

# The weather is right to fly a kite

If six cousins take three kites to the beach, how high will the kites fly?

I was never any good at math.



What I do know is that you can spend just a few dollars on a piece of plastic, some string, and a spool and-as long as the weather cooperates-discover a full evening of entertainment.

There's something about watching children learning how to fly a kite.



They feel the power of the wind.

They see how high the kite is flying in the sky.

They feel in control and yet they know they're not. After all, you might be an expert kite flyer, but you can do nothing without a breeze.



"Mama," said Daniel, his eyes fixed on the panda kite hovering in the sky, "is the kite higher than God?"

"No," I told him. "Nothing is higher than God."



Sometimes the wind pulled the kites and made the children run to keep them in the air.

Sometimes the wind died down and we had to reel in the string to try to keep them flying.



With three kites, we had the extra danger of getting them tangled. But somehow they all stayed in the sky.



Of course, the greater miracle might have been that the cousins managed to take turns.

Not to mention the fact that the younger cousins held on tightly and didn't let the kites sail off into the sky forever.



The wind kept blowing. The kites sailed high above us.



Just how high? As Daniel would say, "I have no idea."

But no higher than God.



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