

SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

FALL 2000

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 2

Visit our Website at <http://simroots.sim.org>

SIM Residence Perry, Michigan

Submitted by Vernon and Bonnie Smith

We spent a little over two years at the SIM Residence in Perry, Michigan, in 1959-61. The young people attended Perry Public School about a mile from the Residence. It was across town and over a dangerous set of railroad tracks.

Memories:

- I wonder how many remember the day the bottled gas tank farm caught fire nearby and the tanks began to explode. The whole town and the SIM Residence had to be evacuated. That day made the national news.
- Visits by area church people who were always surprised to see "these African children are white."
- The visits to area lakes, churches, roller skating rinks, etc. and the good family spirit in the home. God blessed us much in spite of loneliness for family, the regular problems of a maturing teenager and always the desire to own a car and learn to drive.

continued on page 2



Carol Langdon, Esther Crouch, Bill Troup in a skit

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

SIM Residence continued from page 1

Dedication Program for SIM Residence Sunday, December 21, 1958

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow"

The Mission Family is thankful to the Lord for all His blessings and mercies manifested in the erection of this memorial to His glory.

On this happy day of Dedication our thoughts span the years of prayer and preparation that are now culminated in the provision of this Residence in the States for the young people of our missionary parents.

Several years ago the Sudan Interior Mission realized the imminent need of a place for the High School Young People to reside as they continued their education in the States while parted from their parents.

This edifice has been provided by God through the kindness and love of His children as they have sacrificially worked together. Words cannot adequately express our thanks to the Lord and the many friends who have con-



Theona Strong, Janet Soderberg, Carol Langdon, Janet McDougall, Joy Healy, Sharon Smith (holding the cake). Our Rosalee Smith in bed on her 15th birthday. She had had surgery and was bedfast and was taught by visiting teachers for nearly 2 years. We include this picture only as it spoke of the heart of the young people there—kind and loving.

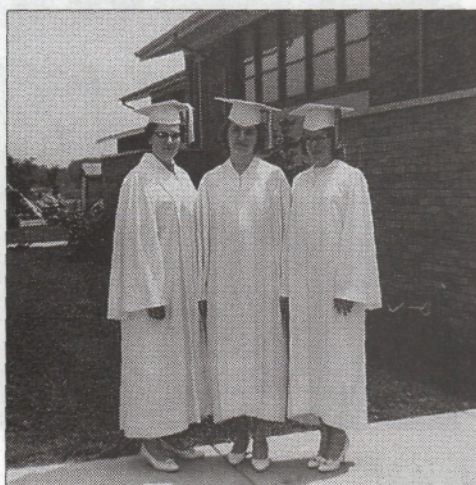


Top left: Gordon Helser, Doug Wiebe, Jim Crouch, David Langdon, Ken Megahey, Jim Healy (?), David Megahey, Don Troup, Brent Smith

Middle left: Cynthia Cummins, Eileen Eitzen, Ruth Grant, Lynn Langdon, ?, Myrna Newhouse, Janet McDougall, Esther Crouch

Front row: Becky Smith, Rosalee Smith, Ruth Glerum, Joy Healy, Carol Langdon, Sharon Smith, Janet Soderberg, Theona Strong (?)

Not in photo: Madeline Munting, Kenneth Olson



Three Graduates

tributed so unselfishly and generously to make this a reality. Specialists in the field of construction have given freely of their time and talents such as carpenters, masons, electricians, plumbers, painters and the untold other laborers that gave so willingly of their time. Thank you one and all.

Praise God for the more than 1290 faithful missionaries of the Cross—called, dedicated and fruitful in His wonderful service, and for the 800 children of these missionaries. Many of these children, the Lord tarrying, will enjoy the gracious accommodations provided here in Perry as the parents return to the field of Africa with the assurance that their children will be properly cared for both physically and spiritually.

A great trust is ours, and we pray daily for strength and wisdom in the task that is set before us. Please, friends, pray with us, that our Lord will have full charge of the affairs of the Residence and beyond that He will have His way in every one of our lives, both children and

staff. We long to see these young people encouraged to a life of full time service for our Lord and Saviour.

Involved in the program that day were Ken Ouellette (pastor of Perry Baptist Church), Deward Lowrey (superintendent), Stewart McDougall (deputation secretary), Raymond Watkins (Village Council), Charles Randolph (an active evangelical Christian and principal of Perry High School), Dr. A.D. Helser (General Director of SIM), George Skene (pastor of Perry Free Methodist Church), and the young people of the Residence.



Dear Karen,

Congratulations on a very well done issue of *Simroots*. They keep getting better. Enjoyed your editorial on Reconciliation. I hope a lot of MKs take time to read the whole issue.

I especially enjoyed Steve and Beaj Beacham's article on being on the other side of the fence. Because I married into the Whitehead family, I have some idea of how hard it was to be in their shoes. Mom Whitehead (Auntie Rae to all those at Gowans Home) always said that even the Whiteheads, as house parents, didn't agree with all the rules, but the rules had to be the same for everyone, so in effect, the rules were always made by the strictest parents.

Let's hope that many of those who are still hurting will contact Larry Fehl or someone at the mission headquarters and participate in an MK consultation.

Ruth Whitehead

Dear Karen,

We really enjoy *Simroots*, and we wouldn't want to miss an issue! Thanks to all who work so hard to keep *Simroots* going.

God bless,

"Uncle Allen" and

"Aunt Marguerite" Shaw (KA '54, '83)



Dear Readers,

I love reunions! To me they're fun, exciting, and filled with the laughter of shared memories. Because I've been blessed with a poor memory, each time I attend a reunion, I come away with renewed recollections and fresh insights into my childhood experiences. I love reunions—but I realize they're not for everyone. "What will people think of me? I'm too fat, too gray, too bald. Will I still be labeled with my childhood reputation? It's too far; it costs too much; I'm not interested (why would I attend a reunion if I never felt like part of the family?)." Some of these may well be valid concerns.

What makes me sad, however, are those who feel that reunions are only for the "whole" people, those who "have it all together," the "successful"—whatever that means, implies, or suggests. Or, those who claim we only come together to "whine about the past." Neither of these perceptions are true. I am sensitive toward those who feel uncomfortable about attending

because their life story has taken them into places unlike those of their childhood, but I've seen people who are at all stages in their lives come and discover they still belong to this "tribe."

Even when discussing MK "issues," I've observed more excitement than depression when we glimpse those "Aha!" moments of discovery of who we are and where we came from. Yes, I know some of us MKs haven't completed the healing process and can't (or for some, "won't") deal with it without professional help, and find reunions too intimidating. But the vast majority of those who do take the risk and come,



Tina (Guy) Tiner, Coral Guy, Virginia Patterson, Karen Keegan, Myr Guy



Back row: Russ Schmidt, Peggy (McClenny) Boe, Minna Kayser, Dave Stinson, Phil Maxson, Frank Wallace

Front row: Valjean (Emmel) Nelson, Debbie (Goss) Turner, Nancy (Ackley) Ruth, Marilyn (Kliwer) Ibsen, Helene (Warkentin) Zoolkoski, Patti (Warkentin) Coster

Not pictured: Brian Ratzliff, John Wisner, and Marion (Entz) Harris

BA Mini-Reunion

About 20 SIM MKs (and spouses) got together for four hours on Sunday, September 10, at the Assimba Ethiopian Restaurant in downtown Seattle for a mini-reunion. It was primarily Bingham "kids" (FOR A CHANGE!)—many who had not seen each other in over thirty years, others meeting for the first time, but all sharing experiences of an SIM MK—some sad, some funny, some traumatic, some once-in-a-lifetime thrills!

Russ Schmidt brought his super-well-organized stash of Bingham Beacons dating back to pre-me days (yes that IS possible!), so we all had a great time reminiscing and laughing at our statements of high fashion and ultra-coolness. We enjoyed pictures of the Queen's visit in 1964, our beloved Bishoftu, and generations of Binghamites.

We were joined by a couple of KA-ers, and it was fun to share similar experiences with them. Rick and Carol Callenberg, the newly appointed Regional Director team for the NW Region joined us and shared their desire to be involved and reach out to the MK community. We left still laughing and pledging to get together a couple of times a year.

Submitted by Nancy (Ackley) Ruth NRuth@kma.com

admit they were glad they made the effort.

I love reunions because they help bring closure to certain experiences in life. Reunions aren't all about looking backwards. Oh, that's a huge part of it, but renewed relationships can have an astonishing ripple effect that influences my future and even the lives of my family. Take the Guys, for instance (that is, Myr and Coral Guy). Three years of junior high soaking in Scripture memory in Mr. Guy's Bible class or learning four-part harmony of all three verses of "Wonderful Grace of Jesus" under the direction of Mrs. Guy left an indelible mark on an impressionable teenager. Then for

29 years, no contact. Nothing. Suddenly, out of the blue, they visit me in Michigan where Mr. Guy has his roots. Astonishing reconnection, and friendship with my own children sparks and explodes; and then I find myself joining in with a roomful of hand-clapping, boisterous "reunionites" laughing our way through a nostalgic "sing-song" accompanied by this talented couple. We've come full circle!

See you at the next reunion!

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

The Texas 2000 Reunions



Reunion harmonica special, Dan Elyea

Yes, the plural usage in the title is correct.

Two reunions took place in Texas, back-to-back, in late June and early July 2000. Already carrying most of the credentials of an authentic *tsofo* (old man), I finally got to a reunion for the first time. In fact, I attended both of these reunions.

The Hillcrest "Originals" got together for the lead-off

reunion at Lake Belton, Texas. The Originals attended Hillcrest at some point in their schooling, and graduated from high school or the equivalent in 1960 or earlier. My own brief attendance at Hillcrest came in 1947—more about that elsewhere in this issue. So this group runs mostly 58-70 in age (sorry for spilling the beans, guys). The group of 27 stayed in 10 cabins and one RV. This reunion took place at a military recreational facility where we were guests of Army retiree Dan McMeens. His wife, Roberta (Kitch) McMeens organized and facilitated this event. Way to go, and thanks a lot, Mamajos! Attendees came from all over the USA and countries such as Canada, England, Wales, Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, and Ghana. Lots of discussion took place about the really old days. Additionally, we traveled to many historic

places of interest in that general part of Texas. Our most distant excursion took us to San Antonio. There we toured the Alamo and the River Walk and other attractions.

On Saturday, July 1, the Originals caravanned their way over to join the SIM/Hillcrest reunion in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area. Slightly more than 200 attended the second reunion (including spouses and children). Other than the "Originals" bunch, few of my vintage attended. Yet I felt very much at home anyway. First, many of us could look back to a shared heritage. Additionally, I've read reports of other reunions in past issues of *Simroots* and seen the pictures and names in there through the years. Viewing a video of the '97 Reunion gave me a big visual boost. And lastly, connections made via e-mail and the several pertinent listserves provided further familiarization. As a result of all this advance input, I felt like I knew (somewhat) almost everyone that I met there.

Events kicked off with an ice cream mixer on Saturday evening followed by a brief interactive session led by Ruth (Frame) Van Reken, author of *The Third Culture Kid Experience: Growing up Among Worlds* and researcher of TCK issues. Sunday morning, a worship service preceded a soccer game. Other happenings on Sunday included a photo session, class/era get-togethers, and a sing-song led by the Guys. Myr and Coral Guy and daughter Tina, well known to those who attended KA from 1964-1968, delighted us with their prodigious and enthusiastic musical talents several times on both Sunday and Monday.

Monday's events included the Hillcrest and SIM business meetings and a concert by Nigerian musician

Joe Ifa. Many enjoyed the catered, authentic Nigerian meal of suya, moin-moin, jollof rice, fried rice, pounded yam, egusi soup, and red stew with meat.

Ruth Van Reken blessed us with her wonderful ability to communicate and interact with a group. The first session focused on culture (what it is, how we "learn" it, and the way it impacts our lives). Her second workshop* explored the topic of personhood and the implications of being a person made in the image of God. Thanks so much, Ruth Ellen. We so appreciate the understanding of ourselves as ATCKs and the enabling to move ahead that you bring to us. ATCKs, get her book—you need it! [See her web page <http://hometown.aol.com/rdvanreken/index.htm>]

The Talent Show, as always, provided the grand finale to the reunions. The emcees, sponsors, and many of the skit participants delivered their lines flawlessly in a pidgin variety of English that took us right back to West Africa. They all kept us in stitches with their excellent humorous presentations. What fun! Quite a few showed up at the Talent Show dressed in colorful Nigerian clothing. A brief fashion show highlighted T-shirts from past reunions. The traditional Nigerian Airways and Lion Hunt skits were a big hit along with several others. Vocal and instrumental musical presentations rounded out the show along with a Hausa fable.

We all appreciated and enjoyed the special events. But the "free" times proved very special, too, as we re-connected with old friends and made new friends. The "Reflections Room" provided major doses of nostalgia. Several of the displays honored the memory of some of our classmates who've passed on already. A good collection of school yearbooks, newsletters, scrapbooks, photo albums, and various arts and crafts with an international theme were available to browse through. What a treasure trove! Many thanks to those who conceived this gallery of memories and then worked to make it a reality. We found it very meaningful and enjoyable. And thanks to all those who brought their treasures there to share with us. Inspiration birthed a splendid way to travel down some scenic roads of the memory. Definitely one of my favorite museums ever.

Here's a big "thank you" to the team that put this reunion together: The Ackley gang, Holly (Strauss) Plank, Joyce (Ward) Eden, Betsy (Palmer) Cherry, and other volunteers.

Watch in *Simroots* for announcements of details of upcoming reunions. And if you attend, chances are that you'll really be glad you went. And that's a testimonial from a satisfied customer!

