



WINTER 2004 VOLUME 21 NUMBER 1

We hope you enjoy this Silver Anniversary edition of *Simroots*. Thank you to each one who donated funds to it to make it possible. And a big thanks goes to Grace Anne (Seeger) Swanson for our fresh new logo: the four trees represent our merged missions and the roots are our common heritage as SIM MKs.

25th Anniversary

You might be wondering why this is Volume 21 when it's our 25th anniversary. You'll find the answers in our first article—reflections from Jack Long, the first editor of *Simroots*.

Following Jack are comments by his sister, Cherry (Long) Sabathne,

who became the second editor. After that is an interview with the present editor (that's me!) Be sure to note all the people who've had a part in keeping this dream alive throughout the past 25 years. We thought you'd also be interested in reading the opening article of the November 1983 issue, and we included a review of our Mission Statement.

In each school section, you'll find reflections and reminiscences or pertinent information about upcoming reunions. Don't see your school represented? Send in your submissions today! Catch up on the current lives of your classmates in "News Updates" and be sure to check out the book section as we're promoting several MK authors. Finally, visit our Web site for the full color version of *Simroots*!

Sai an jima (until a little while),
Karen (Seeger) Keegan
simroots@sim.org

Simroots' Roots

By Jack Long (KA, HC '71)

Twenty-five years now
Where'd they go?
Twenty-five years
I don't know
I sit and I wonder sometimes
Where they've gone

And sometimes late at night
When I'm bathed in the firelight
Moon comes callin' a ghostly white
And I recall, I recall

- Bob Seeger

Simroots had several beginnings. I wasn't the originator of the idea of having a newsletter. The Hillcrest Round Robin was already in full swing, and I had even been to at least one Hillcrest reunion when someone had the idea of having a newsletter just for SIM kids since a lot of SIMers didn't go to Hillcrest. My brother Lance and sister Cherry spearheaded an alumni association/newsletter effort in the early 70s.

In 1979 (25 years ago), Steve Cox and Ruth (Ockers) Schwinger shared the idea with me of having a reunion just for SIM kids. We had to spread the word, and we began with only 30 on the first newsletter mailing list. People responded very quickly and growth was quick. In June 1980, we named the newsletter "Simroots" as a take-off on other SIM work, such as SIMRad, SIMAir, etc. Our first reunion was at Wheaton College in 1981 with over 200 attending and a mailing list of over 1300. After that, except for an issue in November of 1983, the newsletter lay dormant until 1985.

Simroots quickly became a forum of exchange. Most was good news sharing

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Published twice a year, *Simroots* is a non-profit publication, produced by SIM MKs, for SIM MK high school graduates (includes AEF, AEM, ICF merged missions) and their caregivers.

Please send donations to:

SIMROOTS c/o SIM USA P.O. Box 7900 Charlotte, NC 28241 USA 704-588-4300 postmast@simusa.sim.org	SIMROOTS c/o SIM Canada 10 Huntingdale Blvd. Scarborough, ON Canada M1W 2S5 416-497-2424 postmast@sim.ca
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Other SIM offices: see www.sim.org

Tax-exempt donations (cash, check, money order, or credit cards accepted) should be designated for *Simroots*. Donations of \$10 or more (U.S.) will be receipted.

Payment for ads (to help cover *Simroots*' expenses but are not tax-exempt) should be designated as such and sent to SIM.

Please send correspondence to:

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NEW

<http://Simroots.sim.org>

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among each other, but there was also the hard/bad news. It was also the time that SIM was beginning to get involved with what is now the AMK work with **Bob Blaschke** spearheading that effort.

Over the years I think *Simroots* has met and far exceeded the original objectives. To me, its most important role was, and continues to be, in the development of AMK ministries.

Another aspect that I particularly enjoy is how it has been helpful in people finding and reconnecting with old friends. And as SIM has grown to include other former missions, we have welcomed their MKs into our family. We have seen mini-reunions and other gatherings that have been planned around different schools, classes, or other common bonds.

If people want to credit me with the starting of *Simroots*, I say "Don't." I did not have the original ideas. Yes, I took the ideas and took care of them for a couple of years before I passed *Simroots* on to others to nurture and develop. But the bottom line is—it was MKs who desired it; it was MKs who planted the seed; it was MKs who watered the seedling; and it is still MKs who nurture it and each other as *Simroots* continues to reach out and minister to all of us AMKs.

(galmi52@juno.com)

Simroots' Trunk

By *Cherry (Long) Sabathne (KA, HC '69)*

Here we are celebrating 25 years of *Simroots*! Actually, for me the 25th has already come and gone because there really was a precursor to *Simroots* that I was involved in. In 1970, my brother Lance and I put out the first production, called it "Us," and sent it to about 200 on our mailing list. This was while I was in Wheaton College. Lance was the president of the SIM MK alumni group, and he fashioned "Us" after the Hillcrest Round Robin, which had been coming out for a while. It was primarily a newsletter. He would write an introductory article, turn it over to me with the letters he had received, and I would type it out on mimeograph paper, run it, collate it, staple it, address it, stamp it, and mail it with the blessing of **Virginia Patterson** who was the president of Pioneer Clubs where I worked part-time. She let me use their equipment. After a couple of years, during my senior year, it was too much with my school schedule, and I stopped. After a few years, my brother Jack picked it up, got the addresses from Lance, and off it went again.

At the SIM-Hillcrest reunion in 1985, Jack announced that he could no longer produce *Simroots* and finance it himself, so **John Price** and I volunteered to continue it. John's desire was to raise the money, increase the circulation, and keep the addresses updated. Over the next ten years, our circulation rose to 2,000. For several of those years, SIM financed the paper, but there came a time when they could not continue to do it. We launched out on our own. I already knew from my college years that this was a big project. So I asked different ones to help me do different parts of the project. **Laura-Ruby Stade** did the layout, **Grace**

Anne (Seeger) Swanson did some research, typing, and proofreading, and began the book section. **Laura Hershelman** got it printed and mailed, and **Scott Sheppard** designed the title page for *Simroots*.

As the Editor, I wanted to make *Simroots* more than a newsletter. I was beginning to hear



Lance Long



Cherry (Long) Sabathne



Steve and Sheila Cox



Kathy and Jack Long, Kim, Jenna



Ruth (Ockers) Schwinger

some things from MKs that indicated there was a need for a safe place to communicate our thoughts and feelings without fear of negative repercussions. I wanted it to be a place where we could find help to sort out the confusion surrounding culture and faith. There were things MKs were saying that some would think could not be true, but they were true, and I felt we needed to be able to talk about them. And my vision of ministry began. This would be God's paper, and He would be glorified in it and through it. There would be healing, sharing, and crying, and maybe also confession, repentance, and forgiveness. And there would be truth.



Bob & Carolee Blaschke

work in lives because of *Simroots*!

It seemed as if my life turned upside down every time I started working on another issue. As soon as that issue was finished, things settled down again—until the next one. I knew there was plenty of spiritual warfare going on, and that proved to me that God was using it to accomplish His purpose. I began to talk with **Karen (Seger) Keegan** about being my assistant, but she was not yet in a position to do it. After ten years, John Price resigned his position, and I talked with Karen again. When at last she said she could help, ten years as Editor had passed, and rather than ask her to help me, I asked if she would take my place as Editor. She



Melanie, Chloé, John Price, Irma, John Henry III



Grace Anne (Seger) & Steve Swanson, Daniel (11), Tony (13)

Simroots began to grow. The “Open Dialogue” section began, and I hardly edited it. People began to respond! Not everyone liked hearing the truth. There is always controversy surrounding truth, and some thought it was bad form to include negative things in *Simroots*. But this was our paper, and if this is what people wanted to talk about, then so be it. It became an education to parents, staff, and other missionaries.



Scott Sheppard



Kimber Key

We invited counselors to contribute helpful articles, and several counselors offered their free services to us.

Parents and staff began to respond, as well. The Mission realized the need for reentry programs for their MKs and looked into that possibility. Programs were begun for high school seniors overseas designed to help them make adjustments to their home countries. Changes were made in the Mission schools to side-step some of the problems that came to light. Over time,

people began to write, “I never knew other people felt the same way. I thought I was the only one.” And somehow that made a difference. Others decided to find counseling, and their lives were changed! Some realized there was a need for spiritual renewal, and they realized that God was not to blame for what people had done. It was so rewarding to see God at

began this role with the Spring 1996 issue and soon took over the task of keeping up with the database as well.

That change was of God, but I will always be glad for the privilege of shaping *Simroots* and being able to help MKs for a while. They are special people, and they will always have a special place in my heart. Maybe someday I can be involved with them again. Karen and her staff sailed away with *Simroots*, and they have done a wonderful job! *Simroots* continues to improve, and I don't think it could be in better hands!

Prayer for the *Simroots* staff is essential because their own lives are impacted because of it. This is more than a newsletter. There are memories, future, life, hope, sadness, and joy in its pages. May *Simroots* always be ministry to MKs—by MKs. May God always be present in it. May MKs never be silenced. May it continue to be an avenue of dialogue and healing. May *Simroots* continue to thrive, and may God bless it!

(sabatne@bellsouth.net)

Simroots' Branches

Interview of Karen (Seger) Keegan (KA, HC '72)

By Dan Elyea (KA, HC '59), Assistant Editor

What is the most challenging aspect of producing Simroots?

K: Finances! Thankfully SIM has been willing to underwrite the deficit, but we need to be self-supporting. Another challenge for us is deciding what to include or exclude in each issue. We have files and files of archive photos, resources, and material to choose from.

What is the most rewarding aspect of producing Simroots?

K: Watching people reconnecting with each other and with their past and finding joy or healing in the process. And helping them to define their TCK issues is fun.

What changes have you seen during your tenure?

K: The computer age has revolutionized how we do business. E-mail has replaced most snail mail. We now have a Web site, graciously maintained by **Elizabeth (Jackson) Quinn**. We increased the size of the newsletter and added a few new divisions. We began to pursue the MKs from our merged missions.

The team members also changed hands as John Price turned over the database to me, **Kimber Key** stepped in to help out for a while, my sister **Grace (Seger) Swanson** took over layout, and eventually I persuaded **Dan Elyea** to assist me in the editing. And at long last we have a volunteer to take on promotions: **Deborah (Goss) Turner**. Other volunteers help out with mailing: **Lorna Jacobson** (Canada), **Dave Harling** (international mailing labels), and **Bud Long** (SIM international mailroom).

