



VOLUME 24 NUMBER 2 2007

This Country Smells Funny (*or What Planet Did I Just Land On?*)

By Deborah (Goss) Turner (BA 80)

After a long flight through a seemingly endless night, the Lufthansa plane landed, slowed with a powerful reverse thrust of its engines, and finally pulled to a stop in front of the terminal at JFK Airport. Knowing I was nearly free of this flying metal tube, I gathered up my books, puzzles, games, and assorted wedges of German cheese, stuffed them into my overnight bag—which Mom always made sure we had “just in case”—and stepped into the aisle behind my dad. I could hardly wait to scamper down the plane steps and touch real American soil.

I had been thinking about this day for the past two months, ever since the Mission told my parents we would be going on furlough early, as the situation in Ethiopia was getting more dangerous. In 1974 a coup overthrew Emperor Haile Selassie and installed a Marxist regime headed by the dictator, Mengistu Haile Mariam. Suddenly everyone who had been friendly with the old government—and that included the missionaries—was looked on as an enemy. Our family was due for furlough, anyway, so SIM simply moved up the date.

While Mom and Dad frantically packed barrels and made arrangement for the disposal of our car and other things we couldn’t take, I climbed up into the pepper tree in our back yard and watched the rabbits nibbling cabbage in their cages while I pondered America. The last time we had stayed in the States for more than a year, I had been young, just starting school, and my world had been sheltered and worry-free. Furloughs since then had been short and harried, with lots of travelling between friends, churches, and supporters. Now I was arriving as a grown-up, nearly-thirteen-year-old girl, and I knew we wouldn’t be returning to Ethiopia soon. I wondered how America differed from Ethiopia.

Well, I was about to find out. My first surprise came when I realized there were no stairs going down to the tarmac; instead a covered walkway led us into the terminal. I inhaled deeply, trying to “smell” America. What I got was stale, humid air, dust from a thousand feet, old paint, warm plastic, and strangest of all, rubber.

This wasn’t right, I thought. Where was the smell of hot tarmac and red clay dirt

baking under the sun, the many unwashed bodies, the *bahar zaf* (eucalyptus trees) with their menthol scent? Where was the “spice” that had always hovered in the background of my life in Ethiopia? I figured I’d smell it when I got properly outside and could finally touch American soil. Airport buildings didn’t count as American soil because they were built on top of the ground and made of glass, steel, and vinyl.

I skipped along the concourse behind my father and the man from SIM who had come to meet us, heading to customs, pleased to be able to wear off some of the excess energy with an occasional wiggle and bounce. Hundreds of people strode past, most of them white, heading to or from gates; I was relieved to spot a few people with brown skin in the crowd of white folks. Overhead, the signs were in English. Most of the people around me spoke English, though I was pleased to realize there were other languages being spoken also. Though I listened carefully, I couldn’t hear a single person speaking Amharic. I felt another wave of strangeness wash over me.

We made it through customs easily enough, collected our luggage, and were finally outside. The afternoon sun shone down, hot

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and humid; waves of heat shimmered off the asphalt. Here, too, people rushed past, no one paying any attention to anyone else. That was odd. In Ethiopia, the people always seemed to have time to stand and stare at the strange *forengis* (foreigners). I was a *forengi* in America, and no one even seemed to know it.

I inhaled again hoping I'd smell something familiar. Nothing. Just car fumes, hot rubber tires, and warm cement. I was beginning to get a bit light headed from all the sniffing I was doing.

We drove through New York City, and I swiveled around to try to see it all. Buildings rose on both sides, some seeming to reach right up to heaven. I wondered, fleetingly, if God sometimes came and sat on the roofs. People crowded the sidewalks and streamed across the streets; others leaned against the walls of the buildings or sat on front porch steps, smoking cigarettes and watching the traffic that rumbled by. An occasional bicyclist wove in and out of the cars and buses, taking his life in his hands.

Everywhere I looked there was movement and bustle, something I usually enjoyed, but now it struck me as odd. There were no donkeys piled high with mounds of yellow straw or carrying jerry cans walking along a muddy and pot-holed side of the road; no *garis* (horse-drawn carts) loaded with wood, hay, tin cans, and assorted people; no flocks of sheep being driven to the *Merkato*. No one accosted us at street lights with trays of Wrigley's gum, cigarette lighters, Coptic crosses, shoes from China, copies of *Mein Kampf*, or "real American magazines—you buy, please." There were no beggars in torn and ragged clothing going from vehicle to vehicle asking for a *centime* (penny).

Everything here was just too neat, clean, and orderly.

That night I lay in my bed and tried to fall asleep while dusk closed in at ten o'clock at night. Everything felt weird to me, like I'd fallen down Alice's rabbit hole and nothing was what it seemed. I couldn't find anything familiar in this new world.

To comfort myself, I thought back to Bingham Academy, my boarding school in Addis Ababa, capital city of Ethiopia. I wondered how my friends and classmates were doing. It was nearly morning there; they would all be getting up for Devotions and Verse Group soon, then going in for a breakfast of porridge, eggs, and toast with yummy orange-coloured jam.

We moved to Washington State where Dad got a job. We lived in the city; but it, too, was neat and clean, with mostly white people in it. I was the only African in my Christian School. After the initial round of "Did you see tigers and bears in Africa?" my friends lost interest in where I came from and expected me to fit into their world of *Star Wars*, Elvis Presley (whoever he was), feathered hair, and the latest pop stars.

Oh how I longed to go back to the familiar place of my childhood! I didn't belong here. No one even used wood stoves to cook on; instead we had a range that turned on by electricity! Convenient, maybe, but not real, somehow. I wanted Ethiopia, where the vibrations of life were so obvious that when I woke up in the morning, I knew I was alive, and I was excited to be so.

I missed the sound of the rain as it fell on tin roofs; I missed the *jibs* (hyenas) calling in the night. I missed brown-skinned people and the comfortable sound of the Amharic language. But most of all, I missed the unique aromas that had made

up my world in Addis—wood smoke from cooking fires in mud-walled huts and tin shacks, wet eucalyptus trees and red mud, unwashed bodies, rotting vegetables and fruit, waste from both humans and animals, diesel fumes from a thousand buses and trucks, the strong laundry soap in the Business Department (the BD) of HQ, sacking for fifty pounds of wheat or flour, sunshine baking the roads, exotic flowers and trees, and under and around everything else, the smell of *berberi* (a red pepper spice mix used in making *wat*) and other spices.

No one in America seemed to notice or care that I felt off-balance and didn't understand this culture. Everyone was busy with his own life, and I had to catch up as best I could. It felt a lot like waking up from a coma and finding myself 100 years in the future.

I have lived in this country for thirty-two years now. I have "caught up" in some respects: I know the names of the celebrities and music stars (I figured out who Elvis was after he died) and usually understand the slang, thanks to my son, who keeps me up to date. I am used to most people around me being white, can drive a car on the correct side of the road, and shop for groceries in a supermarket. I can even use an electric stove like a pro now.

I live in one of the most beautiful spots on earth, surrounded by tall mountains, luscious green firs, cedars and alders, and the gorgeous Puget Sound. The air is fragrant with evergreen and salt water, and when the sun shines as it is today, there is almost nothing better.

