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Dig Your Roots Deep—But Where?

By Kimberly Rae

I've been cutting roots since childhood—not in a garden, but in my life. I'm a Navy brat; my dad was in the military for twenty-two years, and during those years, he and my mom moved seventeen times.

It was good practice for me, I suppose. I caught "the bug": After spending two years in any given place, I'm ready to move on to something new. This was a wonderful help when I left home at age twenty-two to spend two years as a missionary in Bangladesh. It helped again when I left for East Africa at age twenty-six. Being uprooted wasn't very painful for me.

But things change. I returned from Africa. I got married. And in these past six months, my husband and I have bought a house, fixed it up, and prepared for life as missionaries in restricted-access countries. I didn't realize it fully, but as one delightful day followed another delightful day, tiny roots sprung out of my heart and twined themselves gently around my new home, our families, and my secure relationship with our church.

When my six months at home were over, we packed up all the things I had lovingly used to make our house a home. We readied our home

to rent out to strangers. We sold a car. We said goodbye. Change is still exciting, but I can feel those roots trying to hold on, until after my tugging and jerking they are snapping, one by one.

We all have roots. Some of us dig our roots deep into our hometown, or our church structure, or our career choice. We wrap ourselves so securely around these things that we feel safe, settled, and at home. This is a good thing, until we have to uproot for some reason. Suddenly, those warm and safe roots become a stranglehold. We try to pull away, but the roots remain wrapped around whatever we leave, and we move on feeling part of ourselves left behind. I know going overseas is the right thing for us to do, but I feel like I'm leaving with half-shredded roots still reaching out behind me.

What are we supposed to do about making roots? Roots aren't bad, but they should never keep us from obedience. God often speaks about roots in His Word. Over sixty times, God addresses this issue. Let's look at our options:

Option 1: Don't have any roots at all.

Some of us may wonder, since uprooting causes so much pain, why develop roots at all?

Wouldn't we all be better off if we didn't settle, didn't put down roots anywhere? I tried that philosophy for a few years and found it didn't work. We aren't meant to be unconnected to everything. Just as a tree with no roots is destined to topple, a person with no roots is destined to fall. Even trees without roots cannot grow and cannot stand through the smallest of storms.

As the body of Christ we are to be connected to others in a bond of unity (I Cor. 12:12). We were created to live in community and fellowship with others.

Option 2: Put your roots in worthless things.

We might know that we're not to be rooted in worthless things, but the question is: What do we actually do? What do you find yourself spending regular time on? What do you run to, to get away from it all? The mall? The TV? A fiction novel? Food? These things aren't bad in moderation, but if we find ourselves growing to depend on them for strength, we have developed roots in the wrong places.

In I Kings 14:15 God uproots Israel as a punishment. Israel had dug roots into idols

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made by man. Can you think of the man-made idols we can mistakenly cling to? Ask yourself: Could I live for a week without ____? Our lives are not intended to be controlled by worthless idols and addictions. Trees with roots wrapped around unstable things are as destined to fall as the ones with no roots at all.

Option 3: Put your roots in good things.

What about all the good roots we have spread into and around all the good things in life—our families, our friends, our churches, our careers? Job had secure roots in many good things, and in one day, all was uprooted (Job 29:19).

I don't believe it is wrong to be rooted to the good that God has blessed us with. Those roots are good, but they are not secure. No matter how tightly we may wrap our hopes and dreams around our children, they may walk away from God. Families change. People die. Relationships get severed. We move. Sickness and natural disasters all make those roots vulnerable. If our roots are all wrapped up in only the good and not the best, we may find ourselves toppling suddenly when life tears our circumstances into pieces.

Option 4: Secure your deepest roots in the only secure place.

So what is the best way? There must be something more solid, and yet more flexible, to

dig our roots into than our comfort zone. Is there any way to have truly secure roots that we never have to worry about? Yes! Jeremiah 17:7-8 says, "Blessed is the man who trusts in the LORD, and whose hope is the LORD. For he shall be like a tree planted by the waters, which spreads out its roots by the river, and will not fear when heat comes; but its leaf will be green, and will not be anxious in the year of drought, nor will cease from yielding fruit."

I don't like the idea of "uprooting" myself from my family and friends that I love, to move half a world away. But my roots in Christ will stay. It is my choice which roots to develop—the ones that may break, or the ones that are secure. I still need to invest time and energy and love into the relationships in my world. But my roots—the parts that draw sustenance; the parts that hold me firm; the parts that keep me from toppling over—those roots must be in Christ, not in myself, my comfort zone, or even in people.

Colossians 2:7 says we are to be, "Rooted and built up in Him and established in the faith, as you have been taught, abounding in it with thanksgiving." As we obey the Lord to go where He has called us, we feel the pain of change and adjustment to new circumstances of our lives. However, when we are rooted and grounded in Him, no matter where we go, we never need to feel uprooted again.

Jeremiah 17:8 "For he shall be like a tree planted by the waters, which spreads out its roots by the river . . ."

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Books

Child of the Outback

Written by an MK
www.childoftheoutback.com/
Anyone care to read and give us a review?

**Always Faithful
 Margaret Lacey:
 A Story of God's Provision**

By David G. Sawyer

This little paperback is a collection of short vignettes of the adventures of Margaret Lacey—missionary mother of Beaj Beacham and seven other children, several of whom have also served overseas. She worked in 4 African countries doing medical work, and though widowed after 25 years, she continued to serve her Lord on the mission field. Margaret had quite an adventuresome spirit! She is described as adaptable, daring and high-spirited. You can obtain your copy from the author for \$7 US +SH. (dsawyer@roadrunner.com)

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Letter from the Editor

"The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor; and no man can tell what becomes of his influence."
 - Henry Ward Beecher

Dear Readers,

Three things strike me about this issue of *Simroots*. First, the passion we feel regarding our boarding school experiences, whether it be Gowans Home, Bingham, or Kent Academy, whether it be staff, student or parent—it seems we are still processing those experiences and how they've impacted us. I hope you feel free to continue to dialogue about your journey.

Second, the astonishing revelation of the impact our parents had on the mission field. I find it fascinating to read the accounts of MKs who are returning to their roots, reconnecting

with childhood friends and nationals, seeing the country through adult eyes, discovering that their family is not forgotten.

And third, much closer to my heart, is to realize that we are becoming the next generation. The sympathy section never lacks for entries! My own mother's name is now added to the list, and I wonder what legacy I will be leaving behind? Someday my children will return to this house in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and say, "Remember when . . .?" And they will recount their own stories, and process their own experiences. And life goes on . . .

*Sai an jima (until a little while),
 Karen (Seger) Keegan (KA, HC 72), Editor*



**Sebring MK Reception
Christmas 2008**

*Submitted by Jeanette Silver
jsilver@tnni.net*

SIM's Sebring Retirement Center held its annual MK reception December 26. MKs numbered 13; parents, teachers, and dorm staff rounded out the crowd to 47. Chad Winsor (KA 88) MCed. The schools represented were Hillcrest, KA, Sahel, and Cheefoo (China). Coming the furthest was Janet Rhine (KA, HC 72) from Portland, OR. The oldest MK was Harold Adolph (76); the youngest, Shelby Winsor (6).

Don Champion (HC 72) shared about his recent trip to Nigeria. Steve Hagan, husband of Cindy Ter Meer (KA 89), told about his various ministries, his present one being the pastor of the CMA church here in Sebring. Their children, ages 9, 6, and 4, bedecked in sunglasses, sang "Feliz Navidad." Steve and Cindy also played a piano duet. We had a get-acquainted quiz, sang carols, ate chili and cookies, and chatted.