Why did you volunteer to take on the project and how has your attitude toward Simroots changed since you took over as Editor?

K: I have always had a passion for maintaining contact with my peers and my past. At first, I viewed *Simroots* as merely a newsletter—a vehicle for keeping in touch with classmates. But Cherry challenged me to see this as a ministry. And then through my work with the Task Force, my eyes were opened to the deeper needs of some of our AMKs. Now I have a passion to reach out to all of “us” with the message of hope and healing.

Speaking of the Task Force, how do you see your role as Editor of Simroots being connected to this group?

K: *Simroots* is MK-driven. The TF (aka Advisory Committee) is SIM-driven. I just happen to have a foot in both doors.

How do you perceive that the administration of SIM views Simroots?

K: SIM administration is very much in sup-

port of *Simroots*. I think it's important to point out, however, that we are an AMK-governed magazine. SIM is not in control of *Simroots*. They are supportive—they are behind us—they are cheering us on. But they do not have a say, per se, in what we do and what we publish. The only time I involve the administration is if we plan to publish something that impacts them directly.

Such as?

K: Such as the article “I Was Always There.” I wanted SIM's backing before we went public with the story.

What job skills are necessary to be Editor of Simroots?



*Karen (Seger) & Scott Keegan
Cindy (20), Katie (16), Sharon (22)*



Dan Elyea



Deborah (Goss) Turner



*Back: Tim, Heather (22), Lorna Jacobson
Front: Nathan (17), Bethany (20)*

K: Number One, you have to have a passion for MKs. Being computer literate is a must, including a working knowledge of Access for the database. And I think a good eye for the English language, editing skills, proofreading skills—or have a team member like Dan Elyea to keep us in line!

About how much time does it take to put together an issue?

K: I figured it out one time that it takes me one hour a day—that's an average of 182 hours per issue. It doesn't sound like much, but if you think about devoting an hour a day to something . . .

What would you like to see more of in Simroots?

K: Right now I'm trying to gather reentry stories. I'd also like to see more news updates from everyone. And send us current pictures!

Do you consider Simroots to be a newsletter, a magazine, a journal, or what?

K: Well, we've run that one around and around, and we haven't come to an adequate conclusion. It is a newsletter with a magazine format.

Have you ever been given helpful suggestions for improving Simroots?

K: Oh yes. For example, someone requested we include the date of news update entries. And placing the masthead and contact information for *Simroots* in the same place (p.2) every time was very helpful.

Finally, describe your vision for Simroots.

K: To be a resource for reconnecting, healing, and remembering. To give us a sense of our history and reconnect us to our ROOTS! To help define TCK issues. To become financially self-supporting. And ultimately to maintain this as a God-directed ministry. I am thrilled to be a part of it!

Reprint Excerpt *Simroots*, November 1983

Editor: Jack Long

Do you remember how awesome African bush fires can be as they sweep through an area greedily consuming trees, leaves, grass, and flowers, completely denuding the beautiful foliage of the African savannah? Did you ever wonder how anything survived that holocaust? And yet, year after year, even before the first rains, the elephant grass would thrust out a blade, the tree branches would send out a shoot, and flowers would burst open on the forest floor. Likewise, *Simroots* is coming alive after lying dormant for two years!

In case you have forgotten, *Simroots* began with a dream. A dream that a few people had in 1979 to bring together as many MKs as possible for a reunion. To meet that dream, there had to be a means by which to spread the word. Thus *Simroots* began. *Simroots* had a goal, a reason for its existence. It was the reunion. It was called "The Big Idea." . . .

That original goal has been met. The reunion was held and was very successful. But that left *Simroots* without a reason to exist. So *Simroots* has been silent. What purpose does *Simroots* now have for its existence? If we do not have a reason to exist, if we don't have a message to give, if we won't reach out to help, then *Simroots* must surely pass silently away.

For *Simroots* to survive, we must have a new dream, a new goal, something new for which to strive. If *Simroots* is to be just a newsletter to pass on news from one person to another, wouldn't it be easier, cheaper, and faster to pick up the telephone? Something then, must hold us together. That common root is the fact that we are MKs whose common heritage is SIM. It is only natural, then, that *Simroots* should be a publication of, by, and for SIM's MKs. However, it will be only as good as you make it.

During the business meeting portion of the 1981 reunion, a number of objectives were voiced by the participants. Let me remind you of what they were: 1) The sharing of news among ourselves, 2) To raise money for special projects both at home and abroad, 3) To fulfill spiritual and material needs of each other and the SIM, and 4) To be an encouraging body for high school grads just returning from Africa and be an umbrella for them—to share similar experiences through the issues of *Simroots* and through our personal involvement.

For a good portion of our lives we have been on the receiving end. Now as adults, perhaps it is time to accept the responsibility of giving. Let me share with you a reason for *Simroots* not only to stay alive, but to become a vital participant in a specific ministry.

It is a known fact that MKs often have a difficult time making the transition from high school overseas to life on the college campus and afterwards in the homeland. Therefore, in order to be of assistance to returning MKs, SIM has committed itself to develop a caring ministry to MKs. A ministry to help MKs sort out these and other things that may be confusing and disruptive. This assistance will take the form of providing information, people and program resources supportive of MKs.

Many papers and theses have been written on the subject. Psychologists have been having their say too. Mission leaders are becoming sensitized as to their responsibility. But when you come down to it, it is the MK who knows the subject . . . he has lived it! MKs are a "gold mine" of a wealth of experience needing to be tapped in order to help others still "coming up the road." You never know, just talking about it might even do something for you yourself . . .

Information will be gathered, collated and made available to MKs, their parents and other caring individuals to help them prepare themselves prior to departure from overseas, care for their needs during college as well as after their college days. This information would be made available through the printed page, personal visits by SIM or SIM-related personnel and in seminars and reunions.

A full-time coordinator for this ministry will eventually be required. This person will form a team of interested, concerned, and informed volunteers who will be responsible for and perform the various aspects of the ministry. The team will be composed of mission administrators, regional directors, former and current missionaries, "former" MKs, pastors, church leaders and families with open homes and hearts. College personnel and professional people, such as doctors and lawyers, would also be engaged to form a network of caring people prepared to meet MKs' needs on a short- or long-term basis.

Bob Blaschke, Sr., having five kids of his own, is on loan from the SIM to LeTourneau College where he is missionary-in-residence, teaching, counseling and ministering to the needs of the 120 MKs on campus, of which 12 are SIM. In addition, Bob has been assigned by SIM to coordinate this MK ministry and do whatever needs to be done to help MKs reorient themselves.

Programs will be designed to be supportive of the MK. There will be reentry seminars, adopt-an-MK program in local churches, reunions, telephone hotline-for-help, a cata-

logue of caring people, financial aid, and routine visits of MKs on college campuses and elsewhere.

Can *Simroots* help in this ministry to each other? Can you, in particular, help in this ministry? *Simroots* needs to come alive and become the voice of this ministry.

***Simroots'* Mission Statement, Goals, and Objectives— a summary**

*Developed by Cherry (Long)
Sabathne and Laura-Ruby Stade*

Simroots' mission statement can be summarized with the acronym FREEDOM

Facilitating

Resource

Education and

Empowerment through the

Development of

Opportunities for

MKs and their caregivers.

The RESOURCE is the MK whose parents served with SIM. Resources are the primary audience of *Simroots*. CAREGIVERS are those individuals, teachers, dorm parents, and in some cases parents of MKs who provided care at various Mission boarding schools.

First, *Simroots* would promote positive awareness, encouragement, and interaction among the resources. Second, develop and encourage change in attitude as a way of building and rebuilding Resource relationships, confidence, and capacity to deal with life more effectively. Third, educate the Resources and Caregivers about the opportunities which have the potential to facilitate personal growth, healing, and greater understanding. Fourth, provide vehicles which would empower the Resources to voice their concerns and needs and to keep others informed of happenings in their lives.

Bingham Academy

Bingham Reunion 2004 Details

The long anticipated reunion draws ever nearer, and inquiries are increasing. The purpose of this reunion is to provide, for those who wish to reconnect with their “old friends” from Bingham days, a safe, fun place to do so.

Date: July 1-4, 2004

Where:

Daytime: Activities will take place at Quiet Streams B&B, Ailsa Craig, Ont.

Overnight: 70 spaces available at the Michaelite Retreat Centre, London, Ont.

Cost:

See Registration form. “Scholarships” (full & partial) are available for those who can’t afford the full cost. Please contact Carol Lee at info@quietstreams.on.ca.

Contact for questions:

Nancy (Ackley) Ruth
3605 Manchester
Garland, TX 75041
USA
972-271-9797
nancykma@yahoo.com

John "Mug" Modricker
315 E. 4th St.
Hartford City, IN 47348
USA
765-348-3002
rose mug@insightbb.com

Highlights

Thursday:

Canada Day evening fireworks

Friday:

Merkato, Reunion CD, Verse Group Dinner (for those of us who never “made it”), Movie Night

Saturday:

Oldlympics (old timers’ version of Field Day), Gibsha, Skit Night, Awards, Fire Circle

Sunday:

Independence Day Bkfst Brunch, Make-A-Joyful-Noise Singspiration, Taps (remembering “family” who have passed on), Ethiopian Coffee & Sweets

NEW BA WEB SITE

This Web site was prepared by the seventh grade students (Class of 2008). It includes a history of BA and a way to add stories. www.binghamacademy.net/

Format

0800-0900

Breakfast team—served at Michaelite Retreat Center

0930

Bus leaves MRC for Quiet Streams

1000-2130

Activities, tea time, lunch, rest hour, dinner and evening at Quiet Streams

2130

Bus leaves Quiet Streams for MRC

2200- ?

Fire Circle at MRC: informal visiting time around indoor and outdoor fireplaces

Teams

To keep costs down, and so that everyone can enjoy the time, we will divide attendees into three teams. Each team will be responsible for preparing, setting up and cleaning up meals for one whole day (as much as possible, food will be pre-prepared).

Activities

Although there are activities planned, please remember all are optional. Participate, observe, or just sit and visit with old friends (and hopefully some new ones!)

Contact Us

“Dividing Up the Responsibilities” list uploaded to Yahoo site:

BA_Alumi@yahoogroups.com. This document (in the Files link) tells you who to contact with your questions, ideas, and contributions. Ideas not covered there can be forwarded to the host, Carol Lee: info@quietstreams.on.ca or quietstrms@golden.net.

