



**'MAF aircraft fly all sorts of things
To help people out,' Mike said.
'This Advent, let's build a list of them
All the way from A to Z.'**

B is for blankets, cosy and warm,
Stacked up in the back of Mike's plane.
Flying so high, he looked down at the view
But could only see muddy terrain.

Beneath Mike lay Sulawesi island,
A place where he often had flown.
This Indonesian land was ruined and scarred,
It was a true disaster zone!

There'd been an earthquake and tsunami,
But MAF had got there quick,
Delivering everything the people might need
To those who were injured or sick.

Mike brought his plane down safely
For the people who'd lost their homes.
They were glad to receive his blankets
To cover their weary bones.

**These blankets are just one of the things
That MAF flies through the skies.
Join us tomorrow for the next letter,
And another exciting surprise.**