But I still miss the life and spice with which I grew up. I can almost capture it when I open the door of my woodstove in the winter or make *injera ba wat*, Ethiopia's national dish. Sometimes when I see a picture of Addis streets or remember Bingham during the rainy season, I can smell the city as if I'm standing right there.

Then I glance at my computer clock and realize I'm late for a school board meeting. I rush out the door and am hit by the clean, fresh smell of the air and have to stop and think where I am.

All these years later, this country still smells funny. (*ethiopia@greenbank.net*)

"Home is the place from which, when a man has departed, he is a wanderer until he returns."

- Sir William Blackstone

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Response to Letter from the Editor

By Reenie (Corey) Posey (BA, EL, IC 84)
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Karen, your article in Vol. 24 #1 was appreciated as it seems to be closer to what I deal with in life now, as compared to stories of decades ago. What my husband (stateside, raised in a city) and I have noticed are the usual marital issues, such as finances, but one other thing that we deal with is the difference in the idea of church. Being supported by so many churches and witnessing so many different styles of worship and messages has given me a broader perspective of the Bride of Christ. There was also the influence of the African church with its childlike faith in a miraculous God. Being from a family where Dad was a church planter in unreached areas, I often witnessed his working to correct errors early on, regarding doctrine. With many churches in America reducing the Bride to merely surface social gatherings, my natural inclination is to try to help them see that God is much bigger than that. There's a side of me that strives to be patient, and a side that wants to jump ship from that body of believers. It is often my husband reminding me that God is patient with us, and He does not abandon us even when we are not perfect.

I am always ready to move sooner than he is. It used to be almost every year. Through the years my husband has pointed out this trend in me and has helped me get past my desire for change. Then the cycle would repeat itself. I would again get the itch to move, and he would help me recognize it, and after a matter of time I was fine again. So far we have now lived in the same house for 7 years and attended the same church for 6 years. We have seen good in the stability for our kids.

It has been pointed out to me that I very rarely cry—not much reaches the level of being torn from family when I was a kid and being told not to cry. Seems that from early on I learned to turn off the switch of emotion. I can watch a movie and never shed a tear, yet

my family may be wiping their eyes. Yet, issues that rattle my kids now, certainly rattle me. One day my daughter took a huge butterfly to school for show and tell. I came at the end of the day to pick it up, and they had thrown it away and couldn't find it. My daughter was utterly heartbroken. The tears were coming that day. This shows me that I am still human.

Somehow, being separated so much while young seems to have thrown me to the other side of the pendulum. I can't stand being a couple of minutes late to pick up the kids from school because I don't want them to feel the concern of being left with no one there. I want them to know that they are important. I couldn't send them away to camp until after the fourth grade. I didn't feel they were ready. My parents couldn't understand it as they had sent me away to boarding school at the age of six.

America points fingers at the way that MKs were raised, but they don't seem to hesitate putting kids in day care and leaving them unmonitored for hours on end while they advance their all-important careers. (At least we were left so our parents could advance the kingdom of God). There is a couple up the street who left their young kids for a week in the house while they went on vacation by themselves. The kids had no adults nearby, and they were told to stay inside the whole week. And that was in a "Christian" home.

With the food issue, I find it important to serve all kinds of food from around the world to the kids so that they have a taste for other cultures. They benefit as America becomes a greater melting pot of cultures. That way I also get to enjoy the variety of tastes from my African home. My son wants to be a missionary, so he needs to be flexible in his food tastes.

Well, those were a few things that came to mind. I did enjoy your article. Thanks for all that you do to put *Simroots* together.



Anyone from KA know who these 2 ladies are and what year it is?



Alexander King (Charlotte Kraay's father) died in 1956. The money that was donated in lieu of flowers at his funeral funded the building and furnishing of the infirmary. Robert Kraay is shown holding the plaque.



Gene Coleman, Orville Thamer, and Jim Goertz. Maybe Sewing Club?

Books



Yellow-Yellow

By Kaine Agary (HC 92)

Set in Port Harcourt in the Niger Delta, *Yellow-Yellow* tells the story of Zilayefa, a young girl born of a Nigerian mother and a Greek sailor who left Nigeria before she was born. Seduced by dreams of a better life in the city, Zilayefa leaves her village for Port Harcourt. ‘Yellow-Yellow, that is what most people in my village called me because of my complexion,’ Zilayefa says. That taunt is to follow her through life.

But in Port Harcourt, Zilayefa is faced with grim realities of prejudices against her racial identity and dealing with the void created by an absentee father.

She does not know her father because of the circumstances of her birth. She then tries to fill the vacuum left by her father by falling in love with an older man. But through her experiences, Zilayefa has to come to terms with the realities of life and must define for herself the course her life should take.

This book won the Victor Nwankwo Book of the Year Award, endowed by the Nigerian International Book Fair Trust.

www.thenewsng.com/modules/news/article.php?storyid=2934

Climbing the Mango Trees

A Memoir of a Childhood in India

By Madhur Jaffrey

From the flyleaf:

Madhur Jaffrey grew up in a large family compound where her grandfather often presided over dinners at which forty or more members of his extended family would savor together the wonderfully flavorful dishes that were forever imprinted on Madhur’s palate.

Climbing mango trees in the orchard, armed with a mixture of salt, pepper,

ground chilies, and roasted cumin; picnicking in the Himalayan foothills on meatballs stuffed with raisins and mint and tucked into freshly fried *poories*; sampling the heady flavors in the lunch boxes of Muslim friends; sneaking tastes of exotic street fare—these are the food memories Madhur Jaffrey draws on as a way of telling her story. Independent, sensitive, and ever curious, as a young girl she loved uncovering her family’s many-layered history, and she was deeply affected by their personal trials and by the devastating consequences of Partition, which ripped their world apart.

Jaffrey is the author of many cookbooks, and as an extra bonus, at the end of *Climbing the Mango Trees*, Jaffrey gives us 30 of her family recipes. Try them; you’ll like them!

The Hardest Place: The Biography of Warren and Dorothy Modrickers

By Helen Miller

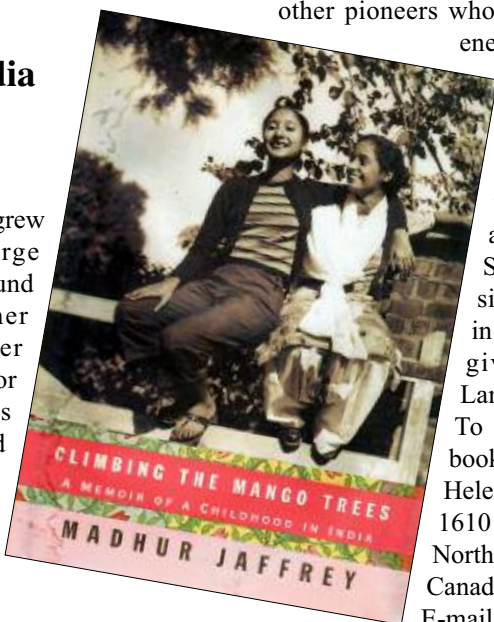
Review comments by Jim and Carol Plueddemann (SIM *Intercom*, April-June 2007): Helen Miller has captured the vision, passion, and sacrifice of Warren and Dorothy Modrickers’ lives. They gave all their energy and gifts to bring the Gospel and the written Word to the Somali people. Their children are also “heroes” in this account and deserve our thanks. The Modrickers’ story represents that of many other pioneers who gave their love and energy to open the way

for the Gospel in unreached places. You will be awed and challenged as you read this account. One day Somali brothers and sisters will be singing in the eternal choir that gives praises to the Lamb!

