



Rift Valley Academy Food

By Steve Van Nattan (RVA)
 steve@balaams-ass.com

I went to school at RVA from 5th grade through high school. It is a boarding school for missionaries' kids and a few Kenya kids today. In my day it was just for MKs, and we were an ornery bunch mind you. But, we will speak of that later—maybe. This article will discuss the food we ate. I intend to tell the horror stories and the sweet memories as well. I have no intention of hurting any feelings, but I think you want to hear what life was like in a missionary boarding school in the 1950s.

At RVA, the food originated mostly from the kitchen behind the main building, which we called Kiambogo. The main building was a two-story affair, very long, and built with a kind of local sandstone which could be hand carved. The corner stone of Kiambogo was laid by Teddy Roosevelt in 1909. The kitchen was a corrugated building and rather substantial, and it was not famous for being well ventilated. This design followed the insane building notions of the colonial era established around 1900. The iron corrugated building was one such convention which would

proliferate by the thousands all over East Africa and the British Empire. This hot box was more like a sauna than a building.

In this sweat shop worked Nahashon, Mwangi, and several other brave souls. They were paid well, and they seemed very happy in their jobs. Nahashon had been the chief chef at the Bell Inn on Lake Nakuru, and I heard once that he was a very good chef at that. He quit at the Inn to take the job of cooking for missionary kids since it was nearer home and it would be work among Christians.

Many of the kids at RVA had no interest in the cooks except to complain about their cooking. I liked these men a lot,



These photos are taken from a film strip promoting KA, but we can imagine that the kitchen and workers looked much the same.

and I would stop and greet them frequently. How patient they were, and I only realized that many years later. I would buy them razor blades at our school store, and they paid me with the choice end cuts on roasts. Other kids thought I was silly, but I told no one how our little arrangement worked.

Now, the food these men cooked up was sometimes terrible. I assure you, it was seldom their fault. It was a problem of what they were provided to work with, both in food and in implements. I marvel that they did as well as they did considering.

Shall we talk about food? At breakfast we had a species of toast which was weird. It was made in the kitchen by laying bread slices on several charcoal braziers with a flunky worker turning the toast by hand when it started smoking. The result

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was a patchwork of burnt middle and untoasted ends. The toast was then put into a huge “sufaria” or deep pan. This “sufaria” would then be covered with a cloth, and the result was that the toast would become soggy and almost wet. By the time we got it, spreading butter was more an art for a professional plasterer. We ate it since there was no other choice.

The oatmeal, which came on schedule I think on Tuesday and Friday mornings, was not so bad in taste, but it was soupy and watery. It also had chaff pieces in it. They were the exact size and shape of toenail clippings, and the kids imagined that the cooks trimmed their toenails into the oatmeal. Some heartless old timers delighted in telling this to a new kid just out from the States. There was also a local grain called *wimbi*. It was nearly black brown in color, and it was rich in flavor. I liked it, but many kids hated it. Those mornings I got all I could eat. The *posho* (corn meal mush) was possibly the best-liked cereal served. It really stuck to our

ribs. The semolina was the best, in my opinion. I put butter and sugar in mine, and it was my favorite breakfast.

The staff running things for us were missionaries. Their budget was sparse, so they bought the bargains. Plum and strawberry jam were the cheapest jams in Kenya, so that is what we got. Yes, one can get tired of strawberry jam. For a break, they would buy fig jam. Now, about 80% of the kids hated fig jam. I loved it. As a little brat in California, I used to get out back of the house and eat figs until I would totally liberate myself. My mom would have to then park me on the privy all the next day. I still love figs, and a fig tree is now maturing just outside of our front door here in Arizona. Well, on fig jam mornings I usually got the whole bowl of jam, and I ate it all mind you. It set me free too. I am indeed a fig and prune Libertarian.

On Saturday, we had bacon or sausage and eggs. This was a treat. Now we called the sausage “porkies,” and those “porkies” were the British type. England had their sausages banned from the Brussels World Fair long ago because they added so much cereal to them. Those “porkies” were truly a cereal story—a lot of grease and a lot of semolina. But, it was a treat. Now, you never had an egg fried like Nahashon had to fry them. He had pans, which were provided, and they were deep and not very broad. So, Nahashon filled the pans with eggs about two inches deep and fried them. The eggs were then cut up individually later. This resulted in a fried egg which was easily as tall as it was wide—a sort of egg cube. The bacon was more like boiled than fried. Again, Nahashon had only those deep pans to work with, and he filled them deep with the bacon. We never had fried bacon like Mom made. Actually, I kind of liked it when I thought of it as ham. Even now, I think I would like some of that boiled bacon, maybe.

Sunday was a special day. Each missionary supervisor during my era would budget through the week by serving limited choices and some pretty limited fare. Then, on the weekend they could splurge



KA. Fulani women bringing in milk for sale

and give us treats. So, Sunday morning we had pancakes—never refused by anyone. Sunday noon meal was the grand meal of the week. We had roast beef, mashed potatoes, and some veggie which was on the level of luxury, like cauliflower. There was often a treat like avocado. Most kids hated avocados, so I only had to share them with Trum Simmons. I grew up liking almost any food, so I often got a whole plate of some odd delicacy all to myself.

The Sunday evening meal was special, even though it was the same every time. Cold cut beef and ham with cheese, and potato salad. Some other treats like dill pickles were added. The dessert was ice cream after Mrs. Senoff took over the job. Ice cream in the 1950s in Kenya was a rare treat anyway. Hot chocolate was added to this meal. It was a bit muddy, but few kids will turn down chocolate in any form.

We had a few breaks which were notable. One day, Doc Probst had to go up on the hill above the school and shoot a rogue elephant which was tearing up African gardens. The missionaries in charge arranged for our whole school to go up and see the elephant. It was huge with monstrous tusks. Someone got the idea to take a hind quarter back to the school. That evening we had hamburgers made of elephant. They were good, too, though a bit tough even as hamburger.

Mrs. Senoff was a very creative supervisor. One day Philly Skoda and I went to investigate a *cai* apple tree. Usually

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The milk is purchased by the dipper-full.



After the milk is boiled, it is chilled by means of a cooling device.

cai apples were used only for hedges since they had long thorns and would keep thieves out. The hedge-type plant produced an insipid apple which was worthless. But when let grow as a tree, the *cai* apples produced were very sour and had a good flavor. Philly and I decided they had potential for jelly. We were about fed up with plum jam too. Mrs. Senoff was impressed and thought they reminded her of some sour fruit from the Canadian woods. We went and picked a great pile of them, and Mrs. Senoff made jelly of them. It was so rich that it was more like sorghum molasses. Most of the kids were too picky to even try it. So, Philly and I, and I think Trum Simmons, would eat a whole bowl of *cai* apple jelly at a breakfast.

Mrs. Senoff also made farmer's cheese. This was a first also. Again, the picky kids left it to just a handful of us. We would each eat maybe a whole bowl of it. We loved it, and we would compliment Mrs. Senoff and tell her how much the kids loved it. She never knew how few of us were pigging out on her farmer's cheese.

Chocolate pudding. Now, how could you ruin that? Well, it can be done. First, start with a mix made by Englishmen who like their food to grind their teeth. Next, serve the pudding about three hours before dinner. This way a skin a quarter inch thick develops on top of the pudding. The first spoonful comes up like an octopus rising out of the sea.

How do you eat a six-inch mop of scum?

One day Helen Barnett, who helped in the kitchen, was organizing on a new innovation. This was to set all the desserts out on a table ahead of time on individual plates. This made serving much easier. The table was all ready and covered with plates of chocolate pudding. Now, right above the chocolate pudding table was the hallway of the upstairs dorm area for the little boys. They were not required to go outside to the toilet building at night to avoid them being scared and choosing to wet their beds instead. A big five-gallon "poo-how" (bucket) was set in place in a sort of private corner for the little boys to use at night. Well, the bucket had not been emptied according to custom all day. It was full and rank from sitting too long. No sooner had Helen laid out all those desserts than two little boys decided to chase each other down the hall. Bang, one of them knocked over the "poo-how," and down in the dining room yellow rain dripped into all the chocolate desserts. I think we had bananas for dessert that night.

One good use for the chocolate pudding was for new kids. The chocolate pudding was sometimes set on the table before the meal next to each place setting. An experienced boy would lean over and smell the pudding long and hard. He would then stand up with a puzzled look and say, "That pudding really smells funny this time." The new kid at the table would

almost always lean right over and try to smell the pudding. At that point whoever was next to him would reach over and firmly press his face right into the pudding. The trick next was to convince the new kid that it was fun to nearly be drowned by pudding. Otherwise, he might go squeal on us, and we would be thrown out of the dining room and miss the meal.

What was my favorite menu item? I think it was Mrs. Senoff's corn

pudding. She was the first one to add this to the menu, and it was fantastic. It was an invention from the farm country of Canada. Again, most kids thought it was strange, so I would eat half a pan. I would sleep through most of school that afternoon from overeating. A good hike in the late afternoon would help work it off. Really, we didn't suffer much. None of us were malnourished, but few of us were overweight either.

There was a very sweet English lady, a real rough-on-rats, strong-willed and tough lady, with many years behind her of survival experience in the Kiambu hills where her husband had a plantation. She was asked to take over the kitchen while the missionary lady was on furlough. She did so, and she really did some strange things. The down side was her cheese on toast. This was served during the week one night in order to tighten the budget and allow for a better Sunday evening meal. This cheese on toast was made from pre-toasted bread. It was hard as stone, and a smear of cheese was added. This was then baked to a crisp in the oven until the cheese melted into the stony toast. Even if we were hungry, it was hard work to get it down. But, we would console ourselves. This lady would use the hoarded up cash from the week to lay out a Sunday evening meal that was fantastic. She scrounged up things from her husband's farm and from British friends around the country. Gnawing through her cheese on toast was a small price to pay

for the feast of Sunday. Indeed, many of us slept through the evening service I fear.

