

NASA JOHNSON SPACE CENTER ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

EDITED ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT 2

SHANNON W. LUCID
JENNIFER ROSS-NAZZAL
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ROSS-NAZZAL: Today is March 16th, 2021. This interview with Shannon Lucid is being conducted in Houston, Texas, for the JSC Oral History Project. The interviewer is Jennifer Ross-Nazzal. Thanks again for letting me come out here and talk with you.

LUCID: You're very welcome.

ROSS-NAZZAL: When we talked last week off the recording you mentioned that you had received your pilot's license on Valentine's Day. I wanted to talk about that and your memories of flight training. How did you train for flight? I'm assuming there wasn't a simulator at that point when you were flying, but maybe I'm incorrect. Could you talk about that?

LUCID: You mean when I got my private pilot license?

ROSS-NAZZAL: Yes.

LUCID: Okay, well, that's a long story.

ROSS-NAZZAL: That's great.

LUCID: It started back when I was, as I mentioned before I'm sure, about five years old, and I was on an airplane in China, and that's when I decided that the most wonderful thing in the world would be to be able to land an airplane. That's when I decided I was going to fly. That was always in the back of my head as I was growing up. We were fortunate in that we lived close to Wiley Post Airport in Bethany, Oklahoma. Our house was under the traffic pattern, depending on the wind. We got to watch lots of airplanes flying over, and it was just absolutely wonderful.

We lived really close to the school, so we'd go over there and play on the playground because they had a huge open field. The planes would fly over, and what I wanted more than anything in the world was for somebody to offer to take me up and take me flying. I would fly my kites, and on the tail of the kite I would have little notes saying, "Please, if you get this note, call me at this number. I'll come, and you can take me flying," and I'd try to fly the kite high enough so that it'd get by the pilot's window. Fortunately, the kite never interfered with the airplane because that would have been a bad thing.

ROSS-NAZZAL: How big was this message?

LUCID: Oh, I just wrote it on a sheet of paper and tied it on the tail. I figured they'd pull the kite in.

ROSS-NAZZAL: Oh, I see, okay.

LUCID: Sometimes we would take our bikes, and we'd ride out to the airport and watch the airplanes take off and land. I just hung around and thought that somebody might offer me a ride. Of course, no one ever did.

I went to college. We were not allowed to put things up on the wall in our dorm room, but there was no rule saying you couldn't put it on the ceiling or on the floor, so I had lots of airplane pictures up on the ceiling and on the floor. Growing up in my bedroom at home, I also had lots of airplane pictures hanging up on the wall.

Someone, and I don't even remember her name, we were just in the hall, she said, "Shannon, I saw this little notice. There's going to be a flying club. Why don't we go?" So we went, we walked in, and all these guys were sitting there. They said, "This is a flying club. It's only for guys. You all are not welcome." So we left.

I was in summer school down at OU [University of Oklahoma], and as I was getting enrolled, I noticed that OU had a course in aviation. You could actually get college credit for learning to fly. As I was registering, I asked the person, "Hey, does this cost extra?" She looks at me like I'm crazy and said, "Of course it costs extra." I said, "How much?" She said \$400. I thought, "Next summer I will enroll."

I went and worked at everything I could find because I needed to get my \$400. The next summer, I enrolled in ground school and in flight training and paid my \$400. I was really excited. Now I was commuting from Bethany down to Norman in the summertime.

The first day of ground school I showed up, I was so excited, and it was 6:30. It was early in the morning, and there was no one around. There was no one in the control tower, nobody. Finally, there's this janitor sweeping, and I said, "Where's the ground school course?"

He looks at me and he said, "That's this evening." I said, "Oh." Because I got confused a lot of times about a.m. and p.m.

In the ground school, the people that I knew that were flying, they were all young guys, roughly my age, and listening to them talk, they all had—and I don't know what it was—some kind of ROTC [Reserve Officer Training Corps] or something like that. ROTC is not the right thing, but the military was paying for a lot of their hours. I still remember this one guy, he was complaining up a storm, because his dad wanted him to fly, and he didn't want to fly. I thought, "Give me a break!" It was just beyond my comprehension.

