

# MidWest Missionair

February 2004

Volume 7, Issue 1

## Pilot/Mechanic Training

*My thoughts are completely different from yours," says the LORD. "And my ways are far beyond anything you could imagine. Isaiah 55:8 NLT*

When we started MidWest Missionair we envisioned an aviation service that would serve long term missionaries and bring short term volunteers to the field. All of that has come to pass and will continue in the future, but we have recently realized that God has more in mind.

Most who choose an aviation career will become either a licensed pilot or a licensed aircraft mechanic, but mission pilots must be both pilot and mechanic. There is a great need for young men and women with this dual training.

Just as we were getting into the painting project, two young men came to us inquiring if MidWest Missionair could help them qualify for the necessary licenses.

We knew that we were already qualified to provide pilot training

but had never considered mechanic training.

At first we thought that it would be beyond our capabilities to set up mechanic training but a search of the federal regulations revealed that an apprenticeship program could be started now with resources that were already on hand.

The Aztec painting project turned out to be ideal to get our first two students started and the rest is history.

Trent Stanley and Mat Blackie have been working since the first of January and are logging the experience that is required for their mechanics licenses.

This is a surprising new endeavor but after much prayer and investigation we are sure that it is God's direction.

The MidWest Missionair board of directors is very excited about this new venture and is seeking ways to expand the program to accommodate more students and accelerate the program. Watch for details as they unfold.

## Painting Project



The painting project got under way on schedule in December and as you can see it is well along.

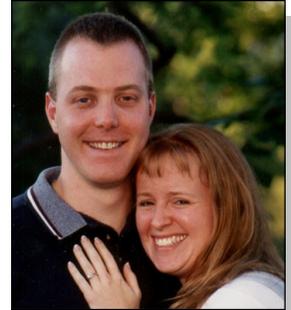
We have found that there were up to five coats of paint in some places which must be removed before we can repaint. This is more work than we had thought and we will be hard pressed to stay on schedule unless more volunteers come forth.

We are trying to arrange a paint removal party on a Saturday in the future. PLEASE call to let us know how to contact you if you can help!

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## MidWest Missionair People



Trent & Susan Stanley

We are pleased to welcome Trent Stanley to our Pilot/Mechanic training program. Trent and his wife Susan are both involved in ministry work.

Susan works at Heartland Community Church in the front office and also edits a devotional published by Heartland.

Trent is in the Ministry Apprenticeship Program at Heartland. M.A.P. is a 3 year seminary alternative led by pastor Craig McElvain.

Trent is a licensed pilot. He and Susan live in Roeland Park, KS.

Trent has taken a lead role in repainting our aircraft and is proving an invaluable resource for MidWest Missionair.

## You Can Help

### Please help MidWest Missionair:

- Make or renew your monthly faith promise for \$10, \$25, \$50, \$100 or more. Your faithful support is needed more than ever for missions and now for training.
- Contribute to our scholarship program. Students are required to raise their own support. Please help them with a scholarship. \$100 will provide one weeks training for one student.
- Buy some aircraft paint. Will you help by purchasing a gallon of paint or stripper? Special aircraft paint is \$100 per gallon. Aircraft paint stripper runs \$30 per gallon.
- Help strip the old paint from our aircraft. We need help at Garnett to strip the old paint. Can you give us a day? Call for details we are organizing a paint removal party for a Saturday.

Please make a Faith Promise to further the work in 2004.

MidWest Missionair

913-208-4410

[www.midwestmissionair.org](http://www.midwestmissionair.org)





Kendra Blackie

Gayla Corley

*Kendra Blackie and Gayla Corley are on a medical mission trip in Haiti with Hospitals of Hope. Kendra sends these email reports from the field. Kendra's husband Mathew is a mechanic working and studying with MidWest Missionair. Their daughter, Lauren-Jaide, has a similar shunt to that mentioned in her email of February 10.*

**February 7, 2004**

Well, the trip was painful, but we made it ok. We took two huge bags packed to capacity with medications and medical instruments, and were a little concerned that the stuff wouldn't arrive safely, or our luggage would be lost. But God did that thing He does, and all arrived well. What a wonderful miracle! Our ride from Port-au-Prince was along the worst excuse for a highway I have ever seen, and I got terribly car sick. I wasn't able to eat today, but after resting, I feel a lot better. Anyhow, it's ok now, and I plan to eat a light snack tonight and hit it full force in the morning.

We get to attend a church tomorrow morning and I can't wait to meet the brothers and sisters there. I can't communicate at all with them, but I can smile, and sing, and worship despite language barriers. Gayla is a peach, and has been a pleasant traveling buddy.

You have to watch while you're driving. There are no road rules here. Pedestrians must get out of the way or get squashed. Jim drives like a Haitian, blaring his horn and dodging trucks and people like a pro. I thought we were going to die, and Gayle held my hand and whispered, "trust..." it was a good lesson.

We arrived on the very day that there was a political protest. Marching groups of angry men have set up barricades on the roads, Police with machine guns search a Haitian man's truck. Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore!!! But the Lord cleared the path, and we arrived safely.

