

SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

SPRING 1999

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 1

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ELWA Academy



Articles and photos submitted by
Maureen and Pam McCarron and
SIM archives

The vision for ELWA radio can be traced back to three students at Wheaton College in the early 1950s: Bill Watkins, Merle Steely, and Abe Thiessen. The miraculous story of its development and growth is chronicled in Voice Under Every Palm by Jane Reed and Jim Grant, Zondervan, 1968.



Robin Galley, Robin Miller, Karen Ackley, Violet Bliss, Ellen Graf

ELWA Academy traces its beginnings to two first grade pupils studying the Calvert course under mothers' supervision. Because of the growing young families at ELWA who needed education for their children, the pink school building on the hill near the transmitter building was first used in 1956. In 1957, Mrs. Perry Draper arrived and became the first official principal. Under her guidance, the curriculum was changed from that of the Calvert course to follow that of KA. Mrs. David Naff, the second principal, served from 1960 to 1962. Doris Hungerpillar and Mary Naff were some of the early teachers, but in 1962 Mary was on furlough, and Doris was ill at home and could not work. Bob McCarron, the first male teacher at the Academy, had been given the responsibility of setting up the school in an official way, and he became the administrator and principal of the newly formed Education Department.

This included Nursery School in a nearby, separate building; the Academy, which at that time had 40 students in grades kindergarten through eighth grade; several high school students (de la Haye, Jones) who were taking correspondence classes; as well as the Radio Village School for Liberian staff workers

who attended classes in the afternoon. At that time the school had three classrooms, the Morrow Memorial Library wing, and an office/work area.

The French department provided classes for the children of the French staff with their own teacher, Lucette Blanchère André. Children of the Liberian staff attended the Academy if they were proficient in English. Most teachers had two classes in one classroom. School hours were 7:30 a.m.- noon. In the afternoon there was P.E., sports events with the American Cooperative School in Monrovia, sewing, and handwork. In addition, the students had classes in art and music. Activities included school programs (the army tent on the court when we had the Big Top Circus, Jack and the Beanstalk with Jack climbing down from the balcony in the gym), graduations, award programs, Halloween parties with original costumes and oranges substituting for jack-o-lanterns, the opportunity

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Simroots is a newsletter produced by volunteer SIM MKs, for SIM MK high school graduates and their care givers. Our goal is to publish two to three times per year (as funds permit). *Simroots* operates on a nonprofit, donation basis. Donations of \$10 or more (U.S. funds) can be received by SIM for tax purposes.

Checks should be made out to *Simroots* and sent to SIM, not to the editor.

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

ELWA continued from page 1

for so many kids to participate in radio programs and reading scripts, field trips to rubber plantations and mines, and piano recitals. The staff met together weekly to pray for the spiritual needs of the individual students as well as for the entire school program. The pupils engaged in devotions and Bible study for the first half hour of each school day, and on Friday of each week, the day began with an all-school chapel service, each class taking turns in the planning and conducting of the service.

In 1965, two more classrooms were built at the end of the library wing. In 1971 the Darroch/Lueders wing was completed, with new office space, a science wing, and a total of eight classrooms. This wing was given in memory of two people who were close to the ELWA family. My father, Dr. M.A. Darroch, had served many years as the North American Home Director for SIM and gone to be with the Lord. Jonathan Lueders, son of ELWA staff Ann Lueders, had passed away after a brief illness, and had been an outstanding Academy student. [See Steve Snyder's tribute in Vol. 13, #1.]

When the McCarrons left for furlough in 1971, there were 52 students and 8 teachers. Mr. Joseph Nash served as principal until 1977, when Mr. Marvin M. Hewlett came on board. Teachers between 1962-71 included Doris Hungerpilller, Mary Naff, Marion Schindler, Marian Bowers, Anita Draper, Grace Carter,

Ellen Graf, Frances Euger, Betty Thompson, Carol Mayes, Betty Galley, Pauline Sonius, Lois Balzer, Ruth Beacham Brewer, Mrs. Bruce Demerest, Maureen McCarron, and Bob McCarron. In 1972 ELWA Academy opened its doors to other families for a wider enrollment.

In 1959, a nursery school building was erected to meet the need for caring for children of parents employed on the station. This school involved youngsters from ages two through four and for some time had varying degrees of success. However, in 1973, it was decided to concentrate on the four-year-olds only, with the aim of better preparing them for kindergarten, and so the two- and three-year-olds were dropped in December of that year.

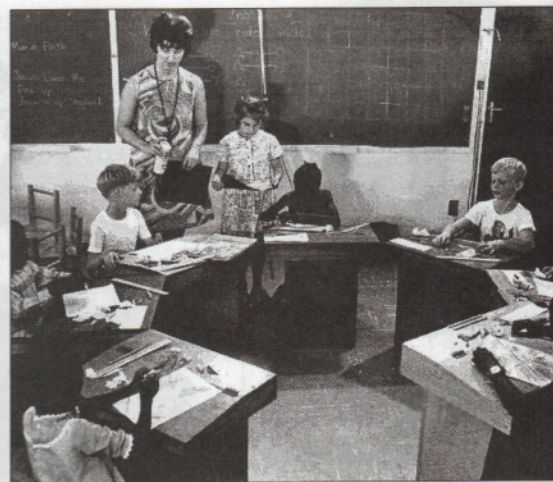
[For the rest of the story, see Vol. 14, #1.]



Mary Naff - school librarian



Maureen McCarron and Jamie Lueders at dedication of the Memorial Wing



Teacher: Marion Schindler
Several students: Randy Cornelius, Stella Isch, Jamie Lueders, Mike Bruning, Marie Kayea



Teacher: Betty Galley; Several students: Emmanuel Isch, Sally Thompson, Don Draper, Ruth Draper, Randy Cornelius

ELWA MEMORIES

My parents came to ELWA in 1962 when I was six months old, and I attended ELWA Academy from nursery school through third grade. Needless to say, my early memories of growing up are all linked to this time.

It's impossible for me to think of ELWA without remembering its first principal, my father, Bob McCarron, who passed away three years ago (November, '98). He got a lot of flack for being the school disciplinarian (in those days, you went to the principal's office for a paddling), but I will always remember him as a fair man and a kind, caring father.

I also remember the dedication of the Dr. M.A. Darroch-Jonathan Lueders Memorial Wing in 1970. Dr. Darroch was my grandfather and was, for a time, the SIM Home Director for North America. He was very supportive of the school throughout his life.

Of course at this point in time, I don't think much of ELWA Academy is left standing. The country of Liberia has been plagued with Civil War for many years, and the ELWA missionaries were all evacuated. After bombings and scavenging, I don't know what the condition of the school is. It makes me sad to think about it all being gone, but that's why pictures and the sharing of memories are so important. Let's keep sending them in.

Submitted by Pam McCarron
Graham ('80)
Rlake82@aol.com

One memory I have when I was in grade 2 was when a cobra came into our classroom. We quietly exited. A fun memory is the Christmas celebrations at school. I treasure memories of Jonathan Lueders, Dick Ackley, Jim and John Reed, Craig Lowe, Coddingtons, Rieses, Boys' Brigade, Firestone American Cooperative School (ACS), Jones, Galleys, Thompsons, Aunt Clara, our teachers, Balzars. So many or at least quite a few friends are now in heaven.

Submitted by Ray delaHaye ('70)

The monkey who bit a first grader — no more pets at show-and-tell.

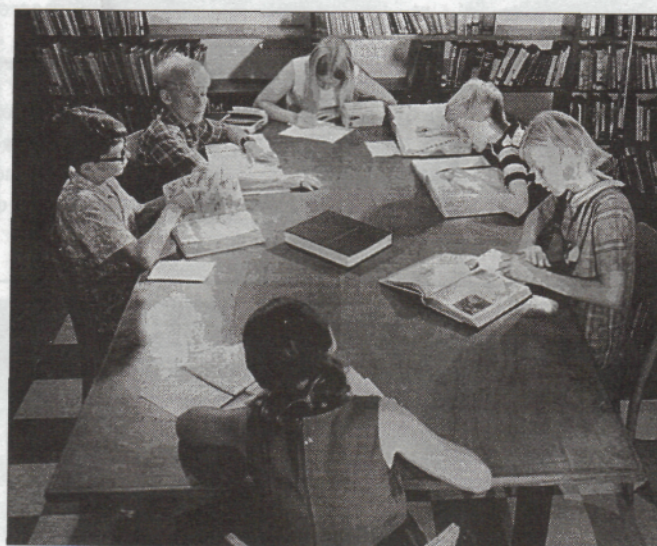
- Methods of discipline ran the gamut from hands around the ankles to fingers around the root of the picker-weeds (a plant now nearly extinct, thanks to the combined efforts of Mr. Nash, Danny Buck, and Timmy Frazee!)
- Carina Bruning got so lonely as the only third grader that she skipped up to fourth grade!
- Miss Kasper, a.k.a. Evel Kenevel, wiped out her motorcycle by taking a corner too slow!
- Miss MacIntyre's beloved basenji served as maid of honor at her pre-enacted wedding to Lance Dagger! And the "groom" crisply "saluted" the "bride"!
- Miss Mueller was so easily distracted by her ninth graders that their world history class only got as far as 1830 in their textbook!
- We performed "The Boy Who Caught a Fish" flawlessly on live national TV, but flubbed the ELWA studio taping big time!
- Mrs. Naff's annual observance of the 84th birthday. (Did she really think we believed her?)

Submitted by Dan Buck ('79)
P.S. Is Mr. Nash's book still available?

[To obtain *From Covered Wagon to Covered Head* write to Joe Nash at 747 NE 12 Street, Grants Pass, OR 97526.]



Teacher: Fran Eager
Front: Pam McCarron, Peter Coddington, Cindy Buck
Back: Billy Thompson, Ruth Dibble



Lee Sonius, Dan Ries, David Coddington, Sally Thompson, Patty Galley or Dorothy Bliss (?)



Betty Thompson, Jamie Lueders, Esther Bliss (?)

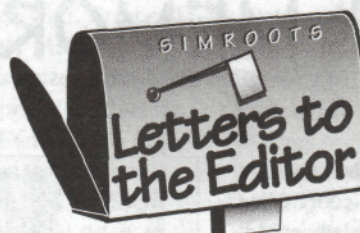
Just want to pass on to Jeanette Entz Shubert that I remember the last line of the Bingham Academy L.A.C. theme song as being "Oh be ye reconciled to God."

I also want to thank you, Karen, as editor of *Simroots*, for featuring BA in the last *Simroots*. I enjoyed it so much. Would have liked to see some pictures of the '50s-early '60s, but know you couldn't cover everything.

Mary (Nash) Brown

I recently got a hold of the BA issue from my Mom who is retired in Sebring. I want to say thank you very much for all your efforts. It was great to look at the old pictures and read the stories. I appreciated very much the letter from Jonathan Bonk. I never knew him but was in the same class as his younger sister, Esther. I also had a positive time at Bingham and to this day remain in contact with 3 staff couples who I consider to be some of the most important people in my life: Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Rod Johnson and Mr. Ernie Giles (Mrs. Giles is in heaven).

I suppose you have received corrections and additions to your picture captions, but I would like to



throw in my two cents' worth too.

On page 5 at the top left, the back row question mark is Jeanette Entz. The question mark in the second row is Mary MacDonald (sister of Elizabeth in the back row). The one you have listed as Jeanette Entz, isn't, but I can't remember her name. On page 7, top left, your question mark is Denise Donahoe Hull (Baptist Bible Mission). On page 7, top right, "Boy's dorm Oct '65" I think the one you have named as Terry Veer is Brian Isaacs, and the one you call Paul Craig is really his brother David.

Dan Rogers
(dan_rogers@maf.org)

I enjoyed the past issue of *Simroots* so much. Even though I am a Bingham alumni, much of the historical information you included was new to me. And it was fun to see pictures of some I actually recog-

nized. Also the articles about adult MKs and reconciliation were exceptional. While I personally don't look back at the MK experience negatively at all, I was touched by Mr. Fehl's column and his acknowledgement of SIM responsibility to MKs and his commitment to bring reconciliation and healing.

Valjean (Emmel) Nelson
(cnelson@wvnm.vvnet.edu)

Aunt Gerry asked what ever happened to Angus Kirk. She wondered if he ever became a surgeon because of his fetish for dissecting animals. Well, he's my cousin and, yes, he got his doctorate in either pharmacology or chemistry—something hard that requires brains, anyway—then went on to become an eye surgeon with a very busy schedule in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. The last time I was up to see my folks, Clif and Alma McElheran (Dad's 90 and going strong, drives everywhere; Mom's 87 and very involved with life and others. Both in good health), I gave Mom the issue of *Simroots* to give to Angus. Both Angus and brother Marv were one of the first kids at KA.

Sherry Bayne

Thank You, Donors

(Aug. - Dec. '98)

We apologize for any names omitted in error.

D/M John Ardill	R/M J. Scott Keegan
M/M Vernon E. Bell	Kenneth W. Kraay
M/M Robert Blaschke	M/M Arnold J. Lueders
M/M Don A. Campion	
R/M Paul S. Craig	M/M Barry T. Nagel
Fantail	M/M James E. Ockers
M/M Donald D. Fritz	D/M Michael Reznicek
D/M Myrwood K. Guy	M/M Stephen Selle
Mary W. Hofer	M/M Arthur J. Steltzer
M/M Edward Iwan	
D David T. John	M/M Edward Iwan
M/M Herbert C. Jones	



CONGRATULATIONS

Births



On June 16, 1997, Elizabeth Oluwafunmilayo Jones-Wiebe came into this world. Her middle name is from Yoruba which means, "The Lord has given us joy." Grant and MaryLyn (KA '82) are her parents.



Elizabeth Oluwafunmilayo Jones-Wiebe

Chris and Gloria (Carpenter) Davidson (KA, HC '77) had a baby boy born May 20, 1998, weighing 9 lbs, 6 oz. He is a brother to Caleb who is now 8 years old.

Corinne Janae Daniels was born to Ken & Charlene Daniels (KA, HC '86) October 26, 1998, in Charlotte, NC, while home on furlough from Niger.

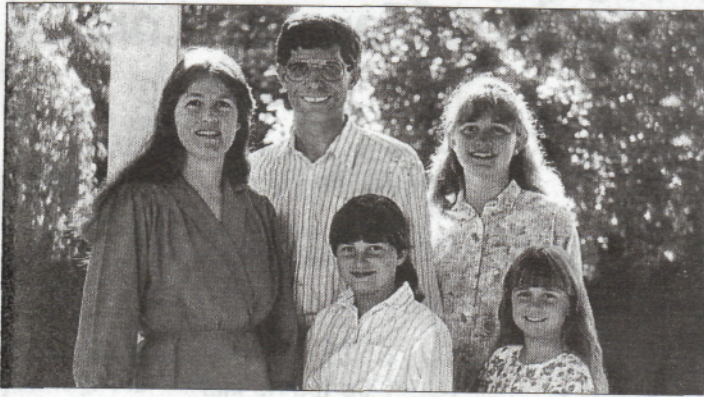
Hannah Jo was born Aug. 16, 1998, to Jamie & Cynthia Lueders (EL).

Emma Kristine was born to Dave & Kristi Iwan (BA '79) on May 15, '98. Her siblings are Megan, Anna, and Seth.

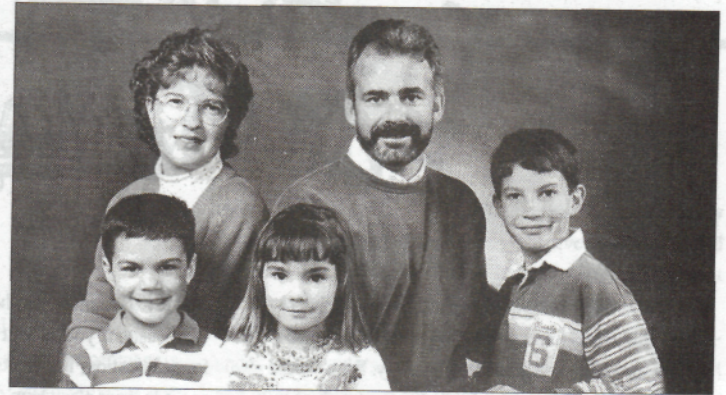
Weddings

Tim Motis (BA, EL '87) recently married Paige and moved to Gainesville, Florida.

