



Dave Mader

Dave Mader, family man, movie critic, aspiring PGA competitor, and accomplished pilot, died on Thursday, April 24, 2014.

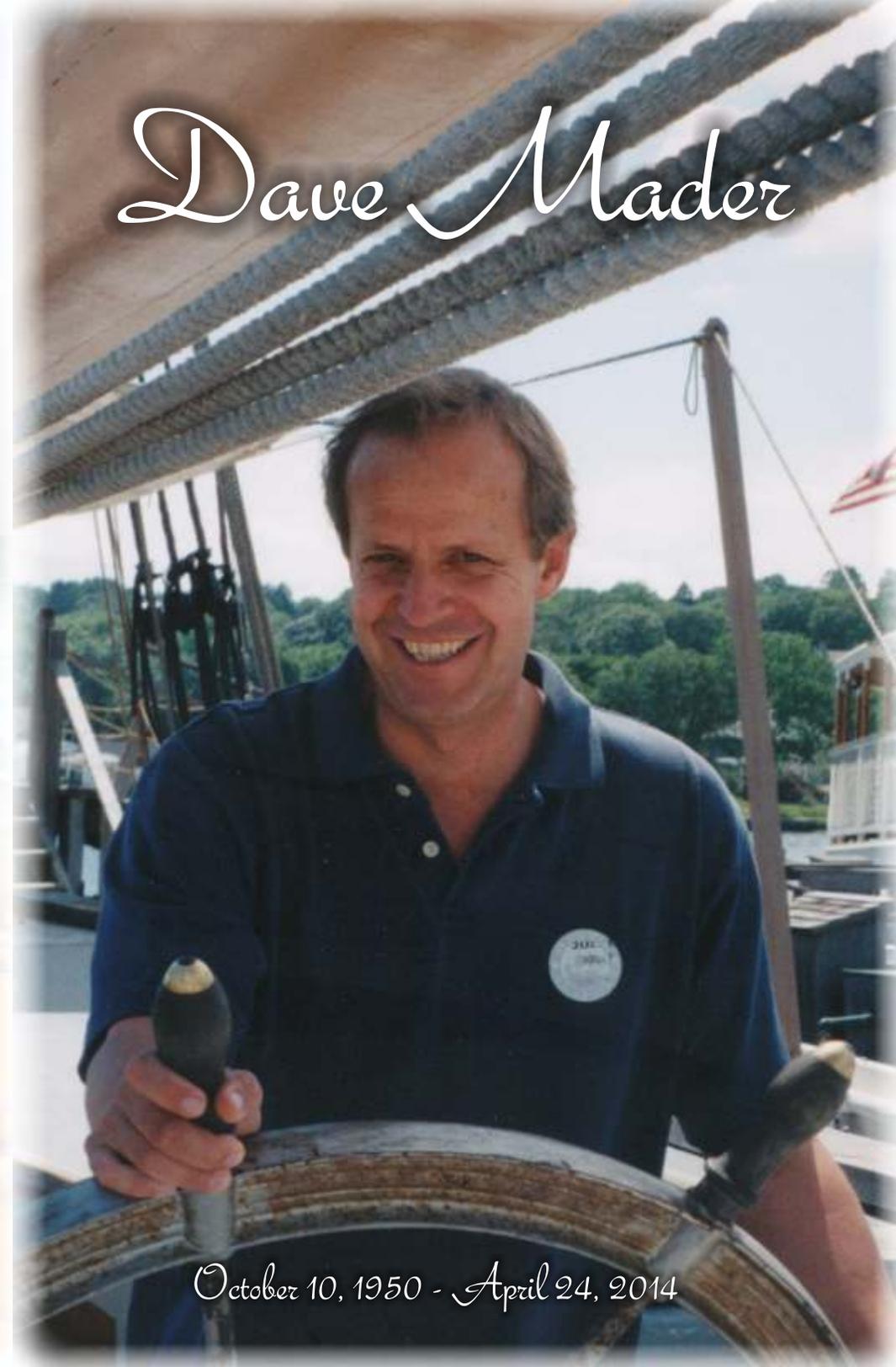
Dave (David) Michael Mader was born October 10, 1950 in Hot Springs, SD to Doris (Boschma) Mader and Merlin Mader. He lived the first years of his life on a ranch in northwest Nebraska. Dave was an early talker and when he was only three or four Dave would lie on his back gazing at the sky and clouds and say, "I want to fly." His father shared ownership of a plane that would take-off and land in an alfalfa field; that stoked his passion for flight.

