



What Happens to Their Children?

By Joseph Leininger Wheeler

We were living in Fresno, California early in 1944 when my father received his call to the mission field. And to my parents, a call to the mission field was a sacred thing: a call from the Lord Himself.

Next thing I knew, I was told, “We’re going to the mission field!”

“Where?”

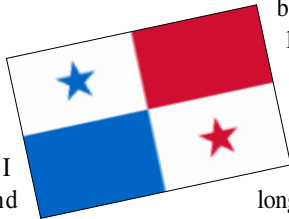
“Panama.”

“Where is that?”

And out came a map.

At eight years of age, I didn’t really understand what maps meant. As a parochial school teacher, Dad had moved a number of times already, so another move meant little to me. Except, of course, that this particular move had a kicker at the end: “to the mission field.” And when I noticed that my friends were impressed by it, I began to feel important—and even a bit excited. My brother Romyne, at two, didn’t, of course, know what was happening.

So the folks began to pack.



The roar of propellers

All the relatives who could be were there by the mesh fence to see us off. But I did wonder why everyone was making such a big deal of just another move. Why were they crying as they waved and waved and waved? Not until later did I understand why. Mission terms being seven years long in those days, I’d be 15 years old before they saw me again. My grandparents clearly wondered if they’d ever see us again.

For the world was so much vaster then . . .

And it was at war, too, and who knew how long that would last? No cruise ships plied those waters then. On land, the roads were terrible and accommodations both limited and primitive. . . .

When we got out on that rolling stairway, the heat that engulfed us seemed blowtorch hot, and the equatorial humidity left us limp and sopping in only minutes. We knew then that we were indeed entering another world of images and impressions that have never left me. . . .

Oh, there are so many memories to draw from! Any grown-up missionary child would have just as many. Different—yet the same.

A homeland that wasn’t

Eventually, in my midteens, I flew back to the United States by myself. But now, in a parochial boarding school, I felt myself to be a misfit, a fish out of water. I was a disaster at sports, and terribly naive about what were, to my classmates, accepted behavioral norms—especially where the opposite sex was concerned.

Eventually, but not until my junior year in college (no small thanks to a godly history professor who mentored me, serving as a bridge from the missionary world to maturity), I woke up, married, entered the teaching profession, sired two children, earned two Master’s degrees and a Doctorate, and became what people considered “successful.”

Meanwhile, returning to the homeland in order to be there for my sister Marjorie, my father accepted position demotions (as seen by many) as the price of returning to the United States, and Mom taught elementary school. After earning a master’s in counseling, my father accepted pastoral positions in small churches until retirement.

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Comparing all this to the high positions my father had held in Latin America, I subconsciously considered Dad to be concluding his career as a bit of a failure. For both he and Mom now suffered from the missionary curse: losing the *Zeitgeist*. So long had they been absent from the fast-paced life back home that when they returned, it was immediately clear that they were no longer in tune with “the spirit of the age.” Much as I tried to hide it, in my newfound sophistication, I was a bit ashamed of them.

Recognition

Until one memorable day in Dallas. The church the folks had served so faithfully was holding a world conclave in the Dallas Convention Center. Some thirty thousand were attending. One never-to-be-forgotten day, my wife and I were invited to join my folks for some sort of “surprise.” No explanation. They were just told to be at a certain spot at 1:00 P.M., with any close family who could come. So the four of us stood there waiting for we knew not what. I was proud of my professorial rank and position, scholarship, publications, awards, and increased recognition—and was just there to humor Mom and Dad.

Then, in only seconds, the epiphany that would dramatically change the rest of my life! First, far-off voices, footsteps on the stairs, then more and more, louder and louder, a never-ending stream of well-dressed people, some looking vaguely familiar, descended to the floor and eddied around us—the four of us, standing there in a state of confusion and shock. Suddenly, one of the most distinguished of them moved toward my parents and began to unwrap something quite large. It was a plaque. Almost instantly, there was absolute silence.

In Spanish, he began to read the words on the plaque—but he couldn’t continue, and began to weep when he came to the words “Mamá y Papá de Wheeler.” Unbeknownst to me, in my erstwhile arrogance, the speaker, now president of a college Dad had founded, was there to celebrate two cherished people, missionaries who had come to the West Indies to start a school from scratch. All those engulfing us, now in church leadership positions all over Latin America, had come to that school, fearing what they might see. Instead of noblesse oblige, they found a man and woman with only one reason for being there: to *unconditionally love each student*. In years to come, each student would look back at those six golden years and realize that those had been the happiest days of their lives, their individual and collective Camelot. As the words “Mamá y Papá de Wheeler” were said, the crowd constricted around us, all crying at once.

I stood there, my pride in shreds, belatedly recognizing that if I lived to be 200, no matter how many honors, no matter what position or recognition came my way, *never* could I begin to be the success of that man and woman now half buried by their “children.”

Finally, and for the first time, I realized what it meant to be a true missionary.

But back to their children

Yet this study is really about the *biological* children; what is the impact of missionary life upon *them*? Especially today, when people look at Romyne, who earned two doctorates in music in Austria and has performed piano and synthesizer concerts all over the world, published several books of poetry, prolifically composed music set in Europe and Latin America, and today, in his Eagle’s Nest studio on the rim of Mexico’s Copper Canyon (deeper and vaster than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado), is attracting camera crews and news commentators from Latin America, Europe, and North America. They look at Marjorie, after raising three children, now becoming an award-winning artist, both with the pencil and with the

brush. My world, on the other hand, has been teaching, researching, public speaking, editing, compiling, and writing.

People look at us and shake their heads, posing the question, *How did two such conservative missionary parents produce three such creative children? What magic did they have that enabled their three children to defy norms and the law of averages?*

How, indeed! Let’s see if we can find out how they did it.

Re-creating that world

First of all, we were all homeschooled (before there was a term for it) by a remarkable woman. Mother, a trained teacher herself, was also an elocutionist—who knows what that is today! A stage performer who had memorized thousands of pages of short stories, poetry, and readings, Mother knew even book-length poems such as Longfellow’s *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* by heart.

And she was a master teacher herself, turning out whiz kids in mathematics and verbal skills. At home, Mother expected us to value time as God’s greatest gift to us. Always, we were to be growing, becoming.

Looking back through the years enables me to finally gain perspective. I experience again the serenity of those years: no TV, no videos, no cinema, no computer, no telephone (only in the school or mission office). Our music mostly came from ourselves and our small collection of 78 rpm records (and the ones we checked out from the American Library) we played on our stack record player. The 78s played through quickly, but they were magic to us. Never anything but the best—classical, semiclassical, popular, folk, and religious. We’d play our favorites to death.

After chores and practicing the piano, it would be time for school, correspondence lessons being the base Mother built upon. But my real education, my real becoming, had to do with my weekly trips to the American Library (there was always a branch in the nearest capital city). I’d bring home towering stacks of books on every imaginable subject, my favorites being literature, history, biography, fine arts, mythology, nature, religion, travel, adventure, etc. In retrospect, it amazes me that my mother and father, so conservative in their own book choices, permitted me to read whatever library books interested me most. Almost invariably there was one hiding under every textbook I studied, and I’d read by flashlight under my blanket (no matter how hot the tem-

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perature!) far into the night. I had no idea why I was continually devouring entire libraries; I only knew that I wanted to know everything there was to know. That pace of reading would not ebb until I completed my History of Ideas Ph.D. some thirty years later.

