

“I’ve Got This”

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Thankful I get to sit by the window, I place my bag in the overhead compartment and take my seat. I do have a problem with heights, but somehow I don’t worry as much when I’m on an airplane; unless there is some major turbulence. I prefer the window seat mostly because I don’t have to put up with getting bumped every five minutes by the flight attendants walking up and down the aisle. The only real down side to having the window seat is when you need to use the restroom, and then you have to disturb your neighbors so they can let you out. Luckily, it’s a short flight, so I am ‘good to go’.

Safely in the air, I take in my heavenly view. I suppose I do prefer being above the clouds during my flight, where I can imagine what it must feel like to be one of the angels, sitting on a big, puffy, white cloud, and playing my harp. I know, that is a silly notion. Okay, how about the stork who sits on the cloud with little ‘Dumbo’ in his wrap, trying to figure out where to deliver his next bundle of joy? No... Dumbo almost fell through the cloud. I’ve got it! I can imagine what it must feel like to God, when He looks down on His creation from His majestic home in the heavens. Yes. I like this. The only problem with me pretending to be God, aside from all of the other ridiculous reasons I’m unfit for the position, is that He sees right through the clouds, straight down to the earth. My vision is impaired by the fluffy obstructions, so I remain blind. I’m okay with that.

As the airplane lowers just a bit, and the clouds begin to thin, I can see the expansive land laid out before me. Ok, I can pretend I’m God again, just for a moment. As I look out over the squares and other shapes of plots of land below, I am reminded of a poem I had written years ago, after flying in an airplane for the first time. One of my favorite lines was... “As I look down at the hills and ditches, I see connecting states by eroded stitches...” Not bad. Fitting, actually. It’s easy to pretend I’m God from this vantage point, because the details aren’t in focus, and all looks well with the world.

As we draw closer in for our landing, I begin to notice houses, and cars on the highways, and I start to think to myself... “How can God possibly know each and every person, with all of their wants and worries? How can He know about the hungry children in Africa, or in America, for that matter? How can He hear a mother’s cry, or a father’s prayer?” Suddenly, I don’t feel like pretending to be God anymore. My head wants to explode at the thought of it. For a fleeting moment, I even question my faith. Is it possible that my beliefs are just a way to give me comfort, so I don’t feel completely alone?

As the plane lurches forward for our final descent, I hear a baby cry, I assume due to her popping ears. Conversations grow louder as the other passengers prepare for landing, fixing their seats and placing their tray tables back to where they belong. Across the aisle, an elderly man takes his wife by the hand and sweetly kisses the back of her hand. I couldn’t help but smile to myself. There is a little nervous giggle from the young boy behind me as the plane touches down on the runway. His mother sighs and says out loud, “Thank God this is over!” It was like He was tapping me on the shoulder, saying, “I’ve got this.”

It is He who sits above the circle of the earth, And its inhabitants are like grasshoppers, Who stretches out the heavens like a curtain, And spreads them out like a tent to dwell in. Isaiah 40:22 (NKJV)