When he was old enough for kindergarten the family got a place to live in Edgemont, SD so that Dave and his brother could attend school. The family spent summers on the ranch where he worked hard. During those years he enjoyed reading, movies, baseball, basketball and playing his trumpet in band. Dave graduated from Edgemont High School in 1968, attended Chadron State College and later started his life-long employment with the Burlington Northern Railroad.

Dave was a good-natured mild mannered and patient person with a natural curiosity about how things work. When he was young he took great care and pride in building model airplanes. In his teens he decided to build his own bi-wing glider that would carry him into the air. He covered his homemade lightweight wooden frame with plastic and went to one of the local hills to "test" his creation. There, with a small crowd from town gathered, he ran down the hill and was briefly "off the ground" before it crashed. Undeterred he discovered hang gliding. He would earn his pilot's license, own several planes and proceed to build many ultralights and three kit aircraft.

Two years out of high school Dave and his college buddy pulled up to the Howdy Drive-In in Newcastle in his Mach 1, flirting with the girls in the next car. A year later he married one of them, and was still married to that same girl 42 years later.

Dave is survived by his wife Vickie Kennedy Mader, children Heather Mader of Portland, OR, Aaron Mader and his wife, Jessica (Jacquot), plus two beautiful grandchildren Felicity and Christian, of Aguadilla, Puerto Rico; his brothers John Mader of Lincoln NE and Duane (Jodie) Mader of RapidCity, SD. He is also survived by his extended family of brothers and sisters-in-law and many, many cousins, 30 nieces and nephews, and 28 great nieces and nephews. Dave is also survived by his great friends at BNSF and the pilots he has flown with for over 45 years.



October 10, 1950 - April 24, 2014

In Loving Memory of
David Michael Mader

DATE OF BIRTH **DATE OF DEATH**
October 10, 1950 April 24, 2014
Hot Springs, South Dakota Sheridan, Wyoming

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Wednesday, April 30, 2014, at 2:00 pm
Bethesda Worship Center

OFFICIATING
Pastor Scott Lee

MUSIC

Baby I'm A Want You, Remember When



A reception will follow at the church.

In lieu of flowers, donations made be made to the
Experimental Aircraft Association
Young Eagles Program
EAA Aviation Center
3000 Poberezny Road
Oshkosh, WI, 54902

Please note on your check memo for: Dave Mader

Kane
Funeral Home
www.kanefuneral.com

TWO SEATER

My father spends hours in his shop curved over his workbench
fiddling with parts and pieces working power tools like toys
My eyes tumble over his crusty knuckles his do-it-yourself
hands his I grew-up-on-a-ranch hands

Hands that make quick work of sheet metal the way a
baker knowingly shapes dough into pretzels methodically tracing,
bending melding scraggy bits into something tasteful
He steps to the blueprint with a magnifier following the line
with one tan finger while turning the piece of metal
he made with the other comparing

I ask "Aren't you afraid of making a mistake?"

His deep, earthy eyes rise from concentration He sighs, shakes his head
gets that half-grin twisted up in his mouth until a smile breaks loose

"I guess we'll find out if I do!" he jokes

Joke that isn't funny. It won't be the first time I've had to watch my father hop in
a cockpit of a plane he pieced together with epoxy and liquid metal and
taxi the runway and take off and transform into a tiny bird while we
hold our breath wondering whether or not he will ever come down from
the cloudy perch, whether or not we will be fledglings left in the nest with
mouths wide open, whether or not we will have to hear, or rather - not hear,
the sound of the prop faltering or the engine sputtering or the bird
exploding in the sky like a puff of God's cigar smoke.

He interrupts my thought

"I could hire a test pilot for the first flight, but if I made even one mistake..."
trailing off his eyes go far away, contemplating one missed bolt,
one loose connection

"well...I just wouldn't be able to live with myself."

I am at once terrified and humbled by this daredevil Dad this person
who built a 1500 sq. ft. shop so he could construct this plane
so he could hang in the sky dangling in front of his maker
so he could dangle in front of us all
and make us wonder if we'll ever see him again