Submitted by Dan Elyea

*To order a cassette tape copy of the last session only (\$5 U.S.), contact Dan Elyea at:

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Okeechobee, FL 34974
fsiyfr@okeechobee.com

Reunion Reflections

by Mary Ann (Coen) Walter (KA '63)
(walter@ksts.seed.net.tw)

I think the SIM/HC reunion was well organized and a lot of work went into making it fun for all. I was thrilled to see so many I knew, 2 of whom were classmates whom I had not heard from for over 40 years! My eighth grade roommate, Cindy Cummins, and I got to be "roomies" there in Dallas! There were also 9 of us who had lived at Kagoro! It was certainly the year for me to attend. I was happy to see Miss Patterson, but was also disappointed that no other teachers I knew were there. However, I did get a lot of addresses for people I want to reconnect with.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Sing-Song night. It brought back so many memories of Sunday evenings at Miango Rest Home when the "older kids" got to go over and sing along with the missionaries. Several of the songs we sang Sunday

evening in Dallas, I had not heard since leaving Africa. I enjoyed Dan Elyea's special harmonica numbers. At the time I was at KA, David Langdon was the one who was doing special numbers on the harmonica.

The Skit Night was hilarious. The Lion Hunt flooded my mind with memories, also! When I explained to my family the course of events, I had to use the Nigerian accent to do it properly!

Reunions are times of re-uniting, but there was also an important closure for me. Peter Cox, older brother of Murray, was there. We shared lots of wonderful memories of Murray who had been a special guy in my life.

I want to thank Hillcrest for including SIM in their reunion plans. I also want to thank Ruth Van Reken for making herself vulnerable for all of us. While I was glad there wasn't too much structure and issues dealing with TCK/MKs, she was available for anyone who needed to talk.

What else can I say . . . Thanks for a wonderful time!

SIM Business Meeting

Karen Keegan called the Business Meeting to order, and Dan Paternoster opened with prayer.

It was announced that the next Reunion will be held on the weekend of July 4, 2003, in the Wheaton, Illinois area. The president of the reunion committee for Illinois is Joyce (Ward) Eden; the vice president is Eva Mae Reifel.

Karen presented the need for financial support for *Simroots*. She is looking for someone who will take on a long-term commitment to raise funds.

On behalf of Steve Beacham, Karen presented some financial needs for Hillcrest in general, and for Niger Creek Hostel specifically [see bulletin board].

The problem of establishing contact with recent MK graduates was discussed.

Those interested in being Class Reps were invited to get in touch with Karen. She then presented a brief history of *Simroots*.

The idea of providing an "electronic" version of

Simroots was discussed, including the problem of whether to post "News Updates" on the *Simroots* web site or in an e-mail version. Most were comfortable with e-mail exposure, but not with web exposure. Also, the matter of using second-hand information (from Class Reps, parents, and siblings) came up in the same discussion. Opinions abounded, but conclusions were few.

An update on the AMK Task Force was presented by Nancy (Ackley) Ruth and Ruth Van Reken. Opinions were solicited on the structure of future reunions. The main reason for considering any changes would be in an effort to be inclusive of the groups that have come under the SIM umbrella in recent years and to promote more participation from other SIM schools, such as Bingham Academy. This was not an attempt to resolve these concerns, but a soliciting of views to broaden the base of input for the AMK Task Force.

Some of the topics that came up were:

- The recently distributed questionnaire.
- The concern shown by Larry Fehl for facilitating the resolving of issues stemming from MK factors.
- Reassuring our parents that they are not under attack.
- The make-up of the AMK Task Force.
- How best to include the new groups absorbed into SIM. (This means we must reach out beyond those that we knew personally and their siblings, and beyond those who once lived in the same countries that we lived in).
- Ideas about different categories of reunions/conferences and consultations (perhaps regionally).
- Finding a good working balance between facing issues and just visiting with friends at these get-togethers, including those who never attended mission schools (e.g. those who went to local public schools or were home schooled or who attended private schools that were not mission-sponsored).
- Addressing the needs of more recent graduates (which differ in some respects from those of older graduates).

Mrs. Blaschke presented Joseph House Ministries—a cross-mission resource for college-age MKs. This will provide a haven for MKs while in college or during vacations or other transition periods.

In closing, attendees were reminded to submit family news updates and to check the accuracy of addresses in the database. Also, a final appeal was made for financial support for *Simroots*.

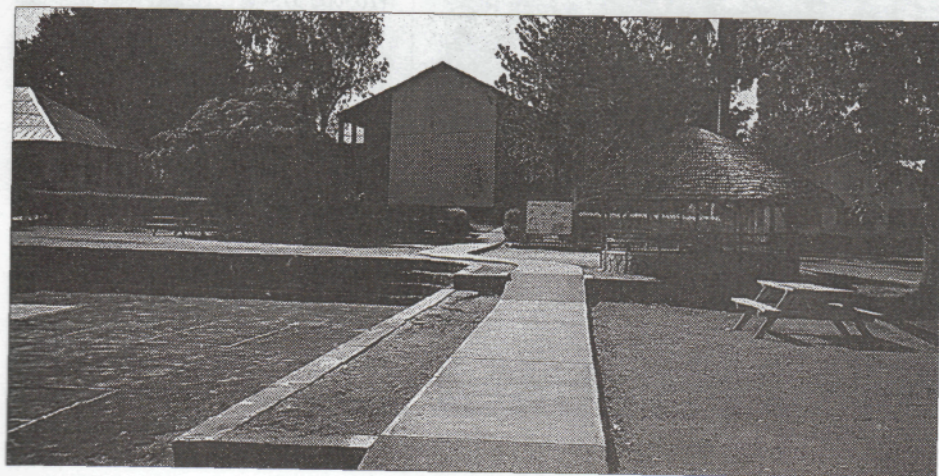
Submitted by Dan Elyea



Hillcrest—front of high school

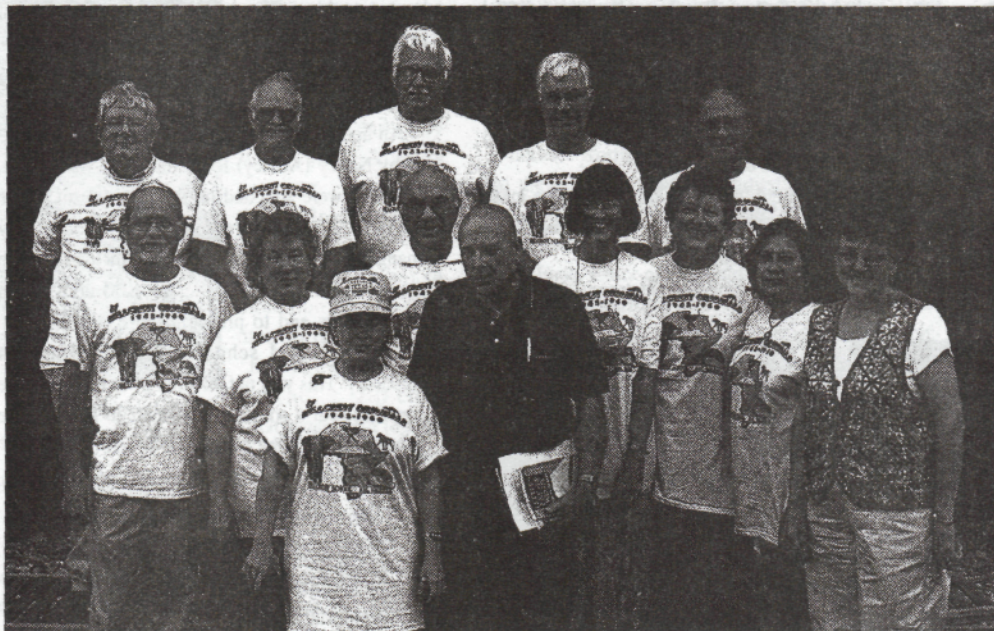


HC basketball courts



HC going to middle school with courts on left

SIM/HC Reunion 2000



1942-60:

Back Row: Dan Elyea, Ralph Royer, Chris Nielsen, Andrew Spencer, Michael Grant

Middle: Fritjof Fog, Anita (Eiritz) Del Nero, Don Rough, Hazel (Burrough) Robb, Roberta (Kitch) McMeens, Nirmla (Sawani) Chandwani, Marilyn (McElheran) Foster

Front: Clara (Grant) Brower, Peter Cox



60s:

Back: Ruth (Frame) Van Reken, Sylvia (Bergman) Eikenberry, Edith (Todd) Hoving, Cynthia (Cummins) Kuhn, Virginia Patterson (Staff), David Troup

Front: Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen, Ginni Freshour, Joyce (Steely) Schmidt, Sherrill (McElheran) Bayne, Mary Ann (Coen) Walte, Lillian (Jacobson) Claassen, Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel



70 - 73: **Back:** Nancy (Ackley) Ruth, Kay (Swank) Friesen, Beth (Legg) Wells, Amy Strauss, John Ardill, Dick & Meg Ackley

Front: Marjorie (Campion) Key, Stephen Cox, Jo Ellen Dyson, Esther (Gross) Nordman, Ruth (Gross) Carlson, Anita (Ward) Barnes, Steven Logan, Karen (Seger) Keegan

Lost in a Sea of Faces

by Michelle Clark (EL, ICA)
(103065.3134@compuserve.com)

Lost in a sea of faces, will they ever be found?

My friends are lost in a sea of faces always moving around.

I fish in that sea of faces, fear and despair doth abound.

My heart is lost in that sea of memories shared only by friends not around.

Then out from that sea of faces I'm connected by God alone

Comes a revelation of God's great merciful design, a gift so wonderfully divine.

For He's given me back an old friendship, a piece of my heart has come home.



74 - 75:

Back: Thomas High, Eva Mae Reifel, Jane Jackson, Holly (Strauss) Plank, Cathy (Miller) Myers, Holly (Bowers) Welborn, Lisa (Jester) Watkins, Nancy (Hutchins) Libbey, Libby Brown, Gala (Ottemoeller) Autumn, Peter Haney

Front: Dennis Cok, Kevin Reece, Dale Frazier, Stan Levrets, Brandon Dyson, Jim Poole, Lloyd Legg, Dan Paternoster



76-77:

Back: Sylvia (Royer) Taussig, Paul Paternoster, Andy Taussig, Joyce (Ward) Eden, Nate Balzer, Ryan Reece, Tim Reddish, Barbara (Steely) Ford

Front: Mari (Haney) Bendorfeanu, Steve Ackley, Connie (Miller) Haney, Tina (Guy) Tiner, Becky (Jackson) Seaman, Brent Frazier, Daneta (Jester) Sylvester, Betsy (Palmer) Cherry



78 - 79:

Back: Karen (Ogburn) Lint, Libbi (Burney) Hamilton, Julie (Bowers) Lassiter, Kate (High) Dunson

Front: Darlene Edmonds, Karol Miller, Keith Cok, Paige Reece, Michelle Clark



80s and 90s:

Back: Andreas Radlingmayr, Jon Ogburn, Krista Ogburn, Sandy (Ogburn) Felder, Denise (Fawley) Chism, Linda (Legg) Roszhart

Front: Sean Nicholson, Michelle Nicholson, Stephanie Robinson, Margaret Jean Yarbrough, Laura Tolar, Jay Tolar

AMK Task Force Questionnaire

Over the past few years Larry Fehl, SIM USA Director, organized several Adult MK Consultations. Through these consultations he realized there is a great need to reach out to the SIM AMK community. Larry contacted each of us currently serving on the Task Force and asked if we would be willing to help him and SIM reconnect with SIM AMKs. The Task Force first met in January 2000 at the SIM headquarters in Charlotte, NC. To determine the first step in reconciliation, we wanted to find out more about who we are as an AMK community: What is our common and distinct history? How far have we progressed in our personal journeys? What specific issues do we need to address? What things have we learned from our MK experience that can be helpful for the current and future care of MKs? Thus, we sent out a questionnaire and a response card to the 1242 known addresses in the USA.

On September 1-2, 2000, the Task Force met again to assess the questionnaire and response card results and to determine the next step in the process. We would like to thank the over 300 AMKs who filled out a questionnaire. The respondents (the majority of whom were married) ranged from ages 20-88, with the majority associated with the former Sudan Interior Mission and the next highest response (about 12%) from the former AEF. The majority of the parents served in Nigeria, about a third from Ethiopia, followed by Liberia, Sudan, Niger, Zambia and others. They served most on "small, remote" stations or "lone remote" stations. "Multi-ministry" placements ranked next followed by "medium remote" and "urban with other missionaries present." Schools attended included boarding, public, home, private, and government schools. Most people made 6-8 moves to different schools before they graduated from high school and lived most often in dorms and hostels when they were away from their parents. For beneficial types of schooling, "quality of education," "variety of experiences," and "sense of belonging" ranked highest. The top three reasons for a schooling experience to be challenging included "separation from family," "sense of abandonment," and "never fit in." Evaluation of the data, the comments on the questionnaires, and value statements remain confidential to the Task Force, though we were surprised to find two thirds signed their names on this optional-ly anonymous questionnaire.

To follow up on the questionnaire and response cards, note the following:

- ✓ If you are an AMK with a USA address and you did not receive a questionnaire, you may still participate by logging onto our web site <http://simroots.sim.org> (Note: do not include "www" in the address) and filling it out electronically and anonymously.
- ✓ SIM USA is offering (**while supplies last**) a free copy of Ruth Van Reken's latest book *The TCK Experience: Growing Up Among Worlds* to any SIM AMK with a USA address. All requested copies have been mailed out, so if you asked for one and haven't received a copy, just let us know. You may order one electronically through our web site under "Response Card."
- ✓ If you live outside of the USA, you are welcome to fill out a questionnaire as well; we would love to hear your story. However, our follow-up response will be limited. If you would like to order a book, check out the book section on our web site.
- ✓ If you requested an AMK consultation, Larry Fehl will be contacting you with suggested dates. The October consultation is full, but when both Larry and Verla Unruh, his secretary, return from their individual travels, they will determine possible consultation dates for 2001.
- ✓ If you asked for a "Reconnect" with SIM, you will be contacted if and when one is scheduled for your area. If you are willing to host a "Reconnect" in your home or know of a great place to hold one, please contact Verla Unruh at 800-521-6449 or e-mail her at verla_u@simusa.sim.org.
- ✓ If you are interested in hosting an informal "get together" for other SIM AMKs in your area, feel free to contact Karen Keegan or Dave Harling for a list of names and addresses.
- ✓ If you would like to volunteer your efforts at helping in the process of reconciliation, contact Karen Keegan to learn how you can become more involved.