One noon meal, we boys came roaring into the dining room making an awful noise. Mr. Simmons told us to go back out and try coming in again quietly. We went back out, took our shoes off and held them in our hands, and we came tiptoeing back into the dining room. Mr. Simmons fell out and roared with laughter. That is

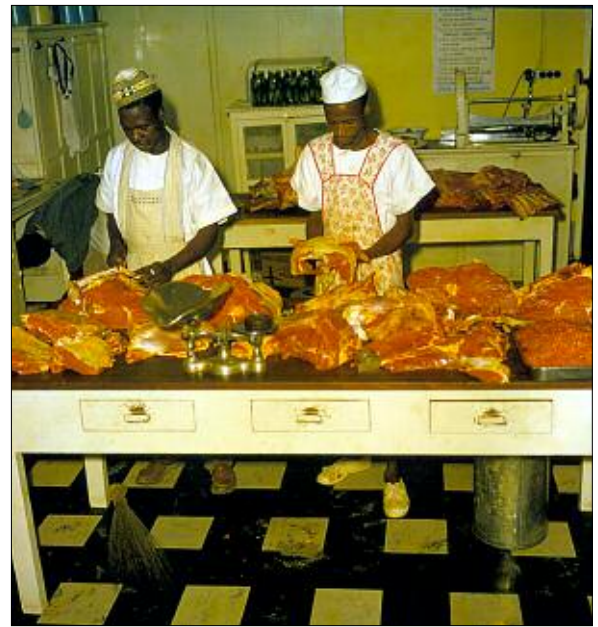
why we loved certain staff members more than others. An adult who can laugh at himself and with you is a great friend to a kid. That does not mean the adult needs to play the fool. Not at all. I hope you had an adult friend like that when you were growing up.

What did we do to make up for various meals that we ate of sparingly? I shall cease to bore you with this tale after this section. There was a company in the 1950s called Knorr Swiss. They made packaged soups which had to be mixed with water and cooked. They made some varieties which were exceptional. My favorite was turtle soup. We would get a number ten can from the kitchen, and we would cook up some of this soup in the fireplace in the “boys’ sitting room.” This was done by propping up the can on burning logs in the fire. The flavor of smoke and the sensation of getting something the hard way made the soup taste even better. This ritual went well for some months until some character failed to see that the log the can was sitting on was burning up. A gallon of tomato soup went spilling all over the boys’ sitting room floor, and we were cast out of the kingdom for many moons for that.

In the older boys’ dorm, we would make fudge. Don Hoover was the master of that art. This was done in our closets, and sometimes after we were supposed to be in bed. Alan Hovingh would look the other way if the boys doing it were in 11th grade or were seniors. Privilege. Also, we were



KA kids will remember going to see the hogs butchered on Saturday mornings.



Cutting up meat in the KA kitchen

careful to take brother Hovingh a plate of fudge of course. Bribery? Not at all. They call it *baksheesh* in Africa.

Nothing would make the social bells ring in the boys’ dorm like a big pot of African tea. This tea was made by boiling a big tin of water, then putting the loose tea in, preferably Brooke Bond. If that was too expensive, Simba Chai would have to do. The tea was boiled hard for about five minutes; then the sugar and milk were added. Again, the mixture was boiled hard for up to fifteen minutes. This was powerful stuff, folks. We would then hunker around the tea and dip out cupful after cupful and talk of other times and places and our speculations of future adventures. This ritual is one many former RVA-ites talk about. They try to duplicate it in the USA many years later, but it just isn’t the same, friends.

On Friday afternoon, those who had some cash would go around to the school store. This was a general store which missionaries on the mission station would also use to add a few groceries to their cupboards. For us kids, the Swiss chocolate bars, KitKat bars, and Queen Elizabeth candy sticks were the main attraction. During my junior and senior years the selection grew to include many things, but none so exciting as full two-liter bottles of Pepsi and Coke. We also



Sifting flour by hand to get the bugs out

got ice cream bars. In Kenya in those days these were very special treats. One favorite was to buy a can of sweetened condensed milk, poke a small hole in it, then walk around all afternoon sucking it slowly. Strange, eh? Hey, we didn’t care much if we looked strange. In Africa you do strange things or you go nuts.

There were a lot more strange and wonderful things we ate, but this is long enough. I hope you eat well tonight.

Posted on:
www.blessedquietness.com/yarn/rvafood.htm
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Return to Home



Return To Liberia

By Nadine Weber (EL 80)

After returning from a week in Liberia, there is so much to say. I will first begin at the end, saying the plane from Monrovia to Dakar couldn't land because of the weather (wind and rain), so they put us in a hotel in Monrovia. After living at the station, seeing people in so simple habitations, now I was in a hotel!? We finally had a plane the next day to Dakar. I travelled with an African dress. Some black ladies looked at me with big eyes at the airport. Erna and I cried and hugged. As Liberians say "too moch, too moch."

Wednesday morning we waited one hour in Dakar for a visa; then it was a bit late. We reserved the ticket in an agency, ran for my luggage, and at the airport the bank was closed, so the missionary in Dakar paid the ticket for me and said, "Goodbye, see you next week!" When we arrived in Monrovia, I couldn't change my traveller's cheques, so I lived a few days without money in Africa. What an adventure! I was in peace, so I didn't miss anything.

I went bathing nearly each day. I ate rice two times a day, some with pepper, preparing the future missionary life for me! People on the station were so nice to me. All those I met, living in simple conditions after the war, cared for me and loved me. I could see in their faces God was living in their hearts. It didn't matter how bad their houses were, at least they had a roof over their heads and they could sleep at night in peace.

Everywhere I went, at the border or at the airport, ELWA was like a password. For those more interested in my trip, I said I was born here, and I spoke about my father. Some remembered him or his programs on the radio.

I slept in the house where I was born. When I phoned my mum, she said, "I am at home."

I answered, "I am also at home!" I could hear her crying on the phone. And she cried when I opened my gifts, especially the flag of Liberia. The flag is the same as the USA's, only we just have one star.

At ELWA campus, I visited the hospital, the technique rooms, the school (where I was for my first time), the church (we had a service with them), the clinic and the pharmacy, and the Lawana camp. I visited the beach, played with crabs, picked up some sand, went to the market and some restaurants, visited poor houses (really, saying "houses" is a big word—something similar to four walls and a roof).

Some missionaries really live in simple conditions, but compared to the nationals, they have very nice houses. I gave some money to a black friend who was so happy because she had something to pay the school for her children—not for buying a new car or a better computer or repairing the toilets.

Let's continue to pray for Liberia, the

President, for peace in this country, and for my next trip there. James Kesserly, who is responsible for the station, proposed that I begin giving messages on Radio ELWA in French as my father did it. I accepted.

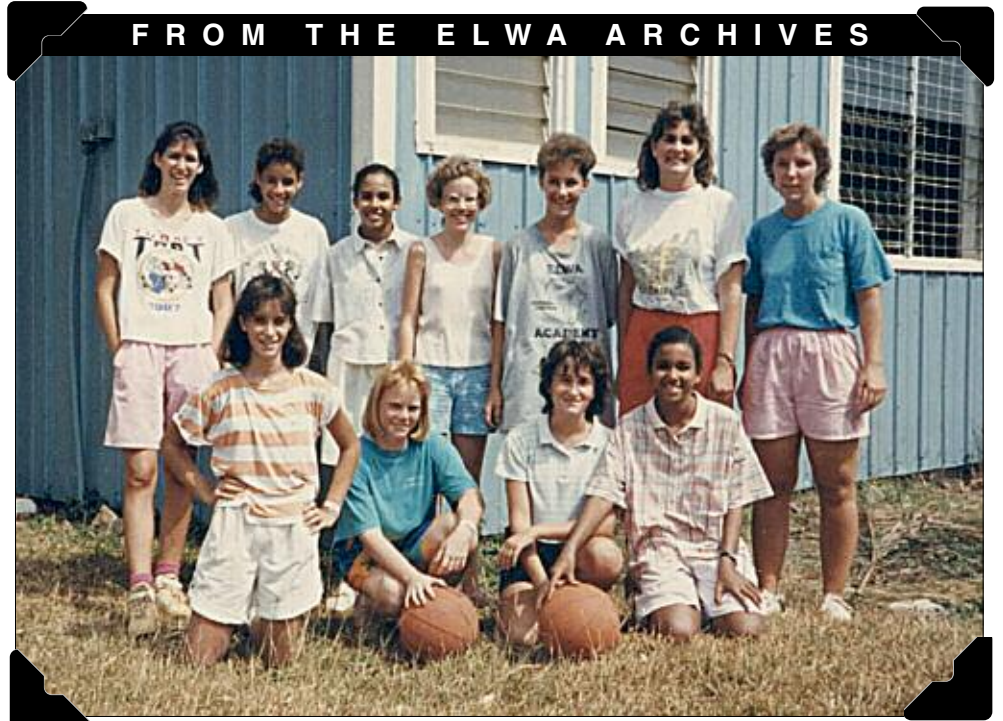
I cried many times on the plane, and I am still crying. I am homesick. Can you understand that?

FROM THE ELWA ARCHIVES



Can you name these ELWA kids?

FROM THE ELWA ARCHIVES



Can you name these kids? Dedria Davis-Tidwell on far right.