Things to Bring

Flags. Anyone with an American, Ethiopian, or a Canadian Flag who is willing to have it fly at the reunion please e-mail Carol Lee (see above).

For Friday:

Dig through your pictures. Bring old BA ones, family—past & present.

Bring BA-related collections such as coins, stamps, books, articles, Dinky toys, etc.

Pack a very small tourist get-up for wearing at the *Merkato*. Find Ethi things you have but don’t want or need. Someone else might like them (one man’s junk is another man’s treasure) Quiz-Eggo (Latin: *Quis-Ego*)

For Saturday:

Dig out your Ethi garb to wear at the *gibsha*. Get a group together for a skit or “talent” presentation.

For Sunday:

Pack rhythm-makers for our rhythm band—“Make a Joyful Noise.” Julene Schroeder will be thrilled if you bring an instrument. Contact her at juleneschroeder@yahoo.ca.

For Reunion Memory Binder:

Peg (McClenny Boe) Brown will be compiling personality profiles. Contact her at PMB1957@aol.com. Each page of the RMB will feature a different person. Please bring a childhood photo with you. If possible, please also bring an adult photo of yourself in nearly the exact same pose. We will mount them side by side on your page.

For those not attending the reunion, your pictures can be included in the binder if you send them to Deb (Goss) Turner, PO Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253.

New e-mail: ethiopia@greenbank.net



Tribute to Gladys Douglas

Gladys Douglas was the first full-time elementary music teacher at Bingham Academy, going to Ethiopia as an STA. She also taught piano and instrumental lessons. Gladys has been a much loved music teacher for 40+ years and is still making music. Retired from teaching, she directs a church senior choir who minister in nursing homes and is one of the regular organists at her church in York, PA. We praise God for Gladys’ music to many through many years: excelling, enjoying, and enthusing everyone.

*Submitted and paid for by
her sister Elaine Douglas*

BA Reunion T-Shirt + Order Form

Order Deadline: May 15, 2004 Additional charge for late orders.

- Shirt (*white, pre-shrunk, 100% cotton*) \$22 CDN / \$17 US
- Sweatshirt (*white, 95/5 cotton/poly blend*) \$32.50 CDN / \$25 US
- Baseball cap (*taupe, one-size-fits-all*) \$12 CDN / \$9.25 US
- Sailie (*for the first 2 doz., first come first served*) \$5 CDN / \$3.75 US



Shirts and sweatshirts are adult sizes

- S (19" wide x 28" long) M (20" x 29")
- L (22" x 30") XL (24" x 31")

Quantity	Item Description (Shirt, Sweatshirt, Cap, Sailie)	Size S,M,L,XL XXL, XXXL, XXXXL	Price per regular size item	For XXL-XXXXL, add \$6 CDN / \$4.50 US	Enter Shipping cost <u>ONLY</u> for those not in attendance in this column \$8.00 CDN / \$6.00 US	TOTAL FOR ITEM(s) - include any extra costs with item(s)
Subtotal						
Late penalty after May 15 (\$11 CDN/\$11.50 US)						
Customize order if change order while at the reunion (\$10 CDN / \$7.50 US)						
GRAND TOTAL (all taxes are included)						

Please fill out name and address info on the back of this page.

Make checks payable and send payment with this form to Deb Turner : Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253, USA

Proceeds will go to *Simroots*.

Bingham Reunion 2004 Promo

Mug (aka John) Modricker (BA '70)

Most of us go about our daily lives, routine blending into mundaneness, little opportunity for once-in-a-lifetime experience(s). But the Bingham Reunion scheduled for July 1-4, 2004 promises to provide such a memorable moment! I have difficulty translating my emotions into text, describing the eagerness with which I anticipate this first ever ALL BA reunion. How does an individual make up for 30+ years of no physical interaction with former peers?

The mini reunion held in Indianapolis just days after 9/11, hosted by Willie & Angela Brandle, whetted my appetite for a full version BA reunion. Reconnecting via the Yahoo group, Baharzar Swingers, just didn't fill the longing to physically meet childhood peers — BUT — it did provide the catalyst to organizing the event. Now it's gonna happen folks!

I've been privileged to participate in some of the organizing of this event and must say it further fuels my anticipation. The sensation I'm experi-

encing (dare I say giddy—somewhat molded by maturation) is the same that I felt as mid-June school year dismissal neared. I realize time, expense, and travel will hinder some from attending, but for those of you able to overcome those obstacles, I do think we will experience a once-in-a-lifetime moment. I'm anticipating sensory overload!

Vicki Vick Rumsey (BA '75)

Phillip Maxon called me one day in February of 2001 and re-introduced himself to me. I was so excited to hear a voice from my past! The past that my husband and children cannot imagine! A past of friends, almost family, and memories of a country that I dearly loved and yet did not belong to.

Phil told me about meeting Peggy McClenny at an Ethiopian Restaurant in Seattle and that is how this call was initiated. They determined to find all of the Class of 1963—our first year of school. So, they did! They contacted each of us and planned a reunion for May of 2001. I was thrilled until Phil

said that it was to be in Seattle, WA. I lived in East Tennessee. That was not in my means financially! When I expressed my concern, all he said was, "Rachel is coming! From Finland!" "I'll be there," was my reply. If Rachel could make it, I could make it. Later we found out Becki Shields and Ian Craig were coming from Australia; my excuse was flimsy!

Then came the apprehension. We have changed a lot over the last 30 years! Would I recognize them? Would I relate? What if it was a miserable experience as well as the expense? But I boarded that plane, and when I landed in Seattle, they recognized me before I saw them! What a great time! We hugged and laughed and re-introduced ourselves. Within 24 hours we were speaking Amharic in our third culture way, eating *wat*, and reminiscing. Would I go again? In a heartbeat!

My sister, Jan, and Mimi Rogers arranged their reunion. They had a great time and would make the trek across country to see Binghamites again. (vrumsey@tampabay.rr.com)

Registration Form

Bingham Academy Reunion

July 1-4, 2004

Registration deadline: June 5, 2004

Please fill out the form and mail it to Deborah Turner with your check.

Last Name: _____

Maiden Name: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Province: _____ Zip/Postal Code: _____

Country: _____

Home Phone: _____

Cell Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

High School Grad Year (based on U.S. system end of Grade 12): _____

Years attended Bingham _____

Affiliation with School: Student Parent Staff Other

Others Attending:

Spouse: _____

Children and Ages: _____

- I need information for transportation from Toronto Airport to reunion
 I need information for transportation from Detroit Airport to reunion
(Please provide arrival and departure information to coordinate transportation)

I would like to help with a reunion event:

- Skit Night Registration/Welcome Reflections/Memories
 Field Day Kids Activities Photography/Video Taping Other

I have recently visited Ethiopia or BA and would be willing to share update information from my visit.

Would your spouse be willing to share their experiences on this visit?

I will attend All four days or Thurs Fri Sat Sun

Registration and Other Fees

(Canadian dollars) 4 full days USD \$98.00
and CAN \$128.00 Currency conversions
computed at exchg rate 1.30
Techies can visit www.xe.com

Adults _____ x \$45 = \$ _____

Children (ages 2-12)
_____ x \$10 = \$ _____

Total Amount (Adults and Children)
= \$ _____

Note: If you live in London or are staying with someone there, the registration fees pertain to you also.

Housing (This is for the entire weekend)

Per Person (2 single beds per room)
_____ x \$35 = \$ _____

Per Room _____ x \$70 = \$ _____

(2 single beds per room—children bunk free)

Total Housing Amount = \$ _____

Meals— 8 meal package

(Includes 3 breakfasts, 3 lunches & 2 dinners)

Adults _____ x \$48 = \$ _____

Children _____ x \$25 = \$ _____
(under 12)

A la carte meals

Breakfast _____ x \$5 = \$ _____

Lunch _____ x \$6 = \$ _____

Dinner _____ x \$10 = \$ _____

Total for Meals \$ _____

Total \$ _____

(Registration + lodging + meals)

Amount enclosed = \$ _____

(half of total due)

T-shirt order total: \$ _____

Balance = \$ _____

I would like to room with:

Make checks out and mail to:

Deborah R. Turner

PO Box 273

Greenbank, WA 98253

Questions? E-mail Deborah Turner:

ethiopia@greenbank.net

ELWA Academy

**ELWA MK
Reunion—July 2006**
Mark your calendars NOW!

Calling ELWA MKs!

An on-line group is being formed to provide a venue for ELWA MKs to reconnect, tell their stories, share their experiences, view old and current photos, and possibly make new friends or deepen “old” ones. To join the ELWA group, e-mail your interest to: Karen (Ackley) Kern, at elwakid@yahoo.com or Nancy (Ackley) Ruth at nancykma@yahoo.com.

If you would like to preview the site, visit:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ELWAKIDS/>
then click on “subscribe” if you are interested.

Liberia Documentary

An excellent documentary film on Liberia can be purchased online at:

www.pbs.org/wgbh/globalconnections/liberia/film/overview.html

ELWA Bulletin

This site contains ELWA bulletins written by Steve Snyder’s dad (this was part of his job for a number of years) in 1961. It discusses and reviews the early years of the ministry at ELWA.

www.181.pair.com/otsw/ELWA-2.html

ELWA’s 50th Anniversary Jubilee

(ELWA Radio first went on the air on January 18, 1954.)

It was a last-minute decision for me to go to the ELWA 50th Anniversary Celebration (January 16-18, 2004) in Charlotte, NC. I didn’t think there would be a lot of my peers there, and I really wasn’t very excited about spending a whole weekend with a bunch of “grown ups.” As it turned out, it was one of the most memorable and wonderful weekends of my life. I was right—there weren’t very many of my peers from ELWA there, but I had a blast with the ones that were there! And, I was right—I did spend the whole weekend with a bunch of “grown ups”—and that was fantastic.

I think for the first time ever, I really began to grasp the magnitude of what ELWA was all about and how it all came about. I wasn’t just around a bunch of old missionaries; I was with wise, godly men and women who had done things that today would be considered foolish in the eyes of men. But they were obedient to their Heavenly Father, and we are ALL blessed because of their sacrifice and dedication. When I was growing up at ELWA, I really had no idea how or why it all came about; I just knew I was living in paradise on earth and enjoying every minute of it. I knew we ran a radio station, and I knew my parents worked at a great mission hospital, but I had no idea the sacrifice it took and the impact it was having on people from all walks of life.

