



Thunderheads—View from the Gallery

During Nigeria’s tropical rainy season, our light mission aircraft had to cope with powerful storms. Especially at the edge of the central plateau, home to SIMAIR, *alto-cumulus* thunderheads could soar upwards at tremendous speed.

Usually there was a way around the thunderheads, but when the storm system was too wide to circumnavigate with remaining fuel, the pilot had no alternative but to fly right into the storm. I’d glance at the pilot’s face—his lips set, eyes concentrating on the panel of gauges. Then I’d look out at the billowing formations that engulfed us.

I remember the first time we entered a thunderhead. I heard the plane’s single motor slow to a lower speed with increased power, like a truck slipping into lower gear. With clouds blanking out our cabin windows, the tiny craft shuddered but burrowed on, rocking and bucking powerful air currents. The wings drunkenly tipped up and down. They appeared so fragile—would they hold up? Shards of lightning darted around us. I confess I prayed, my knuckles growing white as I gripped the edge of my seat! My heart somehow was up in my throat.



We were but a helpless speck tossing in the gigantic cloud formation. Peering out the window, I seemed about to plunge into space.

Suddenly the vibration stopped as we burst into the eye of the storm. In spite of the formation’s threatening appearance, the center was calm—as placid as a lily pond! It glowed eerily, like the inside of a mammoth fluorescent light bulb. But the pilot maintained the propellers’ geared-up thrust, to keep us from being sucked higher by this colossal thermal. The plane didn’t have oxygen, and we couldn’t risk being swept much above ten thousand feet for any length of time.

The calm was temporary, however, as we headed into the opposite wall of the thunderhead. Suddenly it was shudder-and-shake all over again, with heat lightning flashing through the clouds. Finally the storm monster spat us out, and we descended to the rain-soaked plateau and home base. Never had earth felt so reassuringly solid, in contrast to the unstable, terrifying sky now glowering *down* on us.

Flying Inside a Vaulted Cathedral

But later on a flight through a storm center, I experienced an exhilarating passage. It began near the coast, where scudding clouds seemed to comb the lush palm-oil jungle. Above the low ceiling there were thunderheads, but we had enough fuel to circumnavigate them. We climbed above the torrential rain and sought a pathway between the towering upper clouds.

Betty Greene was the pilot—the only woman pilot our mission ever had. She’d ferried Lancaster bombers during World War II.* She exuded quiet confidence in her epauletted shirt that topped culottes, as smartly coiffed as any airline brochure model. Flying through fluffy clouds and around thunderheads, she

IN THIS ISSUE

Books/Media8
Bulletin Board18
Contact Us2, 31
Letters2
Ministry Ops
 Egbe21
 KA20
 Sahel20
 Sebring20

News
 By Grad Year23
 Congrats22
 Family Album . . .27
 Sympathies30
Open Dialogue
 Hearn3
 Hicks3
 Hursh5
 Keegan5

Reconnecting
 Class of '777
 ELWA7
 GSS7
 KA/HC7
 Sebring7

Remember When
 Africa10
 Ben Lippen School .14
 Furlough11
 Gowans Home . . .15
 HC Fight Song . . .12
 Homesickness . . .15
 KA13

Nigeria11
 Sing-Song12
 Westervelt School .14
Return to Home
 Brant16
 Snyder17
Thunderheads1

obviously knew her meteorology—examining each formation to determine whether we should enter or fly around it.

Just ahead was a cluster of thunderheads—any one of them could have splintered our tiny craft. Cautiously, Betty found a path between them, until their billowy towers surrounded us. As if in the dome of a vaulted cathedral, we started climbing and circling; I imagined ascending a gigantic spiral staircase. It was enchanting—we were in a fairyland of castles. Betty’s experienced eyes examined the formation. Around and around, up and up we flew, until the oxygen began to thin and light broke through—revealing the tops of thunderheads shooting high above us towards the stratosphere.

Ah! . . . Betty had analyzed the cluster and located a safe passage. As we wended between the cloud towers and descended towards *terra firma*, I had a new appreciation for my pilot’s skills.

That flight through the storm center also filled me with awe at the beauty and power of creation. As the Psalmist wrote, “When I consider your heavens . . . what is man that you are mindful of him?” I’d just viewed a celestial drama from the theatre gallery. And I felt as though I were only a gnat on the gallery rail.

*Missionary Aviation Fellowship (MAF) lent us the services of Betty Greene while one of our pilots was on home leave.

W. Harold Fuller, 2008©
harold.fuller@hotmail.com



Jos airport. Year unknown



Betty Greene (center) in South America

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Photo I.D.
 Vol. 26 #2, p. 15, BA Archives
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 ?, Elizabeth Atkins, Rachel
 Lahdeaho



Correction Vol. 26 #2, p. 14 ELWA Ministries Association/USA Bill Slater’s phone number should read: 847-566-2426 (not 2456)



Response to “Coping with Trauma”

I enjoyed reading Becky Lynn Black’s article “Coping with Trauma” (Vol. 26 #2). I hope many readers will get comfort and healing from that article.

Ruth Ann, Lynn, and I were fortunate never to have been traumatized by our MK experience. We were blessed with parents who loved us very much. We were hugged, kissed, and told of their love every day. We were always told the “who, what, where, when, and why” of situations that arose. Going to KA was just accepted. Words like “abandonment” and “punishment” never entered our little minds. We knew it was just as hard, if not harder, for our parents to send us off to school than it was for us. We also knew it was temporary and we would be back in their loving arms soon. Our family grew closer as we grew older because of this love and living this adventure. Our times together were always quality times. One of the traditions we had the night before leaving home for KA was the three of us girls would jump into bed with Mom and Dad, have devotions, talk, and then sleep the night with them. We were always taught that following the Lord’s will meant everything. We realize now that if our parents had decided not to follow God’s will, they would have felt guilt and regret. Parents have different ways of showing their love. Never doubt a Christian parent’s love for their children.

Our parents (along with our sister Lynn) have gone to be with the Lord. We miss them so much! My husband Curtis and I are fortunate to live within six miles of Ruth and her husband, Sheldon. Ruth and I spend lots of sister time together shopping, eating, and yes, reminiscing about the “good ol’ days.” I truly feel for all those who missed out on such a bond with their parents. I would like other MKs, young and old, to know there were positive stories of MK life as well.

Kathleen (Hovey) Hearn (KA 72)

Another Perspective on Being an MK

Without meaning to aggravate the pain of others, it seems that every second article relating to having been an MK shares the difficulties of settling back into society and the pain of returning to their parents’ home culture. I don’t want to deprecate the experiences of children whose parents were not acting “godly” while outwardly professing and acting towards non-family as if they were genuine. There is a place for anger and grieving and most importantly, from a Christian perspective, forgiveness towards parent/s and reconciliation.

It seems that, within Christendom, the current attitude towards life is a “Christianized” version of psychotherapy—with attitudes that suggest that we are essentially shaped by our environment and, as such, are victims or sick, needing a panacea by a trained professional. Well . . . maybe; however, I still think that the Scriptures teach that there is a lot of personal responsibility involved (both original and individual sin). God seems to hold us personally responsible for our actions (and that includes our misguided or sinful parents). I can’t blame my parents for my indiscretions. Ok, sins.

My parents are missionaries. They were not perfect parents; they were, however, diligent in three influencing areas.

- Primarily in the area of the importance of obedient service to the Lord (no matter what the consequences).
- Secondarily, showing that this service was done with a genuine love for the Lord and for those whom they served (no matter what the consequences).
- Finally, they loved their children no matter what we did (no matter what the consequences).

Personally, I did go through an insubordinate ten years. There was a period where I was utterly, totally, spiritually belligerent. Trying to suppress the Truth I knew to be the reality of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God in Jesus. However, I do not associate that period with having been an MK. I was, to put it simply, being rebellious.

I thank God for praying parents and that I didn’t grieve the Holy Spirit so much that He gave up on me. (See Eph. 4:30-31)

Benefits of being an MK

I happily admit that these are my perspectives and personal implications; although I also am convinced that every MK will, if they are honest with themselves, affirm that there is some truth in these observations.

What are these implications/benefits?

The Scriptures do not make it possible to separate the secular from the spiritual. Therefore, the blessings/benefits of being an MK not only impact your personality, they also influence and encourage your Christian worldview. Romans 8:28, “*And we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to his purpose*” is an essential Christian concept and one which I first learned at Bingham Academy (probably from Mr. and Mrs. Meed who were my dorm parents). Too late I know, but “Sorry Mr Meed!” I was the one who broke your bow string on the day you were cutting the very large eucalyptus tree outside the old gym at BA.

The main implication, which I consider to be the most important blessing, is that you lose your mono-culturalism. You become at least bi-cultural. Everyone should be personally aware that the world doesn’t stop at the local 7/11. There is a fundamental difference between knowing that there is another world out there because we have seen Addis Ababa on Ewan and Charley’s *Long Way Down* and actually smelling Addis Ababa as you walk down what was, and is, Churchill Avenue. More importantly is to understand that the world is not set against you personally or that God is suddenly uncaring if there is no 7/11. You should relish that God has given you the opportunity, whilst very young, to understand that we are Christians, we have a mission here, yet we don’t belong! We are counter-cultural; we are destined for, as Joni Eareckson Tada put it, *Heaven: Your Real Home*.