Books



Ancestor Stones

by Aminatta Forna

Her previous book, *The Devil That Danced on the Water*, was a memoir of her life and that of her activist father in Sierra Leone. This new book, *Ancestor Stones*, is fiction—stories of the lives of four independent, spirited African women over the last century of dramatic cultural change.

Those of us who have lived in West Africa can visualize the lives of these women.

One paragraph jumped out at me: “Once I went to live among strangers and I learned what it was like to lose yourself. To feel the fragments flying off you. As if your soul has unhitched itself from your body and is flying away on a piece of string like a balloon. Lost in the clouds. You think, I only have to catch the end of the string, but though it hovers within sight, you cannot grasp it. You try and try. And then there comes a time when you are too tired. You no longer care. So you say: ‘Let it go. Let me just fall down here on the soft grass and go to sleep.’”

That’s how I feel sometimes—that I have left my “real” life and the “real” me back in Africa. Sometimes it feels like this is not really my life even though I have now been here (in the USA) for over 40 years! Funny.

Reviewer’s name withheld by request.



There’s a Horse in the Kitchen

By Marj Koop

This 90-page book is a lot different than *Bumps on the Trail*, which was more like memoirs. This is, of course, memoirs too—what else can we write about except what we know? This is a collection of stories of our experiences in Ethiopia and North America, family stories, some travel stories, some devotionals. Some with morals/lessons; some just for fun. The title is taken from the first story. Yes, the horse did come into the kitchen! It’s easy reading. MKs could probably relate to much of it.

Cost: \$7 US, plus postage. (jmkoop@telus.net)

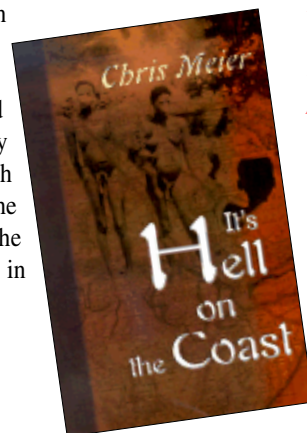
It’s Hell on the Coast

By Chris Meier

You’ll not find any resemblance to missionary life in this book, but if you grew up in Nigeria, you’ll find hilariously funny all the references to living in a West African culture. Chris Meier, sick of the weather in England, arrives in Jos, Nigeria, in 1966 as a 23-year-old, ready for adventure.

In spite of her favorite saying—“WAWA” (West Africa Wins Again)—said whenever there are inefficiencies in the system, she falls in love with the country and its people. She writes: “There’s something about Africa. It has for some people an indefinable attraction which transcends all of the inconveniences and deprivations encountered while living there.” Every day for her is filled with hedonistic activities in the expatriate community. The title is stated with tongue in cheek.

Reviewed by Karen Keegan



Missionary Kids (MKs):

Who they are; Why they are who they are; What now?

By Dr. Rosalea Cameron

The outcome of growing up as the child of missionaries is significant and enduring; this has been evidenced through research and personal experience. This book uniquely blends a readable academic description of the developmental environment of the missionary child with poignant vignettes drawn from the experience of the primary author and others who experienced the MK childhood. It is both academic and emotive; it is transparent and honest while maintaining constructive boundaries for those committed to the task of foreign missions. God is honored in this work, missionary families are validated, and missionary children are championed. Its unique contribution to the field of missions is in its clear presentation of a model that comprehensively describes the factors of significance within the MK developmental experience. The model has been tested through research, and it is used to clearly link the childhood experience with the adult outcomes. Academic concepts are gradually developed and scaffolded with closely connected real-life examples.

Dr. Rosalea Cameron completed a Ph.D. in the developmental psychology domain of Education. She was born to missionary parents in Papua New Guinea, where she lived until she was 18 years of age. She now works as a missionary trainer with Global Partners, the missions arm of The Wesleyan Church.

ORDERING INFORMATION:

E-mail all enquiries for payment options to Rosalea Cameron at

TCK.au@wesleyan.org.au

Cost: AUD\$25:00

Postage & handling: Within Australia AUD\$2:45 or International AUD\$12:00

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IDEAS for SIMROOTS

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- How about we try to get the theme song for each school and put them on the Web?

HILLCREST PROMO VIDEO

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CLASSIC NIGERIAN COMMERCIALS

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ATTENTION all MKs who are Missionaries

SIM's Board of Governors has asked me: "What proportion of MKs are now undertaking missionary work?" It is quite easy for me to find out through our SIM database how many of our current Members and Associates are MKs of SIM or one of the missions that is now part of SIM. It is much more difficult to find out if people who grew up in SIM, AEF, etc. are now serving with another mission agency. If you know of such a person, please e-mail me and tell me.

Dorothy Haile (Dorothy.haile@sim.org)

MASONS WITHOUT BORDERS

Mark Driediger (KA 71) has a vision—"Masons Without Borders"—to facilitate the way for Christians with building skills to get involved in a ministry of construction projects on the mission field. He's focusing on Africa, particularly Zambia and Malawi. For more information contact him at mldbarrieon@hotmail.com or 705-735-2535.

FROM THE LATE 1980s KA ARCHIVES



Back: Joyce Yelwa, Nick Armstrong, Martin _____, Anisa Blomquist
Middle: Junai Agada, David Kang, Miriam Payne
Front: Amy Rideout, James Balisky, ? Friebel, Matthew Odanoh



Darilyn O'Donovan



Debbie Fawley



Heather Gibbs



Kelly Warkentin



Ronnie Lyons



Leona Dipple



Almost Home Because God's Not Dead

By Susan (Lochstampfor) Smith (KA 78) Unshakbl@joimail.com



Susan (Lochstampfor) Smith

In his forward to Elie Wiesel's book Night Francois Mauriac writes: "The child who tells us his story here was one of God's elect. From the time when his conscience first awoke, he had lived only for God and had been reared on the Talmud, aspiring to the initiation into the cabbala, dedicated to the Eternal. Have we ever thought about the consequence of a horror that, though less apparent, less striking than the other outrages, is yet the worst of all to those of us who have faith: the death of God in the soul of a child . . . ?"

I will not insult Holocaust victims and survivors by suggesting that my boarding school experience bore any semblance to their horrors yet I struggled with an empathic kinship of bewilderment that progressed into a long night of depression and profound loss and grief as I wondered what had happened to the god that my parents, in my early life, had taught me was there. Though I did not share their circumstances, I found myself, at the age of thirteen, comparing my emotional experiences to that of some six million men, women and children who lived a nightmare of constant fear and loss. I was far from home, afraid and confused, feeling unlovely and unlovable, abandoned and cursed by God for what sin, I did not know. I wondered when He had ceased to want me and what I could do to return myself to His favor. In despair I debated the possibility that there was no God, that I could call myself an atheist and somehow find peace for my soul. At fourteen, I asked my father to allow me to attend the Catholic church in our town, not telling him my fantasy that, were I to convert and become a nun, devoting my entire being to finding Him, perhaps God would take me back.

Despair upon despair. I longed for God. To know some reality of Him. Not evidence of His existence by creation or testimony. I wanted a God of skin and bone; at first a God who would wrap His arms about me; later a God that I could wound—pain to the body and pain to the soul—if at all possible, mortally. For I hated Him.

I suppose that God died for me when I was six years old. Suddenly I was no longer in the security of home and family, but in a building of long hallways flanked by many open doors

and perfumed with insect repellent and "no pest strips." The large open showers left no place for modesty and smelled of Ipana toothpaste and Rexona soap. Classrooms bore the unfamiliar scent of sharpened pencils, paste and new paper and the dining room too many different foods and flavors in quantities greater than a child's appetite. Everywhere there were faces of strangers. Most obvious was the void of comfort, warmth, tenderness and delight. Tears spilled from a heart overflowing with sorrow, confusion and fear. No one seemed to know who I was and no one seemed to care. And when, at last, a dorm parent asked why I was crying and I told her that I wanted to go home, she replied harshly that if I did not stop crying she'd give me something to cry about. My God had received His mortal wound.

The God of joy, of laughter, of strength and comfort and love, the God who delighted in the exuberance of little children died before my eyes. The God who emerged before me was hard, cold, demanding, vengeful and punitive. I was not a delight; I was a bother, a nuisance, a problem. Not to be solved. No. A problem that, if ignored, abandoned for long enough, might go away.

Some years later, as I contemplated, repeatedly, taking my own life I found myself faced with a horrible dilemma: There was no place for me! No one wanted me. Obviously, I wasn't home for a reason. The school maintained me because that was its job. Life did not want me, but death! Even in death there was no place for me. God had long ago forsaken me; I had cried to Him for months to save me from this place only to be met with the silence of Heaven. He never came. He never answered. He did not want me. And if, what the Scriptures said was true, Hell not only did not want me, it could not have me. I was not welcome because "whosoever believes in me will not perish but have everlasting life." I was trapped, doomed to an existence in the realm of God who didn't want me, yet by His very word, was bound to keep me eternally in His presence. The horror of spending eternity in His house kept me, for years, from suicide, forcing me into a mortal existence cloaked with fear of rejection and the terror of death.

On the outside I feigned goodness,

righteousness and peace. But I was self-righteous, critical, and very, very angry. And inside I hurt. Oh! How I hurt! The emptiness, loneliness and

feelings of abandonment rolled over and over my heart and it ached. And then I made some decisions: One was that I would not let go my pursuit of God; I would pursue Him until He answered me, until He gave me good reason for despising me. "I would set my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments. Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

The second was to medicate my aching heart and fill the emptiness within. And so I dated every race, creed, color, religion that was different from my own. But I could pledge no allegiance because the stakes were too high. To align myself in body or in soul would be to invite the wrath of God so I took what I could without selling out completely. I rationalized that God, who had robbed me of my family, owed me this comfort.