- ✓ The Task Force briefly discussed SIM MK reunions and would certainly appreciate your input. Should we schedule a grand SIM MK convention, convene localized SIM MK seminars or hold school-specific reunions?
- ✓ The Task Force is exploring the feasibility and value of establishing an electronic common dialog or group discussion to which all SIM MKs, parents, and caregivers can have access. Your thoughts and ideas on this issue would be gratefully appreciated. Please address them to Dave Harling at dave_h@simusa.sim.org. Watch *Simroots* for further information.

Once again, we thank each of you who responded to the questionnaire. If you would like more detail about the process, please feel free to contact any of us.

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Open Dialogue



What Does God Require?

The following letter from Dr. William H. Zimmerman to Ray G. de la Haye was submitted with permission. An excerpt from Ray's answer is included. We invite our readers to respond to Dr. Zimmerman's question.

Dear Ray,

The longer I live and the more I hear and see, it seems to me Satan's favorite attack point is the children of missionaries. He attacks them both physically and spiritually, knowing if he hurts the child, the parent will be at least partially disabled, if not forced from the field.

Africa and the Philippines seem to be the hardest on missionaries and their children. Both areas are Satanic, demonic strongholds (not that other places are better).

In the past few years we've had missionaries we support in Africa both lose little daughters to Malarial Encephalitis. One mother confessed she had no desire to return to the field. She had lost her vision. She is back, but depressed and anxious. The other family has been assigned stateside pro tem. Another family on our prayer list had the family torn to pieces by demonic activity in two boys. Finally after two years the boys are back in line, but both parents depressed and bewildered, working but hampered. We have missionaries we've supported for many years in South Africa, North Africa, Brazil, Philippines, and two stateside, with cancers. One has TB, one renal failure, one heart problems, and one couple had to leave their assignment when the wife became paranoid-schizoid. Now Philippine missionaries report Marxist rebels are kidnapping children of the foreigners to get funds to buy weapons, knowing that parents will pay any price to recover their beloved child. Parents live and work in constant terror that a child will be abducted.

Then as we have cared for missionary families in the past in our medical office, we note a high percentage of MKs have become cynical, reacting against churches and missions, feeling that church people are rich and should pamper MKs in order to

compensate for what they have sacrificed on the mission field. It is a rare mission family which does not have at least one child rebellious against Christianity.

One of our missionaries has three sons, two doing fairly well, but only one active in church, the third is an avowed atheist, bitter, hard, cold. Another has a son doing well in business, sounding pious, but using his piety to make merchandise of Christians who trust him. He seemingly has no conscience, even when confronted: a cheat. Many missionaries' daughters are not only bitter, but while quoting Scripture verses for impact on those about them, have thrown all morality to the winds and indulged in sex and beer parties while soliciting funds from churches to further their education. We had two such teen girls in our home for a summer—a terrible summer for all. They criticized everything about our family. Why didn't we have a good boat and lake cottage like other church people, and why couldn't they use our cars to go to parties?

One missionary couple reported their college boy standing over them in the middle of the night, crying uncontrollably. He felt he had been neglected by parents on the mission field—too busy to care what became of him. He couldn't sleep, knowing they were again leaving him. Several MKs have voiced the accusation: "Mom and Dad teach the village people to take care of their kids, but they themselves are too busy to take care of us—we get farmed out to others or left to ourselves."

Most missionaries take the admonition of Christ, "He that does not leave father and mother and child and follow Me cannot be my disciple" very seriously. Literally they put the work of missions first, and the family is dragged along. I have a problem with this. If a man who neglects his family is "worse than an infidel," as the Bible says, how do we reconcile the neglect of children on the mission field? Is that really what Christ meant when He said, "Hate his father and mother and child to be My disciple"?

I'd like your honest opinion. What does Christ require of a missionary? To sacrifice his family? Is there a better way? I'm really searching for an answer.

Dr. Zimmerman

Dear Dr. Zimmerman,

I agree that leaving one's children at home for reason of education is a difficult decision to make. In the early days of the SIM's ministry, when we numbered about 200 missionaries, children were left in their homelands when they were at the first grade level.

Guy Playfair, Gordon Beacham, John Hall, and the Hay family are some who come to mind. Each family had young children, and they were left in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead who managed Gowans Home, a facility in Collingwood, Ontario. Many of these children returned to Africa as SIM missionaries. This pattern continued until the 1940s when boarding schools were opened on the field.

Bill, you have asked a question that many doubtless have asked before: "Is there a better way?" I find that a very difficult question to answer. With our children we followed a pattern that had been established for years. Changes have been introduced since we joined the SIM in 1937 [see *Simroots* Vol. 17#1], and my prayers focus on the leadership of SIM who must answer questions like yours.

Ray

FROM THE ARCHIVES



Peter Cox on horse on first leg of his journey to KAI

BULLETIN BOARD

ADDRESS LISTS AVAILABLE

Want to reconnect with a classmate, teacher, or caregiver? Contact the editor today.

OOPS

We left out Marj Frame's name in the Egbe Gang photo in the last issue. Our apologies.

CURRENT PHOTOS WANTED FOR THE WEB

Submit your current photos of you and your family members to our webmaster Elizabeth Quinn (see page 26).

BIG CHANGES AT MRH

Listen to this for shocking news! We went out to Miango Rest Home for a long weekend mini vacation. MRH now has a satellite dish! AND the road is completely paved out to Miango from Jos. AND they actually have water and electricity that works! It was like heaven to be there.

(Steve & Beaj Beacham)

MORE TCK WEB SITES

www.tckworld.com

www.transition-dynamics.com

www.branchor.com

www.membercare.org

<http://globalnomad.cc>

SAHEL ACADEMY'S NEW WEB SITE

www.sim.ne/sahel

URBANA SCHOLARSHIP

Are you an SIM MK still in college? If so, you are eligible to receive a \$125 scholarship to attend Urbana (Dec. 27-31, 2000). Just fill out an application at www.urbana.org. Then send a confirmation of application acceptance to Randy Fox at randy_f@simusa.sim.org for a scholarship refund. The price of Urbana is \$395 by Nov. 10 and \$455 after Nov. 10. If you are the parent or friend of an MK in college, don't hesitate to spread the news so that as many as possible can take advantage of this scholarship offer.

Urbana is a student mission convention hosted by InterVarsity Christian Fellowship in Champaign, Illinois, every 3 years (4 in this unusual case—it was timed for last year but given Y2K predictions, it was extended to this year). 19,000 students attend. In addition, there are representatives from 350 mission organizations (whew!), seminaries, and grad schools. It is a place to see how big, varied, and energetic is the global mission movement.
(Urbana2000@ivcf.org)

MORE MRH COTTAGES

Submitted by Jan (Fehl)
Loveland and Dennis Cok

Blue Cottage

Ebenezer

Marshall

Epp

Mt. View

Playfair

De Korne

WE NEED CURRENT E-MAIL ADDRESSES

Does Simroots have your current address? Your siblings'?

DID YOU KNOW?

According to a recent SIM survey and best estimates:

- Approx. 30% of SIM MKs today are home schooled.
- For 63 missionaries, teaching in an MK school is their main ministry.
- For 68 missionaries, home schooling is their main ministry.
- As of July '99, there are about 850 children (0-18) in SIM from 19 different countries; more than half come from the USA and another large group from Canada.

From "School's In!" Feb. 2000

NEW LISTSERVE FOR CCS

Write to: hub@carachipampa.mknet.org and place the words "subscribe alumni" in the body of your message. After that, send a message to alumni@carachipampa.mknet.org telling us what is going on in your life. CCS web page is www.carachipampa.org

KA ANNIVERSARY BOOK AVAILABLE

Simroots has a limited number of copies of the KA 40th Anniversary booklet available on a first-come, first-served basis. Send your request to the editor along with a donation to Simroots for postage.

HILLCREST NIGER CREEK HOSTEL NEEDS

May 8, 2000

Submitted by Steve Beacham (sbbeach@jos.rcl.nig.com)

Water

The city water supply has proved to be unreliable. At times one can go days and sometimes weeks without water. When the water is off for a long period of time, the hostel has to buy tankers of water to refill the holding tanks. The hostel would like to put in a hand-dug well with pumps that would feed the holding tanks. This would ensure a steady water supply during those times that city water is off and, in the long run, save money that would normally be spent buying tankers of water. The estimated cost of the well is \$550.

Computers

There is a need to upgrade the Niger Creek Hostel computers in the near future. In addition, there is a need to upgrade the software. Presently neither machine has Microsoft Office or any desktop publishing program.

Generator

The Hostel generator has had numerous mechanical problems. It has often broken down leaving the Hostel without electricity during the frequent power outages. It is felt that it would be best to purchase a new generator in the near future. The cost for a new generator that would be large enough for the Hostel is estimated at \$10,000.

Formica for the kitchen counters

All the Formica in the two kitchens needs to be replaced. It would probably take 3 sheets at about \$40 a sheet.

Paint

The Hostel needs to be painted periodically, both inside and outside. Using past figures, it is estimated that each painting will cost about \$1,500.

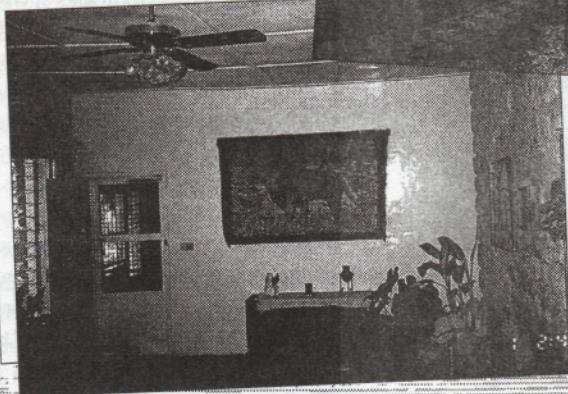
If you would like to contribute funds toward some of these needs, send your tax deductible donation to SIM USA (address on p. 2) labeled "Project NG 96911."



Niger Creek Hostel dining room



Niger Creek Hostel living room, front



Niger Creek Hostel front door. Living room in back. Old boys' dorm on side

BIG CHANGES FOR BINGHAM ACADEMY

Bingham Academy officially became an inter-mission school on July 1, 2000. SIM will be the owner mission; and SIL, the Southern Baptists, and the Assemblies of God will join as sustaining missions. We are looking forward to this new partnership and the way in which it will strengthen BA. Please pray for the new board.

Dan Long, principal
(bingham@telecom.net.et)

WANT CURRENT NEWS OF BA?

If you know of someone who might enjoy receiving my Bingham Updates e-mail, let me know. It would be best if you contact them first and ask if they are interested. Please do be patient though as this is a one-man show. Thanks.

Dan Long

BA ALUMNI ON STAFF AT BA LAST YEAR

Seppo Lahdeaho

Rob Reimer

Mimi (McLellan) (married to Keith Fellows, also a BA Alum)

Sylvia Hicks (not an alum, but married to an alum, David Hicks)

Elizabeth (Rashleigh) Broers is the BA hostess

Beth (Stilwell) Long



Book Reviews

Rispin Stories

In previous issues, we've featured Karen Rispin (RV '73) and her five kids' novels about an MK, published by Tyndale. They're now coming out as e-books: available in a format that goes into palm pilots and e-readers, also as print-on-demand—that is, they'll make a print book for you if you order one. As far as I know, the only place that has any of the Tyndale version in stock is christianbook.com.

(pkrispin@telusplanet.net)

Check out her web site for more details, including her three inspirational romances. The one coming out this October is set in Kenya. www.therispins.com

Book-sleuth Grace (Seeger) Swanson notes that eBay is a good place to find out-of-print books such as this one. She found several listings for this title and chose the least expensive one. Yes, this is one of those books you'll have to hunt down in used form. Sorry-oh, but lots of the good Africa books fall into that category. (Internet to the rescue!)

Here is a little sample from the book. (The hunting group is "smoking" flying mice out of a large, hollow tree.)

"The great tree was bound round with shifting columns of grey smoke that turned to the most ethereal blue where the great bars of sunlight stabbed through it. Into this the *Idiurus* launched themselves. They left the trunk of the tree without any apparent effort at jumping; one minute they were clinging spread-eagled to the bark, the next they were in the air. Their tiny

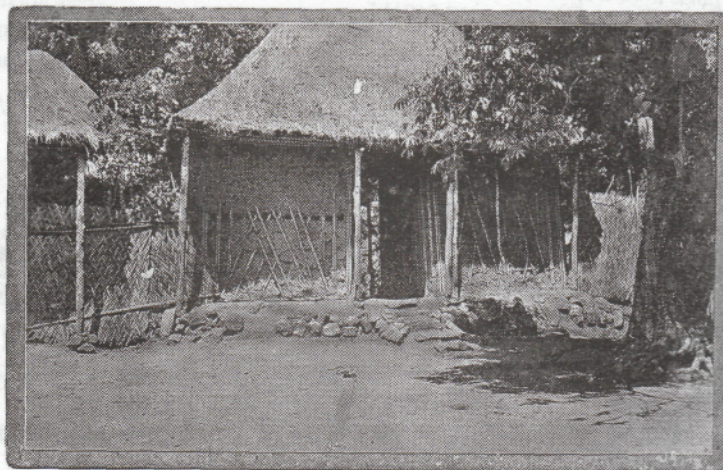
the body. This was pure gliding, and what they achieved was astonishing. I saw one leave the trunk of the tree at a height of about thirty feet. He glided across the dell in a straight and steady swoop, and landed on a tree about a hundred and fifty feet away, losing little, if any, height in the process. Others left the trunk of the smoke-enveloped tree and glided around it in a series of diminishing spirals, to land on a portion of the trunk lower down. Some patrolled the tree in a series of S-shaped patterns, doubling back on their tracks with great smoothness and efficiency. Their wonderful ability in the air amazed me, for there was no breeze in the forest to set up the air currents I should have thought essential for such intricate manoeuvring."

