

# FLIGHT LOG →

SPRING 2008

NEWSLETTER

Vol. 14 No. 2

FOR THE FRIENDS OF ADVENTIST WORLD AVIATION

## Working in God's Field!

by Chris Borcharding



Clif Brooks (left, front) and Chris and Amy Borcharding (middle, behind sign) pose with the medical missionary team.

**FEBRUARY 7, 2008 - 4:00 THURSDAY Afternoon:** Amy's parents in their van towing our motorcycle, and we in our Jeep, drive away from the Blackwell-Tonkawa airport. We have finished moving out of our home of the last two years, and we are on our way.

**FEBRUARY 10:** We leave Minneapolis, MN. It's 12 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

**10:45-pm Central Time:** Almost everyone around me is sleeping. It's between 1:45 and 3:45 pm somewhere over the Pacific in a 747-400 jumbo jet. Amy, too, has succumbed to drowsiness. We have somehow missed a night's sleep in the last three days as we have finished up business in the US for the short-term. I imagine we have already crossed the international dateline and that it is now Monday afternoon. Time is a funny thing.

**FEBRUARY 11:** After a stop in Tokyo, we arrive in Manila at 10:30 pm local time, an hour early. It's 83 degrees *above* zero. We go through our checkpoints without a hitch and are out front looking for Clif in no time.

**FEBRUARY 13:** Amy flies with Christine to Palawan for a week with Cyndi and the girls while Ed, Clif, and I drive over to the hangar and begin training for flight operations here in Manila. Ed gets his first experience flying a Cessna 182. I think he enjoyed it.

**FEBRUARY** Intermixed with aviation training, Ed and I have gotten our Filipino driver's licenses and gotten National Bureau of Investigation security clearance so that we can more easily get into the Manila airport to

AWA's N58636 Cessna 182 on Cagayancillo's coral and grass landing strip.



work on the airplane.

**FEBRUARY 25:** Despite the overcast skies and rain, this is truly a beautiful country with beautiful people. It is dry season here, and, from what I'm told, rain like we've been experiencing is way outside the norm. During the week of unimproved weather, we work on maintenance and the annual inspection of the airplane.

**March 6:** Clif and I fly 100 Bibles up north to the village of Palanan with a load of study

(Continued on page 3)





Don Starlin,  
President

## Training II

**L**AST QUARTER I ILLUSTRATED THE VALUE OF good, solid training. This *Flight Log* carries more stories - the result of years of faithful persistent training. AWA cannot conduct its God-given mission successfully without good training. This brings me to a significant event that took place ten years ago.

Oleg and I arose from our knees. The future rested with God. We knew He had answered our prayers, but like Abraham's journey, *how* would continue to be revealed over years - perhaps even a lifetime...

The next day, as tears moistened his eyes, Oleg shared God's confirmation of His plan for AWA. Oleg's testimony has fortified us over the years as storms have repeatedly beaten upon us.

"After prayer last night I went home," recounted Oleg. "I went to bed and dreamed a vivid dream - like nothing I've ever had before. I saw AWA personnel gathered at an airfield with young missionary aviators in training. A few were being dedicated and commissioned for service. Strangely, some of these were mounted on the most majestic, beautiful, powerful horses I've ever seen. With rippling muscles, the horses made a sound, like well-tuned throaty engines, ready, eager to run. They were of various shimmer-

ing colors - red, brown and white.

"I awoke and, deeply puzzled over the dream, could not go back to sleep. Not wanting to disturb my wife I went to another room and picked up my Bible and unconsciously turned to Zechariah. I began to read.

"Chapter one, verse eight leaped off the page!"

*During the night I had a vision - and there before me was a man riding a red horse!*

"I can't believe it!" Oleg gasped.

*He was standing among the myrtle trees in a ravine. Behind him were red, brown and white horses.*

"The very colors I saw in my dream only moments ago!" Nothing from his scientific education in Soviet Russia had prepared him for an experience like this. He read on...

*I asked, "What are these, my lord?" The angel who was talking with me answered, "I will show you what they are."*

Now Oleg was on the edge of his seat. "Yes, what do these mean?!" He wondered, heart pounding.

*Then the man standing among the myrtle trees explained, "They are the ones the Lord has sent to go throughout the earth."*

Zechariah 1:8-10 NIV.

In what we believe to be at least a partial fulfillment of Oleg's dream, AWA has trained missionaries and prepared airplanes for service at the Blackwell-Tonkawa Airport in Blackwell, OK over the past three and a half years.

God, in His mysterious plan, has seen fit to close that door. The Airport Authority has other plans for the facility. June 30, 2008 will be AWA's last day in Blackwell.

For most of the past thirteen years AWA has operated out of my humble electrical contracting office. For several years now, the space has not been adequate to support a

ministry that has grown to ten airplanes operating at eight project sites in four countries. We have no space for volunteers to come and work in the office. We have no facility for volunteers to help refurbish airplanes. We have no staging area from which to marshal materials for shipping to the various projects. We have no place to house missionary families in training, in transition, or on furlough.

As God's admittedly reluctant spokesman, I feel compelled to cast a vision. The vision includes a hangar large enough to accommodate a Kodiak that spends much of its time in support of short-term medical missionary trips. Floor space would accommodate several smaller aircraft undergoing field preparation. In the shop are retired aviation maintenance veterans using their years of experience to mentor missionary-minded students working on the very airplanes that they will take to the field. A nearby aviation flight and maintenance school conducts training thus allowing AWA to focus on its core mission.

Along one side of the hangar, windowed offices look out onto the production floor. Everyone is continually reminded that they are part of a team that supports missionaries who could not, without their contribution, share the Gospel. All work in harmony according to their God-given assignment. They meet together to pray over struggling students, discouraged missionaries, and lost people groups. Volunteers organize prayer chains, help with mailings, produce documentary materials, and prepare care packages for shipment to those in the field.

Nearby, AWA ministry partners conduct cross-cultural ministry training. They meet with AWA personnel for prayer and strategic planning as God directs.

God has yet to confirm the location He has chosen to fulfill the dream He gave Oleg. Please join us in prayer; that when God acts, it will be a story you won't want to miss.



If you would like to receive your color newsletter via email please call or write AWA. Or, email your wishes to [info@flyawa.org](mailto:info@flyawa.org). Please, specify if you wish to stop receiving the printed edition.

### FLIGHT LOG ➔

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#### Mission Statement:

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

# Working in God's Field!

Continued from cover



Chris and Amy Borcharding board a Banca.

materials for an upcoming evangelistic series.

**March 11:** We fly a pastor and his family 1.5 hours east over the open Sulu Sea to a small island named Cagayancillo. The grass and crushed coral runway is on the southernmost portion of this little island and extends from the western cliffs to the beach on the east side. The view is spectacular. We spend the night in the village and return to Manila via Puerto Princessa the next day.

**March 13:** Clif and I fly two hours north-east of Manila over the mountains to Cauayan, Isabela where I stage and he flies the delivery of 12 laymen who are holding the Bible studies in Palanan.

**March 19:** Clif, Amy, and I fly to Cauayan where Clif transports college students in to

Palanan, also to conduct Bible studies. Five flights get us started on Sunday. The Cauayan airport is only open from 8:00 am until 4:00 pm, and flights are restricted to normal operating hours. It rains on one side of the mountain or the other nearly every day, so it takes more than a week to fly the 37 students over the mountain with all of their gear.

Clif does the flying and Amy and I brief, weigh, fuel, and prepare loads for the trips.