More MKs who became SIM missionaries



Bill & Elizabeth (Rashleigh) Broers
Amy, Christy, Sherry



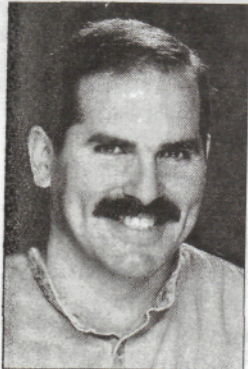
Patti (Boyes) & Gregg Bryce
Tim, Abbie, Stephen



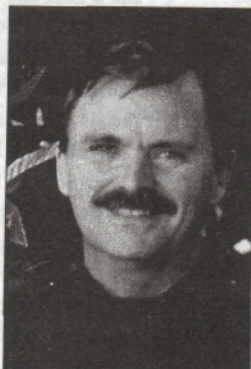
John & Phyllis Coleman
Jeff, Jeni, Nathan



Scott & Lucia (Isch) Eberle



David Fuller



Tim Jacobson



Ruth Maxwell



Rob & Sylvia Reimer, Mandy, Jessica



David & Marianne Ruten
Krystal, Andrew, Nathan, Wendy



Lorne & Debbie Shaw



Doug Stinson

From the Editor



We're on the verge of something big! MKs are connecting in ways we've never experienced before due to the increase in technology. Who would have dreamed a few years ago that at the touch of a button someone in Australia could "talk" to someone in Canada for "free"? Or that there would be a central location where we could all link together? Many are joining MKnet.org on the Internet, and as soon as I have time, we'll place *Simroots* there too. And just think of the incredible link e-mail provides for missionaries today! How would our lives have been different if we could have instantly communicated with our parents when we were left "home" for high school or college? I remember the three months it took between my husband asking for my hand in marriage and getting the reply, due to a mail strike in Nigeria!

But what about those of us who do not feel comfortable joining the ranks of computer literates, much less those who do not even possess a computer? Are we to be left out of the loop of communication? Have no fear; *Simroots* is still here. There's still something very exciting and special about retrieving hard copy messages from a metal box at the end of one's driveway—well, unless it's junk mail. But then, we have to deal with that on the Internet too.

If e-mail is "your thing," I invite you to join one of the MK lists as announced in the Bulletin Board. I've enjoyed "listening in on" the Hillcrest list conversations and realize what a huge impact this could have on connecting us together. The subjects have run the gamut from political opinions to lorry lore. Others are using it as a means of finding old friends, and some for advice for travel. I have agreed to manage the KA list under the tutelage of David Johnson, but am more than willing to relinquish this title if someone would like to volunteer. Other schools may want to subscribe and begin their own list. Just let me know so I can advertise it for you.

One issue that needs to be addressed is what is permissible to print and what isn't. If someone signs our web site guest book, can I assume that person will not object to having it reprinted in *Simroots* so others can read it as well? For this issue, I'm making that assumption. In addition, is there any objection to seeing your name in print with a news update if it is sent in by a family member? By a friend? By a par-

ent? By a parent to another parent? And on it goes. Obviously, if you submit something about yourself for publication, I have your permission to print it. If I see it in print elsewhere (such as a family Christmas letter), is there an assumption that it is common enough knowledge and I can reprint it? I do get a lot of information second hand, and, as anyone knows who's read an account of oneself in the newspaper, the media does not always get the facts straight!

What, then, is permissible to print? I welcome your opinions on this subject. If I discover the names of your spouse and your children and your occupation, is this benign enough to report, so long as I don't editorialize? In my opinion, few would object to that. If the news creates a sensation, however, such as revealing a private disease, the printing may become offensive to you. Do I play it safe and not print anything that is not directly submitted? We would have a very tiny section in our news updates as a result! Do you know that many of our entries are from our parents? Incidentally, many of our donations are from them as well . . . Hm. I wonder where the significance of this lies.

Many of us read *Simroots* from cover to cover. Others only skim through the articles that pertain to our school or generation. But nearly all of us with any interest in our alma mater read the news updates to find the few new classmates we haven't heard from for awhile. How disappointing when not one member is mentioned! We all want to read about everyone else, but feel reticent to send in anything about ourselves. So come on . . . if it's been more than 3-5 years since we've heard from you, why don't you write in? Sure, it takes time, but not as much as before . . . why not try e-mail? And don't forget to check out *Simroots'* new location on the Internet! Sign your name, and leave a message. (<http://simroots.sim.org>)

And now for those of you who were wondering . . . no, we haven't moved to Tennessee yet. We're working on Nigerian time, I think! Yes, we still plan to move, but because of delays, we just don't know the timetable.

Sai an jima,
Karen Keegan
Simroots@sim.org

Favorite Lorry Slogans

Lorry: Noun. Affectionately called "Akwatin Mutuwa" (Box of death)

No condition is permanent

Save Journey

God Dey

Do You No Me?

Never Say Die

Chineke Dey O

Roket Express, Esq.

Shortcut to Heaven

Also, names of businesses such as "Martha's Industrial Read," "The Green Virgin Hotel," "Horizontal Fashions," and "The Amoeba Food Hotel." (Brings such appetizing images to mind!)

One that really made an impression on me was the "mammy wagon" we passed on the road from Jos to Lagos in 1957. With passengers hanging from the sides and a goat and chickens tied to the roof with other goods, the lorry rocketed by, one set of wheels on the soft shoulder and one set on the tarmac, fully protected by the slogan over the windshield which proclaimed "God Is With Us"!

I remember traveling through little places and stopping to get gas . . . the people would gather around the car, of course often pressing their noses against the windows to see the *bature*. Then, when we pulled away, they would all wave big and say, "Safe Journey" . . . only at the time I didn't know that was what they were saying. I couldn't figure out why in the world they were saying, "Save Johnny." I had no idea who Johnny was!!

With respect to public transportation, an unspoken but much practiced philosophy is, "There is always room for just one more." And of course, they always proclaimed "No standing," which was routinely ignored by the passengers.

From Hillcrest Listserve

Open Dialogue

November 7, 1998

Dear Larry Fehl,

I received your letter of reconciliation from the Vol. 15 #2 issue of *Simroots*. I appreciate your openness to trying to understand our side of the picture. Thank you for your apology. I accept it and forgive the staff and parents for wrongs done to me.

Since 1992, when my memory started coming back to me about my years at KA, God has brought me through a very trying time, but very victorious time. Now I have learned how to not blame people or myself, learned how to forgive, learned that reconciliation is possible, learned to understand the perpetrators' side, learned that forgiving on my part will result in healing in my own soul, learned that forgiving is not just a one-time thing, but every time it is brought up in my face that I must forgive again and again. And that is okay because that is the way God has planned it for us humans to heal from pain.

The pain in my heart was so great that many times during those years I was at the point of death, seeing no future for myself in the pain. The reason why I am telling you this is to show you how wonderful our Lord is. He preserved my life! He kept me from taking my own life. He revealed Himself to me in a way I have never known Him before. He showed me His tremendous love for me by not rejecting me even when I was rejecting life itself. I know there were many people praying for me. I will be able to thank those people when we get to heaven, because then I will know who they were.

My desire is to help others who need to know that God loves them even though it feels like He has rejected them. Because of your letter, I am able to move forward in my healing process. So thank you very much.

Love in Jesus Christ,
Kay (Swank) Friesen
(KA, HC '70)
lfriesen1@elp.rr.com

Reconciliation Continues

Submitted by Karen Keegan
January 29-30, 1999

Why are we here? Where are we now? And where are we going? Thus began the third 24-hour dialogue on reconciliation between adult SIM MKs and the parent mission. Building on knowledge obtained from previous sessions [See *Simroots* Vol. 15 #2], SIM representatives realized we wanted to hear what changes had been made

means to forgive. No, it was not all negative. In fact, many (everyone?) felt that it was a very positive experience, and we came away with a feeling of hope, love, and excitement for where reconciliation and forgiveness can take us.

We who cannot identify with any of the painful experiences of our peers, let us put aside any judgmental spirit and offer compassion for those who still struggle with their past. We who have worked through some of these issues or are still struggling to find our way, may want to consider

attending one of these forums. The present goal is to provide these dialogues on an on-going basis, and SIM invites you to contact them. The question was also posed as to whether parents and/or teachers and care givers would be inter-



Back: Larry Fehl, Jim Eitzen, Donald Price, Dave Wickstrom, Ken Lloyd, Steve Lucas
Front: David Hursh, Alice Price, Susan Lochstampf, Karen Keegan, Phyllis Lloyd, Sam Playfair

within the mission since we had been at boarding school. The home school movement, increased technology, and faster travel and communication have all greatly impacted how SIM approaches the education issue for its MKs. One encouraging word was the explanation of the more careful screening process today for missionary candidates including caregivers for MKs. Psychological testing and interviews with several pastors unassociated with SIM further aid them in the decision-making process. In addition, not only are returning missionaries interviewed and debriefed, but each child is approached as well.

During the fun, free-wheeling discussions led by Dave Wickstrom that followed all afternoon, evening, and the next morning, nine MKs and six representatives for the mission examined various issues of the MK experience. Topics ranged from feelings of fear, neglect, anger, separation anxiety, abandonment, shame, and favoritism, to experiences of abuse, inability to commit or communicate, rebellion, relationship problems, authority issues, and our beliefs about God. We recalled the injustices of dorm life (group punishments, lack of individuality, rigid rules) and the hilarity of mischief. (Who holds the record for the most lickin's in one day? Who couldn't fit through the window bars and join the fun?) We also realized what coping skills we've used as a result to make us what we are today. Amid tears, brokenness, laughter, rebukes, we found healing and compassion in a safe environment of mutual respect. We've learned what it

ested in coming together to dialogue? If you fit this category or know someone who would like to come, let SIM know.

When we returned to our homes, we received the following communiqué from Larry Fehl that spoke volumes about the heart of the leadership of SIM. I reprint it with permission.

Dear Ones,

I want to thank each of you for taking the time and energy to be with us last weekend. I was deeply moved as I met each of you. For some it was the first time we met; for others it was a renewal of friendship that began over 25-30 years ago.

My emotions were all over the board during the consultation. I was very angry at insensitive and abusive people; moved to tears at the hurts you have experienced; and saddened at some of the ways you have learned to cope. I want to stay in touch with you. If there is any way I can help you, let me know. I love you dearly.

Your older brother and friend,
Larry Fehl, US Director
704-529-5100
Larry_F@simusa.sim.org

BULLETIN BOARD

MK WEB SITES

Send us your favorite ones.

* Simroots' web site has moved to <http://simroots.sim.org>
Contact: Karen Keegan (simroots@sim.org)

* MKnet (resources, directories, and much more)
(<http://www.mknet.org/>)

* MK photo gallery
(<http://users.softhouse.com/carters/mktck/gallery/>)
Contact: Nate Hekman (hekman@rva.org)

* Interaction, Inc. (resource for TCKs and others)
(<http://www.tckinteract.net>)
Contact: Dave Pollack (716-567-8774)

* An interesting site about reunions
(<http://www.flash.net/~bet/reunions.html>)
Contact: Betty Olive (bet@flash.net)

* The following Internet mailing lists are available for keeping in touch; tracking down old classmates, care givers and teachers; "remember when"; pooling our resources together, discussing juicy gossip about the good old days or fellow classmates . . . and just about anything else.

- Kent-Academy (KA alumni, faculty, staff, or family and friends)
- Hillcrest-L (same as KA)
- MK-Nigeria (mostly Baptist MKs from Nigeria, but other TCKs welcome too)
- MK-Nigeria-Announce (if you don't want a lot of mail, but some news . . .)

You can subscribe by sending email to hub@xc.org with the following words for each as the body of the message. Please do not put anything else on the subscribe command line.

subscribe Kent-Academy
subscribe Hillcrest-L
subscribe MK-Nigeria
subscribe MK-Nigeria-Announce

Once you are subscribed, you will be able to visit the list web site at <http://hub.xc.org/scripts/lyris.pl>

You will need to select the list sub-section (lists beginning with a-d, lists beginning with e-h, or lists beginning with m-p) and select the list by name. The first time you get to the mailing list, it will ask for your password, which you will not know. Click on the "Get Password" button at the bottom of the page to have it mailed to you.

Contact: J. David Johnston (djohnstn@xc.org)

WHAT IS HOME?

For Third Culture Kids (TCKs), this question is perhaps the most difficult and frustrating to answer. We often perceive ourselves as homeless because of the unusual circumstances of our childhoods. Nevertheless, if we examine our histories and our hearts, we may find very powerful, though unconventional identities of home. We may also discover a rich variety of responses. For example, although Wiebe Boer and Tabitha Payne were born 2 months apart in the same mission hospital, lived 18 years in northern Nigeria, and graduated from the same high school, their responses to the question, "Where is home?" are remarkably different.

It is these unique and diverse "identities of home" that we, Wiebe Boer and Tabitha Payne, under the direction of Dave Pollock, Dir. of Interaction Inc., would like to collect and compose into a book.

Our question to you is, "What is home?" Your answer may be a word, a verse, a photograph, a person, a place, an object, a poem, etc.

Please send your answers to either tabpayne@aol.com or wiebe.boer@yale.edu or to Wiebe Boer, Yale Grad History Dept., PO Box 208324, New Haven, CT 06520-8324.

Include an explanation of why this represents home for you as well as the country(s) of your upbringing.

Photographs and artwork will not be returned. Thank you for your participation.

DO WE HAVE YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS?

Do not pass "Go"; do not collect \$200; proceed immediately to your computer and e-mail your e-mail address to the editor.

(simroots@sim.org)

CLASS LISTS AVAILABLE

Hard copy for complete list: \$10

Hard copy for partial lists: \$2-\$5

On disk: \$2

E-mail copy: FREE



Book Reviews

Here is a list of "good old" books available from the SIM archives. They aren't in very good condition, and many of them are previously owned. But there is a lot of gold there for those interested in the history of the SIM. Some of these are just pamphlets or booklets. These sell for \$5 each. In their catalog of books "in print," the SIM has a bunch of (mostly) more recent books. They are ordered from a separate department. See <http://www.sim.org>

The Hand of God in the Sudan
The Glory of the Impossible
Doctor to Africa
Seven Sevens of Years
Along Nigerian Roads
Advancing Together
Stirrett of the Sudan
Forty Years in the African Bush
Witness of the Prophets
A Flame of Fire
New Frontiers in the Central Sudan
Swords in the Desert
Root from Dry Ground
Trials and Triumphs in Ethiopia
Far Hence Unto the Gentiles
The Burden of the Sudan

Submitted by Dan Elyea

To Africa

The Journal of Charlotte Dale Brigfield
 Printed July, 1998

With the help of family and friends, Aunt Char has recorded her life's story in a lovely spiral-bound book. For about \$10 (includes printing and postage), she is willing to make copies for those who are interested. Her life is an astonishing tale of hardship and triumph from the time she left home, determined to get a high school education to the stories of the harsh winters in Canada; then on to incredible accounts of the early years of pioneer missions in Liberia (months of travel to reach Africa, walking for hundreds of miles to get to a station, getting lost in a forest all night, diseases, devil societies . . .). Next came her years in Nigeria with SIM, serving on various stations as well as at the Hillcrest Hostel and KA. My jaw remained dropped as I exclaimed, "Ashe!" at all the funny episodes along with all the

tremendous obstacles she faced and overcame. Aunt Char, we salute you for your faithful service to MKs. Many of our names from KA and HC appear in her journal (Bobby, Swanie & Sini, Glen, Ralph, Bruce . . .). You'll need to order your own copy to check out the fun memories.

