

# SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

SPRING 2001

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 1

Produced by SIM (AEF, AEM, ICF and SIM) MKs, for SIM adult MKs and their caregivers

## "MKs Is Us"

### Confessions of an SIM Director and Parent

by W. Harold Fuller (HaroldFullerSIM@cs.com)

"I know how you must have felt," I recently told an SIM MK—now a successful businessman. He had just told me about his childhood as an MK.

"I wish someone had told me that a long time ago!" he replied with tears. And I wept with him.

I'm an MK myself but was raised in the culture of my era, when one didn't readily show emotion. So with our own children, when we left them at the mission boarding school, we hid our tears until we drove away. Then my wife bawled all the way home, and I cried inside.

Years later, our daughter was surprised to hear that. "Why didn't you tell me you cried when you left?" she asked. "A lot of kids thought parents left us at boarding school so they could hurry back to the station and do their work!"

So here goes—I'll let my hair down and confess that parents and mission administrators often did hurt for MKs, and they also had their own hurts.

When we left our kids at boarding school, we rationalized our stoicism to protect our kids from feeling the pain of separation even more. And we had some basis for that. We knew a family who wept over their children and told them how sorry they were to send them away—but their kids had the hardest time at home and at school.



Harold and Lorna Fuller

This is part of the quandary of parents—finding the balance. The parents' own relationship to each other, to their children, and to life is the best preparation for boarding school. Another family we knew lived on the edge of the desert, completely isolated. When their kids had to leave for boarding school hundreds of miles away, they were among the best-adjusted children we've ever seen—and today they are well-established parents with beautiful families.

However, every family and every child is different, and the factors are too numerous to qualify anyone to pontificate about "the model family for raising MKs." (I'm so glad that now our

Mission provides a variety of schooling models to allow for those differences.)

Not only did we have MKs of our own, but we also were in administration. Did that ever complicate life! A staffer told our son that the way he walked showed he was proud he was the Director's son! Actually, I tried to pass on my military posture (head up, shoulders back) to our kids because I felt it was healthful. Although our son respected and loved me, he didn't especially appreciate being known at school as the Director's son—and I understood why. He needed to be accepted simply as one of the students. Besides, the other kids looked upon me, SIM Area

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<http://simroots.sim.org>  
[simroots@sim.org](mailto:simroots@sim.org)



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**SIMROOTS**  
c/o SIM International  
P.O. Box 7900  
Charlotte, NC 28241  
USA  
704-588-4300  
postmaster@simusa.sim.org

**SIMROOTS**  
c/o SIM Canada  
10 Huntingdale Blvd.  
Scarborough, ON M1W 2S5  
Canada  
416-497-2424  
postmast@sim.ca

**Please send correspondence to:**

<b>EDITOR</b> Karen Keegan 222 Hyle Avenue Murfreesboro, TN 37128 (615) 895-9011 simroots@sim.org	<b>LAYOUT</b> Grace Swanson 1565 Gascony Road Encinitas, CA 92024 (619) 942-6109 swanson121@home.com
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<b>ASSISTANT EDITOR</b> Dan Elyea fsiyfr@okeechobee.com	<b>WEB PAGE</b> Elizabeth Quinn lizard@inr.net
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**Remember to put year of high school graduation and school(s) on all correspondence to *Simroots*.**

*MKs Is Us continued from page 1*

Director, as the bad guy who made them keep all the rules. The children of most parents who were station heads or teachers or school administrators faced the same tensions.

Complicating administration was the fact that the best of parents weren't always the right ones to manage a school of kids or a hostel of teens. Face it—if you're a parent of teens now, you can understand. In Council we sometimes discovered, too late, that we made mistakes in placing good people in roles they weren't equipped for. We always gave thanks for those who could cope, and for the faithfulness of those we unfairly placed. But we often hurt for the latter and for their charges. In a mission you just can't phone up an agency and specify ideal qualifications. That's why we developed our own in-service management courses. One session dealt with recognizing personality differences.

As we tried to understand MK tensions, we also noticed the frustrations of parents whose kids came home from boarding school with "alien" culture. I remember telling German parents I understood their concerns about their kids' losing their native language and other culture at boarding school. I shared with them how quickly our own Canadian kids picked up American slang and accent. (It blew their minds

that there was any difference!) Those parents later took up residence in the USA because of their children's newly acquired linguistic culture. Language and expression are very precious, and seeing one's kids lose that cultural heritage can be part of parental missionary sacrifice. In this case, it's the parents, not the kids, who hurt inside.

But we also understood that sometimes entire families were hurting. One of the hardest tasks I faced was having to tell a dedicated missionary father to go back to his homeland and not return until he'd put his family together. Wow! That didn't sound like missionary recruitment! But I knew that his family was more important than his ministry. His kids were the future.

How did we as parents and administrators feel about the plethora of rules MKs faced? We realized that most were simply good sense and necessary for the welfare of the students. Others represented the views of a wide variety of parental background and staff opinions. A few rules persisted from a previous era. We in administration didn't want to "micro-manage" the schools and hostels, even though "the buck" stopped at our desks. At times, staff asked for our advice. Occasionally we'd voice an opinion about an unnecessary (in our view) custom, such as boys wearing suit coats and ties Sunday mornings, even in the hot season. We were pleased when they were allowed to come in shirtsleeves.

Most of the staff acted as loving surrogate parents and sacrificed much to soften the trauma of separations. But there were one or two with harsh attitudes—we usually discovered too late. I think of a single house parent who was particularly tough on the kids (he thought for their benefit), but who radically changed after he married, re-stationed, and had to see his own little boy head off to boarding school.

Making sure schools and hostels ran smoothly was priority, of course. But the students never knew other concerns the staff and administration spent a lot of time on—staffing and academic requirements; palavers with the government over visas; local village complications; food and water supplies; security problems during periods of political unrest; health threats (e.g., Lassa Fever); and even criticism from separatist home churches.

An ongoing debate was how much to protect MKs from the "outside world." We worried about reports (common to all missions) of MKs forsaking their godly upbringing, and following the ways of the world upon arrival at home. A visiting conference speaker told me that a universal problem children of pastors and missionaries face is "sophistication of Bible knowledge without processing that knowledge in the context of their society." The debate continues—

how to combine the two?

Saddest responsibility? The Mission cemetery was beside the school. In the presence of vulnerable children far away from their parents, I had to lead a funeral service for the father of one of the students. At the same site I also buried the students' favorite medical doctor—who had delivered many of those now weeping at her graveside.

Was it worth it all? In most ways, yes—in spite of inevitable problems. Serial separations weren't easy for children or parents, but, helped by loving parents and superb staff, most MKs processed the trauma well. Many today lead in their professions as a result of standards of excellence established during boarding school years.

As to my personal attitude—each day, arriving home, I breathed a prayer at the back door: "Lord, help me now to be just Dad—not the Director." Maybe I overdid it one Saturday afternoon as I awoke from a siesta. Hearing my son in the next room, I got down on all fours, hair bedraggled, and barked like our dog as I nosed the door open. Too late, I discovered he'd brought home a couple of friends from another hostel! (I don't know if he ever admitted to his teen friends that I was his father, let alone the Area Director!)

I needn't have told you these things, because as MKs you already knew that some of us adults had our own problems, while others were problem solvers. I just wanted to share with you that as parents and administrators we often hurt for you and our mission family.

But talking about understanding hurts, back to the MK-cum businessman. As Director, I knew his background circumstances. I felt for him and talked with him at the time, but I'm sorry that neither I nor others got across to him that we understood what he was going through as the teen son of someone "in charge." I'm just thankful that along the way he met God and God met his need.

*Thank you, Jesus, that You understand what I'm going through, because there was no human emotion that You didn't experience for our sakes.*

*W. Harold Fuller's parents pioneered as missionaries from Britain among settlers and loggers in the Canadian West. Harold and his wife Lorna served as missionaries in West Africa; their two children attended Kent Academy and Hillcrest. Harold was editor-in-chief of Africa's mass circulation magazine, African Challenge, before becoming Deputy Director for West Africa, Director for Nigeria and Ghana, and eventually Deputy General Director. Harold and Lorna now live in Toronto, Canada, where they enjoy a retirement writing ministry and grandparenting.*





Dear Karen,

Thank you for another very full, graphic, and interesting-grabbing issue of *Simroots*! My only complaint is against Macular Degeneration which one in every four over-sixty-fivers struggle with. The type on the back cover is great, but inside I strain to read anything but the headings. Oh, the joy of "Eighty-itis!"

Ruth Jacobson

Dear Karen,

In the fall of issue of *Simroots*, p. 18, I think I can identify some of the KA kids, as they were also Gowans Homers for a time.

**Back:** (second from left) Elsie, not Elise

(third from left) Angus Kirk

(first on right) Colin McDougall (not Don)

**Third row:** (third from left) Don McDougall

(fifth from left) Wally Morris

**Second row:** (third from right) Bob Morris

You'll be glad to know that I was able to get off a shipment of books and library materials to KA this month. During my 7-week trip to Nigeria (in April and May 2000), I helped in the KA library for a week and saw the need for new books. With the financial help of several friends, I was able to purchase over a hundred books, and they have gone off from the SIM office in Toronto. I am in the business, now, of purchasing more books, as the first consignment was just a drop in the bucket. Would anyone like to contribute toward the financial cost?

Esther McGibbon

36 Maida Vale Ave.

Toronto, ON M1K 2X9

Canada

Dear Karen,

I don't think I've ever written to *Simroots* before, but I want to let you know how much I appreciate it! Since I was only an SIM MK till age 10, I often feel like I don't belong; but my heart tells me that those are my real roots and I do belong. I read each issue cover to cover, even though I only remember a few names. I loved seeing pictures of my class in a recent issue, even though it was taken about a month before I arrived at KA, so I'm not in the picture! I really appreciate the articles, and usually keep them on file. I collect everything I can find about MKs and MK issues, education, care, etc. I am an MK teacher in The Gambia, W. Africa, and have three MKs of my own. I love the stories because they re-awaken so many memories that I have.

Thanks,

Natalie (Hall) Wilkins



Dear Readers,

Nancy (Hall) DeValve wrote the following to me recently:

I have a question I've always wondered about. Perhaps it is a rhetorical question and can't be answered. But, I've often wondered why most of the letters, articles, comments, etc. are from the '50s, '60s, and '70s [year of high school graduation]. Do the late '80s and '90s group not need this forum? Or will they when they hit middle age?

An excellent question, Nancy, that's been asked before. Yes, I think there is a logical answer. You are partially right. When we MKs return to our passport country, we are off and running but still keeping in touch with classmates. But time begins to separate, we lose track of each other, and then middle age issues bring back the memories. It's a natural process.

Another fact is that some schools, like KA, have fewer and fewer SIM kids attending, so there just aren't many grads coming along behind. The next issue is that the more recent generation has many more options. A kid who is home schooled may not have as many classmates to reconnect with. Or if he attended a non-SIM school, he doesn't feel much connection with boarding school students who write in. Also, I can't prove it, but I think we lost contact with the 80's and 90's. They have not sent in their current addresses, and there was no one actively pursuing them. I'm working toward that goal of reconnecting, but it's a long, tedious process to get people to respond. E-mail has been a huge boon in this area, and now my work has multiplied!

And finally, after having read through over 300 AMK Task Force questionnaires, I'm convinced that many of our MK "issues" are boarding school related. We've tried to prove it wasn't so—after all, look at all us happy MKs who attended boarding school (myself included). It was a shock to my system at the first reunion 20 years ago to find out not everyone felt the same as I did about KA. I loved it there. That isn't to say that a kid who stayed home doesn't have

potential problems, but at least they're not related to separation from parents. And of course there are many factors as to why one child will thrive and another not: personality, home life, parents, location, etc. Choice seems to be a biggie. For instance, you decided / made a choice along with your kids what was best for them—what they wanted. They know they can go or stay. In our generation there was a stigma involved with staying home: "They can't cut it at boarding school. What a baby," etc. I could go on and on, but maybe this will help answer your question.

In closing, I'd like to introduce to our readers Dan Elyea (KA, HC '59), who has agreed to take on the title of Assistant Editor. He has spent hundreds of hours researching, editing, and providing valuable assistance to the *Simroots*' team. Here is his response to Nancy's question:

If you overview through the years of *Simroots* issues, you'll find that the participation and response in there comes overwhelmingly from the '60s, '70s, and '80s folks.

