

My dad picked me up at Jamestown ND's airport and we took off at about 11:15 am. We climbed up to 8,000 ft initially but soon went up to 10,000 feet to stay out of the clouds. My dad, as soon as we neared Sturgis Airport, set up for his instrument approach and verified with Elsworth Airforce that he was clear to land. ~~and~~ ^{He} proceeded with the necessary requirements for ~~an~~ ^{the} instrument approach. My mom texted me asking me to inform her ~~if~~ ^{when} we had landed. I ~~texted~~ ^{texted} her back telling her we were 10 miles out, put my phone away, and followed/watched my dad line up the airplane with his set up approach, hoping to learn or pick up on something that I could do for my landings to make me better. When we got to 300 feet ~~below~~ ^{above} the runway, I could see it. I asked my dad why he wasn't landing and he told me it was because he couldn't find the runway. I pointed out where it was and he took his eyes off of the instruments to look for it. He then told me he wasn't sure where he was and that we should announce a missed approach. He ~~throttled the engine~~ ^{pushed the throttle} in to climb up and out of the situation, but we had drifted off course and a light pole was in our way. I saw the pole a split second before we hit it, as soon as it was hit, my dad slammed on the rudder pedals to keep us as level as possible and pointed the nose towards the ground. Before impact, he told me to hold on and I crossed my arms in front of my face.

When the airplane hit the ground, my seat collapsed on one side and I ended up lying in my dad's lap because I was still buckled in. My dad helped me unbuckle, he opened up the door, gave me a hankie for my head, and began with making the necessary calls.