The story does not end in Africa, however. Her resourcefulness and determination to adjust to the U.S., and the grief she experienced when Uncle Ed died in April 1997, are all poignantly recorded. I echo what he sometimes exclaimed about her, "What a woman! What a woman!" And the story goes on: Aunt Char has announced her engagement to Jack Driediger! We wish you both all the best and a lifetime of happiness, for you certainly deserve it!

You can contact her at:
 8330 - 276th Place NW #8
 Stanwood, WA 98292
 (360) 629-9559

To Timbuktu— A Journey Down the Niger

by Mark Jenkins

Here are some interesting comments from someone who never actually "lived" in another culture, but who has spent months at a time travelling through them. And surprisingly insightful for one who claims no religious leanings.

"People talk about culture shock as a temporary disorientation when you go from someplace you know to someplace you don't. Or when you go from someplace where you know you can have almost anything you want, to someplace where it's hard just finding food and shelter. But it's far more disorienting to go the other way. Your senses are suddenly gushing, as if everything has become incontinent at once. Going from prodigality to austerity, you act rationally. Suck it in, cinch up your belt, do what you have to do. Going the other way you lose it right off the bat. Decadence is that seductive. It can make you soft in a matter of days. Not your body, your mind. It's like the devil whispering in your ear." (p. 19)

Submitted by Dan Elyea

South of the Sahara

Traditional Cooking from the Lands of West Africa

By Elizabeth Jackson (KA, HC '78)

lizard@inr.net
<http://www.users.inr.net/~lizard>

Even if you're not interested in reproducing the delicious menus we sampled as MKs growing up in Africa, the 70 fully colored pictures alone are worth the price of this book. From photos of Fulanis at Miango to peanut pyramids at Kano, to beautiful pictures of the individual dishes, you'll be transported back to the sights, sounds, and, yes, the smells of your childhood. Elizabeth has done a masterful job of carefully explaining the process for making over 100 recipes along with sources and tips for special ingredients. And if that isn't enough, for your entertainment she's included fascinating tales of each region. Thank you, Elizabeth, for this labor of love. [See News Updates for more detail.] I can't wait to start cooking, although my family refuses to eat with their fingers!



Elizabeth Jackson watching Yakubu pluck a chicken

Available now through publisher:

Fantail
 PO Box 462
 Hollis, NH 03049
 1-877-326-8245
<http://www.fantail.com>
 Available in local book stores by May, 1999
 Price: \$18.95

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

Turn the page for a recipe from Elizabeth's book.

Remember those skewered meat kabobs stuck in the sand and grilled around an open fire? Well, here's the recipe from Elizabeth's book, used with permission. She reminds you to allow at least a couple hours for marinading. (You'll have to order the book to get the picture.)

Beef Tsire (or "suya")

- 1 pound (500 grams) top round or sirloin steak, a long, thick cut
- ½ cup (125 grams) smooth, unsweetened peanut butter
- ½ teaspoon ground red pepper, or to taste
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon ground powdered ginger
- 2 tablespoons peanut oil
- 1 tablespoon lime juice

1. Slice steak against the grain into strips about 1/4-inch (1/2 centimeter) wide and as long as possible.
2. In a shallow glass pan, mix peanut butter, red pepper, salt, ginger, peanut oil and lime juice until it forms a smooth paste. Rub each meat strip with marinade until thoroughly coated. Use your hands for this—it is messy, but by far the easiest way. Return meat to the glass pan, cover and refrigerate several hours.
3. Soak wooden bamboo skewers in cold water for at least one hour before using.
4. Thread meat on skewers accordion-style. Do not bunch the meat strips—leave them stretched long on the skewer.
5. Grill or broil strips 15 to 20 minutes until meat is cooked through and coating bubbles. Turn once during cooking.

Yield: About 10 tsire

You Know You're an MK When ...

Your life story uses the phrase, "Then we went to ..." seven times.

You find a 7-year-old picture of yourself on someone's refrigerator.

All your clothes have been worn by someone else.

You send your family peanut butter and Kool-aid for Christmas.

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Only the following schools and classes have current class reps. If you'd like to volunteer for a class, please contact the editor.

BINGHAM ACADEMY

<http://bingham.bsmgr.com>

CLASS OF 1976

Malinda (Estelle) Duvall
31 Pinehurst Drive
Taylors, SC 29687

CLASS OF 1977

Edward Estelle
RD #1 Box 155A
Stamford, NY 12167
(607) 652-3111

CLASS OF 1980

Christina (Freeman) Grafe
38621 River Drive
Lebanon, OR 97355
(541) 259-4324
sgrafe@ptinet.net

CARACHIPAMPA

<http://www.sim.org/ccs/>

Helen Steele
c/o PO Box 7900
Charlotte, NC 28241-7900

ELWA

CLASS OF 1984

Pamela (McCarron) Graham
207 John Ford Road
Ashfield, MA 01330
(413) 628-3335
RLAKE 82@aol.com

GOOD SHEPHERD

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

KENT ACADEMY

CLASSES OF 1955-64

Beverly Ostien
1350 Tanglewood Parkway
Ft Myers, FL 33919
(941) 939-7123

CLASS OF 1965

Jim Eitzen
8612 Snowden Loop
Laurel, MD 20811
(301) 776-7779
Jeitzen@means.net

CLASS OF 1966

Sherrill (McElheran) Bayne
2229 Ransom Drive
Ft Wayne, IN 46845
(219) 637-5358

CLASS OF 1967

Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson
1565 Gascony Road
Encinitas, CA 92024
(760) 942-6109
grace@inetworld.net

CLASS OF 1968

Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel
500 Brooks Avenue
Rochester, NY 14619
(716) 235-3422
DGiebel500@aol.com

CLASS OF 1969

John Price
(wants replacement)
6212 Paradise Point Drive
Miami, FL 33157
(305) 971-1211
JHPilot@aol.com

CLASS OF 1971

Jim Kastener
1125 Nottingham
Grosse Pointe Park, MI
48230
(313) 331-0818
Fax (313) 966-1156

CLASS OF 1972

Karen (Seger) Keegan
862 E 8th Street
Holland, MI 49423
(616) 396-6999
simroots@sim.org

CLASS OF 1974

Carol (King) Harvey
1917 Rocksprings Rd
Lavonia, GA 30553
(706) 356-2569
ckharvey@alltel.net

CLASS OF 1975

Ruth Ellen (Hewitt)
Howdyshell
7069 Sears Road
Horton, MI 49246
(517) 563-8202
thowdy@aol.com

CLASS OF 1977

Annegret (Schalm) Horton
6303 Leger Bay
Regina, SK
Canada S4X 2K4
(306) 949-5610
annegret@pneumasoft.com
<http://www.pneumasoft.com/sim77/>

Debb Forster
7511 S. 94th E. Avenue
Tulsa, OK 74133
(918) 459-8720
joyfuldebb@juno.com

CLASS OF 1978

Elizabeth (Jackson) Quinn
9 Cider Lane
Nashua, NH 03063
(603) 595-6300
fax: (603) 880-6503
lizard@inr.net

RIFT VALLEY

Rich Dunkerton
133 Cedar Lane
Laurel, NJ 08021
(609) 784-0251
RJDunk1@juno.com

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: simroots@sim.org Please include the name(s) of your school(s), your high school graduation year, and your maiden name.

Thanks to Mary Janish for news from Ethiopia and Esther Campion for Canada.

CODE SCHOOL

BA Bingham Academy	IC International Christian Academy
EL ELWA Academy	KA Kent Academy
GH Gowans Home	RV Rift Valley Academy
GS Good Shepherd	SA Sahel Academy
HC Hillcrest School	

50s

GRANT MILLAR (GH)

Internet 10/14/98

I remember with great fondness the reunion in Collingwood in '92, I think it was. That was a wonderful experience. I left GH in Dec. '45, so 53 years have flown by in which I have experienced God's goodness. If any Gowans Homers of my era see this, I'd enjoy hearing from you! (gmillar@golden.net)

DAVE HURSH (KA '59)

Many experiences throughout my life—some good, some bad (most of which were self-inflicted)—now I'm learning the really important stuff:

- Raising a family is more important than myself.
- Success in business is good, but it's not guaranteed.
- Relating to others is worth the effort.
- Improving my relationship with God must happen!

DAN ELYEA (KA, HC '59)

After finishing Moody's Radio Tech course, I worked at a Christian FM station in western North Carolina. Following that, it was back to Africa, serving 3 years at ELWA in Liberia. Since then, I've worked with a Christian shortwave station, WYFR, right up to the present. My work in radio falls mostly in the technical and managerial areas.

As you can see in the photo, my children are all grown up. All of us live in Florida except for daughter Laura who settled in Illinois. The tally stands at 5 kids and 4 grandchildren. *Ba shakka* (without a doubt), I must be a real *tsofo* (old guy)! And remember, all you young sprouts, "*Don tuwon gobe a ke wanke tukunya*." (For the sake of tomorrow's food, one washes the cooking pot — don't spoil your chances tomorrow by being careless now.) *Ubangiji Ya ye ma ku albarka* (God bless you).



Jim Eitzen

60s

DAVE & WINNIE PITMAN (BA '62)

Winnie is the mission medical officer in Accra, Ghana, responsible to help keep their team of 35 missionaries healthy. (Dpitman@ighmail.com)

NORMAN COPPOLA (BA '65)

Internet 10/14/98

The last issue of *Simroots* gave me a thrill as I saw pictures and read reports of Bingham Academy, recalling a place of much nostalgia and lots of stories that I recount to this day. More than any, those were the days. What really prompts me to write, though, is the note therein

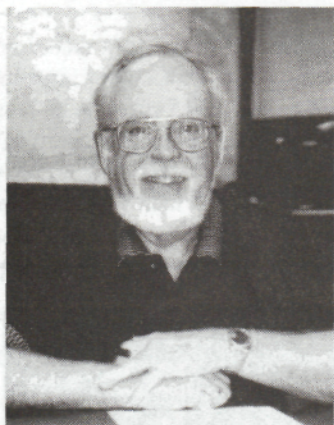
from Jonathon Bonk, a fellow I always admired and one of the "older guys"—a year or two ahead of me. What desperate deeds I performed to gain admittance to the Robin Hood Band! He may be pleased to learn that I followed in his father's footsteps and became a builder/remodeler, working in the Syracuse, NY, area. I was known as Cork, and also, for a brief, interminable time, as "Chair," since I apparently was not growing. I eventually married a woman 6 feet tall, perhaps to compensate for this condition, which has by now become permanent. Judith-Anne and I have 5 children: 3 boys and 2 girls, ranging from 7 to 27 years old, and 4'1" to 6'3" in height. I would love to swap tales of yore with the kids I knew way back then. Mr. Rashleigh, I love you. Forgive me for being such a rascal. You aren't the only one of whom I should ask that. 2224 Ridge Road, Fabius, NY 13063 (Normcopp@aol.com)



Back: son-in-law Clark Moyers; daughters Laura, Sarah, Kathryn, Teresa; son Benjamin
Front: Peggy & Dan Elyea, grandsons Luke & Jonathan



Steve Lucas



David Hursh

STEVE LUCAS (KA, HC '65)

I am currently Africa Division Director for Voice of America and have been for almost 3 years. Prior to that I was a Hausa language broadcaster and then Hausa Service Chief. This coming spring, I will leave my current position to start a VOA regional marketing office in Abidjan. This entails getting local independent (and some state) radio stations to retransmit our programming on FM and AM. I'm looking forward to this new direction in my career and the chance to live again in the continent of my birth.

VALJEAN (EMMEL) NELSON (BA '67)

I am currently living in the Puget Sound area near Seattle. I work for a large wood products and paper company in the Environmental Health and Safety department where I manage data and administrative service. I have been married 26 years to my husband, Don. He owns and operates a photography and video production business out of our home. We have 2 grown children: Carl, 22, and Desiree, 19. We belong to an Evangelical Church in Port Orchard where we are involved in various programs and activities.

For those of you who attended Bingham during the days that my folks (Birdell and Lois Emmel) were on staff there, they retired several years ago and live in the SIM retirement village in Carlsbad, CA. They are both in good health and are active in their church and the Ethiopian community in San Diego. And, of course, my dad gets called on to do "fix it" jobs by others in the village.

My sister, Lynn (BA '62), lives in Portland, Oregon, where she works for a medical supply company. She has 2 kids as well: Adam, 18, and Megan, 16.

For any BA alumni who may be in the Seattle area, give us a call. We would love to see any of you and have lots of room in our house. (253) 851-0115 (nelsonv@wdni.com)

JOYCE STEELY SCHMIDT (KA, HC '68)

I don't know why, but I have been given a workshop on sadness and loss. I left home for my night shift on November 24 and . . . my house burned down. My family members got out (except the dog) and no fire fighters were injured. But they saved nothing. No shoes, no glasses, no ID . . . I lost all my addresses and phone numbers. I have lost everything from Nigeria, photos of my children as youngsters, my jewelry. The list goes on and on.



Dave Wickstrom

The insurance has rented us a small apartment in the school district; the community filled the kitchen and donated clothes. So we are functioning members of the work/school population again. But numb inside.

I am, as I said, deep into the workshop on loss. We AMKs tend to deny and ignore our pain and to have difficulty acknowledging the emotional pain of another. I am willing to share my workshop! Don't desert me, don't ignore my situation. My physical needs are met. But I am choosing to turn to fellow AMKs for the emotional loss. 409 N Main, Pleasant Hope, MO 65725 (jsmk68@juno.com)

[I hope those of you in Joyce's class have extra photos of the Africa years you can send her. I've sent her all the current addresses from her class. Editor]

SAMUEL PLAYFAIR (KA '69)

I've been married to Carolyn Cable Playfair for the last 6 and a half years. I have 2 wonderful children: Rebecca (15) and Benjamin (10). I work as a social worker for people with head and spinal cord injuries. I enjoy discussing the meaning of the Scriptures with Jews and Christians. If anyone wants to get on my e-mailing list, let me know. (SPlayfair@aol.com)

70s

GRACE (BELL) PARRAMORE (KA, HC '70)

Internet 4/27/98

It was good as usual to read the latest *Simroots*. Thanks to all of you who make it possible each time. I have been married to David for almost 14 years. We have 2 children: Joanna, who is 9, and William, who is 12. We have home-schooled since they were both in kindergarten. David works in insurance replacement vehicle rentals, and we are both active in our local Christian and Missionary Alliance Church. Joy is married to David's brother and is suffering from scleroderma which has affected her organs. Please pray for her. John has been married to David's sister Debbie for almost 18 years and they have 2 boys. Matthew is almost 15 and Kevin is almost 11. He has been working for Publix Supermarkets for most of the last 25 years. Thanks again for sharing *Simroots* with us. This past issue has been really special, as it has brought back a lot of memories of our special childhood. *[Grace: your e-mail DParram139 is inadequate. Try again.]*

JON (BA, GS, RV '78) & NANCY (BEACHAM) (KA, HC '70) STILWELL

We have 2 boys, Michael born July 28, 1996, and Matthew born March 30, 1998. We live in Knoxville, TN, where I work as a Captain on the Dornier 328 for US Airway Express. Nancy is at home with the 2 boys.



Sam Playfair

TIM & LORNA JACOBSON (BA '71)

On visits down country to an Amharic Bible School in Ethiopia, Tim's vehicle becomes a mobile bookstore. Improving literature distribution is one of the big challenges he will be working on this year. Lorna teaches English at BA and ESL to 15 Bingham compound workers.

