

SIMROOTS

SPRING - 1996

FROM THE PAST, THROUGH THE PRESENT, FOR THE FUTURE

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 1

From the Editor . . .

Dear Friends,

Wow! Ten years! That's an enormous amount of time and energy Cherry has put into developing *Simroots*. Along with all who regularly contribute numerous volunteer hours, we extend a great big THANK YOU.

I'm one of those who reads *Simroots* from cover to cover behind a do-not-disturb closed door each time an issue arrives. I've kept nearly every copy since its inception by Jack Long in 1981. I've delighted in keeping in touch with a large number of my MK classmates over the years, and many are listed in my guest book as my favorite visitors . . . but editor of *Simroots*?

"I don't know, Cherry," I responded when she first approached me about getting involved. "My preschoolers are my primary job." Well, I don't have that excuse any more now that my youngest is in school.

"My computer just died," was my next counter when Cherry called again.

"No problem. A computer comes with the job."

"O.K., Cherry. Yes, Lord."

And so with lightning speed my life took on a new twist. Cherry's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Burt Long, just "happened" to choose Gull Lake to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary the week of July 15, and Cherry just "happened" to be on her way there, past our house, the day before I was to go out of town. After getting a crash course on *Simroots*, I drove with her to Gull Lake so I could see . . . who else? More MKs! The Longs graciously let me crash their reunion

where I briefly got to see my classmate Sue. (Has it really been 6 years?) And though I'd never met her oldest brother, Rollie, I knew him instantly. (Don't we know all about our "family" members whether or not we've met them?)

Speaking of family, may I introduce mine? My parents, G. Lionel and Martha Seger, served in Nigeria for over forty years in the Bauchi area. My sister Grace Anne, who's helped out with *Simroots* in the past, lives in California near Carlsbad where Mom and Dad are now retired. My brother Paul recently became the general director of his mission board, Biblical Ministries Worldwide, after serving in South Africa for twenty years.

Scott, my husband, is the general manager of WGNB, a Moody owned-and-operated radio station in West Michigan. My daughters Sharon (14), Cindy (12), Katie (8), a cat, and 5

goldfish complete the Keegan family.

Now it's time to hear from you . . . especially those who have never responded before to *Simroots*. What do you like about this newsletter? How can we improve and better meet your needs and expectations? There are some who've expressed concern that we cater more to the Africa MKs, but we can only print what you send us. Would anyone like to help build our non-Africa readership? For this issue we print what we have: more Africa!

Just one last thing. I feel rather green in this new role, though Cherry has done a magnificent job of giving me detailed instructions and making herself available for counsel and advice. Will you be patient with me as I ease into her well-worn shoes?

Sai an jima (Until a little while),

Karen (Seger) Keegan

KA, HC - '72 - Editor



THE KEEGANS

KATIE, SHARON, CINDY, KAREN & SCOTT

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WHERE DO I SEND MY DONATION ?

Dear Simroots;

Thanks for bringing such a support for SIM MKs. I have a suggestion. Your name and address, who to write the check out to, etc., should be placed in the same place in the same format in *SIMROOTS* each time. I have not sent in a donation previously partly because I did not know who to send it to.

Sincerely,
Helene (Warkentin)
Zoolkoski
KA, HC - '78

Simroots is a newsletter produced by volunteer SIM MKs, for SIM MK high school graduates and their caregivers. Published three times per year (as funds permit), *Simroots* operates on a nonprofit, donation basis. Donations of any amount are gladly received, but only those of \$10.00 or more can be receipted by SIM for tax purposes.

Please send your gifts to:
SIMROOTS
c/o SIM International
P.O. Box 7900
Charlotte, NC 28241

NEWS TO YOU

**Dear Friends of my Daddy
& Mommy,**
(Otherwise known as Dean, KA,
HC - '72 and Peggy Hall)

Hi! I'm Robbie Hall, and I'm Dean and Peggy's favorite 10-year-old son (soon to be 11, though). I am writing to tell you about my parents' work. Mom and Dad work in Nigeria as houseparents. They take care of about 12-15 missionary kids who attend high school in a city named Jos. It's really about the size of Wichita,

Kansas. We all live together in a big house that has about 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 2 kitchens, and a very big living room and dining room. We also have a separate apartment—where I live with Mom and Dad.

I guess the best way to describe our house is that it is like a long ranch-style house with bedrooms for all the kids on one end, my "house" on the other end and everything else in the middle!

Let me tell you about the stuff my Mom does first. Her day starts out really early, about 5:30 in the morning when she has to make sure everything gets ready for breakfast. Then, about 6:30 she gets all the kids up (even my Dad since she thinks he's a kid most of the time anyway!) Breakfast is ready to eat about 7:25, and after we eat, we leave for school around 7:45.

After we are at school, Mom has to make sure that all the food is getting cooked for the day (including my after-school snack). We make everything from scratch. That not only includes cookies, cakes and bread, and the usual boring stuff like meat and veggies, but it also means great stuff like potato chips, salsa and taco chips, even tortillas! Since my Mom writes up the menus, she also does all the shopping. She goes to get fresh fruits and vegetables about every other day. We also have our "emergency" food items like chocolate chips, jello, and Kool-aid. Every Thursday, Mom fixes a special hot lunch to take to school to feed all of us, plus the SIM teachers who teach at Hillcrest. We eat stuff like hamburgers, pizza, tacos, and chili. I like Thursday hot lunches a lot!

Well, that is what my Mom does, and she sure is busy, huh? But if you think she is busy, wait until you hear what my Dad does! One of his jobs is to make sure everything keeps work-

ing and stays fixed. In Africa something always needs fixing, cleaning or replacing. The biggest problem with living in Africa is to be sure there is always plenty of water and electricity. City water is only available for about three hours per day. So Daddy has to pump water every day from a lower tank to an upper tank. That way, the bottom tank can fill with the city water that comes in to it each day. When something breaks around the house, sometimes it's not always easy to find the part to fix it or replace it. We don't have catalogs, and we don't have auto supply stores in Africa. We have little shops, and sometimes you have to find what you need by digging through a box or a barrel—and then you're not sure if it works! So, whether you are trying to fix a meal or fix a car, it takes lots and lots of time—lots longer than in the U.S.!

Some of the projects Daddy has done include digging a well in our back yard for emergency water, re-wiring the electricity in the hostel, putting in new tiles and pipes in all the showers, building a storage tank for fuel for the bus, and fixing various leaks. But Daddy also does "fun" projects too—like coaching the tennis team, teaching a video class, and participating in various activities at school.

