

# SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

WINTER 1998

VOLUME 15 NUMBER 1

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Be sure to sign and then view the Guest Book.

## Kent Academy

THE EARLY YEARS

This issue is dedicated to Paul and Gerry Craig, founders of Kent Academy. We invite our readers from other schools to dedicate an issue to their founder or to a favorite teacher or care giver.

In our last issue, we appealed to the readers to send in memories and letters for the Craigs in honor of their faithfulness to MKs. If you still haven't written, it's not too late. As per our request, Gerry sent a copy of her memoirs, of which we include the following excerpts.

(See Open Dialogue for her present thoughts and current address.)

Paul knew what it was like to be a missionary kid. He was one. My [Gerry's] concern for MKs was born when a sophomore girl said to me, "My parents love the Nigerians more than they love me." Was this true, I wondered, or were MKs filled with self-pity?

As my friendship with Paul deepened into love during college, we talked about the loneliness of MKs and their need to be closer to their parents, at least on the same continent. We felt that God would have us establish a boarding school for MKs.

Kent Academy, which we named for one of the three founders of SIM, risked a modest beginning in the height of the wet season in 1946. Miango Rest Home, the old term for vacation spot, (where Mother and Dad Craig worked for so long) furnished two cottages and all meals for five children, Paul, and Olive Thrones, the



Left to right: Jimmy, Gerry, Paul, Nancy and Karen Craig

continued on page 2

## Excerpts from Religious Culture Shock

by Ruth Ellen (Frame) Van Reken (KA '63)

I knew something was different when I saw the lipstick.

"Mommy, is Aunt Susie a Christian?" I asked in a horrified whisper while following my parents down the gangplank from the S.S. *Nieuw Amsterdam* to the firm cement of the New York pier.

My mother continued smiling and waving at the woman who waved so energetically back at us from that sea of welcoming faces below.

"Of course she is," Mom replied from the side of her mouth. Her eyes remained fixed ahead with the smile still in place. "Why on earth are you asking?"

"But, Mom, . . ." I struggled to keep from getting separated as our fellow passengers pushed past us, also trying to hasten reunions with waiting relatives. "Look at her. She's got bright red lipstick on and she's wearing dangly earrings. She *couldn't* be a Christian.

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**Remember to put year of high  
school graduation and school(s) on  
all correspondence to *Simroots*.**

KA, continued from page 1

teacher. Paul had been told by Hector Kirk at the outset that there was no available builder for a school and no available money, but that the mission would pray for him. He needed it.

Early in his missionary experience, Paul learned that when God orders things, He pays for them. Dr. Halverson of the British Armed Forces, on holiday at the Rest Home, gave the first £10; missionary parents gave out of their meager allowances; classmates from Paul's college days sent money. Dr. Hursh, our eye doctor in Kano, gave £200 toward the first building. By the time the first official semester began in January 1947, KA had a building containing two classrooms and a dining hall and pantry, with a kitchen and a laundry building flanking it. Half a dorm stood at the far end of the compound, Mt. Sanderson forming its backdrop.

We spent the 2½ months after our wedding scraping together necessary items, sewing napkins and tablecloths, ordering bedspreads. Two weeks before the kids were to arrive, the experienced couple who were to supervise the dorms decided not to undertake the job. This was the beginning of my remedial course in trust. I knew I could not teach four grades, live with eight little girls in a cottage, and cook for fifteen chil-

dren and two adults. I could barely speak Hausa and didn't know much about cooking.

At this time, Irene and "Zeb" Zabriskie were spending a prolonged holiday from French country over at the Rest Home while Zeb recuperated from black water fever. One day I received a Callard and Bowser tin filled with homemade marshmallows. On the top was a note:

*"God hath not taught us to trust in His name,  
And brought us thus far to put us to shame."*

Love,  
Irene Zabriskie

Down through the years of insufficient staff, epidemics, money and food shortages, the little couplet has come back to me to remind me of the way it lifted my despair at the beginning of school. It was the harbinger of solutions. The Zebs felt led to come to help us begin the school. They stayed in the cottage with the boys; Paul and I with the girls. Irene managed the kitchen and laundry; Zeb and I divided the 16 children into 2 classrooms—he taking the older ones and I teaching the younger. Paul kept on building, planting fruit trees, learning the Iregwe language, and managing the compound.

Two great answers to prayer that year stand out in my mind. The large dorm was being built, and it needed \$2000 to buy the aluminum pan for the roof. The Lord used an SIM missionary, speaking on the Back to the Bible program, to cause a man in Nebraska to give \$2000 to KA.

The second answer to prayer will remain a dramatic lesson in God's timing to all who prayed and watched. The rains were coming. It was the end of March, and the dorm was complete except for the roof. The children and staff prayed. It rained in the towns surrounding us and in Miango village two miles away, but not a drop fell on the two acres of KA until the middle of April when the pan arrived. As the last of the ridding was being nailed in place, the first raindrops fell. The Miango farmers, when they saw the roof in place, said, "Now God will let it rain."

By May we were settled into the dorm. The traditions of Sunday letters home and afternoon walks were established. Helmets and rest hour after lunch (the unwritten laws of



Grandpa and Grandma Craig

expatriates in Nigeria) had to be observed of course. For infractions, there was lots of sand to sift. Down through the years of building, there was ALWAYS sand to sift and many youngsters to sift it. There should be a Sand sifters' Club in our alumni.

At the end of the first year of school, the Zebs and Craigs could thank the Lord for His protection and guidance. No serious epidemic or accident threatened us that year. Our single purpose



KA, June 1950 Recognize anyone?



for KA shaped everything we did, right down to the tables for four in the dining room. We wanted to make KA a home away from home, in which those children could grow as Jesus grew, in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God and man. We wanted them surrounded with love.

*[The story of the dam, running water, and electricity will be told in future issues of Simroots.]*

In the 1950s KA grew from about 30 to 100 students. We needed buildings; we needed to add teachers and home staff. We needed the land for housing. However, the British government was not allowing any more Plateau property to be leased to expatriates. Dad Craig, always a KA champion, had been praying with Mother Craig about our need. One day Dad was in Jos doing some shopping when he bumped into an Englishman, his friend from 1915 when he and his young wife had come to Nigeria to serve in the colonial government. Mr. Niven had held the position of Assistant District Officer, the lowest rung on the government career ladder. The Nivens were very lonely, especially the wife, and the Craigs had befriended them. When the woman became ill, Mother sent her bags of oranges and grapefruit from the mission compound. Their kindness to the couple had not been forgotten. Thirty-five years later and 200 miles north of Isanlu where the couples had first met, the man remembered Dad. By this time Mr. Niven was the district officer of our entire Plateau Province. Dad invited him out to Miango to tea and a tour of the Rest Home and school. Amazingly, he accepted.

In the course of the afternoon, Dad showed him the land that KA needed and asked if there were any possibility at all of obtaining it. Mr. Niven advised us to write a request to Lord Somebody, the governor of Northern Nigeria in Kaduna; he could only say no, and he might say yes. Certainly the land was needed, Mr. Niven observed. So the mission wrote the request and God intervened. Lord Somebody became ill and had to return to England. Mr. Niven was assigned to replace him. Thus the man who suggested that we request the land was transferred to Kaduna in time to grant the request.

God supplied two other men with specific skills to help with the expansion. The kitchens, dining room, office, and storage space all needed more room. Because the land fell away in this central spot, and because we needed to make the best use of our property, Paul drew up plans for a two-story building, one story in the front and an additional ground floor beneath the kitchens in the back. There would be space for storing meat and vegetables, pasteurizing and cooking many gallons of milk daily, and eventually a walk-in freezer.

This building would require steel girders and a welder to put them together. The Lord supplied both. A missionary had brought his wife to Jos because of illness, and the couple had to remain on the plateau for a few months. The man was a welder from Ohio. So the couple moved to KA and lived with us while the welding was completed.

The expansion also required more double deck beds and institutional kitchen equipment. In 1953 Paul and I went to Bob Jones University to speak at a chapel service. We learned that the school had bought army surplus, and we would be welcome to beds, stack ovens, huge mixers, and pots and pans. Paul returned to the school a few months later to crate it all for shipment to Nigeria. There it has served KA well. It was still in constant use when Paul returned in 1987.

In 1963 we went on furlough and never returned for family reasons. Paul and I went back to Case Western Reserve University to complete courses and practice teaching in order to qualify for secondary teaching certificates. Paul taught a few years and went on to own his own insurance agency until we moved to Chicago in 1972. He joined the Moody Church staff as Business Manager at first and then became Visitation Pastor until he retired in 1997. I taught in Shaker Heights, Ohio, for 6½ years and 18 years in a high school near Wheaton, Illinois.

# Good Shepherd Reunion

**Estes Park, Colorado, USA  
August 13-16, 1998**

Contact person:  
Judy (Coleman) Peterson  
1819 N. Street  
Ord, NE 68862 USA  
308-728-3463

**Attention Good Shepherd Alumni**  
**Betty Froisland would like to find someone from GSS who**  
**could help her identify which students in her**  
**database belong to your school!**

Betty Froisland  
2737 Sage Street  
Colorado Springs, CO 80907  
(719) 634-1435  
Blf@kktv.com



Gowan's Home kids



Christians don't do those things."

And thus, for me as an eight-year-old missionary kid, the religious culture shock of returning "home" began.

In addition to the common challenges virtually all third culture kids (TCKs) deal with when they enter, or reenter, their home countries, some TCKs also face additional challenges specifically related to their role as *missionary* kids. While my particular example of religious culture shock may seem extreme in these waning days of the twentieth century, most MKs can cite a similar moment. It is when they first realize that the way fellow believers in their home country express faith appears radically different from customs they've always known.