There were two added blessings that I was not expecting. One was the number of Liberians who were at the Celebration. It was SO great to get reacquainted with many of them and to meet

some of them for the first time. I learned so much from them about ELWA from their perspective. It gave me a whole new appreciation for them and the work that they did to spread the gospel to their own people. The other blessing was a number of non-ELWA folks who came to share in the Celebration—people who were in Liberia for other reasons and became acquainted with us through the hospital, Chapel, or school. It was so much fun to see them again and to hear stories of how ELWA touched their lives.

For those of you MKs who grew up at ELWA and weren’t able to attend, there is good news. My brother Steve, sister Nancy, and I are putting together an ELWA reunion that will coincide with the Hillcrest/KA reunion over the 4th of July, 2006, in Dallas. We have decided to try to combine them in order to get a better deal on the facilities. We will do most of our stuff separately from the Hillcrest gang, but a few things will be done together. So mark your calendars and plan on attending. More details to follow. If you want to be sure you are on our mailing list, send your e-mail address to pttkern@comcast.net and feel free to drop me a line and let me know what’s up with you. I’d love to hear from you.

Oh! One more thing about the 50th anniversary celebration. I want to thank Steve Snyder for doing such a great job of representing us (ELWA MKs). He was chosen to speak on our behalf, and I think everyone there would agree he did it beautifully. Thanks, Steve!

Submitted by Karen (Ackley) Kern (BA, EL ’79)

FROM THE ARCHIVES



*Summer 1990 in Asheville during Liberia Reunion (after evacuation from civil war) Younger MKs performing skit “There’s a hole in my bucket, Dear Liza.”
From left to right: Beka Hazard, ? Hoffman, Emily Ardill, Kristin McGinley*



*1972 ELWA Academy students along with our teachers. Billy Graham, and Mr. & Mrs. Howard O. Jones were visiting from the States.
Submitted by Steve Snyder*

ELWA Jubilee



David "DK" Kayea



Meanu Kayea



Ruth Maxwell, Steve Snyder, Lowell Nelson



Annette (De laHaye) Cooper,
Steve Snyder



ELWA teachers Mary Naff and Anita Draper



Left to right: Karen (Ackley) Kern, Dan Snyder, Henry Hungerpillar, Georgie (Hungerpillar) Davis, Steve Ackley, Sam Kayea, Steve Snyder, David Frazee



Ruth (Draper) Brosnihan
and Dan Snyder



Patty & Steve Snyder, Karen (Ackley) Kern, Sam Kayea, David Frazee (standing), Steve Ackley, Dan Buck

International Christian Academy

ICA To Reopen! *Brian & Cathy Bliss (EL, IC '84, Staff) (11/03)*

A blessing that we recently experienced was being able to return to ICA for two weeks in September. We traveled with our former dorm assistant, Aileen Hennings. Our primary reason for going was to take care of cleaning up and moth-balling Berea dorm. The dorm had been vacant for over a year. We drove to Yamosoukro the first day and had time to go and find the grave site of Dave Golding, our fellow dorm parent who died right before the war started. He is buried in a village outside of that city. It took some time to find the people who knew where the grave site was, but it was worth it for us to have some feelings of closure and time to pray for his family back in Canada. The next morning we met up with a French military convoy and traveled up to ICA in their company.

As we walked around, we were pleasantly surprised at how “normal” everything seemed. It is a miracle that the school campus and infrastructure is virtually untouched! We cannot imagine this being anything but God’s hand—preserving that place for future ministry and for His glory.

The campus is beautiful and has been kept up like normal. Five of the eight dorms are being rented. Three dorms are used to house French military, one dorm for UNICEF, and one dorm for the UN food program. It was very weird to have the daily/normal outside noises be of army trucks driving by and helicopters landing on the soccer field and not the sounds of children playing. We got right to work and worked hard every single day we were there except the last Sunday. First we packed up the dorm kids’ stuff and labeled it, then put it in the chapel where all the kids’ stuff is stored in sections by dorm. It was quite a job dealing with the filth that had accumulated in the dorm. The rats had made it their home for some time and left their trails and other disgusting things. Aileen and Cathy did get a good laugh over some of the rat nests we found. They definitely have good tastes because they chose pretty silk flowers and leaves and lace doilies to decorate their nests with! Brian had a lot of maintenance things to take care of, and his

shop was really trashed with a lot of tools missing, so that was a big job. He boarded up the windows in the rec room and Aileen’s apartment, and we made those into storerooms. We basically emptied out the dorm except for bed frames and some of the older dressers. We were able to hire our former laundryman, who had a full-time job! We washed everything, then packed it away well so that when the time comes, it should be easy to set up the dorm again. All the decorations, books, dishes, linens, etc., are all either in barrels or locked up in Aileen’s apartment. We left the dorm empty so that if they need a place for soldiers or someone to stay for a while, it can be used. We



Brian & Cathy Bliss, Chantelle, Charity, and Cody at ICA heliport



Brian Bliss e-mailing at a phone kiosk in town!

were pleased with what we accomplished and were exhausted at the end of each day, but it was a good feeling. The town of Bouake seemed much emptier than normal, but there were people around and stores open. We were able to get everything we needed in the market, visit some of our Ivoirian friends, and even went out to eat one day at a local restaurant. The town seems a lot older just because things haven’t been taken care of. There were quite a few roadblocks manned by the rebels, but they didn’t bother us; we never felt like we were in danger or threatened.

After much prayer and deliberation, the board unanimously agreed to reopen the International Christian Academy at the Bouake campus in September 2004. We are very excited as a family, to be here at this time, to assist in the process of welcoming back staff and students and preparing for the coming year. (brian.bliss@sim.org)

FROM THE ARCHIVES



Cote d’Ivoire ICA 1992-93. Seniors on senior outing at Basilica Yamosoukro.

Kent Academy

Paul Craig Reminisces

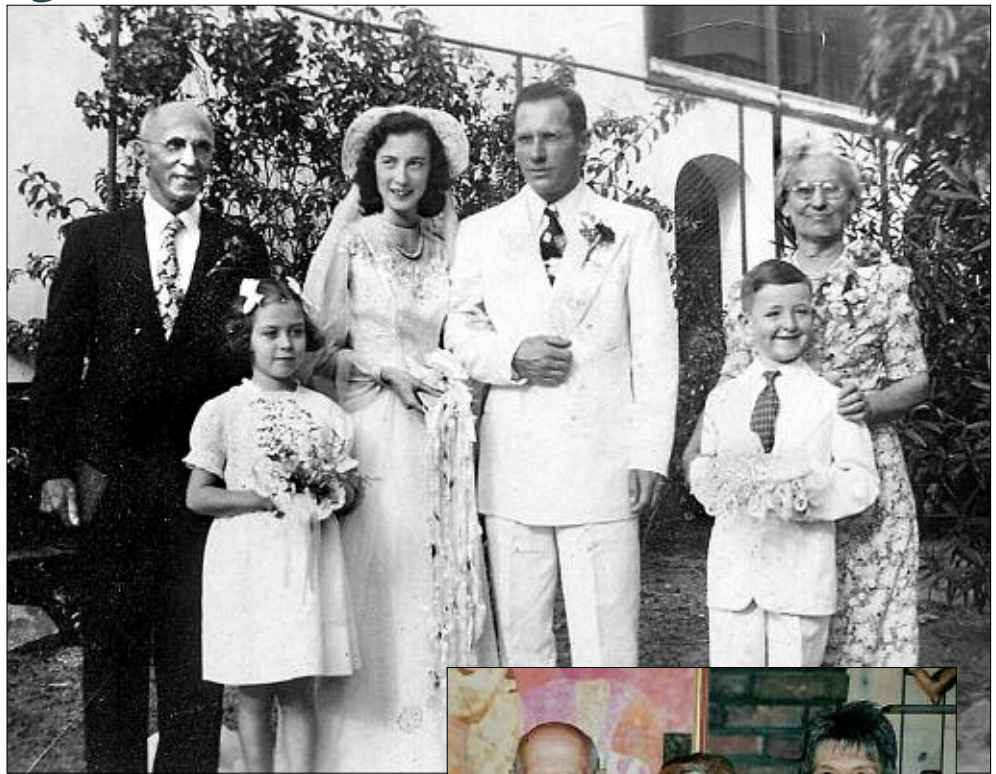
Submitted by Dan Elyea

Paul Craig, founder of Kent Academy, came to the 2003 Chicago Reunion and visited with us in our “class groups” sessions. After the meet-and-greet time, Paul answered questions and volunteered reminiscences. Here are some representative items:

• Initially, the SIM Council thought in terms of planning for 15 to 20 children at KA. Dr. Helsler said they should plan for 50. WWII was just over, and lots of young missionaries (with children) would be coming to the field.

• Paul drew up the plans and supervised the construction of all the KA buildings. To get duplicates of the plans he'd go to the Public Works department in Jos. Part of the duplication process involved placing the materials in a special frame and taking them outside to expose them to sunlight for three minutes. Then they'd be placed in a solution for developing. The Mission administration wanted something extra special for Kirk Memorial Chapel. So the plans for that were drawn up by someone with a formal background in such design. But the responsibility for securing the rock for the construction of the Chapel fell to Paul. As he did for so many other skills that he needed for his multiple responsibilities at KA, he tapped into the knowledge of others. So he supervised the drilling of large rocks for subsequent blasting. When the blasting hole was deep enough, Paul would get the explosive (gelignite) out of the refrigerator and cut a length of fuse. He'd clamp the blasting cap onto the fuse by biting down on the relatively soft brass casing. Then the fuse and cap would be shoved the proper depth into the stick of gelignite, the charge placed in the blasting hole, the fuse lit, then run like crazy. And it would rain rocks!

• Early on, a source capable of adequate year-around supply of water was a concern. The idea of a dam in a nearby valley was considered. To test the flow of water, Paul put up a temporary dirt dam with the outflow coming through a piece of pipe implanted in the dam wall. He measured the quantity of water coming out of the pipe in a given period of time to estimate the capability of the supply. The concepts for designing the original dam came from an architectural handbook belonging to Ray Davis. The dam was fed by three springs. Sometimes in the dry season, the dam would be pumped down to the bottom twice each day. To give more reserve for the dry season times, Paul built four cofferdams upstream of the main dam. A second dam was built later by Jack Phillips, which made irrigation of the KA gardens possible. Paul mentioned that



Above: Gerry and Paul Craig were married October 29, 1946, in the little old chapel that was torn down to make room for the girls' dorm. From left to right: Will Craig (Paul's father), Ruth Eitzen (flower girl), Gerry, Paul, Clinton Beckett (ring bearer), and Maude Craig (Paul's mother).