**April 8:** Back to Cauayan to fly a medical team from Cagayan Valley Sanitarium into the region. We hope to accompany them as they work in the five villages where the Bible workers are. We're excited about this and look forward to learning from this team some of the more practical things we can do in village settings. It takes five flights to get the medical team of ten, the three of us, and all the gear in.

**April 10:** We and the medical team take bancas (long engine driven flat bottom canoes with outriggers) to the village of San Isidro. It is a white sand beach on the Pacific Ocean, 40 minutes by banca from the nearest town. The medical team performs

circumcisions on quite a few young boys in the village as well as other minor surgeries and check-ups. The evening ends with me being asked to give a devotional thought for the group.

**April 11:** A big day for Clif and me. We all move inland to the village of Maligaya, and Clif and I are given the opportunity to learn from the medical team and perform our first circumcisions.

**April 17:** We and a family from Maligaya load into the Brooks' vehicle, (we leave the airplane in Cauayan) and begin our nine hour drive back to the Manila area. The family is coming with an order for their son to have his knee repaired. Little Kevin had an unsuccessful surgery over a year ago, and now, thanks to the medical team and brother Job, who organized this outreach, he is going to the Manila sanitarium for a surgery that will hopefully let him run and jump like a little boy should.

**Today:** We look forward to returning to Palanan within a week for another medical outreach. I have to say the last one has been the highlight thus far for me, and we look forward to the next. Jesus met the people's physical needs, freeing them to see their spiritual needs so he could meet them too. I believe He works the same way today. 



Little Kevin



As the medical team physician watches, apprentice surgeons, Chris Borcharding and Clif Brooks learn how to perform circumcisions.

## PHILIPPINES PROJECT



Missionaries in Training:  
Chris and Amy Borcharding

**Borcharding Launching Goal \$93,580**




**\$1,113 Still Needed**

**Borcharding Monthly Support \$4,190**

# Spring . . . Really?

by Jud Wickwire



Jud Wickwire and Authorized Inspector (AI), Kyle Kennedy, work on one of the cylinders. He took time from work and family to get our airplane back in the air again. We are very grateful for his help.

**W**INTER, SPRING, SUMMER, OR FALL, there are some differences, but for all intents and purposes the seasons all run together for us. We were blessed in March to have my mother join us for a few weeks to enjoy a respite from her winter; we have included her journal of adventures below. We really did have a great time sharing experiences firsthand, and the boys particularly made sure that she was kept busy visiting everyone, checking out all of sights of Mabaruma, and stitching up their pants.

At the time of this writing, we are waiting to clear a replacement engine cylinder for the plane through customs. We completed the annual inspection with only a few snags; however we did discover one cylinder with low compression that required replacement, but with the parts in hand we should be back in service in a day or two. Our time in Georgetown has been productive, though, as we have had the opportunity to take care of many of our tasks that we can't do when we are in Mabaruma, such as banking and meetings with officials. Laura and I have also had to complete some courses at Ogle Airport in order to obtain the security badges that must be worn by all personnel who are airside.




Karen spent a couple of days with one of the local dentists and a dental assistant. They travelled on a fully equipped bus to an elementary school where they provided dental care to the students. The bus was provided by a Rotary Club in the States, which keeps it stocked as required.

Recently I conducted an emergency medivac for a six year old boy (Ravi), who had been bitten by a snake. A family member had travelled all night in a dugout to get to Mabaruma. We were airborne within 20 minutes

of our notification; however he was already bleeding from the gums, and his whole body was badly swollen. An ambulance met us at Ogle Field and took him quickly to the hospital, but he died shortly after his arrival. It was another tragic death. Later I returned the body in a casket so he could be buried in his village of Red Hill. It's a very difficult thing to open the door of the plane to the waiting family members.

In the wake of this death, we are now preparing charcoal treatment kits that, with the assistance of the Regional Health Officer, will be distributed to the rural health clinics for use by the health workers. Charcoal applied as a poultice, as well as taken orally, is an excellent first line defence against snake venom. We will do our best to get it into the hands of those who need it the most, particularly in the outer reaches of the region.

It's good to have the LaBore's back to share the workload and get started on some additional projects too. We are hoping to get our hangar constructed yet this year. This will allow us to take care of the routine maintenance much more efficiently as well as protect the plane from the elements.



Counterclockwise from top: A patient is treated on the dental bus provided by the Rotary Club in the States; Anthony, and Cassia Swartz, along with Jacob and Zachary Wickwire assembled the first batch of charcoal treatment kits for snakebites; Zack, Jake and Grandma cool off in the pool at Kissing Rocks and Hosororo Falls in the "jungle" Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Zack tells a story as his mother, Karen, and Grand mother assist; Tamarind pods on the tree; Grandma with Jake and Zack all ready for battle with wooden swords and sling shots; Grandma, Zack, Jake, and Karen on the way by boat to Blackwater; Grandma Wickwire with Laura LaBore at Matthews Ridge.



Jerrie Lou Wickwire's journal...



Left: The fruit of the tamarind tree is a tapering, many-seeded pod, up to 10 inches long. When ripe, the pod becomes hollow as the seeds and flesh pull away from the pod, and the seeds are then covered with brown flesh. At all stages, tamarind is very sour. When it is mixed with sugar and water, tamarind juice is a popular drink in the topics.



*WHERE TO START? —I HAVE JUST SPENT 18 wonderful days in Paradise with my family, Jud, Karen, Jake, and Zack Wickwire.*

*Well, it certainly seemed like Paradise at the time. The boys and I spent some really fun times wandering in the fields around where they live, they with their bows and arrows, sling shots, and even a wood sword, all eventually in their own cases for easy "traveling." We did some planning and sewing of interesting things. Those boys always have great ideas for the sewing machine!*

*We all shopped at the Kumaka market a couple of times, went in the Zodiac for a two-hour boat trip down the Aruka River then up the Barima River to Blackwater for church services with some lovely people. We went to Kissing Rocks and to Hosororo Falls to sit in the cool water in the "jungle." With Brother George and his wife we shared coconut water as well as homemade cocoa sticks that we blended with hot milk and sugar for delicious hot chocolate. We sampled all manner of "strange" fruits and vegetables.*

*Karen and the boys took me to visit Laura's friend, Bibi, and family, where she shared some of her specialty items like Achar, a spicy Indian relish made with tamarind and/or a fruit that grows there called sourie. They have small packets of peanuts and a tamarind treat that has a bit of hot*

*pepper and sugar, that Norifa, Bibi's daughter, sells at school.*

*But unlike Paradise, this world is like our world in many ways. As the pilots for Wings for Humanity in that area, Jud and Laura work with the local Medex people and doctor where needed. Often there is an emergency somewhere. They are a blessing to the area, able to move people from remote spots into Georgetown where there is more help available.*

*I was most fortunate seeing Jud and Laura in action my last day in Mabaruma. Our family was getting ready to fly to Georgetown when a call came for a life-threatening situation in Matthews Ridge. Jud went as pilot, Laura as attending nurse, and I as a passenger. The patient was not there when we first arrived. But one of the local teachers had his students out for a walk, and they loved looking the plane over. When the injured man arrived, he was quickly placed in the plane, and we made a successful flight to Georgetown where an ambulance took him off to hospital in a stable condition.*

*Jud, Karen, Laura, and Bill can tell those stories better, but we all do get caught up in some of these situations and wonder how the stories end up. They were able to give a few of the donated stuffed animals to some children who were hurting, and later saw two of those children with their stuffed toys still in hand.*

*Dr. Mario came by one evening and was quite distressed with the condition of a small child who came in one day. She was over a year old, but very small. He did what he could for her, but we found out the next morning that she died that night, and he found it so very hard.*



*Too soon it was time for me to go home. I so enjoyed the time I had with Jake and Zack, Jud and Karen, and getting to know Laura, Bill, Dani, and Micah LaBore. They all make a good team! 🙏*



GUYANA PROJECT	
	Jud, Karen, Jacob, and Zachary Wickwire
Wickwire Monthly Goal \$4,900 Canadian	
Goal Reached This Quarter - Thank You!	
10%	30%
50%	70%
90%	
U.S. contributors use enclosed envelope. Canadian contributors use Canadian address on page 2.	