To properly understand these and other challenges specific to the reentering missionary TCK, we must first look at the missionary community itself. Paradoxically, many of the religious reentry challenges are the flip side of some of the greatest blessings MKs may experience in that community. Faith wouldn't seem so shallow at home if they hadn't seen it so powerfully lived out by missionaries all around them. On the other hand, some challenges arise from the particular idiosyncracies of any given group of missionaries. I wouldn't have worried about lipstick and earrings if those around me hadn't condemned them. So what are some of the characteristics of the missionary "third culture?" . . .

I, and countless other adult missionary kids, grew up in perhaps the epitome of what John and Ruth Hill Useem meant when they coined the term "third culture"—the world expatriates develop that is rooted in the home culture, lived out in the host culture, but, in the end, neither

fully one nor the other. It has developed a life and system of its own. The Useems called this an "interstitial culture"—a world between worlds.<sup>1</sup>

As a child, my specific third culture community of missionary expatriates defined its physical borders by the trim privet hedges growing in careful rows around the perimeters of our mission station. Within those friendly confines, we lived in houses made from sun-dried mud bricks that had been plastered with cement and covered with galvanized tin roofs. Each house fell into

## How do you figure out what is faith and what is culture?

careful conformity with the next one: yellow walls, dark green trim. One after another, these buildings popped up across the entire landscape of our station, yellow and green monuments standing sturdily among the *nim*, flame-of-the-forest, and frangi-pangi trees scattered across the usually dry, barren, brown earth. . . .

Ironically, ours wasn't the only mission compound that looked like this. Throughout the country, we knew we'd found "us" when that yellow house with dark green trim began to rise up over the horizon as we drove down a rutty road to the remotest station.

Reflecting on the orderliness of my childhood world now, it seems rather quaint, even a little silly. But that's one of the paradoxes. Undoubtedly, the degree of uniformity in our mission stifled the creative side of some of its members and most likely increased our culture shock when we returned to a wider world at home. On the other hand, that very uniformity

and orderliness gave me a deep sense of security and belonging throughout my childhood. There were some things you could always count on. It felt familiar and safe—like the feeling I had during the short rainy seasons when I curled up under my covers, listening to the staccato of the raindrops beating on our wonderful tin roof as I fell asleep. No matter the storm, I was inside and protected. . . .

No culture, however, has external uniformity alone. To be a functioning community, a group must also share deeper values and belief systems. Every culture develops its customs and mores based on that underlying value system. . . .

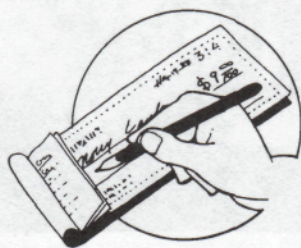
A missionary community is no different in this respect than any other. The only difference is that the values and beliefs that drive a missionary community are perhaps more objectively defined than in a secular one. . . . The religious community has its creeds, doctrines, and principles by which its members are to live, all clearly laid out. "Thou shalt. . ." "Thou shalt not. . ." All behavior is measured according to those tenets of faith.

Therein lies one of the major reasons for religious culture shock when MKs return to their home countries. Even shared core values will be lived out differently from one culture to another. For example, believers around the world may agree with the Biblical principle of dressing modestly, but the way people define or express "modesty" can differ dramatically. One culture thinks nothing of seeing a woman wearing a halter top and very short shorts in a store. Another culture would throw that woman in jail for indecent exposure. It considers a woman immodest who shows bare skin in public besides her eyes and hands.

How, then, do you figure out what is faith and

## Thank You, Donors

Thank you to the following people who have given donations to *Simroots* between July '97 and January '98. We apologize for any names omitted in error.



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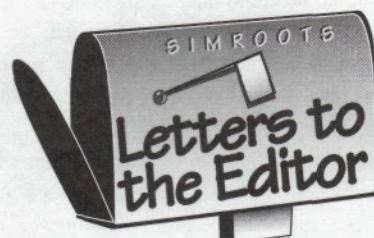
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R Oswald Zobrist



Dear friends at *Simroots*,

Thank you so much for your publication. Even though I don't know 95% of the people who appear in it (as I only attended KA from '82 to '85), I'm always excited when a familiar face or name appears on the page. I've enclosed a donation toward your expenses.

Beth Ockers



what is culture? Or how does a group of people from one culture, living in another, decide on the culturally appropriate standards for practicing the principles of their faith?

Undoubtedly, this is one of those places where a third culture community definitely has its roots in the home culture. Missionaries arrive overseas with their own operative cultural expressions of faith. Take the example of modesty again. When missionaries came to Nigeria in the 1920s, few women in the States wore lipstick. Those who did were considered "wanton women." Flashy, dangly earrings served as another sign of this decadence. Because of that, American women who wished to be modest at that time wore neither lipstick nor earrings. This makeup-free custom took root in our subculture as a transplant of the norms prevailing in American culture at that time.

But not all of a religious third culture's customs come from the home country. Many are also shaped by the mores of the local community. In respect for what is considered modest in the surrounding cultures, missionary kids are often told what they can and can't wear. At the time I was growing up in Africa, Nigerian women openly breastfed their babies, but no woman bared her legs in public or would think of wearing something as form-fitting as slacks. None of these cultural rules applied in the States, but we female MKs wore only dresses during those early years in Nigeria. We didn't want to

transgress local cultural norms.

From this mixture of messages, a new set of mores forms for the missionary subculture. Long after peers in the States wore lipstick with completely appropriate cultural modesty, most American women missionaries didn't because the "rule" had been established years before. As an adult, I lived in a missionary community in Liberia. By then, some Liberian women wore slacks for shopping and other events in town. Yet when a woman missionary wore slacks to a picnic, it touched off a furor among members in our mission community; this resulted in a new edict delineating exactly what was, and what was not, appropriate attire for all the community's members. The reasons for the rule about not wearing pants had long since been lost, but the rules were still operative. We had developed a culture unlike either home or host culture, but we all knew the rules for it. And this is what causes such a problem at reentry.

Although these written and unwritten rules originally emerge as attempts to express faith in a culturally appropriate way, as cultures change and rules remain unchanged, rules become synonymous with faith itself. In the end, they define who does or doesn't have faith. After I got past the lipstick and earrings on that pier in New York, my eyes bulged when I saw women shopping while wearing "short-shorts." Even more shocking were women at church socials in pants! How could they possibly do such things

and claim to have the same faith as I did?

But in another way, that specific, rule-based culture shock is perhaps among the most minor ones MKs ultimately face. After seeing my confusion, Mom took time later to explain that wearing lipstick had nothing directly to do with faith. But, since people had different opinions about it and the Bible also teaches us to live peacefully with others, we simply didn't wear it in Africa.

The far more difficult type of religious culture shock missionary kids experience relates to how substantive matters of doctrine—not just principles for behavior—are believed or expressed in the home churches compared to how the MK has always learned them. Differences in world views between cultures can result in markedly different interpretations of the same Scripture. For example, I grew up in a place where belief in spiritual powers, both good and evil, basically ruled everyday life. One form of power or the other could be invoked to take care of any situation needing some type of intervention. The Biblical accounts of demon-possession were no problem to believe because I commonly heard about demon-possessed people being set free by the power of God. It's just the way life was.

Upon returning to the States, I discovered that members of my own church explained away such Biblical accounts as "mental illness." They

continued on page 6

## From the Editor



Dear Readers,

As promised, I'm reporting on the results of using a mail service to handle our bulk mailing. I handed Kwik Mailers a disk with the database on it, and each address was quickly checked against a master list issued by the post office. Bad addresses were discarded, thus saving us return postage. They sent out all the U.S. mail bulk rate using our non-profit status through SIM, and sent all the Canadian mail first class. The results, I felt, were cost-effective and accurate. Finally, they sent all international mail to Charlotte, North Carolina, where the SIM office graciously agreed to handle it for us, getting the best rates possible and making use of the courier system.

As for using a local printer, I now have a greater appreciation for Laura's efforts to get this job accomplished! One question I still have: is it worth the expense of printing an envelope insert? How many of you used it that wouldn't

have remembered to donate otherwise? It doesn't appear to be cost-effective at this point. The suggestion was made to include one on a yearly basis only. Let me know your opinion.

And what happens to the newsletters that are undeliverable because the forwarding order has expired, or someone has moved with no forwarding address? The post office returns them to me, and *Simroots* pays 55¢ for each piece. We had about 75 pieces returned from this last mailing! Though we do get the benefit of receiving the updated address, you don't get the benefit of receiving the latest issue, so PLEASE remember to inform *Simroots* when you move. It'll save us money! And, of course, if you truly object to receiving it, tell us that, too, so we can remove your name from the mailing list.

The few who desired to be removed from our list this year cited a lack of interest in the schools that were featured. We would gladly highlight each school we represent, but we need writers to contribute the information. Tell us your news, your story, your memories of the early years of your school. If you have any leads for possible sources, please let us know. If you don't know your roots, isn't it time you found someone who does and get it recorded for posterity? I, for one, am eternally grateful for the godly foundation given to us through Paul and Gerry Craig. I took the school for granted while I was there, ignorant

until now of the foundation of faith on which KA was built. How thankful I am that I was not left in the mother country for four or five years (as Paul and his peers were) without seeing my parents. I hope that many of us find time in our busy schedules to reflect on where we would be without the loving leadership that paved our way. Get out that pen or lift up the phone and pay tribute to what Paul and Gerry and many others like them did for the MK cause. (Their address, p.7)

I, personally, find it fascinating to read biographies of other missionaries and MKs. That's why I included a book review of Murree Christian School in Pakistan. Though not an SIM school, I identified with many of the boarding school experiences, and I was excited to read of God's faithfulness in raising up a school for MKs. I think we can find tremendous encouragement in sharing the stories of others.

