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## The Lies MKs Believe: #2 Holy Hypocrisy

**H**ypocrisy is a topic we don't like to address in the missionary community, mostly because of the unspoken lie that a little bit of deception can be good for ministry. Deception by omission, mind you. The harmless, distant cousin of outright hypocrisy. Where does "putting your best foot forward" end and "misrepresenting yourself" begin? Where does "being charismatic" end and "being manipulative" begin? The line is blurred in this world where personal relationships could yield essential financial support. MKs (Missionaries' Kids) observe the adults engaged in this uncomfortable relational dance and absorb the sinister truth that a little hypocrisy can't hurt . . . and might help.

The sad truth is that nothing in missionary life has the potential to promote hypocrisy as much as furlough . . . which we now call HMA, because "furlough" smacks of leisure. In most cases, perhaps even a majority of them, HMA (Home

Ministry Assignment) is a necessary and enjoyable endeavor. In some cases, however, it can be mismanaged and misdefined. For many MKs I've known, the furlough experience carries a dangerous message, one that promotes "selling yourself for God," even at the cost of support-driven hypocrisy.

"Selling yourself for God" is an ugly term, I'll concede that. It may even be offensive to some of you. Unfortunately, it is also the term that seemed to most accurately define my "furlough experience" when I was a cynical, hurting and reluctant 16-year-old MK. I coined it out of sheer fury at the end of a day that had begun in a flurry of arguments whispered by my parents behind thin guest room doors. Something about the service order, the timing of speeches and after-church plans. The fighting had taken a hiatus during breakfast, when we all broke out our best behavior for a light and lively meal with our supporters and hosts, but

the burst of joviality had been followed by a rigid silence while we prepared for our departure. Things had escalated into angry words again as we drove down highways framed by hanging moss and traveled by sights that were astounding to this Europe-bred MK: half-homes loaded on trailers, cars with rifles hanging in their rear windows, and police cruisers whose sirens actually sounded urgent (unlike the intoxicated-donkey bray of French and German emergency vehicles).

We entered the church parking lot after five wrong turns and an equal number of angry exchanges—and I prayed that someone someday would invent something that gives drivers directions from Point A to Point B. (You can officially thank my prayer life for the invention of the GPS.) We found the parking spot labeled "Missionaries/Guests" and pulled in, allowing the silence to tick away our familial cooling-down period. And then, right on cue, we opened our doors and

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pasted on our best “We’re a happy, united, godly and committed missionary family” smiles. I entered the church, ready for performance, my stomach knotted by nervousness, already feeling the paralysis I always experienced as a shy young lady forced into a public, interpersonal role.

Let the schmoozing begin.

Don’t get me wrong. I know “schmoozing” isn’t the right word. I know it is really “catching people up on what God’s been doing in our ministry,” “sharing our passion and vision,” and “enlisting new prayer warriors to stand with us as we return to the field.” I know that’s the purpose of what used to be called “furlough.”

But here’s the problem. At a young age, before ministry strategy and the benefits of mass communication become clear to us, we MKs read between the lines of broad missionary mandates and develop our own Philosophy of Furlough. It’s simple and logical, really. And though the main tenets may not be fully articulated

by our parents or mission boards, they’re obvious to us nonetheless:

- If supporters like us, they’ll support us.
- If they don’t like us, they’ll stop supporting us.
- If they stop supporting us, we’ll have to leave the field and “Life As We Know It” will come to an end.

The fear of losing support is a powerful motivator, one that can shape our behaviors and relationships despite our best attempts to resist it. For young people who don’t fully understand the fluidity of missionary finances, it can be even more terrifying. Because MKs are generally quick to take on the burdens of our world, we assume that the survival of “Life As We Know It” depends on us. An inability to impress supporters would be a personal failure—not our parents’ failure, but ours. So we enter into the manipulation game (another cynical term) with gusto, sometimes feeling like co-conspirators in a tedious hypocritical show. We try to be cute, winsome, talented, polite and well-behaved. We’ll eat the mushrooms we hate so as not to offend our hosts. We’ll recite John 3:16 in four languages any time we’re asked. We’ll do it all because we’re pretty sure we’re the persuasive props brought along for that purpose. And if we fail . . .

We learn from our parents’ expertise in the field. We’ve seen them respond with a polite smile to people who made outrageous comments they fiercely disagreed with. We’ve seen them saying eloquent prayers in public that they’d never utter at home. We’ve seen them being more friendly with wealthy strangers than they’d be with a grocer or a relative. We’ve seen them speaking with authority on subjects they haven’t begun to fix in their own lives. We’ve seen them laughing with too much vigor or accepting offense with too much humility—all in an apparent attempt to keep everyone happy and generous.

When I was sixteen and sitting in that service after one of my family’s more epic battles, listening to my dad reciting the same old sermon while my mom still fumed in the pew beside me, I braced myself to sing the song that, in my mind, was supposed to “seal the deal” and ensure continued support. I thought: “Here I am,

‘selling myself’ for God—trying to make people like me for money.” The conclusion, as flawed as it was, was an anvil in my stomach as I got up to sing “There is a Savior” with sweet, practiced conviction. A couple ladies pulled out their Kleenexes. Deal sealed.

How sick is that?

Yet it is a reality that is hard to avoid in the missionary community. What I called “selling myself,” of course, has many other, more accurate names. Fundraising, reconnecting, vision-sharing, thanking supporters, networking, honoring contributors, debriefing, challenging, expanding God’s Kingdom by enlisting new soldiers. . . . All true. All necessary.

But to SOME MKs it can feel like something entirely different: playacting in the hope of continued investment. Performance with the goal of “seducing” new income. I know the terms are harsh. I know they’re acid-laced and cringe-inducing. Yet if we’re to understand what shapes and influences our MKs, we need to face hypocrisy head-on and unflinchingly. It is rampant in any field where image yields profit; but in ministry, it takes on dangerous spiritual overtones . . . as if God Himself required it of us.

It begins to bleed into all other areas of our lives—furlough or no furlough. We so keenly feel the pressure to be perfect that we hide behind careful masks nearly constantly and berate ourselves when they slip. We become fierce in our fakeness. Fearful too. And the habit gets so ingrained that we’re not even aware we’re living according to an unachievable and destructive mandate to be absolutely without flaw.

Marriage trouble? Don’t ever mention it. Missionary discord? Never refer to it. Ministry discouragement and attrition? Not something we discuss. Problems with lust, money-mismanagement, unethical behaviors? Nobody needs to know. Why? Bottom line: because even we have bought into the myth that ministry demands that we must be flawless.

If MKs have spent their entire childhood observing relationships in which approval (and its payoff) was obtained through insincerity, should we not be concerned about the honesty they’ll bring to the rest of their relationships? Will

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they attempt to earn love by pretending to be someone they're expected to be? Granted, that kind of manipulation is not uncommon human behavior, but when it was inspired by "God's work," it becomes even more sinister. Hypocrisy doesn't just play out in relationships, sadly. It controls our ability to be real with ourselves, to seek help, to mature and to find a fulfillment born of integrity. Even worse, this missionary fakeness can push MKs to dismiss God, Christians and anything pertaining to faith. They were so disgusted by their parents' more or less conscious two-facedness, so angry and humiliated by the pressure to pretend that they rejected it all. I've seen it happen. It is heart-wrenchingly tragic.

What can the church do? Start by allowing missionaries to be human. Be a safe place in which they can voice their failures and find compassionate help. Try not to infer "the more we like you, the more we'll support you"! Ask personal questions with loving, forgiving intentions. Be aware that you're supporting real people who are just as susceptible to sin as any of your church members are. As for MKs, demand nothing from them except that they be children. Well-traveled children, but children. Children like yours. Nothing more.

What can missionaries do? This is where the greater responsibility lies. Based on my own life and the lives I've observed, I can safely attest that we (MKs) take our cues from you (our parents). We see you "performing," we see you manipulating, we see you selling yourselves and us, all for a "good" cause . . . but we can tell when it's fake.

Missionary parents: be real, be vulnerable, be flawed . . . especially in public. Dare to defy the "be perfect or pretend" missionary motto. Make it clear that your children are not expected to be flawless either, especially not for show. Set God's expectations and grace as a standard, not a church's or supporter's approval. Demonstrate how honesty and vulnerability can lead to help, healing, and wholeness. Most importantly,

be prepared and willing to leave the field if that's what living with integrity requires.

When preparing for HMA, missionaries, please relieve your children of any responsibility for the results of your fundraising. Make sure they know that YOU're the adult, YOU're the public persona, YOU're the one shouldering the burden, the effort and the outcome. Tell your children what your financial situation really is, in terms they understand, so they don't live in fear of immediate bankruptcy. (More on that in a future post.) Validate your kids' talents, but don't use them as mere strategies and fundraising tools. Make sure they know that who they are is not something you expect them to change in order to be liked by potential donors. Remove the dollar signs from your interactions with people, and make sure your children know Who and what really motivates your exchanges. Give them choices as to their role in your fundraising furlough, and make sure it's about people and God's purpose more than about money.

I must finish by saying that I've seen many, many missionary families who have "done it right" and prevented the kind of damage I've described in this post. The "fake it or fail" equation may be losing some popularity in ministry, and I'm thrilled about that. Unfortunately, remnants of the old mindset still breathe their falseness into good and worthy work. I'm



*Michèle Phoenix*

sorry if the subject of this post has offended anyone, but I wanted to address this topic for the sake of those families who still live, even unconsciously, by the "seducing support" motto . . . and for the sake of their children, whose understanding of God, faith, honesty and family are irrevocably distorted by holy hypocrisy.

