating her breakfast. A weather system was expected to move in, and I wanted to get out before it arrived. We were at Green River, Utah. The MEA (minimum en route altitude) was higher than the 150's ceiling and would have required supplemental oxygen. When we were at the airport and otherwise ready to go, we would have had to have IFR capabilities if we were to continue southeast.

Consulting with the FBO we decided we would try to get out of the higher country by going almost directly south. About 50 miles south of Green River we came to a place where there was a very narrow gap that we could go through to what may have been much lower terrain. However, we were flying low enough, because of the low ceiling over us, that I could not study the sectional chart to determine what was on the other side of the gap. Reluctantly I turned around and flew back to Green River. (I don't recall seeing any evidence of human activity on the surface in that hundred miles of flying.) We did enjoy a visit to a museum in Green River that day. We were able to continue our flight toward San Antonio the next day.

At SAT (San Antonio International Airport), where I first tied down, maintenance work in the tie down area was not permitted, so I moved 97G to Stinson Municipal Airport and did an oil change there. While there I saw a B-25. As I was looking it over

someone was doing some maintenance work on it. I was invited to sit in the copilot's seat as a runup was done on the right engine, which I did. This was the first time I was in a B-25 with an engine running since June 22, 1944. My impressions? Vibration and noise! I had forgotten how great they were.

As we were returning to Oregon on November 30th we encountered weather that prompted us to RON at Price, Utah. The next day we were able to climb VFR to top the weather that lay before us. The top of the weather was at 11,000 feet. Though it took us quite awhile to reach it, we cruised at 12,500 feet. Our groundspeed, going directly into the wind, was about 60 knots. We landed at Wendover, Utah for food and fuel. At three hours, this was the next to the longest leg of our flight to and from SAT.

Again weather stopped us short of our desired goal for the day. This stop was at Battle Mountain, Nevada. This happened to be on the night of the local OPC's midweek Bible study and prayer service, so we were able to enjoy an unexpected blessing. The next morning, before we took off, we had to remove snow and ice from 97G.

The next hop, from Battle Mountain to Klamath Falls, Oregon was the longest of them all, 3.2 hours. Perhaps it was because she was anxious to get home she didn't mind having the longer flights. The flight from K Falls to Lenhardt's was two and a half hours long. Our flying time to and from SAT was 48.2 hours.

The last I used 97G for a church related flight was to attend the spring meeting of presbytery in Lynnwood, Washington, April 24 and 25, 1998. I might have been able to make the flight VFR, but there are advantages in filing IFR when transiting airspace, like that surrounding Seattle. I was in the clouds for an hour. ATC indicated they were receiving my transponder intermittently. When I was taxiing to the tie down area at Paine Field at Everett I was informed that ATC would not allow me to enter their airspace again unless I would get the transponder repaired.

Soon I learned that no repair would be possible until Monday (this was on Friday). However, there was a radio shop open a few miles to the north at Arlington. ATC was willing for me to fly there to get my transponder repaired. Therefore I flew on to Arlington. I was much later arriving at the meeting of presbytery than I had planned.

Precisely why I didn't get the repair made at Arlington, I do not remember. Saturday afternoon weather was good for a VFR flight. I avoided entering Seattle's Class B airspace by going around it to the west. And it was more beautiful scenery.

Soon after arriving at home I had a once in a lifetime experience. While I was in the process of unloading 97G, suddenly I knew I was in need of a visit to the bathroom. I hurried into the house. All I remember for sure was coming to with Carmen cleaning me up from my having vomited, sitting on the toilet. My conclusion was that I had experienced food poisoning. I was thankful that the problem hadn't come upon me during the flight!

Goodbye, 97G

As I write this, not all the reasons that led to my selling 97G come to mind. July 26, 1999, (after having the rating for 51 years) I gave my last dual instruction, a Biennial Flight Review to Roy Cooper. I had used various ways to renew my instructor's certificate, every two years. This time I was going to accomplish it via my computer, but it turned out taking too long.

In 1948, the year in which I became an instructor, the instructor's rating was good indefinitely without further action. I don't remember when the FAA ruled that certain action had to be taken every two years in order to retain the rating. One way to renew the rating was to participate in a three-day ground course. Some time later that was changed to a two-day course, commonly held, I think, on a Friday and Saturday. Then a change was made, and courses were held on a Saturday and Sunday. Prior to that change, usually I had done the renewing via the Friday and Saturday courses. Because I did not see the course as involving a work of necessity or mercy, from that time on I used one or another means of renewing the rating. (Perhaps for clarity's sake I'd better state that I consider Sunday to be the Christian Sabbath, and the fourth commandment remains one of the Ten.) When I didn't complete my renewal in time via my computer, I ceased renewing my rating.

