



This is a story about a plane
That travelled to and fro,
Collecting friends and special gifts
For a King born years ago.

The plane was piloted by Mike,
An adventurer playing his part.
The youngster flew for MAF,
A charity with lots of heart.

Mike was in the pilot's seat,
Checking things were good to go,
When suddenly he was startled
To see the night sky all aglow!

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about,
To see the strangest sight –
Ahead of him lay darkness,
With just one radiant light.

'Right!' cried Mike, 'I'll follow that star!'
Grabbing sandwiches and a flask of tea.
He began his Christmas mission trip,
And there's space for you and me!

With a front row seat,
You're in for a treat,
Are you ready?
-Off we go!





After many hours travelled,
With Mike expertly flying his plane,
All of a sudden, a runway appeared,
And down to Lesotho they came.

Touching down, in a wintry scene,
The little plane finally stopped.
Mike opened the door to a howling wind,
Into cold, wet snow he dropped.

Behind a small and round stone hut,
A smiling lady came into view,
Pushing a red wheelbarrow,
'We have a gift for you!

'We used to carry water in buckets
Because the roads are really poor.
Thanks to MAF, we have these barrows,
So now we can carry more!

'In case the trek for water is long,
Please take one on your trip.
If you get thirsty along the way,
You can take a little sip!

'Now hurry on, friend, go follow the star,
You know there's no time to lose.
You've got our water wheelbarrow –
Go spread the Christmas news!'





Back in the cockpit, Mike started the plane,
Wondering where next he should land.
But it seemed the brightly shining star
Would lend a helping hand!

Airborne now, and down below,
The land looked lush and green –
A hot, tropical place with rivers wide,
The most beautiful he'd seen!

Looking down at the fuel gauge
Mike realised he was running low.
'At this stop we must refill the tank,
So onwards we can go.'

Mike looked around for someone to ask
Where the fuel drums are all stored.
But he saw some ladies waiting for him,
With a drum full of fuel for onboard.

'Greetings, friend, you're welcome here
On the island of Kalimantan –
We want to bless you on your trip
And fuel the flight as best we can.'

So Mike refuelled, using the drum,
And took along a spare.
Now that his tank was clearly full,
He was grateful he'd landed there.

'Now hurry on, friend, you must take off,
There's not a moment to lose.
Send our love to the baby King,
Go and spread the Christmas news!'





A moment later, the plane took off –
Up, up and high above.
Mike worked the dials to follow the star,
He was guided by God's love.

Down below lay more white sand,
Not many roads could be seen.
But as Mike's plane began to descend,
He could see a badly injured teen.

'Greetings, Mike, we knew you'd come
By following the star so bright.
The quickest way to hospital
Is to get there by MAF flight!

'Please can my daughter go with you,
So she can get medical help?'
'Yes!' Mike replied, rearranging the plane.
'Thank you,' said the patient with a yelp.

'By flying me to the doctor,
I can recover and grow up strong.
So thanks for your speedy service here
Which helps when the journey's long.'

So off they went in Mike's little plane,
Timor-Leste was really hilly.
But Mike knew where the hospital was,
And arrived at the capital – Dili!

Mike gently unloaded the little girl
And placed her in a waiting van.
'Please look after her,' the pilot said,
'Take her to the doctor as quick as you can.'

With the patient in safe hands,
Once again it was time to depart.
So Mike jumped back in his MAF plane –
He was glad to have played his part.

Now it's time to go, they must take off,
There isn't a moment to lose!
Mike wondered where he would go next
To spread the Christmas news.





At the next airstrip not one or two,
But a huge group – a crowd –
Came dancing up towards the plane
As a man emerged and spoke aloud.

'We greet you, Mike, from our Highlands tribe,'
Said the man who seemed in charge.
'You've landed in sunny Papua,
And our gift for you is quite large!