Right: Paul and Gerry Craig with Ruth Eitzen, July 4, 2003, in the Craigs' home.

in more recent years, because of repeated dry season shortages of water, Miango Rest Home dug a deep well and got onto a water system separate from that of KA.

• In an early construction experience, heavy rain washed out the base for a building. From that, Paul learned to have the fill dirt tamped firmly down as they layered it in. In another instance, heavy rains fell before the roof of the girls' dorm was installed, causing the walls to cave in.

• Paul told of Miango missionary, Effie Varley, who walked extensively, even as far as Jos. She often knitted as she hiked. She taught Nigerians to knit. Because of WWII, regular knitting needles were unavailable. So she pressed spokes from bicycle wheels into service. The Nigerians used cotton for knitting material. When they washed it the first time, it would shrink a lot, making the garment several sizes smaller than intended.

• After boiling, milk for KA was put in a refrigerator to keep it from spoiling. At one point, the refrigerator coils developed a leak,

releasing ammonia into the fridge interior. The milk was mysteriously going bad very quickly. It took a while before they figured out what was causing the problem.

• Before he could start the construction of the first dorm just for girls, Paul had to arrange for a grove of orange trees about fifteen years old to be transplanted.

• Crowds lined the route in Jos for the Queen's visit. But the Queen arrived very airsick and was whisked very rapidly past the disappointed spectators to her lodging at Hill Station. In preparation for this visit, two bedroom arm-chairs and a chaise lounge of a certain style were wanted for the Queen's quarters. Grandpa Craig's name came up. They asked him whether he could make such furniture. He told them he could if they gave him an example to use for a pattern. He had the carpenters build frames based on the example. Then he upholstered them.

• Paul mentioned several reasons for choosing dining room tables for four rather than larger tables: To train the kids about courtesy in male-female relationships, to avoid long passing/



Kirk Memorial Chapel under construction, 1953.

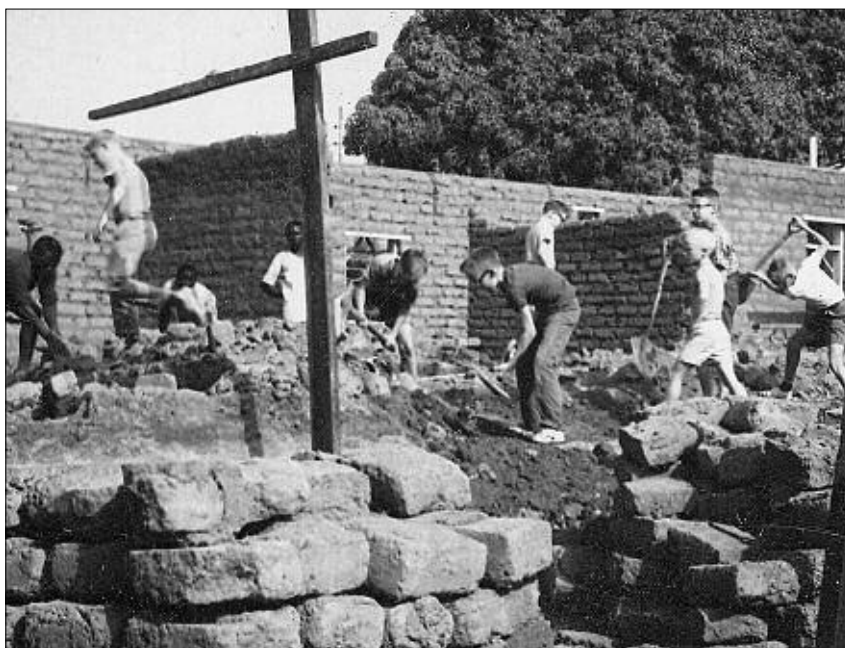
reaching that a larger table would promote, to keep the noise of talking down to reasonable levels by keeping the talkers closer together.

• When KA was first going to open, Mr. Playfair went to where Eitzens were stationed. He asked whether they would want Ruth to come to the new boarding school. She left for KA the next day, one of the original five!

• Paul was 25 when he came to Nigeria as a missionary; 26 when he started KA.



Hot milk being poured into the chiller. The milk, passing over those coils, is cooled very rapidly.



The KA "big boys" help clean up the collapsed wall of the new girls' dorm wing after a heavy rain washed down the unfinished wall, 1962.

Just One SIMAIR Story

—an excerpt

By Rich Schaffer

This book is dedicated to all the missionaries and nationals who flew on SIMAIR over the years . . . may it take you down memory lane as you read this story. We lifted you off the hot dusty roads in the dry season, or allowed you to skip that quagmire of mud in the rainy season . . . it was our humble privilege to serve you while you were in His service. It is also a "how to" book to young people who may be called to follow in my steps. The full book is available by e-mail. Simply write to Rich at: richscha@open.org and request a copy.

Chapter Two

Thunderstorms and the Jos Plateau

One of those unusually beautiful days . . . visibility unlimited . . . you could see sixty miles in every direction. We slipped over the south edge of the Jos Plateau, heading for Gboko, 175 miles away. A thousand shades of lush green below . . . "Thank you Lord, for the rainy season!"

My passengers were three missionary kids—two Pooles and one Terpstra; going home to visit their moms and dads who hadn't seen them since Christmas.

As we passed over the Benue River, we saw several hippos in the swampy pool on the south side of the river. I buzzed down to a few feet above the water and shot them with my camera.

Twenty-five more miles, I flew over the Gboko station, and made an extra wide swing so the parents would be at the airstrip when we landed. Those kids could hardly sit still. They began squealing and jumping around when they spotted their folks standing beside the fuel shed. To watch that joyful reunion was my pay for the day.

I unloaded the plane . . . kids' baggage, mail, medicine, and fresh vegetables from the plateau. Then I opened the petrol shed to take on a bit more fuel. Lizards, hiding there, scurried everywhere. I checked for snakes, and then rolled a fifty-gallon drum of aviation gas out the door. The funnel and leather chamois filter were stored under a five-gallon kerosene tin . . . mice love to chew holes in the filter.

The refueling ritual out in the bush goes like this: You shake out the filter and hold it toward the sun to check for holes. Check the neck of the funnel for spiders or dirt. Open the bung of the barrel and roll it to the side. Catch the fuel in the kerosene tin as it comes splashing out. The fuel has the right color and smell for av-gas. Step on the tire, then up to the wing strut, open the tank, and set up the funnel. You do the balancing act as someone hands you up a tin of fuel. Pour it carefully. The chamois filter catches any water, dirt, and rust that may be in the fuel. Dip the tanks with the fuel stick and calculate . . . "We have four hours of fuel." You put everything carefully away and lock the door . . . no need really . . . not once in twenty years has any gas ever been stolen from our fuel sheds out in the bush!

Next stop is Takum, seventy miles to the east. My passen-

ger is Anne Browneye . . . dark tan, and the darkest brown eyes you will ever see . . . they sure named her right!

. . . We buzzed over Lupwe, and swung four miles to the north to land at the little airstrip near Takum. Shortly, Ray Browneye rolled up in his pickup truck. I had to smile. Browneye was a handsome fella . . . blonde hair and blue eyes . . . and with a grin a mile wide.

Ray said, "You're not in a hurry, are you? Why not come to the station for lunch?"

I hesitated . . . looking toward Jos. "Okay, I shouldn't have any trouble getting back home today . . . the visibility is fantastic . . . why, I could see Wase rock eighty miles away!"

We tied the plane down, jumped into the pickup, and started down the two-track, winding our way through the tall grass and sparse trees. Suddenly, Ray slammed on the brakes just as a native girl stepped out from a hidden path. She jumped back in fright, almost losing the water pot she had balanced on her head. "Wow! . . . sure a good thing I saw that pot moving along above the grass," Ray exclaimed, "You really gotta watch'em!"

"Yeah, I've had them walk right across the runway, just as I'm about to land . . . and those crazy goats will do it to you, too! I like to give the strips a real buzz job to let them know that I'm around."

As we pulled into the Lupwe compound, the sun shining on the white walls made my eyes squint. We stopped in front of the Browneyes' house. It was simply beautiful . . . glistening white walls, grass-thatched roof, large shaded porch where the scarlet bougainvillea climbed onto the roof. Orange, lemon, tangerine, and grapefruit trees mingled with the flowering frangi-pangi . . . papaya trees everywhere. Marigolds bordered the pathway, and the edge of the house.

Ray and I lugged in a large heavy bag of flour, and dropped it into a fifty-gallon drum in the storeroom. I immediately sensed the coolness inside the house, as I wiped the sweat from my brow. Ray voiced my thoughts, "It's the thatched roof . . . lots better than those tin roofs you have in Jos."

In a few minutes, we were seated at the dining-room table munching on lettuce and tomato sandwiches made with homemade mayonnaise and warm homemade bread, carrot sticks, and ice-cold tea with fresh lemon.

"You bush missionaries really suffer!" I joked.

"It's not too bad with those fresh vegetables that you bring from the plateau . . . by the way, thanks a lot . . . you fly-boys can spoil us any time you want." Ray laughed.

As we were eating I glanced around the room. By the window was a desk with a short wave radio. Ray read my thoughts, "It's the one I got from Heber Richins. I got it hooked up just like



Kent Academy children examining SIM plane while awaiting take-off to take them to their stations for Christmas vacation. Dec. 1957. Robert Kraay kneeling. Submitted by Char Kraay

he said, but I can't get the crazy thing working. I've been trying for a couple of weeks. Everything seems to work, but I can't raise a soul."

We were finished eating, so I went over to the radio for a closer look. It was a DX-40, made from a Heathkit. "This looks just like one I put together for Heber. It's really a simple rig, fun to build, and they usually work quite well. When Heber was testing the one I built, a fellow in Bakersfield, California, who was calling CQ, came booming in. Heber replied, and we about fell off our chairs when he answered us. Just forty watts, and we were talking to this guy over 7000 miles away!"

"Well," Ray said disgustedly, "all I want to do is reach Jos headquarters and the other stations around here when they get set up."

I looked out the window. "Let's see . . . yeah . . . you have the antenna set in the right direction for Jos."

The antenna tuner was mounted on the wall. As I turned the knob, Ray said, "Now, that is one thing I don't know where to set."

