



Preserving Your Slides

Many of us have access to slides that our parents took. They did not know about archival storage, keeping them out of the dust (good luck), heat (impossible) and light (consider how many, many times your dad showed his slides in hundreds of churches). Following are my suggestions for preserving those memories.

Storing Your Slides

Unless the slides are stored in archival sleeves, they will deteriorate. Look at your slide sleeves (if that is how you have stored your slides). If they are old and do not say "Archival" on the sleeve, chances are the sleeves are damaging your slides. You may see the sleeve actually sticking to the slides, with bad oily stuff oozing out of



Most of the time the damage and dirt shows up in the sky where there is little contrast to mask the dirt. This slide was not cleaned properly or thoroughly.

the slide sleeve and transferring on to your slide. And you may see a crystal-like fungus thing happening. The first thing you should do—immediately—is switch from the old acetate sleeves to archival sleeves (which aren't that expensive). Two good

online shopping sites for these items are Get Smart Products and Light Impressions Direct.*

On a day-to-day basis, your slides shouldn't be subject to damp, heat, or dramatic changes in temperature and humidity. Unfortunately in Africa none of these could be avoided, and your parents' slides are probably already somewhat damaged.

There is a period of history (I think it was late 60s and into the early 70s) when sub-standard emulsion was used for slides. You may notice that some of your slides have lost all but the reddish color. As

far as I know you cannot bring this color back. However, sometimes when you scan the slide and choose "Color Correction" in PhotoShop, it is amazing what can pop up color-wise. Then other times, nothing, nada, zilch. But it is certainly worth a try.

IN THIS ISSUE			
Books	9	Ministry Ops	
Bulletin Board	8	Bingham	12
Contact Us	2, 31	Egbe	11
From the Archives		ELWA	10
Rhines, KA	22	News	
Letters	21	By Grad Year	26
		Congrats	24
		Family Album	28
		Sympathies	30
		Open Dialogue	
		Forsberg	4
		Harvey	6
		Jones	5
		Trigg	3
		Preserving Your Slides	1
		Reconnecting	
		ELWA	10
		KA Class of '72	13
		KA/HC	13
		Remember When	
		Africa	17
		Airmail	21
		Ethiopia	18
		Funerals	19
		River Horses	15
		I Know You're From	16
		Nursing	14
		Return to Home	
		Cooper - ELWA	20

Cleaning Your Slides

Carefully. Gently. Minimally. Cautiously.

Never clean film with a water-based cleaner or water. Film cleaner can be applied with a clean, soft cotton cloth. Use a soft fabric combined with very light pressure to avoid creating scratches. If the contamination or residue is actually embedded in the emulsion, cleaners won't solve the problem. The only way to properly clean the film would be to take it out of the cardboard or plastic holder and wipe the film with film cleaner. If you try to use film cleaner on a 35mm slide, basically all you are doing is moving the dirt around because you can't wipe it off since the edges of the holder catch the dirt. You could try blotting the film off, but that is not going to remove all of the dust.

PEC-PADs are a unique blend of fibers especially designed for photographic applications. PEC-PADs are smooth and soft . . . making them nonabrasive, strong, and lint free. PEC-PADs can be safely used on all hardened photographic emulsions, including films and papers. Extreme care must be used with 35mm film, since these films are very easily scratched.

The PEC-12 company recommends using

each pad only for one swipe on a piece of film. That is so that you will not be wiping the dirt back on to the film. You could rotate the pad in order to get more efficient use of the pad on more than one film.

Slides must be handled with extreme care. Avoid touching the surface area, instead holding only by the edges. Wearing cotton gloves is a good idea, to prevent skin oils or dirt to transfer to your treasure. Use a cleaner made for film. Avoid rubbing alcohol since it often contains water.

Sometimes a simple light brushing with a very soft cloth will help. You have to be careful that there is nothing abrasive on the film or you will scratch it. Just imagine if there were sand (sand in Africa—what are the chances?) on the film and it wouldn't matter how soft your cloth was. It is good for brushing off loose dirt but don't scrub with it. Do a test on one of your slides that may not be one that you will miss if it gets damaged.

Labeling Your Slides

It's extremely important to label your photographs and slides, because you won't always be around to explain who was who in a picture. The mystery left behind is often intriguing to future generations, but it does leave a sense of frustration too. Label slides on the back. Use either a soft, No. 2 pencil to write lightly, or obtain pens that are specifically made for photography with acid-free ink.

Digitize or Duplicate?

Once you have all your negatives and slides safely in one place, you can begin to make duplicates of your photographs. One photo for displaying, one photo stored in a safe, archival manner.

Or digitize them.

You have two choices: do it yourself or have it done by one of several online (or maybe even local) companies.

If you decide to do it yourself, you will probably be disappointed if you use a flat bed scanner with top light adapter. Chances are your scanned images will be slightly out of focus. You will need to purchase a scanner especially made to scan slides. And they are not cheap. I have not purchased one in the last few years, but my last slide scanner was over \$600. And in my experience they wear out if you scan a LOT of slides (I have scanned 1000s and have worn out

three slide scanners). Scan your slides at the very highest resolution your computer (and your patience) can handle, but scan them at LEAST at 300 dpi and at LEAST at 400% of the size of the slide. After experimenting I decided that a file size of 5.5 x 3.5 at 300 dpi with a file size of about 10 mb is what I was willing to handle, process (in PhotoShop), and store. But this is up to you. The higher the resolution and the larger the file size—the better.

If you have your slides digitized by a company, chances are they will not clean them. If you look at each of your slides, holding it up to the light, you probably won't see all the fingerprints, dust, fungus, etc. But you sure will when you get your digitized files. These things show up especially in the sky or large light areas of your slides.

I have never used one of these companies but here is a testimonial and a recommendation from Harold Sala, a missionary friend: Before the digital age I acquired literally thousands of slides and countless reels of home movies—now priceless memories. However, they sit in slide trays or Carousel boxes gathering dust. Upon retirement, missionary-pastor John Redman began a ministry-service that converts slides and movies to digital format. Visit his website at www.viewpixmedia.com for "scanning services." The professional quality is unbeatable and the price is nominal. I guarantee you will be satisfied and thrilled to see your parents, children, and friends come alive in a format you can enjoy.

Please let me know of your expertise, experience, or varying knowledge of this subject. I am interested to hear from you.

*Submitted by Grace Swanson (KA, HC 69)
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Published twice a year, *Simroots* is a non-profit publication, produced by SIM MKs, for SIM MK high school graduates (includes AEF, AEM, ICF merged missions) and their caregivers.

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Tax-exempt donations should be made to *Simroots*
Project # US 720000-90-0000-501087 and sent to SIM USA or SIM Canada.

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TCKs and Unresolved Grief *By Paul Trigg (HC) greeneaglz@gmail.com*

During our lifetime we all will lose something. It is a fact of life. Loss can encompass so many things . . . loss of possessions, friends, family, community, familiar foods, a country. . . . Sometimes it may feel like we lose things we never had, like a sense of belonging or a sense of identity.

For Third Culture Kids, losses can be overwhelming . . . especially moving from one country to another. You experience a sense of mourning for the things that you had, and sometimes can never go back to, and the grief can go on for years. For some who get stuck in mourning what they had, the grief can go on for a lifetime. Unresolved grief can result in anxiety or in crippling mental or physical pain.

Many do not realise that they are in mourning for the things in their past. Such loss, if we allow it to, can lead to severe depression, illnesses, and suicide if a way of dealing with the loss is not found and if there is not support and understanding from others. For many there is no sense of “getting over it,” and they often feel alone in their loss.

Such loss can feel unbearable, thinking that things will never be the same again, remembering missed chances and opportunities, and desiring to mentally live in the past. It can result in rebellion toward those they feel have wronged them (such as their parents, their religion and even their God) and can lead to very negative emotions and reactions such as hate, silence, severe loneliness, depression, and fear.

It is important to remember that every person deals with loss in a different way. Some seem to handle loss well, but others store it up because they feel they are not given permission or won't give themselves permission to grieve. They struggle with who is to blame for their feelings, struggle with revealing their feelings and showing emotion, and with making friends and trusting others. At some stage many are able to come to terms with loss, yet for others the loss continues to

haunt them. Some learn to adapt quickly and are naturally capable of coping with change, while others need the help of others to move on.

Here are some pointers to dealing with and releasing some of the grief and loss that we feel.

- First, realize we are not alone in our loss. Other TCKs have experienced the same thing.

- Understand that it is normal to mourn for things that we have lost. And also for it to feel unbearable at times.

- Find a way to express our pain and loss that is not dangerous or involving self-harm.

- Research unresolved grief on the Internet.

- Find someone we can confide in about our feelings.

- If necessary, talk to a doctor if we are feeling like self-harming, and get some medication.

- Choose to remember the things that brought pleasure rather than the things that we will never have back.

- Mourning is natural, and it is possible to grieve things and get through them. Embrace the pain; be willing to feel the emotion.

- Dealing with loss can strengthen us and enable us to deal with difficult situations and difficult people. If done well, it can build character and enable us to support others in similar circumstances.

- Remember that the past cannot be changed, but our present and future can. Focus on what can be changed rather than what cannot.

If we are tempted to blame someone, especially someone who has wronged us, remember these pointers.

- Just because we feel someone has wronged us, does not automatically give us the right to wrong them. Revengeful feelings harm us.

- Do not let bitterness get a hold of us. We may feel bitter about someone or something, but bitterness ends up resulting in us being bitter about a whole lot

more and to a lot more people. I have met disabled people who are bitter about their disability and take it out on anyone in range. I have also met disabled people who are not bitter, and they inspire people because of their courage and their ability to deal with their loss and pain.

- Holding onto bitterness gives away our power to others. They have something that they can use against us . . . press the button and it sets us off. Even if they are no longer around, just the memory of them will set us off.

- Bitterness keeps the hurt alive.

- Being bitter with someone often means we do not accept responsibilities for our own actions and our own failings. It is easier to blame someone else for our failings. It also prevents us from analysing situations properly as we continually look at things from a negative and pessimistic viewpoint.

- Forgiving breaks the emotional bond to past events and helps release frustrations that build up within us. It allows the wounds we have to heal. Forgiving is not necessarily for the benefit of someone who has wronged us, but primarily for our benefit!

- Forgiving is something that the Bible mentions in Matthew 6:15, “But if you do not forgive men their sins, your Father will not forgive your sins.” (NIV) For Christians, forgiving allows God to forgive us for our sins.

It is important to remember that not everyone has the same problems or symptoms. Many people who have close family ties and a sense of security are able to grieve and move on with their lives. It is those who find themselves revisiting their past constantly or finding they struggle with unresolved grief that these tips may help. I do not claim to be a counsellor, but some of this advice comes from talking to people dealing with these issues. Hopefully they may help you or someone you love.