If it had not been for another matter, I might have kept 97G just for our personal use. At 97G's last annual inspection the AI removed a trim tab from the left aileron which had been installed to correct a rigging problem. 97G was made up from two 150's as a result of an accident, I think it was in Idaho, a number of years ago. With the trim tab on the aileron, the plane flew nicely. With the tab removed, left aileron had to be held in order to fly with the wings level and the ball centered. It could be flown safely with the tab removed, but it was not a desirable situation. I especially did not like it when flying in the clouds.

The AI was correct in removing the trim tab, for the correction was not approved by the FAA.

I took 97G to more than one mechanic, seeking to correct the rigging in an approved manner. They made adjustments to the extreme permitted, but none of them managed to overcome the problem. One indicated confidence that he could overcome it by re-skinning the wings. As far as I was concerned, the cost of re-skinning was beyond what it was worth. As it turned out, the one who bought 97G from me was not nearly as disturbed by the rigging as I was. I'm confident I would have gotten a higher price for her, had it not been for the rigging. And only the Lord knows how much this problem contributed to the decision to sell 97G.

Non-owned Airplanes

Throughout the years we lived across from Lenhardt Airpark there had been no aircraft available for rental. At sometime around the turn of the century Jack Lenhardt had Aeronca Champions available for rental. Most of them were modified with more powerful engines, 85, 90 or 100 horsepower. And most of them had electrical power, thus they had electric starters. While these were available I took advantage of them. I think it was because there were so many accidents with them that Jack didn't continue having them available. I think all the accidents were in landing or taxiing, with no injuries. For a time before he sold the last of these he was restricting their rental to five pilots, of which I was one.

Seb Kenagy owns a Hurricane ultralight. He invited me to fly it. Having a single seat, all instruction is done on the ground. I flew it on February 19 and October 21, 2000. He offered me to fly it off of his own property even without his presence, but I haven't taken advantage of his offer.

The Hurricane was the simplest and lowest powered aircraft I have flown. The B-25 was the most complex and highly powered aircraft I have ever flown (other than the Convair or Martin 404 I flew at cruise from Eugene to Seattle, and, since I did not take it off or land it, I don't consider I have "flown" it). I made nine landings in the Hurricane. I flew about 600 hours in B-25's.

Often times since 1944 I have dreamed of taxiing a B-25, but I don't recall of dreaming of taking off, flying and landing one. Thanks to Jack Cook August 18, 2001 I flew N25NA, a B-25J, from the right seat, briefly. Then on May 27, 2002 I flew the same plane briefly, but this time from the left seat. N25NA is named "Super Rabbit." The July 2002 issue of AOPA Pilot has pictures and information about Super Rabbit.

Probably Jack Cook was at least partially responsible for my being invited to fly a Stearman, the type I first flew for 60 hours in my cadet training. The owner made the take off and landing, but in flight he allowed me to do whatever I wanted to do. Jack Cook, as we were preparing for flight, suggested I use the parachute as a cushion, which I did. When in flight the owner offered for me to do whatever I wished, I did a loop. When I became somewhat light at the top of the loop I remembered I was sitting on, not wearing, the parachute. I restricted the rest of the maneuvers to firmly positive G maneuvers.

A driver's license has been the only medical requirement for glider and hot air balloon pilots. Recently the FAA created a new pilot and aircraft category – Sport. If one has not been refused an FAA medical, a valid driver's license is considered sufficient evidence that one has the physical qualifications to pilot a Sport airplane. Sport airplanes must be single-engined, have fixed landing gear, weigh no more than 1320 pounds, and have certain stalling and maximum speeds. A Sport pilot may not fly at night or in instrument conditions.

When my FAA medical expired I did not seek renewal, but began flying Sport qualified airplanes only. Certain Aeronca Champs qualified, and that was the only kind I found available for rent.

Carmen's health had become such that I would not leave her alone at home except for brief times and under certain circumstances. I tried to get in an hour's flying time each month, but I was not successful. Usually Bonnie would stay with Carmen or I would leave her with Bonnie.

Most of my Champ flights were in mid or late afternoons. Commonly morning hours, especially during summer months, have the smoothest air conditions. Rather consistently my Champ flights out of Aurora Airport involved gusty crosswinds. Landing the taildragger on Aurora's hard surface runway under those conditions was not enjoyable. I think they would have been less of a problem if I were flying frequently. As it was, not only was I not enjoying the landings, but also I believed I was closer to possibly groundlooping than I ever had been. Though ground loops usually do not involve bodily injuries, some times injuries do occur. Even a minor injury could interfere with my care of Carmen, and it could mean that the help of others would be required. For these reasons I decided to quit flying, at least for the present.

Before I conclude my account of being a pilot, I want to relate a unique experience I had.

This may have occurred on November 22, 1942, on a solo cross country flight from Gardner Field to Bakersfield, Visalia and back. Whatever the date, it was on the

night, or very close to the night, of the full moon. As I was northbound I became aware of how bright the moon was. The BT-13 had a plexiglass canopy, and the moonlight flooded the cockpit. Without any artificial light I was able to read the sectional chart by way of which I was navigating. At that time of my life I had better than 20/20 vision. This is a once in a lifetime experience. You are not likely to come across with another pilot who read his chart by moonlight.

