

# FLIGHT LOG →

FALL 2006

NEWSLETTER

Vol. 12 No. 4

FOR THE FRIENDS OF ADVENTIST WORLD AVIATION



How many men does it take to carry an engine to the hangar when authorities won't let a vehicle in to pick it up?



New engine installed.

## HEAVE HO!!! PRAISE THE LORD!!!

### Philippines Engine Arrives

by Clifton Brooks

On Thursday, September 7, the replacement engine for our mission plane cleared Manila customs and was delivered to the hangar! The process of obtaining, shipping, and importing the engine has been a focus for months.

The “new” power plant is actually a used engine, overhauled and inspected to “like new” condition and tolerances. The engine came complete with new accessories (starter, vacuum pump, etc.) which will minimize the work associated with the replacement.

Progress on the airplane went well until typhoon “Milenyo” wreaked havoc on September 28. Winds of 110-130 kilometers per hour tore off corrugated roofing sheets, scattered utility poles all over the roads, pushed gigantic billboards down onto power lines and roadways, and twisted, snapped, and uprooted trees. There was massive flooding and water damage. Power, water, phone, and Internet services were totally cut off for weeks.

Surprisingly, there was minimal loss of life—only about 30 perished. And this “little

blow” didn’t even compare to the November 1995 super-typhoon “Rosing,” whose 260-kph winds battered the islands, leaving 936 people dead.

While “our” hangar lost a bit of roof, the plane and associated parts went undamaged. With electricity out, the extra sky-lighting turned out to be a blessing. The old engine is off and the new engine is mounted. Many of the lines, hoses, and wires are hooked up again, but we require a few bits and pieces to complete the installation. While these are on order, we are recertifying the life raft and

*(Continued on page 2)*



## MEMORIALS

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QUINTON AND JANE LAUBACK'S 50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
LEDA AND NORWOOD SMITH'S 37TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY  
JESUS, MY LORD AND SAVIOR

## Philippine Engine Arrives

Continued from page 1

vests, dynamically balancing the propeller and spinner, and taking care of other little projects.

There are many reasons to replace or refurbish a lot of parts during the engine change.

1. AGE: The engine and most of its accompanying accessories, connections, and hardware were new back in June 1991, but that was fifteen years ago! Just think back to what shape you were in fifteen years ago

(Continued on next page)



We were very grateful for the help of Dwayne Harris, a fellow pilot and A&P mechanic who visited our project for two weeks.

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## FLIGHT LOG

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Send all inquiries or  
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**Adventist World Aviation**  
P. O. Box 251

Berrien Springs, MI 49103-0251

Phone: (269) 473-0135

Fax: (269) 471-4049

E-mail: [info@flyawa.org](mailto:info@flyawa.org)

[www.flyawa.org](http://www.flyawa.org)

### In Canada

(please send donations to):  
Wings for Humanity Foundation  
1281 Highway 33 East,  
Kelowna, B.C., Canada V1P 1M1.  
85432 2922 RR0001

### President

Donald B. Starlin

### Copy Editor

Kevin Wiley

### Newsletter Layout and Design

Margie Mitchell

### Board of Directors

William Davidson (Chair),  
Donald Starlin, Bill Tucker,  
Edwin Vance, Bruce Wickwire

### Mission Statement

Adventist World Aviation exists  
to provide aviation and communications  
support to those serving the physical,  
mental, and spiritual needs of  
the forgotten peoples of the earth.

### Adventist World Aviation

is a 501(c)3 nonprofit missionary-  
sending agency. Funded by private  
contributions, AWA enables  
missionaries to reach the unreached  
around the world.

Read the FlightLog in color—  
[www.flyawa.org](http://www.flyawa.org) (click on the  
publications button)

FALL 2006

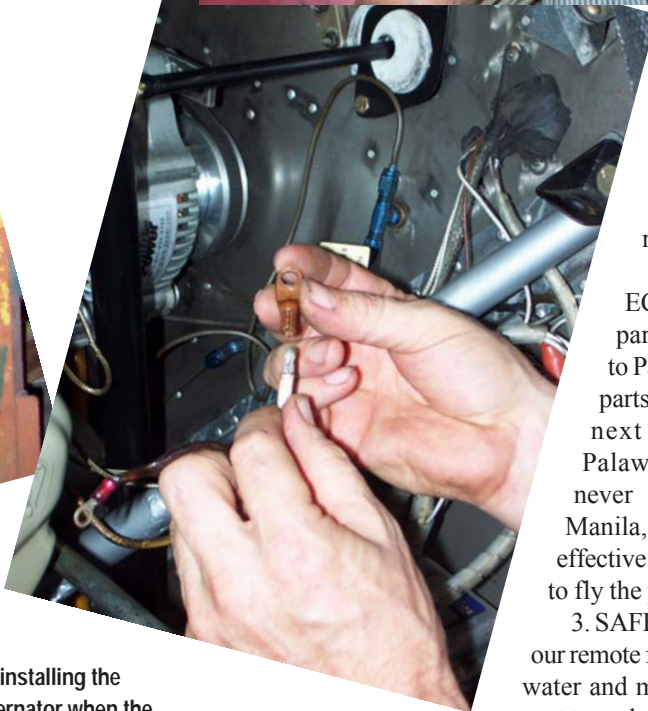




Left: Andy and Dwayne muscle the engine off of its mount with the help of a portable overhead chain hoist borrowed from our friends at the U.S. Embassy. Thank you! Below: Clifton inspects the new FM oil filter adapter installation.



Above: Andy (with Namsing in the background) works on the new engine in preparation for installation on the mount. Right: You never know what you'll find. Andy was installing the main power cable on the new PlanePower light-weight alternator when the copper terminal ring connector end came off in his hand. Can't have that! A good AMP crimper to fix this kinda stuff is on our "Tools Wish List."



compared to your condition now. What would you overhaul or replace if you could?


2. PRACTICALITY/ECONOMICS: We are preparing to move the airplane to Palawan. If it's hard to get parts here in Manila, it will be next to impossible in Palawan. Not that we could never bring the plane back to Manila, but it will be more cost effective to fix problems now than to fly the plane back later.

3. SAFETY: Due to the nature of our remote flying environment (open water and mountainous jungle), we want to make certain everything is in perfect order.