The picaresque

But that wasn't all. Always there was the world just around the corner that I hadn't seen yet. We traveled as few of my age would have back in the United States. Whether it was by plane, by banana boat (we were caught once in a hurricane—poor weather forecasting in those days—off the Honduras coast), by train (all across Mexico and much of the United States), by bus, or by auto, I kept broadening my vistas, meeting people from every walk of life and intrepid travelers who had the itch to explore before there was even such a thing as a travel industry.

In literature, we have a term for a condition, story, or book: picaresque. It means learning, changing, and becoming through travel. Traveling such as Abraham did back in patriarchal days; like Homer did, twenty-nine centuries ago; Paul, two-thousand years ago; Marco Polo, eight centuries ago; and Cervantes's immortal traveler, Don Quixote de la Mancha, about five hundred years ago. They all learned, gained insights about life and people through travel. Just so, so did we.

Normally, children learn as much (most of it not particularly beneficial) from their peers as they do from adults. Not so with missionary children. Because we were cut off from children in the homeland (even during furloughs, we were considered to be so "different" that peer friendships rarely flowered), and because we were in the same category as preachers' kids, we lived in glass houses and were forced to maintain an unreal threshold of model behavior ("What would the people think if you were to do such a thing!"), we existed in a limbo halfway between the adult world of our parents and the child world of our peers, in neither of which we felt welcome. But, of the two, almost invariably we preferred listening to and watching the fascinating people in our parents' world.

Interestingly enough, there is an amazing correlation between PKs (preachers' kids), MKs (missionary kids), and MBs (military brats), for all three grow up picaresque: the parents forever moving on after only a couple of years, hence few lasting friendships are made with peers. Children growing up in such an environment have almost no concept of

home as a specific place, but rather, home is wherever Mom and Dad are. They have been programmed to be restless wanderers, content to remain in no one place, but always moving on, and on, and on. They are, one and all, global citizens (at home anywhere in the wide world, but not at home in any one place—not for long, that is).

There is something about this kind of an upbringing (all the parts of it) that churns out creative people who think outside the box. Let's look specifically at PKs (children of ministers, rabbis, former priests) and see what we find. Strangely enough, even in our ever more secular society, there is a fascination with PKs and MKs. Always, they make good copy, not tarred at all with the brush that often denigrates the parents! Almost, it's a badge of honor, of distinctiveness, of uniqueness.

PKs and MKs who have succeeded

Clearly, something about growing up in a manse significantly develops creativity in writing, research, and literature. . . . Of missionary children, undoubtedly the best known are Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winner Pearl Buck, who was raised in China; Olive Schreiner, who was raised in South Africa; and Hermann Hesse, whose father was a missionary to India.

Conclusion

We have seen that, for a child, missionary life is about the best thing that could happen. Even today, it's probably safe to say that the missionary world would be much more serene than its counterpart in the homeland. But the world is ever changing. Today, at speeds that exceed sound itself, the planet has shrunk so much that you can get to places before you leave! There are precious few places that are remote anymore: The super-rich think nothing of flying halfway around the world for a special meal in a fancy restaurant. To the world I grew up in, dreaming as we did of those "faraway places with strange sounding names," today's realities would have seemed like far-out science fiction.

The missionary kid, excluded from the harsher realities of mission life and without a real peer group, will likely carve out a world of his or her own, a dream world in which dreams may germinate and grow. Books and their authors tend to become close friends, and the characters (both real and fictional) oftentimes more special and real than even the parents.

Undoubtedly the toughest time in the missionary child's life is the period of reentry into homeland life. In high school, college, or university, they are almost certain to begin as mis-

fits, as the loneliest of the lonely. The missionary children (most being ministers' children as well) experience a double whammy upon return to the homeland, for they have no peer group to serve as a support system. In most cases, those they've identified with most, other missionary kids, they'll probably never see again.

Most will now take one of three trails: (1) Some will be so angry at having been forced to be externally good for so long that they go berserk once freed from the parental straitjacket, stomping on all the values they've been forced to live by and veering into all that is self-destructive. (2) What has been a facade for so long for some may coalesce into piousness for pious's sake, self-righteous religiosity and holier-than-thou-ism. (3) But a surprisingly large percentage will blaze new and exciting trails—neither as conservative as their parents nor as self-destructive as the wild ones. Most likely each of these will have been blessed by godly mentors who serve as bridges between the parental/mission world and the world of adult realities.

Nevertheless, one thing is absolutely certain: Any child fortunate enough to be born to missionary parents will be blessed in ways beyond quantifying—the experiences gained a mother lode to mine all life long. One might liken missionary children to the one in Christ's parable of the talents who was given five talents rather than one; the clear implication being: To those to whom much has been given, much will be required. Rather than being a liability, as some have mistakenly assumed, missionary childhood enables one to walk among the stars.

Joseph Leininger Wheeler, Ph.D., is emeritus professor of English at Columbia Union College, cofounder and executive director of the Zane Grey's West Society; Senior Fellow for Cultural Studies, Center for the New West (1995–2002); general editor at Focus on the Family, and considered to be one of America's leading anthologizers of stories.

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“Home is where
your story begins.”



Between Two Worlds

By LeAnne Hardy (parent)
leanne.hardy@sim.org

Although this book is written to a teenage audience, it was incredible to read as a TCK/AMK. LeAnne vividly captures the teenage experience of MKs living between two worlds because of having to go on furlough. The issues that she tackles are real. The struggles that the two MKs in this story face are not trivialized. And the resolution that is reached isn't artificial. I related to the MKs and to the realities that are an inevitable part of our lives as we live between two worlds—a passport country and an adopted country. LeAnne and Steve Hardy are SIMers with two AMKs and with a great love for others of us who are AMKs.

Ruth Maxwell

Evangelizing Individuals Who Plant Churches

By Brian & Doris Fargher (parents)

This 201-page book is the biography of Ato Sorsa Sumamo from Sidamo, an itinerant preacher for 50 years who, along with his compatriots, have helped plant hundreds of churches in southern Ethiopia. It's the story of an ordinary person used by an all-powerful God to accomplish extraordinary things. For a donation to the Urban Missionaries' Association of Canada, the authors will send present and former Ethiopia-SIMers a copy.

780-469-9475, bdfargher@interbaun.com

The Dust of Africa

By Shelly Arensen (RVA)

Publisher Comments: After his parents drop him off at a boarding school in Kenya as a young boy, Clay crosses the threshold into an unknown and often-hostile world. Ox, the captain of the rugby team, rescues Clay from the paddling machine and becomes his mentor. Titch, a boy in his class who struggles to read, befriends Clay in his lonely days at boarding school. Clay develops a passion for rugby, which helps him carve out his niche wherever he finds himself—in Kenya as a child, in the apple country of Washington state as a junior high student, back in Kenya in

high school, in a college in California, and finally in Sudan where he joins up with his friend Titch during a lull in that country's civil war.