Quite possibly, one factor accounting for modest response from the '90s group is that they number much fewer than the '60s-'70s-'80s MKs. Also, they may have been less connected prior to graduation because of home-schooling and national schooling and day-schooling coming into greater prominence.

As for those graduated prior to 1960, they tended to have longer separations from their parents and relatives than more recently graduated MKs, and avenues of communication were much more limited. Some of the pre-1960 bunch spent little, if any, of their high school years on the field, so they may not have made peer connections of the same intensity as those who spent more years together. Throw in the factor of having been raised in more conservative times, and you may deduce a group with plenty of TCK/MK issues, but who find it difficult (inappropriate) to "open up" in a forum like *Simroots*.

Anyone else have any thoughts on this?

*Sai an jima* (until a little while),

Karen Keegan and Dan Elyea



(c. 1973) Jane Jackson and Doug Hall (?) bound together on "slave day."

Submitted by Tim Geysbeek





# Open Dialogue



## Letter to Herrs

From Jim and Elaine Goertz (KA '68)

(Goertz@integrityonline.com)

Feb. 5, 2001

Dear Uncle John and Aunt Pauline,

I've always wanted to write to you and thank you for all you have done for me over the years. At KA you were my parents along with Aunt Beulah. Some of the verses I learned and which are my favorites are the ones I learned in Uncle John's Bible class (Romans 12:1, 2 and Micah 6:8). You also taught us to iron our pants, shine our shoes and clean our rooms. Sure was fun on Saturdays when we went down to the river for a load of sand. Later in Portland you were always so kind and generous when I was going through school. Your many years serving the Lord in Nigeria and Oregon are a blessing to me and many others.

As you know, my folks are now both in heaven. What a joy to know of the reunion we can experi-

ence some day. Elaine and I are busy raising Jon (18), Jeff (15), and Jacob (11). Jon may go to Western Baptist in Salem. All our boys go to N. Clackamas Christian School.

.....

## Open Letter from Uncle John and Aunt Pauline Herr

*John and Beulah Herr came to KA in 1958 to cover the furlough of house parents Paul and Gerry Craig. When the Craigs returned in 1959, the Herrs moved to the Boys' Dorm. Beulah passed away in May of 1960. John went home on furlough and subsequently married Pauline Grant (who had been at KA since 1954). In the fall of 1961, after putting the girls in Ben Lippen, John and Pauline returned to KA. In 1965 they returned to the States where John served as Northwest Area Director for SIM until 1989. John and Pauline now live at the SIM retirement center in Carlsbad, CA.*

Dear Adult MKs,

Our days at KA were filled mostly with happy memories, for we were sure that God had called us and placed us there. We loved each of you dearly and you were special to us. We had a real desire to please God and were sure that with God's help, we would contribute to the shaping and molding of your lives. We knew that we could not be your parents, but by caring for each of you we tried to be a help to them in their work on the stations. We tried to do our very best with you and constantly asked God for wisdom and help.

Most of you had good experiences at KA and have grown into beautiful people, coping with the normal hard places of life. There were a few with bad attitudes that made it hard for themselves and the staff. There were some things that were just plain childishness and "kid stuff" that we could cope with and laugh at with you. But other attitudes of rejection of authority and of disobedience—those required consequences. This is the reality of life. Being chronically understaffed increased the diffi-

From "Kent Academy News"  
No. 6, December 1960, p. 3

## BEULAH LUCILLE HERR

Beulah Lucille Herr came to Kent Academy at Christmastime, 1958. Because she was the daughter of mission-



aries in Hawaii, Beulah had a particular insight into the problems of a missionary child. Her outstanding capacity for mothering other people's children turned the boys' dorm into a real home. On May 31, 1960, Beulah was in an automobile accident 20 miles from Miango, and went to be with the Lord at the age of 33. Her husband, John, and their three children, Kathy, Dorothy, and Bill are now on furlough in California. To Beulah, whose life among us was "a sweet savor of Christ," the Kent Academy staff and students wish to pay a loving tribute.



Pauline and John Herr



The Herr family

Left to right: Bill, Dorothy, Pauline, Kathy, John

culty and the stress of ministering to a wide spectrum of ages and personalities of 240 MKs. There was hardly a night that went by that we were not aroused to make sure that you were OK and everything was under control.

**It hurts deeply to hear of some who have deep hurts leading to anger and bitterness. We are so sorry that we may have contributed to these hurts by what we have done or said. You were all very dear to us, each one.**

It would be so nice to get reacquainted with you. You have grown to become beautiful people, and we are proud of you and count it a privilege to have had a part in your lives.

Why not call or drop us a line and let us know how God has led you and what God has done for you and how He is leading and guiding in your life. We are still vitally interested in you as persons and what God has done for you.

We love you,

John and Pauline Herr  
1432 Sweetbriar Circle  
Carlsbad, CA 92009  
760-438-1869  
(jandpherr1@juno.com)



## What Does God Require?

by Nancy (Hall) DeValve (KA, SA '77)  
(Mksrus1@cs.com)

I just read the open letter from Dr. Zimmerman [Vol. 17 #2]. My first reaction was to feel very defensive. I know there are MKs who would describe themselves as Dr. Zimmerman did. But I know not all MKs would fit this description. I am an MK, I've taught MKs, I am the parent of MKs, and I'm married to an MK. My husband and I are missionaries with SIM, and we know many, many MKs, both young ones and adults. Probably most of them would not fit this description. (I know that if I were one of the MKs Dr. Zimmerman described, I would probably know more MKs that are like me than who aren't. We tend to know and be attracted to people who are similar to ourselves.)

We who are missionaries (at least those who are with SIM) are very concerned about the upbringing of our children. We are given the freedom to choose the best educational option for our children, and we often find that what works for one child doesn't work for another. For example, one of our children has been at boarding school while we homeschooled the other one. Both were homeschooled for a while, and probably both will go to boarding school eventually. Right now while we are on home assignment, both are in public schools. We have other friends, for example, who homeschool on the field, but while on home assignment, some of their children are in public school and some in Christian school.

I would also like to say that I cannot think of any families in SIM on our field (I can't speak for any other field or mission) who put their ministry before their children. (We have been accused by one church of abdicating our parental responsibilities and putting ministry first, but we feel that we've been misunderstood.) I think the majority try to involve their children in their ministry and let it be known to their children when it comes down to making a choice between family and ministry, the needs of their kids come first. Those who put ministry first would be the exception, at least on our field.

That is why when I read this letter, I kept looking for a date (there was none that I could find) to see if this was an old letter found in archives somewhere. [editor's note: 2000] I couldn't believe that there are still missionaries today who "put the work of missions first, and the family is dragged along. . . . How do we reconcile the neglect of children on the mission field?" Obviously, some missionaries must treat their children in this way, because I don't believe Dr. Zimmerman would make this up. I may be naive, but based on my experience as a missionary and an MK teacher in Nigeria and Niger, I just don't see this being done. I know none of us are perfect parents and none of us have perfect kids, but I think the majority of us are seeking, before God, to raise our children in a way that does not leave them angry, bitter, and cynical, or unable to cope in their own passport country. I'm grateful to a mission board that

allows us freedom in the educational process, in our schedules, etc., and who provides us with great resources to help in raising cross-cultural kids who adapt well to various situations. I'm also pleased to see the ministry of reconciliation SIM has undertaken with those MKs who had painful experiences.

My children are still young, so who knows what they will be like as adults? But if I thought it was guaranteed that they would be as Dr. Zimmerman described, I would probably just pack my bags and go home.

I'm also wondering if the percentage of MKs who don't walk with the Lord is any higher than that of kids who grow up in "ordinary" Christian families here in the States. Are there really more MKs with problems than there are "ordinary kids"? I doubt it.

Satan would like to see us leave the field, and he will try anything to make us leave, including attacking our children. But I find comfort in remembering that God, in His sovereignty, will not let anything happen to me that is not first sifted through His fingers of love. I try to focus on what God is doing and what He is making of me instead of on Satan's attacks. My Sovereign God reigns!

## Becky's Enlarged View:

### A Blessed 3C kid

by Rebecca R. Faber (AEF, RVA '78)  
(bobfaber@att.net)

*The Joneses, Becky's grandparents, were missionaries in Quito; her parents, the Wenningers, are in Africa with SIM; Fabers are in Bulgaria with SEND, Int'l. Becky and Bob have a 14-year-old boy and an 11-year-old girl.*

I feel thankful to Dr. Zimmerman and others who are concerned about MKs and their busy parents. I wish to point out, however, that the issue is not one isolated to MKs. The discussion of MKs may be well served by an enlarged perspective. Families in all walks of life struggle with time management and experience pain due to absences. As a teacher, corporate wife, writer, and missionary, I have not seen a vast difference in how various social groups experience these.

I am also an MK. I know the pain of being far from home at boarding school. Since my mom and dad still live in Zambia, I remain separated from them by time and distance. I am secure in their love, however, more than many non-missionary families can claim.

It is kind and good of Dr. Z and others to sensitively consider the difficulties facing children whose parents are too busy to give them attention, travel a great deal or endure long separations. This reality creates genuine suffering, and many families carry scars. Their interest is well placed.

My concern is that the pendulum of fashion has swung too far. It bothers me to have missionary families singled out as special cases. These problems are not peculiar to missionary life. They are symptoms

of our age, pervasive in society, and should be treated as such. They manifest themselves a little bit differently in each environment, but are everywhere.

In previous decades, in fact for almost two centuries, mission leadership (and parents themselves) gave too little consideration to the unusual trials their life choices would bring upon their kids. They oversimplified things. Their motto was "keep a stiff upper lip" and "God will take care of my children." Actually, God did, He does, and He will. Years ago, the discussion of MKs was brief, filled with faith, overly positive, and lacked a nuanced approach. They were wrong not to care more, but as products of their era, their values mirrored that time and day.

The fashion now seems to be at the other extreme. Perhaps we are products of our era and time also. We seem to lack faith (and a view of the long-term good), favoring negative, traumatic stories centered on minute and over-personalized views. We are too particular. Too specialized. Children who grow up in multiple cultures seem to be in the spotlight, intensely analyzed, with the intricacies of MKs' special needs categorized and dissected to the Nth degree. We have slipped from one outer edge to the other. I feel there is a lack of balance in the discussion of MKs' and 3CKs' (Third Culture Kids) lives, and many articles seem overlaid with either scolding or defensive tones. Lack of parental attention and love creates hurting children, whatever the parents' profession. Neglect of one's family is a tragedy wherever it occurs. This is not something singular to the MK life.

Most striking, the positive side of our colorful MK life is often omitted, ignored. Where is the gain, which came to us with the pain? What about the considerable assets, lodged deep inside every Third Culture child? Openness, sensitivity, flexibility, tolerance of ambiguity, a sense of adventure. These are integrally linked to the hardships we suffered, and I cherish each trait. Can't we be sympathetic, but also recognize the vibrancy of MKs, their unusual blessings and extraordinary character?

The emphasis now is on giving MKs room to ventilate, space to express whatever anger, sadness, pain, frustration, and abandonment each one feels. Offering up emotions brings relief and a sense of validation. We give permission, allow MKs to feel heard, say that their opinions are worth something. This is good and compassionate. Absolutely, we must humbly admit our failures as missionaries and as families, and carefully evaluate where we can change. It's critical that we assess areas where mission boards need to adjust their policies and ways missionary parents can do better. It is wrong, however, to spend limitless time on self-analysis and (as parents or as organizations) self-flagellation. This is not productive. It ends in self-pity and feeds into a small, self-centered world.

In grief work, a useful principle is to widen the lens. See our sorrow from an eagle-eyed view, higher and farther away. Myopic vision aggrandizes pain; it does not help us. We need broader sights to give us



hope. There are similar families out in the secular world, with whom we can relate. Comparing our pain to that of other children who suffered for completely different reasons increases our ability to offer compassion, ask questions and find answers.

These are not easy topics. Why do many missionary families have unhappy, disbelieving children well into their adult years? Is the whole system flawed? Perhaps. Should we change our expectations for our missionary families and lighten the load, so they can serve their children better? Maybe. Hard questions need to be asked. In time, good suggestions will come in response.