Before I went to fly, I bought my first pair of Bermuda shorts. We weren't allowed to wear shorts back in those days; you had to wear skirts, but I just had a feeling that a skirt wasn't the thing to wear while flying. I would walk out to the airport from OU. I'd have my classes in the morning, and then I would walk out to the airport. It's about a 40-minute walk. I would carry my shorts and my books, and then I would change in the bathroom.

The first time I went out for my first lesson it was in an Aeronca Champ. The student sits in the front, and the instructor sits behind. We got out there, and we walked around. I could see the instructor was not super enthused, but I had paid my money. So we walked around, and he showed me how to do a preflight check, and then we got in. This was the first time I'd been in an airplane since I was five years old. He asked me, "Okay, do you have any questions before we take off?" Of course, I wanted to show how super intelligent and into this I was, so I pointed and I said, "Well, what is this gauge right here? What's the purpose?" He said, "That is the clock. It tells time." That sort of set the tenor of our relationship for a while.

Flying was just absolutely wonderful. On the good days I would go out. Now you had to be a little careful because Oklahoma is quite windy. We didn't fly when the wind was above 20 knots, so you had to watch the wind.

I'd go out there, I'd fly, and it was just wonderful. The instructor was teaching me different things. We were trying to learn how to land. We'd fly in the traffic pattern, so I'd go up there and for an hour we'd fly in the traffic pattern and land. All my landings were not beautiful to behold. Some of the guys there were beginning to solo. I was beginning to wonder what on Earth was wrong with me.

One day my instructor said, "I think maybe it would be good if you flew with so-and-so." So, then the next day I flew with another guy. We went out and came in, made a landing, and it was not really beautiful. As we took off, he yelled at me. He said, "Wells, what are you looking at when you come in?" I said, "I'm looking down at the ground of course." He said, "No wonder you can't land this airplane. Look at the horizon." So that's what I did and from then on all landings were close to beautiful. That's all it took, just telling me where to look.

There was another problem that cropped up when it was time for me to solo. Back in those days if you were a female you had to have your parents sign a permission form if you were under 21. Of course, the guys, they didn't have to do this because they were males, not females. The problem that I had was my father was out of town, and my mother said that there was no way she was going to sign my death warrant. So, I had to wait till my father came back in town so that he would sign the form that it was all right for me to solo.

I went out, and I soloed, and it was just absolutely glorious. Then we had practice cross-countries. Back in those days you made a long cross-country, and those were still in the days when they had the low frequency radio for navigation. I still have a sectional where there was a

low frequency and the blue and the red, and you flew between them. It was just really cool. Of course, most of the airplanes didn't have radios in them so you never were in radio communication with anyone. They had just one airplane with a radio in it, and we made one short flight to Will Rogers Airport [Oklahoma City, Oklahoma], so we could talk to the control tower. That was all the flight training we did while talking on the radio.

I flew out to Childress, Texas, and it was just absolutely marvelous. The summer was over, and I didn't have all my hours in. I got an incomplete in the class, but then I was still going out to take flying lessons whenever I could work it in in between my classes. By that time I had transferred to OU.

It was on Valentine's Day that I was to take my flight test, and it was with the Federal Aviation Administration inspector, because back in those days the FAA inspector did all the flight testing. We went out, got in the airplane, and it was an absolutely perfectly calm, beautiful, beautiful day. I was so so happy that it was calm. Sometimes when I flew around a point, they weren't all that good; because of the wind, I didn't correct quite right. But it was perfect, so everything just went perfect. Toward the end of our flight, the inspector pulled the throttle because you had to demonstrate the ability to make emergency landings. We had practiced that a lot because the engine could quit at any time. When he pulled the throttle, you had to look around, because you always had to have in the back of your mind if the engine quits where you are going to land.

So, then I had my field and I was coming in, and then I thought, "Oh, I see some cows." So, I moved and went to the next field. When we got down, he said, "That was a great flight. But I just have one question. Why did you switch fields when you were making the emergency landing?" I said, "Well, because there were cows in the field." He said, "And what's the

problem with that?" I said, "Well, my instructor always told me if you make an emergency landing don't land where the cows are because they'll eat the fabric on the plane." This guy said, "Don't ever ever not land where you're going to land just because you think the cows are going to eat the fabric on the plane."

