


## What Happened to Ed? (AKA Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall)

It was to be a real fun day, After all, I suggested Lake Havasu to Ozzie and Greg as a great destination for the Vintage Mooney Group pilots this time of year. I had been there with Aidee, Lana, and Soni and each time it was a lot of fun not to mention delicious BBQ at Waldo's, next door to the Desert Skies FBO there. The VMG website was updated. I sent out emails and waited.



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# Welcome

Lake Havasu, AZ (KHII)  
October 29  
Hosted by Ozzie Kaufmann

[Register Here](#)  
View the [Registration List](#) to see who's coming!  
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*The Vintage Mooney Group* was established in August 2003 to promote the fellowship, camaraderie, and a venue for spectacular fly-ins in the Western USA. We enjoy the opportunity to share our Mooney specific knowledge, our experiences, our safety tips, and our pride of Mooney ownership with each other. As an added bonus, we appreciate the prospect to develop new friendships. To become a member simply show up at one of our fly-ins.

*Upcoming Fly-Ins*  
**October 29** - Join us at sunny Lake Havasu (KHII) on Saturday, October 29. Lunch will be at the **Waldo's BBQ** at the Desert Skies FBO starting at noon. [Click Here for the Lunch menu](#). VMG'ers can start showing up around 10am to catchup with each other and make new Mooney friends. See you all there. **Please REGISTER** above if you plan to attend so we can get an accurate headcount for lunch.

A few replies came back explaining that they had already made other plans. I wanted to fly with someone, so more emails. More rejections. A sample of what came in is interesting.

You know i would love to go, but .....my days off are Tues & Wed's.

Ed, my car is in the shop for work and they said it won't be done until maybe Monday.

I saw it, but as usual my daughter has me booked.

Aww Ed! I would love to but we are waiting for escrow to close on our house any day now.

Oh, God, no! I'm still whipped from last weekend (Not a reference to me or my Mooney)

I so wish I could! I'm working Saturday though.

Thank you for the invitation. I will have to decline as my husband and I will be attending a family party this weekend.

Would love to...I too love Lake Havasu. However, I have a 14 year old that wants to trick or treat.

I have tentative plans, but as always call me if you can't fill the right seat.

Thanks for the invite, but I won't be able to make this trip.

Sorry, as much as I would love to go - remember I'm having a Halloween Party that day.

And they have some fun email names as [star-fruit-11](#), [burntoast](#), [catninelives](#), [mor4less](#), and [back2schoolgirl](#). These are some fun people to be with and to fly with..

Then I opened the next email. It was from Sandy. We had flown to Big Bear, Palmdale, Porterville, and Paso Robles together over the past 3 years. She is always a lot of fun to be with. She wanted to come along and wrote 'It will be great to see you & catch up.' Sandy is special, as she is older than most of you and she is a bigger gal. But you already know I love being with all of you. She warned me, that she had chopped her long hair so 'You don't freak out' when we meet. Hey, it is her hair. And she has a 'sweetie' of her own anyway, I am just her pilot, and always will be. I made plans.



The flight plan is simple. Direct east to Banning, turn left, direct to Lake Havasu and land there.

I got up early. The sky was clear and a beautiful blue. I felt less than beautiful, more like blue. I hit the pillow. Sandy called and talked to Sue but I needed a bit more down time. What was it, too much wine, women, and song? Hardly, I am just older than I used to be. I got up an hour later, grabbed some coffee, and called Sandy. Said I could be there at 10:30 or just after. I got in motion. I made it by 10:40. No Sandy. Did my walk around check and decided to add a quart of oil. No Sandy.

10:50, 11:00, no Sandy. I called. She had been on her way and then came to a stop light. When the light turned green, the car ahead of her drove into the intersection only to be crashed into by someone running a red light. Sandy had to wait and gave a witness report to the Riverside police.

She was ready to get going again and needed another 15 minutes to get to Corona. The dip stick indicated that 07T really could use another quart of oil, and I still had another 15 minutes to wait, so I did that. Here she comes driving in! She pulled up, got out, and gave me a famous Sandy hug.

Sandy got right on it and sumped the tanks for me, and helped big time with pulling the Mooney out onto the ramp. We pulled our cars inside and closed the hangar doors. Oh, it was really late now. No matter, we were going flying! I took one picture of her at 11:34 just before she gave me a boost to get my butt up on the wing. Much appreciated.



We got in, and I pulled my seat forward 3 clicks as always. **What?** I couldn't get my left seatbelt half dislodged from between the sidewall and the seat tracks below. I slid the seat back and jiggled until I won. After I put my seatbelt on, I remembered my keys were cinched up tight in my jeans pocket. I hate when that happens, does that happen to you?

Keys now in the ignition switch, I turned the Master on. Nothing happened. The Master Switch is a big red rocker switch that connects the battery to almost everything electrical in the airplane. I am supposed to hear a hefty **click** from a solenoid switch mounted on the firewall, followed by watching the needles on my fuel gages come alive. Nothing. I tried three more times in disbelief. Nothing.

Nothing deflates the bubble of my expectations quite like that does. I said a cuss word. Didn't help.

It was 11:56 and everyone else was probably getting ready to have lunch together 192 miles away. Back here, I found the cause. A switch that turns on soft ceiling lights was left on. Racafrazz!

We got back out, opened the hangar doors and went inside. Ahh, some shade felt good as it was warming up and the direct sunlight made us feel warmer. We chatted for an hour and got caught up as it had been 10 months since our last flight. There will be another flight with Sandy!

So that is what happened. Just a dead battery and it is almost new. Life is not scripted and we cannot turn the page to read what will happen tomorrow. Some of you believe in 'it was not meant to be', and I accept that. The Mooney will soon be ready for more flights and more fun for those of us inside. I will be ready as well.

"It's All Good."

Ed Shreffler

10/29/2011

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More of my stories are on my Webpage at: <http://www.mooneyevents.com/shreffler.html>