You often get the opportunity to be bi-lingual. I can still remember Andy Brown at Sashsamane (Ethiopia)—a young Australian boy with an amazing and eclectic understanding of Amharic—who used his knowledge very effectively to get us into trouble. To this day, when my parents, attempting to have a private conversation, break into Amharic at the dinner table, I understand basic Amharic. The blessing I received was the love of language, the ability to hear the tones and rhythm. It was the impetus to study linguistics and French—a language that God knew I would use frequently, not only while working in France and preaching in the DRC (Democratic Republic of the Congo) but also here in Australia.

You are given the opportunity to see into a culture with less biased eyes than adults. Your pre-conceptions of what “normal” culture is often don’t develop. My nephew, also the son of an MK

Open Dialogue



(David and Sylvia, his parents, were missionaries in the Sudan and Ethiopia) said recently that if he marries, he wants to bring his children up in another country. What he knows here is not really “normal.”

You will see the broader Christian “family” in action, hopefully relating to each other in an appropriate manner, and seeing Christian behaviour despite the cultural, personal, and spiritual pressures. I know that life was not always froth and bubbles at home in Ethiopia, but I do remember the principles laid out by Paul in Titus 2 being exemplified by the truly mature. I remember having so many “Aunts” and “Uncles” that life was a blast. Oh, what memories!

- Swimming in the cattle fountain in Vadathorasalur in India
- Swimming in Lake Bishoftu
- Mr. Meed saving me from drowning in Lake Langano
- Swinging on the Big Swing at BA (we were only allowed on the second or third bottom step).

However, although I did not know it then, the most important spiritual benefits are the memories from an early age related to participating in the Great Commission (Matt. 28:18-20)

- Helping Dad in the operating theatre in Shashamane
- Watching Dad preach in churches
- Operating the slide projector while Dad preached during deputation.

What are the implications/negatives?

None really! Please don't think that I am saying that being an MK and going on furlough to your parents' home country doesn't have its associated trials and tribulations; however, let us put them in biblical perspective rather than take a post-modern-influenced perspective. The post-modern perspective seems to have forgotten that heaven is our home. Like the singer Larry Norman put it, we are “*just visiting this planet*” or like Albert Brumley wrote:

This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through.

My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue;

The angels beckon me from heaven's open door,

And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

We could also look at the lives of Joseph (Gen. 37+), Moses (Ex. 2:1-10), or Samuel (1



Sam. 1:24-26). My life was not as screwed up as theirs. Look how God used them!

What makes the difference?

The most important aspect of an MK's life is how the parents **state and live** the reality of their missionary calling.

- Are the parents actively living their calling or is it just another job?
- Are the parents living the reality of their relationship with Jesus Christ?

If the reality of the parents' relationship with Jesus is not seen; if their living and working everything to the glory of God, with eternity in view, is not known as the core of their lives, it will make no difference in the lives of the children if their parents are on the mission field or two blocks down from where they were born.

When it comes to our childhoods (those of us who were MKs) the “in thing” is to be critical, negative, and introspective rather than seriously to think about the joys and the positive benefits of having been taken to and grown up in a different culture.

For me, in the deep places of my heart and mind, I am Ethiopian. In the early years of my marriage (now married nearly 16 years) I said this to my wife. Tricia did not at all understand. It was on the way back to Australia (in Singapore I think) after a month-long visit to my parents in Ethiopia (when my eldest son was 12 months old) that Tricia, out of the blue, said that she now understood.

I know that this is not the truth stated on my passport. If most MKs were to seriously think about their identity, they would come to the conclusion that they are from nowhere and everywhere at the same time. This is, for me, a tremendous blessing and gives me an un-learnable insight into culture and the ability to fit anywhere and simultaneously fit everywhere . . . to more effectively sift culture through the Scriptures and see where Christian culture differs from the culture you are currently in! (By the way, I have travelled a bit (Africa, Europe,

North America, Russia, Southeast Asia, and India to name a few areas). It also gives God a servant who is capable of being “all things to all people,” in a Christian sense, with much greater ease to the individual than is normally the case.

Why the problem?

We don't have our theology right! I am sure that this is the case in other parts of the world, and it is definitely the case in Australia. Many Christians today have the attitude that we are “saved for blessing and safety” rather than the reality of being “saved for service” (though there may be modicums of blessing and safety in this life and there definitely will be in the life to come!) So let's get our theology right. It has massive implications on our own lives and the lives of our children.

Finally!

Thank God we are MKs. We received so many practical examples of Christian service in action. We are to be envied, and we should have an attitude of thankfulness.

- Never resent being an MK; rather relish the privilege of it.
- Learn to love being an MK; you saw Christian service in action at all costs.
- It was a visual application of the Great Commission in reality.
- The experience was the reality of Mark 10:29-30. (Left home and possessions for My sake.)
- The main thing is your attitude of obedience. 1 Sam. 15:22 (“To obey is better than sacrifice.”)

Andrew Hicks (BA 80) is married to Tricia and they have four children (Adam, Daniel, Jessica, and Steven). Andrew is the Preaching Pastor of All-Nations Family Fellowship. andrew@anff.asn.au





Response to Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

This epistle was inspired by the letter sent to *Simroots* in the last issue by the dear soul who wishes to remain anonymous. It took a lot of courage to express his/her innermost feelings about a life-long struggle to cope with the past, dealing with such a complicated and delicate issue as one's childhood. Sometimes it is extremely difficult for a family to remain close and understanding of one another, when as time goes by, one or some of the members no longer feel or believe in the way they were raised. This was true in our family, and some of my siblings and I were able to come to terms with the fact that we believed in a different path and that was okay. There was a long period of time of perhaps ten years before my folks could accept my differences, to a limited degree, and our love could flow between us again. I never criticized my parents' belief that was so intense as to carry them to the other side of the world for many years, with hardships for all of us. My father was a very dedicated man in both his profession and his religion, and I will always honor him for that.

As an adult, I returned to their home for eight months to share a little time and better understand the parents of my youth. We accepted each other as we were, and our love for one another rose above our differences. On several occasions, I needed to console my mother that the guilt she felt because of her perception of having been an unfit parent, who had to abandon her children for a higher cause, was totally unfounded, as she had acted out her duties as a missionary with complete sincerity. Little did I realize as a young child, while climbing into an airplane to take me away to boarding school, that the separation that took place was harder on her than on me. After a few weeks, I adjusted to my new life and was now experiencing something akin to living at summer camp that never came to an end. I knew my parents were somewhere waiting for me, and I would see them again, but nine months into the future was an eternity to a six-year-old child. I am sure every day my mother's children were away from her was a heartache for her, and a pain she carried to her dying day. Living

at boarding school is traumatic for any child, but I wouldn't trade my time there for anything, as I believe it made me a stronger and more compassionate human being. I learned two important lessons, the foremost being "The Golden Rule." When living in a small room with three other equally frightened children, we either found comfort in each other or experienced turmoil in our loneliness. I quickly learned that life was much more enjoyable being surrounded by friends than by strangers. "Treat others as you would like to be treated," taught me respect and acceptance at an early age.

The other lesson I learned was self-reliance. Without any parents around for advice or feedback, it was up to me to figure it out. Having to find a solution to a problem, whether it be temporal, emotional, spiritual, or otherwise, helped me to become independent and unafraid. Whereas I was able to turn my time at boarding school into a positive experience, I know that for others it was a living hell. Many times I remember my peers being physically and emotionally traumatized, which burned into their young psyches, to perhaps be carried into the present day.

I am extremely fortunate to be able to come to terms with my past, with no remorse or regret. I know that for others like "Anonymous" it has been a life-long struggle, and I can only say, "You are not alone." At this point in my life, approaching sixty years, I have nothing to hide or be ashamed of. Respect for one another, whatever our differences, is the only way for healing the wounds of our past. Our politics or our religion may differ from each other, but we're all in this together. We share a unique past with the families who are in it. But remember, as a song from my youth put it so well . . . "Don't ask me what I think of you; I may not give the answer you want me to."

Peace,
Robert Hursh (KA 69)

Twisted Scriptures

I remember the first time it happened. It was Saturday Game Night down at the KA courts; the children were all lined up for a relay. At the finish line lay a suitcase and a pile of clothing. On the word "Go!" the first person in line was instructed to race to the suitcase, don all the clothes, run back to the starting line and remove them. The next person was to pick up the clothing, return to the suitcase and repack, and so on until the last person in line had participated. At least that was what was supposed to happen. I don't remember if we had actually started the game before it came to a halt. But one of the "Aunties" questioned whether or not this activity was against Scripture. She quoted Deut. 22:5 "*The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the LORD thy God.*"

I was disappointed that we didn't get to play the game. That night I reached for my Bible, searching for the command that had brought our fun to a halt. I scanned the passage. Just a few verses later (v. 12), I read, "*Thou shalt make thee fringes upon the four quarters of thy vesture, wherewith thou coverest thyself.*" And then I felt anger. How could she apply one Scripture and ignore the other? And thus my passion for contextual Scripture interpretation was born. At the time, I didn't understand the difference between the Mosaic Law and the Law of Grace, and I had no room in my heart for the Auntie following her conscience, but I did know that Scripture had been applied out of context.

