

ET REJSELIV JEG ALDRIG GLEMMER  
TRAVELLING I NEVER FORGET

*Keld Jensen*

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## *Et rejseliv jeg aldrig glemmer*

Mit Grønlands eventyr er overstået. Jeg flyttede fra den smukke ø i marts 2018. Men fotografier fra min tid i Grønland får mig ofte til at genopleve den store ø med den helt unikke natur på kanten af vores verden.

Denne rejse startede i Sydgrønland. Vi sejlede med en lille båd fra Qaqortoq til luft-havnen i Narsarsuaq. Fra Narsarsuaq fløj vi videre mod nord langs kysten.

Det var bidende koldt. Vintervejret havde i løbet af natten dækket landskabet med det fineste, rene lag hvid sne.

I februar måned bider vinteren sig for alvor fast på den grønlandske vestkyst. Bjergene langs kysten og den store grønlandske Indlandsis bliver dækket af et tykt lag sne. De store vandfald, der om sommeren sender kaskader af smeltevand ned i fjordene, er nu tavse, og efterårets sidste vand hænger nu som gigantiske istapper på klippeskråningerne.

Fra Narsarsuaq flyver vi med fastvinget fly mod vores destination langt mod nord. Det er en rejse i stor højde over Indlandsisen og over fjordlandskaber. Ofte kender jeg slet ikke navnene på disse fjorde. Der er så mange fjorde, og alt er så enormt stort. Det er svært at begribe.

Rejser mellem byerne i Grønland foregår oftest over meget store afstande – hundredvis af kilometer hen over øde landskaber af sne og is. Denne rejse til Grønlands næststørste by i Midtgrønland og hjem igen strakte sig over fire dage.

Formålet med rejsen var at deltage i et møde, der varede nogle få timer. Jeg husker ikke, hvad mødet drejede sig om, men jeg husker de imponerende udsigter fra båden og fra flyene ud over vinterlandskaberne.

## *Travelling I never forget*

**M**y Greenland fairy tale is over. I moved from the beautiful island in March 2018. But often photographs from my life in Greenland get me to relive in memory the great island with the unique nature on the edge of our world.

This journey started in South Greenland. In a small boat we sailed from Qaqortoq to the airport in Narsarsuaq. From Narsarsuaq, we fly northward along the coast.

It was freezing cold. During the night the winter weather had covered the landscape with the finest, clean layer of white snow.

At the west coast of Greenland, the winter is really biting on in the month of February. The mountains along the coast and the large Greenlandic inland ice are covered with a thick layer of snow. The large waterfalls, which in summer send cascades of melt water into the fjords, now are silent, and now the last water of the year is hanging as giant icicles on the cliff slopes.

From Narsarsuaq, we fly with fixed winged planes to our destination far to the north. It is a journey at high altitude over the inland ice and over the fjord landscapes. I often do not know the name of a lot of these fjords. The number of fjords is numerous, and everything is so enormous. It is hard to comprehend.

The travel between the towns of Greenland usually takes place over very large distances – hundreds of kilometres over deserted landscapes of snow and ice. This trip to the second largest town in Greenland in Central Greenland and home again stretched over four days.

The aim of the travel was to attend a meeting that only lasted a few hours. I don't remember what the meeting was all about, but I remember the impressive views of the winter landscapes from the boat and from the planes.