After school (and my snack of course), I usually go and play with my friends, but Dad and Mom become taxicab, counselor, homework helpers, someone to play basketball with, or someone to talk to. After dinner, there is always homework—YUK!! (But Mom says I still have to do it.) Some of the other hostel kids have to go back to school for stuff like play practice, choir practice, class meetings, yearbook—you know, stuff like that. Then on weekends, there is always someplace to go—hiking,

... CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE ...

NEWS TO YOU . . . CONTINUED . . .

shopping, sports games and birthday parties or sleepovers.

I know I haven't said anything about my older brother Jason, and I guess I should, but what can you say about a big brother who is always bugging you, hogging all the food at supper, getting you into trouble, and always, I mean always taking the last Dr. Pepper out of the fridge? I guess that about says it all! Oh, he's ok, I guess—he does let me pick the TV shows sometimes—sometimes.

Thanks for letting me share with you—and God bless you real good!

Peggy Hall

(for Robbie—age 10 but soon to be 11)

c/o SIM

P.O. Box 7900

Charlotte, NC 28241

NEWS FLASH!

The day before she was to fly back to Nigeria, Peggy was diagnosed with grade one breast cancer. Following treatment, the doctors predict 99% full recovery.

**HOW CAN I
REMEMBER TO SEND
IN MY
DONATION EACH
YEAR?**

How about putting us on your Christmas list or celebrating your birthday each year by giving as well as receiving!

Five-dollar donations to *Simroots* are expected and appreciated. Any donations of \$10 or more can be receipted through SIM for tax-deductible purposes.

**Letter To
The
Editor**



Dear *Simroots*,

My parents were Presbyterian missionaries, but before a *ferenji* Presbyterian church was started in Addis Ababa, I often attended the SIM church, and my sister, who teaches in Addis Ababa, sends her children to Bingham, the SIM school now—so I feel a real sense of connection with you.

After years of homesickness for Ethiopia, I finally started to write about my experiences. *Fire on the Mountain* is my first picture book to connect with my childhood home. (See *Briefs & Reviews*) I am enclosing an article I wrote for *Writer's Digest*, April, 1994.

Jane Kurtz



**FINDING A PLACE
TO CALL HOME**

By Jane Kurtz

Should a writer avoid "stealing" from another culture, or is everything fodder for fiction?

When I was 7, I went home. That's what the other *ferengi* in Ethiopia called the U.S. Though I'd lived in Africa since I was 2, my family would be spending a year in Idaho.

In a New York elevator, my sisters and I were asked, "And where are you from?" After a moment of confusion, we came up with what we decided must be the right answer: "We're from America."

In a coffee shop, my mother whispered, "We're in the States now. Don't eat with your fingers." Then, looking up to see me stabbing my potato chips with my fork, she passed

another message down the line: "Tell Janie it's okay to eat her potato chips with her fingers."

When the message reached me, I blared, "But Mom, which are the potato chips?"

To be an outsider in the land of your birth.

"Where's Ethiopia?" American kids asked me. "Did you see Tarzan?"

When I was 8, we went back to what I considered "home," to the southwest corner of Ethiopia, to Maji. Maji was green-gray mountains rising from the plain like massive wrinkled lion's paws, and clay pink rocks stretching across the valley. I remember the smell of bat dung as I sneaked down the mountain toward a hidden cave. Frogs and flowers became bit players in sagas my sisters and I told each other. Maji was the waterfall I climbed with numb fingers knowing what would happen if I slipped.

In Montana last summer, my 12-year-old son said, "I want to go places nobody else has gone. I want an adventure you could die from." That was what Maji offered when I was 12. Places no other outsider has been. An adventure you could die from.

Not all was idyllic, however. Even though I felt I was "home," events sometimes reminded me that I was an outsider there, too. I was sitting in an Addis Ababa movie theater once when an American flag unfurled on the screen. The theater erupted with jeers. Later that year, a man looked at me on the street and shouted, "Yankee, go home."

And eventually I did. I returned to the States for college. By then I thought it would be glorious—glorious!—to shed the skin of my strangeness and be like everybody else. I listed my grandmother's Iowa address in the student directory.

. . . CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE . . .

FINDING HOME . . . CONTINUED . . .

I also began to write poetry; some was even published in small literary magazines. I never dared declare that I wanted to be a writer, but I never stopped putting words on paper, either: Not during all the years I was busy doing other things, not even after I had my own children who tugged at me with fierce demands. The books I read to them in the evenings made soft sounds in my head. I began to hear children's voices as I sat to put my words on paper. And when the frogs and flowers came back to me, I began to tell children's stories again, this time writing them down. In 1990, my first picture book was published.

By then, Ethiopia was almost erased from my life. I had married a man with roots in a small Mennonite community, a place where, until my husband's generation, most young people married within the community and settled for life. Sometimes I joked to him about growing up in Africa—"why should I know how to vacuum? I grew up with mud floors"—but otherwise, I rarely spoke about my childhood home.

Until the day I sat in a university auditorium listening to a Jewish writer who had been forced from her homeland when she was a child. "One does not have to be a refugee," she reminded us, "to know that collision between yourself and the past." However it happens, she went on to say, somehow the very fact of being an outsider is what shapes a writer's perceptions.

Suddenly I understood that it was the outsider in me who was the acute observer, who was always trying to decipher the people around me to penetrate their "foreignness." And there was more. "You hang onto the images of the things you pine for," says Australian novelist Janette

Turner Hospital.

Gradually I came to know three things: that I was homesick for Ethiopia; that I wrote for children, at least in part, because I could not let go of my own intense childhood; and that I was finally ready to write about Ethiopia.

It was Toni Morrison who once said that while she was "fighting shy" of labels, she also didn't want any part of her to be erased—not her blackness, not her femininity, nothing. When I stopped erasing my past, I wrote (after selling a nonfiction book on Ethiopia) my own versions of two Ethiopian folktales.

It's never easy to translate one culture for another. In response to my first folktale, an editor wrote, "We are most enthusiastic about this story, but we aren't sure children can relate to the premise." Should I change the premise to make the folktale more accessible, although less authentic? I eventually was reconciled to the change: In the new story, a girl would woo and win over a stepmother. I called an Ethiopian friend in Seattle and said, "Tell me what might happen when an Ethiopian girl meets a stepmother for the first time."

