



3 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!**

Landing in a place called Wanakipa,
Mike found himself surrounded
By friendly Papua New Guineans,
Looking astonished and astounded!

A lady called Harriette called up to him,
'We were praying you had Bibles in your hold.
My friends want the Scriptures for themselves,
But my very last copy's been sold.'

'Let's take a look,' said Mike, looking around,
Before emerging with a crate.
It was full of Bibles in the Tok Pisin tongue.
'Thanks,' said Harriette, 'Now that's really great!'

'Thanks!' said the villagers crowding around.
'Now we all can read of God's love.
We hoped you'd be able to help us,
When we saw your plane flying above.'

**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.**