

SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

FALL 1999

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Where Is Home?

by Carol Plueddemann

If you asked me where home is, I'd first swallow a big lump in my throat, and then I would tell you that I was born and raised in South America, had a few traumatic furloughs in Michigan, spent a blur of college years in Illinois, then married and went to Nigeria for 13 years—with a few disjointed furloughs thrown in. In 1980 we came back to the States. Notice I didn't say we came back home, because by that time I had spent 30 of my 36 years overseas. Coming home was actually leaving home.

I don't want to give the impression that either my childhood or young adulthood was unhappy. Far from it. I loved Ecuador and loved Nigeria. I felt blessed to be an MK—and don't feel I was damaged because of it. It was an enriching, positive experience to live in another culture and to be part of the joyful task of missions.

But to be honest, I did have ambivalent feelings about where I belonged. As a child, Ecuador felt like home to me, but my passport said the U.S. was home. I felt frightened when I read graffiti on the walls that said *Yankee, Go Home!* My recurring nightmare was a Communist takeover of Ecuador and an evacuation of all expatriates. . . .

So where is home for an MK?

Someone has said the only place an MK really feels at home is on an airplane, suspended between two worlds. Pearl Buck wrote that MKs have the *ability to be partly at home everywhere—but not fully at home anywhere.*

For a long time I resented my sense of rootlessness. I envied people who had lived in one hometown all their lives. During our years in Wheaton, Illinois, I had a strong desire to put down roots, but I still felt like a foreigner in my own land.

Gradually, though, I had a change of heart. Not that I felt at home. No, it was that I grew to appreciate the blessing of being a pilgrim. I began to realize that all of us who follow Jesus are citizens of a different country. This world is not our home. C.S. Lewis said that if we don't feel at home here, it's because we aren't. We were made for a different world. And the restlessness we feel is really homesickness for heaven. . . .

Psalm 84:5 and 7 have become theme verses for Jim and me: *Blessed are those whose strength is in you, who have set their hearts on pilgrimage. They go from strength to strength, till each appears before God in Zion.*

I experienced a very freeing turning point when instead of resenting a lack of roots, I embraced pilgrimage as a metaphor for my life. . . . So where is home for an MK? . . . God Himself is our home. *O Lord, you have always been our home. Before you created the hills or brought the world into being, you were eternally God, and will be God forever (Ps. 90:1).* As MKs, a heightened sense of our alienation can be the greatest of blessings as we embrace pilgrimage and press on toward Home. And meanwhile, we have the joyful task of inviting others to join us on the journey and to find their secure refuge in God Himself.

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

Home Along the Omo

by Leah Swart

As an MK I have endured numerous changes in my home location and lifestyle. Though I have adjusted, I still struggle with transition as I find my place in each new world I enter. The most challenging experience I have ever been engaged in was moving from Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, to the Omo River area in Southern Ethiopia.

The transition to Omo began with what we thought would be a twenty-four-hour trip by truck. It turned into a discouraging two-week expedition. Treacherous roads prevented us from traveling at our anticipated pace. Most nights our five-person family crammed into a tent and prayed that the next day we'd reach the Omo River. Our journey seemed to progress further away from civilization each day.

Within minutes of our arrival, I was surrounded by a crowd of Daasanech people, many of whom had never seen a white person. Their eyes darted from my blonde, straight hair to my white skin, green eyes, and fully-clothed body. As I struggled up the bank with our luggage, they stared and laughed. I found it difficult to endure their jeers, even though I had no idea what they were saying.

My frustration quickly disappeared as I noticed them gazing, awe-struck at all the supplies we were carrying.

Looking off in the distance, I saw their tiny five-foot dome houses made of grass and sticks, clumped together on the desolate plain. I looked again at the people in front of me, realizing that many of them had never seen such abundance of possessions. I was overwhelmed with guilt. One of my bags contained more material objects than they could ever hope to own. How could I live among these people and relate to them as their friend? I feared we had nothing in common beyond living on the same earth and breathing the same air.

I felt thrust into a realm of ignorance and frustration. There were no trees, no grass, and no hills here.

"I've learned that home is more than just a location."

There was no town, no gas station, no TV, and no other white people. The bathroom became more sacred to me each time I bathed in the brown river. I longed for a juicy steak and a green salad as I half-heartedly ate my soybean meat substitute and canned fruit. I could not talk to any of the Daasanech who were constantly around me, though I desperately wanted to ask them if there truly were hundreds of crocodiles in the river. I felt trapped in unfamiliarity. I longed for civilization and could only hope that this hot, barren, isolated place I had to call home would someday become familiar to me.

Now Omo is my home. We live in a tin house with indoor plumbing, a refrigerator, and solar electricity. My dad is working on a windmill irrigation project for the Daasanech people, and my mom is learning the Daasanech language. Once a strange and foreign place, Omo's barren landscape, hot weather, and thick, muddy river have evolved into a beautiful image of home in my mind. What began with tears of bitterness and fear two years ago has been transformed to tears of joy every time I return to Omo, and tears of sorrow each time I leave.

The open expanse of land has become a refreshing solace to me after a busy term at Rift Valley Academy. As I've found a home along the Omo River, I've learned that home is more than just a location. The important thing is that I adjust my attitude in accordance with my new world, accepting the contrasts and unfamiliarities as opportunities to learn about myself and the people of these other lands and cultures.

*Reprinted with permission from
"Intercom," Issue 140, p.8.*

*"Home is where, when you go there,
they have to take you in."*

Chords of Babylon

by Kelvin (Kelly) Warkentin (KA, HC '88)

*To live today and ne'er forget
The path I once was on,
To sing my song of travels past
With chords of Babylon.*

I've lived in Canada for seven straight years now, and every time I read Psalm 137 I still feel as though that song were written for me. The Jews that had been shipped to Babylon would sometimes sit by the river and weep for home, a land that was far away. They swore to themselves that they would never forget Zion and never let anything become more important than Jerusalem.

I remember when I first came to Babylon, I swore I would never forget Nigeria, and I would go back as soon as I could. I could lie on my bed and hear the sounds and smell the odours of a place far away that was my "home." I wrote letters constantly to friends still there and sometimes wept in loneliness, sometimes in anger and hatred for my Babylon with its cold customs and incomprehensible lifestyles of materialistic hedonism. Let me go home, I cried. Take me back to a place that makes sense to me, a place where I know who I am.

It's been seven years. The other day my sister bought a whole coconut (typically wrapped in senseless plastic) and with great delight she smashed it open, saved the milk like a true missionary, and then together we set about to dig out the familiar white pulp and munch on it for a while. One time Mom bought a single guava for a fortune and split it up

"Home is a mental state of relative contentment, where we don't pine to be anywhere else, where we don't feel out of place or a stranger."

- Michael Dorris

into five pieces. My little portion lasted an hour as I savoured each tiny morsel of juice and seed and skin, finally consuming the last bit with the reluctance of a cow going to market. The guava smell alone was enough to take my mind to another time and place.

But as I sit by the rivers of my Babylon, I don't weep for Zion anymore. I've hung my harp, sure, but I've found that the Babylonian harps work just as well. You can't weep forever; eventually you have to dry your eyes, stand up, and look to see how best to live like a Babylonian for a while. I still weep sometimes, but it's not for Zion, because I know she is not my home either. No, I weep because of a deep longing, a longing for a home that feels like it's always been my home and will always be. I suppose I'll

"This fond attachment to the well-known place whence first we started into life's long race maintains its hold with such unfailing sway, we feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

—Cowper

have to wait until I can sit beside the river of life where there will be no more weeping and where there are fruit trees that line the shores of the river. One of them's gotta be a guava tree!

*Oh Lord,
Please take each tear that falls
and make a lake of laughter,
Each aching heart
and create a love that lasts.
Please take this pain,
this restless search for home,
And build a noble castle
that I can call my own.*

Reprinted with permission from
"Intercom," Aug-Oct 1994

My Real Home

by Joel Ng (KA, SA '97)
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People say I'm lucky. After all, I'd been to more countries than I had fingers before the age of 12. As a missionary kid, I never stayed in one place for long. It might be boarding school, furlough or summer vacation—each led me to someplace different. Through it all, I had a single anchor—Galmi Village, the place where I was born and where I lived most of my early years. Overlooking our house was a small hill, with a lone water tower overlooking the village. The pale, whitewashed cover made it visible both in the glaring sunlight and in the cool moonlight. When we returned from furlough, the trip from the capital was a long, tiring 500-kilometre ride through the flatness of the Sahel. The Sahel is striking in its monotony—it is one long stretch of never-ending sand. Through the journey, we'd sit, looking out for anything that would tell us we were reaching our home. Then, slowly but surely, the white water tower would appear as we rounded the bend, and then we'd know we were home.

Then it came the time to go to my "real" home—Singapore. In boarding school, we MKs were all fiercely loyal to our "home" countries—be it Canada, the U.S., or Singapore. Yet many of us did not have more than vague impressions of these

"homes" of ours. I once had a Social Studies project in school in which we had to write a brief history of our home countries. Then, I knew so little about Singapore that my entire project was copied out of a single encyclopedia article. (Who was this Lee Kuan Yew fellow anyway?) I had been to Europe, all over Africa and then some, yet I never truly knew Singapore. I only remembered it as a country where we lived high up in a tiny flat, with more toys than I could imagine. With no other choice, I came to Singapore in 1989.

Here, I was introduced to such disquieting concepts as "shopping," "homework," "chili," and worst of all, the Chinese language! As I struggled to fit into this strange environment, even the barren sands of home gave me an irresistible yearning to return. Singapore was a land of waste. Our family never threw away food that was not bad (even if expired or a year old), half our meals were leftovers, and we never bought anything that was not sold at a discount. Here, people left half-eaten meals on their plates and threw away food that no one wanted to keep. People would buy clothes on a whim or go shopping just for fun (my young mind couldn't imagine what was "fun" about shopping). The people were unfriendly or always in a hurry—everyone was studying, working or going to some important place in some important-looking building. I realised I did not fit in, and how I yearned to return home—why did I have to live a life no one else could remotely understand?

Yet by and by, living in Singapore made me realise how fortunate I was. I experienced the contrast of poverty and wealth, starvation and plenitude, and death against life. Realising my fortunate position did not mean I forgot those who were not as fortunate. Seeing how people close to me suffered in Africa is etched permanently in my mind. How my classmate in Primary 1 had polio and how we watched as he bravely ran around the track during our PE lessons—he did not make it to the next grade with the rest of us. How the daughter of our workshop man died before I was eight, and how he died soon after. When I was very young, one of our missionaries died in an accident. On one lonely afternoon soon after, I saw magnificent beams of sunlight shining through the clouds onto the unmarked graves

"Home is home." This cryptic saying means that it is far better than all those places you have visited or read about.

That the dirt in which it wallows comfortably is to be preferred to the best cities in the world. And its mud houses greater and more beautiful than the palaces of kings and queens of other lands.

—Ken Saro-Wiwa

atop Galmi hill. There, I imagined that those rays were the steps that God had put there for his faithful to return home.

So people say I'm lucky. Am I? I've learnt to appreciate God's blessings, and I'll be heading back to that whitewashed water tower and those golden beams of sun because I know my home is not very far from there.

Timbuktu Will Have to Do

by Connie Befus

"Where are you from?" you glibly ask
Where am I from? I slightly frown . . .

That depends . . .

on how much you want to know
how long your attention span
on whether you care
or just need something to say . . .

It depends

also
on how I feel today
—sure of myself or hesitant
—competent or lonely
—cynical or wanting to belong

Should I say—

your eyes give me no clue—
the last place I lived?
or where I lived longest?
or where my parents live now?
or where I was born?
Should I tell you all the places I've lived?
in order? and how long? and why?

Or shall I pick a name out of the blue

Timbuktu

and see how you respond?