# DOWN UNDER

## News from

by Roger Millist, Adventist Aviation Services, Goroka, Papua New Guinea (PNG)

The AAS plane landed at an airstrip called Lab Lab on Umboi Island. There are different traditional welcomes.



IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA, DUE TO TERRAIN, LACK of roads and few boats, you have basically two transportation options for much of the country—walk or fly. To walk might take anywhere from days to weeks. Flying the same route might be half an hour. Many places do not have regular air services, so Adventist Aviation Services is a critically important tool enabling the Adventist Church in PNG to function properly, conducting ministry and outreach.

The new PAC 750 aircraft has operated in PNG since June 2007 and continues to be a blessing to the church and communities. When the plane is not involved with mission flying, local communities, especially those around our eastern-highland base in Goroka, benefit from a regular service for passengers and freight. People throughout the country are still seeing the new aircraft for the first time. I believe there are more than 800 airstrips all over the country.


A couple of weeks ago, I was rostered to do some Morobe Mission flying in the area around Lae to pick up all the layman, pastors and volunteers for the Morobe Mission district meetings. On this particular day we landed at an airstrip called Lab Lab on Umboi Island, which is halfway between the island of New Britain and the PNG mainland. Whenever we land a new aircraft at a field for the first time, the local

people have a traditional welcome ceremony that differs from place to place. At Lab Lab, they use flowers and water.

As soon as the doors opened, the people splashed water and threw flowers on the plane. Once we were out on the ground, they placed flower wreaths on us and splashed water on our heads. Needless to say, we and the inside of the plane smelled like marigolds the rest of the day! After departing Lab Lab, we landed at Kabwum on the Houn Peninsula and got the same treatment.

Later in the day, we landed at Komako where their traditional welcome includes flowers, but with an added twist. A small army of shouting, chanting men wearing traditional dress and brandishing spears, knives, bows and arrows charged the

plane! They came right up to our faces. Then some ladies in traditional dress came running up and smeared red clay on our skin and clothes. Our wives were very impressed when they saw us that evening.

The new PAC 750 aircraft continues to be a great blessing to the whole of Papua New Guinea. Wherever we go, everyone is always excited to see it. Many villages and churches throughout PNG gave what they could to make the new aircraft possible. This is why it means so much to them. God continues to bless the service the new PAC 750 and all who are involved with it. 



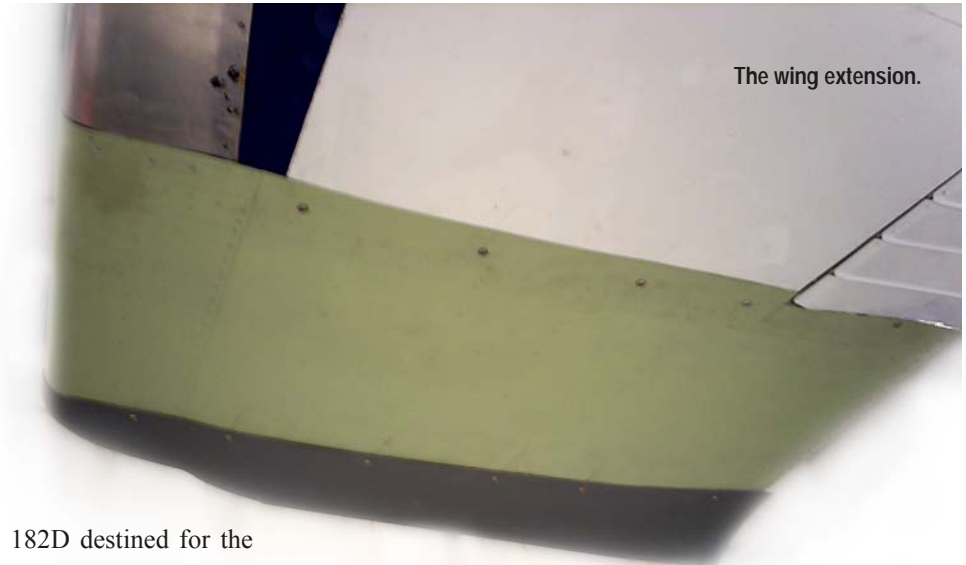
Damon Roberts supervises the unloading of cargo for the villagers of Mengino near Goroka.

# Just Another Set of Hands!

*Ecclesiastes 3: 1....To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven.*

by Jim Holdeman

**T**O EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON. FROM A biblical perspective, everything means just that - everything. God's Word further states that there is a time for every purpose under heaven. Again, I am comforted by these words. Nothing under heaven happens in a vacuum. Doors open for a season, and then close. Abraham did not get a complete itinerary from the Lord. God said, "Go," and Abraham obeyed. Once started, Abraham received more detailed instructions guiding him to his first stop. His first destination was not his last.




The wing extension.

182D destined for the Philippines. The wings are on and the

new fuel system with auxiliary tanks holds fuel! A rebuilt engine is back on N66055, AWA's Cessna 150 being prepared for assignment at Heritage Academy in Tennessee. We also finished an annual inspection on N2019G, the 50 year old Cessna 182 being used by AWA's home office for transportation and promoting missions.

Please pray for B-T Aviation as

a new season begins. Join us in prayer for all of AWA's projects and missionaries. We need your prayerful support to reach seekers, both here and abroad, with the wonderful Good News of a loving, personal God who has sent His only Son to this earth to pay for our sins so we can be with Him throughout eternity. Jesus is coming soon. We need to be ready, and we need to do our part in assisting those around us to be ready for His soon return. 



The rebuilt engine for the N66055.

The tulips are blossoming, the trees are beginning to green, and the robins have returned, but we are now in the heart of tornado and severe thunderstorm season. This has had an affect on our business, causing some juggling of schedules for those customers wanting to get their airplanes here for maintenance. But, as God says, there is a time for every purpose under heaven. This weather, while dangerous and certainly noisy, has allowed us to devote much needed time to getting our mission aircraft modified.

In addition to the commercial work, we made progress on N8838X, the 1961 Cessna



AWA's 1961 Cessna 182D being prepared for the Philippines.

AWA KODIAK AIRPLANE #1 GOAL \$1,125,000				
NCCF Matching Grant	AWA Donors		+ \$375,000 Due on Delivery	
\$969,247 Raised		\$230,753 Still Needed		
16.5%	33%	50%	67%	83.5%

# Just ROUTINE FLIGHTS...

by Bill and Laura LaBore

**L**AURA GLANCED DOWN AT THE PLASTIC wrapped sandwich and noticed a little ant walking around inside. She paused a bit as she thought of her day so far. She had gotten ready by the light of a flash-light early that morning, then headed off to the airport by 6:00 am for what was to be a routine flight. By the time she got there, everything had changed. Instead of just routine flights, the hospital had notified Jud Wickwire, our senior pilot, that there was a

young man with lacerations to his head because of an attack.