To obtain copies of the book, write to:

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1610 - 5 Shady Golfway
North York ON
Canada M3C 3A5

E-mail:
hfmiller02@rogers.com



Sun Like Thunder—Following Jesus on Asia’s Old Silk Road—Today

By Harold Fuller

harold.fuller@sympatico.ca

As we put the finishing touches to our twelfth book—and the biggest book project we’ve ever tackled—we’re thankful for the editorial help of our MK daughter, **Rebecca Joyce Millican**.

Rebecca lives in a town just north of Toronto, so we have easy communications. Right now she is checking the lengthy manuscript of *SUN LIKE THUNDER—Following Jesus on Asia’s Old Silk Road—Today*. Although born in Africa, Rebecca also has first-hand insights on Asia, having travelled with her daughter and son to assist the children’s program during SIM’s Asia-wide Conference held in Thailand in 2005.

There is still the extensive bibliography to check and the index to draft. The manuscript is looking for the right publisher, so don’t expect to hold the published book until next year anyway.

Since SIM assigned the book back in the beginning of the ’90s, SIM has gone out of publishing, but by then we were hooked (“burdened” would be more accurate) for the people of Asia, where SIM is ministering—and from which continent Asians are joining global SIM.

So after a dozen years of research across Asia and in libraries at home, we’re close to writing “THE END.” We’ll appreciate the prayers of *Simroots* readers for all the details of correcting and publishing *Sun Like Thunder*.

You guessed it, this book will complete the trilogy of “Sun” travelogs, the earlier two being *Run While the Sun Is Hot* (on Africa) and *Tie Down the Sun* (on South America).

Lorna has tried to get me to promise that this will be the last book I’ll write. Might be! (Lorna’s a long-suffering editor’s wife—for over 50 years—and an editor in her own “write.”)

BULLETIN BOARD

CLASS OF '78

Want to re-connect with KA/Hillcrest '78 Classmates? Check out our Web site at www.africanchop.com/class.htm.

FACEBOOK

Has there been any discussion about getting a "group" going on FaceBook that's SIM MKs related?

Kelvin Warkentin

WEB SITES

motherlandnigeria.com

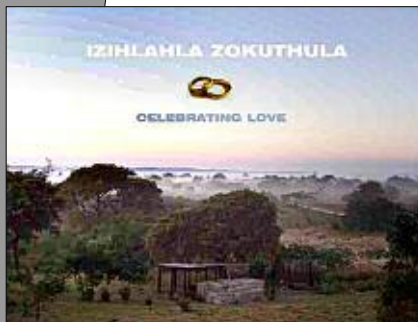
allafrica.com

Youtube.com

Various people post their videos onto this site for others to view, rate, or comment on. Try typing in Jos, Nigeria, for example, and you can view a 3-minute clip of a caesarean section at Evangel Hospital. Or watch Nigerian ladies making wedding preparations for **Saralynn Blyth (HC 00)** and David Nege. Or try the words "Rainstorm" or "Yankari." Fun!

Bill Evenhouse writes: I am an old Hillcrest teacher (English and West African History and Literature) from many years ago, but still functioning in Cairo, Egypt, as an affiliate professor of music at The American University in Cairo. While teaching a course in playing the guitar and piano by ear, I began putting some of my lessons on YouTube. Now it's expanded a bit beyond the course, but over 18,000 hits and more than 110 subscribers encourage me in this aspect of my music-making. Hillcresters could check it out at:

www.youtube.com/thefolksinger. It would be fun for me to have some of the Hillcrest guitarists from my early years on my subscription list.



NEW CD

As part of our celebration of life and 30 years of marriage, Rachel and I have released a second CD of original music (assisted in places by Benjamin).

The first CD "Ngithume Nkosi Yami" was sold in support of the Lulisandla Kumntwana orphan care project as it was starting up and also the Umhlahlindlela music association. Its theme was mainly that of salvation, worship and service. It was all in Zulu. It has raised over 12,000 rand for the projects and is still available to those who have not yet obtained it.

This second CD concentrates on the theme of love: love songs that Victor wrote for Rachel, songs about human love, and songs about God's love. It seemed a suitable theme as we look back at thirty years of love! Some songs are in English and some in Zulu. We will endeavour to have translations available on the Web site www.mseleni.co.za. Write and tell us if you would like a copy of either. And don't forget to tell us your postal address!

By post overseas 10 pounds sterling + 2 pounds P&P
In SA 80 rand + 10 rand P&P

Victor Fredlund
victor@mseleni.co.za

IN MEMORIUM

Esther (Maze) Roberts (CC 55) sent in a donation of \$10 in memory of her brother **Paul Maze (CC 57)** who passed away very suddenly September 22, 2006.

MKPLANET.ORG

We recently unveiled mkPLANET's official blog. You can find it at: mkplanet.blogspot.com. We have expanded our MK/TCK section considerably. New forums have been added, and many great topics have since been raised and explored by our members. We've just launched the mkPLANET Library with a collection of over 60 MK/TCK-related books for all ages! You can find our library at LibraryThing.com.

Current MK & TCK Conversations include

- **Class differences:** How has your parents' level of education affected your experience of class differences on the field?
- **Top 10+ Care Package List:** What are the best (or worst) care package items you've received over the years?
- **My first . . . :** What are some interesting "firsts" you experienced during re-entry to your passport country?
- Take a look at our **Recipe** section. We also have an ingredients page where you can check out or write about unique ingredients in some of our recipes!



ELWA Yahoo Group

By Tim Young (EL, HC 78) timouth@boreal.org

The ELWA kids Yahoo group, founded by sisters Karen (Ackley) Kern and Nancy (Ackley) Ruth, was brought to my attention by my brother David, and it has really been fun re-connecting with old friends. But more than just fun and old friends, I have found the group to be understanding of many things only they could understand, having been raised in the same unique situation I was, on the mission field. In most cases this experience involved going off to boarding school.

The experience of being an MK was profoundly positive, and we talk a lot about the wonderful times we had in an idyllic location on a tropical, palm-lined beach. But there is a darker side to the MK experience which most of us have not been able to share, as so few understand it from our perspective. Without belaboring this topic here, let me just say that the ELWA KIDS group is a loving, understanding, fun and therapeutic community, and if you were ever a kid at ELWA, I encourage you to give it a try if you feel so inclined. Many of the group members were my friends in Liberia. Some are older or younger siblings of my peers. Some are new friends of mine. But now we are all adults; and more than friends, we are family.

Some group members are currently serving in Africa and post regularly to the group. Others, like me, have been completely out of touch with the MK community for a very long time. It doesn't matter.



Tim Young and Karen (Ackley) Kern

I understand now that since my time, the re-entry of MKs into life in the States has been a topic of much concern and discussion. Nothing like that was in place for me, and until last week, I felt like I was the only one facing the issues that I still deal with, now, nearly 30 years after graduating from high school in Liberia. And I'm told that these issues ring true throughout the realm of missions worldwide.

Thank you, ELWA KIDS, for being a blessing in my life. For making me feel less alone and more "normal" . . . whatever that is!