ROSS-NAZZAL: Were you the only woman taking lessons at that point? You mentioned it mainly was guys. But were there other women?

LUCID: Oh, yes, it was all guys. I was the only female in the ground school. But then I was the only female in a lot of classes I took. That's just the way life was.

ROSS-NAZZAL: Did they make any comments about you? Or you were just too busy focused on flying?

LUCID: Oh, no, I wasn't worth talking to. I was just a female. I was not part of their world. But one interesting thing happened. I didn't even know this until many many years later. I was working in Mission Control one night and there was a guy that worked in Mission Control, he was Mr. Prop. That was the name we all called him because he knew everything there was to know about the Shuttle propulsion system. He knew everything, and he worked most of the missions. One mission, we were taking a break because we were out of communication range with the Shuttle.

We got talking a little bit, and he was talking about being in Oklahoma. I said something, and it turned out that he had been working at Max Westheimer Field, that's where I was learning

how to fly, the same summer that I was learning how to fly. They were testing engines out there, and they had them on the test stand and they would run them.

One day, when I came in, it was a day I had been flying solo, I taxied in to where I was going to park, and suddenly, here was this huge engine that came and landed this far from me. [Demonstrates] It was right there. Oh, my goodness. It had blown off the test stand and missed me by an inch. I got out, and here comes this guy running out of a near-by hangar, and he says, “Are you okay?” I said yes. There was at least about an inch dent in the concrete. It turned out that that was him. It was his test. It was so funny to think that after all those years we had met before and we didn’t even know it.

ROSS-NAZZAL: That’s funny. That six degrees of separation that they always talk about.

LUCID: Yes.

ROSS-NAZZAL: How soon after did you buy a plane?

LUCID: I learned how to fly, I got my pilot’s license, but then there was a problem because it cost money to fly. Of course, I didn’t have any money. It was a real problem. When I graduated from college, I rented a plane a couple times when I could get a little money. I rented a Cessna 150. I took my brother up flying. He was my very first passenger. Then I knew I just had to have an airplane; I just needed an airplane more than anything in the world.

As soon as I got a job and was getting a little bit of money, then I said I needed to start looking for an airplane. I was reading *Trade-A-Plane*, and I was looking through everything

trying to find something that I could buy. I talked to my father and I said, “Would it be possible to borrow money?” Of course, he didn’t have any money. I don’t know why father agreed, but he said, “If the bank will loan you money, I will cosign.”

So, I went and I talked to the bank, and I said, “I’d like to buy an airplane.” Of course, when you’re making less than \$300 a month I guess you’re not a prime candidate for a loan. But for whatever reason they said they would. So I agreed they would lend me \$2,000, and I’d pay back \$50 a month. Now I didn’t have a car or anything at this point.

ROSS-NAZZAL: But you had a plane.

LUCID: Almost. I had nothing. I mean I had nothing. I remember, after I got a job, my mother suggested that I buy a coat to wear in the winter, and I was so upset because there was no way I needed a coat. I needed my money for my airplane. Then I told my father I was going to go out and look for an airplane. He said, “Now Shannon, you don’t know anything at all about buying an airplane. You wouldn’t even know how to buy a car. How are you going to buy an airplane?” I said, “Father, father, not to worry, we’re talking aviation here. I’m dealing with aviation people, and they know that they have to be so totally honest and forthright. So just don’t worry. Everybody is super honest.” Then I finally found an airplane for sale for \$2,000 up in the western part of Oklahoma, and so I called the guy and he said I could come look at it. I talked my brother into driving up with me. We drove up there, and we finally found the area. It was a field. Literally just a field, but there were no cows in it. There was a little shed, and he had this Piper Clipper in there. He pulled it out, I looked at it, and it sure looked good to me.

He said, “Oh, look at the logbook, see? It even has a new fabric job.” That was wonderful. So, then I said, “Can we go and fly?” He said, “Well, yes, we can.” We got in and we flew, but he wouldn’t let me do the flying. That should have been a little clue.

ROSS-NAZZAL: Yes.

LUCID: Then we came back and landed, and we bargained, and \$2,000 was what it was. But it didn’t have a radio in it, and at Wiley Post there’s a control tower, so it would have to have a radio. He said that he would fly it down, and I could bring a check out to the airport for him. We agreed.