'We've crafted a new church building
With chairs and a Communion table.
Now we'll give all the spares to you,
To keep the King's crib stable.

'For these materials will help to keep
The roof and walls secure,
Watertight and cosy warm,
Sheltered from the rain, we're sure.'

Picking up the construction stuff,
Mike made a little space.
He looked at all the cargo he had,
A massive grin on his face.

Mike quickly waved goodbye,
And the Papuans turned to leave.
He climbed inside his MAF plane,
This adventure was hard to believe!

'Now hurry on, friend,' said the smiling man,
'There's not a moment to lose.
Keep on going, you know the way –
Go spread the Christmas news!'





Descending again so very soon,
Mike saw forests and a mountain peak.
The land below was far away,
Its beauty quite unique.

Then all of a sudden, a tiny strip,
Of what was clearly grass
Appeared out of thick rainforest trees;
A place to land at last!

Carefully opening the cockpit door,
Mike jumped on to the ground.
Some local people in colourful gear
Were dancing all around!

'Mike, you're here – we've walked for miles
To come and greet your plane.
We know you're flying following the star
To take gifts and praise His name!

'Here in PNG, there are tiny pests,
These mosquitos are all around.
They bite and spread a nasty disease,
And make an annoying sound.

'We use these nets over our beds.
This barrier stops them bite.
Maybe it's something the little King could use
To keep him safe at night.

'Now we send you off with our respect
To the babe in Bethlehem.
From the highlands of Papua New Guinea,
To this King who'll save all men.

'So, hurry on, friend,' they waved and danced,
'There's not a moment to lose.
Continue on your journey safe –
Go and spread the Christmas news!'





Not moments after taking flight,
Mike answered another call.
A different community in PNG
Had a gift for the Saviour of all.

Touching down on a bumpy strip,
Mike saw something tall that laughed.
It was Alpha, his beloved friend,
A wonderful, helpful giraffe.

'Welcome, Mike, to the tech team
That helps our towns stay connected.
Through radio we can talk to friends,
So no one is neglected.

'Because I'm tall, I've been able to help
Install these towering radio masts.
They're up and now are working well,
So we can talk to each other at last.

'Please take this HF radio in your plane –
Our nearest hospital is quite a drive.
By radio, we'll ask for an MAF flight.
This technology helps us survive!

'Can I join you?' the giraffe then asked,
'On your journey to see the King?'
'Of course, you can, come sit inside!'
So Alpha hopped right in.

The pair did all the pre-flight checks,
There wasn't a moment to lose!
Off they headed, against the wind
To spread the Christmas news!





Landing on a dusty strip,
Right beside the sea,
Mike realised just how hungry he was
And how he'd love a cup of tea!

But before our friend could look for food,
A tall man wandered near,
Carrying some books, he shouted
'G'dday! I've got cargo for you here!'

Mike had arrived in northern Australia,
A remote place called Arnhem Land.
Jumping down from the plane,
Mike went to give him a hand.

The tall man was a teacher
From a nearby primary school.
So they loaded up the books and pens,
And topped the plane up with more fuel.

'These supplies are so important
To every student this year.
We wanted to give baby Jesus
Something we hold dear.

'So here are books, paper and pens,
Which the little King can use.
Growing up, He'll learn many things
As He tells of God's Good News!

'Living here in Arnhem Land,
Getting supplies can be a pain.
The only way to stock our school
Is to get things by MAF plane.

'Thanks, Mike, for your help,
But now there's no time to lose.
We don't want you to be late –
Go spread the Christmas news!'





Coming in to land again,
Just before it started to rain,
The runway here was nice and clear,
With plenty of room for Mike's plane.

We're now in Mareeba Airport,
Where MAF fixes some of its planes –
Enabling the aircraft to travel
And help in Jesus' name.

Mike hopped down from his plane,
And picked up a heavy box,
Which wasn't handed to him by a man,
But by a friendly fox!