I am also very interested in hearing more from our readers outside the North American continent. Do you relate to Ruth Van Reken's article on "Religious Culture Shock"? What are some of your experiences in this area? With e-mail available, communication today is quicker and cheaper than ever. Send me your thoughts to include in the next issue of *Simroots*.

Sai an jima (until a little while),  
Karen Keegan



# BULLETIN BOARD

## LOOKING FOR YOUR CLASS REP?

If you are looking for your school or class representative's address or phone number, give Kimber Key or Karen Keegan a call. (See page 2)

## SIMROOTS NEEDS NEW COMPUTER

As of Feb., '98, we have \$1000 toward a new computer and printer. We need \$500 to \$1000 more. Can you help with this expense? Send all donations directly to *Simroots*, c/o Karen Keegan, 862 East 8th Street, Holland, MI 49423. We've decided to go with an IBM if possible rather than to try to upgrade the Mac. We need to get the database off Scott's computer and on to *Simroots*'. Also, Karen needs to get e-mail at home before this summer when she loses access to it at work.

NEW Bingham Academy Website  
<http://bingham.bsmgr.com>  
 Steven Ely (BA '80)

## Other Websites

Carachipampa Christian School  
<http://www.sim.org/ccs/>

Good Shepherd School  
[www2.coastalnet.com/~a5w7i8wl](http://www2.coastalnet.com/~a5w7i8wl)  
 (note: the last character is an "el" not a "one")  
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told me this supposed demon possession actually represented an attempt by "superstitious people" to explain what we now recognize as mental illness. That presented a real problem for me. While I often wondered at the arrogance that presumed that only Americans and their "scientific" minds knew the true nature of this world, I also realized that the two opposing views couldn't both be right. How did I know which one to choose? These types of encounters ultimately shook me to the core of my faith. Again, this is a paradox, for while these problems made life confusing and difficult for some years, I finally had to determine whether I believed what I believe only because I'd been taught this way, or if, in fact, I believed because I truly *believe*. Whatever the final outcome of this process, it has lifelong consequences for MKs.

Another big difference between home and host cultures for many MKs is the intensity of how faith is expressed. I grew up seeing people's lives radically changed when they became Christians. In fact, many put their lives on the line to do so. To me, African Christians were brave, fearless believers who gloried in their newfound faith. In America, most Christians I knew then seemed to have been raised in the faith. They were glad about Jesus, but the radiant joy and excitement my African friends expressed about the overwhelming change in their lives often wasn't there.

A related shock for many MKs occurs when they come from countries where people openly talk about faith. In those places "Praise the Lord" or "If God is willing" are everyday expressions in normal conversation. Meanwhile, back at "home" anything remotely relating to religion is considered intensely private.

Some religious culture shock, of course, is simply an extension of what TCKs in general face upon reentry. . . .

For David, an MK from India, the padded pews, plush carpets, and pipe organs of his church in the States seemed to put God at a far greater distance than worshipping under a thatched roof on a mud floor in his beloved India. Seeing males and females sitting together throughout the service amazed him. In India, males sat on the right side of the aisle, females on the left. . . .

Of course, how churches and fellow believers spend money is a big issue for many MKs. They are used to working and living with the poor and being relatively poor themselves. To know that thousands of dollars are being spent to change the curtain colors or add a slightly bigger stove in the church's already seemingly well-equipped kitchen, can seem unconscionable to an MK.

"Why isn't that money being spent to feed the poor or pay for a blind man to get his cataract operation?" Some MKs stop going to church altogether over such things. . . .

For missionary TCKs, home leave is often another paradoxical experience. . . .

Because missionary families receive donations for their support, not only do MKs have to behave in the host cultures, but they have to keep a lot of people happy with them in order to go back at all. As the saying goes, "He who pays the piper calls the tune." And, because faith is expressed in so many cultural ways, when MKs don't know the local cultural mores, it becomes easy to offend the donors who have been supporting their family. They've also learned that it doesn't always take much to offend. . . .

Times have certainly changed since my days as an MK. . . .

But one thing hasn't changed — the reason [the missionaries] went. Missionaries believe God has asked them to do this. That underlying reason still guides and shapes everything else. Perhaps, in the end, understanding and respecting that core foundation still causes me the greatest dissonance when I am back in my own culture. For many Americans, the idea that a person would sacrifice personal pleasure and comfort for such a reason seems almost mockable. "Probably it's just a bad case of co-dependency," or "They couldn't make it here anyway." And I think, "You really don't know, do you?" Yes, there are failings and shortcomings as in any community, but perhaps the greatest gift I've received as an MK is that of watching people who have dared to live for something grander, something more than their own comfort and pleasure. It's not always so easy to find here at home anymore. I'm glad I've seen it somewhere.

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*Strangers At Home* (see Book Reviews)

## Notes

1. Ruth Hill Useem, "Third Cultural Factors in Educational Change," in *Cultural Factors in School Learning*, ed. Cole Brembeck and Walker Hiler (Lexington, MA: D.C. Heath, 1973), p.122.

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Gerry and Paul Graig

I [Gerry] wrote the account of our Africa years so that our own children would see the faithfulness of God. The KA kids of the 1940s and '50s prayed with us and watched God's answers to prayer. We have a box of letters from our KA kids which we have received over the years. We treasure them.

We understand that some of our kids have had a very difficult time in their adult lives, coming to terms with their childhood. It was very hard for them to leave home at six and go off to boarding school. Paul knows because he was left in Collingwood when he was five, and he saw his parents only every four or five years. His mother cried all the way across the Atlantic on the boat, she said. Our missionary parents made a huge sacrifice too. Many of our KA parents took a leap of faith, trusting their children to two inexperienced young people, ages 23 and 27. The only qualifications we had were a deep love for those children and a desire to do what we could to reduce their pain of separation. At least they could be on the same continent with their parents and see them three or four times a year rather than once every four years.

Once I asked one of my daughters if she had forgiven the Lord for calling her parents to build KA and share their home with other people's children. (She had.)

I think the lines fell to us in pleasant places, to paraphrase the Ps.16:6. Where on this side of the Atlantic would most of us have had miles of rolling hills filled with streams and wild flowers? Rocks to climb. Axe heads to find. Extinct volcanos at our

back door. A swinging bridge to jump on and scare timid roommates. Eyeballs of pigs to take into school to create a guaranteed interruption in class. Marionettes to make and learn to operate. Roommates to have secrets with and dorm parents to keep secrets from. Mosquito nets for saving beetles in. Private planes for flying to and from school. Herds of elephants to fly over. Gingerbread villages to demolish if you were the last to leave at Christmas.

Oh, well, you get the picture, and you probably have a list of your own to add to mine. All of us, old and young, had tough things to face up to, but that's life. God gives us the grace to get past them. He gave us joy and beauty too.

Paul and Gerry Graig  
1815 Marion Court  
Wheaton, IL 60187

## CONGRATULATIONS



**Carol Lilly (KA, '78)** to James J. Reichert on September 6, 1997. They now reside in Portersville, PA.

**Deb (Forester) Wilson** to Robert Wilson on November 13, 1997. They now reside in Tulsa, OK.

## Births

Sarah Nicole to Daniel and **Rebecca (Buck) Holcomb (EL, ICA '87)** on April 30, 1997. She joined Tiffany Michelle (Jan. 10, '94).

Michael Chaz to Mark and **Marj (Frame) Lewis (KA, HC '75)** in April, '97. He joined Matthew and Monica.

Julianna Sarah to Dave and **Trinka (Guy) Rogers (KA, HC '73)** on October 28, '97. She joins Becky (19), Christie (13), and Jonathan (9).



## GOD NUMBS A MOTHER'S HEART

by Lila Balisky from Joyful in My God  
Lila wrote this poem in Ethiopia when seven-year-old Allen, her firstborn, came home from vacation after his first term at Bingham Academy.

He's home again,  
my boy, my son.  
Oh, dear God, he's been gone so long.  
Tonight I sat beside him on the bed  
while he was sleeping  
just to look and watch . . .  
thinking of times past  
and  
times to come  
and cried praises that now, tonight,  
he's home!

His place at our table makes the  
family circle full.  
The food to cook is more  
and there are the extra dirty clothes  
strewn on the floor  
like it used to be.

He's grown so much since he left  
home—  
knows much more of living,  
knowledge, humor,  
knows you better, too, I sense,  
has grown in confidence.  
Strong,  
but still so young  
to be away from home.

My mother heart begs that  
he might stay,  
but when he's gone  
we always keep a place his own:  
his special drawer, shelf of  
treasures,  
his bed made in his room  
so he could come at any time.  
But tonight, he's home!

God numbs a mother's heart  
so while he's gone  
we all get used to an empty bed  
and it's almost—dare I say it—  
like he's dead.  
What does my boy think to  
come home again?  
And will he go away with peace?





Gowan Staff 19--



Above: the Swinging Bridge near Miango



Left: Ruth (Bishop) Goasdone, Karen (Segger) Keegan, Lila (Price) Spencer, Sue (Long) Hammack 1961 at Leopard's Claw Rock on a Sunday hike.

Below: Ruth, Karen, Lila and Sue in the same positions at the Hillcrest/SIM reunion 36 years later.