The girl would stay in a back room during days of feasting. Eventually the father would summon her, my friend told me.

"To say what?" I asked.

"This is your new mother. Kiss her feet."

Nice detail. But as I typed, I heard some kid asking, "Did you see Tarzan?" I took it out.

"My main hesitation," wrote another editor, "is that the new mother's actions are unusual and rather disturbing." Perhaps the cultural gap was too great. I hunted for ways to convey the Ethiopian respect for elders. A proverb, perhaps? *Owasksush, nahkush*: To know is to despise. But

with the Amharic words gone, the poetry vanished.

"I'm not sure the cultural context—with the father going to another village seeking a new bride—will translate well for an American audience," wrote a third. How could I translate the world of my childhood for a world that is far away, not only in space but in heart?

Fortunately, editors aren't all alike. An editor at Simon & Schuster offered me a contract for both books with a promise to use two top black illustrators.

I was happy that the stories would see print, but the issue of my being an outsider would not rest. The hardest question came from a friend who said: "You're not Ethiopian. Do you have the right to tell an Ethiopian story?" The old feelings of strangeness washed over me again.

I comfort myself with the observation that all writers transcend self. Men write as women, women as men. If I write a story from another culture, am I committing a worse transgression than when I write a novel in the voice of my son? Is it worse than nobody telling the stories at all? We are each, in the end, a minority of one.

Sometimes I lie awake, sticky with the sweat of the questions. Have I violated cultural copyright? Whose stories may I—will I—tell? Am I willing to risk the chance that one day someone may stand up to say, once again, "Yankee, go home"?

Or that I'll never really know which are the potato chips?

REUNION COMING!

CHICAGO AREA

WEEKEND OF JULY 4, 1997

**SIM / HILLCREST
REUNION**

A
 MEMORIAL TO
 JONATHAN LEUDERS
 by Steve Snyder, EL -'78

Jonathan Leuders died suddenly and mysteriously just over 25 years ago. He was only 13 or 14 years of age when doctors were unable to spare his life at ELWA in Liberia, West Africa.

Everyone admired Jonathan. Adults thought of him as polite and responsible. His teachers respected his maturity and leadership. His friends knew him to be loyal and kind. And younger children saw in him a hero. People still think and talk about Jonathan. No one who knew him can forget him.

I was six years old, just beginning the first grade. ELWA Academy was getting ready to leave from the side entrance of the dusty and faded radio studio building for a baseball game against the much larger American Cooperative School (ACS) in a suburb of Monrovia. My parents gave me permission to tag along and watch.

Though too young to play on the team, I brought my glove, a worn-out Wilson that had been given me a few months earlier while on furlough by someone who no doubt would otherwise have thrown it away. It was my first ball glove—old, stiff, flat. Its color was a deep, dark brown, almost black, ingrained by numerous oilings. Compared to the nicer gloves of the other boys, mine was almost embarrassing. I only recall that it was a Wilson because Jonathan told me so.

Having just returned from furlough and entered my first year of "big school," I was somewhat unfamiliar with many of the older students traveling to the game. I stood aside and watched as we waited in the

gravel parking lot for our rides. The girls talked and laughed in the shade of the radio station porch. The boys on the team played catch and checked their gear. No one had any reason to pay attention to me. I didn't mind, though. The little kids did not expect much consideration from the older ones.

That was when Jonathan walked up to me, flashed his infectious smile and asked if he might borrow my glove. Jonathan was the strapping "star" of the team, easily the best athlete in the school. Of course, without a word, I instantly handed it to him. He clutched it in his hand, slipped it over his fingers, and firmly pounded his right fist into its well-worn pocket a couple times. He then walked over to one of his teammates and began to play catch. I gawked intently, impressed. Jonathan was big and strong. He could throw hard. He seemed never to miss a ball thrown to him. And he was playing with my glove. When he returned it, he said it was a good glove. A Wilson. He pounded his fist into it again, pulled it off his hand and handed it back to me. There was no reason to be embarrassed about the old glove any longer, not if it was good enough for Jonathan.

When we arrived at the ACS field, Jonathan asked me to play catch. I know I must have nervously thrown the ball away a few times or dropped and missed simple tosses from my new idol. I also suspect he did not throw for very long with this awkward little first grader. But no one was more honored that day than me. Jonathan's actions said I mattered, I belonged.

Jonathan had a special knack for making people feel that way. We knew no one else like him. His unexpected death left in each of us an intense and lasting impression.

As a student, Jonathan was above average academically and nearly perfect as a role model. He was happy and, in some respects, carefree. He was also graciously intolerant of giggling during prayer, talking during exams or other equally inappropriate behavior. Mostly, he led his fellow students by example.

Several years ago I visited with "Aunt" Grace Carter, a single missionary who had taught history and Bible at ELWA Academy. Like everyone else, Aunt Grace was an admirer of Jonathan. She was not one to bestow her admiration on anyone unless he or she was truly deserving.

Aunt Grace told me of how Jonathan needed only to flash "a look" at misbehaving students to persuade them to fall right into line. His classmates did not mind complying with his sense of appropriate behavior. Instead, they seemed to take pleasure in earning his approval. He was wise for his age and seemed always to know when to cut up and laugh and when to mind. She described Jonathan as considerate and respectful. He loved the Lord. Both his classmates and his teachers felt his loss deeply.

Jonathan won the ball game that bright and sunny day. I saw him pitch, steal a base and hit a home run. This was typical. Rarely was there a game when he did not lead the team in scoring. Rarely was there a match in any sport when he did not find some way to involve every member of the team and then acknowledge their various contributions over his own. The one time I was sent into an actual basketball game to relieve an older and better player for probably no more than a minute, Jonathan was the one player on our team who passed me the ball.

Jonathan's parents, "Uncle" Arn

... CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE ...

MEMORIAL . . . CONTINUED . . .

and "Aunt" Gilberta Leuders, were over at our house one evening having dinner with my parents when Jonathan suddenly took ill. Our house and yard ran along the edge of the ELWA beach and overlooked the "deep hole" area of a swamp-fed lagoon. From the dining room table you could take full advantage of the large picture windows and watch the sun set in the west out over the Atlantic. The evening and dinner were otherwise unremarkable. My mother had decorated the simple home-made table with candles to make the dinner more special. My brother Danny and I had been sent off to bed so the adults could visit undisturbed. My mother later came and told us that the Leuders had to leave early, that Jonathan was sick. We had no idea anything was seriously wrong.

