



## DR. BOB C. GREEN & THE AERONCA CHAMP

**H**AVING BEEN BORN DURING WORLD WAR II AND GROWING UP IN THE POST WAR YEARS, BROTHER GREEN COULD ONLY DREAM OF BECOMING A PILOT. HIS DREAM OF LEARNING TO FLY SEEMED LIKE AN "IMPOSSIBLE" ONE.

**H**OWEVER, IN 1963, WHILE A FRESHMAN AT INDIAN RIVER COMMUNITY COLLEGE, HIS PARENTS, BOB AND EDRIS GREEN, GAVE HIM A CHECK THAT ALLOWED HIM TO BEGIN FLIGHT INSTRUCTION IN AN AERONCA CHAMP 7AC SIMILAR TO THIS ONE. LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT HIS DREAM OF BECOMING A PILOT WOULD BECOME A LIFE-CHANGING REALITY. HE ACCEPTED CHRIST AS HIS PERSONAL SAVIOR IN 1955 AND SURRENDERED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IN 1959. HE FLEW THE AERONCA CHAMP SOLO FOR THE FIRST TIME ON JANUARY 8, 1964. JUST THREE YEARS LATER, IN JANUARY OF 1967, HE AND HIS WIFE, PATSY, WERE APPROVED AS MISSIONARIES WITH BIM I TO SERVE IN CENTRAL AMERICA. THIS BOOK TELLS OF SOME OF THE FLYING EXPERIENCES THAT BROTHER GREEN ENJOYED THROUGH THE PAST 51 YEARS, THOSE OF SOME OF HIS ASSOCIATES AND HOW, AS A MISSIONARY CHURCH-PLANTER, GOD TRULY GAVE HIM WINGS.



A MISSIONARY GOD GAVE WINGS ♦ ♦ ♦ DR. BOB C. GREEN

# A MISSIONARY GOD GAVE WINGS



**BOB C. GREEN, D. MIN.**

**A Missionary  
God Gave Wings**

**By**

**Bob C. Green, D. Min.**

Note: Biblically speaking, the angels in heaven were created as such long before God created the world and mankind. People do not become angels when we die and neither do we “earn” a set of wings or a place in heaven by doing good deeds. The truth is angels don’t have wings either. There are winged creatures (seraphims) mentioned in the Scripture, but each time angels appear they have the appearance of men (Acts 1:10-11, Genesis 18:2, 19:1-5). The writer does not intend to give the impression that “he somehow earned his wings from God. The theme of the book is that God, in His mercy and grace, allowed Dr. Green and others to learn to fly and use aviation as a tool for serving God and His purposes in reaching the world with the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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Cover Picture:

In 2006 Jack Hunt and Dr. Green flew N830P to Oshkosh, WI for the EAA AirVenture and the conference on missionary aviation sponsored by the Wyldewood Baptist Church. The Piper Cherokee 140 was a project in a basket when he bought it. With the help of John Pruden (IA) and Ronnie Bell he completely rebuilt it and reregistered it as N830P. This call sign represents Patsy’s (his wife’s) birthday and initial. Todd Bell flew the plane in his church-planting ministry in Maine for several years. You can read about this flight in the book.

## CAPTAIN BOB WARINNER AND HIS WIFE JUANITA

This page is dedicated to Captain Bob Warinner and his wife Juanita, the founders of "Wings As Eagles" Mission Air Service and members of the Wyldewood Baptist Church, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

***But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint. Isaiah 40:31***

Since this page is dedicated to the Warinners I thought it appropriate to introduce them by sharing a brief aviation story from the days before they were married.

How to impress a girl on the first date: *My First Date with Juanita*, submitted by Captain Bob Warinner.

Juanita's family was at a Sunday school picnic at a park just West of Minneapolis, Minnesota. I picked Juanita up at her home, and we drove to Crystal Airport, located on the Northwest side of Minneapolis, where I rented a Piper PA-12 Super Cruiser, which had tandem seating, the pilot sitting in the front. I had not done much flying in the Minneapolis area and so was somewhat unfamiliar with the terrain. With Juanita being raised in the area, she was very familiar, and we were able to find the place of the Sunday school picnic without too much trouble. Upon arriving over the picnic area I circled several times rocking my wings and doing the best that I could to impress folks and especially Juanita.