Coincidentally, only a couple days after I joined the group, I met up with Karen (Ackley) Kern here in northern Minnesota. It turns out she was on her way north from Texas with a group from her church, so I took a day off work and drove two hours to Ely to spend a couple of hours with Karen before she headed out into the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness for a week. She's still out there at the time of this writing. We had a wonderful time together, and we were instantly, after more than 20 years, transported back to being the high school "best friends" we were back then.

My parents are Dr. Frank and Barbara Young. Dad was the Medical Director at SIM until he recently retired. They were at ELWA from 1975 until after the coup, and then went back at least once. I graduated from ACS while an MK at ELWA in 1978. My brother Mark and I attended Hillcrest as well, and my brother David went to ELWA Academy and then went to ICA.

ELWA Reunion

When: July 3-6, 2008

Where: Atlanta, Georgia

Attention all ELWA kids. Have you missed your ELWA home and friends? Have you put most of those memories on the shelf? If you are like most of us, the answer would be "yes" to both of these questions.

Well, now it's time to revive those memories, renew your friendships, and make new ones. All ELWA kids are heartily invited to attend our first reunion organized by us for us.

Start making plans now to attend. There will be fun, food and fellowship—a time for laughing, crying, sharing memories, building relationships, eating, and singing. All this plus more for only \$50 per adult—which includes a real Liberian dinner, an American dinner, and a photo CD of the reunion. Lodging and all gatherings are at the Embassy Suites near the airport. The price per suite is \$99 per night plus taxes. (Each room can sleep up to 6 people. Share with one or more people, and your cost reduces significantly.) This rate includes a FREE cooked breakfast buffet each day and FREE finger food and drinks each evening.

For more information and how to register, contact Nancy (Ackley) Ruth. nancyjaruth2003@yahoo.com

ICA Reunion

When: July 3-6, 2008

Where: Embassy Suites Hotel near the Atlanta, Georgia, airport

Details: www.ica-ed.org

History of Kent Academy on CD and DVD

Over 3500 photographs, countless memories, personal diaries, KA School Board Minutes, book excerpts and more. KA movies on DVD. Will send to you when you send a donation to *Simroots*, c/o Deb Turner, PO Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253.

Send YOUR photos and stories to Grace Swanson, 1565 Gascony Road, Encinitas CA 92024. (swanson121@cox.net)



Bingham MKs Reunite in Sebring

By Deb (Spahr) Jorgenson (BA, RV 75)
jorgenson7@wat.midco.net

After the Rogers-Spahr wedding on August 11, 2007, we had a small Bingham Academy reunion. We were so thankful to the staff of the Sebring facility who let us use their Fellowship Hall to cook *injera* and *wat* and to sit around and visit all afternoon. Thanks to Neal Anderson for overseeing the cooking and supplying his spices and recipes. It was delicious. Also a huge thanks to Vicky (Vick) Rumsey who picked up *injera* in Tampa on her way to the wedding.

One highlight of our reunion was the presence of Mr. Roy Wallace, our famed principal of Bingham days. Several of us gathered around him and shared memories and laughed for much of the afternoon. Thanks to each of you for making the effort to come help us celebrate! A special thanks to the spouses who came to spend all day with folks they really didn't know.



BA Mini Reunion

Back: Debbie (Spahr) Jorgenson, Sharon (Rogers) Reynolds, Neal Anderson, Chuck Anderson, Mark Rogers, Dave Rogers, Gordon Spahr, Janet (Middleton) Hicks
Front: Mary Ann (Spahr) Eich, Krissy (Welling) Branch, Janice (Vick) Rousseaux, Roy Wallace, Mimi (Rogers) Rutler, Joy (Anderson) Harper, Jeanne (Anderson) Billings, Vicky (Vick) Rumsey

Bookends

By Jim Eitzen (KA, HC 65) jeitzen@commsysinc.com
For the parents of MKs—especially my generation's. It was written after the death of my father-in-law, Edward R. Talone, Cap't Ed, but I had been thinking of my Mom who passed away at almost 98 almost a year and a half earlier.

When one speaks of bookends
 That hold the volumes of your life,
 I had a set. Each piece was
 Identical, and yet faced opposite directions.

Rough-hewn from that generation of
 Granite and shaped by extreme forces
 Before them; they were heavy, solidly
 Grounded and crafted and polished with humor and history.

Both traveled the world, separately
 Showing the wear of a war—man's
 Inhumanity to man—as well as eroding
 The walls of all diabolical ignorance.

They were united, by marriage, on my
 Shelf to hold the scraps, frames, sheets to my life.
 Giving guidance to these bits and pieces with
 Wit, joy and understanding grace.

Now, I have lost each of these bookends, but
 Now my tomes can stand alone, straight and strong.



BA 76 Reunion

Back: Mimi (Rogers) Rutler, Janice (Vick) Rousseaux, Krissy (Welling) Branch, Dawn Spahr (Gordy's wife) Janet (Middleton) Hicks
Seated: Rob Rutler (Mimi's husband), Rusty Branch (Krissy's husband), Gordon Spahr, Jim Hicks (Janet's husband)



Lowell Bergen and Mark Rogers
 The emperor's stables and horses



KA Songs

Karen (Braband) Mertes (KA, HC 74) got the ball rolling when her brother Bob reported how he and about 10 of his classmates from KA/Hillcrest met for a week-end. The last night they sat around the campfire and sang one song after another of KA songs they remembered. That's when she got the idea that we should compile those songs. And so several of us got our heads together and came up with a list (including some Hausa translations) that we've posted on [Simroots'](http://Simroots.com) Web site.

<http://Simroots.sim.org> Please feel free to write the editor and add some more! Simroots@sim.org

A Robe of White
 Are We Downhearted? No, No, No
 Assurance March (Can We Know . . .)
 Be a Missionary
 Behold, Behold
 Cheer Up, Ye Saints of God
 Christ for Me
 Climb, Climb Up Sunshine Mountain
 Coming Again
 Dare to Be a Daniel
 Deep and Wide
 Do Lord
 Every Day with Jesus
 Every Promise in the Book
 Everybody Ought to Know
 Faith, Mighty Faith the Promise Sees
 Follow, Follow, I Would Follow Jesus
 For There Is One God and One Mediator
 Give Me Oil in My Lamp
 God Can Do Anything
 God Has Blotted Them Out
 God Is Good to Me
 God Is So Good
 God's Word Is like a Hammer
 Gone, Gone, Gone, Gone
 Got Any Rivers?
 Hallelu, Hallelu
 Happiness Is . . .
 He Is Able
 He Keeps Me Singing a Happy Song
 He Owns the Cattle
 Heaven Came Down
 Heavenly Sunshine
 His Banner Over Me Is Love
 How Did Moses Cross the Red Sea?
 I Cannot Come to the Banquet
 I Have the Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy
 I Love Him Better Every Day
 I May Never March in the Infantry
 I'm In Right Out Right Up Right Down