I am from God's earth—just now

a sojourner and wanderer
and you cannot put what I know
or who I am
into a box

by thinking you know "where I am from."

The question poses an enormous problem for me
Yet it is understandable that you ask

It is not wrong of you to ask . . .

People ask it every day . . .

But you stand there awaiting my answer

hesitancy forming in your eyes
and I should not be uncivil
After all, you asked . . .

I think, today, I will say

"Timbuktu"

and see what you do.

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"Well, I'm a stranger here, just arrived in town..."

by Dan Elyea

I'm guessing, but I expect that those with the strongest, least ambiguous sense of home come from a background where they grew to adulthood living continuously in the same community as did their close relatives. Their parents grew up, met, and married there. The grandparents, aunts and uncles and cousins lived there. Wherever they might move as adults, they never doubt as to where they must return to "go back home."

Again guessing, I suspect that the other end of the spectrum falls to those growing up in a situation such as that of a career military family. Moving to widely diverse places every year or two, they probably hardly know how to answer when asked, "Where are you from?" No school or community or church or set of friends lasts long enough to "take" during the growing-up years.

In our highly mobile times, many must gain their sense of home from wherever they, the immediate family, happen to be living together. As the old saying goes, "Home is where the heart is." They put down whatever roots they can manage in each place that life takes them. At least, they can look to each other to try to pull together a feeling of belonging-ness and "home." Death, divorce, or other separations can complicate the potential to accomplish this.

The waters of "home" muddy in yet another way for those who spent substantial time in the growing-up years away from their closest relatives—their parents and, perhaps, their younger or older siblings. (To say nothing of grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins.) Many of us MKs find ourselves in this Never-Never Land as far as a sense of home. We may never fully feel at home in any town, in any state. I don't. But I don't

think it troubles some of us greatly. Because, to some extent, so many others—not just MKs—travel in that same boat. In fact, we may possess an advantage in that our strong connection to our MK school experience gives us an anchor in the past stronger than that which comes out of many other backgrounds. Sometimes I wonder why the KA years loom so large in my memory. One reason may well be that, during some especially important years of our younger lives, for much of the time that place provided our family, our friends, our school, our meals, our health services, our church, our everything. Even our quasi-relatives lived there—"Aunties" and "Uncles" a-plenty. So for those for whom the MK school experience left a bitter taste, it sometimes brought on negative consequences seemingly out of proportion to the apparent cause. And for those of us for whom that experience went down quite well, we remember frequently and mostly fondly those years in grade school "on the Field." In fact, it seems to me that we MKs remember the grade school years much more often than do regular "civilians." Of course, we are distributed all over a continuum of experience and outcomes, partly depending on our age at the time and how many years of our young lives we spent at boarding school. Some other influential factors were our individual personalities, our family background, and boarding school staffing at the time we attended.

This all brings me around to a major connector in our present—*Simroots*. It provides a forum to continue to stay in contact with our extended family, to sort out our sometimes confusing backgrounds, and to re-capture important memories. We gain valuable perspective on our past and the present as we learn how life has

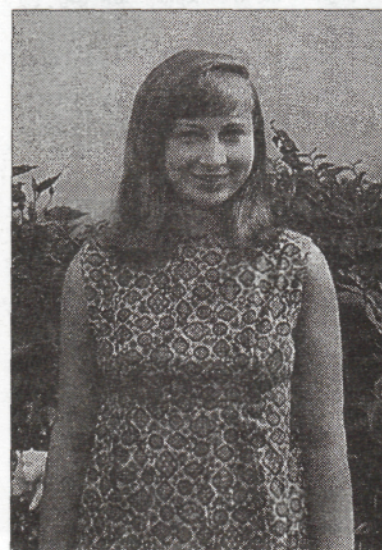
"played out" for others coming from a similar set of circumstances. I expect that few other groups of adults so enjoy and benefit from a publication that comes out of the background of the years prior to high school graduation. I'm so thankful to those who struggled to bring it to birth and healthy growth, for the support of the SIM, and to the people who determinedly sweated each issue into life.

We may feel a bit fuzzy about "home," but most of us connect very strongly with our MK past. Maybe for some of us, home is as much a collection of memories and experiences and relationships as it is any one specific place or region. In remembering, we each must find our own balance between "... forgetting what is behind, and straining toward what is ahead..." and recalling our significant past. As we think on the past, we must realize that God brought us through the previous events of our lives in order to mature us into the person that He wants us to be (along with the accomplishing of some of His other purposes at the same time). We shouldn't stagnate in the past, but we do well to acknowledge the part it plays in our understanding of who we are and where we came from. Recall it, appreciate the good parts, deal with the unpleasant parts, and make the most of "home" wherever you are. A perceptive friend, trying to give me a perspective adjustment, reminded me in a pressured situation, "Family time is precious time." In the interests of our feelings and sense of home and acceptance and belonging, sometimes our extended family fits into this picture as well as our immediate family. Use all the available resources and go for it—"There's no place like home!"

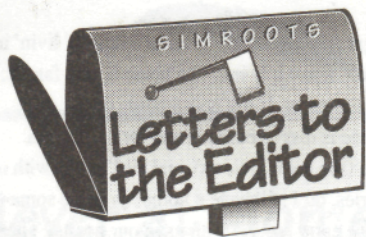


Raymond Jones, Tom Fellows, Judy Healy, Valjean Emmel, Joy Anderson, Judy Isaacs. I think this was our 9th grade graduating class, and was probably 1964.

Submitted by Joy (Anderson) Harper



Kathleen Harbottle, Grade 9 (Gotchal)



Hi Karen,

In the ELWA issue, the 3 MKs on our left of the group photo on p. 2, bottom, are Danny Buck, Cindy Buck, and Tony Cornelius.

Dan Buck
(danbuc@mailcity.com)

Dear Karen,

Simroots is invaluable to us "MK Parents" and families. It is a significant way of helping to fulfill SIM's Purpose Statement: "To glorify God."

Harold and Lorna Fuller
(103500.557@compuserve.com)

Dear Karen,

I was looking at the picture on p. 21 of BA group (Spring '99 issue). Some of the names I remember may help to fill in some of the "?"s. **Sitting:** first ? is a Faulkner (Jimmy, I think); second ? is Sharon Meckes; Dorothy Forsberg is NOT in this photo. It could be an Ackley beside me on the left; Charlotte Stranski on my right.

Second row: Beside Van Schmidt is Eva Dawkins (with the plaits). Merle Stevens is the full name, I think.

Teachers: Beside Mary Wollman is Miss Brixby.

Gwen (Nunn) Staveley
(david.staveley@maf-europe.org)

Dear Karen,

Simroots has been the source of so much pleasure, and I have meant many times to write you, but somehow felt that my two cents' worth wouldn't be of interest to too many people. I have recently recanted of that heresy, having gotten in touch with several friends from the "olden days" and been so blessed. I read through the magazine from front to back, and it always transports me into another era, leaving me a little sad and a lot nostalgic.

I can't tell you how much I appreciate the people responsible for getting all the information together!

By the way, the last newsletter was so much fun to read! Some of the adventures translated from West to East Africa pretty well, although it sounds like the kids at KA had more fun than we did at Bingham! It has been wonderful to be able to get in touch with many of my old friends by e-mail.

By the way, the picture on page 21 says that I am sitting on the ground at Bingham, but I wasn't there until the next year. No big deal—it's just strange to see your name in print, and not recognize yourself!

Joy (Anderson) Harper
(tharpe4@ibm.net)

Howdy do, Karen and Grace,

I'd like to suggest that you add the date of the writing to the articles and news updates so we can judge how old they are, or respond with updated information if we have it.

Jack Long
(galmi@worldnet.att.net)

Dear Karen,

I just finished reading our daughter, Nancie's, Spring 1999 issue of *Simroots* and want you to know how very much I enjoyed it. It brought back tremendous memories of when our three girls, Judith, Nancie and Carol lived at KA.

Seeing Aunt Gerry's name reminded me that she always added an encouraging note to the bottom of Judi's letters—especially when she was a new first grader. KA was a great school, and our girls profited so much from being there. As a mother, I am truly grateful to all who had a part in their lives.

Doris Pollen (dorlen@juno.com)

CONGRATULATIONS

Births

Andrew Michael to Bill & Janice (Fargher) Parsons (BA '82), born on January 15, 1998.

Alexa Leigh was born on March 20, 1999, to Carol (King) (KA '74) and Drew Harvey. She weighed 7 lbs. and was 19 in. long. Maternal grandparents are Uncle Nolon and Aunt Cookie King.

Tyler Cole to Randall & Denise (Fawley) Chism (KA, HC '85), born on March 22, 1999.

Joshua Tyler to Ty (KA '75) & Cindi Guy, born on April 2, 1999.



Alexa Leigh at 4 months

Joseph Dean to Cathy (Motis) (BA, EL '88) & Todd, born April 7, 1999. He joins sisters Jessica and Rebecca.

Nathan Josiah to John Gould (KA '82) & Joy on Father's Day.

Alexander Stephen to Shelley & Stephen Meed (BA '81), born June 12, 1999.

Anastasia Lynn to Scott & Lucia (Isch) Eberle (EL), born on June 30, 1999.

Ronald Jesse, adopted by Joy (Gould) (KA '77) & Mark.

Thank You, Donors

We thank each one of you who made this issue possible. Your generosity has helped us connect once more with our past, our schools, and our friendships. You've brought joy to some and healing to others, and we are grateful.



From the Editor



Dear Readers,

I've thought a lot about the question, "What is home?" after I read Wiebe Boer and Tabitha Payne's appeal in our last issue of *Simroots* to answer that question. It seemed a fitting theme to this issue as I personally wrestled with my thoughts. I hope you find a little of yourselves in the articles I've chosen to represent the MK experience.

Our family has finally made the transfer to Tennessee where my husband is managing WFCM, AM/FM, two new Moody radio stations serving the Nashville market. It was while packing the umpteenth box that I exclaimed, "Why can't we just live like the Africans and put everything we own on the back of a donkey!" But, somehow we made it in one piece and are getting settled into our new home. Or is it? ("Home," that is.) We were exploring the city of Murfreesboro at the end of a long day, and my youngest wearily stated, "I'm ready to go 'house.'" She wasn't quite ready to call

our new residence "home" yet. Working through her grief, she wailed, "You don't know what it's like to leave the only home you've ever known and say good-bye to all your friends." (Oh, no?)

I don't remember the reason; I just remember someone wanted to take pictures of the KA kids grouped according to their nationalities. As each country was called out, I began to panic. When I went "home" to the station that Christmas, I asked my mother, "What am I?"

"Why, you're a girl, of course; what do you mean?"

"No," I replied, "Am I an American, a Canadian, an African, or what?"

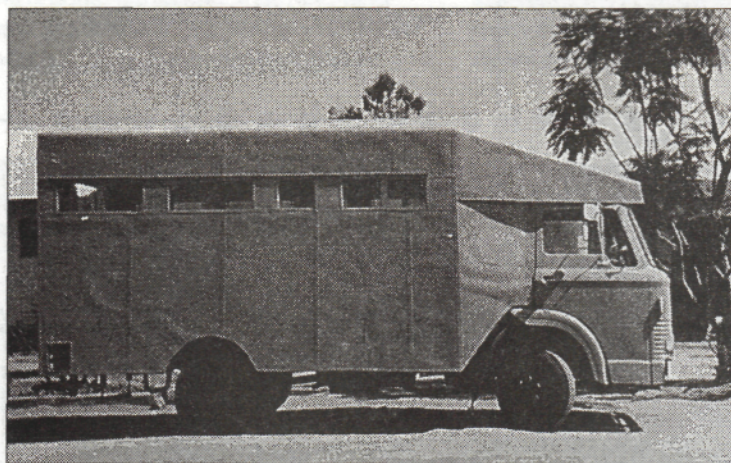
In second grade, I believe it was Mr. Todd who asked me, "Where is home for you in America?" I struggled with that one too. I knew we'd landed in New York, lived in Des Moines, traveled across the USA and back. No wonder I was confused! When we were "home" on furlough (pardon me, "home assignment"), traveling across the country, "home" was wherever we stayed that night. As long as my suitcase was there, I was at home.

