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Britt Lincoln
GRIT DEFYING GRAVITY

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Grit Defying Gravity

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Britt Lincoln
rises with grit and grace

A woman with blonde, curly hair, wearing a grey polo shirt and red pants, stands with her hands on her hips next to a red and silver biplane. The plane is parked on a runway with a grassy field in the background. The woman is smiling and looking towards the camera. The biplane has a red nose, red and white striped wings, and a silver fuselage. The background shows a runway and a grassy field under a clear sky.

Britt Lincoln **Grit Defying Gravity**

Precision, patience, and the joy of a woman who chooses the extraordinary

B is for ritt

The first time Britt Lincoln flew, she was three weeks old, tucked into a family tradition that measured time in seasons and distance in airfields. Montana made her sturdy. Aviation made her certain. She is a fourth-generation pilot—the only woman in her line—and a study in how discipline can look like art when it's held to the light long enough.

In conversation, Lincoln is warm, very kind and confident. She laughs easily. And yet there is calculation in everything she does: the way she protects her pre-flight hours to quiet the noise, the way she monitors g-tolerance as an aerobatic athlete tracking recovery, the way she lets hard critique build thicker skin rather than a thinner spirit. That duality—joy and rigor—explains why, in her first two years of aerobatic competition, she won eight of ten contests across the Primary, Sportsman, and Intermediate categories and closed that stretch undefeated in five straight.

She is now training at the Advanced level with the stated goal of again representing the United States on the U.S. Advanced Aerobatic Team. This will be her second time competing on Team USA at the advanced World Championship. On the world stage, she has already put points on the board: Team USA taking third overall, Lincoln placing seventh individually—highest among her U.S. peers—against a field of fifty.

Heritage gave her beautiful wings, however she created her own roadmap. Her great-grandfather and grandfather were crop dusters; her father carried the work forward. She grew up to the sound of radial engines at dawn, the sight of a Super Cub lifting against the backdrop of Montana sky. Sometimes she and her sister would fly to school in the family Cessna. Still, flying wasn't destiny—it was backdrop, so she initially thought. Lincoln went her own way, studying Accounting and German, spending more than a decade in finance, building a different kind of career.



But when she returned home in 2017, she realized the only way she would keep flying with her grandfather was to earn her license herself.

She thought that was the finish line. Instead, it became the gateway. Within one year she had earned five ratings. By 2019, she discovered aerobatics, and everything shifted. "I wanted to experience spins—not just memorize the acronym," she remembers. A month after her first lesson, she entered her first aerobatic competition.

What she found in aerobatics was not adrenaline but precision, not chaos but craft. She compares it to crop dusting—the demand for situational awareness, the margin for error measured in degrees, the respect for how quickly skies can humble you. "Aerobatics has taught me to be a master of my aircraft, my body, and my mind," she says. "It's one of the most rewarding things I've ever done."

By 2023, she was the U.S. Advanced Aerobatic Champion—the first woman in thirty years to earn that title. She had competed in over twenty contests, winning fifteen. And for the first time, she stepped into the public square not just as competitor, but as performer. That summer, she flew her first season of airshows, culminating in a debut at EAA AirVenture Oshkosh—aviation's largest stage. To look down from the aerobatic box at tens of thousands of people and then roll inverted above them was, for Lincoln, not just performance but joy. "It brings me joy to share my passion with others and demonstrate what these amazing machines and our bodies are capable of," she says. "How cool is that?"

Her Extra 330SC—what she calls "a lion on a leash"—is the tool of her trade. It is a rocketship with wings, but in Lincoln's hands it becomes choreography.



Her style is high-energy, precision-driven, with artistic pauses between bursts of power. Audiences see beauty; insiders know the work behind it. Training is relentless: three flights a day during team camps, hours of mental rehearsal, meticulous debriefs. On practice days she guards an hour or two of silence to walk through every strap, switch, and sequence.