Jan and Irene Rhine



George and Bob Rendel



Chameleons and Politicians

*By Debb Forster
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You know those chameleons on the old Budweiser commercials? They have prehistoric-looking heads with eyes that that point forward and backward at the same time; their feet/claws look like they have two digits that can grasp, as opposed to skittering claws; and they can change their color to adapt to their surroundings. Those things ran wild where I lived in West Africa, and because they weren't aggressive, they made good pets. Well, due to the above description I just gave you—the looking both ways, the color changes, and even their movements have a sneaky swaying motion—the Africans were convinced that demon spirits were in the chameleons.

When my folks went out to East Niger to start a mission station, I was just a baby, about one and a half years old. They had been there several months by the time I was two, and an incident happened that greatly influenced my self-perception.

Dad had a group of men sitting with him out by the house, and he was teaching them from the Bible. All of a sudden, the men jumped to their feet, grabbed up their robes, and scattered in all directions as if they were running for their lives. Dad was shocked, to say the least, and stood there wondering what on earth he had said to offend the men like that. And then he saw what had frightened them. I came walking around the corner of the house holding a chameleon by its tail. I was then told in no uncertain terms that I was NEVER to bring a chameleon around that could be seen by anyone Dad was talking to. I learned then that I had "power over people" even at two years old. I also learned that I could get into big trouble if I ever abused that power. Pretty good lesson. I think a lot of our politicians need to learn that lesson, eh?



I met a lady from Ghana when I was helping with an event at our church, and she let me goyo her baby!

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Child Safety Follow Up—Reconnecting with Adult MKs

Submitted by Dorothy Haile
International.personnel@sim.org

My Report to the SIM Board of Governors in June 2008 included a section on Child Safety. I wanted to update the Board on progress towards the inter-agency (e.g. Wycliffe/SIL, NTM, AIM, OMF, WGM, and many others) international Child Safety and Abuse Response Network that is being developed. Following my Report and the discussion, the Board agreed on a Minute which reads “that the Board recommends Dorothy Haile work with the SIM USA’s Adult MK Advisory Committee (AMKAC) in order to offer their resources of experience more specifically to other Sending Offices.”

Several members of the SIM USA AMKAC met at the International Office with me (Dorothy) to discuss how the Minute could best be implemented, and there has been later e-mail discussion too. We believe that there are strong reasons for further efforts by SIM to re-connect with its adult MKs.

We wrote up a “Rationale” document which has been sent out to our SIM Sending Offices. This document sets out the rationale for the work of the Adult MK Advisory Committee, about which many *Simroots* readers already know a great deal. Now the Board of Governors is recommending that SIM’s other Sending Offices take advantage of the experience of SIM USA to extend the opportunity of contact with SIM to their own adult MKs.

In the Rationale document I also said that adult MKs from other Sending Offices might contact their Offices, and I do want to encourage *Simroots* readers who have contact with SIM AMKs around the world to make this Board level initiative known. This might involve contacting a Sending Office yourself, or encouraging someone else to do so. I have also reminded our Sending Offices about the resources already supplied by the SIM USA AMKAC and offered to send a new copy if necessary. In light of this new stimulus, they may also take the initiative to contact their adult MKs, and so it is possible that *Simroots* readers, or their friends in other countries, might be contacted by their SIM Sending Offices. I know that some *Simroots* readers have found their renewed contact with SIM as adult MKs helpful, encouraging, and in some cases contributing to a resolution of some issues that arose while you were MKs. I hope that you will feel

able to encourage others who may be contacted by the Sending Offices to take up this invitation for their own benefit (and very much for SIM’s benefit too, as the Mission learns from the experiences of its adult MKs and tries to do more to help its current MKs to thrive).

Another development in the area of child safety is the establishment of an SIM Project called “Child Safety Financial Resources.” I have written up this project so that we can have some money on hand to pay for training of people involved in child safety, and so that when we receive reports of alleged abuse we have the money on hand to send trained people to investigate the reports and find out the truth. It occurs to me that *Simroots* readers might be interested in giving to this Project so that we have the funds available to take part in training for investigators, and for others involved in child safety issues. If you are interested, you can contribute to Project ZZ 99655, and I shall be very grateful. (We shall be working with other mission agencies in such situations, so when an allegation about an incident concerning SIM people comes up, we shall be asking for investigators from the Child Safety Network to be involved, and we have to pay their expenses. In the same way, our trained investigators will serve other agencies and those agencies will pay their expenses.)

Dorothy is SIM’s International Personnel Director.

Gowans Home Perspective

Submitted by Jim Whitehead (GH 57)
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As a regular reader of “Roots” and an alumnus of GH (1945-1957) my attention was captured by the two letters signed only “a reader.” These mentioned the pain of reading *Simroots* and made the observation that the alumni of BA and GH may have had—and to some extent are still having—a more difficult sojourn on this planet than the MKs from the other mission homes.

The same issue carried a lead article by J. L. Wheeler, an editor at *Focus on the Family*. That article reached the very different and sweeping conclusion that “. . . one thing is absolutely certain: Any child fortunate enough to be born to missionary parents will be blessed in ways beyond quantifying . . . one might liken missionary children to the one in Christ’s parable of the talents” (the one who got five talents) “. . . rather than be a liability, as some have mistakenly assumed, missionary childhood enables one to walk among the stars.”

The juxtaposition of the two readers’ letters and J. L. Wheeler’s article set my mind and memories bouncing back and forth between them. My memories of GH encompass knowledge of some anger, bitterness, and even more than one suicide. I also know lots of success stories and memories of happy times.



“Church before church” Jim Whitehead’s white shoes



Girls' house. April 1961



Gowans Home kids

I recently gave a talk to a group of men in Collingwood about growing up in Collingwood and at the GH in the 1940s and 1950s. Like Professor Wheeler, I tried to emphasize the more positive aspects of the experience. I recalled enjoying the close company of a lot of smart, talented kids. In later years I was never surprised to hear of their successes in the professions, trades, and the arts. I reveled in the opportunity to talk about GH. The men laughed a lot, and I left feeling smug. In retrospect I confess that I may have overemphasized the positive. I had, however, at least touched on some of the more negative aspects of the experience. For example, I chose a Bible story that I

think invites a more realistic and sober analysis of the GH experience than does the parable of the talents cited by J. L. Wheeler. I don't want to criticize his conclusion that he was given much and should therefore hold himself to a high standard. Where I don't follow him is in his suggestion that his own genetic gifts and the amazing early childhood education somehow makes it "absolutely certain" that "any child" so blessed to be an MK is enabled to "walk among the stars." The Bible story that I would suggest is one that all of us at GH heard often. It cuts to the very core of the GH experience. I refer, of course, to the story of Abraham and Isaac: the terrible story of a terrifying God

telling Abraham to take his son Isaac (the miracle of his old age) up to Moriah where he has Isaac carry the wood to the place where he is to die by his father's knife and be offered to God as a burnt offering. Only after Abraham has obeyed and the knife raised over the questioning boy did God provide an animal substitute. We often heard this story in the testimony of parents and on behalf of the parents to explain the terrible choice the parents had made to answer the call to the mission field and leave their children behind for as much as eight years out of nine. We were definitely invited and instructed to see the story as analogous to our own. The Bible story doesn't have much to say about the feelings of the boy, except we are told that he carried the wood and wondered about the lack of an animal. The feelings of the goat are not mentioned. I am being only slightly facetious when I refer to the goat, for if the story is, as we were taught, analogous to the sacrifice the missionary parents were making, then we as MKs were analogous partly to the goat and partly to Abraham's son Isaac. Like Isaac the MKs are left damaged but alive, but unlike Abraham these missionary parents go all the way through with the sacrifice and leave their children behind.

My own experience fits the story more precisely because my parents, having heeded the call, brought my brother and me to GH prepared to leave us for four years. I had just started kindergarten and my brother had just started high school. When we arrived at Collingwood, we were informed that Mom and Dad would be staying at GH for a month while the Mission found someone to replace the aging lady who had been in charge. That month stretched to decades, and my parents never got to Nigeria. Over the next few years their trunks labeled "Kano, Nigeria" were gradually unpacked, and we stayed as a family in Collingwood.