I echo the dread of the author of "Timbuktu" when I have to answer the question, "Where are you from?" My standard answer: "Do you want the short or the long version?" or "How far back do you want to go?" For me, home is a place where I've left a piece of myself: Gadaka, Des Moines, Kent Academy, Miya, Elkhart, Hillcrest, Zalanga, Pottersville, Chattanooga, Holland. But

as Edgar A. Guest said, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home." So home is also family, past and present. If my house burns down, or if my home is displaced, as it was for our ELWA readers (see book reviews), and all I'm left with is memories, do I still have a home? Is home something we carry around with us in our hearts? Then my favorite place would be in the cradle of a *kuka* (baobab) tree.

Where is home? That question is different from "Where are you from?" says Ruth Van Reken and Dave Pollock in their new book *The Third Culture Kid Experience—Growing Up among Worlds*. (See Book Reviews.) If I could afford to, I'd send every one of our readers a copy of this precious volume. I guarantee you'll find yourself mirrored on more than one page. Having recently been displaced, I identified strongly with the section on "The Transition Experience." Personally, I don't feel at home until friendships have been formed. Sure would be more comfortable to take my MK classmates with me wherever I go! Now I have to establish a new identity and begin all over again to answer the question, "Where is home?"

Sai an jima,
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Hillcrest hostel "tank" or "barn." It had a light blue exterior and a sea green interior! (1970)

Left to right: Dianne Wylie, Joanne Soderberg, Lillian Power, Alister McElheran and Doug Elyea on the school steps at KA.





Never at Home— Always a Visitor

Anonymous

At the boarding home, I learned to live with a family not my own. I followed rules—there seemed to be so many of them that I was constantly afraid of forgetting one. I did forget many, and I seemed always to be in trouble. But no one really had time to explain the rules to me.

At home I knew that if I was bad, my parents would still love me. After all, we were family. In the boarding home, I felt that the love I got depended on me and my efforts. If I was good, I was liked and praised. If I was bad, people were angry with me. I hated it when people were angry with me. After a while I learned to act as if I didn't care. That way, it didn't hurt so much when I was punished.

I sometimes wished that a teacher or houseparent would ask me why I behaved the way I did. No one ever did—probably didn't have time. I learned to try to stay out of the way, to keep my problems to a minimum, and to accept quick solutions. I tried to solve my problems on my own. But I was only 8. I was supposed to always be on my best behavior, but I wasn't able to be. I was a guest in a family not my own, but I was a permanent guest.

While I was at school, I vowed to tell my parents how I really felt about school. I wanted to tell them that, even though I tried, I wasn't good all the time. I worried that I was an inherently bad person. I wanted reassurance that I was loveable even when I wasn't the way everyone else wanted me to be.

When vacation time rolled around, however, I never spoke of my thoughts.

Maybe I didn't know how to express myself; maybe it seemed like too much to explain; maybe I thought they wouldn't understand. I didn't want to disappoint my parents or make their situation difficult. They had so many other things to deal with. I saw how happy it made them when I said I liked school. I wanted to make them happy, and I learned to say the right things. They were glad and relieved that I liked being at boarding school.

The time with my family was so limited that I didn't want anything to put a damper on the joy of being together. I kept my sadness, frustration, fear and difficulties to myself because I wanted our vacation to be fun—not a problem-solving time. I was, therefore, on my best behavior, even at home.

In both the boarding home and with my own family, I was never the real, undisguised ME.

Reprinted with permission from UFM MK Newsletter

Musings from Debb's Palm Tree

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

I have been processing through all the happenings of the weekend (May 21-23, '99) I spent in Charlotte, NC, as a guest of SIM for the MK reconciliation sessions. It was like a surgery after a trauma, a healing, and then a plastic surgery and another healing to remove the scars from the initial traumas and surgeries. I returned to Tulsa with a sense of having a great weight and burden lifted off me, with a strengthened perception of my identity as an MK, as an SIM'er, and of who I am in Christ and His faithfulness and love for me.

I want to thank SIM for inviting the various MKs to help restore relationships and heal old hurts and wounds that developed as a result of being separated from parents and being raised by other missionaries at boarding schools. None of us can undo our pasts, but we do have a need to acknowledge what happened from the side of the kids involved and of the parents and missionaries involved. James 5:16 (*Amplified*) says it best: "Confess to one another therefore your faults—your slips, your false steps, your offenses, your sins; and pray [also] for one another, that you may be healed and restored—to a spiritual tone of mind and heart. The earnest (heart-felt, continued) prayer of a righteous man makes tremendous power available—dynamic in its working." The *Message* translation says this: "Make this your common practice: Confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you can live together whole and healed. The prayer of a person living right with God is something powerful to be reckoned with."

In times past we MKs may not have been heard when we tried to tell someone of the hurts, offenses, misunderstandings, and abuses we experienced. There are so many reasons these bad things happened. Among the

reasons are deliberate wrongdoing in some cases by a few caregivers and unintentional distress stemming from lack of knowledge, wisdom and understanding on the part of other caregivers. We can't undo the past, but we can choose to acknowledge what happened and then forgive and move onward to the higher calling God has called each of us to. These reconciliation meetings hosted by the administration of SIM were an awesome example of God's principle of confronting, confessing and forgiving being done in His order. I was in awe of the presence of God and the humility expressed through the facilitators and SIM staff in our sessions. We were listened to, we were heard, and we were acknowledged as having worthwhile input as we shared together.

One powerful bit of knowledge that I came away with was that I do belong in the SIM family, and it was my own "staying away" that had caused the separation in my mind. Just as we are accepted in the beloved by God, we have a natural family of SIM that considers us part of them and wants to see us as MKs, their kids, restored to a relationship of knowing that we belong and are loved.

During some of the very dark periods of my life, God always provided a "family" of missionaries to love me and minister to me when my own parents weren't available. God gave me extended families to nurture me when I needed that and to admonish me when I needed that too. I wouldn't have received that love if I hadn't reached out beyond myself to take it. I never had to beg, but I did have to reach out to receive. When we allow others to love us, we become strengthened to forgive and love those who didn't love us before. SIM is a godly family, and I'm so thankful that my personal family and I are part of it.

BULLETIN BOARD

THE KA LISTSERVE HAS MOVED

If you would like to join, write to hub@mknet.org and type the command:

subscribe Kent-Academy

in the body, not the subject line of your e-mail. If your mailer attaches a fancy signature to the end of the message, put END on the last line of the message, so the computer can figure out where the commands stop, and the signature begins.

DID YOU KNOW?

There are currently 357 high school-age MKs in SIM.

THIRD GRADE GEOGRAPHY TEST:

Where is Burkina Faso?

Answer: It's located directly south of North Burkina Faso.

BAD ADDRESS SEARCH

The following people moved between the fall of '98 and spring of '99, and we have no forwarding address. Anyone have a current address for them?

Dan Power
Dan Creighton
Estelle (Morris) McLellan
Robert Schindler
Evangeline (Luckman) Alexander
Karen Miller
Susan Nagel

DID YOU KNOW?

Perry High School was a home much like Gowans Home in Collingwood, Canada, where SIM MKs stayed during high school. It was located in Perry, MI, and was opened in about 1958. Due to many changes it was not in existence very long. It is being used by the town of Perry as a retirement home at last report. Who else attended there besides Janet McDougall, Jim Crouch, and Lynn Langdon?

APOLOGIES (Vol 16 #1)

... to Arn Lueders (who got labeled as Ann)

... to Valjean and Carolyn Nelson whose e-mail addresses should be as follows:
Valjean (val.nelson@weyerhaeuser.com)
Carolyn (cnelson@wvnm.wvnet.edu)

ELIZABETH (JACKSON) QUINN'S COOKBOOK

To order *South of the Sahara*, call toll-free 877-326-8245.

MORE MK WEB SITES

JOS/HC PHOTOS

<http://www.accessweb.com/users/bbreitkreuz>
Bevin Breitkreuz (bevinb@accessweb.com)
The larger images take a while to load and are best viewed full-screen (the F11 key if you're using Microsoft's browser).

JOSEPH HOUSE MINISTRIES

A post-high school home for young adult MKs
<http://www.josephhouse.org>

ELIZABETH'S NIGERIA PHOTOS

<http://users.inr.net/~lizard/ka.htm>

KA NEEDS

KA has some needs that their income cannot handle (new computers, painting the dorms and school building, new textbooks like Saxon Math and a new language arts curriculum). Tax-deductible donations may be sent to SIM-USA.

HILLCREST FACTS

- » Hillcrest was founded in 1942 by Church of the Brethren.
- » In the 1998-99 school year, 9 mission organizations cooperated to run the school. Each supplied 2 teachers and each had 1 vote on the Board of Governors.
- » There are about 270 students representing over 25 nationalities.
- » Approximately 40 per cent are MKs, 30 per cent are Nigerian nationals, and the rest are non-mission expatriates.
- » Hillcrest is accredited by the Middle States Association.
- » The two-fold purpose of Hillcrest is "to provide a Christian education through the training of Christian young people into a Christian world view in which values, beliefs, and attitudes are rooted in biblical teaching" and "to reach and evangelize those non-Christian students who have come seeking an education."

from "School's In!" Vol.5, Issues 1, 2



Book Reviews

Check out two books (first and last entries) written by our own MKs

The Third Culture Kid Experience: Growing Up Among Worlds

by David Pollock and Ruth Van Reken (KA, '63)
Intercultural Press, 1999

Though not written solely for MKs, this book speaks in our mother tongue. Of course, MKs are one of the half-dozen or so groups that make up "Third Culture Kids" and "Adult Third Culture Kids." The authors write both from their own firsthand experiences and from the collected and distilled experiences of many other TCKs. Their insightful analysis catches so much of the essence of our TCK background and the outlook that stems from it.

If you identify with this definition they give for a "Third Culture Kid," then you'll very likely find this book well-worth reading: "A Third Culture Kid (TCK) is a person who has spent a significant part of his or her developmental years outside the parents' culture. The TCK builds relationships to all of the cultures, while not having full ownership in any. Although elements from each culture are assimilated into the TCK's life experience, the sense of belonging is in relationship to others of similar background."

Because of the considerable data and the depth of the analysis presented, it sometimes resembles a textbook. And what could be more deserving of our study than a book that sheds illuminating light on a vital and often-misunderstood part of our lives? The use of frequent illustrations breathes life into the book. The illustrations also help us identify strongly with the subject matter.

If you haven't been exposed to these considerations before, the observations regarding the effects of the TCK's multi-cultural background will be a real eye-opener. This book contains lots of other on-the-mark, useful insights including mobility issues, benefits and challenges of being a TCK, rootlessness and restlessness, relational patterns, unresolved grief, dealing with transition, coming "home" reentry, and "it's never too late." The concepts presented won't all be new to you, but you'll very likely grasp more fully the meaning and impact of your TCK experience. The authors put it this way: "What we have

also discovered, however, in doing seminars around the world is that because theirs is an intangible world, not tied to one visible place, most TCKs have lived their experience without the words to define it. Our presentations are often not so much about giving new information as much as they are about putting words to matters TCKs and their families already know without realizing they know it. They just never had words to describe their total life experiences before."

TCK, this is one of those very few books written specifically for you. You will see yourself; you will understand yourself better; you will learn how to deal with still-unresolved issues. Read it soon. You'll be glad you did.

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

To order:

Phone (1-800-370-2665 or 207-846-5168)
e-mail (books@interculturalpress.com)

For U.S., the cost is \$19.95, plus \$3.00 for shipping for the first book and 50¢ for each additional book. Outside the U.S., send \$19.95 plus \$4.00 for shipping the first book and \$1.00 for each additional book. You may send a check or international postal money order or use VISA, MasterCard, American Express, or Discover.

