

## **Buddy & Lyndi Manning**



### **MEMBER PROFILE**

**Buddy lived his life in loneliness and despair until he met the love of his life, the beautiful and intelligent, Lyndi. Can you guess who's writing this? Ok, I'll behave somewhat. We met in 1975 while we were both stationed at Langley Air Force Base in Virginia. We spent almost every lunch together eating in the chow hall with a group of mutual friends. After about a year of this I decided to bait the hook and I asked him out on a date. He had yet to realize that I was the love of his life but I had a plan.... The hook was set, and the rest is history. We were married November 5, 1977 and our rein of children started. We gave birth to two children but had decided to adopt one more. God has blessed us greatly. First with Shannon, then Deida, then around thirty foster kids over the next ten years. We were able to adopt two of our foster kids Jeffrey and Jamie but Ronnie was never released for adoption. We claim him anyway and he and his wife, Tracey, have given us our first two grandchildren, Cameron and Kensley. As I write this our daughter, Deida, and her husband, Jason, are due anytime with a new grandson for us, Ryver Tru. God just keeps on blessing us but we have learned how to tell Social Services, NO! There will be no more foster kids.**

**Buddy first became interested in aviation while still at Langley. His jobs in survival equipment and the altitude chamber has sparked his interest and he had even started ground school but something distracted him (He was busy being caught) and he turned from aviation for many**

years. Besides being a husband and father for 30+ kids, Buddy was kept busy starting his shop "Industrial Services Of Wilson." A job shop that makes parts for just about anything from farmers needs, to Firestone machine parts, to gravedigger parts. One day I arrived to find him making a part for a man's artificial limb. Buddy say's "I can fix anything but a broken heart and I can make you forget that." And, that's my Buddy. While attending a RC Fly-IN at Wilson around 1985, Buddy was introduced to radio controlled airplanes and even made some. That is till a prop escaped from a vice and cut his radial nerve. He required surgery and has numbness to this day. I became less supportive of this sport but never nagged.

The children grew, the house started to empty, and in 1996 Buddy resumed his flight lessons. After six months of lessons he took his check ride with Ray Wells on March 25, 1997. His first plane is a 1967 Cessna 150 that I gave him as a Christmas present in 2002. Maybe his second plane will be Charlie Decks' Pacer. That would be a really great Christmas present for me. Don't you think?

I guess it's time to tell a little about me now. You know the part about how we met so I'll start with school. I started nursing school in 1981 using the old GI Bill to pay for it. I graduated in 1984 the year of all the hiring freezes for nurses. The only job I could find was at the Women's Prison in Raleigh. It was the job from hell, but I stayed there for nine months. I then switched to the emergency department at Nash General. I loved emergency nursing and went on to be a trauma nurse at Wake Med. In all, I did emergency nursing for eleven years before I switched to a calmer form of nursing, Home Health. Now I get my adrenaline rush flying Buddy's Cessna. I think he gets a rush too when he flies with me; or at least a headache.