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

The Bafut Beagles

by Gerald Durrell
Penguin Books

Hairy Frogs, White-faced Scops Owls, galagos, flying mice, hyrax: Gerald Durrell tells of his experiences collecting these and other exotic creatures in the Cameroons highlands during the late 40s. A zoologist, Durrell vividly describes his adventures, the scenery, the people, and the unusual critters that he hunts down and hopes to take back alive to England. On this particular trip, the collection efforts take place mainly in the grassy mountains of the Bafut area. Durrell gains the cooperation of the local ruler, the Fon of Bafut. This patronage greatly facilitates the collection efforts. Durrell writes with considerable humor. He used a core group of four hunters along with six dogs for the bulk of the collecting work. He called this conglomeration the "Bafut Beagles."



Gateway to chief's yard, Bafut

A post card depicting the front entrance hut of the king of Bafut. I found this post card in a stack of "Africa photos" (mixed in with family photos) that my parents had tossed into a box waiting for me to sort! (photo submitted by Grace (Seeger) Swanson)

legs were stretched out, and the membranes along their sides were taut. They swooped and drifted through the tumbling clouds of smoke with all the assurance and skill of hawking swallows, twisting and banking with incredible skill and apparently little or no movement of

The Comfort Trap

by Tim Bascom (BA, GS, RV '79)

The Comfort Trap is not explicitly about the MK experience, but MKs relate to it well because it comes from their vantage point. It was Tim's attempt to answer the question: Why do I feel less alive spiritually here in the U.S. than in developing countries? It is supported by stories from his experiences in Ethiopia and Sudan as a child and his experiences in Africa, Asia, and East Europe as an adult (while training writers and editors in lesser developed countries). Currently Tim teaches English at Kansas State University and is working on a memoir about the MK days. His wife is an Episcopal minister, and they have two boys: Connor (7) and Luke (3). The following excerpt from pp. 140 - 143 recounts one of his experiences while revisiting Africa.

the body. This was pure gliding, and what they achieved was astonishing. I saw one leave the trunk of the tree at a height of about thirty feet. He glided across the dell in a straight and steady swoop, and landed on a tree about a hundred and fifty feet away, losing little, if any, height in the process. Others left the trunk of the smoke-enveloped tree and glided around it in a series of diminishing spirals, to land on a portion of the trunk lower down. Some patrolled the tree in a series of S-shaped patterns, doubling back on their tracks with great smoothness and efficiency. Their wonderful ability in the air amazed me, for there was no breeze in the forest to set up the air currents I should have thought essential for such intricate manoeuvring."

“Cared for— Body and Soul”

Cathy and I had traveled to Tanzania to visit an old friend, a missionary in a village on the edge of the Serengeti Game Park. This village, Majahida, is a long way from Chicago: fifteen hours by jet to Nairobi, an hour and a half by small plane to Lake Victoria, then five hours of bone-crushing broken roads. But the psychological distance is even greater. That came home powerfully when Cathy and I accompanied our friend Brian to a simple memorial service at the home of an old farmer whose sister had just died.

We walked on a hot dirt path, skirting piles of sweet potatoes spread out on the rocks to dry. Occasionally we had to step over a trail of ants, busily twisting their way back and forth across our path. A fig tree spread its huge branches overhead, offering refuge from the sun. It was such an impressive meeting place, all beaten flat with the feet of hundreds of people and goats and cattle, that I could see why it was considered sacred by those still adhering to the traditional religion.

When we arrived at the farmer's home, he was sitting outside with a friend playing a game that some say was the first ever played. It involved moving dark, shiny nuts across a wooden board with cuplike depressions. The board showed the wear of their endless play. The men sat on equally worn hand-carved stools. They stood as we approached, and I noticed a transistor radio sitting in the dust. In front of it were two green batteries, waiting to be used.

The men were both older than most, but the owner of the farm was oldest. His hair was peppered, his eyes smoky with age. He was a big, portly man, and his lower teeth had a wide gap, which gave him a jovial appearance. He laughed as he talked.

When they had greeted us, holding our hands warmly, the old man fetched his best chairs for us—two bentwood chairs strapped together with tight leather. When he set them down, the leather seats thumped like drums.

All of this is what I was seeing and hearing, but it does not get at what I was feeling. As our friend Brian began the service, reading from his Swahili Bible, I was overwhelmed by the great distance we had come to sit with this old man, trying to share his grief. And I was overwhelmed by the great out-of-doors vastness around us. What a place to die—to be buried. This woman who had died, whoever she was, seemed so small to me, as I sat there in the open fields. So swallowed up and insignificant.

The farmer opened his Bible, clumsily, with thick dark fingers. He reached in his shirt pocket for a pair of ancient glasses, the lenses clouded

with scratches. When he put them on he had to cock his head, using one eye more than the other, to follow the neat little print.

Here he was, so far from the rush of modernity that he could never really be part of it. The glasses themselves—such an anomaly out in this dusty, henpecked yard—were one of his few ties to what we call progress. The other ties were the transistor radio and the batteries, and his clothes.

He wore a button-down blue shirt, grayed at the neck and sleeves, with dark smudges in several spots. His polyester pants were the color of earth. On his sturdy, chapped feet he wore handmade sandals with rubber-tire soles. If I had met him on a street in Chicago, I would have classified him as homeless. But as I watched him reading his Bible, I suddenly saw him as he was: a productive citizen, a village leader, an *mzee*, as they say in Tanzania.

If I could quit classifying him from my perspective, as a visitor from the modern world, he had a natural aura of authority. When he greeted us, he did so as the owner of all the land we could see. His wife and her sister, and a child who somehow belonged here, all sat to one side, quiet. His friend, as well, took a quiet, deferential stance. This man was obviously someone to listen to, to respect, to enjoy.

Coming from my busy world of technological progress, where people have set the pace for the rest of the world, living lives that others can only dream about, at first I found myself feeling sorry for this man. He seemed so far from all the resources. Lost in the wilderness. How could he ever have an impact on the world? Yet when I thought about it more, I realized that my criteria were all wrong. *What does it matter if he is modern or not? If he is wealthy? The modern countries of this world are full of people searching for themselves. This man, at least,*

knows himself, and he knows God. Out here he knows what it is to be human.

During Brian's meditation on the Scripture (a passage from Isaiah), the sun began to set. Birds settled in the little tree over our heads. They chattered noisily. Suddenly Cathy jerked forward, flinging her hair back and forth. A baby bird dropped onto the ground. It sat there confused as we laughed. Then it lifted off and crashed into the bushes, learning to fly.

The farmer's friend began collecting the dark nuts off the playing board. It was nearly dark, and we needed to go, so we rose and circled, shaking hands again.

As we walked back to Brian's house, the sun set on one side of the path, silhouetting the earthen huts against a red sky. The moon rose, all yellow, on the other side. People called out from the shadows, wishing us well, sending us on our way with their blessings. I felt swallowed up in the darkness, yet not alone or insignificant. I felt at one with the natural world. Nature wasn't my enemy, as it sometimes seems in the orderly North. It was part of me and I part of it. I felt that to die here would be as good a place as any. And that this little gathering was as important a way to be remembered as any. It was a memorial service I will never forget.

O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is thy name in all the earth!

Reprinted by permission
InterVarsity Press, 1993

To obtain a copy of his book
(\$8.00 U.S.), contact:

Tim Bascom
933 Wildcat Ridge
Manhattan, KS 66502
785-539-7615
bascom@ksu.edu



Remember When ...

BINGHAM MEMORIES

by Dan Long (KA, BA '83), Principal of BA
(bingham@telecom.net.et)

Please include "Long" in subject line of all e-mails.

Tortoise Tales

Bullet the tortoise is our new Bingham pet. He weighs in somewhere around one hundred pounds, and estimates on his age range from 80 to 100 years old. Don and Mary Ricker (retired last year) sent me a message about Bingham's past history with tortoises. Some thirty years ago, Don got fed up with the then resident tortoise after it demolished his lettuce patch just one too many times. According to Mary, he heaved the big fellow over the wall and thought his worries were over. Unfortunately for Don, although not the tortoise, one of the *zebunyas* was seen wheelbarrowing the big beast back in the gate on the next day.

Any more tortoise stories out there from days gone by?

A Call For Medical Stories

My mother-in-law, Muriel Stilwell, was telling us about some of the medical problems she dealt with while serving as school nurse at Bingham. She particularly remembered an outbreak of sickness caused by pigeons (sorry I don't remember the name of the disease). Do you have a favorite "sick at Bingham" memory to share?

STEELY MEMORIES

by Allen Steely (KA, HC '70)
(almars@juno.com)

Does anyone remember the fun times we had pole vaulting from rock to rock on the hillside at KA near the water tank? We would just borrow a bamboo pole, hope it wouldn't break and leap bravely for a far rock. Or the pole vaulting at Hillcrest into about six inches of sand in the high jump pit—no proper four-foot-high mats where you can land on your back as schools have today. Well, the other day at a school track meet I found an unguarded pole vault pit with some poles lying around. At age 48 I took up the sport again and cleared 7'6" several times. (To be honest, the bar in this particular picture is only at 6'6".) Who says we're over the hill!

ELYEA MEMORIES

by Dan Elyea (KA, HC '59)
(fsiyfr@okeechobee.com)

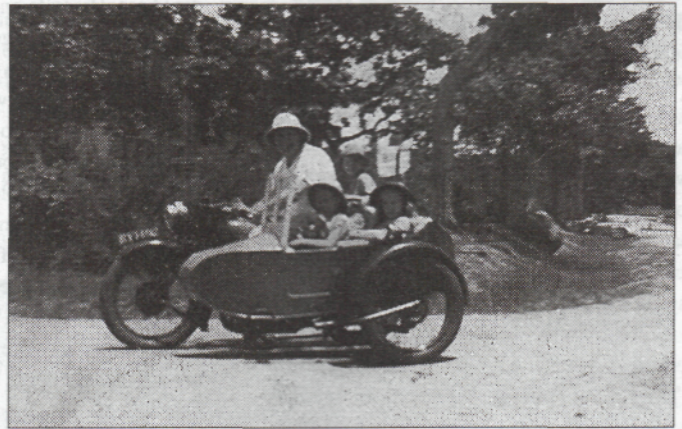
A Little Taste of Hillcrest

Both Kent Academy and Hillcrest played a major part in the education of many MKs in Nigeria. Usually, for West African SIM kids, KA covered the elementary school years and Hillcrest the high school period. For some, the sequence of attendance fell differently. That was the case with me.

I turned six in 1947—time to get started in school. My parents were stationed in Jos. The following quote from my mother's December 1, 1946, letter to her family back in Michigan explains an early schooling decision: "I have enrolled Danny in the Church of the Brethren Mission school. The term starts in February. They are not sure whether they will start a new beginners' class then or in July. Our Mission has a new school for missionaries' children, too, at Miango, 24 miles out. It is a boarding school and

Danny would have to live there, and we didn't see any sense in sending him so far away when there is a perfectly good school near by."

As it turned out, I started in July, being too young to start in February. Several events from my first day at school etched themselves indelibly on my memory. Prior to starting school, my mother had informally been teaching me at home. As a result, I could count and read before officially attending school. The Hillcrest teacher wanted to get a handle on what I might already know. She asked how far I could count. I told her that I could count up over one hundred (which was true). She asked me to count for her. So I proceeded to count up to 75 or so and then stopped. I thought that should suffice to make it



Transportation to Hillcrest in 1947; Mr. Bob Kitch driving, Roberta Kitch and Clara Grant in the sidecar, Dan Elyea on the back of the motorcycle.



Allen Steely pole vaulting today!

obvious to her that I could count right on up to any reasonable number and that there was no need to continue the process. She then told me that I was a liar—that I had said that I could count up to over one hundred, when, actually, I couldn't. Being both intimidated and very shy, I didn't follow up with proof that I really could count just as advertised. Very inauspicious beginning! As the day went on, my bladder began to fill uncomfortably. The combination of shyness and not knowing the ropes eventually resulted in my doing "the usual dance" and soon the overflow of my problem made itself evident. The teacher wailed, "Why didn't you tell me that you had to go to the bathroom?!" Well, at least now I knew how THAT problem should be handled!

I attended Hillcrest for only two months because the Mission assigned my parents to

another station. Still reluctant to send me away to boarding school so young, my mother home-schooled me for the next two years. After taking third grade while on furlough back in the States, I took grades 4 through 8 at Kent Academy.