One thing is sure. We have in scripture a clear picture of a missionary God, the one who sends. If the idea is originally His, then the response from hearts of love and gratitude is to go. To be sent. If we are married and have kids, then they too leave their homeland. After all, Jesus was the ultimate MK. He lived in an alien land, endured mockery, struggled with feelings of homelessness and isolation. He was abandoned, perennially misunderstood, broken by the pain of His life (on earth). Jesus lives in our sorrow. The best we can do, must do, is take our grief and run inside, run into the fortress of His love.

We cannot stay fixated on the human aspects of pain and failure. If we do, we miss Christ's view of us as MKs, parents, and Christians. Ours is the choice. How do we receive what God gives us, what He allows to happen to us? Living inside of His delight does not exempt us from trials and storms. But beside the sorrow, there will also be, deep in our hearts, awareness of His closeness and His pleasure in us. We will know Him. The beloved will know His love. Lastly, His great faithfulness, it is promised, will fall onto the up-coming generation. There we rest. God is with us..

### Response to Dr. Zimmerman

Dave Hodges (KA, HC '67)

Dave and his wife Rosalie (also an MK) are currently serving at the SIM Canada Guesthouse. (hodges@arvotek.net)

I want to reply to Dr. Zimmerman's article in Open Dialogue in the Fall 2000 issue of *Simroots* Vol. 17 No. 2. At the end of his article he said, "I'm really searching for an answer." Well I don't pretend to have THE answer to this heavily debated issue of balancing ministry and family needs. This issue has been debated for years by both SIM missionary parents and MKs—each of which argue both sides. I merely



Dave & Rosalie Hodges, Jordan & Tracy, Jon & Shannon Mirich

want to share some of my thoughts and experiences and what I have learned along my journey.

First off, I don't believe there needs to be a ministry-first OR children-first issue. I believe sincerely that there needs to be a God-first issue, and He helps us to sort out the right balance between the other two. God knows our situation and our children, and He loves them and cares for them even more than we as parents. I really believe this.

I have heard that a certain Christian family ministry has criticized mission personnel who "abandon" their children in order to do their ministry. Certainly some parents have put their work first and have not given enough time for their family. But that is not a unique problem of mission personnel. That happens in many cases with families in Western countries where the father works too many hours to spend much quality time with children. Also in many families both parents work, and the children do not see much of either parent.

I like what Henry Blackaby says in his *Experiencing God* book.

- "God's invitation for you to work with Him always leads you to a crisis of belief that requires faith and action." This crisis occurs because what God wants us to do is God-sized. We can't do it on our own. So the crisis is: do we trust and obey God or go our own way?

- "You must make major adjustments in your life to join God in what He is doing." On page 137 of the student manual of his book he talks about the cost to his family of doing God's will. He says, "I have heard many people of God say, 'I really think God is calling me; but, after all, my children need me. I can't put my family through that.' Well, your children do need your care. But, do you suppose that if you were to respond obediently to the activity of God, He would have a way to take care of your children? We did."

He goes on. "We believe that God would honor our obedience to Him. We believed the God who called us would show us how to rear our children. We came to believe that the heavenly Father, who loves His servants, could take better care of our children than we ever could. We believed that God would show us how to relate to our children in a way that would make up for the lost time with them. Now, I could not let that become an excuse for neglecting my family. But when I was obeying the Father, I could trust Him to care for my family." He goes on to show how God worked in his family and concludes:

"Now, all five of our children sense God's call to vocational ministry or mission work. Only God could have done such a beautiful work with our children. I want you to know that you can trust God with your family! I would rather entrust my family to God's care than to any one else in the whole world."

I say AMEN to all of the above. This has been my experience growing up in Nigeria in a single-parent home in Nigeria. These verses are so true of what happened to me as an MK as well as a parent (along with my wife Rosalie) of two MKs. Luke 18:29 NLB says, "Jesus replied, 'I assure you, everyone who has given up house or spouse or siblings or parents or children, for the sake of the Kingdom of God, will be repaid many times over in this life, as well as receiving eternal life in the world to come.'" And see Luke 14:25-35 (especially 14:26): "Jesus said, 'If you want to be My follower, you must love Me more than your own father and mother, spouse and children, brothers and sisters—yes, more than your own life. Otherwise you cannot be my disciple. And you cannot be my disciple if you do not carry your own cross and follow me.'" And 14:33. "No one can become my disciple without giving up everything for me."

When our family went to Ethiopia in 1987, our son Jordan was going into grade 8 at Bingham Academy, and our daughter Shannon was going into grade 4. Jordan especially did not want to go to Ethiopia. We prayed a lot about taking our kids away from their comfort zones in Canada and the separations we would face as they went to high school in Kenya. It was hard for all of us. But by the time both of our kids graduated from Rift Valley, they had a very positive experience. Jordan said, "Mom and Dad, that (experience) was the most wonderful thing you could have ever done for me." We had tears in our eyes at how God had worked in our kids' lives. And Shannon found her husband at RVA! What a blessing!



I have found that as an MK and as a parent of MKs that God my Father has always provided whatever is "missing" in my life. He has richly blessed me in many relationships with mission family "parents," high school and Bible college friends, my own family and extended family, church family friends and many others. I thank God for people like Paul and Gerry Craig who started Kent Academy to help MKs be on the field with their parents and for Jack and Dorothy Phillips who cared for me, and for my dear mother who taught and loved many MKs for many years at Kent Academy. May God bring rich blessing on them for being obedient to God and for their sacrificial and loving ministry to precious MKs!

Rosalie's additional comments: Each child is unique. One child may be more independent and do better away from home; another child may be more dependent on parents. We need to take into account the differences of each child and provide the security that each one needs. Talk to your kids. Get their input. If they say you are spending too much time in ministry, listen to them!

## CONGRATULATIONS

### Births

Kyle James was born on Aug. 31, 2000, and adopted on Sept. 1 by **Lee & Michelle (Unruh) Sonius (EL, BA '78, '82)**.

Natalie Ruth Eriksen was born on Dec. 25, 1999, to **Jonathan & Stephanie (Van Reken) Eriksen (EL '92)**.

Joel Daniel was born Oct. 23, 2000, to **Helene & Chris (Warkentin) Zoolkoski (KA, HC, SA '76)**. Elisheva and Zeb are siblings.

Alyssa was born Dec. 16, 2000, to **Chris & Carleen (Winsor) Evans (KA, SA '91, '93)**.

Karissa Elizabeth was born Jan. 19, 2001, to **Kevin (EL, IC '90) & Michelle Bliss**.

Morgan Stilson was born on Jan. 26, 2001, to **Chad & Amanda Winsor (KA '88)**.

Jack Eldon Tolar IV was born on Feb. 6, 2001, to **Jay & Heidi Tolar (HC '84, '87)**.

### Weddings

**Sharon Power (KA, RV '92)** and **Egon Scherwitzel** were wed on Jan. 20, 2001, at Happy Valley Baptist Church in Adelaide, South Australia.

**Susan Lochstampfor (KA '78)** was married in May 2000, to Dan Smith.

# AMK Task Force Questionnaire

*Last year we sent out questionnaires to our USA readers regarding their experiences on the mission field. Following are a few of the responses submitted. (Printed with permission)*

## QUESTION #15

*Do you have concerns, angers, fears, unfinished business which needs to be addressed?*

### Jim Eitzen (KA, HC '65)

While I feel I was very blessed with my upbringing, and the older I get the more grateful I am for the independence and varied experiences, I can still feel the tug of isolation. It is more the Psych textbook descriptions of "Free-Floating Anxiety." I think we MKs have the equivalent of "Free-Floating Isolation" which results in the view that we never really fit in, and this manifests itself into the "Inability to Commit" with any degree of conviction. Personally, I can remember "trailing" the protest marches at the university as a fascinated observer, but feeling I never could join into the revelry or organizations. Today in business situations, I am regarded somewhat as an outsider still, by not really "getting into the organization." The PLUS side of this situation is that I do believe I am a much stronger, independent thinking and acting individual.

## QUESTION #17

*What other factors specifically from your MK background significantly impacted your life in positive or negative ways?*

### Jim

Independence, variety, strength in convictions, good education—just some of the many pluses to come out of the background we MKs shared. While there was strict, and sometimes harsh, discipline, I can see where in a large institution it was necessary—even though the individuals responsible for this discipline may not have been monitored as closely as the "kids." The one real regret from this experience is that we were never really told/tutored/educated/shown, etc., that we could (with hard work and study) be almost anything we "wanted to be." There was always the assumption of returning to the "ministry" in one form or the other, if not directly to the mission field.

### Eleanor Callister (KA '77)

My memories of my MK background are primarily positive. We had an opportunity to travel, to experience a different culture, experience a Christian education, and the wonderful experience at KA (Stocking Night, Saturday Candy Day, the candy houses that were put out at Christmas, the exciting time we were able to go home for a weekend, sum-

mer vacation, Christmas break.) I think my experience actually made us a closer family because we didn't take each other or home for granted. My experiences gave me a more open mind to accept other views but stay true to my own. It taught me self-discipline. It made me stronger as a Christian. My first years at home were the most critical. My parents' teaching grounded me and helped to put my faith in action, although as an adult some of those times were not as critical as they were as a child, but those experiences built my faith so that when I faced challenges as an adult, I had no problem focusing and relying on my faith.

There were negatives, but I chose not to dwell on those. Everyone has negatives, MK or not. We can choose to dwell on them, or we can cherish the positives and go forward. I don't think being an MK was a bad thing. No matter where you live or who you are, life happens.

I think my parents and the staff (for the most part) went out of their way to make life good for us at KA and on the mission compound. When we think of all the fun things we did, I can't help but appreciate my childhood: the Sunday walks, capture the flag, dodge ball, monkey bars and swing set, "Crazy," water tank, butchering of the cows and pigs (which we were not supposed to witness), etc. I remember Aunt Doris DeHart teaching me to knit, Aunt Lee's laughter, Aunt Sharon in the dorm. Playing sock tag when we were supposed to be sleeping or during rest hour, the care packages sent from home.

I did not appreciate the sacrifice my parents made until I went to college and heard a missionary mother talk about how hard it was to send her children away from school. It was hard on my parents, but they always made it sound like a great adventure. My parents' attitude, especially my mom's, had everything to do with how we adapted at school. As far as we were concerned, there was no other choice; that is what we did. I don't think being raised in America or Canada or wherever else kids are from would be as beneficial as going to KA. Even if I were raised here or in Ireland, life would have had some negatives there as well. Being raised here may have been harder. Like I said, "Life happens." Having been in Africa strengthens my faith to face it.

### Marion (Ely) Voorhees (BA '74)

#### Negative

This will sound trivial, but the most lasting impact of being in boarding school is my hatred for certain foods. I can eat nearly anything, hardly



anything grosses me out, I never care which restaurant we go to, but I can not swallow any form of porridge (hot cereal). I cannot even make it without gagging. There are other foods that we had at Bingham that I am totally repulsed by. Liver, tongue, spinach, etc., affects me in the same way. I loved outside suppers because they usually had "tomato soup," and we could sneak off and dump it out. I feel ungrateful mentioning this coming from a land of starvation. There were a lot of people who worked hard to provide us good meals, but I believe the problem was that there were too many children per adult, so no special consideration could be given to one child; also the other children aren't equipped to decide how much someone needs to eat. The meal time rules were too rigid in my opinion.

I believe this negative is related to the first, and that is the lack of nurturing. Most of the care I recall from dorm supervisors was lights out, get up, do your chores, get to school on time. As an adult, I can see how extremely difficult it would be to nurture that many and that diverse a group of children.

The latter has had a more important impact on my adult life in that when my children began to reach school age, I struggled with being affectionate towards them and nurturing them in ways beyond physical care. When I recognized this and realized I was remembering Bingham and relying on that experience, I tried instead to dwell on times at home with my own parents and was able to remember their love and care and affection and put the same thing into practice with my kids.

#### Positive

The very important positive I received was the strong and diligent teaching of the Word of God. The Scripture memorization was priceless, and the Bible classes were valuable. I am much the richer for that training. While my parents did diligently teach us God's Word on how to live daily for the Lord, I doubt they would have had the time or organization for teaching us the Scripture memorization.

The next positive factor was that being in a boarding situation gave us the opportunity to put our own personal faith into practice and see God work in our own lives and not just observe our parents' faith at work. I believe that has helped me all through my life and has given me a richer background to remember when times are difficult.