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*This is the second in a series by Michèle Phoenix on "Lies MKs Believe." Michèle serves with Global Outreach Mission and is an author and public speaker. Please visit her blog at <http://michelephoenix.com> or check out her MK resources at: [www.michelephoenix.com/mk-tck-resources](http://www.michelephoenix.com/mk-tck-resources)*



*Nancy Ackley, Laura Jacobson, Lynn Emmel, Joy Modricker, Jacque Konnerup*



## SIMkids: My Third Culture Experience

By Nate Jansen [natejansen@u.boisestate.edu](mailto:natejansen@u.boisestate.edu)

I expect that few experiences in my life will impact me like growing up as a child of Christian workers in Malawi, Africa. I am a “third culture kid,” which means that I’ve spent a significant part of my developmental years in a culture outside that of my parents’. Though I have a relationship to many cultures, I do not feel I fully belong to any of them. I moved at age seven from my home in America to live in Malawi, a small country in sub-Saharan Africa, and have lived here ever since. Much about who I am is distinctly American. The way I speak, my humor, and my choices of movies and music are all American. However, spending most of my childhood in a very different culture has kept me from being completely American. With pieces of each culture fitting together into a sort of puzzle as I’ve grown, I’ve developed a wide, well rounded perspective on the world. I am different in some ways, yet so similar in other ways to each culture.

I am a unique combination of American and Malawian cultures with regard to materialism. In Malawi there are minimal shopping options for things that I might like to buy. We don’t have a television, so commercials telling me what I don’t have but should get are not part of my life. Because I do not shop for myself, I’m separated from the American culture of materialism. However, by Malawi’s standards, I am in the wealthy upper class. I have many possessions, which is very different from the average Malawian. Here so many labor to earn barely enough money for food. I’m familiar with the affluence of America, but I also have regular exposure to the poverty here. I have lived with both extremes of materialism.

Malawi offers even less in the way of entertainment than shopping. Lilongwe, the capital of Malawi where I live, has no movie theaters, parks, malls, or any other public recreation centers where one can simply “go out.” The way I spend my



leisure time is very different from how it would be if I lived in America where recreation is constantly at your fingertips. I have to create my own fun, and one of the hidden blessings of this is my guitar playing. I teach myself new songs on the guitar, and my skills with the instrument have blossomed in the slow pace of living in Lilongwe. My relationships with friends and my family are also different because of the slow pace of life. I value spending time with a specific group of close friends. We make up games and talk, and can have hours of fun with nothing provided but a room large enough to hold us. While I enjoy the entertainment offered in America, I relish what I have learned by having to substitute it with other things.

My friendships while growing up in Lilongwe are also unique to my upbringing here. The school that I have attended since second grade has special dynamics. The classes are small, but diverse. I have probably learned more than I realize about the various nationalities through my relationships with my classmates over the years. Among the 19 students in my seventh grade class, for example, I was the only American among 13 different nationalities. I didn’t feel alienated because

each student had a unique personality and an individual role in the classroom. We learned to adapt to each other’s differences in personalities largely because we had to in such a small group. It became natural for the classes to be close-knit. When I was younger, I used to joke that my class was like the cast of a “sit-com”; we were so different, yet we complemented each other in fun, unique ways. Learning how to be a part of such a diverse, close-knit group has given me skills in making friends and peacemaking.

The non-Malawian community here is very transient in nature; people tend to pass through only for set periods of time. Many stay for just a couple of years and then leave when their term is finished. Because of this, saying goodbye has unfortunately become a big part of my life. I have had many of my closest friends come into my life and then leave. While this is a painful reality for many third-culture kids, I have largely been able to gain from it. I may have learned how to say goodbyes, but most importantly I have learned to cherish the time with my friends while I have them. As I look ahead to my graduation in June, I need to begin preparing my heart to say goodbye to nearly everyone that I know as well as the country of my childhood. When I move to America, I expect to value those I encounter just as I have learned to do while growing up.

As time goes on, I believe that I will realize more and more the significance of my unique upbringing as a “third-culture kid” in Malawi. I hope to add what I have gained from my experience here to my next environment, either in my classes, in church groups, in my job or just in my group of friends. I also have much to learn by living in America, and I look forward to that next chapter of my life.

*Reprinted with permission from INTER-COM Issue 203, Feb/April 2011*

## From the Husband of an MK *Submitted by Perry Moore*

I married Sally (Thompson) Moore on August 16, 1980; she was 23 and I was 25. I guess I married her hurts and joys as a missionary kid too. Even before we were married I heard her stories of life in Liberia—the joys of crocodile hunting, swimming in the ocean, searching the shore for “precious” agates, dealing with the smell of a beached whale and life-long friendships forged. Over the years, Sally also shared her hurts over being sent away to boarding school, busy parents, strict “religious” rules at home and teachers that must have carried weapons like sticks or paddles or machetes in the classroom for discipline. I didn’t understand this lifestyle, but in our first year of marriage Sally asked me if we could support SIM, and we began sending monthly checks out of our very meager earnings at the time. I had no real interest in missions and frankly did not understand the call of missionaries. I sent the monthly check off to SIM because Sally wanted to do it. No other reason.

***The Joy side of an MK is great.*** Sally loves adventure and made every family vacation an exploration. Most vacations were in warm tropical environments with an ocean steps away (wonder where she got that from). She planned shell-hunting adventures on the beach with our kids, island explorations and boat excursions with fishing, swimming, and dolphin chasing. Watching sunsets on the beach became a regular ritual. When I moved into management positions where I worked, I spent more and more time at the office. I told Sally we would have to cut back on vacations as I just couldn’t take the time off. She decided we needed more vacations to compensate for my time away from home and planned and booked them. Missionary kids can be very difficult people! Looking back now with kids that are 23, 26, and 28 years old, I thank God that we went on all those trips. We often look back at years (decades) of vacation pictures with the kids, and they often ask each other what their favorite memories were and their favorite trips. Sally often told fun stories of Africa on our vacations and also told stories of the Liberian people and their faith in

God even in the midst of their struggles and poverty. The kids remembered those stories as well, and all three have a heart for the poor and needy. Our oldest son joined the Peace Corp after college and lived for two years in a remote village in Zambia teaching fish farming and helped build their very first school. He also met his wife there, but that is another story. Needless to say, Sally’s experiences as an MK brought a lot of joy into our marriage and family life that will be forever etched into our memories.

***The Hurt side of an MK is not so great.*** I grew up in a middle class family in St. Louis, Missouri, and had few adventures but also few worries. Dad went to work, Mom stayed home and took care of the house, and my two sisters and I played kick-the-can and tag all summer. We never had a lot of money, but food was always on the table. I was a very confident and happy kid growing up and was involved in youth group at our church. Sally also has a great family—I love them dearly—but her different experiences brought some insecurities and issues of abandonment (hurts of being sent away to boarding school) into our marriage that I did not understand for many, many years.

***Joy triumphs over Hurts.*** I was recently reading James 2:13 that says Mercy triumphs over Judgment. I have thought about our life together and how we have worked through all the hurts. And just as Mercy triumphs over Judgment, Joy triumphs over our hurts, insecurities, and feelings of abandonment. That joy only comes from God. The Jesus we “liked” when we were in our 20s, has truly become our Savior and Lord of Lords. Without the hurts, I don’t know if we would have experienced Jesus so deeply. His mercy triumphs over our deserved judgment and that is cause for joy—rejoicing.

***Liberia Mission Trip 2011.*** It was time to see what my wife experienced. For the first time, after 30 years of marriage, I was going on a mission trip to the place of my wife’s birth. Her home. And we would be joined by a group of other missionary kids that grew up with her. God had changed my heart for missions over the years and I have been on a

number of missions trip, but never with Sally and never to Liberia. When we arrived, the airport in Monrovia was hectic. So many people grabbing at our luggage, trying to give us a ride. I was out of my element and concerned for our safety. Sally was home without a care in the world. We lodged at SIM-ELWA (Eternal Love Winning Africa), in a house a few doors down from where Sally grew up. The ocean was our front yard, and I could envision her playing on the beach as a child. Liberians came to our house every day and stayed for long periods of time to talk. Many knew Sally, and others knew her parents or siblings. They talked about life during the violent civil war—everyone lost relatives or friends and many had their homes ransacked or destroyed. Sally took me to the ELWA hospital, and she pointed out the hospital room where her younger brother was born and how she remembered going there with her sisters to see him and their mom (Betty Thompson). The hospital was ransacked in the war, and it is a shadow of what it was like when she was a child, but they press on helping the Liberians who are sick, and slowly are improving the structure and services. We visited ELWA radio that is back on the air after many years and heard the Gospel being preached once again. They pray for new equipment to extend the reach of the radio station into the darkest areas of Liberia and beyond. We visited ELWA Academy and saw students drinking up all they could learn. Most schools did not operate during the war, and they thirsted for education. The principal prays for student scholarships so more can attend. This trip coincided with the Franklin Graham “All Liberia Life Festival.” The 14-year Liberian civil war ended in 2003, and many faithful servants prayed for reconciliation and a revival of faith in the country. The Festival was designed to call Liberians back to God, accept his forgiveness, and forgive others. We all served as counselors at the events that were attended by around 90,000 Liberians, and thousands gave their lives to Christ.

After long days the Missionary Kids and spouses (many who are now in their



## A Slightly Different View *By Mathew Wallis*

50s) would gather for dinner and would recount their experiences and their hurts and joy over the decades. They inspired me and I wanted to be like them. I know this was not always an easy life and one that MKs had no choice over. But I have been on many short-term mission trips with Americans, and we will never understand the people we serve like these Missionary Kids who lived, played, and prayed with the local citizens. This bond was formed over years of knowing and loving them. They can touch hearts for Christ in a unique way. They can demonstrate Christ's Mercy over Judgment and have experienced Joy over Pain. Thank you for your service. May God bless you.

*Sally's email:*  
[sal2756@yahoo.com](mailto:sal2756@yahoo.com)

Life looks a bit different now compared to when I was in Nigeria. When I looked out my window I used to see a smoky city skyline, battered old cars rushing by on dusty potholed streets, lots of people balancing their loads of shopping on their heads and the odd policeman or soldier with an AK-47 slung over his shoulder.

Now when I look out the window I see green rolling English hills, garages concealing shiny bright cars, manicured gardens leading to smooth tarmac-ed roads, a few people unloading their shopping from the boot of their car and only very occasionally an un-armed policeman, and that's just because my parents happen to have a policeman as their neighbor.