4. TIMING: Engine change is when major routine maintenance is traditionally taken care of, so it's only appropriate that this would happen now. This includes overhauling and/or replacing magnetos, exhaust, engine mounts, starter, alternator, vacuum pump, prop, governor, carburetor, baffling, hoses, wires, and control cables.

Andy is now in the States enjoying some time with his family, leaving me here as the sole mechanic. We sure could use some help if there are any interested mechanics willing to volunteer even on a short-term basis. (My wife will be happy to cook for us and we promise to try to take you to the beach once while you're here.)

As I type this, I have a constant stream of a thousand little red ants traveling very quickly in and out of my computer keyboard via the cable! Hey, I've gotta take care of this. I'll update you more later . . .

**Note:** View the progress by going to [flyawa.org](http://flyawa.org) and clicking the "new engine for the '636'" in the "What's New" column. 



The engine is nearly ready to install on the refurbished mount.





# Train Up a Child . . .

by Jud Wickwire

**P**raise God for future mission pilots, and for those who are excited about training them! Young Disciple Bible Camp in Inchaleum, Washington, recognizes the importance of generating an interest in mission aviation early in life. This camp offers an aviation course during its missions and music camp every summer. Following in the footsteps of Greg Thompson and Clifton Brooks, I had the privilege of teaching the aviation class this year.

Since teaching is not on my list of gifts, I knew this would be a challenge. Though I felt summarily unqualified, not yet having served on the field, I'm learning that circumstances often require missionaries to tackle all kinds of things they aren't qualified for.

The class started out with basic (and not so exciting) stuff like aerodynamics and theory of flight. Quiz time was a surprise for both students and teacher. While the students learned aerodynamics, I learned that questions must be worded carefully to avoid ambiguity. Thankfully I wasn't the one being tested...or maybe I was.

As part of the class, one of the medical instructors, Dr. Ken Coleman, interviewed Karen and me regarding the *Wings for Humanity* project in South America. Starting with our family history and moving on to how we made the decision to pack up and leave for Guyana, we shared how God has led in our lives and prepared us for this next act of stepping out in faith when we least expected it.

One of the more interesting things we did wasn't planned. We watched an old Moody Institute video on spatial disorientation. A person was placed on a well-oiled office chair, blindfolded, and set spinning for several turns. The victim was smoothly brought to a stop. While turning, he was directed to say which direction he felt he was rotating. After coming to a stop he announced that he was spinning rapidly in the opposite direction from what he had started. Upon removing the blindfold, he was shocked to discover he was not moving at all.

One of the students asked if we could try this. So in the next class we rigged up a hammock-type chair suspended on a rope to allow it to spin freely. Most of the students tried the experiment. It turned out to be quite effective, with not too many experiencing nausea.





We spent one class at the airstrip conducting a pre-flight inspection of the plane and doing some taxiing. Then the next afternoon, everyone had the opportunity to get up in the plane. Thanks to the ground marshalling of Dr. Coleman, we were able to do over 20 full stop circuits. This allowed each student three rides around the patch, including one in the co-pilot seat with their hands on the controls.

We were blessed to have Dave Hensel, former AWA board member, teach my class on the last day of camp. Mr. Hensel has a long and colorful history in mission aviation in South America, and still supports the aviation program in Peru. This was a real treat for the students to hear from someone with so much to share from his mission field experiences.

Those of us who are pilots know that flying is something that grabs us from inside and never lets go. This is often the result of some experience very early in our lives. The Young Disciple Camp is to be commended for providing many young people with just such a hands-on aviation experience, and an occasion to learn how aviation can be used in missions.



### GUYANA PROJECT



Jud, Karen,  
Jacob, and  
Zachary  
Wickwire

**Wickwire Launching Goal \$80,000 Canadian**

\$55,900 Canadian Still Needed				
10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
\$ 3,884 Canadian Still Needed				

**Wickwire Monthly Goal \$4,900 Canadian**

U.S. contributors use enclosed envelope. Canadian contributors use Canadian address on page 2.





Children at village of Barabina near Mabaruma. Below: Dani with a pet monkey.



# MABARUMA

by Bill and Laura LaBore

“**M**abaruma . . . .” “Mabaruma . . . .” The name kept going around in our minds as we contemplated whether this village was the place God was leading us to live. Pieces of the puzzle were falling into place. It was exciting to see God at work and going before us, parting the Red Sea. (We often forget that Moses herded sheep for forty years before the spectacular display at the Red Sea.)

The time slowly ticked by as we sat on the dirty dock. Eight hours passed while we waited for the boat to Mabaruma. The trip was scheduled to take 24 hours—not including the wait on the dock! When the boat finally arrived, everyone raced to get on, trying to get the best place possible to hang their hammocks. Laura got on board first, since she had the kids. Kevin Murray (a student missionary staying with us) stayed on the dock to watch luggage while Bill started hauling luggage back and forth from the dock to the boat.

Meanwhile, on board, people kept bullying Laura out of her spot as she frantically tried to tie up four hammocks, watch the luggage, and not lose the children! Finally the men were allowed to board. Bill and Kevin were able to help find a spot next to some huge boxes filled with bread.

Laura put Micah in one hammock and was trying to get him to fall asleep.