My last flight, which included six take offs and landings, was on June 21, 2007. My first instruction flight was early in June 1940, 67 years earlier. My total logged pilot time was 7,704 hours. What a wonderfully unmeasurably blessing this was! I think it was during my flight training during WW II that Twila wrote me, along this line, "Remember every time you fly, thousands would love to be doing what you are doing." For years I thought everybody wanted to be a pilot. Eventually I realized that this was not true, but I still have difficulty comprehending that. Many times while in flight I thanked God for the privilege. I continue to thank Him for what has been.

Yes, my children, your father has been a pilot-farmer-preacher. Let us now focus upon my being a **farmer**.

Farmer

First I will give an overview of what preceded the summer of 1985. My first four years and about four months were spent on farms. I'm fully aware that, at that age, I knew very little of the difficulties of farm life. I did contribute a very small amount of work by driving a team of horses on more than one occasion, and I loved it! I was not at all pleased when we left Yocemento, Kansas for Denver, Colorado.

As a teenager I spent many hours on the Marshall farm north of Denver. There I did drive a team of horses mowing alfalfa on one occasion, but most of my time there involved recreational activities, especially horseback riding.

The summer of '39 I spent as a hired man, working for my Aunt Margaret and Uncle Calvin Young in Billings, Oklahoma.

Then in 1940 there was a brief exposure to farming on another farm north of Denver. The plan was for me to spend the summer working there. I think I ended up working there only one day, driving a team of horses, mowing alfalfa. (This farmer had wonderful horses. He had two horses, each weighing 2,000 pounds. He had a riding horse that was the most responsive horse I have ever ridden. It was trained for cutting cattle.) The secretary's office of the Denver Public Schools offered me a full time job, doing what I had been doing part time during the school year. Accepting this probably would assure my continuing to have the job during the school year and perhaps beyond. The farmer did not indicate any distress over my not working for him as had been planned. I preferred the farm work for the summer, but the wiser course appeared to be for me to take the school job, which I did.

The next, very limited exposure, was the vegetable gardening I did at 1982 Wabash Street in Denver while operating the parachute service. The business occupied six days of each week. I didn't spend much time gardening.

The next limited gardening took place while I was a student at Sterling College. I also did some field work, driving tractors, while at Sterling. Then there were the two

brief aerial spraying seasons followed by combining at Brewster, Kansas while I was at Sterling. That was the end of my “farming” until 1985.

Reatha Court

Most of our nearly acre of land was taken up by the house, driveway, lawn, vegetable garden, trees and shrubs. But from the eastern edge of the lawn to Meridian Road, besides a couple of cherry trees that bore very small black cherries, there was nothing but weeds.

Originally I planned to obtain a simple gasoline powered lawn mower. I thought the exercise would be good for me. Carmen disagreed! She said I should obtain a riding mower. I yielded and bought a used John Deere riding mower. It didn't take long for me to be convinced that Carmen had been right. There was enough grass to cut that just riding the mower provided a fair amount of exercise (and took a lot of time).

The east “40,” having nothing but weeds, was unsightly. Mowing the weeds improved the appearance. Eventually grass supplanted the weeds. I simply had more lawn to mow.

Being a lover of fruit, I was pleased that the previous owner had planted boysenberries and marionberries. Though I didn't do it all at once, eventually, on the east “40,” I planted fruit trees – red delicious and striped gravenstein apples, two kinds of pear, two kinds of cherry, an Italian prune, a peach and an apricot. The peach and apricot trees did not do well, but the others made up for what was lacking in those types.

On more than one occasion we took a goodly number of red delicious and gravenstein apples to the family camp east of Mt. Hood, sponsored by First OPC in Portland. Applesauce made from combining the two kinds of apples, in my mind, was delicious. The camp's timing was just right for the peak of these apples' harvest.

It may have been only one year that I planted cantaloupe. I had a good crop. I so enjoyed the fruit that I wonder why I didn't plant it more frequently. It may have been because Carmen wasn't pleased with one aspect of my gardening – my being somewhat reluctant to go camping, because my garden seemed to require so much time.

Camping

This appears to be an appropriate time to digress from my “Farming” focus and give an account of our one consistent vacation activity.

In the four years of operating the Black Parachute Service the thought of having a vacation never entered my mind. The long workdays six days each week were not a problem. But the long workdays sometimes seven days each week were a different story in the gospel ministry. I felt the need for a break.

