

# Hoiu Newsletter

AKA The Deer Creek Air Force

[www.hoi-ultralights.org](http://www.hoi-ultralights.org)

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August 2006

## Next Club Meeting

**Date:** 9/9/2006

**Place:** Wells Field – Deer Creek, IL

**Time:** Weather permitting (4:30pm gather-5:30pm BBQ - 6pm meeting).

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## Officers

### President

Allan Mays

### Treasurer

Richard Baner

### Secretary

Lynn Dunaway

### Webmaster/Newsletter Editor (not reporter)

Tom Eichhorn

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## Meeting Minutes

By Tom Eichhorn

**August 2006**

A smattering of club members turned out for the meeting and no one reported it.

## Thomas Kingsley

by Tom Eichhorn

The Heart of Illinois Ultralights lost one of its lifelong members with the passing of Thomas Kingsley to prostate cancer.

Tom's love of flight was equal to his love of life and compassion. His outgoing personality and open heart made him known to many an ultralight pilot.

Tom and his long time friend Fred Mathews built and flew 2 Challengers, the first a single seat (Pure Joy) and later a 2 seat (Pure Joy 2). They were some of the first members of the originating club that became the HOIU.

When Tom and Fred decided to let go of the 2 seat Challenger, they donated it to the club so that club member and EAA BFI Jamie Kee could instruct and certify local pilots.

When Tom and Fred decided to sell their single seat, they sold it to me, but only until I passed muster and on the condition I receive the proper training and certification. I received that training in their 2 seat Challenger from Jamie Kee.

Any question I ever had about the plane Tom was there to answer. Tom and Fred would drop by to watch my progress and pay respects to their old friend "Pure Joy".

When I would look at Tom's eyes as he looked on "Pure Joy" I could feel the pride he had in seeing she endured time. She endured time because he and Fred put so much into her when they built her back in 1989. Some legacies are very important to a man, to a man of flight an aircraft they had built is that. You could sense his joy as he flew her like a dance between mentor and protégé. His conscientiousness brought safety to the forefront in her construction.

There was always such a smile on his face when he would get out. You could tell he was a pilot, a lover of flight, one whose soul found freedom in altitude, the sound and feel of the plane and communion of inner spirituality.

There in is the beauty of life. A gift given to life, born from all that is positive, is a gift that endures. It is a gift that in its own cognition raises anything it touches to a higher standard of and in all things. Tom's legacy in the end was not Pure Joy but all the unseen things of life that made Tom Kingsley that man he was, to be able to give that gift to life, be it in the construction of an airplane or to a smile that said hello friend. The first flight I had in Pure Joy after Tom's death was like the period at the end of a sentence, not an end but an axis that the sentence turns around. As I prepared to taxi out, I wound a black plastic pocket watch Tom had left with Pure Joy. It was a beautiful night dry cool air, no wind, hands off flying, the kind of night a plane doesn't seem to want to land. Thank you Tom, for following your path of dreams, to be the man you were that others could to the same.

I guess the essence of mankind's humanity/spirituality is like that of a pilot, always fly the plane... and be safe damn it, right Frank?