



In Memory of Captain Allan Eich

February 18, 1955–October 17, 2005

Born February 18, 1955 in Youngstown, OH, my father grew up in Poland, OH. He made his first solo flight at the age of 16 and graduated from Poland Seminary High School in 1973. During high school, he served in the Civil Air Patrol. My father was a 1977 graduate of Kent State University, having received a ROTC Scholarship. He majored in Aerospace Technology and was the Cadet Core Commander during his senior year. My father married his college sweetheart, Susan Kurucz, in 1977. Following college, he served as a captain in the U.S. Air Force and was employed for 21 years at US Airways. Throughout his career he served as both a flight instructor and a line pilot. He was an avid and experienced flier.

At the age of 16, my father began his flying experience, learning how to solo an airplane. During that time, my father was learning to take off, fly a landing pattern, and then land the airplane. During one of his times alone flying the airplane, he began to stall the airplane. While trying to correct the airplane's stall, he accidentally caught himself into a downward spin, and in a matter of seconds, was heading straight toward the ground. At 16, and without adequate spin instruction or experience, my father began to fight the spin by flying the plane in the opposite direction. He was unable to correct the plane out of the spin from the yoke. During this time, my father recalled seeing his whole life flash before him in the glimpse of an eye. The only rational explanation my father could conclude at that time was to pull back on power in order to possibly delay his time to hit the ground. He said at that moment he asked God to direct him, and let go of the controls. He knew God was in control, and realized that it was all part of His plan, whether his fate was now or later. However, God's plan for my father was far greater and would reach far beyond that day. After he let go, the airplane naturally came out from the spin and began flying again.

The truth is, my father had far more left to carry out for the Lord. He had many more lives to touch, change, and guide into the Light. At a point in my father's life, he had made a choice, and his choice was to follow the Lord's direction. Just like one of his first flying experiences, he let go of the controls and let the Lord take over. My father lived his life for the Lord, always putting a loving will into his daily life, and always an open heart to those he could touch—those familiar, as well as strangers. He explained to others how he knew and loved the Lord, and how easily they could find His loving grace through a relationship with Him.

On October 17, 2005, my father passed away from his physical presence and into the Lord's. However, during his time here, you could say he was already in the presence of the Lord because he was living through God's will, already free from this world's troubles. As all pilots, my father received metal honors of wings to symbolically represent his duty and position during his life. However, the greatest of these honors were the wings he finally received after leaving this world. After many years of following the love of the Lord, my father sits in paradise with angel wings.

Chris Eich (son)