



Biblical Youth Who Lived in a Foreign Country

*By Dr. Danny McCain
Presented at Dallas Reunion
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Have you ever thought that there were Third Culture Kids in the Bible—youth who were reared for a part of their lives in a land other than their home country? Is there anything that you who have also lived in a foreign country can learn from these Biblical characters?

Who are these Biblical youth? They fall into two general categories. Some were taken to a foreign country when they were young. Others were born in a foreign country from parents who had been brought to that country, usually against their will. Although they may have been born in that land, they were not truly citizens of that land and because of their parents' true citizenship did not grow up purely as indigenes. I would guess that most of you fall into one of those two categories.

Joseph

We believe that Joseph was about 17 years old when he was taken to a foreign country. His entry into Egypt was quite traumatic, yet he is one of the most successful characters in the Bible. I think we would all agree that growing up in a foreign land, even while suffering some real tragedies, did not negatively impact him. He became very successful in his career.

Here is one preliminary point of application. Perhaps some of you have experienced some things that are parallel with that of Joseph.

Perhaps your leaving your home country was as traumatic as Joseph's.

Perhaps you were mistreated and abused in the foreign country where you served.

Perhaps you suffered years of family separation like Joseph did.

If you have suffered these kinds of experiences, Joseph has good news for you.

You can overcome all of those problems and become very successful in the ministry that God gives you.

Moses

Moses was born in a foreign country to parents who were aliens in that country. His family had actually been in Egypt for generations, but they still maintained their own identity and were viewed as strangers by the local people. He probably spent most of the years of his childhood and his young adulthood in Pharaoh's house. However, he had spent those crucial infancy and early childhood years with his mother, and his mother eventually had more influence on him than his foster home or the boarding school.

Moses suffered a common problem that MKs and TCKs experience. Did he belong with his birth people, or did he belong to his adopted people? Moses was eventually forced to make that dif-

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difficult decision and chose to identify with his birth people even though he probably had very few actual memories of living among them. They were his people, and he felt more at home with them than in the palace.

After defending one of his people by killing an Egyptian, Moses had to flee to another country for 40 years. This no doubt further confused his identity. However, Moses eventually returned to Egypt and was the instrument that God used to deliver his people from the slavery of Egypt. As such Moses became one of the most successful leaders in the Bible.

Although Moses did suffer some trauma as a result of his growing up in a foreign country and did experience a lot of grief, ultimately it was his knowledge of both his birth culture and his adopted culture that helped him do the job that God had called him to do. God used all of the experiences of Moses' life, the good and the bad, to make him who he was and to

prepare him to do what he was supposed to do in life.

Here is a preliminary application.

Perhaps some of you experienced a lot of trauma shifting from one culture to another.

Perhaps some of you experienced an identity crisis—trying to figure out which culture you really belonged to.

Remember that God has allowed you to experience all those things, the good and the bad, the joys and the griefs, the blessings and the problems, to prepare you for the unique ministry that you only will be able to accomplish in this world. This knowledge will help us stop questioning “why” and start looking for the “how”—the how to use these things.

Daniel

Daniel and his three friends, Shadrack, Meschack, and Abednego were apparently captured during the Babylonian conquest of Jerusalem as young men and taken to Babylon. Like Joseph, they were taken to a foreign land against their will and no doubt experienced profound grief as a result of these experiences. They had gone from being part of a royal family to being captives and little more than slaves. These young men were given the opportunity to go to school in this foreign country. It was in the school that they had a very significant cultural crisis. Would they eat food which would be a violation of their conscience, or would they remain true to their conscience even if it brought severe repercussions? We know the answer to that question.

Although these young men experienced some cultural and religious adjustment problems, they adjusted well to the culture and did well in the foreign school.

They learned to speak the language perfectly.

They even took on local names.

They went to work for the government that had captured them and torn them away from their homes.

They continued living in Babylon for their entire careers.

They were very successful in their careers, performing better than the people who were native to that area. In fact, they became the best in the nation at their jobs.

Once again, these people who were taken to a foreign culture became some of

the most successful people in the Bible.

Here is a preliminary application: Perhaps you also suffered some cultural and moral confrontations during your youthful years living in a foreign country. However, Daniel proves that you can combine the best from your culture and the foreign culture to become the best in your profession.

Nehemiah

This is another example of a person who was born in a foreign country to parents who were aliens in that land. Although Nehemiah was not an indigene of the country, he was able to get one of the most responsible jobs in the nation, serving as a steward to the king. In addition, he was able to get that job without one of the common qualifications for such a job. He did not have to become a eunuch—which was a pretty standard practice for those who worked in the king's house. This suggests that even though he was raised as a foreigner in that land, he learned the culture and customs of that country well enough to even serve in the home of the king. That is an amazing demonstration of cultural adaptation.

Nehemiah developed such a reputation for honesty and competence that when Nehemiah requested approval to go back to his home country and rebuild the city of Jerusalem, the king granted his request. Not only did he agree, but he funded the whole project. Nehemiah returned to his home country and had a remarkable career rebuilding the walls and governing the troublesome city of Jerusalem.

Nehemiah is also one of the most successful persons in the Bible. He experienced enough problems in his life, but his foreign experience is what gave him the opportunity to return home and become tremendously successful. Here is a reinforcement of a point that we saw earlier: Just because you are a foreigner or were born in a foreign land, that will not keep you from being successful in your work. In fact, it may enhance things.

Other Biblical Characters

There are other people in the Bible who grew up in a country different from their home country.

The *young slave girl* who advised her Syrian master Naaman to see the prophet

simroots.sim.org

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Elisha was apparently taken to a foreign country in a very dramatic way. However, even in those circumstances she did something very positive.

In the New Testament, the best example of a third culture kid is the *Apostle Paul*. Paul was raised in Tarsus of Jewish parents who would have considered Israel their homeland. While living in Tarsus, he learned to speak Greek like a native, something that he was to use throughout the rest of his life. When Paul was probably still a teenager, he traveled to his homeland for a rabbinical education under the scholar Gamaliel. He lived there for several years. It is likely that he left Jerusalem and went outside of Palestine for his practical skills training of tent-making. He was apparently not in Jerusalem during any of the times that Jesus was there. Eventually Paul returned to his homeland of Israel where he began working to punish and re-convert the Christians to Judaism. After he became a believer, he briefly passed through his home town but went back to his childhood home and spent almost ten years there. After that, he began a ministry of evangelism and discipleship that took him to many different places in the Roman world.

It can be argued very strongly that the Apostle Paul would never have been able to do the things that he did without the very mixed-up, cross-cultural life he lived as a child and young adult. His cross-cultural experiences, including the traumatic ones, did not hurt him. They actually proved to be a very great blessing to him in doing the ministry God called him to do.

To be continued in next issue

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TO THE EDITOR



Photo Corrections

Vol. 29 #1, page 5, BA archives

Who is it? In the middle row it is Dan Maxson (not Phil) between Kayser and Bishop. My younger brother Phil never played much more than the radio. I on the other hand was great at making a joyful noise.

Submitted by Dan Maxson

The adult is listed as “Miss Gladys Beavington.” The picture is dark, but I think it might be my sister Miss Gladys Douglas, the music teacher at BA (1963-1965) or perhaps it is Jewell Bevington. I asked Warren Daniels, and he said it could be his deceased wife Jewell. She was at Bingham for some time as the nurse.

Submitted by Elaine Douglas



Concerning SIMAIR Photo on page 2

Looks like 1984-85 time frame. George Beachman is in the photo, and they arrived at KA Summer of '84, if memory serves! Also in photo: George Rideout, Mary Rideout, Ron Lyons, Craig Winsor, Chad Winsor, Sue McCleod, and at least one Rideout kid. Others could be, but not sure, Scott Blomquist, Ruth Gibbs, and I think Pilot Dave Harling. Oh and I think the plane should be the Lance (6 place).

Submitted by Chad Winsor





The Changing Face of MK Education

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

I remember when it dawned on me that I had been spared four years of separation from my parents because Paul and Gerry Craig had a new dream and were willing to trust God to fulfill that dream. It was a costly dream to build a boarding school, but it came out of their own story. Their story was redeemed into a new vision. And because they allowed their story to be redeemed, SIM changed.