My Bingham Experience *Submitted by Dodi Forsberg (BA 69) Dorothy.Forsberg@sim.org*

Ten years ago, an AMK Task Force under the direction of Larry Fehl (SIM USA Director at the time) sent out a questionnaire to all the AMKs in the USA. Imagine our surprise to receive the following letter in 2010! Thank you, Dodie. Better late than never! Following is her response to several of the questions.*

Dear AMK Task Force,

I'm spending some time settling into my house again after HA [Home Assignment] from Djougou, Benin, and getting around to doing some things that have been put off a long time!

This is an annex to the questionnaire, especially questions 11 to 14: *Which type of school (dorm, hostel, home country with relatives, etc.) did you find most beneficial; which most challenging, and why?*

Boarding school at Bingham Academy was good for me. I was born *sans* left hand, and I believe if I had been kept at home I would have been pitied and babied. At Bingham I was treated just like all the other kids and so learned my ways of doing things—tie up shoes and sashes, buttons down the back, etc. I started piano lessons in third grade like everyone else and had teachers who helped me develop ways of compensating for missing fingers. I participated in sports at various schools, including baseball, volleyball, badminton, tennis, and basketball.

Scripture memory was a good part, too, though not everyone was glad for it in later years. One of my brothers complained that it ran through his brain like a cassette! Furlough years at school were bearable, but the scars remain of multiple separations, making friends and then having to leave, probably to never see those friends again. One of the results is making only surface friendships, keeping up the self-defenses so as not to be hurt again. The eventual result of that is not knowing how to develop deeper relationships, or feeling too insecure to risk it. Another result, though, is making friends easily wherever I go—a TCK syndrome

that I hear from others, too, feeling from everywhere but nowhere, or in different words, feeling comfortable anywhere but not really “at home” anywhere.

Question 19 asked about suggestions I have for SIM. I would advise parents, if possible, to return to the same place each time for furlough. If they could even have a home to return to, this would lend more stability to their kids, who could look forward to being with the same kids in school and church. These days the kids could even keep up with each other by Internet if they wanted.

Andrew Hicks' letter/article in *Sim-roots* Vol. 27 #1 is very good in giving many of the positive aspects/advantages of having grown up outside of our passport countries. For sure, we have a much broader worldview than our peers in our passport countries, hard for them to understand, makes it seem like we never fit in. But it has huge advantages, especially in today's world of globalization. Having a multilingual background, just feeling comfortable with people speaking other languages around me, not necessarily speaking them myself, has been very beneficial to my college major (French) and in the environment in which I have worked the last almost 33 years: Bible translation in multilingual (possibly as many as 50!) Benin. Of course, I must also admit gifting by God—but also using my background.

Thank you for all that you do/have done for us AMKs. I know there are others who struggle or who point to their MK background to rationalize their shortcomings or to walk away from God. I believe they have also been influenced by ungodly people/friends/counselors. There could possibly even be footholds gotten by the enemy through experiences/exposures in childhood or adulthood.

The ongoing discussion is interesting. You're getting input from younger ones now. It seems to me to be a bit more positive than earlier. Is that because parents' ideas have changed? Mission policies changed? More options for schooling

closer to home? Perhaps boarding schools have staff that are more aware of kids' needs. And staff that want to be there. And parents taking time to help their kids get adjusted to their passport country.

Response to Dodi's questions

Beaj (Lacey/Beacham) Reed, who served on the AMK Task Force, responded to Dodi: These answers are only from one person's perspective who was an SIM MK and who has been working with SIM MKs for the past 25 years. I'm sure there are other perspectives out there, but I feel like I can answer your questions from SIM Nigeria's viewpoint.

It seems to me to be a bit more positive than earlier. Is that because parents' ideas have changed?

In some ways “Yes!”

1) Missionaries coming to the field these days tend to tell SIM what their giftings are, what they are called to, and what and where they will work. That alone is a HUGE shift in thinking!

2) Home schooling is an acceptable option in the States now, and that is certainly reflected in the desires of many “bush” missionaries, or missionaries not living near the traditional boarding school.

3) There is more contact now between parents and students (cell phones, Skype, e-mails, and visits). In Nigeria a visit is required every month.

4) Missionaries travel to the States more often, and there are “refresher” conferences, etc. every summer if parents choose to attend. In general the world truly is a global village these days.

5) Because of the philosophical changes in parents, there are fewer parents willing to send their children to boarding school, so the adult / boarder ratio is very small because the hostels are smaller.

Mission policies changed? Perhaps boarding schools have staff that are more aware of kids' needs. And staff that want to be there.



YES! At least in SIM Nigeria. Here's a brief summary of an article my first husband Steve and I wrote for *Simroots* Vol. 17#1 about what SIM Nigeria is doing in the field of MKs.

1) NO boarding at all—ever—under middle school; and for middle school it is a case-by-case acceptance.

2) NO kids in boarding school if the parents are NOT currently on the field.

3) Parents are required to visit every month, and they rotate doing SIM hostel parent relief weekends.

4) They are also heavily represented on the hostel board.

5) The field member care office takes all family concerns more than seriously!

6) The field has an MK coordinator who takes their responsibility very seriously.

7) There are “guidelines for safe practice” that are signed by the houseparents each semester, and the houseparents have an accountability person they are to meet with monthly.

8) Houseparents are supposed to go to a “pre-field orientation” run by an MK organization.

9) The hostel board chairman and board protect both the houseparents from overwork and fatigue, and the families from a bad house-parenting situation. (Only twice that I am aware of was the houseparent relieved of duty during the semester, but many times they have been removed from the position at the end of the semester or year—if there was a problem.)

10. It is a HUGE goal that parents be informed as to the health and well being of their boarding children.

More options for schooling closer to home?

I pretty much already answered this.

And parents taking time to help their kids get adjusted to their passport country.

It is basically a requirement that parents take their college kids back to the passport country for college. Furlough is recommended. The students and family go through interviews, and Hillcrest seniors have an amazing re-entry retreat put on by Steve Snyder (an SIM ELWA MK) and the Hillcrest SIM staff. As a mission we are trying to beef up our contact with college-age MKs. And incidentally, students are now encouraged to return at least once to the mission field to expedite closure to their experience.

**Note: With the retirement of Larry Fehl, the AMK Task Force officially disbanded.*

Dealing with the MK Experience

By Ray Jones (BA 67)

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Reading some stories in *Simroots* breaks my heart in empathy for the writers. The issue for me was about being loved and accepted, or lack thereof. After years of internal debate I settled on the word “tolerated” to describe how I felt about the years of boarding school experience. Along with the support of a loving wife, the healing process was enabled by a number of spiritual realizations. I talked with a pastor who instructed me to write on a 3x5 card: “I would feel loved and accepted if I were allowed to be myself by persons in authority over me, and I reject that!” The phrase was to be repeated five times a day. On the other side was written, “I am loved and accepted by God, because Jesus Christ loves me and died for me, and I believe this!”—to be repeated 50 times a day. May sound hokey, but it falls in line with Paul saying we should renew our mind. And, over a period of time it worked. I still keep that card in my Bible as a reminder. Also, I was told I did not have to endure condemnation and ridicule. If necessary, and if possible, I could remove myself from that influence and find other friends.

At a singles’ weekend the speaker quoted Susya, a traveling rabbi in the Ukraine in the 18th century: “In the world to come I shall not be asked ‘Why were you not Moses?’ I shall be asked: ‘Why were you not Susya?’” The message to me was that I did not have to live up to the expectations of others, but had to live up to the expectation of God who loves me. This gave freedom from the condemnation (implied and/or subtle and/or direct) from some church attenders.

A friendship with a younger married couple (Bob and Sheila) was of immense influence. I was accepted by them at anytime. They loaned me a book about inner healing. While riding the bus to and from work, it was often difficult to read through the tears in my eyes. The concept the book put forward was to relive the painful events, only this time, in your mind, change the event to envision a Christlike influence and ending. Again, sounds hokey, but the concept is in keeping with “renewing the mind.” And in my case, it worked. I had a fair number of recurring mental playbacks. With the inner healing process, the frequency of playbacks decreased, and the number of events which played back decreased over time. Now mental playbacks are fairly rare, and the emotional pain is also rare.

Working through my “issues” took over ten years. It was a slow process because church people were the worst critics. Now, many of the things that helped me were also from church people, or by Christian writers, but it took a long time to cross paths with those people.

Editor’s book recommendation: Healing Life’s Hurts, by Dr. Ed Smith



The Plunge from the Pedestal—and How I Dealt with It

By Renee (Bissett) Harvey (IC, KA 93) reneelharvey@hotmail.com

In December 2003 I was in the first trimester of pregnancy with my second child. One morning my husband Craig came into the room where I was working and forewarned me about an e-mail he had just received from my father. Craig reassured me that no one had died (my immediate assumption) but simply stated, “It’s a big shock, Renee.”



My father’s letter began, “I am writing to

you, not seeking your approval or even your understanding, but because now Mum thinks I should let you know.” He went on to disclose that my mother had discovered a long-term secret he had been keeping: that he was in love with another man.

“I have been in a love relationship with an African young man half my age for almost seven years,” he wrote. “Though I love [your mother] dearly, I am not prepared to put an end to this relationship with someone I have loved as no one else on earth and someone for whom I give my life. . . . I find a satisfaction in this relationship that I never found in my 30 years of marriage.”

At this point my parents had been on the mission field for 22 years. I had attended 2 boarding schools for my entire 12 educational years, so my relationship with my parents was not particularly close. However, I grew up with a strong respect for my father’s intellect and pride in the work he was doing in Africa. The times I felt closest to him were during theological discussions, and I often sought his approval by arguing doctrinal matters with my peers and achieving straight A’s at school.

I graduated from International Christian Academy in 1993 and returned immedi-

ately to Australia on my own for university. This period of time was fraught with the usual adjustment difficulties for third-culture kids, but I was proud of my ability to be completely independent from my parents. I no longer needed them for financial assistance and rarely consulted them for advice. However, I was still extremely disappointed when only my mother made the effort to attend my wedding

in 1997. My father said he was too busy to leave his work, and I think that excuse marked a real decline in our relationship. When I travelled back to Africa in 2000 to show Craig some of the places I had lived, my father gave us a very poor welcome, thus hammering the last nail in the coffin.

As I no longer viewed my father as an active person in my life, it was a surprise to me how hard I took the revelation of his homosexual affair in 2003. I felt the gamut of emotions: anger, hurt, disgust, shame, betrayal, etc. My immediate concern was for my mother and how she would cope with the news. I made sure to call her on the phone when I knew my father would not answer as I was not ready to speak with him about his revelation. She explained that she had been suspicious of certain clandestine meetings and uncovered some e-mails that revealed the shocking truth about his adultery. My mother openly shared her devastation and shameful feelings of failure. “I am grieved beyond words,” she wrote in an e-mail to me, “that Dad, who has so much potential for God’s glory, such a great talent for teaching God’s word, who has enthusiasm and ideas unique here in Abidjan or in the world for that matter, has been blinded by the devil. . . . He is

continuing to sin. He is unwilling to admit this and repent. . . . This ongoing sin will perhaps be the reason that a multitude of useful and God-glorifying ministries will have to cease.” Mum shared with me the solace and encouragement she found from certain hymns and Scripture, particularly the Psalms. Her initial prayers were that my Dad would “humble himself and pray and repent,” so that they could continue their missionary work in the Ivory Coast.