Now, no great damage was done that day, but I've heard many incidents since then of MKs and their parents who live with the pain of twisted Scripture. I'd like to examine a few of the classics and then invite our readers to respond.

How many times have we heard quoted, "*Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it*" (Prov. 22:6). If a parent erroneously believes this Scripture verse is a promise rather than a proverb (a maxim, an axiom), then what conclusion can be made if the child strays far from his roots? That it's automatically the parent's fault? Or that God promises that the child will return some day to his roots? And if he doesn't . . . does this make God a liar?

A Gowans Home MK who was left in the USA while his parents served overseas said he was taught that they were the Isaacs and their parents were like Abraham—sacrificing them on the altar of obedience. This one leaves me speechless. No wonder this MK—an unwilling Isaac, struggles with anger toward God. This Genesis account is a one-time story, never repeated exactly the same way in Scripture. God testing Abraham's faith and obedience in a unique way—an illustration of God's providing His Son as a substitutionary sacrifice, not as an illustration of sacrifice in general. How much liberty can

Open Dialogue



we take in making applications? Can we extrapolate from this that we are to live lives of faith and obedience? Of course. Can we emulate Abraham and lay down that which is most precious to us IF God asks that of us? Yes! But what of Isaac? He was old enough, apparently, to question and reason; and he had a choice to go willingly to the altar, trusting his father. I'm quite certain this incident was not meant to parallel the story of the MK. How much better to have validated the child's pain of separation from his parents than to use Scripture as a proof text for their situation.

Another classic quote used in missionary circles is Matthew 19:22. *"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."* I was reading a commentary one morning that helped settle this one in my heart. In context, it seems this verse refers to the point of salvation, a decision to turn one's back on anything that would hinder one from making the choice to follow God's path. We MKs have witnessed this for ourselves (or at least heard stories about) brave boys and girls who had to turn their backs on family and flee for their lives when they made a decision to follow God instead of their family's religion. Is there a sense in which our parents "forsook family and land" to go overseas? Yes, it's true they "gave it up," and God will reward their obedience to His call, but is it scripturally sound to use this text to justify our actions IF the text is referring to turning our backs on Satan's world?

One day I was praying with a hurting Adult MK. Her family was hammering at her for not following Phil. 3:13-14 *"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."* They wanted her to "get on with her life. Just put her past behind and forget about it." Gently I explained to her that the context of this Scripture is Paul setting aside his past accomplishments, his personal

glory and bragging rights—not ignoring his past pain. (*Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless.*) This MK needed to face, acknowledge, and work through her past pain, not "forget it." Only then will she be able to live in the present instead of the past.

And it gets worse. More than one abused AMK has related to me how her perpetrator quoted *"Children obey your parents/elders"* to force the child into submission to his heinous deed. Or "If you tell your parents, they'll have to leave the mission field, and the Africans will go to hell and it'll be all your fault." Twisted, twisted lies and deception leave these MKs broken and damaged. And only the Truth can set them free.

I began memorizing Scripture as soon as I could talk. Every night our father took us three kids, one by one, on his knee and taught us

verses—about salvation (John 3:16, Acts 4:12) and regarding life skills (Eph. 6:1 and 4:32). At KA we were drilled and rewarded and challenged to hide God's Word in our hearts. And I am so grateful. We were given a great gift. I love Scripture to this day. I love the cadence and majesty of the King James, familiar phrases that roll off the tongue, baffling my peers who read only the Living Bible or The Message. But at some point, at some time, memorizing a single verse without its context is going to land us in trouble. My mother used to say that you could prove anything you wanted to using a single verse of Scripture. I think she's right.

So let me end with a lighter one. Teaching Scripture out of its cultural context can also result in strange conclusions. I'd be a rich woman if I had a dollar for every time I've heard the story of the Feeding of the Five Thousand. Every Sunday School teacher explains how the little boy willingly gave up his lunch, and we should willingly give what we have to Jesus. But what always baffled me was why a little kid would be carrying around five huge Jerusalem loaves of bread (as one preacher explained) and two fish. That's a pretty big lunch for even a growing boy. And then one day I had an epiphany. I'm not saying it's right; I just think it makes more sense. I remembered our Nigerian marketplaces and saw in my mind the children wandering around with head pans full of *kosai* (bean cakes) or other delicacies to sell. Wouldn't it seem more probable that being as late in the day as it was, all the entrepreneurs on the mountain that day had already sold out, and this was the only kid left with food in his head pan or basket? If this was the lunch his mom had packed for him, I suspect a growing boy would already have scarfed it down. Jesus did say to go "buy food," and the disciples responded that this was all they could find. So did this kid "give it" or "sell it" to Jesus? I don't know. I don't think that's the point of the story. But we've made it the point, and the Sunday School children are taught to give Jesus what they have—not a bad thing to do, just maybe not culturally relevant to this story. I don't think we should twist the Scriptures to fit the lesson we're teaching. And I also think that it's time to get off my soapbox and go memorize a passage of Scripture—in context!



1946-49 Gowans Home Hike

Mr. Morrow, Stan Whitehead, Ted Saul, Gowan Thamer, Paul Forth, Ian Clark, Dave Harwood, Chuck Morrow, Chuck Germaine, Jim Whitehead, Lee Forsberg, Gene Thamer, Gus Kirk, Walter Dancy, and on the limb Dick Morrow, Eddy Cook

*Karen Keegan (KA, HC 72)
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Florida MKs 2010

The KA Class of 1972 cordially invites all MKs in the area to join us (beginning at 3 p.m.) for dinner (at 5:15 p.m.) and the evening at the Sebring Retirement Center Fellowship Hall and Chapel on Saturday, May 15, 2010. For questions and details contact karenkeegan@comcast.net or 615-895-9011. For dinner reservations, please contact sebring.hostess@sim.org or call (863) 385-6058.

ELWA Kids Reunion 2010

If you spent some part of your childhood at ELWA, then you are an ELWA Kid. 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. There is a special event website where you can register and check out who is coming.

Date: July 11-13, 2010

Place: Best Western Cocoa Beach, Florida

www.bestwesterncocoa-beach.com

Contact for registration: <http://elwakids.myevent.com/>

Karen (Ackley) Kern (elwakid@yahoo.com)
214-228-0648

More information and a slide show of the Atlanta reunion are available at the ELWA Palava Hut blog: www.elwamausa.org/blog

- 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

KA Class of '77 Girls Weekend Away

Place: Salt Lake City, UT

Date: Friday to Monday, October 8-11, 2010

Contact: Pamela (Long) Daroff

(pmdaroff@yahoo.com) or 801.663.3821

Note: there are dogs and cats in my home. For people with allergies or phobias, I can keep the dogs outside, but the cat is an indoor cat.

KA/HC Reunion

Date: July 6-8, 2012

Place: Dallas, TX

Contact: Steve Ackley

(steve@ackleys.us)



Osbourne Family



Latchaw Family

Good Shepherd School Reunion 2010

Celebrating 50 years since Good Shepherd School began

Date: July 14-17, 2010

Place: YMCA of the Rockies,
Estes Park, CO

Contact: Betty Froisland

719-634-1435 (froislandgss@peoplepc.com)

Registration and Deposit:

Due immediately

Send to:

Judy Peterson
2431 Los Amigos
La Crescenta, CA 91214
japeterson@apu.edu

KA ARCHIVES



*1967
Myr Guy
leading
choir*



Leading Across Cultures: Effective Ministry and Mission in the Global Church

By Jim Plueddemann

Leading Across Cultures is a resource that will help multicultural teams work together more effectively. The future of global missions depends on effective cross-cultural leadership and this book provides new understandings and perspectives for harmonious relationships. Jim Plueddemann served as SIM's International Director for ten years. His writing draws on years of experience as well as insights from Scripture and social science research. The book is dedicated to the memory of Byang Kato.

Published by InterVarsity Press and available on Amazon.com



Unbroken Covenant With God

By Markina Meja, with forward by Paul Balisky, Ph.D.
Reviewed by D.E. Hall (Parent)

This book came about when Paul Balisky was doing doctoral research in Scotland and became aware that his understanding of the vibrant Wolaitta Kale Heywet Church (WKHC), made up of some 800 local congregations, was incomplete. To learn more he invited Ato Markina Meja to serve as his mentor regarding the history, structure, and vitality of the WKHC. In the process, Markina wrote his life story.

Unbroken Covenant With God will be of particular value to those interested in Ethiopia and in church growth in the majority world. It chronicles the life of an extraordinary servant of God and the remarkable growth of SIM's daughter church—the Kale Heywet Church—in the populous Wolaitta district of southern Ethiopia.

The Journey “Home” for Military Children

By Gary Pollitt

“Oh, that kid is just an ornery brat.” One can guess that most of our readers have heard and perhaps said this or a reasonable facsimile more times than memory serves.

“BRAT” is an official military acronym. The full text is “British Regimental Attached Traveler.”

While this acronym has become a sort of time-honored reference to military children, countless people have no idea what really goes along with the name—unless of course they have been one. BRATS move an average of nine to twelve times. They go from military base to base, living on post or off, in the United States and around the world—growing up in the paradox of belonging everywhere and nowhere.