Ruth Maxwell

I remember, too, when it dawned on me that there were other ways of doing MK education. These new ways also grew out of stories that caused parents to re-think, to choose to pay the price, and to see it as a good thing that fitted in with a much bigger plan of God for their lives—some families started choosing home schooling.

Today many families choose their ministry location in a place where their children can attend school as day students. Each of these options comes with a price tag—but it is a price tag in line with God’s plan and that’s all that matters. In the process of these ideas emerging, SIM has continued to change.

As I look back at SIM history, I see other emerging changes in an opposite direction: Early in SIM history we were heavily involved in setting up schools in the countries where we worked. In Nigeria, Howard Dowdell led the Education Department. In Zambia, schools like Mukinge graduated people who today are making their mark in the country. Remember all of those TTCs (Teacher Training Colleges), secondary schools, and primary schools? Those schools have been “nationalized.” At that point the Mission’s relationship to the government school system changed.

World realities and mission strategies keep evolving. A new reality is developing within the sphere of government school systems: the door is re-opening for engaging with them at the training and teaching level.

Today there is yet another emerging change that links both MK education and training of government school-teachers together—a change you need to know about and you might want to support.

A tiny organization called Anchor Education has started up through the efforts of, and support of, SIM. This organization aims to support MK education in both closed and open countries across Africa (so SIM families are

constantly benefitting from it) and the Middle East (so its footprint goes beyond SIM). But it also does the work of investing in teachers of government and private schools where MKs attend. A qualified team goes to a location and spends quality time investing in parents and teachers of MKs so that they are better able to meet the spiritual, emotional, social, and educational needs of the MKs they are caring for (and caring about!). This team also invests in the MKs—providing them with testing, activities, and specialized training.

I’ve been at two of these events as a member caregiver. It is like watching a very special retreat take place. Parents and teachers are equipped and encouraged. MKs come alive with the focused attention—and the chance to be out of school and in a city for a few days.

But Anchor Education needs us if it is going to reach its full potential. The much earlier shift from four years of separation from parents (with an ocean in between), to a few months of separation in the same country (or on the same continent) needed the dedication of visionary, self-sacrificing people, willing to take some risks. The same is true now if the dedicated team at Anchor are going to be able to do as much as they would like in helping to meet the ever-growing needs in MK education. Parents of MKs from new

sending agencies are especially in need of assistance as they now join families from traditional sending countries. Their challenges are so similar to the challenges of earlier years for our parents! But today there are resources such as Anchor available to them!

Here is where we can join their team and help make a difference:

- Some of us might be able to join the team and actually help them accomplish the goals (check out the website for more information).
- Some of us can join them as prayer partners for this new ministry—equipping parents and teachers of MKs today in their various locations.
- Some of us can financially support this new initiative. SIM has set up a project for this organization so gifts are tax deductible. [Project ZZ 99655 Anchor Education]

SIM continues to change as the needs of today’s MKs (and parents and teachers) evolve and are better understood. I’m so glad we are way beyond the “four years of separation” option. I’m glad that someone stepped into the gap and enabled the next option to be developed. I’m glad that newer options came after that! But that isn’t enough for me. We need to keep moving forward and supporting the options for the next generation as well. This is our chance to be part of investing in the next generation of MKs.

Note: Please be aware that Anchor Education is not a mission agency, and its profile is not officially “Christian.” This enables Anchor to operate freely in countries where “mission” is not openly possible, and it means that we all need to be careful in the way we talk about Anchor. SIM has no public relationship with Anchor Education—officially it is a consultancy resource of which we take advantage and are therefore able to help fund.

anchoreducation.org

Sahel Academy Flooded

By Brian Bliss (EL, IC 84, SA Staff) brian.bliss@sim.org

On August 20, 2012, the Niger River rose to its highest level ever recorded since record keeping began, and our Sahel Academy campus was threatened with flooding. After several days of fighting the rising river by sandbagging and pumping, the dike in front of our school broke in several places. This surge of water subsequently caused part of our perimeter wall to break, which led to our campus being flooded with water from the Niger River. It was a surreal experience after the flooding to canoe around our campus and see water, about knee deep, in all the school buildings. The river height will be above the floor levels of most of the buildings until March or April of next year. The campus will be unusable until after that time.



Rescuing a piano

The school administration has decided that we must keep school going. It was decided to take three weeks to plan, regroup and locate suitable buildings to be able to continue school. Meanwhile, we have had work crews salvaging school supplies and furniture and putting them into storage so they can be used again. We are so thankful that several days before the flood, all the staff were called in on the weekend to put everything three feet off the ground as a precaution. 17,000 library books were moved—and only 3 lost to water!

We were not the only ones hit by this catastrophe! The mission compound next to us which houses some missionaries, a Bible School, a church, and many other important ministries, was also flooded, leaving them all searching for their next steps as well. Our African brothers and sisters were also incredibly affected because with flooding here, mud brick houses just fall in. Over 4000 families are homeless, camping out in schools or just in open areas.

Because of the magnitude of this catastrophe in an already struggling area, SIM has put together a relief fund that is open for donations.

Donate online: sim.org/index.php/project/88600

Donate by check to Project 88600 Disaster Relief Fund
SIM USA, PO Box 7900, Charlotte, NC 28241

To see more pictures of the flooding, go to:

sim.org/index.php/content/niger-river-floods-niamey

Restoring Harmony at Hillcrest

The current Music Building at Hillcrest was built in 1945—the first building to be erected on the Hillcrest School campus. The building is in need of renovation and updating to enable the music program at Hillcrest to continue strong and effective. Will you help us? Needed renovations:

- Replace zinc roof with aluminum roof
- Replace wooden window frames with good quality steel frames
- Provide practice rooms with better ventilation and more space
- Increase storage room for sheet music
- Install instrument lockers
- Update audio/video system
- Replace acoustic pianos with digital pianos

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Egbe Hospital Revitalization Project Update

Submitted by Betsie Campion Smith,
Project Coordinator

Almost 100 volunteers have left their mark at Egbe in the first half of 2012 as they've used their skills to build cabinets, install kitchens and bathrooms, mix cement, lay foundations and walkways, re-roof, re-wire, build walls, sort medical supplies, and install new equipment. Their footprint can be seen in the near completion of seven missionary homes, tremendous progress on repairing the reservoir walls and filter system, completed excavation projects, and completed interim hospital wards. Several medical volunteers serving with World Medical Mission have contributed to reorganizing the operating theatre, identifying equipment needs, providing training and supporting patient care. As we gear up for the latter part of 2012, our focus will be on the tear down and rebuilding of the hospital's outpatient department, which includes doctors' offices, laboratory, x-ray department, and an intensive care unit. In preparation for the rebuild, patients have been moved to other wards, and temporary rooms have been built to accommodate those departments affected by the construction. It is so encouraging to see the momentum build and to witness what God is doing at Egbe through so many people as the community rallies around the project to "Rebuild the Walls" of Egbe Hospital.

The need for missionary family medicine physicians, OBGYN, general surgeon, anesthetist, and ophthalmologist willing to serve six months to two years remains critical. Please help us spread the word so that we can continue to build a special team to pursue a sustainable ministry at Egbe that will bring hope and healing to many in rural Nigeria.

For more information on the project:

egbehospital.org



youtube.com/egbehospital



blog.egbehospital.org



facebook.com/egbehospital

RETURN TO HOME



Jos—Still Home

By Melissa (Sawyer) Mukkara (HC 99)

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I recently enjoyed a trip home to Jos this past May/June. Things are still the same, with new twists.

Church is still joyous and lively, but the threat is very real this year of church bombings on Sundays. While we sat in church one day, my dad and I heard a small boom and found out later a church across town had indeed been bombed! Roads are severely blockaded on Sundays and there is almost NO traffic all morning, with heavy police presence. It's odd, but it sure feels safer!

