

Dear Brynteson Family,

Please consider the strength and power of Val's love for people, for he brought many of us back together after a separation of



forty years and resurrected a bond that few people experience. Crew 4 of VP44 may not have been the only crew he had, but he was the

only Val that we ever had. As you, we treasure the moments and are saddened by his death. Perhaps some day His power will allow us to fly together again. I want to share with you a poem that has been special to me ever since I thought about flying. They are the only words I can offer, and I hope they will bring you some peace and solace.

High Flight

The poem, High Flight, has over the years become a mantra to pilots. But think of it as Val speaking to us now, for it captures the essence of his spirit, and his character

High Flight

Pilot Officer Gillespie Magee

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
UP, up the long delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
- Where never lark, or even eagle flew
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Bless you all.
Bob Minnerly, Lt. USN