One estimate is that over 15 million people in the United States grew up with at least one career military parent. Another 4.5 million grew up overseas in families outside the Armed Services.

Right now, about 1.5 million children have at least one active duty military parent. Here is an entire global subculture. Passports say “United States of America.” But experientially, they are citizens of the world.

The journey to adulthood “is a high-octane mixture of incredible excitement and enormous pain.” Another way to describe the entire group, military as well as non-military is “TCK,” either “Third Culture Kids” or “Trans-culture Kids.” They have their birth culture plus one or more other culture in which they lived.

BRATS: Our Journey Home is a phenomenal documentary about growing up as a child with military parents. Donna Musil, the writer-director, gives us the very first non-fiction film that deals with this type of childhood and its later effects on adulthood. Kris Kristofferson, himself an Air Force BRAT and former Army helicopter pilot, is the narrator. The video includes powerful interviews along with archival footage, home movies, and private photographs from post-war Japan, Germany, and Vietnam.

Donna worked on the film for seven years. She has a deeply vested interest. Her father was an Army Judge Advocate General. Since 1960, she has resided in five foreign nations and eight American states. In all of this, she spent the ninth grade at Taegu American High School in South Korea. Years later in 1997, Donna attended an impromptu reunion with friends from Taegu. That event was a profound turning point in her life and career. Donna, trained as a journalist and attorney, set upon five years of independent research on life as a military child. She founded “Brats Without Borders,” a 501(c)(3) non-profit in 1999.

Of the film, Donna says, Making this cultural connection gave me a sense of belonging I had

BA ARCHIVES



Annual fall Bingham costume parade

— Steve Johnson, David Johnson, Robert Cunningham, — Licklider, Dan Johnson, Dale Adams, Holly Johnson

never experienced. This was empowering to a “little girl” who had moved twelve times on three continents, attended three high schools, and lost her father, an Army officer, by the time she was sixteen years old.

Today, I have a film about a group of people whose only “hometowns” are each other. We have more in common with the military children and “global nomads” of other countries than with our fellow citizens. And that is my vision—that this film might be a spark in a global fire of self-awareness and belonging—that from the ashes of war might rise a nation of children committed to peace. “Operation Military Brat” is an educational outreach program for “Brats Without Borders” that is currently sponsoring free screening of the film. Go to www.operation-militarybrat.org and click the “screenings” button on the upper left side of the page for dates and locations.

Permission to reprint from The Military Chaplain, Volume 82, Number 3, Fall 2009. info@bratsourjourneyhome.com

KA ARCHIVES



KA 1970, Grade 8. Dyanne Tuck, Joyce Harbottle, Alyce Knowlton, Nancie Pollen, Ruth Ellen Hewitt, Susan Schultz, Wendy Phillips, Laura Stade, Miriam VanGerpen?

HILLCREST ARCHIVES



HC 1975. Back: Sally Thompson, Bill Neef, Bogden Palmovski, Solveig Sundar, Melody Leftwich, Bonnie Brouwer, Liz Newberry, Joyce Harbottle, Nancie Pollen, Bob Eubanks, Ben Kessler, Peter Haney, Mary Bratt, Wilma Ouwerkirk, Paul Learned, Julie McDill
Front: Rachel Spee, Marj Frame, Bryan Walter, Tim Hunter, Ray Annis, Edie Harder, Stan Steely, Doug Bergen, Gail Ottomiller, Steve Locke (from the S. Baptist Hostel)



You Know You're from Africa When . . .

- 40 degrees is cold.
- being an hour late means being “on time.”
- football is played with some sort of *round* ball and *without* hands.
- everyone in your country plays football (the type just mentioned).
- no running water for a day is just another ordinary thing.
- it doesn't seem right to pay the asking price on anything without bargaining for it first.
- the smell of fresh rain on mud paths or tarmac is comforting.
- you have another name in your home language.
- someone asks you how much your sister costs.
- you unwrap all your gifts carefully, so that you can reuse the paper.
- you miss rain on a corrugated iron roof where it's so loud you have to shout to be heard.
- you just can't explain the concept of snow.
- you make friends with the local shepherd and know the goats by name.
- your parents yell at you for forgetting to use silverware in public.
- you'd rather be barefoot.
- blackouts are nothing new to you.
- you can do your monthly shopping on the pavement.
- four cars are driving parallel to each other on a one-lane road.
- cramming 7 passengers in a 4-passenger taxi is quite normal.
- you expect to sweep up dustpans of dust during Harmattan season.
- you keep converting the value of things in your home currency when you see the US dollar value.
- you're appalled that American grocery stores only sell one or two types of bananas.
- you visit your grandparents and take your passport—just in case you have to evacuate.
- you call everyone older than you “Uncle” or “Aunt.”
- a plane flies by and you just can't help but look up!
- you know never to question what you're eating (even if it does taste good).
- American corn isn't hard enough for you.
- you're confused about how you can pay for something with a visa.
- you expect people to tell you they're fine before you ask them.
- you used to shower under the rain.
- someone is riding their bike down the road

with corrugated iron strapped widthwise across the back of the bike, and it's taking up more than half of the road.

- the ride feels funny because the roads don't have enough potholes!
- as a girl, you've been proposed to while walking down the street.
- you know what true hospitality and generosity is . . . when those who have almost nothing still welcome you in with open arms and are willing to share everything they have with you—even though they barely know you!
- you can lead a 20-minute conversation starting with “walleponaua!” and keep it going by replying “ehh” in numerous different tone levels for the next half an hour! (and have the other person understand exactly what you are saying!)
- nobody in your family informs you that they are coming over for a visit.
- even if it is a local flight, you never have less than 20 people to meet you at the airport or see you off.
- something that would normally take half an hour in the Western world takes a few days or weeks.
- you find it completely natural to have burglar bars on your windows.
- you bought your cell phone through your car window.
- chicken is a luxury.
- your journey is interrupted by herds of cows and goats on the road.
- you can smell the rain before it comes.
- you can look up at the sky and see every star clearly.
- the only thing you throw away is avocado stones, and even then you wonder if you should save them and plant a tree.
- every white thing you own has permanently turned a curious shade of orange.
- everywhere you go, children run up to you shouting, “How are you, how are you?” or “*Ba ni dash! Ba ni dash!*”
- you always drink your drink straight away in front of the shop, and give them the bottle back.
- your brother tries to sell you to his college roommate for 36 cows or goats.
- you dream about Africa—a lot.
- you can buy roast corn, fried meat or fish, boiled yams or cassava whilst travelling on public transport.
- you're greeted each morning with “Did you sleep well?”
- the rain anywhere else feels cold.

- you go away on holiday and come back, and the people ask you: “Are you back?”
- you learn quickly that pedestrians DO NOT have the right-of-way.
- you discover that fruit will never taste as good as it does in Africa.
- you can buy anything you like at traffic lights, from fruit to hangers to kitchen knives.
- you reuse plastic throwaways.
- pop comes in bottles.
- you buy your milk in a triangular cardboard container from a hut on the side of the road.
- the sunset is something to look forward to.
- you know the profound and tangible silence of dawn on the Masai Mara.
- you know that an umbrella is useless during the rainy season and simply accept the fact that you'll be wet for 3 months . . . and really don't mind either.
- you've seen a sky so blue you could cry, with thick, perfect white clouds you can almost taste.
- people bump into the car in front, check out the damage, hand over some money (maybe!) and then drive off.
- you experience culture shock when you see the shelves in a grocery store stocked with 15 different kinds of whatever!
- when there's no electricity and you're in bed by dark and up at sunrise.
- when you go to the pictures to see a movie . . . and the place is like something out of the 1950s . . . and not only do they put the film on especially for the 4 of you because there's no one else there, but it's a DVD . . . and a pirated one at that.
- you're sure you're going to die 9 times in a 5-minute minibus trip.
- your bed doesn't seem right without a mosquito net.
- you try to convince your friends and family that it actually is a lot more logical and easier to transport things on your head.
- everyone is family.
- when a baboon has taken your food right out of your hand.
- you dream of a red/orange/green Christmas.
- tears well up in your eyes as you read this list, wishing you were back in Africa.

Adapted from “I'd Rather Be in Africa”
<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=2204512109&ref=mf>



In the Spotlight

Like so many missionary children, I often felt like I was on display when we visited our supporting churches. As a shy child, this could be excruciating to endure. Nothing instilled more terror in me than to be asked to speak in front of a Sunday School class or, worse, an entire congregation. One such episode when I was eight or nine years old stands out in my memory. We were visiting one of our main supporting churches. My dad, Dr. John Dreisbach (Yadakunya, Nigeria), was preaching; but before he came to deliver the message, the pastor asked all six of the Dreisbach children to come to the platform “to share a word of testimony.” I was filled with dread. Not only would I have to speak extemporaneously before the whole church, but also, as the last of six siblings, I would follow five older brothers and sisters, each of whom was an engaging and inspiring public speaker and a gifted storyteller. And true to form, each delivered a heartfelt testimony. I was too wracked with nerves to pay much attention to their words; I was counting down to my turn. Working down the line from the oldest to the youngest, it was soon Peter (KA 73), the next to last, who rose to speak. With great solemnity and earnestness, he said he wanted to share a verse of Scripture. Turning in his Bible to Proverbs 17:28, he read: “*Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.*” With no further word of explanation, he sat down. What can one possibly say to follow that? I was not a public speaker, to be sure, but neither was I stupid. There was nothing one could say to follow that without revealing oneself to be a fool. I was not alone in my discomfort. I could see out of the corner of my eye that Dad, also, was none too pleased. But the spotlight was now on me. There was only one response. I stood, faced the congregation, grinned as broadly as possible, and then sat down. The audience, which had discerned my predicament, chuckled uncomfortably before breaking into applause. Now the burden was on Dad to follow Peter’s words of wisdom.