**M**y son Tony was in kindergarten last year. I volunteered to do lunch duty one day a week at his school so his teacher could have a proper lunch break. The 18 kindergarten children were out of control. They would not sit in their seats. They threw food or swiped or touched each others' food . . . you get the picture. No amount of shouting, threats or pleading for better behavior seemed to touch them. One day I got a brilliant "idea." I cut some heavy paper into 4-inch squares and took them with me to school. Then before the kids and I went out of the classroom to the lunch area, I explained the rules. Stay in your seat, keep your hands to yourself and use a quiet voice. OTHERWISE A CORNER OF YOUR TAG WILL BE TORN OFF. Wow, what a different lunch period we had that day!!! Only 4 corners were torn off (3 of them were boys) and they quickly got the idea. Why does it work? (Why did it work for us at KA?) Who cares. It does and it did.

Grace Anne (Segger) Swanson  
(KA, HC '67)

## Second verse to the song "Be A Missionary"

Be a missionary every day.  
Learn to eat whatever comes  
your way.  
If it's ants down in your cereal,  
or roaches in your coke,  
Just don't let it bug you, but  
eat it till you choke.

So, be a missionary  
every day.  
It may stink, but eat it anyway.  
It may be warm and fuzzy, and  
sometimes it still moves, but  
You don't need a skillet,  
Chew it till you kill it,  
Be a missionary today.  
Let's eat!!



# Excerpts from letters to Paul and Gerry Craig

... I recall when ... Gerry arrived from America complete with wedding trousseau. In her trunk of treasures was a dress for a flower girl. There were only three of us girls in school that first year, and hopefully it would fit one of us. What excitement taking turns to try the dress on. What joy to realize it would be me.

Now it's 50 years since Paul and Gerry were married. These are the Golden Years—Congratulations. Thank you so very much for your years of commitment to all of us. ...

Ruth Eitzen, '57

... Aunt Gerry would read us stories in the evenings like *Tanglewood Secret* and stories in the Bible during devotions. Many times we met in her living room as she shared heart-to-heart talks. I found her to be kind and sensitive to the needs of the girls and a good listener. ... Uncle Paul was a very good jack-of-all-trades and very patient with us girls. ...

Mary Ann (Nielson) Steele, '59

... It is quite impossible to put into words just how very much you mean to me. Just a few of the many reasons I thank the Lord for you:

✦ Aunt Gerry's patience with each one you taught piano lessons to

✦ Your patience with groups of us while preparing for the Christmas and spring programs (Do you remember trying and trying to get me to "cackle" appropriately as the witch for the Hansel and Gretel puppet play? I can still do it!)

✦ You were always a "class act" in the way you dressed, fixed your hair, carried yourself, etc.—a great model for all of us girls; but you never came across as being "superior" to us ... quite an art!

✦ Uncle Paul's famous and fun Sunday afternoon walks

✦ Your frequent, ready and encouraging smiles ...

Toni (Strong) Hoey, '60

... Many of my KA memories involve the environment and opportunities Uncle Paul and Aunt Gerry and the rest of the staff created. Lessons in manners and deportment: standing up in an assembly and practicing shaking hands and saying, "How do you do?"; parties with great treats and decorations, especially Halloween; programs bringing together art, acting, singing, instrumental music, providing great satisfaction both to the audience and to the participants. (I remember the wonderful puppet show of Rip Van Winkle and the joy of breaking a number of clay pots as the Old Crockery Vendor in "How Boots Befooled the King.") Walks every Sunday so that the scrubby, rock-filled land became a part of us

... Uncle Paul greeting people in the Miango dialect, "Bunga ... Bunga ho ..." as we walked or climbed. Sessions in the Common Room for the "big girls," discussing a book called *Young Only Once*. Being counseled about the choices we would face and warned that "Self-pity leads to bitterness, and bitterness leads to rebellion." Training in responsibility, taking care of a room of little girls, washing their hair, cutting their nails, helping them make their beds, hopefully providing some comfort to homesick ones.

I hope that our dear Uncle Paul and Aunt Gerry and their family can, in the words from Isaiah 53, whose memorization was another KA benefit, "see of the travail of [their] soul[s] and be satisfied" and remember that "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love." And neither are we, your KA children.

Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen, '66

... As I was walking along the edge of the upper playground, I was hit broadside by Bill McDougall who was racing down to supper with another upperclassman. This sent me airborne landing in a heap and breaking my arm just outside the elbow joint. Paul Craig then picked me up, carried me over to the infirmary and drove me into Jos hospital to have the fracture set and stabilized in a cast.

This memory speaks to me about many

issues. Primarily I recall you as a diligent and faithful acting father when many children were unable to have their parents nearby. This was especially important to me because I never knew my own father. I regard your leadership at KA as setting a strong tradition of caring, fairness and involvement which in my memory was faithfully carried on by Jack Phillips and Bill O'Donovan. I am profoundly grateful for the watchful community care I received at KA and shudder to think of my lot should I have been raised by a widow with four young children back in the impersonal western world. God bless you and your cohorts for setting and following through on strong Christian foundations. Finally, in this particular instance, I thank you for your speed in doubtless other pressing circumstances in delivering me to appropriate care and prevent what could have been a chronic ailment.

I must admit that my associations with Gerry were not nearly as well developed or memorable probably only because I was a boy. I do remember tag day presided over by the Mother of all Manners. I have used this experience many times to remind my children of THE correct way to behave and that I am an alumnus of that school.

I have only the fondest of memories of Kent Academy and still regard this proudly as the home that I hail from. I thank you for your integral part in making such a happy foundational experience for me and my life.

Ernest Hodges, '71

... We personally want to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation and thanks for the tremendous impact Paul and Gerry had on our lives since our paths first crossed over 40 years ago. We joined the KA staff after a short two months of language study at Minna in 1955—and what rookies we were—how little we knew—and how much we had to learn! Paul and Gerry graciously welcomed us, guided us, integrated us into the work, challenged us with responsibilities, expanded our vision, and taught us by word and example what it meant to be a part of the KA family. ...

Jack and Dorothy Phillips, Staff



# NEWS UPDATES

Catch up on the latest news of adult SIM MKs, teachers, and care givers. Remember to send your letters to your class rep. or to **Karen Keegan, Simroots Editor, 862 East 8th St., Holland, MI 49423**, call **616-396-6999**, or e-mail: **kkeegan@davenport.edu**. Please include the name(s) of your school(s), 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

## 50s

### MARY ANN (NIELSEN) STEELE (KA '59)

My husband John and I have been married 30 years and met at Fullerton Jr. College. We were missionaries with World Vision from 1977-'79. John was business manager for West Africa. We have two sons. Kurt, who is 29 years old, works for Trident Co. and lives in Carlsbad, CA. Kevin, who's 26 years old, is married to a Mary Ann, lives in Augusta, GA, and is associate pastor of a Southern Baptist Church. October 17 Hannah Elizabeth was born, so we are very proud first-time grandparents.

My husband works as Fiscal Director of Business Finances for Saddleback District in Mission Viejo, CA. He's been there for 13 years and has his degree, a BA in accounting and an MBA in business administration. I have worked as a CNA for Tri-City Hospital Convalescence Homes and private duty home care. I am also an artist in watercolor and acrylic painting and have sold several paintings. My specialty is humming-birds and flowers.

My dad lost my mom in 1989 and recently got married again at age 81 to a wonderful lady: Anne Siemens. Anne had never been married before. She spent 30 1/2 years in India working at an orphanage for blind girls. Their wedding took place June 14 in Vancouver, B.C., Canada. We are very thrilled for their happiness in each other. My dad is visitation pastor of First Baptist Church and works with the chaplains of Tri-City

Hospital in Vista. My dad lives 3 miles from us.

We attend the same church and are quite active in ministries. John is on the financial committee, attends Bible Study Fellowship for men, and has taught Wednesday night Bible study. Mary Ann is an Awana Guard leader and also involved in the ladies' Bible study. I would like to say to all MKs out there: experiences in life are training grounds to bring out character strengths later in life. Good memories are choices for good—I choose to look on my background in Nigeria and K.A. as some of the best recollections of my life.

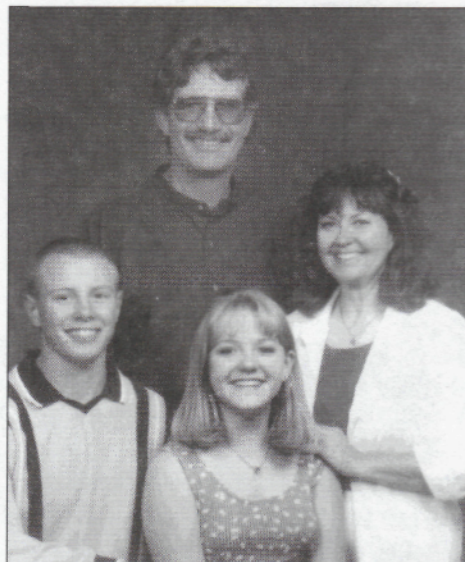
## 60s

### WARWICK & ANNETTE (DE LA HAYE) COOPER (KA '64)

Warwick is a Fellowship Baptist Church pastor who for the past several years has served at the East Kildonan Baptist Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba. He and Annette now serve at the Faith Baptist Church in Windsor, ON.

### MEL & CAROL (HURSH) CRIDER (KA, HC '64)

Carol has formed a company called Sweetwater Sprouts, of which she is CEO. This



Mel & Carol, Perry, Chelsea

company produces specialty sprouts to the local grocery store chain and gourmet restaurants in

Grand Junction, CO. She also helps her husband Mel on their 160-acre farm. They have 2 children: Perry (16) and Chelsea (13), both of them A students and active in school sports.