The plane was overwhelmingly filled with the smell of drying blood. The side opposite of the lacerations was becoming paralyzed, and he couldn't walk. NOT good! The other passenger was a lady in labor, but the baby wouldn't deliver. It was Laura's day to fly, and Jud did a fantastic job at reorganizing the day to make things work. She flew the two patients, along with a nurse, to

Georgetown, refueled, and returned to Mabaruma.

Upon arriving in Mabaruma, Jud met her at the airplane and told her not to bother getting out, as there had been an accident in Port Kaituma. Two men were seriously injured. The town is only a 20-minute flight away. The men had been in a car, going up a steep hill, when the engine stopped running. They lost control of the vehicle, and it rolled over. One man said that it had landed on his chest and was complaining of difficulty breathing. The other man had a potential spinal injury. They laid both men down in the back of the airplane and immobilized them. Laura then made the flight back to Georgetown with a nurse to accompany the patients.

When she landed at Georgetown, she refueled again, but just as she was done, the sky broke open with torrential rain. No one was able to go anywhere. She became soaked from the knees down as she sloshed through ankle-deep water. She was hoping that the rain would wash the plane (and her pants!), as at the last stop there are always cows on the runway, and they always leave "little presents" of cow pies. (You can imagine what happens when a landing airplane hits them



GUYANA PROJECT	
	<p>Bill, Laura, Danielle, and Micah LaBore</p> <p><b>LaBore Monthly Goal \$3,625</b></p>
Goal Reached This Quarter - Thank You!	
10%	30%
Monthly Sponsorship-10 Villages* Goal \$2,500	
\$1,563 Still Needed!	
10%	30%
* \$250 monthly provides air and communication service to Bible workers in one of the unreached jungle villages.	




Opposite page, top: Auto accident victim is loaded into the waiting plane; bottom: Upon arrival the auto accident victim is loaded into an ambulance; This page, left: Accident victim is strapped in and attended while enroute to hospital; below: Evacuating patient with stab wound; and bottom: Bill LaBore loading medical boxes into hospital truck in Mabaruma. It takes a real team to keep the project all going smoothly.

at 60 miles per hour!) No such luck. In the end, her pants were both wet and, yes, splattered with cow pie!

So now, here she was, trying to grab something at the airport canteen to keep her going since it was lunchtime. She quickly paid the lady behind the cluttered counter, shoved a bite of the sandwich in her mouth, grabbed her juice and pine tart (a local delicacy), and headed out the door to pay the bill for the fuel. Shortly after, she was back in the air with two more passengers returning to Mabaruma.

Upon getting to Mabaruma, she was able to complete her “routine” flights. By now it was getting late, and because of the rainstorm delay, Jud had to cancel one of the flights. Laura quickly siphoned 10 gallons of fuel and took off to make two more stops. On one of the legs home, she had time again to ponder the day. While thinking about the sandwich she’d eaten, she realized, she never did pick out that ant!

Believe it or not, this is a pretty typical day of flying here in Guyana. If you would like to read more stories like these, please log on to our new blog at [www.wfhguyana.org](http://www.wfhguyana.org). Subscribe to the blog and you will receive a notice anytime an update is made. In addition to our blog, the website contains photo slideshows, links to websites with information on Guyana, and other items. We hope you enjoy it. May the Lord bless you as you serve Him. 



# Introducing the VanFossens

by Greg VanFossen

**W**E FIRST BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE LaBores while living in Southern California. Bill and Laura made a presentation of Project Airpower at the Banning SDA Church. We characteristically hung around and socialized after the program. Then we invited the LaBores to dinner at our home and subsequently met with them as time allowed. We moved to Northern Indiana in 2004 and have continued to observe the progress of Project Airpower.

In November 2007 an email showed up from the LaBores subject line: "A job for Greg and Chrystal." It began with "HI!!!! Hey! Are you by ANY chance interested in mission work???? We could REALLY use you!" The communication went on to elaborate the needs and ended with "Pray about it! We are."

Though we had discussed participating in a short-term mission trip, it took a little while for the reality of the invitation to sink in. It was probably best that it was sent via

email rather than voice because the evidence of the invitation remained for reexamination so as to reconfirm in our minds its reality.

During the initial recovery phase, thoughts of child interest, viability of the move, and material management issues surfaced. We discussed the invitation with our children. They immediately started expressing a desire to go "tomorrow!" During family worship both Brandon and Serena started to pray that we go to Guyana soon. These expressions from our children are significant in that they typically do not seek change in their environment.

No great "bolt of lightning" struck outside the invitation. Our response, however, would likely have been different five years ago. God's timing is evident. It is now our desire to go where God leads. We have learned to pray that God would either close the door tight or open it and create a vacuum on the other side depending on where He wanted us to go.

We realize that Jesus Christ came to our planet with an

agenda. His plan is to restore the lost relationship with man. If we make His agenda ours for our appointed term of "three score and ten," He will give us eternity to "...build houses and live in them...plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them."

We decided to simply do our part to start the process, and if God wants us to go, He will do what we can't. God reveals His will through prayer, scripture, the Holy Spirit, circumstance, and you, His church, the body of Christ. You will play a role in whether or not we go to the lost, or stay.

I have always enjoyed learning. I was probably influenced to great degree by my older brother's drive to try new things - building and flying model airplanes, riding skate boards, surfing, sailing, snow skiing, mountain biking, canoeing and hiking. Though I led him into the motorcycle and skydiving realm, he obtained his flight instructor rating and took me through my private pilot license...along with some simple aerobatics so I knew how to "take the bull by the horns".

I took my Private Pilot check ride the summer after graduating from La Sierra Academy. Since then I was intermittently active as circumstances and economics allowed. During my senior year in college, a roommate started on his instrument rating and persuaded me to do the same—with not much effort on his part. Proficient from the momentum of the training, the next summer I procured a commercial pilot license.

After completing a BS degree in nursing, God gave me experience in orthope-

Greg, Chrystal, Brandon, and Serena VanFossen



The VanFossens will join the Guyana team: Jud, Karen, Jacob, and Zachary Wickwire; and Bill, Laura, Danielle, and Micah LaBore along with all the Guyana Project supporters and prayer partners.



dics, cardio-thoracic intensive care, emergency department and critical care transport. My choice for undergraduate education was one of practicality. My Christian walk was as many other's—growing up in a Christian community, going through the motions, living life as it came. The activities and things were what made life fun, and that was most important.

Looking back over the last 20 years, I can see the gradual changes consistent with the Holy Spirit's "wooing" that have developed the present paradigm from which I operate. There is nothing like a combination of study, prayer and Christian service to bring the heart into submission to Christ. I first discovered the benefit of knowing who God is in my graduate school experience where I associated with "rudderless" people in a public institution and realized that I had was something to be sought after. Since that time, involvement in church has been my primary mode of service. My choice of graduate training as a nurse practitioner was the result of a focus toward working outside of the hospital in a more independent practice.

Over the past 15 years, God has given me experience that includes family practice, emergency medicine, setting up a mobile clinic for Native Americans, occupational medicine and retail health. I have come to the realization that spiritual health is closely interwoven with physical health. In the U.S., materialism deeply affects both the patient and provider. Spiritual issues are overtly suppressed. Whether North American materialism or indigenous animism is practiced, the spiritual needs of the patient are the same—the wages of sin are death, the gift of God is eternal life.

Serving as the Wings for Humanity Healthcare Director will provide an opportunity to not only observe the spiritual battle, but to exercise my faith, both in the hospital and in the villages to tackle problems where they really lie. This will also provide opportunity to utilize aviation skills (initially learned for fun) for the honor and glory of God.