Daniel Dreisbach (KA 77)
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Memories of Nigeria

Dear Mother,

You asked for memories of Nigeria. There are so many of them.

Smells. Especially. The rich black dirt and damp green leaves of the coastal jungle. The market with palm oil as the basis for everything. The Atlantic as you get close to Lagos. The *guguru-de-pa-de* [“Corn is here! Peanuts are here!”] woman and her little baskets, and then waiting for her to take a handful of ground nuts and blow off the papers. Fresh-roasted peanuts. New babies at the maternity center, with the coconut oil all over them and the burp of warm milk. Corn in the chicken house and the old newspaper smell of the baby chicks in the incubator. The slight sourness from the *koto* [trash dump], and the warm sweetness of the smashed guavas and mangos on the ground. Charring and soap from the ironing table. Charcoal. The sudden saturated air at Fiditi from all the oranges and grapefruit. The neighborhood where they made the indigo dye. The way the forest smell would change abruptly when we were driving through. The wind blowing toward us from the bushfires. Cocoa beans drying. The first rain mixed with the dust. The harmattan coming. Leather things the Hausa traders carried. Little Indian shops Daddy liked to go to. Shops that sold mostly paper and school supplies. And those are just to begin with.

The light and the dark. Lying on the tongue [concrete walkway] to look at stars. Hundreds of oil lamps in the night market. Driving in the dark and the shock of lights from another vehicle. Flying across the Sahara at night. Candles early on Christmas morning in the mist. Thunderheads late on summer afternoons. Lightning bugs. The dark inside some of the houses smack against the brilliant sun outside. Kerosene lamps, their smell, adjusting the flame. The light plant, and Daddy covered with black grease, and all the parts of machines spread across the floor, and the open books. A car parked up at the hospital shining the headlights into the operating room. You in the operating room with people holding flashlights and one of those Coleman lanterns. Black people in white sheets. Black Moslems in white robes. Bushfires at night, three or four off in the distance, and up close, the bursts and showers of sparks, and the faces of the men and boys laughing around the fire. The terrifying light over Ogbomosho that night the town was on fire. Clusters of flashlights from people walking up to Eastern Antioch at night. The Royal wedding, the gold and shining from the horses, and the darkness all around as we watched it in the marketplace, and the gold and crimson and shining from the Coronation movie. Eyes and teeth of Africans greeting us in the dark. The surprising darkness under the lime tree.

Our house. Porches. Staircases that banged my shins and gave me a scar I still have, the downstairs

porch that was always cool. Red flowers all around. The wide window seats, which were never exactly right for sitting in to read, but which—with the expanded metal over the windows—made every view a picture. Trees in the side yard. Changing hibiscus. Color of the light when I was lying in bed in the morning.

The frangipani tree. The jungle between our house and the Old Pools’ House growing out of the old *koto*. The road past the light plant going way out into the savannah, to a river, and past.

The bamboo forest we walked to way down behind the Hills’ house. The small creek and the banks of white sand somewhere way down off the end of the road that ran in front of our house and the New Pools’ House. The spring I found down there with five different kinds of tiny green frogs. The reservoir, and the soft squish most places we walked, and the confidence that there was a crocodile at the other end. (Was there?) The amazing beauty of the water and huts at the Leprosy Settlement and how contented the villagers there seemed. The mist on the river early in the morning at Aunt Neale’s. The flamboyant trees. The bare rock hill up at the Traubs’. The rocks at Jos. The river rocks at Kaduna. The Niger, everything about the Niger. The cold, clean water in the mountains on the way to Bamenda, and the wet trees and the orchids and the incredible hand-sized red and purple and green velvet butterflies.

Tea on verandas everywhere, with the vines and shrubs making the light green, and someone’s parrot making steady noises nearby.

Sardines and crackers by the dusty car on a dusty road somewhere going north. Fresh, warm flat loaves of bread from the Ibadan market. Fresh, warm akara [deep-fried bean bread] from the Ogbomosho street seller. The groundnut stew you had for us when we had guests. The first venison I ever had, shot by McGee, that I had three servings of. Guavas eaten up in the tree—we would bite out the middle and drop the rind. Mangos that Daddy would slice for us in the yard, and the corn he would roast with the workers.

Bambi and Daisy and the other two duikers, and Charlie and Chico—and the other monkeys—and all the regular dependable fascinating process of cats having kittens and watching the kittens grow and learn. Hawks. Hedgehogs. Spiders—we had wonderful spi-



ders there, especially the large black one with red and yellow and green enamel-like spots that lived at the bend of the front staircase and built a weekly web beginning about 10 a.m. on Sundays. The owl we had for only a few days that sat on the vegetable rack in the kitchen. The wood box behind the stove and the duikers and hedgehogs we put in it. The “quick-doctor-quick” bird [the Common Bulbul] that would go on much too long most nights. The nests of baby rodents, all pink and curling, which always made Daddy send for Midnight [the cat]. The occasional chameleons. The *omoles* (geckos) with their little translucent pink toes. The horrible, large, red-headed lizards which I never felt good about. The elegant little bats and the frighteningly large and stinking dog-tooth bats. Ducks on the kitchen porch temporarily blinded from a spitting cobra. The sunbirds that came to the red hibiscus by the kitchen door.

Bunches of bananas hanging by the kitchen window. Strangers who drove up in dusty cars. Night drumming.

Rain on the tin roof. The sound of the small shuttles in those narrow-strip-weaving looms. The far distant sound of the station generator. The parrot calling out to the people coming through the yard. Clink of a stove lid being removed and replaced. The iron when Washman took it off the charcoal and thumped it on the table to clean it. The distinctly different voices of each station cat and car. African children. The steady rumble of sound at the night market. Little seed balloons from the teak trees popping under the bicycle tires. The call from the minaret. Guinea fowl. The BBC theme *Liliburero* early and late when I was half awake. Churchill announcing that the King had died.

Daddy’s typewriter late at night. The surprising noise a few egrets could produce at take-off. Bird calls. When I was in college I could remember them in the order in which they would begin at dawn. The ooga horn. Someone’s recording of “God’s Trombones.” “O Come All Ye Faithful” from the other side of the mist. The nightly, “Good evening, Doctah! Please, Mah!” Soft sounds from bare feet walking on dirt roads or cement porches or wooden stairs. Tennis balls plopping back and forth. Soft rattle of the tea tray.

Faint click of the stones when the Yoruba played their game. Water buckets binging into the side of the reservoir at one pitch when they were lowered, and at another pitch coming back up. The music made by several Yoruba voices talking together with pitches rising and falling on the same syllable.

These are good memories. I realize there are very few people in here at all: they do seem quite peripheral to most of the memories, but these are mine and I hope they add to your Mother’s Day.

To Dr. Martha Gilliland Stewart from her daughter for Mother’s Day, 1997

Edited by permission for Simroots

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Hillcrest Fight Song

While we at KA were practicing for Field Day in the 1950s against Hillcrest School, guess what they were singing in preparation for the event!

Oh we’re from Hillcrest School, we have the rep
Of being jolly, gay and full of pep.
And for the dear old school we love so well,
And for the dear old school we yell, we yell, we yell.
We’re gonna fight, fight, fight with all our might.
We’re gonna run, skip, jump and do it right.
We’re gonna roll old KA on its side.
Yes we are!
Rah, Rah, RAAaaAAh.



Grandpa Craig making chairs

Sing-Song Memories

It’s funny the things you remember from childhood . . . things like tastes and textures and sounds. This morning as I was working away on my computer, I ran into a website that was devoted to hymns. It had a little button you could hit to hear the melody of the song, so I clicked it. And immediately as I listened to it, I thought of another song I used to eagerly request as a youngster—but I couldn’t find it.

Like most KA kids, I always loved it when my parents would come and spend their holidays at MRH. It was two or three weeks of fewer rules, bike riding, tree climbing, and most of all feeling safe and secure in bed with Mom and Dad in the next room. The dining routine was different, the evenings were relaxed, and it almost felt like life was back to normal.

Then on Sunday nights there’d be a sing-song time in the lounge at MRH, and everyone would find a chair or sofa or bench and get comfortable. While it’s a hazy blur of a memory now, I recall those singing times as similar to what I see on Gaither DVDs today. I can still feel the emotion of sitting beside older missionaries as they sang in harmony to classic hymns. I wish I could put a name to the face, but there was a man whose deep bass tone was a thing of wonder to a young boy like myself. Someday, I thought, I’m going to sing deep and low like him. (Sidebar: still waiting for that.)

