



GREG BROWN marvels that while pilots may quickly forget a given flight, our passengers often remember it as lifetime adventure. GregBrownFlyingCarpet.com

have flown with us in the past, and have several times welcomed the *Flying Carpet* to Quebec. The airline they flew from Montreal doesn't serve Flagstaff. So in lieu of a three-hour rental car drive after umpteenth hours of airline travel, Jean and I picked them up at Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport and had them relaxing at our home 90 minutes later. Along with terrestrial adventures, we reprised our Grand Canyon air tour a few days later, which again was a hit. Then in casual discussion, our guests revealed that they'd always wanted to visit Las Vegas.

"It'll be hot there this time of year," said Jean, but that didn't deter Marcel and Lise. Their short stay allowed only one night in Vegas, which an eight-hour auto round trip would have largely consumed. But at 90 minutes each way by *Flying Carpet*, we could enjoy virtually a whole day and night there. Normally we land at Henderson Executive Airport, but for proximity and spectacular aerial views I chose McCarran International Airport. After checking into our hotel, we set out mid-morning to explore the Strip. All was fine and fun while we wandered indoors, but then we took to the street.

"This is hot," remarked Lise unenthusiastically as we trudged for blocks under sizzling 106-degree-Fahrenheit sun. But we were soon elevated by New York, New York's indoor/outdoor rollercoaster, and our spirits further soared after sunset. After all, Vegas is a nighttime place. Despite disappointedly discovering that few Vegas shows are offered on Monday nights, we savored Asian dining, the Bellagio's famed water show, bright lights, and people-watching. By the time we launched homeward early the next morning, everyone deemed the mission a success—although we ruled out future summertime visits.

Already the following day it was time to drop our friends back at Phoenix. Undaunted by summer heat and occasional turbulence, everyone parted with smiles inspired by 10 hours of aerial adventures. It's easy to forget the power of that little plastic credential in our wallets. Not everyone enjoys riding in light airplanes, but for those who are game we can deliver experiences they'll never forget. So do something special for people you love. Share your gift of flight! **FT**

GIFT OF FLIGHT

This was a summer of special visitors from faraway places.

Happily, most were enthusiastic about flying, so I got to play aerial tour guide. First up were Jean's beloved "Swedish sister" Helena from her foreign-exchange-student days, with husband Pelle and daughters Majken and Linnéa.



Flight opportunities were limited given six people and our four-seater airplane, but assisted by our friend Richard piloting his Beechcraft Bonanza, we accomplished a two-airplane Grand Canyon tour, followed by Sunset and Meteor craters. It was routine for us, but our guests won't forget it.

A month later, dear friends arrived from Canada on their first Arizona visit in 17 years. Marcel and Lise

Greg and Jean with Lise and Marcel at Las Vegas's McCarran International Airport.