Chrystal grew up in Northern Indiana in the Adventist church and school system. While attending Southern College she spent six months as a student missionary in Taiwan. This proved to be a spiritually demanding experience - one that exposed her to animistic spiritual activity and expanded her world view. Chrystal went on to graduate school, and while working toward an MS de-

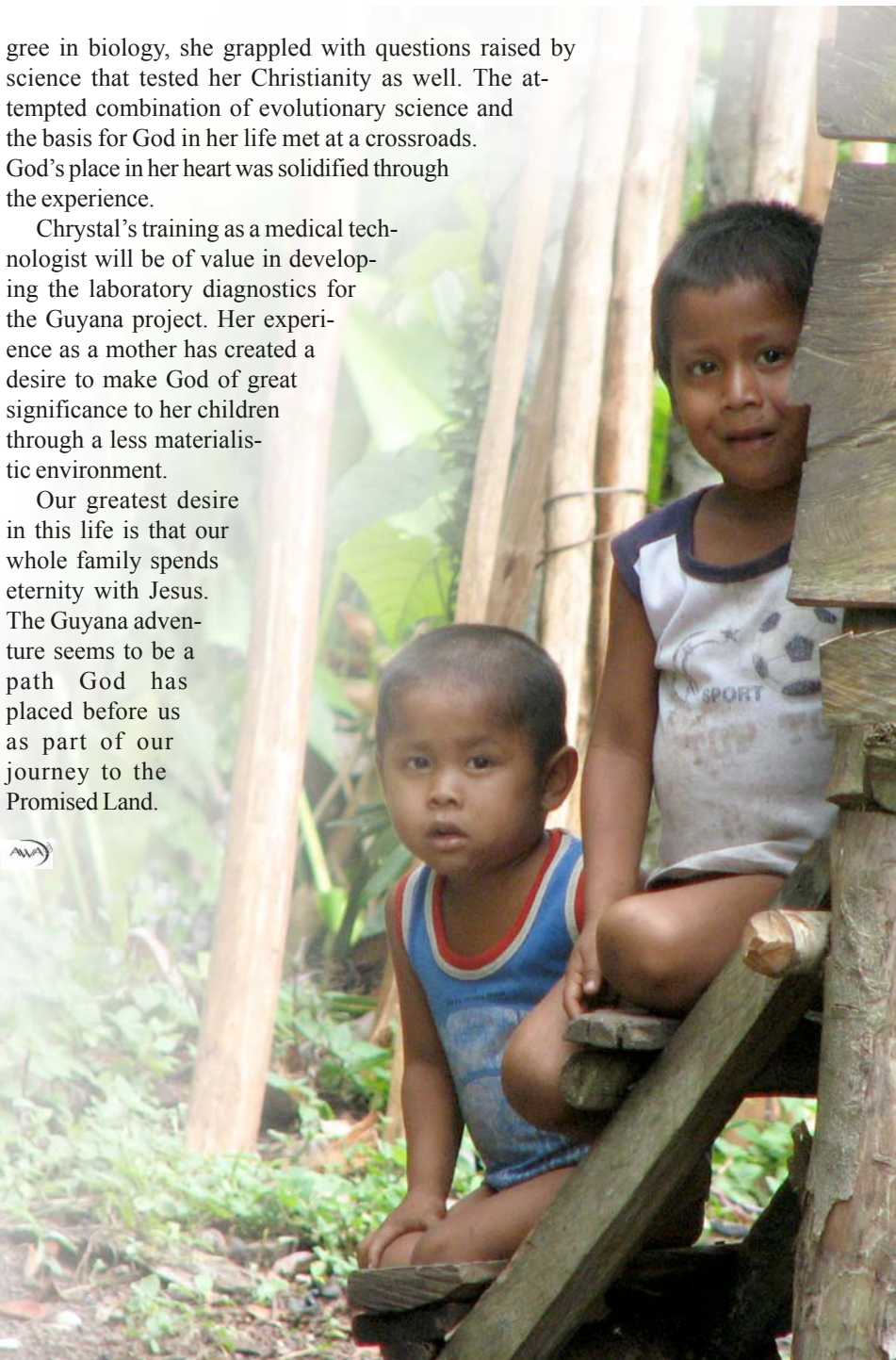
gree in biology, she grappled with questions raised by science that tested her Christianity as well. The attempted combination of evolutionary science and the basis for God in her life met at a crossroads. God's place in her heart was solidified through the experience.

Chrystal's training as a medical technologist will be of value in developing the laboratory diagnostics for the Guyana project. Her experience as a mother has created a desire to make God of great significance to her children through a less materialistic environment.

Our greatest desire in this life is that our whole family spends eternity with Jesus. The Guyana adventure seems to be a path God has placed before us as part of our journey to the Promised Land.



Right: The Mabaruma Hospital. Below: Shy Amerindian children peer around the corner of their hut.



# WANTED

**Someone to Make a Difference!**



## PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

MATURE MENTOR, ADVENTUROUS, PROFESSIONAL, MOTIVATED, EXPERIENCED, COMPASSIONATE, SPIRIT-FILLED, COMMITTED, AND AVAILABLE.

## NEEDED:

- PILOTS
- MECHANICS
- AVIONICS TECHNICIANS
- CONSTRUCTION WORKERS
- VOLUNTEER COORDINATORS
- DEVELOPMENT PERSONNEL
- COMMUNICATION SPECIALISTS
- INTERNATIONAL PROJECT MANAGERS
- ACCOUNTANTS
- MEDICAL & HEALTH PROFESSIONALS

## IF CONVICTED:

## ADVENTIST WORLD AVIATION



EMAIL: [info@flyawa.org](mailto:info@flyawa.org)  
WEBSITE: [www.flyawa.org](http://www.flyawa.org)  
PHONE: (269) 473-0135 (9AM - 5PM ET)  
MAIL: PO Box 251, Berrien Springs, MI 49103-0251

The Mabaruma Hospital (not quite finished).



Nurses' station



Patient Room



X-ray Room

# Gifts That Grow

## The Charitable Annuity

by Dave Pearson, Director of Development




IN THE PAST FEW ISSUES OF *FLIGHT LOG*, WE'VE looked at the reasons to give: The joy of giving our time, talent, trust and treasure. We've looked at ways to do more. In this issue, let's look at a specific way in which those with a heart for missions can indeed do more.

Investment in missions can provide you with income just like other investment strategies. By setting up what is known as a charitable gift annuity, you not only receive the immediate tax benefit of the gift but also an income from the gift that amounts to the return of the investment over time.

Many conservative investors use certificates of deposit because of their security. These investments traditionally provide limited returns. A charitable gift annuity can usually increase the return to the donor by more than double without increasing risk. The actual rate of return is determined by standard actuarial tables as permitted by IRS guidelines.

Adventist World Aviation has embarked on the largest capital campaign project we've ever attempted for one simple reason: Jesus asked us to. The immediate need is for funds to secure additional production slots with Quest Aircraft, manufacturer of the Kodiak airplane.

This opportunity is made doubly attractive by the matching grant that will match each dollar of your gift.

If you would like to explore how a charitable gift annuity can help in your investment strategy, please complete the adjacent form and return it to AWA's development department. 

 cut out and mail

☐ Yes, tell me more about the charitable gift annuity program of planned giving.

Cut out and mail to:

AWA, P. O. Box 251, Berrien Springs, MI 49103-0251 or

Email information to: [dpearson@flyawa.org](mailto:dpearson@flyawa.org)

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address

City

State

Zip

Phone Number ( ) —

ext.