### CHUCK & DOREEN FRAME (KA '65)

Chuck's mom Betty (HC staff) writes: Chuck went to Nigeria to represent the family at the dedication of the Charles Frame Memorial Chapel at the Jos ECWA Theological Seminary. I was proud of him as I listened to his talk on the video he brought back, and happy to see and hear from many friends from long-ago days. Doreen kept the home fires burning for Melissa and Vanessa, with Teresa and Andy Carbery nearby too.

### LANCE LONG (KA, HC '67)

*From the Internet:* I just returned from 2 months in Latvia. Where in the round world is THAT? A former Soviet "republic," Latvia is one of the three Baltic countries. It is east of the Nordic countries and shares a border with Russia. I was over there teaching in the Pastors' Training Center. Since the fall of the Soviet Union, underground churches have come to the surface. Many pastors and other church leaders have a wide breadth of Biblical knowledge but not much depth. They have not had the resources available to them that we take for granted. They are hungry for the Word. Conditions there were somewhat primitive. We were at the mercy of the building owner for heat. In the apt., we got heat at the end of October. At the school, we got heat in the first week of November. At the school, it didn't make much difference. We still taught wearing jackets and sometimes gloves. Latvia is a country of contrasts. I spent my time in Riga, the capital, and surrounding areas. The contrasts that tell the story are cobblestone streets and Mercedes Benz automobiles, 50-year-old train cars packed with workers and someone talking on a cell phone, chic young women in mini-skirts walking past little grannies begging for pennies on the sidewalks. But it was a great experience. So much so that I am going back as a full time missionary. Beginning January 20, I will be taking Russian language instruction at Arizona State University. In the summer, I hope to take an intensive course to get me ready to communi-



cate as soon as I return. Then once there and with Russian solidified, I will take Latvian at Latvia University. Everyone over 15 years of age speaks Russian, which is still the lingua franca of the 15 countries of the former USSR. I will also be raising support during the next 8 months and writing lessons. I have 58 weeks of lessons to write in the next few months. In addition, I have been designated a member of the board of directors of the Pastoral Training Centers of Europe, which formally came into existence over coffee in a Riga snack bar two weeks ago. Along with that came the responsibility of directing the European expansion of PTC, especially in Eastern Europe, and more specifically in Russian-speaking Europe. I'll be living in the Phoenix area for the next eight months. Since ASU is in Tempe, I'm going to try to find an apartment there. My younger son is going to come stay with me for the second semester of his school year, so I'm really looking forward to that. My older son just got out of the army and is living with his mother in Indiana. My daughter lives in the Phoenix area. As of right now, I can be contacted at 602-580-0317. If I can speak at your church or group, and I am in your part of the country, holler.



**PAUL SEGER (KA, HC '69)**

After serving as a missionary in South Africa for 17 years, my family and I are now living in Atlanta, GA, where I am serving as the General Director of Biblical Ministries Worldwide. Check us out at [www.BiblicalMinistries.org](http://www.BiblicalMinistries.org)

## 70s

### LLOYD & DARLENE (RASHLEIGH) OPPEL (BA '73)

We are missionaries with OMF International in Thailand. We have 3 children. We have been involved in Thai church planting, language and orientation for new missionaries and are presently involved in ministries into Burma, China, Laos and N. Vietnam.

### BILL & JILL ZOBRIST (KA '73)

Bill began a new job with the Pasadena Unified School District. He works as a custodian at our very own school. The boys are thrilled to have Daddy working at their school and enjoy receiving little notes in their desk/cubbie as he cleans their rooms each evening. Bill also works part-time for a man, helping him to clean up and work on his different properties. We continue to worship at Altadena Baptist Church and to involve ourselves in different ministries there. Jill has applied to become a substitute teacher. She's on the PTA at school and works as S.S. superintendent at church. They have Benjamin in kindergarten and Joel in second.

### FAITH (VERLEE) SHIVES (KA '75)

In 1994 I signed a contract with a dating agency where I met my husband, Mark, to whom I have been married for 11 years. He grew up in Poland, Ohio, a suburb of Youngstown. He graduated from Youngstown University. His work specialty is computer software. He is currently employed by BDM Technologies, whose headquarters are in MacLean, VA. Mark's BDM office is in Livonia, MI, a suburb of Detroit.

In 1981 I graduated from Hope College in Holland, MI, with a bachelor's degree in German. I currently work 15 - 30 hours per week as a bagger at Farmer Jack's. I have to work part time

because fatigue or lack of sleep may induce my epilepsy seizures.

Mark encouraged me to take up Tai Chi Ch'uan, an ancient Chinese form of self-improvement, health improvement, moving meditation, and self-defense. I've been learning and practicing it now for 8 - 9 years. As soon as I started, I noticed a marked improvement in my health. My number of seizures reduced drastically. Before Tai Chi, I used to have around 20 or more seizures every 4-6 months. On average now I only get one every two months. Also my interstitial cystitis flare-ups drastically reduced. Before TC, I was having an average of 10 - 20 IC flare-ups per year. Now I'm averaging 2 per year. I have to be seizure free for 6 months before I can get a driver's license again.

### JIM & BARBARA (STEELY) FORD (KA, HC '77)

*From the Internet:* They currently live in Phoenix, AZ, with 4 dogs and (thank goodness) a BIG back yard! Recently enjoyed 2 delicious mangoes (just to make all you non-Arizonans jealous!).

### TIM KIETZMAN (KA, HC '77)

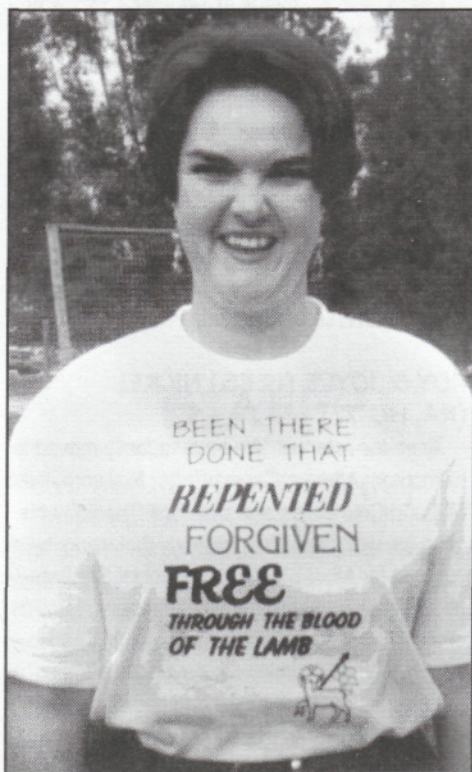
*From the Internet:* I am so excited to see everyone getting back together after such a long time away. It's almost like the repatriation of the Jews to Palestine. Anyway, let me tell you what has been going on in my life since I left Nigeria in the summer of 1977.



The Latvian pastor (left) and Lance Long (right)



Lance arriving in Latvia



Debb (Forster) Wilson



I came home to Wheaton, IL, where I stayed with my mother's sister's family before starting my first year at Wheaton College as a chemistry major and premed. My cousins could not get around all my weird mannerisms, and I gained a new nickname, "Kai Hubba!" Wheaton was the most mind-expanding experience I think I have had yet. I was continually amazed at how I was being accepted unconditionally by those around me. I grew emotionally and spiritually. I think it was the only period in my life where I have been able to have a consistent daily devotions. For any of you that have not seen me since my high school days . . . I grew six inches in college! I am now 6' 5"! Yep, little old scrawny Kietzman is now a giant!

Early in my senior year I met Laurel Irish, who also was a chemistry major one year behind me. We got married one week after she had graduated, and both of us were on Army Scholarships for Medical Antonio at Fort Sam Houston's Brooke Army Medical Center for Internship and Residency. Laurel specialized in Emergency Medicine while I specialized in Ophthalmology (I wonder why?!). After residency we were moved to Ft. Hood in central Texas. We had not been there 2 months before Saddam Hussein did his thing to Kuwait, and I found myself part of Operation Desert Storm. It was mostly boring, but those 100 hours were very intense. During those boring times, I had a chance to study for my boards. I thank God I passed them, because that year was the last year that would not have to recertify every 10 years. By this time we had had 2 boys and one on the way.

I went back to Nigeria in 1992 for 2 weeks and did not like what I saw. I should have taken Laurel. I was hoping the Lord would kindle a love in my heart for the people, but to be brutally honest, the opposite happened. It seemed that everything good we had done physically in that country was being trashed because they did not know any better or they simply did not care.

Well, through many small details, the Lord lead me to S. Georgia, where we now reside.

kietzman@surfsouth.com

#### ROY & JOYCE (LEES) NICKEL (KA, HC '77)

*From the Internet:* We have recently moved to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, after Roy completed M.A.s in Counseling and Historical Theology. He got a job working with an agency that works by contract for Alberta Family and Social Services—he directs a program that helps preserve families in crisis, so the whole exercise of getting education in counseling seems to have paid off.

Because of God's grace and provision, we were able to buy a house here. We have heard some good reports about how the reunion went. Another connection from the past—we have

been house-sitting (for 1.5 months) the house of Dan Dudgeon—KA, circa 1969.

103600.353@compuserve.com

## 80s

#### ALAN SHEA (EL, IC '86)

On Sept. 14, I flew out of Buffalo, NY, for Abidjan and Bouaké, Côte d'Ivoire, via Detroit and Amsterdam. Seeing Africa for the first time since 1990 released a flood of memories and emotions. Until I actually got on the airplane, I had been too busy getting ready to get excited about going!

