

## Where Are Those Silver-Tinged Angels?

Transmission - 4:41pm  
Recovered

Dear Gracie:

I am floating at 10,000 ft. on the wings of that cotton-candy dragon we spied just yesterday.

And, sweetheart, they are here again.

I see the dolphin trio dodging flecks of light as they surf the cirrus wave, and I see the ballerina, a wisp of gold trailing, as she pirouettes on silken toe.

But where are those silver-tinged angels. . . those lonely, silver-tinged angels?

Somehow, they seemed to have slipped away.

We saw them just yesterday, you and I, in the park, while we played. We spun around in lazy circles staring into this forever gray.

You lay so still while their crystal tears fell softly on your cheek. Then Mommy called, and we tumbled down and raced the whole way home.

Do you remember what you asked, "Daddy, why do angels live in such high places?" You crinkled up your freckled nose and declared, "If I had wings, I'd fly way up to the clouds and play with those poor, sad angels."

I promised to take you, someday, in Daddy's plane.

My God, how could I have known? How could anyone have known that you would leave us so suddenly?

Dear Gracie, you did fly away. . . In less than a heartbeat.

Your daddy never even saw that driver. Since then I have searched the whole horizon.

And your mommy just keeps calling.

But I can't go home -- This merry-go-round I am on is spinning much too fast.

I don't think I can jump off this time.

If I could see, just once more, those silver-tinged angels . . . but it is too late. Those lonely, silver-tinged angels have quietly slipped away.

And I think I shall take their place.

*Seattle, Washington* – 6:34 am, rescue workers recovered the wreckage of a Twin Cessna. FAA officials have attributed the crash to pilot error. According to eyewitnesses, the plane went into a sudden freefall just two miles east of the Pacific Coast.