Jonathan had been out that day with a friend who owned a little blue motorcycle. They had traveled into town, and somewhere along the way had picked up a bite to eat. Jonathan took ill.

The next day we all learned that he was fighting a dangerously high temperature. The ELWA doctors were unable to determine precisely what was wrong, and people conjectured that he had somehow been poisoned by something he had eaten while in town. Later that same day Jonathan shockingly passed away.

I never saw or felt sadness more sharply than I did on that unforgettable day. The afternoon sky was clear and the sun was bright. The ocean continued to pound steadily and gently on the sand just as if nothing had happened. But both the adults and the children walked around in stunned and silent disbelief. This was not merely the loss of a kid up the street, a classmate or teammate. This was family—our ELWA family.

It was dark and raining on the morning of the funeral. When it rained in Liberia it rained hard. The service was conducted in the faded green, metal-sided ELWA gymnasium/chapel. It left a greater impression on me than any event I had experienced at that point in my young life. Jonathan's body was placed in a closed, home-made plywood box. A large, black-and-white school photograph of his handsome but kind face was placed on top of the simple casket. The entire ELWA Academy student body and faculty attended, as did virtually every missionary and Liberian adult on the compound. Most of the boys Jonathan's age from ACS showed up and filled the front few rows of the wooden folding chairs.

Although the pounding of the rain on the thin metal roof made it difficult to hear what was being said, it was during this service that I first began to come to grips with the reality of death, with thoughts of life after death, and with the idea that those of us who have accepted Christ as Savior would someday join the Lord in heaven while those of us who die without knowing Christ would spend eternity in hell. It was in this simple gymnasium, at the conclusion of the service, that several seemingly gruff boys from ACS tearfully accepted as Savior the Christ they saw so clearly in Jonathan.

Jonathan was buried near a small clump of wild African trees out on the edge of a large, open radio antennae field near the boundary of the ELWA compound. His grave was but a few hundred yards from the Academy. I do not recall exactly how his grave site was marked, but every young boy on that compound knew the spot exactly. From time to time we would venture to that spot and tend to the weeds. We would sit and think and remember. We remained silent, reverent

while in the presence of Jonathan's grave. Visits were our way of remembering. Silence there was our way of rendering respect.

When we lost Jonathan we lost someone we admired up close and loved. When he was living, he was a worthy role model, a deserving hero. He remains both. He glorified Christ through his life and showed us how to live. And, in a way, he lives on in each of us today.

STEVEN A. SNYDER
202 White Water Ct.
Greer, SC
29650-3358

Sympathies

Our sympathies and prayers are extended to the families of:

William (Bill) Tuck

who passed away on
August 10, 1995

Yvonne Freshour

who died October 19, 1995.

URGENT REQUEST

This copy of *Simroots* has been delayed due to the lack of funds. Your generous support is **urgently** needed in order to get the next and future issues out.

Thank you.

VOLUNTEER WANTED

Interested, reliable, skilled volunteer to take over John Price's job of keeping the mailing (address) list current. Proficiency in Microsoft Access preferred. If interested, please call John ASAP for job description and requirements.

(305) 669-4149 (Home)

or

{305} 255-6973 {Work}

Round Robin

If you are looking for
Round Robin, call or write:

Steve Hart
Rt. 5 Box 4960
Lake Butler, FL 32054
(904) 496-3932

From now on, if you make a donation to *Simroots*, we will assume your donation is for *Simroots* and NOT *Round Robin*.

Donors

Thank You List

Many times, we may seem to take individuals for granted and don't express our sincere thanks for these individuals' generosity. Their donations over the past years has made each issue of *Simroots* possible. We would like to publish a list donor(s) to *Simroots* in our next issue.

The amount of the donation will NOT be included. If you would prefer not to have your name mentioned, please inform Karen Keegan, Editor.

OLD PHOTOS WANTED

It's time for some nostalgia. We would like to print pictures from the past. They should be sent directly to:

Grace Ann Swanson
1565 Gascony Road
Encinitas, CA, U.S.A. 92024

She promises to return them immediately. Please include a caption, the year it was taken (if known), and a self-addressed envelope for return purpose. Any size is acceptable, as she can reduce or enlarge it by computer.

SUBMISSIONS WANTED

Submissions to *Open Dialogue* from staff, parents, siblings, and spouses on their viewpoint of the MK experience.

Forward your submissions to:

Open Dialogue
Editor
Karen (Seger) Keegan
862 East 8th Street
Holland, MI
U.S.A. 49423

NEED YOUR PHOTOS RETURNED?

It's imperative that you tell us if you want your photo returned. We are happy to do this, but it will save time if we know you don't need them back. A self-addressed stamped (U.S. postage) envelope would be helpful.



JOIN IN THE CELEBRATION CONGRATULATIONS!

... on the birth of ...

.... Kyle Austin on May 14, 1995, to Randall and Denise (Fawley) Chism, KA, HC - '85.

..... Marie Christine on September 12, 1994, to Bob and Annegret (Schalm) Horton, KA, HC - '77.

.... William Andrew (Andy) born to Steve and Esther (Schult) Smith on October 24, 1994. (We need your school and grad year, Esther!)

... Juliana Danielle to Dan, BA - '70 and Monika Johnson.

.... Breanne to Richard and Rhonda (Erion), BA - '81.

.... Ashtyn Brooke to Tim and Diane (Fargher), BA - '84.

.... Korissa Rae Ina Vane to Jane (McLellan), BA, and Dave.

.... Naomi Ruth on February 17 to David, BA - '80 and Mary Meed.

.... Julie Daneca Chantelle on January 25 to her adoptive parents Jonathon, BA - '76 and Lynda.

... on the marriage of ...

.... Alice VerLee to Tom Anderson on Oct. 30, 1994 (civil ceremony) with a formal ceremony July 1, 1995.

NOTE

If you submit something for *Open Dialogue* and do not wish to have your address included, let us know!

OPEN DIALOGUE

TROUBLED YOUTH

DON PRICE - KA, HC - '75

Somewhere in another place
I lost the meaning of His grace.
The message of His grace to spread
Was meant for others in my stead.

Spankings in the "medicine" room,
Words to write a hundred times,
Sifting sand instead of play,
Lessons of the boarding school way.

Hear the bells and don't be late,
Clean your room and stay in line,
Take heed to what the teachers say,
Lessons of the boarding school way.

Stay in bounds, don't eat the fruit,
Avoid the slaughterhouse after school,
Take your medicine, don't throw it away,
Lessons of the boarding school way.

