



VOLUME 22 NUMBER 2 2005

Hillcrest School, Part 2

Written c. 1979

In 1942, Hillcrest was founded to provide a Christian education for missionary children by the Church of the Brethren Mission on their Jos compound with one teacher. In 1946, the present music building with two classrooms and a principal's office was built on the Hillcrest compound and classes were moved there. A steady program of construction resulted in the present buildings: Studebaker Hall (1947), the auditorium (1954), the dining hall (1956), Livingstone Hall (1957), the principal's house and the intermediate building (1958), the primary building (1960), Heckman Hall, Maxwell Hall and the duplex (1961). Plans for the new high school building were accepted two years before it was built in 1964 with a six-classroom block addition two years later. In 1970, eight rooms of the middle school building were completed, and the extension to that building was ready for occupancy in 1978.



Renovations and remodeling have been a consistent part of the building program. A lounge was added and the dining hall extended in 1965. In 1967, the dispensary was added to the duplex, and the infirmary moved from the Oasis where it had been located since 1961. The auditorium was extended in 1974 with improved drama facilities incorporated. The music building had its termite-eaten roof replaced and studios as well as an elementary supervisor's office carved out of it in 1977.

The principal's office moved from the original school building to what

is now Heckman Shop, to the intermediate building, to the high school and then to the middle school.

The library has also moved about the compound from its initial existence in a small area in the back of the auditorium to a room of its own in the intermediate building and then to the high school building.

A chaplain's office was first situated in the room that had originally been the principal's office until it moved on to a room in Maxwell Hall.

Compound revamping became necessary to accommodate increased traffic and parking and to insure safety. This was done in 1977, and at the same time playground equipment was installed and additional landscaping done.

In 1964, the decision was made to move all high school students off the Hillcrest compound. This resulted in the construction or securing of additional hostels to the existing Rock Haven (United Missionary Society), Niger Creek (Sudan Interior Mission), Boulder Hill (Church of the Brethren Mission/United Methodist), Mountain View (Christian Reformed Church), Elm House (Evangelical Lutheran Mission), Nassarawa [Chi Alpha, when relocated later] (Assemblies of God Mission), Woyke House (Mambilla Baptist Mission), and Crescent Hill (Nigerian Baptist Mission). Rock Haven and Chi Alpha were closed in 1978, and Boys' Baptist merged with Crescent Hill in 1979.

From the beginning, Hillcrest accepted pupils without regard to race or color. Missions other than CBM were interested in Hillcrest from its

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conception, and in 1952, ten years after the opening of the school, there was a meeting of representatives from the Sudan United Mission, Assemblies of God Mission and the United Missionary Society with the Church of the Brethren to discuss cooperation. In 1955, a constitution was adopted, and these four missions began operating Hillcrest jointly under a Board of Governors. To these original four, other missions joined: Missouri Synod Lutheran Mission (1963), American Lutheran Mission (1964), Nigerian Baptist Mission (1967), Mambilla Baptist Mission (1967), and Wycliffe Bible Translators. Sudan Interior Mission students were present during the first years, but with the opening of Kent Academy (1946) most of the SIM students transferred to the new school. In 1960, SIM students entered the high school; however, five years later the mission withdrew as a member of the cooperation to become its only participating member at the high school level in 1968. Cooperating missions shared in capital investments and furnished staff members, the number being determined on a ratio to the number of students enrolled in the school. As a participating mission, the SIM furnished staff, but did not share in capital expenses, nor did they enjoy voting privileges on the Board.

A major administrative move took place in 1972 when Hillcrest became a day school with several of the cooperating missions in the organization of Pine View Christian Hostel for elementary-aged children.

Hillcrest began as an elementary school, but from the early years several students studied high school courses by correspondence with two seniors completing work



Mary Dadisman and Mr. Weaver, principal. 1966

in 1957. In 1957, Hillcrest had its first full-time high school teacher to supervise the correspondence work. As the number of students increased, teachers joined the staff, and in 1964 correspondence courses were discontinued as policy—with the exception of courses for which instruction was not offered.

The eight students of the 1965 senior class were the first graduates: the forty-eight students

of 1974 and 1978 classes were the largest graduating classes. The original enrollment of twelve has multiplied in recent years to 350 elementary students and 150 high schoolers.

With increased enrollment, double streaming became a policy in August of 1975 although classes previously had occasionally been divided for instructional purposes. With an influx of local students, an Open House became a desirable public relations feature, the first of these being May 19, 1972. A Parent/Teachers Association was formed in 1977.

With the administrative complications which accompanied the standardized testing program, a student and community accommodation, and the need for students to be given counsel, it became necessary to add a counselor to the staff in 1971.

General Certificate of Education courses were introduced into the curriculum in 1973,



Aerial view of Hillcrest 1969/70. Unfinished HS building. Miss Wagner photo

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SIMROOTS
c/o SIM Canada
10 Huntingdale Blvd.
Scarborough, ON
Canada M1W 2S5
416-497-2424
postmast@sim.ca

Please send correspondence to:

EDITOR
Karen Keegan
222 Hyle Avenue
Murfreesboro, TN 37128
(615) 895-9011
simroots@sim.org

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Dan Elyea
fsiyfr@okeechobee.com

WEB SITE
Minna Kayser
Simroots.webmaster@sim.org

LAYOUT
Grace Swanson
1565 Gascony Road
Encinitas, CA 92024
(760) 942-6109
swanson121@cox.net

PROMOTION
Deborah Turner
PO Box 273
Greenbank, WA 98253
(360) 678-3214
ethiopia@greenbank.net

and in 1975 two students sat the exam. Grade seven and eight students were registered in the course in 1976, establishing the policy for the school.

Although individual or small group instruction had always been a part of the instructional program, in 1969 special classes were begun for those needing extra help.

Enriching the program of course offerings and providing extracurricular activities has stimulated student productivity. A language laboratory was donated to the high school in 1966, and in 1967 the industrial arts department was equipped and classes begun. African studies, both literature and history, were introduced into the high school, an extension of work that had been going on in the elementary school. Following the successful production of *Our Town* in 1962, drama became an increasingly popular extracurricular activity in the high school with a wide public acceptance. Elementary programs had been on the calendar of school events from its earliest days when these were produced in an outdoor amphitheater until the present when they have been locally televised.

School news and views have been published under a succession of titles. Some of these include: *The Hillcrest* (1948), *The Hillpress* (1961) and *The Image* (1974). The yearbook *Crest* has enjoyed a consistent publication since the first edition in 1963. The *Literary Magazine* also has taken on various forms over the years.

The sports program has expanded its facilities and offerings. In 1958, the first sports field was leveled by the Amalgamated Tin Mines of Nigeria (ATMN). In 1962, thirteen acres of additional land made it possible to have an official-size field for track, football, soccer and speed-a-way. In 1965, a hockey field was developed—which is also used for softball. At the same time courts for tennis and volleyball were constructed. Swimming became a part of physical education instruction in 1966 when Elm House made its pool available to Hillcrest, and lifesaving classes were started that year as well as the Girls Recreation Association. Hillcrest's first participation in state sports meets took place in 1969. Elementary students



*"Dee Dee" Diane Tuck, Jeannie Quarles, Barbie Campion, Beth Lohrenz, Jill Sonius, Karen Braband
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius*



*Jim Knowlton, Steve Husband, Eldon Porter, Bob Braband, Dave Harling, Don Shaw
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius*

have enjoyed competitions with their sister school, Kent Academy. From highly competitive games during the 1950s and '60s, these have been modified to times of recreation and socialization during the 1970s.

Each year senior students with outstanding accomplishments in their areas are honored during the Awards Assembly along with many students throughout the school who have achieved goals in sports, typing, and academic standings.

Cooperation among the various missions has brought both problems and rewards. Each mission feels a responsibility towards its own children to firm training in the tenets of its faith. At the same time, cooperation is possible only if there is mutual respect for the beliefs of others, and for the most part, staff members and students alike share in a deep

appreciation of the faiths of others while maintaining a strong loyalty to their own denomination. In 1960, church group meetings were started by several missions. From the school's founding, Sunday School and morning worship services were held for the Hillcrest family and friends. For many years staff, and at times all boarding students, attended Sunday evening services at SIM Chapel. In 1967, these services were discontinued, and since then, services have been held both Sunday morning and evening at Hillcrest, the missions sharing the responsibility for these services. In that same year the Chaplain's committee purchased a communion set.

Forming a Chaplain's Committee (1962); developing a children's church (1969); enlarging the auditorium and acquiring a large organ (1974); arranging retreats on junior high, high school, and staff levels; establishing evening worship services on the Hillcrest compound; extending morning worship services through the term breaks—all of these, along with regular worship services and special services (particularly those of the Easter season), classroom instruction, Sunday School classes, and devotions have been used to maintain the high level of Christian character of the school. The combined prayers of students, staff, parents, friends world-wide, and mission boards, along with an acknowledgment of the Lordship of Jesus Christ have developed high moral standards in Hillcrest School.

For every goal achieved, for every problem solved, for every need supplied there is thankfulness for Him by Whom all things consist.

Lucille Rose and Phyllis Wagner wrote the above history after thirty-five years of Hillcrest School's existence.



Mary Dadisman, 2005

Mary Dadisman, the first teacher at Hillcrest, passed away June 5, 2005, in La Verne, CA. She was 92. Mary served with the Church of the Brethren Mission (CBM) in Nigeria 1941-79, primarily as a nurse. She estimated that she delivered around 4000 babies during those 38 years. Her arrival in Nigeria in December of 1941 came just before the attack

on Pearl Harbor. Because the events of WWII prevented prospective teachers from traveling to Nigeria at that time, Mary was asked to leave her nursing post at Garkida (in Northeastern Nigeria) to serve as the first teacher at the newly established CBM school in Jos, Nigeria, in 1942. (See the previous issue of *Simroots*.) Throughout her retirement years, Mary remained very active in service to others.



