



WIND AND FIRE MC

FIREFIGHTERS 

Newsletter

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Chapter #189

Reunion Island

"The creaking of my stomach"

I pack my suitcase with care to omit nothing, ticket, passport, toilet kit, exchange, charger, sunglasses ... not forgetting of course the swimming trunks, how from the Indian Ocean without considering myself soak at least

Once.

The excitement is palpable but successful, I'm leaving on an island 10 flight hours, alone without my wife have to remain in France, traveling is expensive, short and she knows what any involvement mine when I am in contact with my "brothers", the lack of availability I have for her in these times, it is better to remain to follow my journey on social networks than being there in withdrawal hoped would pass -this one hour alone with me. The last goodbye, whispering my last instructions given by a wife to her husband soon single geographical, but she knows all the love I have for him and how much my mind is busy with the club, only infidelity that I m ' authorizes.

A journey to Marseille, a shuttle Parisian sky and some correspondence 4h later, here I

am finally at the door of the Boeing 747, this huge zinc will swallow me for over 10h and engulf more than 320 passengers tight like sardines, cohabitant, accepting the smells of some, snoring from the other, not to mention everything that can happen in flight one can imagine advance and which only the cabin crew could we write the stories.

Here I am sitting aisle, near the toilet, a mother and her daughter, both sitting next to me, her husband and her other daughter behind, she vaguely begins to engage in conversation, just to break the ice, we will live side by side a few hours I hear but do not listen, I replied with smiles and nods, I try to be polite but nothing she tells me reaches me or m 'interests, only my future stay monopolizes my thoughts, trying to anticipate my words, my future encounters ...

A perfect night, perfect to make you smile today is the incessant coming and toilets, make hip thrusts at the rate of one every 5 min, a seat position certainly calculated for airlines have time to admire awake all the finishes of the manufacturer and a girl of 8 years, during sleep, unconsciously wanted to avenge the lack of interest that I have had with regard to the story of his life and his family, multiplying kicks in different parts of my body and of my anatomy, not to mention

the constant desire to appropriate the 9,3 in² Plaid made available to me by our tricolor company.

This latest announcement micro skilled driver who, despite his experience could not prevent his camera shake me every quarter hour, maybe he had also instructed him to make me enjoy a superb technical environment, this small piece of land is finally visible and the contact of the landing gear on the tarmac sounds like a relief, pretend not to be torn, the day will be long I feel it.

Barely out, luggage in hand, a smile lights up my face, my phone is ringing and the face of "grasshopper" is displayed on the screen, it's out there waiting for me, the stay will can begin between the lobby and the car, unusual smells more pleasant accompanied by a heavy, moist heat seized me, this is it, I am far from home, I'm home # 189 of our brothers, while Christophe squeezing against me I think of all my brothers stayed in France, I'm here thanks to them, to represent them, great pride came over me, I takes a deep breath, my chest bulges, my mission begins!

future "followers", it is time to go to the "Rivière Saint Louis" in the South at Christophe drop luggage and dark circles, and prepare for the "Party Day" organized by the local chapter.



Placed on a magnificent site made available by the town hall, an exotic site that will be part of an evening that promises to be interesting. The flag is raised, the tone is set.



The time to chat a few minutes and it's Patrick who strengthens our ranks, followed by Jean-Marc and his wife Sylvie, all three

After participating in a large part of the establishment with all my energy (two chairs and a table), it is high time the Prez-prez to grant a period of well-deserved rest.



Followed by an invigorating snack framed by a bodyguard of more ... feminine.



Worried about my state of form which in my opinion has never been unduly weakened, Christophe invites me to accompany him to complete the final preparations for the evening. After going home, we take the direction of the parachuting club, to recover indescribable bag or object. To believe that people are duplicated in Reunion, where I find most of our members, dressed in their superb tee-shirt # 189, the mine both observant and caring, quickly sweeping gaze the environment and the different protagonists, fear suddenly blocked my knees, a slight feeling of entrapment through my mind, and they decided to throw me the Cuckoo 13.000 ft ?