Some months ago, relating an incident in my life, I mentioned that I had dated a Pakistani Muslim. A woman in the group to whom I was speaking laughed and said, "That must have been during a rebellious phase." I pondered her words for a time before concluding that I was not rebelling, I was seeking. This man was a gift from God, kind and gentle, demanding nothing from me and taking only what I gave. I began to see that there was something in me that was delightful, attractive, interesting. Perhaps it was the agnostic Jewish-Catholic who gave me the greater gift when he said, "Your problem is that no one has ever loved you the way you deserve to be loved . . . and I am not capable of that." Ah! Precious hedonist, he was. Though his words stung they comforted me because they were honest. He could not love me, truly love me, and he told me so rather than pretend that he did. His honesty was a gift from God. One after another each of the men I dated taught me something of the character of God. (It occurs to me as I write that God will use anything, anyone to

Open Dialogue



communicate to us His heart; there is nothing He has created that is outside of His service.)

Then, somewhere in the midst of the chaos of my life, exhausted from the longing and hurting and searching, I dared to speak a truth of my own. I told God that I hated Him. I hated everything He was and everything He stood for. I hated Him for not loving me, for not wanting me, for dumping me in a place that, for all its grand intentions to reach a “lost and dying world,” had taught me that I wasn’t even worth saving; I was the sacrifice. A sacrifice for the souls of the masses. I was tired. I didn’t ask for my life. I did nothing to deserve my fate. I didn’t want any of it. I stood waiting for that lightning bolt, truly believing that God would strike me dead. It never came. What came was anger, grief, loss, sorrow, fear, hatred, depression.... First a trickle, then a stream that turned to a river. And with it came a terror that I would be swept away in a whelming flood. “When all around my soul gives way!” My soul was collapsing. All that I had known all my life was falling, falling, falling and I did not know where or what or who I would be.

*Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free.
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me.
Underneath me. All around me
Is the current of His love.*

Only now do I have even a glimpse of that Love for me! All those years of wondering, hoping for a living, loving God. All those years of longing for some reality of Him. But, as Charles Swindoll said, “The hardness and the blackness and the sorrow and the disappointment of people will just come over you like a flood.” I did not know until many years later that God had been speaking to me for a very long time. Oh, there were times I thought I heard Him, times when the message was so clear, yet oddly coincidental that it had to be my imagination.

March 2, 1997 was the first warm, golden Sunday of the year. The previous week had been a painful struggle with the loneliness in my life. I stood before the mirror, dressing for church, railing at God about all the prayers, weeping, pleading He’d ignored. Enraged by His silence I demanded, “Why don’t you answer me? Why don’t you answer me?!” As

plain as the words on this page were the words that I heard in my head; “If you who are earthly fathers give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good gifts to His children.” The pause to consider was just long enough to convince me that my imagination was hard at work and that going to church was a waste of a glorious morning. But, my customary guilt took hold and I went anyway. At the door I picked up the bulletin and sat down to read the order of service. The sermon title: God Will Answer. The text: Luke 11:5-13. The passage of the persistent friend; ask, seek, knock, for those who do receive, find, and have doors opened. If a human father gives good things to his child how much more will God the Father give out of His great goodness to His children? Confirming to me the voice of God was my dear renegade-Catholic-seeker friend who said, “That was no coincidence. God was speaking to you!” Hearing Bob say that was almost more stunning than having God show up! I knew this man and I knew his journey and he, this phenomenal gift from God, was suggesting that God just might not be who I believed He was. So began an incredible journey of discovery.

Ironically, it was through the very thing I most feared—death—that God began to reveal His mercy, His love, His compassion, His heart. I’d been working as a Hospice nurse for a year and a half at this point, trying to offer comfort from a heart that had known little comfort. Time and again, with one patient after another, I had the growing sense of something far greater than myself, far more real than anything I’d ever known. The closer I got to death the more gentle God became. My husband has asked me how that happened and I cannot say. I only know that I had been given a gift to be able to see into wounded, broken hearts and to offer, out of my own brokenness, comfort. In sharing the burden of so much suffering I saw Jesus; in caring for the dying I found Jesus caring for me. And I saw Him caring for others through me. Me! The unlovable, unwanted, the sacrifice for the souls of the masses! Me! God with skin and bone.

The verse I had laughed about as a child because it was so very short became the greatest verse in all of Scripture: “Jesus wept.” Jesus. God. Weeping over the hurt, the lost, the dying of humanity. Had He sat at my bedside throughout the night before I was put on a

plane to a school that would forever change my heart? Had He walked those long dark halls that smelled of Ipana toothpaste and Rexona soap and heard the muffled cries of frightened, homesick children? Did He hear the false accusations and watch unjust punishments? Did He feel the deepest longings and woundings of my heart? Did He, as Jesus did at the grave of Lazarus or on the mountain overlooking Jerusalem, weep?

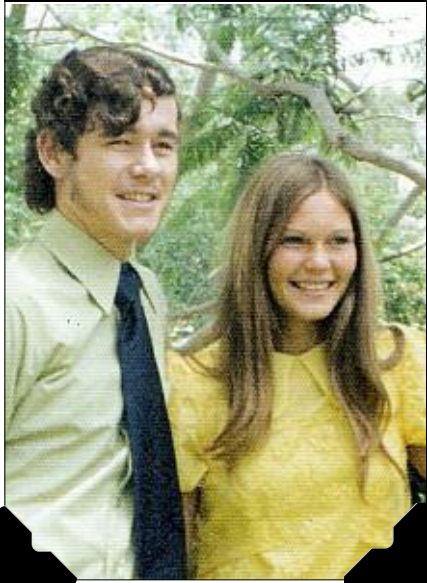
Oh! I know now that He did. I know because He weeps through me. He weeps over the things that our world says are insignificant and the things that are too horrendous for our minds to grasp. He weeps because His beautiful creation—meant to be in relationship with Him—is tattered, soiled, crushed. He weeps . . . because I weep.

And He whispers, “You have been a partner in my suffering. You know what it feels like to hurt, to be afraid, to feel lost and lonely. Be Jesus in skin and bone. Care, comfort, love. Because you know what it is to need these things. And I tell you this, there is no one who has left his home, his parents, his family for My sake who will not receive, in this age, many times what he has given up and, in the age to come, eternal life. Well done! Good and faithful servant.”

The struggle is far from over; the journey only begun. Self-doubt, fear of failure, fear of rejection, loneliness, anger, sorrow are frequent companions. Many times I wonder if God is or whether He exists only in my mind. I struggle in my marriage and wonder whether God has abandoned me and if my husband is about to. I lose patience with my son and worry that I have scarred him for life. I grieve over what has been and worry about what will be. And when I feel myself going under I look back down the road and realize how far I’ve come. I remember how God brought Daniel into my life and the miracle that is my son and all the “coincidental details” that brought our family in to being. I call Bob, my dear friend of twenty years, awed that our paths ever crossed and that he has shared in the journey. I see that all the events and people of my life have been orchestrated to give me the heart that I have. And if none of this brings me comfort I go to my once-greatest fear: Death. The veil parts, I see the Glory beyond and know that I’m almost home because God is not dead.



HILLCREST ARCHIVES



Scott _____, Nancie Pollen
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius

Hurricane

By Paul Trigg (HC) [greeneaglz@googlemail.com](mailto:greenaglz@googlemail.com)

I was torn,
Lifted from the deep rooted soils of Africa,
My world around me twisting in turmoil.

I reached out,
But was tugged away from the debris of former things
Familiarity spiraling away into the maelstrom.

I cried in pain,
The sound drowned out by the raging storm,
My soul lashed by winds of circumstance.

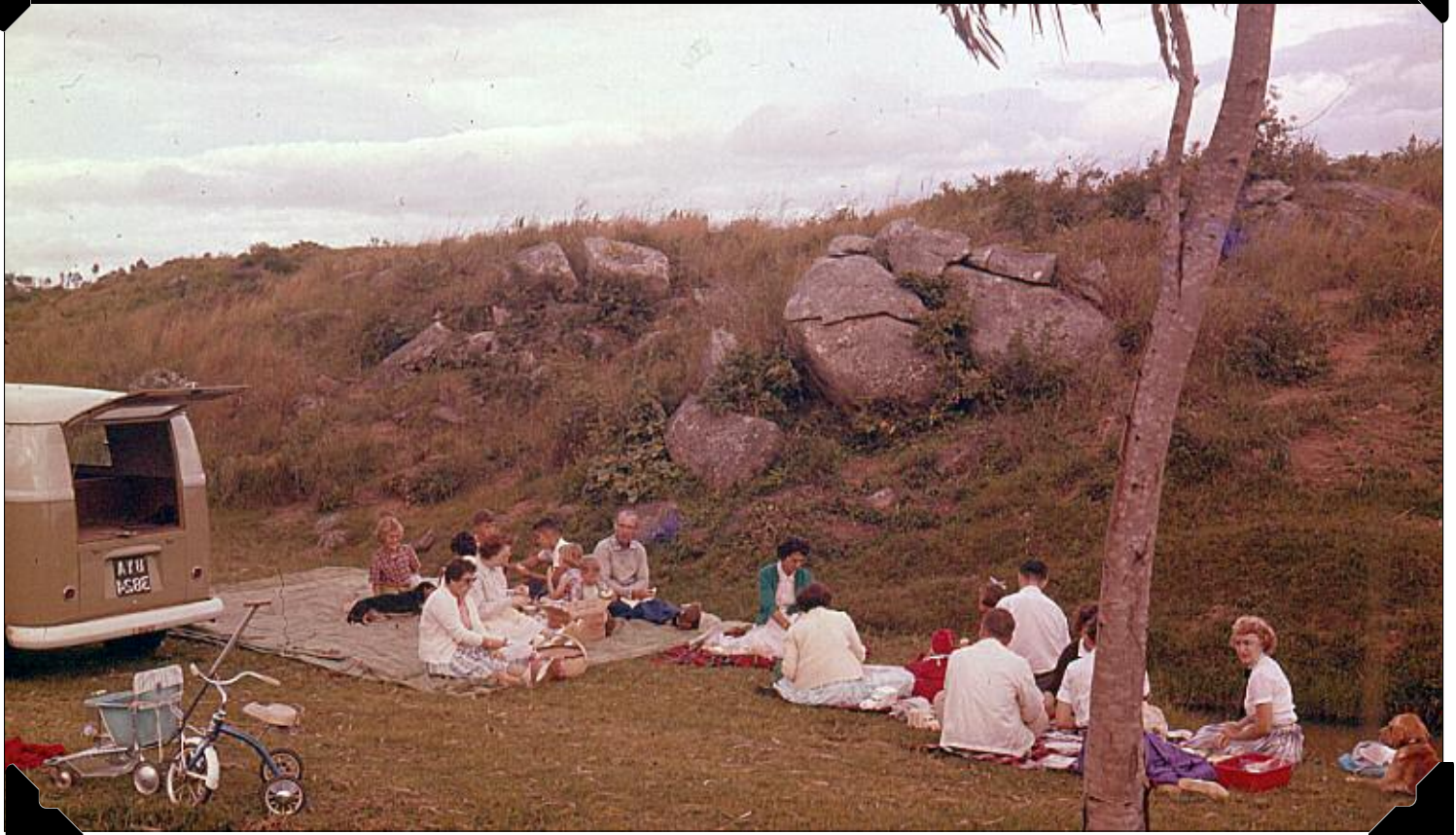
I fell to earth,
A calmness and silence prevailed.
All that was, was gone, just emptiness remained.