Niger Creek Hostel, Jos, Nigeria



Wilf & Esther Husband, Hostel Staff



Niger Creek Hostel, Jos, Nigeria



*Dave Glerum
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius*



*Steve Cox, 1969-70
Wagner photo*



Hillcrest chapel



*Miss T's P.E. class, 1969-70
Wagner photo*



*Thad & Lavina Jackson with Wally & Vi Braband, Hostel Staff
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius*



Jane Jackson and Don Shaw
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius



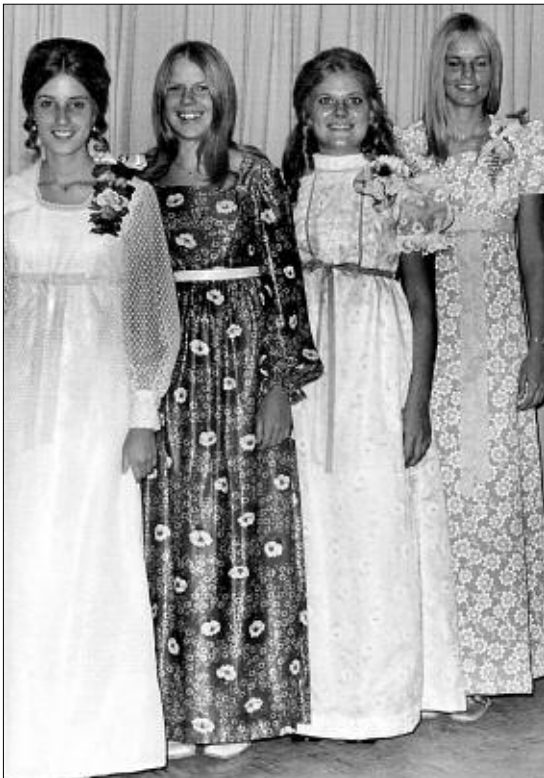
Hillcrest stage
Submitted by Dick and Meg Ackley



Jill Sonius, Dave Fuller
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius



Track and Flat Top



Junior Girls 1972. Alice Price, Jeannie Quarles,
Kathy Ratzlaff, Naomi Kastner
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius



Hillcrest south

STAFF TRIBUTES

*SIM Hillcrest and
Niger Creek Hostel staff*



Herb Jones



Marcy Jones



Claudia Long



Ruth Long



Neil Munro



Bob Murray



Gayle Murray



Candy Ogle



John Ogle



Anne Parlane



Ron Parlane



Lynn Philpott



Sandi Philpott



Doris Pollen



Ray Pollen



Anne Power



Sheila Pritchard



Harvey Ratzlaff



Lenore Richey



Heber Richins



Phyllis Richins



Ken Reimer



Freda Riddle



Rosalie (Rose) Roth



John Sawyer



Nancy Sawyer



Agnes Shaffer



Alice Soderberg



Clarence (Soddy) Soderberg



Glenys Taylor



Jean TerMeer



Jay & Heidi Tolar



Cynthia Tracey



Jim Wayner



Julia Whipple-Wayner



Jean Yourkowski

Did we miss anyone from SIM / HC?

No photo available:
 Ken & Rebecca Ainsworth
 Margaret Kerr
 Christy Kuntz
 Kim MacArthur
 Emily Maifeld
 Dan & Wanda Screpnek
 Miss M. Stringer

Letters to the Editor

Dear Karen,

Simroots, Vol. 22 #1, 2005, was super; but then so have all of the issues that I've received. Having taught at Hillcrest July 1976-86, it was special. I really didn't want to go to Jos to Hillcrest! I was very involved in ministry at Potiskum teaching in the Government Secondary School and working in the local church. But the Lord filled that position and got me to Jos where I settled into the Hillcrest ministry and hospitality as well. They were wonderful years of the Lord's leading, blessing me, teaching me a lot more about Him and me getting to know all those kids.

I keep up with quite a few of our SIM kids. It is exciting to hear from and about them serving all over the world. Maybe one of the ministries I still have and had on 7 different stations in my 36 years was being "Auntie Val" to a whole lot of kids. I have a long list on my prayer list now that I'm retired in the USA.

I'm very much involved in ministry here in Huron, SC. There have been a lot of college kids in the apartment complex where I live. And my church has lots happening in AWANA, rocking babies in the nursery, the Women's Ministry, teaching Sunday School, baking, encouraging, etc. with our large and very active youth group. I also am involved in a Stonecraft Ministries group that reaches out to women in the city.

I look back on my time at Hillcrest with great joy; and I'm thankful that the Lord blessed me by allowing me to be a part of that place.

"Auntie" Valla Vee Benedict

Dear *Simroots*,

I pray for my KA students I taught 1950-63. Those years I will never forget because I have so many memories of my classroom activities, programs, art projects of stage properties, and chalk drawings.

I'd love to hear from more of my KA students. I keep reading *Simroots* many times over and over and recognize so many names. I am involved in ceramics two mornings a week. I am a greeter at church two Sundays every six weeks and White Cross work every month.

Lola Brown Huber
7421 Lyndale Ave S #7
Richfield, MN 55423-4072
612-869-3092

Dear Karen,

You don't know how many times I've said to Jim we must write you! First of all we want to thank you for the GREAT job you are doing with *Simroots*. Even though I'm not a SIM MK, I read it through as if I am! I don't know who most of the people are, but I still enjoy reading the articles. As an MK myself (from the Caribbean), I can relate to some of the issues discussed in these articles.

Sandy Rendel

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Miriam Veenker and Paul Seger 1960



KA twins c. 1950-51: Lola and Lois Brown in center with Betty and Dorothy TerMeer on either side.



Ruth Glerum c. 1957
From the photos of Paul and Gerry Craig

BULLETIN BOARD

NEW HILLCREST WEB SITE

Coming Nov. 1

* a comprehensive, secure, searchable database (covering all years since Hillcrest began through the latest graduates)

* feature articles on 4-5 alumni each month (covering a broad range of topics and years in order to appeal to everyone)

* opportunities to network/mentor other Cresters

* a list of "Open Homes" (Cresters who are willing to host other Cresters for short visits, perhaps while passing through)

* a section for alumni-owned businesses with special offers for Hillcresters

* a message board

* and more!

Joynel (Burgess)

Luster '92

HAN Website Manager

joynelred@yahoo.com

PEN PALS FOR MKS

The SIM ChatClub is a pen pal club for kids ages 6 to 18. The idea behind the club is for Christian Aussie kids to connect with MKs living overseas. If your child is interested in being a part of this club, please contact Amanda Hunt at simyouth-wa@oddssocks.net for more information.



Just One SIMAIR Story

It's not too late to request the e-version of this book, but please note that Rich Schaffer has changed his e-mail to: randm@open.org.

HILLCREST LISTSERVE

Want to chat with others from Hillcrest?

<http://lists.mknet.org/mailman/listinfo/hillcrest-1>

IN HONOR OF

William H. John, Sr. (KA '61) donated \$100 to *Simroots* in honor of his dad, **Rev. David B. John**, who is 95 years old and living at SIM's retirement center in Sebring, Florida.

Kathie (Gordon) Roberts (KA '73) donated \$100 in memory of her parents **Richard & Rose Gordon**.

A FAVORITE HC JOKE

Q: What is green and black and very dangerous?

A: A Nigerian taxi!

Laundry Day

I took my sons to the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum last weekend. There on display were several old wringer washers. I explained to them how their grandma and grandpa Seger in Africa had to grow the trees—to chop the wood—to build the fire—to heat the water which they carried from the cook house to the washer—start the gasoline motor—shove the wash through the wringer at great risk to fingers—hang it all out on the line to dry—and then take it all down and iron it with an iron heated on a wood-burning stove. My oldest son listened to me going on and on. Finally he said very quietly, "And you complain about doing the laundry!"

submitted by Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson

KA History CD/DVD

When I first starting thinking about a book about the history of KA, I was thinking of a coffee table type book or at the least a black and white, spiral-bound book.

Now that I have discovered PDF files and CD burners, my idea of a KA History book has changed dramatically.

For one thing, the book keeps growing. Not a lot, but a few pictures, a few memories here and there.

Second, I don't want to leave anything out. If the book were edited down, maybe your photo and your story would have to go. At this point, I want to be able to include everything I can possibly find.

Third is cost. CDs are cheap.

Fourth is time. I still have two kids at home who insist on eating meals and dirtying laundry. Just how much time realistically can I steal to edit down and produce a "real" book? Can't do it yet.

I think that some time in the future a KA history book will be published. It is too good a story to pass up. For now, if anyone out there wants to tackle this job, they are welcome to all my research, photos, and files.

Meanwhile, I hope those of you who have donated to *Simroots* (thank you—it has really started to count up) and received the History of KA CD and the Craigs' DVD have enjoyed viewing them as much as I have enjoyed putting them together.

If you still have not received your copy and would like to have one, please send a donation to *Simroots* via Deb Turner. Make your donation check out to SIM USA, marked for *Simroots* and send it to Deb Turner, PO Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253.

Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson,
swanson121@cox.net



KA Class of '72 Reunites

On May 5-8 of this year, 27 members of the KA Class of 1972 and 10 spouses gathered together in Lake Placid, Florida, at the cottage home of Don and Sueanne Campion. Members drove or flew in from Wales, France, Nigeria, Canada, and the USA. We adopted as our theme, *Simroots'* motto: From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future. On Thursday night, we began with introductions, a baby photo contest, and a "Remember Who" challenge.

On Friday morning, Joyce Ratzlaff Miller and Janet Rhine organized a Field Day for Fifty-Year-Olds. We tried our hands at jacks, jump rope, Pick-Up-Sticks, Nerf basketball, paddle ball, and building a bridge with straws. After an afternoon of free time to talk, share, laugh, and enjoy outdoor water sports, Meg Todd Ackley prepared a delicious Nigerian meal for us all. That night we read aloud our "Ninth Grade Last Will and Testament" and Ninth Grade predictions for where we'd all be at 4 p.m., May 23, 1999! (No, our predictions were not even close to reality!) Following the frivolity was a special time of sharing in small groups about who we are today and why. The spouses had their own group to discuss the weird stuff they'd observed about us MKs.

Saturday morning we were treated to a guided walking tour of Lake Placid's famous murals, and then we were off to the nearby Sebring Retirement Center where we sponsored and enjoyed a BBQ dinner with all the missionary residents. What a special time to reconnect with many parents, "aunties" and "uncles" and staff. Terry and Sue Long Hammack shared an update from Nigeria, Dan Elyea treated us with a couple harmonica solos, and Don Campion MC'd a brief discussion time concerning MK issues. The evening was topped off with watching a favorite African movie *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.