I was 19 years old at the time and had had my commercial pilot's license just a few months. After doing our performance over the picnic area, I decided it was time to

fly back to Crystal Airport. Without checking my compass I rolled out on a westerly heading, thinking I was heading east, which would take us back to Minneapolis. I flew for several minutes and suddenly realized I should be seeing the Foshay tower, a building standing a little over 400 feet tall in downtown Minneapolis.

It was a beautiful clear day and the tower should have been in sight. I checked my compass and saw that we were heading westbound instead of eastbound back toward Minneapolis and Crystal Airport. I decided to make a 180 degree turn and head back to the East, which of course in my mind is now West. As I made my turn, sure enough there was the Foshay tower in sight on the distant horizon, as well as much of the city of Minneapolis. The compass in my brain is now 180 degrees out of phase and though I know I'm heading the right direction, I am now confused as to the correct location of Crystal Airport. As we approach the suburbs of Minneapolis I turned around and ask Juanita if she recognizes anything, and she said, "yes we're over Miracle Mile shopping center and my house is right back over there", pointing to the Southwest, I then asked her where she thought Crystal Airport would be, and she said, "Oh, that would be up that way," pointing toward the North. She, of course, thought I was just testing her ability to be oriented while airborne. I made a left turn, which in my mind now, would be turning to the South. After completing the turn, the compass in my head finally came back in sync and we flew safely to the airport and made a safe landing. Juanita was very impressed, so I had succeeded in my mission!

Juanita had no idea of the mental gymnastics that I was going through that day and I conveniently failed to tell her until many years later. We got married seven months later and have now been married for 57 years -- 33,000 hours of flight time.

## Repentance Illustrated

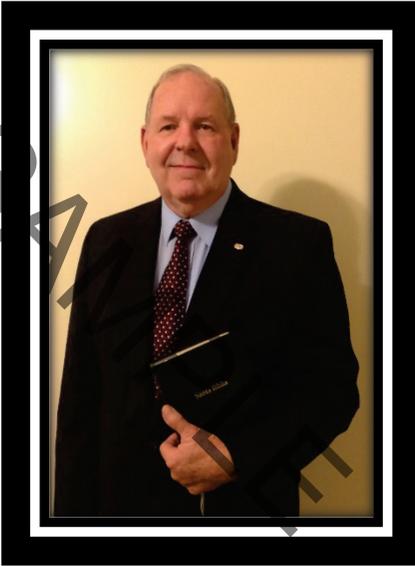
Some years ago I began to share this story seeing it as a perfect picture of repentance. In order for us to find our way home that day, no matter how I felt or what was going through my mind I had to make a 180 degree change in my direction in order to find our way home. Continuing to fly in the wrong direction, could have had disastrous results. Biblical repentance means a complete change of our thinking and direction. The first change is the realization that one has been living a life that is not pleasing to God – going in the wrong direction. Realizing our error we do an about face (180° turn) and trust Him as Lord and Savior.

It is a blessing to share this story at the very beginning of this book. The Warinners are wonderful people who love God, each other and others.

SAMPLE

PAGES

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Dr. Bob Chapman Green was born in Fort Pierce, Florida on September 23, 1943 to Bob and Edris Green. He came to the Lord in 1955 when he was 12 years of age through the ministry of Fairlawn Baptist Church. He surrendered to preach the Gospel when 16 years old. He graduated from Dan McCarty High School in 1961. In 1967 he graduated with a B.A degree with a major in

Bible from Tennessee Temple College. Brother Green has since earned a M.A. and two D.Min degrees.

He and Patsy (Deitz) of Asheville, North Carolina were married on July 15, 1965. They were approved by Baptist International Missions, Inc. (BIMI) in January, 1967 to serve as missionaries in Central America. They served for a number of years doing church planting in Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Mexico and ultimately in El Salvador. Some of the most productive years were those when they served as a part of the IBERO Bible Institute and as co-founders of the Miramonte Baptist Church in San Salvador. Bob and Patsy also served six years in San Miguel, El Salvador and founded and established the Tabernáculo Bautista de San Miguel. The two churches in El Salvador which they helped to start and establish have reproduced themselves under national leadership and have planted many dozens of daughter churches, mostly

in the eastern sector of the country.

Brother Green is also a Private Pilot and aviation mechanic (A&P). He used the aircraft as a tool for evangelism, church planting, transportation for Christian workers and emergency medical flights.