I was planning to study French in Switzerland this fall, but this was delayed for lack of support. So, at the invitation of International Christian Academy, in just two weeks I prepared for this three-week work and vision visit.

Besides a few clothes, my 10 pieces of luggage were filled with a "new" used telephone system, computer equipment, software, and a thousand assorted parts for critical technical needs at ICA. Thankfully, the Lord got this mountain of supplies waved through the Abidjan customs inspection!

I was able to spend several days in Abidjan visiting my parents.

The objectives of this trip: (1) Help ICA with critical needs in telephones and computer network. (2) Survey what the long-term needs are in both areas for planning and purchasing. (3) Invigorate my support-raising so I can get French study completed and return to ICA by Aug., '98.

*Alan is stepping down from class rep. for ELWA and ICA. Any volunteers to replace him?*

## UNKNOWN YEAR OR SCHOOL

#### BETH OCKERS (KA)

I graduated from Taylor U. with a degree in French Education. I had planned to go to seminary in the fall, but felt God calling me instead to stay at home and disciple girls in my church. Now I can see that God was using my experiences with youth during student teaching and throughout this year to equip me for the task ahead. For the '97-'98 school year, I plan to be a T.E.A.M. (The Evangelical Alliance Mission) missionary at Black Forest Academy, an MK school in Germany. I will be serving as an RA (Residence Assistant) in the dorm. I'm very excited about this opportunity, as I love discipling junior high and high school girls.

*(What's your grad yr., Beth?)*

# FAMILY ALBUM

#### DRIEDIGERS

*(We need some current addresses)*

**Mark (KA '71)** & Vickie have two sons, Joel and Daniel. Mark and **David** (his brother) work together in Pacific Coast Masonry—a company that David owns.

**Ruth (KA '74)** Her husband David Widdicombe is a minister in an Anglican church.

**Rachel (KA '76)** has her Masters in nursing and works in Vancouver General Hospital. Her husband Alistair Lavery is a civil engineer.

**Rebecca (KA '79)** & Gary Able have a son Jordan. They work at property management in Vancouver, BC.

#### DYES

**Ruth Racey (BA, GS '77)** My husband Darrell teaches English in a university in Egypt. We have 4 very active children: Amber (9), Joshua (7), Jonathan (6), and Sarah (3). They do not speak the language, and are not particularly excited about the culture here. As parents, it is a challenge for us to help them over these hurdles. But we are seeing God's blessing in our lives and are grateful to be here.

My parents, Merle and June Dye, came to visit us last month (May '97). We enjoyed climbing Mt. Sinai and snorkeling in the Red Sea together. I would like to hear more news from all the Bingham alumni out there!

**Mari (BA '79)** lives in Columbia, S.C. She is married to Micah Tyson, an engineer with MCI. They have 3 girls, a house, and a dog.



Beth Ockers



**Mark (BA, RV)** is with UWM living among the Turkana in Kenya. He designed and built the pre-fab houses the team lives in. Mark and Annemarie have 3 sons.

**Katherine (BA, RV '82)** is married to David Andes, living in Columbia, SC. She is an elementary ed. teacher. David is studying for his MA at CIU and teaches tennis.

**Mike ('90)** is teaching Bible in public high schools (!) in Concord, NC. The name of his future wife has not yet been revealed to him.

## ELYEAS

**Dan (KA '59)** is living in Okeechobee, FL. He is managing engineer of Family Radio shortwave station which carries the Gospel around the world (WYFR). Peggy helps in church secretarial work. Two daughters are married and two are on their own. Their son is living with them.

**Frances** was widowed 9 years ago and is living just south of Marshall, MI. She works for State Farm Insurance Co. Her son is in college.

**Thomas (KA)** is living near Kalamazoo, MI. He is a local truck driver and a pulpit supply when needed. Jill is a nurse, and they have one daughter married, one son married, and one son at home.

**Douglas (KA '66)** is a printer in Grand Rapids, MI. Sheila is a homemaker and works as a secretary. They have one son on his own, a son and daughter in college.

**Shirley** is a homemaker, living in Versailles, MO. Ken is a farmer and an expert hydraulic mechanic. They have one son and one daughter married and two daughters at home with them.

**Iva (KA '71)** lives in Tacoma, WA, and is a homemaker. Jerry is in the Air Force and has been on assignments both in S. Korea and Japan this year. They have 3 daughters, two at home and one in college.

**Lorna (KA)** lives near Wauchula, FL. She is a homemaker and an Avon lady. Louie is a Security Officer in a prison where Lorna's dad Harry works as chaplain. They have two daughters and one son.

**Tim (KA '75)** is a caretaker in a large church near Grand Rapids, MI. Julie is a secretary in a Bible College. They have 3 sons and one daughter, all living at home.

**Roxy ('78)** lives in Wauchula, FL. She is a bookkeeper in her husband, John W. H. Burton's law office. They have one married daughter, one son on his own, and a son and daughter at home.

## HODGES

**Norm (KA, HC '78)** & Melissa are in Celista, BC. He is changing careers from lab tech to computer tech.



From Sherril McElheren's little photo book:

Clockwise from far left: (1) Lillian Power (2) Carol Hursh (3) Ruth Ockers, Carmen Learned, Priscilla Dreisbach, Judy Pollen (her "little kids") (4) Marcia Edwards (5) (back row) Ruth Smith, Pat Hursh, Jo Soderberg, Mona Veenker, Charlotte Richens (front row) Lillian Power, Phil Jacobson, Anne Dreisbach and (?)

**Frances (KA, HC '80)** & Ken are at Briercrest where Ken is on the faculty of music.

**Alan (KA, HC '82)** & Alison are in Tokyo, Japan. Alan is bureau chief for Canadian National Broadcasting Co.

**Don (KA, HC '83)** is in Halifax working for Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce.

**Paul (KA, HC '87)** flies float planes for Turtle Airways in Fiji.

## HUSBANDS

(We need some address updates)

**Steven (KA, HC '74)** & Tracey live in Richmond, WA, and have Jordan (15), Joshua (12), Jenica (11) and Joseph (4).

**Dan (KA, HC '76)** & Laurie live in Three Hills, Alberta, and have Adam (12), Brett (10), and Tiffany (9).

**Bonnie (KA, HC)** and Brent Hougestol live in Calgary and have Danielle (6), Nicolas (4) and Amber (1).

**Pauline (KA, HC '82)** & Danny Platt are also in Alberta and have Jody (13) and Stephanie (11).

## MCCLENNYS

**Joan Goebel (BA)** is still an RN at Steven's hospital. Rebecca (17), Eduard (15).

**Janet Leggio (BA '70)** works for a trucking company. Gino (17), Cancetta (sp?) (13).

**Peg Boe (BA '73)** NECA chapter manager in Everett, WA. Karen (18), Megan (16), Alison (14).

**L. Edward (BA '74)** is working for ATL. He and his wife Joan and their kids Lena, Matt, Anna, and Abe live in Germany.

## STAFF

### BOYD & JANETTE LATCHAW (KA)

We were at KA in '64-'65, principal when Jack Phillips was home on leave. Our son **Bryan** only attended kindergarten classes at KA when Coral Guy was there. He and Betty Ann have 3 children: Robert, Matthew, and Jana.

Bryan is the pastor at Lake Elmo Baptist Church in Lake Elmo, MN.



# SIM MKs who became SIM Missionaries

The following photographs are of some SIM MKs who themselves followed in their parents' footsteps and are or have been in the past missionaries with the SIM.



Margaret (Todd) Ackley  
(and husband Dick Ackley)



Carolyn Adolph



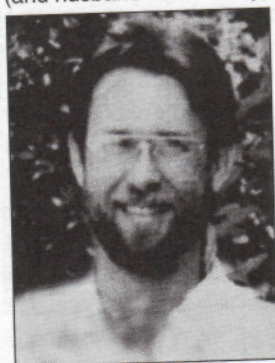
Jim Ardill



Patty (Callister) Arvidson  
(and brother George Callister)



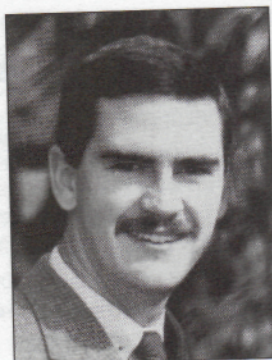
Darilyn (O'Donovan)  
Battermann



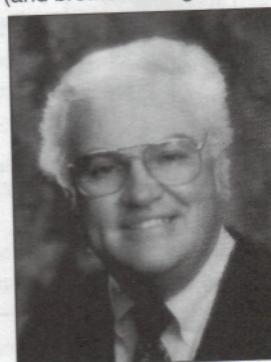
Steve Beacham



Beaj (Lacey) Beacham



Brian Bliss



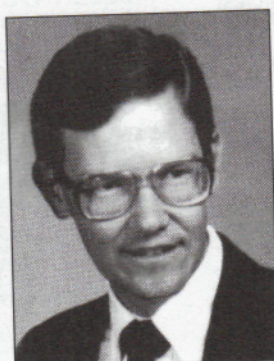
Howard Brant



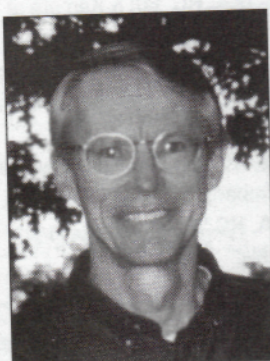
Jean (Price) Cail



George Cail



Glen Coleman



Jim Crouch



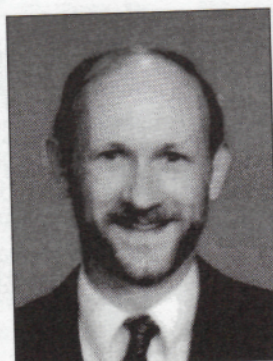
Linda (Glerum) Crouch



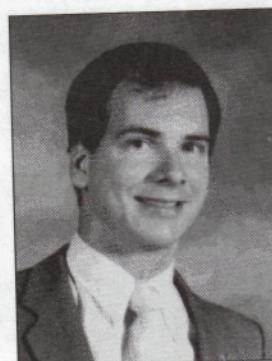
Beth (Lohrenz)  
Cunningham



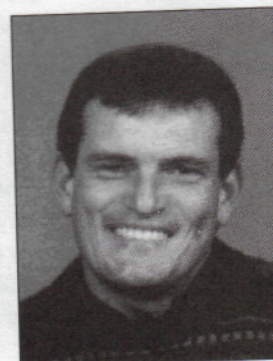
Ray de la Haye



John DeValve  
(and his wife Nancy Hall)