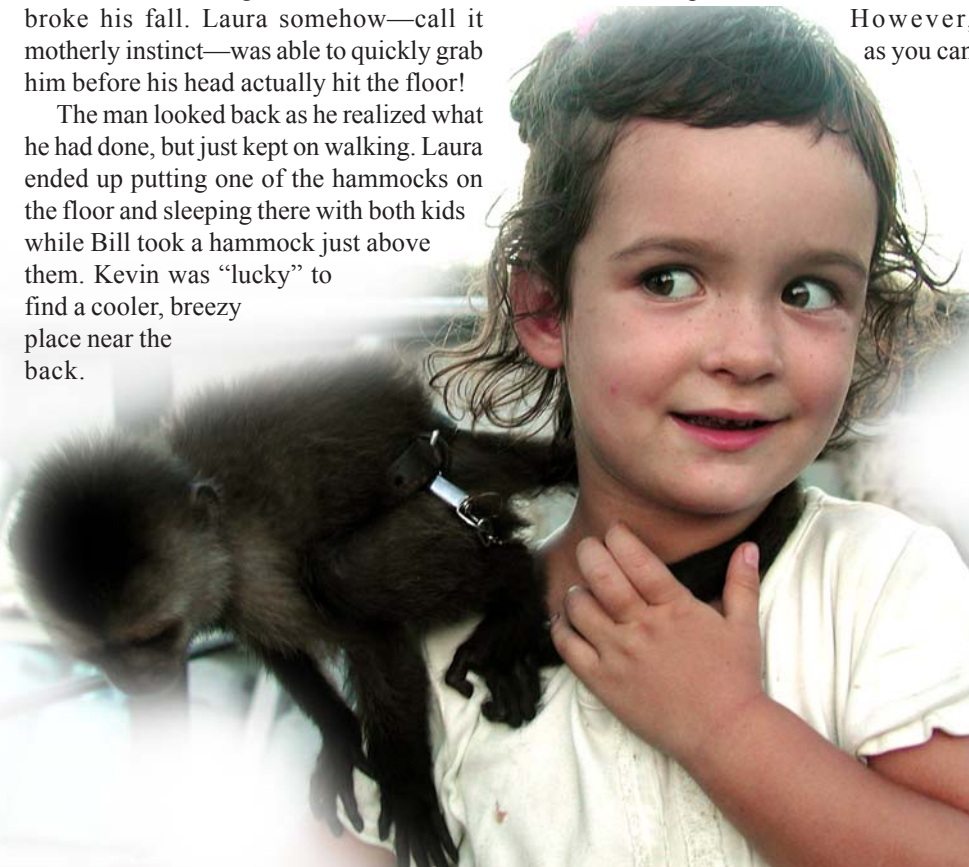
Unaccustomed to hammocks, Micah sat up quickly just as a man walked under the hammock, lifting it upward with his hand. Micah fell out head-down towards the floor! Praise God! There was a box underneath the hammock that caught his shoulder and broke his fall. Laura somehow—call it motherly instinct—was able to quickly grab him before his head actually hit the floor!

The man looked back as he realized what he had done, but just kept on walking. Laura ended up putting one of the hammocks on the floor and sleeping there with both kids while Bill took a hammock just above them. Kevin was “lucky” to find a cooler, breezy place near the back.

The only problem was that it was by the bathroom door, so he got huge whiffs all night every time the door opened!

Except for the constant loud music, smoking, and drunk passengers weaving to and fro, the trip was rather uneventful.

However, as you can





imagine, we were mighty happy to arrive in Mabaruma! Happy not just because it was the end of a very long boat ride, but happy because we knew we were coming to what might one day be our home town in Guyana!

One reason we wanted to tell the story of our boat ride to Mabaruma is that it portrays the desperate need for aviation in Region 1. Would you believe that there is only one pastor assigned to the entire region?! The trip from Georgetown to Mabaruma by the boat is some of the easiest traveling he does! He's on fire for God—it's good to see a pastor so motivated and excited about his work. He expects to be away from his wife and three children for weeks at a time, ministering in different villages. With the airplane, Laura could easily fly him into these places on a daily basis, giving him more time with his own family. Pastor Williams has indicated that he plans to put Bill to good use for preaching assignments, Sabbath School, and Bible work.

We met with the administrator of the Mabaruma Hospital; he is *very* excited to have us there to support the medical work. He even used some connections in government to help speed things along! He said there's an airstrip in the region very few commercial flights go into. It's difficult to reach people in the area, so Region 1 is the most under-vaccinated region in all of Guyana. Laura can assist the Ministry of Health by flying the vaccines in.


For villages without airstrips, she can fly to the nearest landing site. From there

Boat at port in Morawanna.



workers can travel by boat to villages where medical help is needed. Patients needing more critical attention can be evacuated to the hospital in Mabaruma, Georgetown, or even Trinidad if necessary. While we were there, the doctor had a meeting with the heads of all the villages, and he mentioned our intentions to come. He reported that the response was ecstatic!

Unfortunately, there isn't enough space to share everything that has happened. Suffice it to say that God has been working in many wonderful ways. If you would like to receive our personal monthly newsletter via email or snail mail, you may contact Bill at [blabore@flyawa.org](mailto:blabore@flyawa.org) and let him know which format you prefer.

While sitting on the dock waiting all those hours, we kept thinking, "we could have been there and back (and there and back) by now—and we haven't even left." It would take Laura about an *hour* to fly there! *One* little hour by plane, yet it took us a total of 36 to get there by boat! Just think what we could have done with the extra 35 hours had we been able to fly! Thank God for the miracle of flight! 



Dani doing laundry at Mabaruma home.



Bill, Dani, Micah and Kevin  
(standing at the railing) on deck.

#### GUYANA PROJECT



Bill,  
Laura,  
Danielle, and  
Micah  
LaBore

LaBore Monthly Goal \$3,625

Goal Reached This Quarter - Thank You!

10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
Monthly Village Sponsorship* Goal \$14,000				
\$13,966 Still Needed				
10%	30%	50%	70%	90%

\*\$250 monthly provides air and communication service to Bible workers in one of the 56 unreached jungle villages.

# ...Or Stand There Sucking Up God's Air?

by Jim Holdeman

**"But blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear; for assuredly, I say to you that many prophets and righteous men desired to see what you see, and did not see it, and to hear what you hear, and did not hear it . . . . The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Therefore pray the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest."**

Matthew 13:16,17; 9:37,38 NKJV

Keith Mackey congratulates student pilot after first solo.



Keith endorses Mickey Stavinski.

**P**etty Officer Holdeman, are you going to fix airplanes or stand there sucking up my air?"

To anyone who has spent time in the military, these words of "encouragement" are very familiar. It's funny how military people have a habit of making sure you know they take ownership of whatever space they occupy at any given moment. There is a spiritual truth, however, in this grizzled old Navy maintenance chief's words of military motivation.

Are the people in Guyana or the Philippines more important to Jesus than those in Berrien Springs or Blackwell? The obvious answer is NO. God is at work all over the world, drawing mankind to him. Allow me to share what the Holy Spirit is doing in Blackwell, Oklahoma.