So many children, so many rules,
Tell on your friends,
it's the best thing to do.
You better do what the older kids say!
Lessons of the boarding school way.

Don't spill your milk, don't talk too loud,
Don't rebel, don't be proud,
You better obey the rules they say!
Lessons of the boarding school way.

You've done a bad thing,
you're a naughty child;
You've a reputation for being wild.
You better conform, there's a price to pay!
Lessons of the boarding school way.

It's a complicated life, a lot to learn,
Too many rules I've come to spurn,
I gotta get out, I've gotta run away.
Lessons of the boarding school way.

Rules are made to break!
I hate conformity!
Tell me I'm wrong
And I'll kick you in the knee!

Escaped a year early
To attend another school.
Lived at home

Left behind half the rules.

But seven years away from home
Have left their mark on me.
The distance from my parents then
Has somehow followed me.

So much time between us
I used to cry so much.
I know they thought they did what's right
But we were really out of touch.

There's trouble on the home front now,
I know I can't relate.
All that time they'd like to bridge—
For me, it's much too late.

I want them but don't need them,
I'm used to getting by.
What hurts too much I just forget,
It's easier now to say "good-bye."

Four to five years, it's time to go
And leave behind all I know
To a place called "home" I've never been,
To a place I know I'll never win,
Somehow . . . I just won't . . . fit in.

It's harder as the years go by,
I find that I'm becoming shy.
With every other change of school
I've become everybody's fool.

High school's not a time to move,
There's too much that I have to prove.
All the cliques are formed by now,
I can't fit in, just don't know how.

My clothes aren't right,
They're out of style,
I'm just too odd
To get a smile.

It was different when I knew my place,
Now it's such a different case.
The group in which I now must be
Are all the kids nobody sees.

I was confident in another place,
Now I find I have no face.
I just don't know who I am.
What am I? A sacrifice ram . . . ?

So many years have passed since then,
And still I wonder why.
How it seems that life itself
Has somehow passed me by.

All those little hurts and pains
I'd labeled for good-bye
Somehow missed the midnight train
And locked themselves inside.

Feelings of rejection
Insecurity
Defensive ways . . .
All are me.

Love your enemy?
What about myself?
Don't think I climbed up
On the shelf . . .

There's more to this
Than meets the eye.
It's not enough
To just know why . . .

More than a victim
Of a child's pain,
I bear the burden
To seek the gain.

Double misfortune?
Life's cross to bear?
Because of what happened
Way back there . . .

If I can accept this penalty
For something I did not choose for me,
I might begin to find my way
Through life's struggles of every day.

The needs of others
Are much the same.
There's no free ticket
From a child's pain.

The need to understand
Is only the beginning,
But the question still remains . . .
Am I really winning?

"Must it take so long?"
Is my cry.
It's just not enough
To understand why . . .

Where do I find
The courage to change
All the ways I've learned
To hide my pain?

This God that I know
Does He really love me?
As I bear His curse
Of this penalty . . .

Perfectionism cries out its "must" to me,
"Fearful" is my second name,
Afraid to attempt anything new
"Life" is a cruel game.

Cruel misfortune
Has cast the lot
That I should never see
That which I in others admire
The chance to just be "me."

Donald G. Price

KA, HC - '75

150 Abingdon Drive
Lexington, SC 29073



Catch up on the latest news from adult SIM MK's, teachers, and caregivers. Remember to send your letter to Karen Keegan, Editor, 862 East 8th Street, Holland, MI, USA, 49423 or call (616) 396-6999.

Remember to include the name of your school, your high school graduation year, and your maiden name.

CODE	SCHOOL
BA	Bingham Academy
CC	Carachipampa Christian School
DA	Dakar Academy
EL	ELWA Academy
FA	Faith Academy
GH	Gowans Home Academy
GS	Good Shepherd School
HC	Hillcrest School
HS	Hebran School
IC	International Christian Academy
KA	Kent Academy
MA	Murree Academy
RV	Rift Valley Academy
SA	Sahel Academy
WA	West African Christian High School

60s

HOWARD & JO-ANN BRANT BA - '61, GH - STAFF

Howard's Hong Kong and Korea itinerary was in May. His responsibilities also include the work in Asia. In Hong Kong the big issue is what SIM should do in light of the 1997 turn-over of Hong Kong to Communist China.

RUSS SCHMIDT BA, GH - '61

Russ loves his work at Trinity Western U. and is living with his parents. He knows how to cheer them up with playing a game or taking them for a drive and does many repair jobs around the place.

DAVE & WINNIE PITMAN BA - '62

They wrote in June, "It was hot and humid—such a contrast to the snowy Iowa December Christmas we had just celebrated with my parents." Dave is the SIM Ghana Director.

DONALD & SHARMIN BRENNEMAN HC - '66

They are moving to Rochester, IN, where Don will be the pastor of Trinity United Methodist Church. During the past 15 years they have lived in GA, LA, CA, MO, Berlin, Germany, and the Republic of Panama where Don has been an Air Force Chaplain and Sharmin has taught elementary classes. Their daughter, Joanna, will be in first grade.

BILL & NANCY (RENDEL) HENRY KA, HC - '69

We plan to move to Sebring, FL, near Nancy's parents. We will enjoy being around them, and we think we will enjoy the Florida climate. Nancy's twin brother Jim, his wife, and their family will also be in Sebring for the year while on furlough from Niger, W. Africa. We hope to find work of some kind in Sebring, enjoy being near family, and then see what the Lord has for us to do in the future.

70s

TIM & LORNA JACOBSON BA - '71

A recent missionary letter reminded them that they might seem just a little "de-Canadianized" (and maybe even

a bit odd and unusual) when they return to Canada after another three-year term in Ethiopia: a little too accustomed to using the horn constantly as they drive; highly suspicious of tap water; unwilling to throw away even a can, bottle, jar, newspaper, or piece of aluminum foil that surely must be of use to someone; accustomed to bowing slightly in greeting and giving or receiving things with both hands rather than with just one.

LES & DEBBIE THOMPSON KA, HC - '71

They are involved in a possible amalgamation of two churches in Toronto, hoping to be able to absorb many of those reached in the Billy Graham Crusade.

DICK & MEG (TODD) ACKLEY BA, EL, HC - '71, KA, HC - '72

Meg came to the USA with their two children, Jeff (6) and Kristen (5), to help her parents sell their home in Florida and move to the SIM retirement center in Carlsbad, CA.