All too soon, Sunday morning arrived. Joyce led us in a time of worship, and David Lohnes challenged us with the thought: Faith + Sacrifice = Miracles. A debriefing time followed as several shared what the weekend meant to them. The Class rated the event a "10" and determined to keep in contact with their long-lost family members—for that's what it felt like to reunite: it was like coming home.

Terry Hammack, one of the spouses, reported: "The bond of the Class of '72 mission



KA Class of '72, May 7, 2005

Back: Don Campion, Graham Day, Gordy Pullen, David Lohnes, John Ardill
Next: Joyce (Ratzlaff) Miller, Alice (Ver Lee) Anderson, Lila (Price) Spencer, Cora (Zobrist) Klay, Sue (Long) Hammack, Ruth (Bishop) Goasdone, Dan Truax, Dean Hall
Seated on bench: Heather (Wilson) Nicholson, Karen (Seeger) Keegan, Cheryl (Cooke) Sivacek (*kneeling behind bench*), Brenda (Hay) Kelly, Jean (Price) Cail, Ellen (Budd) Hooge, Kathleen Harbottle, Janet Rhine
Standing to right of bench: Marcia (Steeley) Parrotte, Pauline (Fredlund) Roberts, Meg (Todd) Ackley
Seated in front: John Rogalsky, Jim Cail, George Callister

boarding school experience gave them a well-spring of shared memories to enjoy. One girl, Pauline Fredlund Roberts, traveled from Wales even though she attended KA for only one year. She wanted to touch base with the Americans and Canadians who had 'teased a little British girl mercilessly in fifth grade.' She and her siblings were in boarding school in England when they got word that their father had died in a freak drowning accident in Benin, West Africa. Coming to the reunion helped her reconnect with a significant, though short, segment of her life that formed her world view. Everyone swapped stories of MK adventures and antics that brought riotous laughter and sobering tears. The ten spouses enjoyed an equally rich and revealing experience, gaining a greater appreciation for the unique 'tribe' into which we had married. Having the full run of a four-bedroom lake front house and use of all the boating facilities was a bonus. Sleep was cut short, but the complete change of environment and company was truly rejuvenating. Sue's class honored their parents and all the SIM retirees at Sebring by hosting a barbeque for them at the retirement village. Sue and I gave a report of Nigeria since these dear folks pray so

diligently for all the fields of SIM. The interaction was awesome and mutually edifying and healing. It's probably as close as we can get on earth to understanding the joy we'll experience reminiscing in heaven."

I would like to challenge other classes to initiate their own reunions. There's something very special and unique about connecting with "kids" from one's past. Several came with the expectation of being judged for who they were as children, but then expressed great surprise and delight when they felt accepted and affirmed as adults. The impact and repercussions of this one meeting have been astonishing to me. We'd love to tell you more. Just ask!

Submitted by Karen Keegan

Good Shepherd Reunion

August 9-12, 2006

YMCA in Estes Park, Colorado

Judy Peterson, Registrar

japeterson@apu.edu

626-815-5027 • 818-957-5198

Go to www.gss.mknet.org for complete information.



Some of the MKs who attended Steve Beacham's Memorial Service and Carol (Beacham) Proctor's wedding March, 2005



*Back: David Crouch, Ted de la Haye, Yong Jun Chun, Tim de la Haye
Front: Soyon Chun, Beaj Beacham, Danny Crouch*



*Standing: Dan McCain, Keith Hammack
Sitting: Soyon Chun, Jeff Ackley*



?, Stephen Hammack, Jessica Kaminski, Justin Claremont



Debb Forster, Dick Ackley, Marj Frame, Nathan Hewitt, Nancy (Ackley) Ruth, Bill Ardill, Laura Hershelmann, Bob Blaschke, Susan (Lochstampfor) Smith, Don Campion

Gowans Home Reunion

September 30 - October 2, 2005
Blue Mountain Resort, RR #3
Collingwood, Ontario L9Y 3Z2
Canada

Coordinators:

Peggy Pieper
(For information about lodging and meals)
150 Eucalyptus Hill Circle
Santa Barbara, CA 93105
805-965-8047, budpeg@cox.net

Ruth Whitehead *(For other information)*
8550 Eames Street, San Diego, CA 92123-2120
858-571-0130, whitehead@san.rr.com

Cost per Person:

American: Double Room (\$195.00 each)=\$390.00
Single Room \$286.00
Canadian: Double Room (\$234.00 each)=\$468.00
Single Room \$344.00

The cost includes lodging for two nights, breakfast for two days, meeting room, costs for mailing, etc., and banquet.

Deposit Per Person

American: Double (\$50.00 each)=\$100.00
Single \$72.00
Canadian: Double (\$60.00 each)=\$120.00
Single \$86.00

ELWA

Reunion and Yahoo Chat Group

ELWA KIDS – it's YOUR turn to enjoy a reunion just for "kids." The ELWA Jubilee in 2004 gave many an opportunity to reconnect after many years. Most who attended are still glowing from the enjoyment of reconnecting with friends from long ago and far away and making new friends who share a unique place – ELWA.

NOW – we're working in conjunction with Hillcrest, who are the "pros" at these reunions and to keep costs down, to hold a first-ever ELWAKIDS reunion in Dallas, Texas, July 1-4, 2006. Please plan to attend and encourage your siblings and friends to join us. We'll have special events just for ELWA Kids, including Country Chop, but also be able to join the larger group when/if we wish to participate with them.

So start saving your pennies, gathering your pictures and contacting your ELWA friends to join us. For more information, check out the ELWAKIDS Yahoo Group. If you are not a member and wish to join, please contact either Karen Ackley Kern at ELWAKID@yahoo.com or Nancy Ackley Ruth at nancyjaruth2003@yahoo.com, and we'll send you an invitation to join.

We've been reminiscing about the beached whale, roller skating, the big, black tank we swam in, Halloween dress-up days, and other fond memories. We'd love to have you join us. We also have a photo album full of past and present pictures of ELWA and ELWA kids!

REUNION 2006

- WHO:** YOU – any MK or associate – we will be focusing primarily on **KA/HILLCREST** alumni and **ELWA** alumni – but all are welcome!
- WHAT:** A chance to reconnect or meet and share memories and pictures
- WHERE:** Dallas, Texas – Marriott Solana Hotel (a resort-level hotel with many amenities and lots of space to “hang out”) Same location as in 2000.
- WHEN:** Saturday, July 1, 1:00 p.m. – Tuesday, July 4, 2006, 9:00 a.m.
- HOW MUCH:** Depends! Check out the options on the registration form. The quoted costs are for 3 nights (Saturday – Monday) and 6 meals (continental breakfast and dinner Saturday night through Tuesday breakfast – including a Nigerian/Liberian meal)

Other information:

- Childcare provided for a nominal fee during scheduled sessions. May arrange for other childcare by contacting Nancy Ruth. We’ll do our best to provide some high-quality options at reasonable prices.
- Vending machines, video games, fitness room on-site
- In-room coffee, hair dryer, iron, high-speed internet access
- Large, luscious grounds for roaming or playing Frisbee or other lawn activities
- Covered, complimentary parking
- Complimentary airport shuttle
- Golfing, spa, shopping nearby

Some planned activities:

(You don’t HAVE to attend any, but they are options).

We have some of the old favorites but have also added some new, surprise ones for this reunion. Come and check them out!!

- Some surprise new fun options – come and see!!
- Skit & Talent Show (don’t miss the traditional favorite Nigerian Airways skit!)
- Nigerian/Liberian dinner
- Soccer game
- Lots of time to just hang out and visit

For more details, please e-mail:

Steve Ackley • sackley@dnsdallas.com

Holly Strauss Plank • dudebub@comcast.net

Nancy Ackley Ruth •

nancyjaruth2003@yahoo.com

**Plan to attend.
You will treasure the
memories forever!!**

REUNION AT KA

Come visit KA for its 60th birthday celebration! **Feb. 23, 2006 weekend.**

For more info, contact
crouch.jim@gmail.com
or simroots@sim.org.

Registration Form

KA • HC • ELWA • MK REUNION 2006 • Dallas, Texas

10% late fee if registered after May 1, 2006 • All fees are NON-REFUNDABLE

Last Name _____

Maiden _____

First Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Prov _____ Country _____ Postal Code _____

Phone Home _____

Phone Work _____

Cell _____

Fax or e-mail _____

High School Graduation Year: _____

School(s) attended KA Hillcrest ELWA Bingham

Affiliation with School Student Parent
 Staff (which school?) _____ Other

Spouse (if attending) _____

Spouse's grad year and school (if a TCK) _____

Children & Ages:

1) _____ Age _____

2) _____ Age _____

3) _____ Age _____

I would like childcare for _____ children.

I will drive fly (and not be renting a car)
 fly (and be renting a car)

Hotel has complimentary shuttle

I would like to help with a reunion event: _____
(i.e. Skit Night, Nigerian meal, Registration / Welcome, Kids' Activities, Video Taping, Photography)

I plan to arrive:

- Evening of Friday, June 30 (add \$70 for extra night's lodging)
- Noon, Saturday, July 1
- Late afternoon, Saturday, July 1
- Evening, Saturday, July 1
- Other, please specify _____

I plan to leave: _____

REUNION RATES: Includes **3 nights'** lodging (3-star resort-style hotel), **6 meals** (3 continental breakfasts, 3 dinners, including Nigerian/Liberian meal) and **registration fees**

Hotel charges are per room, rather than per person, so you have the option of finding a roommate with whom to share the expense of the room. Below are summaries of some possible options.

If sharing a room, please indicate name(s) so we can adjust expenses accordingly.

Rooming with: 1) _____
2) _____
3) _____

My lodging option is:

- Single** Occupancy **Total: \$258**
- Double** occupancy
(**\$180/person, must register together**) **Total: \$360**
- Double occupancy
(**2 adults, 1 child 12 or under**) **Total: \$405**
- Double occupancy
(**2 adults, 2 children 12 or under**) **Total: \$450**
- 3 adults** per room
(**\$145/person, must register together**) **Total: \$435**
- 4 adults** per room
(**\$128/person, must register together**) **Total: \$512**

No meals option

Please indicate and **deduct \$60** from total per adult, **\$40** per child.