I sat and mourned,
Shock of new surroundings midst the debris,
No road or path to lead me home!

All I can do is rebuild my dreams,
New dreams with what is to hand,
No trace of my former life,
Just the struggle to start anew.

The deep ache of loss,
I must,
I need,
To rebuild my house,
Surround it with new familiarities,
And pray that the storms do not return.

FROM THE KENT ACADEMY ARCHIVES



c. 1962, Staff picnic at the dam. Probably when the kids had all gone home.

Left to right: KA dog, ?, Marg Guillian, Karen Craig, David Hodges, Gerry Craig, Bill Herr, Nancy Craig, Jimmy Craig, Paul Craig, Pauline Herr, ?, ?, Dick Fuller (?), ?, ?, (maybe Wendy, Cindy and Jack Phillips), Margaret Wiens, Goldie (another KA dog) [photo is from John Herr, so he is probably the photographer]
Also on staff that year (so possibly in the photo): Lila Sinn, Virginia Patterson, Lola Brown, Jean Campbell, Miriam Weathers, Burness Kampen, Opel Koetz, Lee Buchanan



Carolee *By Mildred Hodges, Parent of Carolee (Hodges) Harbour (BA 66)*

She rode away in the rain that day
On the back of a plodding mule;
She was only five and a half, you see,
But the time had come for school.

And my tears fell down with the rain that day
As she turned to wave good-bye.
She was swallowed up in the mist and the rain
And all I could do was cry,

For I wouldn't see her for many months
And she was still so small,
And all her winsome, little-girl ways
I wouldn't see them at all.

And somebody else would teach her and help her
To understand wrong from right,
And somebody else would put her to bed,
And maybe kiss her good-night.

And so it was year after year
She had to go away,
And waiting till vacation time
We counted every day.

So I put her into the hands of One
Who cares far more than another,
To watch over her, and to make up to us
All this missing each other.

Kogin Rahama

Hanya kana bi, sosai,
Kamar bayan maciji ne.
Wata rana na gani
Wani baban maciji,
Yana bi hanya a bayan ka,
Kogin Rahama.

Kusa da Kogin Rahama
Mutumun famfo mai girma
Suna rara waka, kururuwa kuma.
Suna aiki da launin waka.
Famfo yana tura ruwa
Don jirgin kasa a tasha,
Kogin Rahama.

Itatuwa suna sha ruwan ka,
Suna da koren girma.
Lokacin da ruwa ya tashi
Kayan banza
Da yawa da
Wadansu itatuwa
Suna hau ruwa,
Su tafi da nisa,
Kogin Rahama.

Wani tsofo mai lambu,
Yanna kai ruwan ka
A gonarsa.

Amfanin gona zai yi
Albarka sosai.

Mun gode, da yawa,
Don za mu ci,
Mu ji dadi,
Kogin Rahama

The Rahama River

The road you follow,
The channel you make,
Resembles the back
Of a slithering snake.
One day I saw one
Leaving a wake;
A road on your back
Swimmingly take,
O Rahama River.

The men of the huge pump
Sing and shout.
With rhythm they turn
The cranks about.
The pump wheels turn
In a slow, steady motion,
Pushing water afar
For steam locomotion,
O Rahama River.

Trees drink your stream,
Growing tall and green.
When the river water
Rises high,
Trash and trees
Go floating by,
O Rahama River.

One old man
With a dry season farm,
Raises your water
With the strength
Of his arm.
The water will make
His crops grow well.
We'll eat and enjoy,
And our thanks
We will tell,
O Rahama River.

This bit of verse in Hausa comes from memories of one of my favorite haunts in Nigeria. (I claim poetic license for some departures from the usual Hausa construction.) The Rahama River ran about a mile or so from our mission station, and it still flows prominently in my memories. Many, many a day I hiked down there by myself to see the river and the associated sights. Irrigated farms were situated along the banks at convenient locations to accommodate dry season farming. The farmers used counter-weighted pole-and-bucket arrangements to lift river water up over the bank and into their little hand-worked plots. The pump that I mention was housed in an open-ended shed quite close to the river. Four to six men, two or three on a side, turned the handles of the giant crank wheels that powered the pump. The water was pumped over a mile or so and up considerable elevation to a tank that replenished the steam locomotives when they stopped at the train station in Rahama. The men chanted and grunted and shouted as they labored at the pump. Some of the scenes mentioned come from times when the river flooded—the big snake swimming the current, and the debris (including entire trees) that floated to new destinations miles away. Yes, the memories still flow in my mind—and sometimes they flood it.

By Dan Elyea (KA, HC 59)



Annual MK Party Sebring, Florida December 26, 2006

Submitted by Jeanette Silver

The attendance record indicated that 81 came to Sebring's annual MK gathering. The ages ranged from 2 (son of Paul Forster, KA, HC, IC 81) to 91 (Rowena Marion, KA teacher). This event was open to all MKs, their relatives, and their schools' staff.

Though most of the 26 MKs were from West Africa, we had 4 from elsewhere. Dodie Forsberg (BA 69, Staff) represented Ethiopia. (She was here visiting her Mom). Carachipampa was represented by Anna Porter (CC 02) and her sister Eva. They were here with their folks (Eldon Porter, KA 74) visiting their grandparents. Nelson Dewey (visiting his folks who previously worked under World Vision) attended Escola Americana de Belo Horizonte (78-84). Currently, he is a science teacher at the Pan American Christian Academy in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The program consisted of readings, singing, charades of carols and special music. Oswald Zobrist and his daughter Heidi Guzman (KA, IC 77) sang "Gott ist Liebe" (God is Love). Goldie (Carney) Zobrist's solo on the accordion turned into a sing-along when everyone heard "Silent Night."

Dr. and Mrs. Burt Long received the prize for having more children than anyone else (5 out of the 6 were here!). Eva Porter got the prize for being the youngest MK (15). And the earliest graduate (?29) was Char Kraay (KA Dental assistant).

The best part of the evening was the individual introductions from each person as the mike was passed around. All enjoyed the chitchat both before and after the program and refreshments. "Glad to see ya" and "Howya doin'?" conversations made it a noisy place (joyful noise). Come on down and be a part of the 2007 celebration.

Gathering at Abbotsford, BC December 26, 2006

Submitted by Russ Schmidt

A great time was had by all as about 30 SIMers from Ethiopia gathered together on the 26th, Boxing Day, to share some wonderful Ethy food. People came from all over the world to attend. Don and Marilyn (Kliwer) Ibsen opened their home to share the great meal picked up earlier at the Harambe Cafe in Vancouver. Afterwards, Becky Cole played the piano accompanied by her mother, Linda, on the violin. Marilyn Ibsen read a story written by Doug Koop "Put Herod Back in Christmas" which you can read at: <http://www.christianweek.org/stories/vol19/no18/record.html>

Frank Wallace thrilled us with a couple of numbers including "O Holy Night." Roy Wallace teamed up with Frank for a duet and then led us in a few carols.

If you want to view on-line photos of the occasion, write to Russ Schmidt. (rvschmidt@gmail.com)

FUTURE REUNIONS

Watch for details in the next *Simroots*, on the *Simroots* Web site, or through Yahoo groups.

BINGHAM ACADEMY

Bingham Academy, July 2007 Reunion has been canceled.

ELWA

Date: July 3-6, 2008

Place: Atlanta, Georgia

KA/Hillcrest

Date: July 3-5, 2009

Place: Chicago area

Sahel Academy Reunion

We need people to join in on the discussion to plan all the details of when and where.

See our Web site at: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/SahelAcademyReunion/>

To join the group, write to: SahelAcademyReunion-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

When applying, please state the years you were at Sahel or your association to the school.

Lisa Germaine (dkgmkrus@preferred.com)

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Vi, Karen, Kathy, Bob, and Wally Braband at Miango
Wonder how many family photos have been taken on this very spot?