While we were in Sterling we began accumulating camping types of equipment, such as pans and dishes. During the first summer following my ordination we rented a tent and camped at Devil's Lake in Wisconsin. The next year we obtained, from Montgomery Wards, a simple tent-top trailer. It was probably in 1965 in Oregon that Dorothy Jarvis lent us her 15 foot camping trailer, which we borrowed for three summer vacations. In 1968 we bought a 1966 15 foot Aladdin camping trailer. It served us well in the Northwest and for four years in Colorado. Though we took it with us when we

moved to Lubbock, Texas in 1976, we didn't use it there. Probably it was in 1977 that we gave it to our son Roger in Kennewick, Washington, but with "strings" attached. One of the strings was that we would have its use, pulled by one of their vehicles, when we would visit in the Northwest. The other string was that the families of our son Tom and daughter Bonnie also could have the use of it. Each summer we would fly to California, Oregon and Washington, and while in Washington would make use of the trailer for a week or more.

After we moved to Oregon in 1985 we bought another 15 foot camping trailer, but this one had additional advantages. It had electricity (if you were parked where electrical connection was available) and a gas-operated refrigerator. We almost always parked where no electricity was available, but we really appreciated having the refrigerator.

A Lord's Day Experience

The Sabbath commandment is one of the Ten Commandments. Believing it to be valid today as it was when it was instituted, it was our practice to make it a day of rest from our weekday activities and a special day of worship while camping. Usually we would participate in worship services of churches relatively close to our campsite.

One Sunday, while we were camping at the Detroit Lake Southshore Campground, we planned to attend a church, I think it was in Mill City, about 20 miles downstream from Detroit Lake. I thought we would be able to make a shorter drive by going west from the campground and get to the highway by driving across the dam at the west end of the lake.

Before long, because of the direction the road was taking us, I realized we were not going to get to the south end of the dam going this way. We had not seen any other traffic – or any other human being. Evidently we were on a logging road. Obviously we were not going to get to Mill City in time for the worship service. We parked, and had a worship service of our own.

Following the reading and discussing of scripture passages we had a prolonged time of "conversational" prayer. One would pray briefly, perhaps only one sentence in length, then the other would pray. The responding prayer might start with the same subject, or it might be on another subject that the preceding prayer had brought to mind. Without any attempt to make it a prayer of record length, that is what it became, as far as my experience is concerned. And, for me, this worship service was outstanding, an outstanding time of worship in spirit and in truth.

Following our "worship service" we continued south, then east, until we came to Highway 22, many miles upstream from Detroit Lake.

A Painful Experience

A number of camp sites in Brightenbush Campground have trees or bushes on three sides, giving relative privacy. On this occasion ours was of that type, and the one south of us was rather open. A lone woman, whose car had a California license plate, occupied that one. But she was not alone, she had two dogs with her. Later Carmen told me that whenever people were walking by that site, the woman would pay special attention to her dogs.

Commonly, when fishing, I would wear chest high waders. As I was returning from fishing I came within sight of our “neighbor’s” site. At once her dogs rushed at me. She yelled at the dogs and also ran toward me. One dog was of average size, the other was, I think, the largest dog I have ever seen. The dogs were circling me. It is difficult to continue to face two such dogs at the same time. The woman said I needn’t fear the smaller dog, but it was too late, the bigger one had bitten me in the left buttock. She got hold of the larger one, and fell to the ground as she tried to restrain it. As she was doing this she was cursing the dog or dogs. I left her to handle her dogs alone and went to our trailer.

Evidently the reason that her large dog was not tied when I was going by was that she was preparing to leave. After I got cleaned up and changed my clothes I was going to get into my truck and drive it next door to talk with our neighbor. When I was ready I found that she had left, taking her camping equipment with her.

Checking with the camp host we found that the woman hadn’t registered or paid for her space. There was no way to determine if her dog had received a rabies vaccination. The closest medical facility was, I believe, at Mill City where there was a nurse practitioner. Following treatment there we obtained a prescription and returned to camp.

Besides the medical costs, there was the expense of getting the waders patched at a tire repair place and the cost of a notary’s signature for the form the county required of those who suffer dog bites.

The End of Camping

Carmen inherited some money and wanted some advantages we had not enjoyed in our other trailers. In 1996 we bought a 23 foot fifth-wheel Kit trailer. This provided a home away from home that was almost unbelievable.

With the exception of two trips with the fifth-wheel to California to be with Tom and family, we used it in Oregon, usually camping where there were no hookups. Carmen would spend her days in the trailer, reading or painting such things as Christmas scene figures. I would spend most of my days fishing. Actually the fishing was minimal. Being outdoors in God’s marvelous creation was the major attraction. Usually when fishing Blowout Creek south of Detroit Lake, I would not see another human being. There, on some occasions, every cast would result in catching a fish, but most of them were too small to keep. On such occasions when I could see a small fish about to take the lure I would try to avoid completing the catch.

Brightenbush Campground, northeast of Detroit Lake, was our place of choice more than any other. My type of fishing Brightenbush River required wading. Sometimes wading was a challenge!

There was an area about a mile downstream from the campground that was especially beautiful, but more hazardous. There were two crosses planted between the highway and the river. Probably the deaths occurred because of falls. I would guess the river was a hundred feet lower than the level land above it, and that land was covered with trees and shrubs. There the river was difficult to get to. Once I saw another fisherman in the area.