I've Something in My Pocket
 If You're Saved and You Know It
 I'm on the Rock
 I'm So Happy
 Into My Heart
 Isn't He Wonderful!
 Isn't the Love of Jesus Something Wonderful!
 It's Bubbling in My Soul
 I've Got a Mansion
 I've Got Peace Like a River
 Jesus and Others and You
 Jesus Bids Us Shine
 Jesus Gave Her Water
 Jesus Is All the World to Me
 Jesus Is Coming Again
 Jesus Loves the Little Children
 Jesus Loves the Little Ones Like Me, Me, Me
 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me
 KA School Song
 Kum Baya
 Let's Talk About Jesus
 My Lord Knows the Way
 New Life
 Nigerian National Anthem
 O, How I Love Jesus
 O, Say But I'm Glad
 O, You Can't Get to Heaven
 Oh Be Careful
 On the Victory Side
 One Door
 One Little, Two Little, Three Little Indians (Africans)
 Only a Boy Named David
 Rolled Away
 Safe Am I
 Songs in the Daytime
 Springs of Living Water
 Stop, and Let Me Tell You
 Study to Show Thyself Approved
 Summertime in My Heart
 Thank You for Every New Good Morning
 Thank You, Lord, for Saving My Soul
 The B-I-B-L-E
 The Butterfly Song
 The Chimes of Time
 The Gospel Train
 The Hornet Song
 The Windows of Heaven
 The Wordless Book
 This Little Light of Mine
 "V" Is for Victory
 Who Did, Who Did, Who Did, Who Did?
 Would You Leave Your Home?
 Zacchaeus

Favorite Bingham Song

By Phil Kayser (BA 70)
philkayser@cox.net

One of my first disappointments at Bingham was related to singing at the chapel. I must have been in first or second grade. One of the teachers asked for favorites. I waved my hand vigorously to get attention. When recognized, I asked for "Old King Cole Was a Merry Old Soul." Of course, I received a reprimand. Being dense, I couldn't figure it out. It seemed like a perfectly good song to me. That memory still makes me laugh.

Days of Krissimah

Thanks to "Aunt" Mary Naff for helping us recall the words

On the first day of Krissimah my true love gave to me:

- 1 A rice bird in a palm tree
- 2 Palaver huts
- 3 Vai hats
- 4 Pawpaw pies
- 5 Gold v-rings
- 6 Bowls of fufu
- 7 Jars of palm oil
- 8 Money buses
- 9 Gourds a shaking
- 10 Lovely lapas
- 11 Drummers drumming
- 12 Country dancers

Flossy and the Rumble

From *My Nigerian Notebook: Stories from My Other Life*

A fumble in the dark of my muddled memory

By Larry B. Jones (HC 76)
oluseye@aol.com

The warm southern California evening air was muggy, moist with tropical air blown north from the Sea of Cortez. As I drove through the hills, one arm out the open window catching the driven breeze, a memory, fresh yet fuzzy, from somewhere in my adolescent past, flooded over me, like so much moisture-laden Mexican air.



FROM THE ARCHIVES



This is either Kent Academy or the Jos Hostel. Can you fill in the blanks and tell us what year this was taken and maybe the occasion.

___, Robert Kraay, ___ ___ ___ ___ ___

I was transported, through time and space. No longer was I a 49-year-old resident of Whittier, California. Once again, I was a swaggering 17-year-old bundle of testosterone-driven tornado. Elton John's "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting" sang from my lips as I sauntered through the hills of Jos. First to Flat-top, next a stop at Elmhouse, on to Hillcrest, over to A.G., ending up at Baptist Boys.

And at each stop a tussle, a scrap, a rumble in the grass, the dirt, the streets—anywhere we could fight, we did. The cause of all this mayhem? A giant teddy bear named Flossy, mascot of the senior class of Hillcrest High School. The recipients of all that pent-up emotion and energy? Juniors, sophomores, freshmen, anyone who dared to presume that they could possess Flossy.

There was no rage—just the pure, unadulterated thrill of physical exertion and competition. These exhilarating encounters often lasted for hours, as combatants flailed away with fists, feet, heads, arms, whole bodies, all for the sheer excitement of the struggle. Flossy may have been nowhere in sight. No matter. We were young, full of energy, wrapped up in the moment, and no teddy bear of any description was going to stand in the way of a good Saturday Night Rumble.

As seniors, the class of '76 was undefeated. Flossy appeared often and was never wrested from our tenacious tendrils. But what of the infamous Class of '75? How had Flossy eluded their grasp?

It happened upon a chance that my room at Niger Creek was next to the room of two seniors (names withheld to protect the poor, pathetic, excuses of Flossy-protectors that they were). A few of us in the Class of '76 drew up a bold plan: cut through the ceiling in my closet, crawl into the attic, cut through the ceiling of the closet of the next room, spirit Flossy away, and then demand that the seniors "show" Flossy, or forfeit her, per the Pirate Code.

When these crestfallen young men failed to produce Flossy, and had to concede that they had indeed lost her, those of us who had her gleefully paraded her about, the first underclassmen to obtain possession of the Teddy Bear in . . . who knew how long?

The point of this trip down memory lane? Sometimes, amidst all the anguish over the rotten hand we feel we were dealt, we should take a moment to reflect on all the wonderful times we had and be grateful we had the opportunity and the privilege to live in a country called Nigeria.

On nights like this, when the humidity and memories take me back, I thank God He raised me right where He did. I wouldn't be me otherwise.

Rest Hour Confession

Submitted by Karen Keegan (KA, HC 72)

I recently crossed paths with Aunt Lee Buchanan (KA Staff) who confessed to me this delightful tidbit. "I got a new pair of red shoes on furlough one year and discovered they squeaked when I walked. So I wore them purposefully at rest hour so the kids would hear and behave so I wouldn't have to catch them and punish them!" She also reminisced about the time they had bats in the boys' dorm. Really disturbed the peace, and the staff had quite a time getting them settled back into bed!

Waited 25 Years for This Sound

By Joyce (Steely) Schmidt
(KA, HC 68) jsmk68@juno.com

I heard tonight a sound I have missed for 25 years . . . the chiming of BIG BEN.

Starting in about 5th grade at KA we would return from PE and have to take notes on "Current Events." This was radio news from BBC and would start with the chiming of Big Ben.

The lessons on how to take notes and the practice we got from current events have meant much to me as I progressed through high school and college. I am sure my grades were better because note-taking was as natural as eating. The association with the chiming of Big Ben has stayed with me.

I have never heard Big Ben in the United States, as BBC no longer wastes valuable air time on the chimes. Tonight, as I drove home, 12 midnight from my hospital shift with BBC news to keep me company . . . suddenly there was the sound I have missed! Large as life on BBC news because he is being shut down for one month for repairs. Only the third or fourth time Big Ben has been silenced, but the quarter hour chimes are in a bad way they said.



Tommy Titcombe and “Jesus Loves Me”

By Ruth Whitehead (GH 51)
whitehead@san.rr.com

Peggy and I were born in Africa; Helen was born in Hamilton. When they were on furlough in Hamilton, my parents lived in the guest house of Henry and Olive Flatt in Hamilton. He was the president of the Borden Company of Canada. Mrs. Flatt’s name was Olive; hence my second name of Olive. They went to Philpott Tabernacle in Toronto where my parents were supported.

Peggy and Helen were three and five years old when we came home from Africa with my father. I was one year old and had never spoken much Yoruba. We were often asked to sing “Jesus Loves Me” in Yoruba in meetings. No problem. The first two lines were easy, and we all remembered them, including me who had been taught them by my sisters. The next two lines didn’t come as easily, so we got together beforehand when we knew we had to sing to make sure we were all singing the same words. The chorus was well known to us too.

