

"Pilots are a class apart from humans, they leave worldliness to purify his spirit in the sky and return to earth only after receiving the communion of the infinite."  
José María Velasco Ibarra, Ex Presidentc de Ecuador

There are two types of pilots, those who lead in their blood the need to fly for the same reason they need to sleep, eat or breathe and those who do simply by task, obligation or because they have no alternative. The latter, usually come to the profession by accident or other unplanned.

Early often have anxiety from nifiez when they saw the aircraft's remarkable, mystical, sublime perhaps. Many of these started small to build model airplanes or collecting photos, posters or any other collection with air grounds. They knew the specifications and data in any plane in great detail. When they grow and are fortunate enough to realize his dream of childhood, greatly enjoy your work, feel (and are) the most fortunate planet men.

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This group knows the difference between flying to survive and survive to fly. Aviation also teaches humility and pride, even though flying is a spell, they fall victim to their curse voluntarily. When on land, and during sunny days, continuously monitor the sky longing to be there during rainy days and cloudy recreate flight procedures in their minds

The pilot knows that the best flight simulator is in himself, in imagination, in his attitude, because the pilot's mind is always open to new information and understand that to fly need to believe in the unknown. However, pilots are men logical, calm, disciplined, which by necessity need to think clearly, because otherwise they risk losing life violently.

Sitting in the cockpit, the true pilot does not tie his body to the body of the plane, on the contrary, through the harness he tied the plane behind him, at your anatomy. The controls of the aircraft become an extension of your person. This simple action unites man and machine in the symmetry of a single entity, in a unique mix and indecipherable every vibration, every sound, every smell makes sense, and the pilot properly rnterpreta There is no doubt that the engine is the heart of

plane but the pilot is the soul that governs drivers do not see their condition objects like machines, on the contrary, are breathing life forms and have different personalities. There are times when dialogue with them and to Rif. These seduced mortals perceive beauty aircraft unconditional gifts.

For nothing stimulates more senses than one the shorthand exquisite aviator an aircraft. They can not avoid being infected by the spell and live the rest of their lives captivated by the spell of her beauty.

For the pilot, receive a plane is like finding a missing relative, again and again. When the tragic fate shows its inexorable presence and lives are lost in air mishaps, the essence of the pilot is saddened by what happened. More can not help, perhaps by an infinitesimal second, that the shadow of his thought goes back to the unit and a stroke of grief, the "friend" dropped, it is inevitable.

For the aviator, the sound of pistons is a splendid symphony, the sound of a jet synthesis of force. Airplanes are not dangerous, but not properly piloted. For him, airports are altars of human talent, there are performed daily miracles and challenges facing the energy of nature and the force of gravity. They are sacred places where the ritual of flying is exalted and glorified, where roads and borders are collapsed and the world shrinks. In those same cries of joy is sorrow. Where born hopes and ideals succumb. In those distant places and evoke longing absent ones. Where the sound of silence live the memories and deeds of giants.

In the air the pilot is in his element, his home is where he belongs. This is where he manages to break free from the bondages that hold it to the ground. It is a gift from the gods and the airman is accepted with respect and joy. This privilege allows you to scale mountains prodigious dimensions of space and reach the sky than other mortals have not reached. This gift allows you to appreciate the perfection of the Creator and the absurd small humans. It allows you, too, recognize that no one has seen the mountain until he sees his shadow from the sky.

Distinguish a person who has offered his soul to aviation is easy: in a crowd, when a plane flies, his eyes immediately take to the sky looking for him, and will not rest until eye contact with the object of his distraction, no matter how many times have seen the same plane, we must see it is something unconscious and arises spontaneously.

Pilots may be able to explain the physical elements of the flight, but describe what it does to its existence is impossible. For explaining the magic of flying is beyond the words ...

"Dad, I left my heart up there."

-Francis Gary Powers, the famous CIA pilot who was shot down over the Soviet Union in 1960, describing his first flight at the age of 14.

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Distinguish a person who has lost his soul to aviation is easy: in a crowd, when a plane flies, his eyes will turn immediately to the sky looking for him, and will not rest until eye contact with the object of his distraction, no matter how many times have seen the same plane, we must see it. -It's unconscious and arises spontaneously.-

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Have Good Flight

Cap Jesus R Munoz Ortega