Revised total with no meals option: _____

Make checks payable to: Hillcrest Alumni Association

Mail to Steve Ackley
1526 Mayfield Ave.
Garland, Texas 75041
972-840-8565

E-mail:
Steve Ackley (sackley@dnsdallas.com)
Holly Strauss Plank (dudebub@comcast.net)
Nancy Ackley Ruth (nancyjaruth2003@yahoo.com)

REENTRY STORIES

Steve Snyder (EL '78)

(SSnyder651@aol.com)

As a kid on furloughs, I became frustrated at questions that revealed the lack of knowledge most people had of all things African. For example, upon learning that I was from Africa, well-meaning people would often respond by asking me if I knew someone whose name they would mention. Of course I usually did not know this person or family. The person asking the question would inevitably be surprised. "Well, they live in Africa too," my questioner would remark. "And they are missionaries as well." (I was too young to know that all missionaries to Africa were supposed to know all other missionaries to Africa.) After some reply questions on my part, I would often discover, for example, that this other missionary family I was supposed to know lived in a distant place like South Africa, some 10,000 miles or more from my home in Liberia. Finally, I decided to take a different approach.

A woman in Florida asked me just such a question. I quickly responded, no, I didn't know this family. I then asked her if she knew . . . and I named someone I knew who lived in California. She thought for a moment and said no, she didn't know them, and she asked where they lived. With a completely polite and sincere tone, I innocently said, "California." She said sharply, "California?! I don't know anyone who lives in California. That's all the way on the other side of the country!" She was amazed at my ignorance of American geography, never realizing her own.

#####

The Ackleys were visiting a supporting church while home on furlough, and Uncle Pete was in the pulpit preaching. The kids, though, were goofing off and misbehaving in the front row. Suddenly, Uncle Pete reminded the congregation of the fact that the people in Sudan spoke Arabic, and he told them that he would demonstrate the language by quoting from the Bible. In an appropriately reverential tone, he began to speak in Arabic. However, instead of quoting Scripture, he looked down at the front row and told his kids that they had better straighten up immediately or they would all be in big trouble when they got home. It worked. They shaped up even before Uncle Pete resumed his message in English, and the people in the congregation felt blessed by hearing this strange language from the mouth of their missionary.

#####

My friend, Beth, who had lived as an MK in Japan, boarded her office building's elevator with three Japanese men who were apparently headed to an important meeting with attorneys in the large law firm where she worked as a legal secretary. The men were speaking animatedly in Japanese, obviously discussing and strategizing their appointment. Beth could not understand all of what they were saying because she had forgotten much of her Japanese. However, she was able to understand that these men were opponents of the attorneys in her firm and were plotting about how to get the upper hand. When the elevator door opened, Beth exited, turned to the Japanese men, and spoke some of the few Japanese words she still knew and said, "I have enjoyed your conversation. Please have a nice day." The elevator doors remained open just long enough for her to see their jaws drop and eyes open wide in astonishment as they no doubt contemplated the secrets and confidences they had just unwittingly revealed to this quiet American woman.

FROM THE BA ARCHIVES



Bingham Academy. Back: Kenny Isaacs, Frank Wallace ?, Dan Rogers, Brian Isaacs, Pete Wallace, Dick Ackley, Mel Middleton, Keith Fellows ? (or maybe Seppo Lahdeaho)
Middle: Dave Atkins, Greg Giles, Tim Giles, John Flynn, Paul Craig, Vern Bell, Terry Veer, Stan Kayser, Roy Wallace [the teacher]
Front: Erkki Lahdeaho, Jonathan Healy ?, Chuck Anderson ? Mark Middleton, Jerry Healy, Dan Maxson, John Modricker, David Craig

Open Dialogue

Tribute to Teachers

By a grateful ex-teen

A milky veil of stars hung over the flame trees the night I refused to smoke the joint. “Hey,” Alex* mumbled groggily as he thrust the joint towards me. The smoldering tip gnawed like a termite at the marijuana leaves. This was the moment I had feared. “I pass.” I shrugged defensively. “Whaat?” Alex whined. He was well on his way to getting plastered. “I made a deal with Steve and Beaj,” I explained. “I’m not going to smoke anything tonight.” A loaded silence ensued. I refused to make eye contact with the group. It wasn’t that I was better than them; I wished they could understand that. It was only that I had made a promise to Steve and Beaj, teachers at Hillcrest, and I didn’t want to break it. My back ached with tension. Alex broke the silence.

“I respect that—totally! I mean, how did you get ‘in’ with them anyway? Did you have to fill out an application or what?”

My body slumped with relief, then elation. Murmurs of “yeah” and “cool” bubbled up

from the group. They were going to be cool with the fact that I wouldn’t smoke the joint! In fact, they were envious that someone cared so much for me.

Steve and Beaj, who were once Hillcrest MKs themselves, are the coolest people in the whole universe. I was an angry and confused teenager. They let me live in their space, eat their food, and take up their time. They stepped into my emptiness with a relevance, toughness, and generosity that stunned me. They said they loved me and, what’s more, that they liked me. Their love felt like being walloped with a big stick, enveloped in a warm blanket, and hounded by a pack of wolves—all at the same time!

One day, Steve took me to one of the nicest restaurants in town, and as we were eating he



Steve Beacham



Betty Jane (Beaj) Beacham

gave me a “promise” ring (a pledge to refrain from sexual activity until marriage). Dads give them to their daughters. Steve wasn’t my dad, but that didn’t stop him. He gave me this beautiful piece of jewelry, just like the ones

he gave to his own daughters. I stared at him over my steaming plate of food as if he were mad. Why did he care? But what he did sank deep down into my soul like a stone monument—weighty, real, permanent. I remember thinking, “He won’t know if I have sex anyway.” But immediately I felt ashamed of myself. I resolved to do exactly as he asked.

When my parents had to leave the field, I refused to get on the airplane. Behind the scenes, Steve and Beaj championed my cause. “We’ll be her legal guardians,” they vouched.

Papers were signed, and in the morning my mother told me, “You can stay. You have new guardians now.” I gazed at the buttery rays of dawn splitting the loaves of the African hills. I had been redeemed, saved, signed for. Who were these freaks that took a risk on me—rebellious, belligerent me? Later that year, I walked down the graduation aisle with two dozen childhood friends and clutched my diploma wrapped in goatskin. I will never forget that smell.

Steve and Beaj have been catalysts for transformation in dozens of lives—MKs, as well as children of diplomats and expatriate business people and local families of various religious backgrounds. Steve and Beaj have had a blood transfusion with Jesus. Their love gave me a desire for that blood transfusion, too.

Uncle Steve and Aunt Beaj, I love you, and I like you. I am changed forever because of Jesus in you. THANK YOU.

**Not the real name*

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



First grade class at KA, 1955-56 school year.

Back: Gracie Playfair, ?, Bob Kraay, ?, Phyllis Jacobson

Middle: David Wickstrom, John Birch, ?, Dick Munting, Marian Smith

Front: Marilyn Dick (?), David Hodges, Lance Long, Bruce Quarles ?, Ralph Olson

The question marks could be one of the following: (if you know, contact Simroots.)

Becky Allen, Marilyn Goertz, Lillian Power, Edith Rhine,

Judy Swank, , Esther Tobert, Edith Todd

Contacts

For snail mail addresses and phone numbers, please contact the editor.

To subscribe to a listserve (a chat group) for KA, Nigeria, or MK issues, log on to <http://lists.mknet.org/mailman/listinfo>.

To subscribe to the BA group, go to:
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BA_alumni

To join the Hillcrest list, go to:
<http://lists.mknet.org/mailman/listinfo/hillcrest-1>

To join the CCS list, write to hub@carachipampa.mknet.org and place the words *subscribe alumni* in the body of your message.

American Cooperative School

www.acslp.org

Asuncion Christian Academy

<http://www.acaknights.edu.py/aca@uninet.com/py>

Bingham Academy

www.binghamacademy.net

bingham@telecom.net.et

Classes of 1960-62

Russ Schmidt
russel_schmidt@hotmail.com

Class of 1976

Malinda (Estelle) Duvall
864-268-5873

Class of 1977

Edward Estelle
estellewriters@juno.com

Class of 1980

Christina (Freeman) Grate
la_grates@prodigy.net

Carachipampa

http://www.carachipampa.org/index_right.htm
postmast@carachipampa.org

Helen Steele
arden.steele@sim.org

ELWA

Class of 1984

Pamela (McCarron) Graham
pammcg84@aol.com

Good Shepherd

www.gss.mknet.org

Betty Froisland
froislandgss@hotmail.com

Gowans Home

Ruth Whitehead
whitehead@san.rr.com

Hillcrest

www.hillcrestschool.net

Kent Academy

Classes of 1950-64

Dr. Gordon A. Ireland
314-821-9442

Class of 1965

Jim Eitzen
jeitzen@commsysinc.com

Class of 1966

Sherrill (McElheran) Bayne
blessed@startweb.com

Class of 1967

Grace Anne (Seeger) Swanson
swanson121@cox.net

Class of 1968

Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel
dgiebel@frontiernet.net

Class of 1969

Sylvia (Bergman) Eikenberry
bugs_eik@hotmail.com

Class of 1970

Marjorie (Campion) Key
marjiekey@aol.com

Class of 1971

Jim Kastner
kasfam1@comcast.net

Class of 1972

Janet Rhine
jan@sattwa.com

Class of 1974

Carol (King) Harvey
ckharvey@alltel.net

Class of 1975

Ruth Ellen (Hewitt) Howdysshell
thowdysshell@dmci.net

Class of 1977

Annegret (Schalm) Horton
annegret@pneumasoft.com

Debb Forster
joy4debb@earthlink.net

Class of 1978

Betsie Campion Smith
4smiths@rogers.com

Class of 1981

Frank Dubisz
FDubisz@apu.edu

Class of 1982

Pauline (Husband) Platt
dpplatt@spots.ab.ca

Rift Valley

www.riftvalleyacademy.com

Alumni director:

Rick & Margaret Rineer
Need e-mail

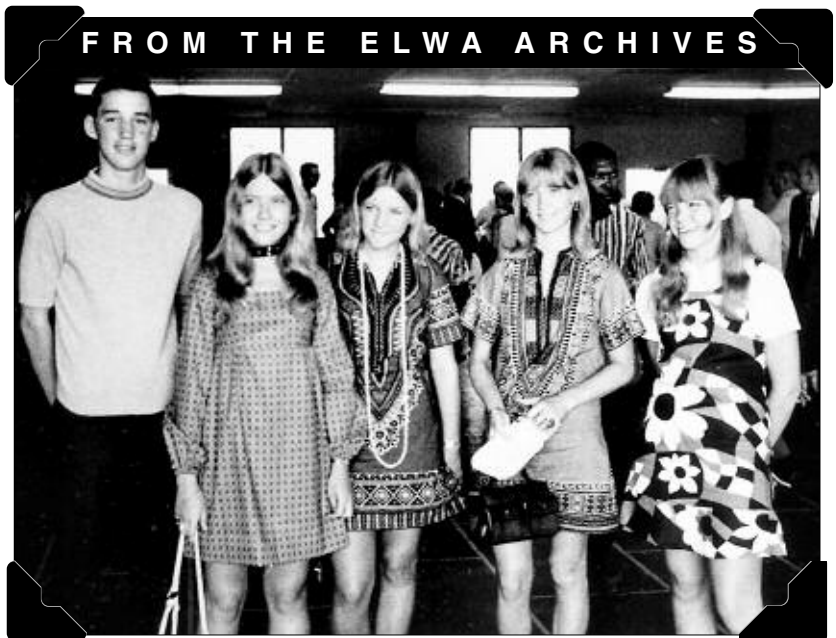
Rich & Janice Dunkerton
RJDunk1@juno.com

Sahel Academy

www.sim.ne/sahel
sahel@sahel.sim.ne

Sakeji

<http://sakeji.marcato.org>
sakeji@sakeji.org



*ELWA kids at airport. Dick Ackley, Eunie Balzer, Jill Sonius, Nancy Thompson, Beaj Lacey
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius*



*Côte d'Ivoire ICA 1992-93 Sophomore Class
Dedria Davis (teacher) far right front row*



Liberia ELWA Academy 1988-89. 7th grade home room



Hillcrest Memories

Nancy (Ackley) Ruth (BA, EL, HC '70)

(*nancyjaruth2003@yahoo.com*)

Hillcrest memories—Easter sunrise services on Flat-top, hot lunches and the big rock behind Niger Creek Hostel. I wonder if initials are still engraved in it. Someday I'm going to go check for myself—although my brother, Dick, has been there as a houseparent since then, so it's probably been sandblasted!

Karen (Seeger) Keegan (KA, HC '72)

(*Simroots@sim.org*)

Hillcrest, Grade 10, 1969-70. That was the year I left my safe, isolated world of the KA "pond" to enter the bigger "stream" of a new environment. This was my transition year to the "ocean" of reentry to the USA. Having only attended for one year, I did not put down deep emotional roots to the campus. The Niger Creek Hostel relationships were my only safety net. I'm told by those who stayed longer that the adjustment got easier in the following years.

As I start to reminisce, however, I realize that it had a greater impact on my life than I thought. That was the year I learned about Aaron's priestly ephod, researched the history of Nigeria under Mr. Ashmeade, and received the nomination for "The Most Studious Girl." Biology teacher Don Harling introduced me to words like "species" and "genus" and "phylum" (whatever those are!). The legendary Miss T left her mark on me: I had a part in the play *Onions in the Stew* and got to be in a tumbling performance set to music. I learned to swim and dive under her watchful eye and played Net Ball and field hockey for the first time. I'll never forget the mad dash to get through the open showers after P.E. One class I particularly enjoyed was geometry with Mr. Bender, who would teach with one knee propped on the desk. English was with Faith Nobel, who wore the same dress to class each day for the first few weeks until her loads from America arrived. I still have the essays I wrote in her class.

It was the year of the dress style, the "shift," the first time we wore pantyhose, sported bright blue or green eye shadow, first plucked our eyebrows, and were exposed to "sinful" secular music. I remember bringing a newly-released record of the Smothers Brothers to the hostel, and we were required to scratch across the offensive segments! I roomed with Janet Rhine that year, and she plastered across our dorm wall the words, "You don't have to be crazy to live here, but it sure helps!"

I celebrated a memorable Sweet Sixteen birthday under the creative attention of my boyfriend, Allen Steely, who made me a cake decorated with a cartoonish marimba in honor of the instrument I played. I remember visiting his art classroom and how impressed I was with the quality of art those high school students produced.

Hot lunch Wednesdays were a highlight of each week—warm sloppy joes on a cold day—I can taste them even now! Sardine sandwich days were the worst. I don't dislike sardines . . . but . . . the longer they sat in our hot lockers, the more they reeked, and the kids from the other hostels would groan every time they smelled them. At our hostel, in an attempt to improve morale, Uncle Charlie and Aunt Betty Frame allowed us to each sign up for our favorite meal. I always chose Nigerian chop, much to the chagrin of those who didn't care for it. Fortunately, they always provided an alternate meal on those days. I remember making homemade potato chips—not as good as store-bought, but better than none at all!

Doris Pollen (HC Staff 1978-80)

(*dorlen@juno.com*)

December 12, 1978

My husband Ray had been working on the exhaust system of the Bedford bus. He bought several used pieces of exhaust pipe in town since new ones were not available. There was a lot of work involved—fitting the ends to each other, making supports, etc. The morning of December 12 was the "maiden voyage" with the complete pipe installed. But what a voyage! He couldn't get the bus to go over 20 miles per hour. There was smoke everywhere and a hissing noise. The kids thought it was great, but Ray was baffled. He removed the pipe at school, and upon examination, discovered a bottle had been jammed in the end of it. "It could have been there a long time," he said, "for it was very difficult to remove." When he bought the pipe, it never occurred to him to see if anything was in it.

December 20, 1978

The Christmas Tea at Hillcrest was held on a Friday evening for the staff, their families, and hostel houseparents. There were about one hundred who attended, dressed in clothing of greens and reds. The auditorium windows were decorated with evergreen branches, colorful poinsettias and small kerosene lamps. A fire in the fireplace looked cozy and felt good. The program was well planned and included a play called "Scrooge," performed by different staff. Mr. Fritz, the English teacher, took the part of Scrooge and was excellent. (The Fritz' fourth baby, a girl, was born the night before the performance.)

The platform at Hillcrest was attractively decorated for Christmas. There were five large

stars hanging near the back of the platform against a black curtain, and one very large star in the center of those five. When the light shone on them, they sparkled like diamonds. On a table were four large, red candles surrounded with pine branches. On the first Sunday during Advent, one of these candles was lit. Each succeeding Sunday, an additional one was lit and added to the others. The last Sunday, a large, white candle was added to the four, reminding the audience of the true meaning of the Advent Season.

May 6, 1979

The Junior-Senior Banquet is always a big occasion for the young people in all the hostels including ours at Niger Creek. We planned for 64 people that included our 10 seniors, their parents and siblings. Three committees worked hard to make the evening very special. In the morning, women came and made beautiful corsages for the girls. Since our daughter, Carol (Pollen) Humphreys, was visiting us at that time, the program committee asked her to help with the decorating. She prepared each place card by drawing a little character with a graduation cap perched on his head, and for the inside of the card, typed the names of the seniors and the dinner menu.

Following the graduation ceremony, a reception was held in one of the large rooms in the school. We planned for 290 people who included members of the Board, staff, and family members of 40 seniors. It was agreed that girlfriends and boyfriends of the seniors were also welcome.

It took cooperation and help from many to smoothly accommodate so many. The housemothers of the five hostels served the punch and hot drinks, and refilled plates with a variety of hors d'oeuvres.

August 28, 1979

Wednesdays were usually Hot Lunch Day at Hillcrest. We took a hot lunch for our own teenagers, SIM high school staff, and SIM teens that lived in Jos. A weekly count was about 40, plus parents who came to visit and wanted to eat with their son or daughter. The menu was varied. One occasion, we took sweet-and-sour pork, rice, bananas, and Florida Bars. Everyone looked forward to Hot Lunch Days in the middle of the week.



November, 1979

There were usually lots of activities at Hillcrest. Basketball and soccer games were played with teams from other schools. Some other activities included music programs, the high school carnival, "Swimming Olympics," a progressive dinner, weekend camping trip to Tiga Dam, a Halloween party, and a Service Day to Evangel Hospital to paint some wards and repair the road. Occasionally, students were also given an opportunity to plan a Sunday evening service at the school that included special music and a speaker.

December 12, 1979

Each hostel had its own Christmas banquet, and Niger Creek had one too. Girls made place cards with the design of a snowman, and each "face" had a different expression and a scarf or tie around his neck. On the tables were floating candles in pretty, narrow dishes that had been filled with colored water, and Christmas music was played during the meal. Festus, one of the employees, wore his white steward's uniform with a wide red sash and enjoyed serving in style. He had even arranged the paper napkins in each glass and put a twig of red flowers in each napkin. The menu was very special with a delicious roasted pig. It was a banquet to be remembered.

March 19, 1980

Hillcrest Drama Club, or whatever it was called, produced excellent plays. In March, a humorous musical called *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* was given by the high school students and directed by Olive Tovson (Miss "T"). In April, the junior high presented a good production of *The Wizard of Oz*. As usual, the hostels contributed food for the cast parties that followed their last performances.

April 10, 1980

An International Dinner was planned for the high school students. The committee arranged for some families in the community, who had children attending Hillcrest, to prepare the food according to their national dishes. Menus were posted, and students were given an opportunity to sign up for the meal they wanted. Since there was a limit to each one, the early signers got first choice. The countries represented were America, India, Switzerland, Philippines, Nigeria (Tiv and Ibo), Mexico, and Lebanon. The food at each place was very tasty, and each hostess made an effort to give an atmosphere of her country by playing music while the group ate.

Now retired from SIM, Ray and Doris have been working with International Students, Inc. for almost twenty years amongst foreign students in Baltimore, MD.