*Grønlands vestkyst, februar 2017*

*The west coast of Greenland, February 2017*





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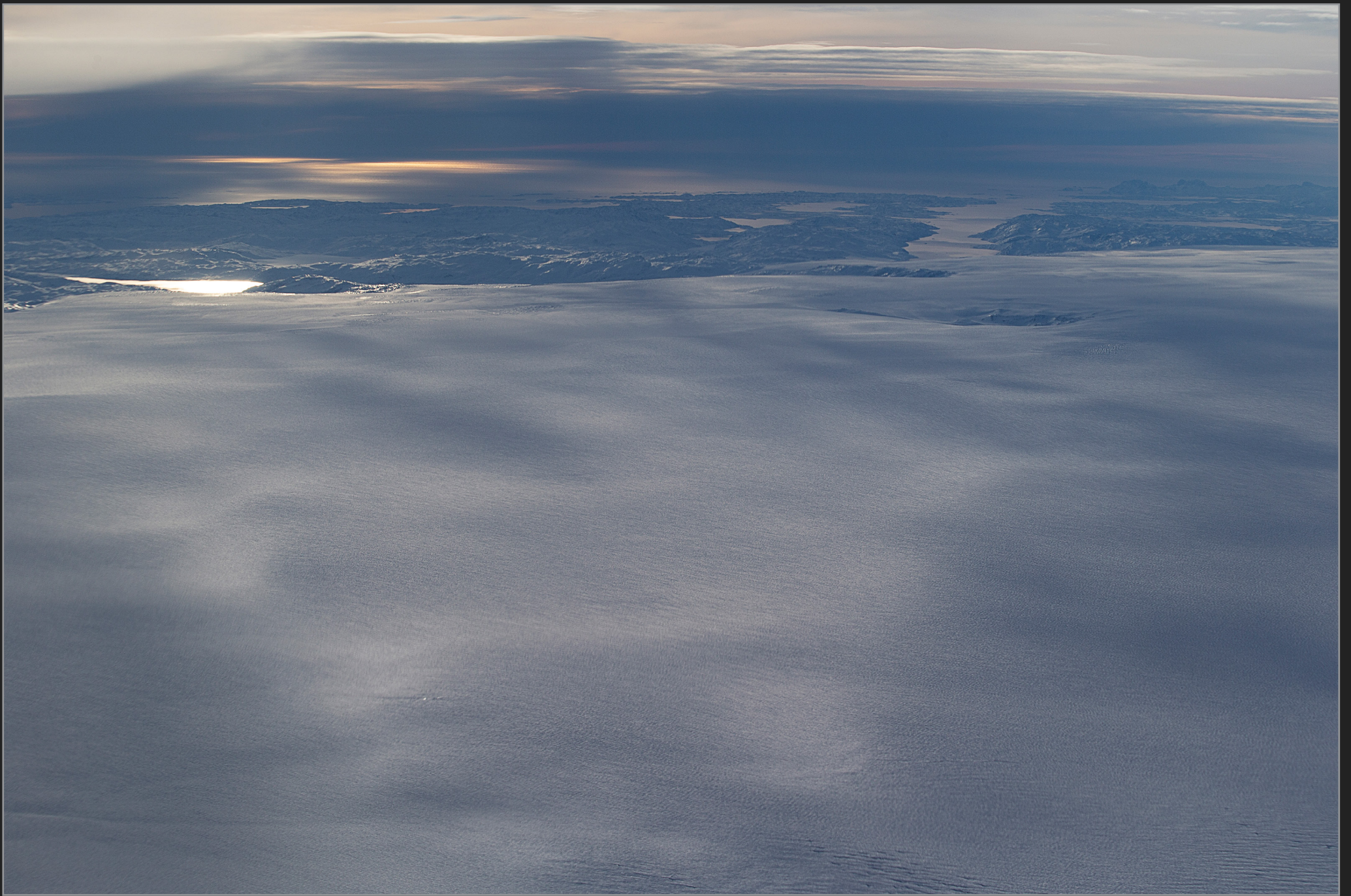




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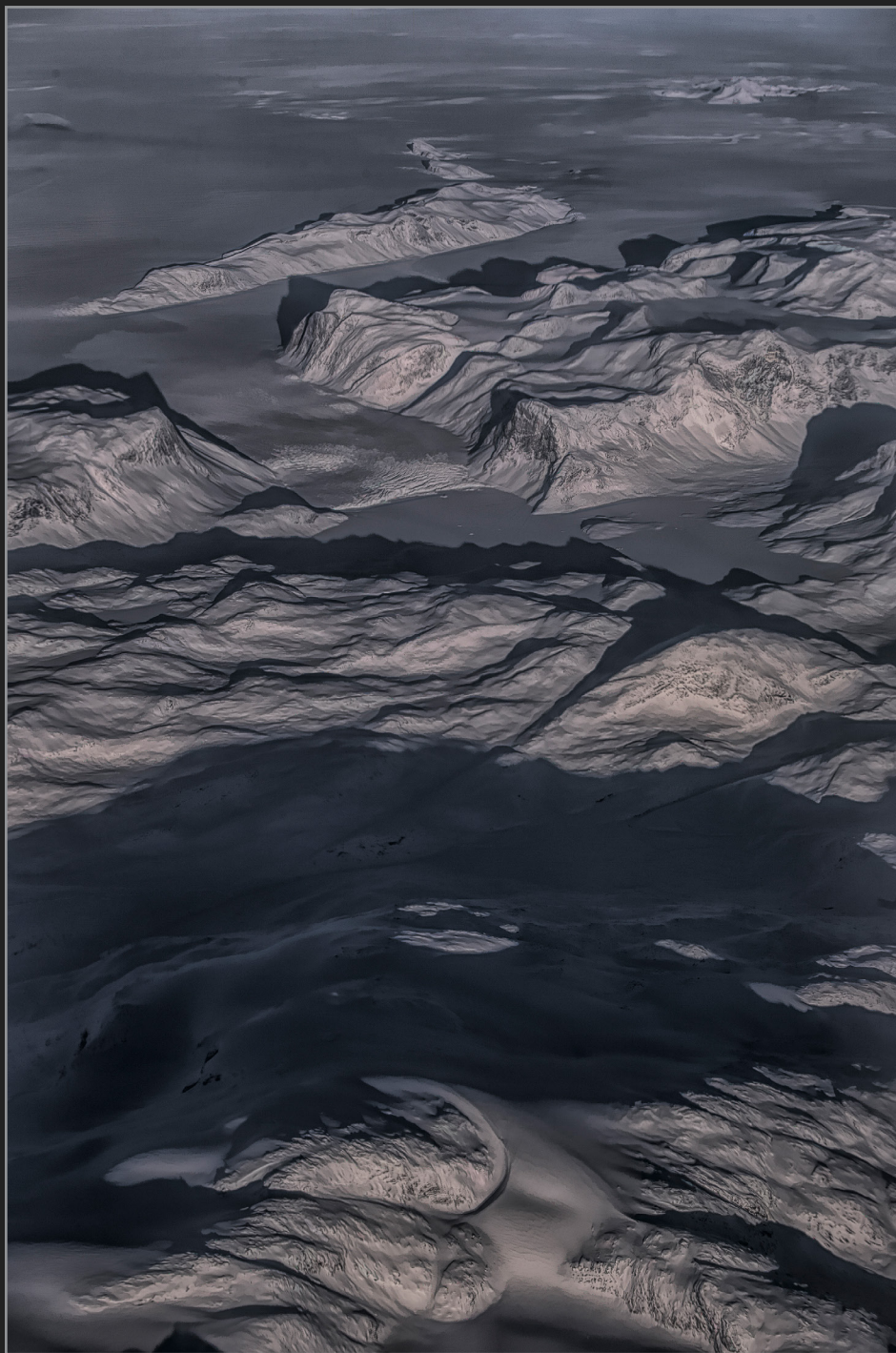
*The west coast of Greenland, February 2017*