GEORGE CALLISTER (KA '72)

We moved to upstate NY the beginning of Sept., '98, bought a home, and have begun to help start a new church in the town of Gouverneur. Things are going well. We have seen substantial growth, and the biggest problem is that we may soon outgrow our meeting place. We have signed a contract to buy a piece of land and so hope to build within 1-2 years.

Our son Bill is 19, and after taking a year off after high school just started at Word of Life Bible Institute this fall. Our daughter Carli is 14. We are home-schooling her, and she is busy making new friends in the community and has met several other Christians her age.

Thanks for the latest *Simroots*. I always enjoy it. Imagine that we actually looked like those pictures at one time!

DAN ROGERS (BA '72)

My wife Sylvia and I have been with Mission Aviation Fellowship since 1980, serving in 3 countries. We are currently in Suriname, South America. We have 4 children, 3 with us here and the oldest in college at LeTourneau.

I attended Bingham from '61 to '70. I was in the 1969 9th grade graduating class. Our class then continued the next year to be the first 10th grade class ever at Bingham.

TIM & SHARON (COLEMAN) SANDVIG (BA '72)

Sharon has been handling the mission finances in Chile. The Missions Youth Camp their inter-church Missions Dept. organized in the small inland town of Pahuano was a blessing and challenge for the young people who came from 5 different churches. Tim and Sharon continue to put out the "Chile Al Mundo" missions bulletin each month and are working to see its distribution grow. They will be on home assignment in July '99, living in Three Hills, AB. (sanovig@entelchile.net)

DARLENE (RASHLEIGH) OPPEL (BA '73)

Internet 10/20/98

I had 8 years of boarding at Bingham with grade 10 being my last as that was as far as Bingham went at the time. I took grade 11 at RVA in Kenya and then grade 12 in Canada on Home Assignment. I graduated from Prairie Bible Institute in '76 and then worked on staff there for 2 years. Lloyd and I were married in '78, and we went to Thailand with OMF as missionaries in '82 and have been there ever since. We have 3 children: Hanni ('80), Caleb ('83) and Vikki ('85). We are presently on Home Assignment in B.C., Canada, and plan on returning to Thailand summer 2000. I really enjoyed boarding school and have lots of rich and happy memories. All 3 of

our children have been in boarding school in Asia, and I have found that being a parent of a child in boarding is much harder than being the child boarding! (ldoppel@mars.ark.com)

ALICE (PRICE) PIFER (KA, HC '73)

Joel is a trim carpenter, and Alice is an NILD Educational Therapist. Their children are Justin, who is involved in football and track; Josh, who's into taxidermy and an outdoorsman; Andrea, the arts and piano; and Anna Naomi who loves black olives and cheerleading for the Ben Lippen Falcons.

KAREN (BRABAND) MERTES (KA, HC '74)

Internet 10/08/98

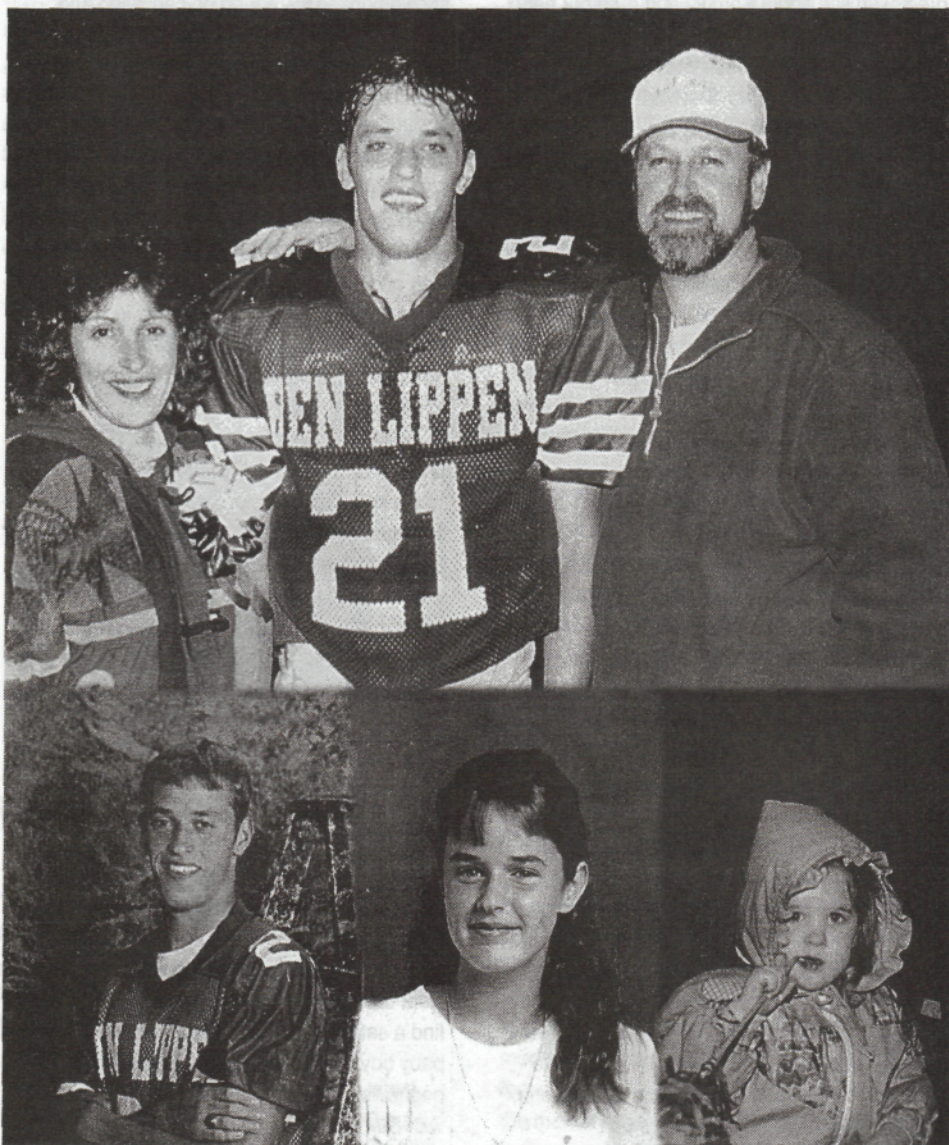
Received my *Simroots* and devoured it. Love to hear from everyone and what all is going on. Would love to hear from you on e-mail as well. Somehow it doesn't seem so hard to keep up with e-mails as letter writing. I keep up with a few

individuals here and there, but my Africa days are such an important part of my life so would love to hear from as many of you as possible. I just became Grandma a month ago (I know—I'm much too young for this, but sometimes we just don't have a choice!) so am going to try to be the best grandma I can be. God has been faithful through some tough years of struggles, but how I praise Him for His faithfulness. He truly is good. Keep up the good work with *Simroots* — it touches a lot of us deeply. (karenlou42@hotmail.com)

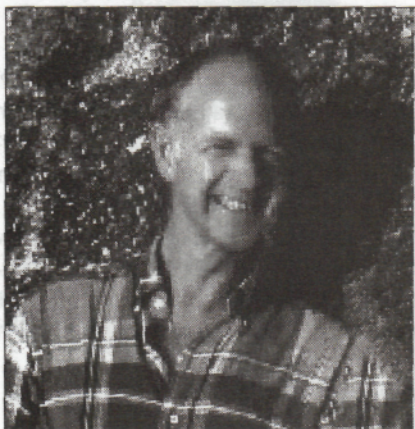
DAVID SWANK (KA '74)

Internet 9/10/98

Sending this little note from the island of Korcula, Croatia, where I and my partner of 5 years are currently residing. Many corporate years in the software and computer industry made us realize how important it would be to finally settle ourselves and establish tourism on an island in the Adriatic. We both wish to hear from our friends and classmates from Africa.



Pifers: Alice (Price), Justin (18), and Joel; Josh (14), Andrea (11) and Anna Naomi (2 1/2)



David Swank

Isolation is one of the drawbacks to island living. Anytime, you are welcome to visit our island. We have a world-renowned gallery, restaurant and travel company. Visit our gallery on the Internet and sign our guest book. (<http://www.duhzemlje.com>) You can also visit a great web site about Korcula and read our "letters from abroad" that have been published along with all our business information. (www.korcula.net) I love *Simroots*. (dswank@ad1440.net)

DOUG & GAIL BERGEN (KA, HC '75)

After Hillcrest, I attended Le Tourneau College (Longview, TX) and graduated in '79 with a BS in Electrical Engineering and AS in Aviation Technology. In the summer of my junior year, I went out under SIM as an SST (Super Short-Term) missionary and worked with SIMAIR in Niamey as an aircraft mechanic. I married Gail in Aug. '79. She comes from a family who also love the Lord, for which I am thankful.

Since college, we have always lived in San Diego, CA. Until kids came along, Gail was a speech pathologist at Children's Hospital, and I worked in various capacities at Solar Turbines Inc. (owned by Caterpillar). Solar manufactures industrial gas turbines in the 1MW-25MW size range, with most of our business overseas, which in my almost 20-year career has given me more than ample opportunity to travel around the world on business. I currently am the manager of the Gear Business Unit, an organization of approximately 65 people representing the engineering and manufacturing entities within Solar for all gear requirements.

Gail quit working in 1985 when our first son (Russell) was born. Keith was born in 1987, and then we went for a third and got twin girls (we still think they're identical), Heather and Valerie, in 1989. We attend Shadow Mountain Community Church in El Cajon, CA, Pastor

David Jeremiah's church (some may know of him through Turning Point Ministries). All of us are involved in AWANA either as kids or as leaders.

Every year we take 3-4 weeks off during the summer and travel the USA, with a 32' travel trailer in tow behind our Suburban. We also have a sand rail (six passenger) which gives us great enjoyment racing up large sand dunes during the winter season out in Glamis, CA. Basically it looks like the Arabian desert for miles around. Much of the terrain here, east of San Diego, resembles the hills and rock formations in Benue Plateau Province. It's not quite the same, but close enough to be a reminder of the many great hikes and outdoor events we had at KA.

I'm still trying to find my old pictures of places like the swinging bridge, camel's rock, and other places, names of which I've already forgotten! Gail and I were in Ghana for Easter '82 visiting my parents, and we were supposed to fly on to Jos for a few days prior to returning back to the States. Well, as usual, Nigeria Airways never showed up, so we ended up canceling and spending a week in Europe on the way back home instead. Perhaps it's just as well; I understand that Jos and Miango don't look anything like the way we knew it . . . it's all grown up. So much for fond memories!

My parents are retired and in good health, living in Escondido, CA. My oldest brother **Bernie** and his family live in Encinitas, CA; my brother **Dan** and his family live in Denver, CO, and my sister **Lou Ann** and her family live in Grants Pass, OR. While physically apart, we remain close and see each other at least once a year. (dpbergen@yahoo.com)

DYANNE (TUCK) DIXON (KA, HC '75)

We spent the early part of '98 trying to get settled into our new home instead of going away for a holiday. That was a big mistake. We felt the effects of not having had a real rest. We've developed good friendships with our Taiwanese and Hong Kong neighbours, as well as our two Kiwi neighbours, and are feeling very much at home in our new neighbourhood now.

My church involvement this year has included mentoring a 20-year-old girl from our youth group, a little drama, and learning about prayer in a small study group. We're using Dutch Sheets' book *Intercessory Prayer* as our teacher and it's absolutely fantastic! Family news: **Stan** and **Helen** haven't been able to go back to Ethiopia because of Helen's back, and while Stan has had work to keep him busy, he would dearly love to find a satisfying job. My sister **Lynnette** had a baby boy, **Nathan**, on Dec. 2. I now have 3 nephews and 5 nieces. Mum and Dad are still with SIM NZ, although Mum will be "officially" retiring at the end of this year. **Ivan** and **Tracy** continue with their very effective camp ministry.

MERLE & CAROL EDIGER (BA '75)

Last May Merle took over as pastor of a group of 15-20 believers meeting in the town of Cumbaya, Ecuador. He also teaches Mon. and Tues. evenings at the Bible Institute.

JIM & SUE GOULD (KA, HC '75)

This year I was honored by being named "Teacher of the Year" by my colleagues. I have recently published two papers: one on Bonhoeffer's theology in the *Toronto Journal of Theology* and one on ethical and legal issues surrounding drunk driving in *Teaching Philosophy*. This year I have also been doing some writing on grief issues that MKs face. One of the college classes I teach is about grief and loss, and Ruth Van Reken (of *Letters I Never Wrote*) has been encouraging me to apply some of that research to MK issues. So I've written a paper and submitted it for publication; I'd love to get some feedback from my classmates on the losses we experienced at boarding school. So if you'd like a copy of the paper, please contact me.

I continue to serve as chair of our church council. I continue to enjoy teaching EC classes at church and to serve on a hospice ethics committee.

My family is fine. Becky, 12, is excelling in middle school. Sarah, 9, loves grade 4. Both girls play softball and sing in a children's chorus. David, 6, is in a special needs class. His mental development is very slow; he has no speech capability and is gradually increasing his use of sign language (as are the rest of us).

Joy and her family (she has 4 kids) live a few houses down from my folks; she home-schools, and her husband is a computer analyst. **Beth** and her family (3 kids) live outside Toronto; she works part-time as a neonatal intensive care nurse, and her husband is a school teacher. **Rob** and his family (1 kid) live near London, Ontario, where he is a school teacher. **John** and his family (3 kids) live in the same town as Joy and my folks; he works at an art and framing shop and is a part-time artist.

TY GUY (KA '75)

Installation services were held Sept. 13, '98 for Ty as senior pastor of South Shores Church in Monarch Beach, California. Ty is really excited about the ministry of this church which is running about 600 members. The Guys continue to home school their children. In April there will be one more little Guy. Ty was wondering about some of the nationals that were in his class at KA like Fulaki, Fuman Gumba, Jonah Gin, and Olatoya. Anyone know anything about any of these people?

**STEVE & BECKY HARLING
(KA, HC '75)**

It's now Sunday afternoon, but I'm still pretty wired after the morning services. We had over 1600 in worship in our three services this AM. There was a great spirit in the congregation in spite of the fact that some folks spent 20 minutes driving around the parking lot looking for a space to park. On the personal front: we've moved! Building our new home has been an adventure filled with lots of highs and lows. Becky's ministry is continuing to develop. In addition to serving on our pastoral staff, she also has done quite a bit of speaking at women's gatherings throughout the northeast. In January, she will join me and a few others from the church on a fact-finding trip to Senegal. We are hoping to "adopt" the Wolof people . . . but need to do some investigation and networking first.

Bethany, our 16-year-old is swimming competitively and playing Lacrosse. Josiah, our 14-year-old, is now the tallest member of the family. He's still addicted to soccer and plays goalie on his traveling soccer team. He also likes hanging with his friends and playing drums in his band. Stef (11) is also a soccer lover. Her favorite position is center forward. Keri (8) is a bubbly soul. She takes voice lessons and sings in a children's choir.

In my spare time (when I'm not acting like a taxi driver), I serve on the boards of 3 missions organizations (SIM, Wycliff, and Bethany). It's a wonderful outlet, and I really appreciate the opportunity to stay involved with missions.

**RUTH ELLEN (HEWITT)
HOWDY SHELL (KA '75)**

This year my status at school was upgraded to full time. A few years after our son David entered school, I returned to teaching part time. David is now in 8th grade and enjoys soccer, basketball and playing the trumpet. This year he has me for a teacher just in English instead of 3 times a day like last year! At church I enjoy accompanying him when he plays his trumpet for special music.

DAVID & PAM PULLEN (KA '75)

We are once again back in the Pennsylvania, Allegheny Mountains. We moved to Texas in '92 and then on to Wisconsin in '93 and now we're home to PA to stay in . . . '98. Dave has felt the Lord's leading, for several years, to return to PA to be involved in a church leadership training ministry, Titus Ministry. Dave resigned from Cargill to pursue his own business as a private Dairy Nutritional Consultant, "DMI Consulting." The Lord has been faithful in causing the business to grow, and as a result, there are numer-

ous contented cows in central PA. The business is MOO-ving along at a steady pace.