There are lots of differences to life now; some I won't miss, but others I will. I won't miss having to filter all my water before I drink it, but I will miss the fresh taste of clean water without added chemicals. I won't miss taking my life in my hands each morning as I drive to work on the crazy roads, but I will miss the amazing sights you see on the roads with any number, shape, and size of objects being carried on the back of a motorbike.

I won't miss having to take anti-malaria medication every morning and dealing with

the side effects of that (only two more days to go—*hooray!*), but I will miss being able to get medication delivered to my door after one text to the SIM nurse. I won't miss having to fight my way through a mosquito net to get in and out of my bed, but I will miss being able to sleep with just a light duvet all year round and not having to make sure every part of it is well tucked in so I don't get a cold draught up my legs.

I won't miss the intermittent and unreliable electricity supply, but I will miss the excitement and being able to shout "Yauwa" when the electricity does come on. I won't miss having to make sure that the compound Internet power system is working well, but I will miss having the excuse that the Internet system was down so I don't have to reply to emails right away.

I won't miss the effort and hassle of having to barter for a good price when buying fruit and vegetables when I am tired, but I will miss the fun and challenge of bartering when I have the energy for it.

I won't miss being away from friends and family, but I will miss my friends in Nigeria. I won't miss being looked at and shouted to every time I walk down the street, but I will miss being joyfully greeted by friendly people everywhere I go. I won't miss the way things don't quite work right in Nigeria, but I will miss the way that against all the odds, things somehow work.

I won't miss the frustration of working with limited facilities, but I will miss the gratefulness of people for the little I was able to do for them. I won't miss the uncertainty of the safety situation in Jos and not knowing what was going to happen next, but I will miss how that uncertainty made me really trust in God to keep me safe.

So, there are many differences that I am finding, and I am sure there will be more. There are two ways for me to look at all these differences, and hopefully I will be able to keep everything in perspective.

*Mathew was a short-term physiotherapist in Nigeria for two years. He is presently back in the UK.*

*Reprinted with permission from SIM Nigeria Narrator, April 2011.*

### FROM THE SIM ARCHIVES



*Minna language school 1942 (not in order)*

*Marie Schroeder Osborne, Joy Roberston Percy, Mr. Kirk, Margaret Hale, Ruth Butts (Jacobson?), Lena Harvey Bishop, Alice Glerum, Betty De La, Students, Betty Fleming Rendell, Alice Van Stu Lucas, Agnes Hall, G. Rendel, Bernard Clymer, Gordon Bishop*

## Sister Stories: Sacrifice? *By Katie Garrett corey.garrett@sim.org*

Recently I was talking with my dad on Skype, and he said that people often make comments to him about “the great sacrifice Corey and Katie are making.” He asked me if we would use those words to describe our missionary experience. Of course, my (sinful) ego likes the “strokes,” the idea that I am selflessly suffering for God and for the sake of others. But is this really an accurate impression of what it is like to be a missionary?

First let me say that it does sometimes feel like a sacrifice to leave one’s homeland and follow the Lord’s call to a foreign place, especially in those first years. However, the longer our family lives in Senegal the more we feel that this missionary life is a great blessing. We could list a thousand positive aspects to the “dual citizenship” that we live. Now that we’ve learned the Wolof language and adjusted to the Senegalese culture, we get to be part of the hilarious teasing that goes on between Senegalese friends (and even new acquaintances), our children are growing up with a broader worldview, and we know two cultures, which enable us to choose which aspects of each we want to incorporate into our family life. So while we once felt like we were dying to joy, to friends, to family, to self—and we did in fact have to go through some hard times—now we feel that we have greater joy, more friends, new “family,” and that we ourselves have changed for the better by this “sacrifice.”

But is this different from the experience of any other Christ-follower? Doesn’t every believer have to obey God’s call and sometimes go through hard times? And isn’t the result of any death to self, if we let God walk us through it, always new life in Christ, which is so much better than the old life?

Perhaps the problem is that we are focusing our attention in the wrong place. Is the original question of our “sacrifice” based on the physical conditions of daily life in rural Senegal? Are we more holy if we live in a hut without electricity and eat food we don’t like? If one day God calls us to work with youth in the suburbs, will we then automatically be less

Christ-like? Have we invented an unspoken scale relating lack of physical comfort to righteousness? I confess that in my own mind I do often judge myself in this way. When I am in the village, I am tempted to be proud of myself for enduring the heat, dirt, and poverty. (And on the other hand, I sometimes feel guilty when I enjoy good food or we turn on the air conditioning in our car.) But is there really anything praiseworthy about suffering in and of itself? If my experience fills me with pride, God is not glorified in me. On the other hand, if I grumble and feel sorry for myself, neither does this glorify God. In fact, all people living in this fallen world suffer, most much more than I ever have. The suffering is not what sets Christ’s disciples apart. If we are just called to suffer, then shouldn’t each Christian look for the worst place in the world and go live there? These questions point out the absurdity of this line of reasoning. We don’t need to seek out suffering, nor should we run away from it.

The responsibility of each believer is to obey God and to be grateful in all circumstances. As I obey, I am to learn to be content wherever God places me—whether I’m the speaker or the dishwasher at a lovely tea for the women of my home church, or I’m caring for my children or an elderly parent—or I’m learning a new language in an African city. God’s Word tells us that if we follow Jesus we will have troubles of many kinds, and these will be different depending on each person’s situation; but he also teaches us that he has overcome death to pride, death to ambition, death to greed, death to self-rule, and

even physical death. (John 12:24, Rev. 14:13)

Missionaries don’t merit any more pity or admiration than any other disciple of Christ, although there will probably be times when a missionary desperately needs extra care and support from the body of Christ, as any member will during hard times. And while the Western world may judge according to a person’s level of wealth, a Christian is not judged according to his level of poverty. We no longer consider these things important. (Philippians 3:7-8) In truth, we all share the same call to put aside our selfish ambition (whether this be for human praise or wealth), shoulder our cross and follow Christ (Mark 8:34). And the good news is that “even though it is necessary for us to endure many trials for a while, we can all be truly glad [because] there is wonderful joy ahead!” (1 Peter 1:6) We Garretts can attest to this truth!

*Reprinted with permission from INTERCOM Issue 203, Feb/April 2011*  
<http://garrett.with.sim.org>

**Editor’s Note:** What was your parents’ view of sacrifice? What is yours as an MK?



*KA 1950. Barbara Davis and Marilyn McElheran at a Halloween party as “Minnehaha” and Princess.*



# Further Thoughts on Forgiveness – a Visual

By Karen Keegan (KA, HC 72) [karenkeegan@comcast.net](mailto:karenkeegan@comcast.net)

When I read “Forgiveness from Another Perspective” in Open Dialogue of the last issue of *Simroots*, I found myself “having an opinion” on the subject. I find that a visual works best for me, so here goes. . . .

There are several characters in my visual: the Garbage Giver, the Garbage Receiver, and the Bystander. And it looks something like this: Garbage Giver knocks on the door of Garbage Receiver. Garbage Receiver opens the door and Giver hands her a bag of garbage (i.e. hurts and lies). Not knowing what else to do, Receiver takes the garbage and places it in her living room. Another day, another Giver rings the doorbell, hands Receiver his bag of garbage and walks away. And then more Givers arrive. Sometimes they just dump their bags on her doorstep.

One time Receiver tries to refuse, but Giver is bigger and more powerful than Receiver and pushes his way in and dumps the garbage in her house anyway. Does Receiver have a right to be angry at Giver? Of course! But once he pushes past Receiver’s boundaries, it is harder next time for Receiver to refuse the garbage.

And so the years go by, and Receiver continues to accept more and more garbage from many different sources, and soon there’s no room to sit or walk around her house. And so she takes the bags and shoves them down the basement stairs so she won’t have to look at them. Now she can just “forget about her past.” And that’s all well and good until the garbage begins to rot. Pretty soon her friends stop visiting because of the odor. Eventually Receiver can’t take the stink and the mess and the loneliness anymore and cries out for help.

At this point, Bystander hears her cry and knocks on the door. “Sure is stinky at your house,” she says. “Why don’t you go find Giver and make him pay to clean up this mess?” And so Receiver takes her advice, writes up an invoice, and goes to find Giver. Unfortunately, Giver may refuse to do it, or is unable to pay, or he’s deceased.

So now what! It seems she’ll never be free of the Garbage Givers. “What do I do with this invoice? And can’t anyone help me get rid of this mess?” she cries. And that’s when Lover knocks gently on the door. “Give me the invoice for the debt,” he says, “and I’ll pay it.”

“But I want Giver to pay it!” cries Receiver. “I don’t want him to be off the hook.”

And Lover softly replies, “Do you see that house across the street? You’ve been dumping some of your own garbage over there. The owners just gave me the invoice to deliver to you. But I’d like to pay your debt for you if you’ll let me. Forgiveness isn’t about letting someone off the hook or saying that garbage-dumping is an okay thing to do; it’s about letting go of the debt that is owed you.”

Receiver is not too sure about all this; doesn’t make sense. She’s too focused on all the garbage still.

“Tell you what,” says Lover. How about I bring along Helper and let’s see if we can get this mess cleaned up. But you’re going to have to be willing to let us see it, smell it with you, get our hands a little dirty. We’ll go with you into that basement. Would that be okay with you?”

“But what are we going to do with all the garbage?” asks Receiver.

“We’re going to give it back to its owners!” declares Lover.

And so with Helper by her side, Receiver begins to carry the garbage, bagful by bagful, up the basement steps and out to the front porch; and Lover (who knows all things) delivers each bag to its rightful owner. Yes, it takes a long time—many years in fact—but eventually the air becomes pure again, and the house becomes inviting once more. And though Receiver remembers what it used to be like inside her house with all its bad odors, she doesn’t think about it much anymore. It’s easier to “forget about it” now.

And now when Giver comes knocking, Receiver no longer opens the door. “No thanks!” she calls out. She has a lock on the inside and can choose whom she lets in. She knows the truth, and the truth has set her free.

