

On Sunday Morning (July 14, 2019), my daughter Bella came to me and said “I want to be brave today, and go flying”. The last time Bella had wanted to fly, she got scared and decided she didn’t want to fly after we got down to the airport and ready to go. I told her to call Bobby and see what he was doing because I was unsure what he was up to that day.

Before long we were off to the airport. Bobby was more than willing to take us but wanted to go earlier rather than later in the day due to the predicted temperatures that day.

When we got to the hanger, Bella still seemed to want to go flying. Bobby got the plane out of the hanger. Bella & I got into the plane. Bobby helped with buckling our seatbelts and placing our headphones on. Just getting us comfortable.

Bobby stated that he needed to do the checks on the outside of the plane. What does that mean for a Mom?!? Picture time! Need to snap a picture of Bella for her first small plane ride!

Oh and even though I’m no selfie girl, I had to snap one of the two of us as well!



After snapping the second picture, I sent those to my son via text message, told him I loved him and that I would text him when we were done. I clicked send on the text message.

As I looked up in front of me, Bobby was standing in the front of the plane and I saw him spin the propeller a little and all of a sudden, the plane came roaring to life. Bobby jumped very quickly and tried to run around to his door to get in, but all I remember is his face quickly disappeared. We were moving too fast!

After Bobby’s face disappeared from that window, I knew things were very wrong. I thought he was going to make it into the airplane. This is the moment when I really began to panic, and things seem more like a nightmare and things become fuzzy/hard to remember exactly. That ride...

This is what I do remember:

I remember panicking. Not knowing what I should do, touch, or not touch.

I remember looking at the petals and hoping it was a brake. My feet were sooooo far away from them though. I remember desperately trying to reach/kick the petals.

I remember thinking about my son. I knew Bella was with me and we were in it together no matter what happened to us (at that point I thought we would die). My children's Dad died last August. My mind immediately raced thinking my son would be alone.

I remember looking at the gauges and different things, but I can't tell you not one word that is on that dash.

I remember hearing Bella screaming. She sounded so far away from me. I could hear the tremor in her voice. She kept repeating something. I can only recall the tremor and fear in her voice, not the actual words she used though.

I remember bouncing and it was moving fast. I remember stuff was falling inside of the cabin.

Once the plane came to a complete stop, I clearly remember turning around to look at Bella. I spoke so quietly and softly and told her that everything was ok, we were alive, but instructed her that our next mission was to get out of the plane. I was afraid the plane would ignite.

The door was partially open on the driver's side of the plane and Bella and I got out through there. As we got out, we started running out of the wheat field and away from the plane. I could see Bobby was running across the airport towards us and was screaming for us.

It was over! We made it! 911 was called/dispatched.