KEN & CORA (ZOBRIST) KLAY KA, HC - '72

With Eritrea closed to us, we have decided to accept a position in Ghana working with a program of the SIM-related church, The Bible Church of Africa. Schooling for the boys is uncertain. Unfortunately, we do not have enough support yet to go. While on deputation this summer, we saw Joyce (Ratzlaff), Beachams (Nancy, Joy, parents), Cails (parents, Carolyn, Sharon, and Martha—Hal's wife), Blaschkes (parents, Charlene Hide), Mary (Carney) Sage, and Eileen (Porter) Allen. Pray for Cora's mother who has been diagnosed with bone cancer. She had surgery for breast cancer 5 years ago.

JANET RHINE
KA, HC - '72

Janet is busy marketing Sattwa Chai, traditional East Indian teas, with her company Sattwa Enterprises.

TIM & SHARON (COLEMAN)
SANDVIG
BA - '72

They request prayer for their furlough needs as they tentatively plan to leave Chile in November and return in February.

TERRY & JENNIFER VEER
BA - '72

Jennifer had open-heart surgery for mitral valve replacement in March. Veers praise the Lord for a successful surgery and thank everyone who prayed. She is doing well and gaining strength.

JOHN & PHYLLIS COLEMAN
BA - '75

They left Ethiopia May 27 for Canada. Their immediate plans are to return to Sprague to help out in the little churches where they served before coming to Ethiopia and then to apply to SIM for career service. They will need to raise financial and prayer support before they can return.

TIM LILLY
KA - '75

Tim is an internal medicine doctor at a clinic operated by Geisinger Medical Center at Bloomsburg, PA. He has been married about 10 years and has two sets of twins and one single born in January, '95. The first set of twins are boys (7) in second grade. The girls (6) are in first grade. He married a Christian and Missionary Alliance minister's daughter. He graduated from Geneva College in the pre-med course and then went to the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine for his medical training. Tim is also the choir director for his church.

MURRAY & DIANE REDEKOP
KA - '75

They live in Langley, BC, with their twins, Julie and Karen. Murray is still involved in the fruit-selling business in Vancouver while Diane works part time in a clothing store.

MARK & PRISCILLA
(CHAPMAN) YOUNG
BA - '75

They resigned from CBI as career missionaries, and in July Mark became an Associate Professor of World Missions and Intercultural Studies at Dallas Theological Seminary. The decision wasn't made quickly; it wasn't made without some of the most honest soul-searching that they've ever gone through. Yet, perhaps because the seminary in Poland is established and growing, Mark feels that he has completed that which he came there to do. He has sensed a deep desire to enter a phase when he could concentrate more on teaching, researching, writing and consulting. Dallas Seminary has offered him a position to do that.

MARK REDEKOP
KA - '76

Mark is working in Grand Prairie, AB, for Ralph and Warren Balisky. He has purchased a new house and is settling down there.

BECKY TUCK
KA, HC - '76

Becky has finished her last 70 hours of practical work and will get her librarian diploma this year.

PETER VERLEE
KA - '76

TO GOD BE THE GLORY, GREAT THINGS HE HAS DONE! Thank you to all who prayed for Peter's recovery from leukemia. The great news is that the blood test that was done in late June was negative for the gene marker specific for leuk-emia. Because his immune system is compromised, there is still a danger of his getting cytomegalovirus (CMV), so he is taking antibiotics to prevent that. His sister Faith was a perfect bone marrow match, and she became the donor for his transplant on Oct. 14, 1994.



THE LONGS - CHERRY, MRS. LONG, SUE

ANDREW & LIZ WARREN KA - '77

Andrew is working in a city engineering firm having completed his Engineering Degree (with honors) last year. He also is a part-time pastor at a local church. A return to Ethiopia or Tanzania is still on his agenda.

CAROL LILLY KA - '78

Carol has been the bookkeeper for the Lyken Medical Center in Pittsburgh for about 11 years. Right now she is taking a night class to get her BS degree in Office Management from Geneva College. She had a secretarial degree and an AA from Columbia Bible College, but she saw the need for getting a regular degree from a college as there were other college graduates in her office. Carol is the Sunday School secretary for her church.

DARREL & DEBORAH (TUCK) TEMPLETON KA, HC - '78

Gladys (Deborah's mom) went to Brazil to spend over two months with Deborah and her family. She reports that Deborah is home schooling CiCi. Both CiCi and B.J. have been in kindergarten and speak Portuguese. Darrel is busy with the radio ministry of "In Touch." Baby Joel is such a joy.

LEN THOMPSON KA, HC - '78

Len is chairman of the deacons at his church. His counseling service continues with the battle over many lives of hurting people.

80s

DOUG & DONNA ADAMS KA, HC - '81

Doug, Donna, Karl (5) and Kevin (4) are happily living together in Fairfield, CA. Donna is an RN with Kaiser hospital, and Doug works for AWT as a leak repair air quality specialist at several San Francisco Bay Area refineries. We welcome any '81 classmates from K.A. or Hillcrest, if visiting in the Bay area and need a place to stay or rest—drop by.

FRANK & MARY DUBISZ KA, HC - '81

I have been enrolled at Fuller Theological Seminary in

Pasadena since Sept. '94, with the intention of earning an MA in Theology within 2 years. I never thought of myself pursuing the foundations of Christian theology, having been content to follow the "faith of my fathers." But once I seriously considered the propagation of Christianity in a missionary setting, I realized that I was not able to make an adequate defense in response to the questions I was asked concerning . . . the variants within the source documents of the Bible, or the intriguing development of dogma, or the integrity of the Patristic Fathers, or the critical evaluation of Church history, or the subtle influence of Hellenistic philosophies! I didn't realize how woefully ignorant I have been! Our constant prayer is that God would lead us through the maze of man-made religions of relative truth to the absolute Truth of a relationship with Him that can be unashamedly proclaimed. I wonder how significant a role the universal struggle of pride versus humility and obedience and forgiveness has in the salvific experience? If any of you would like to dialogue further with me, I'd be glad to do so. Of course the other part of life that I enjoy being devoted to is my beautiful wife Mary of almost 4 years (who is supporting my seminary habit by working part-time for Kaiser Permanente as an FP physician) and our almost one-year-old son Joshua—who I just taught to fetch a ball!

BETI (BLASCHKE) VARGAS HC - '81

Joy Lang recently visited Beti and her family in Bolivia. Beti has three beautiful children who were warm, friendly, and fun to spend time with. Her husband is involved in full-time Christian ministry.