And then Lover asks Receiver once more, “Are you willing to forgive the debt? Would it be okay NOW if I take that invoice and pay it? Or do you still want Giver to pay it?”

“Sure, you can have it,” replies Receiver. “My house is all clean; the debt’s been paid. It’s okay . . .” And then she understands—forgiveness is a choice, but sometimes it takes a long time to get there.

“But what about reconciliation?” she asks.

“Oh, don’t confuse the two,” Lover replies. “Forgiveness is for your benefit and emotional health. Reconciliation is for relationship. You can’t make Giver knock on your door and ask for forgiveness. But if he does, and you agree to forgive him, THEN you can reconcile.”

And so I wonder . . . how do YOU handle YOUR garbage?

*Here are some books that have helped me define “forgiveness” and “reconciliation.”*

*Healing Life’s Hurts* by Dr. Ed Smith  
*You Can Be Emotionally Free*, by Rita Bennett







## Missionary and Volunteer Opportunities at Egbe Hospital, Nigeria

*Partnering with SIM, ECWA, Samaritan's Purse and World Medical Mission to Rebuild, Re-equip, Repair and Revitalize ECWA Hospital Egbe – Project NG96214*



Momentum on the Egbe Hospital Revitalization Project builds! After a year and a half of planning, our first missionary team is on the ground, work on renovating hospital buildings and staff homes on the 33-acre compound has started, four containers of medical and construction equipment have arrived, Samaritan's Purse volunteer teams are slowly starting to come, and we are preparing for a family physician and surgeon to move to Egbe in 2012. Perhaps even more exciting is the support of the Egbe community and Nigerian professionals as they welcome the revitalization and rally together to lend expertise; a real testimony to the power of partnership.

**You can help by joining us on one of our four trips to Egbe or volunteering through Samaritan's Purse.** Over the next year we need to re-roof buildings, repair electrical lines, upgrade water sources, install new plumbing, clear brush and construct several new buildings. There are also opportunities for cleaning, painting, and organizing in numerous areas

and departments. <http://spvolunteer-network.org/projects/nigeria-hospital-revitalization-project.aspx>

**You can also help us build a team of 2+ year missionaries** who will work alongside the hospital leadership and project team throughout the revitalization. We need a Maintenance Manager, Chief Medical Director, Director of Administration, Ophthalmologist and Head Nurse. Short-term medical volunteer opportunities are also available through partnership with World Medical Missions.

Working together we can realize the vision of revitalizing Egbe Hospital by leveraging good business skills with wise Kingdom investments that will result in a self-sustaining, well-equipped Christian hospital known for excellent medical care, comprehensive training programs, and qualified staff passionately spreading the Gospel. **Consider joining us on a trip!**

**Contact Betsie Campion Smith**  
**905.718.2380 [4smiths@rogers.com](mailto:4smiths@rogers.com)**  
**[www.egbehospital.org](http://www.egbehospital.org)**

## Reflections on Egbe Hospital *By Joshua Lichty, son of Barb (Campion) Lichty (KA, HC 74)*

It was a fantastic experience to finally get to the bush of Egbe, Nigeria. I had heard so many stories of the land where my mother's family had grown up and heard about the influential work that my grandparents, George and Esther Campion, had accomplished. That the ECWA hospital is a keystone in the Egbe community, you learn as soon as you arrive on the compound. But the state of the compound was somewhat shocking, since in pictures of the past I had seen top-of-the-line and state-of-the-art facilities. What you now see is outdated equipment, retro-style facilities and, most notably, eroded roads. But there was a promising feeling in the air as locals took to mowing the lawns and roofing buildings, and I heard stories of doctors saving lives and babies being born. The compound was being revitalized.

Over the short two weeks I stayed on the Egbe Hospital compound it was more and more evident that this hospital is on its way to becoming once again a state-of-the-art hospital. But it is not going to happen without thousands of hours of hard work and focused direction. Although I went to help a hospital and a community move forward on a project that is so in need, it was the community that did the giving to me. All the experiences with locals—from chapel with the nurses, to meeting key figures involved with the hospital, to interacting with people and children from town—left a positive impact on me. The respect, love, and genuine interest of the Egbe people for the hospital and those involved in revitalizing the hospital is amazing.

It was a positive experience that I am certain I will do again and would absolutely recommend for others.



*Joshua with orphan boys from a ministry in Egbe under H.E.L.P.*

# Returning Home to Egbe

Peter Haney, Hillcrest (KA, HC 75) [phaney@bctonline.com](mailto:phaney@bctonline.com)

After many years, I had the opportunity to return to my childhood home. Going back to Egbe, Nigeria, as a volunteer of the Egbe Hospital Revitalization Project, I was able to visit many of the places that I used to frequent as a kid. I did see a lot of changes in the surroundings, but many of the buildings had the same structure, equipment, and paint. Mark and Abby Anderson (Revitalization Project Construction Managers) showed us around the hospital grounds and the different hospital departments.



Peter Haney

From the tour, it was evident that the hospital had deteriorated over the years and needed updates, new equipment, and modernization. There were areas of the hospital where missionaries' names were written on the various wards and buildings honoring their service—medical personnel names like Hope Sneath and Dr. Jeanette Troup (whose signature is on one of my yellow health cards), as well as Cal Balisky (who was responsible for maintenance of Egbe Hospital and Titcombe College). As I was growing up, Cal Balisky spent time showing me the wonders of the equipment in his maintenance and machine shops, as well as demonstrating his innate ability to fix almost anything or design any mechanical object. It brought back a lot of great memories.

Visiting church on Sunday morning, I was surprised to find that there were thirteen ECWA churches in the greater Egbe community. When I was younger, I don't remember more than two or three, so it is evident that Christianity is alive and flourishing in the community. Other changes that I noticed: 156 Naira = 1 Dollar (back in my day 1 Naira was about equal to 1 Dollar), Okada were everywhere (if you don't know what Okada are, you can find

them at [Wikipedia.com](http://Wikipedia.com)), the volleyball court where we would play every Wednesday night was cracked and overgrown, and many of the buildings at Titcombe College (including the two houses we lived in) have seen decades of deterioration with minimal maintenance.

My parents had taught for many years at Titcombe College, and I met many of their

former students. These former students would not believe I was my father's son, until they could look me straight in the eye, see the resemblance of my father, and then acknowledge that, yes, they could see my father in my face. In spite of the deterioration that has taken place, I found the people in the community to be warm, friendly, and accepting. This was what I remembered and cherished most about Egbe. The Egbe Hospital Revitalization Project still needs volunteers and funding. While I was at Egbe, I worked with other volunteers to clean out, prep, and paint one of the wards in preparation for moving the existing Outpatient Department, doctors' offices, records and x-ray departments so reconstruction of those areas can begin. I also had the chance to do some welding and repair the lawn mower and other small engines. On our last day a 40-ft. container arrived that kept us busy into the night unloading, sorting, and doing some preliminary inventory of the contents. A pretty exciting event! If you would like to volunteer or get involved in other ways, you can find more information at [www.egbehospital.org](http://www.egbehospital.org). Mark and Abby Anderson also have a blog if you would like to follow their experiences in Egbe. <http://the2oyinbos.wordpress.com/>

# Technology Devices Needed

I am employed part-time with East-West Ministries International, a missions organization with several initiatives in Africa. I am taking donations of excess technology devices from your homes or offices and will be repurposing them for these African initiatives. If you know of a business or person who may want to give their excess for a tax-deductible donation, I will be glad to follow up with them myself.

Steve Ackley  
[steve@ackleys.us](mailto:steve@ackleys.us)  
214-536-5458  
1526 Mayfield Ave  
Garland, TX 75041



Dave and Morris  
Anyone know who this is?





How many can you name in these three photos?



**Grades 5, 6. Front:**  
*Ruth Fellows, Bill Harding,  
 Joe Harding, Brian Isaacs,  
 Jerry Healy, Mark Middleton,  
 Vernon Cumbers, Duane Ediger,  
 Marilyn Kliever*  
**Middle:** *Miss Willey,  
 Nancy Ackley, Laura Jacobson,  
 Judy Reimer, Julene Hodges,  
 Christine Waldock,  
 Barbara Nunn,  
 Jacque Konnerup,  
 Joy Modricker*  
**Back:** *Fred Ely, Stanley Kayser,  
 Kenny MacDonald,  
 Peter Wallace, Raymond Neal,  
 Howard Black, John Modricker,  
 Dan Scheel, Jonathon Healy,  
 Matthew Hagen, Bob Black*





# BULLETIN BOARD

## BINGHAM ACADEMY

The position of director for Bingham Academy has been filled by Al & Melissa King. They need to complete the application process with SIM and raise support to be in Ethiopia by January 2012.

## ELWA

[www.elwamausa.org](http://www.elwamausa.org). Catch up on the Palava Hut blogs you may have missed, not just about our projects, but other news (like Howard Jones' passing, Jo Steven's illness) and items of interest (like Aunt Clara's "Green Christmas," the new Liberian University up country (LICC), and the new SIM Liberia Director, Will Elphick). Our Facebook page, [facebook.com/EM-AUSA](https://www.facebook.com/EM-AUSA) can send you an email of each new blog. Donations gladly accepted.

## NIGERIA

Check out **YouTube.com** for

- Jos Zoo
- City Traffic (Lagos)
- Rainy Season (Jos or Lagos)

## SIMROOTS

We're on **Facebook**. Easy way to submit photos and news updates.

**Archives.** Want to own the entire set of *Simroots* issues from its inception to the present? Now available on DVD in pdf format. Just send your order and donation of any amount for *Simroots* to: Deb Turner, PO Box 273 Greenbank, WA 98253 [ethiopia@greenbank.net](mailto:ethiopia@greenbank.net)

## SEBRING

In the next year and a half, several of the staff at SIM's Sebring Retirement Village will retire. Who is going to take their places? They will need a village manager, village hostess, assistant manager of the assisted living facility, a nurse, and a member care person. Are you interested? Know of anyone who might be qualified? In order to keep the Sebring costs affordable for the retirees, most of the staff need to be on support. Thankfully, **John Reed (EL 72)** will fill the position of facilities supervisor and his wife **Beaj (Lacey/Beacham) (EL, HC 73)** will be using her gifts of compassion and hostess.