Hillcrest is still a great place to visit the *suya* man and *kosai* lady and to walk the gorgeous, sprawling grounds. But again, safety is an issue; the walls are higher, there's a huge double gate with extra guards, and it's recommended to alert the principal of your arrival before even trying to enter! The parking lots have been mostly revamped, with basically ALL parking down by the gate/fence.

The fruit and vegetable sellers are still cheerful roadside stops, but there are new divisions between Muslim and Christians due to the violence—if you visit a Muslim vendor, the Christian counterpart may very well be upset at you! I find this particularly sad. Even though I know the concern for safety and the immense feelings based on horrible atrocities, we Christians are still called to reach out to the lost!

Jos looks the same—green and yellow taxis, two-story buildings down Ahmadu Bello Way, dirt and plastic bags lining the streets, big crowds, shoes for sale laid out on the sidewalk—but a LOT more crowded. Cars are parked ALL in the median and wall-to-wall along the curbs, and my parents pretty much avoid going downtown after 11 a.m. for fear of being stuck in traffic for hours!



Lunch at Hillcrest – kosai, puff puff, yam, potato, plantain, wrapped in that special newspaper



Grilling out with Mom & Dad—John & Nancy Sawyer

When I first got there, motorcycles were still everywhere, weaving in and out of traffic, banging on your hood as they pass, driving down the wrong side of the road. But partway through the summer, they were suddenly banned and the next day not ONE was on the street! It was a shock, and so much easier to drive! But

this is a real difficulty for upright citizens who depend on their motorcycle for personal/commuting use—ALL are banned!

What a great trip to such a memorable and gorgeous place I still call home! It was great to spend time in “our” house on the Pharmacy Compound. Mom and Dad (John & Nancy Sawyer) will be returning to the U.S. this week for the final time, after 30 years of faithful service. They've been in that house through all my life memories, so it's hard to believe that won't be “our” place anymore. I can't help but think returning to the U.S. will be culture shock for them too—MKs aren't the only ones who struggle to reinsert themselves into American life.

The weather was spectacular—good, hard, tin-roof rains that obliterated all speech, with picture-perfect clouds.

I ate loads of guavas and mangos—there's no substitute for the real things!

We went to two weddings, complete with joyous singing, “spraying” the couple, multiple offerings, huge head ties, and funny white jokes.

I thoroughly enjoyed driving—no real speed limit, weaving all over to avoid potholes, no concern with what lane you're in—something I'd always dreamed of doing.

The Muslim call-to-prayer is still that lonely wail in the evening or middle of the night, but there's something a little more eerie about it these days when I consider all the attacks against Christians in the past few years. The call serves as a daily reminder to pray for thousands of Muslims in Nigeria,

millions around the world, who cling to a misguided faith and live each day without the assurance of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Returning Home to Ethiopia *By Steve Wisner (BA 84) Steve.Wisner@genworth.com*

My last memory of Ethiopia from childhood was terror. I was 10 years old, standing in a tiny white-curtained booth at the international airport. A rifle-toting soldier was demanding to know whether I had “anything to declare.” I was terrified because I didn’t know how to respond, and the threat of the rifle felt very real. We had just lived through a year of political violence, wary of being seen in public as American, regularly hearing stories of people being shot in the streets. I just wanted to get on the airplane and leave it all behind.

Thirty-five years later, late on a Friday night, the roads seemed strangely empty between the Addis airport and the SIM headquarters. Everyone on our team was too jet-lagged to notice. When the vans pulled up to the gate of the compound, there was no visible response to the honking horn. “No *zubunya*,” I thought. And then, as the gates slowly swung open, I realized that I hadn’t heard the Amharic word for “guard” in decades. It was only one of many unexpected bits of my prior experiences that would keep popping up during the next nine days.

Eleven people from our church in Richmond, Virginia, partnered with five others from Greeley, Colorado, to help at Sports Friends’ Camp Langanu during July this past summer. Our group was composed of people whose ages ranged from sixteen up to late-fifties, and included two married couples and my daughter. The Colorado team and our team had joined up at the airport in Frankfurt and rapidly bonded. Our task list was unusually limited and vague for a short-term mission trip—“Show up, love the campers, do whatever is needed to help.” While a few of us had previous overseas experience and we had been thoroughly trained by SIM and Sports Friends in advance, this was still a new experience for all of us.

Our Saturday morning plans changed when we were told by SIM that it would be best to stay at HQ while they addressed concerns about tensions in the country, but in this, as in many things during that week, God’s hand was clearly present. Instead of fear and anger, He gave us peace and acceptance. Several of the adults



SIM Addis HQ

chose to rest, most of the youth played cards and team games, and a few of us strolled around the compound taking pictures. As a child I had run along the top of the outside wall, looking down on the street below and across the street to the Black Lion hospital. Wandering around that morning I couldn’t figure out how I had done that with all the glass shards buried in the concrete until I saw the inner wall that didn’t have the glass. That wall even had an improvised step against it that probably is used by kids for the same purpose today. After lunch we were given the go-ahead to walk down the hill to the market stalls, where beggars and pickpockets soon found our group. Even in this God intervened, though, prompting a child-thief to return a team member’s stolen passport.

The trip to Camp Langanu on Sunday after church was a sleep-deprived haze of sensory overload. The pollution and crowds of Addis gave way to a crazy “open-road” driving style that was equal parts bravado and speed on paved roads that ran through countryside, villages, and towns that blurred together. We frequently took evasive action to avoid groups of donkeys carrying bundles of sticks clopping along the road (sometimes without any visible guide) and those strange carts

attached to horses or donkeys that looked like a cross between a horse jockey’s trailer and a park bench on wheels. On the outskirts of a large town about an hour from Addis I saw a sign pointing out the road to Bishoftu. I still remember taking in-country family vacations to Bishoftu, swimming in the lake, and being startled by the ugly fish I saw when I opened my eyes underwater. A couple hours later and after a short ride down unpaved, potholed roads more like the ones I grew up with, we had a late lunch at a restaurant on the edge of Lake Langanu. The pictures we had seen from Google Earth could not convey the immense size of the lake, the chocolate brown color of the water, the beauty of the green tree-lined mountains rising all around it, or the stark contrast with the blue sky and gray and white clouds drifting above.

The similarly unpaved road to Camp Langanu wound through several villages where children ran alongside the vans, mostly waving their arms with giant grins on their faces, but some with their hands outstretched begging for a handout. The power lines that ran along the road had been connected to the huts in the villages, apparently intentionally, and we wondered if they were connected to anything besides televisions. After ar-

iving at the compound and meeting the Sports Friends staff that work at Camp Langano, we were invited to a “friendly” football match that was more about bonding and working off jet lag than anything else. The football pitch / soccer field was surrounded by trees and brush, which meant that the local birds, monkeys, and baboons constantly provided raucous commentary and were also an entertaining diversion for the team members who chose not to work up a sweat running around the field. On Sunday evening the camp coordinator asked for volunteers to act as lifeguards when the kids swam in the lake. Only after several of us had volunteered did he tell us that our responsibilities would also include watching out for hippos (responsible for more human deaths in Africa than most predators), pythons (that couldn’t be seen but would be felt brushing against our legs in the water) and monitor lizards (that could move more quickly than most of us).

Eighty boys from diverse parts of Ethiopia and their in-country Sports Friends coaches arrived at Camp Langano Monday afternoon. The Ethiopian camp staff, on-site missionaries, and our team greeted the campers coming off the buses with waving flags, singing, chanting, cheering, high fives and as much excitement as we could generate. This continued all the way from the drop-off point up to the main compound, where the



Wall at SIM HQ

teams were given their instructions for getting settled in. After dinner, the boys were divided into eight World Cup teams (Brazil, France, England, etc.) that stayed together for the whole week. While this took them out of the comfort zone of being on a team with their friends from their community, it also helped reinforce many of the principles that were taught during the week. Each one of us from the U.S. churches was also assigned to a team for the week along with two members of the Ethiopian camp staff who helped with translation and training.