We have experienced many changes the last 9 months. We decided to enroll our children in a school that teaches a "classical" education. It's a unique method: grades K-5 learn traditional grammar (focusing on repetition and memory work). Grades 6-8 apply the memory work to the study of logic to learn how to organize their thoughts. Then in grades 9-12 they learn to effectively communicate these thoughts focusing on rhetoric. So . . . yes, Heidi is 12 years old and has now learned how to "argue" correctly! She has been taking Suzuki violin lessons for 7 months and sounds great. She also loves to read, play football, shop and spend time with her cat. Pete is taking fencing classes, loves reading, drawing, irritating his sisters, and counting the days 'til he can get his own puppy. Renee also loves school and everyone around her. She approaches life with a blast of enthusiasm. She excels in reading and is also taking fencing classes. She sings loudly (a lot) and enjoys talking to the heifers in their pasture and feeding pretzels to the neighbors' sheep. Renee is quite athletically built and takes on any sport that her siblings play. Pam, my wife, is adjusting slowly to the area and really loves the peaceful setting amongst the Mennonite community. She has learned a new talent—painting. Pam is also playing the harp in the children's school program.



Susan Lochstampfor

RON FOSTER (KA '76)

Internet 4/18/98

I'm happily married with 7 children (ages 2-11). My wife's name is Eunice. I want to keep in touch. (rfoster@sk.sympatico.ca)

**CONNI (SYRING) TOWNSEND
(KA '76)**

Internet 7/01/98

Just wanted to let everyone know the latest, since it has been awhile: we still live in WI but now have 6 children: 4 boys Jerry (12), Eric (10),

Russell (6), Alex (4) and twin girls Lydia & Danielle (15 months). We homeschool and are enjoying it! My husband, Jerry, has a full-time job as well as a construction business on the side called Mission Homes, specializing in log homes but building anything! (mhomes@cybrzn.com)

STEVE & CYNDIE IWAN (BA '77)

They are in Mombasa, Kenya, along with their 4 children, doing maintenance work at Pwani Bible Institute and managing SIM's guest/rest home.

**NORMAN & MELISSA HODGES
(KA, HC '78)**

HC Listserve 1/18/99

A brief synopsis of the last 21 years: After graduation from the U. of Victoria (Canada, not Australia), my sister, grandmother and I visited my parents in Nigeria for 6 weeks. Seeing how much Nigeria had changed in such a short time cured me of any nostalgia. Following a couple of years of working, I took a break and finished a diploma at Regent College. Then it was into the world of medical research (mostly diabetes), first at UBC in Vancouver for 9 years (I got married the summer of '91) and then at Tulane in New Orleans for 2 and a half years. At this point, the necessity of a career change became apparent. Now, I'm back working part-time at UBC and studying computer systems part-time. Recently, I figured out that at my current pace, I will finish in April 2002. Not exactly an encouraging thought. We've got 3 most-of-the-time wonderful kids—5-year-old Nicola, almost-3-year-old John and 19-week-old Charlotte.

(nghodges@interchange.ubc.ca)

SUSAN LOCHSTAMPFOR (KA '78)

Susan is currently an RN at Palmetto Health Hospice in Columbia, SC.

ELIZABETH JACKSON (KA, HC '78)

Elizabeth recently published a West African cookbook [See Book Reviews]. She writes: It has about 120 recipes, adapted (by me) from old and out-of-print cookbooks and tested by a troop of volunteers of family and friends. My husband, Paul, did the artwork and photography for the book. It also features some of my Dad's slides from Nigeria. I was prompted to write this book for a couple reasons. First, I was craving African chop and kosai, and started researching recipes and ingredients myself. I found that other "ex-Nigerians" were wondering how to cook the foods they used to eat. Second, there are no modern, in-print cookbooks to be found that focus only on West Africa. We figured we have the market cornered right now. I also have a background in Nutrition and Food Service and

spend tons of time in the kitchen anyway.

Paul and I are both working now on our second books. Paul's first was *Titanic at Two AM*, a non-fiction book, published in 1996. Paul has been interested in—no, I should say obsessed with—the *Titanic* since he was a child. He also is an artist and has about 15 original oil paintings featured in the book. It did very well as it was timed to come out with the James Cameron movie. His second is another about the *Titanic* and is due for release in the fall of '99. Mine is another cookbook with a slightly different focus. We do all the work ourselves—the writing, the artwork, cover design and photography—and with my book we went electronic. (lizard@inr.net)

PAUL & KAREN (ACKLEY) KERN (EL '79)

My memories of ELWA are all wonderful! I have always said that ELWA was the perfect place to grow up, but I don't think I really appreciated it fully until I started reading *Simroots* and other publications that revealed a totally different side of growing up as an MK. I have no lasting "bad" memories of my years growing up as an MK like so many others seem to have. I do have older siblings who did have to go to boarding school when my parents were in East Africa, but we moved to Liberia when I was three, and I had my schooling at ELWA and the American Cooperative School in Monrovia. If there was such a thing as heaven on earth, it was definitely life at ELWA. I lived there from 1965-1979. My adjustment back to life in the U.S.A. was a little tough, but even the negative experiences I had then were good for me, and I am a better person today because of them. Today, I am married to a wonderful man, Paul, and we have three beautiful children: Tyler (11), Travis (8), and Traci (4). There are many times I wish I could take my family and go back to ELWA the way it was when I grew up there, but I know that can't happen.

Probably one of the most difficult things about growing up in Africa is that our family was rarely all together. You could definitely say we are making up for lost time now. My parents, Pete and Sadie Ackley, and four or their five children (plus spouses and children) all live in Garland, TX, within 10 minutes of each other. Our children are all great friends, and we congregate at our parents' house often for a fun time of talking, eating, laughing, and reminiscing. I would say there is very little bitterness in our family over the decisions my parents made while serving the Lord in Africa—some, but very little. Praise the Lord.

Thank you for dedicating an issue to Liberia. We don't feel very included in most SIM MK events, so this is really nice.

DAN & CAROLYN (SMITH) DORITY

(BA '80)

They are missionaries in Irian Jaya and have 4 children—Micah, Hannah, Nathan, Abigail. Her sister Maureen Smith (BA) is now Maureen Eichelberger.

RUTH MEED (BA '84)

I am currently a grad student working on my M.Ed. in Special Ed. I hope to be finished by 2001. (rmeed@bj.edu)

KEN & CHARLENE DANIELS (KA, HC '86)

Waxhaw: These past 4 months in North Carolina have been somewhat difficult for Charlene, mostly because of her frustrations in the face of the (not abnormal) domestic chaos instigated by our 2 pre-school boys. We've been staying with my father in a secluded subdivision with no pre-school kids, so our boys' opportunities to play with other kids have been limited, as have been Char's opportunities to gain support from other mothers. We look forward to living in a Wycliffe apartment in Dallas, surrounded by other Wycliffe families.

Corinne ("ko-REEN", not "ko-RIN") is growing like a weed at 2 months and has been a great night sleeper almost since the beginning, for which we are blessed. She's learned to smile infectiously and gives us much joy.

I've enjoyed working half days at the Wycliffe/JAARS computer department and spending my afternoons studying Greek. Thursday was my last day at work, so now I can help us get ready for the upcoming move to Dallas on January 8. For a couple months Char worked one morning a week giving museum tours at JAARS while the boys enjoyed childcare.

Dallas: The classes I'm signed up for deal primarily with how to translate the Bible and set up literacy programs, as well as semantics (word meanings, good for dictionary making). I expect the coursework to be demanding as usual. Charlene won't be taking classes this time but will have plenty to keep her busy at home.

I recently began reading a very informative anthropological book on the Daza people among whom we are assigned to work. One interesting tidbit from the book is that while the men herd their camels from Oct. through Jan. in the desert, they live off camel milk alone—no water, no solid food, just camel milk. And they carry only a mat to sleep on and a couple containers to put the milk in.

Sometimes people talk about the sacrifices we make to go where we're going, but our lives are immeasurably more comfortable than the Daza people—even there we have access to running water, electricity, money to buy food, a

vehicle to get around with, medical insurance, electric fans, refrigeration, intermittent communication, etc., none of which the vast majority of the people have. Nor do they have the Bible in their language, and none of them so far accept the gospel.

In the past month, David's ability to hear has been rapidly declining. The doctor says there is fluid buildup in his ears, and he will need tubes and an operation to remove his adenoids. Because of the length of the follow-up, we'll need to wait and do it in Dallas. We are becoming increasingly frustrated when David doesn't hear what we ask him to do or not to do, and we find ourselves continually shouting at him. Please pray for our patience and for his healing.

LYNETTE EPP (KA '86)

I live in Calgary, AB, where I work as an Office Administrator/Systems Manager. I attend Grace Baptist Church and am involved in their Single Adult Ministries. I have also bought my own condo and enjoy camping in the summer and skiing in the winter. Our parents live in Three Hills, AB, where Dad retired from Prairie Bible Institute in July of '98. He is working part-time in the AIM Head Office in Three Hills, and they are both very active in the Prairie Tabernacle.

Unknown Year

BILL & GRACE HARDING (BA)

7/98

They have been serving with SIM in Ethiopia for the past 15 years and are presently on home assignment in the USA. Their son Ryan recently graduated from RVA in Kenya. Recently Bill was excited to be able to lead the mission and the church into forming an outreach into the unreached Agew people of northern Ethiopia.

Staff

MARY AMALIA (BA)

In July 1992, I moved to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I didn't get a full time job till Nov. '92 at the Veterinary Hospital at the U. of Sask. At the end of '96 my health was not too good. Due to a long absence from work, I was placed in Anthropology and Archeology instead. I loved it there. I turned 65 and retired from work last October. What a milestone! All these years I worked, I always had the 3-11:30 p.m. shifts which left very little time for a social life. It hasn't taken long to adjust to this new way of life, and I am certainly enjoying it. I am in the process of packing and moving into a retirement residence.

FAMILY ALBUM

BRANTS

Krista (BA '89) is married and works at a new church planting effort north of Charlotte, NC.

Lisa (KA, IC '92) is in seminary at Columbia International U. and is a nurse.

Judson (IC) is a junior at Liberty U. majoring in Bible and Missions.

BRUNINGS

Jodi (EL '76) and her husband Dan Schmitt, live near Durango, Colorado, where they run a pig farm with their children Aaron (12), Adriel (10), and Priscilla (7 months). They are involved with soccer, and AWANA at their church there.

Mike (EL '78) and his wife Sherry serve as missionaries among the Wolof people in Senegal, West Africa, with Missions: Moving Mountains. They have 3 children: Sianna (4), Olivia (3), and Elijah (6 months).

Carina (EL '78) and her husband Russ Rice live near Los Angeles, California, where they run their own business, which is selling fundraising products to schools. They have 5 children: Brandon (13), Adam (11), Sarah (9), Esther (4), and Spurgeon (2).

CUMBERS

7/98 letter

Vernon (BA '70) and family came home for a 10-week home assignment and then returned to BA. Sarah will be teaching there, and Joshua will finish 8th grade.

Paul (BA '78) and family are planning on moving to a house nearer the church where Paul is the Associate Pastor.

Ruth (BA '79) and Larry plus their 5 were in Irian Jaya when the tsunami hit the north coast of PNG. A couple of days later they flew over the affected area on their way home and saw the devastation. MAF has been in the forefront of taking in medical supplies and food.

DE KLERKS

Anne (BA '79) and Kevin are with HCJB at the Engineering Centre in Elkhart, IN. They have Jonathan and Kristin.

Jayne (BA '80) and Jon with their 3 girls serve the Lord in Jordan.

Bill (BA '83) and Connie have 2 girls.

DIPPLES

Leonie (KA '88) We enjoy the updates in *Simroots*, so we thought we would send a little bit from Australia—where the sun shines and surf pounds! All of us live in Sydney. My husband John and I have 3 children: Joshua (7), Bethanie (6) and Maddison (4). I'm working as an adolescent psychotherapist, and my husband is at Bible College. We hope to go to Paraguay with SIM in the year 2000. *[We need address updates for your siblings]*

Alasdair (KA '89) is married to Leanne. He is a detective in the NSW Police Force and spends his "free" time training for triathlons.

Narelle (KA '90) is married to Jeremy. She is working as an RN in the emergency department of St. George Hospital. *[What's your married name, Narelle?]*

Kylie (KA '95) is studying nursing at University. Involved in a local youth group in leadership.

EPPS

Kevin (KA '85) married Jeanette Matthews in 1989. They have 2 children. Alexander Michael was 6 on January 19, 1998, and Danielle Saxon was 5 on August 5, 1998. Kevin is a Computer Technologist/Analyst. They moved down to Portland, Oregon, in Nov. '97 where he works for a computer consulting firm. (eppk@aracnet.com)

Lynette (KA '86) I live in Calgary, AB, where I work as an Office Administrator/Systems Manager. I attend Grace Baptist Church and am involved in their Single Adult Ministries. I have also bought my own condo and enjoy camping in the summer and skiing in the winter. (eppds@kneehill.com)

Our parents live in Three Hills, AB, where Dad retired from Prairie Bible Institute in July of '98. He is working part-time in the AIM Head Office in Three Hills, and they are both very active in the Prairie Tabernacle.

ERIONS

Allan (BA '80) lives in Calgary. Their son Zachary was recently baptized.



The Frames: (the Frame kids are in bold) Back: Kerrie Williams Bjerkaas, Keenan Williams, Joshua & Sheri VanReken Underhill, Paul & Mara Williams Johnson, David VanReken, Jonathan & Stephanie VanReken Eriksen (bride & groom), Rachel VanReken Thompson holding Hannah, Tom Frame, Andy & Teresa Frame Carbery, Mark Lewis holding Monica, Ray Sexton
Middle: Chuck & Doreen Frame, **MaeBeth Williams**, Betty Frame, **RuthEllen VanReken**, Matthew Lewis, **Marjorie Lewis** holding Michael, Beth Sexton, **Alice Sexton** holding Jeremy & Joshua
Front: Melissa Frame, Jenna Frame, Vanessa Frame, Mandy Williams

Rhonda (BA '81) plans a 3-month trip to Jordan in Feb. '99. Richard will teach at Jordan Evangelical Theological Seminary, which trains converted Muslims to go back to their people and be effective witnesses.

Glenn (BA '84) and Heather are experiencing the joys and demands of an increasing family. Sarah's brother Ryan was born on May 4.

JONES

Larry (KA, HC '76) teaches junior high history in Orange County, CA. His wife, Gracie, is care manager for a large county hospital. Michelle, 19, and Christopher, 18, both graduated from high school June '98 and are now in college. Tanya, 7, says 2nd grade is too easy! Larry sings in the choir at their church, and Gracie assists in Tanya's Wed. evening group.

Debbie (KA, HC '77) is Personal Business Manager for a single family enterprise. Since her office is in a private home, she is able to take 2-year-old Robert to work with her. Andrew is 9, and Heather 6. Husband, Chris, is a pilot for a cargo airline. Both are very active in their church as AWANA leaders and other outreach ministries.

Mark (KA, HC '79) is a sales representative for a large industrial janitorial service. He also trains new employees. His latest interest is his cat, "Three-five," named for Titus 3:5! He attends both an Episcopal church and a Baptist church.

Grant (KA, HC '82) is a computer resource specialist for the U. of California, Davis, School of Veterinary, Tulare campus. His wife, MaryLyn, is a courier for a food safety laboratory. Daughter, Elizabeth Oluwafunmilayo, who turned one year on June 16, 1998, accompanies MaryLyn. They attend a Nigerian Community Fellowship in Fresno, CA.

Cindy (KA, HC '84) is a sales representative and writer for 2 free community newspapers: Senior Connection and Family Connection, in Minot, ND, where her husband, Kyon, is Captain

in the missile program at the Air Force Base. In Jan. '99, they will have completed 4 years there and are being assigned back to a base in southern CA.