The Dust of Africa is a story of a lasting friendship forged in shared struggles and joint exploits on the rugby fields in Kenya. Clay and Titch are forever marked by the land of their childhood, two young men who can't wash the dust of Africa off their feet.

The Shack

By William P. Young

Few books have impacted me so deeply that I have recommended it to all my friends, to strangers, to anyone who will listen. It's #1 on the New York Times Bestseller list. It's spreading by word of mouth around the world. It's fiction. It's controversial. And wonder of wonders, after I finished reading it, I discovered that the author of *The Shack* was an MK. What more can I say? You'll want your own copy, and be sure to have a pen and notebook by your side as you read.

Karen Keegan

From the author's blog: We live in a world where "normal" does not truly exist except as an idea or concept. For each of us, where and how we grew up plays a foundational role in our sense of "normal," and only when we begin to experience the "bigness and diversity" of the world are we tempted to evaluate our roots. I thought the way I grew up was "normal" but I think most would probably agree that my history and journey have been a bit unusual.

I was the eldest of four, born May 11th, 1955, in Grande Prairie, Alberta, Canada, but the majority of my first decade was lived with my missionary parents in the highlands of Netherlands New Guinea (West Papua), among the Dani, a technologically stone age tribal people. These became my family and as the first white child and outsider who ever spoke their language, I was granted unusual access into their culture and community. Although at times a fierce warring people, steeped in the worship of spirits and even occasionally practicing ritualistic cannibalism, they also provided a deep sense of identity that remains an indelible element of my character and person. By the time I was flown away to boarding school at age 6, I was in most respects a white Dani.

In the middle of a school year, my family unexpectedly returned to the West. My father worked as a Pastor for a number of small churches in Western Canada and by the time I graduated, I had already attended thirteen different schools. . . .

These are some of the facts of my life, but they don't begin to tell the real story. That would take much more room than is available here. The journey has been both incredible and unbearable, a desperate grasping after grace and wholeness. These facts don't tell you about the pain of trying to adjust to different cultures, of life losses that were almost too staggering to bear, of walking down railroad tracks at night in the middle of winter screaming into the wind-storm, of living with an underlying volume of shame so deep and loud that it constantly threatened any sense of sanity, of dreams not only destroyed but obliterated by personal failure, of hope so tenuous that only the trigger seemed to offer a solution. These few facts also do not speak to the potency of love and forgiveness, the arduous road of reconciliation, the surprises of grace and community, of transformational healing and the unexpected emergence of joy. Facts alone might help you understand where a person has been, but often hide who they actually are. . . . <http://theshackbook.com>

Nine Hills to Nambonkaha— Two years in the heart of an African village

By Sarah Erdman

Having grown up "in the bush," I found much with which to identify in this 318-page paperback. Perhaps you will too.

Karen Keegan

Publisher's Comments: The village of Nambonkaha in the Ivory Coast is a place where electricity hasn't yet arrived, where sorcerers still conjure magic, where the tok-tok sound of women pounding corn fills the morning air like a drumbeat. As a Peace Corps volunteer, Sarah Erdman finds that Nambonkaha is also a place where AIDS threatens and poverty is constant, where women suffer the indignities of patriarchal customs, and where children work like adults while still managing to dream.

Mukiwa: A White Boy in Africa

By Peter Godwin

I'm not sure how connected *Simroots* readers will feel with this memoir except for Godwin's intersection with the Rhodesian nationals in his childhood and attendance at boarding schools. But one passage caught my eye:

"Isaac showed us all the unusual things you could eat out in the bush. You could eat grasshoppers and locusts, for instance. First you broke off their heads and scraped out their innards, then you threaded them on to a stick and smoked them over the fire. They didn't taste bad actually, as long as you could forget what they really were.

"Flying ants were better. Isaac ate them raw, after pulling their wings off. But they were more tasty if you fried them in oil. So were caterpillars. You could eat snakes as long as you cut off the head and about the first three inches of the neck where the poison sacs were located. Lizards too, Isaac liked to eat, and frogs, but never toads because they were poisonous."

Karen Keegan

Ministering Cross-Culturally

By Sherwood Lingenfelter & Marvin Mayers

These authors capture spiritual insights borne out of personal experiences in living in a foreign culture. Lingenfelter, the primary author, shares insights that can transform not only how we can become more effective in ministering to people from other cultures but understand more clearly how we must become like Jesus. . . . The authors present a powerful picture of how Christian missionaries and others who work and serve in different cultures need an understanding of the culture in which they choose to serve. . . . This book represents an excellent resource for anyone considering ministry in any culture different from the one in which a person was raised. . . . The same concept can apply within our own churches. . . . Lingenfelter and Mayers will challenge you to understand yourself as you try to understand those with whom God may place you to minister.

Richard E. Dodge
LifeWay.com

It is an excellent book, and I have used it in more than one class I have taught on cross-cultural counseling. Definitely worth the read, and I think all MKs will be encouraged to find out that they have a leg up on understanding cross-cultural issues and are definitely the "world Christians of the future."

Dave Wickstrom

BA ARCHIVES



September 1968. First graders ready for first day on ramp on new dorm.



Story hour with rack of tennis shoes before the fire to dry. "Who owns these underpants?"



John Hagen and friend testing model planes. Philip Jackson in white shirt, standing in center of photo. Photos submitted by Nancy Johnson



An Open Letter to My Students

Dear KA Kids,

Bill and I aren't too far from retirement, which doesn't seem possible—it sort of sneaked up on us! It doesn't seem that long ago that I got on a plane and left for Nigeria for the first time—and started teaching at KA. I've been remembering those years and thinking about all those experiences—so many memories and they're mostly good ones.



*Edna (Wiebe) Robfogel
c. 1979*

Teaching and working at KA was such a privilege—and responsibility—to influence the kids there for good and for the Lord. As I've been thinking about it, I've felt some regrets that I didn't always do that as I should have. Being fair was important to me and I did try to treat everyone fairly, but I feel like there were times when I had a negative attitude toward kids—and I want to tell you I'm sorry for that and ask you to forgive me for it or for any way I may have treated you unfairly. If I could do it all over again, I'd want to be more accepting, more loving, less serious and enjoy my students more.

I feel privileged to have been able to work at KA those years. I do care about you and appreciate you and want the best for you. I'm praying that the Lord would heal any bad memories you might have because of me.

I love being in touch with my former students and would welcome any letters you might want to write—you can even bring up issues if there are some that we need to talk about.

Lovingly,

*Edna (Wiebe) Robfogel
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Tribute to My Teachers

*By Daniel Dada, a former Egbe
Titcombe College student
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It was my privilege to visit some of our old TC teachers in their retirement homes in Sebring, Florida, and I thought of sharing this experience with those of you I suspect will be interested in their news. It was a time of sweet fellowship, great inspiration and deep emotion for all of us and a memory I will treasure all my life.

I had not seen Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haney for 38 years. It was a great privilege to sit and talk with them and relate to them in a personal way. If I have any discipline in my life today, Mr. Haney had a part in it and for this I am very grateful. The price of going late to any school event was 2 points that translated on Friday afternoons into 4 laps around the track and this was supervised by Mr Haney. You may walk, hop, or run but it had to be done.