The sky, respectful of my function, has surely heard of my stomach squeaking, the door "off" of this paper airplane nailed to the ground to indefinitely postponed, appointment is taken for the following Thursday, "Little Beetle "may have decided to be Caliph instead of the Caliph and eliminate me at all costs.

It's time to get serious, for which I have fought a monster 8 years in the belly of a restless fire plane, back colors to a great team, and endearing people attached to their island.



A significant event, an important figure, what a pleasure to have as "Guest Star" our legendary Marco, one of the founding

members of the wind and Fire MC France, came to retire in the Reunion Island and at the same time bring his experience and wisdom in this young chapter.



An evening organized by a master hand, a first fly high, mixing demonstration Graf under the guideline "FOLLOWER"

Presence noticed and appreciated by different clubs came to attend the formalization of this Chapter 1 overseas territories. Great joy to give to each and every one of these precious patches in the presence of the presidents of "Satudarih 1% MC Nomad" and "France", the "Yellow Snakes MC", the "Pirates Brotherhood" and "Black Rivers." Prestigious delegation represented by worthy staffs came one after the other confirm the respect they have for our fraternity and the members of the press the values and qualities of the young "Zoréole ⁽¹⁾" Christophe.



The key is finalized, simply tighten the hands of municipal officials, to chat with the various sponsors and partners a good local beer in hand until the BBQ or mode "fire circumscribed".

Followed by a missed check presentation for the benefit of our dear toddlers ODP

"SUNDAY REST"



The whole rhythm of U2, ACDC, Rolling stones or other ZZ Top ...

We set ourselves the target Christophe and I spent a quiet Sunday gentle, a kind of "Sunday rest" of Prez. Christophe needs to unwind a bit, the pressure of the preparations being largely settled and me, just to give me a bit of the past 36 hours. After dragging a little in the morning we enfourchons both scooters to take the direction of "Saint Pierre" and its waterfront. Some similarities with some of our seaside resorts Var with the difference that the white sand is traded by small pieces of white coral.



Raffle and closing speeches this busy day and rewarding, it is time to regain our "boxes", the Prez-prez is not the only one eager to get "OFF"

Then came the time to sit down for a snack terrace to test the famous "bouchons gratin", meatballs with spices make mention to my stomach squeaks of yesterday. This allows me to enjoy at the same time the relativity of time Creole, where the notion of fast food has value that the speed of collection.



Quick tour of the fire-station where Christopher works, must visit for any 'Wind and Fire ', before going to pay a visit to Pascal in his new home in the district of "Tapage" picturesque hamlet lost on the hillside in the middle sugar cane fields but the views across the Bay of Saint Louis is worth a look.

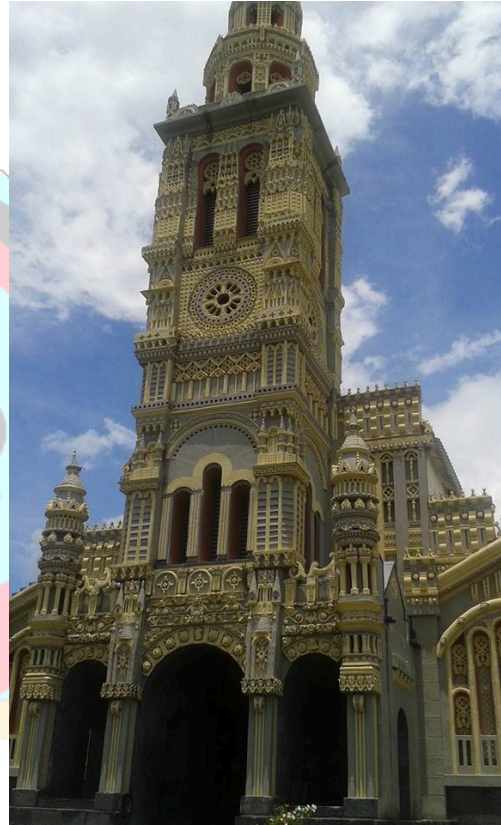
" LAVA HISTORY "



After a traditional breakfast Reunion "coffee and croissant", we begin our tour of the island by the sea, making a first stop at "Etang salé les Bains"



Was given a Visit "Saint Denis" with our 3 "Followers" 1 day. After performing full of kerosene, we make a first cultural break at the Church of St. Anne in the east of the island.