Somewhere in the evening—maybe it was the whole evening—Uncle Jerry or someone else, would ask for requests. And every time—every time—a few of us would try to be the first to suggest number such-and-such, called “Thank You.”* I remember it because it had quite a few verses, and after each one, the key would change. Whenever I need to sing a prayer, or time travel to a happy moment, I can dig out an old favourite from the MRH sing-songs.

Kelvin (Kelly) Warkentin (KA, HC 88)
kelandjulie@gmail.com

*“Thank You for Every New Good Morning”
<http://preciouslordtakemyhand.com/publish/christianhymns/thank-you-for-every-new-good-morning>



KA Memories

In past years I have given classroom presentations of my growing up years in Nigeria for my kids. I have acquired Nigerian mementos and pictures that I associate with those years, and I keep adding to my list of memories.

- Jello with Dream Whip for dessert
- Marmite on toast when sick
- Powdered milk
- Argonne marmalade made for Christmas gift
- Salty peanuts—the best!
- Seven-minute icing
- Mangos, guavas, papaya, cashew fruit, okra, brown sugar, cola nuts
- Marigolds, zinnias
- The Twelve Days of Christmas at Christmas program
- The fireplace full of stockings
- Thanksgiving tables set with white tablecloths and singing “We Gather Together”
- Tag Day to teach us manners
- Boys seating girls
- No elbows on the table
- Miss Pat’s blond furniture, roasted coffee, Pioneer Girls, Winnie the Pooh, split infinitives, spelling words
- Wearing nylons with seams
- Wearing a blouse under a sweater
- Girls’ and boys’ candy days
- Passing notes and candy after study hall

- Room inspection and chores
- Sing fests
- Chicken pox and not seeing Queen Elizabeth
- Being baptized by immersion
- Willy’s jeep
- Shortwave radio, telegrams
- Receiving cloth-sewn and wrapped packages from the USA for Christmas
- Birthday celebrations: choice of cake and frosting, siblings sitting with you at your table, choosing the person to carry your cake into the dining room with candle lit and being sung to

Ruth (Smith) Johnson (KA 66)
dojrwj@comcast.net



Carlton Smith (holding rat?) and Evelyn Fay Smith



Ruth Smith on far right



Remember when SIM would charter the entire plane for returning missionaries?
Row 1, left: Lee Buchanan, Marge De Long? Row 2, left: Lionel & Martha Seger, ? Row 3, left: Charlie Frame?
Row 2, right: Karen (?), Wally & Vi Braband Row 3, right: Jeanette Silver? Row 4, right: Doris & John Price?



Ben Lippen School

Ben Lippen School was founded in 1940 by the Columbia International University (CIU) board of trustees under the guidance of the first president, Robert C. McQuilkin. The evangelical Christian boarding school for boys was located at CIU's Ben Lippen Conference Center on a mountain near Asheville, North Carolina.

The name "Ben Lippen" (a Scottish phrase, meaning "Mountain of Trust") captured the concept of faith so important to CIU. In 1952, the school became coeducational. It flourished as a secondary school, mainly for missionary children, in the North Carolina mountains until 1980 when a fire destroyed Ben Lippen's major building. Plans were made to relocate nearby, but those plans were eventually abandoned, and Ben Lippen moved to new facilities in Columbia, South Carolina in 1988.

Nearly 100 high school boarding students from around the world, as well as day students, entered school at the new campus.

The elementary program was launched in 1990 when Ben Lippen Elementary opened in the facilities of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Irmo, South Carolina. In 1996, a second elementary school, Ben Lippen Northeast, was opened in the facilities of Spears Creek Baptist Church in Elgin, South Carolina.

The vision for Ben Lippen was to establish a center of influence in the Christian school movement, and through a model school, to infuse into the movement three elements: thorough Christian discipleship, high academic standards, and a world vision.

During the 2000-2001 school year, nearly 900 students were enrolled in the high school, middle school, and two elementary schools.

Ben Lippen School, providing interdenominational education for students in grades K-4 through 12, is a division of Columbia International University.



Ellie (Worling) Carlson and David John at our 50th Ben Lippen high school reunion on October 30, 2009, in Asheville, NC, on the site of the former school. Ellie and I were both at KA as classmates for many years, and then at Ben Lippen until graduation.

Westervelt Home

Westervelt Home, a privately-run home for MKs, was started by the Westervelts, members of AIM. They were stationed at Kijabe (Kenya) and had one child (a boy) of their own named Romeyn. They began taking in other AIM boys whose parents worked at AIM stations farther away from the school.

Mrs. Westervelt at some time developed a bad heart problem, so when they left Kenya at the end of their term, they were not able to return but continued the ministry of caring for MK boys needing to go to high school. They located at Siloam Springs, Arkansas, where the boys could continue their schooling at the John Brown School. I don't know how long the Westervelt Home stayed there, but eventually it moved to Columbia, South Carolina, where they got a building (actually a historical one) located just a block from Columbia Bible College. I think, as to schooling, the MKs went to the public high school, but if some so desired they could now go to the Bible College as well.

Somewhere along the line, the Westervelts had gotten requests from many missionaries to take in girls as well, as families did not want to split up their children, so the Home began taking in both girls and boys of High School or Bible College age. Eventually, as requests came

from parents for them to take in grade school age children as well, they felt the need for more space. The Westervelts learned of the availability of a former Lutheran Junior College for Women on the edge of Batesburg, 30 miles west of Columbia, and in the summer of 1937 moved the Home out there.

This had been a school of some sort with a good sized dormitory and an administration building with dining room, kitchen, etc. There was also a small school building. The property included land to have a good sized farm and pecan orchard. The farm was to help to support the now boarding school, elementary school, high school, and Junior Bible College (using the curriculum, text books, etc. of Columbia Bible College and accredited by C.B.C.) The farm was large enough to have a good variety of produce gardens, grain fields, and a small dairy with up to ten milking cows as well as other cattle. There were so many things I learned that were practical and enjoyable, such as the dairy work—taking care of the cows, learning that each one had its own personality, learning how to milk by hand.

With America's entrance into World War II, the older boys became subject to the draft into military service. Thus, along with a half dozen others, I was drafted into the military.

Eventually, however, the local Draft Board in South Carolina recognized the Westervelt Home's Junior Bible College as a seminary equivalent. Thus, about two years after I was drafted, my brother George D. Beacham (who attended Grade 4 through 2 years of college) was given this exemption as a seminary student. With the loss of the older boys, the Westervelt Home found it difficult to maintain the farm and property in Batesburg and moved back into Columbia in 1946, where it continued for a few more years.

Soon after, Mr. Westervelt died. Their son continued to keep the place going for a short time. By then there were very few young people still with them. By 1950 it was no longer in existence.

My experiences at the Westervelt Home were for the most part good, probably because early on in my time there I had the experience of reconfirming my commitment to Christ. There was the desire to learn more of how to live daily for Him and an acceptance of the life in the Home as part of spiritual growth.

Gordon Beacham (GH 41, Westervelt)



On Homesickness

When the night comes on, we—teachers and houseparents in this school for MKs—pray, “God, make your love real and precious to these children. May it enfold them and make them secure, dispelling fear and homesickness.”

— • —

One little first grade boy rode in a lorry quietly all the way to Jos from his mission station. An older high schooler asked him what the matter was. He answered, “I’m feeling so lonesome for my mother I don’t even feel like chewing my bubble gum.”

— • —

I was visiting with one of the mothers of an elementary school child as she had come in from a mission station to visit her children at Hillcrest. Her first grade boy came running up to her, then backed off to admire her. “You’re wearing a new skirt,” he exclaimed.

“Yes, I wanted something new and special to wear when I saw you.”

“I’m glad,” was his response “that you did not change your face.”

— • —

One day the seventh and eighth grade girls were crowded around my desk giggling and talking when they began expressing how much they loved Hillcrest. Someone turned the conversation with, “But I still miss being home.”

I encouraged their expressions with, “But really you girls enjoy Hillcrest so much it is not so difficult to be away, is it?”

One answered, “You don’t know how often we pull the pillow up over our heads at night so that no one can hear us cry ourselves to sleep.”

— • —

In a high school English class the conversation turned to adjustments. A large boy, athletic and expressive, reached his two open hands across his desk saying, “It is so awful to be lonely.”

Phyllis Wagner (HC Staff)
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Gowans Home

I had a little different childhood than most in that my mother died in Africa when I was a year old. So my father, who was Danish, brought us to Tornaveen, the SIM Home for Missionaries' Children in Ontario, Canada. My father had gone to Australia from Denmark as a young man to stay with some family members. While there he felt the call to Africa, but the SIM had no workers in Australia, so they contacted someone in Australia in the China Inland Mission who interviewed my father and told the Sudan Interior Mission to take him as a missionary. English was not his first language. By middle age he spoke eight languages.

Tornaveen—the house I grew up in—had 26 rooms, 12-foot-high ceilings in those rooms, and some of the rooms were 20 x 30 feet in size. (It is now Canada's version of a national historical monument.) There were many MKs there, some of whom are still my best friends, but their parents came and got them every four years and took them to the home they had on furlough. Because my father hadn't remarried until I was six, we just stayed there during that first furlough, and he came and visited. We had between 30 and 50 kids there at a time, many of whom stayed on and off during their growing up years. Some of us have wonderful memories. Many have memories that are not so good.