The first annual Field Day rivalry between Hillcrest and KA took place during my seventh grade year. My main strengths lay in the standing and running broad jumps and the 440-yard run. At that period of our lives, and in the hot African sun, the 440 was considered to be a distance run. My style was to take it pretty easy the first part of the race, and then to pour on the coal at the end. At that time, because Hillcrest went to higher grades than KA, fourteen was chosen as a cut-off age for participants in the competition. We got to the 440 event, and there were probably about 8 or so of us running. I think that it was a 220-yard track. The first time around the track, I just loped along, trailing the pack, not looking like a contender at all. Then around the three-quarter point of the race, I went all-out and briefly led the entire field. Quite a thrill to hear the crowd cheering for me, especially some of the KA uncles. But then, Hillcrest Paul Ife, a Nigerian, shifted into high gear and passed me up before the finish line to make me the second place winner. As I recall, Ivan Bowman (from Hillcrest) was practically breathing down my neck there at the end. Some of us were quite unhappy that Paul was in the competition because he had the physique of a man. There was no record of his birth, but Hillcrest (we thought rather too conveniently) "estimated" his age to be fourteen. A big disappointment for me after the race came when an SIM missionary whom I thought a lot of (father of several KA kids) went up to Paul and congratulated and praised him effusively for his performance but never said a word to me. I was so envious. I still have the four ribbons that I won that year. And also the four ribbons that I won the next year, my last year at KA.

Here's a postscript: One of the years of the competition, a question arose as to whether Don Kenke (Hillcrest) or I had done the better distance in the standing broad jump. To clear up the question, they let us each do one more jump. And mine was the better distance in the extra jump. So I took first and he got second. Later, back in the States, I met Don at the Maranatha conference grounds in Michigan. The incident was still on his mind, and he insisted that he had properly bested me in the original set of jumps. He thought that the judges erred in calling for a re-jump. In this later meeting of the contestants, he got his

sweet revenge by soundly trouncing me playing tennis. I'm sure he sleeps better at night now.

In my eighth grade year, I stayed several weeks in the SIM hospital in Jos. A really sweet girl, Rebecca Petre, also spent a few days in the hospital during my stay there. A student at Hillcrest, she was outgoing and kind. (I was rather quiet and shy at the time.) Between her and some lively Hillcrest kids who came to visit her, my hospital life brightened considerably. Sure was sorry when she got well enough to leave! Selfish, selfish me!

So, does my brief attendance at Hillcrest qualify me to list "HC" after my name in *Simroots*? Although my time at Hillcrest may not qualify me as an alumnus, it does remain, for a number of reasons, a red-letter school in my memories.

Half-Century-Old Memories of Jos

Two pungent smells

- One dreadful—the open sewer ditches along some of the streets
- The other delightful—roasting coffee beans at the open fronts of the canteens.

Remembered sounds

- The narrow-gauge steam locomotives laboring up the long Jos grade
- The haunting moan of a far-away train whistle in the quiet hours of the night
- The clanking, whirring, hissing operation of Niger Press
- The men of Niger Press singing Hausa hymns a cappella in their morning devotions
- A *dan sanda* (policeman) transporting a prisoner down the street, thumping him regularly with his billy club, the prisoner crying out all the while, "Wayyo! Wayyo, Allah!"
- Peddlers trying to drum up business calling out "Araha! Araha!" some embellishing their chant with the English equivalent "Cheap! Cheap!"

Recalled sights

- Worm casts, those miniature towers left all over the yards courtesy of the earthworms—some collected these leavings believing them to be beneficial as a fertilizer. Some others, less garden-minded, found them to be the ideal size for throwing.
- The rock formations all over the area, many with vertical or horizontal splits that made wonderful (if sometimes scary) places to crawl and explore
- Not right in Jos, but nearby—the incredible view looking down on "Hidden Valley"
- Electrical house wiring that ran on the outside, not the inside of a wall
- Seeing the domestic staff of some of the

Britishers suspending wet-towel-wrapped bottles from tree branches and then keeping them swinging to speed up the cooling by evaporation.

A found playground

- I used to slip over to the Arab Transport compound and climb into the cabs of trucks and jeeps and pretend I was driving. Many of the vehicles came from former military usage (this was shortly after WWII) giving them especially interesting features. The Nigerian employees would yell and fuss and threaten, but the Lebanese owners generously gave me pretty much carte blanche.

Duck-Duck, Goose!

These two stories feature my brother Doug, quite the hunter in his youth. Both stories took place around Bursali in northern Nigeria. Mom home-schooled Doug the fifth and sixth grades, but found it difficult to keep him at his studies. Too many distractions. One approach that motivated him quite well was to issue him one pellet for his air rifle for each hour that he studied—because he DID love to hunt. One of his proudest moments hunting occurred when he shot a circling chicken hawk out of mid-flight with his air rifle. Those of you who tried to raise chickens out there will realize the practical significance of that.

I pause here to thank Dad and Doug for helping me with these two stories, and Doug for the nifty title. Now, on to the hunt.

A mile or two from the station was a place where water collected in several low basins during the rainy season. Wild ducks would congregate there while these pools lasted. One day Doug and a Nigerian friend headed out there with a .22 rifle. Ever alert to any intruders, these ducks would fly off at the first sign of danger, making it hard to get within shooting range of them. On this occasion, Doug and his friend sneaked up, shrewdly keeping a large anthill between them and the flock of ducks. As Doug peered carefully around the anthill, he noted that two of the ducks were quite close together, one behind the other. It looked like his best shot, thinking that if he missed one, he'd likely hit the other. Doug fired off his shot and all the ducks flew off—except for two. The bullet passed through the first duck's neck with enough zip left to kill the second duck. (These ducks were whistling teal, what the Hausas called "*kirinji-jiya*.") And now you may understand better the literal meaning of the old adage about "lining up your ducks"!

Doug, 11 or 12 at the time of this wild goose tale, went out with Dad and some Nigerians to collect wood for the cook stove. Doug really enjoyed these outings and usually took along a



Landing at Miango, 1985. Submitted by Dave Harling

Marlin .22 single-shot rifle. This particular day, Doug would get a chance to try out Dad's Winchester .30-.30 rifle. They spotted a bunch of geese in a marshy area in the distance, beyond reasonable aiming range. As the guys watched, all of the geese flew off except for one, which lumbered along across the top of the marsh grass. Ever the optimist, Doug piped up, "Dad, let me take a shot at it!" With Dad's "OK," he squeezed off a round with the .30-.30.

SNYDER MEMORIES

by Steven A. Snyder (EL '78)
(ssnyder651@aol.com)

I was raised in paradise. This paradise was on the western coast of Africa in the country of Liberia. Our home was on a scenic mile-long tropical compound that wrapped along the beautiful white sand beaches of the Atlantic Ocean. Our small cement block house looked out to the front over a swamp-fed lagoon that wound lazily out into the ocean. To the side of the

The broadcasting ministry of radio station ELWA was the driving force behind the work on our compound. The missionary team involved more than 60 western families and at least that many African nationals. Our small community included committed believers from the United States, Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Greece, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and many African nations. The compound was also home to a hospital, a clinic, a school attend-

ed by missionary and local Liberian children, an international church, sports fields, a water system, electrical generating facilities and more. It was a village.

As a child, I went to school, rode my bicycle, played on the beach, competed in sports, explored the surrounding bush (jungle), and helped with children's radio programs. While on-furlough, we sampled McDonald's burgers and fries, enjoyed tasty western cereals, gulped real milk, marveled at cold weather and played in the snow.

As a college student, my family took a trip to Washington, D.C. On a

whim, we decided to visit the Liberian Embassy. We were overwhelmed to discover that three of the individuals staffing that small diplomatic mission had been personally led to the Lord by my parents. I still marvel at the odds of making such a discovery so many thousands of miles from Liberia.



Peter Cox and his KA class in front of MRH

To everyone's amazement, he hit the distant quarry. When they got up to the downed goose, lo and behold, Doug's preposterous shot had cleanly taken the head right off! The awe-struck Nigerians whooped, "Baushi! Baushi!" (Great Hunter! Great Hunter!). Further enjoyment came when the cooked goose graced the family table. And no need to worry about biting down on any birdshot!

house was the mighty ocean. My bedroom window was 30 feet from the clean white sand of the beach. The constant roar of foamy waves crashing through shiny slate-like black rocks was an ever present companion. The continual, gentle dance of branches and leaves in the countless coconut trees reminded me to be thankful in the tropical heat for the comfort of an ocean breeze that never left me alone.

Mom's Crocodile

We never had any lions or tigers, elephants, giraffes, or even hippopotamuses on our compound, at least not to my knowledge. We did have rabid dogs, Christmas birds, Portuguese man-of-war, driver ants, giant beetles, an occasional pet monkey, and a variety of poisonous snakes. And we had crocodiles.

Nobody believed my mother when she said she had seen a crocodile one night on the bridge in front of our house. We lived at one end of the mile-long compound with the ocean to the side of the house and a lagoon in our front yard. We could breakfast in our dining room and watch speedy seagulls and kingfishers float motionless in the sky before diving kamikaze style into the lagoon to swipe a morning appetizer of fresh tropical fish. The gravel road leading up to our house crossed what amounted to a small dam made of rocks, gravel, and a couple large drainage pipes entombed in concrete. This bridge spanned about 60 feet of water with our scenic lagoon to one side and a muddy tropical swamp to the other. At the edge of the swamp side of the bridge was our swimming hole, a small area of murky water which evolved into a marsh but was deep enough to swim in when we wanted an alternative to the ocean. At night we could take a flashlight down to the bridge and lean out over the water to catch the reflections of the shiny eyes of frightened crawfish. The bridge was a meeting place for children on bicycles, a grandstand for baptism spectators, and a landmark of choice for anyone giving directions to lost visitors.

A dear friend and colleague smiled knowingly the next day as my mother described the scaly crocodile with fiery yellow eyes that glowed in the beam of her headlights. "Are you sure it wasn't an iguana?" she asked Mom skeptically. "I don't really think there are any crocodiles around here."

"Crocodiles wouldn't survive in a swamp that feeds into salt water," counseled another wise friend. "Maybe it was a python."

Dad alone believed her, or so he said. Mom wasn't quite prepared for the patient smiles and polite giggles as people discussed and dismissed her discovery. No one had ever seen a crocodile on ELWA property before; and, certainly, one wouldn't suddenly appear now, not after all these years. Evelyn Snyder was mistaken, the victim of an impulsive imagination.

They laughed a little less a few days later when Dad confirmed Mom's sighting; but they still were not true believers. Mom and Dad

were driving home after dark when their headlights caught the shadows of an obstacle across their way on the bridge. It looked like a log, at first. As its shape began to take form, they saw the eyes, sparkling like two large, fluorescent marbles. Dad slowed the car to a stop as he and mom stared silently at what was unmistakably a crocodile. He revved the engine. The crocodile slithered quickly off the bridge and disappeared into the thick darkness of the swamp.

"Don't go down on that bridge at night ever again," Mom nervously instructed my brother and me after describing what she and Dad had just seen. She had no need to worry, though; neither of us was so fearless as to knowingly risk a chance encounter with the deadly jaws of such a powerful creature.

Two Liberian staff members were visiting our house one Friday evening when the topic of my parents' crocodile found its way into the conversation. Mom and Dad had seen the crocodile once again, but their friends and colleagues were skeptical still. Our guests, though, believed my parents, or so they said. They told graphically frightening stories of crocodiles dragging screaming African children to the bottom of exotic jungle rivers and swamps where they were mercilessly drowned before becoming feasts for the ferocious beasts.

We were nearly asleep at around midnight that night when we heard a loud, explosive "pop" in the front of our house. A minute later we heard another. Dad walked quietly and cautiously up the dark hallway and toward the dining room windows to see what was going on. He was barefooted, wearing pajamas, and was carrying a small wooden baseball bat. I followed. If a burglar had forced his way into our home, I wanted to be near Dad.

We spotted two Liberian men down at the edge of the lagoon. They were struggling with something on the ground. We gradually decided they were not thieves and switched on the outside lights. Our guests from earlier during the evening had returned—with rifles. Their quest had been a success. The two brave hunters had executed two crocodiles, right at the edge of our front yard.

The meat was delicious, though chewy. It wasn't as tender as ham or as tough as steak. We ate it cubed, like stew meat, mixed into a sauce and spread over rice. The taste was different than that of turkey or chicken but was nothing at all like fish. The meal was memorable, a special treat. And Mom was vindicated.

We heard a loud knock on our front door one evening a few weeks after the shootings. Mom's skeptical friend was uncharacteristically excited and anxious and had left her car running out in the middle of the road next to our house. Its headlights were shining down the short hill and out across the bridge.

It didn't move. It was frozen like a proud statue in the center of the bridge. We walked across the front porch and out into the driveway to get a better look. Its fierce eyes glared like torchlights. No one mentioned iguanas, pythons, or salt water habitats. "It's a crocodile," this new believer stammered rapidly. "That's a crocodile!"

Update on Liberia

Liberia in the 1990s was devastated by civil war. Radio Station ELWA was knocked off the air, and the main studio building along with several buildings and houses on the compound were destroyed. Although the political situation seems to have stabilized, the people are now without basic needs such as electricity and running water, all casualties of the fighting.

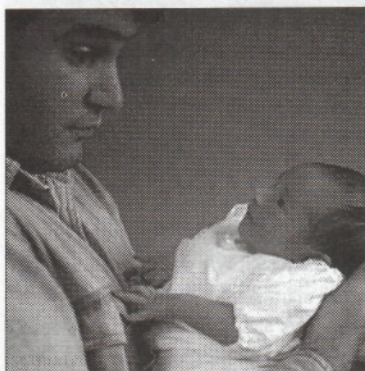
I returned to visit Liberia and ELWA in December of 1999. It was my first trip back in 27 years. Despite the suffering still felt as a result of the conflict, I was thrilled to make old acquaintances and discover many Liberian believers who are enthusiastically carrying on the work of Christ among a hurting people. Some wonder from day to day whether there will be food to eat. Luxuries and conveniences taken for granted in America are almost unimaginable. Yet their zeal for the Lord and willingness to sacrificially spread the good news of God's grace and love serve to challenge and inspire those of us who seek to serve the same Lord in our country.