Carmen loved the camping. But eventually I became convinced we should cease that activity. She never fully recovered from her strokes. She did restrict her activity outside the trailer. One time, when she ventured outside of safe territory, she fell and cut her forehead. I took her to the hospital at Stayton, about 50 miles from camp, where about eight stitches were used to activate healing.

Early in 1994 we obtained an air pump that Carmen used through each night to overcome her severe apnea. When we were camped where connecting to electricity was not available I would connect the machine to a car battery. One morning as I was opening the shades I accidentally bumped the wires in such a way that a short occurred and immediately started a fire. I jerked the wires apart and smothered the flames. The only permanent damage to the trailer was in the carpeting where the fire had occurred.

To keep in touch with Carmen while I was fishing I obtained walkie-talkie radios. But I proved to be a poor instructor, for I never was able to establish good communication with her, using the radios.

I bear full responsibility for ceasing our camping. In addition to my increasing concern for Carmen's well being and my dreading the nights, the preparations were all my responsibility. Apart from Carmen's doing the washing, household responsibilities had fallen into my lap. When it came time to prepare for camping, not only did I have to prepare the trailer and truck, but also I had to prepare for our camping meals. From the beginning of our camping experience Carmen had prepared good, well-balanced meals. That took more time, both while preparing to go camping, and also daily while camping. I was pleased to carry on the tradition, but this added to my reluctance to continue our camping practice.

It is with thanksgiving and praise to God that I look back upon countless hours of His providential enabling us to enjoy the beauty and comfort of His creation .

Resumption of "Farming"

Not long after I purchased two or three grape vines Carmen's hairdresser gave us several more grape vines. I had not known there were so many varieties available.

Homegrown vegetables were also a source of both pleasure and nourishment. Carrots freshly pulled from the soil have flavor unmatched by those purchased in the supermarket. Zucchini has a well-deserved reputation for growing rapidly. If a squash isn't picked the day it becomes large, it is watermelon size the next day, it seems.

From my earliest memory, corn has been a favorite of mine. Though I had corn for the evening meal more frequently than any other time in my life, I never got tired of it. One year the corn I planted produced more ears per stalk than I had ever known existed. I believe stalks produced as many as eight or ten ears. Even now that seems so unbelievable that I'm somewhat reticent to write this.

The Willamette valley is a fertile valley. Much of the nation obtains Christmas trees from the valley. One year Weyerhaeuser had a sale of a wide variety of seedlings. We had cut our own Christmas trees from local growers. Taking advantage of the sale I bought about 8 or 10 seedlings. Most of them were Douglas fir, a fast growing tree. Others, such as Colorado blue spruce, were much slower growing. For several years we had home grown Christmas trees. I believe I had to cut a fair amount off the base of the last couple of fir trees, then we had the slower growing ones.

Fairly soon after we returned to Oregon our son-in-law, Mike Nygren, gave us 21 Douglas fir seedlings. Until I decided where to plant them I had them in a little plot of land, about 20 square feet, in which later I had strawberries.

In 1985 the road that bordered the south boundary of our land was graveled. Often there was a south wind, so we received a fair amount of dust. I decided to plant the 21 trees between the road and our house. I sprinkled bone meal into the base of the hole for each of the seedlings. Our neighbor's dog dug up the two easternmost siblings. I replanted them, but the easternmost one died. All the rest survived, and presently they are very large!

At one time I counted the trees and shrubs of 5659 South Reatha Court. I believe we had about 130 at that time. The house had a fireplace and a wood-burning stove. Although there were a number of times that electricity was off, usually because of wind, there was never a time that we were dependent upon the burning of wood for heat. But we never needed to purchase wood for burning, there was always enough wood from the trimming of trees.

Prior to the times when we had them from our own trees and plants, I picked cherries and strawberries from various places. In season they were available in numerous places not far from our home.

Yes, early in this life the boy was taken out of the country, but these things are evidence the country was never taken out of the boy. My children must admit that their father was at least partially a farmer, as well as a pilot-preacher.

The Preacher in Retirement

My records indicate that I preached in Oregon OP churches thirteen times in the first six months of my retirement. In the years to follow most of my preaching was in OP churches. Secondarily it was in Christian Reformed churches. Then there were a few others. From the beginning of my retirement until March 13, 2002 I preached 255 times. As Carmen's health deteriorated I began to turn down requests to preach any distance away from home.

All my service within the church has been in response to the churches' expression of her will. The Rev. Paul D. White's 1941 expression of the idea that I should become a minister was the first indication. My Christian friends in the army saying I should become a minister after the war was further evidence of a call from the church. Coming under care in the OPC Presbytery of Philadelphia added evidence. The same presbytery's licensing me to preach I consider the church's approval of the direction I was taking. But it wasn't until I received a call from Westminster OPC in Westchester, Illinois that I finally admitted that God was calling me to the ministry.

