Cap’s Last Flight

“Here he comes!” the angel said
As he swung wide the gate.
St. Peter smiled as Cap walked in
And said, “Sorry you had to wait.”

“I had so many things to do
There wasn’t time to leave;
And I was honored at the end,
Truly hard to believe.”

We know the story very well,
The airports he helped create;
He ran a few, the Commission too,
And they’re all doing great.

Every May he “took ’er up”
For seventy-seven years,
He proved that age had nothing to do
With outperforming his peers.

He flew in World Wars I and II
And served his country well.
He made many friends along the way
Before he heard the bell.

“You’ve more than earned your wings, my friend,”
St. Peter said with a smile;
“And don’t give a thought to all those friends,
You’ll see them after a while.”

And so, my friends, don’t mourn too long
Just look up to the sky,
He just may be that red-tailed hawk
Circling way up high.

—Betty Nicholas, 1996