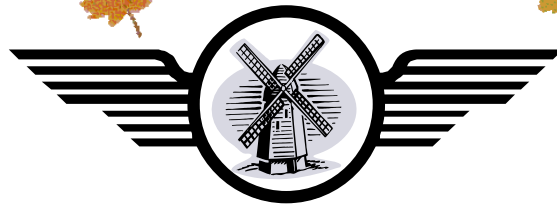


# THE FLYING DUTCHMAN



News from your MAF *33* Missionaries - Craig and Christa Hollander

November 2009

Sometimes this work is hard.

Sure, there's the dirt and the sweat, the pervasive smell of burning trash, the mosquitoes, the sunburns.... But I'm not talking about those annoyances right now. When I say this work is hard, I mean that it can be more than just physically draining.

Stress builds up over time as a result of being chronically short-staffed, daily battles with bad weather, and living life away from the rule of law. But I'm not talking about those stresses right now either. When I say this work is hard, I mean it can be more than just mentally draining.

Sometimes this work is simply emotionally draining.

Like the other day. I arrived at the hangar at 06:45 to start a preflight inspection as usual. Soon after, I was informed that my original flight to Long Bawan had been changed so that I could take a *jenazah*, or body, to the village of Pa'Upan instead. Not exactly a happy way to start the day. Flying the earthly remains of somebody's loved one back to their home village is never very fun. Before departure, there's often a bit of crying by the people who've come to support the family here in Tarakan, but it's usually much worse when we arrive at the destination. As you circle overhead to check the airstrip surface and wind conditions, you can already see the crowd of mourners gathering at the aircraft parking area. After landing, even before the prop stops turning, you can already hear the loud sobbing of the people assembled outside for this somber occasion. Every time this scene plays out before my eyes, I'm reminded of Solomon's words: *"It is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting, for death is the destiny of every man; the living should take this to heart. Sorrow is better than laughter, because a sad face is good for the heart."* (Ecclesiastes 7:2-3) As the wise man said, it doesn't matter what you've done, who you know, or what you have -- the same fate overtakes us all. (But praise God in His limitless mercy, that's not the end of the story! As Jesus said, *"I tell you the truth, a time is coming and has now come when the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God and those who hear will live!"* - John 5:25)

Even so, the other day was worse than normal, at least in the way it affected me. When the ambulance arrived carrying the deceased and his family, I found out that it was a two-year old child who had died. His father walked across the tarmac and up to the plane carrying the swaddled body of his son. As a father of 3 small children myself, that image hit me really hard. After a short prayer with the pastor and a preflight briefing, I needed to put those emotions away for the rest of the day so that this grieving family's tragedy wouldn't divert my focus from flying the airplane safely. When we arrived in Pa'Upan, a hundred people were waiting for us and weeping. Seeing this, the young parents in the back of the plane finally let go. They got out of the plane sobbing and were immediately embraced by the crowd as they made their way off the side of the airstrip and back to their home to bury their son.

That's how my day started. And it was only 9 AM. That's what I mean when I say sometimes this work is hard.

## School Time

Faith started 1st grade a little late this year due to our time in Singapore. Just a day after we arrived home she joined her fellow classmates, Carter (6th grade) and Grace (4th grade) Holsten at the Peningki Hill School with their new teacher, "Aunt" Lynne Bontrager. Lynne comes to us from Oklahoma, and has taught at mission schools in Madrid, Spain, and Wamena, Papua, Indonesia. She has 2 grown children. We are very thankful that Lynne has come to help us out this year. Teaching a multi-grade classroom isn't everyone's idea of fun but we are glad that she has taken on this challenge.



While there may only be 3 kids in the school this year, our program has 14 younger kids who will be starting school in the next few years. We hope and pray that more people like Lynne will be willing to come as short-term teachers and help out in this invaluable way. Interested? Contact MAF at 1-800-FLYS-MAF, or visit the Recruiting website at [www.mafrecruiting.com](http://www.mafrecruiting.com) and click on the teaching link, or email the teacher recruiter at [crask@maf.org](mailto:crask@maf.org) for more information.



Mercy Claire Hollander  
Born on September 7, 2009  
at 5:22 pm  
8 lb 6 oz, 20 ½ inches

## Introducing... the newest Hollander!

As you can see from the announcement, our family was blessed with the arrival of our baby girl in September. We are all doing well despite the frequent lack of sleep. ☺

Only Craig knew we were having a girl since I (and Faith and Sean by default because can you really expect a 6 yr old and a 3 ½ yr old to keep a secret?) wanted to be surprised. Faith was hoping for a sister, and when we told her the news she said, "That's what I've wanted my whole life!" I'm sure I'll have to remind her of that when Mercy gets older. Sean is doing great in his new role as "big" brother. He was hoping for a brother and his response to the news was, "That's ok, next time it will be a brother." Uhhh...Weeeee'll see.

Thank you for your prayers during this time. The kids and I made it to Singapore with no problems. We enjoyed our time there and were very glad to be able to share the experience with our parents who came to help. The 5 of us made it back home to Tarakan on Saturday, October 3<sup>rd</sup> as planned. We were able to get Mercy's visa, albeit at the very last possible moment, but it finally came through. The trip back went as well as can be expected with 3 kids, 6 carry-ons, 6 pieces of checked bags and 1 stroller. Again, thank you so much for all your prayers for us over the last couple months.



# Happy Fall



**"S.E.E.M."**

"S.E.E.M." is short for MAF's Staff Emergency/Essential Medical fund. When we went to Singapore for Mercy's birth, this very helpful MAF program helped us pay for our transportation and housing so we could have access to good medical care at a critical time. If anyone feels led to give to this fund to help other MAF families based overseas with medical travel expenses, you may send a check to the support address listed below and write in the memo line: "Designated Project #0589"

*The Hollanders*  
*Christa, Craig,*  
*Faith, Sean,*  
*and Mercy*



Support Address: Mission Aviation Fellowship ♦ PO Box 47 ♦  
Nampa, ID 83653

Field Address: c/o MAF ♦ Jalan MAF #1 ♦  
Tarakan 77111, Kalimantan Timur ♦ Indonesia

Home Phone: 011-62-551-22960 Email: [CHollander@maf.org](mailto:CHollander@maf.org)

Website: [www.maf.org](http://www.maf.org) Staff webpage: [www.maf.org/Hollander](http://www.maf.org/Hollander)