Email

# You Promised Me!

by Clifton Brooks

“HEY CAP! I’M YOUR PASSENGER ON THE WAY back.” A man shoves his way through the small crowd that has gathered. He has a duffle bag and small pouch slung over his shoulders. “I have a note!” He waves a paper.

“Sir, I’m your passenger,” says a girl standing near the wing strut. “I have an exam to take for school. I need to go. Remember, you couldn’t take me yesterday, and you promised I could go on the next flight.” She jams a hand-written note in my hand.

I haven’t even had a chance to get out of the plane yet. The flight over the mountains and the approach was enough flying for me for the next week! I am exhausted. To be honest, all I want is some peace and quiet—a dark hole I can crawl in, escape, and relax. I need to think before I plan the next move.

I resist the urge to yell, “Clear Prop!” in a school-boy prankish way, in order to get some personal space around the plane. I climb down out of my seat and into the crowd. There’s baggage and bicycles, men, women,

children, and animals. The airstrip caretaker wants to get my signature in his flight log. One of my passengers wants her bag out of the plane and is about to rip the baggage door handle off to get to it.

“Wait! Wait! Just wait a minute!” I repeat firmly, holding my flat palm out in the universal sign for “hold your horses.”

I step out from under the wing into a light rain and look up at the sky more from habit than anything. I know what the sky looks like; I flew through this mess on the way in here. Wispy clouds hanging down around 300 feet above the ground, low visibility in light rain, complete mountain obscurity.



Briefing passengers!

It’s a heavy, stagnant weather system stretching northeast all the way out, probably a thousand miles, into the Pacific Ocean with dense clouds topping out at seven to ten thousand feet, and heavy rain over the coastal areas and Sierra Madre Mountains of Northeastern Luzon.

“Thank you Lord!” I breathe as I look up through the rain at the gray sky.

“I gotta get outta here before that hole over the ocean, twenty miles south, closes back up again.” It took me an hour to get in here, and I’ve only got an hour-and-a-half worth of fuel to get back out again.

“OK, where are my passengers?” I yell to no one in particular.

“Sir, oh please help me sir! It’s my child. He’s sick, sir!” An old grandma has pushed her way through the bystanders to face me. Her face is heavily wrinkled from years of working the mountain *kaingan* (upland rice fields) in the tropical sun. She is short and frail. But she’s not too old to put on “puppy-dog eyes,” and she lays them on heavy. “Pleeease sir....” she implores, begging again with her eyes.

The problem is that, with the bad weather, flight service in and out of Palanan, Isabela has been sporadic. Now there are too many

The first group that gathered around the plane after it landed in Palanan.



people wanting/needing to go over the mountains to Cauayan, the capital city of Isabela, the nearest large town, and the closest point of connection in the central plain of Luzon.

“Chris!” I call. “Where’re my passengers for this flight?” Chris is a local Adventist young man, one of only about three or so Adventists in the entire area. He is helping to start the mission evangelism in this area, and he is *supposed* to be helping me make sense of all these passenger requests. But it is truly a hard job. When the mission plane lands in Palanan, it means one thing to the

locals... flights to Cauayan.

“Hey Cap.” Chris comes up to me from outside the crowd where he has been talking to people in another group. “Sir, here are your passengers for the return flight. We have some here for emergency medical attention.” He points to a few people here and there in the crowd, and stuffs more notes in my hand.

“And me too, Cap. Remember me from yesterday? I need to take a test. You promised I’d be on the next flight.” It’s the same girl again.

I make my way back to the plane and hunch over my seat in the cabin where no one can get to me. I unfold the collection of notes and lay them on the seat. One is from the local health official’s office. One is from the vice-mayor. Others are from my friend, Brother Job Calaguian, a Filipino-Canadian carpenter from Toronto who is personally sponsoring, organizing, and implementing the current evangelistic thrust here in Palanan (and providing the bulk of our flight budget).

Out of the batch of notes I pick three. All are medically related, one is an emergency.

“Who is this?” I yell, as I call out names... “Lenelyn Alvarez, kidney problems... Lilieta Matos and granddaughter, emergency attention... Dainah Cruz, chest x-ray...” People come forward and I separate them



A passenger weighs in for the flight.

out in the rain to avoid confusion.

“But what about me sir? I have a note too...”

“I’m sorry; I am only taking medical patients now. That’s my first priority.”

“But sir, you promised yesterday that I could go on the next flight out.” It’s the same girl again, needing to take a test.

I have to be firm in my reply. “I am only taking medical patients. I’m sorry. Medical has first priority.” She’s not going on this flight, and now she knows it. She walks away dejected.

Balancing demands on one’s time, making sound, but critical flight-related decisions, seeking God’s will at all times: reminds me of the Gospel accounts of Christ’s ministry. The constant demand of the multitudes who pressed Jesus for relief from the maladies brought on by millennia of rebellion is just as real today. Where are the laborers? The fields are indeed ready for harvest!

Clifton, Cynthia, Celeste, Carolina and Caleb Brooks

**Brooks Monthly Support \$4,400**

**\$1,910 Still Needed**

10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
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**Monthly People Group Sponsorship\* \$22,500**

**\$22,361 Still Needed**

10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
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\*\$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  
 Completed - Thank You!

**Phase II**  
 Drainage, Fencing, Runway construction  
 Flatbed crew cab diesel truck  
 Amount received  
 Completed - Thank You!

**Phase III**  
 Hangar/Residence, Water, Septic, Electrical systems

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

**PHILIPPINES PROJECT**

10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
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**\$110,140 Still Needed**

**Mission Airbase Development \$350,000**

# THE REASON WE ARE HERE

by Edwin Brennan

A MAN ON HIS DAILY COMMUTE WAS DEEP IN thought. The commute had become such a routine that he didn't give it much thought. His son, at the age of incessant inquisitiveness, had asked a question that morning that had taken him by surprise: "Dad, why are we here?"

This insightful question caused his chest to swell with pride. "How could a young child ponder such a deep subject as the meaning of life?" What an opportunity to expound on creation, God's love for His children, and our duties as Christians. He proceeded to explain the meaningful things of life.

He completed his discourse just as he entered the parking lot at work. He turned to his son and asked him what he thought of all of this. His son turned with a serious look on his face and said, "This is all good Dad, but what I wanted to know was, why are we here at your work? You were supposed to take me to school."

The interplay between parent and child will always be an interesting social phenomenon. No two people will know each other more, yet still not understand what the other is thinking. I enjoy this very same style of conversation with my daughter Felicia. I watch the frustration on her face when she tries to explain something to me that I just do not get. The young lad in the story poses an interesting question many of us struggle with: "Why are we here?"

We are not alone. Biblical patriarchs faced the same dilemma. Some did better than others at following God's directions. For me, the best example is Abraham.

In Genesis 12, God directs Abraham to leave his house, his country, his family, and his livelihood to go and make a new nation. Verse 1 reads, "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy Father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee."

Simple instructions. Take a long look at this chapter. Try to find the questions that we would normally ask when we are sent on a journey. How do I get there? Where will I

live? What route shall we take? Who is going to feed us? What will we do when we get there? How do I speak the language? These are valid questions. Most Americans would ask these, and many more, until they have every detail about the journey. God does not give such details, He simply gives instructions. In Abraham's case it was, "Go, I will make a nation from you." Abraham did not bother God with all of these questions. He had faith that the Father would supply all that he needed. He also knew that the Father would guide him in his journey.