In addition to the soccer training, there was a character-oriented theme to the activities and teaching each day of camp—trust, teamwork, and so on—but from my perspective there were several constant themes for our *ferengi* (foreigner) team. First, the power of prayer was evident every day. God gave us peace in uncertainty, provided healing to sick members of the team, and kept our spirits up even when things didn’t go as planned. The second theme, as one might expect, was flexibility. Not a single day went by in which everything happened according to plan—rain interrupted most days, team members got sick and recovered, short or sleepless nights drained energy. God gave us many opportunities to be gracious and accept what He decided was best. But the theme that I think most of our team felt most constantly was the incredible power of serving others as a demonstration of the love of Christ. We cheered for our teams, we served them meals, we cleaned up tables, we helped them with crafts, we sang along and taught them songs, we gave them reasons to laugh at us and with us, and we washed their coaches’ feet and prayed for them. Our responsibility was to show love to the boys and their coaches and let the Ethiopian staff talk to the campers about why we did that and how God loves them so much more. By the end of the week every single team member was physically worn out, but we also shared a sense of having accomplished more with our actions than we had ever thought was possible.

As I watched the countryside rushing past the window of the van while returning to Addis Friday afternoon, I felt an incredibly bittersweet sense of belonging. I had forgotten the beauty and ever-changing majesty of the Ethiopian mountains, the diversity and graciousness of the Ethiopian people, and the intense dedication of so many missionaries. It’s something that only third-culture kids or MKs can understand, but in that moment I felt closer to “home” than I had imagined was ever possible.

More photos may be viewed at:
picasaweb.google.com/CampLangano.



Grade 8. Front: Jerry Healy, Danny Maxson, Brian Isaacs, Stanley Kayser, Mark Middleton
Back: Julene Hodges, Judy Reimer, Laura Jacobson, Ruth Fellows

RECONNECTING



Reconnect 1970s

A gathering of 1970s era MKs, KA staff, and parents was held the end of April at the home of Beth (Gould) Nolson with about 20 people attending. It was a wonderful evening of laughter, reminiscing, catching up, and sharing stories from both the past and the present. Talk is that it may just have to become an annual event!



Front: Heather (Mason) Glass, Jack & Dorothy Phillips, Della Watson, Helen Gould
Back: Geoff Glass, Jim Mason, Marjorie (Campion) Ketola, Cindy Phillips, Kathleen Harbottle, Becky (Tuck) & Stan Wismer, Joy (Gould) Graves, Betsy (Campion) Smith, Barb (Campion) Lichty, Beth (Gould) & Tom Nolson

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



Grade 5, 1962/63. Back row: Dan Hodges, _____, Paul Campbell, Wayne Cooke, Dave Porter, _____, Fred Zobrist, Steve Cox, Nancy Beacham, Kay Swank, Esther Joy Coleman, Lynn Hovey, Carol Lucas
Seated: _____, Margy Campion, Grace Ann Bell, _____, Ruth Winterflood, Shirley Guenter
The blanks are: Howard Giesbrecht, John Long, Daniel Power or Murray Welch

Hillcrest Friends Reunite in England

Having attended Hillcrest together 44 years earlier, Carolyn Osbourne, Fadwa Yassim, and Annie Reyburn ('67-'68) reunited in England in July 2012. What fun times we had! We also met with Fawzia Barnard and Alain Adam. If anyone wants info on any of these folks, write Carolyn Osbourne, 4218 Southfield Dr, Nottingham, MD 21236, USA.

Carolyn is in her 28th year of teaching English in a Baltimore County school in the U.S. Annie taught social studies in Norwich, England, for 25 years until she recently retired. Fadwa teaches English in a private school in Bournemouth, England. Fawzia recently retired from her job as a librarian in public school in Cromer, England.



Annie Reyburn, Fawzia Barnard



Carolyn Osbourne, Fadwa Yassim, Annie Reyburn

Future Reunions

Good Shepherd School 2014

When: July 23-26, 2014

Where: The YMCA of the Rockies in Estes Park, CO

Contact: Judy Peterson japeterson@apu.edu
215 E. Meda, Glendora, CA 91741

Hillcrest/SIM 2015

When: July 4 - 6, 2015

Where: Chicago area

A committee has been formed and officers have volunteered to make the next reunion happen on schedule. If you have suggestions or you'd like to volunteer to join the team, just let us know!

Out-going president: Joyce (Ward) Eden

President: Karen (Seger) Keegan

Vice president: Lance Long

Secretary: Paul Paternoster (If you want to see a copy of the last business meeting, write to him at pdpaternoster@sbcglobal.net.)

Treasurer: Connie (Reifel) Gary

Attention:

Did you know that the following grad years will be reaching special milestones in 2015? Will you be the one to take the initiative to call your classmates and urge them to attend the next reunion with you? Just email (Simroots@sim.org) or call (615.895.9011) Karen for a class list and contact information.

50th Anniversary: Class of 1965

45th Anniversary: Class of 1970

40th Anniversary: Class of 1975

35th Anniversary: Class of 1980

30th Anniversary: Class of 1985

25th Anniversary: Class of 1990

The Emigrants

From the book by Johan Bojer

If you came back
You wanted to leave again.
If you went away
You longed to come back.
Wherever you were
You could hear the call of the homeland,
Like the note of the herdsman's horn
Far away in the hills.
You had one home out there,
And one home over here,
And yet you were an alien
In both places.
Your true abiding place
Was the vision of something very far off.
And your soul was like the waves,
Always restless,
Forever in motion.

Dallas Reunion Reflections

By Lillian (Jacobson) Claassen (KA, HC 64) lillianc@me.com

Strange, but true. I was the eldest of the alumni of several mission boarding schools that gathered in Dallas over the July 4, 2012 weekend. It was a good opportunity to renew friendships and to celebrate the benefits of the life we had experienced. There was plenty of food, laughter, a soccer game, and sharing of exciting ministry involvements and some

hilarious skits. What an amazing variety of places and people! My favorite part was having two sisters stay with us. One sister brought a large stack of the airmail letters two of us had sent the rest of our family while we were separated. They returned to ministry in Africa for a four-year term while we attended high school and college in New York. We laughed at

many of the situations, cried with a few. On one occasion I wrote that I had only 44 cents and needed 60 to get back to school. This letter was mailed without giving any resolution to the problem! It would take probably six weeks to get a response. That was another issue. Compared to this day of instant messages, our letters took weeks to arrive. Through it all, we gained



Front: Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel, Sylvia (Bergman) Eikenberry, Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen
Back: Lance Long, Danny McCain (Reunion speaker), Lillian (Jacobson) Claassen, Joy (Anderson) Harper



Front: Amy Strauss, Marjorie (Campion) Ketola, Nancy (Ackley) Ruth
Back: Steve Cox, Ellen (Bulthuis) Burton, Bruce Bergman



Front: Irene (Nelson) Munro, Cheryl (Cooke) Sivacek, Karen (Segar) Keegan
Back: Ruth (Gross) Carlson, Don Campion



Front: Dennis Cok, Jim Poole
Back: Cathy (Miller) Boldt, Holly (Bowers) Welborn, Barb (Campion) Lichty

confidence in the power and goodness of God. God has been so faithful to the generations of my family! He proved it over and over in my memories! Each of us has a story. As we are reminded of certain events of the past, it's so helpful to recognize how we "survived" and gained confidence in God's faithfulness through the process.

When I retired I was instructed to write thoughts the Lord shares with me with photos of my experiences. I have done this almost every week for over two years. Anyone interested is invited to be added to the list.



Front: Phil Miller, Connie (Miller) Haney, Paul Paternoster, Joyce (Ward) Eden, Phil Hostetter

Middle: Edie (Nelson) Harder, Libby (Fajen) Brown, Dan Paternoster

Back: Minna Kayser, Peter Haney



Front: Ahmed Elwy, Julie (Bowers) Lassiter, Steve Ackley, Betsie (Campion) Smith, Steve Snyder

Back: Karen (Ackley) Kern, Daniel Snyder, Robin (Miller) Zook, Darryl Leftwich



Front: Ivan & Jennifer Rasch, Steven Snyder

Back: Ruth (Gross) Carlson, Phil Hostetter



Stephen Huey, Grant Jones-Wiebe, Ivan Rasch, David Gordon



Heather Rasch (2013), Tim Mychael (2012), Timothy Rasch (2015)



Happy Birthday, Miss Pat

By Tim Kraakevik (KA, HC 70) kraakevik@voyager.net

I sent the following greeting to Virginia Patterson on her 80th birthday (January 23, 2011), exactly one year before she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer.