My life at GH was happy, but I have come to believe that I was naïve to think, as I did, that my experience was pretty much the same as that of the other kids. I was treated the same, or more strictly, but the experience was not the same. At age five I was pretty much oblivious to having been offered as a sacrifice, and when I went to bed my mother was just in the next room. It wasn't the same. It's not nearly the same. I'm reasonably certain that the psychologist dispensing advice at *Focus on the Family* would not suggest four years as the optimum time to leave your child with a baby sitter. Those kids were being hurt. I think most of them made a pretty good adjustment, and I think most of them have made a pretty good life. I wouldn't say that is "walking among the stars." I would call it a very human miracle.

Response to the Anonymous Writers/Readers

Submitted by Marian (Kirk) Newton
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You are correct in saying that some of us are reluctant to expose our feelings about being left at the “Home.” I myself have feelings that I said would be expressed only when my mother and others passed on. Now I realize it does no good to others to vent these feelings, but that does not mean they do not exist.

I believe that growing up at Gowans Home for eight or nine years gave me the best education, social skills, exposure to activities, life skills and friendships that I could have received anywhere. The biggest and most important element that was lacking was the personal love and even expression of love and acceptance that children need. That did not happen and is history.

Physical abuse I did not see or even hear of. Mental anguish did happen, and one person who caused it did mellow later and became a very good friend of my family and children. Others came for short periods of time, and it took a lot of talking and letter writing to convince the Mission that there were injustices happening, and finally something was done and the staff persons dismissed. Yes, there definitely was damage done.

The rosy stories that we at GH heard were from KA and how those kids longed to be back there.

As a Canadian living with some 40 kids and about half of them Americans, it was very painful to see the lack of respect and disdain that they had for Canada and all things British. Children do things like that. The boys had many more privileges than the girls did—what else is new? As we later realized, some of the children that we thought were the most privileged, were the most hurt.

Our parents came home after four or five years to children who hardly knew them, lived with them for one year and then left them again for four more. How confusing for a child! Some came out stronger, and some are still trying to come to grips with what happened. We are all different and deal with circumstances differently.

Last year I made a three-week visit to Nigeria and spent a week in Dadiya, the village where our parents were stationed for almost 20 years. Over and over again I was thanked for the sacrifice that was made when they came out there. The retired pastors thanked us for the education they received from our mother and the example she led.

I guess that in the end, all our parents made a difference to many people, but some of their children were lost emotionally, physically, and spiritually. I have a hard time with this.

Don't be afraid to write your feelings—we have nothing to hide; we are adults.

A Parent's Perspective

Anonymous

Whenever I look back to the day we left our children at boarding school and drove off to our assignment at another station, I am conscience-stricken. How could we possibly have done such a heartless, unfeeling thing? Like teenagers, I suppose, we bowed to the common practice of our peers. As SIMers we assumed it must be the right thing to do; after all, everyone took or sent their kids to KA, BA, Hillcrest, or wherever. So if everyone does it and the kids all seem to be getting on quite well, it must be the acceptable thing to do. It certainly was the expected thing. That was made very clear, and if one opted to home school their children, as we ultimately did, one had to be prepared for the not-so-subtle remarks and the stares of disapproval. Today on the field, home schooling is somewhat the norm, and I applaud it.

If we had it to do all over again, would we go to the mission field? Definitely, yes. Would we send our kids to boarding school? Definitely, no. If we lived in Jos, or somewhere such as Nairobi, or Niamey, or any number of other places where the children could be “townies,” yes.

Our kids came through the few years they had at boarding school relatively unscathed. And our daughter, with a real sense of calling, went back there to teach. Some of the staff and faculty in times past did not want to be there and had no calling to that work and no real heart for children. What a travesty.



Grade 1 Roomies: Steve Swingle, Ron Lyons and Dani Kropf. Kelly Warkentin is the one wearing #23 in the classic socks and sandals outfit.

The Gift of Healing

Submitted by Kelvin (Kelly) Warkentin
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I turned 39 this February. Not a big deal really. Just a number. Except that for the first time in my life as I contemplated the past twelve months, I felt like I'd aged. Like my soul had in some subtle way softened. Events of life-forming proportions had swept over my wife and me—waves layered one upon the other. Unexpected storms.

We survived, of course. Storms have a way of moving on, small and big alike, and the hand of God is patient enough to help you move forward at your own pace. One day you find yourself looking back and seeing the emotional chaos in softer shades. The moments of panic are gone, replaced with a calm sense of hope, and you can finally grasp what happened with more clarity.

This maturity of perspective is a treasure that sometimes takes its time arriving. My parents recently returned from a trip to Nigeria and, unbeknownst to them, brought back with them a gift of healing for me. When as a family we sat through a digital slideshow, I was struck with a realization that allowed me to unclip a burden on my back and throw it down the mountain.

For some time now I've harboured a grudge. At first I didn't realize it, but gradually over the years I began to understand that I was stubbornly clinging to something that was hurting me as well as my parents, and possibly even my relationship with God. To put it simply, I resented the objects of my parents' ministry focus—every single person that my parents had devoted their lives to in Nigeria.

I blamed them for my separation from my family for eight out of twelve months at Kent Academy. I blamed them for the tears I shed in my bed so many nights. I blamed them for the fear I felt every time my parents drove away from school, fearing they would be killed on those dangerous, God-forsaken roads. I blamed them for me having to live a life where certain key dorm parents focused more on enforcing rules than loving lonely kids.

One day not long ago I came to a realization that I felt a little like Tom Hanks' character in *Saving Private Ryan*. He tells Private Ryan near the end of the movie that Ryan needs to earn what they did for him, namely the loss of soldiers' lives so he could go home early. "Earn this," he tells Ryan. "Earn this."

What my parents brought back from Nigeria for me was an answer to the core question my heart wanted to know: was it worth it? Did the investment pay off? Was my loss of a "normal" childhood redeemed by spiritual dividends in the lives of Nigerians? As far as I was concerned, the answer to those questions was important. If God really had called my parents to go to Nigeria to save lives for Him—and I went to boarding school to help make that happen—then lives had better have changed or it was all a big waste of time.

I'm open to acknowledging that someday I'll view that line of thinking as absurd and arrogant. Who am I to weigh my childhood experiences against someone's eternal destiny, right? Trust me, I know. Merely thinking that sentence brings up a wellspring of guilt. Everything is so intertwined that it's impossible to isolate my own pain without hurting someone else. At the same time, it's important to acknowledge the thorn aggravating a wound and give it a name.

The fact of the matter is that God did use my parents to plant seeds of change—seeds that sprouted so persistently they are still flourishing today. One important example occurred shortly before they came back home. They were introduced to a man who one night over thirty years ago watched a Jesus movie that my dad was showing in his little village. As a direct result of that childhood experience, he is today serving God as a missionary. That's big. That's an opportunity to check off the box labeled "dividends."

But there is a cost when a missionary chooses to send his young children away for a better education—and it needs to stop. A six-year-old child should be able to have supper at home every day after school. The father should be the one kissing his young son goodnight—not leave it to a stand-in parent who doesn't know how to show affection. A mom should be there in the middle of the night when her son has a



Grade 2. Back: ?, Heather Gibbs, Miriam Payne, ?, Paul Sawa, Gyro Gin, Dani Kropf, Debbie Fawley, Alice Kietzman
Middle: Mary Sneath (teacher), Felicia Greer, Leonie Dipple, ?, Darilyn O'Donovan, ?, Sara Alexander, ?
Front: Joshua Gindiri, David Musa, ?, Lynette Lloyd, Mariya Kutwal, Musa Dah, Victor Sawntong, Kelly Warkentin

nightmare—not a substitute. It seems clear to me that missionary parents' first divinely appointed mission field is their family.