It is always a positive thing when you can learn about someone different from yourself. Not only did we learn other cultures, climates, etc., we learned about differences within our own culture by being so closely related in boarding school. To know and love another country is a treasure to me.

I had opportunities to serve alongside my parents, especially in my high school years, and I am still reaping the blessing from learning early that it is a joy to serve the Lord.

#### QUESTION #18

*What do you wish you had known before leaving the mission field?*

##### Eleanor

I wish I had known we weren't going back. I had a very hard time adjusting to the fact that I would never see my African friends again and that I would never see Africa again. I didn't get a chance for a final good-bye.

##### Marion

I was fortunate to have learned the most important thing about leaving the mission field. My hostel parent was an adult MK. He warned me my whole senior year that I was leaving Ethiopia for good, it was not my home, I was an American, I would have to adjust to being an American. When I got to the U.S., I needed to establish myself there and not constantly long for Ethiopia even if my parents were there. He said he had made a little Africa in his room, and he lived there for 10 years after he left the mission field, and he could see that I was at risk for doing the same thing.

That was the best advice I could have received. I remembered it often my first two years in college, but I have applied it in general to every major change in my life. You can not live in the past; you must move on and grow each day in the place where God has you today.

#### QUESTION #19

*From your own experience, what suggestions would you make to SIM to help MKs maximize the benefits of their backgrounds? What suggestions do you have for SIM that would help AMKs deal more effectively with the challenges they face because of their experience?*

##### Jim

Resolve to stress the integrity of the individual in today's world. Each one of us is a unique person that, with the right training, encouragement, discipline and love can become a real tool in society with impact and influence on others. I am aware this will also take some "tough love" at times. This can also mean that the older MKs sometimes have to be told "accept the past and get on with their lives." I know the Mission feels some responsibility for the past—but you cannot rewrite the past any more than any of us individuals can put our lives into another plane or dimension. It is important to work through the hurt, the disappointments, and move to the positive; and I realize I am very fortunate to have done this earlier (rather than later). The NET/NET, however, is it is now 2000, and what will you do to make your life happy and more productive from this point forward. I am that I am—only you can put that smile back on your face by resolving that it is your life, your decision—to be miserable or happy.

PLEASE NOTE: Many attempts are made in our world today to rewrite history based on today's knowledge and codes; and I feel this is morally and educationally wrong. I think it is also important for us AMKs to remember the conditions existing in the world, mission field, and cultures at the time our respective schools were founded, built and staffed. One big difference to keep in mind is the communications of the day and how that one factor could influence outcomes. I do sincerely believe the Mission, teachers and staff (for the most part), and our families believed that KA, Hillcrest, and other schools were the best alternative at the time of these decisions.

##### Marion

Look for ways of relating to people and apply to them the comfort you received from God in your trying times.

Remember there is a whole world out there, and it is not all like yours. Other people are important too.

Use the unusual stories of your past as an ice breaker or opportunity to witness. People are always amused by stories of riding in an airplane with sheep, goats, or wild animals.

Let your past be color in your life but not control your life.

My advice to SIM for present MKs is to facilitate every opportunity for the children to remain with their parents. Where that is impossible, put small groups of children with a family that is committed to having those children as their missionary assignment. Keep close supervision and close communication between parents and host parents.

##### My own comments not related to survey

In all the discussion about adult MKs and all their difficulties, I am concerned for the parents of the adult MKs. They gave the greatest sacrifice they could possibly give by allowing their children to go to boarding school. There were no feasible options in that day, and they were concerned for their children's welfare. They suffered loss of that most dear to them in an effort to serve the Lord; and while many will condemn for that, it is not without Scriptural precedent (Samuel, "anyone who follows me . . ."). That was what was required of them in their day. My mother still cries 30 years later about the little impression left in the pillow the day my brother left for boarding school. This was excruciating pain for them. Now, as adults, those children whom they suffered over condemn and criticize for the choices they made. This breaks my heart for them in their later years to suffer again at the criticism of their own children they love so much. I assume that most parents were like mine in that they grieved when their children were gone and rejoiced when they were home. My first memories of childhood are from home; Bingham is secondary.

I would like to say that I am grateful to my parents and to SIM for the wonderful heritage they have given me. I am a richer person for it.





# Book Reviews

## Frances Eileen Kerr

### "The Shaping of a Saint"

by Roy Wallace  
Self-published by author.  
Not for sale

This compendium of the life story of Frances Kerr Wallace was put together by her husband. As such, it contains a great variety of photos, quotes from letters, reminiscences, family genealogy, tributes from family members, personal writings, and such, interspersed with commentary and details by Roy. Going to 303 pages, not all that many other than family or friends will want to read the entire contents. The insights into life in another time are interesting, nonetheless, and if you're "into" biographies, you may go for the whole nine yards. Also, you may enjoy reading how God worked in the life of others in some quite extensive detail. However, the part of most interest to MKs will be the section that covers their years as missionaries in Ethiopia (1956-1973, with a "postscript" tour in '89-'90 to cap it off). They served there on the staff of Bingham Academy.

One aspect of this book of special interest to MKs is to learn something of the perspective and duties of boarding school staff. That could be quite an eye-opener! In fact, excerpts of the book will be carried in *Simroots* for this very reason. Many MKs who attended Bingham Academy will find their names in the book.

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

If you're interested in the availability of a copy, contact: Wallace Family, #409-511 Gainsborough Rd, London, Canada N6C4Z5 or wallace@westpark.on.ca



Wallaces, 1967  
Carol, Jonathon, Margaret Jane, Roy, Frank, Pete, Marion Frances, and Frances

## On A Hill Far Away

### "Journal of a Missionary Doctor in Rwanda"

by C. Albert Snyder  
Light and Life Press, 1995

Dr. Albert Snyder served at Kibogora Hospital in Rwanda from 1968 to 1990. Located on the shore of Lake Kivu at almost 5000' elevation, Kibogora is popularly known locally as "The Hill." So we get no less than a double allusion in the title—nice kickoff.

The main body of this expanded journal covers April '93 - October '94, a very eventful period when Dr. Snyder returned to Kibogora short-term to fill in as surgeon.

Dr. Snyder kept a daily journal that serves as the basis for the content and structure of this book. As such, incidents, musings, stories and

memories fill the pages in bite-size portions broken down as daily entries. Not surprisingly, the good doctor includes a great number of medical anecdotes. In that context lots of medical jargon gets used, but not explained. If missionary medical work interests you, this book will be your cup of tea. If surgery *du jour* doesn't sound appetizing, be warned. Besides the medical stuff, you'll find lots of spiritual musings, lots of insights into missionary life and experience—from a Free Methodist Church perspective.

The tragic hostilities between the Hutus and the Tutsis in Burundi and Rwanda form a backdrop for the events recorded in this book.

All royalties from this book go to the Central African Health Care Organization for sustaining medical work in Central Africa.

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

## Tread Upon the Lion

### "The story of Tommie Titcombe"

by Sophie de la Haye  
An SIM publication available from SIM HQ in Charlotte, NC

The SIM got off to a very rocky start. Most of the earliest pioneers to inland Nigeria either died within a short period or were invalidated home. Tommie Titcombe, a British Canadian, first arrived in Nigeria in 1908. At that time, he was one of only four SIM missionaries actually on the field.

This 135-page book mainly focuses on Titcombe's amazing experiences as a pioneer missionary. You'll enjoy references throughout to other SIM pioneers as well, such as Dr. Stirrett, George Sanderson (Mt. Sanderson at Miango is his namesake), Will Craig (father of Paul Craig), C. Gordon Beacham (father and grandfather of a number of SIM missionaries.) The story of how God used Tommy Titcombe to bring the Gospel to the Yagba people will interest and inspire you and help you appreciate that part of your heritage as an MK.



## Evangelism 101

by Terry Hammack  
E-mail October 10, 2000

The average life expectancy of males in Nigeria is 52—not a reassuring thought for those who want to reach 100. I attended the funeral on Saturday of a pastor and evangelist who lived to be 101. They didn't keep detailed birth dates a hundred years ago, but the family figures that Reverend Malachi Ajayi Adegbeye was born in 1899. SIM pioneer, Tommie Titcombe, arrived in the Egbe area in 1908, and Malachi was one of the first converts among the Yagba people. Malachi was the first convert to be baptized in 1914. His father was a warrior and dealt heavily in demonic powers. The witch doctors and

their villages. The villagers of Ponyan strung a rope of fresh human heads across the path to scare him away from their area. Tommie fasted and prayed and entered that village and many others. Malachi was in the first graduating class of the Bible school that later became Igbaja Seminary. He became the first pastor of the church in Ponyan and retired after 50 years of active service. He outlived his wife by 21 years. He was an evangelist at heart and continued to preach and plant churches even after retiring. This dear man of God influenced most of the churches in Yagba land. Even after 24 years in Nigeria, I am yet a child when compared to this man's ministry and influence. Coming from his pagan background, I can imagine him saying to his people, "... choose for yourselves this day whom you will serve, whether the gods your forefathers served beyond the River. . . . But as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:14-15).

Right photo:  
1956 (57?), Left to right: Mary Bingham, Leola McElheran, Ruth Glerum, \_\_\_\_\_ Worling, Barbara Ireland, Lynn Langdon



Photo below:  
KA, circa 1947

Front row, left to right: David John, Wally Morris, Barbara Davis, Audrey Abernathy, David Williams, Peter Cox  
Back row, left to right: Marjorie Crouch, Estelle Morris, Bobby Morris, Velora Hiebert, Ann Williams, Bill Crouch, Clinton Beckett



by Kuki Gallmann

Some of you remember Kuki Gallmann from her heart-wrenching *I Dreamed of Africa*. Entirely a different sort of book, *African Nights* is a collection of 35 or so brief (true) stories set in Kenya. Besides the story line, these convey much of the physical setting and the culture of East Africa. Gallmann throws in lots of Swahili words, and rather than explain each as it comes up, she includes a glossary in the rear of the book. (You'll be flipping to it frequently.) She uses a lot of colorful imagery, much of which works very well. But some of it bombs, in my opinion—a risk she took in stretching the use of the language. Those of you who read *I Dreamed of Africa* will appreciate the bittersweet memories still echoing in the pages of *African Nights*. Overall, I think you'll enjoy these stories. They're an easy read, interesting, strongly flavored of Africa, and well written. Each story stands alone, so it's easy to pick up the book and read one of them at any time. Sure wish some qualified person would write this sort of book with Nigeria as the setting, and with the story line spiced up with Hausa as the borrowed language.

Reviewed by Dan Elyea

## SYMPATHIES TO THE FAMILIES OF

Barbara (Nunn) Rae (BA '69) died of cancer in August 1999.

Allan Klierer died September 24, 2000.

Desmond Meed died September 24, 2000.

Tom Learned (KA, HC '69) died November 13, 2000, from complications from diabetes.

Aaron Jonathan Lueders, son of Joel (KA, EL, WA '75) and Ellen Lueders was born October 24, 1979, and died December 31, 2000. He was laid to rest next to his grandmother "Aunt" Gilberta Lueders, who served in Liberia with her husband Arn for many years before her death in 1992.

Mrs. Dreisbach died November 8, 2000.



## Joseph House Ministries

Remember when you first came home to the States and had nowhere to go for the holidays? A non-profit, evangelical Christian organization with a board of directors composed of AMKs and others involved in MK care, JHM is looking for financial and prayer support to purchase their first house—a home away from home for young adult MKs.

Contact:

JHM

PO Box 3056

Tega Cay, SC 29715

Voice mail: 803-548-3528

[postmaster@josephhouse.org](mailto:postmaster@josephhouse.org)

[www.josephhouse.org](http://www.josephhouse.org)

## Rebuilding ELWA

Want to help Committed Liberians For Christ (CLFC, Inc.) with prayer, financial support, volunteering, or donation of goods? Purpose: to help resurrect ELWA's ministries; to continue the spread of the Gospel of Christ at its ministry compound in Monrovia, Liberia; to encourage prayer partnership in this process; and to raise funds for the rebuilding of the ministry.

