

Stickman surprised by generosity – 6.24.14

I love the wild card, as I can write anything I want and I know people read it. One comment tonight, must not be much going on. I am going to tell a small story as I am wont to do, and it may get long, so pull up a seat and go for the ride.

Over the years I written about the bombers pilots of WWII, who are now in their 90's. Such gallant and honorable men. I am a Vietnam Vet, but I love history and what the greatest generation had to go through for the freedom we enjoy today. I heard about the B-17 coming into town for the next three days and my heart skipped a beat. I love to see them flying over Tubbs Hill. Most never even look up. I always do, and jump up and down when they fly over. I can't help it, it's the little kid in me. I was a tank guy in Vietnam, so I don't really know the attraction I have had over the years for war planes. I guess it was the guys that flew them back then, on the seat of their pants scared to death. Like JohnA's dad. I wish he could fly in one again, and maybe he will.

Anyway, on with the story. I wrote about two weeks ago that it would be a dream for me to witness history and actually fly in one. It is here, out at Coeur d'Alene airport. I never thought much of the story I wrote, but I had a surprise visit from DFO this afternoon after he got off work. It was good to see him, as it's been awhile. Anyway, he was in a rush to meet someone and had to bring me something. It was an envelope addressed to the stickman that was brought by his office by an anonymous person who stated that he was a long time blurker on this blog and could he please deliver it. It is hard for me to write this now, because since then my eyes have been full of tears. I have just finished my eye surgery recently and both of my basically blind eyes are now 20/15. Amazing and I can't even describe what I have been feeling lately, except for today. As DFO came across the street to greet me and give me this envelope, the B-17 flew right over Tubbs Hill. To make a short story shorter, the envelope had \$450 in cash in it for me to ride this glorious piece of history. I am going tomorrow. I called the man for an appointment and he loved the story, so hopefully if 5 other people sign up before then, you might actually see me in the skies over this beautiful town of ours at maybe 5pm. I will wave, and of course write about my experience tomorrow, or the next day. It will be here till Wednesday, so take a break if you can and if you are interested, go see it. Sometimes a gift is truly a gift, this one will be something I will never forget. Thank you to the one that reads this blog and once in awhile, likes my stories of Veterans and what they did and why. It's hard for me to express how I feel right now, though I have tried. There are so many people that read this blog and enjoy it. I seemed to have touched one of you, thank you for my new experience starting tomorrow. I can't wait. See you over the skies.