Parents who today still choose to separate themselves from their children for lengthy periods of time—whether it's military, missions or diplomacy—will face consequences landing somewhere between subtle and dramatic. I know there are great success stories, but that doesn't make it all right. Young children need their parents.

What about me and my parents? Well, we've talked about it. Cried about it. I understand what happened, the missionary culture in which they operated, and the expectations of their peers. I get it. They get it. They see how it affected me and now have regrets. Am I painting all my dorm parents with the same brush? Absolutely not. Was Kent Academy the worst thing that ever happened to me? Not even close. I sometimes imagine myself traveling back in time just so I can be there again in that moment. To taste the fruit. Feel the rocks. Hear the siren. Walk the halls. Smell the rain.

But that environment did have an impact on me that I am still monitoring and trying to understand. It's funny, because I see pictures of myself in the annual class photos—up on the monkey bars, under the mango tree, in front of

the dorm—and I see a boy who has adjusted well to his new life. He looks happy.

And he is. Mostly. The pain of separation has faded after a couple of days away from home and his smile has returned. He's oblivious to the patterns that are forming, shaping him in a way that will someday confuse him. Boarding school is all he knows, and he believes that this is the way it has to be so that people will hear about Jesus.

I head into my fortieth year of life armed with a new perspective on the adventure called boarding school. I have no idea if God approved of my parents' decision to send me there or not, but He brought victory out of it just the same. In my tossed salad of happy and sad memories of Kent Academy, there is now a new ingredient called "dividends." God's persistence in bringing His children back to Himself was successful, and I'm closer than ever to seeing that as a good thing.



Return to Nigeria 2008

By Don Champion (KA, HC 72)
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My wife Sueanne, Betsie my youngest sister, Johanna my niece who is Barbie's daughter, and I spent three weeks of November 2008 in Egbe, Jos, and Kano in Nigeria. We had a fabulous time and spent much of our time with Nigerians and missionaries. At Egbe we spent time at the Hospital, at Titcombe College, at George Campion Academy and at a new orphanage for boys supported by a Texas organization called HELP. We flew KLM from Miami to Amsterdam to Abuja then out of Kano back to Amsterdam, and then to Miami.

The reason for our visit was two-fold:

1) To attend the Egbe Centenary Celebration of 100 years since the Gospel came to Egbe through SIM missionary, Tommie Titcombe.

2) To review progress and observe the current state of the ECWA Hospital Egbe.

The Centenary Program theme was "Thanks be to God for His Unspeakable Gift" (2 Cor. 9:15). It was a very well organized seven days of worshiping God with the entire town of Egbe praising God for the joy of salvation and the missionaries that brought the message. When our family went to Nigeria in 2002 for the 50th anniversary of the Hospital, I thought that event was big, but this Centenary Celebration included all the Christian churches in the town of Egbe resulting in an enormous event. The event was held on a soccer field in the center of Egbe Town with electric generators to produce power for the sound system and lights. The ceremonies included several books being released, a detailed program agenda with events every day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., the dedication of a new computer center built for the town, open-air worship, concerts, cultural dance performances, and numerous speakers to the thousands that attended throughout the week. Without exaggeration, the town residents treated us as guests of honor and as the official representatives of the missionaries that had served in the



Don & Sueanne Champion standing atop Mt. Sanderson



Don & Sueanne, Johanna, Barbie



Standing in front of what used to be Bingham Memorial Hospital but is now ECWA Headquarters

Egbe area as teachers, medical staff, maintenance staff, etc. who had made invaluable contributions to the Nigerians who lived in Egbe Town. We were not expecting the hospitality, the affection, the gifts, and honor shown to us every day.

There was story after story how a missionary introduced them to Christ and encouraged them to attend school or taught them at the nurses' school and hospital, and then mentored them into their various careers. Stories of how their children were saved during complicated births, how relatives were saved after a serious accident. Others expressed their gratitude for being mentored by a missionary allowing them to become business professionals, engineers, or lawyers. It is hard for us MKs to really know how much our parents impacted the lives of so many Nigerians—but it was huge! Rev. Tommie Titcombe was with the Sudan Interior Mission when he came to Egbe in 1908 to establish a church which eventually would be recognized as one of the first ECWA churches.

The Centenary concluded having made a huge impact on the entire region and bringing Christians of every denomination closer together in their mission of reaching all for Christ.

The most common request of the hundreds of people we met was to take the message back to America and Canada that Egbe needs long-term missionaries to lead, teach, and mentor them as they have done in past years. They desperately want the knowledge and teaching that comes from missionaries working in the medical fields, maintenance, and education. I believe the complexity of operating a hospital, recruiting professionals, equipping the hospitals, etc. requires the assistance



KA dining room



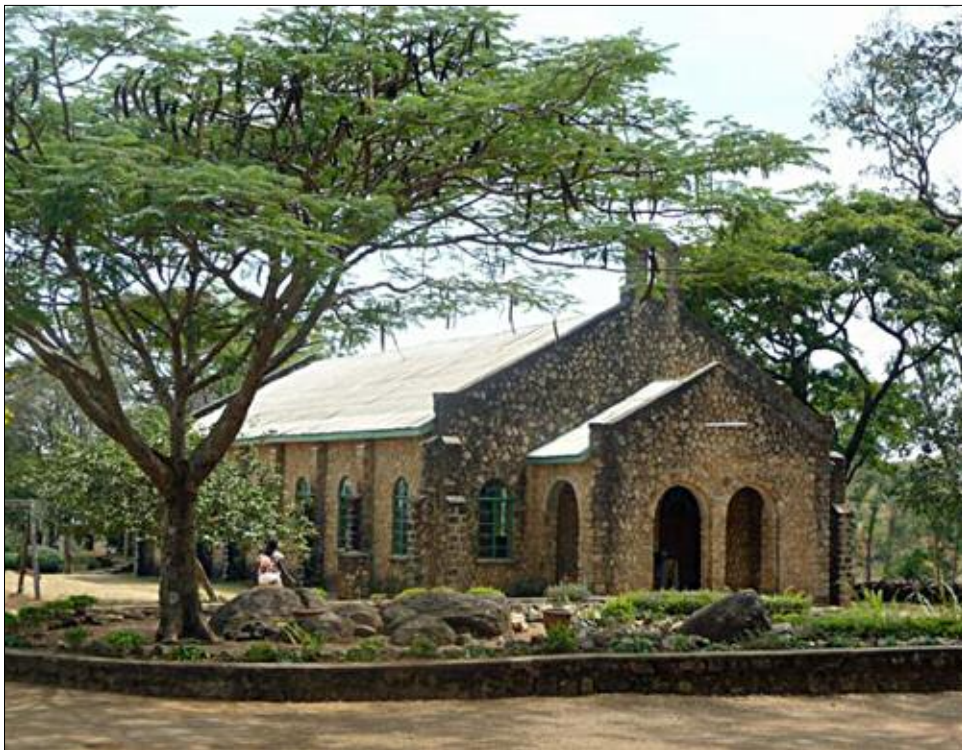
What is left of the Swinging Bridge – just the two stone entry points on each side of the stream



Sue (Long) & Terry Hammack celebrate their 30th anniversary



KA playground with Mt. Sanderson in the background behind the boys' dorm



Kirk Memorial Chapel

and leadership of SIM, and I put together a report to review with them in the next few weeks.