So where are we in this interplay with our Father today? Most of us want detail, we want instructions, and we want assurances that we will be able to take care of ourselves and our families. But it would do us well to look at verse 2 of chapter 12: "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing." This is a pretty strong promise, one that continues in verse 3. God promised Abraham that he would be blessed, his name would be great, and that he would be a blessing. History demonstrates that all of the blessings came true. Abraham knew by faith that all of the blessings would come true. Yes, he made mistakes along the way. Like us, he tried to force a few blessings to

go his way in his timing. Ultimately, he accepted God's call in God's time. He went when God called him, and he did so in faith.

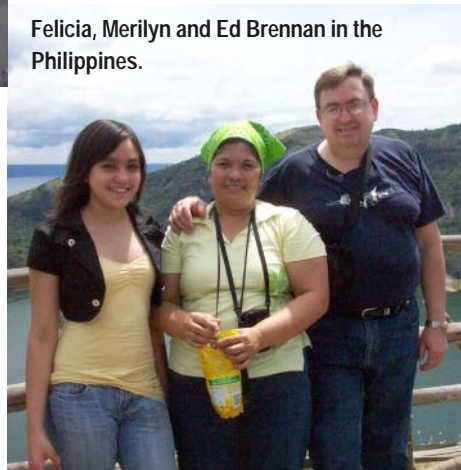
God does not always give us the details when we *want* them. God gives us the details as we *need* them and when they will best help us. In the military we called this, "Need to know." Do we need all of the details up front? God has the better wisdom here, and He is the right one to determine when we need such details. We may not be able to handle it all at once; it would only scare us. Whatever the case, we need to learn to accept God's calling when it happens and just go. We can leave the details to the Father who has promised to bless us. If God is calling, He certainly has a plan to take care of the details. This is a lesson I am learning.



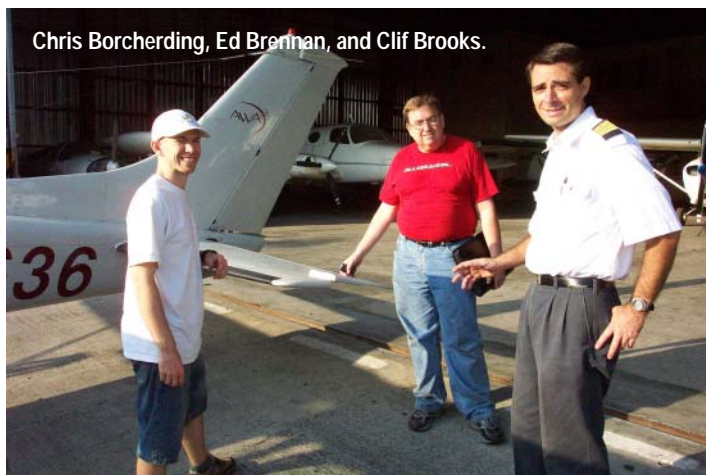
Left: Ed Brennan gives the message at the new Sagpangan Church. Above: Signing documents following the AWA-Philippines Board meeting.



Felicia, Marilyn and Ed Brennan in the Philippines.



Abraham needed the experience God would take him through on the way to starting a nation. I needed the experience a survey trip would yield to prepare me for the project. I've seen the great need missionaries have for air support. I've met with the directors, man-



When God calls, the only question we need to ask ourselves is, are we ready? What are we doing to prepare ourselves now? There is a tremendous amount of work that needs to be done, both in our hometowns and overseas. Are we ready to make the sacrifices necessary to ensure that God's work can be done through us?

## PHILIPPINES PROJECT



Missionaries in  
Training  
Ed, Merilyn, and  
Felicia Brennan

**Launching Goal \$85,125**

\$66,266 Still Needed

Still Needed \$555

**Brennan Monthly Support \$4,790**

A favorite song goes, “Father won’t you show me how to have working man’s hands.” I don’t want to stand before the Father with hands unmarred by work, do you? The call is now. The work is great!

IN MEMORY OF		DONOR	
Jim & Larry Starlin	Harry & Joanna Schultz	J B Mutchler	James & Dorothy Davidson
Bea Hamel	Harry & Joanna Schultz	Wendall H Nelson	Pearl W Nelson
Phil Albertson	Marcellis D Albertson	Keri & Vicki Wiley	Reginold & Jeanette Eighme
Bill Baxter	Ernest & Dorothy Toppenberg	Alison Rue-Cover	Michael & Carol Rue
Jesus Christ	Fred & Emilie Robertson	Reger Smith, Jr	Reginold & Jeanette Eighme
J L DeWitt	Lyndon & Martha DeWitt	Jim Starlin	Charlene A Starlin
Jesus G Gonzales	Elizabeth L Gonzales	Jim & Larry Starlin	Harry & Joanna Schultz
Daniel B Guevara	Don E Hewlett	Jim, Larry, Elzy Starlin	Charlene A Starlin
Beth & Linda Habenicht	Leona G Running	Russell Straman	Minerva E Straman
Dale Howell	Eleanor J Howell	The LaBore Family	Daniel & Julie Mesa III
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Noah Lim	Yoon & Hazel Lim	T Toppenberg Brown	David & Margit Toppenberg
L Frances Pride	Steve & Mary Lou Pride	Martin Townsend	Newton & Beverly Townsend
Lois Johnston	Steve & Mary Lou Pride	Stella van Geijtenbeek	Johannes & Esther Nikkels
Pastor J L Tucker,	Lucile C Davis	Keith & Helen Wiseman	Ken & Monique Wiseman
Lucille C Davis	Lucile C Davis	Doctor Zirkle	Robert & Treva Burgess
Heather McRoberts	David M Fisher		

# 911 FIRE!

by Eric Engen

**P**HONE CALLS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT hardly ever bring good news. I was awakened shortly after midnight during spring break by a phone call from our campus chaplain, who told me there was a little fire at the Blue Mountain Academy airport. I jumped in my car and headed over.

Apparently, someone had thrown a glass bottle filled with flammable liquid at N9197U—a drive-by Molotov cocktail attack. Fortunately, the bottle missed the airplane by about 10 feet and landed on the concrete pad. Our chaplain, who had been working late remodeling a house on campus, must have driven by the airport just mo-

ments after the incident. He described it as looking like a small campfire next to the plane. By the time I got there, it was still smoldering, but the flames were almost gone.


I called 911. They sent the fire chief and a state trooper to investigate the scene. It turns out that the fire chief was a former BMA student who, at his day job, works at nearby Reading Regional Airport in fire protection and airport maintenance. We determined, after inspecting the airplane and the airport trailer, that there was no damage or further evidence of vandalism.

The police collected evidence, took our statement, and indicated they would step up patrols by the airport. Though likely a case of criminal mischief, it could have been much worse. We're sure that God's angels keep His aviation program safe - the best protection available.

As of this writing, AWA-PA is recruiting a flight instructor with a passion to train Blue Mountain Academy students. Four students have deposited with AWA just waiting to begin

training. We are confident God has selected a specific individual for this calling and will put us together when His timing is right. We just keep it a matter of prayer.

In the meantime, the airplane is in ready condition. The newest member of our operating committee, Chris Burns, maintains Gulfstream business jets for a living, and has contacts with the aviation maintenance program at Penn College of Technology (PCT). He arranged for PCT to work on N9197U as a class project in December. They did some excellent work, including removing the recurring airworthiness directive for the tail bolts. They treated areas of corrosion in the cockpit and battery box and fixed the Hobbs meter (which measures clock time for aircraft rental and instruction). They performed the Annual Inspection, and did all of this at *no cost*—we only had to supply the parts.

As good flying weather returns to Pennsylvania, please join us in prayer that God will soon provide His selected instructor, as well as for the continued safety of His flying workers everywhere. 



The residue from the fire.



The BMA airfield.

