



23 December

**Diary checked and journey logged,
Mike folded the old map away.
As his plane took flight, soaring high,
He wondered who he'd meet today!**

The next stop on the map was Liberia,
So Mike headed for MAF's base.
From the window he saw in the water below
A giant ship now moored in that place.

It was a great big hospital ship,
And patients could visit it there.
For anyone needing surgery,
It was really an answer to prayer.

Waiting for Mike by the runway,
Was a surgeon in a white coat,
'I'm here to help local people,
Please would you fly me to the boat?'

Mike, of course, was glad to help,
'Climb aboard and we'll soon get you there!'
Mike and Alpha thanked God for the MAF plane,
And the people for whom it would care.

**Mike climbed back into the pilot's seat
And began his important checks.
He turned to the next page of the diary
To see where he'd be flying to next.**