From Egbe we went to Kent Academy, Hillcrest, and Miango. We had a great potluck dinner at Beaj Beacham's house with many other Hillcrest teachers, Mark Redekop, Phil Bender, and Bill Ardill. The Hillcrest, KA, and Miango compounds look great. If you have a driver, and you drive only during the day it is very safe. We hit a few road blocks, but as soon as they realized we were expatriates, we greeted them in Yoruba or Hausa, and they are super friendly. The Niger Creek Hostel had eight kids. The SIM Jos Guest House is right around the corner from the Hostel and very comfortable. We even took in a Hillcrest senior class play. Hillcrest really needs teachers, and the Hostel is desperate for houseparents if anyone is interested. November is a great time of year to visit. Mark Redekop and his wife drove us up to visit with Sue (Long) and Terry Hammack in hot dusty Kano. The hospitality of the missionaries toward us and the friendliness of the Nigerians made the return to our homeland even that more special. We look forward to what future involvement God has for us to do as it relates to Egbe.



Return to Nigeria 2009

By Ruth Maxwell (KA, HC 73)
ruth.maxwell@sim.org

It was 32 years ago that I last visited Nigeria. Things have changed immensely in the area where many of my “station” memories exist. Karu has been swallowed up by Abuja, and the Abuja I knew no longer exists in any form. It is now a mushrooming African city complete with highways, hotels, and high-rise apartments by the hundreds!

What hadn't changed was our old compound—except that it looked much older. Surrounding the compound were all the crowded new developments that come with being on the edge of Abuja. And yet an island of ministry with much history remains. The relationships with Nigerian believers that our family was connected with also hadn't changed. Wow! What an incredible highlight! I cried and cried as I hugged “Baba and Mommy.” Baba worked in our home for 19 years and knew us better than anyone. Listening to them and their children talk about the impact of our parents and family on their marriage and family was like listening to stories I believe we will hear in heaven. It was a gift of indescribable proportion for me. God really is delighted with the evidence in the lives of others that we have lived our lives well for Him. His “well done” will be linked in part to fruit in the lives of others—at least where that kind of fruit is an option. It was interesting to me that they didn't talk about what Dad and Mom had done—they talked about who Mom and Dad were and about the relationship they enjoyed with them. They also talked about the role we as kids had and how, even though we weren't aware of it, we too had an impact in their lives. I was left speechless, humbled, and thankful for the unchosen privileges of my life.

On Mom and Dad's gravestone we put the verse “They rest from their labours, for their works do follow them.” What I saw and experienced bears evidence to that truth!

On the other hand, some places haven't changed. Kent Academy looks just like it always looked. Miango Rest Home looks the same except that all the trees have become SO BIG! The mango tree outside of the girls' dorm makes the dorm look really small. The KA dining room looks the same—just fewer tables. I

was surprised at how much of the furniture is the original furniture: wardrobes, dressers, beds, playground equipment, lounge furniture, and even laundry bins. (I remember hiding in them to read after lights out.) I was impressed with the attitude of the staff towards the ministry that they have to the 150 children attending Grades 1-6 there: they see it as a ministry, not a chore. I was there the day the school re-opened after Christmas holidays and observed the excitement of the kids and the staff. Is it any easier today for them? “How do you survive this?” I asked Gloria Baba as we drove together back to Abuja. Initially it was very hard, but it is worth it in light of the quality of education, the spiritual input, and the fact that they come out of KA with the ability to relate as equals



MKs at SIM retreat at Miango
Back: Mark Redekop, Stephen Foute, Bill Ardill,
Stu Carlson (Wycliff, Peru), Phil Bender
Front: Sue Hammack, Marc Cunningham, Ruth Maxwell,
Beaj Beacham, Ruth Carlson

with others. Other things have changed that I really was pleased to see: the kids all go home every other weekend. One parent is required to come pick them up. Parents are required to come to every special event. I think that some of the sense of abandonment is being reduced through this approach. I loved the fact that two 6th graders walked up to me and very confidently asked me if I was a new staff person this term!

Jos—I saw Jos through new eyes. I saw the checkerboard impact of Muslims and Christians living side by side in a city where there are deep-seated desires to do away with the checkerboard realities. The burned-out areas speak of the tenacity on both sides of this struggle. My heart was touched by the stories of relationships



Ruth Maxwell and Baba who worked in our home for 19 years—an incredible man deeply in love with God

that reached across religious lines and provided safety for those who should have been enemies, the stories of missionaries who took in and fed hundreds of endangered and scared people and the challenges that remain for everyone living there. A 7 p.m. curfew and multiple checkpoints brought back memories of coups and the years following the Biafran war and the fact that life somehow continues

on—tumultuous and yet steady.

My new eyes also allowed me to see wonderful new ministries to the neglected of society. Given my present ministry here in South Africa, these keenly interested me. Widows sewing sellable items and children being taken in and cared for through Gidan Bege were two of the projects that especially caught my eye.

I also saw how all of Jos is built on rocks—millions of rocks! It is funny how that kind of thing just fits into the “normal backdrop” of childhood, but when seen through adult eyes you realize the wonder and the challenge of it all.

And then came Niger Creek and the Hostel. I arrived there expecting lots of time to sit and chat with Beaj Beacham and Redekops. Wrong! The Hostel roof had been removed to be replaced during the dry season. Wrong! One rain totally did the ceiling in. It all came down into the Hostel, making an unbelievable mess. Mark Redekop took on the added challenge, and his team of men replaced not just the roof but the ceiling and wiring as well. Beaj, the new Hostel parent, seized the moment and requested a new paint job. The finalizing of the wiring, the painting, and the clean-up all happened in a few short days. Talking got relegated to meal times and late nights—sort of normal, I thought. I'm so glad I got to help with the redoing of the Hostel. It felt like a fitting task to be a part of. A tiny chance to make it better for the next generation.

Now I am back in South Africa where life is so very different from West Africa. I still savour those memories. A new addition to my routine now is that it isn't unusual to receive phone calls from Nigeria. I don't dare wait another 32 years!



Return to Sudan

By Sylvia Eikenberry
seikenberry@gmail.com

At the end of my internship with World Concern in Kenya in 2007, I wanted to take the opportunity to travel to the Sudan, land of my birth, since it is so close to Kenya. My Sudanese friend Pastor Ramadan Chan had encouraged me to try to go to Sudan, and indeed, without his help in Kenya and the help of our Christian friends in Sudan, it would have been impossible to do the traveling I did within the Sudan. But God worked many miracles along the way to allow me to make the trip of a lifetime!

Pastor Ramadan Chan, whose parents were some of the early Christian converts as a result of SIM's work in the Sudan, and his colleague Pastor Thomas Pout, who is related to the ambassador, accompanied me to the Sudanese Embassy to help me to get my visa for Khartoum. The Sudanese ambassador granted an official one-month visa within 24 hours and even gave it to me for free! (People are still shaking their heads about that, because it is very difficult for Americans to get a visa to Khartoum.) Ramadan drove me to the airport, which was very kind of him.

On the plane, I was seated next to the Minister of Darfur, Mr. Alfred Yokwei, who is a Christian. We chatted and I told him I was visiting Khartoum after almost 50 years to see the land of my birth. He told me about the reasons for the conflict in Darfur. When I asked him, "How much is it to take a taxi to Khartoum?" he said, "Don't take a taxi! I will send you in my car!" I accepted the offer and true to his word, he sent me with his driver to the SIM Guest House.