Something we did that most kids didn't was to go to camp for six weeks every summer at Canadian Keswick. Dr. Roland T. Bingham, who was the only surviving member of the three who started the SIM, also started Canadian Keswick Conference and Gowans Home. We were blest to be able to hear wonderful speakers, mostly from the United States. Harry Ironside from Moody Church, Dr. John McBeath of Scotland, and Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse come to mind. Even though I was a child, I still remember them well—and in fact remember some of the things they said.

I'll leave you with Roland Bingham's favorite chorus.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to God alone;
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries, "It shall be done."
And cries, "It shall, it shall be done,"
And cries, "It shall, it shall be done."
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries, "It shall be done."

Ruth Whitehead
whitehead@san.rr.com



Photo from Ruth Whitehead



Joy in a Bottle

Soddo, Southern Ethiopia, February 2010. It is Sunday night as I (Howard) write, and we are tucked into a little hotel which costs us \$8.00 per night (duh). It does have a flush toilet, and this afternoon we found out how to go in back of the hotel and turn on the electricity that heats the water. Our biggest challenge is for the both of us getting into the single-size bed and on one pillow. We rolled up two towels last night. Jo-Ann got the pillow; I got the towels! It was OK.

This day started at 6:45 a.m. as we were taken to a church in town. There were about 1200 people in the service. The group singing was enthusiastic. There was no choir as is customary for this part of Ethiopia, but they did have a special singer who writes his own songs and sings in his own cultural style—really very beautiful if you could experience it.

The highlight was a huge feast on the last night. Jo-Ann and I provided the funds for two sheep. The students worked all afternoon slaughtering and cutting up the meat (I helped hold the rope on which the sheep was strung up for butchering). The women took over and chopped some of it into tiny parts—almost like hamburger—and also chopped up the bones into chunks that could be given to each of the participants. In our evening program we had a sword

drill and testimonies, and I told missionary stories of our experiences in various parts of the world. But the main event was the closing prayer.

This prayer was special because it came at the request of the students. We had been studying how the Holy Spirit spoke to the church of Antioch and said, *“Separate unto me Saul and Barnabas for the work to which I have called them.”* When the church had laid their hands on them and prayed, they sent them into the work. We talked about what it means for a missionary to be “sent”—that is, “commissioned” as they go into their work. Pastors or even elders here are often commissioned, but missionaries never go through any special dedication process. So the students now wanted us to commission them as they go out into their mission fields.

At the end of the program we invited all 48 students (they have an average of 9 years on the mission field already) into the center of the hall where we were speaking. They all knelt down on the cement floor. When we had finished the prayer, they rose up and you could see wet spots on the cement floor where they had knelt—wet with the tears they shed as they were being dedicated to the Lord in prayer.

Later: We are back in Addis Ababa now, after a month in the Ethiopian countryside. I am cov-

ered with flea bites and we had bouts of diarrhea which kept us out of the classroom for a day. Our projector lamp burned out, our portable hair dryer died, Jo-Ann struggled with a rogue nerve in her foot, and I about collapsed coming down a prayer mountain. We had car trouble on the way back to Addis, but even without any tools, we were able to bleed the fuel line using a lug nut wrench. We have been out of e-mail contact for a month. We have no idea what has gone on in the rest of the world while we were away! BUT—we are so filled with the joy of the Lord. Truly, as Jesus told his disciples, *“We have food you do not know about.”* Our great joy is to be about the work of our Lord. And there is nothing sweeter than preparing the next generation of world missionaries from the land of Ethiopia where we grew up. We count ourselves to be some of the most privileged people on the planet. When we sit in their meetings and they rise up and bless us after we minister to them, our hearts are filled with joy. We say to one another, *“If only we could put this joy in a bottle—and ship it back to the people in our own country . . .”*

Howard & Jo-Ann Brant (BA, GH 61)
Howard.Brant@gmail.com

KA ARCHIVES



Your Simroots editor being presented to her older siblings by Penny Pinneo at Bingham Memorial Hospital in Jos



Photo of Penny Pinneo taken by Mike Blythe at the SIM retirement village in Sebring, Florida. Miss Pinneo went to Nigeria as a missionary in 1946 and worked there as a nurse for 40 years.



Nigeria Trip

For the seventh year in a row, I was excited to be the scheduled speaker for the Hillcrest School senior class retreat in February 2010. I was also looking forward to visiting and speaking in classes at the school. However, because of horrible violence that broke out in Jos, Nigeria, where Hillcrest is located, city-wide curfews were imposed, classes were canceled and, nearly a week into our trip, the school administration had to cancel the retreat.

I had also been invited to speak at the four regional campuses of The Nigerian Law School. I had no idea what to expect and was anxious about traveling to some parts of the country, including Lagos, the largest, most crowded city in the country. I wound up traveling across the country and speaking to more than 4,600 law students.

The disruption of our plans also led to our spending a few days with the Porters (a missionary dentist and his family) and some other wonderful missionaries. This time proved a highlight of the trip. I was even able to spend quality time with the Porter's daughter (a high school senior) discussing the very issues I was set to speak on at the retreat.

What did I speak about at the law schools? Basically, I spoke about the "people ingredient" to success as a lawyer, with an emphasis on client relationships. However, I was able to weave in hopefully persuasive arguments for practicing with honor, integrity and truth in the pursuit of real justice. This aspect of my talks struck a surprisingly powerful response as people there are desperate to reduce corruption and change their country for good. I emphasized to the law students that they are the future of their nation and that their nation will rise or fall on them and their pursuit of these ideals. Somehow, even as a lawyer speaking to law students in a distant and different land, God used the lectures to open doors (in ways that truly astonished the missionaries we met), build relationships, and allow His truth to reign.

I Knew I Was in Africa When . . .

- I flushed the ancient toilet in my room and out from under the ledge around the bowl fell two small frogs, swimming against the tide of water in an effort to avoid a trip to the septic tank.
- The missionaries I met included members of families my family has known since before I was born.

- The fried green plantain chips tasted just as good now as they do in my childhood memories.

- I stepped out of my air conditioned bedroom in my Lagos hotel into the enclosed hotel hallway at 6:30 in the morning to head downstairs for breakfast and my glasses instantly steamed up from the incredible humidity and took nearly 10 minutes to clear up again.

- I completed my lecture to the more than 1300 law students in Lagos, sat down in my seat on the platform to take questions and realized that my tee shirt, dress shirt and suit coat were each soaked through from the humidity, heat, and sweat and were all stuck like glue to my back.

- We knew that the little six- or seven-year-old child selling peanuts on a corner in a tiny out-of-the way town was not very sophisticated when she quoted us a price of 10 naira for her small homemade pack of local roasted peanuts rather than an inflated white man price. (One dollar in American currency equals 150 naira. The 10-naira pack of peanuts cost less than seven cents.)

- The lizards outside and occasionally inside were so numerous that I hardly noticed them



and didn't even think to try and capture one in a photograph.

- The women at church sat on one side of the sanctuary and the men sat on the other.
- The women at church all wore dresses and skirts. No pants.
- Among the visitors acknowledged during the worship service were military and police, heavily armed with automatic weapons and pistols, sitting at the back entrance to guard against any recurrence of the "troubles" that had recently occurred in nearby Jos.
- I come home, am thrilled to see my family and friends, but somehow feel "homesick" for Africa.

Steve Snyder (EL 78)

SSnyder651@aol.com



1968. Debbie Jones' 9th birthday party at Egbe, Nigeria

Back: Barbie Campion, Laura and Lois Hershelmann, Mari Haney

Front: Cindy Jones, Debbie Jones, Annette and Dianne Balisky, Betsie Campion

VIDEO SPEECH BY NIGERIAN AUTHOR

The Danger of a Single Story

Our lives, our cultures, are composed of many overlapping stories. Novelist Chimamanda Adichie tells the story of how she found her authentic cultural voice—and warns that if we hear only a single story about another person or country, we risk a critical misunderstanding.

www.ted.com/talks/chimamanda_adichie_the_danger_of_a_single_story.html

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HOLY BIBLE: MOSAIC

www.HolyBibleMosaic.com

A new Bible has been released this fall by Tyndale House. So you may have 15 Bibles on your shelf. BUT, I hope that this one is unlike any Bible you've seen, in no small part due to its global flavor.

- Artwork from the 3rd to 21st centuries from every continent across the globe.
- Thought-provoking writings from the 1st to 21st centuries from every continent and branch of the Church around the world.
- Both artwork and writings follow the ancient church calendar throughout the year.

How do I know about *Holy Bible: Mosaic*? Well, I was a humble contributor—not, you may sigh with relief, of the infallible part. The magi from the East have always puzzled and fascinated me. So I wrote a meditation for the first week of Epiphany (p. 53). At final printing I was very happy to see that a painting of the magi—Cameroonian style!—accompanied my week. Very West African. *Tabitha (Payne) Plueddemann* (dplueddemann@gmail.com)

BOOK ASSIST

When I accidentally ran into the *Simroots* website, it was as if I found a goldmine. I read with great enthusiasm the Volume 25 #2 article, "What Happens to Their Children" by Professor Joseph L. Wheeler. At the end I realized for the first time that I am also an MK because my own dad was one of the young men trained by Rev. Tommie Titcombe in Egbe and sent to Agunjin Bible School in 1923 to later pastor local churches planted by him in Egbe and Yagbaland.