The last time I saw Miss Millie Mosby, my biology teacher, was in the late '70s. She was more than just a biology teacher to me; she modeled witnessing for Christ in daily tasks, excellence, hard work, generosity and many life lessons. I entered Titcombe with three things in mind—to get the best education, obtain great wealth and to have a great influence, power, or position in life. Titcombe College was the only means I knew to achieve that dream. One day, towards the end of a Sunday evening talk, Miss Mosby pointed out that none of these life goals was worth living for! That was the beginning of a personal search of “what is worth living for.” My highest calling and goal in life today is to know Him, and to make Him known. I owe my redirection in life in part to Miss Mosby. At a time I was thrown out of school for having no school uniform, Miss Mosby surprised or even shocked me! She rode her motorcycle to our house and gave me and another classmate in the same shoe the money for a uniform. She had told her co-missionary, Miss Rowena Marion, and they contributed money for our uniforms! When at home we prayed for a provision of a school uniform for me, as we often did for the need of the time, none of us in our wildest imaginations expected Miss Mosby and Marion to be God's answer to our prayers. My other classmate is today a professor of zoology (and a university chaplain), and he named an earth-

worm after Miss Mosby! Unfortunately, this was a trip a little late, for God called Miss Rowena Marion home on February 25, 2008, a few weeks prior to my planned May visit, but I could still feel her gracious and contagious spirit.

It was a trip to a people in whom I saw Christ's compassion in their faces, experienced God's grace through their touch, heard God's words through their voices, and saw Christ through their lives. They loved a people with whom they had no earthly ties, whose skin did not resemble their own. They gave to those they could not even expect a return, and yet to them they gave their all.

I passed by the house in which Harris and Neva Poole lived, their names still conspicuously sign-posted. Harris was a principal in Titcombe in the early years of the school. I did not meet this couple when they served in Titcombe College, but we got very close in Zaria. I still remember the tears shed by Harris when a crisis engulfed our Hospital Christian Fellowship, and I can only say, “Blest be the tie that binds us all together.” When my father went to heaven, it was Harris Poole who came to deliver the news. He was in tears even before I shed any. He shared my pain. In my grief and indeed in one of my darkest hours, God used him to give me comfort. Harris and Neva Poole made indelible marks in the hearts of many of us and in the sands of time. While at Florida, I heard the news that Dr. Kraakevik was recently called Home to rest. His wife had gone much earlier. This incredible couple left the University staff to come to teach in TC Egbe. Some of you will remember Mrs. Kraakevik's near wizardry skills on the piano and the accompaniment of her family playing the violin on those rare heavenly moments when they gave special numbers in the Sunday evening service. I still consider Stephen their son as my friend. You might all be aware that ECWA (SIM) has been trying to set up a university in Nigeria. Only recently Dr. Kraakevik was back in Nigeria to give some help to facilitate the establishment of the University and while there he suffered a stroke and had to return to the States. These people gave until there was no more to give. They gave their all.

Each time I talked with these folks in Florida, they talked of waiting at the gate of heaven, just waiting to be called Home. In this trip, I had longed to cheer these heroines and heroes of faith on their way Home and also to just say thank you to them. I feel that words are

inadequate to fully express my gratitude. And I realized even more so while there, that the debt of gratitude we owe them can only be fully paid in eternity. Indeed, it is only eternity that will tell the significance of their contributions to our Savior's kingdom and the impact they had on our lives. They sure all looked different from when I saw them last. They were a little slower and have some silver traces in their hair. Miss Mosby now walks with a cane and Mrs. Haney with a walker—a reminder of the many miles they have walked, many rivers and oceans they have crossed in the sometimes-hard journey of life. Their feet may be weary and bodies almost worn out, but I thank God they all look quite well and it is well, it is well with their souls. Miss Dorothy Clark even played on the piano one of the old hymns of Titcombe days. She had a reputation of being the best English teacher Titcombe College ever had. I was not so lucky to be in her class, but she has a very special place in the hearts and lives of many she touched, including my family, and she remains in touch with my mother till this day. I am looking forward to the soon coming and great reunion in heaven of the big Titcombe family, and many other loved ones that have gone ahead, as we often sang in Titcombe "When we all get to heaven, what a day of rejoicing that will be . . . we'll sing and shout the victory!"

I cannot speak more highly of the Titcombe College crew, and I cannot really ever thank them enough. There are others that space and time will not allow me to mention, like the Baliskys, Rideouts, Sharpes, Hershelmanns, Finlaysons and many more, but I know the record of their labor of love is indelibly written in gold above. One by one, they are bowing out of the stage of life. They have played their part well, and their work is done.

I am a Military Child

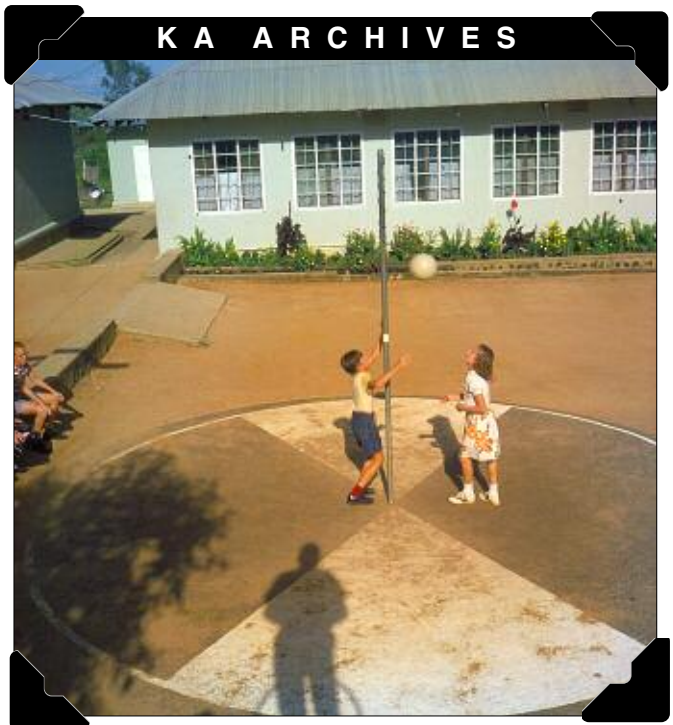
Author Unknown

My hometown is Nowhere. My friends are Everywhere. I grew up with the knowledge that home is where the heart and family are . . . with no dependence on the dwelling. Mobility is my way of life. Some would wonder about my roots. Yes, they are as deep and strong as the mighty oak's . . . I sink them quickly, absorbing all an area has to offer . . . hopefully giving enrichment in return. Travel has taught me to be open . . . shaking hands with the universe, I find brotherhood in all men.

Farewells are never easy, yet in sorrow comes strength and the ability to face tomorrow with anticipation. If I leave one place feeling that half my world has been left behind, I also know that the other half is still waiting to be with me. Friendships are formed in hours and kept decades. I will never grow up with someone, but I will mature with many. Though it is inevitable that paths part . . . there is constant hope that they may meet again.

Love of country, respect, and pride fill my being when Old Glory passes in review. As I stand to honor the flag, so also do I stand in honor of all military people, most especially those whose life created mine . . . my parents. Because of them, I have shared in the rich heritage of military life.

