

NEWSLETTER FROM SHIRLEY

Tune in:

We were honored to record a radio interview with Publisher Athena Holtz and her husband, Ross Holtz. Copy the link below to listen:
<http://bit.ly/3leBeeF>



Winner Soda Bread Recipe:

I enjoyed celebrating St Patrick's Day this year with an "everything Irish" meal. I discovered a wonderful Irish Soda Bread recipe. It's good any time of the year.

Quick Irish Soda Bread:
Preheat oven to 375°
Sift together in large bowl:

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

3/4 tsp baking soda

1/2 tsp salt

1 Tbsp sugar

Cut into the flour mixture with pastry blender

6 Tbsp chilled shortening

Stir in: (next page)

SPRING IS COMING!



1 Tbsp caraway seeds

1/2 to 1 c raisins

Add gradually:

1/2 to 2/3 c buttermilk (I just add

1 1/2 Tbsp of vinegar to milk. The mixture should not be dry. Knead briefly and shape into a Round loaf or a 9 x 5 loaf pan. Cut a bold cross on top. Brush The top with milk, bake for 40 - 50 minutes. Serve warm.

True Story...an experience I never expected..."Take the Time"

The sky was sapphire blue. A cheery summer day.

We took off in our Taylorcraft two-seat airplane. Our destination an airshow in a small town in the Willamette Valley. I loved the noise and excitement of an airshow.

We tethered our little white airplane with red trim onto the visitor's field and eagerly walked toward the field where spectators gathered.

We looked forward to the many exciting acts to watch. Bulky World War II trainers with a throaty deep engine noise, performing their maneuvers—rolls, spins and stalls.

Other exciting aircraft like Citabrias, Pitts Specials—flowing confidently through the sky, the audience gasping at their seemingly effortless yet daring stunts.

But first, there would be some fun. A balloon chase. The five or so Pitts Specials—small, fast biplanes used strictly for aerobatics—warmed up and took to the skies. They took off with a roar. There was a yellow one. A red and white one. One as blue as the sky.

The colorful helium-filled balloons filled the blue arc above us, like giant lollipops floating in the air.

The planes began their competition as one by one they popped the balloons with their whirling propellers. Oh! we gasped as they dipped and rolled. We laughed at their antics. Then the red one missed the balloon, so he roared back for another attack. We laughed with the excited crowd.

Then something didn't seem right.

The red biplane angled around and executed a maneuver that is only an option if there is plenty of altitude. Instead of popping the balloon, he flew straight into the ground. He had made a fatal mistake.

It didn't make much noise. A crumple of sticks and fiberglass-covered fabric crushed together, like the pop of air blown into a brown paper bag. Pop! Such a small sound for an aircraft with a human being inside. We knew there would be no survival. He was diving 100 mph straight into the ground.

I'll never forget the soft sound of that impact.

At first, we couldn't believe it and simply stood there, gazing stupidly at the wreck. We heard an explosion, and flames began to lick the wreckage.

"Let's go," my husband Bill said. "It's over." We walked back to our own plane.

We untied the ropes anchoring the plane to the ground. Out front, Bill spun the propeller and I held the throttle, foot on the brake. "Clear!" he shouted. The engine roared to life, Bill hopped in on his side, and we taxied to the runway.

“I can’t believe what happened!” were my only words. And then there was silence in the cockpit as we flew north; I gazed back at the airport. By now, firetrucks were there to put out the fire and to protect the other aircraft on the ground, the grass surrounding the airfield, and the farms nearby.

I watched the trail of smoke. Straight up. And then, as though it changed its mind, it blew at a right angle off to the south, like an upside down “L”.

I don’t know the man’s name who flew that fatal flight. Later I learned he had borrowed the red Pitts. Was he a competent pilot? I believe so, I don’t think his friend would have loaned it to him, had he not been competent. I don’t know the name of the owner of the sporty bi-plane who loaned it to his buddy. Did he ever fly again? Did he replace it?

I wonder if when my husband said, “Let’s go,” if it was because he feared he would be afraid to fly again unless we left right then. Getting back into the plane must have chased those fears and uneasiness away, for later, building up his flight time, he obtained multiple licenses to fly and to teach flying to others. Bill is gone now, so I’ll never get to ask him the reason for the abrupt departure that day.

Have you experienced a similar event that you can never forget? A storm or a tornado? A massive pileup on the freeway? A mass shooting or other horrific event? Has it changed how you approach life? What about that fated pilot? He had no idea it would be his last flight—or even his last day. Did he kiss his wife goodbye before he climbed into that plane?

That happening taught me the importance of saying “I’m sorry,” or “I love you,” or even just a quick hug to express my feelings. I may not get another chance, just as that pilot didn’t. When we arrived back at home, I nuzzled my baby boy and held him tight. Grateful for his life. And for life itself.

I was reminded of a passage in the Bible that has also stuck with me:

How do you know what your life will be like tomorrow? Your life is like the morning fog—it’s here a little while, then it’s gone. What you ought to say is, “If the Lord wants us to, we will live and do this or that” (James 4:14 NLT).

To whom have you neglected to say, “I love you,” or “I’m sorry, I was wrong”?

Amid the pleasures of witnessing an airshow and the horror of accidental death, I found it’s better to keep short accounts as I recognize them rather than to wait for a “better” moment. Take the time.

This is a Pitts Special.



If you sign up for my newsletter, I’ll provide a free chapter from one of my mountain climbing adventures. Go here to sign up: <https://shirleymozena.com>.

See you next time!