However, this repentance seemed unlikely. My father had forbidden us to tell anyone the news for the sake of his Christian ministry. “If [your mother] outs me,” he wrote in his letter, “explaining the situation to missionaries and others here like my staff will put an end to virtually everything I am doing at the moment. . . . It will also result in significant damage in terms of Christian testimony in general. . . . I will continue to be discrete and will continue to work as I can for the Lord here, serving the churches and missionary community as best I can, while I can.”

It was inconceivable to me that my father couldn’t see the conflict between his adultery and mission work. He stated that he was unwilling to cease his gay sexual contact but had every intention of continuing to preach, assist in the publication of Christian literature, run a mission guesthouse, and oversee his deaf ministry. And he wanted my mother to provide the illusion of respectability. However, Mum was unwilling to deceive their well-minded supporters or participate in the charade any longer, so with the kind help of her sister and the great relief of her daughters, she returned to Australia.

My two sisters and I have dealt with my father’s announcement in different ways. Carla and her husband Andy wrote a brave but scathing letter to Dad condemning his actions, reproving him for putting my mother at risk of contracting HIV, and urging him to leave his “Christianity charade” behind. He responded by severing all contact with them. On the other hand,



my sister Lauren continued to correspond with Dad, asking questions about his partners, even sending him money when he was in financial difficulty.

I found the “easiest” way to deal with our family’s own *Poisonwood Bible* situation was to have nothing more to do with Dad. He stated that he would rather lose his wife and family than cease his current lifestyle, so I allowed myself to be lost to him. I felt that my identity as a missionary kid had been completely shattered. My father’s life was a farce, and the years he had been supposedly working for the Lord meant nothing. It was easy for me to detach myself from him and the ugly soap opera that was now our family. I threw away his publications that I had previously proudly displayed on my bookshelf. I rarely spoke about my father to anyone and when I did, I consciously used his first name to try to distance myself even more from him. I did call one classmate in the U.S. whose father had a similar “fall from grace” on the mission field and was reassured that my feelings were normal and forgiveness would take time. I perused a row of books at my local Christian bookstore on the topic of homosexuality, but none seemed helpful to me. I also spent several hours looking up relevant websites and forums online. Dealing with the matter on my own proved unsuccessful, however, so I attended two counseling sessions with a Christian psychiatrist. She focused on my “inner child” feelings and reasons why my father might have turned to homosexuality late in life. I stopped the sessions and found myself wishing my father would simply die in Africa so I wouldn’t have to face him again. I felt no love towards him; it was like he was a man I once knew but now with whom I had no connection.

Today I am still on the path to forgiveness and still have not contacted my father. Dad has never met my three children, nor tried to get in touch with me in the last seven years. My parents have since divorced and live very separate lives. I

genuinely admire my mother’s apparent ease in forgiving her husband’s infidelity. However, Dad’s long-term deceit and the homosexual aspect have been extremely hard for me as a conservative Christian to come to terms with. I can recall voicing to my sisters that I wished he had simply confessed to having a mistress, which would have perhaps made a resolution of the problem a little easier. On the other hand, as I write this article the sheer immensity of the issue seems to have diminished. I don’t know whether there will ever be any reconciliation with my father, but it no longer seems so insurmountable. I can certainly see my stubbornness and sin in disobeying the Lord’s command to forgive seventy times seven. I can tell you there won’t be a Hollywood ending with tear-jerking music and the two characters slow-motion running into each other’s arms, but I do intend to act by writing to Dad in the near future. I have no idea if he will even choose to respond or if I will ever be able to love him again as a daughter should love her father.

It must be said that my husband Craig is doing a fantastic job fathering our three

children. I can learn how a loving father should behave, just by observing him. I have had two other wonderful father-figures in my life. One was a dorm parent at ICA whom I still hear from regularly. He demonstrated unconditional love while doling out discipline fairly. The other man sadly died of prostate cancer this year, but I greatly valued his Godly advice and his generosity with his time and resources. I feel enormously thankful that the Lord gave me those relationships. Even more so, I am thankful for the perfect example of a father we have in God who will never fail us the way an earthly father will. Among many other characteristics, God is dependable, never absent, a generous provider, and “abounding in love” (Psalm 103:8). Even if my Dad rejects my peace offering, I know beyond a doubt that God the Father can fill any hole in my life with His abounding love.

Renee and her husband Craig are currently working in Christian schools in Hong Kong. You can e-mail her, or you can follow their family’s adventures at www.nestinginskyscrapers.blogspot.com.

History of Kent Academy on CD and DVD

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Will send to you when you send a donation to *Simroots*, c/o Deb Turner, PO Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253.



WANT SOME MARMITE?



One of our MKs has access to jars of inexpensive Marmite (4.4 oz or 125 grams) and has offered to send out jars to our readers for the cost of a donation to *Simroots*. He'll even cover the \$5 postage fee! If Marmite isn't your first love, perhaps you have a sibling who would appreciate a special surprise gift. (My kids used to use it for pranks with their friends to see what reaction they would get!)

Send in your donations and requests today to:
 Deb Turner
 PO Box 273
 Greenbank, WA 98253
Ethiopia@greenbank.net

MK TALES

<http://www.mktales.com>
 I've started a website called MK Tales—basically stories about growing up as an MK. It's designed to be humorous and irreverent, so hopefully people will enjoy it. At the moment it's just me writing, so it's pretty Bolivia-centric. (I was at Carachipampa for about 8 years). I'd love to have some other writers from other parts of the world—so long as they're funny!

Submitted by Ardin Beech
 (CC 97)

YOUTUBE

In the following video (www.youtube.com/watch?v=0heL2Czeraw), our son Dave composed the music and recorded it in his studio. Krista Branch, the singer (and mom of 3), is a local artist whom Dave has known and worked with for a number of years. Michael, her husband, wrote the song and shot the video. The song is politically charged, so we hope you're conservative enough to appreciate it and hope you like it as much as we do.
 Submitted by David & Becky John (KA 59)

KA MEMORIES OF NOLON & COOKIE KING

If you have a memory from KA of Aunt Cookie and Uncle Nolon King, and care to share it, I would like to put together a collection of these for my mom. I know she would greatly enjoy reading anything that you have to share. You don't need to spend a lot of time or write a book.

I have set up a Facebook page to collect your memories. Or you can e-mail me directly at collineking@gmail.com
 Submitted by Collin King (KA 74)



MUSIC RESOURCES NEEDED

Toni is teaching music to 8th graders at our local high school in Chaco, Paraguay. Part of his teaching is helping the students think critically of the music they are listening to. Most of them listen to German musicians. Some listen to American artists like ACDC. And some are exposed to other international music as well. He needs help in his research of musicians and the songs they listen to. We need more resources. Does anyone know another website other than Plugged In where we can get more information about this matter?
 Submitted by Toni & Lutchie (Belen) Wiens
 (AS, CC 94) lutchbluppy@yahoo.com

ELWA WEBSITE

www.elwamausa.org
 I just spent an hour reading the excellent postings by Judy Koci. One was Annette (de la Haye) Cooper's album of her Daddy's life and ministry. It's a very moving PowerPoint. There is also a summary of Marian Schindler's Memorial Service and a list of people who were there.
 Submitted by Betty Thompson

BRATS: OUR JOURNEY HOME

In the last issue of *Simroots*, we reviewed this documentary. You can now rent the movie on Youtube. See the excellent trailer at:
www.youtube.com/user/bratsourjourneyhome.

TCK DISSERTATION

<http://gradworks.umi.com/33/88/3388676.html>
 Personality traits in Caucasian MKs raised in a different culture, by Rasco, Reda, Psy.D., Argosy University/Dallas, 2009. This study looked at the effects of the developmental environment of MKs with regard to resulting personality traits. The particular hypothesis was that the international mobility of MKs would produce a higher rate of Schizoid traits.

The Untold Story: Missionary Kids Speak From The Ends Of The Earth

By Doris L. Walters

Doris Walters spent 20 years in Japan as a missionary. Subsequently—with an enhanced understanding and empathy for Missionary Kids—Dr. Walters spearheaded the founding of Missionary Family Counseling Services Inc. In conjunction with a number of supporting churches, MFCS provided subsidized counseling for MKs and their families. With MFCS as a base, Dr Walters ministered to over a thousand MKs from 72 countries.

Most everyone enjoys a story. And this book carries stories about us. Following her retirement, Dr. Walters chose loads of illustrative anecdotes (drawn from her counseling ministry) by and about MKs. Over and over, the MK reader will likely be nodding, *Yes, yes—that's how it went down for me, too!* These stories speak to many MK issues and to the resolutions—partial and full—to those issues.

Typical of the subjects addressed are Reentry, Coping, Schooling, Family, and Secrets of the Heart. This book will benefit both MKs and those who are in any way a part of their lives.

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

Published by Chapel Hill Press. You can order the book directly from Dr. Walters for \$12.00 per copy plus \$3.00 for shipping.

Dr. Doris Walters
5006 Carleton Street, Unit 113
Wilmington, NC 28403
910-452-5438
DWALTERS7@ec.rr.com

Home Keeps Moving

A Glimpse into the Extraordinary Life of a Third Culture Kid

By Heidi Sand-Hart

Foreword by Ruth E. Van Reken (KA 63)

Home Keeps Moving follows Heidi and her missionary family on their many moves through the eyes of a Third Culture Kid (TCK) and the unique phenomena of having four very different home countries to relate to. It tells the true story of being catapulted from continent to continent, constantly leaving friends and starting all over again, her unquenchable search for a “home” and sense of belonging in this world, her desire for a life-partner with the odds all but against her due to constantly relocating (even into adulthood). You will laugh and cry along with Heidi as she recounts hilarious and heart-breaking tales from her childhood as West blends with East. That is the true beauty of Heidi’s upbringing; it crossed borders and defied logic, but she lacked for nothing. Heidi Sand-Hart is an Adult Third Culture Kid who grew up in England, India, and Norway due to her parents’ work. She has been involved with YWAM internationally and volunteered at orphanages in India, Morocco, Thailand, and China. She has a passion for travel, photography, and Arsenal football club. Heidi currently lives in London, England, with her husband and views herself as a citizen of the world.

homekeepsmoving@gmail.com

<http://homekeepsmoving.blogspot.com>

www.mcdougalpublishing

Amazing Experiences in Africa

By Hans Hagen (BA Staff)

The English version of this book was edited by the Baliskys and Colemans, 2010. The book will not be published, but if you want a copy you may print it out from an e-mail attachment. Please contact Russ Schmidt for the attachment and link for the pictures.

rvschmidt@gmail.com

Playa Perdida

By Dan Schmidt (KA 75)

toucanic@aol.com

Fresh from the press in 2010, here is a Christian novel by one of our own. Written in a fun, breezy style by MK Dan Schmidt, the book presents a surprising variety of spiritual content without ever becoming preachy.

