

Natural Healing Express Weekly

Column Volume 94 Trying Something New

“Never be afraid to try something new. Remember, amateurs built the ark; professionals built the Titanic.” Vance Neudorf. I have always loved this quote, yet trying something new can be scary and yet exhilarating at the same time. Here’s a fun story about trying something new.

About 6 years ago this week; I was attending an Air Show in Rhode Island commanded by a close friend of mine. This was when we could still have Air Shows; you know the ones with the Blue Angels and great aircraft? My pal is a long time military man and today holds the title of Colonel. We have been close since our 20’s and have always challenged each other to move to the next level. The year previous to this Air Show, I had asked him to attend the Indy 500 to participate on our crew as a tire catcher. Of course he was good at it and we had a great race. He swore he had the time of his life and would return the favor someday.

Little did I know when I got to Rhode Island that this favor would soon be “returned.” I guess the F16’s flying over should have been my first clue. He quickly handed me a bunch of waivers to sign, you know, the ones you are not supposed to read because you just want to go ahead and do-what-you-want-to-do- anyway kind? Ya, those. Well, for once I started reading the fine print and caught the words, if one becomes dislodged from the Jet Truck I agree to hold harmless....blah blah blah. Wait a minute here...Jet Truck? Dislodged? Was that a great legal term for having my butt thrown into the next state? Remember, Rhode Island is small. Oh no.

Sensing I had caught on, my heavily honored pal offered this stoic explanation. He could get me a ride in the F16’s anytime, but riding as a passenger in the Jet Truck would be a once in a lifetime opportunity. Say What? He said, just sign the papers, if you don’t want to go, I can’t force you. (Spoken by the man who had talked me into more things than I wanted to admit—many of which can never be discussed)

Reluctantly, I signed and instantly there is a golf cart waiting at the front door. “Let’s go!” he yells and we’re off. We pull up to what looks like a regular Semi Truck Cab with the side windows missing—until I looked behind the cab where there were not one, not two, but THREE jet engines curiously welded to the frame of the truck. Holy Nutz, what have I done?

The Driver of the “Shock Wave” greeted me with a “we have a new victim smile” then handed me an oversized two piece 1956 Fireman’s Suit and a roll of duct tape. “Here, get dressed and then it’s ShowTime.” About that time, all of my racing experience began to take over and I was having a visual of duct tape being permanently burned into my midsection, all during which my friend is now double wrapping me because the suit is too big. I looked straight into his eyes and said, “Seriously, what’s the helmet like, a cool whip container with bailer twine on the bottom?” He just gave me that big smile and said, “See ya on the other side, darling!”

At that moment, I began to wonder what “other side” he was talking about but it was far too late to wimp out now. The next thing you know, I am climbing sideways into the passenger side of “Shock

Wave” and putting on my belts when I spotted the driver. I hooked up my radio and he said, “with today’s conditions we will try to keep it under 330mph.” I never thought I had a hearing problem, but I was hoping I suddenly did. I pressed my radio button, “repeat sir”. “Under 330, ma’am”, and with that he started the regular engine of the “Shock Wave”. Help me Tom Cruise; Help me Oprah Winfrey, And Help Me Baby Jesus.

Shortly after, we were going the reverse direction down the runway at Quonset Point and right into the mid-section of the now assembled huge crowd. Well, at least there will be several witnesses to my demise I thought. He gave me the loop to loop signal which I translated into “loco” as in crazy as bat poop. Then I checked my belts for the 25th time.

We began driving in circles, then he lit something on fire and the crowd went crazy. Perfect, a comedian and a pyromaniac all in one, my lucky day. He then down shifted and we headed toward the beginning of the run way. When we arrived, he started each jet engine. The entire vehicle began to rumble like a skyscraper in the beginning stages of an earthquake. I thought to myself, thank God I used the bathroom prior to getting in this damn thing. He reached over and grabbed my left hand, pointed to the shifter and shook his head vigorously no. In my mind, I thought oh, HELL NO, but then I realized he was telling me not to touch the shifter because apparently we had now lost all radio communication, and ironically at some point, another scared crap-less person in my position had reached for it. Not gonna happen, Cha Chi. Fortunately, I had some sign language in mind if I needed to communicate.

He lit the final engine and I looked down the run way. Funny, it didn’t seem that long anymore. Then I looked at the floor of the cab and realized there actually wasn’t one. My feet had been resting on a frame. At that point, I prayed, “Lord, please help this nutcase and forgive me for the things I may do if I survive, and please be with this driver.”

He looked over and gave me the thumbs up. I didn’t exactly respond, so he pressed against my shoulder indicating to me that some sort of response would be necessary prior to take-off. I gave him a very animated thumbs ups or something like that. He got my point.

The next thing you know, we are shooting down that runway at speeds Indy car and Nascar Drivers only dream about. I was falling in love with it. It felt as if we should be lifting like an aircraft but we stayed on the ground. Superb and Exhilarating. Just when I was getting used to it, he pulled the chute and we comfortably came to a rest. I was expecting a huge jolt since we took about 8G’s but it was more like leaning back in an easy chair. Thankfully, the Shock Wave Driver was a trained professional even though my Colonel friend had asked him for the “extra thrill package” on my behalf.

As the rig stopped, I climbed out with the biggest smile ever and immediately wanted to do it again. The driver simply looked at me and said, “Next time you pack your own chute”. With that, I slowly started to pry loose the double layer of duct tape from my belly. My friend showed up just in time to rip off the last piece.

When we got back to base, I was awarded a certificate of completing my ride at 325 mph. I felt alive, invigorated and filled with gratitude for the experience. This is something I NEVER would have signed up

to do on my own and would have never dreamed of trying. Today it is a great memory and a fun story to share.

My point here is that every once in a while, try something new. It doesn't have to be scary, crazy or this adventurous, but try something new and exciting. Enjoy the body you are in, enjoy the life you have and get out of your comfort zone for a moment. You will be surprised what confidence it gives you. Summer is a perfect time to give something new a shot.

Oh, but read the FINE PRINT on those waivers!!!

Here's the link to for more info on the Jet Truck. <http://www.flashfirejettruck.com/>

Enjoy! Hope to see you soon and as always, please contact us via one of the following methods. Natural Healing Express: Phone 815 990 8732, email: skscham@aol.com 204 W Main St, Lena, IL 61048.

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