B-T Aviation Services has been raised up by God to provide mission aviation training. In pursuit of this goal, B-T Aviation holds the position of Fixed Base Operator for the Blackwell-Tonkawa Airport. We provide aircraft maintenance, fuel service, flight training, aircraft rental, and sales for the surrounding communities, as well as managing the day-to-day operations of the airport. We have always prayed that people would see Jesus in our daily activities—mowing acres of grass, repairing customer's airplanes, or simply inviting people to relax while we fuel their airplane. It is both amazing and exciting to see the Holy Spirit working through B-T Aviation Services.

We now have a handful of students in flight training,

pursuing their private pilot licenses. One pilot is working on a commercial license, and yours truly is ready to begin commercial pilot training. In addition to aircraft maintenance and flight instruction duties, Keith Mackey opened a ground school class some weeks ago. Keith also conducts Bi-Annual Flight Reviews (BFR's) for local pilots, and since they must fly something, we perform annual inspections and maintenance on their airplanes as well.

Fuel sales have increased dramatically since installation of a 24-hour self-serve credit card fueling system. Many pilots now make us a fuel stop. B-T Aviation keeps avgas prices attractive, provides fueling assistance, and has a courtesy car at the ready. We've sold one airplane this summer and are now brokering an A-36 Beechcraft Bonanza for a pilot based on the field. God recently brought to our attention a pristine low-time 1978 Cessna 172, which we acquired and are now detailing.

With all this activity, we have a tremendous amount of contact with both local citizens and transient pilots and their families. Many ask who we are and where we come from. This allows opportunity to share what the Lord is doing. Pilots undergoing BFR's



Aircraft inspections in progress.






Chris Borcharding at work.

raise flight medical questions: the perfect springboard for sharing the health message. *Earlier this year one pilot changed his diet and regained his medical certificate!*

Many non-flying residents, upon learning that we are a Christian organization, ask probing questions that lead us to sharing the deeper truths of God's Word. Barbara Holdeman, Business Manager of B-T Aviation Services, and Amy Borcharding (missionary in training), with support from husbands Jim and Chris (also missionary in training), recently completed a seven-week health seminar in Blackwell. Several non-flying families attended. We shared the physical and spiritual benefits of following God's plan for healthy living. Not only were significant changes in diets made, but we were also blessed with new friendships. What a time to be alive to share the truths in God's Word!

The Holy Spirit is at work, both in developing countries and in our own back yards. All through history God has longed for people to share the entire Gospel of Jesus Christ. If we do that, our Creator will give us many opportunities to share answers to people's tough questions. If we decide to make ourselves available for His purpose, the Lord will place us where He needs us. Isn't this the way Jesus shared His faith? He met people where they were, developed a relationship with them, then shared God's plan. Today the harvest is just as great, regardless of location or culture.

This brings me full circle to the knurly old maintenance chief's "militarily motivational" question posed to me many years ago. Unlike the chief petty officer, God does own the universe. It is His air. We are not our own; rather, we are bought at a price paid in full by Jesus Christ. While the question may seem a bit crude, I believe it needs to be asked of all of us: Are we going to make ourselves available to God, or are we going to simply stand there sucking up God's air?

God is asking, "Whom shall I send?" Will you answer, "Send Me!"? 

# Around the World in 60 seconds

## Silver Spring, MD

October 6, 2006 marked a significant moment in Seventh-day Adventist church history. Nearly 300 delegates who had gathered for Annual Council enjoyed video features and live interviews with leaders of supporting ministries. Programming throughout the week-end highlighted selected lay ministries that have made important contributions to the work of the SDA church around the world. The Friday evening service broadcast live on the Hope Channel included Lightbearers Ministry, Adventist-laymen's Services and Industries, Adventist World Aviation, and The Quiet Hour. You can read an article online at: <http://news.adventist.org/data/2006/09/1160184468/index.html.en>. Follow the **Watch Video** link; coverage of AWA begins at 29:50; The Quiet Hour begins at 39:18.

## Philippines

With an airbase construction project looming, heavy flight demands, aircraft maintenance to be done, and requests for services in other provinces, AWA is recruiting teams to assist with efforts in the Philippines.


**Country Supervisors:** We need a husband/wife team capable of interfacing with government entities including Customs, Immigration, Securities and Exchange Commission, Civil Aviation. This couple would also facilitate/host short-term mission groups in transit to AWA projects.

**Pilot/Mechanic:** Preferably a husband/wife team willing to live in a developing environment and share duties with existing personnel. Medical or teaching experience by one of the couple would be a tremendous asset.

## Kodiak Project Update

Quest Aircraft Company is making aviation news. On September 28, the FAA issued the Type Inspection Authorization for the Kodiak. On October 11, the FAA signed off on the Type Inspection Report locking down the prototype as a conforming aircraft and moving the Kodiak from "Experimental" category to "Show Compliance" status. While FAA pilots are now proving flight test data submitted by the factory, production number one is making its way down the assembly line.

## Development/Public Relations

AWA seeks a mission-minded, aviation knowledgeable, spiritual individual capable of effectively communicating the God-given vision and mission of AWA through print and the spoken word. Qualified persons are encouraged to contact AWA for more information. 

AWA KODIAK AIRPLANE #1 GOAL		\$1,125,000
NCCF Matching Grant	AWA Donors	
		\$458,678 Still Needed
16.5%	33%	50%
\$83,678 Needed to Hold Serial Number		67% ↑ + \$375,000 Due on Delivery
		83.5%



# God's Problem!

by Clifton Brooks

“**C**lif! Can we meet? We have an urgent problem! When can we get together?”

It was the anxious voice of our realtor, Maryann, on the other end of the line. For nearly two years she and her partner, Merlyn, have been working closely with us to represent AWA in purchasing the new airbase property. Over time we have become very close friends; I have had many opportunities to share my faith with these ladies. Though both seem open and searching for truth from God's Word, until now they have each remained reticent to surrender completely to God. But we continue to share our faith and pray that God will firmly plant the seed and bring it to maturity.

Within a few hours, Cyndi and I were headed to the real estate office. As we traveled, we discussed what the “problem” might be this time. Property negotiations drag on so slowly here, hampered by an endless array of obstacles. Time and again we are on our knees surrendering the situation to God, praying for His wisdom and guidance. In fact, many times I have intentionally prayed *with* the realtors, specifically seeking God's intervention.