The fox exclaimed, 'Please give me a lift,
I want to see the King.
I don't mind sitting in the back,
Fixing aircraft is my thing!'

'So what's your name?' Mike finally asked
As the fox joined their merry band.
'Foxtrot,' he said, 'I'm an engineer!'
And he proudly shook Mike's hand.

With the toolbox in one silky paw,
The fox bounced onto the plane.
The star was still shining brightly
As Mike prepared to set off again.

'Now let's go, friends,' Foxtrot cried,
'There's not a moment to lose.
We're back on course to see the King –
Let's go spread the Christmas news!'





Mike thought of God as he flew the plane,
And so he began to pray.
He talked to the Lord as the ground appeared,
'Be with us, Father, today.'

Landing again, so far from home,
Mike recognised a place he'd seen
On TV, as he'd watched the news –
Earthquake damage on the screen.

'Haiti,' Foxtrot kindly explained,
'These people need your plane,
To help the ones who lost their homes
And must start over again.'

Walking towards them came a group
Carrying what looked like a tent.
Mike noticed the rubble all around
And realised what their gift meant.

'A shelter for the baby King,
We heard He's far from home.
A stable's the place the Saviour lives,
With hay in a crib for a throne.

'May this tent be useful when He grows,
And He travels far and wide,
Telling people of God's great love,
With the Holy Spirit as His guide.

'Now hurry on, Mike, you must take off,
There's not a moment to lose.
Add this tent to all the cargo you have –
Go, spread the Christmas news!'





Leaving Haiti far behind,
The little plane travelled east
Over rainforest and mountain top,
It was beautiful to say the least!

A strange noise could then be heard,
Coming from the plane's engine.
'I can fix it!' Foxtrot cried,
Clutching tools and giving a grin.

While Foxtrot tightened screws and bolts,
The others spied people below.
Emerging from the rainforest's trees,
They shouted a loud 'Hello!'

'We've been waiting for you, pilot Mike,
In Suriname you've landed.
We'd like to give you a special gift',
And to him a basket was handed.

'Your plane will be fixed in no time at all,
But in the meantime, let's just say,
The food parcel here will hopefully help
You celebrate the King's birthday.'

So they loaded the large food parcel inside,
As Foxtrot jumped up and cheered.
'Our little plane is now good as new,
The problem has disappeared!'

As Mike shut the door and started to wave,
The people began to cheer.
'Farewell,' they cried, 'Now off you go,
With your gift for the baby dear.

'Time is ticking, you must take off,
There's not a moment to lose.
May the star guide you as you fly –
Go, spread the Christmas news!'





It didn't take the three friends long
Before they touched down in Brazil.
They loved visiting different countries,
Meeting people was such a thrill!

Once again, there were people waiting
With happy and friendly smiles.
There was nothing but rainforest all around,
So they must have walked for miles.

'Here are some oxygen cannisters
To help people breathe when they're sick.
Simply place a mask over their face –
This generally does the trick!

'The last few years have been so hard,
We're blessed to have some spare.
Please take them to the baby King,
We're so pleased that we can share.'

Alpha loaded up the plane,
She was happy to take charge.
It was good that she was big and strong,
For the cannisters were quite large.

Mike turned the engine on,
It was time to leave once more.
Speeding off down the short runway,
The plane began to soar.

'Sit tight everyone,' Mike told his friends,
'There's not a moment to lose.
We have a journey that's still pretty long,
So let's go spread the Christmas news!'





After another long, tiring flight,
Foxtrot noticed the fuel gauge was low.
They would need to get it topped right up,
For they still had a long way to go.

In Liberia, their next stop, they landed,
And Mike hopped out to the ground.
He refuelled the plane with expert speed,
So the trio could then look around.

They all saw a very small hospital,
Unlike those they'd seen before.
It had very few beds and doctors –
The sad result of a civil war.

A doctor came and greeted the group,
'We teach parents to do first aid,
So they can help the ill and injured,
For there aren't many medics,' he said.