I am about to go to the press with my book *100 YEARS OF REV. TOMMIE TITCOMBE, Evangelism Drive in Yagbaland of Central Nigeria: challenge of contemporary times*. I am an old student of Titcombe College Egbe and was the chairman of the evangelism committee of the 2008 centenary. The book reflects on the most current experiences in potential missions to challenge youth today and gives some guidance for future celebration and missionaries.

The purpose of this letter is to seek for your advice on organizations that can partner with me in publishing and marketing the book internationally. Partnership can be on profit-sharing basis. At this stage I am approaching as many organizations as can give quality and prompt advice.

S.I. Adebayo (adebayosi@yahoo.com)

QUOTE

"Unless you have been to boarding-school when you are very young, it is absolutely impossible to appreciate the delights of living at home." - *Roald Dahl*

BULLETIN BOARD

SAHEL ACADEMY ACCREDITATION

After three years of hard, yet very rewarding work, it has been recommended to the accreditation councils of ACSI and MSA that Sahel Academy be granted full accreditation!

ATTENTION ELWA

New website: www.elwamausa.org/
 EMAUSA is a not-for-profit organization founded this year to help facilitate support of ELWA and its surrounding community. It's a great way to reconnect with our roots and old friends and make new friends, as well as find out what's happening today in Liberia. The ELWA Palava Hut blog www.elwamausa.org/blog/ has at least three new posts a week, so check us frequently—better yet, bookmark us.

New Facebook page:

www.facebook.com/pages/ELWA-Ministries-Association-USA-EMAUSA/229631831373?
 Created

To inform you about current and future mission trips, prayer requests, information about ELWA, and discussion. We'd love for you to join us, comment, join in discussions, or post your photos.

Flickr photo site:

www.flickr.com/photos/44489058@N06/



Sahel Library, thanks to the efforts of Jean Robertson (SA Staff) and others

BA ARCHIVES



Raising a new water tank above the kitchen.

BA ARCHIVES



*Center back: Jeannie Anderson
 Front: Karen Adams*



Kent Academy Challenge

Kent Academy is at a critical juncture. It needs our help, our support, and our prayerful intercession to allow it to continue to be a viable institution of excellent, Christian-based education to Nigerian children from different backgrounds. I was able to visit KA in August 2009 and spent time with its leadership, teachers, and students. While KA may not be what it once was, it remains an important means of positively impacting young people's lives for God's kingdom. Particularly with the passing away of Jim Crouch, Kent Academy is in many respects trying to determine its future. KA needs our financial support to help rebuild rapidly deteriorating buildings, upgrade severely outdated computer systems, buy new text and reference books (many of the books are still from "our time" which is a very sad state of affairs), and rehabilitate its library, its farms, and its infrastructure. I am asking you to join me in this tremendous opportunity and significant challenge. I am asking that alumni, friends, family, former staff, and others touched by KA to consider pledging 10% of their annual charitable giving for one year. For those who practice "tithing," I would suggest one-tenth of your tithe (10% of one-tenth or 1%). We can refer to it as "**The 1% Challenge.**" Those who want to give more are welcome to; however, we realize there are many worthy causes out there and these are difficult financial times, so I am asking you to consider the 1% challenge.

In our effort to do our part, we have already shipped over 1,500 textbooks to Kent Academy. While my wife Erica and I were in Nigeria, we purchased a number of exquisite West African art pieces. When we got back to the U.S., we would sell all the art we had bought and send the money to KA. We have also committed 80% of our tithes to KA and KA staff over the next several years. I have also met extensively with the new director of SIM USA, Bruce Johnson, who is very "intrigued" by what we are doing. Bruce is a very dynamic, forward-thinking leader and I think just the right person to lead SIM into its next stage of development. That I met him a week before he took office and then spent several hours with him on his first day on the job, I believe, is truly God's intervention. I believe SIM is committed to help, and Bruce and others at SIM (including Jim Knowlton

who is cataloging and helping with the shipping of the books to KA) are getting involved in different ways. I have discussed with several folks a way to ensure SIM stays very committed, but I think a lot of folks are watching to see what the alumni's response and commitment will be to KA's situation, and I believe if we send a strong signal, others will follow. Next August (2010), Erica and I are planning on taking about 15 college students on a short-term trip to help train teachers, work on capital improvement projects at the school, rebuild KA's library, and provide assistance to a nearby orphanage, although the primary focus will be KA. If any of you would like to join us, we would love to make this a mini-reunion of sorts.

Martin Muoto (KA, HC 89)
martin@muoto.com

- **To give on-line** [Specify: Project 96100 — Kent Academy]
<https://usanet.sim.org/SIMGift/detail.aspx>
- **To give via mail** [Specify: Project 96100 — Kent Academy] SIMUSA, 14830 Choate Circle, Charlotte, NC 28273
Phone: 800.521.6449

Sebring Needs

The SIM Retirement Village in Sebring, FL, currently has two critical positions that need to be filled—Lodge Manager and Maintenance Supervisor. The Lodge is a Florida state-licensed assisted living facility. The Lodge Manager must have a compassionate heart and good administrative, organizational, and management skills.

The Maintenance Supervisor is responsible for the oversight of maintenance and the upkeep of the buildings and grounds. The supervisor also oversees the volunteers and various building projects. He/she must be confident and able to lead employees and various volunteer groups ranging from 4 to 30 people that stay from 4 days to 5 months. The supervisor needs to understand all aspects of house maintenance and should have experience in mid-management supervision. Please be in prayer with us as we seek to find the right people for these important positions. Both of these positions are support-raising positions.

For more information, contact Grace Ely, SIM USA Retiree Care Coordinator.
grace.ely@sim.org

Sahel Academy Staffing Needs 2010-2011

Elementary
Grade 5/6

Secondary
Grade 7 Math
Grade 7/8 English
Grade 7/8 Science
Grade 7/8 Social Studies
Grade 7/8 Study Skills

Grade 9/10 IGCSE English
Grade 9 Physical Science
Grade 9/10 Social Studies
Grade 9/10 IGCSE IT

Grade 11/12 World Literature
Grade 11/12 Chemistry
Grade 11/12 History
Bible: A second teacher

Whole school

Art
PE
Secondary Music
Special Education Resource Teacher/ESL
Systems Manager for Computer Lab
Administrative Assistant
Principal
Assistant Principal



Helser family



ECWA Hospital

Sueanne and I have returned from a trip to ECWA Hospital Egbe, Nigeria. The meetings went extremely well, and we were blessed with good health and safe travels.

Prior to the Discovery Team meetings, Michael Vines (SIM International consultant) and I met with the heads of the hospital's departments including x-ray, laboratory, records, accounting, nursing, maternity, etc. They were all very open and honest as we spent hours asking them to share what they felt were their most critical issues. I also spent two days with a missionary builder evaluating the water supply, electric generator, building roofs, condition of the residences and drainage, etc.

The Discovery Team members consisted of four doctors, some whom had worked at the hospital in the past, and one who is currently working there, the Director of Medical Services, the Nigeria SIM Mission Director, SIM Project Coordinator, Principal of the Midwifery School, District Pastor for the local community, myself and Michael Vines. Michael did a magnificent job of facilitating the meetings, and the Discovery Team was very encouraged by the outcomes. We believe that there are many opportunities and much potential to serve the area with superior medicine while sharing the gospel if the right leadership, equipment, staffing, and upgrades are made. Together we agreed upon a list of 12 critical areas that needed immediate attention, putting cost or complexity aside, and 15 areas of "low-hanging fruit." The low-hanging fruit were areas that would take little effort or cost, but would make a big impact.

What is next? All those present at the meetings returned to their respective headquarters to discuss the meetings' findings with their executives or leadership. The Discovery Team will connect by phone and Skype on specified dates this month. By January 29 the team will put our plan in writing in order to communicate the plan to those working at the hospital, the local community, and those praying for the hospital.

Don Campion (KA, HC 72)
 dcampion@banyanair.com



KA ARCHIVES



Kent Academy, December 1966

2nd Grade, Edna Wiebe Robfogel, teacher

In this photo (not in order): David W., Brian Harling, Heidi Zobrist, Jewel Laird, Annegret Schalm, Warren Balisky, Steve Godbold, Eleanore Callister, Paul Bennett, Comfort Gumba, Robbie Foster, Barbara Steely, Becky S., Tommy Lochstampfer, Patti Callister, Rich Custer, Deborah Forster, Debbie Jones, Tim Kietzman, Roberta Obendorf, Rueben Bruemoh, Sharon Cail, Sheena Poole, Steven Brown, Gloria Carpenter



Mota Sai addua!



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
carachipampa.alumni@sim.org

Good Shepherd www.gss.mknet.org

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

Hillcrest www.hillcrestschool.net

Facebook group: Hillcrest Baby!

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

Kent Academy www.kentacademy.org

Facebook groups:

I'm a KA kid and I'm proud of it

KA (Kent Academy)

Kent Academy

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

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Along the road to Abuja. Has anyone seen this house? The story is that the man who built it had a wife who liked very much to travel. He built her this home to make her stay home. It didn't work.

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