The Cloud Dancer

In memory of Paul C. Churchill, friend and colleague

He loved the engine throttled up
Soaring there as the eagles do
With chatter in his headset
Of compass headings and altitudes

This was his freedom and reward
Set loose above the earth to fly
To dance among the misty clouds
Gliding on without terrestrial bounds

Now, alas, he soars anew
No longer shackled by man made wings
No longer limited by time and space
A flight plan filed beyond heaven’s gates

Those left behind look skyward still
Remembering the spirit of this man
A friend who has departed earth
We celebrate his life, well lived

David M. Lawson
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