Perfect architectural mix of art and religion, it is classified as a historical monument since 1982.



I can not rave to all the religious monuments of the island, the latter being legions and time fails me.

Another important decision point, the suspension bridge to the English "Sainte Rose" equally impressive monument especially when it serves as a cultural conference, in fact, Sylvie take this step to make us a more detailed historical account of the meeting.



It would take too long to tell you the whole story, I sincerely hope you will have the opportunity one day to come across this great girl so she tells you in his own way, theatrically interesting and everything about it after great stones, and it is unfortunate that history teachers do not have the same stature, it would certainly change student attendance in schools.



The dark side of this issue, like many, is that it is often the scene and the witness of desperate gestures.

A little further on the town, near the village, when the stomach starts to creak again, for good reason, "Notre Dame des Laves" is an

appetizer office, I drink again the words of our narrator, the lava flow had indeed avoided this building by some unknown miracle, most believers claiming divine intervention, scientific underpinning nicks or cracks crevices. Still, this church split into two casting.



It is now necessary and vital to savor a "Massalé" to recharge the batteries. The meal is an opportunity to learn a lot more about the culture and the island's history. The short digestion, we continue to advance towards the wild south, this corner of the island, regularly fed lava flows by the famous Piton de la furnace, just as charming and unusual.



"THE BURGER"



Betty then joined us to escort us to the end of the circuit to "Manapany les Bains".

Runs of as we all love them, roll between brothers, a drink, a meal, exchange, enrich themselves, discover a region, a perfect day in good company that will end in the ideal way, time to go "case" of Prez # 189, change and management at Marco and Annie in "Saint Gilles", what happiness, travel 6300 miles and be able to share a moment, an evening with these people who symbolize just what we are in this fraternity , generosity, kindness, luxurious simplicity ...



The evening continues at the pace of anecdotes and other memories while savoring the dishes prepared by Annie with the attention to "doing good" that characterizes it. This stay on this land would not have the same flavor without this special time without sharing this moment ... thank you both!

First bath today expected towards the "beach of the salt pond" small step on a gray-black sand path that starts a glimpse of a landscape of lava rocks, the effect is surprising, at first dark away from the cliché island in the southern hemisphere with its white sand beaches, but my eye gets used gradually beginning to appreciate.



A **change** of scenery, an absolute charm, then we arrive at a natural basin, one of many, placed there by mother nature, essentially shaped by lava flows.



The clear water is renewed to the rhythm of the waves to my only happiness, the ideal temperature in this nascent but already was weighing Oh how I can stay there for hours, especially as I feel safe, or white shark, or shark bulldog will not disrupt this first bath Reunion.

A few hundred meters further, another local curiosity but always focused on religion or simply an architectural research, what do I know, a pebble beach in the same tones of dark gray, hundreds, or even thousands of square meters, these cairns, mounds of pebbles erected by man, perhaps walkers like me, local came regularly, a blend of zen and baroque, deep respect emerges at mileu if this particular field, simple pleasure funeral or build recognition for potential lost at sea?

On the way back, I can observe a multitude of crosses planted here and there, I do not understand too, are people so believers to sow anywhere?



Here we are, the famous "Rock Fish Café"

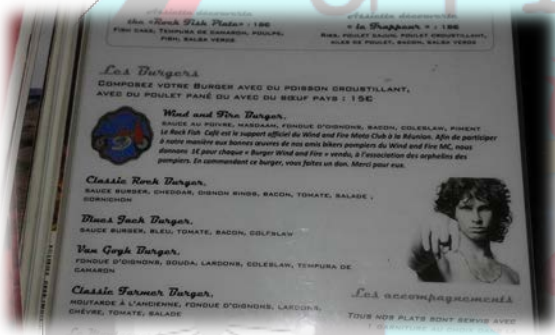
Then I understand, a fence demarcates the "Pit of salty pond" majestic place but equally morbid by the number of people committed suicide to believe the number of crosses, crashing waves inside makes me do a step back, I can not imagine a body thrown into the gorge.



