

Subject: Memorials, Funerals – High Flight/Prayer for a Pilot

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth and danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.
Hov'ring there, I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace where never lark
or even eagle flew.
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod the high un-trespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

Prayer for a Pilot

Lord of sea and earth and air; listen to the pilot's prayer.
Send him wind that's steady and strong -- of flawless tone by which he knows it shall not fail him
where he goes.
Landing, gliding, in curve, half-roll...grant him, O Lord, a full control,
That he may learn the heights of Heaven.
The rapture altitude has given,
That he shall know the joy they feel who ride the realms on birds of steel.