



September 2009

Volume 8, Issue 7

NEXT MEETING:

September 19, 9:00am @ Alexandria Airport

When The Corn Has Turned To Brown

By Robert Lee Gillan

Across these fields so wide and long,
As on this knoll I stand,
I scan the soil with richness deep,
Whose strength will feed our land.

With furrows then the ground is turned,
And smoothed to take the seeds,
Then after summer sun and rain,
It's tilled to rid the weeds.

What magic then our earth unfolds,
From seed, to stalk, and ear,
Some mortals weep for bread and meat,
But we'll not have that fear.

The seasons roll – the crop is made,
It's frosted all around,
Then pumpkins sit 'round fodder shocks,
When the corn as turned to brown.

How nearly like that crop we are!
Our roots we send down deep.
There's time for sowing, and reaping too,
Then comes our time to sleep.

I hope my stalks grow tall and sweet,
In rows across life's field,
With golden ears all bending down,
To wait for frost and yield.

I'd look about me on that day,
And count the sun and rain.
I'd think of all the tender care,
That helped me grow this grain.

I'd lift my leafy arms up high,
And pray that every ear
Would strengthen some dear weakening soul,
That I'd found struggling near.

And then at last for me I'd ask,
His frost might have less sting,
And strength to stand up brave and proud,
For the end that harvests bring.

Mine eyes I'd fill with one last sweep,
With hues from Autumn's gown,
Then blend into the twilight haze,
When my corn has turned to brown.

(Found in his Ph. D dissertation titled Puppety and Childhood Learning, 1980.)

Dr. Robert L. Gillan

93, Thorntown, IN, died September 6, 2009. He was born August 26, 1916 in Darlington, IN.

Mr. Gillan was a graduate of Thorntown High School in 1934, then Central College in 1939, receiving a degree in Music and English graduate work at Butler. Later he received a Ph.d and taught school in Sandborn, IN and Thorntown, Roachdale, Williams, Carmel, Huran and for Indianapolis Public Schools, retiring in 1984. He taught music for 11 years, then spent most of time teaching fifth grade slow learners. His greatest accomplishment was two doctors came from those fifth graders. He had 10 different teaching certificates.

He served six years in the U.S. Navy during WWII as a primary flight instructor and later in weather recon and hurricane tracking. He received in 1973 a Valley Forge Freedom Foundation National Teacher of the Year, the Older Hoosier of the Year Award in 2005, Boone County Breeders and Freeders Distinguished Agricultural Career Award in 2004.

He farmed for many years raising grain and registered Angus cattle. He planted his last crop in 2005 at the age of 89. For many years he was a glide instructor, taking last flight in the Spring of 2009. He was an accomplished artist having won many awards for his oil painting. His artwork hangs in Sugar Creek Art Center in Thorntown, IN.

His memberships include Boone County Antique Tractor Association, Boone County Master Gardens, Lebanon Masonic Lodge 9, Scottish Rite, Friends of the Thorntown Library, Thorntown Christian Church Boone County Genealogical Society, National Soaring Society, Phi Delta Kappa, Sons of the American Revolution, Boone County Amateur Radio Club, Boone County Blue Bird Society, American Legion Post 218, Thorntown and Sugar Creek Historical Society.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Sugar Creek Art Center, Thorntown, IN.

Services were September 10, 2009 in Thorntown Christian Church.

He was preceded in death by wife, Roxie Robbins Gillan; parents, Thomas Gillan and Maude Dove Richie Gillan. Survivors include sister, Janette Holmes from Palm Gardens, FL and brother, Devon Gillan from Taft, IN.

Arrangements by Russell and Hitch Funeral Home, Lebanon, IN.

(from The Indianapolis Star, September 9, 2009)

Song of Songs - Robert Lee Gillan (1993?)

Oh, that sweet melodious strain!
 Sing it over for me again.
 And let it echo as it sings
 All along these tapering wings,

Now sound it with that pitch so fine
 Around my cockpits curving line.
 Sweet voice of upward rushing air
 That whisks me from my world of care,

And flings me up to lofty heights
 In paths of hawks and eagle flights.
 Where towering clouds of white and gray,
 That draw us from the earth away.

My little craft and I soar free
 And sing the haunting melody.
 For hours we soar that peaceful zone,
 We're just a speck and all alone.

Alas, for me, the day must end!
 I homeward now my way must wend.
 But from my heart there breathes a sigh
 For part of me was left on high.

Some sunlit day o'er hill and vale
 My craft and I will upward sail.
 And rise on wings where my heart longs
 To hear once more that - Song of Songs.

This issue of WingTips is dedicated to the life and memory of Dr. Robert Lee Gillian.
 Regular content will resume next month.

Calendar -

September	19	9:00am	Membership Meeting at Alexandria Airport
October	17	9:00am	Board Meeting at Alexandria Airport
November	1		Last Day of Regular Flying Season
	19	7:00pm	Membership Meeting and Elections
December	17	7:00pm	Board Meeting
January 2010	9 or 16		Winter Banquet

Got an idea for a Wing Tips article? Or a good photo from the field? Don't be shy!
Write it up and send it to our Wing Tips editor, Chris Hall at
bestbrain@aol.com. Deadline for our October issue is October 7th.