Contact Grace Ely at [SIMUSA.RetireeCoordinator@sim.org](mailto:SIMUSA.RetireeCoordinator@sim.org)

## HILLCREST

**Did you know . . .** the students are now required to wear uniforms!

### Staffing needs:

- Elementary School Principal
- Superintendent
- Elementary teachers

## WEBSITES

[www.uni.edu/gai/Nigeria/Pictures/Picture\\_index.html](http://www.uni.edu/gai/Nigeria/Pictures/Picture_index.html)  
This site has a great variety of Nigerian photo topics.

[picasaweb.google.com/uland.family](http://picasaweb.google.com/uland.family)

Great series of photos which includes Hillcrest

[www.ecwaevangel.org/blog/jos-on-google-earth\\_244](http://www.ecwaevangel.org/blog/jos-on-google-earth_244)

Article on finding places in Nigeria using Google earth

## KENT ACADEMY

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

**Bookmobile.** For years Jim and I prayed about ways to share kids' books with Miango community children, and I'm excited to see this dream becoming a reality. Sunday Mali made me a bookmobile. I haven't gotten the name printed on the outside yet, but it's coming! Now I'm praying God will bring me books . . . lots of them to stock it with!

Linda Crouch



Linda Crouch and her KA Bookmobile





## A Family Living under the Sahara Sun

By Ruth Long (Parent)

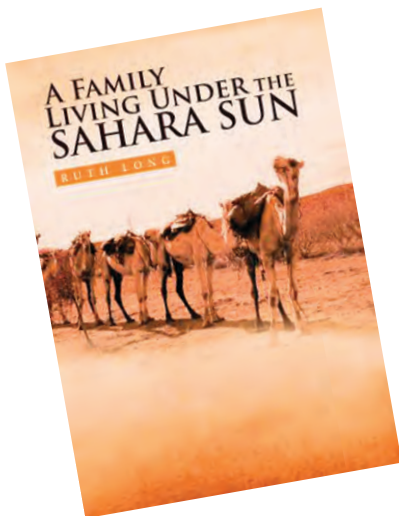
Today I am a proud daughter! My mother's (Ruth Long's) memoirs are now published—hot off the press—and can be found on Amazon. Check it out!

Ruth Long and her husband Burt have been with SIM since 1950 when they arrived at Galmi, Niger. Burt was the founding doctor of Galmi Hospital. Burt is now 93 and Ruth will be 90 in August, and they live in Sebring, Florida.

Submitted by Cherry (Long) Sabathne



Ruth and Burt Long



## Blood Brothers—our friendship in Liberia

By Michael Jentzsch (EL)

Michael Jentzsch, German SIM MK and author of the autobiography *Blood Brothers—our friendship in Liberia*, received the “Golden Image Award of Liberia 2011/Category International” in the City Hall of Monrovia. Jentzsch was honored for his endeavours to put Liberia back in public awareness with his book and tours through German schools. Liberia's president Ellen Johnson Sirleaf handed over the prize personally. “His stunning and very personal account of his friendship with the Liberian boy Benjamin Zahn at universities, schools and public institutions and his humanitarian commitment show his extraordinary love for Liberia and its people and thus is helping improve the image of Liberia worldwide,” cultural ambassador Juli Endee remarked in her honorary speech.

The book is about the friendship of Michael and the Liberian boy Ben in the former paradise of Liberia on the ELWA campus, the rise of civil war, brutal separation and their desperate search for each other. The book was on the German best-seller list (best position: 25) for weeks. Media have recognized it as a “document for international understanding.”

The German publishers are still looking for an American publisher. Please contact [presse@blutsbrueder.eu](mailto:presse@blutsbrueder.eu) if interested.



Her Excellency, the President of Liberia and Michael Jentzsch



Ben and Michael

English webpage will go online in September. [www.blutsbrueder.eu](http://www.blutsbrueder.eu)

Contact Michael Jentzsch: [presse@blutsbrueder.eu](mailto:presse@blutsbrueder.eu)

# RETURN TO HOME



## My Return to Ethiopia . . . a Trip to Remember! *By Dr. Harvey T. Hoekstra*

For the first time, since ministering to the Majangir 35 years ago, Dr. Harvey Hoekstra, returned to see how his obedience to God's call resulted in fruit that God multiplied a thousand fold. He was accompanied by his family, including his missionary son **Denny (BA 60)**, who has been serving MAF for more than 45 years as a pilot in Ethiopia, then as Director of Aviation Resources.

God gave us the honor to be the first to tell the Majangir about His love in Christ. We planted the seed, but the real growth took place after we said our farewell in 1976. Today the number of Majangir who are Christian is estimated at 26,000, with more than 30 pastors, and their own Bethel Majangir Synod. I marvel at what God has done.

What a trip it was! Eight Hoekstras traveled to Ethiopia. Accompanying me were four of my six children, one daughter-in-law, and two of my grandchildren. Our return journey to Ethiopia was in response to the invitation from the Majangir Bethel Synod to participate in a special dedication service of the "Talking Bible" in the Majang language. The event was part of their second annual Synod meeting, for which we carried 200 "Talking Bibles" in our suitcases. These were partial Bibles, containing the four Gospels only.

Our family served as missionaries in Africa for nearly 30 years, beginning in the Sudan in 1948, then in the



*Denny in pilot seat*

rain forest of southwest Ethiopia in 1964. (Our experiences are recounted in my book *Honey, We're Going to Africa!* A personally narrated version of the entire book can be heard on [www.talkingbibles.org](http://www.talkingbibles.org).)

During those years in Africa, the Lord blessed us with three more boys (David, Mark, and Paul) and our only daughter, Carol Joy. Like many other missionaries, our children attended a missionary children's boarding school far from home. If there is a sacrifice that a missionary couple might make, it is the separation

from our children, and for the children, separation from their parents and their home. Even so, when I ask my grown children about those years, every one of them says they would not have wanted to miss their experience of growing up in Africa. I thank God for His loving kindness and tender mercies!

Until our arrival in Ethiopia, the primitive Majangir had never heard of Jesus. Their lives were ruled by the spiritual darkness of witchcraft and spiritism.

Their clothing consisted of leaves and grass, with men wearing a small, folded loincloth in front. Although known to be a fearsome people, they welcomed us. Nonetheless, at times we had reason to be afraid.

When we left Ethiopia in 1976, I never imagined that I would ever return one day. But, there I was 35 years later at age 90, being welcomed back by thousands of Majangir among whom we had lived in the forest so long ago. I could not have ever dreamed of such a warm welcome!

It had been 47 years earlier when my dear wife, Lavina, and our youngest son, Paul, who was only three-and-a-half years old at the time, first arrived among the Majangir. We were eager to share the Good News about Jesus Christ with these unreached forest people. It had taken us 10 days of grueling trekking on uncut trails to travel 52 miles with



*Denny in front of BA*



six mules, two horses, and more than a hundred different carriers, to bring us to our destination. Arriving after dark, we ended our journey and slept on the rain-soaked ground beside a grass hut. Today, MAF reduces that same trip to a 20-minute flight in one of their planes.

*For a full report of the trip, contact Denny Hoekstra at [Dhoekstra@maf.org](mailto:Dhoekstra@maf.org).*



*Harvey & Lavina Hoekstra*



*Denny Hoekstra and his wife, Carol Lee, have been serving MAF for 45 years, first in Africa and then in the USA. Upon their return from overseas, both Denny and Carol filled leadership roles for 23 years at the MAF headquarters, then located in California.*



**Front:** Denny & Carol Joy Hoekstra, Solomon Gizaw, Dr. Harvey Hoekstra, Walter Potts, Curtis Hoekstra, Paul Hoekstra  
**Back:** Tim, Mark, and Sandy Hoekstra



FROM THE BA ARCHIVES

Left to right: Marilyn Kliewer (grade 1), Eunice Ratzlaff (grade 2), Laura Jacobson (grade 2), Beth Derrington (grade 1).



FROM THE BA ARCHIVES

**Front:** Laura Jacobson, Carolyn Wallace, Peter Wallace  
**Back:** Mary Wollman, Roy Wallace holding Frank Wallace, Francis Wallace, Edith Willey





## DALLAS 2012 REUNION

**Registration and Information:** [www.hillcrest.myevent.com](http://www.hillcrest.myevent.com)

**MKs, TCKs, Staff – Young and Old – come one, come all!  
Begin making your plans NOW! Don't miss this opportunity!**

### What:

- ❑ An opportunity to reconnect with “old” friends and make new ones—many who share at least some of your history—perhaps the same school, perhaps a shared experience (like being evacuated), perhaps a love for a specific country.
- ❑ The chance to hear some of the exciting things some adult MKs are currently involved in, back in their “home” countries or leveraging their international experience in their current lives in their passport countries.
  - A highlight will be a presentation on the revitalization of Egbe Hospital in Nigeria, led by the Champion family. There will be a number of others presenting as well.
  - Another session will put your cultural knowledge into a nice package for you to be able to articulate your knowledge and convert it into value-add in whatever line of work or volunteer endeavors in which you are currently involved.
  - There will be many other exciting opportunities throughout the weekend.
- ❑ Experience a catered “African meal”—Ethiopian food, Liberian food, and Nigerian food. If there are others who would like to be represented, please contact a member of the Reunion Committee.
- ❑ A time to sing some of the old songs which will bring back lots of memories!
- ❑ The “world-renowned super *football* game.”
- ❑ A much anticipated skit night—start thinking now!
- ❑ A vacation—the hotel is a 4-star hotel, set in the lush Texas countryside, complete with restaurant, pool, exercise room, everything you'd expect at such a resort property!

This is just a sampling of what you can expect to experience. For more details, email your interest to Steve Ackley and get on the information list.