I scratched my head, "About a month ago I stopped at the radio room when I was picking up the mail at the BD (Business Department). One of our stations was having trouble hearing Jos, and I watched Heber put a loop of wire with a flashlight bulb in the tuner coil. . . here . . . then he turned the knob, and the bulb would glow when he got to a certain point. He turned the knob back and forth, and then left it where the bulb glowed the brightest. Then, when Heber talked to that station, they could hear him okay!"

"Hey, I'll have to try that . . . what did that coil look like?"

"It was just a loop of plastic-covered wire the same size as the turns in the tuner coil . . . I guess one end of the wire would be soldered to

the tip of the bulb, and the other end to the metal side."

"Okay." Ray smiled. "That sounds simple enough . . . I'll give it a try."

Ray took me back to the airstrip. The sun was really getting hot. I almost burned my arm on the window ledge of the truck. We bowed our heads, and Ray committed the flight to the Lord.

I cranked up the engine, did the pre-takeoff check, and was soon rumbling down the laterite strip. The Cessna leaped lightly into the air, did a right bank, and I was homeward bound for Jos. I quickly climbed up to 2500 feet. The air was still bumpy there, so I eased her up to 4500 feet where it was smooth and cool. My sweat-soaked T-shirt acted like an air-conditioner as the breeze came in from the air vents.

"Wow! . . . just look at the visibility . . . wish it was like this every day." I could see the Benue River forty miles away, meandering off to the east. "I'll bet I can see a hundred miles!"

A hundred miles out of Jos I could see those glistening white thunderheads building up over the plateau. What a fantastically, beautiful sight, but experience gives you that feeling in the gut that works its way to the backbone, and then up, until it's crawling the back of your scalp. You get kicked around a few times by a thunderstorm, and you will know the feeling. You would really like to head another direction, but the Jos Plateau is where you live. That's home . . . so you go for it.

That ol' weather factory is just doing its thing. During the rainy season, the warm, moist marine air is pushed inland at the ground level. The hot tropical sun causes the clouds to rise as the day progresses. Four hundred and fifty miles inland, that warm air hits the edge of the Jos Plateau. Up she goes, like an elevator, sometimes to thirty or forty thousand feet. This spawns some of the most beautifully awesome thunderstorms in the world.

"What's that Bible verse? . . . Hezekiah 14:11? . . . If you get lost, head for the biggest thunderstorm you can see . . . that's home . . . that is the Jos plateau!"

Fifty miles out of Jos, I eased over the edge of the plateau and began cutting a bit east of course, hoping to get on the backside of the storm.

Forty miles out, I called Jos on the radio . . . "Jos tower, Jos tower . . . this is Victor Romeo November Charlie Golf requesting your latest weather."

"Roger, Charlie Golf . . . the winds are zero eight zero at fifteen knots . . . QNH is 29.81 inches . . . heavy rain, thunder, and lightning to the west of station! . . . be advised there's a large

amount of water on the runway . . . light rain still falling at the station.”

Good . . . the storm had just passed over the airport . . . and I could see that. By the time I get there it would be pretty well over.

Looking down at the farmers’ fields, I could see that the ditches between the row crops were brim full . . . all the little streams were gushing with red brown water . . . everything green had a new washed glow. The air was cool, moist, and fresh. I took big gulps of it. “Thank you, Lord, for the rainy season!”

I positioned myself for a right base leg, slowed the plane down, put down one notch of flaps, and began my descent. Landing on the blacktop runway 10-28 is a little like landing on a roller coaster. The first five hundred feet is uphill. Over the crest is a slight dip, and that is where all the water flows across the runway. The remainder of the runway continues at a slight rise toward the east, with the end being almost flat . . . the whole thing sort of tilts north to south.

“Jos tower . . . Charlie Golf on final!”

“Roger, Charlie Golf cleared to land . . . wind zero nine zero . . . ten knots.”

“Roger, Charlie Gulf . . . cleared to land.”

As I shut down the engine, I glanced out the window at the new washed earth, and simply bowed my head . . . “Thank you Lord, for this beautiful day . . . give those kids a good vacation with their parents . . . bless Ray and Anne there at Lupwe . . . help Ray to get that radio working . . .”

Little did I realize how crucial that radio would be in a few days.

Musa, our hangar boy, was waiting with the baggage cart when I jumped out of the airplane. He unloaded the mail from Gboko and Lupwe . . . and the bags of citrus fruits that Ray sent to be distributed among the missionaries in Jos. Fruit on the plateau ripens a couple of months later.

Refueling the planes at Jos is a bit more modern than at the bush strips. We use a barrel pump with a hose and nozzle, and a nice stand which eliminates the balancing act on the wing strut. One person holds the nozzle while the other turns the pump handle. The tricky part is to turn the handle at just the right speed to keep the fuel from running over the top of the filter. Then you need to stop pumping at just the right moment, so the last drop of fuel drains from the filter and the tank is completely full, or however much fuel you want for the next flight.

We pushed the plane into the open hangar, loaded the freight into the rickety Ford station-wagon, and I was on my way into Jos.

Tribute to Linda Klassen, KA Cook

Submitted by Myr Guy

Linda Klassen was the person in charge of the food at KA—preparing all the meals for the children, supervising the missionary and African staff who worked in food preparation, training them in sanitation, food handling, serving, clean-up. She bought milk from Fulani women who brought it in large calabash gourds on their heads each day, pasteurized it, cooled it, separated it. She bought meat from Fulani men who brought cattle there to sell. They knew she would not buy it if it had already died. She bartered with traders or ordered from Mission sources, for all needed staple supplies: sugar, margarine, flour, salt, seasonings, cooking oil.

She had chicken and pigs raised at KA and butchered as needed. From the fruit trees she made a delicious fruit dessert for every lunch—mangoes, pineapple, bananas, oranges, papayas, cashew fruit.

She provided coffee, tea, coffee cake or cookies for the missionary staff for morning and afternoon tea time. She sent a tin of cookies to each classroom at the end of each school day, so each child had a large cookie. She made birthday cake for everyone, the flavor of the birthday child’s choice, for the evening dessert. With 240 birthdays, it goes without saying that we had cake frequently. She baked bread, both white and wheat, not only for KA meals,

but also for staff members who wanted to eat in their own houses or apartments. She supplied a “store” for the KA staff.

She conducted a Sunday morning worship service in Hausa for the Nigerian staff. She made a gingerbread village every year at Christmas. She prepared parents’ teas twice a year—at school end in December and June. She had a birthday party for KA staff once a month. She engineered Stocking Night for the children. She attended church in the Miango village whenever possible, and learned some of their Iregwe language. She started a school for Fulani children, built a building, held school in the evening, and used it as an evangelistic outreach. She had no previous training in food preparation or administration! She accepted the assignment because of her love for and obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ. Linda Klassen was a great missionary! (*coralmyr@earthlink.net*)



Linda Klassen, KA kitchen 1968

Progress Report on the KA History Book

I am at the point where collecting has nearly been complete. The major task ahead is editing the 1000s of pages and photos. It has been suggested that I try to make money on this project, but that has never been my intention. I will agree to a suggested donation to *Simroots*. I would like to offer the unedited files to anyone who is interested. The book is available on CD in pdf format. You will need to download Acrobat Reader onto your computer (it’s free) to access the CD. If you would like this initial CD, please send a donation (make your check out to *Simroots*) to **Deb Turner, PO Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253**. She will let me know when and where to send you your CD. For my part, I will donate the cost of the CD and the shipping to *Simroots*. (*Grace Anne Swanson*)

Sakeji School

Sakeji Reunion

Date: July 15 - 19, 2004

Place: California Lutheran University,
Thousand Oaks, California
www.callutheran.edu/

Cost: US \$272 per person, double-occupancy, for the entire weekend (only \$68 per person per day) (Single supplement price available on request). The reunion package price includes:

■ **4 nights accommodations.** Arrival Thursday afternoon, July 15; departure Monday morning, July 19. Double-occupancy, air-conditioned rooms in suite-style dorms (2 double-occupancy bedrooms per suite with shared bathroom and sitting room; all linens provided). Families of 3 or more may reserve an entire suite for themselves.

■ **All meals,** including dinner July 15 and breakfast July 19.

■ Use of the campus facilities and grounds (chapel, gym, athletic fields, pool, classrooms)

■ Excursions and activities

Registration and full payment deadline: May 15, 2004. (But sooner if possible!)

Cancellation policy: With written notice received by May 15, 2004, 50% refund of total amount per person. After May 15, 2004, no refunds.

Please make payment in U.S. Dollars with checks or money orders payable to: California Sakeji Reunion. Mail the registration form with your payment to:

California Sakeji Reunion

P.O. Box 40912

Pasadena, CA 91114-7912

USA

Please start collecting your Sakeji memorabilia such as photos, end-of-term programs, etc., to share with us at the reunion. We'd also value learning about your talents and strengths, e.g., music, drama, photography, children's activities, so we can make sure you are well involved in all the activities we are planning. Please feel free to contact us with any suggestions or questions.

Dowa Bwanausi-Ross and Janice Bakke

(626) 296-9012

sakejireunion04@earthlink.net

Registration Form

Name(s) _____

Mailing Address _____

E-mail Address _____

Phone Number _____

Number of Adults _____

Number of Children and Ages _____

I / We would like to share a room / suite with: _____

What years were you at Sakeji? _____

Amount Enclosed _____

FROM THE ARCHIVES



Kent Academy, 5th grade, 1960-61.

*Front row: Sharon Ardill, Joyce Steely, Becky Allen, Karen Craig,
Mary Winterflood, Ruth Wright, Bonnie Kleinsasser*

*Middle row: Judy Swank, Susan Tucker, Kay Kastner, Charlotte Jacobson,
Susan Lucas, Beth Dreisbach*

Back row: Carlton Smith, Bill Bishop, Bruce Campbell, Paul Shell, Jim Goertz, John Wyllie

STAFF TRIBUTES

Staff photos continued from previous issue . . .