'Here, take this spare first aid kit,
It's our gift for the glorious King.'
Alpha opened it up and looked inside,
To see bandages, plasters and slings!

'Thank you!' said the cheery friends,
'This will be very handy indeed.
For where we're going on our trip
There is also a great need.'

'Off we go,' shouted Alpha,
'There's not a moment to lose.
We're over halfway there now!
Let's go, spread the Christmas news!'





As he flew on, Mike noticed below,
A shiny, new plane on the ground.
He knew they had reached Angola,
Where the old plane was no longer sound.

Two friendly faces approached the group –
'Hi, we're ferry pilots Dylan and Val.
We left Canada in this new aircraft,
And need to get home somehow!

'You see, the old plane *Wings of Hope*,
Is beyond repair,' Val said.
'So *Wings of Love* will join the fleet,
To serve Angola in years ahead.

'From an international airport
We can fly home to where we live.
But we need a lift to the airstrip,
Please can we both come with?'

When Mike nodded and welcomed them in,
The pilots put their bags in the crate.
They took their seats by pilot Mike –
Another pair of hands would be great!

'You can have a rest, Mike,
As we can fly planes too.
It's the least that we can offer.'
So Mike smiled and said, 'Thank you!'

'Okay,' said Alpha, 'full steam ahead,
There's not a moment to lose!'
And they headed for the airport,
To go, spread the Christmas news.





Looking down, far below,
Lots of planes appeared.
'We'll be able to get home from Guinea!'
The two ferry pilots cheered.

And so they all said goodbye,
As the pilots hurried on their way.
'Lord, keep them safe on their journey,'
Mike sat and quietly prayed.

The plane was already getting full,
There were so many gifts on the floor.
All of a sudden, two people arrived,
Which explained the knocking on the door.

'Hello! We're Bible translators,
We'd be grateful for a flight.
The journey by road is quite dangerous,
And gives us all a fright!

'Please take us to a remote village
Where there's a massive need.
We're off to offer some helpful support
To those without Bibles to read.

'For there aren't any copies of Scripture
In a language they understand.
But when we're finished, they'll be able to read
The promises in God's Word first-hand.'

The village appeared – it didn't take long,
So the missionaries hopped from the plane.
The many hours they'd have spent in a car
Would have been too much of a strain.

'It's time for us to leave you now,
So thanks for your aircraft, Mike.
It's been such a lovely journey;
You've saved us quite a hike!

'Now fly to your next destination,
There's not a moment to lose.
You must keep going, it's so important
To go, spread the Christmas news!'





As they flew, Alpha took the time,
To peer out the window on the left.
'I can see row upon row of shelters here,
And some people looking depressed.'

In the Democratic Republic of Congo,
Mike swooped down to land again.
He could see a crowd on the airstrip
Of women who'd suffered great pain.

'We had to leave our homes behind;
When the fighting started, we fled.
Now we live in a refugee camp,
Free from fear and dread.

'When MAF came to kindly help us,
They taught us how to sew.
So now we can make a living,
Selling clothes that are good to go.

'Please take this little sewing machine
As our gift to the Christmas King.
Maybe His mum could use this device
To make some clothes for Him.'

'Perfect!' smiled friendly Foxtrot,
As he stowed the gift away.
'Please, Lord, protect these refugees,'
Mike softly began to pray.

'Now hurry, Mike, go follow that star –
There's not a moment to lose.
Keep this machine nice and safe
As you spread the Christmas news!'





The journey, it seemed, would still be long,
So Mike had time to ask
Some questions of his passengers
As he sipped tea from a flask.

'It's a mystery,' Foxtrot finally said,
Nibbling a sandwich filled with ham.
'But I know the new-born babe
Is part of God's rescue plan.

'He sent His Son to save the earth –
To end all sadness and pain.
With a big, bright star to lead us there,
As we travel inside this plane!'