Contact:

CLFC, Inc. c/o James Gonmiah

48 N 7th Street

Newark, NJ 07107

[CLFCelwa@aol.com](mailto:CLFCelwa@aol.com)

973-482-3394

## More Web Sites

[womanabroad.com](http://womanabroad.com) (magazine for women moving to or living in a foreign culture)

[mkministries.com/main-pages/mkpages.htm](http://mkministries.com/main-pages/mkpages.htm) (For younger kids who might be interested in being a pen pal with other MKs from around the world)

[jao.com/africa/nigeria/index.html](http://jao.com/africa/nigeria/index.html) (cool pictures from Nigeria)

[pbs.org/kids/noddy](http://pbs.org/kids/noddy) (Remember those British Noddy books by Enid Blyton?)

## KA Walks and Hikes

Anyone remember other destinations?

Boulder Mountain  
Camel Rock  
Clay Mine  
Cyclops  
Giant's Marble  
Goat's Rock  
Grand Canyon  
House and Barn  
Leopards' Claw  
Little Liberia  
Mount Sanderson  
Port Hodges  
Rock Canyon  
Sacred Grove  
Sacred Rock  
Sandbar  
Sliding Rock  
Swinging Bridge  
Thunder Mountain  
Victoria Falls  
Village Rocks  
Volcanoes  
Zagun  
Zion

## CCS Is Getting a New Look!

You won't recognize CCS! This week (Aug. 2000) the science lab and Spanish rooms were torn down. As soon as the new house is finished by the front gate, the house by the playground goes down. Then hopefully before the semester is over, the new elementary classrooms can be started. Behind the old art room (or was it the home ec room when you were at CCS? or maybe your old kinder or first grade room depending on when you were here!), the new building is ready to use. This building houses the new science lab, the Bible and English classes, and one of the elementary classes which is temporarily there this year.

Check out the CCS Web page. In the alumni section, new pictures have been added to the picture albums. If you have a picture you want in one of the albums, e-mail your picture to [steele@bo.net](mailto:steele@bo.net).

## SIM Name Change

S.I.M. originally stood for "Sudan Interior Mission," until its focus expanded and it became known as "Society for International Ministries." After merging with three other missions (AEF, AEM and ICF), now SIM ministers worldwide with 1800 missionaries from 47 countries serving in more than 40 countries. "Serving in Mission" has now become the official title, especially in the English-speaking sending countries.

## Translation Please

- In a Hong Kong supermarket: For your convenience, we recommend courteous, efficient, self-service.
- In a Tokyo hotel: Is forbidden to steal hotel towels please. If you are not person to do such thing is please not to read notis.
- In an Austrian hotel catering to skiers: Not to perambulate the corridors in the hours of repose in the boots of ascension.
- In a Paris hotel: Please leave your values at the front desk.
- In a Rhodes tailor's shop: Order your summers suit. Because is big rush we will execute customers in strict rotation.
- A sign posted in Germany's Black Forest: It is strictly forbidden on our black forest camping site that people of different sex, for instance, men and women, live together in one tent unless they are married with each other for that purpose.
- In the lobby of a Moscow hotel across from a Russian Orthodox monastery: You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists, and writers are buried daily except Thursday.
- In an East African newspaper: A new swimming pool is rapidly taking shape since the contractors have thrown in the bulk of their workers.

## KA School Song

We the students of our Kent Academy  
Are working here to build our destiny.  
We love our campus, and the staff are swell,  
And we'll let them know it  
With a mighty YELL!

'Tis a grand old school and we love it well;  
'Tis plain for all to see.  
With loyalty you can hear us yell  
For our Kent Academy.

We'll all pledge allegiance to the white and blue  
To keep its standards ever high and true;  
Make Christ our Guide and give Him His due,  
And we'll cheer for the white and blue!



# Gowans Home Reunion

## Report

Submitted by Grant Millar (1941-'44)  
(gmillar@golden.net)

Peggy (Jensen) Pieper and Ruth (Jensen) Whitehead organized a terrific Gowans Home reunion. It took place in Collingwood, Ontario, September 29 to October 1, 2000, with 84 attending.

Friday evening, each former Gowans Homer in attendance made brief personal comments that helped bring us in touch with each other again. And at the buffet banquet Saturday evening, ably MC'd by Bob Morris, we thoroughly enjoyed the reminiscences and tributes\* paid to some former staff members:

Victor Garrett honoured Miss Linda Kaercher for her care and leadership through the 1930s to 1945.

Ruth (Collins) McCombie paid tribute to Miss Jessie Buchanan who assisted Miss Kaercher, specifically in caring for the younger girls.

Esther (Collins) McGibbon spoke highly of the care given by Mrs. Helen Thompson (who attended the reunion) to girls after a second house was opened.

Betty (Dancy) Thompson gave tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Graham Hay. Mrs. Hay (now Mrs. Mildred Ladd) had spent a short time at GH following the death of her first husband and had returned to Gowans Home after marrying Graham Hay.

Raymond "Mike" Harling told of the influence of Stan and Rae Whitehead on his life and the loving, but firm, parental leadership they gave following Miss Kaercher's retirement.

Winton Schneider, a former science teacher at the Collingwood high school, told how during his wife's illness and recovery, the Whiteheads had taken in his baby daughter and cared for her.

These tributes were followed by some memories wonderfully expressed by Peggy Pieper and Ruth Whitehead.

Sunday morning we met for a time of fellowship and singing. Colin McDougall brought us a very relevant message about God's grace being something we live by in this life because His grace is active at all times, not just when we first put our faith in the Lord Jesus. It is by that free gift of His grace that we can experience freedom from the hurts of the past and by which we can forgive. It was a most fitting conclusion to our reunion.

\* Copies on cassette tape are available for \$5 (U.S.) from:

Ruth Whitehead  
8550 Eames St  
San Diego, CA 92123-2120  
(ruthw@flash.net)  
858-571-0130

## Reflections

By John Percy  
(jpercy@carr.org)

We all have individual views of our stay at Gowans Home, and thus we probably have quite differing views of any reunion. But I found it to be a worthwhile experience because we could rejoice in the memories others have and in their hard-won success in serving the Lord of Glory through their adult years. We again were able to greet dear friends from long ago and to marvel once more at the incredible grace of God. That grace was evident during our time together as we thought again about the sacrifice our parents and their peers made years ago, to take the gospel message to people who were without hope. I know this sounds like "Christian-speak," but it is truth.

This reunion was particularly poignant for me for two reasons. In mid-August, my Dad at age 92 had gone to be with the Lord. The funeral service in the SIM Retirement Village in Sebring was a glorious occasion of celebration and remembrance. Meeting dear SIM friends not seen for decades was a joy beyond measure—almost too much to bear. How does one suddenly feel as though you belong to such marvelous people? As though, in some strange way, you are home once again.

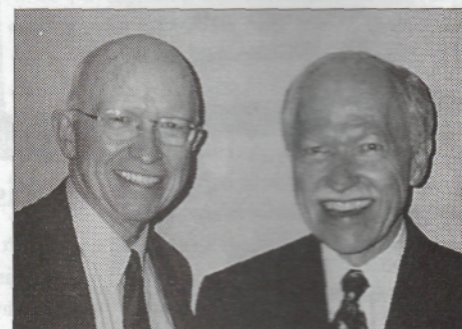
The second reason is that this same feeling overwhelmed me again at the GH reunion. There, I was able for the first time in 52 years to look into the face and hold the hand of my dearest and closest boyhood friend. We sped back in time to when our parents were serving in Nigeria together, and we were dependent on each other and on others to, in a sense, survive. And our spouses met each other, and we talked about our families and our service for the King.

Finally, as we listened to Colin McDougall speak Sunday morning, we heard how God's Word shows clearly how we must take the grace of God, so liberally and fully granted to us, and be a conduit to share that grace with others. It's God's will for us to reach out to even those who may have hurt us—or neglected us—and to surround them without qualification with the same grace we have so freely been given.

My boyhood friend has since written, that in those many years ago, when things may have been most difficult, God was laying the foundation for our lives and that he was moulding us to be His servants and His people. For all of us MKs, the truth is this: We were, and continue to be, a part of a great movement that responded to God's call to take the message of salvation to the Sudan. We gave ourselves to that cause. Oh, we may have done so involuntarily, but nevertheless, we did. And, because of that, it is not only our parents who were important and who counted. We MKs were too.



Ruth Jensen Whitehead, Peggy Jensen Pieper



Bob Morris, Dr. Wally Morris



Estelle Morris McLellan, Jinny Chenault McDougall, Colin McDougall



Leigh Forsberg, Ruth Jensen Whitehead





**Gowans Home Reunion**, submitted by Ruth Whitehead

**Back and those peering over the top:** Gowan Thamer, Gladys Dancy Carey, Joy VanderSchie Miller, Colin McDougall, Vern Thompson, Jinny Chenault McDougall, Bob Morris, Walter Dancy, Wally Morris, Gene Thamer, Bill Strong, Gordon Wilson, Gerry Hunt, Paul Garrett, Derek Cairns, Victor Garrett, Brian Hodges, John Percy, Ed Cook, Craig Cook

**Middle:** Lawrence Clark, Margaret Clark, Mary Clark Jackson, Rusty Harling, Paul Wilson, Lillian Power Raymer, Iva Tuttle Power, Vera Turnbull, Betty Dancy Thompson, Betty Collins, Helen Thompson, Allison Turnbull, Peggy Jensen Pieper, Elaine Cairns Ross, Ruth Jensen Whitehead, Betty Chenault Harling, Marilyn Harling, Carolyn Christiansen Nelson, Marion Kirk, Paul Craig, Harold Whitehead

**Front:** Martha McDonald Baird, Ruth Collins McCombie, Esther Collins McGibbon, Carolyn Thamer Repko, Dorothy Wilson Letchford, Ian Cairns, Leigh Forsberg, Grant Millar, Jim Whitehead, Beryl Kirk, Paul Forth, Mike Harling



Betty Chenault Harling, Gladys Dancy Carey, Jinny Chenault McDougall



Vern & Millie Thompson, Betty Chenault Harling, Ray (Mike) Harling, Don (Rusty) Harling



Dr. Alex McCombie, Harold Whitehead, Ruth Collins McCombie, Gladys Dancy Carey, Bill Carey



Mrs. Helen Thompson  
(staff)



**Back:** Ken & Mary Clark Jackson, Larry Clark, Jim & Eeva Whitehead,  
**Front:** Mrs. Clark



Wally Morris, Joy VanderSchie Miller, Peter Letchford, Dorothy Wilson Letchford



# Sebring Reception for MKs and Caregivers

December 2000

Submitted by Dan Elyea

In recent years, Char Kraay at the Sebring, Florida, SIM Retirement Center has coordinated an annual reception for MKs and their former caregivers. Because quite a few MKs visit their parents (who have retired to the Sebring Center) during the

Christmas season, she schedules the reception sometime in that general period. This year the mini-reunion fell on December 26. About 20 SIM MKs attended along with about 30 others (caregivers, parents, etc.).

After milling around for a while chitchatting, we opened officially with an "icebreaker" routine. Then all the MKs and caregivers introduced themselves to the group more formally, giving some personal

details. Lance Long led us in singing Christmas carols, an MK mom gave a humorous Christmas reading, Sam Goertz brought a devotional, and then came open time for mixing, chatting, and snacks.

I enjoyed very much meeting old friends and making some new ones. A warm bond could be sensed throughout the evening. Thanks so much, Mrs. Kraay, for your kindness in coordinating these receptions.