The Greens have also served among the Spanish speaking people living in the United States. They have assisted English speaking churches in several States to establish Spanish ministries to reach Hispanics with the Gospel of Christ. On several occasions they were involved in either establishing autonomous Hispanic churches or assisting other missionaries in the effort.

They continue to serve Christ as missionaries with BIML. Brother Green is Hispanic Ministries Representative and Aviation Ministries Director. Bob and Patsy live in Harrison, Tennessee.

The Greens have two children, Susan, married to Kevin, Timothy, married to Tracie, and seven grandchildren: Hannah (and husband Mitch), Danielle, Joshua, Hunter, Logan, Natalie, and Eric.

## PREFACE

I sincerely believe that God ordains many things in our lives. He is the giver of life, both physical life through our parents and spiritual life through our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and the work of the Holy Spirit as we are born a second time into the family of God (John 1:11-13). He knows us from the moment we are conceived in our mother's womb (Jeremiah 1:5) and gives to each of us characteristics and qualities that can be used for His glory. I am grateful to Him for the way He made me and **the life that He has given to me**. I am thankful for my parents, my three brothers, Jerry, Ray and Mike, the desire to honor Him, and yes, even to fly airplanes for His glory. I thank Him for working in my heart so that the desire to know Him and His will came at a very early age.

Dr. Bob C. Green  
September, 2015

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## GLOSSARY OF AVIATION TERMS

A&P	Airframe and Power plant
AD	Airworthiness Directive
ADF	Automatic Direction Finder
IA	Inspection Authorization
ATC	Air Traffic Control
ATIS	Automatic Terminal Information Service
BFR	Biennial Flight Review
CHT	Cylinder Head Temperature
EGT	Exhaust Gas Temperature
ETA	Expected Time of Arrival
ETD	Expected Time of Departure
FAA	Federal Aviation Administration
GPS	Global Positioning System
IFR	Instrument Flight Rules
ILS	Instrument Landing System
MP	Manifold Pressure
MOA	Military Operations Area
MPH	Miles Per Hour
NDB	Non Directional Radio Beacon
RPM	Revolutions Per Minute
TBO	Time Before Overhaul
TT	Total Time
TTAE	Total Time Airframe & Engine
TTSMO	Total Times Since Major Overhaul
VFR	Visual Flight Rules
VOR	Visual Omni Range

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## INTRODUCTION

The title of this book came about after much prayerful meditation. I have long realized that God's primary calling in my life has been the call to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This calling has taken precedence in my life and all other interests have been subordinate to it. Because of this calling, my service as a missionary has been characterized by evangelistic preaching and church planting.

A biblical missionary is "one sent on a mission with a message" -- the message that God the Father loves the peoples of the world and that He sent His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to die on the cross of Calvary to pay the sin debt owed by all people and that by His grace we can all have forgiveness of sin and eternal life through faith in Him alone. It is not my intention to offend anyone or to minimize the value of the efforts of those who daily serve God in noble ways howbeit without the proclamation of the vital message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The passion of my heart has been to proclaim this soul-saving, life-changing, Christ-honoring message. I have never been shy about the title of missionary. On the other hand I have hesitated to refer to myself as a missionary pilot.

The Lord be thanked and praised for those who serve Him in providing air transportation to the missionary preachers of the Gospel, but there is a desperate need for God called individuals, preachers of the Gospel, who have aviation skills to wing the Gospel to the many unreached peoples of the world. There are men who are able to "compartmentalize" their attention so that when on the ground they can be all "preacher, pastor, or missionary." On the other hand when they are working as an aviation mechanic or preparing for a flight, or when actually performing the duties of a pilot, they are 100% into those

duties. From my personal experience of flying for nine years while a church planter in El Salvador, and from observing the ministries of other missionaries who are preachers, pilots and mechanics, I know this can be done – by His grace.

SAMPLE

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# CHAPTER ONE

## MY EARLY INTEREST IN AVIATION

In the late 1940s, I would have only been six or seven years old, but even at that young age I was fascinated with the planes and ships that made history during World War II (WWII). My dad served in the US Coast Guard as a Seaman First Class during the war. Of course, he was my hero and I thought he could do anything. He was the most honest, strong, and courageous man in the whole world. He manned a 40mm anti-aircraft gun on the *USS Casper*. It was his job to aim and fire the twin barreled gun. The other two men assigned to the gun were constantly loading the ammunition clips. The Twin 40s were on each side of the ship about half way back toward the stern. It was exciting to see guns and ships like Dad's in action in the war movies shown at the local theater. If my memory serves me correctly, we even had a small military vessel of some sort with a gun similar to Dad's, docked at the shallow port in Fort Pierce, Florida, where I was born and raised.

