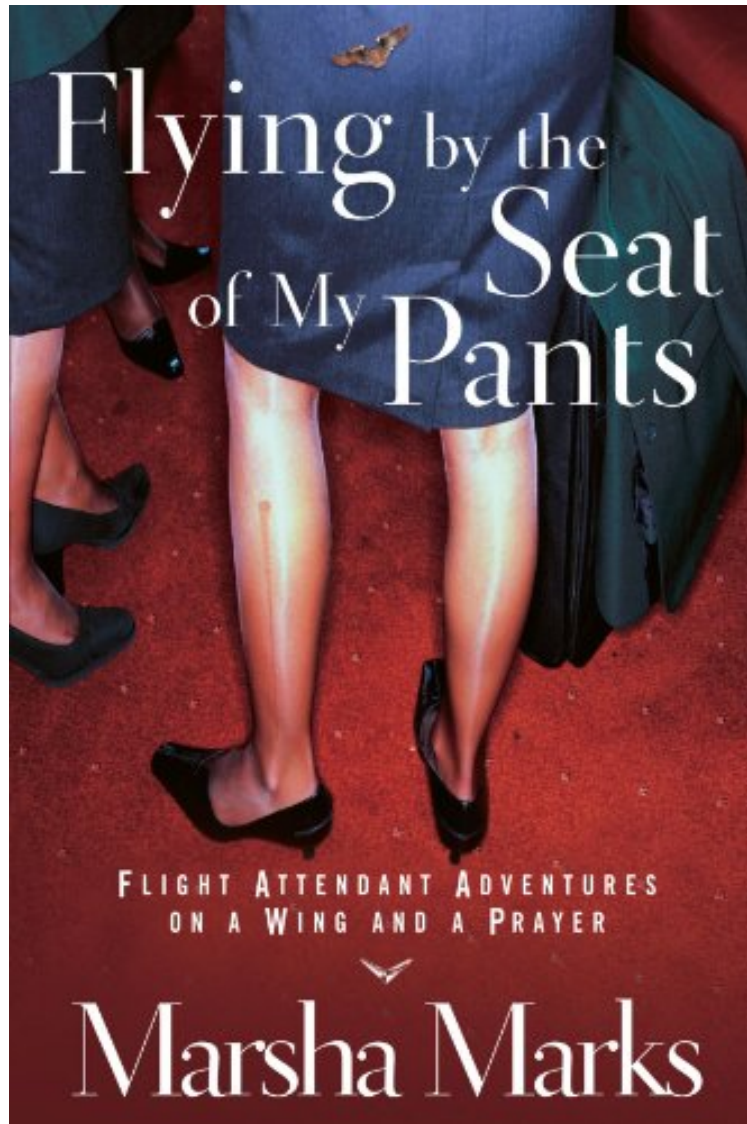


(Pdf free) Flying by the Seat of My Pants: Flight Attendant Adventures on a Wing and a Prayer

Flying by the Seat of My Pants: Flight Attendant Adventures on a Wing and a Prayer

Marsha Marks

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Marsha Marks : Flying by the Seat of My Pants: Flight Attendant Adventures on a Wing and a Prayer before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Flying by the Seat of My Pants: Flight Attendant Adventures on a Wing and a Prayer:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I like the genre By Pembroke WI've read several Flight Attendant books, and I will continue to. I like the genre. The airline industry is part of me. "Flying by the Seat of my Pants" is an

elementary read.. It's very loosely put together. The book is comprised of the authors memories during her career. I don't really know when, she started flying, but my guess is sometime in the 1970's. It's kinda dull. There should have been more juicy stories. She seems kinda nerdy, or a little cliché. It seems like she was afraid to really tell some of the stories, that I know happen. Out of all the airline books, I read this one is near the bottom of my list. However, I know there is someone that will enjoy this book. Maybe, airline management. It is a easy, pleasant read, but I needed more from this book.,1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Actually the Perfect Book to Read while Traveling...By RYCJOpening was so hilarious, and writing so genuinely gorgeous that perhaps it's what fueled my expectations. "The tumors" and the "have you seen my mother?" really had me going. The stories taper off from there, offering a pearl here and there, such as the sweet treat reading the story on Hannah. All in all the stories are short and quick reads, light on the heart and spirit, so perfectly suited for reading while traveling... in flight to be more specific...and by the causal or novice traveler to be even more specific.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. InspiringBy A. SomersI read this in one day and I found it really entertaining. I guess out of the flight related books I wanted one that is non fiction and so I could get a laugh out of the funny moments. God knows how funny it can be when you're on a plane. planeS could relate to the part about the Southern accents where the lady asked if her uniform was "European" I laughed out loud and I come from the South and even I still have a hard time figuring out Southern accents sometimes. I hope I can get the opinion of Bob one of my flight attendant friends on this one. The part where her little girl falls into the pool at a hotel and her dad has to get her out asap is also very funny. In the chapter 30 about sleeping in a closet on a plane I actually felt sorry it sounded like a really small closet but I guess not as small as the lavatory. All planes have small lavatories. Getting onto the plane with an attendant dressed in grunge is a story good for a laugh... I couldn't understand the grunge phase either back when it was popular and hoped against hope it would fade away. This makes a job of flight attendant sound quick paced and funny which it is and can be a great way to learn about life and really being of assistance to the customers who just want to get where they are going. I hope I can hang onto this one it's very funny and I love it.