(MKs have a lot in common with Military Kids!)



Tetherball



Trampoline, submitted by Conni (Syring) Townsend



Cheryl Cooke in center. Nancy Craig (?) on right.



Future Reunions

Good Shepherd School Reunion

Date: July 14-17, 2010
Contact: Betty Froisland
froislandgss@hotmail.com

SIM/Hillcrest Reunion

Date: July 2-5, 2009
Contact: Steve Ackley
 214-536-5458
steve@ackleys.us
www.hillcrest.myevent.com

Double Tree Hotel Chicago -
 Oak Brook
 1909 Spring Road
 Oak Brook, IL, USA

Thinking ahead to next summer? Reunions are a tremendous opportunity to reconnect with former classmates, form new relationships and celebrate the uniqueness of our African experiences. You can expect to be challenged by our keynote speaker, thrilled through reminiscing and sharing stories, exhausted from laughing at the skits and “special” entertainment—all in Pidgin English, of course! Not to mention having your senses assaulted with mouth-watering delicacies from West Africa. And for the young at heart, the finest soccer ever played! Call a former classmate to share accommodations or bring your whole family.

For registration, accommodation and program details, please visit www.hillcrest.myevent.com. Suggestions/inquiries for the planning committee can be directed to Steve Ackley. Check out the testimonials and pictures of the 2006 Dallas Reunion. www.hillcrest.myevent.com/3/ourstory.htm Read and view how people’s reunion expectations were exceeded. Make it a priority to be in Chicago in July 2009! We’re looking forward to seeing you there.

HC Class of '76 Reunion



Becky (Tuck) Wismer, Mari (Haney) Bendorfeanu, Jeanne (Lees) Willis, Connie (Miller) Haney, Vicki (Stuart) Cole

To celebrate the year of our 50th birthdays, the girls from the Hillcrest Class of '76 decided to have a reunion and a “Birthday Bash.” Betsy (Palmer) Cherry (Southern Baptist) opened her home in Albuquerque, NM, for this event. *Twenty of us gathered in Albuquerque from July 31 through August 4, 2008. We came from all over North America. One gal even flew in from South Africa! There were five SIMers at this event, and Sharon (Rutt) Rabe phoned us in Albuquerque from Senegal where she and her family serve with New Tribes Mission. We celebrated the lives of two of our classmates who had passed away—Helene (Warkentin) Zoolkoski and Birdie (Hall) Miller. It was precious beyond words to meet these “sisters” from our past and to catch up on each others’ lives. What a time of blessing!

Submitted by Jeanne (Lees) Willis

*Lisa (Annis) Linville, Barb (Bremer) Kole, Karen (Cowley) Bergquist, BJ (Gilliland) Jones, Harriet Hamer, Mari (Haney) Bendorfeanu, Judy (Horning) Sailor, Connie Kass, Jeanne (Lees) Willis, Debbie (Link) Sheffer, Cheryl (Michelson) Sletten, Karen (Nelson) Negley, Betsy (Palmer) Cherry, Susie (Shankster) Semons, Anna (Spee) Carter, Vicki (Stuart) Cole, Becky (Tuck) Wismer, Joyce (Ward) Eden, Glynnis (Webber) Stadler, Connie (Miller) Haney

A Spouse’s Perspective of MK Reunions

Submitted by Milli Bishop

I don’t know how to fully express the joy, blessing, fun, fellowship, food, skits (you’ve not lived ’till you’ve see the Nigerian Airways skit!), outrageous stories, etc. I have enjoyed over the years at the HC/SIM reunions.

I first heard of Africa as a little girl from my Great-aunt Katherine Dick. Some of you may remember her from the Nigerian Youth Camp era. She always told the best African stories. They are the same kind I hear from Bill and his MK friends. But the ones I hear at reunions are better and they just keep comin’! So, for the past 30 years I have been exposed to this amazing family full of crazy stories, love, and friendship. I will never fully understand the bond that MKs have, but as I get to know more of them better, I observe and appreciate the incredible friendships that were sealed as children and continue over the

years. It’s so fun to listen as they relive many events in their lives. There are no pretenses. They are just happy to be together. And even though I don’t understand all the inside jokes . . . it doesn’t matter. They do. This is as close to “home” as many of them will ever get, and they are loving it.

So you spouses of MKs, don’t be concerned that you won’t fit in or won’t be liked. Enjoy the diversity of who these kids have become, whom they have impacted, and what God has grown them into. These attributes are what impressed me most when we met in Dallas several years ago. I had never felt so at home. I’m not saying this just because I was asked to. I’ve really been made to feel like one of the family! Join us and get to know the family you may never have imagined you had out there.



MKs Reunite

In March of 2008 Barb (Campion) Lichty and Karen (Braband) Mertes flew to New Zealand to join up with Dyanne (Tuck) Dixon for a 3½ week visit. First Barb and Karen joined Dyanne and her husband, Gary, for their vacation with friends. Then Gary graciously shared Dyanne for another 1½ weeks with Karen and Barb to spend time showing them the beautiful and fantastic sights of the North Island of New Zealand. What a fun time of experiencing NZ, catching up on our lives and just having a won-

derful time enjoying each other's company with much laughter and some tears. So fun to hear their accent and have some fun laughs over the differences in the words and phrases we use. It was painful to leave Dyanne after the 2½ weeks as she had commitments to attend to. Barb and Karen took the ferry to the South Island and spent a week seeing the sights there as well. What a joy it was for Barb, Dyanne, and Karen to have this time together! The last time the three of us had been together was 1974!



Nancy Beacham 1966



Karen (Braband) Mertes, Barb (Campion) Lichty, Dyanne (Tuck) Dixon



Kitty Wilder visited with Nancy (Beacham) Stilwell in Charlotte, NC.



1965. Rendel twins posing as Jack and Jill, genders reversed.



*Charlotte MKs getting together. Jim Rendel, Cherry (Long) Sabathne, Nancy (Rendel) Henry, Bob Rendel, Jim & Linda Crouch, Kitty (Braband) Wilder
Submitted by Kitty Wilder*



ELWA Reunion, July 2008 in Atlanta, GA



Each of the photographs depicts the years these students attended ELWA, not their grad year.

