

Fearless

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It's getting to be that time of year again. The time when I catch up on my drinking and praying. You got it, the Kane family will be flying soon.

I'm just kidding about the drinking though. I never drink on a plane. That would just dull my senses and I need all of those in case I have to push the women and children out of my way as I rush to an exit door.

But I'm not kidding about the praying.

I wasn't always afraid of flying. But about 10 years ago, I was in a plane, sitting on the tarmac, waiting for take-off and it hit. "How exactly does this tube of metal fly in the sky? – Oh, wait, that's impossible."

Ever since, flying has been a nightmare for me. A necessary nightmare, however, since my husband insists we go places.

I'm usually fine, no worries, as I walk through the airport, take off my shoes and pass through the metal detectors. No worries as I sit in the lobby waiting for the flight. In fact if you saw me, you'd think I was a fearless flyer.

I'm even pretty calm as we board the "metal tube" and find our seats. However, it's when they seal those doors, the engines turn on and the pilot says "prepare for takeoff" - - that I want to scream out - - "We are going to die!"

Which is when my husband turns to me and offers me words of comfort - "Please, don't embarrass me."

I don't - instead – that's when the prayer begins and it goes something like this:

"Dear God, please, please, please, please don't let me crash. Amen"

I don't make any promises I can't keep. I don't make it complicated. I repeat the prayer through every bump, air pocket and sudden movement of those I have previously racially profiled.

I don't talk or eat nor do I pay any attention to my children. My husband and I have a pact. I'll fly ...but I'll be of no help to him on the plane.

There is no talking to mommy on a plane. The moment we board, mommy is dead to them. She doesn't open your snack, she doesn't take out your coloring book, she doesn't play tic-tac-toe. All mommy does is say her prayer and watch the flight attendant – as I've learned they are the first "to know."

If you unfortunately are one of my three children who has to sit by me, the window stays shut. There is no looking out the window – ever! Seriously, if I ever processed how high we were – I think I'd be one of those people they cart off the plane in a straight jacket.

Instead Mommy just prays.

And I take no one and I mean no one to the bathroom. As I feel any sudden movement, might tip the plane. The word "hold it" takes on a new meaning during a trans-atlantic flight. But believe me, it can be done!

So in three days, we will be flying. My brother and his family will be on the same planes as us and it will take three planes to get there and three to get back.

Thankfully for all those aboard, my brother shares the same fear as I do. I say thankfully...because it's going to take at least two of us praying my special prayer...to get us over the Atlantic!

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