THE ANDERSONS - SARAH, ALICE (VERLEE), TOM, ISAAC

KEN & CHARLENE DANIELS **KA, HC - '86**

As of June, they planned to go to Belgium for French studies.

90s

ANNETTE STEELE

CC - '90

Annette continues working at Joy Ranch with teenage girls from difficult homes but is considering a job change.

JONATHAN STEELE

CC - '93

Pray for complete healing and God's leading for his immediate future. He hopes to return to Philadelphia College of Bible in the fall.

UNKNOWN

BILL & GRACE HARDING

They wrote in April (before leaving for Ethiopia) that they are having a roller coaster of emotions: excited to go, yet ripped apart with the saying of good-byes to those they love so dearly. Underneath . . . they have the calm assurance that they are right in the center of God's will. They are anticipating another three-year term of ministry in evangelism and discipleship. Bill, as Outreach Coordinator for SIM Ethiopia, looks forward to continuing a conference ministry and working closely with the leadership of the Kale Heywet church.

ELIZABETH RICKER

BA & STAFF

She is the sixth grade teacher who grew up at Bingham and came back to teach. Unfortunately, she is going on furlough due to a severe case of hepatitis two years ago. She has never completely regained full strength.

BOB & GRACE THOMAS

The Thomases are preparing for a

discipling ministry with SIM in Bolivia. They have two boys.

DAN MAXSON

BA

Dan is presently in Ethiopia with a short-term team working at an orphanage and also is doing some ground work for the project his company is hoping to open in Addis Ababa: that of helping university students get employment by assembling computers for export.

STAFF

FRED & RACHEL (BLAKE)

CLARK - BA

They made a quick trip to Walla Walla for her family reunion July 1. Rachel had made a trip to Richland/Moses Lake/Walla Walla in May to visit family and to attend the annual hot air balloon festival.

ARDEN & HELEN STEELE

CC

In 1991, Arden was appointed Eastern Andes Area Director with SIM ministry responsibility in Bolivia and Paraguay. As Arden has had time, he has continued teaching in the Bible Seminary and the Bible Institute. He has also been involved in a family ministry at our church and in camping ministries. In SIM Administration, Arden works with a team of mission leaders. In Sucre, Helen home schooled our four children, and then our last year taught in the newly formed Sucre school. In Cochabamba, Helen has taught as needed in different areas enjoying the most the three years she taught kindergarten. The most recent years she has been the primary supervisor using her gifts to guide especially the new teachers. As a family we have all been involved in our local church. Helen and our children have been involved in the AWANA program as helpers and leaders.

MIRIAM (WEATHERS) STEPHENSON **KA**

I plan to go on a short-term medical missions trip to China in August with Volunteers in Medical Missions, an interdenominational mission. I believe God has prepared this opportunity for me to share His love with people who need to know Him.

PHYLLIS WAGNER

HC

Currently I am working in the Africa Harvest Projects and Coordination in Springfield, MO. We do just what that cumbersome title says: work on projects for the entire continent and coordinate programs and prayer for the continent. After my years at Hillcrest, I left in 1981 and went to Kenya. There I taught at Rosslyn Academy for a while and then at East Africa School of Theology. One of my Hillcrest students from the early '60s reminds me periodically, "When I first saw you, I thought you were old. You seem to get younger all the time." He is a grandfather now!

ART & ALICE WARKENTIN

KA

Art has been teaching a weekly Bible study, serves as an elder and is on the Missions Committee. Missionfest Vancouver is always an important ministry and Discovery Tours is helping Canadian Christians see the world at our doorstep. Alice continues her music ministry. Hosting a Christian Cruise to Alaska was a marvelous experience.



BALISKY FAMILY

Allen, BA - '84 & Beth and Sophie are in Mackenzie, B.C., where Allen

. . . CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE . . .

The Family Album

... CONTINUED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE ...

works for Fletcher Challenge Canada in forestry.

Loren, BA - '87 is in Vancouver, B.C., attending seminary at Regent College.

Kevin, BA - '88 is in Germany with the U.S. Army (Engineer Battalion).

DEKLERK FAMILY

Kevin & Anne, BA - '79 moved Feb. 2 to take up their duties with HCJB World Radio at the Engineering Center in Elkart, IN. The Lord provided their full support all within the last few weeks, as well as a very comfortable apartment to rent.

Jonathan & Jane, BA - '80 and their two girls work in Mafrq in the northern part of Jordan.

Bill, BA - '83 & Connie and their two girls are all well. They, like so many young couples, are just so busy.

DONALD FAMILY

Dianne, BA - '63 is a civil servant with the Ontario government.

Stephen, BA - '65 & Linda have three children: Ryan in twelfth grade, Jordan in ninth, and Michael in sixth. Stephen commutes in to the inner city each day to his actuarial work; Linda to her teaching.

Shirley, BA - '72 is doctoring in St. Thomas.

Grace, BA - '76 continues to nurse at Women's College Hospital.

EDIGER FAMILY

Duane, BA - '70 will be transferred to Kansas City in April and is glad to get out of Chicago.

Jo, BA - '73 has signed up to go to Ivory Coast with their church group. They needed 5 nurses to go for a week or so.

ENTZ FAMILY

Jeanette, BA - '73 is well into her

third year of studies in her four-year ThM program at Dallas Theological Seminary.

David, BA - '76 & Debbie live in Halstead, Kansas. Debbie works in the nearby hospital, and David has been Mr. Mom while job hunting. Landon is six, and Jordan is four.

Steve & Bernice (Entz) BA, HC, RV - '78 Schneider live in Jimma, about 250 miles SW of Addis. Being settled in their newly renovated home, they are now ready to begin Amharic Bible teaching. Christopher (4) and Natalie (2) have had one round of sickness after another.

David & Marion (Entz) BA - '79 Harris live in Eugene, Oregon, where David works with a utility company, and Marion is on the roster to substitute teach in nearby schools.

Doug & Sara Jo (Entz) BA, KA, RV - '85 Dickey live in LaVista, a suburb of Omaha. Doug continues to work with and teach computers in the Air Force, and Sara Jo cares for Allyson.

ERION FAMILY

Allan, BA - '80 & Kim keep very busy in their community. Allen travels doing trade shows for his company while Kim keeps the little troop organized. Zachary, grade two, is "The Reader"; Laurel, grade one, is "Miss Energy"; Stephanie is "Miss Petite"; and Joshua is "The Charmer."

