

## Why I Love My Mooney

This weekend I was in my hanger sealing the radio access panels on my '66 M20E, N9208M, better known in the family as "Mike". I was overcome by a bout of nostalgia as I considered all the places that I have visited and things I have done with this airplane over a fifteen year period: Alaska, Mexico, The Carolina Coast, New York, countless Oshkosh trips, bad weather, sublime weather. I thought about those trips accross the country with my wife, sharing quality time with my daughter who grew to adulthood as my most frequent co-pilot. I trused my life a thousand time to Mike. I met a hundred people I liked because we had the common bond of flying. I thought of the abject emptiness I felt when I sold Mike (and instantly regretted it). Fortunately we were rejoined after a few years separation. I walked over to the front of the plane and put my arm across the broad cowl like one might put your arm across the shoulders of your best friend. I hugged that aiplane, that's the best way to describe it.

And I do believe it hugged me back.

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