**Where:** Dallas (Westlake) Texas at the Marriott Solana

[www.marriott.com/dalwl](http://www.marriott.com/dalwl)

**When:** Friday noon through Sunday noon – July 6-8, 2012.

### Approximate cost:

- Registration and African meal \$75 per adult (estimate)
- 2 nights' lodging - July 6 & 7 (Includes full American breakfast buffet)  
Single \$99 Double \$109 Triple \$119 Quad \$129 (per night)  
Book directly with the hotel (link will be sent via e-mail)

**Proposed theme:** MK Projects in Progress – featuring key projects that involve US and how we can be more involved

### Contacts:

Steve Ackley  
[steve@ackleys.us](mailto:steve@ackleys.us)  
Holly Straus Plank  
[dhplank@verizon.net](mailto:dhplank@verizon.net)



*Participants at the last reunion in Chicago in 2009*





## One of Those Nigerian Days!

By Dan Elyea (KA, HC 59) [wyrmail@yahoo.com](mailto:wyrmail@yahoo.com)

Excerpt from Mom's May 7, 1951 letter to my maternal grandmother back in Michigan: *We went to Ungwar Goji Saturday evening to see the Allens, a young missionary couple. I took bread, potatoes, cake and mango sauce and we had supper there.*

Though only about 20 miles up the road from us, Ungwar Goji seemed somewhat more isolated, for those were early 50s Nigerian miles. Our location—within a mile or two of the Rahama train station—gave us access to mail and telegrams (no telephones or two-way radio or such at that time). As I recall, there would be a mailbag twice a week. Our mail and that of several other stations would come in via train from Jos. When the bush stations would send a carrier to us (on foot), we'd send their mail out to them, likely along with food and medical supplies they'd ordered from Jos.

A few years later than the time of Mom's letter above, when I was probably around 12, a telegram for the Allens marked "Urgent" came in at the Rahama train station. Dad was far away somewhere—Jos or some other station.

I talked Mom into letting me deliver the telegram via motorcycle. She very reluctantly agreed, after much persuasion and fast-talking by yours truly. I used the "Urgent" designator on the telegram envelope as my main leverage. So I left on the little BSA, feeling like pretty big stuff. Adventure! Remember those laterite roads in the rainy season? Lorries would cut deep ruts in the red mud. Ruts that tried to take over the steering from this kid who weighed less than 100 pounds at the time. This great adventure turned out to be largely a terrifying attempt to maintain control of the machine in the deeply grooved road.

The shabby adventure turned into a nightmare about halfway to Ungwar Goji when the rain started to pour down. The earlier misery was compounded by my being soaked to the skin. And then, insult-to-injury, the engine drowned out in the rain. Desperate kick-starting brought it back to life. The motorcycle stalled out several more times, every few miles, in a repeating cycle. The engine finally drowned out for good and refused to fire again. So now the ride was over: I was reduced to pushing the *babur* (be sure to roll the "r"). Fortunately, I was within about a mile of Ungwar Goji when that happened, so I was able to struggle my way on foot, pushing the traitorous machine that last distance in the rain and mud. Talk about a major comedown!

Mr. Rough, a senior missionary at the station, saw me first and hustled me into some dry clothes after supplying a towel. Then the Allens—the couple for whom the telegram was intended—fed us a meal. I remember that she served lemon meringue pie for dessert, an absolute favorite of mine. Special moment! Then I took the first bite. She'd heavily laced the filling with bits of the lemon rind. To my unsophisticated palate, the rind bits rendered the pie very distasteful. So I found myself *forcing* the anticipated rare treat down. *Haba!*

After supper, the Allens loaded me and the wretched motorcycle into the back of their jeep and took us back home to Rahama. To say that I felt a bit sheepish would be quite an understatement. How low the mighty have fallen! I was so proud and happy when I left, and so humiliated and miserable when I got back. But Mom was greatly relieved when we pulled in. *All's well that ends well*, even one of *those* Nigerian days.

## Remembering Gowans Home

By Gerald Hunt (GH 48) [geraldhunt@gmail.com](mailto:geraldhunt@gmail.com)

In this Georgian Bay area so few Gowans Home kids are left. So it's lonely! But older Collingwood folk remember it anecdotally in bits and pieces and with human interest as they envisage what went on in the largest house in town.

I know that the masterful write-up we put in the Station Museum archives (written by Ruth Whitehead?) is there to be read and some memorabilia remain at the GH site. I believe walnuts and chestnuts still tumble from the trees.

I remember the pew where I sat in First Baptist Church back in 1936-1939, a couple of blocks east of GH. I have been the preacher there on several occasions—twice in competition with the largest Elvis Presley Festival in the world and years ago at the 100th year of the church. The church hasn't changed much, and only Martha McDonald Baird remains of the GH group. Martha's folks were missionaries in India, where there are now virtually none. She and Jean Playfair will be remembered as big sisters to many of us as they tucked us into bed and heard our memorized scriptures. But, dear me, the Harlings, Garrets, Turnbulls, Jensens, Dancys, Playfairs, Maxwells, McIvers and Thamers (yep, I missed somebody, I'm sure) are somewhere else today, many now in the Father's Kingdom. I know Misses Kaercher and Buchanan are there.

It's corny to say that since GH has become the National Ski Academy, things keep going downhill, but that's the way it is. Whole communities have grown up around the tourist ideals. A six-lane highway is being completed and a couple of roundabouts will be added. And I live 16 kilometers east, next to Wasaga Beach, longest freshwater beach in the world. It was not part of my world back in 1937 when we went to the end of Sixth Street to pick strawberries and morels.

# In Memorium

Submitted by Ruth (Jensen)  
Whitehead (GH)

**G**ladys (Dancy) Carey (GH) died November 15, 2010. She was in my earliest memories along with Mike Harling and a host of other kids. A picture she painted of trilliums—the Provincial flower of Ontario—still hangs in my bedroom.

I want to mention the two last poems she wrote. Actually, she had them laminated and distributed them at the last Gowans Home Reunion in 2005.

*Tiny bells,  
White, silent bells  
Neath the tree.  
Remember?*

*Other bells,  
Now silent bells  
Summoned us  
Together.*

*Mem'ries all  
Come flooding back  
Pleasant some  
Others not!*

*Grateful we  
For lessons taught  
In Christ's name,  
Not forgot.*

*Love to all  
Our friends of yore.  
Rememb'ring those  
Who've gone before.*

We lived in a beautiful 26-room Victorian mansion. It was beautiful inside and out with flowers everywhere. I think I can still tell you where every tree stood and the kind of tree it was. My memories of Gowans Home were mostly pleasant. I feel that we were blest to be there.

The tiny white bells of Gladys' poem were in the garden full of lilies of the valley that bloomed by the hundreds beside the fence near the garage. Remember how we used to pick some and put them in a bottle of ink and watch as the blue ink made veins in the white lilies, then eventually made the whole flowers blue?

The other bells, now silent bells, were

the first and second bell, telling us to get cleaned up for a meal and then telling us to come for that meal. We came tumbling down stairs, up stairs from the basement, and came inside from playing in the fields. What some of you may not remember is that at first that huge house had no way to go from one "side" to the other. It was built as two separate residences, one for the family and one for the grandmother. The main side was where the boys slept and where we ate, did dishes, prepared meals and acted our best in the living room and piano room. The grandmother's residence was "the other side" where the girls slept and played. I remember, when the bell rang, running crazily to find an older girl's hand to take me down through the basement on our side and through the basement to the stairs on the other side. Usually one of the older girls was looking out for the little ones, but sometimes we had to scurry through the basements by ourselves. I had my second birthday there and Gladys wasn't far behind. Eventually there were connecting doors through from one side of the house to the other on every floor.

Here is her second poem for the 2005 reunion. Gladys was one who was shaken by rough winds.

*As falling leaves  
Drift to earth,  
(Some silently-  
Some shaken  
By rough winds-)  
So, one by one  
We lose our friends.*

*As swift and bright  
As passing meteors,  
They're here  
And gone again,  
Their light snuffed out,  
But etched in memory.*

*Their colours fade,  
Their laughter  
Silenced.  
How brief their life,  
But not forgotten.  
Farewell, dear friends.  
We shall meet again.*



*Here's a photo I received in a birthday card from my sister. Wouldn't even guess that it's me, but alas, it is. On the backside of the photo is penciled a name Peter Macphall or Macphail, whom I presume is the toddler interested in the sound emanating from the horn. Also penciled in is "1967 Bishoftu" which provides a lead to the BA group who ALL know Bishoftu is synonymous with Paradise. Submitted by John Modricker.*





# IS THIS OUR LAST SIMROOTS?

**Time to Refill Our Coffers!** After this issue, *Simroots* will only be available online UNLESS our readers choose to support us! Give today so that we can keep *Simroots* coming to your mailboxes!

## Snake for Lunch?

**F**unny story on me. My dad used to tell his American audience about how to catch a python. First the Africans would draw straws to see who the “lucky” person was. Then they’d lower the guy into the hole, let the snake swallow the leg up to the crotch, and then his buddies would pull him up, snake firmly attached to the leg. Good eating. Yum, yum. So far, so good.

One day I asked Dad how they got the snake off the leg. “They just cut it off,” he replied. Well, in my little mind, I pictured the men cutting the man’s LEG off with it! Fast forward to Grade 6 furlough. We were visiting missionary cohorts in Scotland on our way back to the U.S., and I was invited to a girls’ event at church (sort of like Girl Scouts). We played a game called “Truth or Lie.” Of course I had to tell how to catch a python, and of course I mentioned cutting the leg off. And of course everyone was aghast when I insisted that it was a true story. Somewhere in Scotland today, there’s probably a little grandchild listening to her mother’s tale of when an MK came to town and told a rather wild tale!