Gray Albright—a stressed-out pastor from upstate New York—ends up in a Central America resort community ministering to expatriates in a multi-cultural situation.

Though thoroughly enjoyable just as a story, the book also takes your mind walking down unexpected lanes of worthwhile ponderings.

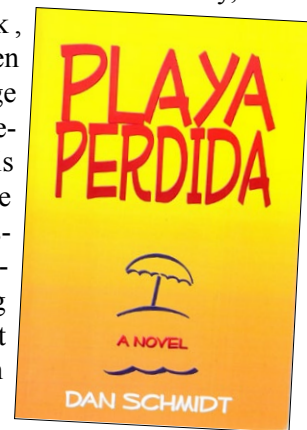
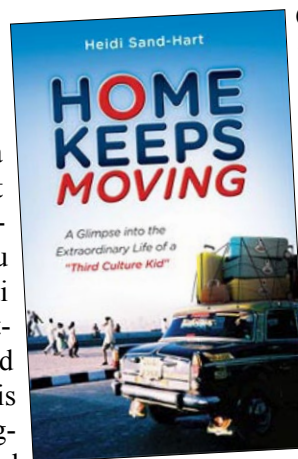
Schmidt writes from personal background in the several venues in which the story is set.

Dan spent his fourth grade year at KA in the mid-60s. He recalls classmates Stan Steely, John

Kraakevik, David Pullen and Marge Frame. He reports of his post-college years, “I pastored churches, including two expat churches in Latin America, where I maintained connections with missionaries and encouraged youth groups that included a lot of MKs. Our three daughters were with us during this time, giving them a taste of the PK/MK life as well. At present I serve as VP for USA Ministries with BCM International, so it looks like I’ve come full circle back into the missionary experience.”

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

Go to www.toucanic.net for info on getting the book.



Amharic Bible Schools: Celebrating 60 Years of Serving Together, 1950 – 2010

Submitted by Tim Jacobson (BA 71)

This commemorative book reflects on the 60-year partnership between SIM and the Ethiopian church in the Amharic Bible schools. My sister, Laura Toews, put in a herculean effort to compile this nearly 100-page coffee-table, laminated soft-cover book of memories and photos of dozens of missionaries who served in Amharic Bible schools through the years, focusing especially on the early history from the SIM perspective.

I think you will enjoy reminiscing as you see and read about familiar faces and places. And you will be blessed to read your fellow missionaries' contributions and see their photos. The Amharic Bible school movement is a remarkable story with schools nationwide and 60,000 graduates! The Ethiopian Kale Heywet Church has the reputation in the country as the denomination that is strongest in teaching the Bible. This has certainly been one of the factors that has been the foundation for its growth. The books were presented at several celebrations in Ethiopia this summer.

To order a book:

We will be printing a limited quantity, so if you'd like a copy, please order ASAP. Tax-deductible donations to help subsidize the cost of the books going to Ethiopia would be appreciated. Without some subsidy, the book would be unaffordable for the very people we are trying to honor. Any money we receive for the books leaves more in the project for scholarships for students from the north and eastern parts of the country and for the development for the Bible school ministry.

E-mail your order to tim.jacobson@sim.org, indicating the number of books requested, and your postal address.

Cost: Canadian \$40 (includes shipping and tax)

MINISTRY OPPORTUNITIES

Help ELWA

Submitted by Judy Koci
jlkoci@yahoo.com



I grew up in Liberia, West Africa, at missionary radio station ELWA. Besides the radio station, we had a clinic, hospital, 2 schools, about 75 missionaries assigned, and about 200 Liberian staff. With the 14-year civil war, it was all destroyed, as was most of the country. No water, electricity, sewer, or infrastructure . . . and yet the people of Liberia are determined to survive and join the 21st century. In addition, the majority of the youth of Liberia have had no education, and yet they have a deep desire to learn and contribute to Liberia's future.

A group of committed Christian Liberians determined to raise ELWA and its ministries from the ashes has started to rebuild; and slowly the radio, hospital and school are beginning to recover, but they need a lot of help. We have started

a non-profit organization, ELWA Ministries Association USA, (EMAUSA) to support ELWA and its surrounding communities.

One of our main emphases is to provide scholarships to children who would otherwise be unable to attend school. Currently we have 32 students, with many more waiting. It costs between \$200-300 a year per student, and we need funds and sponsors to continue helping them.

Your gift is tax-deductible, and can be sent to:

EMAUSA
P.O. Box 1
Warrenville, IL 60555

Web: www.elwamausa.org/
Facebook: *ELWA Ministries Association USA (EMAUSA)*

RECONNECTING



ELWA reunion 2010, Cocoa Beach, FL

SIMROOTS offers MKs a unique opportunity to network, share resources and challenge one another to support projects that MKs are overseeing in other countries. As we work to revitalize ECWA Hospital Egbe, a hospital in Nigeria founded by SIM missionaries in 1950 (and home to many MKs), we recognize that the MK community offers valuable contacts, experience and insight.

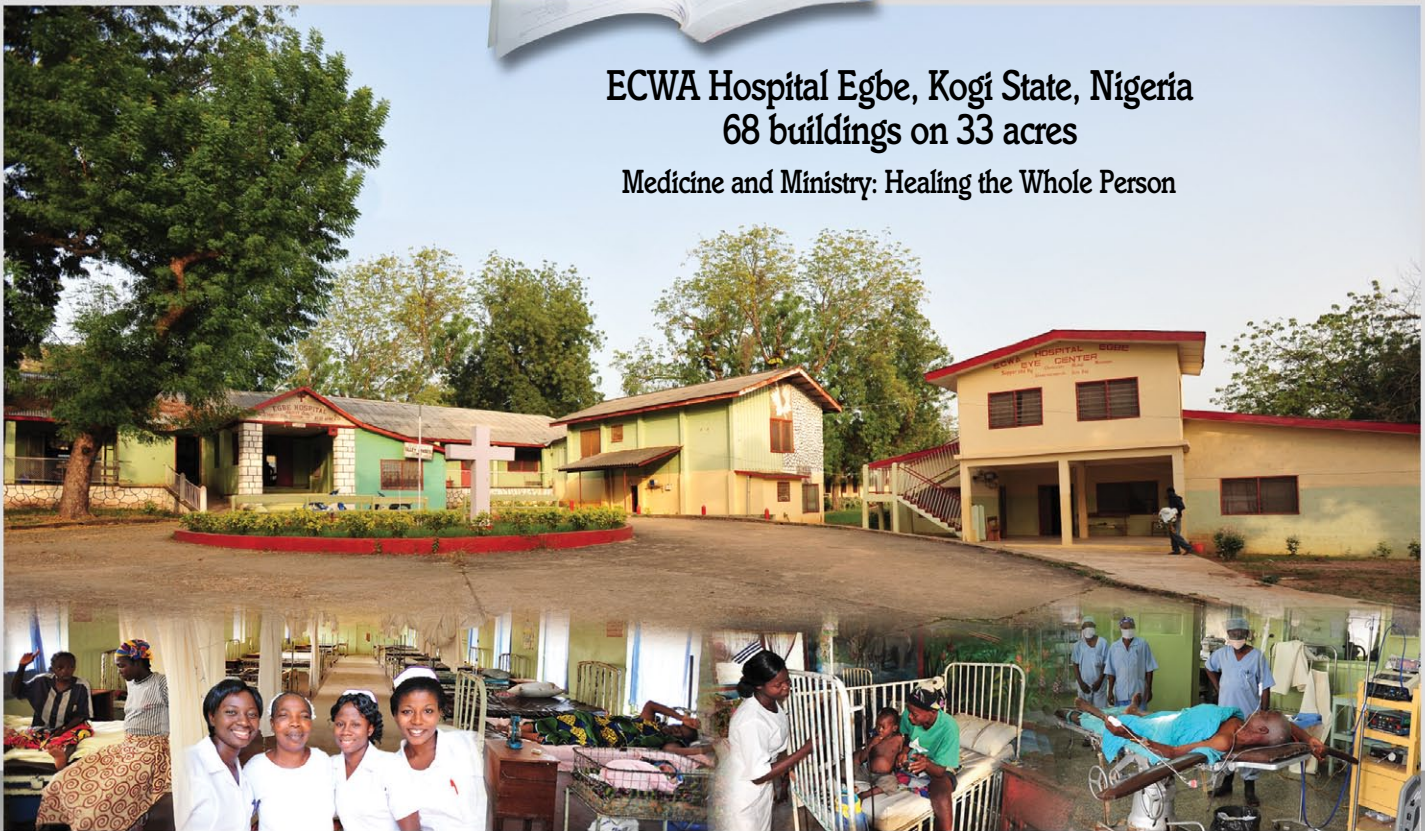
The goal of the Egbe Hospital Revitalization Project is to recruit a leadership team of missionaries and Nigerian professionals; upgrade the buildings, water supply, electricity, and hospital equipment; reestablish an effective laboratory, pharmacy, surgical and out-patient services; and install reliable internet and communication technology over the next 5 years. By placing staff, equipment and systems in harmony with ministry and business principles, the hospital will be better positioned to spread the gospel and provide superior medical care and training to the region.

Our missionary and MK community, with it's



unique understanding of living and working overseas, is a valuable resource. Perhaps you know some doctors or nurses, administrative or maintenance professionals that may be looking to join a project for 2-5 years? Do you know organizations that donate medical equipment or maintenance tools? Do you specialize in computer technology, water treatment, solar power operations, construction or maintenance? Do you have a heart to train pastors or disciple leaders? Your experience or contacts may make all the difference to this or other projects headed by MKs. Join the network of MKs helping MKs. **Share your project in the next issue.**

ECWA Hospital Egbe, Kogi State, Nigeria
68 buildings on 33 acres
Medicine and Ministry: Healing the Whole Person



For information on the Egbe Hospital Revitalization Project #NG96214

www.egbehospital.org



Contact: Betsie Campion Smith • 4smiths@rogers.com • 905-718-2380

Building for the Next Generation

A great opportunity for Bingham Academy

A four-year redevelopment project

The existing location of Bingham Academy has served us well since 1952. However with growing numbers of students and staff, a trend that is set to continue, these facilities are stretched beyond capacity and are simply no longer adequate for our needs.

A four-year project called BA 2015 will see the complete redevelopment of the existing school site. The phased development will ensure that Bingham Academy can continue to offer excellent Christian education in an ever-changing world.

BA 2015 is estimated to cost \$8 million for the four phases of redevelopment.

OUR FUTURE

We are looking for people who understand the significant role of Bingham Academy and are willing to support us in this venture. Are you one of those people? For further information on how you can give, please contact:

Andy Walter, Project Manager
andy.walter@

binghamacademy.net

Tel. (251) 112-791791

www.binghamacademy.net

Cheques may be sent to Bingham Academy payable to SIM-Ethiopia.

If you are resident in one of the following countries (USA, Canada, UK, Australia or New Zealand) and would like to make a donation through a qualifying organisation for tax purposes, please contact Andy for details.