When we were asked to sing, we always protested that we didn’t remember the words any more. The answer was that we were just being shy and “just sing it.” So we did.

One day Tommy Titcombe, a very loud, friendly, and funny missionary from Yoruba country, was at our Sunday morning meeting. Probably because he was there, we were asked to sing. We started, and everything was going fine until we came to the third line. Tommy Titcombe started to roar with laughter and spoke right out in the meeting saying that that was no Yoruba that he had ever heard. We were never asked to sing that song again!

Even English can be tricky. When I was at KA, I used to wonder what a Sign-O was. You know — “Jesus Loves Me This Sign-O”.

Anonymous

NEXT ISSUE: SNAKE STORIES

Got a favorite snake story to share? Here’s one to get the ball rolling . . .

The Lord Protects Even the Ignorant

By Dave Wickstrom (KA, HC 67)
dwick328@bellsouth.net

Back in 1963-64 at Niger Creek Hostel in Jos there were a bunch of us who were snake catchers. I personally had caught 23 snakes alive—vipers, adders, African Beauty snakes and other varieties—but I met the granddaddy of all snakes one afternoon when a bunch of us guys went for a Sunday afternoon hike along the creek beside the hostel. As we were walking along the creek bed, we spied a very large snake slithering along the bank above us. Dick Swanson, who was the most avid snake catcher of us all, ran up the bank with his stick in hand and chased the snake down to the creek bed where we pelted it with stones. This drove the snake back up the bank where Dick was waiting to chase it back down. It was during one of these attempts to drive the snake back down to us that the snake reared up like it was going to strike. That was when we realized what we were chasing—a 6-foot-6-inch cobra, hood spread out and ready to strike. Dick swung his stick at the snake but missed, and we all figured that Dick was a goner. But as my Dad used to say, “The Lord protects even the ignorant,” and the snake didn’t strike but continued its journey down the creek. We finally wore it out and were able to get it down to a portion of the creek where there was some water. There we held the cobra’s head under water until it stopped moving, after which one of the guys took off his belt and looped it around the

snake’s head. Another guy picked up the tail, and we all trooped back to the hostel where we injected our catch with formaldehyde, then coiled it up inside a large candy jar filled with formaldehyde. We opened its mouth and extended the fangs and preserved it that way. What a prize! Dick Swanson visited a snake expert in Jos who identified the snake as a Black Forest Cobra!

A sequel to the story is that about twenty years later while living in Gaithersburg, Maryland, just outside Washington, D.C., I noticed an interesting headline on the front page of the Washington Times. It read, “Man killed by cobra!” Interested, I read the story and learned that a man in another suburb of Washington, D.C., had a collection of snakes in cages in his house. One of the snakes—you guessed it, a Black Forest Cobra!—escaped from its cage, and when the man tried to capture it, the snake struck and killed the man. Again my Dad’s words came to mind, “The Lord protects the ignorant,” and I added in my mind, “But not always; that man was really stupid!” Then I remembered all those Sunday hikes we had taken as kids attending Kent Academy, and it hit me. With all those miles we walked and ran, over hills, through elephant grass, over and around and through rocky ledges, even in swampy areas, I could not remember one KA staff member or one MK getting bitten by a snake. The Lord truly watched over us!



c. 1966. David Hodges with a seven-foot snake (not the cobra in the story) killed at the Jos Hostel

Return to Home



ELWA By Dan Snyder (EL 79) dhsnyder10@yahoo.com

I recently returned from ELWA (first time in 35 years). I have a newfound passion for Liberia and ELWA and getting the word out about the needs there in the hopes of attracting those who are in positions to help.

After arriving on a Thursday night, we hit the ground running with an early morning meeting on Friday with the Directors of the various ministries on the ELWA compound. They included the General Director and the Directors of the Hospital, School, Radio Station and Services (Facilities) Departments. We set up a schedule to meet with each individually to tour their areas of ministry, to learn of their needs, and to discern how best we might help them.

The ELWA Hospital and Clinic, by American standards, would have to be condemned and shut down. It is littered with broken equipment, has very few items of equipment that work, has no air conditioning in critical areas—like the OR, the ER, the delivery room, or the maternity or pediatric wards. Only a few of the toilets work, and there is only a small amount of supplies on hand with which to treat patients. Yet the dedicated medical staff struggles to carry on, treating up to 200+ patients daily.

The ELWA School buildings need a great deal of repair work, as does the playground equipment. So much damage from the civil war fighting and the vandalism that followed is still there in unrepaired condition, because of a lack of resources. We were able to repair one of the playground swings when we were there, and immediately there were kids lined up to use it. In regard to educational and instructional materials—you name it, they need it!

The Radio Station operates now with a single, small, but fairly good transmitter, in a small building that used to be an automobile repair shop. The control operates with salvaged antique equipment that you would never find in any radio station in the U.S. Yet the message of God's love is faithfully going out daily from these meager facilities to thousands of lost and dying souls throughout Liberia.

We toured the electrical generator facilities, the maintenance facilities, and the staff housing with the Services Director. Many of these buildings are still riddled with gunshot holes from the war, and all bear the damages of neglect, again because of a lack of resources for repairs. Some of the staff houses are hardly fit to live in, by American standards, but national staff are living in them as best they can while they go on serving the Lord.

Apart from ELWA, we also visited several orphanages. The tales of the suffering of many of these children were gut-wrenching, and their testimonies were heart-moving. These were the lucky ones who made it into these over-crowded



Our beloved ELWA beach

These believers in Liberia are also in good spirits, rejoicing and praising God for all He has done for them now. He has answered prayer by bringing to an end the 25 years of devastating civil conflict and by giving the country new peace and hope with a new born-again Christian president. They are a grateful people, even with very little of anything material to be grateful for.

They did not ask us to come over there to feel their pain or to play on our sympathy so that we would give to them. We believe that God called us to go there to learn of their needs and to determine how we might help them in furthering their ministries for the Lord.

If you would like any further information or any photographs, please let me know.

Phone: 864.363.8517

There are several of us ELWAKids planning to go back to ELWA in January 2008, to work on several projects. As a result of my last trip: Gerber Childrenswear donated hundreds of children's clothes for several orphanages; another company donated some equipment for the hospital; my church (a fairly large church) is adopting Liberia as its primary country of focus for its missions program—to work there for many years; and more good things are in the works. There are still many, many projects that need our help.

We just got up a new Web site. It only has a few pics now but is going to be developed to list needs and projects as well as accompanying pics of these projects and contact information if anyone is interested in helping. We will also include links to other evangelical NGOs working in Liberia. www.aid4liberia.com



My house (me in the foreground)

facilities to survive, and then to be loved and cared for. These orphanages need more space, more beds, and more food—really more of everything. They have only sporadic electricity and running water, and their drinking water has to be carried in buckets from a good distance away.

The conditions we experienced in all these places were worse than I expected. What amazed me over and over again was the commitment and dedication of the many national Christian servants, whom God is using in all these places to share His love and to spread His Word. But most of them are really in need of a lot of help and training to be more efficient and effective in their ministries.



Lagos Driving Quiz

Source:

www.motherlandnigeria.com/humor.html

Answers are in italics

What is the most important part of any car (or any moving vehicle)?

1. tires
2. brakes
3. steering wheel
4. air conditioning
5. *horn*

Which of the following is not acceptable in a traffic jam?

