

Above the lonely mountains

From a distance the helicopter will look like a small spot in the sky. I have seen the little chopper move across South Greenland and disappear behind the mountains.

Today the helicopter is loaded with eight passengers and two pilots. In the middle of the helicopter, the passengers' baggage and some post are stowed and bound together by a strong net of rope. The passengers are people from the local area: The council worker together with her little child, a teacher, a pensioner, a young student.

When we waited in the departure hall, a fellow-feeling occurred. A common feel of excitement, because we are on the way back home. Some of us had been away from our hometown for more than a month.

In the helicopter it is a different fellow-feeling. We are sitting very close, but the talk has disappeared. Everybody carries an earmuff to avoid the noise from the rotor of the helicopter.

Several of the passengers have done the trip from the airport in Narsarsuaq to the largest town in South Greenland, Qaqortoq, a lot of times in the small helicopter. Even though it is our native country, everybody stares out on the landscape passing by, as the helicopter follows its path on the winter sky.

We have the good fortune the sun has decided to bask the highest mountains in a glow of beautiful red light.

It is the same landscape as last time we travelled by the helicopter, but this day in January the last red light of the sun gives us a new experience, which I never will forget.



Between Narsarsuaq and Qaqortoq, South Greenland, January 2018