It has always been my practice to be very straightforward with the realtors in how I view the new airbase property. I told the

realtors my stance from the beginning: this is God's project. It will be His property, to be used by His aircraft, to do His work. “This is really God's problem, not mine,” I had told them. “So he will have to provide.” At first Maryann and Merlyn were skeptical, but time and time again God has revealed and confirmed His will for this project. With every new provision I see God at work, trying to win the hearts of our friends.

Maryann started our afternoon meeting by telling us, with embarrassment, that she had lost one of our official land titles. The entire new airbase property is a consolidation of about thirteen titled land plots. The title in question was one of extreme significance, controlling a large plot of land on the west end of the runway. The titles are normally kept in a safe deposit box, but Maryann was taking the papers to the Land Titling Office to transfer the property to AWA.

Maryann's energetic two-year-old daughter, Ada, accompanied her as she rode the tricycle, carrying the precious documents. Distracted by little Ada, Maryann overlooked the papers as she got off the tricycle. No one saw the papers jammed in a dark corner of the seat.

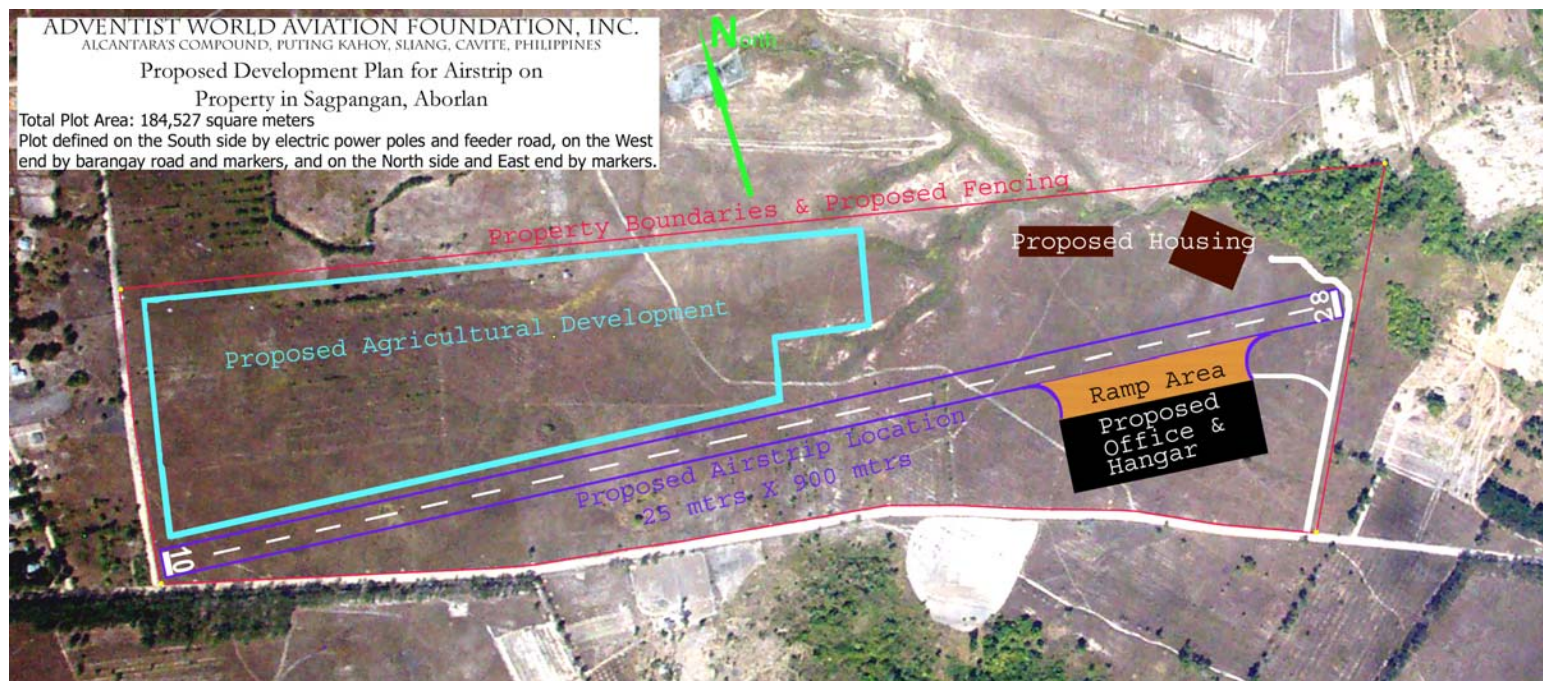
Many hours passed before Maryann discovered that the papers were missing. She now explained how she had prayed and

searched (and wrung her hands), and prayed and searched some more. But it was all to no avail. The papers were gone, and with so many tricycles in town, it would be nearly impossible to find the tricycle driver who might have found the abandoned packet. And if the driver had found the papers, those documents would surely represent considerable leverage at the local moneylender's shop. The gravity of the situation tormented Maryann.

Maryann and Merlyn notified all the concerned legal authorities. The Land Titling Office would watch for the papers in case anyone was sly enough to try to sign them over into another name. An ad was played throughout the following days on the three major radio stations, offering a substantial reward for the safe return of the documents —P15,000 (about \$300).

“We could always apply for a replacement title,” Maryann suggested. The biggest concern was that if the documents were not returned in a timely fashion, the process for obtaining the replacement title could take at least six months. That could work, but we need to start constructing the airbase. None of our options were consoling, but what else could we do?

Maryann, Merlyn, Cyndi, and I sat in silence for a moment, each with our own thoughts. “Well,” I said, “this is God's project. It is His property. And it is His problem. He will have to work it out. We have done all we can. The only other thing that we can do is pray and surrender the situation to God. If He can make an iron ax head float on







Aerial view of the property looking east from the village of Sagpangan.

I sensed what Kap wanted even without his saying. The title was being held hostage.

Kap was unwilling, of course, to settle for the “meager” P15,000 finder’s fee offered by Maryann. No, Kap’s “expenses” would far exceed those of the average person—he knew exactly how important that title document was to us. He would settle for no less than P200,000 (about \$4,000)!

Again we went to our knees, praying that

the muddy Jordan River, He can find a few papers in Puerto Princesa City!”