Our School

Bingham Academy is an exceptional place for students to learn and a remarkable place for staff to work. We strive to prepare our students for an exciting future, equipping them with the skills to succeed and thrive in an ever-changing world. As these students come from many nations and head off in diverse directions, we relish the opportunity to reach the world for God's glory through them.

Although a new boarding program has recently started, after some years of no boarding, this is now being run and operated by an intermission group. **The school will no longer be running a boarding program.**

Our Students

Bingham Academy is truly unique. Our students and their families come to Ethiopia from more than 35 countries. About half of our student body is made up from children of missionaries, whose parents are involved in cutting-edge work within Ethiopia. Many other students are children of development workers, business people or diplomats. Our students are quite literally tomorrow's world leaders.

Our vision is to give students a strong educational foundation, as well as enable them to integrate their relationship with God into all areas of their lives. We want our students to have a trust in Christ, which results in them reflecting a Christian worldview through their character and lifestyle.

Our multicultural community aims to instil both a love for Ethiopia and its culture and a deep appreciation for the dozens of cultures and languages represented in our faculty and student body.

Our Staff

The rich diversity in experience, background, and culture among our staff is vital to the accomplishment of our vision. Teaching at Bingham is more than just a job; our teachers are called to the mission field. Our staff are committed to loving God, professional excellence, working and living cross-culturally, and have a passion for embracing a life lived to the fullest for God's glory.



Bingham Academy, PO Box 4937

Addis Ababa, ETHIOPIA

Tel: +251 11 2791 791 or +251 11 2797 480

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KA Class of '72 Reunites

The KA Class of '72 had so much fun reuniting in 2005 that we voted to do it again five years later. So on May 13-16, 20 members of our class along with 11 spouses met once more in Sebring, FL, hosted by Don and Sueanne Campion. We enjoyed a tour of Highlands Hammock State Park with its baby alligators, visited a local Blueberry/Bluegrass Festival, and wandered through the graveyards where many of our SIM missionaries are buried, including some of our own parents. On Saturday, we all went over to the Sebring Retirement Center where we visited with many of our parents, "aunties" and "uncles," and some of the local MKs who came for dinner. Watching the Craigs' founding-of-KA movies and singing together led by Myr and Coral Guy (who came all the way from California to see our class!) completed the evening. We voted to reunite again—in five years.



1968. KA Class of '72. Back: John Rogalsky, George Callister, Jim Cail, Dean Hall, Graham Day, Brian Tracey, Don Campion, David Lohnes, Gordy Pullen
Middle: Lynn Hershelman, Jean and Lila Price, Janet Rhine, Alice VerLee, Grace Laird, Miss Pat [Virginia Patterson]
Front: Karen Seger, Ruth Bishop, Sue Long, Kathleen Harbottle, Margaret Todd, Cora Zobrist, Grace Porter



2010. KA Class of '72. Back: George Callister, Alice (VerLee) Anderson, Karen (Seger) Keegan, Joyce (Ratzlaff) Miller, Cora (Zobrist) Klay
Middle: Graham Day, David Lohnes, Jean (Price) & Jim Cail, Gordy Pullen, Don Campion
Front: Lila (Price) Spencer, Sue (Long) Hammack, Margaret (Todd) Ackley, Grace Porter, Janet Rhine, John Rogalsky, Nancy (Thompson) Molenhouse, Dean Hall, John Ardill

KA/HC Reunion

Date: July 6-8, 2012

Place: Dallas, TX

Contact:

Steve Ackley
 (steve@ackleys.us)



Primitive Nursing, Anyone?

By Sherrill (McElheran) Bayne (KA 66) soblessed@startweb.com

My first introduction to health care was at a very young age, being responsible for putting eye ointment into inflamed eyes, smearing salve onto open leg ulcers, and wrapping them with strips of rolled, used bed sheeting.

My parents had gone to Nigeria in the 1930s as missionaries. Though they worked in various areas those 36 years, my growing up years were in a very remote village away from civilization. Our house was a mixture of cement and mud with a tin roof covered with grass that subdued the heat of the sun. There was no electricity, and the only running water we had was when we ran for it!

Though Mom had never taken a first aide class, she had unusual common sense. Growing up on a large dairy farm in Canada, she had her share of caring for sick cows and helping with difficult calf deliveries. With this limited experience, she tackled each medical situation that came literally knocking on our door. The natives came from miles around either on foot or by bicycle 24 hours a day with a myriad of problems . . . snake or scorpion bites, burns, open leg wounds, infected eyes, severe diarrhea from parasites, fevers, etc. I asked her once how she always seemed to know what to do, and she replied, “Honey, it’s just God, because I sure don’t have any other resource!”

Our “dispensary” at the back of the house consisted of one tiny room with four shelves and a washbasin. The natives would sit on the ground outside and wait patiently to be treated. Our meager medicines were very generic and ailment-oriented: aspirin and wet alcohol rags for fevers, soap and water and a sulfa mixture salve for anything that was open and raw, paregoric for any GI problems, a tube of eye antibiotic for infected eyes, and a big jar of Vicks that natives would buy by the scoop to lather on their skin (we found out later) so they would feel hot on cool nights because they didn’t have blankets.

Many a night’s sleep was interrupted with a clapping at the door and a cry for help to come assist in a hard delivery.

Time and again the husband would have ridden feverishly for miles and miles to get us to come before injury was done to the mom or babe. Dad would load the bike and meager supplies into the back of the jeep, and we’d set out to wherever the birthing mom was. Mom’s “birthing bag” consisted of clean towels, a razor blade, and sewing thread. The huts were always dark, dank, and smelly; but mom would dig in with the authority of a professional, ordering water to be boiled in their earthen pots over an open fire while she examined the mother. If the baby were breach, she’d reach in, find both legs and pull like she did with many a calf.

One rough delivery, that I’ll never forget, forced Dad to drive a poor woman to the nearest government hospital several hours away, only to lose her. Why I won’t forget it wasn’t necessarily the sad loss, but that it was that hospital! The poverty, skimpy equipment, congestion, and smells made a huge impression on me—so much so, that to this day I have little tolerance for nurses who whine or complain about everything. Few hospitals in America know what being stressed and short-staffed is all about. This pathetic hospital had wall-to-wall really sick people. Two people per bed, heads at both ends, shared one blanket. Others were lying on mats. The smells and flies were indescribable, and I was grateful there were a few open windows. I couldn’t get out of there fast enough, but that experience confirmed in my young mind that maybe I could change some things if I became a nurse.

That hospital experience, along with helping a real nurse that came to our mission station every six weeks, cemented the fact that this is what I really wanted to do. Patients knew when the nurse was coming and would line up down the path until I couldn’t see the end. Her “clinic” was held under the shade of huge tree where she had a long table of supplies, and I would help with washing sores and “preparing” some of the patients before they got to her. Though it was ungodly



Medical work by Martha Seger

hot, I never remember this gal ever complaining, getting nasty, short-tempered, or demanding a break. Her attitude made a lasting impression on me. I wanted to be just like her.

Though I’ve not returned to Africa, I am a nurse today and count my unbelievable blessings every day. I thank God for America and the good health care we have, even though people complain about it. And I never want to take electricity, running water, air conditioning, heat, clean sheets, and sterile equipment for granted. We so “have it made” here!



River Horses and Other Nigerian Treasures

By Dan Elyea wyfrmail@yahoo.com

Back around 1954, I tagged along on a hunting trip in remote Eastern Nigeria. Ralph Cobb (Assemblies of God missionary), Dick Vossler (SIMAIR pilot), and Dad (SIM missionary) were the great white hunters. I served as go-fer and privileged observer (in 7th or 8th grade at the time).

We traveled from Jos to Bauchi to Gar to Zalanga, then north to Nabiya. From Nabiya, the route tracked off into the bush to a big river, possibly the Gongola or a tributary. This leg of our trip terminated at a village near the river. We stayed in a government resthouse (a well-kept mud hut). The villagers were delighted that the *Turawa* (white men) were there to hunt hippos, as the enormous herbivores were wreaking havoc in the riverside farms. The chief sent three women over to the resthouse as a courtesy. The *Turawa* courteously declined.

Dad brought along his 12-gauge shotgun loaded with rifled slugs. You have your birdshot, with dozens of little BBs; then buckshot, with nine pea-sized balls; and finally, the rifled slug, a single chunk of macho lead the size of a man's first thumb joint. Mr. Cobb had his .300 magnum rifle. The magnum carries a large, incredibly loud charge of powder. They call it "magnum" with good reason. I don't remember how Mr. Vossler was armed.

Likely the hunt took place in the dry season. At that time of year, the river consisted of large lake-like lagoons connected by modestly narrow stretches of stream. The hippos hung out in the lagoons during the day. At night they came out to feast on the riverside farms—truly the life of Riley. In many of the documentaries you see (mostly from East Africa, I think), the hippos rise high in the water, very much exposed. These hippos did nothing like that. In the daytime, all you saw of them amounted to four bumps floating on the water—their eyes and nostrils. Sometimes it was just their eyes, because they could hold their breath for a very long time. So they presented a very small target. Once someone

fired off a shot, the hippos submerged for long minutes, finally emerging somewhere far separated from where they'd made their last appearance. Fun Fact: "Hippopotamus" is derived from Greek; *hippos* "horse" plus *potamos* "river."

One incident—indelibly burned into my memory—happened while we were walking single file along a riverside path. Mr. Cobb walked behind Dad, and I trekked along behind Mr. Cobb. Mr. Cobb's rifle (yes, the mondo .300 magnum) had jammed, and he was trying to eject a cartridge as he walked. All of a sudden, the rifle fired off and scared the fool out of us. (The magnum, plenty loud when a shot is expected, impacts with a stunning blast of sound when totally unanticipated.) With Mr. Cobb positioned just a few paces behind Dad, the effect of the concussion must have shattered every existing nerve ending. Fortunately, Mr. Cobb kept the muzzle of the rifle elevated throughout the episode. That's probably when Dad's hair started to turn gray! Sobered us all right up, it did.

Long story short, the hunters eventually scored a hit. The hippos immediately disappeared below the surface of the lagoon. The next day—bloating with the gasses of decomposition—the dead hippo rose to the surface and was towed in to shore. Both pagans and Muslims were present in the area and showed up for the hippo butchering. The Nigerians swarmed over the body, furiously cutting off pieces of meat. It defied all logic that they didn't experience numerous cuts during the frenzy of slicing. We ate some of the hippo meat ourselves, and I'd like to tell you that, "It tasted just like chicken," but the taste is one detail that I can't retrieve.

Because we stayed there several days, I had time to wander about the village, checking out this and that. Two things I came across in the little town interested me greatly: the blacksmith at work, and the



old coins some of the market women were wearing as ornaments suspended from their necks. I greatly enjoyed watching the smith (with his assistant working away at the goatskin bellows) as he fabricated various items at the forge under an open-sided, grass-roofed shelter. He gifted me with a piece of the crudely smelted iron that he used as raw material for his craft. As to the dangling coins, I managed to see the date on some, and they were REALLY old. I coveted the ownership of such coins because I'm a born collector, and coins—especially old coins—were always of interest. Sadly, *anninies* (one tenth of a penny) were more my speed. Anyway, these silver coins weren't for sale. They seemed to be prized as jewelry.