Julia (Calenberg) Whiting (HC 1984-90)

(*Julia.Whiting@wheaton.edu*)

- Getting innumerable number of shots . . . painful (and slightly traumatizing).
- Getting to be outdoors all year round . . . wonderful!
- Getting to eat Nigerian food . . . yummy!
- Getting to play kick-the-can and sardines with good friends . . . fun.
- Getting to watch cockroaches scurry around the bathroom after NEPA came back on . . . not so fun.
- Getting to grow up before our time . . . good and not so good at the same time.
- Getting to camp out at Kura Falls with family and good friends . . . SO FUN!
- Getting to taste Mom's cooking over an open camp fire . . . yummy!
- Getting to appreciate immediate family since we didn't have extended family close . . . precious.
- Getting to call all our friends' parents "Uncle" and "Aunt" . . . unbreakable habit.
- Getting to travel around the U.S. on deputation and eat hamburgers and hot-dogs every night . . . by the end, nauseating.
- Getting to experience our van flipping with all of us girls and Dad inside . . . scary.
- Getting pulled out of the van by a topless Nigerian woman . . . still kind of scary!
- Getting to watch Mom body surf in Liberia . . . unforgettable!
- Getting to collect dirty rain water to bathe in . . . also unforgettable!
- Getting to jump off the cliffs at Rayfield . . . adventurous.
- Getting to take our clothes to the ECWA seminary to share with the Nigerian families . . . a memory cherished.
- Getting to be ECSTATIC about getting a Snickers bar in our stocking at Christmas . . . humorous.
- Getting to watch my sister so upset because she waited too long and her Snickers bar rotted . . . satisfying!
- Getting to let the simple things in life be enjoyable . . . a valuable lesson.
- Getting to live 7 years in a country that would change our lives forever . . . PRICELESS!

Elizabeth Petrillo (HC 1992-95 for Grades 1-3)

(*elizabeth.petrillo@houghton.edu*)

My favorite foods were the *kosai* and fried yam and potatoes that some of the women cooked near the parking lot. And the ice cream man who came on his Moped after school every day. You could buy ice cream in a bag. I remember one chapel where Pastor Smart brought a cow tongue in a bag and had brave kids stick their hands in and try to guess what it was. One of my friends, Tyler Watson, did and his hand smelled at least for the rest of the day! (I think the lesson had something to do with controlling the tongue.) We used to hang out in the big, red thing on the playground. I think my favorite teacher was Mrs. Arp in first grade because I loved her. We read lots of Clifford the Big Red Dog and Dr. Seuss. I also really enjoyed third grade with Mrs. Fine because we did so many cool projects. We built a hut behind our classroom in which to read *The Cay* and made five giant papier-mâché sea creatures. The hut was a wooden frame covered in palm branches (the characters in the story were stranded on a deserted island).

Beka Hazard (HC 1996-03 for Grades 6-12)

(*bekabooskies@yahoo.com*)

One of my favorite memories from Hillcrest was our Senior Trip to Ghana [There were 29 in Beka's graduating class]. By that time, the class of 2003 had heard the word "bonding" one too many times, but that's the best word I can think of to describe what happened there. I got to know some of the members from my class that I hadn't taken the time to talk to before. A bunch of us, including Lydia Singer and David Crouch, went to a Chinese restaurant and ordered every unusual thing (octopus, frog legs, etc.) off the menu we could think of. I don't think I'll ever lose that memory. I really miss eating potatoes and *suya* for lunch at Hillcrest. I used to eat lunch with my parents every Wednesday, and I'm so glad I didn't take that for granted.

Single Survival with Gayle Murray was a blast! We had so much fun in that class! I never did figure out how to use the sewing machine, I don't think. I remember how David Crouch kept eating the raw dough for the pizzas.

Then there was my favorite class: Junior/Senior P.E. with Coach Tolar. It was there that I learned how to tie two-inch tubular



webbing in the form of a harness to go rappelling. I used to use up every study hall I could on practicing with the compound bow. I loved the weapons unit in that class! Thank you again, Coach!

The first rain after the dry season was usually spent outside, dancing in the puddles and splashing each other. I don't think we got let out of class for it, but. . . .

Benjamin Emmanuel (HC 2000-02, Grades 9, 10)

(Benji4runner@aol.com)

When I think of high school, my first memories are of Hillcrest. My memories go back to the loving teachers and the great friendships I built with other students. I always remember running 12-Hour Relay. The success I've had in my running as a marathoner today goes back to those two years in Hillcrest. My years there most importantly helped me grow in my spiritual walk with Christ.

Phyllis Wagner (HC Staff)

(phwagner01@juno.com)

The art room at Hillcrest School was a spacious room with windows the full length of both of its east and west sides. The north wall was covered with bulletin boards with the exception of blackboard space. The south end had a divider counter behind which were the potter's wheel and the kiln, supply cupboards and wall space for the students' paintings. Above the storage counter hung five 30" x 30" black-on-white, sequenced, geometric designs. Under the windows on either side were cupboards and open shelf space. Nine Formica-covered tables sat in the center of the room, each comfortably accommodating four students.



Phyllis Wagner throwing pot of clay

Sunlight flooded the room on the cool mornings of the Jos Plateau. The sounds of activity swept over the room with the entrance of the first art class: crayons scratching papers, pen-

cils etching images, scissors severing positive from negative space. Heads bent over work in earnest as though each minute of the limited time needed to be well utilized. Time for unnecessary visiting or movement about the room was absorbed in creativity. The bell rang all too quickly. Students put supplies away and tidied table tops and the floor space around their chairs. When all was in order, class was dismissed.

As the teacher, I flew into a flurry of activity to have the materials for the next class in place before the group arrived.

The routines of a well-patterned school day continued.

It was in the midst of the student activity that I stopped, looked over the classroom, and allowed the tears of benediction run down my cheeks. Can there be a satisfaction to surpass that of a teacher in a classroom filled with energetic students whose high quality of creativity exceeds either theirs or the teachers expectations?

It was a sacred moment.

The art room provided a release from tensions of classrooms whose demands frustrated non-academic students. David came to me at the outset of a new school term—his last, hopefully, as a high schooler. He needed one more credit to graduate. There was nothing being offered that he could handle. The principal, recognizing his dilemma, sent him to me. "She knows me as an elementary school student. She'll never allow anyone with my lack of art abilities to be in her high school class," David protested.

"Just go talk to her," the principal insisted.

David came. Apprehensively, he presented his problem. My response was, "If you do your work to the best of your ability, stay with the assignment schedule and maintain proper classroom conduct, I will guarantee you at least a 'C' in the course."

David became captivated with his work. His final grade surpassed either his or my expectations. There were two pieces of his work that both he and I were proud of. One was an intricate papier-mâché motorcycle, a theme in keeping with his interests. The other was the copy of an oil painting of which he remonstrated, "Mom will hang this on the fireplace opposite the front door. Every time we have company, before the guests arrive I will have to go into the room and take it

down so Mom won't embarrass me."

Butch also was an underachiever as a junior high student. His lack of ability to cope with what was classroom stress to him, sent him every free hour into the art room where he could find a reprieve. He would pick up my dachshund Amy in one hand, his work in another, and settle himself in his chair or on the verandah just outside the door. With the dog in his lap, he spent contented hours. While we were doing macrame, he made a collar for Amy with white fisherman's cord and red beads.

Often as I walked through the school compound, elementary students would call out to me, "What are we doing in art today?" My consistent response was, "That's a surprise." One day a pleasingly plump fifth grader came into the classroom. He folded his arms, leaned on my desk and looked at me as he repeated the oft asked question. I responded with my traditional response. "That's the way it is in here; you always come in here not knowing what the surprise will be for the day. In my other school we always drew a picture, colored the picture, handed it in, got a grade, got it back."

While elementary classes were going on in one end of the room, at the table in the opposite end, high schoolers would come to do their art assignments since taking supplies home was not practical. One day several high school senior girls were working together. One of them had a much coveted chocolate bar, a hard-to-get item in Nigeria. My dog King smelled the chocolate, came and sat down at the table, and begged the candy owner with his deep brown eyes. Unable to resist longer, she broke off a portion and gave it to him saying to her working companions, "Let me advise you—never look into the eyes of a dog or of a man."

The art room became a place where happy, productive hours were spent. It was central to compound activities, located next to the principal's office. It was kept clean and attractive although much messy, dirty work was carried on in the room. It was used for the art displays. It was used by townspeople of many nationalities as an arts-and-craft activity center. It was used for teas. It was not unusual to look up from my teaching to see a guest visitor looking at the displayed art work. My big dog King lay outside its door, and later little Amy nestled under my desk.

It was a sacred haven.

Phyllis Wagner News Update

Things are going well for me at my great age! I am still helping in one of our Africa



offices here in Springfield, MO, primarily working with an in-house library. Also, I am cataloging books for our West Africa Advanced School of Theology in Togo, putting the information on diskette. I picked up on the library thing while in my years in Nairobi at East Africa School of Theology. Since “retirement” I have had the privilege to return to Africa to several countries to help organize libraries. I had the opportunity to be in Jos in 1996. The buildings looked great, but there was an emptiness without the students I had come to know while there.

Our Introduction to Nigeria

By Carolyn Johnson

Found this on the Internet, but the e-mails are extinct, so we couldn't get permission to reprint. Hopefully this author won't mind! But we thought it fun to read about Nigeria from fresh eyes.

<http://www.widernet.org/OurJosWeb/CJ/cj10-17-98.htm>

October 17, 1998

Gushing is in order. We have had a wonderful landing in Jos. We have walked into a very nice house by Nigerian standards which was previously inhabited by some industrious Americans who sold us their already installed inverters, rechargers, battery-powered lights, water distiller, curtains, household goods, and everything needed to cope with the very frequent power outages (the first one began on the eve of our arrival and lasted 4+ days) and western needs for sanitation. More importantly, we have been warmly received by neighbors, university colleagues, and market beggars (Michael can't stand to pass one by).

The weather here is delightfully temperate, the horizon beautiful with rocky mountains, and the flora is surreal. There are poinsettia trees as big as houses and gobs of giant leaves and flowers I couldn't begin to identify. Nobody around here knows what they are either. This is a botanist's dream. It took me a while to notice the natural beauty of this place as I was distracted by the hustle of the markets, chaotic traffic, wildly colored clothes, kids everywhere, manual laborers, cattle and goats on main streets (a Fulani boy herds his cattle right through our compound), and my own confusion about how things work around here.

In spite of the beautiful, colorful dress, Hausa language, crowded markets, strange food, dearth of white faces, “natural” peanut butter, petroleum shortage (translates into can't-go-anywhere-that-isn't-absolutely-necessary), unpredictable power outages, etc., Jake exclaims on the second eve, “This feels like home!”

