



Mark David Schledorn

October 26, 1956 - December 11, 2012

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall



“ *Mark David Schledorn*

October 23, 2023 at 09:38 AM

ST

I miss you Boy, and always will. You were the love of my life. S

Stephanie - August 07, 2025 at 07:51 PM



“ *I am shocked and deeply saddened to hear about this today. I worked with Mark in Colombia, South America in the late 90s to early 2000s. He was a Spectacular Man, Pilot and flight lead. RIP Mark and GOD's love and comfort for your family and wife.*

Brian Rodriguez - April 15, 2014 at 02:23 PM

TB

“ *Oh, how I wish for more time. . . I love my big brother, ever so much. He was, and will continue to be in my heart, such a light and a joy. Blessings.*



Tricia Bowden - January 23, 2013 at 08:33 PM

TE

“ It's different having a best friend that was 34 years my senior. I was a little unsure whether to refer to him as my dad or my best friend because he filled the roles of both. I will always remain jealous to those who got the pleasure of knowing him longer than I. He taught me many things, not only in flying, but in all aspects of life.

I lost my best friend, and a dad.

Flying West

*I hope there's a place, way up in the sky
Where pilots can go when they have to die.
A place where a guy could buy a cold beer
For a friend and a comrade whose memory is dear.
A place where no doctor or lawyer could tread,
Nor a management-type would e'er be caught dead!
Just a quaint little place, kind of dark, full of smoke,
Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke.
The kind of a place that a lady could go
And feel safe and secure by the men she would know.*

*There must be a place where old pilots go,
When their wings become heavy, when their airspeed gets low,
Where the whiskey is old, and the women are young,
And songs about flying and dying are sung.
Where you'd see all the fellows who'd 'flown west' before,
And they'd call out your name, as you came through the door,
Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be bad,
And relate to the others, "He was quite a good lad!"*

*And there, through the mist, you'd spot an old guy
You had not seen in years, though he'd taught you to fly.
He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear
And say, "Welcome, my Son, I'm proud that you're here!
For this is the place where true flyers come*

*When the battles are over, and the wars have been won.
They've come here at last, to be safe and alone,
From the government clerk, and the management clone;
Politicians and lawyers, the Feds, and the noise,
Where all hours are happy, and these good ol' boys
Can relax with a cool one, and a well deserved rest!
This is Heaven, my Son. You've passed your last test!"*
— Captain Michael J. Larkin, TWA (Ret.), 'Air Line Pilot' magazine

Tyler Evans - January 23, 2013 at 01:39 PM

SS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Stephanie Schledorn - January 12, 2013 at 09:30 PM

SS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Stephanie Schledorn - January 12, 2013 at 09:26 PM

SS

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Stephanie Schledorn - January 12, 2013 at 09:13 PM

SS

“ I miss you, Mark.
Stephanie

Stephanie Schledorn - January 02, 2013 at 11:27 AM

SS

“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



Stephanie Schledorn - January 02, 2013 at 10:53 AM

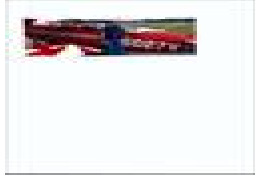
EF

“ Great man. Great friend. Great pilot. You will be greatly missed. By us all.
Eric Fletcher.

Eric Fletcher - January 01, 2013 at 07:23 PM

JB

“ 1 file added to the album Mark with his Pitts S2B



Jim Breeding - December 19, 2012 at 01:38 PM

JB

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Jim Breeding - December 19, 2012 at 01:15 PM

KA

He was the best Papa I could ever have i loved him dearly.

Kaylon - May 05, 2014 at 08:35 PM