Fast forward about fifty years. I read about the background of these coins. Early European traders (late 1700s) had used them in exchanges with Africans for other goods. Later the Europeans arrived again, with more of the Maria Theresa dollars (having a more recent mint date stamped on them). But the Africans wouldn't accept them as genuine. Only coins with the same minting date as the original batch were considered to be "real." So the Europeans (Austrians minted them, but the coins were in wide general use) minted more of them over a period of many years, but always with the original batch date. So as it turns out, most of these coins (also known as "Thalers") circulating in Africa weren't actually as old as they seemed to be. They were used monetarily in Africa well into the 1900s.

And, yes—thanks to the kindness of a dear friend—I now own one of the Maria Theresa Thalers, complete with an acceptable minting imprint of "1780." (No other date will do!)



I Know You're From . . . Because

I sat down to dinner one day with a couple of MK friends from different boarding schools and noted that they were wolfing down their food. When I commented on it, they both responded, “It’s a residual from boarding school days.” And that got me to thinking . . . what other habits and thought patterns do I notice in myself or in other MKs that persist into adulthood from those years? We’ve published a lot of “You know you’re an MK when . . .” but what about habits that are school-specific? Here’s a list for starters. *Can you add to it? Send your submissions to Simroots@sim.org.*

KENT ACADEMY

I Know I’m/you’re from **Kent Academy** because . . .

- ◆ I find myself still using the phrase “You Americans always . . .” (insert whatever Americans do that I still don’t do), and I am 64 years old. I wonder if anyone else ever uses that phrase?
- ◆ I want to turn off the shower immediately after getting wet and before soaping down, then turn it back on to rinse off . . . so I don’t waste water.
- ◆ I turn off a light every time I leave a room . . . so I don’t waste electricity.
- ◆ I look in my socks drawer and realize that I put them in the same way I did when cleaning my room at KA.
- ◆ I want to negotiate every price down when I go shopping at the mall. (It worked when I went to an appliance store and asked for a cheaper price—saved about \$500!)
- ◆ I make my own guava jam and compare it to what we had in the dining hall at KA.
- ◆ I see mangoes at the store and long for KA mango sauce.
- ◆ I see a fruit salad and wonder, “Where is the passion fruit?”
- ◆ I push my kids or grandkids on the swing and want to teach them how to “parachute” out of the swing.
- ◆ My grandkids are trying to balance on one foot, and I remember trying to walk the pipe up to the water tank.
- ◆ There’s something comforting about the sound of a fly buzzing in the window.
- ◆ I am almost OC about hanging up my towel and washcloth neatly. And making my bed every morning! Not so good about dusting, but then I remember how frustrating it was to dust during the Har-mattan.
- ◆ You eat fast.
 - ✓ See that lady in the restaurant wolfing down food rather fast? She was

an Auntie at KA. She had to eat fast in the dining room, for in between bites she had to help the younger ones in various ways, or give friendly (!?) advice to some older ones. Why didn’t she always eat along with the kids? Didn’t she like the food? She loved it; but by not eating, she could be more of a help in the dining room. If she didn’t have any duties after a meal, she could eat at home afterwards without any interruptions. Now you know . . .

- ✓ Both my wife and I have used this excuse for eating fast.
- ✓ It bothers my wife to no end and it happens at nearly every meal. I scarf. I eat way too fast. I come from a fast-eating family, but this was no doubt made worse at Niger Creek hostel between 1995 and 1999. Also, I met an MK friend a few weeks ago at an Irish pub. I couldn’t help but notice both of us stopped talking and starting pounding away our food as soon as it came to the table.

GOWANS HOME

I Know I’m/you’re from **Gowans Home** because . . .

- ◆ *Anyone care to fill in the blanks?*

BINGHAM ACADEMY

I Know you’re from **Bingham Academy** because . . .

- ◆ You eat fast (hmm is there a pattern here?)
- ◆ You love the smell of eucalyptus.
- ◆ You call tapioca pudding “fish eyes in glue.”
- ◆ *Anyone else want to weigh in?*

FAIRFIELD

I know you’re from **Farfield** because . . .

- ◆ When you say that you went to Farfield, and I say, “What? Where?” (Africa Evangelical Fellowship [now part of SIM] ran a boarding house on Golf Road in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. There were typically 25-30 boarders spanning the entire primary and secondary range. We attended the local government schools.)

SAKEJI

I know you’re from **Sakeji** because . . .

- ◆ You know what Marmite is, and you either hate or love it.
- ◆ You know how to swim.
- ◆ You know what rice cakes are and when they’re served [every breakfast of the year, without fail].
- ◆ You know how to rub dried cow pies together over your garden.
- ◆ You know what it means to have a pet chameleon and keep it in a matchbox.
- ◆ You know what a bush baby is [not a cute girl from the bush; rather an animal—lemur family].
- ◆ You know where the source of the Zambezi River is and have been there.
- ◆ You know what a “shindwa” is [red fruit which grows at the base of a plant. I tasted one again just now while in Zambia, and I really don’t know why I liked them as a kid! Peer pressure?!]
- ◆ You know that only one square of toilet paper is all that should be used, regardless.
- ◆ You’ve memorized more Scripture than you can now remember.
- ◆ You know what a “big boy” or “big girl” is [upper grade kids who were obviously BIG].
- ◆ You also know what a “titchie” is [kids who were SMALL—e.g., Grades K–2].



ELWA ACADEMY

I Know you're from **ELWA** because . . .

- ◆ You know the perfect art to making a sand ball that doesn't fall apart when thrown.
- ◆ You love palm butter or greens (with LOTS of cayenne pepper).
- ◆ You can smell if there is a cockroach in a room (y'all don't bash this; I have SKILLS!)
- ◆ You have to catch yourself not to say "over" at the end of a sentence when talking to someone a long ways away.
- ◆ You have a hard time explaining to Americans why you address all your parents' former coworkers as "Aunt" or "Uncle" even when you're over 30.
- ◆ You eat mangos a lot.
- ◆ You have no idea what denomination of church you are "supposed" to be.
- ◆ You love to study geography because "You have been there."
- ◆ You love rice at any time and never eat it with cinnamon and sugar as your American friends do.
- ◆ You never have and never will watch *Jaws* since it would ruin the beach experience.
- ◆ You can go barefoot on the hottest surfaces.
- ◆ You know what to do with a butter pear.
- ◆ Your mouth waters when someone says "palm butta."
- ◆ Your heart soars with the wonderful harmony of "Wonderful Grace of Jesus."
- ◆ You never saw a \$100 bill till you were a grown up.
- ◆ You believed everything rusted.
- ◆ You realize that you were "home schooled" in an interesting sort of way.
- ◆ You know what day it is if someone asks you for their 26.
- ◆ You know how to barter with a Charlie.

Africa

By Robin (Shea) McGee (EL, IC, WA 90) kevin.mcgee@agmd.org

You wrote your name on my heart
 Long before I could read or write;
 Your rains softly hummed my first
 lullabies,
 Soothing my soul.

Your rushing wind in the palm branches
 Regularly tapping out an irregular yet
 constant rhythm
 Your trickling rain, scattering drops
 on leaves
 Then heavy pelting,
 Smacking tin roofs and red clay with
 thick weight
 Waving down in sheets
 Then easing into a steady pouring
 Breathing new life into the dawn

Africa
 Part of me

Your red clay soil, soft and thick
 Flexing under my feet
 Your brilliant blue sea
 Cooling me as I swim
 Your yellow sands
 Warm and textured, easing between
 my toes
 Your wealth of trees, branches tangled
 and strong
 Holding me as I climb ever higher

Africa
 Part of me

Your washing rains
 Leaving your color palette with bold and
 brilliant hues
 Palm fronds deep green
 And trunks dark grey
 Your skies a deep rich blue
 Clouds crisp and sharp against the heavens
 Then toasty sunshine, driving the rains
 Deep into the soil
 Radiating heat back up from the ground
 And warming my skin

Africa
 Part of me

Your thick, rich air
 Pulsing with life
 Breezes lazily, floating at twilight
 Layers of night songs, never silent.
 Crickets reassuringly chirping
 Birds hauntingly calling, crying
 Distant drums beating, deep and constant
 And dogs calling out their nightly watch.

Africa
 Beautiful
 Rich
 Unpredictable yet constant
 Part of me



Keep writing on my
 heart
 Stirring my soul
 Singing your songs
 Of rain,
 Color,
 Fullness,
 Life.

Africa
 Part of me



Stories for the Annals of SIM Ethiopia *By Ray Jones (BA 67) rayjones458@hotmail.com*

The Cheese Contest

In our travels between Canada and Ethiopia, Dad arranged for us to travel through Europe by train, putting his love of trains to practical use. Over several trips, much of our time was spent in Switzerland, and we became quite familiar with the country. In Ethiopia Dad began listening to the Swiss Broadcasting Corporation (SBC) on shortwave. SBC announced a contest, in honour of a major anniversary of the Swiss Federation. The contest involved answering some questions about Switzerland, a short description of your impression of Switzerland based on the radio broadcasts, and a tie breaker, in which a large wheel of Emmental cheese, six feet across, six inches thick, would be cut in half, "How many holes would there be on the face of one half of the cheese?" Winners would be from several language groups. The first prize was a first-class vacation in Switzerland for two, for two weeks, all expenses paid and including spending money. The questions were easy for Dad. The impression was more difficult. The challenge was to restrict the impressions to those based on radio content alone, without personal recollections. The tie breaker was an even bigger challenge. Was there Emmental cheese in Addis Ababa? And, Mom and Dad were then stationed in Bulki, way in the south of Ethiopia, pretty much reachable only by air, and mule ride. Dad sent a letter to his dad explaining the situation and asking for assistance. That calculation was more correct than Dad's, but the letter arrived too late. Dad contacted the Business Department requesting a piece of cheese. The first piece was creamed, and therefore of no use for the purposes of calculation. A second piece of cheese was suitable. Dad carefully sliced pieces and made calculations. There was some time pressure, but Dad sent in the contest application.

The date for announcing the winners was broadcast in advance. Needless to say, Dad was listening, as were the

Adams, also at Bulki. When Dad's name was announced, he was not sure he heard correctly. Mom confirmed it. And, Mr. Adams soon came running, announcing he heard Dad's name as the winner. Well, SBC paid for Mom and Dad's fare from Bulki (I am not sure if that included the rental of mules to ride to the airport).

The plan was for me to return to Canada after graduating from Grade nine. I was looking forward to traveling back to North America on a freighter. After Dad won, I was faced with a choice. Go on the freighter, which had much appeal to me, or go with Mom and Dad to Switzerland first and then on to Canada. (Perhaps only another MK could understand the dilemma.) Well, I chose to go with Mom and Dad. Travel with Dad was an adventure. I still wonder what would have happened on the freighter.

