

My First Plane Ride

(Words and Music by Mark Wesling)

Christmas is drawing near
And my parents sat me down to say
“We’re going to be riding a plane this year
‘Cause Grandma and Grandpa live far away”

We arrived at the airport early
And Dad carried all the suitcases
Me and Mom, we carried our purses
And my brother just made funny faces

We all made our way to our seats
And we buckled our seat belts real tight
We said a quick prayer for safe travel
For us and others on this flight

Then we started to travel real fast
And I grabbed my Mother’s hand
Then up in the air we went
And I could look down and see the land

Higher and higher we went
I could see clouds all over the air
They were big and white and fluffy
And they looked just like Santa’s beard

The pilot said, “We’re about to land”
I once again held my Mother’s hand
With a thump and a squeak, we landed and slowed
And Mom said, “That was fun, we should do that again!”

Then after we left the plane
And Dad grabbed all the suitcases
We came to the end of the hall
And saw Grandma and Grandpa’s smiling faces
Merry Christmas!

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Christmas Waiting: Performed by Mark Wesling and Liza Kawaller

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