Mike was enjoying his adventure,
And as the plane came in to land,
He wondered who they'd meet this time,
As he saw an island covered in white sand.

'Welcome to Madagascar, friends!'
Said a friendly lady carrying a box.
'These vaccines are most precious to us',
And she handed the gift to the fox.

'In this place, our children get sick,
But these vaccines help them pull through.
To protect the precious Christmas King,
Please take these medicines with you.

'Thanks for coming, Mike and friends,
But there's really no time to lose.
You've still got a pretty long journey,
So go, spread the Christmas news!'





The plane took off, then descended once more.
Soon they were coming in to land.
But Mike could see an unusual sight –
A passenger he hadn't planned.

A group of people were gathered around
A very strange looking creature.
Mike couldn't help feeling a little surprised
At the sight of this scaly anteater.

This rather cute, armadillo-like beast,
Had thick, protective scales,
A small head with a lengthy snout,
And a long, dinosaur-like tail.

Jumping down from the plane,
The trio carefully approached.
'Please can you help this creature,
And prevent it from being poached?

'We've rescued him from hunters,
Who wanted him for his meat.
We have a box in which he can hide,
So he doesn't need a seat.'

The animal was a pangolin,
Mike had never seen one before.
He agreed to take it to a rehab centre,
Where there's always room for one more.

So they carried the pangolin onto the plane
And took off into the sky.
It wasn't long before they touched down,
Passing him to a waiting guy.

'I'm glad the pangolin's safe,' said Mike,
'But there isn't any time to lose!
It's time for the next adventure,
Let's go spread the Christmas news!'





Mike and his friends were happy
Now Mozambique had been explored,
But they need to reach their next stop,
So into the clouds they soared.

As the aircraft landed in Tanzania,
A wooden stick punctured the tyre.
'Oh no,' said Mike, 'It's losing air!
Now things are looking dire.'

Foxtrot crouched and looked at the wheel,
It wouldn't be easy to mend.
'I don't have all the parts we need,
Is there someone we can call, dear friend?'

It wasn't long before two people appeared –
'We can find what you need – don't worry!'
And so they quickly drove away,
They knew the trio were in a hurry.

As good as their word, they soon returned –
They had found the parts they needed.
Soon the plane was good as new,
'Take a spare tyre with you,' they pleaded.

'Safe travels, friends, it's time to get going,
There's not a moment to lose.
You're on an important mission,
Go, spread the Christmas news!'





Their next stop was an African land
Where safari lions roar.
And down below, Mike could see
A village that looked fairly poor.

Looking around, Mike heard a sound,
Coming from the villagers' homes.
And towards him dancers dressed in red
Picked their way across the stones.

'Greetings, Mike, we hail the King!
Were their words of their happy song.
'We've bought our gift for your big crate,
We've been waiting for so long!

'The lake around here is so deep,
We must keep our kids from danger.
Please take these spare life jackets
For the baby born in a manger.

'We praise the Lord for MAF,
And how, with you, time *flies*.
Your flights help us to keep kids safe –
Bringing help, saves many lives.

'We send our praise from Kenya.
We'll sing you on your way.
God bless you as you fly along
As it's nearly Christmas Day!

'Now hurry along, you're nearly there,
There's not a moment to lose.
Take the life jackets to the little King,
Go spread the Christmas news!





Landing soon in a place nearby –
Uganda to be precise –
Mike noticed an airstrip below him
Alongside some fields of rice.

Near the runway was a young man,
With a beaming smile on his face.
He raced towards the landing spot,
Driving a wheelchair at quite a pace!

'Hello Mike, Alpha, and Foxtrot too,
I'm glad you all stopped here.
My name is Jackson, with a gift for the King –
Something that I hold dear!

'This blue wheelchair was flown to me,
By MAF many years ago.
And now I study medicine at school,
So please take this chair when you go.