When we Kraakevik boys parachuted into the alien culture at Kent Academy, I was an overwrought Pillsbury doughboy of twelve with slender accomplishments rendered instantly irrelevant. I'd met the chief warden and his bride over the summer—adding to existential foreboding if not actual despair.

In a real sense I was astounded to find you there. You were calm, impartial, witty, whip-smart—as a teacher acutely aware of what truly mattered—and what did not. You seemed to have complete mastery of your charges—the boys respected you and the girls idolized you. I believed you wanted me to excel—and I did not want to disappoint you.

I remember your grace and humor navigating through social situations as an attractive single woman in those very different times—at weddings, teas, recitals, parties, and on the tennis court—with the good, the brave, the loving, the choleric, the intemperate, and the

truly bizarre personalities of that era.

I don't know how athletics shaped your early life, but your physical prowess was definitely part of the charisma. Other "girls" played tennis, but none with whom I cared to face Big John Nichols, Virgil Kleinsasser, Jim Wayner, Bill Crouch or the other itinerants in mixed doubles. You were a good player and a good sport—win or lose.

Following are some life lessons I attribute to you in large part. No doubt some of these figured in your own success as an executive later in life:

- When things go awry, strive for equanimity with good grace and humor.
- Petulance is not only futile but occasionally fatal—and not attractive.
- Sometimes the wicked prosper.
- Brevity is vastly underrated.
- Rebuffing or defeating someone without rancor is an art form—no need to wipe your sword on his tunic.

Growing up in Africa exposed me to many unforgettable characters. You actually altered my behavior—and changed my life for the better. No doubt there are hundreds more who believe you changed their lives as well.

Gowans Home Glimpses

Submitted by Esther (Collins) McGibbon (GH)

- ❖ Miss Kaercher's nursing skills and kindness
- ❖ Miss Buchanan rinsing our hair with lemon juice
- ❖ Miss Lager and Mrs. Wide-man
- ❖ The skating rink and Mr. Sherrick
- ❖ Icing the big slide and sliding down on sleds
- ❖ Stamp collecting
- ❖ Playing the piano but not doing enough practising
- ❖ Run, My Sheepie, Run
- ❖ *Beyond the Blue Mountains*, read to us at night while we were in bed
- ❖ Mother's Day carnations—red, pink, white
- ❖ Birthday nights once a month, with cake and ice cream and National Film Board films
- ❖ 10 a.m. Sunday service in the piano room, with the kids running it
- ❖ 11 a.m. service at First Baptist Church
- ❖ The shale, Sunset Point, the holey bridge
- ❖ Biking up the mountain to the "Castle"
- ❖ King George School
- ❖ Good Old C.C.I. (Grades IX to XIII)
- ❖ Foxy Joe Culbert, Miss Clark, Dunc MacRae
- ❖ Mrs. Thompson and the Hallowe'en parties
- ❖ Going back to school, after lunch, with Pete Green driving, to be in time for the I.F.C.F. meeting (Mrs. Thompson was our sponsor)
- ❖ Up on the high Gowans Home roof with Uncle Stan
- ❖ Pete Green's wedding to Eva Stanley

FROM THE KA ARCHIVES



7th grade, 1966. Back row: Brian Tucker, Jim Kastner, Tom Kraakevik, Cathy Learned, Iva Elyea, Judy Pollen, Sharon Hartwig **Second row:** Ernie Hodges, Leslie Thompson, Jerry Lees, Richie Edwards, Carmen Learned, Ruth Ann VanGerpen **Third row:** Joy Bell, Faith Playfair, Bonnie Gordon, Carolyn Cail, Gail Osbourne, Lila Veenker, Virginia Patterson **Front row:** David Maxwell, Martin Richins, Steve Wright

The following document tells a true story about verse group at Bingham Academy circa 1962, a vignette from the “Somehow Broken” memoir I’m writing about growing up as a missionary kid in Ethiopia. This is an excerpt from Chapter 1. You can find out more about the project at my website. dougkoop.ca

Verse Group

Miss MacDonald peered at me across the expanse of her schoolteacher clutter. A thick wooden ruler lay handy at her right hand; a leather strap lingered menacingly on the small pump organ beside the desk. I shuffled nervously foot-to-foot as I stumbled over the words in my failing attempt to recite the Bible memory verses for the week. Actually, I was probably trying to catch up from the previous week, because why else would she set me down after school with the stubborn set of verses and keep me from playing with my friends. Perhaps it was an act of kindness, a mercy to prevent me from missing the weekly star on my chart. You had to have a perfect record all year long to go for the first prize dinner at the end of the school year. I was in danger of missing the mark. There was a lesser reward as well for those who got their verses on all but two or three weeks throughout the year. In Grade 2 this meant reciting two or three new Bible verses from memory every week, along with a recitation of the previous two weeks’ verses, and a monthly review—four weekly golden stars in a row on the chart in the main building, capped by red at the end of the month.

I stood in front of the teacher (known behind her back as Mackie) like a supplicant waiting for the king to raise his scepter and release me from an obligation of duty. A few minutes earlier I had been poring over the second chapter of Luke, lamenting the decree from Caesar Augustus and tripping over the taxes that were levied when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. My friends were playing with their Dinky Toy cars, and I was stuck on the



Doug Koop

stoop outside the classroom with a big black Bible in my lap and a compound of confusion in my head. These few verses steadfastly resisted my efforts to absorb them. For twenty minutes each weekday morning we sat with our Bibles and focused as best we could on the weekly quota. For more than a week I’d let my mind wander, and now the consequences were in sight. The prospect of a prize was slipping away. My classmates had already said their verses and moved on. They were free to play. I usually got my verses on time too. This week was different. I was more familiar with the bit a little later in the passage about Mary being “great with child” and how “the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.” But Galilee and Nazareth, Judea and Bethlehem refused to fall into place, refused to remain in my memory.

In the loneliness of the classroom steps on the shady side of an empty part of the schoolyard, my distracted mind hatched a plan. I could read the verses instead of actually remembering them. All I had to do was write my prompts on a piece of paper and steal a quick look when I got stuck in the recitation. Brilliant! I tried to put my Grade 2 penmanship to work with a thick pencil on a purloined piece of paper that I would tuck into my pocket and smuggle in to gain my release. But my writing was big and bad, and the words were long and harder even to write out than they were

to memorize. This wasn’t working at all. But there was still a way. With clumsy hands I ripped the necessary portion of the page from my Bible and went in to face Mackie.

Miss MacDonald was marking papers. “Are you ready already, Dougie?” I nodded, handed my closed Bible to her and started strong: “And it came to pass in those days, that there went out ... umm ... a decree ... umm ...” Alas, the tricky part came right near the beginning, and I felt myself begin to flounder. Only my head was visible to her across the desk. I reached deftly into my pocket for the piece of paper and risked a peek to get the decree from Caesar Augustus announced in good order. My ploy, however, was not well executed. “What do you have in your hand?” she demanded. “Nothing,” I stammered, as my cheat sheet fluttered to the floor at the foot of her desk. My face flushed red, and the glare off Mackie’s glasses hardened into a steely-eyed glower. She opened my Bible and surveyed the damage. With one hand she reached for her dispenser of Scotch tape; the other she extended open-palmed to me. I picked up the ripped portion and placed it in her care. She worked silently to repair the ripped page, to restore the sacred words to their proper context. My sacrilege hung in the air like a thundercloud. I awaited my sentence in silence ... and shame.



Mary MacDonald

Remembering Snoopy

By Kelvin Warkentin (KA 85) kelandjulie@rogers.com

Sometimes I wonder how long it would have taken me to find out about Sairah's passing in the old days. When stamps and envelopes and stationery were essential tools of everyday correspondence. When messages of any kind, urgent or mundane, crawled across the world at a caterpillar's pace.

