

Someday

*By Molly Hegman*

Sitting on the beach early one morning as I watched the sailboats heading out for an adventure, I noticed a seagull sitting on a post in the water which rippled around it. The watery blue of the early morning light made a lovely backdrop for the boats and the seagull. As I watched the sailboats, I pictured myself flying over the bay. I could feel the breeze on my face and in my hair. I thought about how wonderful it would be ... to be so free ... maybe someday.

Overhead, a couple of Navy jets did a few loops and dives and flew off into the blue. We were told that the Navy used our apartment buildings as a sight for cadets to use while training. As for me? I enjoyed my own personal show. Again, I thought, how free they must feel, flying through the air ... maybe someday.

I did have a chance to sail but by that time we had three little girls. We had a beautiful little sailboat called a Calibri. We didn't live close to a bay or an ocean. We had to drive at least an hour to reach the lake. By the time we loaded up the car with necessities and attached the boat it was at least two hours before we reached the lake. It then took more time to get the boat in the water and everyone aboard. I didn't have much time to feel free or to feel like I was flying over the lake as I was watching curious little girls leaning over the side trying to touch the water. After a few attempts to enjoy our boat we decided that the time was not right. We sold our beautiful sailboat.

I did have many times enjoying the freedom of flying through the sky, be it blue or gray or black. Ben took flying lessons and became qualified to fly small planes ... he shared my dream of freedom. However, when we first began this search for freedom in the air, he felt it. Sadly, I did not. I was a white knuckle passenger for a number of years. I felt sure that if I held onto my seat the plane would stay in the air. I would even envision myself in my seat with my hands desperately keeping that plane in the air. Then one day Ben called me from work to say that we were going flying. I was on my way out to have a glass of sherry with my neighbor when he called. I told her my feelings as I drank, not sipped, my sherry. She and the sherry talked me through it. That night as we took off in a little two seater I finally felt the freedom of flying through the air. My someday had arrived!