It was in response to the OP's Committee on Home Missions and Church Extension that we moved to Eugene, Oregon, seeking to establish a new congregation. It was the Park Hill OPC in Denver that called me to become what they called missionary-at-large in the Denver area. (In their thinking, Cheyenne, Laramie and Albuquerque were in the Denver area.) Then the Presbytery of the Dakotas called me to serve in its ten state area as presbytery's missionary-at-large.

I say again, all my service within the church has been in response to the church's expression of her will. When I offered my resignation from the office of missionary-at-large, presbytery accepted it.

On one occasion I offered to do something I was not asked to do. Unless removed from the ministerial role through discipline or by choice, an OP minister remains a minister in retirement. In the Presbytery of the Northwest, in retirement, for some time I attended meetings of presbytery's Home Missions Committee. At times there was discussion of the idea of presbytery's having a missionary-at-large or regional home missionary, as the latter term was being called throughout the denomination. After a time I made an offer to the committee. I offered to serve as RHM (Regional Home Missionary) on a limited basis. I offered to serve about one week a month at a cost of \$500 per month. I expected much travel would be necessary in the beginning, visiting each congregation, and that might take a good portion of the \$500. The chairman of the committee indicated that \$500 per month was too much, and nothing came of the matter.

The PNW (Presbytery of the Northwest) elected me to serve on the Visitation Committee. The committee's assignment was to visit each congregation periodically and ascertain the health of the congregation and report the assessment to presbytery. The committee was to be available to counsel with congregations, at their request. And at stated meetings of presbytery the committee had the responsibility to examine the minutes of the congregations' sessions and report the findings to presbytery.

When a congregation was without a pastor, presbytery would assign a minister to serve as "Ministerial Advisor." He would join with the congregation's session to exercise oversight of the congregation. Presbytery assigned me to that responsibility on more than one occasion. On one occasion the choice of a new pastor, for various reasons, was prolonged. Probably one of those reasons was that disciplinary action was underway. Soon after the disciplinary action was concluded a new pastor was chosen, and he accepted the call.

Not long after we returned to Oregon I began Bible studies in our home, having invited neighbors from the nine homes on Reatha Court. One attendee, a Roman Catholic woman, was head of a Roman Catholic school. Soon, under the oversight of the session of Trinity Presbyterian Church in Newberg, we changed the site of the study to homes of members or adherents. Over the years I conducted Bible studies in various places, the last of which were in the administration building of Hope Village in Canby.

At various times I taught Sunday School classes, mainly adult classes in Trinity Church in Newberg. I believe I taught an adult Sunday School class in Wilsonville when an attempt was being made by Trinity Church to begin an OP church in that area.

This concludes my overview of my being a pilot-farmer-preacher.

Jennie Carmen Crook Black

As I think back over all I have expressed in my autobiography, it appears to me that one aspect of my life has not been focused upon to the extent it deserves – **Carmen!** What follows cannot express the fullness of what she contributed to my life, but I'll give it a try.

When I asked Judson Hall to arrange an introduction to Carmen, all I had in mind, as a 17 year old, was a date as a companion on a moonlight horseback ride. It was a great

date, and it led to OTHERS. Soon, without any formal expression of the relationship, we were “going steady,” that is, only dating one another, not dating anybody else.

At that time I had one great strength – a strong inferiority complex! Carmen accepted me as I was. In her I found one who liked to be with me. We enjoyed being together. Her mother accepted me, I would say, without any great enthusiasm. Dad and Twila were pleased with Carmen. My Covenanter pastor, the Rev. Mr. Paul D. White, looked upon our relationship favorably.

Carmen participated with me in virtually all my activities. I went with her to a few of her church’s young people’s activities, and she went with me to all of mine. At some point she began to attend my church’s Sunday School classes, worship services and young people’s meetings.

Our shared recreational activities included horseback riding, roller and ice skating, swimming and auto driving. I did all of the driving. Eventually I learned that she didn’t want to learn to drive. But she was always ready to go for a drive, and we had many enjoyable drives, especially in the mountains. Oftentimes we chose to take a particular road because it was not familiar to us. And more than once we ran out of gas. My ’32 Plymouth’s fuel gage didn’t work. I checked the gas via a dipstick. Carmen’s mother didn’t believe we had run out of gas. Later, when the ’32 Plymouth was hers, she believed us.

My car did not have a heater. The winter of ’41-’42 was an especially cold one. I don’t recall her ever complaining about the cold.

At no time did I ever propose marriage. After a time we found ourselves talking about marriage, not as a theory, simply as an assumption. Some time late in ’41 we set June 24, 1944 as our wedding date. This would allow me to get two years of college and a year for me to complete Army Air Corps pilot training. At that time cadets could not be married.

As the time neared for me to begin cadet training, following the example of her good friend Olivebell Goodrich, Carmen suggested we date others during that year. I did not agree. June 1, 1942, we became engaged officially, and I managed to obtain an engagement ring before I left for California on June 6th.