Herb & Marcy (HC staff) We worked for 30 years among the Yoruba tribe in Kwara State, Nigeria. Our last year on the field was spent as house parents at Niger Creek Hostel. We came back to the States in 1984. After a 9-month furlough, we were assigned to manage the SIM Retirement Center, Carlsbad, CA, for 4 years. Then from Aug. '89 to present, we have been doing international student ministry in the Oakland/Berkeley, CA, area. We read *Simroots* from cover to cover several times each issue and appreciate all the news and updates. Thanks for all the good, hard work.



Jones: MaryLyn & Grant; Larry, Chris, Tanya, Michelle & Gracie; Mark, Cindy & Kyon Yi Debbie, Chris, Robert Andrew, Heather and Warren; Marcy & Herb; Robert John Warren (10 mo.)

LUEDERS

Joel (EL, KA 60s) with wife, Ellen, are head of "Capstone Homes" building houses in Bella Vista, AR. Daughters Andrea & Kelly. Judson College, IL, grads, training in Chicago area to be physician assistants. Son, Aaron, a freshman at U. of Arkansas.

Jamie (EL 70s) married to Cynthia. Jamie is an M.D. in family practice. Was working at ELWA Hospital in April '96 until war forced the evacuation. Now on staff in Rogers Hospital, Rogers, AR. They have a baby girl, Hannah Jo.

Submitted by their dad (arlueders@aol.com)

MAXSONS

Charlie (BA) is a professor at Grand Canyon U. in Arizona.

Danny (BA) and his family live in Sonora, Mexico, and he teaches in a private school.

Tim (BA '80) is in Toronto teaching in a technical school for stone and brick building.

Philip (BA '75) is in Sakhalin Island belonging to Russia, setting up computer programs for a freight company.

MCELHERANS

Marvin (KA) lives in Calgary. Works construction and on fire for God. (3 kids)

Marilyn (KA '60) and husband are missionaries with Black Forrest Academy in Germany. (2 girls)

Leola (KA) lives in Oregon with her husband.

Alister (KA) and wife are missionaries with ASOMA in Quito, Ecuador. (4 girls)

Mary (KA '66) lives in Ft. Wayne, IN, with husband and 2 college boys. She's a nurse and finds neurology an incredible mission field!

MEEDS

David (BA '80) & Mary—expecting a baby in Oct. '98 to join Naomi and Douglas.

Stephen (BA '81) and Shelley have had numerous appointments for singing since the New Year so have had lots of travel here and there.

Rose (BA '84) keeps busy at NBBJ with "note" preparations and ambulance work.

Ruth (BA '84) was at BJU last year and has been working as maintenance lady in ladies' dorms to earn hours towards next year's costs.

PHILPOTTS

Christine (KA, SA, HC '96) is at Front Range Community College living at home with her parents and 2 brothers. (sgphilpott@juno.com)

Jocelyne (same, '98) is presently at Bethel College. (jocphilpott@juno.com)

SLATERS

Jeff (EL '80) went to ELWA Academy from 1973 to '78 and graduated from the American Cooperative School in Monrovia in 1980. He is business manager at Evanston Hospital Pharmacy and working on his Master's degree. His wife, Beverly, is a graphic artist working in Chicago.

Suzanne (EL '80) is a physical therapist and a supervisor at a Danville Hospital. David Tharp, her husband, is an ordained pastor working on his Ph.D. in counseling.

Boyd (EL, IC '82) is a car salesman at Rothenbach Chevrolet in Grayslake, Illinois. His wife, Kathy, is a homemaker. They have a son C.J. (Christopher James).

SPAHRs

Deborah (BA '75) lives in Brookings, SD. She and her husband, Reed Jorgenson, work for the Coast to Coast Hardware stores. Deborah's 2 boys are young men now. Brock is in technical school in Sioux Falls, SD. Brooks is a junior in high school. His interest is in farming.

Gordon (BA, RV '76) and Dawn live in the Chicago area. He works in the office of World Relief. Their two children Tessa (10) and Zachery (2) fill their home with activity.

Mary Ann (BA, RV '86) with her son Jordan (5), live in Blaine, MN. She is an RN in a local hospital.

STOLLS

Esther (EL '89)—has 2 children Moriah (3 1/2) and Drew (almost a year). She teaches K-5 at Florence Christian School. Her husband, Jim, teaches math and coaches junior varsity soccer and varsity girls' basketball at FCS.

Jonathan (EL) teaches Bible and geography for junior high at Markoma Bible Academy, a Christian boarding school.

Remember When ...

MCELHERAN MEMORIES

By Sherrill (McElheran) Bayne (KA '66)
sbayne@juno.com

I have thoroughly enjoyed the stories everyone has contributed about their experiences at Kent. My brother Marvin (McElheran) sure left his mark there and his fixation with scorpions! Thanks, Aunt Gerry, for that article! You truly will get your reward, and a lot of us will be up there clapping when you get it!

I have more positive than negative recollections of KA. The swinging bridge, the Sunday walks, the stockings hung on the fireplace at Christmas—with all the same things (basically) hanging out of them (the hula hoops were the greatest), the Christmas programs that I even got a part in, skipping sideways down the chapel isles, arms linked with others. (Certain Christmas tunes instantly translate me back to those fond memories.) Puppet shows of Hansel and Gretel, having to learn long passages of Scripture accompanied with panic attacks, but Uncle John Herr made sure we did them correctly. I hated it then, but give thanks now, because I have good recall! Halloween parties . . . going through the basement of the dining hall all dark—tin cans all tied together so you'd trip and the noise was deafening (I thought it was), the bowl full of peeled grapes we were told were eyeballs. The costume parties . . . I even got a prize for being a "fat lady." (I had such POOR self-esteem, and that was the best thing that ever happened to me.) The Easter egg hunts . . . those were fabulous! Thursday night with Aunt Gerry having "girl" talk—dating and self respect. The numerous spankings . . . all deserved because of my *rikici*. Sifting tons of sand . . . along with a half dozen other kids—enough to have built a city, I think. That truly was a creative punishment program! Spending, I think, my 5th grade, in a room with Charlotte Richens . . . just the two of us because we were bad girls (I think to keep us from "contaminating" the good kids). We did manage to sneak out the windows at night to help ourselves to the cashew fruit and guavas. (Oh, to taste either one right now would be wonderful!) Once I snuck out and went over to the boys' dorm and was scared because I almost got caught.

The embarrassment of wetting the bed almost every night the first three years of school, and many a night the following two years. Aunt Opal started giving me a heaping tablespoon of smooth peanut butter (stuck to the roof of my mouth) every night, telling me it would help my bed wetting by "plugging up the hole." (What did I know about anatomy . . . it worked many times!) I remember on Saturdays, all our hair brushes were sanitized in solution. Was there a lice breakout? Or who thought to do that? . . . How about those yearly shots and walking all around the school yard swinging our arms to keep them from getting sore . . . Collecting flying ants in cans around the flood lights—especially after a rain, and talking the cook into frying them for us! Boy were they good!! The collection of beetles and what a variety. They all had a name and value! . . . Lining up after school on odd days for the candy line . . . I remember Marmite was a treat and trying to get more than was allotted! . . . The many spankings—which I always deserved—and the creative ways Uncle Paul would administer them. Building a "bed" on top of the wardrobes, stories Aunt Gerry would read to us . . . Miss Pat with all of her stories and songs from Pioneer Girls. (I remembered many and used them the 18 years we ran a children's camp.) Having to listen to classical music with our heads on the desk with our eyes closed to blot out any disturbance. "Can you hear that cello?" The endless piano lessons for which I'm truly grateful today, but hated it then. And oh, so much more.

For me, memories of KA were great, and I feel sorry for those who had it rough. I believe I'm a stronger and more effective Christian because of the experiences I have had. I'm so grateful for my Christian heritage, and I saw the power of God in the ministry of my folks. God bless your continued efforts to keep a "good" magazine GREAT!

Remember When continues

FORSTER MEMORIES

By Debb Forster (KA, HC '77)
joyfuldebb@juno.com

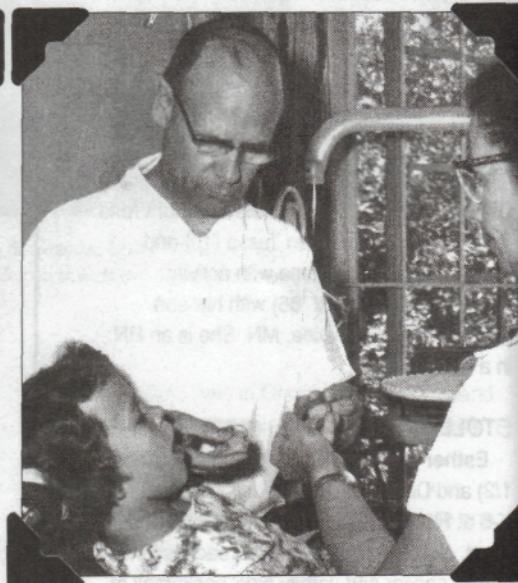
I thought I'd send you an excerpt of my letter to Jim Crouch who was my 4th grade teacher at KA, as well as the sports coach, etc. He recently wrote me and was remembering how I had told him he was mean. This incident was one of the memories I had of him away from KA that was funny because he got caught in it and even participated.

Actually my memories of you [Jim Crouch] are good, even of you putting up with my sassy mouth in 4th grade. Do you remember when you had returned from visiting your folks in Ghana and had come through Maradi? You were staying at the guest house before you headed back to Nigeria and KA. We had finished supper and you had gone back to your room, but were too bored so came back over to our house around 8 p.m. to visit. About 9 p.m. Dad announced he was going to take his shower and proceeded into the adjacent bedroom to collect his PJs and house slippers. When he bent down to pick up the slippers, he let out a yell that the cat (we were watching Pollen's cat,

Marmaduke, a big ornery orange cat) had *zao*'ed (diarrhea'd) all over the shoes. I guess he was expecting Mom to rescue him, but instead she hollered in from the living room, "You know the rules! Whose ever room, or side of the room the cat messes in, he has to clean it up!" Dad made an appeal, but Mom refused and then went into hysterical laughter like I'd never seen her lose control before. Dad huffed a "Fine! I'll do it then!" marched into the kitchen, and stomped back to the bedroom with a banner of paper towels flapping behind him. That sight made Mom laugh even more. Dad has a very weak stomach, and when he started the clean up, his retching was so awful you'd think he was dying. Mom couldn't move she was so helpless with hysterics by that point. I remember you [Jim] looking at all of us like we were crazy and then you said you'd go help Dad. And we let you. After a little bit, my brother Paul ventured into the bedroom to see what was going on, but he quickly returned doing his own version of "the retch and gag." You and Dad eventually

got it all cleaned up by pouring a bucket of water on the floor and sweeping it out the bedroom door to the porch. Dad went and finished with his shower and then came back out to the living room and visited some more. Shortly after he sat down, Fritz, the Knowlton's dachshund, sat next to Dad's feet, gave a funny grin and promptly puked two piles on the floor. I quickly volunteered to clean that mess up. While I was dumping it outside, I saw Ockers' headlights coming up the road. By this time it was past 10 p.m., so we knew something important had to be bringing them in at that time of night. This time it was a short-term missionary who had gotten food poisoning and had the *zao* and pukes together. We finally got him taken care of, and by then it was about midnight when we all got to bed. I figured this was either one of your "memorable" memories, or maybe it was just so traumatic that you repressed it so you forgot it. It DID happen. It WAS REAL. And it was really funny!

FROM THE ARCHIVES



Above: At KA (Miango) Dr. Kraay, Doris DeHart with Marjorie Campion in the chair.

Left: in the KA dining room — Alister McElheran serves his table in the proper way. Carolyn Tobert, Bernie Bergen, Becky Blumhagen and Gordon Mooney are ready to dig in.



BA, 1954 (submitted by Dianne Donald)

Teachers: Miss Wollman, Miss Brixsee (?), Mrs. Hay, Mr. Graham Hay, Miss Silly, Miss MacDonald

Fourth Row: Nellie Webb, Tammy Spitler, Sharon Barlow

Third Row: Jamie Forsberg, Peter Roode, Calvin Cremer, Robert Barlow, David Wallace, Jessie Webb, Evangeline Luckman, Howard Brant, Danny Perkins, Jimmy Cremer, David Webb, Michael Dawkins, David Luckman, Ernest-

Second Row: David Pitman, Dennis Hoekstra, Kim Forsberg, Jim Healy, John Tomlinson, Chuck Haspels, Jon Bonk, Paul Wallace, John Zabel, Murray Hodges, ?, Van (Russ) Schmidt, Joe Roode, Jim Hay, Brian Hodges, Dianne Donald, ?, Merle-, ?

Sitting: ?, Barbara Donald, ?, Dorothy Forsberg (?), Joy Anderson (?), ?, Gwen Nunn, ?, Kathy Pitman, ?, Priscilla Bonk, Joy Healy, Sam Perkins (?), Bruce Fellows, Harold Jongeward, John Haspels

The small girl standing in the center is Helen Jean Hay.



BA, 1953 (submitted by Dianne Donald)

Teacher: Miss MacDonald. **Left (front to back):** Priscilla Bonk, John Zabel, Jon Bonk.

Middle: David Pitman, ?, Kathy Pitman, Brian Hodges. **Right:** Dennis Ratzliff (?), ?, Barbara Donald, Jim Hay

ELYEA MEMORIES

By Dan Elyea (KA, HC '59)
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My First and Early Days At KA

Although living in Nigeria when I came of school age, thanks mostly to several years of home schooling, I didn't enter KA until 4th grade. Because of the timing of return from furlough, my sister Fran and I arrived at KA a number of weeks after the school term started. The girls occupied one end of the dorm; the boys, the other end. If I remember correctly, several staff apartments and a storage room formed a buffer zone between the sexes. Although plans were underway for modern utilities, electricity and flush toilets weren't part of the KA complex yet.

You recall how early and how quickly darkness fell in the tropics—we came to the evening meal all bathed and wearing PJs and bathrobes. One of those at my first table of four, Elsie Kirk, I thought to be the most beautiful girl that I'd ever seen. She being an "older woman," however, no romance developed. Nice perk, though, for someone overwhelmed by the newness of the boarding school experience! While we ate, some of the domestic help sprayed the rooms for mosquitoes. Following the meal and devotions, we trudged off to our rooms for bedtime. Each room came fully equipped with mosquito nets, a kerosene lantern, and a potty. Some mean people (certainly not any of the boys) sometimes indulged in balancing a cup containing a little water on top of a mosquito net while the hapless occupant brushed his teeth in the bathroom. Climbing into bed, or tucking in the net tipped the cup and touched off a very localized rain. Tch! Tch!

A new, separate dorm was in the offing for the girls. But just then, KA bulged at the seams. A group of the older boys, maybe 8 or 10, were housed in a large room in a building near the dorm. Temporarily, I was placed in an available bunk in this room.

Personalities ran the full gamut—some kind, some neutral, some mean. A few resented having a 4th grade peewee in their room. Several others tried to smooth the transition for the new guy. Quite a buzz developed after everyone hit the rack. All kinds of semi-hushed interaction went on, including blinking flashlights and recitation of tasteless poems passed on solely via verbal tradition (several



of which I unfortunately remember to this day).

Morning brought a great hustle and bustle of getting ready for breakfast. After breakfast, when they got a chance to take a good look at my bed, my roommates erupted in outrage. I'd never before in my life made up a bed that would be subject to sharp scrutiny. Obviously to them, my crummy technique would cost them points in the room inspection competition. Some kind soul briefed me on a few key points of proper sheet and spread arranging and saved my miserable self from a premature demise!