I imagine I'd be at an organized gathering of various people somehow related to Kent Academy. Favourite tales of days gone by would be unwoven throughout the room, with the requisite knowing smiles and shared laughter. The conversation nearest me would eventually curl around to, "Have you heard from so-and-so lately?"

Inevitably the names of past schoolmates would be laid in front of me like stepping stones back in time, one after another. And together we'd share what we knew, what we'd heard on the grapevine—throwing the information onto a pile like time-worn playing cards.

Until someone would mention her name. And then the room would grow still for a moment, before someone would relate the story of a long ago classmate from India who'd suffered a heart attack and hadn't pulled through.

"Who's Sairah?" someone would ask.

I'd smile, a fuzzy memory dancing across my mind, a faded flashback of colours and shapes.

"Sairah Alexander was Snoopy," I'd declare.

Then I'd tell them the story and recount the characters and songs and actors, gradually realizing that for me it was the other way around: Snoopy was Sairah. She was the dancing, singing, smiling girl from Grade 4 who perfectly captured the energy and enthusiasm that was needed to play Charlie Brown's dramatic pet dog. She was my fellow thespian in our production of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," a collection of memories that I had relived over and over since that time.

And suddenly I would realize it was the only memory of her I'd kept. I would scan through the rest of my memories and look for her, struggling to find any other



*Above: Snoopy singing
Right: Sairah and family*



instance where I had pinned her existence into my album. Surely there were more, I would muse. We were classmates for several years. There must be more. What happened to them? Have they faded away—or were they never there?

Today as I type this on my computer instead of writing on formal stationery to be stuffed in an envelope and dropped in the mail, it's a question I cannot answer. It bothered me when I learned of Sairah's passing—learned of it not in a reunion of real human beings, but from a posting on Facebook, that modern gathering place which allows us to remain linked in a fragile, social ecosystem. It bothered me because I felt that by not having more memories of Sairah, her life had meant so little to me. I felt guilty for forgetting her.

As the days and months passed after her sudden passing in February 2012 at 42 years of age, the scope of Sairah's full life since I had last seen her amazed me. People are always frozen in my memory the way I last saw them. But the photos posted on Facebook were not of the young girl I remembered. I saw before me a woman's life devoted to family and a seeming multitude of children she had borne with her hus-

band George. She'd lived a full life in the years given to her, and through her nine children had given the world a treasury of Sairah for generations to come. What a cherished gift she had left us!

I was comforted by the familiar smile that I saw in those photos, even though it was on an adult's face, in a different place—far, far away. It raised in me so many questions I would never be able to ask her. We would not have a chance to reminisce about those crazy songs we performed together in boarding school so long ago. I would never hear her story of the journey that led her back to India while I remained in Africa.

And I suppose this last regret is a result of my own gradual aging: that I care about the journey. That I philosophically muse on

the fact that for a few moments one day, many years ago, a group of us shared a humble stage with a young girl from India—a girl who many years later would be remembered, among other things, for her enthusiastic singing on top of Snoopy's dog house.

I can only imagine the joy Sairah is bringing to the halls of heaven today with her laughter and singing. Gone too soon, may God's love fill the aching hole in the hearts of her husband, children, family members and her many friends.

And someday, during a lull in the clamour of the Great Reunion, I plan on asking Sairah to stand up and reprise the songs that I still sing in my head every time I hear a line from one of her songs. She'll always be Snoopy to me.

Note: The 1982 songs from Kent Academy's "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" musical (directed by Linda Crouch) have been digitized and are available for listening on YouTube, with accompanying photos provided by Kelvin Warkentin. The clips are in four parts and are titled "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown (KA)."

For more information on Sairah Alexander Mattackal, please contact her brother Alex Rajan Alexander:

alex.r.alexander.5@facebook.com

Ebenezer

By Sue (Long) Hammack

(KA, HC 72, Staff)

sue.hammack@sim.org

Have you ever tried to dispose of old *Simroots*? I have . . . last week. Despite having moved houses a few times in the past two decades, I never could part with my old issues of *Simroots*, carting them from place to place. Years ago, horrific riots here in Kano (Nigeria) necessitated my packing a footlocker full of indispensable items, including *Simroots* magazines, and hauling the footlocker along as we left the SIM compound to spend a couple of days and nights in a safer neighborhood. (Following that experience, I took my tall stack of scrapbooks—chronicling my life since birth—back to the States for safe keeping.) I'd kept *Simroots* since my sister Cherry Sabathne became editor, always adding the latest issue to the file after reading it a few times.

Three weeks ago, I went through my papers and files again, tossing out old stuff, and there were the *Simroots*. I glanced through them, read some lead articles, and thought, "How long am I going to keep these? They're all on the Internet now. The time is coming when I'll have no choice but to dispose of them—when we retire, at the latest." So, right then, I decided to keep only the issues from the past five years and burn the rest in our pit behind the house. A box of matches and the stack of *Simroots* in my hands, out I went.

Trouble was, it took me a LONG time to burn them! Picking up each issue, I couldn't resist looking at the pictures (MKs in my era were young once!), reading news of families (our little ones all grown up now), saying a prayer for friends who have endured great losses through the years. It was a sweet journey down memory lane. How blessed we SIM MKs are to have each other with whom to share our lives, even if it's not often that we connect directly. It was a private, tear-jerking, happy time of thanksgiving, standing beside the pit, throwing those old issues one by one into the flames.

Thank you, Karen, Grace, Dan, and others who keep *Simroots* going. Thank you, Lance, Jack, Cherry (my siblings), and others for starting the reunions and the magazine in the first place, back in the "olden days." It was and is a sacrifice for you, and what a treat for us!

Simroots is like our "Ebenezer," a grateful remembrance of the things God has done.

BOOKS

Little Grass House

By Winifred Callister (Parent)

Mrs. Callister has written her memoirs (96 pp. including photos) about their family's service in Nigeria. You may request a pdf copy from George Callister at geogmth@yahoo.com.

MUNGANGA, memoirs of a country doctor

Submitted by Dick (Richard) Harris (GH 43)

My dad is Dr. Edwin A. Harris who served with SIM in Northern Nigeria. In 1985 after my mother passed away, my dad was persuaded to write his memoirs. I was his editor and contributor to his book that was published in the summer of 1987, just four months before he also passed on into Glory. Dad lived to be 90 years old.

MUNGANGA, memoirs of a country doctor was first published as a vanity book for our family and friends, but now it is available to all. It is now in its third printing, published by Xulon Press, and the soft cover edition is available through Amazon or Barnes and Noble (about \$17). It is also available on Kindle (about \$10). The book is an easy read, with lots of pictures, and to all *Simroots* readers the mention of locations and other SIM missionaries would be of interest.

I am now retired from a career in radio broadcasting, most of it with Salem Communications, operating over 100 AM/FM Christian and Family values stations across the country. My wife Dorothy and I are now retired octogenarians living comfortably at home near Seattle, WA, and thankfully still enjoy getting around and are in pretty good health considering our ages! God is very good! rbh24@comcast.net

Miracle Beans and the Golden Book

By Don and Barb Linsz (Parents)

Africa comes alive as Don and Barb Linsz—referred to as Grandma and Grandpa in the book—share their memories of Ethiopia and Liberia, painting pictures of the beautiful countries, their people, and customs. Their oldest granddaughter, Emily Sage Dempsey, provided original drawings for the book.



The stories begin when God speaks to Grandma and Grandpa during

the early years of their marriage. The unexpected call inspires a journey of trusting God and taking risks. Packed with 28 memorable stories, these adventures will excite and challenge readers of all ages as they experience God's faithfulness to the Linsz family!

Miracle Beans and the Golden Book can be purchased in paperback and on kindle through Amazon, and it is also available at the SIM USA bookstore. Bulk orders can be placed with Don and Barb directly at

barb.linsz@sim.org.

For additional information: thegreatestmandate.com

Driving the Peugeot

By Elaine Neil Orr

Read an article by Elaine at: blackbird.vcu.edu/v10n2/nonfiction/orr_e/peugeot_page.shtml

Elaine Neil Orr is the author of the memoir *Gods of Noonday: A White Girl's African Life* (University of Virginia Press, 2003).