# Miracle on the Mountain

*Adapted by Kevin Wiley from the manuscripts of the late Bill Baxter*

IN THE SUMMER OF 1977, BILL BAXTER WAS flying in the rugged mountains near Guadalajara, Mexico, with passenger, Dr. Henry Rivas. They had spent the day on medical patrol, flying from mountain airstrip to mountain airstrip. Now, ready to head back to base, they needed to cross a mountain ridge nearly 8,000 feet above sea level.

In order to gain sufficient altitude to cross the ridge, Bill used his knowledge of soaring to catch updrafts near the mountain to help them gain altitude more quickly than the Cessna 182 Wren conversion could on its own.

The updrafts they needed were close to the mountain, so Bill zig-zagged up the mountain face to stay in the updrafts. In order to keep a safe distance from the steep slope, he carefully executed each turn away from the mountain, even though this meant placing the Wren at the edge of the altitude-robbing

downdraft. Nevertheless, Bill quickly neared the altitude he would need to cross over.

Once he could clearly see over the top of the ridge, and still in rising air, he felt it safe to make his next turn toward the mountain. This maneuver required a tighter turn, so Bill activated the flap switch to provide extra lift. The flaps responded more sluggishly than

he expected, and in the thin air, the Wren stalled, refusing to respond to his attempts to control it. The Wren and its two occupants hit the side of the mountain.

Incredibly, Bill and Henry survived the impact. "We'd better get out of here before this plane goes up in flames," Bill shouted to his passenger. That was easier said than done. The plane had landed between two



A Cessna 182 Wren - notice the canard on the nose and the Wren's teeth on the wings.

scrub oak trees, and the impact had wrapped the wings back against the fuselage, blocking the side exits. The rear window was the only means of escape.


Henry went to the window first. "It's a long ways down, and the slope is very steep, but I'll try." Out the window he jumped, and soon he called back to Bill, "I made it, Pastor. Hurry!"

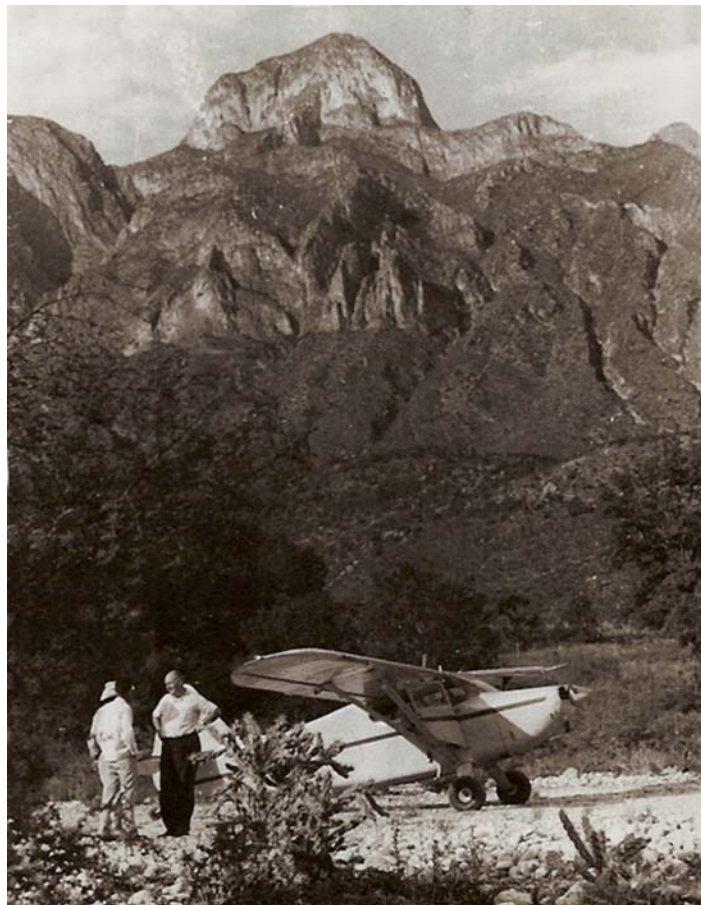
Seeing burning oil dripping onto the undergrowth and igniting some fires, Bill

reached back for the fire extinguisher and tossed it down to Henry. "Hurry, Pastor. Hurry!" Henry urged. Bill jumped.

A branch scratched his arm, but it broke his fall and kept him from rolling down the steep grade. He and Henry scrambled down the slope. They had put about a hundred feet between themselves and the airplane when the fuel tanks exploded.

Bill and Henry took stock of their injuries. Miraculously they were only minor. Henry had a small gash on his forehead. Bill had a broken nose and a scratched arm. As they washed their wounds in a spring, a mine surveyor who had been about half a mile away at the time of the crash arrived. He helped them hike down the mountain toward civilization. On their way down, they encountered others who had seen the crash from farther away. The onlookers were all amazed to find that, not only had no one died, but no one was even seriously injured.

In that part of Mexico, there is a saying used when someone has cheated death—"You've been born today." That's what everyone kept telling Bill and Henry. Indeed, God had performed a miracle on the mountain. He still had more work for Henry Rivas and Bill Baxter to do. Bill and Henry were "born" that day so they could continue to serve their loving God. 



Bill Baxter and friends in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. The Sierra Madre Mountains ("Sierra Madre" Spanish for "the mother of all saws") stretch most of the way across and the length of Mexico. In five areas they are known as Sierra Madre Occidental (northwestern), Sierra Madre Oriental (northeastern), Sierra Madre de Oaxaca (south-central), Sierra Madre del Sur (southern), Sierra Madre de Chiapas (southeastern).



Ed & Cheryl Dunn and Darlene Heckler disembark from the AWA Cessna 206 after their return to Kotzebue.

## Dateline: Kotzebue, Alaska, 14 April, 2008

by Jim Kincaid


**A**LASKA CONFERENCE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY Ed Dunn, his wife Cheryl, and Darlene Heckler spent three days in the native village of Selawik staffing a health fair at the local school and holding meetings designed to meet spiritual needs in the evening. The school is the central meeting place for the community of over 900 people.

Ed Dunn is made of the right stuff for doing ministry among Alaska's native peoples. Part native himself, his family tree grew out of the Ojibway Tribe of Ontario, Canada. Ed is equipped with a Master's Degree in Public Health. He also has years of pastoral ministry experience among both

native and non-native people. His wife Cheryl is a nurse.

Darlene Heckler grew up in Selawik, and attended Adventist Vacation Bible School, and summer camps as a child and teenager. She is one of the few Inupiat people who went on to college, where she obtained a BA in Elementary Education. She has taught in many native villages and recently retired after 25 years as an Alaska teacher. Darlene is also a licensed pilot with goals of becoming current and using that skill in her continuing ministry.

Darlene has experienced a spiritual renewal over the last several years, and God is directing her into a ministry of renewal for

her own people. She is receiving training as an evangelist. The recent Selawik trip was the first opportunity to exercise her new-found ministry. Although preaching in one's own village can be intimidating, she found acceptance and affirmation. With 225 native villages in Alaska, Darlene has a multitude of communities in which to share the power of the Gospel. 

ALASKA PROJECT				
AWA Alaska Aircraft N2019G \$54,151				
\$9,352 Still Needed				
10%	30%	50%	70%	90%
\$75,501 Still Needed				
Dillingham Hangar and Land \$100,000				

### FLIGHT LOG ➔

ADVENTIST WORLD AVIATION  
PO Box 251  
Berrien Springs MI 49103-0251

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



	NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION U.S. POSTAGE PAID BERRIEN SPRINGS, MI PERMIT NO. 10