What makes her training unique is that it isn't solitary. Her partner, Craig—a twenty-year aerobatic veteran, world-level competitor, judge, and now U.S. Advanced Team coach—is also her daily coach. Every practice flight, he observes from the ground and critiques in real-time over a discreet frequency. "Imagine you're pointed vertically at the ground at 200 knots, mid-snap roll, and your boyfriend is telling you over the radio that your vertical is off by three degrees and your snap over-rotated by five," she laughs. It could fracture the wrong kind of relationship; instead, it strengthens theirs. "This sport is so demanding—time, resources, energy. To share it with someone I'm also so compatible with on every other level is something really special and unique."

It takes resilience to accept that kind of constant, exacting critique—especially from the person you love. But for Lincoln, it's a gift: one more source of discipline, one more layer of trust, one more reminder that excellence is never built alone.

But Craig is not only her technical mirror but a true anchor, someone who keeps her grounded even when her own adrenaline and ambition pushes her to extremes. The intimacy of shared passion has created a rare dynamic: they compete, they constructively critique and they nurture all within the crucible of a demanding sport.



She has also learned to treat her body like part of the airplane. Daily workouts—Peloton rides, strength training—aren't about vanity; they are about recovery and endurance under g-forces that can wring out even the strongest. She notices the difference if she's been out of the plane more than four days, especially with negative g. Her discipline extends beyond checklists. It's in her physiology, her mindset, her ability to meet critique without flinching.

Mentorship has been an amazing and steadfast guide along her path. Patty Wagstaff, the first woman to win the U.S. National Aerobatic Championship, offered guidance early. Vicky Benzing encouraged her at the beginning of her California training. Michael Goulian—one of the world's most recognizable aerobatic pilots—answered a cold call and became not just mentor but ACE (Aerobatic Competency Evaluator) as she entered the airshow world. These aren't symbolic names on a list; they are people who answer texts, offer feedback, and push her forward because they recognize her skill and love of the sport.

Being the only woman on the U.S. Advanced Aerobatic Team comes with attention, but Lincoln doesn't dwell on it. Inside the team room, competence is the measure, humor is the glue, and everyone is after the same goal. She knows the number matters—representation always does—but she refuses the narrative of token. "There's no asterisk next to my name," she says. "I earned the slot."

Still, she recognizes that visibility is part of the job. Women come to her at shows or through social media, often admitting they thought they had missed their window.

She insists otherwise. "It's NEVER too late to chase your dreams," she says, the emphasis fully hers.

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She knows the truth of it because she started late herself—retiring from finance to build a new life in the air. She understands what it costs to begin again. And she has chosen to be present and available so others know they can, too.

Airshows have introduced another layer of the business: sponsorship. Competition, she explains, is almost entirely self-funded. “We do it purely for the love of aerobatics,” she says. But shows bring visibility, and with it, potential partners. In 2025, she signed her first sponsorship with Champion Aerospace, a milestone she describes as both exciting and humbling. She’s candid that the business side—asking for support, managing relationships—is a learning curve. But she is pragmatic: the bigger the platform, the bigger the responsibility.

The public side of airshows is breathtaking and delicate in equal measure. From the air, Lincoln sees patterns invisible from the ground: a sea of people shifting with the wind, tents flapping, flags snapping to the rhythm of engines. Her mind divides the sky into zones, altitudes, and vectors, each line a string connecting into execution. When she rolls inverted above the crowd at Oshkosh, her eyes are on her routine, but her heart remembers the Montana sky she first learned to love. She is performing, yes, but she is also honoring decades of family flight, decades of training, decades of trust in herself.

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Vitamin G

**“I wanted to experience spins --
not just memorize the acronym.”**

A month after her first lesson, she entered her first aerobatic competition.

Her compass remains steady. Montana gave her grit; mentors gave her a model; aerobatics refined a new purpose. She carries Eleanor Roosevelt's reminder close—“No one can make you feel inferior without your consent”—not as armor, but as instruction.

This year, Lincoln is preparing for world-level competition in Hungary. Every day is measured: flights logged, sequences sharpened, body strengthened, nerves tested. She flies like someone who remembers exactly where she began and knows exactly where she intends to land. Lincoln's altitude isn't an accident. It is built—critique by critique, flight by flight, with grit defying gravity. It's built by hard work. By her choices to be better than the day before. And in the space she clears above the ground, she is building room for others to climb.



**“Protect the time
before the flight.
Quiet the noise.
Do the work.”**