Don Quarles
KA



Frieda Quarles
KA



Arthur Rashleigh
BA



Lorna Rashleigh
BA



Carol Anne Reimer
BA



Rob Reimer
BA



Sylvia Reimer
BA



Elma Reimer
BA



Rollin Reimer
BA



Charles (Charlie) Rhine
KA



Irene Rhine
KA



Mary & Don Ricker
BA



Elizabeth Ricker
BA



Freda Riddle
BA



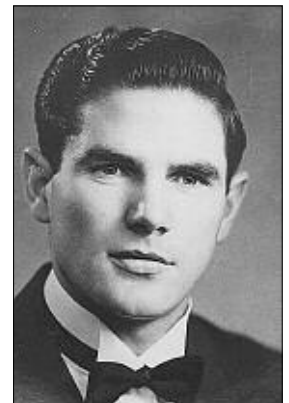
Mr. Ring
EL, BA



Mrs. Ring
EL, BA



Jean Robertson
SA



Iner Robinson
KA



Carmen Robinson
KA



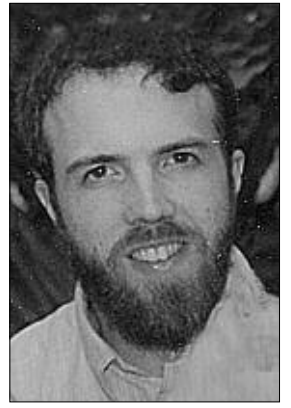
Judy Rowden
CC



Roy Rowden
CC



Debbie Sacra
EL



Rick Sacra
EL



Rita Salls
BA, KA



Maridee Sauers
SA



Dan & Kim Scheel
BA



Grace Scheel
BA



Marian Schindler
EL



Alan Schneider
BA



Geneva Schneider
BA



Luella Schoepf
BA



Pat Schult
EL



Ulrike Schuppener
KA



Richard Scoggan
CC



Allan & Margarite Shaw
KA



Gerri Shope
EL



Deborah & Lorne Shaw
KA



Anne Sheperd
CC



Tom Sheperd
CC



Ruby Siebert
KA



Jeanette Silver
KA



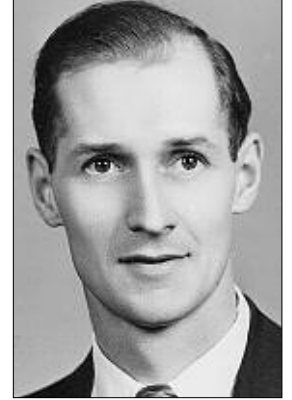
Lila (Sinn) Colestock
KA



Glennis Skinner
BA



Bonnie Smith
KA, P



Vernon Smith
KA, P



Sarah Snapp
CC



Mary Faith Sneath
KA



Jean Sokvitne
BA



Pauline Sonius
EL



Dick Spahr
BA



Norma Spahr
BA



Arden & Helen Steele
CC



Muriel Stilwell
BA



Connie Syring
KA

To be continued.

Books and Media

Nowhere In Africa (Movie - No rating)

This German film with English subtitles is based on the novel by Stefanie Zweig. It tells the story of a German Jewish family who escape from the Nazis by going to live and work on a farm in Kenya. The story is told through the eyes of Regina, the five-year-old daughter, who falls in love with the country and its people—and especially with their tall Masai cook. The father, a former lawyer, recognizes the need to survive, while the mother struggles to cope with all she has lost in the way of family and luxury. Regina encounters anti-Semitism for the first time when her parents send her into town to a boarding school. The movie ends a little abruptly as the family eventually returns to Germany. The setting will appeal to our African MK readers.

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

Amen

By Nadine F. Weber (EL '80)
(nadine@saxo-fun.ch)

This is an original music book. I wrote this book with notes, silences, biblical words, poem, and crescendos. If you are able to read music, you can enjoy singing for or playing this book for those who can't do it, so you can share with others the Gospel of the good news. *Amen* is Christmas Messe, written for a symphonic orchestra (with two saxophones), soloists, and a mixed choir for seven voices. Are you a choir director? Singer? Violinist? Saxophonist? Please let me know your interest in proclaiming the Gospel with classical music. www.saxo-fun.ch

Gods of Noonday— A White Girl's African Life

By Elaine Orr
www.elaineneilorr.com

Elaine Neil Orr is one of us. Born in southern Nigeria in 1954 to Southern Baptist missionaries, her book, *Gods of Noonday*, reminds us of our profound need for home. Like the lush physical world created by the confluence of rivers in her childhood, her personal story emerges out of a rich confluence of history, race and religions. The Yoruba dance their divination rites on the rim of her white, evangelical world. The Nigerian nation steps to the new tempo of independence and the stage for civil war is set.

Elaine learns the rituals of separation that every child of missionaries must learn—first the separations brought on by boarding school

in Nigeria (Newton Memorial); furloughs in South Carolina; and then, as if everything before had been mere preparation, the ultimate separation of a teenager from the nation of her birth. (Note: after Newton closes, her friends attend Hillcrest.)

Three decades later, needing two organ transplants for advanced diabetes and end-stage renal disease, Elaine writes, "In my life, only two directions are possible: death or rebirth. I prefer the second . . ." Out of this courageous choice for rebirth rises a memoir laced with gratitude and hope. MKs, no matter from what continent or context, will recognize their story in Elaine's. She gives us permission . . . to remember, to organize our losses and joys, to grieve, and then, with head held high, to claim and use our past in ways that will enrich the landscapes of our adult lives.

Reviewed by Tabitha Plueddemann

From "Knotted Strings" to Talking Bibles

By Harvey T. Hoekstra

Published by William Carey Library

Harvey and Lavina came to the Presbyterian Mission in Ethiopia after years of service in a "traditional" mission in the Sudan. The book chronicles not only the Hoekstra's life, but also their missionary journey of setting the Gospel free in the mother culture of traditional peoples. It is a thrilling story of an adventure in life and an adventure in changing mission that sets the Gospel free among illiterate peoples around the globe.

Reviewed by Dr. Harold Kurtz, former Presbyterian Mission Director and former Director of the Presbyterian Fellowship.

(760) 233-0674, hthoek@juno.com

Available on line:

<http://www.audioscriptures.org> for \$19.95. All proceeds go to support Audio Scripture International's Talking Bible Projects.

The Scent of Eucalyptus: A Missionary Childhood in Ethiopia

By Dan Coleman (BA '79)
(dcoleman@mcmaster.ca)

Born in Ethiopia, Daniel Coleman grew up blond and white amidst a nation of dark-haired, dark-skinned people. Different from his Ethiopian playmates, yet not fully comfortable with his Canadian roots, Coleman learned to live with one foot in each culture. *The Scent of Eucalyptus* is Daniel Coleman's personal story. He shares with great openness his struggles with being a TCK, his feelings on missionary

life, and how the missionary way of life affected the people with whom they came to work.

The Scent of Eucalyptus is a deeply moving book, at times funny, at others heart-rending. Coleman describes life at Bingham Academy, the boarding school for MKs in Addis Ababa, exploring everything from clothes and peer pressure to Field Day, sex, salvation, and witnessing. He also tells of riot drills during the turbulent times immediately following the overthrow of Haile Selassie's government and helping out with the international famine relief programme. Interwoven through each chapter are Coleman's probing, intelligent thoughts about faith, missionary life, and being a TCK. The universal themes within the chapters transcend geographical boundaries making this a book for everyone, whether they grew up in Ethiopia, Nigeria, or South America. I highly recommend this book.

Reviewed by Deborah R. Turner

You can order this book through:
<http://geocities.com/HotSprings/7129/>.

Here is a little trivia about the author:
www.mcmaster.ca/research/faces/faces_coleman-d.htm

A good source for Africa books:

www.africabookcentre.com/acatalog

Submitted by Grace Swanson

Some Far and Distant Place

By Jonathan S. Addleton

The University of Georgia Press

In 207 pages, Baptist MK Jonathan Addleton tells of his family's experiences in Pakistan. He writes frankly (yet respectfully) regarding meaningful people and events. Addleton weaves multiple aspects of culture, geography, and history into the story. Written more to inform and to share than to entertain, the book is thoughtfully reflective. Jonathan focuses mainly on the time he lived in Pakistan—from birth, to graduation from high school. One chapter does digress into family history, as he examines the background that brought his parents to missionary service in that "far and distant place." Throughout the book, he sprinkles words lifted from the local lingo, but does not explain them. Sometimes the context does not suffice to make the specific meaning clear.

Simroots readers will connect with many familiar aspects of the MK experience, including reentry shock. "It was strange to think that, even in America, the country we thought of as our own, we should be set so much apart, even as we were in Pakistan."



Many of us particularly enjoy reading about the boarding school experiences of other MKs. "One school rule stated that a child had to be at least six and a half years old before he or she could be sent off to boarding school. My turn came in March 1964, four months before my seventh birthday. I traveled the seven hundred miles from Shikarpur to Rawalpindi by train, then boarded a rented bus belonging to the Pindi Murree Transport Company for the two-hour trip into the mountains to school. Looking at my own two sons growing up now, I can hardly imagine how my parents could have done it. At the time, it seemed as natural as boarding a school bus for a county school half a dozen miles away." (His older brother had preceded him to boarding school.) Although less than one quarter of the book is given over to his time at Murree Christian School, it is significant and interesting coverage. "I saw many examples of devotion, selfless service and, on occasion, true love. The worst memories were laughed away; the best became part of the spiritual framework on which my own life came to be built. 'If you lose your memories, you lose your soul,' I once read. I made sure that I kept mine, intact and for as long as possible." If you enjoy memoirs—particularly MK memoirs—you'll find this book a good read. "Only later did I come to understand that cultural displacement was one of the defining features of the twentieth century, that one of the greatest gifts my parents ever gave me was an ability to cross an ever-increasing number of boundaries and still not be bound by them, to travel the world and still maintain a sense of who I was and where I came from. To borrow a phrase, the origins of which escape me now, I was somehow fated to acquire early in life the ability to be partly at home everywhere—but not fully at home anywhere."

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

Rowland Bingham

by Janet and Geoff Benge

This book about one of SIM's founding fathers, is one of the "Christian Heroes: Then and Now" series published by YWAM Publishing and is easy reading suitable for older teens and adults. It is available from SIM USA for \$7.00 plus S & H.

E-mail Correction

Simroots regrets the publishing of an incorrect e-mail for discussion on the book *If He Should Lose His Own Soul*, reviewed by Dan Buck. Please write to: elwabuck@yahoo.com.

Excerpt from a study of TCKs conducted by Drs. John Useem and Ruth Hill Useem of Michigan State U. and Dr Ann Baker Cottrell of San Diego U. and Dr Kathleen Finn Jordan, a counselor in Washington, DC. Published in 1993. Reprinted by permission.

How long does it take for TCKs to become adjusted to American life? The majority of our adult TCKs, including those over 65, report mild to severe difficulties with what has been called "re-entry problems" or "reverse culture shock."