### Studying The Planes Of WWII

My dad's military service stirred my interest in military planes too. Of course, as a gunner he had to study and learn the shapes and markings of the various military planes that would be potential targets. The Japanese Zero was my least favorite, probably because it was the most prominent of the enemy fighter planes in the Pacific. For this reason I never had interest in building a plastic model of the Japanese Zero.

The twin engine, twin tail Lightning P-38, on the other hand, was one of my favorites among the U.S. fighters active in the war against Japan. It was not long before I started building and collecting plastic models of the P-38,

the P-40 used by the Flying Tigers in China, and the FU4 Corsair, called “Whistling Death” by the Japanese because of the whistling sound it made when in a dive. The rugged gull-wing Corsair was flown by the Marines and Naval pilots. I remember very well the day that a former Marine pilot flew a Corsair into Ft. Pierce. He had evidently flown one during his active duty with the military. It was an impressive plane. It was big, or should I say big and tall? The prop was about 12 feet in diameter. He kept the plane at the Ft. Pierce Airport for a few weeks and then advertised it for sale for the same amount he had paid for it—\$3,500. Can you imagine that? A Corsair today would be worth two million dollars, especially one that is in flying condition! Oh well, my salary in 1961 of \$1.00 an hour would not allow me to buy an airplane. It would have made a nice investment for sure. Model airplanes were more in my price range.

A plastic model of the P-39 Cobra was readily available. The engine of the P-39 was located behind the pilot’s seat. The Cobra had the bad characteristic of being “tail heavy” or having a negative center of gravity (CG). This was especially true when the store of ammunition in the nose of the plane was depleted. When a plane has a negative center of gravity or in other words is tail heavy, it is more prone to *tail spins*. The flight manual in some aircraft like the P-39 suggested that the only escape from a tail spin was to leave the airplane by parachute—unless you can climb out on the nose of the plane and give it a forward CG. (Oh, in case you didn’t know, the last part of that sentence is my doing and is pure nonsense.)

### **Spin Training**

I had spin recovery training later on in my effort to learn how to safely fly an airplane. A flight instructor named J.R. McDaniel gave me that bit of instruction in a Citabria (which is the word *airbatic* spelled backwards). He was to

check me out in it so I could rent it. He asked if I had ever done a spin. I had not done one, so he proceeded to show me how to spin the airplane, but more importantly—how to recover from the spin. Recovery involved moving the stick *forward* and thus gently pushing the nose of the airplane down, which allowed the plane to gain airspeed. It seemed to me as a student pilot that the solution was contradictory. If the plane was going down, it seemed normal to pull back on the stick—not push it forward. In a spin the plane does not have flying speed. It is more or less fluttering down in a tight spinning circle. Only by pushing the nose *downward* could it gain enough speed to begin flying once more. It was also necessary to neutralize the ailerons and apply opposite rudder to that of the spinning turn. In our case it was necessary to apply right rudder. Without the ability to lower the nose, there was no recovery. Planes like the P-39 could be killers in more than one way.

Proverbs 16:25 states:

***“There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.”***

How many student pilots have crashed and died because they inadvertently entered a spin and held the stick or control yoke all the way back into their lap, thinking that it would pull the nose up as in normal flight? In life, God’s way is not what always seems right to us, but His ways are always right.

### **P-51 Mustang**

By far, my favorite fighter was the P-51 Mustang. The Mustang saw more action in Europe and North Africa than in the Pacific. The British “Spitfire” with its Merlin twelve cylinder inline engine had the same unique sound as the Mustang. The powerful Merlin engine that replaced the American manufactured engines proved to be a better

engine for the Mustang. The Merlin's turbo-charging system allowed the Mustang to operate at the higher altitudes necessary to escort the Allied bombers (B-17s, etc.) as they made bombing raids on Germany. The distinct sound of the Merlin engine always catches my attention.