Thoroughly intimidated, I slouched off to the classroom. There, a little later on, I would frustrate Miss Brown, who taught the 4th and several other grades, with my many questions that began, "What if . . ." She always answered that kind of question (to my own great frustration), "'If' is a little word with a BIG meaning." In that same time frame, I remember that the concepts of long division really stymied me for a while. But once over that hurdle, math and science came to me like small boys to sugar cane. Story

reading time by the teacher provided one of the very best memories of grade school. We'd beg piteously for the story not to stop at some cliff-hanger point, but seldom succeeded in gaining an extension!

What differentiates between the "early" days and the other days? Time, of course. But more than that, it's the transition from a general perception of "me and them" to "we and us." Gaining a sense of belonging brings relief to any child starting in a new school. Especially a boarding school. And it's a really big factor to those kids who start in a new school after the term is already underway. Do you remember when the feeling of belonging happened (or didn't) for you at your various schools? Let's resolve to consider with special care our children or grandchildren who find themselves in new schools. *Ubangiji Ya taimake mu.* (May the Lord help us.)

Favorite Foods

Piggie-in-the-blanket, lengthwise-sliced bananas sprinkled with crushed peanuts, curry gravy, and (on a Saturday or Sunday walk) unripe *cizaki* (chee-zah-kee "eat sweetness") cherries—green and super tart!

Least Favorite Foods

Guavas (and any derivative), boiled milk, and doya.

Special Treats

We'd pool our funds on occasion and go over to the canteen at the Rest Home. Two favorites: canned cheese from Holland and ginger ale—both served at room temperature.

Treasure Chests

Sometimes candy came in nifty metal boxes about the size of a cigar box. Every now and then some of us would jointly contribute treasured items to load a box. Then we'd hide it—usually placing it in a rock crevice, and then covering it over with rocks. Wonder if any of those are still "buried"?! LOTT

Stories Across the Table

On occasion we enjoyed entertaining ourselves at the KA dining room tables (four at a table) by telling stories. These sometimes took a number of days to complete.



Dan Elyea, grade 6 or 7

One approach consisted of making up a story, each person at the table taking a turn. With the right combination of kids at the table, this worked very well. Or, we'd take turns telling stories that we had heard or read. Norman Kapp had an incredible memory for detail when recalling such stories. I still remember his telling of "The Witch in the Clock Tower" and how much we looked forward to the next installment.

And they all lived happily ever after!

"Excuse Me," "Please," and "Thank You"

Someone in a past issue of *Simroots* referred to Aunt Gerry as the "Mother of all Manners." What an apt characterization! She knew and implemented all that related to politeness and courtesy and did her best to make sure that we did, too. For many years after leaving KA, I always noticed when someone rested their elbows on the table. But, I must confess, in my later years, I've become an elbow slacker. Sorry, Aunt Gerry! But I still neatly line up my silverware on the plate when finished!

Not Approved By Aunt Gerry

An alternative vocalization technique spiced up some of the KA table conversations. Rather than using air expelled from the lungs, you'd use air stored and released from the esophagus. At the table, this usually only lent itself to recitation of the alphabet or short words. This succeeded famously to "gross out" the girls.

But the highest expression of this art form came in the rooms at rest hour or at night. Rather than just filling the esophagus, the stomach would be pumped full of deliberately swallowed air as you lay on your back. The stomach would actually swell visibly with the built-up air pressure. When you'd stored as much air as you cared to, you'd sit up and release an impossibly long belch—what we called "cow burps." The longer the belch, the higher the rating. Delayed or incomplete release would come back to haunt you later!

Although probably entirely coincidental, after participating in one of these sessions I took very sick. I never performed another cow burp after recovering. Possibly a lingering after effect, to this day when I'm nervous, I inadvertently swallow air and have to periodically release the discomfort discretely with quiet little burps. Children, do not try this at home!

The "Claymine"

Remember the nifty carvings displayed here and there at KA that Uncle Paul made out of that interesting material from the "Claymine"? (Not stone, but not quite anything else either—called "clay" for lack of a better word.) Remember the test shafts found many places in the area (not just near the "Claymine")? Unbarricaded and uncovered, they were just like hand-dug wells, sunk for British min-

ing interests—checking to find out where the concentration of minerals warranted commercial mining, I guess. Must have been a guardian angel posted at each one when we were in the area!

Treasure Hunting

Noting my interest in minerals and crystals, Uncle Paul lent me a mineralogy text. He also would sometimes let me borrow a special hammer of his, and I'd hunt around the sides of Mount Sanderson for quartz rocks. I'd break these with the hammer looking for pockets of crystals. The non-productive pieces I'd toss away. The quartz broke with razor-sharp edges. So unless very careful when throwing the pieces, you'd end up with your hands covered with cuts. I never could remember consistently to not toss the pieces. So every expedition ended with lacerated hands. Every now and then, I'd find some nice crystals. I really enjoyed these privileges. Thanks a lot, Uncle Paul.

Science Nut

All things scientific fascinated me. My parents accommodated this by buying me wonderful books like *The Boy Electrician*, *Popular Scientific Recreations* and others along the same line. I devoured these and tried many of the experiments that they described. *Na gode da yawa*, Mom and Dad! Mr. Balzer kept a super Gilbert chemistry set (his own personal kit) in a school storeroom. Sometimes after school hours, he'd let me perform some of the included experiments. At that time, KA didn't yet have much in the way of lab equipment. I was in hog heaven! Thanks a lot, Mr. Balzer. One year, roommate David Williams brought a chemistry textbook to school. Like the Ethiopian eunuch, I didn't understand all that I read. But I spent a lot of time in that book. Seeing me reading it, Uncle Paul asked with a twinkle in his eye, "What is an 'ion'?" At that time, I couldn't give him a good answer. Drat! Thanks a lot for loaning me the book, David. Miss Sinn would sometimes let me go out to hunt for interesting specimens to look at with the microscope. Thank you, Miss Sinn. I owe much gratitude to all those who encouraged and facilitated my scientific bent. *Na gode! Na gode! Na gode!*

Compound W

A major medical breakthrough, or so we anticipated. Remember the milky sap of some of the local cactus plants? Toxic enough to make your skin burn, it flashed on us that it could likely provide a good cure for warts. So we collected some cactus venom in one of those highly coveted glass toothbrush containers (sort of like a test tube). Details of the clinical tests escape me, but I don't think that it ever caught on as a wart remedy.

Coal in Your Stocking?

With some justification no doubt, concern built

that traditional Christmas observations could be confusing or worse to the Africans. One year, Jos Headquarters issued an edict that SIM people would not participate in the usual Christmas traditions. Probably the actuality was not as stringent as I recall. But the way I remember it, that year, all we got for a gift was fruit. Could this constitute the ultimate illustration of "disappointment" to a kid?! Next Christmas, less conservative minds prevailed.

"Fools' names . . ."

One day I carved initials into the bark of one of the compound trees. Shortly thereafter, one of the uncles stopped me out on the campus. With a penetrating look he asked, "Danny, do you know that there's an old saying that goes 'Fools' names and fools' faces are often seen in public places'?" If I recall correctly, he didn't even have to specifically mention my offense. Enduring his continuing significant gaze, I slunk on my way feeling about as low as a snake's belly. If I ever did carve initials into a tree again, I'm sure that it was high up in a tree (above adult access). And almost 50 years later, I still remember his little saying!

Moving Mountains

OK, so I exaggerated—sue me! Often on the Sunday walks, we'd roll precariously balanced rocks down into the valleys. Lotsa fun. For serious work, we'd bring along a steel bar so that we could pry over some of the really big ones. With no TV, watching some of those huge boulders go smashing and bounding down a hillside provided us with some of our biggest thrills. Just think—those rocks sat there peacefully for thousands of years until we came along!

Drowned Out

The new chapel neared completion in the same general time frame as the day of the annual school program. Walls and roof were up, but the ceiling wouldn't be in place for a while yet. With the nearness of the completion of the chapel construction seemingly "close enough for government work," the program provided a dandy way to inaugurate Kirk Chapel into service. In the course of the program, it fell to me to deliver the Scripture reading. Right about that time, Mother Nature crashed the party. Large pan roof, no ceiling, no PA system, and a heavy downpour of rain! I failed to raise my voice sufficiently to compensate for the suddenly elevated ambient noise level. After the program I was treated to some criticism for not rising to the occasion. But the "killer" came the next Sunday morning. Our maiden "auntie" Sunday School teacher took up a good part of the lesson time raking me over the coals for not projecting properly. She droned on and on, apparently not feeling that she had sufficiently made her point, or expressed her disgust to the degree called for by my crime. (I think maybe she was overdue for furlough!) When she finally got to it, her closing admonition was, "If you're not going to read the

Scripture properly, then you shouldn't do it at all." Oh, for another chance! (Or to be somewhere else!)

Bizarre Tribal Customs

Ha! You expected maybe some weird native ritual? *Kon-tiki* certainly bordered on weird, but it was a grade school practice of Caucasian SIM boys. We'd collect whatever squeezable fruit we could get our hands on—the more sour, bitter, or tart, the better. Sitting in a circle on the floor, we'd pass a cup of the undiluted juices around, each taking a sip until we got to the bottom of the cup. Sort of a "proving your manhood" thing, maybe. Nowadays, kids would probably call the drink a "kamikaze" or a "suicide." But the *Reader's Digest* condensed version of Thor Heyerdahl's Pacific adventure book *Kon-tiki* fascinated several of us. So we thought *Kon-tiki* to denote courage and daring and used it to refer to both the mouth-puckering mixture and the entire juice-guzzling activity. Fortunately, I survived the imbibing of strange potions, and in later years enjoyed reading the full-length version of *Kon-tiki* and others of Heyerdahl's books. But *Kon-tiki* will always carry two meanings for me!

History Doomed to Repeat Itself?

Remember the rotated chore assignments? None of them were any fun, but polishing shoes was one that I really disliked. (I don't remember the rotation on chores, but it seems like it was about four weeks a whack. Maybe it just seemed that long!) Once, I got polishing shoes assigned to me two rotations in a row. I complained bitterly to the auntie who made the assignments. Next rotation, I got polishing shoes again. With great outrage, I complained again. I don't remember how many rotations it took before it finally dawned on me that if I complained about the injustice of it, that would only assure my being assigned to it again. As my Dad likes to say, "Some of us 'get it' by freight!" (as opposed to Express).

Failure to Communicate

Like the guy said, "Men are from Mars; women are from Venus." So guys will understand this better than girls. Strange as it may seem, one attempt by boys at positive social connection consists of teasing. One day out on the playing field, one of the guys threw a dried cow patty. It sailed right into a girl that I liked a lot. Me: "How do you like those D Willie (the thrower's nickname) kisses?" She (in the most disgusted voice conceivable): "All you talk about is mush, mush, mush!" Lions, ten; Daniel, nothing!

Galadima/Track Training

We knew as Galadima, a wizened Nigerian who used to stop by quite often at KA. Whether or not he really was or had been a *galadima* (fairly important village official), I don't know. I also don't know

whether he was just a good-natured geezer who enjoyed making kids laugh, or whether he was perhaps a little bit nuts. But we enjoyed him, and he seemed to like entertaining us. One of the KA guys leaned toward short and stocky. With his British background, he wore shorts a lot more than some of the rest of us. Galadima referred to him as "*Mai Gajeren Wando*" (the one with the short pants). Though short, his legs were powerful, and he could get off from the starting position faster than anyone else. But, eventually, longer legs would prevail. Mr. Wilson used to stretch me in training for the 440 run by turning this guy loose against me in the last leg of the run. With me being taller and somewhat worn out, and he being shorter and fresh, it made for a good challenge for both of us.

Meeting the Machine

One day as we came out for recess, we spied (and heard) a new object of interest. KA had just obtained a power saw and jointer combination. By means of a revolving cylinder mounted with several blades, a jointer served the same function as a carpenter's hand plane. But a lot faster! We (mostly the guys) crowded around to watch the lumber being cut so quickly. Standing right next to the machine, completely absorbed in the sawing process, I absently put my right hand down on the side of the machine. Unfortunately, my right index finger came down right on the jointer and it instantly took the corner off. (Never grew back, either!) While receiving first aid, I started to black out. They quickly got my head down below my knees and barely avoided a complete faint. At the Jos hospital, Dr. Roger Troup made the repairs. Mrs. Troup stood there holding my other hand, which I thought very kind of her. Then, during the numbing process, when a few tears ran down my cheek, she said, "It doesn't hurt that much, does it?" I could have gone all day without hearing that! It took many weeks to heal. Various adults prodded me not to coddle it so. And I realize that they were concerned that I might lose long-term mobility. It frustrated me greatly, because, only I knew how much it still hurt and how sensitive it was to any pressure. What a relief to get on the other side of that experience. And I still hate jointers!

Balaam's Donkey/Dan's Faucet?

God once spoke through a donkey. Did He also speak once through a flowing water faucet? I'll let you decide.

Remember that the water supply was provided by the dam in conjunction with a big storage tank at the top of the hill between the dam and KA. The water was pumped up to the tank and then gravity-fed from there around the compound.

One of our occasional pastimes was an activity called "bellysliding." (Remember, we were just elementary school kids.) Against one wall in the bathroom was a row of sinks. Against the opposite wall

was a row of showers. On occasion, we would block the drains and doorway with wet washcloths and towels. Then we would dip water out of the sinks onto the floor. The final preparation was to soap up the floor.

The actual procedure was to lay down on your belly and to fold your legs with your feet against the wall. Then you would push off by quickly extending your legs. The high speed slide on your belly the length of the bathroom gave quite a thrill. Spins and executing the corner that led to the door enhanced the sport.

Although great fun, it was also a whipping offense. The wet, soapy floor posed a considerable hazard to those standing or walking there. Several, including the willing participants of body skiing, experienced having their feet slip out from under them and a subsequent fall on the floor.

Whippings slowed us down, but it was something else that stopped me. One "dark and stormy night" we were gearing up for a session. I stood at a sink dipping water out onto the floor. In the process, I received a powerful electrical shock through the plumbing. Apparently lightning had struck nearby, and the tank/pipes/water transferred a good bite from the discharge to me. I interpreted the shock as a direct input from God (à la "His mysterious ways") and terminated immediately and permanently all belly sliding activities.

In The Swim

One occasional responsibility that we enjoyed as "older boys" was chlorinating the holding tank down by the dam. Every now and then on a Saturday, Uncle Paul would take the older boys down to the tank to mix in the paste that would disinfect the water and make it safe for swimming. After thoroughly mixing the paste into the water, then the younger boys would come and all the guys would go swimming. Inner tubes added to the fun. Except when we'd foolishly try diving through the inner tube center from the wall and get a nice scrape down the length of our body from the valve stem. Once a buddy and I, both in the tube at the same time, flipped over. Upside down, it took us a lot longer to get free of the tube than we wanted. So there was a lesson learned out of class. Before the girls came to swim, we had to leave. Rats!

"Water, Water, Everywhere"

The phrase "The Swinging Bridge" probably brings poignant memories to all who crossed its span. And many of us were just a bit uneasy when using it to pass from one side of the river to the other. I'm going to relate several of my memories, not of the bridge itself, but from related places close to it.

Once when my parents were vacationing at Miango Rest Home, I went on a solo archeological expedition. Armed with one of those KLM flight

bags, I made my way into some of the hilly farms near Miango Village. The toughest part of the undertaking was to find a gap to pass through in those cactus hedges. Stone axe-heads, quartz nose plugs, and other interesting artifacts could be found in the tilled earth. As I was foraging around for "keepers," a loud surge of "frying" sound startled me. Remember the falls upstream of the Swinging Bridge and how you could hear the cascading water from miles away after a heavy rain? In my meandering, I had gotten into just the right position in front of a cave-like formation of the huge rocks scattered here and there on the hill. The rock configuration reflected back the sound of the falls and river at a loud level when you stood certain places in front of it. It scared me silly and raised gooseflesh. In spite of the rich potential for finding artifacts in the "cave," strong ropes and wild horses couldn't have pulled me in there! Already spooked by the sneak attack of the sound effects, the place looked and seemed too much like juju or possible burial grounds for me.

