

From My Eyes

While in my Kitchen making cool drinks for our two granddaughters, I heard my husband making a round of our place. Toward the end of his second round, I joined my granddaughters on a landing above them. They were waving at their Papa and talking about the airplane. Above them I watched the airplane beginning a shallow turn to the north which took him higher than the Blue Water Tower. The turn was in process when I realized it was too quiet. There was no engine sound! The airplane began a slow, downward angle toward our property. Watching it, slowly descending toward the trees on the northern end of our property. - Then I saw a puff of dust through the trees. I knew what had happened. Getting the girls on our golfcart, we went to see what had happened hoping for the best. After reaching the airplane sight, I told the girls to get their brother who arrived and helped me get my husband out of the plane, and out of the sight of disaster. Thanks to God - He is alive!

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