My brother and I drove home. Then I went out to Tulakes Aviation, and I said, “I’m going to get this airplane, but it doesn’t have a radio. Would you sell me a radio for \$20 a month?” Because with my \$50 and \$20 I was still under \$300 a month. They agreed, and they did put the radio in and it worked. For a long, long time I kept making these monthly payments and finally one day I thought, “It seems like I’ve been paying on this radio for forever, I wonder how much I’ve paid.” I went out there and I asked them and I said, “Haven’t I paid this radio off?” They said, “Oh yes.” I said, “Why am I still paying?” They said, “Well, you’re still sending the checks in.” I quit sending in checks, but they never gave me any money back.

ROSS-NAZZAL: They didn’t give you a refund?

LUCID: Oh, no. He brought the airplane down, and they put the radio in, and so then I was set. I was ready to fly my airplane. I’d never flown a Piper Clipper before, but it was pretty much like

an Aeronca Champ. It was my airplane so obviously I would know how to do it. I did have this thought that it most probably would be best to do my first few landings someplace else, not at Wiley Post where everybody's looking at me.

There was a dirt strip that was fairly close. I flew out there, I entered the traffic pattern, and I came in for a landing. Oh, my goodness, I landed, and then the airplane just started to circle and do a ground loop, and I thought, "Hmm, wonder what caused that?"

So, I took off again and the second time the ground loop was worse than the first. The third time when I landed, because I thought surely I've got this down by now, the wing was scraping the ground, and I thought, "Maybe I need to get a little help." I pulled off the strip and I parked. I walked out to the dirt road and finally somebody came by and they said, "You need something?" I said, "Yes, I need to get back to Wiley Post Airport." They drove me over there, and then I walked into a flight school across the way from the airport, and I asked the guy sitting there, I said, "Look, I have this Piper Clipper," and I described what happened when I was landing. He said, "Oh yes. Piper Clippers are known for being very sensitive to the amount of brakes you apply. They're known for ground looping."

I said, "Well, would you be willing to go with me and show me how to land?" He said, "Oh, no, I'm not flying in a Piper Clipper. But I'll tell you what you're doing wrong." He said that I'd been misusing the brakes when I was coming in. I drove back out to the dirt strip and I got in and flew and came in and did some landings and they were all perfect from then on. I never ground looped it again.

I had my airplane then. Whenever I could find any money, I would fly anywhere that I could. You wanted to fly far away, but then that cost money, so I'd fly to see relatives because then it was at least free to stay overnight. I flew up to Grand Rapids to see my grandmother and

then I was going to fly out to Lubbock, Texas, to see my grandfather. It was a nice day, and I was flying along. One of the gas tanks was right underneath the instrument panel right over your feet. It was developing a slight leak, and then I noticed that the fuel gauges were going down and I thought, "Hmm, I'm not going to make it to Lubbock, so maybe I'll land in Floydada," because I saw that on the map.

I was looking around, and I thought I saw a strip. I thought well, that's good, I'll land there. I flew a traffic pattern and I landed. As I taxied up, I thought, "Hmm, this is interesting," because there were no buildings and there were no gas pumps or anything; there were no people. I thought, "Well, I wonder how I get gas here?" I was still convinced I'd landed at Floydada.

I parked, and I went out to the road. I walked down the road. There was a little white house sitting over there, so I walked up to the house and I knocked on the door. This elderly lady came to the door, and I said, "Could you please tell me, I've just landed at the airport next door, how I go about getting gas?" She looked at me with this quizzical look and she said, "Well, honey, I've lived near here nigh on to 50 years and I never heard tell of any airport next door." I thought, "Now how am I going to get gas?"

I walked back out to the asphalt road, and I was walking back to the field and to my airplane, and this white car pulled up, and the guy stopped. He says, "Hey, do you need any help?" I said, "I'm looking for gas." He said, "Well, I'll help you get some." I said, "Well, it has to be aviation gasoline because it's for my plane, not for a car." He says, "Well, there's a refinery just about 10 or 15 miles away, maybe they'll sell you some because they produce aviation gas."