As far as I was concerned, Carmen accepted my departure very well. Some time later her mother gave me a different picture. She said that when they got home Carmen lay on her bed, crying bitterly.

Until shortly after Christmas, almost all our communicating was via the postal system. The one exception was a brief telephone call. Long distance telephone calls took a lot of arranging and were expensive. But how good it was to hear her voice!

Carmen put up with much uncertainty as we planned for our marriage. For awhile it appeared that I might be able to arrange a flight with my instructor to Denver for a weekend. Eventually it became clear that would not work out. Where I would be sent after receiving my wings and commission was totally unknown. The only near certainty of having a day off was on New Years Day, therefore we chose to be married on New Years Eve at the base in Roswell, New Mexico.

Throughout the rest of my time in the service Carmen, without complaint, put up with rentals of one kind or another. We started “keeping house” with virtually nothing. At least that meant that our moves were comparatively simple. Curtains fastened on

orange crates served as kitchen cupboards, for example of how Carmen made do with wartime scarcities and limited income.

In the latter part of RTU in Greenville much of my flying was at night. Often I would get home well past midnight, but I was still required to stand inspection at 0730. Carmen let me sleep as late as possible, but regularly had a good breakfast for me.

As was true in most of my cadet training time, while I was overseas writing letters kept us in touch. I wrote daily to Carmen, and I understood she was going to do the same for me. This is one matter that disappointed me greatly, she didn't write daily. And oftentimes her letters were very brief, for she waited until late in the day to write them. It's true, she didn't have much about which to write, but I didn't either. I couldn't write about what was of most interest to me – flying combat.

Prior to my going overseas I told Carmen that if I should lose a leg in combat I would not want to return. Saying this was wrong and thoughtless. Within seconds of my being wounded I was sure that, if I survived, the amputation of my arm would be completed. But the idea of not wanting to live didn't enter my mind. My thoughts and efforts were only on getting us back to friendly hands safely.

What Carmen thought about my disfigurements and handicaps was never made known to me. But her actions were totally supportive. We didn't see one another until about two months after I was wounded, so she had time to think through such questions as may have come to her mind. From that time through the rest of our lives together, apart from the practical problems that were associated with my handicaps, she behaved as if nothing unusual had occurred.

One of the practical problems was that, when all surgeries had been completed, my right arm was about four and a half inches shorter. Only our Lord knows on how many shirts, coats and jackets Carmen shortened the right sleeve. She even took a course in tailoring so as to do a better job of shortening right sleeves. I don't believe she ever came to like doing the shortening, but she never complained having to do it.

Two days ago, at the time of this writing, I wore a summer weight suit to church. As I was putting the jacket on, because of a flaw in the shortening of its right sleeve, I was reminded that this was another sleeve she had shortened, and I thanked God for it and for the many others she had shortened. (The flaw was there is excess lining. I know it by the feel of it, but it is not evident to others.)

Carmen said that her purpose in life was to take care of my needs so I would be able to fulfill my calling. That reminds me of Genesis 1:18, *The Lord God said, "It is not good for the man to be alone. I will make a helper suitable for him."*

Countless times throughout my years in the ministry we had guests for meals and many times for overnight lodging. There were many times that she prepared dishes she had not prepared before. I do not recall any time that the experiment was not successful.

For most of our married life Carmen, with the exception of the times when she was acutely ill and my preparing breakfast, did all of the cooking. But for several years before her death I did the cooking. How did this come about? It was not discussed or planned. What happened was that I realized that Carmen was preparing supper later and later. I decided I would prepare it earlier for a time or two, and she would get the idea of her preparing meals earlier. I think we both were pleased by the earlier meals, but I believe we both liked the change – my preparing supper. So, for the last years prior to her death, I did the cooking.

Most of our married life Carmen had medical problems. First, while at Sterling, sometimes migraine headaches would incapacitate her for days. At a fairly young age, and for the rest of her life, high blood pressure plagued her. She was probably in her 50's when she began using hearing aids. Over the years various new problems cropped up 'till she had about ten chronic problems. Just before Christmas in 1993 she had her first stroke. About six and a half years later she had her second one. June 2, 2010, she had her third. Either she had the third stroke and, as a result, fell, or she fell and therefore had the stroke. I'm inclined to believe it was the latter. Everything was going normally for her, minutes before she fell. I believe the massive brain hemorrhage was a result of the fall. She was taken to Willamette Falls Hospital via an ambulance. Soon after Bonnie and I arrived at the hospital we were informed that her condition was terminal. Our Lord took her home about 0730 on the 4th. We had been united as husband and wife for over 67 years. The Lord had given, and the Lord had taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

How much, if any, Carmen's condition had influence upon my decisions regarding the following, may never be known. Two uncommon events occurred in the wounded area of my right arm.