The maltese club sits proudly on the sign are like inside



I already feel myself a bit at home, it is somewhere in the goal of a support bar is our 'Bar le Toril "end of the world, I imagine even for a moment Celine tighten it against me incoming. I can finally revel the famous Burger "Wind and Fire"



It is up to what was described to me by Christophe, a treat, normal you might say, with the name it bears.

The discussion with the boss made me discover a boy of great generosity, its establishment is its symbol, musical instruments are available to anyone who wants to use it between two plates, the evenings are made of "horse" for the sake of customers. It was he and his group who came graciously play the evening of # 189, just because it was in favor of the Orphans, to close his restaurant that night. Thank you Patrick!

A few meters away, a small visiting friends, free fall of my host company, they take a great tattoo and piercing shop, Sylvie and Jean-Mi, from two Corsican island change for several years. Their promise is made to lift a beer with them before I left.

After various races and the visit of the bridge-between, popular for building base-jumpers, including our "Grasshopper" our evening ends in the family of my dear and loving, came to settle in the island for a year.

"BATH GRAND"

Breakfast alone with Christophe, as an old couple, he is on call today, I got up early, like every morning since I arrived, the time difference would nail me to the bed, but the sun here tape from 5am, the neighbor's chickens have trouble synchronizing with the cock and it's an impressive cacophony that serves as my alarm clock.

I visit "Saint Gilles" with Pierre-Louis, follower also very involved in the chapter, he will accompany me to the dive so I performed a baptism,

guess my buddy needs smile inwardly at my clumsiness.



they have not managed to push me a plane, that they want to drown me or give me food for sharks. I'm actually not very serene, the underwater world is not the place for my modest person, otherwise I will certainly have gills instead of ears and a tail instead of legs. The recent shark attacks on surfers reinforce my my fears despite the reassuring words of my companion.



I play serene, how the national president of MC could be afraid of anything, the Rocking back track equipment bottle and mask seems to be naturally and experience, but I

I just left the human world, the descent begins, my heart and my breathing accelerate, the impression that the bottle straps oppress me, the water pressure already begin a process on my vise eardrums, I hesitate to go back but my pride prevents me, I stare at me quickly to the directions on the surface, I calm down, relieves my ears with elementary gestures, the descent continues, I see the bottom, corals , fish and other beautiful colors of these reefs, I do not know where to turn, I admire contemplates all key that does not leak, I admire all that surrounds me and suddenly I makes me realize this fullness inside me, my breathing is calm, I feel good, feel in my element, we go down again, I passed under a reef, back in a chimney in the middle of a vast array of colorful fish, and there, at the corner of a rock, we reach

a giant turtle, I'm like a kid, my instructor made me understand all the interest to approach gently.

Here I am lying on the belly, I contemplate, observe the smallest details, allow me to caress her, she's so ugly and so beautiful at once, I can assist him in his meal for hours but my buddy made me understand it's time to go back, how can I miss so much motivation to reach the surface mine who was prepared to simulate a few minutes earlier unease not be one of them?

"trompe eye" I remain appreciative of all the work he shows me on his Smartphone, like what can be a fan of Johnny and have great creativity.



After a good shower and a graduation, we are joined by Patrick to bring us to the table "Bar de la Marine" friendly hotel run by a Marseilles. Respect for what I have to live keeps me from ordering any victuals from the ocean, at least during a meal.

The afternoon takes place in Patrick company for a ride on the west coast, short stop at the unique Harley-Davidson dealership on the island, our Gil-brother Alex is working when it is not a firefighter guard a family atmosphere prevails, it is not the largest HD shop I had the opportunity to visit but it is warm and well-appointed.