Frank Dubisz



Keith Fellows



Dorothy Forsberg





Stacey Givens



Bill Harding



Harold Jongeward



Cora (Zobrist) Klay



Jim Knowlton



Phillip Maxwell



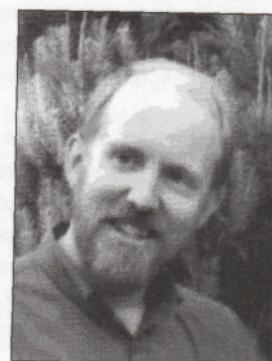
Colin McDougall



John Paternoster



Dave Pitman



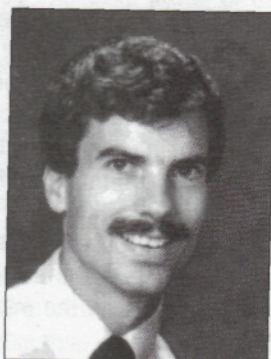
Eldon Porter



Jim Rendel



Elizabeth Ricker



Mark Rogers



Dan Scheel



Barbara (Entz) Schneider



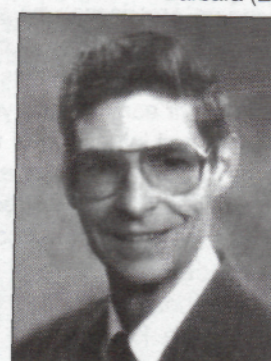
Nathan Schneider



Esther (Schult) Smith



Lee Sonius



Don Ter Meer



Grace (Beacham) Thomas



Stan Tuck



Charles Welborn



Carleen Windsor  
(and husband Chris Evans)



# Book Reviews



## **Strangers At Home Essays on the Effects of Living Overseas and Coming "Home" to a Strange Land**

Edited by Carolyn D. Smith  
Aletheia Publications  
Call 718-224-6303 or e-mail  
AlethPub@AOL.com for ordering information.

A collection of essays by authors (see leading article) who have lived overseas, raised children in other cultures, or conducted social-scientific studies of internationally mobile children and families. This anthology presents varied perspectives on the effects of living overseas and coming "home" to a country that seems just as foreign as the one left behind. Includes useful advice for parents seeking to help their children—especially teenagers—who cope with the experience of reentry and fitting in.

## **The Absentee American Repatriates' Perspectives on America**

by Carolyn D. Smith  
Aletheia Publications  
Contact: same as above

This unique volume describes the impact of overseas living on Americans who spent some of their formative years in other countries and returned to the United States during their high school or early college years. Based on a survey and interviews of more than 300 returnees, *The Absentee American* describes overseas life, reentry into the U.S., and the long-term effects of these experiences on repatriated Americans. The author, a freelance writer who grew up in the Foreign Service, explores the feelings and attitudes of repatriates and emphasizes the need for increased inter-cultural education and training.

Editor's note: I wasn't sure at first about the relevance of this topic to the majority of our readership since it dealt primarily with military kids; but I was quite surprised to see myself reflected on page after page. I'm curious if those from countries outside the U.S. would identify just as strongly with the issues.

## **Far Above the Plain**

Edited by Paul A. Seaman  
Call 301-963-8087 for ordering information.

*Far Above the Plain* is a history of Murree Christian School in Pakistan, featuring diverse selections by more than 30 former students and staff.

David Wickstrom (KA, HC '67) writes: These delightful and often poignant vignettes cover a multitude of facets related to the missionary boarding school experience. Little has been left out; the good, the bad, the ugly, the triumphs and failure, have all been included. In often creative and artistic style the writers cover the painful early years of leaving parents or of being left by them and the resulting sometimes excruciating homesickness they endured. The travails of young love and the turbulence of adolescence are described against the setting of extremely restrictive rules that reflected both the conservatism of the school and the reality of Pakistan's Muslim culture. This well-searched compilation includes a large portion devoted to the perspectives of staff members, who describe the struggles of starting a new school and the many mundane hardships endured.

## **Paper Airplanes in the Himalayas: The Unfinished Path Home**

(A companion volume to *Far Above the Plain*)  
by Paul A. Seaman

Paul writes: *Paper Airplanes* is an effort to bring more personal material to the discussion of TCKs or Global Nomads. Mks will connect with the ambivalent nostalgia, the effects of repressed grief from repeated cycles of loss, the pride and loneliness of such an "exotic" background, the cultural disorientation, and the constant, unfinished search for a sense of belonging.

Editor's note: What struck me most about this book was not the usual discussion of boarding school issues, but the impact of relationships with one's parents. I admire the author for his delightful writing skills and candid vulnerability, and yet I felt strangely sad when he concluded, "I've learned a lot; I've experienced a lot of healing; but as Bono sings in the title line of one well-known song, I still haven't found what I'm looking for."

## Our Sympathy

... to the family of **Dottie Swank** who died December 17, 1997, Carlsbad, CA.

... to the family of **Dave Porter (KA, HC '70)** in the sudden home going of his wife Joanne. Children: Andrea (15) and Stephanie (13).

Joanne slipped away quietly and unexpectedly around 7:00 p.m. at home on January 14, 1998, from cardiac arrest caused by a blood clot in her pulmonary artery.

... to the family of **Sylvia (Bergman) Eikenberry (KA, HC '69)** in the home going of her husband Terril. They were missionaries in Thailand with World Concern, and he was one of the district leaders there.

From the World Concern letter: "Terril passed away at his home in Bangkok on January 11, 1998. While Terril had been suffering from a debilitating disease, scleroderma, his death was sudden and unexpected. Sylvia and the boys were with Terril at his death. The family is returning to the U.S. for three weeks where memorials will be held.

Sylvia will go on as a missionary in Thailand at the International School (where she has been teaching for several years). The family will continue there at least until the end of the school year."



# A NEW FEATURE

# Remember When ...

From "Kent Academy News" No. 4 June 1958

We invite the readers from all schools to submit their favorite memories. We begin with KA because that's what material is available to the editor. Paul and Gerry Craig sent numerous pages from their memoirs, and Lola Brown Huber supplied 7 bulletins entitled "K.A. News" (Numbers 4-10, June 1958 to July 1963). If anyone has other issues in their possession, Simroots would like to receive copies. Enjoy a walk down memory lane or increase your understanding of your school's history as we reprint portions of each submission in future issues.

## Beetlemania

This entry by Gerry Craig

In the mornings while the girls were getting their hair braided and their beds made, the boys flew through their chores and went out to overturn rocks in search of beetles. The larger the better. Some were hairy; some were horned. The kids called the latter "rhino beetles." The boys saved them in their mosquito nets. When classes were over for the day, the children had cookies and milk in the dining room, collected a piece of their candy from the candy cupboard (a daily dole which ended with the arrival of the SIM dentist), and then they headed for the beetle races.

The boys would retrieve their biggest beetles from their mosquito nets, get thread from Mrs. Zeb, and tie their Dinky Toy cars to one end and their beetles to the other. On the playground in front of the gym, they would smooth the dirt and draw lines on the ground, arranging the beetles along one line. At the word GO, the beetles started across the line, pulling their cars in erratic paths. The winner of this race was the boy whose beetle was first to pull its car across the finish line a yard away. If any betting was going on, we were kept unaware of it.

## Improvised Art

(Anyone know who wrote this?)

During the dry season I had planned a project which involved the use of *papier maché*. We wanted to make some small 3-D wall plaques for Christmas gifts for the children's parents. My third graders scrounged around for paper and tore it into scraps until we had a large dishpan full. When the paper had soaked for several days, we mixed it with the salt and flour and other ingredients.

The children did a beautiful job of their plaques and were proud of their efforts. The plaques did curl a bit as they dried, but we didn't let that worry us. At last they were all painted and ready to be wrapped. And then the rains came. The poor plaques drew in the moisture and became soggy. Before long they got moldy and sickened us with their stench. We threw them into the trash pit and learned to omit salt in *papier maché* projects from then on. . . .

## In Memory

The staff and students of KA wish to pay a loving tribute to Melvin Goossen, their late student and seventh-grade classmate, who, together with his father, drowned during a holiday outing on April 12, 1958.

## Roller Skating

Old timers: remember this?

Nigeria is not noted for its roller skating facilities. Paved sidewalks are in existence in Lagos; but as you travel upcountry, even dirt sidewalks become scarce. Why our children brought roller skates to school was a puzzle to us. A strange turn of events rewarded their faith.