*Karen (Seger) Keegan (KA, HC 72)*

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# I Know You're From . . . Because

## BINGHAM ACADEMY

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

- The smell of *ba-harzaf* makes you nostalgic.
- You can train a *ba-harzaf* fork for perfect fit as a slingshot.
- You had a pigeon for a “pet.”
- You have eaten hash and *duba*, fish eyes and glue, and tomato aspic, and you LOVE *injera* and *doro wot* with a big boiled egg!
- You have fond memories of the bag swing.
- You know what boiled *bug* is.
- You recall with fondness animated messages by Bill Harding Sr.
- A favorite memory is “Uncle” Howard Borlase explaining his visit with the “tiny bushmen.”
- You spent hours making “caves” in the woodpile.
- You sat on the stone wall outside the practice rooms and listened to the same senior musicians going over and over and over their Rachmaninoff Prelude in C sharp minor. And next door, the cacophonous mixture from John Thompson Mozart and Schubert pieces. And you searched through the musty pile of ratty sheet music in the corner music cupboard of the library, always wanting to distinguish yourself with an outstanding piece for the annual recital.
- You played the “It” game.
- You came around a certain bend and could cry “I see it!” (Bishoftu)
- You know why people put eucalyptus leaves up their nose.
- Marmite is one of your condiment staples.
- You have ridden in a *garry* or three-wheeler “taxi.”
- You know how to bribe the *zabunya* to look the other way so you can sneak out at night.
- The howl of a *jib* brings back memories.
- You look at your watch every morning at 10:00 a.m. because it is teatime.
- You've read whole books with a flashlight after hours under your blankets.

- You know how to make a better paper airplane than anyone around you.
- You can name several cabins at Bishoftu.
- You know what LAC stands for and can name the four teams (bonus if you can also sing the songs) and remember the words to “I Am a Stranger Here.”
- You can picture the inside of an EAL DC-3; maybe even recall some of the smells!
- You can feel the grease on the roof of your mouth from the spare ribs.
- You remember the Hays, Rashleighs, Mary MacDonald, Mary Wolman, etc., depending upon the generation; and you respect Mr. Hay deeply as a man of God (also Art Rashleigh).
- You know what Italian Apples are.
- You know the story of Uncle Howard's boat sinking on the way home from Africa early in WWII.
- You fondly remember an outstanding Halloween costume like the monkey grinder and his monkey.
- You know what *Destas* are.
- You remember Field Day as both exciting and terrifying!
- Your favourite food is Italian bread coronets.
- You rode ponies on the field and horses (Tinker, Prince, Pegasus, Tom . . .) through the forest (depending on your generation).
- You used the tunnels for a Halloween Haunted House.
- The hayloft reminds you of make-out sessions—oh yes, they DID happen—so I'm told!
- Your social standing and self-esteem increased proportional to the number of demerit points and other punishments you received from the staff.
- You had a slingshot made out of eucalyptus wood and surgical tubing, with notches in the handle for each pigeon you managed to kill.
- You know why a certain cave held such a fascination for aspiring lovers and others seeking to research the pros and cons of various types of cross-gender relationships.

## GOWANS HOME

I Know you're from **Gowans Home** because . . .

- You still do “A pinch and a punch for the first day of the month (and no returns).”
- You remember listening to Saturday morning broadcasts of “Let's Pretend” in the Radio Room, where you also enjoyed seeing the giant Christmas tree every year.
- You can still sing some of the Gospel songs and choruses we sang in the Piano Room, accompanied by our own resident pianists.
- You fondly remember summer camp at Canadian Keswick (and pronounce it “Kezzick”) . . . along with the Port Carling doughnut song—oh, you forgot that one? The tune we sang it to, as I learned years later, was called “Turkey in the Straw.” Here's your chance (and mind the Canadian spelling and the 1940s prices):

*Oh, I went to Port Carling and I  
walked around the block,  
And I walked right into a bakery shop;  
I took three doughnuts out of the  
grease,  
And I handed the lady a five-cent  
piece.  
Oh, she looked at the nickel and she  
looked at me,  
And she said, “This nickel is no good  
to me;  
There's a hole in the middle and it  
goes right through.”  
Said I, “There's a hole in the dough-  
nut, too!”  
(Shave and a haircut, two bits.)*



# LETTERS TO & FROM THE EDITOR

PHOTO Additions and Corrections for last issue, p. 19.

#1 Barbara Wiebe (not Hope Vander-Schie) #3 Audrey Abernethy (not Barbara Davis) #17 Marilyn McElheran (not Carol Davis) #22 Doug Ostien. The other question-marked ones were correct.

*Submitted by Audrey Abernethy and Barbara (Davis) French*

Hi Karen,  
I liked Grace Anne's article on "calabashes" as we call them in West Africa. Our son Chad and his bride Jessica used African-made calabashes in the "unity ceremony" part of their wedding. It was a bit of African culture (we saw it used in Ghana) that Chad wanted to have in their ceremony.  
*Cora (Zobrist) Klay*

## Dear *Simroots* readers,

Have you noticed that our submissions to the News Updates section have noticeably dwindled over the past few years? Just six years ago, fully half of the magazine consisted of News Updates and current photos. Last issue we were down to a third, and this issue covers only 7 pages out of our 32.

I can't say I'm surprised, given the nature of technology that has suddenly mushroomed into instant connections around the world: Facebook, Twitter, email, instant messaging, blogs, Skype . . . not to mention all the hand-held devices we can carry around in our pockets or purses. We are relying less and less on paper communication to keep us connected. When's the last time you sent a hand-written letter to a classmate!? Yes, I'm well aware that many of us still prefer that hard copy in our hands over reading a computer screen. And I'm keenly aware that some of our readers either do not have access to the technology or they are too old (pardon me) to learn new gadgets. But . . . in my mind, the future of *Simroots* is beginning to look more and more bleak. What's the point of producing an expensive piece of hard copy if so few are willing to participate in keeping it alive?

Another factor that impacts our number of readers is that we are no longer pursuing or attempting to persuade the current SIM MK grads to join our readership. They already have the tools in place to stay connected, should they so choose. As our older generation begins to fade away, our numbers will continue to dwindle. Eventually *Simroots* itself will die a quiet death.

Another challenge *Simroots* is facing is in the area of information privacy. You can choose your privacy level for Facebook, but you don't have that much

control over what gets printed in the News Updates section if your sister sends in a Family Album entry complete with photos. Did she get permission from you first to submit it? Probably not. But, hopefully, she also knows whether or not you'd object or she wouldn't have sent it in the first place. So far, we've taken our chances that whatever we agree to print about you is also agreeable to you. And, thankfully, we've had very few negative responses over the years on that score. But still . . . we live in this society. . . .

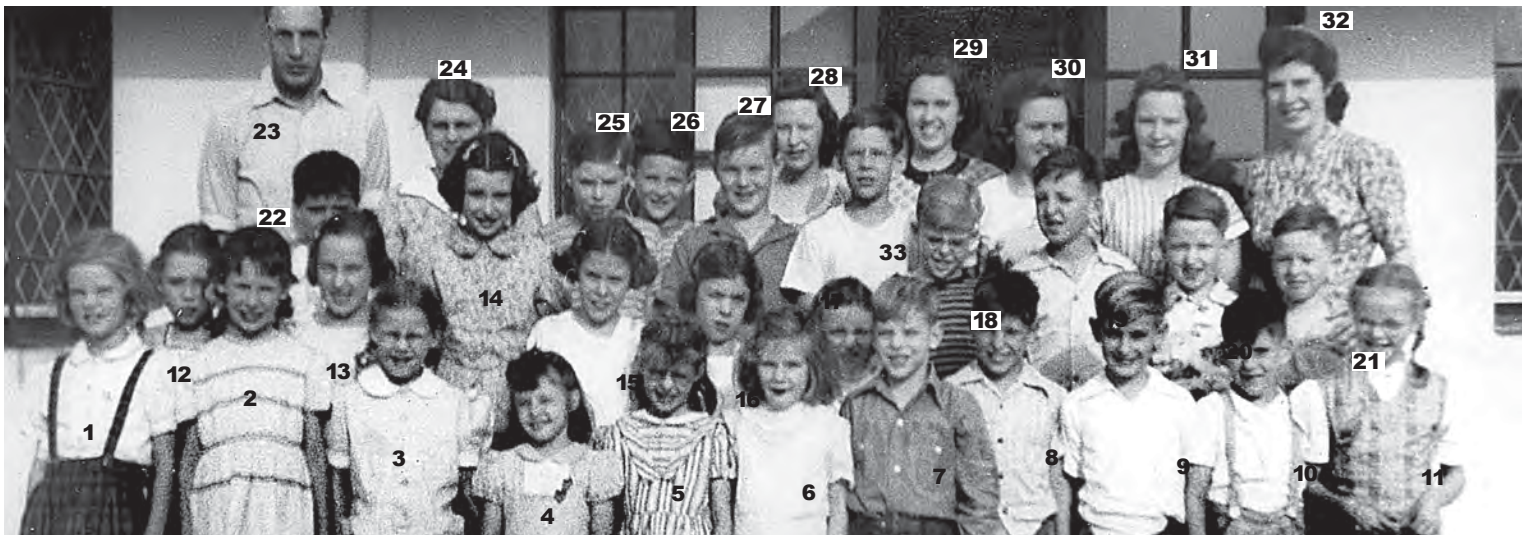
So, I ask, what are the implications for *Simroots*? Do we shut down the News Updates section? (Just so you know, I don't spend much energy going after news and photos. You can't pay me enough to become a reporter! It's your job to submit your own news.) And do we only print if we have express or written permission from everyone in the photo or news update? (That, too, could drastically reduce submissions.)

Okay, so don't panic. I'm not saying it's time to fold up and quit my job. I'm just wondering if our purpose for staying alive is changing. Is it okay that we're morphing more into a magazine than a newsletter? Does it still fulfill a need?

Oh, yeah—and if we don't have enough money to pay for the next issue, see you online for the next one!

We welcome your feedback.

*Karen (Seeger) Keegan, Editor  
simroots@sim.org*





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

*Continued from last Simroots*

1948

Mon. February 16

I: **David John** moved over the first thing in the morning since his mother returned to Jos. **Barbara Davis, Betty and Dorothy TerMeer, Donald TerMeer, Clinton Beckett, Eleanor Worling, David and Ann Williams** arrived in the morning. Were we ever busy!