ELWA is now back on the air, though it operates with just one working transmitter and broadcasts only a few hours a day. The hospital is now operational and reaching out to the sick and lame. The school remains damaged and closed. Buildings and houses, often marked with bullet holes, are in need of paint and repair. Barely a handful of western missionaries have returned. But Liberians have courageously shouldered the burden of raising these vital ministries from the rubble of war. And people all over this friendly and beautiful country have celebrated the return of the voice in the air and God's message of hope as it beams out from Radio Station ELWA.

CONGRATULATIONS

Births

Jonathan Daniel Estelle was born March 9, 2000, to **Rudy & Nancy Estelle (BA '80)**. He weighed 6 lb. 8 oz., and was 20 1/4 inches long. Sela is a very proud sister (and second mom).



David and Bryony Faith Anderson

Bryony Faith was born March 23, 2000, to **David & Jean Anderson (CC '85)**.

John & Kerry Wisner (BA) had a baby boy, David, in April, 1999.

Linda (Daniels) (KA '87) & Randy Duvalle welcomed Blake (6 lb. 3 oz.) and Cole (7 lb. 3 oz.) on Jan. 28, 2000. Cole had to have an operation because of a punctured left lung.

Ralph & Ruth (Iwan) Rogers (BA) had a baby girl on March 26, 2000.

Timothy James was born on May 17, 2000, to **Jim & Shauna Ockers (KA '88)**. Check out his family pictures at <http://tj.ockers.net>.

Alexandre Jean was born to **Linda (Beacham) (KA, HC '85) & Emmanuel Isch** in June. Alex joins big sister Emilie.

Jonathan (CC) & Monica Steele had a baby boy, Sept. 18, 2000, named Joshua Dean.

Marriages

Tim Wisner (BA) married Nahoko in Sept., 1999, in Japan.

Murray Ratzlaff (KA '78) married Diana on Nov. 13.

David Chapman (BA '83) married Joan Walton on July 29, 2000, at Scofield Memorial Church in Dallas, TX.

Deeanne Hagerup (IC '96) married Jason Maas on July 29, 2000, Endicott, NY. (deeanne@psu.edu)

Joel Blaschke ('94) & Jennifer Costales were wed Aug. 5, 2000, in Tega Cay, SC.

Lance Long (KA, HC '67) & Bonnie were wed May 25, 2000.

Drew Harding (BA, RV) married Janna Barram in Oregon on July 22, 2000.



Judy Ratzlaff, John Price, 1960



KA: Readers do you know what year this is? Can you fill in the missing names?

Front row: Ruth G, Carol D, Bill J, Marilyn McElheran, Lois G, Lois H, _____, Clara G

Second row: _____, Barbara I, _____, _____, Langdon, _____, David J, Robert H(?)

Third row: Peter C, Weibe, Don Ockers, Gordon I, Betty T, Marjory C, Giesbrecht, Barbara Davis, Marilyn McElheran, Dorothy T

Forth row: Ruth E, Elise Kirk, _____ Kirk, Don T, Marvin McElheran, Velora H, Boyce B, Bill Crouch, Estelle Mortis, Don McD

NEWS UPDATES

Catch up on the latest news of adult SIM MKs, teachers, and caregivers. 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

AC	Asuncion Christian Academy	HC	Hillcrest School
BA	Bingham Academy	IC	International Christian Academy
CC	Carachipampa Christian	KA	Kent Academy
EL	ELWA Academy	RV	Rift Valley Academy
GH	Gowans Home	SA	Sahel Academy
GS	Good Shepherd	WA	West African Christian Academy

60s

MARY MODRICKER (BA '60)

(Janish 4/00)

Mary has accepted the job of Office/Business Manager at the AIM Retirement Centre in Clermont, FL. She is hoping to leave Kenya the end of June, as soon as a replacement can be found. (marym_modricker@aimint.org)

DIANNE DONALD (BA '63)

(Janish 3/00)

Dianne had a stroke on Jan. 23 during the church service and is paralyzed on the right side. An MRI revealed a malignant brain tumor.

PHILLIP & WENDY (LEIGHTON) HODSON (BA '63)

(Janish 2/00)

Phillip works in a government office and has responsibilities as church elder and treasurer. Amanda (18) has finished her first year in university. Anthony (15) is entering grade 11 and has an interest in animals.

MARY ANN (COEN) WALTER (KA '63)

(e-mail 3/8/00)

I haven't kept in touch recently with *Simroots*, but my classmates are never far from my thoughts. I have good memories of KA and often have a chance to share my experiences with children who want to know what it was like to live in Africa.

I returned to the U.S. after completing my 9th grade by correspondence at Kagoro. My folks

were on furlough through my 10th and part of my 11th grade. Then I lived with a family until graduation (3 different schools).

I went to Biola U. (college, then) and while there, met my husband, Bob Walter. We married in 1966 just before he graduated. He went on to Talbot Seminary, and we had our first son Jonathan in 1968. Our second son, Michael, was born in 1971. Bob served as Minister of Christian Education in 2 churches before the Lord changed the direction of our lives, and he went into public education.

We lived in Big Bear Lake (mountain resort area east of Los Angeles) for 6 years before moving to northern CA (Hayfork) where he became principal. Two years later we moved again to a community northeast of Sacramento, Grass Valley. We were there 7 years before the Lord intervened in our lives again.

We had often entertained the idea of teaching overseas, but put off any serious thought of it until the boys had graduated from high school. Circumstances brought this idea about again, and we followed up on an opening for an administrator in a school for MKs in Taiwan. In the summer of 1993, we sold our home, cars, and most of our household goods and moved to Taiwan. It was originally for a two-year contract, but we liked it so well, we have stayed.

Morrison Academy was founded to serve the needs of MKs when missionaries were thrown out of China in the 1940s. Over the years it has grown and expanded to include other children who have a foreign passport. Of course this includes many Chinese (Taiwanese) kids who were born overseas and whose parents want them to have an American education. We maintain a minimum of 35-40% of missionary children, so this limits our growth, but keeps our mission forefront. Morrison has a great academic record, and it has been a blessing and honor to work in this system.

There are three campuses, a K-9 campus in the North (Taipei) and one in the South (Kaohsiung), and the main campus, in the center of the island (Taichung) which includes a boarding high school for MKs. We live in Kaohsiung, which is the southern port city of Taiwan, and the third largest container port in the world. Bob is the principal, and I am the librarian (something I learned by volunteering,

and then by necessity!)

Jonathan and Michael have families of their own, and they both live in Colorado Springs. Jonathan has two girls, ages 3 and 4½, and Michael has a girl, 16 months, and a brand new baby boy! Of course, our heart strings are tugged at being so far away, but we get home every summer.

I would love to hear from anyone who remembers me.

(alter@ksts.seed.net.tw)

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

(e-mail 7/16)

Warwick and I are in New York City Campaign for the month of July. We are chaplains for the ministry of Jews for Jesus. God is doing a wonderful thing here this month. We are here to spiritually encourage, pray, and counsel people on staff. We are very busy from 6 a.m. to late at night. There are about 50 of us who go out on the streets 4 times a day starting at early rush hour and the last coming home about 11:00 in the evening.

Being on the streets here reminds us of when we were with Operation Mobilisation in many countries. We also travelled on one of their ships LOGOS I. We lived in India (the first 3 years of our marriage). It was wonderful. We did a lot of evangelism and huge rally ministries. I will never forget that experience as long as I live. We have so many wonderful stories to tell. What a land of contrast! The smells and sights were like no other place we have been. We have many wonderful friends from all over the world. (ACooper254@aol.com)

VERDON & LAURA (JACOBSON) TOEWS (BA '66 or '69?)

The Toews home school their children. Terrilyn plays piano and violin. Timothy graduated from his high school program and from Herald of Christ—the highest level of achievement in Christian Boys' Brigade. Christopher is employed as Student Services Director in the Oak Brook College of Law in Fresno, CA.

JOHN & EDITH (TODD) HOVING (KA, HC '67)

I enjoyed the SIM/HC reunion so much—only

regret I didn't come before. So I encourage one and all to come next time. It is great! I now go home to our daughter Julie's getting married to Russ Royal in 2 weeks. Second daughter Laura is near the end of her third year of medical school at Loma Linda in Southern CA. We are glad to have our son Jason home after his tour of duty with the army in Germany. He is currently working in San Jose where we live. Our youngest daughter Linda will be starting her final year at Azusa Pacific U., also in Southern CA. My husband John and I still live in San Jose—both working, enjoying our young adults as they stop in at home now and then, and our church and friends. (*jhoving@ibm.net*)

70s

STEVE & SHEILA COX (KA, HC '70) (reunion 2000)

I attended KA and HC for all my schooling except for grades 4, 9, and 10, which I took in Guelph, ON, Canada. After graduating from HC in 1970, I returned to Canada to get my Mechanical Engineering degree at the U. of Waterloo. On one of my co-op work terms I met Sheila, a wonderful girl in Noranda, Quebec. After all kinds of excuses to see her, including changing my car oil in her dad's garage, we fell in love. In 1976 we both graduated from college and moved to Edmonton, AB, to work for an oil company, Syncrude. We became very involved in serving in the youth ministry and teaching a college and career Bible study.

After 3 years I joined Bechtel, a U.S. company involved in international engineering, procurement and construction work. After 10 years in Edmonton, we had 3 terrific children, gifts from

God. In the next 7 years, they grew up in Calgary where my job had taken me. We loved Calgary, but it was not kind to us. But the trials we faced there really strengthened our faith. My parents had retired from the Nigerian field in 1979, but worked in Toronto with international students until 1987 when they moved to Calgary to be near us. Two months later Dad had a major stroke which paralyzed his left side. After learning that Mom was deteriorating, they both had an opportunity to live in a combined lodge and nursing home in 1987. In 1991, Bechtel asked me to move to Houston, TX. To close a chapter, my mom at 83 contracted liver cancer and in 3 weeks was in the presence of the Lord. Since moving, Dad has been very steady and handles our move with complete understanding.

Today, we work with a young singles SS class, a Thursday night community Bible study for young singles with about 6 churches represented. Steve also plays his trombone in the church praise band, has a Wednesday morning PK Men's group and assists with youth retreat and mission trips. Sheila is working part-time at the church as Youth Administrative Assistant and



Jim & Kathy Kastner, Michael (16), Daniel (14), Andrew (11), Christopher (7)

membership rolls and caring for our family. Our oldest 2 children, Aaron and Julie, are both going to TX A&M University in College Station. Brian loves his older brother, and at 14 is going into grade 10 but hoping to join him later.

God is so good! And we have enjoyed even the move to TX—we enjoy the warmth, playing tennis in the winter, and the friendly people. (*sscox@juno.com*)

ALLEN & MARCIA STEELY (KA, HC '70) (letter 5/00)

We are just finishing up another good year here at Rockford Christian School. After 23 years we had a new administrator, and it was a year of major change! Two of my children are in high school already: Rachel (junior) and Joshua



Cox family: Back: Aaron, Brian Front: Sheila, Steve, Julie



Steely Family: Back: Rachel (17), Marcia (my wife not my sister), Allen, Joshua (15) Front: Katie (7), J.D. (Jonathan David) (11)



Anastasia (9 months old and born in Niger)
enjoying *Simroots*!
(Parents: Scott & Lucia (Isch) Eberle)

(freshman). Fortunately, Katie is just in 1st grade, so I can pretend I am not getting old. Hey, I still pole vaulted 7'6" in track practice the other day! (Allen has just finished writing a book on salvation.) (*almars@juno.com*)

JIM & KATHY KASTNER (KA, HC '71)
(letter 7/00)

Jim writes: I have enjoyed getting to know some new couples in our church as we joined a new "mini-church" small group this winter. I have moved out of acute care management to long-term care management and find myself running the support services at St. Joseph's Mercy Living Center in Hamtramack, MI. I have continued to coach soccer every fall and spring and really enjoy golfing more than ever. If any of you need a place to stay en route through Michigan, be sure to call and we'll find a spot for you in the good ol' "missionary family" tradition. It would be great to see you!

Kathy has continued her nursing career in the Recovery Room 4 days per week besides her daily "Supermom" routines. The Creative Memories albums she has created for each of the boys show some of her artistic flair and continue to be one of her ongoing hobbies. We have 4 boys. (*KasFam1@home.com*)

DAVID & KATHY LOHNES (KA, HC '72)
(e-mail 6/00)

We're planning on taking an extended furlough of 6 months before returning to our ministry in France. We've been serving the Lord at Black Forest Academy in Germany for the past 3 years and will be staying for 1 more year before returning to church planting in Paris. We ministered in Paris for 16 years before our coming here to work. It's been a great break and we

needed the change. We were dorm parents in a girls' dorm for the first 2 years. We weren't in the dorm this year but worked as "pastor" to the dorm staff, listening, counseling, caring, etc. There are about 50 dorm staff counting the dorm parents and RAs. We've had a great year of ministry and are looking forward to our involvement next year. Our oldest daughter, Rebecca, is a senior at Moody. Joshua is a sophomore at Biola, and Deborah is a senior, now, at BFA. (*dlohnnes@10109freenet.de*)

JOHN ROGALSKY (KA '72)
(e-mail 4/00)

I am now working for a division of Boston Scientific Corporation here in Silicon Valley. We manufacture medical devices, specifically heart catheters used to treat cardiac arrhythmia. It is cutting edge technology and offers a less invasive way of curing the condition since the catheter is introduced through the femoral artery and does not require the open heart surgery currently employed. My title here is "Enterprise-wide Programmer/Analyst" which is typically corporate jargon for someone who deals with software, and no one really knows what he does. I work with the software we use to run all aspects of the business. I analyze the way the software is working and how effectively we are using it. Part of the job includes ongoing training, and we will be upgrading the software this year into next, so I'll be working on that too. Since we are a global company, I find myself working with folks from all over the world (hence the "Enterprise-wide" part of the title). A more recent addition to my tasks includes detailed analysis of the distribution and sales of our products. It can be excruciatingly boring to describe what I do exactly, so I'll leave it at that. (*jprogal@ix.netcom.com*)

SUE (HICKLIN) MCINTOSH (KA '73)

It's been exactly 30 years since I left Nigeria!! Doesn't seem possible, but at the same time it seems like a different lifetime. I met my husband, Jerry, at church 27 years ago, and we've been married almost 23 years! He is an RN who works as a hospital administrator. We've been in Albany, OR (about an hour south of Portland) for 6 years now and love it here. I've been in the "elder care" business for the past 7 years with both my parents and Jerry's mom. I've never been one to pray for patience but I'm learning it!!