Imagine arriving in Khartoum, Sudan, after being away for 50 years! Khartoum is the capital of Sudan, the largest country in Africa. It is located at the point where the White Nile meets the Blue Nile. The city has a population of over a million inhabitants—4 million if you count the sprawl of homes, which includes Omdurman and Khartoum North. The heat was intense—114 degrees Fahrenheit! It hits you like a wall and it is not wise to venture outside until the cooler hours of the evening. Khartoum is generally varying shades of brown—from the brown *haboob* (dust cloud), which obscured the view of the Nile



Khartoum hospital



Pastor Benjamin watches as Sylvia gazes at house in Banjang

as the plane landed, to the paler beige colors of the flat-roofed buildings. Other colors are white and blue—white for the clothes the people wear and blue for the sky that hasn't seen clouds for months. Tall minarets of mosques were visible everywhere with the accompanying sound of the early morning and late afternoon calls to prayer. There seems to be plenty of money in Khartoum for modern buildings such as the Al-Fatih Hotel that is shaped like a sailboat. The old SIM Guest House where I stayed was built in the 1930s . . . before my parents' wedding in 1951. My mother told me she spent her last night of single life in one of the guest rooms. The high ceilings and lazy fans, combined with air-conditioning, kept the rooms cool. Vincent and Betty Bergman were married in a room downstairs in 1951 and had their honeymoon on a steamship chugging down the Nile River. I showed the photos to many of the Sudanese workers at the Guest House, but they were all too young to remember the place in the 1950s.

The very first morning, I rode in a taxi to Khartoum Hospital. It had to be the hospital where I was born because there is only one in Khartoum! The doctor on duty introduced me to the Nursing Sister of the hospital and she gave me a tour. I took pictures of the mothers and babies in the newer wing. She also took me to the old wing of the hospital, and I thought of my mother and the difficult deliv-

ery she had. (Thank you, dear Mother, for bringing me into the world!) Later, I explored Khartoum with the help of a driver in an old yellow taxi, rode a boat on the Nile River, had tea at the Khartoum Hilton, saw the Mahdi's tomb, and watched the "whirling dervishes" (devout Islamic Sufis) whirling in the mosque square in Omdurman.

On Sunday morning, Pastor Simon Pol came to the SIM Guest House to bring me to the Sudan Interior Church (SIC) in Patihab, a suburb of Khartoum. It was a privilege to worship there, and I did give a word of greeting from the front telling them about my parents' work in South Sudan from 1950-1958. Pastor Abram Nul Yhor gave me a gift of beads—necklace and bracelet. I had several Bibles for him to distribute and a small cross-shaped bookmark for everyone in the congregation. They sang the Dinka song, "Yechu Achi Ben Kuwekuwa Kurachi Ren Aranben." (This song I have heard my whole life because my Dad,

having studied Dinka, usually sings it loudly in the shower.) Imagine how it felt to hear the familiar song sung so well by the congregation! It was deeply moving for me. The pastor talked about how thankful he was that my parents brought the Gospel to the Dinka people so long ago. Pastor Ramadan told me that very few Dinka people became Christians in the 1950s, but as troubles escalated and they suffered during the wars, that by the 1980s, many had turned to faith in Jesus Christ as their only hope in an a terrible situation.

After spending four days in Khartoum, it was time to travel south. Pastor Abram Nul Yhor from the Dinka congregation just outside Khartoum helped me to buy a ticket for the air-conditioned bus from Khartoum to Renk. There is a brand new road built along the Nile River. (Yes, the landmines have been cleared from this route.) After the five-hour journey, Pastor Benjamin Lueth met me at the bus station in Renk. (Pastor Benjamin, now in his 60s, was a little boy when my parents were in Sudan.) "I'm taking you to Awei's (Ramadan's sister) home in Renk," he told me. "From there, we will hire a car to travel to the mission station in Banjang tomorrow." I was grateful to see him and we hopped into a three-wheeled baby taxi for the short ride to Awei's home where Zenab was waiting. How wonderful to meet Zenab—the young woman who brought her sick baby, Ramadan, to be treated in the SIM



Sylvia with Pastor Benjamin and donkey cart

clinic run by my mother so long ago. Soon I was sitting in the shade talking to Zenab, Ramadan's mother, and many of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. I showed them old pictures of my parents' wedding, of my mother treating Dinka patients in the clinic, and my father evangelizing in the village. I brought gifts for Ramadan's family—Kikoy cloth from Kenya. They, too, presented me with gifts to bring to my parents—Sudanese cloth and colorful African beads. The Chan family served me fresh fish from the Nile that first night. It was so hot that everyone slept outside—dragging their beds out of the house to sleep under the full moon and stars!

The trip to Banjang was memorable for many reasons. It gave me an opportunity to travel along the banks of the Nile, enjoying the birds and traveling with my companions Pastor Benjamin and Zenab. We stopped at Zenab's house and met a very old Dinka man, so weak that he was confined to his bed. When he saw the picture of my father evangelizing to the Dinkas in the village, he reverently kissed the photos—twice—and raised his hands toward heaven. "Thank you, God," he said (in Dinka) "that these missionaries came here so long ago!" It was very moving to realize that he recognized and remembered my parents' ministry years ago.

When it was not so hot any more, Pastor Benjamin took me to the Mission compound at Banjang where our house used to be. I had been warned that all the Mission buildings had been dismantled during the war. Pastor Benjamin explained as he pointed, "Here was the airstrip where the small Mission planes landed. Here was the clinic where your mother treated the Dinka patients. And here was your house!" It felt surreal. Did I really live here when I was little? Indeed I did! Wanting to preserve this memory, I picked up a couple of bricks to bring back as a souvenir home for my parents. The sun was setting as we traveled back to Renk in the little Kia car along the banks of the Nile.

I could tell you so much more about the Sudan, but I'll stop with this story. I returned safely back to Kenya, traveling by lorry and donkey cart to Paloich, a small bus to Melut, a MEDAIR speed boat to Malakal, a World Food Program plane to Juba, and Sudanese commercial flight home to Nairobi. With the help of my Dinka pastors and Helene, my Dutch friend in Malakal who arranged parts of the travel, I was able to visit so many places meaningful to me. And so, the dream of one day being able to travel to Sudan to see my roots actually came to pass. God gave me so much more than I ever dared to ask or think. I had the opportunity to connect with Zenab, the woman who raised her ten children as Christians, including Ramadan. The Church has grown rapidly and is very strong. It was indeed a privilege to visit the Christians in Sudan and to learn how to pray for them. Perhaps one day I will return to serve the Sudanese people.

Return to Liberia

By Nancy (Thompson) Molenhouse (EL, HC 72)
molhaus@aol.com

Our two-week trip to Liberia the middle to end of January was awesome to say the least. We had nine people in our group; our family members included Jim, Nancy, and Katie Molenhouse; Judy, Bob, and Joelle Koci; along with friends Dave Parker (from South Bend, IN) and Clip and Ellie Kniffin (from Wheaton, IL).



Judy, Bob, Joelle, Gary, Ruth, Nancy, Katie

We hit the ground running, as we ladies hosted an orphan girls retreat (at the Isaac David School) for 40 girls and leaders the first weekend. Judy was our special speaker, and she challenged the girls with the themes "You are special," "You are unique," and "You are loved." We sang, played games, made lots of crafts, and ate delicious Liberian food in between teaching times. Christine Tolbert Norman of REAP (Restoration of Educational Advancement Programs) closed the weekend with the "Steps to Freedom in Christ." The following Tuesday we returned to the IDS for a morning with 50 widows (Hannah Project Women and sponsored by TWR). Judy taught the group on prayer and creative ways to pray. God used Judy's sharing and personal testimony to encourage this very special group of ladies whose objective is to pray globally.



Jim helps build the merry-go-round

The guys' project was concentrated at the Susie Guenter Orphanage near ELWA where they had a new well dug, built a merry-go-round well pump with tower, and a reservoir tank (at last report, the boys now have running water for showers). In addition, the guys decided to build a swing set, basketball hoop, and some picnic tables for the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Photo Corrections and IDs, *Simroots* Vol. 25 #2



Judy and Nancy with Stephen Gibson and his children. His father was our very first washman. Stephen is now an evangelist.

orphanage. Bob was able to spend time hanging out with the kids, taking their pictures and memorizing their names. The day we left, we gathered with the head of the Susie Guenter Orphanage, Jefferson Zeon, his wife Helena, and the children, as Christine Norman prayed a prayer dedicating the new well and playground equipment. It was a joyous occasion for all of us!