1. Driving (NOT "passing") in the "opposite-direction-traffic-lane" making a 2-lane highway into 4 lanes
2. Hitting the vehicle on your left with your hand
3. Having the passenger on the right hit the vehicle on their right with their hand
4. *None of the above . . . they are all acceptable*

What is another name for a pedestrian?

Risktaker

What is another name for a traffic light?

Wishful Thinking

How much space do you leave between your car and the cars on your left and right side?

Minimum space to leave:

1 inch (2.5 centimeters)

Maximum space to leave:

If the driver's left hand can not touch the car to his/her left, then there is too much space in between the cars. The same applies for a passenger on the right and the car to the right.

Who is at fault in a collision?

1. The driver who changes lanes without using the signal or leaving enough room to merge.
2. *The driver who gets hit because he/she didn't honk loudly when the driver above started getting into his/her lane.*

Which of the following are you LEAST likely to see on the road as you are driving?

1. A child selling items
2. The elderly selling items
3. Motorcycles zipping in and out of traffic
4. People fighting
5. *Someone in a vehicle smiling and relaxed*



Do we really need an explanation?

Train Ride

Source:

www.motherlandnigeria.com/humor.html

Three Americans and three Nigerians were traveling by a U.S. train to a conference. The three Americans each bought tickets and watched as the three Nigerians bought only a single ticket. "How are three people going to travel on only one ticket?" asked an American. "Watch the ride, my yute!" answered a Nigerian. They all board the train. The Americans took their respective seats, but all three Nigerians cramped into a restroom and closed the door behind them. Shortly after the train departed, the conductor came around to collect tickets. He knocked on the restroom door and said, "Ticket, please." The door opened just a crack, and a single arm emerged with a ticket in hand. The conductor took it and moved on. The Americans saw this and agreed it was quite a clever idea. So after the conference, the Americans decided to copy the Nigerians on the return trip and save some money. When they got to the station, they bought a single ticket for the return trip. To their astonishment, the Nigerians did not buy a ticket at all. "How are you going to travel without a ticket?" asked one perplexed American. "Watch the ride, my yute!" said a Nigerian. When they

boarded the train, the three Americans cramped into a restroom, and the three Nigerians cramped into another one nearby. The train departed. Shortly afterward, one of the Nigerians left their restroom and walked over to the restroom where the Americans were hiding. He knocked on the door and said, "Ticket, please."

Humour Abounds Amid Lagos Chaos

A must-read article from BBC News http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/programmes/from_our_own_correspondent/6091682.stm

Japanese Humor

english.com

Funny signs and photos, primarily Japanese to English translations. Adult humor section is separate.

Funny Signs

Source:

www.fuzzydog.com/mscfunnysigns.htm

- In an East African newspaper: A new swimming pool is rapidly taking shape since the contractors have thrown in the bulk of their workers.

- In an advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist: Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.
- From a brochure of a car rental firm in Tokyo: When passenger of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage then tootle him with vigor.

More Funny Signs

Source: *E-mail Forwards*

- Austrian hotel catering to skiers: Not to perambulate the corridors in the hours of repose in the boots of ascension.
- Belgrade hotel elevator: To move the cabin, push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order.
- Budapest zoo: Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty.
- Copenhagen airline ticket office: We take your bags and send them in all directions.
- Czechoslovakian tourist agency: Take one of our horse-driven city tours—we guarantee no miscarriages.
- Hong Kong supermarket: For your convenience, we recommend courageous, efficient self-service.
- Hong Kong tailor shop: Ladies may have a fit upstairs.
- Istanbul hotel corridor sign: Please to evacuate in hall especially which is accompanied by rude noises.
- Japanese hotel room: Please to bathe inside the tub.
- Japanese information booklet about a hotel air conditioner: Cooles and Heates: If you want just condition of war in your room, please control yourself.
- Kyushi, Japan Detour sign: Stop: Drive Sideways.
- London department store: Bargain basement upstairs.
- London office: After tea break staff should empty the teapot and stand upside down on the draining board.
- Majorcan shop entrance: Here speeching American.
- Moscow hotel lobby across from a Russian Orthodox monastery: You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists and writers are buried daily except Thursday.

FROM THE ELWA ARCHIVES



*The Mock Wedding of Ruth McIntyre, put on by her students at ELWA Academy (along with her dog). This wedding was mentioned in a previous issue: <http://simroots.sim.org/elwa.htm>
Bridesmaids, carrying tennis racquet bouquets: Rhoda Balzer, Cindy Buck, Karen Ackley
Bride: Carina Bruning, **Rev**: Billy Thompson, **Groom**: Jodi Bruning, **Groomsmen**: Mike Bruning, Jeff Slater, Boyd Slater, **Maid of Honor's Attendant**: Jamie Lueders
 Miss McIntyre's beloved basenji served as maid of honor at her pre-enacted wedding to Lance Dagger! And the "groom" crisply "saluted" the "bride"!
 Submitted by Daniel Buck*

- Moscow hotel room door: If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.
- Paris hotel elevator: Please leave your values at the front desk.
- Rhodes tailor shop: Order your summers suit. Because is big rush we will execute customers in strict rotation.
- In the window of a Swedish furrier: Fur coats made for ladies from their own skin.
- Swiss mountain inn: Special today—no ice cream.
- Tokyo hotel: Is forbidden to steal hotel towels please. If you are not person to do such thing is please not to read this notice.
- Vienna hotel: In case of fire, do your utmost to alarm the hotel porter.
- Yugoslavia: in the Europa Hotel, in Sarajevo, you will find this message on every door: Guests should announce the abandonment of theirs rooms before 12 o'clock, emptying the room at the latest until 14 o'clock, for the use of the room before 5 at the arrival or after the 16 o'clock at the departure, will be billed as one night more.

Catholic Robin

Submitted by Eileen Scott

On my arrival home one Saturday afternoon, I was met by my five-year-old friend and garden helper who lived next door. Very upset, he said, "Your cat killed a robin, and your mother threw it in the garbage can. We have to bury it, or it won't go to heaven!"

When I told him I didn't think robins went to heaven, he said, "Catholic robins do."

I replied, "We are Protestants, and it could be a Protestant robin."

David very firmly responded, "We can't be sure, so we have to give it a proper burial."

Wrapping the bird in a piece of pink satin and a fancy chocolate box, we gave the bird a nice funeral and planted a pansy on top to mark the place. David looked at me and said, "I think I'll come back tomorrow and dig it up to see if it did go to heaven. . . . No, I don't know if God works on Sunday, so I better wait till Monday."

That night I moved the pansy plant about a foot away. First thing Monday morning, David was at the door. After we dug up the pansy, he looked at me with a huge smile and declared, "See! I knew it was a Catholic robin!"

Letter from the Editor

The Family Tree

I love trees. There is something comforting, stable, exhilarating, challenging about scaling a trunk, nestling in the crook of a branch with a snack and a good book, seeing how high I can climb to survey my kingdom, tight roping across the broad branches, swinging to the ground from a vine, eating the fruit. Our *Simroots* logo, therefore, has special significance to me. Different trees, branches, and fruit representing our various backgrounds, continents, and experiences, but all rooted in the soil of our MKness.