Our oldest daughter, Emily, just graduated from high school. In the fall she'll be going back to Lynchburg, VA, to Liberty U. She plans on majoring in nursing with an emphasis in missions because she wants to be a missionary when she gets done. Our second daughter, Elisabeth, will be a senior next year. She wants

to be a teacher but isn't sure where she will go to college.

Our "baby," Andy, will be a freshman in high school next year. He is our sports fanatic. My social life is basically going to his football, basketball, and baseball games and socializing with the parents. Fortunately I, too, am a sports fanatic so I love it. I've never been one of those "career women." I worked to put Jerry through school until Emily was born and then haven't worked since. I did have a day care in my home for 8 years, and that was certainly work! For the past year we have been very involved in a fabulous Baptist church nearby (we changed last summer). Jerry and I have been involved in a leadership group with our pastor over the past year and have grown by leaps and bounds.

In May I had the privilege of seeing a dream come true—I got to go back to West Africa. It wasn't to Nigeria, but it was to Senegal. It all looked pretty familiar. We were to help build a clinic/school/church. The church people there had made 13,000 blocks in preparation for our coming. Unfortunately, the Muslims in the town went to the government officials and put a stop to our plans before we got there, so we weren't able to do much except encourage the missionaries and do LOTS of prayer walking around the town. It seems in Africa you can go through all the appropriate hoops, but the officials can change the rules at any time. We're still hoping to go back later and get the facility up. Senegal is a very dark country with very few Christians. We did meet some SIM missionaries in the city we were in. Our church has adopted the Wolof people of Senegal as our "unreached people group."

I would love to go to the reunion on the 4th but unfortunately won't be able to. I hosted a reunion at our house in Washington with some of my classmates about 7 years ago. There were 10 that came. I also went to a reunion for our class at John Teichroew's back in Minnesota in 1987. It was great to see people from my Africa days.

I love reading the *Simroots* editions! It's so interesting to see how everyone reacted so differently from their boarding school experience. Thankfully I have mostly fond memories of those days. Aunt— had a problem with me, but I probably deserved some of it. I was kind of naughty at times! (*suemc@dnc.net*)

LLOYD & DARLENE (RASHLEIGH) OPPEL (BA, RV '73)
(letter 6/00)

I "graduated" from BA in 1971 from grade 10 as that was the highest grade BA had at the time. I took grade 11 in Kenya at RVA, and my grade 12 in Canada as that was my parents' home assignment year. Lloyd and I were mar-

ried in 1978, and we have been missionaries with OMF International in Thailand since 1982.

On July 4 we return to Thailand for our 5th term of missionary work. We are, by God's grace, providing leadership for 55 Christian workers. These workers are working among 12 different people groups which are scattered among 5 countries: Thailand, Burma, China, Laos, and Vietnam.

Hanni is staying in Canada to complete her university training. Caleb and Vikki are going back with us to complete high school at an international school in Thailand.
(ldoppel@mars.ark.com)

TIM & DIANNE FELLOWS (BA '74)
(Janish 6/00)

Their house burned down, destroying most things including Tim's library and all the hard work on the books he has been working on—the info all nicely backed up, but the disc in the house too. No one was seriously hurt.



Lloyd & Darlene (Rashleigh) Oppel, Hanni, Caleb, Vikki

DAVID & JUSTINE FOXALL (KA '74)
(Campion 9/00)

David is with the Canadian Foreign Dept. with CIDA at the Canadian Embassy in Kigali, Rwanda. Justine, his wife, does research projects for various organizations in Rwanda.
(foxall@rwandatel1.rwanda1.com)

KEN & CHARLENE DANIELS
(KA, HC '76)
(e-mail 3/00)

Greetings from Ouagadougou (pronounced "wah-gah-DU-gu"), the capital of Burkina Faso, a western neighbor of Niger. We are attending a 3-week phonology workshop here. Our aim is to

uncover the sound patterns of the Dazaga language in order to come up with a practical writing system.

There are some new pictures of N'Guigmi and surrounding areas on our web site (www.kenandchar.homepage.com) that you might want to check out. E-mail me if you want captions. (ken_daniels@sil.org)

TIMOTHY & LAUREL KIETZMAN
(KA, HC '77)
(e-mail)

We have arrived safely in Pakistan.
(kietzman@surfsouth.com)

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

We have moved from southeast Edmonton to northeast Edmonton as of May 1, 2000. This event marks a significant change in our lives, placing us near our church and community of ministry. Through the end of 1998 and into 1999,

Roy did contract work for several companies. The bulk of his work consisted of manual preparation—Policies & Procedure, Employee Handbooks, etc. In March, 1999, he began pastoring a church on the north side of Edmonton. He combined this half-time position with his human resources consulting until the church was able to hire him full time beginning March 1, 2000.

Ever since Roy began pastoring at DRBC we have sensed the difficulties of pastoring "from a distance." Through the first year of part-time ministry we made several attempts to move but were unable to for a variety of reasons. This move, though fraught with difficulties and apparent roadblocks, seems to have been ordained of God. He definitely worked miracles to provide this home which meets our needs so well in a lovely, established neighbourhood just 4 minutes from the church. Although settling in is a long, drawn-out process for us, the benefits of being close to the church are already being experienced.
(roynickel@aol.com)

STEVE SNYDER (EL '78)
(E-mail 3/21)

I finished high school and attended college and law school in the U.S. I've been married for 15 years and have 3 terrific kids (all with missionary and Bible names—including a son whose middle name is Bingham). I've been in the same church for 11 years. My law practice is successful. I have many close friends who never lived overseas. I feel like I "fit" in my country, state, town and smaller communities. Yet, *Simroots* and the sense of belonging I feel when I read it means more to me than just about anything else I read. I read each word of every issue, even when a given issue might barely even mention anyone I know. I never read an issue without shedding tears—mostly out of a sense of gratefulness for having been raised with our great heritage as SIM MKs and for being able to share that deep feeling with others—even "strangers"—who know what it is and understand it. This same sense of connection comes into play when we share the sorrows and challenges as well as the joys and successes. I love *Simroots* and thank God for those of you who do the work.

I returned to Liberia and ELWA (where I grew up) back in December—my first visit back since we left 27 years ago. (I had visited other places in Africa as an adult, but the wars and tensions had previously prevented me from returning to Liberia.) In a very personal way, the trip was monumentally important to me. It provided me with some of the most wonderful moments of my adult life. (SSnyder651@aol.com)

TIM BASCOM (BA, GS, RV '79)

My parents were with SIM from 1964 to 1969, then again from 1976 to 1979. I worked for David C. Cook Publishing training writers in developing countries which allowed me to return several times to Kenya and Ethiopia. Currently I teach English at Kansas State U. I'm at work on a memoir about the MK days. My wife is an Episcopal minister, and we have 2 boys: Connor (7) and Luke (3). [See Book Reviews]

80s

STEVEN & CHRISTINA (FREEMAN) GRAFE (BA '80)
(Janish 5/00)

Steve accepted a job at the National Anthropological Archives in Washington, DC. When they found that rental housing was nearly impossible to obtain, he accepted an appointment with the National Park Service. They've been living on the Outer Banks of N.C. Steve is curating the combined collections of the Cape

Hatteras National Seashore, the Wright Brothers National Memorial, and the Fort Raleigh National Historic Site. (*Grafe@fone.net*)

JANNA (WRIGHT) SCHREITER (BA '80)
(*Internet 3/00*)

I was so happy to hear there was an SIM web page. I've so often felt there was a huge part of my life missing because I've never been back to Ethiopia or kept in touch with the MKs I used to know. Now I can! Thank you for all your hard work! Chrissie Freeman, are you out there? Please e-mail me; I'd love to hear from you! (*jannareed@jps.net*)

DOUG STINSON (BA '80)
(*letter 4/00*)

He has been roving about these past months, from Malawi to Canada and then to Ethiopia in Dec. '99. He's been working on getting permission for his proposal for water work among the Borana and for his work permit. He is hoping to go into the Wato Wando area as soon as his permit comes through. It is a very remote area. Doug and others are committed to digging 2 hand-dug wells and rehabilitating 4 traditional wells. (*sim.eth@telecom.net.et*)

EDITH (MILLER) JOHNSON (BA, RV '84)
(*e-mail 7/26*)

I attended BA from '72 through '74 while my parents John and Helen Miller served in Ethiopia. I am married with 2 sons. David is almost 8 and Jonathan just turned 4. My husband Mike works for American Airlines while I drive a school bus. Jonathan is trying to master riding a bike without training wheels; David is getting ready to go into 2nd grade this fall. (*MRSEAGLE@aol.com*)

SUZANNE THARP (EL '84)
(*e-mail 6/00*)

I am married to David Tharp—will be 3 years in August. We have no kids—not able to. He is almost done with a Doctorate in Psychology, and he is also an ordained minister. I am currently the Interim Director of Rehab Services at our local hospital in Danville, IL. I am a Physical Therapist by degree. I have 3 wonderful nephews, and I love being an aunt. (*LauraSTharp@ProvenaHealth.com*)

90s

PATRICK & AIMEE (LONG) MCFARLAND (IC '91)
(*e-mail 4/00*)

Aimee and Pat joined SIM in October 1999. They are preparing to do Bible translation for the Mursi people in Ethiopia. They are also

expecting their first child early July. Aimee graduated from Houghton College, NY, in 1995. Received her Master's degree (so did Pat) from Dallas Theological Seminary and SIL in Biblical Exegesis and Linguistics. They were married Feb. 7, 1998. (*aimee.mcfarland@sim.org*)

REBECCA (LONG) ULRICH (IC '91)

Rebecca (Aimee's twin sister) graduated from Houghton in 1995. She married Marc Ulrich in June 1995 and welcomed their first child, Karis Elianna, on October 18, 1999. Marc is working on his PhD in physics at Auburn U., Auburn, AL. They have a ministry among Chinese graduate students. (*ulricmd@mail.auburn.edu*)

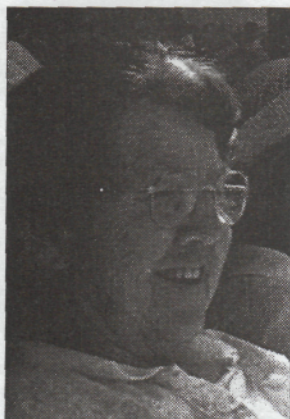
SHELLY DICK (RV, EL '92)
(*letter 4/00*)

Shelly is now doing studies in Green College, Oxford U., UK. She plans to do a 2-year M. Phil. degree.

Staff

MYR & CORAL GUY (KA)
(*Internet 3/00*)

Myr taught 6th grade in 1964-'65; 3rd grade in '65-'66; 2nd & 4th combination in '66-'67; & PE, Band & Bible in '67-'68. I, Coral, taught Music in all 9 grades. Our son Troy was born in Jos in Sept. 1967 and came to many music classes in his baby buggy. Tali was conceived in Nigeria and born in CA, Jan. 1969 on our furlough. Four of our 6 children attended KA: Trinka '73, Ty '75, Tina '76, and Tadd '77. Now we have 19 grandchildren, and we all live in California. Myr is Pastor of First Baptist Church, Willows, CA, and I am the Music Director. We surely appreciate *Simroots* and read every issue with interest! Myr returned to Nigeria in October 1999; had a good time visiting KA, Miango Rest Home, Miango town, Jos, and Kano, and teaching Bible courses to student pastors in Ikwa and Kaduna. (*CoralMyr@thegrid.net*)



Lura Bodwell (KA staff)

LURA BODWELL (KA)
(*letter 9/00*)

Just recently I had an invitation to return to KA to teach 1st grade while the present teacher goes on to further education.

FAMILY ALBUM

BRABAND

(*Campion 9/00*)

Kathy (KA, HC '69) keeps busy with her office job, does volunteer work with the deaf and blind, does massage therapy, and has a small support group that she leads. Jim is director of Shepherd's House, a Christian counseling center. Their first grandson was born to their son James and Stacey in April.

Bob (KA, HC '73) is busy with his auto glass business, plus church activities, and refereeing sports activities. Clare home schools 4 of their 5 children. Jodie, the oldest, is in University. Kyle and Reese are both involved in basketball. Molly loves horses and takes riding lessons. Trey, 7, loves to build or design things.

Karen (KA, HC '74) works at Central College in MN. Her daughter Miriam was married in March. Her son Aaron is doing well in sports and scholastically. Her husband is in the army.

COREY

(*Janish 2/00*)

Melodie (BA, EL '81) and Curt have 6-month-old twins.

Deb ('89) and Erich have Kyla (8 mo.).

Shari (BA, EL) and Bill are at Briercrest Bible College in SK. Bill is enjoying his music and worship training.

