

From airport to airport the plane takes off only again to land,

From departure to destination to fly through air under hand;

For miles and miles of travelling are smooth and a bit bumpy ride,

Though casually and gracefully it constantly flies and seems to glide.

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The aeroplane has the power of jet engines to propel into safety,

As the wheels tuck up and come down from ascent to descent.

Across a mile of flying time with wings that cross and sing;

And the up current and the draft, managed by the aerodynamics in the wing,

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And the beauty of the gracefulness of the thing getting off the ground,

Is seen and felt in majesty as it touches down to tarmac found;

As the duty of the pilot is to make sure it is constantly right,

To travel safe and sound and in the perfection and brilliance of flight.

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For the Bible had a component of a trial victory from strife,

Where Pilate crucified the saviour that all could love and have life;

And as they fly off into heaven through clouds so fluffy white,

To blue skies always waiting endlessly of horizons changing light.

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The sun is in the window as the controls of God are love,

And the prayer and faith of arriving flies through the air above;

If the turbulence of wind currents bounce you a bit in your seat,

Never do worry for the hostesses job is to see you happy and eat.

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And the ground crew maintains it perfectly to make sure you survive,

Alive and feeling contented that the management kept you alive;

For the work and price of the ticket is not cheap and comes at a cost,

So no souls of venturing travelers will die or will be lost.

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Signed,

A to B.