C: More children arrived today bringing the total up to 21.

Tues. February 17

I: Charlie took the **Legg** twins into Jos to see the dentist. **David Hursh** and **Norman Kapp** came out. Had birthday cake and ice cream for supper for Jean and Jane.

Wed. February 18

I: Rained in the early morning. School started today. **Ian Cairns** arrived in the afternoon.

C: Spoke in chapel. Paul shall speak chapel on Tues. and Fri.; on the 3 other school days (Wed. Thurs. and Sat.). Worked around compound rest of day.

Thurs. February 19

I: No one arrived today. We are getting into the swing of things.

C: Worked at various jobs throughout day plus had chapel.

Fri. February 20

I: **Betsy and Doug Ostien** arrived in the afternoon. They came down from Kano by plane. They had been delayed because of Mrs. Ostien's being ill. **Miss Deines** examined blood today.

C: Worked on overflow for tank in main dorm. Works to a certain extent.

Sat. February 21

I: What a job getting specimens from the younger children. They sure had names for the things.

C: After school had games and lawn supper for kids.

Sun. February 22

I: The children had Sunday School today. After Sunday School they wrote their letters home, and it surely was a job. In the afternoon they went for a walk. I went to church in the evening, and the Legg twins went with me.

C: To church in a.m. Took long walk with kids after tea.

February 23 - 29

I: The week days were much as usual. On Saturday, **Dr. Harris** came out. On Friday I was getting specimens from the older ones, but this wasn't as hard. Dr. Harris spent all morning and part of the afternoon examining and vaccinating the children. The **Beachams** came out with him. In the evening we went to the volcanoes for a picnic supper.

Mon. February 23

C: Trip to Jos: brought out flour, sugar; after was able to get all of the kids registered with the Jos Food Control.

Tues. February 24

C: Prepared for chapel tomorrow and worked around compound. Had ice cream with Craigs at night.

Wed. February 25

C: Prepared for chapel tomorrow; fixed doors and supervised, besides some work on drain ditch in front of main dorm.

Thurs. February 26 – Sun. February 29

C: Worked around school compound. Put in new drainage ditch and walk at new addition to dorm.

Mon. March 1

I: Was awakened at 5:45 in the morning to attend to **Marvin [McElheran]**. Dorothy Krell was sick in bed, so Gerry and I took care of the pantry and nothing got done here. What a hectic day.

C: Worked at starting holes for children's swings.

Tues. March 2

I: Went to the pantry and made bread pudding for lunch and cookies for tea. In the afternoon made pudding. It poured down rain at about 10:30. Charlie got up to attend to the windows.

Wed. March 3

I: Today was **David Hursh's** birthday. Got caught up on things here in my room, though not on the socks. Dorothy had mended some socks yesterday. Had cake for tea. Sprinkled a little in the late afternoon. It surely is funny weather for this time of year.

C: Workers finished rain ditch. Worked on preparations for chapel.

Thurs. March 4

I: Charlie left early in the morning for Jos to have the truck repaired. He didn't return. He thought when he left that he would have to stay overnight. Moved the boys all around. That is, room 1 to room 2, room 2 to room 3 and room 3 to room 1. What a mess it was, although it went smoother than we had expected. Then I mended nets and sorted clothes. It rained a little in the morning.

Fri. March 5

I: Did much the same as usual, sorted clothes, mended socks, etc. etc. In the evening had frankfurters, coffee, fruit cake at Craigs'. Charlie came back from Jos in the afternoon.

Sat. March 6

I: **David Williams's** birthday and so his folks came out in the afternoon and they brought three cakes and some candy for tea. After tea they took **David, Anne, and Boyce Beacham** back to Jos.

C: While I was in Jos we had 3 men making a road down near the swinging bridge in order for us to haul up sand by truck. Made 2 trips as experiments and they were alright.



Sun. March 7

I: Got up at 6:30 and got the children up. It was so cold that we needed sweaters. I went to the morning service. The S.U.M. has been having a conference so there were between 60 and 70 at the morning service. The kids have been chasing grasshoppers today. **Norman Kapp** fell while on the walk and cut his chin.

Mon. March 8

I: After the rooms were cleaned, washed all the girls' hair. Then sorted clothes and passed them out. They had been in our room over the weekend. In the afternoon mended socks, etc.

C: Worked around and played with kids in a.m. After dinner he [Paul] and I went to sand pit, got load of sand and returned. Worked on putting in some stakes for new building [Academic building?]

Tues. March 9

I: Mended some more socks, etc. There was a lot of wash that came back, so had to sort that. A good number misbehaved during rest hour, so we made them go without birthday cake. Today was **Barbara Davis'** birthday. Were they disappointed! When I announced the fact, there was a silence in all the room and they looked at each other in amazement. In the evening we had cake and ice cream in Craigs' living room.

C: After breakfast went to sand pit. Helped repair the new part of the road that we made. Then made 3 trips with sand; but on the last one had car trouble so that the car stopped about 1/4 of mile from home. Paul and I went down after dinner and got it started so that we got it home. Worked on the car cleaning out the gas line after tea until 6:30.

Wed. March 10

I: **Norman Kapp** was misbehaving again during rest hour and so I brought him down to our living room intending to punish him, but started talking to him and found he wasn't saved and so he accepted the Lord right then and there. There was real joy on his face when we arose from our knees.

C: Supervised putting up the main post and cross bar of swings. After dinner Paul and I put in some stakes for the new building. Are going to first build the new

kitchen so that we can use that floor for mixing cement.

Thurs. March 11

I: Had sheets and what not to sort today. Discovered a rash on **Boyce Beacham** so in the afternoon took him to Dr. Morris and he said it looked like chickenpox. I put calamine lotion on him to relieve the itching.

C: Supervised work on swings and the digging of ditches for foundation of new kitchen.

Fri. March 12

I: **Boyce** has chickenpox!

C: Supervised work of digging of ditches for new kitchen. Rock is coming down very good from back hill. [Mt. Sander-son]

Sat. March 13

I: After inspecting, etc. sat down to darn socks. I was almost caught up and then in today's wash there were a whole bunch with holes. In the afternoon the children played group games which Gerry directed. I helped with one or two of them after I had the clothes passed around. In the evening had pie to eat in Craigs' room.

C: The rock was put in the new kitchen foundation and is now ready for the masons to start work. **Mr. McElheran** fixed the truck and got it working. Just was a loose gas connection. In p.m. after school Paul and I fixed a flat tire.

Sun. March 14

C: Irene and I had charge of writing letters. Took long walk with kids in afternoon to big mountain to northeast. After supper went to church taking **Legg** twins.

Mon. March 15

I: Charlie went in to Jos today. I darned socks, etc. in the morning, after I had seen that the boys' drawers were OK. **Dorothy Krell** didn't take the afternoon off as she was so busy. Had rolls and coffee in the evening.

Tues. March 16

I: **Hope (VanderSchie)** in bed with fever. C: Hauled up 4 loads of sand with car working good. Lined out part of foundation for new dining hall - school room building.

Wed. March 17

C: Digging ditches for foundations of Academic Bldg. Started. Men did a good day's work considering that the ground is so hard.

Thurs. March 18

C: Masons finished foundation walls of new kitchen and started facing rocks. Also all the ground was filled in and is now ready for concrete.

Fri. March 19

I: Worked like everything darning socks in the morning and actually finished them all, but then the sock basket came back and there were some holey ones, of course. Got all the clothes put away in the afternoon so I felt that I could take the next day off for letter writing. In the evening we had chicken, rolls, olives, coffee and ice cream with chocolate sauce on it. C: Masons filled in ditches for beginning of new school building. Digging ditches going on.

Sat. March 20

I: Put away clothes in the afternoon. Went on a picnic on the flat rock. Had coffee in Craigs' living room.

C: Faced rock and filled ditches. Picnic for kids in afternoon.

Sun. March 21

I: In the afternoon went over to the Rest Home as **Mr. McElheran** was out with his loud speaker and **Fuller's** records. Did we enjoy it!

C: Irene went to church in a.m. I wrote letters. Took kids on walk in afternoon while Paul talked with **Mr. Osbourne**. **Mr. McElheran** came out with his loud speaking outfit. Went to church in p.m. with twins; then to Paul's and Gerry's room for ice cream.

Mon. March 22

I: Washed girls' hair in the morning and also scrubbed feet and cut toe and fingernails. During rest hour scrubbed the boys' feet and cut their toe and finger nails also. After tea cut up tomatoes and cucumbers. Had ice cream in the evening—so much that we couldn't finish it all.

C: Supervised workers; Paul went to Jos today, to see about cement and truck to haul sand for us. Masons started on walls today.

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Maiden Name \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Province \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (Home) \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (Cell) \_\_\_\_\_

Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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**Good Shepherd** [www.gss.mknet.org](http://www.gss.mknet.org)

**Hillcrest** [www.hillcrestschool.net](http://www.hillcrestschool.net)

Facebook group: Hillcrest Baby!

**International Christian Academy** [www.ica-ed.org](http://www.ica-ed.org) [ica@ica.ed.ci](mailto:ica@ica.ed.ci)

**Kent Academy** [www.kentacademy.org](http://www.kentacademy.org)

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**Rift Valley** [www.riftvalleyacademy.com](http://www.riftvalleyacademy.com)

**Sahel Academy** [www.Sahelacademy.com](http://www.Sahelacademy.com) [sahel@sahel.sim.ne](mailto:sahel@sahel.sim.ne)

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

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## Hausa Proverbs

*Yau da gobe ka iya.*  
Today and tomorrow you will be able. (Little by little one can accomplish a thing.)

*Yau da gobe allura zai tone rijiya.*  
Today and tomorrow a needle will dig a well. (Patience does it, or you can do anything little by little.)

*Labarin zuciyar a tambayi fusha.*  
For the news of the heart one should ask the face. (One's face shows what is in one's heart.)

*Rashin sani ya fi dare duhu!*  
Lack of knowing is darker than night time.



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