When Africa Was Home

by Karen Lynn Williams
Illustrated by Floyd Cooper

Mommy, what was it like growing up in Africa? How many times have I tried to explain to my children the strong feelings I have for a country not my own? I found a beautifully illustrated children's book that captures the essence of life for a white child growing up in Africa. I read it with great nostalgia as I identified with little Peter, who ate with his hands out of the community bowl, slept under a mosquito net, and ran with the goats and chickens. Check it out at your local library.

Submitted by Karen Keegan

Where Elephants Fight

by William Ardill, M.D. (KA, '70)
Printed in Nigeria, 1997

Written by "one of us," you could think of this book as an expanded *Simroots* "Open Dialogue" entry. The puzzling title alludes to an African proverb and refers to the Liberian civil wars of recent years. These wars form the backdrop for a significant part of the book. More than the story of civil unrest in Liberia, the book gives a condensed

life story of Bill Ardill.

Born and reared in Nigeria, Bill later returned to serve as a medical missionary in Liberia and Nigeria. About halfway through, the book moves into the dreadful happenings of the recent Liberian civil war. Bill experienced firsthand many ramifications of the bitter conflict. The book will move you deeply—in sorrow, disgust, horror, gratitude, concern, and in appreciating your blessings. You'll empathize throughout with fellow-MK, Dr. William Ardill.

Dr. Ardill writes:

"We could hear the bullets zinging through the palm trees and the thud as they hit trees or the zing as they hit metal. I never really felt afraid, just helpless. I was anxious for the 20,000 refugees who were lying all over the place and many had absolutely no protection at all. I was also amazed and frustrated that some still walked around in the middle of the shooting, seemingly 'bulletproof.' Some women ran out and put their washing on the ground to dry between volleys of shooting. Others had the urge to urinate so ran behind a tree and did their business before the next round of shooting. After a while the babies started to cry because of their confinement. People became restless during the quiet moments until the shooting started and then all were quiet as they hugged the ground and prayed to be spared. At least four people were killed on the campus during the crossfire and eight were injured by the bullets."

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

This 238-page paperback costs \$3 including shipping and handling (pre-paid preferred). Make checks payable to East Swamp Church (attn. Kristin Schmidt), 2405 E. Swamp Road, Quakertown, PA 18951. Phone (215-536-4532) or e-mail (esc@enter.net)



Bill Ardill as Gilbert Blythe and Karen Seger as Anne in *Anne of Green Gables* (KA '67). Did you know that both Bill and Gilbert became doctors?!

SIM/HC REUNION

July 1 - 4 (noon), 2000

University of North Texas, Denton, TX

**PUT THIS ON YOUR
CALENDARS NOW!**
Note changes in dates and phone
numbers from last issue.

REGISTRATION INFO IN NEXT ISSUE

Preliminary estimates are \$120 per person (room and meal package)

Contacts:

Steve Ackley

1526 Mayfield
Garland, TX 75041
(972) 840-8565
CEDSteve@aol.com

or

Holly Plank

4350 Trinity Mills Rd Apt 9108
Dallas, TX 75287-7019
(972) 620-9006 (w)
biomastr@flash.net

TESTIMONIAL

As a member of the Reunion Planning Committee, I want to encourage those of you who have never attended a reunion to consider doing so this time. I had not attended a reunion since I graduated from Hillcrest in 1970, but when I grudgingly went to the one in Denton five years ago, I enjoyed it so much, I plan to go

again. I want to encourage those of you who are a little like me—lazy, happy-with-where-I-am-now-in-my-life-so-I-don't-need-to-go-back-to-high-school-days kind of attitude to consider giving your-

selves a special gift to start the new millennium. The skits, particularly the Nigerian Airways one, will take you back to when life was pretty simple and make you laugh so hard it hurts. The gap in years between kids who are much older or younger than you will melt away with the shared experience. Stories of escaping deserved punishment, running laps, French class, school plays, banquets, etc. will bring back numerous memories and "take you away" from the hassles of everyday life as an adult. Looking forward to seeing you and either renewing old friendships or creating new ones!!

Nancy (Ackley) Ruth (BA, EL, HC '70)

SPEAKER

We are very excited and honored to have **Ruth (Frame) Van Reken (KA '63)** as our featured speaker at the reunion. Ruth is an MK herself, as well as a mother of MKs. Ruth has spent a good portion of her adult life exploring and researching the MK experience, dealing realistically with the negative while focusing on the positive. She is the author of the book *Letters Never Sent* and co-author of *The Third Culture Kid Experience: Growing Up among Worlds* (See book reviews). She will be leading two sessions in which we will discuss the uniqueness of the MK and TCK experience. Not only will this be a fabulous time for us to benefit from the expertise of Ruth but will also provide a bonding experience for all of us who share the title TCK.

Nancy Ruth

Check out her home page at

<http://hometown.aol.com/RDvanreken/index.htm>

ENTERTAINMENT

We are planning to have Joe Ifah and the Lighthouse Band perform at the reunion on July 4. Joe is an awesome Nigerian Christian musician, and I know we will all enjoy his music and his message. Be ready to dance! Be ready to sing some "brokin"!

I first met him 21 years ago when I taught English in a secondary school in Kogi State. He was in my class, but I don't claim any credit for teaching him anything! Perhaps my role was to have him know that he was extremely gifted. Now, years later, my husband Stuart and I are supporting his ministry in Ibadan.

Last summer he did a tour in the States and was very well received. This December he plans to do some African Christmas concerts in the Dallas area. (Let me know if you would like to book him!) If you would like to preview some of his music, I have two of his new releases, "Awaken" and "Still I'm Dreaming" available, as well as a new recording of "Wings to Fly." (His music is now better than ever since we have been able to purchase state-of-the-art recording equipment for his studio.) "Awaken" CDs are available for \$12.00; and cassettes of "Awaken," "Still I'm Dreaming" and "Wings" are available for \$8.00. Contact me at rhgcarlson@juno.com or 972-709-9983.

See you at the Reunion!

Ruth Gross Carlson (HC '73)

FOOD

Get your taste buds revved up for some good ol' African chop! Who's ready for some pounded yam? suya? kosai? How about some mouth-watering pepe (pepper) or egusi stew or draw soup? On second thought, maybe we'll have the draw soup only by special request! But we WILL have mountains of jollof rice and other delicacies you may not have enjoyed in a long while! Come to the feast and bring your appetite!

Dick (BA, EL, HC '71) and

Meg Ackley (KA, HC '72)

Gowans Home REUNION 2000

*We are planning a Gowans Home Reunion for the last weekend in September, 2000.
Once again it will be held in the Collingwood area, and we have already contacted
the people at the National Ski Academy for permission to go through the house.
We'll keep you posted about the reunion.*

If you are on the Internet, you
might want to look at actual
pictures of GH as it is now.
www.lynx.org/nsa/brochure.htm

If you would like to volunteer to help,
call me at **(858) 571-0130**

or write to
**8550 Eames Street
San Diego, California 92123-2120 USA**

If you have e-mail, please contact me at ruthw@flash.net.

Peggy, Helen and I are hosting the reunion this time.
Ruth (Jensen) Whitehead

Teachers:

Mrs. Draper,
Mrs. McCarron

Back:

Johnny Schindler,
Joel Dibble

Front:

Sam Kayea,
Steve Snyder,
Martha Gargar,
Karen Ackley,
Robin Miller,
David Frazee,
Donnie Draper



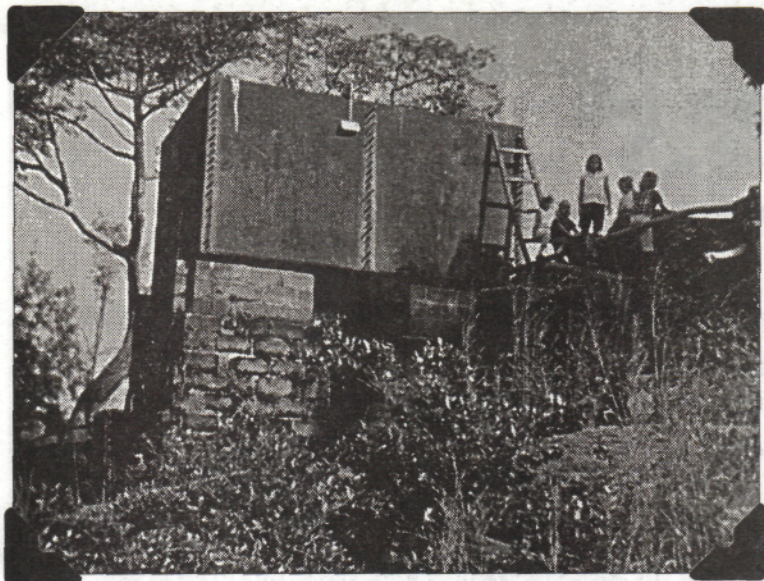
Priscilla Balzer
Dick Ackley
Donna Coddington

**E
L
W
A**

Marian Schindler,
Mrs. Demerest,
?,
Betty Thompson,
Grace Carter,
Mrs. McCarron,
Ruth Dibble,
Mr. McCarron,
Ellen Graff,
Mary Naff,
Mrs. Draper,
Fran Eager,
Pauline Sonius



ELWA
kids



The water tank at Kent Academy



The tennis courts at Kent Academy



The dam at Kent Academy



Margaret (Todd) Ackley, grade 7

The students are not in exact rows, so I will do the best I can at this one. (1962 or '63?)
Everyone can thank me later!

Back row: Joy Anderson, Judy Healy, Judy Isaacs, Raymond Jones, Howard Black

Next row: Judy Reimer, Valjean Emmel, Janet Waldock, Marilyn Kleiwer, John Hagen, Loren Bishop, John Kayser, Stephen Donald

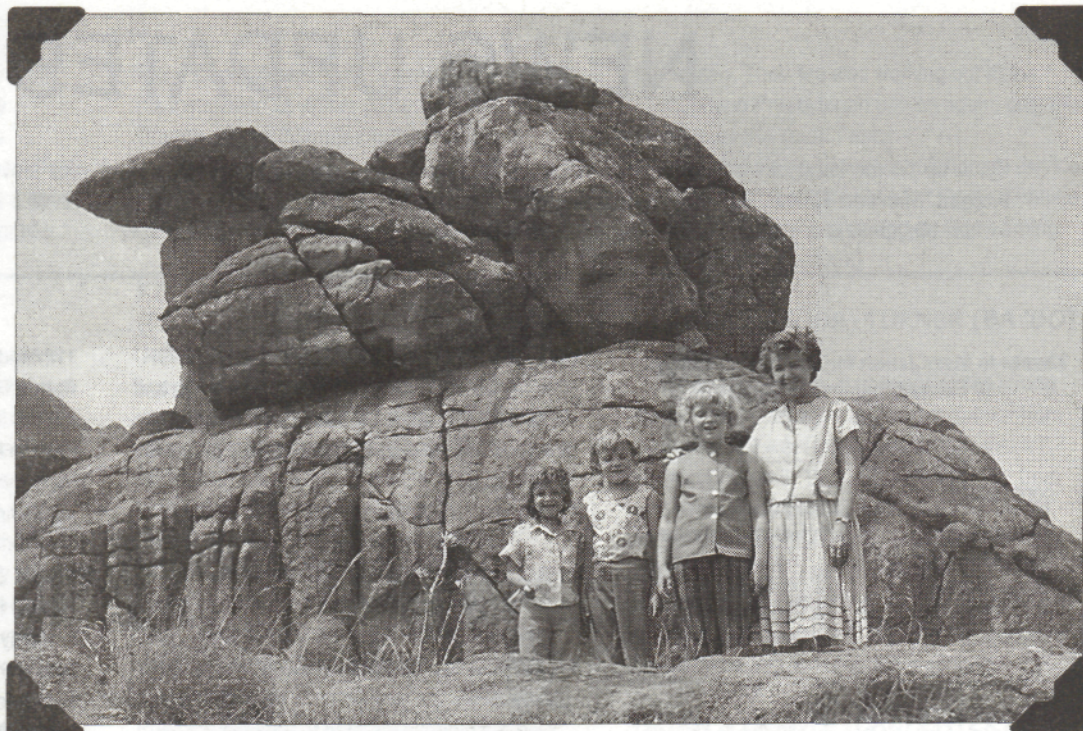
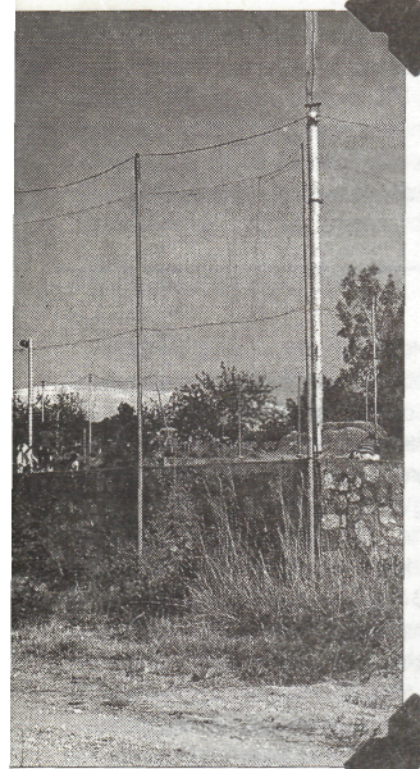
Next row: Laura Jacobson, Christine Waldock, Lynn Emmel, Carol Wallace, Peter Wallace