The boys are enjoying Hillcrest School. It is an international (60% Nigerian) mission school which means

religious. They go to chapel once a week, Michael memorizes weekly Bible verses, and Jake's homework last night was to learn the twelve tribes of Israel. They pray before every lunch and for Michael when he had to go to the nurse. Even the public schools, government institutions, and taxis proclaim Christianity. There is no separation of church and state.

It took me a while to figure out how to feed the family, but I have discovered a source for Worcestershire sauce, so I guess I can make just about anything here for dinner. The tricky part is that I have to go to a different place for meat, milk, veggies, fruit, bread, eggs, etc., so preparing a dinner requires a full day of hunting and gathering. Several things make it more difficult. There is a petrol shortage, and we live far enough out that every trip to “pick” something is carefully evaluated. Also, one never knows when the electricity will be shut down (It goes on and off across town to conserve/share the wealth). Since I have an electric stove/oven, last night's pizza (Nigerian style) got rushed to a neighbor who has a gas oven. There is also a cooking gas shortage, so that is not an option to use often. One night I managed tacos, but that meant making the tortillas from scratch and asking the boys to use their imaginations. Nothing keeps long, so it doesn't make sense to get ahead. Once I stocked several days' [worth] of meat and milk only to have the power go out for 2 days and lose it all. Now I have a pressure cooker and know how to cook the meat right away and keep it sterile for 24 hours while sealed. There are many tricks to learn. Fortunately I found a woman who makes decent peanut butter, and I figured out how to mix dry milk to be palatable. So we will survive.

That business about us having a cook was a little misleading. I have a “helper” who is a great worker but needs step-by-step directions, which is difficult since I'm not sure how to do things around here, plus she is quite hearing impaired. She just had a baby 2 days ago so is off for 6 weeks. Since laundry is done by hand and everything has to be ironed (even underwear) to kill the mango worms, and the battle against dirt is

every day, I did hire someone to take Anna's place temporarily. To tell you the truth, today is Sunday and feels like a day off because no one is coming in to “help.” Even the concept of having a driver takes on a new meaning if you could see what we drive around, in, and through. If these words sound like complaints, they are not meant that way. Just thought I would try to give you a taste of Nigeria. The real drag is when there is no water—and it's not dry season yet.

We are mostly well. Everyone has had a loose stool or two (delightful) and each of the kids has had a febrile illness which I treated as 1) an ear infection and 2) strep, with fingers crossed that it wasn't malaria. So far so good. Cliff and the boys have each had strange rashes that have responded to whatever I blindly chose to smear on them. I am so glad to have a medical background, but this is educated guesswork. We have come to accept the occasional diarrhea as normal along with the bugs in the kitchen. They have bug sprays here that would stop a horse in its tracks. Of course the stuff is illegal in the States. I teeter on a balance of bugs vs. toxic chemicals. Cliff just pointed out a four-inch-long bug at our window. Too bad the kids are asleep. I am not keeping it for them.

KA Memory

Jack Rendel (KA '64)

(jackrendel@chartermi.net)

I had heard that on one occasion the older KA kids were playing “Run, Sheep, Run” on a Saturday night. I think that is the name of the game. You have two groups and one hunts the other. The group being hunted sends one of their group to follow the hunters around and calls out word signals which mean such things as “lie low,” “move to the right or left,” “run home,” etc. The object is to try to run back to the “home” before the other group gets there.

On that occasion the word for run home was “fire.” When the kid following the hunters realized it was time to tell his group (the hunted) to run home, he started yelling, “Fire, fire, fire!” Problem was, he was near the Miango guest house, and all the missionaries came running out of a prayer meeting they were holding, looking for the fire!

Did this actually happen, and if so, is there anyone out there who was present on the occasion?



A DXpedition to Niger

By Paolo Cortese

Four DXers (ham radio operators) from Italy made a trip to Niger, and who should they run into but two of our very own SIM MKs! Here is a brief reprint of the portion of the article where they met up.

Daniel and Jim

Seeing two smiling guys just inside the airport building holding a recent copy of QST was one of the most relaxing moments of our trip. They were Daniel, 5U7DG, and Jim, 5U7JK, who made it easy passing the Customs. Jim Knowlton (also KC0IFR) was born in Nigeria—his parents moved to Niger when he was only seven weeks old. He learned the local dialect first and then English. He has an African name too, Yacouba, and has lived in Niger for over 35 years. Jim was the real engine of our activity. He was even able to get a crew of Niger TV to visit us for the evening news. The story ran four times during the Tabaski holiday so everyone saw us.

Both Daniel and Jim are missionaries for SIM, the Societe Internationale Missionnaire (www.sim.org)—an international mission organization in more than 43 countries on five continents. Currently there are about 130 SIM missionaries in Niger, which also runs the largest hospital in the country. Daniel Germaine, AE4RP, is a pilot who flies a small 6-seat aircraft to move people and things for SIM in Niger and nearby countries.

Here We Are!

... We set up in the smaller of the two SIM guesthouses in Niamey—four rooms with complete kitchen and living room. ... When 5U7DG and I were in touch by e-mail, he told me that all his radio station was available for us to use. In his little shack is an IC-706 used mostly to monitor the SIM mission frequency on 10 MHz. From time to time, he is on the air but doesn't like pile-ups too much. SIM also had two Ameritron amplifiers still in the boxes—whoever bought them did not realize they would be difficult for someone who is not a radio operator to tune up and use. We connected one of them to Daniel's IC-706 and fired up on 15 SSB.

The TH6 and 500 W made the game easier for us so we decided that one of us would keep that station on the air.

... One day the Ameritron amplifier quit working putting all of us into panic. A broken amplifier in Italy or in the U.S. is just a broken amplifier, but a broken amplifier in Niger can be a real problem. There is no service in Niamey and no Radio Shack. We had no test equipment except a VOM meter. But ham radio means friendship and cooperation and we knew that Tom, W8JI, was the designer of that amplifier. Jim called him on the telephone and then we got him on the air the next morning with the help of N4ZC. It took three skeds with Tom to find that the problem was a simple diode that we were able to find in town.

Day of Celebration Amid the Desolation

We were quite surprised to find that diode in Niamey because we saw how desolate life is in Niger. Niger is one of the poorest countries in the world, and you must consider that we are not talking about a country that is in ruins because of a civil war. Niger is a relatively quiet place. There is not much internal fighting simply because there is nothing to fight for—no oil, no gold, no diamonds, no silver and no water. Niger must import everything. ...

Looking Back

Daniel went back to Tennessee and Jim has started building his radio station. The Northern California DX Foundation (thanks!) provided him with a transceiver, he got an old tower from the airport, and we will bring him a beam so he will be active on all bands—a sure multiplier in most contests and a chance to work a new one for newcomers.

Submitted by Bruce Bergman (KA, HC '71)

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Rain

*By Andrew Macdonald (HC '77)
(lordrhodri@yahoo.com)*

I am homesick for Jos—for the rain. (Deep sigh) I think that's what I miss the most—"real" rain. Standing on the hockey field, looking away towards Mama Flat-top and seeing those Titanic-sized clouds, sweeping majestically along in line—astern like a fleet of unstoppable whipped cream puffs all white, grey, and black, as if following the Bukuru Bypass. And the biggest thing? The absolute inevitability, the certain knowing, that they were going to drench, soak, wash, drown, and in all ways thoroughly dampen (for thirty

minutes, an hour, maybe two at most) everything, all the while remaining undiminished and untouched; those harbingers of rain, of cold air, the heralds of the Rainy Season.

Or the clouds that swept in, stretching from horizon to horizon, with a steep cliff-face front that extended out ahead, all silvery-black on the bottom, trailing a curtain of obscurity underneath, blotting out the sun. Sometimes they brought hail, which, halting classes for the noise on the roof, thundered louder than gunfire, dropping the temperature to shiver/sweater levels, while the marble-sized hailstones sheeted and bounced, collecting in small drifts. Sometimes the clouds brought lightnings and thunders—oh, the light show up on Flat-top!—when tree-thick bolts turned night to day with welding-torch intensity, with the thunderclap like the crack of doom quivering in your bones as well as shocked and hurting ears—as well as rain drops so big they hiss as they plunge, hitting like pellets, impacting so fiercely they splash back up from the hard, dry ground, raising puffs of dust from the schoolyard, leaving wet circles three inches across, that faster than telling merge together. Then the warm mist would rise from the hot tar, wisping and wafting in the winds, rolling and tumbling a foot off the ground, in a world turned steam bath for a few short minutes.

Within a week, it all changed. Our world, so hot and dead-grass dry, with hot, dusty winds and harmattan skies, was washed from front to back, side to side, and top to bottom. The rain, drumming on the many roofs of the school, while not as overwhelming as the hail's thund'ring, still drove many a teacher to quickly assign homework, saving their voices for calmer days. We'd shiver in the cooler air, now all the way down into the fifties, searching for sweaters and jackets. As the Wet Season sets in, the rain, now in milder temper and with lesser voice, sluices with finer drops, persisting for hours, seeking all crevices and crannies, sweeping with the winds, swirling and gusting to make a mockery of raincoats and umbrellas, soaking all—and we yearn for last week, forgetting the grit in the air, in our food, and between our teeth.

No, I don't miss Jos—why do you ask?

Sympathies

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES

Allen Shaw (Parent) passed away on February 20, 2005.

Joseph Nash (EL Staff) died March 19, 2005.

Lynn Kraakevik (Parent) died on April 22, 2005.

Jean Playfair (Parent) went Home on May 12, 2005.

Mina Moen (BA Staff) passed away on May 19, 2005.

Jean Wisner (BA staff) graduated into glory on May 24, 2005, after a long battle with congestive heart failure. She was very ready to go and was so looking forward to seeing her Savior.

Gwen Van Lierop (Parent) went to be with her Lord on June 11, 2005.