BULLETIN BOARD

NEW SIM INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR

Dr. Joshua Bogunjoko has been named next International Director. Dr. Bogunjoko will assume his five-year term on 1 June 2013 and will succeed Malcolm McGregor, SIM's International Director since 2003. **This is an historic appointment for SIM** as Joshua comes from the ECWA Church in Nigeria, a Church of 6 million people that God used SIM to help plant. SIM was founded in what is now Nigeria more than a century ago.



Dr. Joshua Bogunjoko

Joshua's leadership experience includes his role as Deputy International Director of West Africa and Europe since 2006. Prior to that, he was Director of Galmi Hospital in Niger, West Africa. He served as national president of the evangelical movement of young Christian graduates doing their national service in Nigeria. During university, Joshua excelled in leadership roles of the Nigerian Fellowship of Evangelical Students (NIFES).

Joshua is a family physician with significant surgical training and experience who holds degrees in pharmacology and medicine as well as a Masters of Arts in Leadership and Management. Joshua is joined by his wife, Joanna, also a medical doctor, and their two children Jochebed and Joel.

Drs. Joshua and Joanna began their missions career as members of the Evangelical Missionary Society (EMS), the missions arm of the ECWA church, which today sends more than 2,400 Nigerians cross-culturally. Commissioned by the national ECWA church in 1993 and their home church in Lagos in 1995, they served at three mission hospitals in West Africa, becoming full members of SIM in 2001.

Malcolm McGregor says, "Having worked closely with Joshua for more than six years, I am excited by this appointment and believe God has clearly led and guided the Search Committee and the Board through the selection process. Joshua is a gifted leader, and my prayer is that God will empower him to lead this wonderful organization in the next stage of its pilgrimage for His glory."

SIM is an international organization with more than 1,600 active missionaries serving in more than 60 countries. SIM is a general mission whose distinctive is being church-focused in a wide variety of ministries. From its founding, SIM has been multinational, drawing members from more than 70 nations. SIM is also a mission-planting mission which has helped to found, support and empower mission movements and new mission agencies in many of the countries where it serves.

Read his bio at the following site:

sim.org/frontend_dev.php/content/dr-joshua-bogunjoko-nominated-for-next-international-director

NEW SEBRING MANAGERS

Dave & Diane Smith have been appointed as Sebring manager and hostess to replace **Garth & Marge Winsor (KA, HC Staff)**. Dave and Diane are both graduates of Ben Lippen High School and Bryan College. Dave received his M.A. in Healthcare Administration at Central Michigan University and continued with courses at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Diane also attended Moody and received her M.A. from the University of TN. She has been a teacher most of her career, and Dave has been Administrator for hospital labs and nursing homes.

NEW SIM CANADA DIRECTOR

Gregg Bryce (KA 74) has stepped down from his role as SIM Canada Director. **John Denbok** will replace this position. John comes to SIM Canada from a background in both business and missions. Gregg moves into the role of Executive Pastor of The Peoples Church, in Toronto, Canada.

KA BOOKMOBILE

Forty boxes of books were sent to KA. **Linda Crouch** says, "I am overwhelmed with the way so many of you got behind this project to share books with me! I hope to begin our reading time with community and KA kids in the new school year. Although I haven't completely ruled out the "donkey idea," I'm considering my van as a more manageable and predictable pulling option!"

SIMGO

SIMGo is the newly approved name for SIM USA's two-week orientation for new missionaries. Formerly known as SIMCO, the "CO" part of the name referred to "Candidate Orientation."

SIM'S "NEW" NAME

To us older MKs, SIM stood for Sudan Interior Mission. When the Mission expanded to include non-Sudan countries and acquired non-English-speaking offices overseas, that name became obsolete. SIM USA then began to use Serving In Mission as its tagline. Because of ensuing confusion, the entire organization (including SIM International) is now adopting simply the initials "SIM" with no tagline.

SURVEY REQUEST

My name is Erin Martin. I am a graduate student at Walden University in the College of Social Sciences. I am conducting a research study as part of my requirements for my doctoral degree in Psychology. I would like to invite you to participate in this research study exploring what influences the MK adjustment experience when returning to the States. As an MK myself, I was interested in what aspects of the MK experience influenced how well the adult MK adjusts to returning to the States. My adjustment was different from my own sisters and cousins. What made it different—was it personalities, where we lived, what age we were when we left and came back, or any other multitude of differences?

Your participation with this survey is anonymous and completely voluntary. No one will know your identity. If you feel uncomfortable with any question, you do not have to answer it. If at any time during the survey you do not want to continue, you may stop without any penalty. However, your completion of the survey will constitute your consent to participate and permission to use the anonymous data for research and publication.

If you have any questions or concerns, please feel free to contact me at 417-886-1747 or erin.martin@waldenu.edu. If you are interested in the result of the survey, you may contact me at the end of the survey. You may also contact Walden University Research Center about participant rights and other information at 1-800-waldenu.

If you would like to participate, please visit this website to begin the survey.

mindgarden.com/login/key/fc74-4fd657e4c3bd4

DONOR CORNER

Thanks for keeping *Simroots* alive!

Want to save us some money when you donate?

Consider giving by means of electronic transfers.

We presently receive about 40% of our donations electronically, which helps us reduce our administrative costs. Unfortunately, credit card donations increase our costs, because the credit card companies assess over 3% fees on us to process those donations.

To donate online in the USA, go to sim.org.

Choose “Give Support” and then “Donate.” Choose “United States” and then “Support a Project.” (Project #US 501087-090)

To donate by check to USA or Canada, make checks out to *Simroots*, Project #US 501087-090 and send to:

SIM USA

PO Box 7900

Charlotte NC 28241

USA

SIM Canada

10 Huntington Blvd

Scarborough, ON M1W 2S5

Canada

To donate from overseas, please contact the editor at simroots@sim.org.

Mary Ellen Adams donated \$50 to *Simroots*
in memory of **Pearl Hershelman**.

CONTACTS

To subscribe to a listserv (a chat group) for KA, Nigeria, or MK issues, log on to:

lists.mknet.org/mailman/listinfo

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

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

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

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American Cooperative School acslp.org

Bingham Academy binghamacademy.net office@binghamacademy.net

Carachipampa carachipampa.org

carachipampa.alumni@sim.org

Good Shepherd japeterson@apu.edu  Good Shepherd School, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Hillcrest hillcrestschool.net

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

Kent Academy kentacademy.org

 Kent Academy

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

Rift Valley Academy RVA.org

Sahel Academy Sahelacademy.com sahel@sahel.sim.ne  Pray for Niger/Sahel Academy

Sakeji sakeji.marcato.org

Simroots simroots.sim.org Simroots@sim.org



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

Continued from last Simroots

1948

Sat. April 24

I: **Dr. Harris** came out to inject some of the children, for it is sure that **Clinton [Beckett]** has whooping cough, and so he thought he had better inject some of those who haven't had whooping cough. He also saw **Gerry** but wasn't sure she has the whooping cough. Gerry has been in bed several days. **Ann [Williams]** is quite ill with a temp of 105°.

C: **Dr. Harris** came out to see about whooping cough. **Gerry** has it and so will be shut up in her room. Dr. said that **Ann** has osteomyelitis, inflammation of bone.



Rhine reunion, April 2012. John came from the Chicago area. Edie came from Tucson, AZ. Janet came from Portland, OR. It's been 30 years since our dad died. He has been missed.

Sun. April 25

I: **Gerry** still in bed. **Paul** is quite sure she has the whooping cough. I had the letter writing.

C: We had charge of writing letters. On walk in afternoon with children. Kept 9 in bed all day with colds and coughs.

Mon. April 26

I: Paul went into Jos and requested that we have the help of **Jean Edler** who is a teacher and is studying language at Minna. **Mr. Kirk** said they would send for her. **Gerry** does have the whooping cough!

C: Work going good on foundation; no rain this week to hinder progress. To Jos on Fri. taking in a crowd for Rest Home and bringing them back again. Thurs. night Paul killed snake near kitchen about a foot long; Fri. night killed a scorpion on wall near desk.