We packed in other activities during the two weeks including touring a retreat campus in Bensenville that is being renovated by REAP, visiting Victory Outreach School in order to assess their need for a well, helping some missionary ladies at ELWA with some sewing projects and having a surprise visit from Ruth (Galley) Luukkonen (EL 68) and her husband Gary.

One personal highlight for me was the privilege I had of meeting with Kedrick White, the new administrator at ELWA, and members of his staff in order to establish a new scholarship program for children in the ELWA area. How exciting to hear recently that 15 children are in school this semester due to this program.

Spending time with many Liberian and missionary friends (their hospitality was amazing) was a very special part of this trip as well. Time and time again we were welcomed by the Liberians with the greeting "Thank God for life," as they shared stories of survival as well as family tragedies during the war. It was a privilege to be able to sit and listen to people's stories, spend time in prayer with them, and encourage them. The people are hungry for teaching, for Bibles, particularly large-print Bibles because of lack of eye care for so long (there's a need for reading glasses). We brought many tracts, devotionals, and Bible studies which were eagerly received, as were the swim goggles, swimsuits, sewing supplies, and other personal items.

This trip was such a blessing to each one of us, and we thank the Lord for allowing us to be a small part of what He's doing in Liberia.



P. 15, KA Archives
The family is my uncle and aunt (Jerry and Gladys Friesen) and their two sons (Philip and Dean). They were houseparents in the boys' dorm, and then he taught and she was the school nurse. I think they were at KA for maybe two years, and then went to Kagoro.

Judy (Ratzlaff) Klaassen

P. 16, top right, 1964 Niger Creek Hostel

You have incorrectly identified me as Edith Todd. It is I—Esther Tobert, and standing behind me is somebody whose first name I am pretty sure is Todd, but I can't remember his last name.

Esther (Tobert) Waddilove



On page 16 in the upper right hand corner is a picture with an unidentified male. The ID is unequivocally Jerry Hicklin, son of Dr. Hicklin, the dentist.

Ernie Hodges

Dear Karen,

Please pass along my thanks to Dr. Joseph Wheeler for his lengthy, well-written and well-researched article titled, "What Happens to Their Children?" For years, as I have had occasion, I have tried to make the point that being an MK is a high privilege if we choose to make it so. Personally I have a long-term perspective, being an MK born and growing up in China. I went to the Chefoo school at age six and, because of distance, I could not return at Christmas or summer. As an adult, my husband and I went to Niger and Nigeria with SIM. Our daughter went under SIM to Burkina Faso. Thus I see missions from three generations.

Dr. Wheeler makes a good point that most MKs succeed in ways that are astounding. He mentions some famous people, but more names could be added: Henry Luce, the founder of Time magazine; and Thornton Wilder the playwright who wrote *Our Town*, which played on Broadway for years. Both grew up in China. Also Joseph Rauchenburger, former U. S. ambassador to Japan and linguist in the Japanese language. There are more PKs and MKs in *Who's Who in America* than any other group.

While it is true that some small children were harmed at boarding schools, which is an argument for home schooling, thousands of MKs

have succeeded in academia, medicine, international relations, education, research and many other fields. About 17 percent have returned as missionaries to their countries of origin or, as in my case, countries foreign to them. They have built up and blessed these countries. I am asking that some of these stories be told.

Priscilla (Payne) Weese

Dear *Simroots*,

As an AMK retiree who never attended any of the SIM schools or boarding homes (although many of my cousins and friends did), I still find each edition of *Simroots* totally consuming. Many of the family names are familiar to me from my parents' conversations and prayers of years ago. And in recent years, I've even had the privilege of meeting some of the retirees who knew our family in Nigeria, at the SIM Village in Sebring. Keep up the great work!

Dorothy (Percy) Farquhar

Dear Karen,

I want to tell you how very much it has meant to me to receive *Simroots* over the years. It has allowed feelings, both good and some painful, all fairly complex, to resurface. Feelings that probably needed to be worked through, that never would have, in my life, at least, without it. I also want to say that I so appreciate your thoughtful leadership in this venture . . . it has always felt "real."

Ruth (Driediger) Widdicombe

ELWA Kids Reunion 2010

This reunion will be at the BEACH! We are so looking forward to great times enjoying the memories that we all have growing up on the Atlantic Ocean. We will have time to play at the beach, swim, talk, and renew old friendships.

Date: July 11-13, 2010

Place: Best Western Cocoa Beach, Florida
www.bestwesterncocoabeach.com

Contact for registration: Karen (Ackley) Kern
(*elwakid@yahoo.com*) 214-228-0648

- All rates are per night and subject to local taxes and occupancy taxes
- If you would like to come for a longer period of time before or after the reunion days, the resort will let you use the rates of the reunion.

2 beds, non-ocean (can house 5)	\$115.00
2 beds suite with a sofa, non-ocean (can house 6)	\$160.00
2 beds ocean-view room (can house 5)	\$178.00

GSS Reunion

Celebrating 50 years since Good Shepherd School began

Date: July 14-17, 2010

Place: YMCA of the Rockies, Estes Park, CO

Contact: Betty Froisland (*froislandgss@peoplepc.com*)



Anyone know these two kids getting their toenails clipped by Pauline (Grant) Herr?

KA/Hillcrest Reunion

Date: July 3-5, 2009

We will be there two nights: checking in Friday July 3, check out Sunday July 5

Place: Double Tree Hotel Chicago - Oak Brook
1909 Spring Rd.
Oak Brook, IL 60523
(630) 472 6000

Reunion Information (online registration form, see who's coming, book hotel room, see photos from past events, etc.): www.hillcrest.myevent.com

Contact:

Steve Ackley (*steve@ackleys.us*)
1526 Mayfield Ave.
Garland, Texas 75041
214-536-5458 cell
Holly (Strauss) Plank (*dhplank@verizon.net*)
Nancy (Ackley) Ruth (*nancyjaruth2003@yahoo.com*)

Changes this year:

1. Lodging arrangements directly with the hotel
Special group rates - Includes full American breakfast buffet
Single \$97, Double \$104, Triple \$111
Quad \$118 per night

Registration and two meals for adults and children
Friday dinner "regional menu"
Saturday Nigerian / Liberian meal
Adults = \$65, Kids <12 = \$25

2. Registration, breakfast, and African meal for Saturday only
Saturday Nigerian / Liberian meal
Adults = \$45, Kids <12 = \$15

Whom do you want to see?

Are there people that you would like to see? Call and invite them—you will be surprised that once they know you are going they will want to be there too!

Ideas:

- Make a list of family and friends that you want to see.
- Make sure that they get invited.
- Share a ride, room, or skit.

2009 features

- The Big Day—a one-day ticket for Saturday. Breakfast, soccer match, photo session, skits, African meal **WOW!**
- Vendors—what would your West African friends be interested in purchasing? Books, clothes, music . . .
- Your turn—let us know what you'd like to add . . .

Registration Form
KA/HC REUNION 2009

Chicago, IL

10% late fee if registered after June 1, 2009 • All fees are NON-REFUNDABLE

Last Name _____

Maiden Name _____

First Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Prov _____ Country _____ Postal Code _____

Best Phone _____ Type _____

E-mail _____

High School Graduation Year: _____

School(s) attended KA Hillcrest ELWA

Others _____

Affiliation with school Student Parent

Staff (which school?) other

Spouse (if attending) _____

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

Children & Ages:

1) _____ Age _____

2) _____ Age _____

3) _____ Age _____

I would like help with childcare for _____ children.

