

My Dream Ride

By Kay Mauser

When I was growing up if you were under 12 you could go to a movie for a nickel. For that price you saw a double header film, a cartoon, the next chapter of a series of 13 which usually ended with the hero in trouble. Also shown was a news report film called, I believe, *The March of Time*. It showed the short clips of what was happening in the world.

It was here I first saw a new device they were trying to make for the servicemen to enable them to be lifted into the air and thus be able to see the enemy better. It was a back pack with batteries and a device like a helicopter on top. It lifted the service person off the ground.

This fascinated me, perhaps after the war they would put it on the market and it would be available for the civilian market. I am still waiting.

Can you imagine how helpful it would be to go outside and then go Up, Up and Away! I could go to the store, visit my children whenever I wished.

Of course they never developed it. But when we lived in Albuquerque they had the hot air balloons fly over our property and they were beautiful. Maybe I could ride in one. Not yet.

And then there is hang-gliding. Oh, the thrill of stepping off a mountainside and gliding down to earth! Not yet.

I have gone to many places all over the world in a regular airplane and enjoyed it, but I couldn't help thinking how thrilling it would be to parachute out of an airplane. Ah, to be free, free to soar in the sky like a bird.

But maybe God will give me wings when and IF I make it to heaven.