The ceiling in my bedroom was decorated with the various plastic models of the WWII vintage fighter planes and bombers like the B-17 and B-25. I enjoyed reading books such as "Great American Fighter Pilots of World War II" by Robert D. Loomis (Random House, New York, NY) and later "Jungle Pilot" by Russell T. Hitt. These great books allowed me to learn a little concerning what it was to fly airplanes in a time of war, but also some of the flying achievements of Missionary Nate Saint as he flew in the jungles of South America.

One day shortly after I started taking flying lessons, a pilot in a Mustang landed at our local airport for fuel. Someone convinced him to do a flyby when he departed. He took off and made a wide circle around the airport in order to line up on the north-south runway. He came in at about 50 feet above the ground at what seemed like full throttle. Surely he was doing 300 mph plus. In a heartbeat he was by us and pulling the beautiful plane up into an almost vertical climb. At 7,000–8,000 feet he leveled her off and disappeared in the distance. WOW! That was flying!

### **Military Coup In El Salvador**

While living in San Salvador (1970–1972), I had a firsthand encounter with a P-51. On a Friday night, we heard noises of what we thought were firecrackers. When we got up the next morning, the water and lights were off all over our area of the city. We heard low flying airplanes, as well as the continuing firecracker noises. The noises we were hearing were not firecrackers at all but military style

weapons being fired. There had been a military coup. A high-ranking military officer had the soldiers under his command kidnap the president of El Salvador and his daughter. They were being held in some part of the city. The rebel soldiers were holding a military installation that was located across the street from the home of a pastor friend of the Bruce Bell Family. Bruce was concerned because his oldest son Bruce Jr. had spent the night with those friends. He came to our house to ask if I would accompany him to bring Bruce Jr. home. It could be risky but I was more than willing to go with him.

We pulled onto the street in front of the friend's home and could hear the sound of anti-aircraft guns being fired. I was sure they were 40 mm cannons. The pastor friend and Bruce Jr. came out into the street to greet us. While the four of us stood there in front of his house, I heard the familiar sound of a P-51 Mustang. I shielded my eyes from the bright noonday sun to scan for the plane making the noise. Squinting, I could make out the form of a Mustang in a steep climb. It was indeed the target at which the anti-aircraft guns were shooting. At about 3,000 feet above the surface, the Mustang rolled over into a dive. The plane was heading down on a strafing or bombing run. The target was the fort across the street from where we were standing. Boom, boom, boom, boom, the cannons continued to fire! At about 2,000 feet I noticed two black specks fall off the bottom of the wings of the Mustang. The pilot had released his two bombs.

I shouted to the others, **"We had better take cover. Get into the house!"** The pastor responded, "Oh, we will be okay. There is no danger." Bruce and Bruce Jr. and I had already made it inside the door of his house about the time he caught up to us. Suddenly, the first bomb exploded in the street about half a block away. The second bomb landed in the courtyard of the fort just over the fence about

50 yards away. When the first bomb exploded, it threw large rocks and pieces of pavement in a horizontal trajectory past the pastor's front door. We missed being hit by just a few seconds.

The Mustang flew away in the direction of the airport, probably to reload. With the Mustang gone, the cannons were silent. I suggested to Bruce that we take advantage of the lull to leave the area—**immediately!** I also repeated my warning to the pastor and his family. Bruce was more than in favor and the Buenos also headed toward their vehicle. As we reached the corner where the bomb had fallen in the street, we could see the 30–40 foot wide, 3 feet deep hole the bomb explosion had made. If the bomb had fallen on their house, it would have destroyed it and probably killed us all. I have always wanted to fly a Mustang, but never again do I want to be on the business end of a bombing run! This experience made a lasting impression on my mind. The experience was a stark reminder that the planes that I loved so much were designed to kill. The Lord graciously protected us. Within a few hours the coup was settled, the president and his daughter were rescued and things in El Salvador returned to normal.

It is amazing now as I reflect on my early childhood and interest in aviation. My understanding was that you had to be wealthy and some sort of genius to become a pilot. It seemed to be completely out of my reach. Later on, I realized that in civilian aviation it was indeed, generally speaking, those who had some financial resources who could learn to fly and even own their own airplanes. The military pilots had Uncle Sam to foot the bill, but he was very selective in choosing aviation candidates. Math and science were key subjects in school in preparation for future training as a pilot. Fighter pilots usually came from the military academies. Those early experiences with