Next row: Ruth Ann Fellows, Jackie Konnerup, Joe Harding, Bill Harding, Stanley Kayser, Dan Maxson, Brian Isaacs, Jerry Healy, Mark Middleton

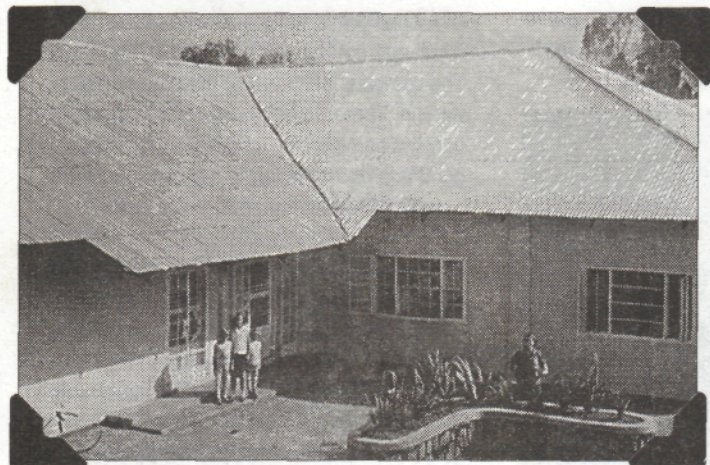
Front row: Bob Black, Matthew Hagen, Duane Ediger, Fred Ely, Chuck Anderson, Vernon Bell, Danny Scheel

Submitted by Joy (Anderson) Harper





Camel Rock 1966 (Photo by Thadd Jackson),
Jane, Becky, Elizabeth, and Livina (mom) Jackson



Outside the dining room at Kent Academy



Miss Oursland's first grade class
KA, 1966-'67

Back: Ruth Carpenter, Kim Laird, David Hartwig, Margaret Edwards, Carol Lilly

Next row: Norman Hodges, Susan Lochstampfor, Bonnie Husband, Murray Ratzlaff, Philip Price

Next row: Dean Obendorf, Barbara Lohrenz, Roxy Elyea, Michael Schalm, James Paternoster, Philip Johnston

Next row: Malcolm Hansen, Elizabeth Jackson, Jeannie Cross(?) and Susan Page



The volcano on the road from Jos to Miango

FROM THE ARCHIVES

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, 222 Hyle Avenue, Murfreesboro, TN 37128; call (615) 895-9011; 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	SA Sahel Academy
HC Hillcrest School	WA West African Christian

50s

LEIGH FORSBERG (BA '55)

(Mom's letter 6/99)

Leigh got his M.D. degree in Chicago, his radiology training at Stanford, and now works in a hospital in Oakland, CA. Two of his daughters are Wheaton grads.

JAMES & LINDA FORSBERG (BA, GH '59)

James was born in Khartoum, Sudan, attended BA for 8 years, Gowans Home for 4 years, and graduated from Wheaton College with a political science degree. He went to Vietnam for 2 years and nearly lost his life during the TET



James & Barb Paternoster (KA, HC '78)

offensive. He got his law degree in Eugene, OR. Now he lives in San Jose with his wife Linda and daughter Katie. He is the assistant executive director in the Redevelopment Agency of the city of San Jose.

60s

HOWARD & JO-ANN BRANT (BA '61)

(Janish 7/99)

Howard recently traveled to Ethiopia, Zimbabwe, Mozambique and South Africa. Back in Ethiopia he will be meeting with executives of the Evangel Fellowship to help draft their new constitution. In India he will be speaking at the annual conference of the 500-member India Evangelical Mission.

CYNTHIA (CUMMINS) KUHN (KA '63)

(Internet 4/99)

I would love to hear from anyone at KA in my class in 1957-1959. I live in a suburb of Dallas, TX, with my sister Christine (Cummins) Piepmeier ('65) and her husband Bob, and work as a project manager at Nest Entertainment in Irving, TX. I don't have much memory of my time at KA and would really like to hear some stories about things that happened. (kuhnassc@juno.com)

70s

NANCY (ACKLEY) RUTH

(BA, EL, HC '70) (e-mail 5/99)

I am writing a draft of a response to *Letters Never Sent* that concentrates on the positive things I gained from my MK experience. Lessons I learned that I have applied to every aspect of my daily life. I attribute my career success in large part to lessons learned as an MK, my success as a parent to lessons learned as an MK and certainly my total faith in God's provision from my MK experience. I went to Bingham for grades 1 to 7, ELWA Academy (8th), Correspondence School taken at ELWA (9th),

11th and 12th at Hillcrest. I earned my BS in Family Relations and Child Development, then my MS in counseling. I am currently Director of Human Resources for a large retail chain. I am the very proud mother of 3 successful, God-fearing, loving children. (NAR217@aol.com)

JACK & KATHY LONG

(KA, HC '71) (e-mail 5/99)

Kathy has "retired" as of Feb. 12, from the paid work force and nursing to be a full time, non-paid, "stay-at-home mom." I continue to search for a new job that does not include traveling, or at least not as much. We're moving June 5, '99. Our new address will be 205 51st Ave, Greeley, CO 80634. Greeley is an hour and a half north of Denver. Phone (970) 336-0173. The company 3M has sold the division that I work in. There will be no changes in my work, only the name on the letterhead. It's a mix of good and bad for different reasons. (galmi@worldnet.att.net)

DAVID & MURIEL BOYES

(KA '75) (e-mail 5/99)

We continue to live in Winkler, southern Manitoba. Our daughters are Kelly (16) and Jody (14). Both girls are into basketball, while Jody also enjoys soccer. Kelly is officially a life-guard this summer, and Jody will be involved at our local Bible camp as a counselor. Both girls are active in youth and are seeking to live for the Lord for which we are thankful. I continue to teach Phys. Ed. and am a guidance counselor in an elementary school. Muriel is a stay-at-home mom and teaches some piano. We are still actively involved in worship leading and doing special music in churches and other functions around our province. I still enjoy coaching high school girls' basketball and this year had the privilege of having both daughters on my team. Would love to hear from other members of the class of '75.

(dmb53@hotmail.com)

MARK & PRISCILLA (CHAPMAN) YOUNG (BA '75) (e-mail 5/99)

Mark teaches at Dallas Theological Seminary and is still involved in overseas ministry. He

made trips to Poland, Croatia, and Austria this past year. Priscilla also works at DTS as Coordinator of the International Leaders Scholarship Program. Ben is a high school freshman. Bonnie is in 7th grade and spends 6 hours a week in ballet. Christian is now a 3rd grader.

DAN SCHMIDT (KA, '75)

(e-mail 5/99)

I was a short-termer. My dad took a leave of absence from his job with US Steel to take us to Nigeria while he helped with SIM's accounting system there. That put my brother Paul and me at KA for just a year—Paul for 2nd grade and me for 4th. I have vague recollections of the time—and being a short-termer didn't fit in all that well with the career-family kids. But generally I'm glad for the experience. In fact, about 3 years ago I visited Addis with my dad and even thought about going back to enroll my own kids at Bingham!

Currently I live in Maryland with my wife (an MK whose parents have been with BCM forever) and 3 daughters. I'm between jobs, having pastored 15 years, most recently in Santiago, Chile. (THNKETRNAL@aol.com)

PAMELA (LONG) DAROFF

(KA, HC '77) (4/99)

Between 1992 and 1997, I worked on and completed an MA in International Relations. During the summer of '95, as part of the MA I did a Washington, DC, internship with the Chemical and Biological Arms Control Institute. As a result of that internship I was offered a job with EAI Corporation, a defense contractor. Most of my work was in the Treaty Compliance Division and centered on helping the US Army to comply with the provisions of international treaties such as the Chemical Weapons Convention.

During this time David did an interim pastorate at a small church in Delaware and otherwise kept busy with the kids. Due to a variety of changes at work and personal desires, both David and I began looking for new jobs in 1997. During the summer of '98 David and our 2 kids, Jamie (12) and Katie (9) spent a great deal of time on the West Coast and in Alaska so that David could more easily interview and candidate with the Belfair Community Baptist Church in Belfair, WA. I joined them in July for a visit to the church and a drive up the ALCAN Hiway. In August the church finally called David. We accepted the position (Associate Pastor) and moved in September. In January '99 the Senior Pastor resigned and David was voted into the Senior position in February. The church is currently looking for another Associate. Anyone interested?

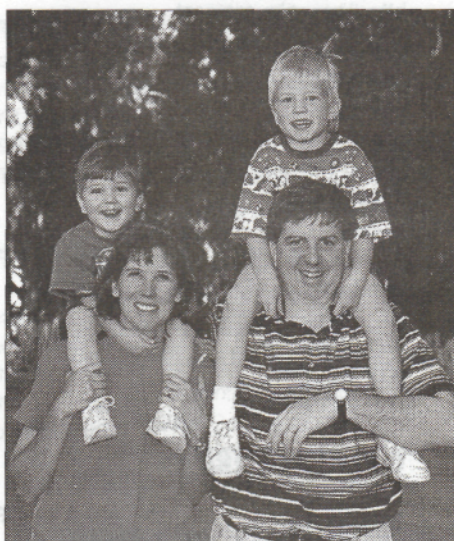
Many Congratulations to Ty Guy, by the way, for his installation as senior pastor of South Shores Church. (djdaroff@mail.integrityol.com)

80s

KEVIN & ROBIN (SHEA) MCGEE

(EL, IC, WA '80) (e-mail 5/99)

Robin and Kevin (an Assemblies of God Sierra Leone MK) met while students at ICA. Robin graduated from Houghton College in 1994 and married Kevin that summer. They lived in Springfield, MO, where Kevin finished his degree in Missions at Central Bible College. Robin taught French part-time in the Springfield Public Schools, at Central Bible College and privately for Christina Tabuchi, the daughter of entertainer Shoji Tabuchi in Branson, MO. (The Tabuchis even sent Robin to Paris with Christina for an educational trip!) They worked at a Cumberland Presbyterian church outside of Springfield for 2 years where Kevin served as an interim pastor. Then they accepted a position in Rensselaer, IN, where Kevin served as the Associate/Youth pastor at an Assembly of God church for one year.