Foods to Remember

The Smell of Africa

From *African Encounter*,
A Doctor in Nigeria, 1960, p. 8

By Robert Collis

“Wafts of the particular acrid African smell [came] to us in waves. This smell is said to be due to melted palm oil which is used in almost all African cooking. At first it is somewhat repellent, but as one gets used to it, it gradually forms an association in the subconscious mind with the whole life of Africa, becoming one of those queer olfactory sensations associated with visual memory, so that if one suddenly meets it again at another time in a distant place scenes of Africa spring to the mind.”

Eggs—Buying Them and Tithing Them

By Steve Van Nattan (RVA)
steve@balaams-ass.com

Buying an egg from the Safeway supermarket in Los Angeles, and buying an egg in Tanzania, are two very different propositions.

In Africa, the egg is not one of the cheap protein items on the food budget. To an African in the countryside, eggs come from chickens which browse the area around one's village. The chance of a wild cat or other varmint getting a chicken is pretty good, and finding the eggs can be tricky.

Africans are very pleased to get eggs to add to the cooking pot. They make a gourmet touch when added to the gravy, and in Ethiopia, the “wat” or gravy dish at a fine dinner will include one egg per person. These eggs will have been cooking in the pot of chili pepper gravy for hours so that they turn a brown-red color all the way to the yoke. Try adding hard-boiled eggs to your curry pot also. Ah, now I am getting hungry for a good pot of curry with fiery chutney.

Eggs are bought at the open-air market, and it is hard to know if they are fresh. When I was a kid growing up in Tanganyika, the local people would bring eggs to the back door. We would buy them with money, salt, and tin

cans, which were of rather high value since other cups were expensive.

My mother would take a pan of cold water to the back door, and every egg was tested. When the egg was put into the water, it was really fresh if it sank to the bottom and lay on its side. If it stood up on end partially, it was OK to eat but aging. If it floated, it was about to explode. The Africans would collect eggs for a number of days; then they would bring them to sell to us. I don't think they really intended to rip us off as such, but then they just couldn't stand to throw away old eggs.

Chickens were brought to the back door for sale, as well as various vegetables. Chickens were examined by feeling the breastbone. If it was pliable and poorly developed, the chicken was young and good to eat. If the breastbone was fully developed and sharp, watch out—the athletic bird would have to go to the pressure cooker for an hour.

Once in a while the local kids would find an ostrich egg. They would come running to sell it to us. We drained out the egg by drilling a hole in one end, inverting it over a container, and inserting a straw. When the straw was blown on, the egg would run out. This left the ostrich egg intact for taking back to the USA to show friends.

Fried eggs are not of any interest to Africans in the countryside, though modern, city-dwelling Africans are trying just about anything they hear about from the rest of the world. Eggs in Africa are always boiled. When traveling on the train, and when the train stops in a station, men with huge trays of food will walk along beside the train selling various tasty wares. The trains in India and many other countries have such vendors as well. Eggs are a common food, along with boiled semi-dried corn and beans and various kinds of fruit and candy. The eggs are safe to eat since they are in the shell and have not been handled. The beans and corn are great, but start a course of Tetracycline at once since you prob-



KA. Traders bringing in their vegetables to the downstairs part of the kitchen



KA kitchen. Cutting up vegetables for over 200 kids is a huge daily job.

ably got dysentery from them. Knowing the hazard of eating such food, the hardest thing to resist are the *samosas*. This is a triangular pie made of a light envelope crust with meat and vegetables inside. It is spiced with curry, and it is the ultimate treat to a hungry traveler.

In the 1950s, a missionary from Kenya was about to go on furlough to the USA for a year. He had become loved greatly by the African



Christians. One lady came to him with a large number of eggs in a cloth bag with the ends tied up in a knot at the top. She told the missionary, “Eat one egg a week, and when they are all gone, it is time for you to come back to your home in Kenya.” Those moments are precious, for they show the love of Christ which bridges vast gulfs between cultures.

Eggs, being a protein, yet being less perishable than meat and milk, can be easily used for tithes and offerings at the church house. I have seen many eggs brought to the front of the church to be given as offerings, for they ARE valuable in a land of little or no protein. In some African churches, after the Sunday service, the eggs, corn, and squashes (marrow in UK) would be taken outside to the church steps to be auctioned off so that the offering could be turned to cash and entered in the treasurer’s books. At the church in Eldoret where we served, the auctions would become very jolly times. This was because a bag of eggs might be bid on, and the buyer would pay for them and then hand them back to the deacon with instructions to auction them again. A bag of eggs or a squash might be auctioned off four or five times bringing in a windfall to the treasury.

Next time you pick up a dozen eggs at the supermarket, just think of all the fun you are missing out on by living in the civilized world! Also, don’t forget the water test for eggs when you think some eggs you bought are old. It is very accurate.

www.blessedquietness.com/yarn/eggsbuy.htm

Glossary for Spouses of Liberian MKs

By Dan Buck

When someone marries an MK from Liberia, there are certain terms he/she has to learn in order to communicate properly with the spouse. Feel free to send in your additions.

1. Real Milk - This is only available in America. It’s milk that comes directly from a cow, as opposed to the stuff your mom “made” in the blender from a KLIM can. Some Americans—we can’t imagine why—actually buy powdered milk to drink. It’s not even any cheaper, and this is one taste of Africa we don’t care to repeat!

2. Real Potatoes - These are actual potatoes that have been mashed up or “smashed,” as we

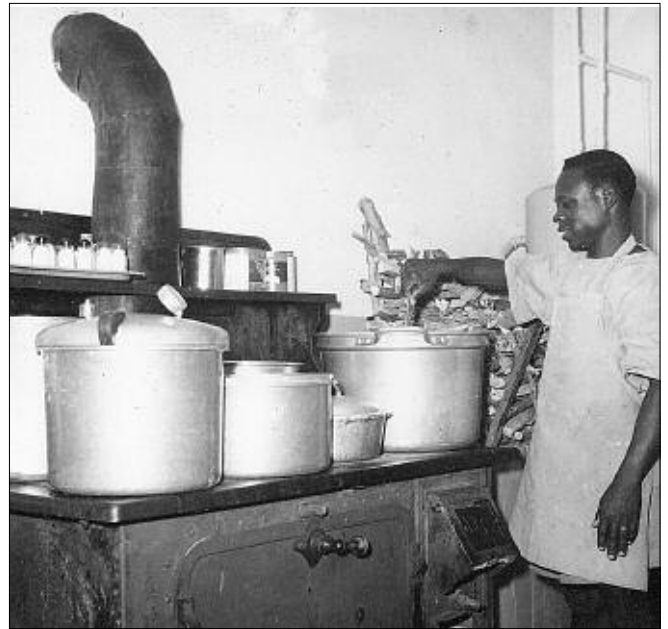
often called them. Our parents sometimes call them “white potatoes” to distinguish them from sweet potatoes, but who ever heard of eating mashed potatoes that weren’t white? The problem for us is distinguishing real potatoes that have been mashed with fake potatoes, which you get from a can that says NAFDA or something over a picture of a smiling chef. He’s smiling because he has you fooled. You won’t know they’re fake until you bite into them! This is why you always take a small helping the first time through a church supper line, in case those crazy Americans, who

could buy real potatoes for five-cent-five-cent, went out and got fake ones instead just to save a little preparation time. Those people—you can’t give them too hard a time for it; they don’t even have a housegirl.

3. Potato Greens

- Unlike the “greens” that Americans eat fresh from their garden, you have to get these by the big bunch from a market lady. After being bleached to prevent horrible diseases (but mostly to avoid the horrible injections that may result if you get exposed to hepatitis), they have to be cut up just so, in long strips. Then they must be fried in hamburger that has been run through the grinder three times, to avoid having to pressure cook it too. Then your greens are ready to put on your rice—unless you are fixing a feast, in which case you must cook it with something bony. In fact, there is a fish by that very name that is most often used for this purpose.

4. Milk Key (a.k.a. KLIM Key) - One of the most useful tools in the world, it comes lightly attached to the top of a KLIM can. It is a great



KA cook



KA July-August 1975. Preserving the corn for Sunday dinners. Darlene Blomquist, Freida Quarles, Nigerian cook, Pauline, Esther and Wilf Husband. “Even the principal helps,” says Dick Fuller (front right).

privilege to be the one to open a new can—almost makes up for having to drink the stuff afterwards. You have to be old enough to not cut yourself when you do it, and responsible enough to resist the temptation to do something dangerous with the long sharp strip of metal that needs to be unwound from the key before it can be put to its many uses. Some pants come with a pocket just the right size for the key, which must otherwise be carried on a key chain to avoid poking a hole in your pocket. Unfortunately, they slip off the key ring too easily and are almost impossible to



find in America, so be prepared for your spouse to complain that sure, he could fix that easily, if only he still had his KLIM key.

5. Moop - This is a contraction of the official name, Mushroom Soup with Rice. Now realize, the mushroom soup is not actually soup; like most anything else, it comes as a powder that you mix into the rice. Hamburger (mentioned above) is then added to the rice, whenever you are sick and tired of eating rice in a typical Liberian way. The flip side of this recipe is that it's also easy to replicate when you are in America and are homesick for something Liberian! Thus an MK spouse really needs to know this one.

6. McDonalds - This is a luxury restaurant where you can feed your whole family for just a few bucks, so of course it is an important part of furlough traveling. Sure, the burgers are tiny compared to Diana's, and they never put enough ketchup on them, but give them credit (this is important since they don't have Fanta): they carry real milk, and the fries are made from real potatoes. And those fries are a lot easier going down the throat than cassava fries (especially if you dip each fry in a ketchup packet first). Spouse, try to understand why your MK cannot think of just running to McDonalds for no good reason. It has to be retained for certain occasions, or it somehow becomes less special. Wait for a long drive to the next MK Reunion and make it part of the memories. Just remember to ask for lots of extra ketchup.