*Front: Lynn Graber, Lois Graber, Judy Thompson, Nancy Thompson, Jan Reed
Back: David Coddington, John Reed, Jim Reed*



*Front: Pete Ackley, Nancy Ackley, Lynn Graber, Lois Graber, Judy Thompson, Nancy Thompson, Jan Reed, Rhoda Balzer, John Schindler, David Troko
Back: Steve Ackley, Alan Shea, Becca Buck, Karen Ackley, David Coddington, Dan Snyder, John Reed, Sam Kayea, Jim Reed, Dave Frazee, Robin Miller*



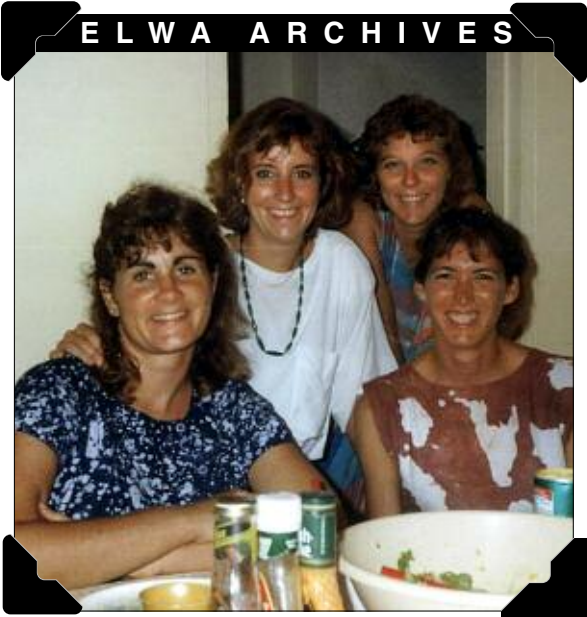
*Front: Steve Ackley, Esther Stoll, Robin Shea, Alan Shea, Lowell Nelson, Nancy Ackley, Judy Thompson, Nancy Thompson, Rhoda Balzer, John Schindler, David Troko, Jonathan Stoll
Back: Ruth Schultz, Esther Schultz, Sara Buck, Becca Buck, Karen Ackley, Dan Snyder, Sam Kayea, Dave Frazee, Robin Miller, Ron McGinley*



Ruth Schultz, Esther Schultz, Robin Shea, Alan Shea, Esther Stoll, Lowell Nelson, Sara Buck, Rhoda Balzer, Becca Buck, Ron McGinley, Jon Stoll, David and Velma Troko



Alan Shea, Robin Shea, Rhoda Balzer, David and Velma Troko



Liberia ELWA Academy teachers from left to right: Tracy Feltham, Tracey Taylor (short-term taught 5th grade), Dedria Davis, Amy Manning, submitted by Dedria Davis-Tidwell



Summer 1990 in Asheville during Liberia Reunion (after evacuation from civil war) Older MKs performing skit. Something to do with chewing gum? From left to right: Catie O'Brien, Maria Blee, Mindy Klotz, Debbie Hoffman, Michael O'Brien, submitted by Dedria Davis-Tidwell



Taste Treats

By John Rhine (KA 64)
John.Rhine@pearson.com

We were visiting an SIM friend in Zambia, and she had served various Zambian vegetables and, of course, peanuts, which are called groundnuts in Zambia. Our friend said, "We're going to have a different kind of groundnut tonight." As soon as I saw what she served, I said with a grin, "Wow! These are *gujiyas*!" (Think black-eyed peas crossed with chickpeas.) The *gujiyas* we knew in Nigeria in the 1950s were generally tan with a little black dot on them where they had been connected to the pod, and an occasional *gujiya* was black. In Zambia, they were the reverse—most of them were black, and just a few were tan—but they were just as delicious as the *gujiyas* in Nigeria!

Several years ago I was in Bermuda in May on a business perk. Walking around Hamilton, the capital, we saw a tree with a sign "Bermuda Berry." The fruits on the tree were round, almost the size of a cherry, and not quite totally red, so they seemed to be close to ripe. So I thought I'd taste one—and exclaimed to my wife, "Hey, these are pitanga cherries!" Though I hadn't tasted one in 40-some years, I knew exactly what they were! Naturally I didn't stop with one! Wonderful to taste them again.



Africa

By Stan Steely (KA, HC 75)
stamysteely@msn.com


Sun hot
Sun set
Elephant grass ablaze

Wind blows
Coals glow
Dry reeds wither in flame

Black ash
Black land
Smothered by harmattan

"Africa" is an overall impression of the experience of growing up in Africa. It uses the grass burning during the dry season as its inspiration. Many times while driving the Kagoro escarpment, the hills would be on fire.

Be a Missionary

(A parody on the original Word of Life song by Doris M. Steinhart, 1972. Don't forget the claps!) 

Be a missionary every day.
Learn to eat whatever comes your way.
If it's ants down in your cereal, or roaches
in your coke,
Just don't let it bug you, but eat it till you
choke.

So, be a missionary every day.
It may stink, but eat it anyway.
It may be warm and fuzzy, and sometimes
it still moves, but
You don't need a skillet,
Chew it till you kill it,
Be a missionary today.
Let's eat!

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)



September 13, 1946. Velora Hiebert, Clinton Beckett, Peter Cox, Ann Williams, and Ruth Eitzen. What you see is the foundation of the first dorm with Mount Sanderson in the background. On back of photo: "Taken on the foundation of the dormitories. There will be two wings—one for the boys and one for girls. Paul Craig is working hard on it and hopes to have it finished soon." From the photos of Ruth Eitzen.



Returning to the Sudan

By Dick Ackley (BA, EL 71)

In March 2008 I returned home. I found Yabus, Sudan hot, dirty, and wonderful!

Highlights:

- Returning to the land of my birth—I found the actual house in which I was born.
- Meeting our awesome missionaries who serve there
- Connecting with faithful Sudanese believers, true through incredible trials
- Serving with such humble and hard-working teammates
- Meeting several people who remember my parents from so many years ago



The Ackley family on the steps of our Yabus house

Struggles:

- Heat (over 110°), dirt, no electricity, no running water
- Rats, bats, and termites
- Bathroom facilities

Nate Kidder (a long-term missionary) and I were sitting in Yabus town visiting with a police officer and an old man. We were using our best, but broken, Arabic when the old man came out with a beautifully worded sentence in English. In response to my compliment—not knowing who I was—he said, “Mr. Ackley taught me English.” (He was referring to when my parents were there over 40 years ago.) Nate nearly fell out of his chair.

And here's what's left of it



Photos by Dick Ackley

BULLETIN BOARD

Steve (KA 77) Released . . .

. . . after 9 months in captivity by rebel forces in Chad.

September 19, 2008

Hallelujah, I'm free! Thank you, thank you, so much for praying. One of God's many blessings was to one day be told by the Crisis Management Team that there were thousands of people around the world praying for me.



It was my privilege to see God work powerfully in many areas. Prior to captivity, I had neglected my relationship with Jesus. Faced with an excruciating hardship I could not handle, I turned to the open arms of my Heavenly Father. I experienced Him

in a way I never had before. I was refined and I was loved. The last four and a half months I was kept in a room. When I was at the end of my rope in fear and discouragement, I would literally cry out to God and He would come into the room and lift me out of the "pit." Today, because of God's discipline, I enjoy a new intimacy with Jesus.

I know that many of you prayed for my testimony to my guards. There were many opportunities to be a witness. I obviously had no privacy so they saw my faith lived out, up close and personal, as I read my Bible, prayed, and fasted. I was able to give a clear presentation of the Gospel and on many other occasions to talk about Jesus and my relationship with Him.

Please continue to pray for our family. We are currently at a great counseling center getting help in processing the after-effects of the captivity and marriage issues that have come to the surface.

Again, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for each time you stopped and interceded with God on my behalf.

Steve Godbold

Kudos to Linda Klassen

The Feb. 2008 issue of *Taste of Home* magazine featured Linda Klassen (KA Staff) and her recipe for African Beef Curry (p. 60). Her niece, Heather Ewald, wrote a lovely tribute about her ministry at KA and with the Fulani tribe at Miango. Aunt Linda lives in Saskatchewan and is 90 years old.