Grace (Beacham) Thomas (KA, HC '78)

While in Indiana they had their first baby (Mary Noelle McGee, Dec. 18, '97).

They have since moved back to Springfield where Kevin is working towards his Master's degree at the Assemblies of God Theological Seminary (and working full-time at the AG Credit Union). Robin is teaching part-time at Central Bible College and at Southwest Baptist University. They bought their first house last summer in Springfield, and they are enjoying it

immensely. They are also working out at the Cumberland Presbyterian church again, only this time it is as the Youth Pastor.

Kevin and Robin anticipate missionary service (probably with the Assemblies of God) sometime in the future—they are waiting on God's timing. (knr@worldnet.att.net)

DEBORAH (GOSS) TURNER (BA '80)

(Internet 4/99)

Tanastalene! Okay, that might be the wrong spelling, but hello anyway. I'd love to hear from everyone that went to BA—especially those I went through with 1971-'80. Hope to hear from you soon. Rudy Estelle, if you see this, let me know. Thanks for *Simroots*. Thank you for keeping this publication going. I eagerly look forward to it each time. Everything else goes out the window till it's read. I have found healing and hope inside these pages. Keep them coming.

BRIAN & CAROLE (CARPENTER)

SENESE (KA, '81) (e-mail 5/99)

I was at KA until 1974. I was in Canada and went to Briercrest Bible College for 4 years. I worked for several companies including Telesat. Then I married Brian and we moved to San Diego 6 years ago. We have Amber (6), Jared (almost 5) and Monica (2½). I'm a stay-home mom and attempt to homeschool. I also am a consultant with Mary Kay Inc. and enjoy scrapbooking using Creative Memories until 1:00 a.m. every night. The only real missions thing I do is manage countertops for World Vision. My main focus at this time is taking care of our children. God has been very good to me. Brian is an engineer and also is very business minded and a great teacher. He's a wonderful, hard-working, godly man and a great father. We'll be married 10 years this summer. (briansenese@integrityonline7.com)

DAVID CHAPMAN (BA '83)

(e-mail 5/99)

David has a full time job in Dallas. He is taking one night class at Dallas Theological Seminary and is back in the Dallas Symphony Chorus after taking a year off.

[My apologies, David. I misplaced your e-mail address. Editor]

Unknown Year

GREG GOSS (BA) (2/99)

Greg lives in Portland. He splices cable and his wife manages business rentals. They have Nicole (7) and Michael (9).

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Staff

VALLA YEE BENEDICT (4/99)

I never worked at KA, but it has been on my prayer list over 40 years, and I'm an SIM "Auntie" to a host of kids. In fact, a former KAer, Kendra Dyck, sent her wedding invitation addressed to "Aunt Val"! I was in Nigeria from 1956-'92 at Billiri/Kaltungo, Kagoro, Potiskum, HC, and MRH. I am retired now, but the Lord has opened doors to lots of exciting opportunities for ministry in AWANA, choir, S.S., Missions Committee, Women's Ministry, Christian Women's Club, and volunteering at the local middle school. The middle school has Literacy Day once a year when local folks, business people, etc. read to the kids. I love doing this because I can read and talk about Nigeria to them!

MARLENE BURT DEVORE (EL) (5/99)

I enjoyed the ELWA articles in Simroots as I had the tribute to Jonathan Leuders earlier. I was Jonathan's second grade teacher, and I also taught Nancy and Judy Thompson, Coddingtons, Bliss', Ries', Jones and even 2 African children. I was at ELWA from August 1960 to January 1962. Mary Naff was my principal and good friend then and now. The Bill Thompsons and Nancy and Frank Tichy were also my great friends. While I was at ELWA we began a school library with barrels of books I had solicited from school friends in the States. I was featured on the ELWA calendar with my first graders perhaps in 1962. At the time when I was there, I had a small girl, Goma Flumo, stay with me. She is now an LPN in Minneapolis, and her son Marcus is in the US Navy. My then houseboy, George Sondah, who later worked at the garage, is also in Minneapolis now. I have been a teacher for many years in Illinois, North Dakota, California, and Taiwan. I have had wonderful experiences with all of my students. Of course Africa is very memorable to me. (I first began teaching when Anita Draper went on furlough). I treasure my African school memories and know that many of my students also loved me. Nancy Thompson recently told me that two of her fellow first graders said, "Who was that nice teacher we had?" Though I went home prematurely, I married and had 2 of my own children who are now in their early 30s. (mjdevore@gte.net)

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

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FAMILY ALBUM

BONKS (Janish 3/99)

Jon (BA '63) and Jean are living in CT. They are working with OMSC.

Priscilla (BA '64) and Ernie are pastoring a church in Regina, SK. Two of the children are married. The other two are working in Regina.

Esther (BA '72) is nursing in a small but very busy hospital in Broadview, SK, not too far from where her parents live.

Lois (BA) and her husband James live in Manitoba. Their oldest girl is now in grade 11.

Phil (BA '86) and his wife Kerri are in Three Hills, Alberta, teaching in the junior high school. This is his 3rd year there.

FARGHERS

Lynda (BA, RV '80) has responsibilities at Children's Mercy Hospital and is studying toward an MBA in health care. Jon is engrossed in computers—teaching, servicing, and installing equipment. Chelsea and Kayla are in grades 4 and 1.

Janice (BA '82) has Becky (5), Vicky (3) and Andy (1). She leads Bible studies and teaches S.S. Her husband Bill works for SNC Lavelin, a large engineering company.

Diane (BA '84) teaches morning kindergarten with Edmonton Public School Board. Tim works with C-FER as a research technologist with ongoing training and increased responsibilities. They have Ashtyn (4) and Jenna (1).

GALLEYS (Internet, e-mail 5/20/99)

Carol Brines (EL '71) I have been married to a wonderful man for 20 years. I have 2 children, Steve (16 and driving) and Rebekah (12). I live in Phoenix, AZ. I am excited about what the future will bring us MKs as we connect through the Internet from all over the world. I have many memories of ELWA. They are all good memories! We can't lose contact with one another. We all have a heritage that others don't have. Yes, it was a hard transition coming back to the U.S. when I was in 8th grade, but I know that I am a more rounded (hopefully not too much at age 41) person having those life experiences (good and bad) growing up. I look forward to sharing much more as the Galley girls contribute to *Simroots* about our days at ELWA. (bbrines@juno.com)

Kathy (EL '70) lives with her husband Brad and her 3 children and 1 granddaughter in Poway,

CA. My sister **Ruth** and her husband Gary are missionaries in Africa, now stationed at ELWA. They also have 3 children (20, 19, 17) living in the States. My father, Bob, passed away 3 years ago, and my mother, Betty, is now living with my sister **Patty** and her husband John in Mesa, AZ. Patty has 1 daughter who is 14. I was privileged to have come to the last reunion at Nyack College, but missed so many of the kids I grew up with. I did see my friends Karen Ackley and Pam McCarron. That was a thrill! Does anyone know where Marie Kayea is? Hope to see all of you at the 2000 reunion in Texas. The Galley girls are going to try and come, Lord willing!

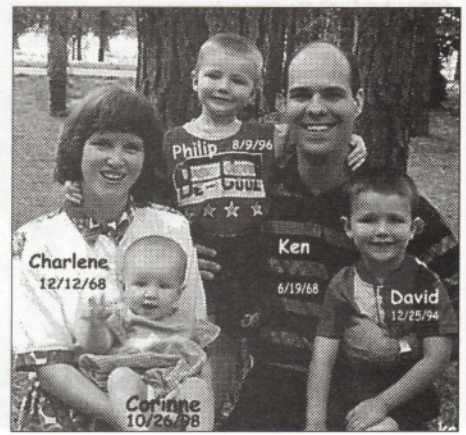
Robin Johnson (EL) (Internet, 8/26/99) I am currently substituting for the school district and teaching voice and piano privately. I oversee the worship and special music at our church, sing as a soloist, and also in a group called the Heaven Bound Trio. I have been married for 21 years and have 3 wonderful children, Chrystal (20), Jaime (16) and D.J. (11). My husband is an electrician for our local utility company.

KINGS (e-mail 10/99)

Uncle Nolon and Aunt Cookie (KA staff) live in Loganville, GA, just northeast of Atlanta. Nolon has had several strokes, has diabetes, been through several major surgeries, but despite all, is doing well. Cookie is doing great, and both stay busy with the grandkids. Call them and say hi at 770-554-0101.

Cheryl (KA, HC '68) and Ken Duvall have two sons, Stephen (24) and Mark (27), who have both graduated from college and are working. Cheryl obtained her PhD and now works as a psychologist and professor at Mercer University in Atlanta. Ken is a self-employed energy management consultant. They live in Lilburn, GA.

Collin (KA '74) and Marla have a daughter, Jilian, who is 11 and into cheerleading, soccer, and everything else. Collin works for Delta Airlines and owns Precision Products, a wholesale distribution company for industrial adhe-



The Daniels: Charlene, Corinne, Philip, Ken, David

sives. Marla helps him operate Precision Products, as well as running her own construction business, CMJ Inc. They live in Loganville, GA.

Carol (KA '74) and Drew have a daughter who was born in March 1999, named Alexa Leigh (Lexie). After working with USDA for 17 years, Carol decided being a full time mom was the most fun, so she's at home now with Lexie.



Uncle Nolon and Aunt Cookie King at their 50th anniversary

Drew is an associate partner with Andersen Consulting, based in Atlanta. They live out in the boondocks in Hart County, GA, near the SC/GA state line.

MCLELLANS (Janish 7/99)

The McLellans are praising God for His enabling for **Mimi (BA '77)** in her studies at Columbia Int. Univ. in the U.S. to become a qualified teacher. Mimi and family expected to be there until Dec., but because of the urgent need for teachers at Bingham Academy, they have been asked to return earlier. By doing extra study during their summer (June, July), she will complete the course sooner. Mimi will teach grade 2.

Jane (BA) and family moved to a small house at Fisherman's Paradise. Jane is busy at the Christian School at Milton. Korissa goes to preschool next door.

John (BA) and Jenny have a hectic time at Bowral with their 5—Bryce, Amy, Cadeyn, Hugh, and Eva. John teaches at Picton High School. Jenny has started nursing again part-time at Wollongong Hospital.



The Galleys

Back: Kathy Johnson, Ruth Luukkonen, Robin Johnson
Front: Carol Brines, Betty Galley, Patty Esposito



The Kings: Cheryl, Nolon, Cookie, Collin, Carol, and Nola

Peter (BA) and Ann with Connor and Liliana live in Wallsend in Newcastle where they are working on their "older-style" house. Peter teaches at Green Point Christian School.

PHILLIPS (Campion 8/99)

Jack & Dorothy (KA staff) Jack has been busy trying to sort out some legal and tax matters for SIM. He has also logged quite a few kilometers in the air with 3 trips to the UK for a special task force on mission support. Dorothy is booked for a hip replacement in Sept.

Wendy (KA '75) and Murray are in the midst of closing down their hog business as the cost of feeding the hogs far exceeded their market value.

Cindy (KA '79) is teaching grade 3/4 and very thankful to be working at a Christian school.

POLLENS (Campion 8/99)

Judith (KA, HC '71) and Steve live in Centreville, VA. Judith is working as a dental office manager, and Steve is in the military with 24 years of active service. Heather will graduate with a degree in business management, and April is pursuing a career in communications.

Nancie (KA, HC '75) and Murray are home schooling Ryan 15 and Lauren 11. They are active in the Reformed Baptist Church.