“Clif, you need to pray!” urged Maryann. “God hears your prayers.” And so we bowed our heads together and resigned the situation to God.

Over the next few days, Cyndi and I continued to pray about the documents. “Lord, you know what a setback it would be for us right now to lose these papers. Work your will, O God!” Within a few days I got a text message on my cell phone from the Barangay Captain in Sagpangan, the neighborhood around the airbase property. We have always maintained friendly negotiations with “Kap,” as he is known. Things seem to go pretty smooth so long as he has plenty of money and nobody questions him about the source. Relations tend to get a bit tense when his “racket” slows down and he starts hurting.

When a tricycle driver showed up with some rather valuable papers, Kap was only too eager to “help out.” Right away I got his text message, “CLIP! SAANKA? I NED U URGENT. VERY ENPORTENT!”

God’s will be done. Then we waited . . . A couple of weeks passed, and checkmate turned to stalemate. Neither side was willing to budge. We waited to see what God would do; it was out of our hands.

Just last week, Andy spent the night with friends down in Sagpangan by the airbase. “Kap is in jail now!” Andy’s friends told him. “Yep, police came and hauled him off to jail.” Kap had been implicated in a long-term dispute with a property owner over some disappearing cattle. He was arrested and jailed in Puerto Princessa with a P30,000 (about \$600) bond.

Apparently, things take on a different perspective from inside a jail cell. Kap has been much more willing to bargain now. As I write, Maryann is working out a compromise in which Kap will get the reward money (halfway towards making bail) and we will get the title. God is at work, though we don’t know all the details yet. We will update you as we watch God continue to work.

And we are still praying . . . Praying for Maryann, Merlyn, Kap, and so many others who need to *experience* God’s work

## PHILIPPINES PROJECT



Clifton, Cynthia, Celeste, and Carolina Brooks

Brooks Monthly Support \$4,400

Still Needed \$1,710

10% 30% 50% 70% 90%

Monthly People Group Sponsorship\* \$22,500

\$18,715 Still Needed

10% 30% 50% 70% 90%

\*\$750 monthly provides air and communication service to missionaries working in one of 30 people groups.

## Missionary Airbase Development Budget

### Phase I:

Property acquisition, Survey, Legal work  
Amount received \$100,000 (100,000)

### Phase II

Drainage, Fencing, Runway construction 25,000  
Flatbed crew and diesel truck 25,000  
Amount received (50,000)

### Phase III

Hangar/Residence, Water, Septic, Electrical systems 200,000

**Total needed for all Phases \$350,000**

## PHILIPPINES PROJECT

10% 30% 50% 70% 90%

\$195,101 Still Needed

Mission Airbase Development \$350,000

## PHILIPPINES PROJECT


Andy Klein

Klein Monthly Support \$3,095



\$1,890 Still Needed

10% 30% 50% 70% 90%

in their lives in a real way. We ask you to continue praying with us. In the words of the apostle Paul: *Pray also for me, that whenever I open my mouth, words may be given me so that I will fearlessly make known the mystery of the Gospel... Pray that I may declare it fearlessly, as I should.* Ephesians 6:19-20 NIV. 



# Togiak Gets New Church

by Jim Kincaid



New Togiak Church.

Volunteers from Milton-Freewater, Oregon, descended on Togiak, Alaska, on July 25. Over the course of the next month, more than 25 volunteers came to work for at least a week before returning to their regular jobs. On the second Sabbath of the project, 63 people gathered for Sabbath services in the old church, which comfortably seats 35 people.

The people of the village have enthusiastically supported the project by helping with construction and helping find material or equipment in the village to carry on the work.

At the end of August, though, there still remained some work to be done, such as plumbing, hanging and finishing sheetrock, purchasing and installing kitchen cabinets, and installing flooring and exterior siding.

With about \$45,000 in contributions in hand the Alaska Conference stepped out in faith, trusting that our God, who has resources unlimited, would supply the need. It will take an additional \$85,000 to finish the project.

“When the church/parsonage building is complete, we are praying that the Lord will identify the right gifted people to come and



minister in this village,” said Jim Kincaid, Alaska Conference secretary and Native Ministries coordinator. “They will need to be prepared to support themselves by local employment, or by funding that God will supply from donors.”

If you are interested in helping to finish the building or would like to be considered for ministry in Togiak or in another village, please contact Jim Kincaid at (907) 346-1004 or [jkincaid@mtaonline.net](mailto:jkincaid@mtaonline.net).

Articles on this and opposite page are courtesy of the North Pacific Union Gleaner.

ALASKA PROJECT				
AWA Alaska Aircraft N2019G \$54,151				
\$11,018 Still Needed				
10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
\$76,000 Still Needed				
Dillingham Hangar and Land \$100,000				



# New Plane and Hangar

by Jim Kincaid



Slab for new hangar


## For Dillingham Area Mission Work

Paul Karmy, of Burleson, Texas, read in the Adventist World Aviation (AWA) newsletter that an airplane was needed in Bristol Bay to serve the needs of the native people there. After discussing the situation with Jim Kincaid, Alaska Conference chief pilot, and Don Starlin, AWA president, Paul and his wife Darlene chose to purchase a Cessna R172K, known as the Hawk XP. This is a souped-up 172, sporting a 210 HP engine and constant speed prop. The Karmys also decided to give seed money to build a hangar in Dillingham where the donated airplane could be secured against winter storms and cold temperatures.

When Jim Bingman, Dillingham member and pilot, heard about the provision of a mission airplane, he decided to donate a new airplane hangar for the project. The hangar was in storage "in a box." It would require a foundation, a wood secondary structure, and finishing materials. With permit in hand, the building was started on July 27.

The Hawk XP was ferried to Alaska in early August by Jim Kincaid, with the Karmys accompanying in their plane. The plane was immediately pressed into service carrying volunteers to work on the Togiak multi-purpose building project in progress at the same time.

Phil Becker of Chehalis, WA, and Daniel Milleren of Toledo, WA, joined the Karmys in Dillingham to work on the hangar. Concrete was poured on Friday, August 18. Rain poured on the concrete until noon. The prayers for better weather were heard and by early afternoon the sun came out and the pour was completed.

The foundation is now waiting for the steel frame and completed shell so the airplane can be secure for the winter. 