The rest of the Run allows me to discover the lagoon, the wild coast with its shark pit and artistic talents of my guide: oil painting, watercolor, airbrush, author of numerous

The evening alone at Christophe will encourage me to rest and sleep early, tomorrow is the day of the "great leap"!

«CAFE-BEER»

I am motivated as ever, ready psychologically, this is it, this morning I jump from a plane at 13000 ft above the Meeting, a first, a moment rich in feeling, I'll have my dose of adrenaline. I expected at 8am, I tip 10 min before me, Christophe arrives moments later, the plane has rotated and I see up there the first square sail, excitement overtakes me, my turn comes ...



I watch Christophe in the process of exchange with various members of the club, all scrutinize the "windsock" that seems to shake more and more, these experts mine lets me imagine that the jump is compromised, what my Prez Reunion will confirm, too windy, too dangerous, Heaven does not want me. This seems paradoxical in relation to my state of mind of the first day, but I am disappointed and sad not very modestly to follow the example of Felix Baumgartner ⁽²⁾.

His Corsican friends offer us another much less acrobatic option to furnish the morning, visit the "Domaine roasted coffee" whose raw material is grown, roasted and sold on site. Coffee up to the hospitality of the owners.



To believe the frequency and number of visitors, the reputation of the place is more to do.

Both loustiques remind me of the promise made two days earlier and invite us to make us the "3 brewers' bar-restaurant" Saint-Pierre Reunion "located at the heart of its own plant. Both say that clients go there

especially for the variety and quality of their beers which does not detract from the quality of their dishes. Thank you to our two Corsican making me also discover this property.



After much phone calls, they take an appointment with a parachuting club "pebble Plateau Saint Paul," the difference is that the jump is supposed to be a helicopter and the sector is generally free of wind. They are really motivated to demonstrate to me the laws of gravity exerted upon my poor body.

Again, it is written that I do not jump during a wonderful time, no wind area but the sky with clouds in the lower part make the takeoff and the jump can not be executed, everybody's sorry, it 'is like that, I already have a huge chance to be there, to have lived such a beautiful and busy week, I get the promise jump in France, to live it at least once in my life, by dint perseverance, they were able to give me that mad desire to throw myself into the void with only a backpack friend and his canvas bag.



The afternoon will pass quickly, too quickly, after a detour to Christopher in the family, it is high time to see urgent to move the bike to Sylvie, this small 1200 frame which I made in recent days and to which I am attached, I throw him a last hello to him and his friendly owners, time for a coffee and we head to Roland Garros Airport, the circle is complete.



I reassure my host still worried the good performance of my stay, it was extraordinary to availability as my various companions during this short journey. Two or three stories and a quip probably hiding some restraint, both certainly have the same bitterness to leave us, I'll leave here an extraordinary boy, all those who knew him in the past year did not contradict me, after a few minutes and a long hug, I ships, claiming the cost of parking and the long road back.

I met friendly people here, available with real values, most out of their way to accommodate me as best as possible, to make my stay more enjoyable, it's a very beautiful chapter that is born in the Indian Ocean, we can be proud of them, of our highly represented colors, my brethren you have a real family ready to welcome you there in the Southern Hemisphere.

I gulped, unable to turn around, my feelings still playing tricks on me, then I think this delicious wife waiting for me with all his love, our children, for all those times that I will have to report to you , the next runs, the next dates. The hour approaches, the boarding queue is endless, and I rushes ... Theft is more pleasant than on the way, we are two to three seats, alternating between movies and micro-naps, sweet memories of this week soothing me in waking moments. A quick stop in the Parisian cold and I'm on the Marseille tarmac.



I'm scanning the horizon, I do not see the Meeting, it is far, 6300 mi but is now in my heart and in my memories, this beautiful island inhabited our brothers ...

Pinto
President happy

⁽¹⁾ Zoréole: métis half Zoreille (white) half créole (black)
⁽²⁾ F. Baumgartner : World Record Freefall 130.000 ft