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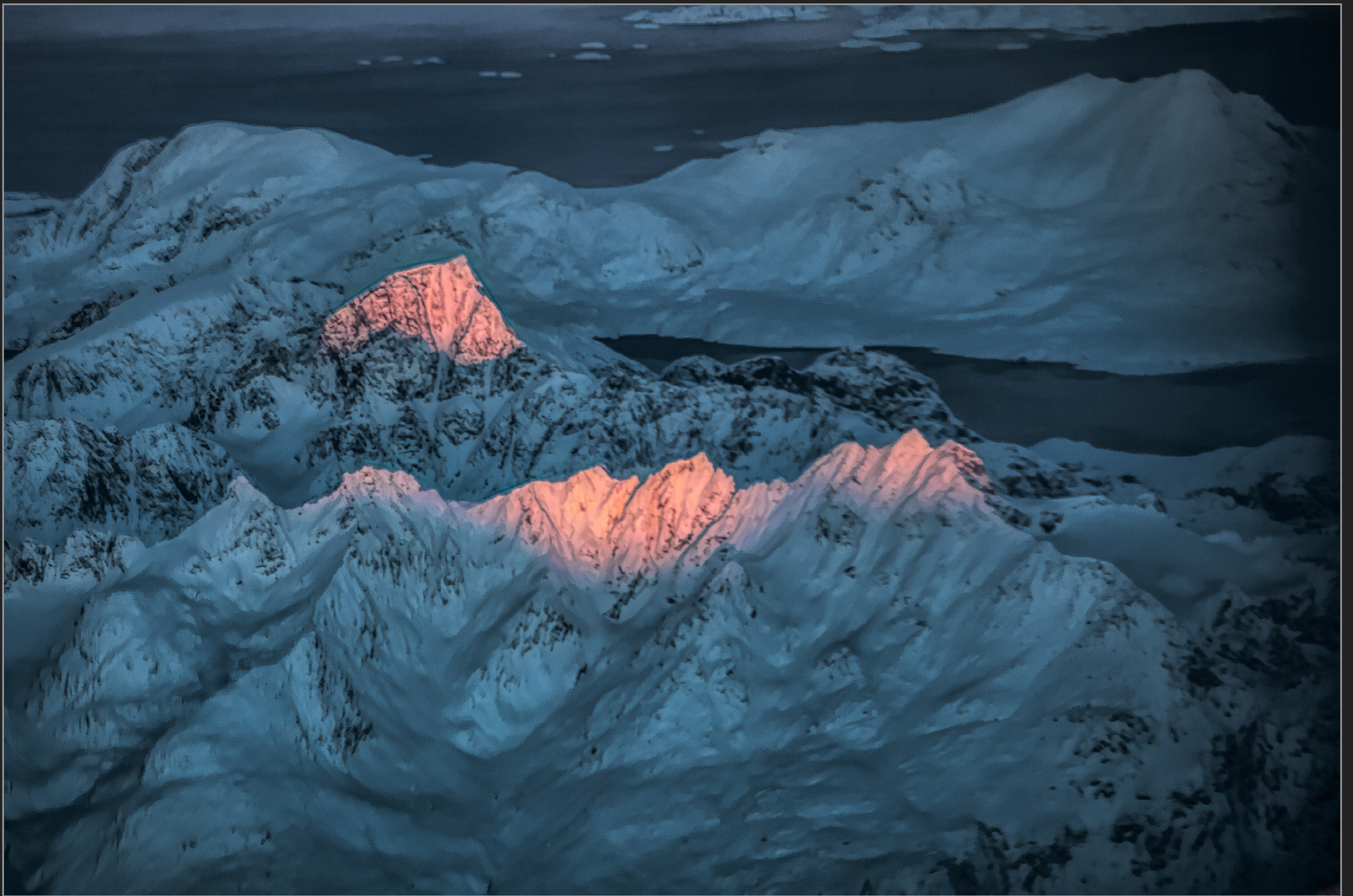




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KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Et rejseliv jeg aldrig glemmer  
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Travelling I never forget  
By Keld Jensen*

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