HC Website

I was able to get the crestrobin.org domain back for the Hillcrest Alumni. I am very slowly working on rebuilding the site but need help with memories, photos, class pages, class reps. Also will be building a database of alumni so we can inform alumni of reunions and other important news. To see archives of much of the old site, log on to the Wayback Machine at http://web.archive.org/web/*/http://crestrobin.org. Let me know if you are interested in helping in any way! Nancy (Hutchins) Libbey (HC 74) (nancylibbey@yahoo.com)

SIM Fast Facts

More than 1600 active missionaries
Serving in 40 countries on 5 continents
Field ministries work with about 15,250 congregations with about 9 million members and adherents.

African Marimba Music

www.marimbalafon.com/version_anglais

Kudos to Sally (Thompson) Moore

The attached ABC story and clip about Justice, a Nigerian boy brought over for treatment for his severe burns from a kerosene explosion, also features Sally (Thompson) Moore (EL, HC 75). <http://abclocal.go.com/wls/story?section=news/local&id=6113832>
Wednesday, April 30, 2008 | 5:30 PM

In Memorium

I am donating \$100 in memory of my mother, **Mary Rideout**, who passed away October 15, 2006, of ovarian cancer. She and my dad taught at KA for many years.

Amy (Rideout) Horrocks (KA, HC 89)

GSS History

Ona and Ruth Liles are working on a documented history of the last days of Good Shepherd School. To purchase a copy, contact Betty Froisland. (froislandgss@hotmail.com)

mkPLANET

www.mkplanet.com

<http://mkplanet.blogspot.com>

An impressive site for connecting with other MKs and exploring TCK issues. They've recently joined Facebook and blogspot. (Check out the interview with Steve Green.)

Current Topics

- Raising MKs
- Is there a Call in the Homesickness?
- How you came to be an MK
- Fitting a mold
- Airlines
- Revisiting after reentry
- Old grief in disguise?
- What MKs wish churches knew

BULLETIN BOARD

SIM USA Director Steps Down

Over the past six months, the Lord brought a number of circumstances and the input of wise counsel, all of which led Marcia and me to conclude that we should inform the Board of our desire to move into a different ministry in December 2009.

Part of the process of determining that we should move in this direction was an invitation for me to teach missions at a seminary here in the U.S. This invitation helped me realize that I should refocus my next years of ministry in the classroom. If we do decide to leave full-time work as SIMers, we plan to maintain an associate membership in SIM and return regularly to teach in Ethiopia and, possibly, other locations. We hope to frequently take teams with us. Please join us in prayer as we consider the Lord's next step for us.

Steve Strauss

Hillcrest Needs for the 2009-10 School Year

Kindergarten
Grades 1, 3, and 4
MS Social Studies
HS Math
MS/HS Bible
MS/HS Home Ec
Chaplain
Hostel Parents (2 sets)
Possibly HS English and
Maintenance Supervisor

MK'S Club— Connecting MKs to MKs

www.mksclub.net
support@mksclub.net

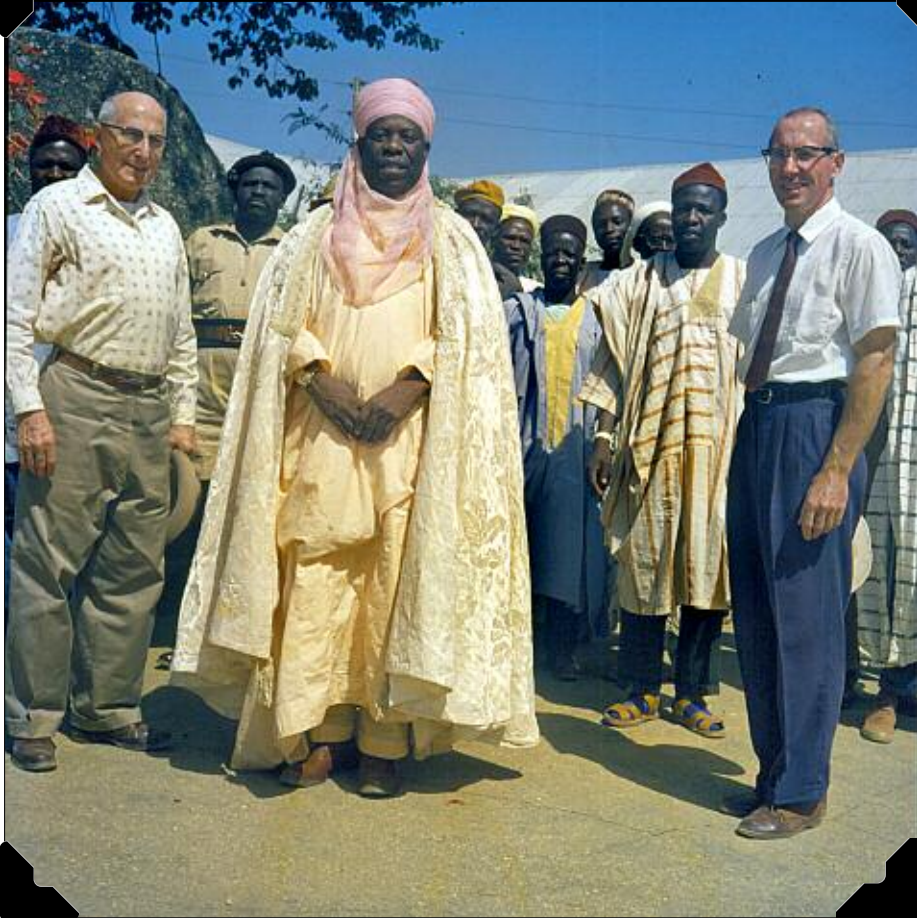
MK's Club is an interdenominational Christian ministry for children of all ages who are on the mission field with their families. Its vision is to encourage, support and connect missionary children around the world through the Internet.

MKs can create their own blogs or participate in a forum where they can add their ideas, thoughts and opinions about being a MK. Also provided are puzzles, games, crafts, and a selection of devotional material targeted at four different age groups: 0-5, 6-10, 11-14, and MK Youth.

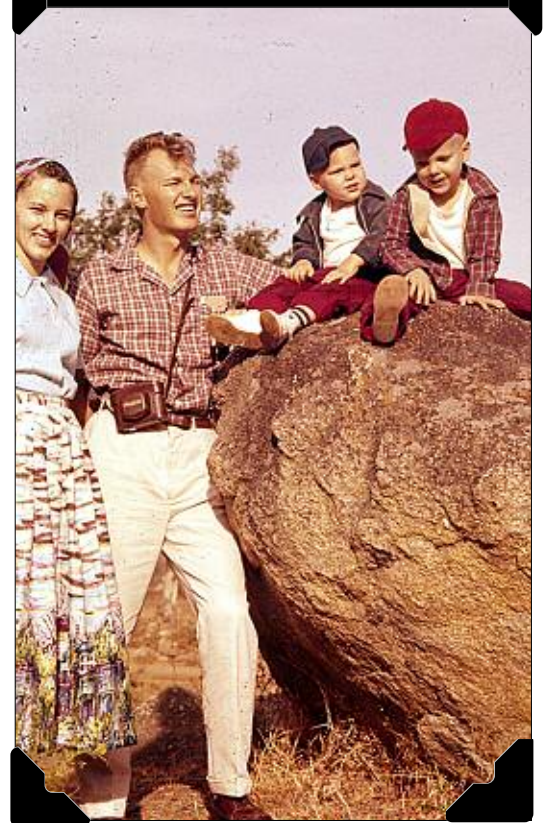
Miango Rest Home

www.miangoesthome.com

KA ARCHIVES



KA ARCHIVES



Does anyone know this family?