We drove over there, and sure enough, they had av gas. He had a gas can in his car. So, we filled it up. I bought it. I had the money; I just didn't have the gas. So, we drove back out to

the plane, and as I was pouring it into the wing tank—I couldn't use the other tank because it had the leak—the hose fell off of the can, so it fell into the tank, but there was nothing I could do about it.

We just left it. I got in. I asked the guy, "Have you ever a propped an airplane? Do you know how to prop an airplane?" The starter and the battery weren't working, so you had to prop the airplane. He said no. I said, "Well, if I tell you how, would you be willing to try?" So, I told him how to prop the airplane. He did a good job. The airplane started, and I flew off to Lubbock and had a good time.

Anyway, any time that I could find money and a weekend then I would fly anywhere I could. But then it came time for the annual. In an airplane you have to have a 100-hour inspection and then once a year you have to have an annual inspection; you have to go to a special certified person, and they have to go through all of it to make sure it was safe to fly.

They called me up and said, "Hey, we checked your plane and the fabric is flaming red. All the fabric is flaming red." That's bad, that means that it was no good. I said, "How can that be? The logbook says it's brand-new." He said, "I don't know what the logbook says, but reality says that the fabric is red everyplace, and we've taken the airworthiness certificate away, so you can't fly it."

I'd flown it out to a place where it was cheaper than at Wiley Post. I said, "How am I supposed to get back to the airport then?" They said, "Well, maybe you can talk to the FAA, and they'll give you a temporary airworthiness certificate just for the one flight." So, I did that, and they let me fly it back to the airport. So, there I was. I had an airplane that was nonflyable. It was sitting at the airport, and of course I had no money. So, what was I to do?

I was in one of the little places across the street where they had flying instruction. I had rented a Cessna from them once in a while. I was talking to them and asking them, trying to find out what I could do. There was a place that had just opened up that was selling airplane parts. They said, "Go talk to them. They're just new in business. Maybe they'll sell you fabric and aircraft dope [a lacquer applied to airline fabric] on an installment plan."

I said, "I've never re-covered an airplane before. Do you have instructions for how to put fabric on an airplane?" They had a flight mechanic that they had just hired, so he was sitting there, and he said, "Well, I've just gotten my A&P license [a certificate required to become an aviation maintenance technician]. I've never re-covered an airplane, but I need the practice. If you let me fly your airplane as much as I want after we re-cover it, I'll help you re-cover it."

They had a shed out behind the building, and he said, "We can do it back there if you can get somebody to sell you fabric and dope." So I went to the new little place and I talked to them and I told them what my problem was. I told them I didn't have any money, but I could pay it out on a monthly basis. They said that they would sell me the Ceconite and the dope. I forgot how much a month that I was paying for them.

So I was working, and I was making less than \$300 a month, and I had my airplane payment. And by this time, I think I'd figured out that I'd paid for the radio, so I was paying for my airplane, I was trying to have gas, then I started paying for the Ceconite and the dope. Every night the mechanic helped me. We took the wings off the plane, and we pulled it across the street and put it in the shed.

We took all the old fabric off. Fortunately, the frame was in good shape. Every evening, I'd get off work, and we'd go put the fabric on the plane. Then it came time to dope it. The humidity had to be less than 60 percent whenever you put the dope on so it would dry okay. It

seemed like every night the humidity was more than 60 percent and you couldn't do any work. This was Oklahoma. Who would have thought that they had humidity that would stop anything?

I finally got the airplane re-covered, pulled it back over to the airport, put the wings on, and got an inspector to come out and declare it airworthy. Life was so good. I painted the airplane Daytona White and Bahama Blue and put the blue numbers on it, and I even painted the throttle inside blue. So, whenever I got money, I would fly somewhere.

In Oklahoma, they have a lot of bad weather. One day I was at work, and I looked out the window. You could see the storms coming up, and they were really, really bad. I called out to the airport and I said, "Could you pull 36 Hotel into the hangar?" A lot of times they would do that, and they would just charge me \$5 to let it sit there for a few hours.

They said that they would. As I was driving home, there were tornadoes and thunderstorms, and I just knew that things weren't good. So, I went directly out to the airport, and I don't know if it was the wind or a small tornado had gone through the airport, and about 25 airplanes were laying all crumpled up, and 36 Hotel was one of them. It was so sad.