I love these people so much, and cannot wait to get to play with these adorable little boys! I can't remember their names at all, but I just want to eat em up, they're so cute!!! They hugged Gayla and I and then came back again for more hugs. They are sweet, and it frustrates me that I cannot communicate with them. There are a few words that I have been able to pick out, but it isn't real French they understand when I say, "merci," but I have no idea what they are saying back. Anyhow, God is not limited by language. He is able to do more than I could ever hope or imagine. Praise His name!

**February 8, 2004**

We went to church this morning. It was really cool. The pastor spoke Creole, but welcomed us in English. You could tell that it was a "live your faith" kind of message. Evidently, the people here will go to church on Sunday then go to the witch doctor the next day, but Jesus is making ground here, and His Truth is setting them free.

The church is open air. A dog wandered in to the service, totally unnoticed by the people, and laid down under the benches. There were lots of kids. Men and women, old and young were there. It was so beautiful to hear them sing. They had no instruments, just their clear sweet voices, at the top of their lungs, belting out hymns. I recognized some of the tunes and sang along in English.

Things are heating up with this fight between the political parties, and there have been more demonstrations. It has limited our ability to travel. St. Marc has been taken over by the resistance. It is not safe for to travel there so we are doing clinics here on the compound. Jim and Gayle assure us that although the political stability of the country is shaky, they have lived through several coup de ta's, and God will protect us. Please call my mom, and tell her we are safe. Kiss my precious girl, and tell her that I have made friends with the dog here, named, "Mercy". He is our fierce protector at night, and fights off the giant rats and other creatures.

I am learning so much about faith here. The boys are so young, but when one gets sick, the others lay hands on him and prays for him, and God heals. They don't doubt that God will do what He says He will do. They ask, and then watch Him do it. Gotta go sort meds and learn what to do at the clinic tomorrow. Please pray for wisdom for Gayla and I as we hold clinic tomorrow. I have no idea what I am doing. The Holy Spirit will have to guide. P.S. A Lizard crawled across my wall last night. I slept like a baby.

**February 9, 2004**

We finished our first day of clinic today, and I am pretty tired, but glad that God brought us through it. All together, we saw about 200 people, with illnesses ranging from the common cold to tuberculosis. Malnutrition was rampant, and it broke our hearts. It made me feel bad when my plate at lunch was so large I couldn't finish it all. The need here is so great. My heart is breaking. It's a good thing, I think, but it still hurts terribly. The political scene here is rough, and we are limited by it, but God is protecting us, and for that I am so thankful.

Our flight out may be delayed, depending on the political stuff, but we are hopeful and prayerful that this will all blow over soon. We have 2 more days of clinic here at the compound in Montrouis, then it's on to treat some school kids in St. Marc (if the barricades are opened up by then) and Saturday we will go to the beach (if the resistance allows). Truly, God is faithful, and is sheltering us under the shadow of His wings. We are safe and secure in His loving arms, and I pray that he keeps you and LJ as well.

Our god is so GOOD, so strong and so Mighty, there's nothing our God cannot do!

I had a few run-ins with some hungry lizards eating bugs in my room. They really are a blessing, because they eat the creepy crawlies! I am going to name the yellow one "sunshine." I love you both. Stay well.

**February 10, 2004**

Today ripped my heart right out. We saw probably another 150 people today. Mat, I saw a kid with a shunt! Can you believe it? He was 6, had a huge head, was lethargic, bulging eyes, and vomiting, holding his head and crying in pain (sound familiar?). The horror of it was that the shunt didn't have a bubble to pump, and the nearest hospital is blocked off in a war zone 15 minutes away. The Resistance has blockaded St. Marc, and rumors are that Port-au-Prince is blocked as well. We are between these 2 large cities, and have heard very little traffic on the road (not a good sign). We told the mother to meet a man at 5 am who may be able to slip her into Port-Au-Prince before the blockade gets rowdy. We are praying. If this boy doesn't get there, he'll die, and there's nothing I can do about it. We gave him to God's care, and trust Him to do the rest. Gayle seems to think we're not going to be able to get out on Monday, with things as turbulent as they are, so I may be a little delayed getting home. I'll keep you posted. Please do not worry though. I tell you this so you will pray. God is so faithful, and he is keeping us so safe and secure. We are both healthy, and joyful that we are able to carry out the task that He has called us to here. Today, I got a little rattled at things going on nearby, and was reminded of the song, "No Fear." I sang it for Gayla, and she caught on and sang it with me. I cried, not out of fear, but Joy at the work that the Holy Spirit is doing in my heart. He will never leave us or forsake us. I am praying for you and Lauren Jaide every day, that you would have joy, peace, and patience while we're apart. I miss you both so much.

Today, after treating a young man for an infection, he returned with a bunch of neat little souvenirs to sell us! Wasn't that neat? I got LJ's crab bone she asked for, and a few little things to give to the nieces and nephews, and our 3 other kids in Greenville, too. It's a blessing, because we are not safe shopping in the town right now. Our "blanc" appearance is too hard to hide. Please tell my mom that we are ok, peaceful, healthy, and full of joy that we can serve God here. Tell her thanks for her prayers. They're tangible right now.

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