Construction crew included Paul and Darlene Karmy in trailer.



Design crew



The Hawk XP will be stationed in Dillingham.



Preparing site



Ready for concrete



Concrete delivery



# Blessed are the Merciful

*(Adapted from a story written in 1998 by the late Bill Baxter)*

It was a cold morning in January 1953. The Western Sierra Madre was about to come alive to a piercing chill. Two orphan girls shivered on the cold ground, the only bed they had in the crude adobe hut. Juanita, 16, and Maria, eight, were staying with their aunt. The girls' only covering was the simple muslin slip-over clothes that they wore, so it isn't any wonder they lay as close as they dared to the smoldering fire in the center of the hut. Someone threw a few twigs on the embers, bringing the coals to a flame, and the girls pressed closer to absorb the warmth. Juanita's tattered old garment, grimy and greasy from many moons of fat drippings, suddenly ignited. Panicked, she jumped up and ran.

Adults shouted for her to roll on the ground. Her little sister gazed in horrible disbelief. By the time anyone could reach her to tear the burning garment from her back, the damage had been done. Already ugly blisters were forming and whitened flesh sig-

naled more severe injury. It wasn't long before practical wisdom acknowledged her injury was fatal; she was banished to the chicken yard to await death. The villagers would compassionately supply her with tortillas until she succumbed.

About this time, Adventist Christianity was beginning to make an impact in this isolated segment of the Aztec world. In the nearest town of Tuxpan de Bolaños, teacher David Gaspar and his family had opened a school and were providing first aid and simple remedies to the communities. Realizing the desperate need in the area, David had begun constructing a landing strip so that a doctor from Montemorelos could be flown in to care for the sick in the area.

Though Juanita's village was less than a half-day's journey from Tuxpan, her social status as an orphan prevented anyone from going for help. Several days after Juanita's accident David Gaspar and the district pastor, Pedro Rascon, learned of her plight. They

mustered a rescue party and transported her to Tuxpan at once, but her condition warranted advanced care.

They discovered a DC-3 would be landing the next day at Puente Camotlan, half a day's jog for an Indian from Tuxpan. An Indian runner was dispatched with a message for the DC-3 pilot to send an urgent telegram to Montemorelos Hospital. When the telegram arrived at Montemorelos, I immediately assembled a team to fly over and assess the situation. Dr. Mendoza, the school principal, Professor Carl Montgomery, and a photographer flew with me. I chose to use the recently-donated Navion since its greater fuel range would permit a non-stop flight.

The smell of death accosted us the instant I opened the canopy at Tuxpan. Though Juanita's condition was critical, Dr. Mendoza felt she had a fighting chance if we could get her to the hospital, but could we get permission? Her uncle said laconically, "Let her die and be buried in these happy hunting grounds."

Meanwhile, I was developing a friendship with the governor of the tribe. He needed barbed wire for a fence, and I offered him a deal: "If you get permission for us to take Juanita to Montemorelos, I'll bring you two rolls of barbed wire when I come to pick her up." We returned to the hospital without Juanita. A few days later a telegram arrived at Montemorelos: "Come and pick up Juanita, be sure to bring the barbed wire."

On February 20, I departed for Tuxpan, accompanied by nurse Esther Aguila and two rolls of barbed wire.

Juanita was wrapped in Vaseline impregnated gauze and administered a moderate dose of painkiller, but the flight was uneventful. Juanita's story was told all over the campus, so when we arrived, students and visitors

**February 17, 1953: Dr. Mario Mendoza caring for Juanita Cruz, the burn victim, in a hut at Tuxpan de Bolaños.**





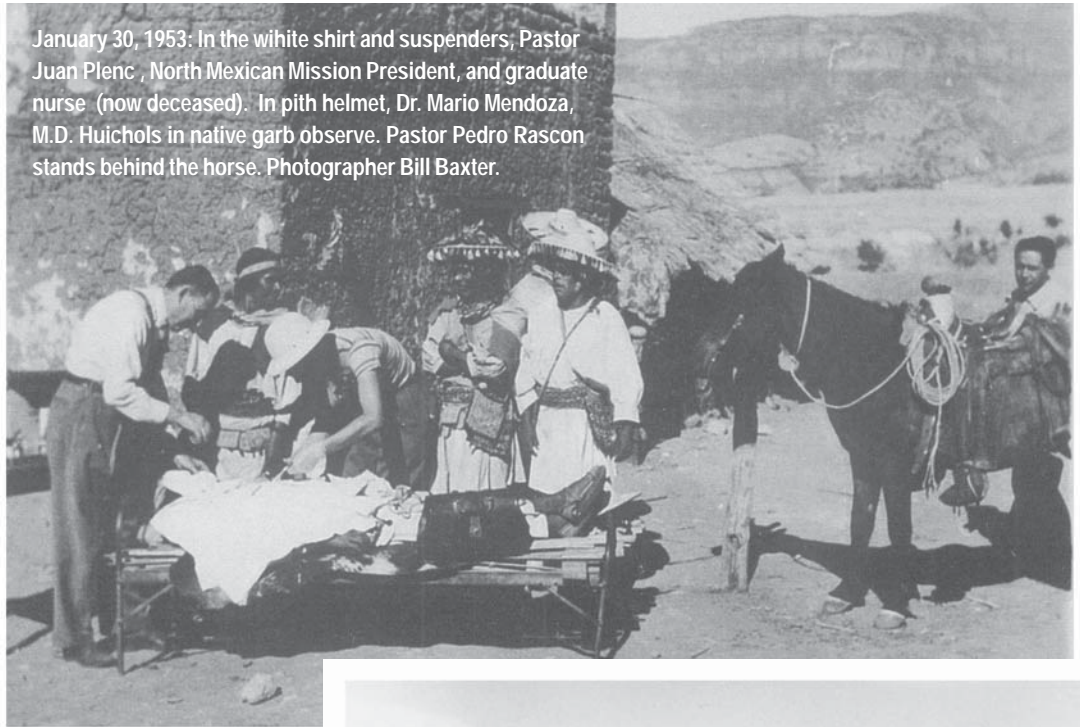
watched almost reverently as they saw the stretcher gently lifted out of the plane and carried directly to the operating room. Here doctors began cleansing Juanita's open wounds; infection was the greatest immediate danger.