The answer to the question of how long it takes them to adjust to American life is: they never adjust. They adapt, they find niches, they take risks, they fail and pick themselves up again. They succeed in jobs they have created to fit their particular talents, they locate friends with whom they can share some of their interests, but they resist being encapsulated. Their camouflaged exteriors and understated ways of presenting themselves hide the rich inner lives, remarkable talents, and often strongly held contradictory opinions on the world at large and the world at hand.

Reentry Reflection

By Dave Wickstrom (KA, HC '67)

I returned to the U.S. during the summer before my junior year of high school. I came back thinking that I would be a star on the high school basketball team since I had experienced that reputation and position when I was in Nigeria and on the basketball team there. I didn't realize how different things would be for me as a student at a small Indiana high school. In Indiana, basketball reigns supreme. I didn't even make the varsity team but was relegated to the junior varsity team for the first three quarters of the season. I was the tallest person on the squad and thought I should be playing center, but I realized that these other guys were a whole lot better than I was. But finally, I got to play the last few games of the season on the varsity team and looked forward to my senior year, knowing that I had a lot of work to do in order to play on this team—despite the fact that we were 1 and 19 during my junior year. Well, I worked hard between the end of the basketball season and the beginning of the next season—about 7 months—and the hard work paid off. I was the starting center for the basketball team, was one of the leading scorers, and this team was 15 and 10 for the season.

So, why do I write all this? To point out that for me, having a skill and an interest which I could

share with others was my way of reentry back into the U.S. By being in sports, I was able to make some good friends—I went on to run track and play baseball as well—and it also gave me some notoriety in the school. I also had to work at making friends and decided to do just that, despite sometimes looking like a geek in missionary hand-me-down clothes and at times being thought of as a little different because of my Christian beliefs. But even those beliefs and the strength of those beliefs helped in my adjustment. During my senior year I was able to start a Youth For Christ Campus Life club at the school, and my folks often sponsored parties at our house—like a winter skating party on the lake near our house—which drew quite a few seekers as well as believers. It also helped that I had been so well prepared academically at Kent Academy because school was easy for me. I graduated in the top 10% of the class, was a member of the National Honor Society, and received academic scholarships and grants which paid for Christian college expenses in full. Overall, I am thankful for the many opportunities and blessings which came out of my MK upbringing. For me, adjusting back to the States was relatively easy as long as I worked at and developed and used the gifts God had given me, and celebrated the uniqueness associated with being a MK. And I am hoping that others will recognize the great gifts you have been given as an MK and use them to fulfill all that God has for you.

I realize also that not all children had the privileges and gifts God gave to me, and not every MK has a particular gift or talent (like sports) to help them adjust to reentry. Not every MK has the supportive parents I had, so I do consider myself very blessed by God in so many ways, and I am thankful for the many ways in which He provided for me so that my adjustment back to the States was generally positive. My prayer is that many other AMKs who may have had greater difficulty in adjusting will discover the truth of the uniqueness and specialness of their experience, and that God will help them discover/uncover the truth of how loved and special they are because of their relationship with Him. (Dwick328@cs.com)

NEW INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR

Malcolm McGregor, Director of SIM UK and Northern Europe, has been elected as the new International Director of SIM. He and his wife **Liz** were both born in Glasgow, Scotland. They have lived in Nigeria and also in Ethiopia where Liz taught music at Bingham Academy while they served in Addis Ababa.

NEW SOUTHWEST REGIONAL DIRECTOR

Jim (KA '74) & Shari (BA staff) Ardill will be replacing Bart & Ruth Bliss as regional directors for CA, NV and AZ. (jim.ardill@sim.org)

NEW CANADA DIRECTOR

Welcome **Gregg Bryce (KA, HC '75)** as the new SIM director for Canada. He and his wife **Patti (Boyes) (KA, HC '79)** have served in Bolivia. (gp.bryce@sympatico.ca)

HILLCREST TEACHERS NEEDED

Write to steve.beacham@sim.org for more info.

Sahel Academy Staff Needs

Sahel Academy is an SIM school. It has about 70 students this year in grades 1-12. Most of the students are day students whose parents live and work right there in Niamey, the capital city of Niger. There is a dorm for students whose parents do not live near by. There are 8 boys and 4 girls in the dorm this year and our 2 boys are among them. Although it is an SIM school, there are several other missions that send their children to Sahel, and there are a few non-mission children as well, from the community.

Staffing our mission schools is a challenge for missions all over the world. But if we do not have good schools that our children can attend, then we as missionary parents will not be able to stay and work on the mission field.

Needs for the next school year:

- Dorm Parents & Assistant
- Grades 1&2, 5&6
- Math, Social studies, Computer, Bible (1/2 year), Art/PE
- Dining-hall supervisor

Possible needs:

- Science, English, Music

If you or anyone you know is interested in becoming involved in missions and loves kids and is a teacher, we would love to hear from you. There are short-term (one year) opportunities as well as long-term openings. SIM has schools in many different countries of the world, so we need lots of teachers!

Ken & Cora (Zobrist) Klay
(ken.klay@sim.org)

ADOPT A GRAD

In the late 1990s, Larry Fehl, who at that time was Director, SIM USA, became aware of and burdened for the painful issues which affected many MKs. He wrote an article for *Simroots* in which he acknowledged the sacrifice made by MKs when their parents followed the call to the mission field, which resulted in some cases in deep pain for them. He confessed mistakes of SIM leadership, pledging to try to address the issues with compassion. As a result, a Task Force was formed in 1999 to address some of the issues of the past, and recommend proactive actions to enhance the experience of MKs of today.

We recognize we cannot do it alone. Many of you have asked how you might help. Here is your chance. In a few months the Class of 2004 faces that "reentry" so uniquely familiar to us. Would you be willing to:

- (1) "adopt" one of these grads that live in your area? Inducting them into life in their "passport country"?
- (2) become a "pen pal" to one of these grads—a long-distance mentor, who can uniquely identify with the challenges of reentry?
- (3) give to a reunion fund?

Remember the trauma of re-entry—leaving your "home" and going to what your parents called "home" but for you was a foreign country? Graduates of Hillcrest Academy in Nigeria have an annual reunion over American Thanksgiving. This year, Dick Ackley and his wife, Meg, (who met Dick at Hillcrest, then taught and served as house parents at Hillcrest) are hosting this event, which most of the 23 graduates of Hillcrest (representing 6 countries and including several Muslims)

are planning to attend. This event is costly, but worthwhile. How different would that have made our re-entry experiences to have had such an event months after our graduation and separation? If you would like to contribute to this event, tax-deductible gifts can be sent to SIM—Dick Ackley Ministry designated for MK Recent Grad Reunions (any excess funds—oh we of great faith!—will be put in a fund for next year's reunion). Your contributions will make a difference.

We are open to other suggestions of how we, adult MKs, can reach out to current-day MKs. Contact Nancy (Ackley) Ruth at nancykma@yahoo.com or Simroots@sim.org.

The Adult MK Advisory Committee

FROM THE ARCHIVES



Niger Sahel Academy 1991-'92 Christmas Pageant
Thomas Grandouiller, Nathon Abbott, Robbie Hall, Jason Rendel,
Nathan Owens, Marie Burt

NEWS UPDATES

Catch up on the latest news of adult SIM MKs, teachers, and caregivers. Remember to send your letters to your class rep. or to **Karen Keegan, Simroots Editor, 222 Hyle Avenue, Murfreesboro, TN 37128**; call (615) 895-9011; or e-mail: simroots@sim.org. Please include the name(s) of your school(s), your high school graduation year, and your maiden name.

News updates are in a separate file and are accessible by password only.



*Arabelle Enyart, KA teacher, far right. Do you know these students' names and the year that this photo was taken?
Submitted by Arabelle Enyart*

SYMPATHIES

Jacob Eitzen (parent) died April 12, 2003.

Jack Johnston (BA Staff) died on August 20, 2003.

Paul Wallace (GH, BA) passed away in his sleep, on December 17, 2003. It was a result of diabetes.

A Germaine Family Tribute

To 2 brothers: **David** (died of heart failure Nov. '98) and **Charles (Chuck)** (died of cancer Feb. '03). Loved and remembered by Marlene, Gloria, Ron, Nancy, Susan, Dan, and their families.

Submitted and paid for by

Gloria (Germaine) Mudge (GH '57)

(Our parents were career missionaries in Nigeria and Canada with SIM.

Dan has been a second generation pilot in Niger, currently in Leave Of Absence)

FROM THE ARCHIVES



*Miss Patterson,
director of Pioneer
Girls, very back.*

Back row:
*Pat Hursh,
Esther Ockers (?),
Bonnie Kleinsasser,
Ruth Smith,
Dorothy Herr,
Phyllis Jacobson,
Charlotte Richins,
Lillian Power*

Front row:
*Marcia Edwards,
Carolyn Tobert,
Delwynn Elliot,
Ramona Veenker,
?,
Judy Geisbrecht
c. 1957 or '58*

Clip and Mail

ADDRESS CHANGES OR ADDITIONS

Clip and Mail

The mailing list is only as useful as it is current. Please help us by sending in changes and supplying ALL of the following information. Thank you.

First Name _____ Spouse's Name _____

Maiden Name _____ Last Name _____

Address _____ City _____

State/Province _____ Zip/Postal Code _____ Country _____

Phone (Home) _____ Phone (Work) _____

Cell Phone _____ E-mail _____

Occupation _____

High school graduation year (based on U.S. system end of grade 12) _____

Mission school(s) attended or affiliated with on mission field (please list all) _____

Affiliation with school as a _____ Student _____ Staff _____ Parent _____ Other _____ Date of address change _____

I am sending a donation of \$ _____ to SIM in honor of / in memory of _____

Please remove my name from the mailing list.

Send changes to **Karen Keegan, Simroots Editor, 222 Hyle Avenue, Murfreesboro, TN 37128**

615-895-9011, simroots@sim.org, <http://simroots.sim.org>

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FINANCIAL REPORT

Thank you to an anonymous donor who matched our \$500 challenge! You are appreciated! A special donation was also given so we could add color to the cover of this issue.

The staff of *Simroots* would like to thank all those who donated to *Simroots* since the last issue. Since our last issue, \$5,450.52 has come in against \$3,340.60 in expenses. That leaves us with a balance of \$2,109.92, which is about \$1300 short for this issue and nothing for the fall issue. Keep your donations coming.

Visit our Web site at <http://simroots.sim.org>

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