Mom and Dad were due for vacation time, and so began quite the vacation. We flew from Addis Ababa to Cairo, where we stayed at the Nile Hilton. We had a free day or two in Cairo (we visited the pyramids, taking the public bus and, on the way back, wound up in a wedding procession), then flew to Geneva by Swissair, transferred to a Convair Metropolitan and flew to Zurich (or was it Berne?). SBC provided first-class rail passes for Mom and Dad for two weeks. Dad traded in those tickets for three second-class rail passes, for a month, for three people. I believe the costs pretty much equaled out. And the spending money per day was enough to cover additional hotel costs for me. Dad was interviewed for a radio broadcast, had the VIP treatment for a day at the Swiss National Exhibition, a visit to a cheese farm and a tour of the Tobbler factory, where we each received about a two-kilo box of chocolates. At the end of two weeks we went to the SBC office. Dad handed in receipts for trip costs for Mom and himself, sort of apologizing for so many receipts. The SBC person was not offended, but rather was impressed at the freedom exhibited. The comment was

most people in such circumstances spent most of their time sitting in the hotel.

Then two weeks on our own. We traveled on scenic routes and lake boats to small, out-of-the-way towns. Took the Postal Bus from Interlaken to Beatenburg, where there is a Bible School. At the Yungfrau we saw an avalanche come down across the valley from us. Visited Zermatt and had a close look at the Matterhorn. Saw flag twirlers and heard someone playing an alpenhorn. We had a good time. The inevitable farewells took place at the airport in Zurich, from where I flew to Montreal, and Mom and Dad returned to Ethiopia. And that is the story of The Cheese Contest.

The Trumpet Trio Tryouts

In the years 1963 and 1964 there were about a dozen Bingham students at various stages of proficiency on the trumpet. There were so many, that a lady came on a short-term assignment to teach music and work with the trumpeters. We understood this lady was a reasonably accomplished musician and trumpeter. Also, the idea arose to have a number of trumpet trios to perform musical numbers at Bingham and at services around Addis Ababa. To determine the members of the trios, a competition was to be held. First, second, and third parts of music were prepared; and enough notice was given so the competitors would have adequate time to practice before "the big day."

Anticipation and excitement grew as "the big day" approached. (A good friend of mine, Dan Maxson, was one of the competitors.) On Friday afternoon the 30-40 students from Grades six through nine gathered in Mr. Wallace's classroom. The three test pieces of music were on the blackboard for all to see. The process of the competition was explained, and those not competing were to be the adjudicators. The competitors were assigned to an adjoining room, accompanied by the lady instructor as adult supervisor, and they decided on the order of performance. We, the adjudicators, were given instructions



MKs and Grandparents' Funerals: My How Times Have Changed

By Steve Snyder (EL 78) SSnyder651@aol.com and

Robin (Shea) McGee (EL, IC, WA 90) robin.mcgee@agmd.org

on how to make our decisions and the qualities for which we were listening (or should be listening). Now, Mr. Wallace commented there would be mistakes. He was very emphatic *there will be no laughing*, regardless of sour notes and mistakes.

Bear in mind, those of us doing the adjudicating knew all the competitors and were also familiar with the performance capability of each person. Yes, there were sour notes, and giggles, sniggles, snickers and muffled laughter, but all within the instruction of “there will be no laughing.”

Then one competitor began playing. Well, the mistakes and sour notes were beyond the pale. What went through the mind was “Who is this?” No one was that bad. Lots of giggles, sniggles, snickers, progressing to muzzled and muffled giggles, muzzled and muffled sniggles and stifled snickers. Even some well muzzled and muffled laughter. The sour notes and mistakes were so bad, in the midst of the “humour,” one began to feel sorry for the unseen (unknown) person experiencing such personal torment.

Suddenly, a rip-roaring, explosive, deafening guffaw erupted from the back of the room, followed by rip-roaring, explosive and deafening laughter. After our startled hearts settled down, we all realized the outburst came from Mr. Wallace! And he had told us not to laugh! Instantly, all 30-40 of us were laughing so hard we could hardly stay in our seats.

Dan told me later that the “poor performer” was the lady instructor. In spite of protestations that she had not practiced for some time, the students prevailed and she gave it a go. Well, it went, and so began the legend of the Trumpet Trio Tryouts. (Someone may remember the name of the lady.)

Times have changed. When I was a kid, going “home” to the States for the funeral of a loved one was out of the question. These days, people travel back and forth for even less significant occasions. And, I have just heard from a friend in East Africa who attended a funeral service in the States by video link. The experience of today’s missionary kid is certainly different from what I remember.

I was only seven or eight years old when my grandmother passed away. We were living at ELWA in Liberia at the time. I am not certain exactly how we learned of her passing or of how soon after her passing we received the news. I do recall that my father arranged for us to go up to the ELWA radio station on a Sunday afternoon, presumably relatively soon after her passing, to speak with my grandfather via ham radio.

We somehow contacted a ham radio operator in the States (the connection had apparently been pre-arranged) who, in turn, placed a telephone call to my grandfather so that he could speak with us. It was the only time during my years of growing up in Liberia that I personally spoke to someone in the States, even though I probably said no more than a couple words. The “call” did not last long, as I recall.

My missionary “Uncle” Ron Sonius had it worse when he took his bride and babies to Sierra Leone in the late 1950s or early 1960s. He did not learn of his mother’s passing until he received a well-traveled letter from the States—six weeks after she passed away.

Robin (Shea) McGee also grew up at ELWA in Liberia. She and her husband Kevin, who grew up as an MK in Sierra Leone, now serve as missionaries in Kenya. They have three children. Kevin’s grandfather recently passed away and,

for various reasons, none of the McGees were able to travel to the States for the funeral. But that did not keep them from attending and participating. This is what Robin wrote about that service.

Who’d a’thunk back in the day that we could listen to a grandparent’s funeral LIVE on Skype as it was happening in Florida while we were far away in Africa? (It beats ham radio any day!)

Kevin’s “Pawpaw” passed away this week after a long, long illness. He was “as tough as a goat,” as Kevin would say, but very ready to go see Jesus and get a new body. We could not go for the funeral due to many factors and schedules, so the family arranged with the church to Skype the funeral—allowing us to listen in and permitting Kevin to read his tribute about Pawpaw LIVE instead of having someone read it for him. That part was a surprise to Mawmaw. Each of the four grandkids spoke at the funeral, and they surprised Mawmaw even more by having the video streamed so Kevin was live up on the screen at the front of the church!

Kevin told everyone: “Well, this is the first time I’ve spoken at a funeral where I wasn’t present, and where I wore a shirt, tie—and jeans. But you can’t see my jeans!” We laughed, we cried, and we giggled as we ate our dinner and listened to Kevin’s uncle preach the sermon. We’ve never eaten grilled cheese during a funeral before. But it was after 7:00 p.m. by then for us and we were hungry. Pawpaw would have loved seeing his great-grandkids playing under and around the dining room table during his funeral.

Anyway, I was just thinking about growing up in Africa, far away from family events like that one, and how my MK children will have far different memories than mine.



Return to ELWA

By Annette (de la Haye) Cooper (EL, KA 64)

annettecooper77@yahoo.com

This tree is a living picture of what I experienced on my return to Liberia after the devastation of civil war. Most, if not all, the coconut trees that grew along the beach where I grew up were cut down for food by refugees. This tree was cut down for dead, but there was a remnant root still connected to nourishment. It continued to grow! Life from death! Yes, with Almighty God, that becomes reality. I saw it over and over again in the eyes and lives of my dear Liberian brothers and sisters, who painstakingly shared near-death stories of how God preserved them.

March 11 – April 1, 2010

I flew from Detroit via JFK to Accra, Ghana. Early Friday morning as we circled Accra's airport, tears of joy squeezed out of my eyes as I saw the ocean waves skirting the coastline of Africa, my home continent. Walking down the gangway, I was enveloped by a welcome hug of humid, tropical air. In the car, I was serenaded by tropical birds mixed with honking of car horns. The red laterite soil and termite hills reaching to the sky brought back happy memories of when I used to poke holes in the bottom of the hill with a long stick to feed my pet anteater. I spent the day and overnight at the SIM guest house praying and reading my Bible. Fresh pineapple and bananas were on the menu for the day!

I left by taxi at 5:45 a.m. for the under-two-hour flight to Monrovia. As the pilot said, "Welcome to Monrovia, Liberia; it is 94 degrees," my heart pounded out of my chest. I wanted to say, "Would you kindly repeat that!?" I felt like a child waiting for Christmas morning. I looked forward to discovering the gifts of God's love, mercy and grace in the lives of the people I would meet for the first time and those I would reunite with, after so many years.

Christine Tolbert Norman of Restoration of Educational Advancement Pro-

grams (REAP), met me with open arms. She and her staff made all the arrangements for our three-week stay. On our way to her home, we stopped by ELWA. Things had really changed, BUT as "the sea claps with praise" to our creator God, and the sand and broad African horizon remains the same, it is only a reminder of God's faithfulness to all of us. He never changes! I stepped up to the front door of our home which is now the guest house, facing the beach. I called out "buck buck" which is the Liberian way of saying "knock knock." I was warmly greeted by a Liberian sister who led me through our home.

Memories flooded my mind as I looked over the living room, down the hall to Joy's and my bedrooms. Then to the back of the house that had been changed into many more guest rooms. This is the place where most of the learning about who-Jesus-is-in-my-life occurred. I just paused and took it all in.

What a wonderful Sunday at home I had, attending the First United Methodist Church built in 1812 with CooCoo Tubman Tucker and her grandchildren. The church is located almost across the road from the Old Mansion where my Mom and I would visit Mrs. Tubman and CooCoo when I was a teenager. Her father was President William V.S. Tubman, who died in 1971. My parents were knighted by President Tubman for services in Liberia. The music, well . . . you had to be there!

I spent most of the day with their family. It was precious seeing Old Ma Tubman. She is 96. She was a good friend of my Mom, and kept asking me where my Ma was. I assured her that both Ma and Pa are with Jesus now. She wanted me to go get them, so she could visit with them.

Late afternoon Christine and I went to visit Vice President and Mrs. Joseph

Boakai at their home. He had a copy of The College of West Africa 1966 year book, my graduating class. We were in school together. We looked at the pictures, laughed and story told of good memories. "Sugar Star" was my school name. It was great getting to know his sweet wife, Kartumu. At the end of our visit, we stood in a circle and prayed.

Rainy season was almost here. The black clouds crept across the sky closing in to beat us with a torrent of rain. Falling asleep with a choir of tropical birds, dogs barking and bull frogs bringing up the bass was music to my ear.