This next memory involved me "up close and personal" with the river itself. Remember the big sandbank near the bridge where we'd sometimes picnic in the dry season? Parents of friends were vacationing at Miango Rest Home. They let each of their children invite some friends to go on a picnic there near the bridge. What a blast! Under the authority of the visiting father (a story in itself!) we went swimming in the river. Sort of, that is. I couldn't swim yet, so was supposed to stay in the shallows. So gradually that I didn't notice until too late, I moved progressively into deeper water. Eventually, I noticed that I was in deeper than I could safely deal with. I became really frightened when I discovered that between the downward slope of the river bottom and the pull of the current, I couldn't work my way back into shallower water. Standing on tiptoes, the water reached above my nose, and I kept slipping further into the river. Not being a swimmer, the only thing I could think of to do was to squat on the bottom, kick off, and yell when my head broke the surface of the water. Fortunately for me, Ann Williams and Boyce Beacham swam over and pulled me back to shore. If not for them, that would have been my last memory.

Not wanting to close with those dark thoughts, I now dredge up a recollection on the lighter side—one that was made possible by the absence of water. One of the adults impressed us by telling us that the stars shone in the daytime as well as at night. Furthermore, he told us that if one could look up from the bottom of a well, he'd be able to see the stars in daytime. This intrigued us no end. Conveniently, a dried-up well came to mind. Several of us went down the well to check out the stars. As we looked upward, our eyes were treated to bits of falling dirt caused by our buddies on the surface looking down at us. No, we saw no stars, and we left the old well sadder and (maybe, or maybe not!) wiser.

Brightest Meteor That I've Seen in My Entire Life (So Far!)

Walking back from the Swinging Bridge one Saturday evening—it streaked low across the sky in front of us, perpendicular to the direction that we were walking. For such clear air, it must have been one of the periods when they weren't burning off fields and with no harmattan dust in the air.

Stink Bombs and Other Stenches: Olfactory Recollections

The heads of strike-anywhere matches contain a potent mix of chemicals. Somehow we got the idea to shave the active ingredients off of the heads. (Matches were discretely obtained at the Miango market.) The unstable by-product of our efforts would be packed into used brass shell casings along with soap chips. Now you had your "stink-bomb." The object then was to try to set it off in someone else's room by hitting the casing on the concrete floor with some hard object. Quite impressive, but I don't think the stink was as bad as we had hoped for. Nice "Bang!" though.

One tropical plant (the name escapes me) that grew on or near the compound produced banana-shaped "fruit" in tight clusters of liquid-filled pods. You could nip the end off with a fingernail and then squeeze the pod. A big squirt of pungent-smelling liquid would shoot out. Because the liquid would sting the eyes like crazy, it was a no-no to play with this weapon. I fear that many a KA kid became involuntarily acquainted with this marvelous squirt gun.

Several of us got our hands on the basic formula for gunpowder. With much perseverance, we managed to collect the essential ingredients. We even had the gall to tell a grownup that we wanted the potassium nitrate for fertilizer. (That one barely flew!) What we wanted to make was firecrackers. But we never got our powder to explode. (Angels on overtime duty!) All it would do was to burn spectacularly with incredible sulfurous fumes. We finally resigned ourselves to rocket-type applications. For a variation we'd include compounds of various metals to see it burn in different colors. At least we had the sense to do this outdoors. But, apparently, that was just about the extent of our discretion.

On our pilgrimage toward certification as "mad scientists," we tried combining any "chemicals" we could lay hands on. We tried to identify mixes that would produce color changes or other interesting reactions. One of the best of these was glycerin and potassium permanganate. A pile of potassium permanganate with a depression in the center formed the base. Then you'd pour glycerin in the bowl of the mound, and stand back. The mini-volcano would crackle and send off noxious violet fumes and finally spontaneously ignite. We thought this was really super. Spontaneous combustion seemed almost like magic—truly the ultimate in applied chemistry!

Once I assembled quite a large bug collection. The insects were pinned to pieces of cardboard. A very kind auntie provided the pins. Places where lights shone on walls proved to be super hunting grounds. I was quite pleased when an adult or two complimented me on my collection. A few weeks later, my balloon deflated substantially when a note from room inspection instructed me to get rid of the stinking bugs! Alas, my enthusiasm far exceeded my technique.

Remember the smoky smell inside all huts? Some huts had a different predominant odor. Local cattle-herding Africans used a mixture of cow dung and mud to plaster their dwellings. Parents of one of my contemporaries referred to this building material as "Cowgolium." Apt, catchy, and properly euphemized!

One of the guys brought a roman candle to school. We took it apart and separated out the ingredients. Then we set them off individually in the room on some kind of a metal lid (probably from a candy container). The spectacular show totally filled the room with a dense cloud of choking smoke. (Apparently, even our little bit of sense deserted us.) Then everyone desperately tried to expedite the airing of the room before an uncle or auntie would chance along. The one detail that escapes my memory is whether or not we beat the clock on that one!

Delayed Payoff

In my last year at KA (8th grade), Mr. Wilson introduced mat tumbling. Front rolls, back rolls, diving rolls, headstands and such became second nature to us. The annual school program that year included a tumbling exhibition. Unfortunately, my convalescence from a lingering illness prevented me from participating, so I never got my chance at KA to shine as a tumbler.

Back in the USA for 9th grade, I found gym very intimidating because so many of the activities focused on basketball. During my time at KA we became well acquainted with a soccer ball and a softball, but not with a basketball. From KA pictures that I've seen of the years after I left there, I can see that basketball took on some prominence. Good move. In one of my first 9th grade gym sessions, the instructor formed us into three lines and announced that we would run "figure-eights," a basketball drill. Of course, I hadn't a clue and totally fouled up the exercise. Incredulously, the gym instructor exclaimed, "Daniel, haven't you ever run 'figure-eights' before?!" And I truthfully replied that I hadn't. Talk about a pariah!

Later in the year, the mats came out and we did a couple weeks of tumbling. The basketball hotshots looked pretty clumsy. You should have seen the jaws drop when I competently and smoothly executed dives, front rolls, back rolls and so on. Unfortunately for me, the other 95 percent of the year featured basketball. But I did enjoy my brief moment in the sun. Thank you, Mr. Wilson!

KA BONER BOOK

Submitted by Ray de la Haye
Entries are initialed by teachers.

- ✖ Tim Dowdell says, "I know what those spools up on the blackboard are for—plussing!" J.H.
- ✖ Angela Dunn colored her picture with many varied and vivid colors. She was pleased with the result. The teacher wondered a little about green hair on the girls, so she asked Angela if she had ever seen girls with green hair. "Oh, yes, lots of girls in New Zealand have green hair!" (How should I know? Have I ever been there?) A.L.G.
- ✖ When giving out spelling words to grade 3, I gave out the word "coal," and Gordon Wilson spoke about a fire he saw at Bukuru. I asked if it was a coal fire. He said, "No, it was warm." (The next word given in the book—warm.) J.H.
- ✖ Having just been instructed as to what to do when the fire bell rings, Lois Hershelman inquired thus: "What if it rings when we're in the shower? Do we just go as we are, or grab our Bibles and then go?" J.E.M.
- ✖ Miriam Van Gerpen was telling her roommate that all the children in their family had Bible names, e.g. Ruth, David, Miriam, Rachel and Seth. She then said, "Seth, you know, is short for Sethalonians." J.E.M.
- ✖ While having a lesson about the St. Bernard, I asked the class if they knew what a St. Bernard was. Answer: a dog whose mother is a St. Bernard and his father is a poodle. John Lohrenz wasn't there, so Steve Cox was going to tell him about it. He said it was a dog whose mother was a St. Bernard and his father was a "noodle."
- ✖ Noticing how short Becky Steltzer's toenails were, I jokingly asked her if she chewed them, to which she replied, "I chew the top ones (fingers), but not the bottom ones (toes)." J.E.M.
- ✖ Becky Steltzer, referring to her pants when they wouldn't stay up, said, "My mom didn't put enough 'plastic' in them." J.E.M.
- ✖ Jewel Laird explaining to another first grader what the word "evening" meant: "It's the same as night, but it's in Hausa instead of English." J.E.M.
- ✖ Fourth grade child: "Auntie, why don't you have gray hair?" Before I could answer her, a second child said, "I know; it's because she's not married!" J.E.M.
- ✖ When one of the staff wanted to attend a tea for an ambassador and could not find her white gloves, her daughter asked, "Why not carry a pair of white socks?"
- ✖ The teacher, Mrs. Meadows, who had long hair, in trying to teach the difference between *long* and *short* asked, "What one word would best describe my hair?" Jim Ardill raised his hand and said, "Messy!"
- ✖ The teaching staff look forward to getting a few extra minutes of sleep each Saturday morning. On one of these special mornings before 7:00 a.m., a knock was heard on the front door. Staggering out of bed, the teacher found a little first grade boy holding a miniature chameleon who pleaded, "Uncle, would you take care of my chameleon? He is getting awfully skinny."
- ✖ One little first grade girl to another: "Would you play butterscotch with me?"
- ✖ Late one night, at 3:00 a.m., there was a knock on the house parent's door. Uncle, thinking someone was desperately sick, answered immediately. There stood Alice Knowlton. "Uncle," she said, "my curler fell out; could you put it back in?"
- ✖ In a language class, I said there were no such words as "bust" and "busted." The word was "burst." Bill Ardill said there was such a word as "bust" and he knew what it meant. I said, "What?" He said, "It's how big you are around the waist." [And he became a doctor!??]
- ✖ Prior to the elementary program, Tim Dowdell announced, "Tonight we are having a show." Tad Guy responded, "Yes, it's a dress reversal."
- ✖ Written in a letter: "I can now play three hymns on my trumpet: 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' 'Home on the Range,' and 'Blessed Assurance.'"
- ✖ After attending Aunt Bev's wedding and anticipating Aunt Janet's wedding, one of the first graders was heard to say, "Oh, my mother is married already!" (We hope so!) L.B.
- ✖ Mark Maxwell: Uncle Ed, will you fix my tie? (It was one that just hooks on.)
Uncle Ed: How does this hook anyway?
Mark: It is hard, isn't it, Uncle?
Ed: Yes, I've got it hooked, but what happens to these flips on either side?
Mark: Oh, they go under my arm pits.
- ✖ Aunt Audrey was wearing maternity dresses for a while. One little girl asked, "Why do you always wear the same kind of dress?"
Another said, "I like your stick-out blouses, Auntie."
- ✖ "On our station we always go to visit all the new babies just as soon as they hatch."
- ✖ Child not in bed on time Sunday night.
Auntie: I guess you don't get a cookie since you aren't in bed.
Child: Well, I guess I don't need one.
Auntie: If you aren't in bed, you don't deserve one, do you?
Child: I haven't a thing to say.
- ✖ Excerpt from Warren Balisky's letter home: "I like KA a lot, but I don't care if I have to come for Christmas holidays." E.W.
- ✖ I made my grade 2 class dictionaries to help them when they write their weekly letters home. The first time they used them, Brian Harling looked and looked through his dictionary. Finally, I asked him what word he was looking for. "Shalmanezzer," he said. "That's my cat." E.W.
- ✖ Teaching at KA is usually pretty much like teaching in any other school. But once in a while the kids remind you that they're MKs . . . like when Lance Staer (grade 2) leaves the room after school and says, "The Lord bless you, Miss Wiebe." [He's not in our database. Anyone remember him?]
- ✖ The fifth and sixth grade boys were to play ECWA in soccer. One of the subs asked Uncle Ian if the "preserves" could carry the flags. KA won the game 1-0. As Ross Cummins left for the weekend, he asked Uncle Ian if the ones who went on the weekend could be cheered in the dining room on Monday!
- ✖ In seventh grade language class, we were giving the plural of nouns.
Philip Osbourne: The plural of mouse is meese. (Everyone roared with laughter.)
Steve Dowdell (waving his hand at him in great disgust): He's been reading too many of those Tom Cat comics.
Miss Pat: Then what is the plural of mouse, Steve?
Steve (with much pride and confidence): Mouses!
- ✖ Dennis Teichroew (fourth grade) took his sweater off one cold morning and held the sleeve close to his arm. The hairs on his arm all stood up straight. "Look!" he exclaimed. "My sweater's automatic!"
- ✖ Speedball test: What must a player do before entering the game?
Answer: Report to the score keeper and the umpire.
Janet Rhine's answer: Report to the scorers and the "emperor."
- ✖ The Wilsons brought home a new dog about the same time Tommy was born. The following was written in a letter home to Mom and Dad: "Wilson's have a new dog. Aunt Muriel has a new baby. It's a boxer."
- ✖ Prayer time:
"Thank you for the cookie and help it strengthen us forever."
"Take the chicken pox away and put them somewhere else so we won't be bothered."
- ✖ Question: What is a brand?
Answer: It's like when you have a cow you can print something on her.

- ✕ How do you spell encyclopedia?
(Grade 6)

Insicapedia
Encycolpedya
Enciclopedia
Endyclopida
Encicklopedia

(Grade 7)

Encyclopedia
Elycopia

[My computer spell check went crazy on this one!]

- ✕ How do you spell "acre"? R.D.

Accer
Achour
Acher
Aker
Achor
Acore
Acer
Aquar
Acor

- ✕ One boy came to the nurse and had some chicken pox on the bottom of his feet. He said, "Auntie, I think my feet are getting 'athletic.'"

- ✕ A cute little frog was brought home from a Sunday walk. That night there was a knock, knock on Auntie's door, and a bleary-eyed little girl said, "There is a frog in our room, and it's got the hiccups, and we can't get to sleep!"

- ✕ Question: When the children were brought to Jesus, what did He say?

Answer: Behave!

- ✕ Second grader: How do you spell "safternoon"?
Teacher: Do you mean "This afternoon"?
Second grader: No, I mean "safternoon"!

- ✕ On the cover of a French book: "In case of flood, stand on this: it's dry!"

- ✕ Second grader went to the dispensary to report a pain in his side saying, "I'm afraid it's my independence."

- ✕ The little girls were discussing a singer they had heard in chapel and one said, "My mom sings bumpy like that all the time."

- ✕ Little girl having her temperature taken: "Aunt Betty, am I middle-sized?" (meaning "normal")

- ✕ KA versions:

"Flee useful lusts."

"We have the partitions that we desire."

"Our Father, Who aren't in heaven, Hallowe'en be Thy Name."

"Lightercusion is making an eternal supples of grace." II Cor. 4:17

"Gird up the lions of your heart."

"Stand firm against the scratches of the Devil."

"Let prayers and suffocations be made."

"We opened the service by singing the Dock Solagie."

- ✕ In a program on SIM Founder's Day the question was asked, "Why is this a special day?" A student answered, "This is the day when SIM founded Africa."

- ✕ Correct these sentences:

1. He don't like himself.

Answer: He doesn't like himself.

2. Him and me will choose sides.

Answer: Him and me will chose sides.

- ✕ Question: What are the four food groups?

Answer: Fruits and vegetables, milk, cereal, and poetry [works for me!]

- ✕ Question: What is a flaw?

Answer: Something that flew.

- ✕ Question: Why wouldn't Naboth give his land to King Ahab?

Answer: His ansistors had it before they died, and so did his anbrotthers."

- ✕ The class was discussing appendicitis operations. After class, one boy came up and told me about his mother. "She had her tonsils out, and her appendix out, and I think she had her birthstones taken out too!"

- ✕ ... "I thought children came from God."

"No, if you eat too much, you get a baby."

- ✕ Nicholas Conkie (grade 2) to Evie Lohnes in kitchen, upon bringing back the class cookie can: "I didn't have a cookie today. I didn't have one yesterday either. You see, I'm 'slimming.'"

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