



Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. new. Proverbs 3:5,6

Hello AWA family!

What happens when you become the one whom maintenance happens to? When God is the mechanic that needs to rebuild you and clean out the gunk that's built up on your "engine;" your heart?

June 2019 the headache of complying with FAA regulations for their medical certification began. They didn't like my health history. Kyle had passed his medical

without much of a fuss despite his colorblindness. I despairingly waited for mine. At each submission of the FAA's request for more past medical information, I hoped it would be the last. Instead, it only generated more.

I had battled so many health issues and although had God healed me from all the illnesses, the FAA wasn't convinced. They required a screening from a neurologist. They beat that horse at least twice, yet still weren't satisfied. After numerous requests, they returned to the old neurological issues, forcing me to get a cognitive screening on December 27th, 2019.

“Stop seeing me as incapable. I can fly!” I thought angrily. “Why do I have to go through all this stupidity?”

Feeling bitter, I missed the point of God’s overhaul on me. I needed to ask questions of myself and work out my salvation with fear and trembling. Missionaries aren’t born, they are made. I needed to be brought to my knees so I could receive a greater blessing; a changed heart... “the engine without the gunk.”

I passed the cog test, learning later, it was an airline pilot test. That humbled me for sure, but I still complained, missing the point. It was God that gave me the success. He was the clarity I needed.

This January, on my birthday, I received another letter from the FAA. “Really?” I thought. I opened it and found they had not issued a simple medical to me, but said I was found not to meet the criteria and disqualified because of my past health issues. The letter talked about an authorization expiring. It continued that if I was found able to perform my airman duties without being a danger to the public, the authorization could be changed.

What I didn’t understand right then was that the FAA had in fact issued my medical, it just wasn’t in the package I wanted it to be in. My victory came in God’s packaging.

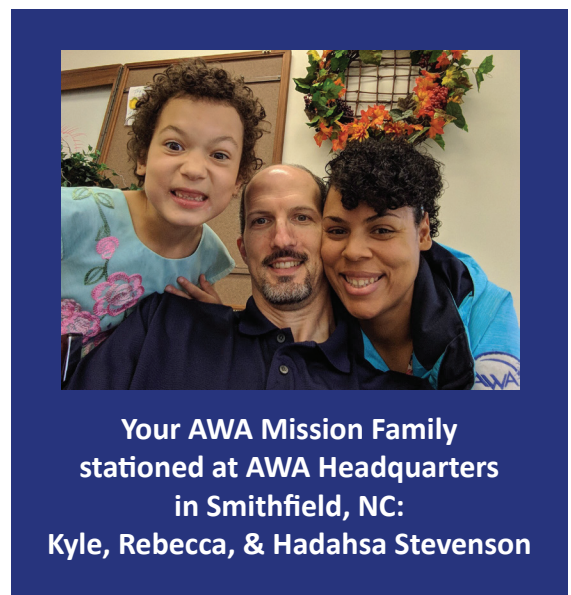
A few months later, with the help of an instructor that will soon be working with Kyle and I, I applied for my student pilot license. On Saturday, May 23rd I received another letter from the FAA. I was holding my student pilot’s license!!! After almost a year, I finally had it!

God promised at the beginning of this journey, “I will make you a pilot, Rebecca.” Whatever He says, He will faithfully do. He is qualifying me to be as He has called me to be. God is removing my wrong thinking and transforming my mind through spiritual maintenance so I can serve in full capacity to His calling.

Please keep Kyle and I in prayer as we serve at AWA headquarters. There is much work to accomplish daily. We are grateful to all of our supporters. God bless you!

Until next month!

The Stevenson Family



**Your AWA Mission Family
stationed at AWA Headquarters
in Smithfield, NC:
Kyle, Rebecca, & Hadahsa Stevenson**