On December 30, 2008 Dr. John R. Tongue diagnosed the inflammation in the wounded area as being osteomyelitis. I reluctantly agreed to have surgery on February 2, 2009, to remove one of the three screws that had been installed as part of the fusing that was accomplished as the last surgery at Bushnell Hospital (I think it was in November 1945).

If I were to have the surgery, various arrangements would have to be made for Carmen's care for a time. Then it appeared to me that the inflammation was reducing somewhat. And I remembered what I had been told at Bushnell, that osteomyelitis (bone infection) was common among orthopedic patients, and that their pain was so great that some of them had become addicted to morphine. I was not experiencing that kind of pain. I ended up canceling the surgery planned for February 2nd.

It was probably in February that I became aware that something was coming out of the wounded area of my arm. April 9, 2009, Dr. Mitchell plucked about a quarter of an inch of suture from that area. Periodically a piece would break off or I would pluck one off. August 18th I removed the last of suture, a total of about 2 ½ inches.

After Carmen's death, June 4, 2010, I pursued further the inflammation in the wound area of my right arm, but this time I went to the VA Hospital in Portland. (My granddaughter Gloria had been serving as a volunteer at the VA hospital. She took me there more than once, and she was very helpful. Her mother, Bonnie, drove me and accompanied me to each of the rest of the visits to the hospital.) Again the conclusion was that osteomyelitis was the problem. October 9, 2010, Dr. David Thayer attempted to remove one of the three screws that had been used in the fusion process. The screw broke twice, but Dr. Thayer believed that what had been removed had taken care of the osteomyelitis problem.

The partial screw removal left a rather large round hole in my arm. Following doctor's orders Bonnie dressed the wound daily until January 3, 2011, I think it was. In the last consultation with Dr. Thayer he said that, upon seeing my arm soon after the surgery, another doctor indicated he didn't believe the wound would heal by itself. He was wrong. Thankfully it healed from the inside outward.

It has been said that Billy Graham told his son, "Don't grow old." As a "senior citizen" I have no need that someone explain that to me. I thank God for a lifetime of generally good health. At the same time I have known, by experience, the weaknesses and frailties common to this life. And I have known over 67 years of pain or discomfort and handicap from my WW II wound. Then, probably from years of lack of use of my right side and over-strain of my left, since about 1962 I have suffered back pain, my spine being somewhat misaligned. And in recent years I have experienced medical problems that are common, if not universal, among older men.

Our Last Earthly Home

It is with confidence that I say the following: of all the places our family (Carmen, Roger, Tom, Bonnie and I) lived, we enjoyed the year at Prospectville the most. But, as far as I alone am concerned, of all the places I lived, our place on Reatha Court was the best. It was almost like living on a farm, but it had several good, close neighbors. And it was almost like living on a small, personal airport. (With tongue in cheek I say, Carmen complained that prior to our trips I made her walk to the airport. But that wasn't true, often I would take our suitcases to the plane via automobile, and she would ride across the road to the airport.)

Carmen and I became increasingly aware that we were not going to be able to care for our house and nearly acre of land indefinitely. We became aware of a senior living facility in the process of developing on the south edge of Canby. It was called Hope Village. Already completed and operating on adjacent land there was an assisted living facility and a rehabilitation center.

Hope Village's residences were called Garden Homes. These were single-story row houses. Ultimately there would be thirteen rows, from six to twelve homes per row. Occupation of a home was obtainable via a "Life Lease" program at a cost approximately that of purchasing such a house. At death, or if one should move out, the cost would be refunded, less 1% per month, for 40 months. Past 40 months, 60% would be refunded to the occupant or to his estate.

Occupants would pay a monthly service fee to cover the costs of sewer, weekly trash pickup, building insurance, upkeep on building and lawn, property taxes, administration, and operational costs of all common areas.

Hope Village would repair or replace appliances at no cost to the occupant, except in those cases of such things as breakage.

When Carmen had her second stroke, in March of 2000, we became more serious about changing our residence. We placed our name on the waiting list for a Garden Home. In November, with the kind aid of a number of people from the Christian Reformed Church in Wilsonville and the OPC in Newberg, we moved into Unit 310. If I have reckoned correctly, this was the 15th house in which we lived in 67 years.

This appears to be an appropriate place to bring this writing to an end.

Conclusion

As I conclude this account of my life I say with Job of old, *The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; may the name of the Lord be praised.* Job 1:21b. Every good thing

I have received, I have received because of His grace. This is true of the greatest good as well as that of lesser value. *For it is by grace you have been saved, through faith - and this not from yourselves, it is the gift of God - not by works, so that no one can boast.* Ephesians 2:8-9. Yes, even my faith is a gift from God. By His grace I have been redeemed, am being sanctified, and will be glorified! My hope is based on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. To God be the glory, great things He has done! Good hymns are filled with great teachings from the Bible. If I were to remind you of all of them - that would require another book and endless time - I will close with this.

To God be the glory!