Occasionally I receive letters from those who don't feel like they're a part of the family tree. Our roots may have begun in the same soil—our parents are/were missionaries with SIM. But they may feel like they were grafted in later (merged missions); others of us may feel like our roots belong to



a different tree (we stayed in the homeland with family or foster families for all of our schooling years). Some of us feel like we have outgrown our connection, our fruit has fallen off, and we wonder why we're still receiving *Simroots*! Some of us feel like the "bad apple" in the bunch and that we are judged or not accepted. After all, we don't see many News Update entries from those of us who have strayed from our roots. (My answer to that has always been, "Then you should write in!")

One tree seems to have the biggest trunk (KA/Hillcrest). Bingham, ELWA, Sahel, Sakeji, and others are starting to grow in their connections, and their branches are producing fruit and leaves. But what about the home-schooled or those who attended a local national school? Where are their trees, their roots? Do we all belong to the same Family Tree? What is our common soil—the globe? Roots, trunk, branches, leaves, or fruit—which part are you? I don't know. Perhaps we should leave this discussion behind and go hug a tree!

Sai an jima (until a little while)
Karen Keegan
(Simroots@sim.org)

DONATION APPEAL



Will you help keep us afloat?

It has been some time since we have come to you with a financial update. The Lord has been good and kept this publication coming to you, but we need your help too.

It costs about \$3500 to produce each issue. Right now we have \$5868.10, which means we will be short about \$1200 for the next issue.

We do so appreciate all of you who faithfully give to this publication. Without you, there would be no *Simroots*.

Checks should be made out to *Simroots* and sent to SIM, not to the editor. The project number to reference on your check is 501087.

To donate in the U.S.:

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c/o SIM USA
PO Box 7900
Charlotte, NC, 28241

To Donate in Canada:

Simroots
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Scarborough, ON, Canada

To donate by check from overseas: Send checks to the nearest SIM office. (See www.sim.org for addresses).

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To donate by phone: You may call 800-521-6449 ext. 1445 to make a credit card donation. You may even make automatic withdrawals to *Simroots* from your bank account. Check with SIM for details.



Weekend campouts on Bingham compound

Photo IDs for Vol. 24 #1



Leonie Dipple

Page 7, “Late 1980s KA Archives”

I have just received the *Simroots* from the USA. I live in Sydney, Australia, and was quite surprised to see a photo of me and some individual photos from my KA Grade 9 class and a class photo of my brother Alasdair’s class—except he was cut out of the picture for some reason.

Some corrections: My name should be spelt Leonie. Martin’s full name is Martin Muoto. You have spelt Jumeyi’s name wrong. The Friebel is Ben Friebel from Australia. Martin Muoto’s brother Oliver, who was in our grade, has a Fortune 500 company in the States, and they are both very successful businessmen. They organise reunions for those who went to KA who weren’t SIM MKs, and they are quite a blast.

Leonie (Dipple) Menzies

Page 10, the staff picnic

Could the person on the left with the dog be Ruth Hodges, since David is there?

Virginia Patterson

Page 10, Hillcrest Archives

The guy is Scott Wood.
Janice Dunkerton



Scott Wood and Nancie Pollen

Page 18, top right photo

The missing names are Phyllis Jacobson and Delwynne Elliott.

Virginia Patterson



Phyllis Jacobson, Ramona Veenker, Delwynne Elliott, Carolyn Tobert

Page 30

Thanks so much for taking care of this huge undertaking. It is always an occasion when *Simroots* arrives, and I am glued to the computer screen until I get to the end. I was shocked to see my picture on page 30. The one of the 2 kids in front of the main house at Bingham is my brother Chuck, me, and my mother (Lucille). I was probably in 1st grade, 1955. Not especially good memories!

Joy (Anderson) Harper



Chuck, Joy, and Lucille Anderson

Web Correction

On the “Remember When” page. Under the heading “Teaching at Sahel Academy” (<http://Simroots.sim.org/memory4.htm#sahel>), I am listed as saying, “The year I taught at Sahel (1977-78).” However, the year would have been 1987-88.

Great Web site!

Nancy (Hall) DeValve

Dear *Simroots*,

I pray that God will truly bless you as you seek to honor Him. After all is said and done, He is the root of KA. He brought it all to pass. He bought us all together. PTL! I love Him and I’m getting to know Him in a deeper way day by day, and I praise Him all day long. I feel that the present is a present. He’s given me 90 years, and I enjoy good health except for my knees, but that’s neither here nor there.

Okay now—I just received *Simroots* Vol. 24 #1, and it brought back so many memories, and I loved it all. I don’t think I’ve changed much, but my, oh my, you all have! I’m afraid I wouldn’t recognize any of you if I met you on the street.

I wasn’t a student at KA, but I learned an awful lot. I thought I was a pretty good missionary until I got to KA, and then I had to start from scratch. I found out I was an impatient, angry person, and it all came out my first term at KA. I needed

victory and realized *for this I have Jesus*, and He changed me and filled me with love. I loved my “boys” (Nigerian staff), and I loved all you kids and prayed for you, and I loved the staff, and I loved the traders at the back door, and I loved the Fulani people. Thank you all for putting up with my cooking. Things didn’t always turn out like they were supposed to, and I spent sleepless nights over it, until once again I realized for this, too, I have Jesus, and I committed it to Him.

Paul and Gerry [Craig] were such an encouragement to me and such a joy to work with.

It thrills me to see so many KAers serving and loving the Lord—many of them as missionaries. Let’s not forget we are first and foremost God’s children and then secondly a missionary or teacher or whatever, so let’s do all to His glory.

Some of you might remember Steve Diamond. He lives in Calgary, and he joined the Alliance Church in Strathmore, AB, where my sister Gladys attends, and I sent him a copy of *Simroots* and talked to him on the phone.

I could go on, but I must stop. You might be interested to know that I have received at least 36 phone calls from my Fulani boys in Nigeria! My phone rings, and I hear “Sannu, Mama” or “Sannu Gimbiya, this is Isa (or Haruna or Ibrahim or whoever) and then we’re cut off, or they hang up. Sometimes I get a little information. Ibrahim and Isa said, “Please

call me sometime.” I’ve tried, but I can’t get through.

I live in an apartment, and I host 6 Bible studies and 2 prayer meetings here every month, and I’m on the missions committee. God loves me and blesses me. I love doing crosswords and sudokus. Keep looking up.

Linda Klassen



Linda Klassen

**FROM THE
HILLCREST ARCHIVES**



*HC Senior Girls, 1972 Joyce Ratzlaff, Meg Todd,
Ruth "Cheech" Bishop, Jean and Lila Price
Photo submitted by Jill Sonius*

KA ARCHIVES



Anyone from KA know who these kids are and what year it is?



*Left to right: Irene Sausauer, _____, Frieda (Janzen)
Gesbrecht, _____, Jeanette Silver*

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

Simroots Editor Simroots@sim.org

KA ARCHIVES



KA Baseball Team c. 1980

Back: Coaches Jim Crouch and Garth Winsor

Middle: Chad Winsor, Oliver Muoto, _____, Musa Dah, Kelly Warkentin, Joshua Gindiri, Martin Muoto

Front Standing: Ron Lyons

Front Kneeling: Jim Ockers, Alisdair Dipple, Craig Winsor, Matthew Udano, Alex Alexander, James Balisky

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Got a favorite snake story to share?