



### *O Soul, Be Still*

***“In the multitude of my anxieties within me, Your comforts delight my soul.”***

—Psalm 94:19

There is a quiet ministry within the world of maintenance I fondly think of as *spiritual maintenance*. Recently, Music Ministry called me to a memorial. It's those times when music often means the most. So, when I received a text at 6:30 A.M. inviting me to sing, I knew it was beyond a human request; it was a divine appointment God was requesting I attend.

The memorial wasn't for someone that had lived a full life, but sadly, a young man, a Pathfinder (think combined boy/girl Scouts & Christian based) who'd fallen asleep at the wheel while driving. He never woke up. He was a young man who left a gaping hole in his community and family, Christ-like in

character and someone you wanted to be around. I felt the loss, and I didn't even know him, but I experienced his impact through those around me who mourned.

The song I would present was one I had just written new lyrics to, days prior, out of my trials, and then sung at church for special music. This same song, *Be Still, My Soul* (with my lyrics, *O Soul, Be Still*), was requested. “I want you to minister to them,” God told me.

I don't know how many understood what I was singing; those attending seemingly spoke more Spanish than English, but the feeling was understood. The church overflowed with emotion. And as I stood there on the podium singing the last half of the song, the fiery and passionate pastor who'd spoken a short while before sat only feet away from me and wept bitterly as the family of the young Pathfinder huddled



with him in tearful empathy. My heart went out to him as God wrapped His arms around the dear man.

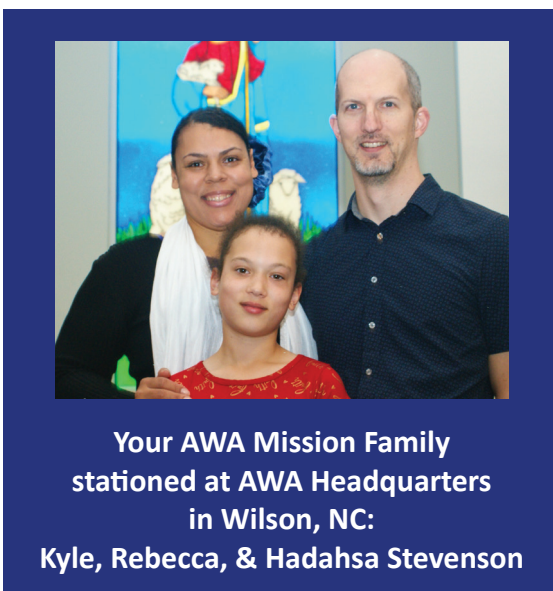
God truly sang through me; I never once wavered. I was reminded then of Butch's deathbed experience. The Angelwings flight, *if you remember*, we did a couple of years back that ended in baptism? Yeah, that story. I sang for Butch all afternoon while his daughter, Kris, wept for him in his last hours. The music kept him stable.

The song borne of our trials can be a mighty blessing amidst a crisis, and sometimes that music is the spiritual maintenance God applies to help mend our broken *engines*, that is *our hearts*. These little things make a huge difference in the end. In an airplane, the little things make a big difference, too, which is why Kyle works *so* carefully. His work teaches me that everything matters in the big picture, no matter its size. Thank you for your continued support of this ministry we live. It's a little thing, but if you'd like to help us maximize our usable hangar space, \$250 a month will cover one of our Angelwings aircraft being in another hangar, which frees up space. Thank you again.

*God bless!*

*Until Next Time,*

*Kyle, Rebecca, and Hadahsa Stevenson*



Your AWA Mission Family  
stationed at AWA Headquarters  
in Wilson, NC:

Kyle, Rebecca, & Hadahsa Stevenson

## *O Soul, Be Still*

O soul, be still; the LORD, He's on your side,  
The battle's done; keep not your grief, your pain,  
But give to God to order and provide  
His peaceful Spirit; near He does remain.  
O soul, be still; your Best and Heav'nly Friend,  
Has borne you safely 'til the battle's end.

O soul, be still; your burdens God will take,  
And grant you peace that in you long will last,  
With hope and confidence that will not shake;  
Your heart enraptured—knit to Him, steadfast.  
O soul, be still; how clearly Him you know  
His pow'r protects 'midst every war you go.

O soul, be still; when life it must depart,  
And darkness looms through anguish of your tears,  
His presence then shall draw you near His heart,  
To soothe your sorrows as they meet His ears.  
O soul, be still; your God, He holds sway,  
Over despair, the gloom He sends away.

O soul, be still; your vict'ry hastens on,  
To meet each battle with your mighty LORD,  
You'll overcome the grief of night at dawn,  
When sorrow yields to perfect peace restored.  
O soul, be still; to God you'll know you've held fast,  
When from your burden triumph shines at last.