Juanita soon became the center of attention. Nurses catered to her every need and the male quartet stood in the hallway singing for her. She quickly learned the names of favorite songs and frequently requested them. Juanita arrived without knowing a word of Spanish, but before long she was exercising her growing vocabulary.

At first the doctors looked at her extensive burns and shook their heads. Then as "pinch grafts" started taking, these same doctors began to smile hopefully. We all began dreaming of what Juanita's life could be if she recovered. We visualized her in a nurse's uniform, serving her own people and sharing the story of Jesus.

It was truly a dark day when Alverda Montgomery stopped by my morning class on her way home from the night shift to inform me tearfully that Juanita had died early that morning. The whole campus mourned as Juanita was buried in the Montemorelos cemetery. An honor guard of student nurses

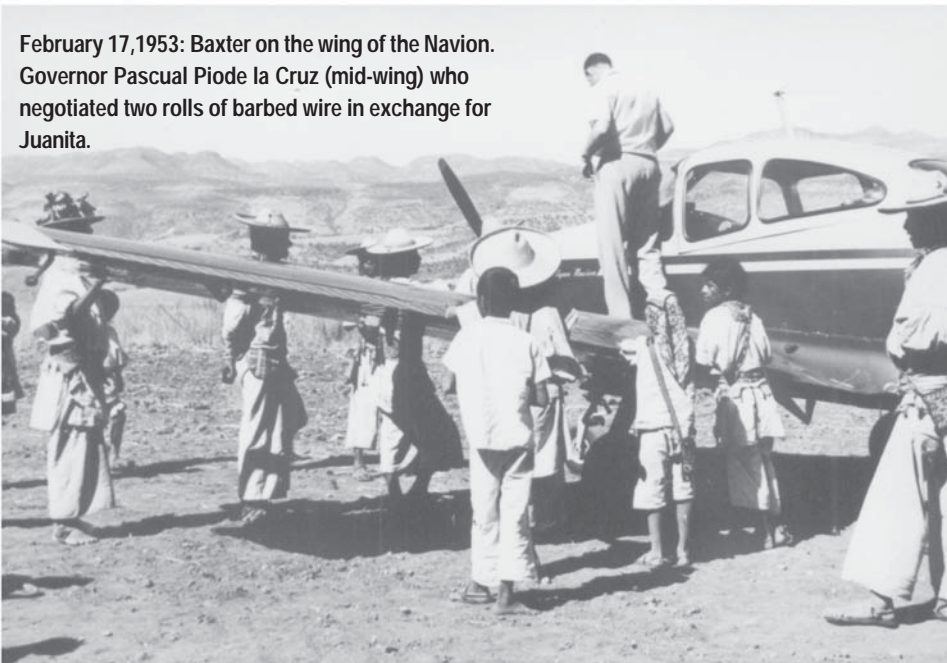
January 30, 1953: In the white shirt and suspenders, Pastor Juan Plenc, North Mexican Mission President, and graduate nurse (now deceased). In pith helmet, Dr. Mario Mendoza, M.D. Huichols in native garb observe. Pastor Pedro Rascon stands behind the horse. Photographer Bill Baxter.



January 29, 1953: The original and first landing strip among the Huichols. This one is 800' long, ending at the thatched government building, seen at the end of the strip.



February 17, 1953: Baxter on the wing of the Navion. Governor Pascual Piode la Cruz (mid-wing) who negotiated two rolls of barbed wire in exchange for Juanita.



grieved the loss of their "younger sister."

Forty-five years later, I was invited to the dedication of an airplane hangar and community service center in Tuxpan de Bolaños, the place from which we had airlifted Juanita on that cold day in February 1953. A quiet, unassuming lady in her mid-fifties approached me.

"I'm Maria de la Cruz, Juanita's sister, the other orphan," she said. "I was eight years old when she was so terribly burnt. I just *had* to meet those who ministered to her."

I didn't know Juanita had a sister, and here she was! I told Maria about Juanita's final days. Before the day was over, I introduced Maria to the district pastor, who promised to maintain contact with her. I pray that Maria will come to know the God of mercy who ministered to her sister many years ago.



## LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

# A Little Everyday

Glen Mast, a veteran at JAARS (air support wing for the Wycliffe Bible Translators), once made a statement I've often reflected on. It goes something like this:

***"If you accomplish a little bit every day, it may not seem like much, but over time you'd be surprised at how much will be accomplished if you do a little bit every day."*** Words of wisdom if ever I heard any; even poetic. Over the years they've served as a hedge against discouragement and so I pass them on to you.

A few months ago, AWA-Alaska Project Manager Jim Kincaid reported that in the last six years AWA planes and their pilots have assisted with ministry to more than 40 native villages, logged in excess of 2,000 flight hours, transported well over 1,800 volunteers (not to mention full-time personnel), and facilitated more than 75 camp meetings. I was amazed to learn of all the accomplishments.

To a full-time mission pilot this may not seem like much, but when one realizes this was all done by volunteers who maintain and fly these airplanes around their regular schedules, it is quite impressive. Not included in the report were recent major events that, in part, are the result of everything that has gone before.

Earlier this year, AWA-Alaska volunteers helped prep a Cessna 180 for service with Gospel Ministries International. In August and September, AWA planes and pilots were there to help Adventist Community Services coordinate the distribution of 70,000 pounds of relief supplies to Hooper Bay flood and fire victims. Simultaneously, a church was under construction in Togiak. Again, this was the result of volunteer missionaries, including financial supporters, vacation Bible school participants, lay Bible workers, and construction tradesman. As if that wasn't enough activity, volunteers from near and

far prepared the site and poured the slab for an AWA aircraft hangar in Dillingham!

As I look around the world to other AWA projects in the Philippines, Guyana, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and beyond, I see dedicated people acting as members of the body of Christ, doing a little bit every day in pursuit of His Great Commission.

Someday, when we stand before the Master and He says, "Well done, good and faithful servant," He just might add, "Look around, these are the results of our labors together!"

Once again we'll be amazed at how much has been accomplished, ***a little bit every day.***

Don Starlin  
President



### FLIGHT LOG ➔

Adventist World Aviation  
PO Box 251  
Berrien Springs MI 49103-0251

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