

## Chapter 3- So you want to fly...

Here is a true story that I personally experienced. We will come back to it several times to illustrate some truths I discovered through this.

One summer day, I drove past an airport and thought it would be good to learn to fly. It could be useful for my work, and it would be a whole lot of fun. I pulled into an airport and asked some questions about getting a license. I said, "When can I start?" The instructor said, "We can walk out and get in the plane right now." I certainly did not expect that, but we walked out to the airplane and the adventure began. I also did some book learning on the airplane basics, how to communicate with other planes, and traffic control. I passed the written test and started regular lessons.

After about 10 hours of flight training, the instructor was very, very frustrated with me. He was constantly saying things like, "What did I tell you? You are too high, too low, too fast on approach to the airport." I can still hear him saying things like, "Too much right rudder", "The nose is too high.", and "That is not what I told you to do!" I was really trying to listen to him, but I agreed that it was not working. He was sitting right next to me in the plane and chattering all the time about what I was doing wrong.

He said, "You are not learning anything at all. I don't know what to do anymore!" I was surprised at performance, as I was generally good at running equipment. He said, "I don't know what else to do. Let's start over." We went to the plane and started with the very basics. He walked me through things like "This is the wing," "This is the tire," "This is the rudder," etc... It dawned on me, at that moment, what may be wrong. I said, "Let's go sit in the grass by the runway and talk about this." After a little discussion, I said to him, "I have an idea. Let's take the plane up again; I don't want you to say a word-- not one word unless you think I am going to crash." To his surprise, it went very well. I did everything OK and landed with no instruction or the belittling chatter.

What he and I learned that day was the need to teach and stop chattering. To let me learn to feel and fly the plane, I needed to observe what was going on. With that information, I needed to make decisions on what to do. He had instructed me well. That was very rewarding for both of us. I had not been flying the plane or

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putting to use what I was taught. I was waiting for him to tell me what to do next, and that was always too late.

From that day forward, it went very well, at least in my opinion of course. I never crashed!

### **Questions:**

What did this say about God?

What did this say about you?

Is there an action step needed for you today?