Operation Deep Freeze— Kent Academy

*From Kent Academy News, No. 6,
December 1960*

With 170 mouths to feed, you can imagine the problems which arise in the kitchen department. In June and July our gardens and those of the Nigerian traders are overflowing with cucumbers, beans, peas, peppers, beets, and corn. These vegetables we must keep for the lean months of the dry season ahead. Our dietitians have canned this food for many years, but in a number of ways this method is unsatisfactory. And so our minds turned to deep freezes. This would not only solve the vegetable problem, but also it would enable us to buy large amounts of meat at a time and make up quantities of ice cream.

In mid-October we received a message by SIM radiotelephone from a fellow missionary 100 miles away, asking if we would like a commercial deep freeze for the school. It had been given to him when he was on furlough and was much too large for his family's needs. He said we could have it for the cost of the shipment to this country. Kent Academy accepted the offer with alacrity and prayed that the Lord would supply the money for the shipping costs.

In the mailbag on the following morning, we received the monthly statement from our treasurer's office. There, before our almost unbelieving eyes, was notice of two gifts from the States, earmarked "Deep Freeze," and amounting to enough money to pay for this one and buy another. These gifts had been sent to SIM headquarters, New York, in August—two months before we had any knowledge of the fact that a deep freeze was available in the country. In this same wonderful way the Lord has supplied the needs of Kent Academy since its founding in 1946.

KA Food

*Excerpts from a
chat group*

B: I will never forget one of the staff making me sit there until I ate the cashew fruit. It actually made me sick, but I was forced to eat it.

KK: Personally, I love cashew fruit. I found the following on the Internet: "In the same family: mango, pistachio, poison ivy, poison oak, and poison sumac. Cashew trees produce both a fruit ('apple') and a nut, and a valuable oil can be drawn from the nut shell. After the cashew flower blooms, a nut forms. The apple later swells between the nut shell and the stem. It takes two months for the cashew apple to ripen. When harvested, the apple can only keep for twenty-four hours before it begins to ferment. Although the fruit can be used for making many typical fruit products (jellies, jams, juice, wine and liquor), the apple is often discarded, in pursuit of the nut.

"The cashew nut must be roasted to remove the liquid that exists inside the shell. This liquid contains the poisonous compounds cardol and anacardic acid. Upon contact with the skin, these toxic inner-shell substances may cause severe allergic reactions such as

swelling, blisters and acute dermatitis. Unshelled, unroasted cashew nuts should not be eaten as they will severely burn the mouth and lips of the unwary individual who attempts to bite into a fresh, green cashew nut. In the tropics, caustic nut shell liquid is used in some medicines for the treatment of ailments such as scurvy, warts, and ringworm."

J: Oh yes, I remember the desserts made with cashew fruit. I wonder how much sugar was in them. You can't add enough to make cashew fruit good. This is something I have been unable to describe to my family.

B: But I loved tool-di-miya (sp?). There is a cereal a health food store here sells that tastes similar, but nothing quite the same. Anyone know what it was?

KK: Now that's a classic! Maybe I should lend you my Hausa dictionary! That's "tuwo da miya," and you can find the recipe in Elizabeth's Quinn's new cookbook. For the *tuwo*, I use cream of wheat, reducing the amount of water for the standard recipe to make it nice and thick. I also discovered an Italian dish that is made of corn meal that reminded me a lot of *tuwo*. I recently found a store that carries palm oil and daddawa. Yum!

B: I also loved those cooked African spicy patties we had after classes.

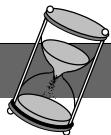
KK: You're probably referring to *kosai*.

C: Remember monkey bread from the trees? We have a guava tree in our back yard with some large guavas not quite ripe. Can't wait. Guavas and mangoes (we get nice ones here too) are my favorite fruit. San Diego is a great place to live for this. I never was crazy about American fruit.

KK: I still have a hard time paying the prices for imported, sour green fruit. Tennessee is worse than Michigan I've discovered. At least there we grew our own blueberries, grapes, peaches, and apples. The good thing about the South is its okra, greens, and peanuts!

K: Reminds me of KA days when dessert every day for lunch was fruit. I was one of the ones who sat forever after everyone else had left trying to put the fruit down my throat and crying. I was ok if it was oranges and bananas, but if it was all the papaya, patunga cherries and cashew fruit, it was torture for me. Now I love fruit, but back then I couldn't handle it. I always have great memories of the KA liver, and I might have been one of the very few who liked liver and still do to this day, but I can never replicate the KA liver. Wish I knew how they made it, but I loved it. Any other food memories?





M: I just made myself a snack. I cut the banana lengthwise and put mayonnaise on it with chopped peanuts. Does anyone ever eat this anymore? I hadn't for a long time. Then a month ago I made it. I made sure to get peanuts in the shell and bananas when I went grocery shopping yesterday so I could have it again. I don't think I've ever tried my husband or kids with it ever. What would happen if I took a plate of them to a luncheon? Would I take the whole plate back home other than what I ate? I've never seen it served here. I told my kids about it once, and of course they said YUK big time!

J: Yes, I once took a plate of bananas to church potluck . . . and brought most of it home! I once took fried plantain to a church potluck too. Same song, second verse.

K: Do you remember birthday nights at KA and how we got to pick out what kind of cake we wanted and choose who we wanted to sit at our table? And everyone would stop and sing to the birthday person? Birthdays were always special (I thought) at KA—a day when you had all kinds of friends! Memories! Memories!

Forbidden Fruit

Having been brought up not to lie, cheat or steal, I (usually) stick to my morals. But several times a year I tell my conscience to take a vacation. This is when the *Cizaki* berries are ripe at Quail Botanical Gardens where I am a docent. I carefully step over the "Please Do Not Pick The Fruit" sign and cautiously make my way to the Surinam Cherry (as the non-Hausa world calls it) tree. The ripe berries are just above my head. Easy pickings. Looking carefully to the right and left to make sure no one will catch me, I pluck several dark berries one by one and savor the sweet flavor. For just a few moments I am transported back to my childhood. I keep slipping the seeds into my pocket to plant at home. But so far no luck—they've never sprouted. So, for another year it's sneaking into the Rare Fruit Section for my annual Nigerian flavors "fix."

Name withheld for obvious reasons

Easter Nostalgia in Jos

By Phyllis Wagner *phwagner01@juno.com*

Stretched out on our blankets on the top of Grandfather Flattop, we shouted together, "He is risen!" Our speaker had reminded us that we were a part of a great body of believers encircling the earth. As a pebble thrown into a placid pool surrounds itself with concentric circles, so our praises joined the shouts of many proclaiming the marvelous acclamation of the resurrected Christ.

Easter in Jos was special. In the early 60s before technology confiscated Grandfather Flattop, and Liberty Dam was still a dream, Hillcresters rose before dark, fumbled into their clothes and joined the group as houseparents and teachers led the walk to the top of the vol-

canic formation. From that position, a grand view of a silent Jos emerged from the darkness as the sun lightened the eastern sky.

Since Easter came in the midst of Nigeria's hottest season, many students stayed in the city as their parents escaped unbearable heat visiting their children and joining in the special services. Usually enough students in one class were present to be able to present choral readings of scripture and to sing the Easter message. Christmas at Hillcrest was celebrated without the students as it occurred during an extended school holiday.

Breakfast was ready for starving kids after their early morning climb up the hill and the

run down. Many of the teachers had the special treat of Nurse Flo Walter's breakfast brunch. I hurried off to the frangipani trees in full bloom at the end of the dry season gathering dozens of clusters of white blossoms to mount on the cross at the altar, bank on the windowsills, and heap on the fireplace mantle. The aroma filled the auditorium, setting an appropriate worship atmosphere.

Guest speakers, scripture readers, and choral groups provided a worship service as none other throughout the year.

When the setting for the Sunrise Service moved from Grandfather Flattop to Liberty Dam, students rode vans to the site from their dormitories as well as newly developed hostels, which included Niger Creek. This special Christian celebration became all the more exciting with a program modified only briefly to accommodate current situations.



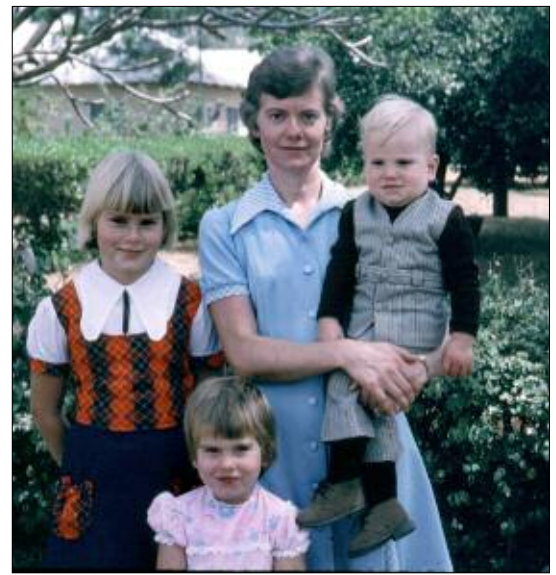
Kogi taking out freshly baked bread



Baking bread in the KA kitchen



Len Dyck and passengers, Maradi to Miango flight



*c. 1975, Kim, Kendra, Luella and Kerry Dyck
Luella came to work at KA after Ken's death.*

Len was a Simair pilot, killed in plane crash—cause not determined.