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

Airport transportation:

O'Hare flat rate \$26 if you use Americantaxi 630-305-0700

Midway flat rate \$35 if you use Americantaxi

I would like to help with a reunion event: _____

(i.e. Skit Night, Nigerian meal, Registration / Welcome, kids' activities,

Videotaping, Photography, Tee Shirts, Memory Room, be a vendor - I have

_____ to sell.)

I plan to arrive:

Evening of Thursday, July 2 (one day early)

am Friday, July 3

pm Friday, July 3

Saturday, July 4

Other, please specify _____

I plan to leave: _____

REUNION RATES:

• **2 nights' lodging** - July 3 & 4

Book directly with the hotel
(charges are per night)

• **Registration & 2 meals**

Friday dinner "regional menu"
Saturday Nigerian / Liberian meal

Adults \$65 x _____ = \$ _____

Kids <12 \$25 x _____ = \$ _____

Rooming with (if not your family i.e. other alumni)

1) _____

2) _____

3) _____

4) _____

• **Registration, breakfast, & African meal for Saturday only**

Adults \$45 x _____ = \$ _____

Kids <12 \$15 x _____ = \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT DUE \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT DUE \$ _____

Make checks payable to:

Hillcrest Alumni Association

Mail to:

Steve Ackley

1526 Mayfield Ave.

Garland, Texas 75041

214-536-5458 cell

Reunion website: www.hillcrest.myevent.com

Yes, publish my name and graduation year on the website.

No, do not publish my name on the list of those registered.

BULLETIN BOARD

NIGERIAN PHOTOS

Paul Trigg recently posted to the Hillcrest listserv these URLs of images from Nigeria. If you mine here, guaranteed that you will hit gold in this mix of personal and generic photos.

www.flickr.com/photos/thefolksinger/1576985257/
www.skyscrapercity.com/forumdisplay.php?f=1483 www.flickr.com/photos/blyth/236304205/in/photostream/
www.flickr.com/photos/richard_milena/
www.facebook.com/album.php?aid=2016575&l=5d679&id=1421156391

LOOKING FOR A LETTER

An MK writes: I am wondering if anyone knows of or remembers a letter that was written by an MK (from South America, I believe): "I am green . . . not a very pretty green. . . ." I had it in my possession years ago but have long since misplaced it. If anyone remembers this, it would be very helpful to me. I am going through some rough patches and it would provide insight. Please respond to Simroots@sim.org.

MK KUDOS

President Obama has appointed retired Air Force General Scott Gration (RV 69) to be the new Sudan Special Envoy. Scott Gration's parents were AIM missionaries in Congo and in Kenya. See: <http://africaaction.typepad.com/>

PHOTO PRESERVATION TIP

My folks' slides were going green and moldy, and the service of turning them into photos was going to be very expensive. So I bought one of those cheapo "slide trays" with a light that lets you sort slides. I fixed my digital camera to a tripod and aimed the camera directly downward at the tray and took a photo of each slide. Turned out really well.

John Lohrenz
(jlohrenz@caminternational.org)

FREE INTERNATIONAL PHONE CALLS

Skype.com
Free phone calls to anyone in the world! All you need is for both parties to have a computer with high speed Internet connection and a microphone and speakers attached (or a phone with a USB port that plugs into your computer). Another very inexpensive feature is "skype-out" which is euro-based. With skype-out, you can call a phone from your computer at a hugely reduced rate (like .02/min. to U.S. and Canada). You can use this when calling friends and family when they are not at the computer (or don't have a computer); or friends in closed countries that don't allow skype; or when you want someone to turn on their computer and you know they would if they knew you were looking for them online.

FACEBOOK

If you're on Facebook, check out the following groups:

KA (Kent Academy)
I'm a KA kid and I'm proud of it
Memories of Mr. Crouch
Hillcrest Baby!
We need a Hillcrest Group

E-MAIL ADDRESSES FOR RENT!

Would you like to have an e-mail address that says you are an MK? Yourname@mkatlarge.com or yourname@mkhaven.com are available to anyone who is interested. Cost is \$12.00 per year. Contact minna@simroots.org for your special e-mail address today!

TRAVELING TO NIGERIA?

I am hoping to take my wife, daughter, son-in-law and maybe other siblings on a visit to Nigeria and Benin in 2010. I would appreciate any advice or suggestions that readers may have for me. Gene Thamer
(ethamer@sympatico.ca)

Editor's Note: I've compiled some tips, resources, and suggestions from several who currently live in Nigeria or have recently visited. Write to me at Simroots@sim.org for a copy.

NEWS WEBSITE

www.faithtelegraph.com
Two AMKs have launched a news website: *The International Faith Telegraph: World Christian News & Missions News*. The founders place less focus on political news, more focus on worldwide news, bringing readers missions stories about individual missionaries and organizations around the world. The website features a variety of inspiring "good news" articles.

BINGHAM ARCHIVES



Bingham kids. Do you know the names and the year?



Who? Where?

HILLCREST ARCHIVES



1974. Hillcrest senior guys. Don Shaw, Steve Husband, Steve Dowdell, Eldon Porter



Seen in downtown Stockholm by Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson

SAHEL ARCHIVES



Do you know this teacher and these kids?



1969, 8th grade overnigher. Bill O'Donovan, left front; Cora Zobrist, to the right of his head; Sue Long to the right of Cora's head; Josianne Waridel (in glasses) across from him; Miss Pat (?) to his right; Karen Seger in lower right



KA Field Day March 1959. Arlys Goossen, Stephen Cox, Bobby Hursh and Carol Lucas with ribbons

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-l>

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

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) _____

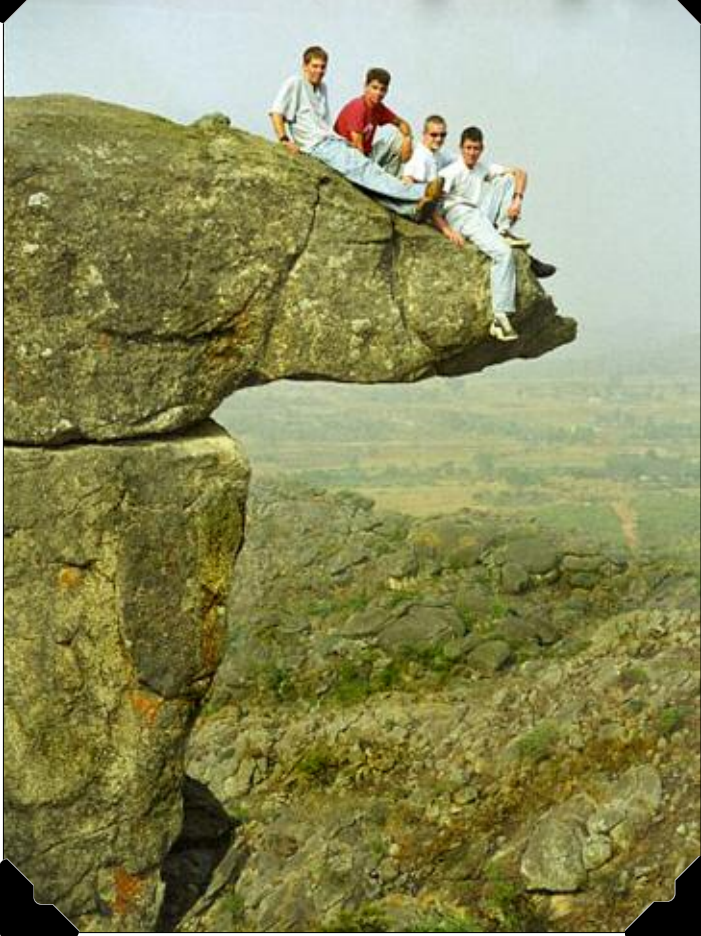
Mission school(s) attended or affiliated with on mission field (please list all) _____

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

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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



*On the nose of Camel Rock.
Anyone know who these kids are?*

**See inside for
Reunion 2009 details!**

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