

# Col James Michael Newton

23 June 1947 - 23 August 2008



*The circle is now complete  
A life that once began  
With thrashing arms and feet  
Now rests so still.*

*He grew, determined in his plan,  
Swam, ran, even soared in flight,  
In working his plan, became a man,  
Lived it full as was his right.*

*Time has stopped, one final act undone,  
A life fulfilled, no more to roam.  
A smile rests now upon his face,  
In peace at last, he's flying home.*

*Barnard S. Adams*

Jim was born in Minot, North Dakota on 23 June 1947. In 1948, his family moved to California where he attended St. John School, later graduating from San Lorenzo High School in 1966, and California State University Hayward. In 1971 Jim graduated as a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant from the Laughlin US Air Force 3646 Pilot Training Wing, Undergraduate Pilot Training in San Antonio, Texas. It was there he materialized his long-held dream of flight. He broke the sound barrier with the F4 and flew the curvature of the earth. For the following 20 years he proudly flew the C130 as a search and rescue pilot for the California Air National Guard. Jim retired from the military as a Colonel in 2000.

In 1987, he married his lovely bride, Marilyn, in Napa, California, at which time he became the proud stepfather of Scott Soares. He was later blessed with two beautiful grandchildren, Vinny and Paolo, and a lovely daughter-in-law, Ula Soares.

In addition, Jim is survived by his parents, Lorna and Barnard Adams; sisters, Penny Newton-Tibbetts, Phyllis Newton-Carpenter, Patricia Newton-Suda, and Paula Newton-Molgaard; and many nieces and nephews.

Jim faced many challenges with his diabetes, none of which deterred him. In 1998, he participated in a cutting edge experimental gene therapy trial at St. Elizabeth Medical Center, Boston, Mass. Jim later volunteered at the Chabot Space and Science Center. As a docent, he shared his vast knowledge of space and quantum physics.

Later what brought Jim his greatest joy were the children in his life. He lived each day for the opportunity to share treasured moments, knowing they were fleeting.