Tues. April 27

I: Paul is having quite a time doing all the teaching. I wish I could help him, but I have so much to do myself.

Wed. April 28

I: **Miss Edler** arrived in the late afternoon. She is **Ernie Hodges'** girlfriend.

Sat. May 8, 1948

I: Got **Audrey's**, **Barbara Wiebe's**, and **Boyce's** things together. In the afternoon the **Beachams** and **Wiebes** came out to get the children and also **D. Williams**. The **Ostiens** also moved over to the Rest Home. Only 12 children for supper.

C: In p.m. after school the vacation started for the children after 12 weeks of school. **Beachams** and **Wiebes** came out to take the 3 kids into Jos.

Sun. May 9

I: I had charge of the letter writing in the morning, although there weren't too many that needed help. **Johnny** contented himself by lining up all the helmets on the floor. **Bob Morris** fell out of his bunk in the afternoon.

Mon. May 10

I: After the rooms were cleaned, the children played quite nicely. In the afternoon

we had quite a storm. The wind blew, and it hailed and rained like everything for about an hour.

C: Paul went to Jos with truck. Foundations work going on. Worked on gardens in front of dorm. Very heavy rain in p.m. which blew in from north.

Tues. May 11

I: Damp, so things didn't come back from the wash.

C: Worked on garden in front of dorm. Supervised work on filling in and other work about foundation.

Wed. May 12

C: All the stonework that remains to be done for masons is the dining room wing. Hope to get rest done in 2 or 2 ½ weeks, then start cementing. Irene and I went to Jos for shopping in station. What a start we had. A rim broke on the way in as we were going around the baboon mountains. Then when we arrived at the Jos House, **Mrs. Newhouse** was not expecting us, and our letter had not arrived. Lost 1 hour by taking car to garage. No new rims so had to drive back without a spare tire or rim. Came back slowly and enjoyed the drive.

Thur. May 13

I: As soon as we could get things together, we packed the kids into the truck and station wagon and off we started for Zagun. When we got there, the kids piled out of the cars, and they played hide-and-go-seek for a while. Then Paul took them to see the garden. Then the children walked to the rest house and the rest of us rode. The rest house was located on top of a

knoll. We tried starting the primus stove and it wouldn't work, so somebody made a pricker with a pin and evidently broke the point in it, and the thing wouldn't work even after we got the pricker from the mission station. So we ended up eating cold canned baked beans and having no coffee. We had potato salad, baked beans, cold meat, bread, cucumbers, oranges, and gum. Then we went back to the mission station. Then we had tea. The children each had an orange. After tea we packed up the cars and we came back, tired but having had a good time.

C: After breakfast piled all kids and us adults in station wagon and truck and went over to Zagun. Took about 45 minutes to cover the almost 20 miles. Road very windy and hilly. Zagun is among the pagan Rukubas. The village is all spread out in little sections living on many hilltops and hillsides. Make small windowless huts. Some huts on rocks themselves. Was interesting to see different facial features and hair-do from the Irigwes. The faces are very round and a sort of "fruit bowl" haircut. Saw one woman while en route that had her head shaved of all hair and then painted with red ochre. Their dress is a few leaves and the men some cloth or leather loincloths. The compound is very nice with a large fruit tree farm with oranges and grapefruit trees. After visiting at the compound at about 10 or 10:30, I walked the children down to the government rest house while Paul drove the truck down with the food and adults. We had our dinner there. While the women were preparing the food, Paul and I and 3 of the boys climbed up a big mountain. Beautiful sight. Visited in one or two compounds. Noticed low, mud-walled things which we were told was for grain to dry while protected from the goats. **Miss Farver** told us of one of the strange customs. Once a year all the fires in the village are put out. Then the men go to a spirit grove and get fire from their god. The truth of the matter is that they rub their stones together and get the fire; but to hold the women in fear, they claim that they get it from the gods. Had rest hour there and then tea. About 4 we started home arriving here about 5. Had a lovely day.

Fri. May 14

I: In the morning Jean Edler, Gerry, and I sat and darned socks. Last evening I sorted clothes, and I gave them to the kids this morning for them to put them around in their drawers. By dinnertime we had all but about 5 pairs of socks darned.

C: Paul went to Jos in a.m. for lumber; supervised work on new foundation. Mason work shall soon be done. In afternoon put up 1 swing for kids since chains came.

Sat. May 15

I: Darned some more socks in the morning. Sorted and passed clothes around in the afternoon and made up a couple of beds as we thought David Williams was going to sleep here, but he didn't.

C: Agini was laid off today because he stole tray cover and sold it at market for 4d. Wili and Ribwi saw it in market. The girl that had it ran away but was caught, and they bought it back for 4d.

Sun. May 16

C: Went to church in p.m. Wrote letters in a.m. Went along on walk with Paul and kids in afternoon after rain stopped.

Mon. May 17

I: The kids were surely full of it today. It is the last day of the vacation and we are glad. We didn't wash girls' hair today.

C: Supervised work on foundation. Hope to get stonework done by end of week and start cement.

Tues. May 18

I: It was a relief to have the children back in school. Their rooms were a mess.

C: School started again after the week's vacation.

Wed. May 19

I: Sat and darned socks.

C: Finished main part of foundation and made rain passage under ramp.

Thur. May 20

I: The stonework on the foundation is almost finished.

C: Masons worked on ramp between main building and new kitchen. Almost done with filling in dirt. Saw a big swarm of bees in tree on road to cemetery. Paul

got **Rough's** beehive and **Jess Christensen** put them into the box after taking them off the tree.

Fri. May 21

C: Masons finished stonework on ramp and in p.m. started cementing. After noon rest hour saw that the swarm of bees left the beehive and gathered on a tree near the box. At 3:40 a heavy rainstorm came up and the bees disappeared. About 5 Jess came over and said that he found a swarm of bees in a cottage clothes closet at the Rest Home. So the mystery as to where the bees went was solved.

Sat. May 22

I: Darned some more socks, etc. Didn't have supper outside as it rained a little.

C: Masons did 3 6-ft. blocks plus finished the end bathroom.

Sun. May 23

I: In the evening we ate supper at the Rest Home as **Ernie Hodges** was out here and he and **Jean** served supper in our place.

Mon. May 24

C: Today is Empire Day, a holiday for the masons and carpenters. Paul and I laid 2 blocks of cement.

Tues. May 25

C: Laid 8 blocks of cement. The masons left the forms in too long, so messed up the work somewhat.

Wed. May 26

C: 8 blocks of concrete laid. Hard mixing for mixers to do so much in a.m.; however, we are going to buy them their morning meal. This will keep them happier: also give them 1/- per day.

Thurs. May 27

I: Some of the children went in to Jos for the **McMillan** wedding. Charlie drove the truck so he was able to attend the wedding. The groom was forgotten, and he had to walk to the church. Fortunately it was a nice day. The little girls played wedding out here also.

C: 8 blocks of cement laid. To McMillan wedding in Jos.

Continued next issue

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May 1961 Sudan Witness
MEET THE “M.K.” TEEN-AGER
 by Mrs. Paul S. Craig

Sally stepped out of the airliner into the cool spring morning. The New York skyline glistened in the sun and set bells of excitement ringing in her heart. This was her native land, this Idlewild airstrip beneath her feet.

But was it? Sally's dress was new and beautifully sewn by a loving mother. But its syle was last spring's. Sally's shoes were new and fine, but quite unlike the loafers on every passing teen-aged foot. Her English was beautiful, but when she was introduced to the young people of her church she couldn't enter into their gay, if slightly goofy, talk. There was no getting around it, Sally was a young stranger in her own land.

Numbers of teen-aged "missionary kids" are returning to North America each year. They are well-educated, well-travelled, spiritually grounded boys and girls. But they face some real problems and adjustments.

Even the young person who has lived at a school for missionaries' children on the field will hide a deep fear of an unknown future. Six weeks before her flight home, Sally became silent and unresponsive. She wouldn't enter into the fun of dormitory life or share her thoughts with her closest friends. At last her unhappy face broke into a shower of tears on her house-mothers' shoulder. . . .

For the rest of the article email swanson121@cox.net