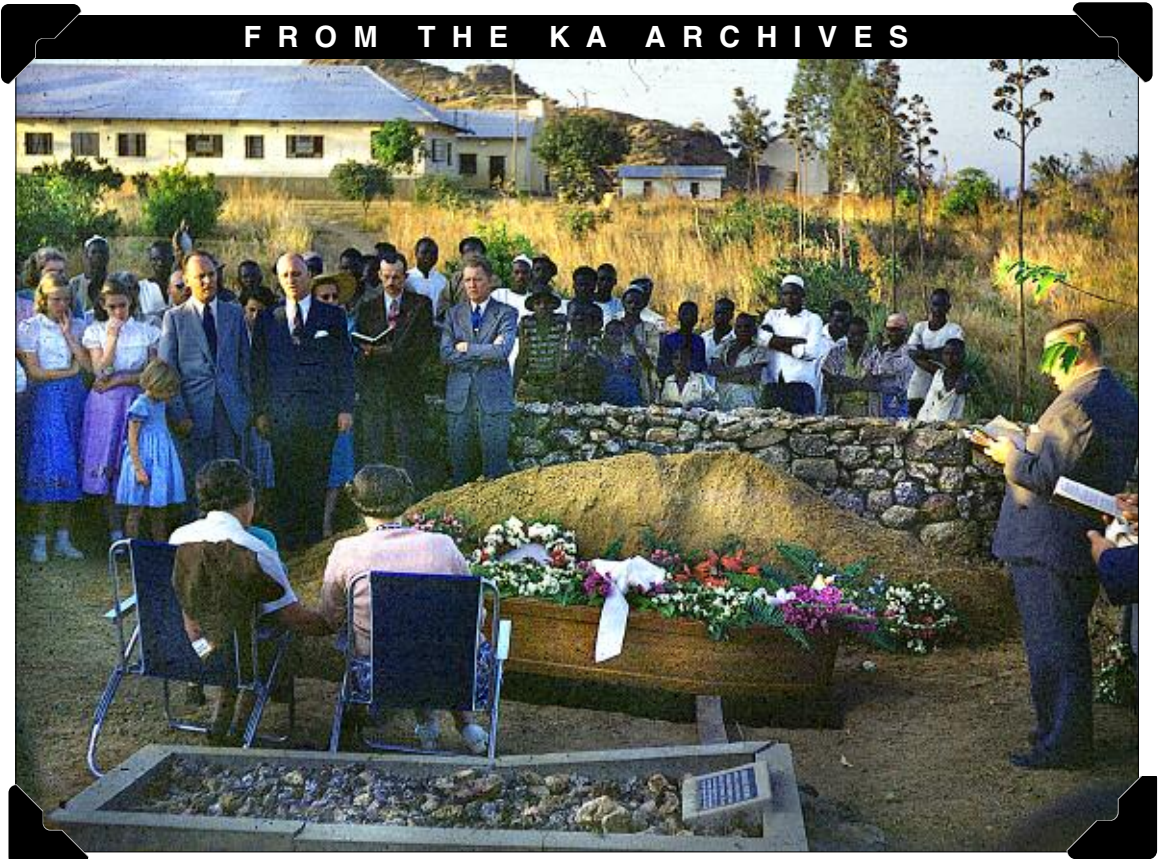
Marg Schaffer (wife of Rich, SIMAIR pilot) went peacefully home to be with the Lord on July 29, 2005.

Christine Snell. The Snells are SIM missionaries who were headed for French West Africa 30-some years ago. While at language school in France, their second daughter, Christine, fell out of her bedroom window. Medics said she'd never walk or talk. However, through determination on her part, and the love and help of her parents and other family members, she lived until the age of 32. She was handicapped mentally, but had a simple faith in the Lord and was a loving person.

Arabelle Enyart (KA Staff) died July 9, 2005.

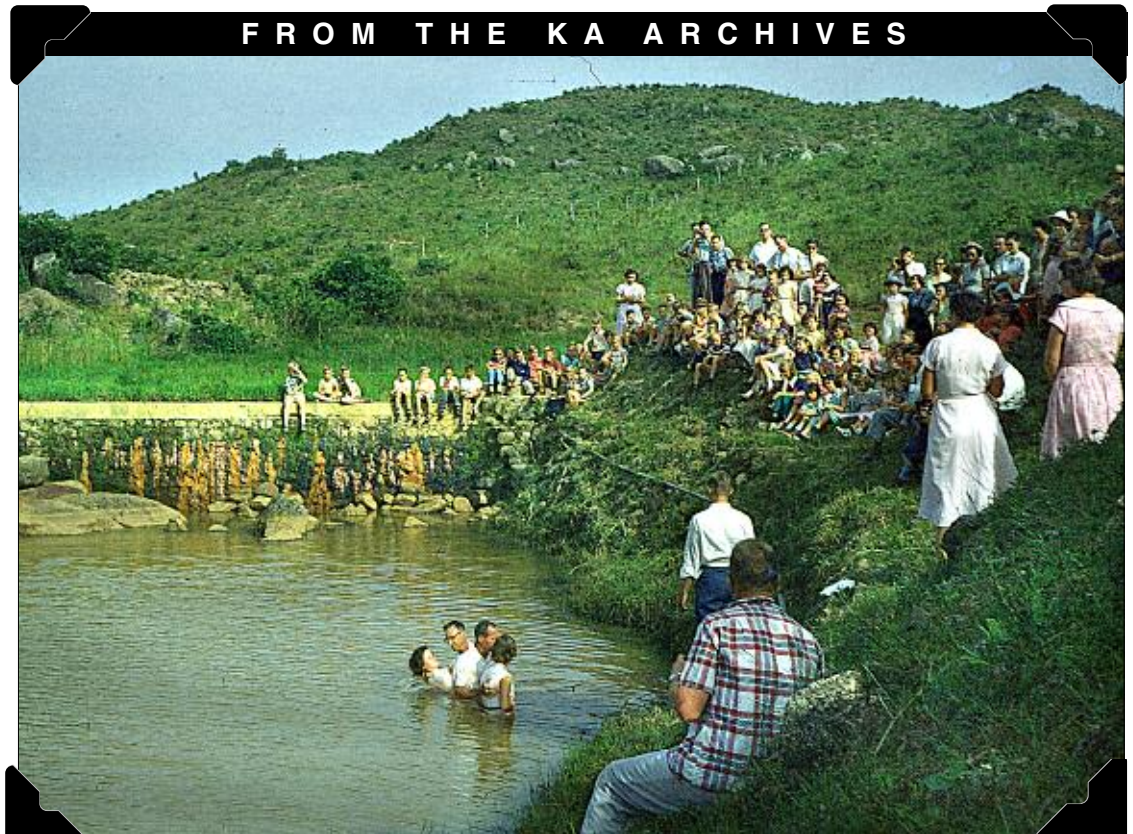


Arabelle Enyart



Ernie Hodges' funeral, November 1953. The suited men on the left are Ray de la Haye, holding Joy's hand, David John, Harold MacMillan (with the book) and George Rendel. We suppose they were the pall bearers. Seated, on the right is Jean Hodges. She is sitting because she is 6 months pregnant. Unknown woman beside her is holding Ruth Hodges.

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Before the cement tanks were used for baptism at KA, it must have been quite tricky to climb up and down that grassy bank.



Miss MacDonal
with student



Bingham Academy cheerleaders 1973-74



Marilyn Klierer Vernon Cumbers Bill Harding Joe Harding John Modricker Joy Modricker Nancy Ackley Duane Ediger Danny Scheel Charles Anderson Bob Black Jackie Konnerup

Clip and Mail

ADDRESS CHANGES OR ADDITIONS

Clip and Mail

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 _____

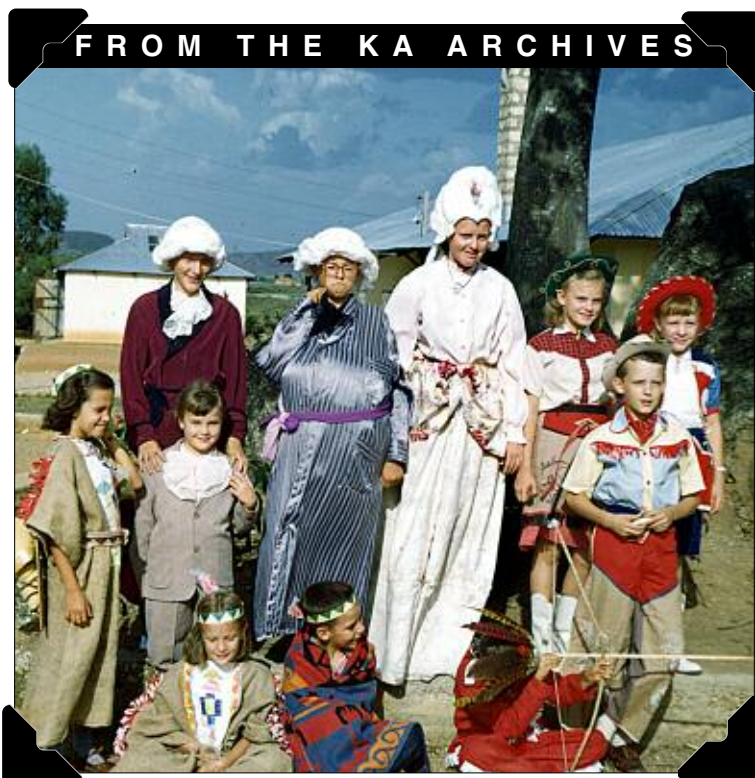
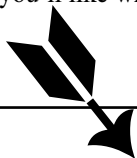
Please remove my name from the mailing list. Please cancel my paper copy and put me on the list to receive e-mail notification.

Send changes to **Karen Keegan, Simroots Editor, 222 Hyle Avenue, Murfreesboro, TN 37128**
615-895-9011, simroots@sim.org, <http://simroots.sim.org>

Simroot's New Web Site

Our *Simroots* Web site is getting a face lift! With more readers choosing to read the magazine on-line, we felt it was time to upgrade the site and eventually make it more secure. A great big round of applause is due **Elizabeth (Jackson) Quinn (KA, HC '78)** for maintaining it all these years. But Elizabeth is ready to pass the baton on to a new Webmaster. We are grateful to **Minna Kayser (BA '75)** who has spent numerous hours changing the look of the site, updating information, and generally making it easier to navigate around the various pages.

You'll note, if you receive the paper copy of *Simroots*, that often the photos are printed with poor quality. We receive many photos by e-mail that are fine for viewing on-line, but the resolution is inadequate for the printed page. Take a look at the Web-version of this issue. You'll be amazed at the vibrant color and sharper images. The site itself is still under construction, but we think you'll like what you see so far. Check it out!



We know this is KA. Does anyone know who these kids are and what the occasion is?

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

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