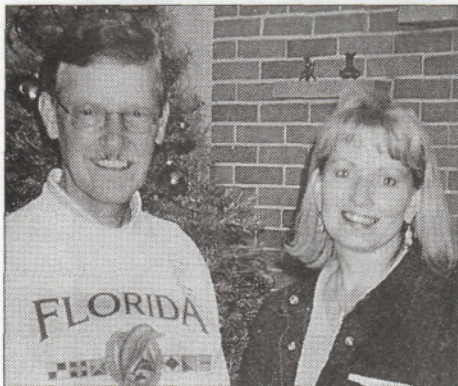
Char Kraay



Beth Ockers and Debb Forster



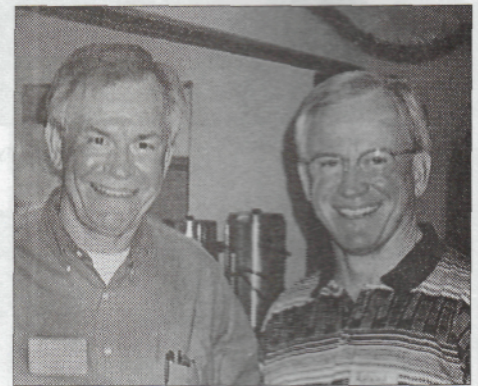
Bruness (Kampen) Goertz and Ann Beacham



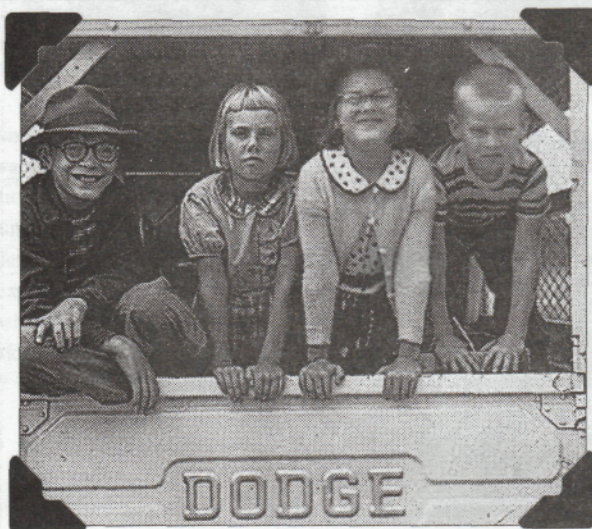
Glen Coleman and Esther (Coleman) Higdon



Nancy (Rendel) Henry and Bob Rendel



Lance and Rollie Long



John Rhine, Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson, Edith (Rhine) Cibrario, and Paul Seger on the (long) way home from school for summer vacation



(1956 or '57) Jim Crouch & Lynn Langdon by fireplace, Barbara Ireland standing, McElheran girls on chair, Mary Bingham, Ruth Glerum - submitted by Gerry and Paul Craig



# Denver Reconnect

by Jim and Jean Cail (KA, HC '72)  
(papajimbo@mac.com)

On February 10, 2001, a group of 18 AMKs and Mission reps gathered together at Mission Trujillo, a Mexican restaurant, to reconnect with SIM and with each other. As we walked in, we recognized Larry and Shirley Fehl. Their reception was so warm and friendly. We then met our area reps Ed and Rita Moran and others who had already arrived. It was a delight to meet the different adult MKs and their spouses. Larry Clay (who has a twin sister named Lindy) was the only one we kind of knew from KA days. Larry told us some fun stories about himself and John Price, Jr. and the mischievous things they did. If you get a chance, ask him or John to tell you about exploding rocks on the Jos railroad. We sat at a table with Bud and Dot Acord, their daughter Janie and husband Gunnar, and a single gal, Michelle Clark, who was an expatriate who knew SIM well (and felt comfortable enough to join us). We had a great time sharing back and forth and identifying personally (especially with Janie) about some of the pain relating to re-entry to the USA and choices made trying to "fit in." It was just neat sharing and understanding the dilemmas, the pain, and the issues we faced. It was even more encouraging to share the healing process God brought each of us through. It gave us the sense that we belonged in some way with these folks, most of whom we didn't know before that evening. We had a common bond, and it really felt good to be together and share our hearts.

Larry had each of us give a brief update on ourselves, and then he extended an apology from SIM to all of us who had been hurt in the "growing up as MKs" process. He really has a heart to see healing and restoration take place between SIM and its MKs. He wants to know if we MKs know of other MKs who have been hurt and want healing to take place in their relationship with the Mission so he can personally ask forgiveness on behalf of the Mission.

I shared how he and Jim Kraakevik came out to California to apologize to Jean and me for something that had taken place with us and SIM upon our return from the Ivory Coast which resulted in our having to leave SIM. He and Jim extended an invitation to us to come back to SIM if we felt we could. It was so very healing. We can attest to the benefits of this ministry of restoration. Since then SIM invested a lot in us as their own, and even though we wound up leaving in 1991, we have continued to feel a part of the SIM family because of the way Larry and others have valued and believed in us.

We went up to Denver with some apprehension and excitement and came away refreshed and encouraged. It was an evening well spent. Thank you Larry, Shirley, Ed, Rita and SIM for hosting the evening (including the meal) for us adult MKs.



Back: Bud Acord, Dan & Melony Bergen, Jim Ockers, Merritt Brown, Larry Clay, Larry Fehl

Middle: Dot Acord, Janie Acord Paulsen, Shauna Ockers, Margaret Dodds Brown, Shirley Fehl

Front: Gunnar Paulsen, Michelle Clark, Jean & Jim Cail



Dan & Melony Bergen, Larry Clay, Jim & Shauna Ockers, Bud & Dot Acord

## ATTENTION TORONTO AREA MKs

An informal, mini-reunion is  
being planned for

**Saturday, May 5, 2001**  
**1:00 - 5:00 p.m.**

We have received "plan to attend" responses  
from about 40 people already  
(a good mix of BA, HC, and GH attendees).

For more information, contact:

**Nancy Ackley Ruth**  
800-562-4161 ext 7007  
Nancykma@yahoo.com

## BA MINI- REUNION

For the graduating  
class of 1975

**May 18-20, 2001**  
Everett, Washington

Contact for details:

**Minna Kayser**

minnakayser@home.com

Phone: 360-756-1322 (evenings)

Fax: 360-756-1244

**Peggy McLenny Boe**  
PMB1957@aol.com



# Carlsbad AMK Reconnect

Feb. 17, 2001

Submitted by Karen Keegan

Following an AMK Task Force meeting with the parents, staff, and caregivers at SIM's Carlsbad Retirement Village, about 30 MKs and spouses, mostly from the southern California area, gathered together for a fun afternoon and evening. We played

a couple African trivia games, tasted kosai (African bean cakes), enjoyed pizza, celebrated birthdays, and shared many memories. Larry Fehl (SIM USA Director) and Bart Bliss (Regional Director) greeted us and answered questions about the Mission. Myr

and Coral Guy led us in a nostalgic Sing-Song.

Thank you, Jerry and Bev Fawley, for all your hard work hosting the event. And thanks, Grace Anne, for frying all that kosai!



Nancy Ackley Ruth,  
Donald Price



Carol Carpenter, Maribeth  
(Beth) Poole



Carlsbad AMK Gathering

**Back:** Regan Bliss, Maribeth (Beth) Poole, Tyler Guy, Donald Price, Dave Harling, Miriam (Mim) Payne  
**Middle:** Nancy Ackley Ruth, Mary Legg Neill, Kathy Braband Wilder, Carole Carpenter Senese, Frank Dubisz, Edith Todd Hoving, David Spady, Dave Wickstrom, Kay Swank Friesen, Grace Anne Seger Swanson  
**Seated:** Minna Kayser, Carolyn Thamer Repko, Ruth Jensen Whitehead, Hal Whitehead, Janet Soderberg Maynard, Karen Seger Keegan  
**Front:** Dick Morrow, **Not pictured:** Ron Lyons



Kay Swank Friesen



Mary Legg Neill



Staff: **Back:** Martha Epp (BA), Pauline & John Herr (KA)  
**Front:** Myr & Coral Guy (KA), Mary Beth Gibson (BA), Edith Willey (BA), Mildred Ladd (GH, BA), Lois & Birdell Emmell (BA)



# Remember When ...

## GOWANS HOME MEMORIES (1934-'51)

By Ruth (Jensen) Whitehead  
(ruthw@flash.net)

I remember the first bell. You were always in the middle of something very important. I remember the second bell. It came while you were still thinking about stopping what you were doing from the first bell. You could hear the bells all over the neighborhood. We came tumbling down the stairs, running from the "other side," in from the ball field or the swings to the dining room.

I remember being disappointed, maybe even horrified, when there was boiled cabbage for dinner. We all had to eat some. Worse was rice pudding with raisins which I picked out and swallowed with milk like pills. I remember saving pieces of bread on shelves under the table, then later, very daringly retrieving them to eat before bed.

I remember devotions in the morning, starting each day with Bible reading, and reading the names of missionaries to pray for, then the seemingly endless prayers of staff members. I remember learning verses and saying them every night, and I still know them to this day.

Do you remember smells? The smell of mutton tallow cooking as Miss Kaercher made jars and jars of it to put on our dry lips and hands during the winter. The smell of wet wool. Remember putting our wet mittens on the boiler in the basement of Miss Buchanan's side? Remember the smell of roast beef that permeated the house, as we came home from church every Sunday?

I remember the defining moment of my life. I was six years old and sleeping in Miss Kaercher's room for some reason. My father, who was on furlough had preached at church that night. I don't remember anything he said, but something must have been important to me. I had been sent, in that big dark old house, up to bed all by myself. All the other girls my age were on Miss Buchanan's side. I knelt down to "say my prayers" and looked at Miss Kaercher's picture of the shepherd reaching for the lost sheep. I thought about accepting Jesus as my Savior, but thought that I had probably already done it, as I had really loved Him all my life. Just to be sure, I prayed to ask forgiveness of my sins that night.

I remember the next day, when I told some of the older kids in the Sewing Room, they scoffed

at me and told me I was too young. I wasn't too young. That God whom I trusted that night has been my God through my life, guiding, directing and watching over me.

Do you remember Thanksgiving and Christmas? The size of those two turkeys we always had! Eating so much we thought we would burst. The thirty or forty stockings hanging beside the fireplace in the living room. In the early days, we hung them at the foot of our beds. Remember the wonder of walking to church in the crisp, crisp December night for the Christmas Concert? The wonder of standing under the street light on the corner of Third and Oak, watching the big lazy snowflakes drift down.

I remember trees and flowers and beautiful summer days with fluffy white clouds scudding across the sky. I can still name every tree and tell you where it stood. I remember trailing after Mr. Sherrick as he did the gardening. I remember tulips, beds of iris, the lily of the valley against the fence beside the garage. I remember the chestnut tree in bloom and cracking dried walnuts in the girls' basement. I remember the snowball tree in bloom, the prize-winning peonies that Miss Kaercher had purchased at the fair, the bridal wreath hedges blooming, white boughs weighted down with flowers and alive with bees, the pink hawthorn tree and the beds of pink petunias beside the house and driveway. I remember the two regal blue spruces at McFalls across the street and our own pine trees, covered with snow. I remember hummingbirds in the maple outside our bedroom window. I remember daydreaming in Miss Clark's room at school, supposed to be learning math, looking at the golden basswood leaves against the deep blue September sky. Do you remember the basswood tree that was always "home" when we played hide and seek? I never quite forgave Uncle Stan for cutting it down to build the gym.

Do you remember the storerooms and their particular smells. All the boxes, labeled and lined up on shelves. Do you remember the attic where our trunks were? Does anybody else remember the huge GED in green that Gladys Dancy painted in the attic?

Remember getting out the spring clothes and the winter clothes? Trying them on to see who would get them this year? Remember the first time we could wear socks instead of long stockings in the spring? Much later than the other kids in town.

I remember walking to King George School,

past Miss Foote's, across the vacant lot beside McCombie's, strewn with blue chicory, Queen Anne's lace, and milkweed. Remember the mangled frogs that didn't make it across the train track on time? I remember the creek full to the brim, blooming with water cress. I remember getting up early on a May morning to gather morels, then cooking them in butter. It's a wonder we didn't die from eating poisonous mushrooms. Remember walking to high school, fighting through blizzards in the winter to find that we were almost the only ones there?

I remember my teenage years. Determining at about 14 that my life would be completely committed to the Lord, choosing as my life song "Turn your eyes upon Jesus."

Remember those ISCF parties? Tobogganing in the moonlight out near Nottawa, then coming into the church for mugs of tomato soup. Going to Pioneer Camp for a conference in the winter. Those famous Halloween Parties. I remember being the body in a casket in the library of the Girls' House on Cedar Street. Another year I was the witch who told fortunes in the library. At the end of the fortune telling, everybody else was in the living room in costume. I was slightly blue as I had no costume to wear. I remember Mrs. Thompson taking me up to her room and helping me into her wedding gown, and I came down the front stairs to the party making quite an entrance. I don't think I ever thanked her adequately for that.

Remember all the rules? I didn't realize until much, much later how hard it would be to please all the parents. Some were quite relaxed, while others were very strict. Those in charge had to be as strict as the strictest parent, who in effect made the rules for all the kids.