Carol (KA, HC '78) (e-mail 5/99) I left KA after the 1974-'75 school year to attend Hillcrest and graduated in 1978. I've been married since 1981, and have three children, Dan (15), Diana (12), and Brian (10). My husband is a US Army Chinook helicopter instructor pilot / instrument flight examiner assigned to Giebelstadt, Germany. We arrived in July 1998 and expect to be here for 3 years. Currently my husband is deployed in support of the Apaches for Task Force Hawk in Albania. I am working as a substitute teacher at the Department of Defense (DODS) American Elementary School in Wurzburg and enjoy the flexibility of my schedule which allows me to take time off as necessary to accommodate being a single parent right now. (copterwyfe@aol.com)

POOLES

(Letter from mom 8/18)

Jim (KA, HC '74) was fascinated by airplanes when he was 2 and 3 and saw our little SIM planes come onto the air strip near Egbe. His love for airplanes only grew. After lots of hard work, he recently became a Captain with American Airlines. He is excited, but it is a big responsibility. He and his wife Monica live in Keller, TX, which is near Dallas. You may notice how his fondness for the SIM planes shows up in his e-mail address. Anybody remember that the twin engine Aztec's last two letters were CF? (azteccl@flash.net)

Meribeth (KA '76) (who used to be called only Beth) has always had a love for people, especially hurting and needy people. She has been counseling for about 15 years. About a year ago she joined a group of counselors at Shepherd's House in the Los Angeles area. Most of her clients are dissociative. The majority of them have multiple personalities and many of them have come out of Satanic cults and are SRA (Satanic Ritual Abuse) survivors. God has given her a special love for these people. As she has helped them mentally, spiritually and physically on their path of healing, she has been getting to know and love God more deeply. (mbp14@juno.com)

STINSONS

Dave (BA '75) I work at Trinity Western University in Langley, BC, Canada. My role in the Student Life Department is to oversee programming for students who live off campus, international students and MKs, and students with physical disabilities. I have worked at Trinity Western University for the last 15 years and love mentoring students. I am beginning to draw again and I play basketball weekly. Becky and I were married in 1988 and have 3 handsome blond boys, Michael, Tim and Matt. Becky, also an MK, tutors ESL students, volunteers at the boys' school and continues to take classes at TWU. If you are in the area please call

(604) 850-1463 (stinson@twu.ca).

Sherry (BA '77) and Darryl Schuster live in Edmonton, AB, Canada. They have 3 boys. They own a business and are both kept busy managing it.

Doug (BA '80) is a missionary with SIM and is currently in Malawi but expects to be reassigned to Ethiopia when a visa materializes.

THOMPSONS (Campion 8/99)

Les (KA, HC '71) has been called on by his company to work on the Y2K problem. Deb and Les have the responsibility of the children's ministry at their church in Toronto.

Len (KA, HC '78) and his board have been challenged to make some bold changes in the counseling services in order to help those who have very limited finances. He will not receive a salary. Few promise to contribute on a regular basis, but he believes this is the Lord's will for him, and He will provide. Joan is giving piano lessons and teaches Kindermusik to preschoolers.

VEERS (Janish 3/99)

Terry (BA '72) is a corporate pilot. **Gary (BA '72)** is a life watch helicopter mechanic. **Mark (BA '77)** is an engineer at Cessna. **Ken (BA '79)** is a computer designer for aircraft parts. All work out of Wichita. **Phil (BA '86)** is soccer coach and math teacher in Kansas City.

WARKENTINS (Campion 8/99)

Helene (KA, HC, SA '76) and Christopher Zoolkoski with Elisheva (Eli) and Zebediah (Zeb) are in Portland, OR. Helene teaches ESL. God is leading them back to Niger for a 3-month term Dec. '99. Chris has been training as a physician. This is just prior to graduation from medical school.

Patty (KA, HC '77) and John Coster with Travis and Chelsea live in Seattle, WA, where John works for Microsoft.

Kathleen (KA, HC) works for the School Board Resource Centre in Vernon, BC.

Barbie (KA, HC '81) and Andy with Jessie (attending French immersion school) and Alastair (kindergarten) returned from Benin. They have settled in Lethbridge, AB, where Andy works for Wheatland Bins as controller and competes in Masters swimming meets. Barbie plays for a men's barbershop quartet. They teach Sr. High S.S., have a weekly Bible study in their home and have started an SIM prayer meeting.

Andrew (KA '85) and Sandra with Joshua, Brett and Scott live in Williams Lake, BC. Andrew has continued with the same job in insurance and has been taking courses each year.

Remember When ...

Bergen Memories

by Dan Bergen (KA, HC '75)
DBergen985@aol.com

As I look back on my experiences as an MK, I have fond memories and believe that those cross-cultural experiences growing up provided me with a broader perspective on life that perhaps many others have. I still remember "Uncle Earl" always catching me with my elbows on the table in the dining room and calling my name over the loud speaker. Or having to sit on the one-legged stool because I leaned back in my chair. Uncle Wilf (Husband) was a little more tolerant about that. Then there was Ahu(?) the barber. When my parents came to Miango to visit me once, someone told him to really sheep shear me, and I never appreciated that! I enjoyed our Bible class with Mr. O'D., P.E. with Jim Crouch, and music with Mrs. Beacham. Also, running down to the pig pen and throwing rocks at the pigs to see how mad we could get them, or the night when the ninth grade boys were sleeping in the common room, and lighting balls rolled down toward us from Mt. Sanderson and would

scatter across the barbed wire fence just outside our window. (Bill Neef got shocked that night just from standing near the light switch at the door; his arm turned blue for

quite a long time.) Remember playing soccer down at the track when a sudden storm would come whipping through, and our hair would stand up on our heads? Or going to bed at night hearing the sounds of the locals beating their drums and chanting into the night?

Remember some of those hikes, jumping across from rock to rock with quite a fall in store if you missed? Would you take kids on a hike like that? God really provided providential protection (and still does) for MKs, that's all I can say! And then at school break, there was always the SIMAIR roster, showing when and who was flying where to get back home with family. What fun! Then there were those "hamburgers" they would feed us down at the volleyball courts for dinner. Okay, so much for memories—perhaps they jogged some in your mind as well.

Jackson Memories

by Elizabeth (Jackson) Quinn (KA, HC '78)
lizard@iir.net

I remember Mrs. Fuller reading us stories at the end of the day in fourth grade—she read *Charlotte's Web*, *A Cricket in Time Square*, and *Homer Price*. Mrs. Fuller's bright dresses with matching shoes! Mr. Crouch, in sixth grade, holding sing-alongs in the cemetery behind the chapel. He used to play his guitar and sing "If I were a carpenter and you were a lady" and other hits of the '60s. For the girls, remember Sharon Parschauer (sp?), the short-term missionary, and how she used to walk up and down the halls singing German songs after lights out? And in junior high, the O'Donovans used to wake us up with a duet from the ping-pong table between the two halls. Pancake breakfasts at the sand bar for those who had the most stars for cleaning rooms in the morning. Racing back to the dorm after church Sunday nights because the first room in bed got two cookies! A tin of cookies being delivered to each classroom at the end of the school day. Candy line, and

when we were older, tuck shop. Shimming across that pipe that ran down from the water tank and went right over top of the piggens with those HUGE pigs. Climbing Mount Sanderson. Riding in the back of the truck, and trying to out-sing the Canadians on our National Anthem.

Of course, stocking night was the height of excitement. Remember the candy house that sat in the lobby of the dining hall with all that white icing on it for snow? The last kids to leave for home at Christmas got to eat it. I always loved Family Night, when family members got to eat together at an assigned staff person's house. The row of kids who sat soaking various parts of their anatomies on the benches outside the nurse's office after lunch. The sickroom, especially when there was an epidemic of chicken pox going around. I was usually one of the unlucky ones who didn't catch it and had to go to class. Remember "buzzing" KA in the plane when you flew in at the beginning of the term? And the last day before you went home, when all your stuff was packed, you got to wear clothes from the "cupboard."

There are some tragic memories as well. The

strongest for me was hearing that Gail Carson and her family had died in a plane crash. She was my roommate in third grade and a good friend. I remember going topaz hunting the next day, looking up at the clear blue sky, and wondering where she was. I realize now that I had already learned at that age to squash my feelings and turn a stoical eye to the world. There were a couple other funerals to attend. Jeannette Troup died of Lassa Fever, and later Len Dyck's plane crash.

Remember Bala from the kitchen? He was one of the nicest grownups in the whole school. And Ladi, in the girls' dorm, who used to spray our rooms down with insecticide every night at supertime. Yikes! Well, I guess it was better than having malaria. There was the laundry siren and the rush to pick up those long, wooden boxes full of folded clothes and carry them to our rooms. Study hall in the evenings, David Boyes walking past our classroom on his way to turn on the radio, and BBC. African chop on Thursdays for lunch—definitely a pleasant memory. Those buns with honey that we always had on Sunday mornings for breakfast, and the awful fried potatoes on Sunday nights. Remember the Thanksgiving meal and singing "Great is Thy Faithfulness" in the dining hall. To this day when I hear that song it brings back memories. Saturday night suppers down at the courts. Volleyball games at night, especially with clouds of flying ants everywhere. Saturday night movies in the chapel, and "The National Film Board of Canada."

Remember new table assignments in the dining hall? We had to draw a piece of paper with a section and table number on it. This would determine our table mates for the next few weeks, and which staff members would be presiding over our meals. During those meals there was always the chore of drinking that glass of lukewarm Fulani milk, and then getting down the rest of the gourmet food at KA. If you sat near a window, you could hide your meat behind the curtains.

Playday—when Hillcresters invaded our territory, having to take the physical fitness test in phys. ed., and for the girls, visiting the "beauty salon" on Saturdays and having your hair all pinned up in bobby pins and curlers which you

"The past actually happened, but history is only what someone wrote down."

-A. Whitney Brown

had to wear all the rest of the day. The sheer terror of playing in piano recitals. Tag games where the person who was "it" chased kids with a giant grasshopper, about six inches long!

When we were older there were the track meets. Betsy Campion and Ruth Carpenter, the relay champions. Miss Hill teaching phys. ed., and when we got to Hillcrest, Miss T. Remember Miss Fast, and home ec. class, girls? We used to call her "Miss Slow" because she was always late for class. I was very sad to see in the last *Simroots* that she had passed away. I may have hated the class, but the sewing skills she taught have been very handy over the years. These are just some of the teachers and events that have made an impression on me—I couldn't even begin to name them all. I can tell you, though, that it feels very good to let my mind wander, reminisce, and remember where I came from.

(e-mail) Did you ever notice how closely your sense of smell is linked up with memory? When we were down in Pennsylvania recently driving through all the farm lands, all of a sudden the unmistakable smell of pigs came wafting into the car, and I said "That farm has pigs!" Remember at KA how the sixth and seventh grade classrooms were on the corner of the building next to the pigpens? That smell is just burned into my memory. The area seemed to be a big draw for me because I remember playing around there a lot—climbing up to the water tank and sliding down the pipe that went right over the pigpens. "Crazy" was near there as well, wasn't it? On a somewhat gruesome note, I also liked watching them slaughter cows and pigs down behind the dining hall. They hung them upside down and... well, I won't go into any details, but I found it fascinating. After they were done carving it up, the Nigerians got to take home the "inedible" parts. Literally nothing was left.

Galley Memories

by Robin (Galley) Johnson (EL)

- * Playing hide-and-seek or Sardines between the Ackley's house and the Balzer's
- * Hanging around with the "Little Rascals" Marie Kayea, Karen Ackley, Billy Thompson, and Peter Coddington
- * Playing in Billy's tree house
- * Getting busted for calling Dr. Bliss at the hospital on a dare from one of the "Little Rascals"—probably Marie or Karen
- * Eating powdered milk with Karen on the porch of her house.

Steely Memories

by Joyce (Steely) Schmidt (KA, HC '68)
jemk68@juno.com

A house fire recently wiped out physical evidence of my past, but... here is a mental picture of my African home. I felt lucky to have lived in the same house for four years (not consecutive—broken up by a furlough—but still four years in one place). "Home" is a picture, but it requires sound and air and movement also. All of these were around the base of stability—Kagoro Peak.

