



4 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!**

Mike's next stop was the island of Papua,
Where he planned to pick up some fuel.
He'd also spend time with some children
Who attended a missionary school.

As Mike touched down on the airstrip,
A girl ran towards him, called Grace.
'We're going to help in a far-away village,
Could you fly my class to that place?

'We're going to clear stones from their airstrip,
'Do you have anything to use in your plane?'
'I always carry some shovels,' said Mike,
'For use when there's bumpy terrain!'

So the children jumped into Mike's aircraft,
And they flew to a place far away.
The villagers were so pleased to see them,
'Thanks for coming to help us today!

'We rely on your planes in our village.
With no stones, you can now land with ease;
Bringing doctors, teachers and pastors
To provide us with their expertise.'

**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.**