Grandpa Will Craig on far left with Uncle Paul Craig on right with chief of Miango (?)

BA ARCHIVES



Miss MacDonald with student

HILLCREST ARCHIVES



1964: Niger Creek Hostel. Seated: Sini Kuster, Marilyn Goertz, Richard Swanson with guitar, Edith Rhine, Bruce Quarles, David Hodges
Standing: Grace Anne Seger, David Wickstrom, Karen Brigfield, Edith Todd, ?

KA ARCHIVES



KA ARCHIVES



Undated photo of KA/Hillcrest Field Day. Note volcanoes in the background.

Protecting building on Sunday during unseasonal rains (freak storm) in January. (Rainy season is usually from April to Oct.) All senior boys were called from rest hour to help, much to their delight! Anyone remember this and can tell us the year?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Photo Corrections and Additions

P. 31, Home Ec Class of '65.
Middle row, 3rd girl is Ruth Hovey (not Lynn).
Submitted by Kathy (Hovey) Hearn

P. 11 bottom, ELWA Archives photo
This picture is of the 1989 ELWA Academy Girls' Intramurals Team celebrating at an "end-of-the-year" party.

Back: Holly Tiedje, Yata Naigow, Beth Smith, Carolyn Tisher, Melody Dick, Susan Ghaida [Abugidah?], Stephanie Brod

Front: Feme Naigow [Fema Niagow?], Lauren Senator, Shelly Smith, Miata Sarkor, Martina Roobert

Submitted by Stephanie Kelsey and Dedria Davis-Tidwell



P. 12, KA Archives of 7 boys
I'm sure the dark-haired boy in the back is Doug Elyea, not Wayne Guenter. Far left in the front row I really think is Paul Hiron, not Ralph Todd. Seems crazy doesn't it? As kids we not only knew everyone but we knew what station they were from too. Now I'm not even sure of one of my own classmates!

Submitted by Tim Draper



Dear Karen,

I just received the latest *Simroots* issue and as usually happens, I "devoured" it the same day! Each time it comes I think I should send in an update on our family—and I will, one of these days! But right now I want to request the *CD of the History of Kent Academy and the DVD of the Craigs. The happiest years of my life before meeting, growing in love, and marrying my husband were spent at KA, and I have often thanked the Lord for Aunt Gerry and Uncle Paul Craig.

Toni Hoey

**To receive your own copy, see page 12.*

Dear, dear friends of *Simroots*,

Thank you for sending *Simroots* to me. I enjoyed reading it. The only person's name I recognized was Howard Brant. He was a little boy, four years old, when Charlotte Northey and I were in the city of Addis Ababa. I wish I could turn time backwards and live the days again. However, my song is now, "This World is not my home . . . and I don't feel at home in this world any more . . ." Thank you again for the news of Ethiopia. I pray our God will bless you and

your families with you. And of course Bingham Academy. I will soon be 93 years old. I think I went to Ethiopia when I was 32 years old. It's a beautiful country—almost as beautiful as Montana. [Here she drew a cute smiley face]

Evadena Alberda Farmer

(BA Staff)

Dear Karen,

I wanted to add to the note that was submitted by Nancy Carriger in the last issue. While ACSI is the lead agency, Sahel Academy is working toward both ACSI and Middle States accreditation. Middle States accreditation will benefit Sahel's international student body because it will be recognized by governments and universities throughout the world, not just in North America. Gaining accreditation is a lengthy, costly, and labor-intensive project. Sahel Academy is to be commended and our prayers will, I am confident, be greatly appreciated.

Donald E. Hall

Dear Karen,

I notice that few of my contemporaries at BA or GH contribute much. I realize that some have left the church and/or become atheists, some have committed suicide, some still are involved with a church but when they visit Ethiopia, they have as little to do as possible with SIM. A survey would be interesting. Thanks for editing *Roots* even if sometimes I find it too painful to read.

A Reader

Dear Editor,

It would be useful—even though small niche coverage—to carry something (sometime) for the MKs who were home-schooled and for those who were left with family or friends in the home country for their grade school years. But who could speak to this? In some ways they feel like misfits within the ranks of fellow MKs. Any thoughts along this line? Potential writers? I know several from that category have written in to mention the lack of coverage, and you've invited them to say their piece, but I don't know that anyone ever took you up on it.

We've carried some blue sky-ed reports about life at Gowans Home. But many of the stories I heard from there were of horrible experiences, both in the Home and in the local schools and that aspect remains mostly untold. I have the feeling that many MKs might feel like their story has never been told. Yeah, I know—they need to send them in if they're to be carried.

Possibly all of life is somewhat like that—much remains untold, unseen, unacknowledged. I know I've said a number of times that interesting stories that I could tell of KA and the Field I'll never tell until the adults involved are dead. By then, I'll probably be dead too! ;-)

A Reader



*Jr. Hi. girls early 80's. In circle starting at top left: Heidi Gibbs, Debbie Fawley, Leonie Dipple, Linda Daniels, Mariya Kutwal, Karen Werber, Heather Gibbs, Esther Kang
Submitted by Connie (Townsend) Syring*



Shari, Becky, Bonnie, Rosalee, Vernon Smith and Brent Smith in Perry, MI, c. 1959.



Laurie Berg and Andreas Radlingmayr: c. 1981

Clip and Mail

ADDRESS CHANGES OR ADDITIONS

Clip and Mail

First Name _____ Spouse's Name _____

Maiden Name _____ Last Name _____

Address _____ City _____

State/Province _____ Zip/Postal Code _____ Country _____

Phone (Home) _____ Phone (Work) _____

Cell Phone _____ E-mail _____

Occupation _____

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

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

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

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

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

Send changes to simroots@sim.org or to 222 Hyle Avenue, Murfreesboro, TN 37128

CONTACTS

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

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

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

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

To join the ELWA group, go to:
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ELWAKIDS/>

American Cooperative School www.acslp.org

Bingham Academy www.binghamacademy.net
bingham@telecom.net.et

Carachipampa www.carachipampa.org/index_right.htm
postmast@carachipampa.org

Good Shepherd www.gss.mknet.org

Grace International School www.gisthailand.org
info@gisthailand.org

Hillcrest www.hillcrestschool.net

International Christian Academy www.ica-ed.org ica@ica.ed.ci

Murree Christian School www.mcs.org.pk mcs@mcs.org.pk

Rift Valley www.riftvalleyacademy.com

Sahel Academy www.Sahelacademy.com sahel@sahel.sim.ne

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

Simroots Editor Simroots@sim.org

KA ARCHIVES



Margaret Wiens, ? and Linda Klassen making pancakes the hard way. Probably for room contest winners.

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

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