

# Come Fly With Me!

by judy villanueva



“Come fly with me, my love!” my husband said the minute he received his pilot’s license. How I wanted to share his new hobby, but my fear of flying was overwhelming and I knew it could never happen. Still, I prayed that God would crush my fears and it wasn’t long before I felt Him creating a little space inside me to fathom the thought of flying! Week after week, my dear husband would approach me with the question, “Will you fly with me?” I would say, “One day, but not today.” Months passed and, sure enough, one day I read “I have come that you might have life, life to the full.” And, I knew God would make a way for me to fly!

I have struggled with fear since I was a little girl. What began as imagining monsters in the shadows became an oppressive fear of calamity in general. Like a noose around my neck, the constraint was choking my ability to live life in the simplest of ways. I feared for the safety of my husband and children, along with a host of other unrealities over which I had no control.

One day, around the first of July, I sat in my office with my son, and he began talking about our trip to Colorado on the 4th of July. I reminded him that it was unlikely I would go. I looked up at him and saw the most curious expression on his face. It was as though he could not imagine a fear that would prevent me from saying “yes” to such a fun adventure. I looked back at him with the same curious amazement and thought to myself, “What must it be like to not be afraid?” And, I felt God speak. “Judy, I can take you there...to life without fear. Come, fly with Me!” And, the space inside me got a little bigger.

On July 3rd I did regular things like cooking dinner, watering the garden, and paying bills. Every time I thought of getting in that little plane, however, I felt a gut-wrenching fear rise up, but something else had squeezed its way in, too. I was actually beginning to imagine being afraid and going anyway! I woke up the next morning at 5:00am...afraid. My husband, son and I drove to the airport, prepared the plane, and climbed aboard. I was still afraid. Trembling I buckled up, heard the engine start, and before I knew it, we were flying! For 20 minutes, I closed my eyes

and mostly felt scared. I would gingerly sneak a peek out the window every now and again but just when I'd feel myself calming, the plane would hit an air pocket, and fear would close in once again.

God had my full attention as I trembled from head to toe, and in one of those paralyzing moments, I felt Him speak. "Do you trust Me, daughter?" Sadly, I realized that I did not. "I am faithful. Let go of your fear and look at Me. Trust Me to be Your God and come, fly with Me!" Suddenly, I realized that I still had work to do. At this point, I knew I'd survive the flight, but I didn't want to just survive...I wanted to live life to the full! God was doing His part and He was calling me to do mine. So, I did the only thing I could think of and I pointed all of me at Jesus!

I pointed my mind and remembered that when I am afraid, I must trust Jesus. I pointed my body and breathed in deeply to relax. I pointed my heart and remembered all of the dear people who love me. I pointed my spirit and asked to be filled with faith. As I breathed and pointed as best I knew how, I felt the Lord say to me so firmly and tenderly, "I am with you, Judy. I AM with you!" More and more space was bursting through and, as I looked out the window it dawned on me...I wasn't afraid! In those moments of flight I felt a freedom that I had yearned for, for as long as I could remember. By God's grace, fear's grip on me had loosened and 12,000 feet up in the air I felt helped into God's presence, held by His love and filled up with the fullness of life!