The foundation for a large building, combining school rooms and dining facilities, was laid in 1948. When the cement

floor had been poured, the funds were gone, and the masons returned to Jos. The foundation covered roughly 5,000 square feet of the compound, and its new cement floor soon became the largest outdoor roller rink in the country.

## Laundry Lulus

"Oh, see what's happened to my dress. It's got blue spots on it!" Carolyn ran into the hall with her dress in her hands. "I didn't put paint on it, either."

"I know you didn't, Carolyn," I said, and took the dress over to the laundry to Musa, the head washman.

"Musa, whatever happened to this dress?" I asked. He put down his iron and wiped his forehead as he came to the door.

"Well, Mother of the House, when Amadu sprinkled the clothes, there was a blue skirt that lay next to this dress."

"But, Musa, doesn't he know that he can't put the dark things in with the light ones?"

"Yes, he does; but he didn't think the skirt would pour out its color like this."

What would I do without dry bleach in this land?

continued on page 18



Sock Wash





Kent Academy kids in chapel circa 1958 - how many can you recognize??  
 You can see this photo and others on the *Simroots* website.  
<http://www.geocities/Athens/Delphi/9116/Archive/photos>

*Laundry Lulus, continued from page 17*

One day I noticed a few odd socks came back from the wash. The children said they had put both socks of each pair in the wash bin; the sock women must have lost them. The sock women said that there had not been both socks of each pair in the bin; the children must have lost them. Musa wondered if the wind hadn't blown them away, and the home staff was thinking that socks make wonderful money bags for the Miango people. And so we had the children tie their soiled socks together before putting them in the wash. We raised the fence. We cautioned the women. That was three years ago. Still, this very morning, the sock woman handed me six odd socks, as she

has done once or twice a week for all this time. We'll probably retrieve five of the mates in time; but one of them will have dissolved into thin air forever.

When World War II was over, and the school was new, the only soap that could be bought in this country was a laundry soap similar to Fels Naptha and put out in bars 14 inches long. We would cut one bar into four pieces to give to the laundry boys. In order to prevent their pocketing our soap, we asked them to return the small piece that was left. These little ends we melted down and used for dishes.

One lad began to run out of soap very quickly each morning, and would come with

his left-over end and ask for another bar. The young missionary who had charge of the laundry couldn't understand why, all of a sudden, his soap was going so fast—until she noticed that his end pieces were square instead of oblong. After a bit of sleuthing, she discovered he had been cutting every bar in half, pocketing his piece and washing the laundry with the other. When she mentioned it to him, he admitted that he had been making off with half of all the soap and said he wouldn't do it any more.

The end pieces began to come back oblong instead of square, but still his soap was going at the same fast rate. A few more days of watching turned up a revealing fact. Instead of cutting the bars down through the middle, he was slicing them sideways, so that the end pieces would be long, and he was still pocketing one half of the K.A. laundry soap!

Ultimate remedy: The soap is grated in the kitchen and melted with boiling water before being sent to the wash house.

Another strictly African laundry problem is the greasy food on our ironing boards. Nine o'clock is snack time each morning, and unless one of us is there to see that the men take their yams or peanut cakes outside to eat, they will stay in the ironing room and use the boards for tables—and, indeed, even plates!

The best thing that ever happened to our clothing came when electricity made it possible for us

to discard our wash boards and sadirons. *[For the younger generation, a "sadiron" has nothing to do with its emotion!]* The Lord provided \$1000 for a Troy Laundry washing machine which is able to swallow 35 pounds of dry laundry at once. This, together with the English electric irons we buy in Jos, makes it possible for a crew of 6 laundry men to keep 130 boys and girls clean. One full-time tailor, three sock-darning women, and one clothes-sorter repair the rips and return the clothes to the rooms which they left at the beginning of the week, torn and dirty.



## The following entries are from Gerry Craig

### Crayon Melting

Danny Elyea knew there was a mud hut near our compound which was used by compound workers who wanted a place to boil their *dawa*. So Danny built a small wood fire in the center of the three stones which served as a stove. He put some crayons in a tin he had found and proceeded to melt them. Of course he was not prepared for the sparks which caught the thatched roof on fire and brought servants and missionaries running from both compounds.

### Electricity

The Amalgamated Tin Mines of Nigeria was supervised by English engineers and manned by Ibos from the coast. The hydro-electric plant below Miango generated power from water which was channeled into cement-lined canals and allowed to drop 700 feet into generators below. The closest power line to KA was 5 miles away, and it took a few months to bring the lines to our compound. Paul and other SIM men were busy installing the wiring in the dorm,

school, dining room, and kitchen. Nothing fancy, to be sure. A light bulb dangling at the end of the wire, but it surpassed lanterns.

Finally all the preparation was complete, and the time had come to flick the switch. When the kitchen was bathed in light, I remember the Nigerian servants dancing around in glee at this magic. One of them turned cartwheels in the quadrangle.

We became the first and only place in the country of Nigeria where you could drink pure water from any faucet on the compound. Government people would come with their bottles and take samples. Thanks to the filtering tanks and the chlorinator we passed inspection every time.

### Electrified Frogs

Boarding school antics seemed endless. Linda Klassen soon learned she couldn't serve garden onions and peas at the same meal. The kids would take out the center of the onions and turn them into pea shooters.

When electricity came to the compound, the junior high boys saw a golden opportunity. They found pieces of wire, tied the legs of frogs together, and then poked the other ends of the wires into the wall socket. They

kept blowing fuses, and Paul went to investigate. To his dismay, he found the frog electrocution had been in progress. Said one boy, "Wow! That was NEAT! You should see how that frog went stiff, all stretched out when we flicked the switch!"

### Frying Pan Hill

When it came to play, KA staff could be as creative as the kids in those early days. There was a marvelous slope of smooth granite over past the village. The Nigerian kids had slid down it for years on flat stones. So when the MKs had gone to their mission stations for holidays, the staff would put on old clothes, commandeer the largest cast iron frying pans from the school kitchen, and take off in the station wagon for "our" hill. It was amazing what fast, smooth rides those pans gave us as we flew down the hill. Of course, we went on moonlit nights after the Nigerians were safely in their compounds. What would they say about the civilized white man coasting down the great rock hills on frying pans?

*Remember borrowing waxed paper to use on the old metal slide?*

*continued on next page*

Clip and Mail

## ADDRESS CHANGES OR ADDITIONS

Clip and Mail

*The mailing list is only as useful as it is current. Please help us by sending in changes and supplying ALL of the following information. Thank you.*

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Maiden Name _____	Last Name _____
Address _____	City _____
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Country _____	
Phone (Home) _____	Phone (Work) _____
Fax _____	E-Mail _____
Occupation _____	
High school graduation year (based on U.S. system end of grade 12) _____	
Mission school(s) attended or affiliated with on mission field (please list all) _____	
Affiliation with school as a _____ Student _____ Staff _____ Parent _____ Other _____	Date of address change _____
I am sending a donation of \$ _____ to SIM in honor of _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> Please remove my name from the mailing list.	

Send changes to **Karen Keegan, 862 E. 8th Street, Holland, Michigan 49423** or e-mail [kkeegan@davenport.edu](mailto:kkeegan@davenport.edu).



## The Joy of Flushing

The flies in those john buckets posed a threat. The time had come to replace the primitive arrangement in the bathrooms. In order to do that, KA had to build fail-proof septic tanks. This kind of construction was totally new territory for Paul. He had been able to learn how to draw and expose blueprints in sunlight, build mud brick buildings, construct the dam, lay pipes for water, and wire the buildings for electricity. About septic tanks he knew very little.

A non-believer would say it was uncanny the way the right people were available at the appropriate times. We attributed it to God's loving care. On holiday at the Rest Home next door was a master plumber from South Africa. He wasn't even a member of SIM but a man from the Dutch Reformed Mission. He was happy to show Paul the secrets of successful septic tanks. Forty years later, when Paul returned to the school for its fortieth anniversary, those tanks were still working fine and had not

needed to be opened. Amazing! (We're talking about 40-60 people using each tank daily for all those years.) And, of course, the installation of flush toilets followed soon after—knowledge that has helped the Craigs avoid many plumbing bills through the years.

## Marvin the Macho Man

Marvin McElheran had been stung by a scorpion when he was a small child. Then he was stung again—and later again. He began to realize that the pain was less each time, and by the time he came to KA, he had become immune. He loved to find scorpions and put them on his hand to scare the rest of the kids. Before long he was known for his prowess.

When Dr. Troup heard about this, he dressed Marvin up one side and down the other for handling these scorpions. Even if the sting didn't pain him, didn't he know that poison could get on his fingers and then into his eyes? Or on to some other boy? He was

NEVER to let that happen again.

Finally the term ended, and I was packing the kids up to go home. That was always a huge job. The clothes needed to be clean and starched and ironed before they could be packed in the trunks. The condition of those trunks would translate into a symbol of the degree of our concern for the kids. There were books and shoe boxes filled with doll clothes (which we washed) and Black Magic candy tins full of stamp collections or Matchbox cars to pack first, on the bottom.

This day I was packing trunks in Marvin's room. I grabbed a candy tin carelessly, flipping open the lid to check for dead birds or dirty socks. Eleven scorpions of all sizes raised their evil tails, stingers ready for attack, as they backed up to the sides of the tin. My wrists went weak. I wanted to throw the thing, but my brain kept working somehow, warning me that I'd have a lot of stung children if I didn't keep my head on. I closed the lid and went off to find Paul, who got Marvin out of class and made him take his scorpions out behind the dorm and kill them all before the kids got out of school.

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