This was the view from my bedroom window when I was 9-12 years old. It is a typical Nigerian hillside with no visible structures, telephone lines, roads, or cars. The hillside is covered with trees and vegetation and large granite boulders. There is a really large granite outcropping at the top. In my mind a variety of weather plays around this hilltop; the sounds are just as important:

- * Full sun, buzzing insects, mind-numbing heat
- * A few clouds, floating by in ever-changing designs and patterns
- * Starlit nights with full moon, drumming carried across the cool night from the village making the moonlight vibrate
- * Building thunderclouds as the rains begin to come in the spring, lightning flashes darting through these huge banks of gray in eight shades, crashing thunder and chill wind with tiny sprinkles of rain
- * Days of haze and drizzle in August when no sun appears, humidity that penetrates completely into a person.

Knowlton Memories

by Jim Knowlton (KA, HC '73)
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It happened out on the softball field this afternoon. [Namey] We'd had a little sprinkle a few days back, and the humidity had been high enough that finally the flying ants began to come out of their holes. Soon the sky was filled with hawks, catching them on the fly and eating them in mid-air. The hawks reminded me of lunch hour at Hillcrest, which then pushed my memory further back to flying ants at Kent Academy. What a celebration it would be the first night they visited Kirk Chapel—the most boring sermon held no sway! I remarked to some of those who'd never

seen flying ants before that we used to tear their wings off and eat them alive to make the girls scream.

Now as close as I can figure, it's been 28 years since I last "sushied" one of those things. Yet I can still remember the slightly musty, albeit completely inoffensive flavor. I commented that it was really no big deal—they don't really have flavor—sort of like mushrooms—they don't really taste like anything. (They're certainly not as nasty as the caviar I sampled at the most recent Air France soiree, which reminded me of the French club pool at Maradi when well stocked with frog eggs.) Anyway, quite a number of them didn't believe it was "no big deal" so I had to demonstrate. If ever you are compelled to eat a flying ant, I recommend the Niger variety. Whether due to their smaller size or meager diet or whatever—there was no flavor or aftertaste of any kind. They probably don't have half the vitamins those fat ones from Nigeria have or half the squish factor. Do I need to collect a few for the July 2000 Hillcrest/SIM reunion in Dallas?

(e-mail 6/99)

Butter and Milk

The following dialogue is used with permission from the Hillcrest Listserve. The names have been omitted to protect the innocent!

* Our milk was delivered to our back door in Jos, Nigeria, by a Fulani woman who carried it in an enormous calabash on her head. First the braided straw ring went on top of her head, then the large calabash of milk, then a beautifully woven straw mat that covered the milk; after that several small gourds that were used to measure out the milk. I could watch her approach from our front veranda as she came from the direction of the railroad tracks. Gracefully and very elegantly she balanced the weight of a full calabash on her head and never stumbled as she made her way along a rocky path and around obstacles, her neck and head undulating with the chore of balancing the shifting weight in her calabash. She was part of my African life, and I did not appreciate then the beauty and skill that I was watching.

When she arrived at the back door, my mother would exchange greetings with her, and then they would agree on the price of the milk and the amount that my mother would buy. This Fulani milk woman would choose the right size among her smaller gourds and measure out the milk into my mother's container and Mom would pay her. The money would be tied into a cloth which the milk woman tucked into her *zane* (body cloth), and she would leave with the tradi-

tional, almost ceremonial, good-bye.

The transaction would not always be this smooth. It was known that during the dry season the Fulani cows did not produce as much milk and that sometimes the milk in the calabash may have undergone a little "topping up" from one of the streams our milk lady crossed on the way into town. At times the milk had a somewhat blue cast to it, and this was occasion for much discussion between my mother and the milk woman.

* The Fulani women used to add some kind of tree sap to the milk, which would cause curdling if you boiled the milk. They watered our milk down with river water too. In fact, once we found a small fish still swimming in our milk! HONEST! My sister says my parents resorted to powdered milk after that little incident.

* My mother had a pasteurizer, and the milk was boiled and pasteurized before we could drink it. I remember the cream skimmer that we used to separate the cream from the milk. It was a small, shallow bowl-shaped scoop with holes that would allow the milk to run out while the cream was retained in the scoop. Sometimes there wasn't any cream! As an alternative we had KLIM. Klim was milk spelled backwards and a powdered milk that was purchased in the canteens. It was not completely dissolvable, no matter how hard you tried, so there was always a crusty, powdery rim left in the glass of Klim. Many of us of that era remember that milk crust

with nostalgia. It was good!

* I remember Fulani butter was much better than that horrible bright yellow Blue Band margarine. Fulani butter made absolutely the best brownies I have ever had.

* Hey, I loved that bright yellow margarine. It was so thick I could squish it out between the spaces in my front teeth, and it would come out in long lines. Caused quite a sensation around my table in the dining hall. Honestly, I used to like to eat it plain. On the subject of butter, we had some stuff at KA sometimes that tasted really awful. Some kids said it came from Vom (the town near Miango that had that experimental lab where they had all sorts of things in bottles of formaldehyde.) We had an expression, "Don't butter your bread, Vom it!"

* I remain in awe of you, as someone who enjoyed the taste of such a fine product. What was in that stuff? I think it was made from refined petrol.

* I remember my mother making butter from the cream of the Fulani milk when there was enough cream to churn (beating with a wooden spoon or later with an electric mixer). I, also, remember the taste and texture of the Fulani butter which had a "grainy" quality and gave a distinct flavor to the food prepared with it.

* The Vom dairy closed for a long time, but it has been reopened by Wamco, the people who bring Peak Milk to Nigeria. They now make cheese and milk which is marketed throughout

Nigeria. They have a store on Ahmadu Bello Way where Nendelmwa's used to be where you can buy milk and cheese to take home. You can also buy a tall, cold glass of fresh milk and just socialize. It is quite a sight to see correct Jos guys posing with a glass of milk.

Stinson Memories

by Dan Stinson (BA '75)
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Thanks so much for featuring Bingham in *Simroots*. Those pictures and stories bring back waves of emotion and nostalgia. I found boarding school difficult for a variety of reasons, but I treasure the memories of relationships and the many different and fun experiences. The things I remember most are small things. I remember relationships where caring and love were expressed; building a slide out of eucalyptus bark and washing our clothes in a remote part of the compound so that we wouldn't get into trouble; building forts in the wood pile (and one inside the wood storage area behind the gym), Halloween costumes, art contests, and sitting outside on the front steps listening to music. To all of you who made those years special by caring, loving and celebrating life, thanks.



*Remember When continues on
the next page*

In the KA dining room:
John Wyllie, Jennifer Bennett,
Jimmy Goertz and Gay
Mitchell enjoying one of Auntie
Linda's delicious dinners.
Always enough for seconds.

Did You Ever . . . ?

by Dan Elyea

- wonder how a flame could produce cold air? (Thank God for kerosene refrigerators in electrically-challenged areas!)
- climb the "Impossible" face of the volcano?
- take the measure of eternity by the length of time that it took freshly boiled water to drip through the filter "candles" into the reservoir below? (So that you could get a drink of safe water?)
- take part in a mango fight?
- hang by your legs from the pipe coming down from the "Tank"? Or do the upside down monkey crawl there?
- "skin the cat" on the monkey bars?
- ride the dreaded one-legged stool?
- touch a colorful caterpillar and be startled by a sudden burning sensation?
- touch a "sensitive plant" and wonder at how alive it seemed?
- eat that grody paste in the monkey pods?
- wonder about the story behind the naming of "Gog and Magog," the rock formations visible in the distance from Jos that resembled two back-to-back human figures?
- attend a sunrise Easter service on the mysteriously flat crest of Table Top Mountain near Jos? Or on Mount Sanderson?
- go sightseeing at Assob Falls?
- take the treatment series for trachoma (first pontocaine drops to numb the eyes a bit; then fiery silver nitrate drops; then an ointment to put the frosting on the cake) and be legally blind for the rest of each evening?
- wake up in the morning with both eyes stuck shut thanks to Pink Eye?
- get a dime-sized scab on your knee or elbow that within a couple of days enlarged to the size of Madagascar?
- form a mental image of KA that you'll never forget based on the view from Mount Sanderson?
- spin tops using snail shells? Play Dara? Three Feet? Annie, Annie Over? Cahoots? Capture the Flag, Darebase, Speed-Away, Speedball or Netball?
- take bites out of a cake of *mazarkwaila* even though you knew it wasn't safe for hygienic reasons—because it tasted pretty good and there wasn't much else of a snack available?
- luxuriate with that super duper British product, Lyle's Golden Syrup?
- develop a taste for another British product, Marmite?
- eat Ovaltine "straight" as a snack?
- figure out that Klim, that best of all powdered milks, was "milk" spelled backwards?
- call dibs with your siblings over who got to drink the milk from a newly acquired coconut?
- fry doughnuts or onion fritters in peanut oil?
- roast a cookie sheet covered with peanuts? (Do you remember the other ground nut, the *gujiya*?)
- eat Fizzies or Smarties?
- send chills up your spine and set your teeth on edge by rubbing the side or bottom of a galvanized washtub with your water-wrinkled fingers and making a screeching sound to rival that of fingernails on a blackboard?

A Few Medications

by Dan Elyea

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- Were you one of the fortunate ones who liked the taste of those thick tonics they used to issue us, or did you find all possible ways not to take the stuff?
- When you were seriously nauseated, were you ever given "hot milk toast" to eat?
- Did you ever take the dreaded remedy for a certain common parasite that involved Epsom Salts and/or Gentian Violet?
- Remember the religiously-observed practice of taking anti-malarials?
- Remember how taking Atabrine as an anti-malarial gave the user's skin a yellowish cast?
- Did you say "kwih-neen" or "kwhy-nine"? Remember the bitter taste of quinine?
- Remember having your sore throat swabbed with something like a giant Q-tip?
- Remember standing in a pan of potassium permanganate solution before stepping into the shower (trying to ward off athlete's foot)?
- Remember how the Neo-Synephrine drops would penetrate to the very core of your head?
- Remember iodine and merthiolate and mercurochrome for cuts and scratches?
- And no medicine cabinet was complete without paregoric—now a carefully-controlled substance.
- Worst of all, a list of diseases as long as your arm required injections to prevent or treat.

SYMPATHIES

- . . . to the family of Phylis Richins, who died September 27, 1998.
- . . . to the family of Wes and Shirley Creighton, who were killed instantly on December 21, 1998. Another car was trying to pass a snow plow and hit them full impact in their lane.
- . . . to the family of Jean Isch, who died January 24, 1999.
- . . . to the family of Harry Abernethy, who died March 17, 1999.
- . . . to the family of Albert Teichroew, who died March 24, 1999.
- . . . to the family of Henry Budd.
- . . . to **Dan Robinson (KA, HC '84)** whose wife Jo-Lee died June 19, 1998.
- . . . to the family of Jack Maxson, who died July 9, 1999.
- . . . to **Lola (Brown) Huber (KA staff)** whose husband Reiny died September, 1999.



K.A. Teaching staff — 1956-57: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Phillips, Jean Campbell, Lola Brown and Lila Sinn

HELP!

SIMROOTS IS RUNNING IN THE RED

Without the generous support of SIM, this issue would not have been published on schedule. To date, we have received only half of the necessary funds to go to print. The next issue is even more critical as we will be including the final details and registration forms for the reunions. Please consider sending a generous donation today!

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When Hillcrest Round Robin started up again, we split the database for SIM and Hillcrest. We don't know which school(s) the following people are associated with. Unless you (or someone else) inform us otherwise, we are assuming you attended HC as a non-SIMer OR do not care to receive *Simroots* any more and need to be dropped from the *Simroots* mailing list.

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Wes & Susan Hendrickson	Jordan, Sandra Sinclair
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