Everything was not perfect. I had my second birthday at Gowans Home and didn't leave again even for a furlough until I was twelve, then came back until I was nineteen. Many of you do not have happy memories. None of us has completely happy memories. But to you who hold on to your unhappy memories, I say, let them go. Turn off the video as it plays in your mind. Forgive the people you remember as being unfair. No family is perfect. There are bad memories and unfairness even in regular families. Remember why we were there. Our parents were a group of people totally committed to spreading the gospel of the good news of salvation. I truly believe that there will be literally thousands upon thousands of people from Africa, India and South America who will be





Mim Weathers checks Jack Long's ears. Photo courtesy of "Aunt" Pauline and "Uncle" John Herr.



Mary Ruten, Esther Tobert and Faye Smith in beds. Edith Todd with record. Janice Kraay with book. Mrs. Kraay, our school nurse caring for our girls in the girls' infirmary - submitted by Lola Brown

there around the throne in heaven because our parents gave up what they had, including their children, to tell others about Christ.

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places" (Ps.16:6). Yes, I have a goodly heritage.

## EMMETT MEMORIES

by Steve Emmett (KA '72)  
(s.a.emmett@bluewin.ch)

I was born in Jos, at Bingham Hospital. I had first grade in the States while we were on furlough and second grade ('61-'62) at KA. Mom and Dad were stationed at that time at Parakou and then Kandi in Benin (ex-Dahomey).

At KA I had as roommates David Lohnes, John Bell and Jim Cail. I remember the house parents at that time, Aunt Pauline for her tender caring arms at every beginning term because of an abandoned, not-being-loved feeling and a lot of tears shed on her shoulders. My school teacher was Mrs. Meadows. I have a lot of memories of tag day, hiking, tetherball and sifting sand!

I remember having accepted Christ as Savior at the age of six in the U.S. at a Leighton Ford campaign at Calvary Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, MI, and was baptized at nine during another furlough.

Then my parents were asked to come to French-speaking Europe to recruit French-speaking workers for French-speaking Africa. We moved in the summer of 1962 to Lausanne,

Switzerland. For my older sister, Christine, and I it was a difficult time of adaptation into a new schooling system. The school year had begun in the spring, instead of September which we had mis-presumed. So we sat in a class, in French, trying to figure out what was going on. After two months we were taken out; and a private teacher, bi-lingual, taught us for six months the basics of French. After that we took the test for the next grade and followed on in French. My younger sister, Carolyn, was just six years old at the time and was able to adapt directly into first grade.

I remember those first years of school as being the most difficult of my life. I think it was due to the three major changes that had occurred in the first three years of school. Three different situations (US, KA, and Europe) with two different languages between the ages of six and nine. As I look back, I realise that those years were when I built up rejection in my life, with also a sense of inferiority and incapacity. By God's grace and tender care I've been able to understand and receive divine healing. It's great!

I love reading *Simroots*. But each time I feel lost and out of it. I'm moved inside every time, and yet I just somehow feel left out. It's probably because we were not there long enough. I do remember sifting sand because of playing ball in the dorm. I remember traveling with the Zobrists for two days and two nights from Kandi to KA. I remember going up to the water tank, walking on balance over the pig pens. I remember the swinging bridge that scared me at each visit. I remember lining up to go to church on Sunday morning. I remember crying at the beginning of each term

because Mum and Dad were not there. I remember crying over Ruth Frame's book *Letters I Never Wrote* because it is exactly what I went through. I'd love to sit down with old friends, roommates, and classmates, just to talk and share.

## BA ILLNESSES

In our last issue Dan Long appealed to our readers for stories of illnesses at Bingham. With permission to reprint, here are a few excerpts from Roy and Frances Wallace's letters and comments from Roy's book *The Shaping of a Saint—A Brief history of the life of Frances Kerr Wallace*. (See Book Reviews.)

**April 18, 1956**

Our strength has been really taxed these last six weeks. We have a real epidemic of Red measles with all its accompaniments. To date there have been 25 cases. . . . The kids are really miserable for at least a week. . . . We are asking the Lord soon to let the disease run its course, because the rains are starting and we are concerned for secondary effects, like bronchitis, infection in the ears, and eyes. There is no central heating in this huge building. It is getting up in the night that wears me out. With the fevers they have bad dreams and wake up crying.

**May 31, 1956**

We are grateful the Field Council has granted us a staff nurse. She is in Aden right now. As soon as the Eth. gov't grants her permit, she will join





Nobody likes to be grounded by flu or chicken pox; but if he is, Aunt Mim is there to help. A day in the infirmary closes with devotional time. (From KA News)



"Be still, baby. This shot won't hurt." MKs accept injections as a normal part of life. Their dolls must too. (From KA News)



Scrapes and bruises are routine business in the KA dispensary. Aunt Muriel gives out sympathy along with her bandages. (From KA News)

us here. Meanwhile we have a smallpox scare and the mumps are on the rounds. (We found out later that those with mumps were sucking hard candies, giving them to the well ones, and then they were all out of school and down together. Who said MKs are not smart, or devious?)

#### About August 15, 1956

We have a nurse and several cases of mumps. You know all about our measles episode . . . well we have some more, German this time.

#### February 1, 1957

We did bring a little remembrance home with us [from Bishoftu]. Roy carried it in his little toe. However, it became bigger and bigger, and more painful. We decided he had a corn. So we soaked it and put a corn plaster on it. This was only more painful. Increasingly so, until he felt like his toe was being pulled off and bursting at the same time. Finally he mentioned it to the folk here and at once they said, "Why he has a jigger [chigger]!" Which upon examination proved to be so.

This is a little microscopic insect that burrows into the skin and makes his home there, lays eggs and immediately settles down to the serious business of raising an ever increasing family. Our cook asked to be allowed to take it out.

So as Roy became paler and paler and as my stomach took flip-flop after flip-flop, he dug away with a dull safety pin until he had a hole at least 1/4 inch deep. It didn't bleed much, but the thing had so far advanced that he couldn't get it all out. We soaked the foot in strong antiseptic to kill any eggs that might remain. Roy is walking better now. We are watching lest the thing may not have been completely destroyed.



## KA ILLNESSES

From KA News No. 3, November 1957

Dr. Kraay has his hands full these days. The Dental Clinic is open for business as usual—the business of checking and fixing the teeth of all the missionary families on holiday at the SIM Rest Home. But when 130 boys and girls returned to school this September, the Saturday page in his appointment book took on the appearance of a Sunday School register.

Surprisingly enough, the good doctor doesn't seem to have many yowling little patients to put up with. Twice a year they go quite willingly to the Clinic next door. [Says who?!] This is partly due to the fact that missionaries' children have been inspected and injected by examining physicians from the day they were born.

When the schedule for dental appointments is posted on the bulletin board, the first grader says: "Is he going to pull my tooth today?" The fifth grader says: "What, again?" The eighth grader shrugs his shoulders and goes on talking with his friends.

But the biggest reason for the lack of fear, which is so evident on the compound, lies in the quiet and kindly doctor himself, who jokes with his little patients, gives them rides in his magic chair, and teaches some of them in Sunday School.

These days when an African house boy gets sick, one of his friends will come to tell us that he had "Mecca." Evidently there was a brisk trade in germs when the Moslem pilgrims from the East met the Moslem pilgrims from the West and kissed the black stone in Mohammed's city. The Nigerian pilgrims brought the Asian flu back to this country, where it has caused much sickness and many deaths.

When this flu struck Kent Academy on the second day of school, Mrs. Kraay, the dentist's wife and the school's nurse, was on hand with lots of aspirin, coloring books, and—worse luck—penicillin shots for the complications. After some 35 cases during the first two weeks of school, life settled down to a thriving business in the out-patient department; but the infirmaries, at least, were beginning to have some empty beds.

Another group of folks who feel the impact of the opening of school are the doctor, nurses, and lab technician of the mission's Bingham Memorial Hospital in Jos. Each year they do the routine lab tests on every child, give each one a complete physical examination, and treat the various illnesses that they discover. Smallpox and yellow fever vaccinations must be kept up to date, and booster shots for typhoid, diphtheria, whooping cough, and tetanus must be given. Everybody is due a third polio shot



as soon as the vaccine arrives by air from America.

The list of medical needs among the children doesn't end there. Dr. Whitmoyer will check eyes in December. Dr. Troup, the school's physician, will turn all the bone problems over to Dr. Cummins, the SIM's orthopedic specialist. Add to the regular children's illnesses and accidents all the tropical bugbears: malaria, dysentery, and filaria. You have an idea of the problems doctors face.

But they are a dedicated group of people, who may as well have no office hours, for they are called upon all the time. They can't escape their profession. They don't seem to want to. When they come to KA, they dispense their injections with much teasing and sometimes candy. They are building strong bodies and healthy attitudes—framework for the Christian graces that the coming years will add. The boys and girls are on the receiving end of the needle now; but someday they'll be using their health and ability for the Lord. We'll miss our guess if quite a few of them aren't on the pushing end of the hypodermic syringe by 1970. *[Wouldn't it be fun to see if this prediction came true?]*

## Wild African Snakes

by Steve Snyder (EL '78)  
(SSnyder651@aol.com)

### "The Diving Black Snake"

One time my brother and I were playing in the Thompson's sandy front yard with Billy. His red-headed baby brother, Brian, had been sentenced to a playpen that was positioned in the shade beneath a tall coconut tree. Brian, disconcerted, was playing alone when out from the tree dived a long, black snake. Like lightning, its fully extended trunk dropped in a perfectly vertical line before belly-flopping not 12 inches from the playpen. Someone screamed, but it wasn't Brian; he didn't know enough to become afraid until after the commotion had settled. The Thompson's "work boy" came running with a cutlass and severed the invader's head. Of course the nerves of a snake will cause it to continue to flinch, wince, and contort for some time after its life has been terminated. With this in mind, we mischievously placed our trophy out in the middle of the road and amused ourselves for the next hour or so watching passersby alternately run from or run over the dead, but still moving, long black snake.



Nurse Char Kraay pours juice for patient, Kent Academy, circa 1960s.  
Photo courtesy of "Aunt" Pauline and "Uncle" John Herr.

### "It's Beneath the Baby's Crib"

Once when my mother and I were on our way to visit a neighbor, another large snake darted right past us on the neighbor's front porch and into their house through a narrow gap in the slightly ajar front door. The Mazes panicked. Dad heard the frantic commotion and came running from next door. The Mazes' initial concern for their sleeping baby quickly turned to horror. The snake had slithered its way across the bare cement floor and into the room of their baby girl. Sprawled beneath the crib where the child lay asleep was a long, black poisonous snake. Mr. Maze hastily grabbed his shotgun and took aim to end the threat. Dad stopped him in the nick of time to prevent a scatterblast from ricocheting all over the room and possibly harming the baby. As I watched, the adults managed to grab the little girl from her bed. Sensing her parent's terror, she began to cry uncontrollably. Dad calmly but cautiously took over. By this time opportunity and experience had forced him to become a rather proficient stalker of wild African reptiles. He patiently manipulated the snake up against the bare concrete wall. He then pinned it down with a shovel and amputated its head.

### "Danny's First Kill"

My little brother notched his first kill of a poisonous snake when he was no more than seven years old. Down the road from our house, across the bridge, and on a patch of land that ran between the lagoon and a marsh, I saw a small group of children jumping and screaming hysterically. Danny owned center stage. Armed with a broken-off tree branch for a weapon, he pounded powerfully at something on the ground. No one was ever more intensely focused. I ran toward the

gathering just in time to see him place a mighty fatal blow across the crown of his writhing adversary. For a moment, little Danny stood proudly, and silently stared at his prey. His playmates instantly began to jump up and down and in true Liberian style; they shouted loudly in celebration of their new hero's brave triumph. For that afternoon, my little brother was my hero too.

### "A Mighty Fortress"

From time to time little bands of fearless boys would explore the untamed bush on the edges of the compound and stake claims on what would become a fort. My all-time favorite bastion was "Private

Island," so named because it was constructed on a small patch of dry sand in the middle of a tree-canopied swamp stream. Its natural camouflage enabled us to keep its location a serious secret and fend off the B.B. gun and sling-shot attacks of rival gangs of hostile male MKs who were frustratingly never quite sure where to fire. When not in battle, members of our exclusive corps would explore the vast jungle in search of our opponents' strongholds.