ROSS-NAZZAL: Were you still living at home with your family? Is that how you could afford to do this?

LUCID: Oh yes, because I couldn't afford to go anywhere. My mother really liked having me at home. Mother quit driving the day I got my driver's license, so it really helped having somebody that could drive at home. Also, mother never really liked staying by herself. Father was traveling; he was gone all the time. I was a big help, so I didn't ever feel bad about it.

My father did suggest that since I was driving the family car, I buy it. So, there was another \$25 a month because I bought the '57 Chevy. But this was after I'd had my plane for a couple years.

ROSS-NAZZAL: One of the questions I had thought about is a lot of kids your age flew rockets. Is that something that you ever did? You mentioned you were interested in astronomy and space. Was that something that you ever explored?

LUCID: They were a little younger than me. That wasn't happening yet when I was in middle school and high school. I flew rockets with Michael, my son.

ROSS-NAZZAL: One of the other things I wanted to ask you about was your religious upbringing, because I think it definitely shaped your life, and I also wondered if you would talk about this perspective that I see today. You're a scientist and you were very interested in science, but today it seems like you cannot be a scientist and have a faith. There seems to be a conflict between the two. So, I wonder if you would talk about those sort of things.

LUCID: Obviously what a person believes shapes their life. What I believe has absolutely shaped my life, totally. As we already mentioned, my parents were missionaries, and I would go with my father wherever he was going. I can't remember a time when I didn't know about God and God's love and that Jesus came to die for us. I just knew that. But I also knew that I absolutely didn't want—and I'm talking when I was real young—to have anything to do with God. Because I liked to be in charge of my own life. I knew that if I gave my life to the Lord

then the Lord would be in charge, and I didn't want anybody running my life. I was perfectly capable of running my own life.

I remember we had just moved to Texas, and I was with my father. He was preaching at the church. It was a Sunday. Then the congregation went outside to the cattle pond because they were going to baptize the people that had become Christians that day. So, my father was standing out in this cattle pond. Oh, my goodness, it was so hot. I was so sweaty, and I was barefoot, and I was working my toes in the red dirt. Father said, "Is there anybody else here that would like to accept Jesus Christ as their savior and come be baptized?" I wanted to get in that water so bad, because it just looked like it would be so cool. I thought there's no way. I'm not going to have God running my life. So, I was really proud of myself. I just stayed put and didn't let myself tempted into becoming a Christian by the water.

I started school. Obviously, we went to church every Sunday. We were in church one Sunday. It always bothered me going to church. In the Baptist churches that we went to, you had the song service, then you had the sermon, and then they always had an invitation at the end where they would sing a song and anybody who wanted to come and believe in Jesus could come and state that you believed in Jesus. That's how the services went.

I figured out a way to handle going to church, because I always felt very conflicted that I really should become a Christian but I didn't want that. I didn't want to become a Christian. I loved to sing, although I could not do anything except sing loud, but that's a whole another story. I would sing and really enjoy the song service, and then as soon as the last song was sung, I'd put myself to sleep, and I'd sleep through the sermon and then wake up when it was time to go home.

This one Sunday I was doing that, and the singing was over, and I was just getting ready to sleep. All of a sudden I had this dream, or whatever. What I saw was this blackness. In the middle of this blackness was a green hill. I know this sounds strange, but this actually happened. There was a green hill. At the top of the hill was the king calling me to come up and live with him. I didn't want to live in the darkness and the blackness anymore. So, at that instant I said, "Okay, God, you've won. I'm yours."

I didn't fall asleep then, and it was fine. At the end of the service then I went down to the front and told everybody that I was a Christian. Of course, I was just a little kid, so I was sort of ignored. I insisted to my parents that I needed to get baptized, that evening. But the church that we were going to didn't have a baptistry so they, the congregation, were going someplace else to borrow another church's. It was late in the evening.

We went, and the first one they went to hadn't put any water in the baptistry. So, then they were going to go into another church and my parents said, "Why don't we just go home and we'll come back another night?" I said, "No. I need to get baptized. That's what I need."

So, then we went to the other church. It's just really funny how you remember things. I could just feel the angels all around that night as I was baptized. It was just amazing. From that day on I knew that I had a purpose in life, and that was to serve the Lord.