Take a look at life from behind the beverage cart. "They asked me to be groomed, be kind, and show up on time; it was too much pressure." "It was like being a waitress, only I was hurtling through space and wound up in Paris." "I thought it would be funny to climb into the overhead bin. How did I know the President of the United States would be on the flight that day?" "Where flight attendant Marsha Marks goes, funny things happen, and she tells them all in this hilarious and insightful chronicle of her career as a naive flight attendant and a struggling author. From missed flights to missing uniforms, miracle babies to indecipherable southern accents, *Flying by the Seat of My Pants* is a laugh-out-loud reminder of what is important and what keeps us steady through the turbulence of life.

From the Inside FlapTake a look at life from behind the beverage cart. "They asked me to be groomed, be kind, and show up on time; it was too much pressure." "It was like being a waitress, only I was hurtling through space and wound up in Paris." "I thought it would be funny to climb into the overhead bin. How did I know the President of the United States would be on the flight that day?" "Where flight attendant Marsha Marks goes, funny things happen, and she tells them all in this hilarious and insightful chronicle of her career as a naive flight attendant and a struggling author. From missed flights to missing uniforms, miracle babies to indecipherable southern accents, *Flying by the Seat of My Pants* is a laugh-out-loud reminder of what is important and what keeps us steady through the turbulence of life. About the AuthorMarsha Marks is a popular motivational speaker and author whose books include *101 Simple Lessons for Life and If I Ignore It, It Will Go Away...and Other Lies I Thought Were True*. Her writing has appeared in publications including *Writer's Digest*, *Eternity*, *Moody Monthly*, and *The Christian Reader*. She has appeared on numerous radio and television programs. Marsha makes her home in Savannah, Georgia, with her husband and daughter. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. My First FlightIf you can't be Miss America and you can't be a model, then you become a flight attendant." The flight attendant sitting next to me was explaining why she decided to go for this job. She was a former Miss Southern Some-Kind-of-Fruit State, she said. And when she didn't get crowned Miss America, her daddy said, "You need to get away and grieve the loss." He thought travel would help. So he called up his good friend, the president of our airline, and said, "My little Peaches here needs a job." She went on and on with the details. "Since I wasn't ready to marry Mr. Frank Barnell Jeffreys III...quite yet, Daddy said this job was a good one for a girl who was pre-engaged. He said it would keep me busy so Mr. FBJ would not grow tired of me before the wedding." I could understand that. I was growing tired of her, and we had only just met. I was also hoping she wouldn't ask me why I took this job. "Why did you take this job, honey?" she said, leaning into me as she bit a piece of celery without it touching her lipstick. "I mean"—she pointed the celery at me—"with you being so old and all." (She was twenty-one. I was thirty.) "And...so big." She used her celery to draw a huge circle of air around me. She was five foot two and wore a size 0. I was six feet tall and wore a size 10. My shoe size was double hers. I felt like a Siberian work dog being taunted by a toy poodle. But I was too intimidated to bark at her, so I decided to tell her the truth. "I'm trying to get over a loss too," I said. "Honey, what do you mean? Did you lose your husband?" She held the celery directly under my mouth and moved in closer, like it was a microphone and she was the media. I grabbed the celery

and started speaking into it. “Well yes, you could say that. My fiancé left me for a younger woman.” Then I told Peaches the story of my life in a few sentences: how after college, I wanted to be a writer but instead became a recruiter for the fast-food division of a dog food company. And how I couldn’t find true love until age twenty-seven. Then I got engaged, and a few months before my wedding, my fiancé left me for a twenty-two-year-old. But he wasn’t right for me anyway, I realized, and not just because he wasn’t tall enough for me. I could see Peaches loved the drama of my life. After my speech, she grabbed the microphone and bit it. Then she gave me a warning. “It will be hard for you now, being over thirty. The chances of you ever meeting anyone...well, you know... anyone with teeth, are just, honey, not good!” She stood and walked out of the galley, holding her hand near her hair as if adjusting an invisible crown. I was left alone to ponder my fate. She was right and I knew it. I was doomed. There was no hope. I had lost my job, lost my fiancé, and lost my apartment. Now look at me, a big old work dog in flight attendant clothing.