In the afternoon Christine and I went to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to meet with Cllr. Yvette Wureh who is involved with the Thursday Power Breakfast. The Breakfast is sponsored by three organizations:

1. Restoration of Educational Advancement Programs (REAP) - a humanitarian, educational and non-profit organization
2. Angie Brooks International Center (ABIC) - an academic/activist center that supports the strategic emergence of Women's leadership worldwide
3. Association of Female Lawyers of Liberia (AFELL) - a not-for-profit, non-governmental organization that advocates for the promotion, protection and advancement of the rights of women and children.

Christine and I went to the UN Mission In Liberia (UNMIL) Radio Station run by the UN. We had a 45-minute interview about what our team is doing in Liberia. We both were able to share our testimony and speak very openly about Jesus. We both talked about dancing with our scars and how God has personally moved us to a healthy lifestyle.

At 12:30 we went to the College of West Africa where I graduated from high school. As I walked up the front steps and into the hallway to the assembly room, I felt like I went back in time. I spoke in the assembly to the 9th - 12th graders.

Christine and I went out for fufu and collard greens soup. OHHHHH, what a wonderful meal!

We got up early in the morning to get to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the Power Breakfast with Female Lawyers, female members of the Legislature, Judges, Cabinet members and wives of Cabinet members and legislators. "Dancing with our Scars" was the theme. As I spoke, many had tears in their eyes.

Early in the final morning with the moon still up over the sea, we packed our luggage into the car at the front door of our home. So much had happened these past three weeks. Dan and Tom had to almost drag me out of the house. But really my heart was full of joy and peace knowing that this trip was planned by our loving Heavenly Father.

We flew to Accra, Ghana, and were met at the airport by **Lee Sonius (EL, AM 77)** and Joshua Milton Blayi the former General Butt Naked, who was one of the most feared men in Liberia during the war. We had lunch at Lee and Michelle's home where he told us his story of God's goodness and saving him. He is working in a lot of Liberian refugee camps outside of Liberia. We arrived in Detroit on April 2 with full hearts and many stories to tell of God's goodness.

Log on to <http://cultivatingbeauty.blogspot.com> for beautiful photos from Annette's trip.



Annette (de la Haye) Cooper

Letters to the Editor

Hello Karen,

A very nice article about Ben Lippen in the last *Simroots*. Thanks for including it. I suspect a number of SIM MKs may have gone there over the years. Our graduating class ('59) had 18 members. Ellie Worling and I were the only ones from KA, but she was Class Treasurer, and I was Class Vice President (so KA was well represented). Ten of our classmates were MKs, from Africa and South America.

David T. John (KA 59)

Corrections and Additions to the last issue

Hi!

I just want to start by saying how much I appreciate all the hard work that goes into *Simroots*. Thank for all you do to keep these memories alive!

I found a couple things of interest this time.

- On p. 21, there is a picture from KA, December 1966—Edna Wiebe and her 2nd grade class. I noticed that is my brother's class, but he wasn't mentioned in the listing. His name is Bill Syring, and he is the one with glasses in front of Miss Wiebe.

- On p. 30, the Sympathies mentioned Dorris (Motley) Bower. She was labeled as a parent, but she was actually a single missionary when she was in Nigeria. I fondly remember Aunt Dorris from our days on the Kagoro Secondary School compound in the 1960s. She most recently worked in Jos before retiring to the States and getting married.

- I was happy to see the picture of Penny Pinneo on p. 16—I believe she worked at Bingham Memorial Hospital when my sister was born in 1966. I remember the stories of her during the Lassa Fever crisis.

Conni (Syring) Townsend (KA 76, Staff 1981-84)

Lucille Cain (Sympathies section) was listed as being a parent, but should have stated that she was on staff at Bingham Academy.



Airforms

By Karen (Seeger) Keegan (KA, HC 72)

Remember when it took three months for a letter to arrive from overseas by boat mail? And ten days to arrive by airmail? The highlight of our week in "the bush" was opening and reading the mail from "home." Thirty-six years ago, when my husband Scott wanted to ask for my dad's blessing for my hand in marriage, he had to wait three months to receive his reply because there was a mail strike at the time in Nigeria!

Recently Joyce (Ratzlaff) Miller found some 36-cent airforms (aka aérogrammes) in her father's things and brought them to distribute at our KA Class of '72 reunion. (By the way, spell check doesn't recognize "airform.") I decided to send one to each of my girls—and of course I had to add postage. (Did you know it costs a dollar now to write to Ireland from the USA?) Anyway, I told them that they were holding in their hands an antique! And that IF they'd opened them correctly, all three sections would still be attached and intact. Well, I laughed out loud when my eldest called to thank me for the "antique" but that it was in 16 pieces (yes, a little exaggeration). She couldn't for the life of her figure out how to "undo the flaps"! Oh, and when I took it to our local sub-station post office, the clerk took one look and started to question its authenticity. She'd never seen one like it before! Thanks for the memories . . .



Charlie (C) and Irene (I) Rhine Diaries (KA Staff)

1947

Tues. December 9

C: Jos—at about 10:30 **Paul Craig** came in station wagon; we loaded up and arrived in Miango at about noon.

Wed. December 10

I: Paul Craig discovered that he should have turned the skin from off the feet of the crow, as it was dry and he couldn't get it back in place. So all his work was useless. [*Taxidermy?*]

Thurs. December 11

I: I mended the cushions for our chairs. The rats had eaten holes in them. The **Frames** came over to see the school, so were shown around and then **Gerry Craig** played a couple of records for the little girls.

Mon. December 15

C: Got our gasoline pressure lamp and it surely did work grand.

Thurs. December 18

I: The rest of our things arrived. I uncrated the sewing machine while Charlie was practicing for Sunday eve music. The thing wouldn't run at all.

Fri. December 19

C: Today the Iregwes burned the grass off the volcanoes; also much other grass around the volcanoes. There certainly was a lot of smoke, and the sky and air were full of burnt grass smell. I asked Paul Craig if he had heard any news as to when the volcanoes were active. The natives around here have no news in their folklore; a geologist said that perhaps the volcanoes were active about 500 million years ago.

Sat. December 20

C: Irene looked after baking today as Gerry has some fever and is staying in bed. Got sewing machine to work after using a pipe wrench on the axle to get it moving.

Tues. December 23

I: Finished curtains for bedroom and sewed drapes for living room. Also started working on bedspread.

C: Worked all day with Paul on building. First experience of laying brick this term.

Wed. December 24

C: Worked part of a.m. on building. Unpacked dishes after dinner. White ants have ruined Irene's barrel. After supper went to Paul and Gerry's apartment for fudge-making and listen to Christmas music. Harmattan very thick.

Thurs. December 25

C: At about 10:30 went over to Rest Home where a grab-bag Christmas present affair was going on. Had Christmas dinner at the Rest Home; then rest hour followed by afternoon tea here at the school dining room. After supper a group of us put on a condensed play called "Dickens's Christmas Carol." I acted the part of the ghosts and Paul the part of Scrooge. We had a very merry Christmas.

Fri. December 26

C: Helped all day in laying bricks on the new chicken shed/storehouse.

Mon. December 29

C: In a.m. continued working on corner cupboard to be put in our b.g. [*biyan gida* = literally "behind the house." An African term for bathroom, used by all the missionaries.]

Wed. December 31

C: Worked all day on new building. Finished building gables; put up all "A" frames; also 1 purlin. Another year has come to an end.

1948

Thurs. January 1

C: Worked on new building all day. Got all purlins up and started tying on the bamboo framework for grass roof. Saw



interesting sight. Four Miango hunters and their two dogs with their hands full of spears as they came up over the hill.

Mon. January 5

C: Paul and Gerry went on 10-day holiday at Hill Station.

Thurs. January 8

C: Supervised men on work of roofing new house. At about middle of morning decided to send carrier to Hill Station in Jos for advice from Paul. Carrier left at 11 a.m. arrived back at 6 p.m. Surely must have gone fast as he covered about 30 miles in 7 hours. Paul dated the answer at 3:15, so carrier came back the 15 miles in about 2 hr. 45 min. Fast!

Mon. January 26

C: Worked on doors of new building most of day.

Tues. January 27

C: While some workmen were burning grass off land around compound, came across several large locusts. Nigerian Age roasted them and ate them. Also they saw 2 lizards go in hole under rocks. They dug until they caught one; the other got away. Age took the little lizard (about 3 inches long) home to eat it. Quite hot and still today.

Thurs. January 29

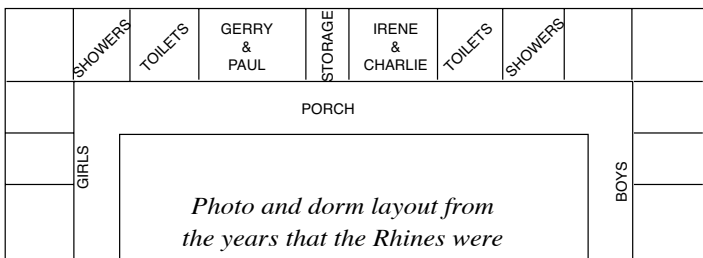
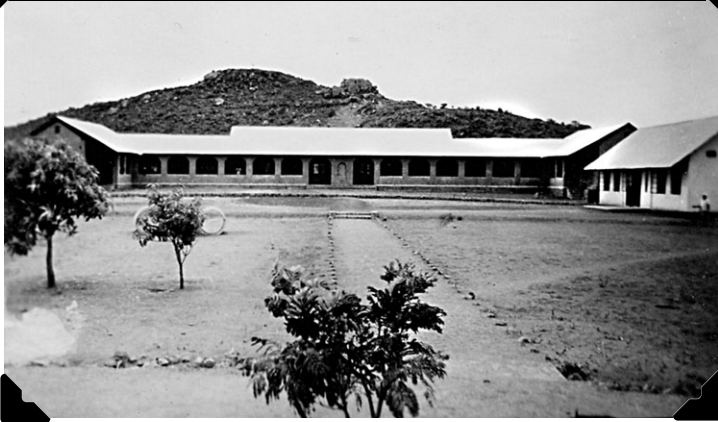
C: Before breakfast we caught a rat in a mousetrap. Gave it to Age as he wanted to eat it. Took his picture.

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Some time after March 1949. Charlie and Irene Rhine are in the back row on the left.

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Doris DeHart's Class c. 1962. Christine Emmett, Grace Ann Bell, Ruth Winterflood, Shirley Guenter, Esther Coleman, Betsy Allen, Marjorie Campion, Carole Lucas

Sara Ely (BA Staff) went to be with her Lord and Savior on July 19, 2010, at the age of 82. She and her husband Clarence served 37 years in Ethiopia. Along with raising their six children, Sara's main ministry through the years was teaching, the last ten years of which were at Bingham Academy. The Elys retired in Monroe, NC, and continued their ministry in the home office of SIM in Charlotte, NC, where Sara worked in the Archives, caring for materials used in mission research.

On September 1, 2010, **Chuck Guth (Parent)** went home to Glory.



CONTACTS

To subscribe to a listserve (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.aeslp.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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 High school graduation year (based on U.S. system end of grade 12) _____
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4. Your classmates may want to get in touch with you . . . and they may be too lazy to call or write too!
5. We don't have time to locate everyone on Facebook!

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