Now granted, your ideas change a lot. I was also extremely interested in science. But the way that I worked it in my head was God had created the world. God had created the universe. We were here to honor the Lord, and we were here to work for the Lord, and we were here to find out what God had created.

I know a lot of people growing up in the culture I grew up in, they were very much into seven days, literally 24-hour days, of creation. But I never felt that way. I think part of the

reason why was because I read a lot of books, and I read a lot of books I didn't understand. But there was one book that my father had from when he was in college, and from when he had gone to graduate school, because he had gotten his master's degree in theology in between the times we were in China. This book promulgated the idea that 24 hours mentioned in Genesis wasn't really 24 actual hours. This was a new idea that it could be ages, so it opened up your mind that you could think of these many different things.

As I mentioned we didn't have a lot of books to read, but we did have a Bible. So, I spent a lot of time reading the Bible. Back in those days obviously it was the King James Version because the other versions weren't widely available until I was practically grown. Back then everybody was reading the Scofield Reference Bible. What that was was a King James Version but this man by the name of Scofield had written a lot of notes, and so he explained everything. That's where I picked up a good deal of information. When I was in the fifth grade, I read all the way through the Bible, from Genesis to the end of Revelation, and then by the time I got to the alpha and omega of Revelation I thought "That's pretty cool, now I know everything."

When I went back and I would read something else, I thought, "Hmm, how did I miss that, how did I miss that?" The Old Testament was my favorite. There was so much in the Old Testament that you never ever heard anybody talk about, ever. Jephthah's daughter, that story just really hit me. No one ever preached on it, no one ever talked about it. There were a lot of things to think about as you were growing up.

To get back to science, there were the three Wise Men; they were astrologers. You could sort of stretch the thought. Presumably, because they were looking at stars. But they could be astronomers. So, they were astronomers coming to worship Jesus when he was born. You know

what I mean? God had used the astronomy that they were learning to lead them to Jesus. So obviously there was not a conflict there.

I still remember, I must have been in the seventh grade, eighth grade. Time just runs together. I was reading a magazine that was at school in the science room. It mentioned these fish that could change their sex—maybe they were males and then they became females and vice versa. That just absolutely blew my mind because God created all these animals. Male and female, he created them. Here were these fish created male turning female, female turning male. They just opened my mind up so much to how much you need to think about things.

The other thing I really really was into, I really liked thinking about atoms and what matter was composed of. Of course, there weren't very many books, articles, or anything you could find. But I did find the book *One Two Three...Infinity* by George Gamow. Oh, my goodness, that was such a super book, and that gave me so many things to think about. It was just wonderful.

I could be wrong, but there was this program, it was called *Arrows to Atoms*. I think it was displays that came around, it was at the fairground. I made my parents take me there, so we went through and looked at all these displays. By the time I got through I thought, "I know everything there is to know about atomic energy." I guess you might say I was never very humble about what I thought I knew.

ROSS-NAZZAL: That's funny because I think of you as a very humble person.

LUCID: I always thought that I knew a lot. I can remember going back to school and I can still remember, but I won't mention any names, the teacher saying to the class that she had heard that

this *Arrows to Atoms* was in town, and she says, “But there’s no point in going because I didn’t understand anything about it.” I thought, “What, you didn’t understand that? I understood everything!”

I guess where I was going with that is I really didn’t understand everything about how molecules and atoms could go together, and I knew I still needed a lot more information. There was light. Light could be both waves and particles. I just could not understand that. But I knew that there was evidence that showed this, evidence that showed that. So, in the same way, maybe there were things that you knew about God that you didn’t really understand, but you could live with not knowing just how everything fit together, if you can see what I’m saying.

ROSS-NAZZAL: Yes.

LUCID: I never saw a conflict. Even though I thought I knew a lot, I did realize that there was tons I didn’t know. As I learned more maybe I would get a better understanding about how things would fit together. I was just always in awe at the fact that the universe had been created by God and there was so much more that I didn’t know, that I didn’t understand. The other thing that I realized, you were here. You had a purpose in life. You were here because you were an ambassador for the Lord, created in God’s image. That was your purpose. It didn’t make any difference, the vicissitudes of life, whether you got this or you didn’t get that. You had a purpose.

[End of interview]