CUNNINGHAM

(*e-mail 5/00*)

Sam (BA '81) left BA at the end of 5th grade (1974) and now lives in Auckland, New Zealand, where he immigrated 13 years ago. He is self-employed and lives with his partner Harumi Tribble. (*sam@jambojambo.co.nz*)

I (Andrew) (BA '85) left BA at the end of 5th grade in 1978. I am married to Lorraine and live half an hour from Heathrow airport where I work for British Airways. Any alumni from Bingham who need a night stop when travelling through Heathrow, England, are welcome to stay. It would be great to catch up with friends. (*andrew.d.cunningham@british-airways.com*)

HAGERUP

(*mom's e-mail 6/00*)

Ben (IC '94) married Elizabeth Harms on Dec. 5, 1998. They work with Disciple Makers in

PA, a collegiate group.

Deanne (IC '96) [See congrats.]

Heidi (IC '97) will be a senior at Columbia International University in Columbia, SC, majoring in counseling.

KLOTZ

(Campion 9/00)

Mindy (KA, EL, WA '92) is in her 3rd year as a 6th grade teacher. She married Captain John Manuel on June 17. John graduated from Southwestern Seminary in Fort Worth. After the wedding they planned to travel to Ft. Jackson in Columbia, SC, for the summer as John attends Army Chaplain Officers Basic Course.

Brian is in his senior year. He'll graduate in Dec. 2000 after student teaching. This summer found him with a Student Mobilization project in Colorado and leadership training as a Shepherd Ministry intern and part of the John Brown U. summer recreation team.

LOSS

Vincent (AC, CC '94) attended kindergarten in West Seminole grade school in Columbia, SC, then 1st grade in Middleburg, PA, then 2nd through one-half of 6th grade at Carachipampa school, then Asuncion Christian Academy through graduation in 1994. He then attended the Scranton campus of Penn State U. for 2 years, then transferred to the main campus and studied until December. He still needs about 9 credits to graduate and is presently working in a cabinet factory to pay off debts. He is also helping to take care of his grandmother who lived alone before and who just had a heart valve implant. (dsnylvr23@aol.com)

Veronica (AC, CC '96) attended Carachipampa Christian School from 1983 to 1987, kindergarten through one-half year of 4th grade. She then attended Asuncion Christian Academy from 1987 to 1994, Moscow public high school (in PA) for one year, and then Asuncion Christian Academy for her senior year and graduation. She just finished her studies at Taylor U. in Upland, IN, and will officially graduate in May with high honors. She is presently working at the Christian student center at Ball State U. and is on a student trip with her husband Jonathan Coombs and 35 students to build 2 houses for poor families in Jaurez, Mexico. (jonathan_coombs@css.tayloru.edu)

MOTIS

(Janish 2/00)

Cathy (BA, EL '88) and Todd have 3 children.

Tim (BA, EL '87) and Paige are both busy with their work and studies at the U. of Florida in Gainesville.



HARDING FAMILY

(Each family is wearing a different color of shirt. Sorry they don't show up in black & white!)

Across back left: Bill & Grace with Drew, Ryan, Kara, Kyle

Back middle: Bill & Grace (parents)

Across the back right: Joe & Kay with Kristen, Kelly

Middle & front left: Don & Carol with Erin, Evan, Kirk, Brian

Front middle: David & Merrie with Dave, Leah, Merrie Grace

Back & front right: Steve & Gwen Smith with Blake, Jordan, Cameron, Leighton

NAGEL

(Janish 2/00)

Barry (BA) and Pamela have Alyssa (7) and Courtney (4).

Susan (BA '77) and Michael have Evan.

Stephen (BA '78) and Sally have Andrew (10), Beth (8), and Thomas (4½).

Dan (BA '84) and Kelly have Ryan (3½).

RATZLIFF

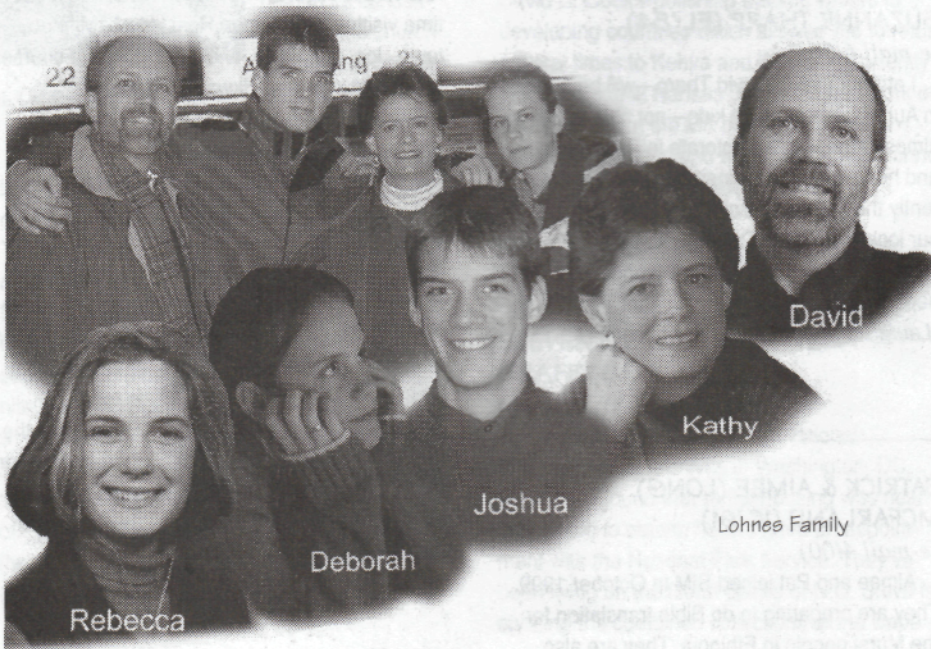
(letter 4/00)

Bob (BA '57) & Margaret (Ross). After leaving Ethiopia in 1975, we moved to Duncan, BC, where Bob pastored Bethel Baptist Church for 12 years. Our next move was to Briercrest Bible

College in Caronport, SK, where I taught Missions, Pastoral & OT for another 12 years. We are now back in pastoral ministry at Heritage Baptist Church in Yorkton, SK. My parents, Ed and Edna Ratzliff (missionaries to Ethiopia), continue to live in retirement in Abbotsford, BC.

Our son **Brian (BA '75)** lives in Seattle, WA, with his wife Traci and 2 of our grandkids, Emily and Peyton. They are active in University Presbyterian Church in Seattle. Brian works in computers and investment.

Barry (BA '75) has lived in Sapporo, Japan, for the last 9 years. He and his wife Kaori have blessed us with a grandson Saimon, and we





Arden and Helen Steele



Jonathan and
Monica Steele



Rodney and Annette
(Steele) Miller



David, Michelle, Grandma,
Annette and Rodney Steele

are expecting a fourth grandchild from Japan shortly. They are active in their Southern Baptist church, and Barry teaches in Sapporo International School and Little Tree English School.

REDEKOP

(Campion 9/00)

Murray (KA '75) & Diane are in the fruit-selling business and serve as elders in their church and with the AWANA program. The twins (13) are home schooled.

Mark (KA '77) has returned to Hillcrest to teach.

RUTT

(letter 4/00)

Dave & Carol recently retired from SIM and are currently residing in Tucson, AZ. They will live in Carol's home in Tucson 8 months out of the year, but during those hot summer months, they will live in Dave's home in Lancaster, PA.

Cindy (KA, HC '74), Jared, Bethany, Justin, Luke, and Joel continue to serve the Lord in Suriname, South America.

Sharon (KA, HC '76), Dan, Jennifer, Carrie, Shelly, and Nicole continue their ministry with New Tribes Mission in Senegal.

Mary Anna (KA, HC '79) continues to enjoy her job as secretary to the vice president at Lancaster Bible College. The whole family is looking forward to the summer of 2002 when everyone will be in the States at one time, Lord willing.

SANDERS

(Janish 5/00)

Dave (BA '85) drives a mail truck. He is married to Jeanne and has two daughters—Vanessa (11) and a baby girl, Paityn (15 mos.).

Virginia (Ginny) (BA '85) is married to Brad Haughton and lives in Boise, ID.
(Bragin99@aol.com)

SHAWS

(letter 5/00)

Carl (KA '73) lives in Moncton, NB. He and his wife, Natalie, are very active in their church and youth camp. They have 3 children.

Don (KA, HC '74) has just recently been

transferred by his oil company to Lagos, Nigeria. He and his wife, Linda, have 3 children. They are an active witness for the Lord wherever they are placed. Thus far, that has included Venezuela and Colombia.

Lorne (KA '77) and wife, Debbie, are presently serving in his parents' church as Minister of Christian Education.

Wayne (KA '80) and his wife, Sandra, are teachers in Toronto, ON.

VAN REKEN

(e-mail 7/17)

Ruth (Frame) (KA '63) and her hubby of 33 years, David, live in Indianapolis where Dave works as a pediatrician in an inner city clinic for Indiana U. Ruth particularly enjoyed meeting old 1st grade KA classmates in Dallas and hopes the numbers will grow in the next reunion. She says it's fun to get older! Her 3 kids are also MKs.

Sheri (EL '88) is married to Josh Underhill, and they have recently moved to Niles, MI, where Josh has taken a position as a pediatrician with the same group in which Bob Schindler works. Bob delivered Sheri in ELWA while Dave was there as a med student in

1970! Sheri finished her master's degree in piano pedagogy (teaching piano!) at Roosevelt U. and has been teaching in Wheaton College's pre-college music program for the last 6 years.

Rachel (EL '91) married Michael in 1993, and they spent 2 years in Ghana with Pioneers Mission setting up a music recording studio. Now they have begun their own ministry, One Way Ministries. Their vision is to develop "musicionaries" and others interested in using the arts in worship. They have two gorgeous kids, Hannah, 3, and Stephen, almost 2. They recently took a team to remote areas of Ghana to join with local pastors in outreach programs and on-site recording of African worship music.

Stephanie married Jonathan in 1998. Jon works as an architect while Stephanie has been teaching public school in the inner city of Indianapolis. On Christmas, 1999, they welcomed Natalie Ruth into their family, and Steph took a break from teaching. She is going to see how a half-time teaching job works in the fall. That's mostly to give Natalie's grandmas more chance to spoil her!



Rutt Wedding, May 31, 1997, Sharon (Rutt) Rabe (holding daughter Nicole), Dave Rutt (groom), Carol Edgar (bride), Mary Anna Rutt, Cynthia (Rutt) Jenkins

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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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steele@bo.net

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4020-58th Ave North
St. Petersburg, FL 33714
(727) 522-0522
RJDunk1@juno.com

SAHEL ACADEMY

www.sim.ne/sahel

SYMPATHIES TO THE FAMILIES OF

Pauline Teichroew, who died December, 1999.

Carol Green (1938 - January 8, 2000) who served in Bolivia, Liberia, Nigeria, and in the SIM Canada office.

Rev. Arthur Steltzer who died February 2, 2000, in Tifton, GA, of mesophelioma (cancer). After serving with SIM for 10 years in Igbaja and Egbe, Nigeria, he became a missionary with the Orthodox Presbyterian Church, serving in Ethiopia, Egypt, and Cyprus. After leaving the field, he pastored Lake Worth O.P.C. in Florida. He retired in 1999 and served as an interim pastor in Austin, TX, and New Orleans, LA.

Ralph Balisky (1925 - February 18, 2000) who spent most of his years in Nigeria at the Roni Boys' Home.

James Lucas who died on February 22, 2000. Jim served with SIM in Niger and Nigeria.

Al Nielsen who died March 17, 2000.

Willie Arthur Schmidt (BA staff) (February 2, 1912 - March 26, 2000). While in Ethiopia Bill built residences, hospitals, clinics, schools, and leprosariums. He also renovated the SIM headquarters, built most of the early buildings at Bingham Academy and many other places. A natural love of hunting took him to out-of-the-way places or just around the corner. Sometimes it was baboons that were stealing the farmers crops. Then it would be hyenas that were becoming bold enough to steal a child from out of a home. Or it would be an Egyptian goose, an antelope, guinea fowl, or the best of all, a wart hog which would be used for their meat supply. The mention of the word "games" would lead to evenings of "42" or Rook. Finally, after several months of station and house arrest during the Communist regime they escaped back to Addis Ababa and returned to Canada. Because of his wife Helen's health, they semi-retired in Abbotsford.

continued on page 27

Lloyd Stinson (BA Staff) died July 5, 2000.

Alice Glerum died July 9, 2000.

Frank Goertz died August 22, 2000.

Gertrude Meadows (KA staff) died October 31, 1999, at the age of 91. She had taught school for over 50 years!



Gertrude Meadows

From KA NEWS, Jan. 1962

Mrs. Gertrude Meadows, our newest member of the staff, says: A life lived for the Lord is never dull. In 1949 I told the Lord I would go and do whatever He had for me to do. This decision was made after nineteen years of teaching in the public schools of Mississippi, USA.

The first thing I had to do then was to get Bible training; and so I went to Seminary, where I met my husband. After we were married, I completed work on my master's degree in religious education and also a master's degree in education.

My husband taught psychology in various colleges, and I taught in Christian elementary schools until 1957, when we moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Dr. Meadows headed the Department of Psychology at Tennessee Temple College, and I taught first grade in the elementary school there. We were very happy in this great school and also in the Highland Park Baptist Church.

Soon after my husband went to be with the Lord in October, 1959, I learned of the very great need for teachers on the mission field. I told the Lord that I would be happy to go if He could use me there. Inside of two years I was out in Nigeria, teaching missionaries' children at Kent Academy.

I am very happy here; but when I think of the reason for my being here, I am disturbed. I am here, at the age of 52, because there are not nearly enough young people coming to the mission field to teach. Everywhere I see the need for well-educated, dedicated people—teachers, doctors, nurses, lab technicians, printers, talented personnel for radio work.

There is no happiness like the happiness of the perfect will of God. My work at Kent Academy is pleasant. The children are lovely, and I find fewer problems in this classroom than I had in the States. I am thankful to the Lord for allowing me to share in this great work.

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Frank Goertz who sent \$50 in honor of his wife Neva.

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