



An Ominous Day

I had just taken off and it was a morning like any other morning—the airplane was full of people, seven to be exact, and the sky had the usual low hanging fog, like a blanket of cotton atop a spiky mountainous landscape. The air was relatively smooth, and everyone was in high spirits, excited to get back to their village. It was one hour inland, and I had around three and a half hours of fuel onboard. As we neared the destination, the weather started to change. Weather patterns in the jungle are often isolated, and the airstrips are not far apart. The airstrip below us was still shrouded by that thick layer of clouds upon arrival, and a new destination was required. I changed course and headed for a nearby village airstrip.

The other pilots in the area had reported weather was deteriorating rapidly, but they were able to see the runway and land without difficulty in the nearby village of Long Bawan. The quick fifteen-minute flight to Long Bawan revealed a weather pattern that had closed off the airport with heavy rain and low clouds. I switched course again and this time headed to the city of Malinau. Another thirty-minute flight, and approaching Malinau, I began to see lightning in the clouds—this was also a no-go. Changing course again, this time heading for the border of Malaysia, to an airfield I had frequented often. I contacted the air traffic controller, and to my dismay...Nunukan was closed due to a thunderstorm. My heart began to race and my options were now dwindling and the fuel in my tanks was rapidly being inhaled by the C-206 engine. Fuel economizing procedures were the new task at hand as I began to pray and try to hide the beads of sweat rolling down my face, from the passengers who at this point knew something was wrong. The weather patterns today were out of the ordinary. They were widespread, and they were dangerous. I continued evaluating the landing options and made multiple check of the weather at the nearest airports in the area.

The fuel gauges in a Cessna 206 are notoriously inaccurate and cannot be relied upon for anything other than an empty indication. As I worked to keep the airplane out of the clouds and under control, my biggest concern now was how long until this airplane runs out of fuel. Just weeks prior I had installed a secondary fuel flow gauge that is accurate to within minutes/gallons of what is actually in the tanks. As I watched the minutes tick down on my fuel meter and gauges that were already starting to sway back and forth into empty, I considered trying to send out a text message to Sarah asking her to pray, and letting her know I loved her in case the day did not end well.

Just then I received a glimmer of hope from a fellow pilot who was on the ground in Tarakan. He could see blue sky to the north, if I had the fuel to make it back to base, and could navigate the holes in the clouds. I checked the fuel gauges and it looked doubtful, yet the secondary fuel gauge told me I had enough to make it home. After finding a hole through the clouds and low approach into the home base, I landed three hours and twenty minutes later—with 7 gallons or roughly 20 minutes left in the tanks.

Had it not been for the new technology, I may have forced a landing in the jungle. Yet today's avionics provided me with more accurate information to make a wiser decision over the jungles of Borneo that day. This is why I am doing additional training here in Florida now. Modern, reliable avionics makes flying safer, and I am here to make sure all those systems keep working...for those dark days over the jungle, when options may look bleak.



The fuel gauge that saved lives

PRAYER REQUESTS

"But you are the ones chosen by God, chosen for the high-calling of priestly work, chosen to be a holy people, God's instruments to do His work and speak out for Him, to tell others of the night-and-day difference He made for you—from nothing to something, from rejected to accepted." 1 Peter 2:9-10

- For God to help us to grow closer to each other and have a strong relationship foundation to take back overseas
- That Chris would be a good witness to those in his class and have opportunity to share the Gospel with his classmates.
- For Sarah to finish her bible courses for MAF well and glean as much insight as she can for them.
- For our opportunities as a couple to practice hospitality and show God's love in a practical way to those we come in contact with on a daily basis.
- For Chris' sister and brother-in-law and her new born baby, London, as they adjust to parenthood.

INTERESTED IN HELPING OUT?

If you are interested in becoming a ministry partner and need more information, please send us an email:

cdesjardine@maf.org

Donations can be sent to the following address:

Mission Aviation Fellowship
c/o Donor Services
P.O. Box 47
Nampa, ID 83653



Please note it is for the ministry support of Chris & Sarah Desjardine (9006)



Kalimantan's First Kodiak is on its way.

News From the Jungle

For many years MAF has been anticipating the arrival of a turbine powered aircraft to help replace the aging, avgas-using fleet. The anticipation is finally coming to an end as MAF has started to take delivery of the new Kodiak Quest aircraft. Our first Kodiak for Kalimantan is in the process of being ferried to Indonesia, via Europe, and should arrive in Tarakan, in December.

Since our wedding in June, the MAF team in Tarakan has expanded. We have one more pilot/mechanic family with the arrival of the Flythes, and two more families on the way—the Underhills and the Peters. We also have enlarged one more family with the addition of Mercy Clair to the Hollander family.

A well-deserved Thank You

Even in the midst of very unstable economic times and financial hardships so many of you have continued to faithfully give, some even giving more. I want to thank you for your faithful support and generous hearts.



“Dear Friend, when you extend hospitality to Christian brothers and sisters, even when they are strangers, you make the faith visible.” 3 John 1:5

A MISSION FIELD WITHOUT BORDERS

Though we are away from Indonesia for a short time, I never believe we ever truly leave the mission field. It is our sincere desire to be a beacon of light in a dark place. The classroom in which I learn and train on a daily basis has become my mission field. I have had the opportunity to represent our Savior by word and in deed, to those in my sphere of influence, on a daily basis. I have challenged my classmates to be a part of a book study of *The Secret's Men Keep*, by Steve Arterburn. Although only one or two have accepted that offer, I am praying that this can be a vehicle for God's grace and wisdom to be poured into their lives, and that He can be known to these few men who have risked to open up their lives.