

## **CAPTAIN DAVID K. RIESTERER USMC**

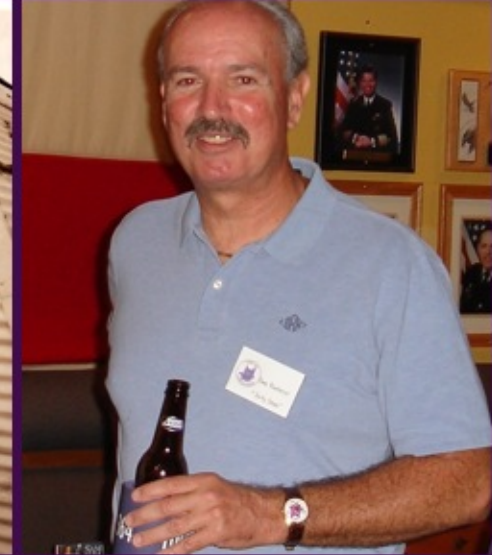
David Konrad Riesterer, 67, of Fleming Island, Florida, passed away Thursday, June 13, 2013.

David was born December 29, 1945, to Ella May and Karl Riesterer in Washington, D.C. He graduated from Albright College in Reading, Pennsylvania in 1967 and was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. David earned his Wings of Gold at the Naval Aviation Training Command, Pensacola, Florida and in 1969 was assigned to fly Combat Helicopter Missions with HMM-364, the Purple Foxes, at Marble Mountain Air Facility, Vietnam. Upon his return from Vietnam, he was promoted to the rank of Captain and became a Flight Instructor and Standardization Pilot at NAS Whiting Field flying T-28 aircraft.

David was honorably discharged from the USMC in 1973, and started a new career with the Federal Aviation Administration as an Air Traffic Controller in Hilliard, Florida. During his 27 year career with the FAA, David earned the position of Area Supervisor and retired in 2000.

David was a member of Rotary Sunrise in Orange Park and New Grace Church on Fleming Island. David is survived by his wife of 44 years, Linda, and his daughter, Dr. Kelly (Christian) Groth. His first grandchild is due in July. Other survivors include his brother, Karl (Elaine) Riesterer, his sister, Susan (Anthony) Golden and his nieces, JoEllen Click and Kelly Golden, and his nephews, Clif and Brad Golden.

The memorial service to celebrate David's life will be held at 11:00 am on Saturday, June 22, 2013, at New Grace Church, 5804 Highway 17, Fleming Island, Florida 32003. In lieu of flowers, contributions would be appreciated for Community Hospice of Northeast Florida (4266 Sunbeam Road, Jacksonville, Florida 32257) and Rotary Club of Orange Park Sunrise Charities (Tel. 904-635-5701).



# Captain David K Riesterer USMC

## *Flying West*

I hope there's a place, way up in the sky,  
Where pilots can go, when they have to die-  
A place where a guy can go and buy a cold beer  
For a friend and comrade, whose memory is dear;  
A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread,  
Nor management type would ere be caught dead;  
Just a quaint little place, kinda dark and full of smoke,  
Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke;  
The kind of place where a lady could go  
And feel safe and protected, by the men she would know.

There must be a place where old pilots go,  
When their pain is finished, and their airspeed gets low,  
Where the whiskey is old, and the women are young,  
And the songs about flying and dying are sung,  
Where you'd see all the fellows who'd flown west before.  
And they'd call out your name, as you came through the door;  
Who would buy you a drink if your thirst should be bad,  
And relate to the others, "He was quite a good lad!"

And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy  
You had not seen for years, though he taught you how to fly.  
He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear,  
And say, "Welcome, my son, I'm pleased that you're here.  
"For this is the place where true flyers come,  
"When the journey is over, and the war has been won  
"They've come here to at last to be safe and alone  
From the government clerk and the management clone,  
"Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise  
Where the hours are happy, and these good ol' boys  
"Can relax with a cool one, and a well-deserved rest;  
"This is Heaven, my son -- you've passed your last test!"

Author: Capt. Michael J. Larkin