

Delta Air Lines Flight 191, August 2, 1985

Upon graduating from the University of Michigan in 1977, I began working for Delta Air Lines as a flight attendant. I was initially based in Chicago and then Miami. Before I left my job as a flight attendant, I was on a special assignment in Ft. Lauderdale, working at what was then called Delta's "Crown Room." Delta had just launched the Crown Room and had flight attendants on staff to assist travelers.

A little boy with his parents wanted the children's "wings" that Delta would give to kids. (little pins with wings on which the Delta widget or logo was embossed) I needed to get them from an airplane that was parked at the gate near the Crown Room. Not a soul was on that airplane. It looked brand new. It was an L-1011. As I was getting the stew kit out of the cabinet up front, I sensed a presence...a dark presence. I stood up and looked down the aisle from the front to the very back of the plane. Nothing but a shining airplane. This presence could be "felt" and was so evil that I practically ran off the airplane. On my way back to the Crown Room, I looked out the window at the L-1011 I had just been on and noticed that the ship number on the tail was **726**.

Shortly thereafter, in May of 1982, I determined that I would not return to in-flight service. I no longer wanted to pack a suitcase to go to work. I had hit what is known to flight attendants as the "five-year slump" and failed to realize it. So I left Delta altogether, but would later question if I had made the right decision.

In August of 1982, I had an intensely vivid, very real night vision. As it began, I was in the sky looking down on an airplane that I recognized as an L-1011, a Lockheed aircraft that Delta called the "Tri-Star." The red beacon light atop the forward part of the airplane was circling around and around as it always did. The sky was sort of an odd color, but especially the clouds below. They appeared to be storm clouds.

Suddenly I found myself outside of the "3 LEFT" door of the airplane. There were 4 exit doors on either side of the L-1011. "3 LEFT" was the third door back from the front of the plane on the left side of the aircraft. Flight attendants had jump seats at each exit row door. Suddenly I was looking in (but seemed to be inside the plane) at the person sitting in the 3 LEFT jump seat. I had never seen her before, but her image was emblazoned on my mind. Then I noticed a friend of mine who was sitting in a passenger seat, (*although she was working and should have been in a jump seat*), in "D ZONE." D ZONE was that last cabin at the back of that aircraft in coach. The flight attendants sitting at 3LEFT and 3RIGHT would face the people sitting in "D ZONE," which was a smaller cabin in the tail section of the aircraft. The plane was on descent. Then it appeared that there was what seemed like severe turbulence and people were frightened. I awakened quite suddenly as I realized the plane went on to crash. My palms were sweating and I sat up in bed like a shot. My first words were, "GOD, PLEASE don't let that happen to her!" (to my friend who was not sitting in her jump seat) And somehow I knew that

if I was working for Delta, I would be the person sitting at the 3 LEFT jump seat on that flight. It was just overwhelming.

Not long after having that dream, I was speaking to my former Delta supervisor, Emily, on the phone. During the course of the conversation she said that if I felt like I made a mistake by leaving, that she could get my job back for me by making a call to Atlanta. After my dream, I wanted nothing to do with going back to flying. I kept the dream to myself for 3 years. Remember, I had the dream in August of 1982.

For 3 years I was tormented by the fact that I had left my good job with Delta, that I should not have left...for multiple reasons...and then I would remember the dream. On a very hot summer night on August 2, 1985, I called to speak to someone who was working for Delta at the airport. The person who answered the phone said, "Did you hear about the L10 that went down?" I said, "NO! When? Where?" He put my friend on the phone. They told me a Delta L1011 went down in Dallas that afternoon in a thunderstorm, that it was bad, and that they weren't releasing where the crew was from. I told them that I already knew where the crew was from and that they were Miami based flight attendants. I didn't know where the pilots were based. I then told them about my dream and that I had kept it for 3 years.

After this conversation, I started calling my flight attendant friend who I had seen on the flight in my dream. Finally, around midnight, she answered the phone. She told me she would have been working that flight had her father not decided to come and visit her, which itself was a miracle.

The following day I was flying to Chicago for a hair cutting class. I had to connect in Dallas. Oddly, we flew right over the crash site. I saw the water tank that the plane had struck with its left wing. This water tank structure sort of resembles an enormous flat mushroom without a stem. There was a giant gash in the water tank, and I later learned that the impact of the airplane moved it $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch off its base. There was a crane that was positioned over the badly burned fuselage of the airplane. As I looked down at this site, it was surreal in that I realized that but for the Grace of God and His giving me that dream, that could have been me, charred in the heap of devastation that I was seeing.

Later, Delta Air Lines wrote a memorial newsletter to honor all the crew members who had died in this disaster, Delta Flight 191, ship number **726**. The memorial newsletter featured photographs of the crew who had died, with mini biographies of each one. Holding the glossy black and white page, my gaze landed on the photo of a flight attendant whom I had never met. Her name was Freida. It was the exact image of the person whom I had seen in my dream sitting at the 3 LEFT jump seat. When I asked a friend from Delta where Freida had been sitting on the flight, she told me, "3 LEFT." Three flight attendants survived, one a believer, who was sitting at 3 RIGHT, in good condition. One had sustained injuries but survived. One was sitting in the jump seat that I disliked the most: 4 RIGHT..not a scratch on her.

There are many details that have not been included in this draft, but the main point is this:

"Praise ye the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever." Psalm 106:1