'For this one helped me get about,
And someone may have similar needs.
And anyone who sits in this
Can travel at great speed!

'Now hurry on, Mike, go follow that star,
There's not a moment to lose –
I hope this wheelchair can be of use,
As you spread the Christmas news!





Flying north above a river,
Mike entered South Sudan –
A place where war had bruised the land,
And left people fleeing from harm.

The airstrip was so very remote,
Mike landed near a boggy spot.
Coming towards him was a man
With a giant cooking pot!

'That's massive,' Mike thought to himself;
In his plane there seemed no room.
The hold was full of everyone's gifts –
This adventure must end soon!

'Welcome here to South Sudan,
Your journey's end is near.
This pot is used to feed many kids –
You can see their school from here!

'The schoolkids would go hungry,
Unless we fed them well.
When tummies are full, it's easier to learn,
Which is why they can all count and spell.

'As you fly off, please remember us,
And don't forget to pray
That the hard-pressed people of South Sudan,
Will find true peace one day.

'We've heard about a holy child
Born in a land that's quite far.
We pray His peace will heal our world,
Now it's time to follow that star!

'Hurry on, Mike, you're almost there,
There's not a moment to lose.
Take this pot for the King –
Go, spread the Christmas news!'





The plane took off, and night drew near,
The horizon all aglow.
And yet there was another stop,
The place was down below.

A dusty desert with deep golden sand
Was where the plane touched down.
Another gift for the young King
Waited in the nearby town.

'Greetings friends, welcome to Chad,
I need to give this to you.
It's something that has helped a lot,
Maybe it can help baby Jesus too.

'Before these helpful panels arrived,
We couldn't see when it was night.
Then we installed them on the roof,
And now there's reliable light!'

'Solar power is what it's called,
Using energy from the sun.
But enough of all this talking,
We know there's a job to be done!

'So take our gift for the Christmas babe,
To power some heat and light!
Carefully place it in your plane –
You'll be there in a couple of nights.

'Cheerio, Mike, have a safe flight,
There's really no time to lose.
These panels will help light up the room,
Go spread the Christmas news!'





Heading south, Mike decided
To look in the Bible and read.
He turned to a book called Isaiah –
The words were wonderful indeed.

*'For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given.'*
Those verses are about our King,
Towards Him MAF's plane was well driven.

Alpha the giraffe knew a lot,
What she said might make you pause.
'Christmas really ought to mean
Much more than Santa Claus...'

After flying over the oceans,
Mike saw PNG below.
Although he was starting to get tired,
He knew onwards he must go.

Once again Mike was greeted
By a friendly crowd.
'Wow, Mike, you've almost done it!
You must be very proud.

'Thanks for dropping by again
Before your final stop.
We've got one last gift for the King,
It will balance nicely on top.

'It's a stack of well-loved Bibles,
A tower neat and tall.
Its life-giving message of hope
Is of great value to us all!

'When you find Him, give our praise,
And tell this story far and wide,
That God's own Son is here on earth;
He has come to be our guide.

'Though you drink now, you'll thirst once more,
But Jesus can help you, then.
He'll give you water for eternal life,
And you'll never thirst again!

'Now off you fly, you must take off,
The night is drawing in.
Soon you'll see it's Christmas Day,
And the party can begin!'





It's Christmas Day, and Mike's small plane
Has reached the baby King.
With Jesus' gifts inside the hold,
They could barely all fit in!

Foxtrot and Alpha had so much fun
On their adventure far and wide.
They're glad that you could join them too,
And hope you enjoyed the ride!

But your adventure in Mike's small plane
Is part of God's big plan,
To tell the world about His love
And help those who need a hand.

So don't forget that MAF
Is an airline that brings aid,
Reminding the world throughout the year
Of the gift that Jesus made.

Happy Christmas one and all,
Enjoy this special day.
May God who loves you, give you peace
And bless you in every way!