Richard & Rhonda, BA - '81 welcomed Breanne into their family on December 22. Danielle adores her little sister even if she swings her too vigorously. The church which they started three years ago went self-supporting in April.

Glenn, BA - '84 & Heather keeps busy at Newbridge. Heather is the featured artist at the Ottawa Gallery this May.

FARGHER FAMILY

Jon & Lynda, BA, RVA - '80 in Kansas City, are both actively in-

involved in an American Baptist Church. Jon enjoys singing in the choir. He's setting up a home-based computer service business. Lynda is a Nurse Manager at Children's Mercy Hospital. She's also working on a Bachelor's degree at the local university. Chelsea is in grade one; Kayla, two years younger, is in nursery school.

Bill & Janice, BA - '82, and Becky (2) live in Brookview. Bill is an electrical engineer with Nova Gas Co. Janice works on a contract basis for the Auditor General's department for about 16-20 hours a week.

Diane, BA - '84 plans to teach half-time in September in grades one and two at Winterburn school. Her husband Tim is a technician with C-FER at the Alberta Research Park. One of the projects is the proposed under-ocean gas pipe. They have a daughter Ashtyn.

HODGES FAMILY

Norm, KA, HC - '78 & Melissa with Nicola (1) live in New Orleans, LA. Norm is a medical researcher in Tulane University Hospital.

Ken & Francis, KA, HC - '80 with Jill (5), Michael (4) and Megan (8 mo.) live in Victoria, B.C., Canada. Ken is minister of music at Central Baptist Church.

Alan, KA, HC - '82 & Alison with Kiri (4 mo.) live in Tokyo, Japan. Alan is Cable NBC Bureau Chief, and Alison is a freelance writer.

Don, KA, HC - '83 completed an MA in History in '94 and is working in Trade Division in the CIBC Bank in Halifax, NS, Canada.

Paul qualified as a commercial pilot in '91 and is working as a floatplane pilot for an Australian tourism company in Fiji.

JOHNSON FAMILY

Daniel, BA, & Monika with two year ol Katja live in Maputo, Mozambique.

... CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE ...

SIMROOTS STAFF

<u>EDITOR</u>	<u>CONSULTANT</u>	<u>CHANGE OF ADDRESS</u>	<u>BOOK BRIEFS</u>	<u>PAGE COMPOSITION</u>
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SIMROOTS REPRESENTATIVES

A class representative is responsible to keep his/her class addresses up to date, pursue missing classmates and addresses, and collect news for *Simroots*. A class rep. should also encourage attendance at reunions by letters and/or phone calls. Remember to send all News Updates, Open Dialogues, suggestions, etc. to Karen Keegan; address updates should go to John Price. Note: all addresses are U.S.A. unless otherwise indicated.

KENT ACADEMY & HILLCREST

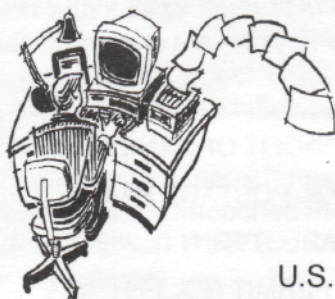
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SIMROOTS REPRESENTATIVES

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<u>ALL CLASSES</u> Rich & Janice Dunkerton 133 Cedar Lane Laurel, MJ 08021 (609).....784-0251	WEST AFRICAN		SAHEL	
	These schools need a representative. Would you be willing to consider being a class rep? If you would like to keep in touch with your classmates, here is an avenue already in place. All you have to do is write.			



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WHAT - Complete master, class, school, or any other lists are available on paper, mailing labels, or 3.5 " diskettes. Diskettes can be sent in most common database formats. Microsoft Access 2.0 in software is now available.

COST - Complete master list on paper: \$10.00.

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 Address City
 State/Prov. ZIP/Postal Code Country
 Phone # (Work) Phone # (Home)
 Fax # E-Mail #
 High school graduation year - 19 (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

Send changes to: John Price
 11010 Paradela Street
 Coral Gables, Florida, U.S.A.,
 33156

Thank you for your help keeping the list current!

HODGES . . . CONTINUED . . .

Don, KA, HC - '83 completed an MA in History in '94 and is working in Trade Division in the CIBC Bank in Halifax, NS, Canada.

Paul qualified as a commercial pilot in '91 and is working as a floatplane pilot for an Australian tourism company in Fiji.

JOHNSON FAMILY

Daniel, BA, & Monika with two year old Katja live in Maputo, Mozambique.

Steve, BA - '70 is in Portland, Tennessee.

David, BA - '80 & Giulia are in Nice, France, where they both teach at an international school.

JONES FAMILY

Larry, KA, HC - '76 & Gracie continue their jobs as teacher and nurse. Michelle and Christopher are busy junior high students and Tanya (4) keeps them entertained.

Grant, KA, HC - '82 is swamped in his job as a systems analyst at Fresno Pacific College. Marylyn has a part-time accounting job, and they plan a trip to Nicaragua on a mission assignment.

Kyon & Cindy, KA, HC - '84 have moved to Minot Air Force Base in N. Dakota. Kyon is a Second Lieutenant missilier, and Cindy found a full-time job with State Farm Insurance.

MCLELLAN FAMILY

Dave & Jane, BA welcomed Korissa into their family. Dave's firm ICI-Dulux asked him to come from Wellington, NZ, for three months' work experience in Melbourne. Jane brought Korissa up to Sydney in March for a couple weeks.

Keith & Mimi Fellows BA - '77 are preparing to return to Ethiopia in July with Seth and Karen. They are encouraged to hear of more than 200 recent converts near Shishenda where they work.

BRIEFS & REVIEWS

Books, Videos, Magazine Articles, Television Programs - keep sending in those titles of interesting items you have come across and

would like to share. A perfect way to share your treasures.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

by Jane Kurtz, illus. E.B. Lewis
Pub: Simon & Schuster, for ages 4-7

In the high and beautiful mountains of Ethiopia, there was once a shepherd boy named Alemayu. He and his sister lived as servants in the house of a bad-tempered and boastful rich man. Challenged by his master to spend a night

alone in the bitter cold air of the mountains, Alemayu courageously wagers his future. But when their master claims a false victory, Alemayu and his sister must outfox the rich man at his own game. With E.B. Lewis's richly expressive earth-hued watercolors, this is a moving and memorable tale of courage and devotion.

S.I.M. U.S.A.

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