FROM THE HILLCREST ARCHIVES



Doug Bergen, Dan Paternoster, Jim Gould, Stan Steely, Tim Geysbeek, Peter Haney, Paul Learned

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



1967/68, Doris DeHart, girls' dorm mother, teaching some of the girls to knit.
Left: Patty Warkentin, **Right:** Debb Forster

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Girls dressing in their room for the May '59 program
Seated on bed: ?, Ramona Veenker, ?, Carolyn Tobert in front

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Wally & Vi Braband (front left) presiding over the dining room



10 Top Life Lessons

Tribute to Aunt Gerry & Uncle Paul Craig by Carolyn Tobert Charnin (New York), Esther Tobert Waddilove (Michigan), and Gordon Tobert (Saudi Arabia)

1. Smile—because it is always an option.
2. Pray for rain.
3. Plan ahead.
4. Make your bed.
5. Look after the little ones.
6. Read good books and sing a lot.
7. Take a walk (preferably on Sunday afternoon).
8. Write a letter home.
9. Sift sand and move on.
10. My attitude does determine my altitude.



*Carolyn Tobert Charnin,
Esther Tobert Waddilove*

Left: Gordon & Ellen Tobert's wedding



Paul and Gerry Craig's 60th Wedding Anniversary Celebration

Front row: Paul & Gerry Craig with Katie Krueger (Jim's niece)

Second row: Kandy Craig, Darlene Krueger, Karen (Craig) Johnson, Nancy (Craig) Lagerfeldt

Third row: Barbara & Gary Dausey, Jim Craig, Chip Krueger; Terry Johnson, Kristin Johnson, Christopher & Elizabeth Cogbill, Philip Johnson, David Lagerfeldt

Letter from the Editor

Children, Spouses, and Parents of MKs

A friend on my Prayer Support Team for M&K Ministry (a prayer healing ministry for hurting AMKS) once asked me what issues kids, spouses, or parents of Adult MKs might face. I jotted down a few thoughts in response and thought I'd share them with you. I invite you to add your own stories, relate your own observations, agree or disagree.

My children have a hard time relating to my worldview as a cross-culture kid. They hear my stories of attending boarding school, climbing *kuka* trees, and sitting in the dirt with the Africans, and they come to the conclusion that I can't possibly relate to what they're going through with their North American peers. They tell their friends, "My mom's weird." In some ways this is the normal generation gap thing going on, but in others, there is a real dichotomy of cultural interpretations on life. The MK's value system may differ from his or her children's in the areas of finances, clothing, travel, holiday celebrations, child-rearing, or you name it. On Easter, my children felt deprived because I felt no compulsion to propagate the Easter Bunny myth. After all, in my Nigerian culture, church attendance was the primary focus, not candy. On the other hand, having a TCK for a mom was rather handy when it came time for show-and-tell, school reports on Nigeria, wanting a recipe for *kosai*, or finding a speaker for International Day.

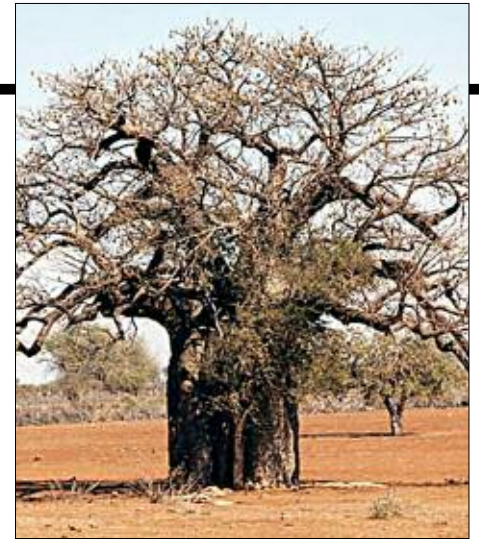
One AMK observes: "My daughter is bringing some of our home culture over to her new home. She asked for some Ethiopian and Indian recipes last night. What do you call this, where the TCK/CCK brings the mix of cultures into a new home and makes more of a mish-mash of cultures with their children, who then take it to their homes? Are our children mini-TCKs even if they've never left their home culture? She is teaching her husband to like Indian and Ethiopian food because it is dear to her heart, and she needs it to feel like she is still herself, and it's an important part of how she was brought up."

Our parents are the primary models for our own child rearing and discipline techniques, but a boarding school MK's experiences may skew his or her views as well (MKs can fill in the blanks here!) The national culture in which

the MK is raised may also impact his approach to child discipline. Some cultures have a more hands-on philosophy; others more laissez-faire. Or—consider differences in expectations for our children. We were taught table manners through Tag Day at KA, and so I tried it with my own children—with varying success and failure. Certainly personality has a lot to do with whether or not one is neat and tidy, but I smiled when an MK friend told me she expected her kids to have every dresser drawer ready for inspection before breakfast. Wonder where she learned that routine!

When we were first married, my husband and I had to come to grips with that all-important question: when do we open our gifts—Christmas Eve or Christmas morning? My father's Swedish roots preferred Christmas Eve. Scott's upbringing insisted it wasn't Christmas until the morning. Five years later, Scott and I visited Nigeria. That experience impacted our marriage as my city-boy, upper-middle-class spouse witnessed my roots first-hand. When he took his first bath in a concrete tub with two inches of water, he exclaimed, "Now I understand why you don't like to waste water!" When he came face to face with a lizard on a screen door, he slammed the door shut in a panic—sure that he was being attacked by a spitting cobra. "Okay, so now I understand my spouse's aversion to reptiles!" In the same way, when I visited Scott's childhood home in Vancouver, BC, I could now relate to his stories of building sand castles on the beach at Boundary Bay. Without the benefit of climbing into the spouse's world, it is easy to experience frustration, misunderstandings, or a critical spirit.

Some areas of conflict I've seen between spouses include differences in how they handle their finances (the MK from a faith-based Mission is aware that their family resources come from gifts from others, and there can be strong emotions resulting from subtle—or not so subtle—messages from their supporters regarding how finances were to be handled); how much or how little the MK likes to travel or stay put; the difference in levels of trust and faith in God (an MK often witnesses first-hand, powerful examples of faith and answers to prayer); the differences in awareness of the powers of darkness (the MK may be either unduly fearful or boldly confident); unresolved



grief issues (the husband can't understand why it's so painful for his wife when he goes away on a trip); and the MK's inner conflict between self-reliance and insecurity (a residue from boarding school separations).

As for issues of the AMK's parents? Just like any parents anywhere in the world, responses to life's challenges depend on the parents' own upbringing, worldview, and level of emotional wholeness and stability. But the stress of living in a foreign culture compounds those issues. Extreme living conditions, lack of adequate resources, and issues of safety (such as robbery, political unrest, sudden evacuations from the country, and other traumatic experiences) can all put an extra strain on a family's equilibrium. Parents worry about how these experiences are impacting their children and often carry unnecessary guilt over putting their children in harm's way. Decisions on how to best educate their children can also weigh heavy on a parent's heart. Each option has its pros and cons, whether it be boarding school, home school, or sending them to a local public school. And finally, missionary families may feel the pressure of high expectations from their supporters, the people they minister to, or their co-workers.

When it's all said and done, no matter where we live, we're first human beings—with our basic needs for acceptance and love. Any of these situations can be duplicated in one's passport country (differences in North vs. South; rich vs. poor; loving parents vs. wounding ones). But somehow we MKs feel like we're from a different tribe—cross-cultural kids—and that has surely impacted our interactions with our spouses, kids, and parents. For another time we might explore what difference it makes if the spouse is also an AMK, or if an MK's parent also grew up on the mission field. What's your story?

*Karen (Seger) Keegan (KA, HC 72)
Simroots@sim.org*

SAHEL ARCHIVES



1986 Christmas Program

FROM ICA ARCHIVES



1977, Small group outing with "Miss Jan."
Front: Jeannie Cross, Becca Webster
Back: Jan Daugherty, Linda Pittman, Cherie Cross. Submitted by Heidi (Zobrist) Guzman

FROM THE BA ARCHIVES



LAC (Loyal Ambassadors for Christ) chapel

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 _____

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*Jos c. 1960. First row: Tim Dowdell, ?, Jim Ardill, ? Dowdell, ? Dowdell, John Ardill, Pauly Rogalsky,
Johnny Rogalsky, Alan Hay, ? Troup, ? Ediger, ? Ediger*

*Second row: Yvonne Ediger, Crissie Paeth, Mildred Ardill, Marian Dowdell, Ivy Hanna, ?, Penny Pinneo, Lillian Jacobson, ?,
Leigh Vickers, Vickie Stuart, Edith Crouch*

Third row: ?, ? Troup, Larry Megahey, ? Clay, ? Clay, Dorothy Clay

*Fourth row: Verna Becker, Mavis Stuart with David, Deloris Rohe, Ruth Jacobson, Jaunita Kluve, Doris Dye, Vera Batke Crouch, Nancy Wiebe,
Phyllis Mitchell, Caroline London, Alice Soderburg, Barbara Megahey, ?*

*Fifth row: Howard Dowdell, Vic Stuart, Bob Shell, Roger Troup, MD, Johnny Grant, ?, John Wiebe, ? Lehman,
Paul London, Soddy Soderburg, ? Megahey, John Pickett*

Sixth row: Grace Rackley, Libby Muchmore, Madge Shell, Natalie Troup, Kay Grant, ?, Laure Best, Belva Overmiller, June Hay, ?, Ruth Strain, ?

*Seventh row: Trevor Ardill, Bill Crouch, Harold McMillan, ?, Ian Hay, Phil Osbourne, Lily Donaldson, Johnny Clay, ? Clay, Rich Schaffer,
Marge Cummins, E.J. Cummins, Bob Ediger with son*

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