Sammy Kayea and I had spent what seemed like hours when we finally stumbled upon a hidden clearing that matched a description of a secret hideaway belonging to our younger brothers' gang. Boldly and arrogantly, we passed through a narrow opening in the thick bush and quickly stepped and slid our way down a steep and sandy 20-foot embankment to a clearing at the edge of the swamp. We couldn't wait to boast of our discovery and taunt our younger brothers about the passing of their once-proud secret. But before you could say "cobra," Sammy shouted "Snake!" and bolted up the mountainous embankment to safety. Not four feet in front of my face stared a black snake with a large flat head. I chased Sammy. A quick moment later, at the top of the now short hill, I glanced over my shoulder at the dreaded sight of a cobra perched sternly with its head erect and its body wrapped endlessly around the branches of a small vine-covered tree.

We didn't stop our sprint until we reached the home of a fellow gang member. Panting and puffing, we detailed the close encounter with the cobra, forgetting completely the success of our gang-related reconnaissance mission. Jealous of the excitement, though, our faithful friend refused to be conned by our glamorous tale. Our reluctance to return with him to the scene of danger only confirmed his assumption that we had



up the entire incident. Frustrated, Sammy and I decided that it was more prudent to be accused of a lie than to return to that clearing to die.

We never again revisited our brothers' fort, and neither did they. Somehow our brothers (and our parents) recognized that our tale of the cobra was true.

### "Danger in the Living Room"

I had just concluded the performance of my young life—a memorable reading of my inaugural first grade reader, in its entirety, to my mother and brother. That was Mrs. Draper's reading homework assignment for the night. I sat confidently on the simple Danish sofa in our sparse living room with my mother on one side and my admiring younger brother on the other. Of course, Mom was most impressed. Even more, four-year-old Danny was enthralled. Not normally one to sit still for long, he hung on every word of "See Spot run" and "See Dick and Jane have fun." I had passed at last, I must have pondered, from the picture book world of a child to the mysterious adult universe of those who could read the written word.

Satisfied, Mom stood and headed for the kitchen to prepare a special supper in celebration of my accomplishment. Danny scampered off for some new adventure in another part of the house. I sat down to the old, repainted upright piano for a few minutes of lesson practice. That's when I heard the scream. Mom had spotted a snake. In her house. It had shot across the corner of the kitchen floor nearest the back screen door, across the tan tile of the narrow hall and into the living room where I was dutifully playing the piano. Frightened by Mom's sudden outburst, I jumped up, stood on the piano bench, and harmonized with her screams.

The fluorescent green mamba coiled on the floor beneath the cushion chair next to the piano. It was slightly less than two feet long, every inch a poisonous, lethal threat. We scrambled and abandoned the house as neighbors responded to our blaring pleas for help. The deadly little intruder vanished.

The mamba was the most dreaded snake in Liberia. One would show up in either of two colors, dirty black or beautiful and shiny light green. The mamba was reputed to be the fastest and most poisonous snake in Africa, worthy without doubt of every frightening folk tale and unbearable sweaty nightmare. And now, our house had been invaded by this inspirer of unmitigated fear.

Before my father could be contacted and get home from his office, some of the men who had heard the screams began warily to hunt the green mamba. Our living room was their jungle. The old black piano, as it quickly turned out, was the snake's new sanctuary. Cautiously, the men disas-

sembled its encasement. A growing group of nervous spectators gathered on the front porch, peered through the large picture windows and gasped when they thought they had spotted a green coil wrapped around the inner keys of the large instrument. But once again, the mamba escaped and could not be found.

About this time, Danny decided that he urgently needed his flip-flop slippers which had been left beneath the sofa across the living room from the front door. Disobeying Mom's stern orders, Danny bolted through the front door and past the brave snake hunters to retrieve his little blue slippers. He grabbed them greedily, only to discover that the bright green mamba was wrapped among the springs of the sofa. Its evil little head was suspended downward and deviously glanced back and forth not six inches from where the slippers had just been removed. The frantic hunt continued as Dad arrived.

Dad and the other men artfully pursued the clever snake through various hiding places around the room and in the furniture and, ultimately, to a position against the wall beneath the picture windows at the front of the house. Our group of gaping onlookers watched anxiously as Dad finally cornered and trapped the little green mamba and severed its flared head.

### "The Ukulele"

A couple years later, while my brother and I were sleeping soundly in our homemade bunk beds, my mother awoke and headed to the bathroom to soak her feet in cold water. For some time she had suffered a fungus or infection that caused her feet to itch and ache. The condition frequently awakened her at night, and her cold water soakings had become routine.

Mom quietly stepped out of her bedroom and took a few short steps in the dark to the bathroom where she turned on the light and began to run the water. Of course she closed the door so the light would not disturb anyone's slumber. When she finished soaking her feet, she opened the door to return to her bedroom. There, coiled before her on the tiled hallway floor just outside the bathroom door was a snake, a deadly black mamba, no more than 18 to 20 inches long. She must have stepped right over it in the dark, she thought. And its head was aimed in the direction of her little boys' bedroom. Suddenly afraid, she called out for Dad.

The next morning as Danny and I entered the dining room for a breakfast of oatmeal, powdered milk and whatever fresh fruit was in season, Mom and Dad instructed us to step out on the back porch. Slightly annoyed, we obeyed, only to discover the remains of a dead mamba.

"What happened? Where did the snake come from? Who killed it?" we excitedly interrogated.

"Is that a mamba? When did you kill it? How did you kill it?"

Mom responded, "Your dad played his ukulele for it and it just died."

"Uh huh," Danny whined in disbelief.

"What really happened?" I demanded.

After convincing Mom and Dad that the ukulele story would not be believed, Mom explained that Dad had emerged from the dark bedroom with his four-string ukulele in hand. Without so much as playing a note, he valiantly pinned the narrow neck of the snake to the floor and calmly asked mom to retrieve a long, sharp knife from the kitchen. They then amputated the struggling snake's head and terminated its threatening life.

For the rest of our years in Liberia, my brother and I dutifully repeated a daily bedtime prayer that included, without fail, the phrase, "... and Lord, help no snakes or robbers to get in." The Lord answered those frightened prayers. From that day forward, we never again discovered a snake in our house or fell victim to a robbery while at home and asleep. As very young children, we learned convincingly that the Lord can and will protect His children from danger and harm.

### "Bob Galley's Cobra"

It was the end of the day, supper time, and my family was heading home from the ELWA radio studio building in our little red Opal Cadet. The dusty gravel road traveled parallel to the Atlantic Ocean, between scenic rows of lofty coconut trees that had been planted years earlier by an aesthetic visionary. To our left behind the palms were the concrete block houses of ELWA missionaries and staff. Beyond the line of trees to the right was a narrow green field, another neat row of trees fronting the beach and dancing gracefully in the breeze, and then the crisp white sand sloping down and into the constantly busy blue sea.

As usual for the time of day, the narrow road was abandoned. Children and their parents had returned to their homes to prepare for the evening meal as gentle lights began to glow through their kitchen windows. We moved along slowly, attempting half-heartedly to observe the 15 miles-per-hour speed limit, further reducing our speed for the speed bumps scattered along the way. My brother Danny and I were busily describing the day's events when, suddenly, a couple hundred feet ahead, we saw a white man lunging around in the middle of the road.

Bob Galley held a long bamboo stick and was swinging it daringly at a darting black poisonous snake. The cobra stood nearly shoulder height off the ground as it defiantly stared down its attacker. Uncle Bob cut roundly with his bamboo weapon



but struck only air as the dangerous snake swiftly curved and leaned backwards to elude the blow. He struck madly again and smacked the cobra about two feet beneath its vicious head only to have it retreat a few inches and rise up again more boldly than before. The boxing-like encounter between man and serpent reached a delicate interlude when Uncle Bob cautiously backed away and approached the driver's side of our car to speak with Dad. Maintaining a watchful eye on the cobra, Mom, Danny, and I each leaned in and moved as close to Dad as possible to hear what Uncle Bob would say.

"Why don't you run over it with the car?" he proposed.

It seemed like a sound suggestion. Certainly Uncle Bob could not slay the clever snake with his stick. The car, on the other hand, would simply crush it. The danger would be eliminated. No big deal.

Uncle Bob stepped back to watch his battle plan unfold. Each of us maneuvered for the best possible windshield view of the fighting cobra and the last moments of its evil life. Dad guided the car forward until we felt a barely noticeable bump as we crossed over the snake. He then confidently reversed the gear to back up over it again. There was no sense in taking any chances. But the snake disappeared. We hadn't seen it slither away, and it hadn't climbed a tree. Uncle Bob was the first to realize that it had climbed up into the engine of our suddenly claustrophobic automobile.

We instantly rolled up the windows. My brother and I frantically locked the two doors, though I don't know why. And we debated what to do. We were reluctant to exit the vehicle for fear of a ferocious snake attack. We were frightened even more of remaining inside the car and risking the cobra's certain ability to force its way through some weakness in the thin floorboard. One by one, we decided, we would leap out of the car and flee for safety. One by one, with dread and anxiety, we did exactly that. A few nervous minutes later, we were safe, but our car remained a hostage to this savage abductor.

A small crowd of Liberians had assembled from out of nowhere to observe the peculiar goings on. It didn't matter in Liberia if you couldn't see a human being for miles, an instant horde would appear at the moment of any unusual activity. A snake confrontation was always a crowd-pleaser. And two white adults and their two young children scrambling frantically out of a bright red automobile was an irresistible oddity. The Liberian men, women, children, and babies stood closely by analyzing and excitedly discussing what was occurring before their eyes.

One of the men spotted the cobra poking its

dazzling head out the underside of the engine. He swiftly grabbed Uncle Bob's bamboo stick and struck at the snake, causing it to back up and into the engine. The poisonous reptile could not be allowed to escape to the ground and endanger the pressing spectators. After two or three repetitions of this exciting sequence, a consensus was reached on a new plan of action.

While the snake was distracted and watched beneath the car, dad popped the hood, cautiously. Utilizing the bamboo stick, a Liberian man prodded the long snake backwards and up into the engine until the end of its tail appeared above. Several long minutes and fruitless attempts later, the men were finally able to grab hold of the cobra's tail and securely tie a rag around it. A tug of war ensued as Dad, Uncle Bob, and the other expert snake killers labored to exorcise the powerful snake from the engine of our car.

Progress was slow. Malnourished children nudged and jostled for position as the anxious spectators recklessly crowded in for a finer view. The twilight shadows were rapidly giving way to the penetrating darkness of the African night, which certainly would work to the cobra's advantage. The Galley girls, all five of them, and their mother had no doubt begun to wonder where Uncle Bob might have disappeared, why he was late for supper. The now sweaty snake killers gradually detached the muscular snake from the web of pipes, hoses and mechanical components of the engine and inch by inch the tail of the jumbo reptile began to appear. The men began to tire as the patience of the bystanders faded. Everyone hoped nervously that he or she would not suddenly be caught in the path of an angry counter-attacking snake.

Without warning, the man with the tightest grip on the snake suddenly yelled out in his native language and whipped the long cobra high through the air and down to the ground where its fully extended trunk smacked loudly in the midst of the scrambling and astonished spectators. Before the wide-eyed children could cry or their leaping mothers could scream, a man with a sharp bladed cutlass expertly flashed it across the neck of the snake and cleanly severed its once valiant head.

The cobra was dead.

Bob Galley walked off in the darkness between the coconut trees and up through his sandy front yard toward his house. He was ready for supper. Mom, Dad, Danny, and I climbed back into our little red and rescued Opal and headed on down the gravel road toward home for our evening meal. The heroic Liberian snake killers proudly gathered up the seven- or eight-foot-long testimonial to their bravery and skills and paraded the cobra home to the village to cook and celebrate and eat.

## A Couple of Snakes I've Met

By Dan Elyea

In preparation for our first furlough from Nigeria, we removed a packing crate from storage and set it in the yard. The crate contained old newspapers and magazines. Shortly, we would toss these so that the crate could be used to store more important items. Around eight years old at the time, I foraged in the crate for interesting reading materials. As I lifted a stack of newspapers, I spotted a large snake right next to my hand. I ran to the house hollering, "Maciji! Maciji!" (Snake! Snake!) When the men dispatched it, it turned out to be a cobra several feet longer than I was tall. Sure am glad that it was slow on the draw! Maybe it still remained in the later stages of the limbo that we saw many cobras in—lying quietly with a big bulge amidships digesting a frog or a mouse. Or my guardian angel maybe should get the credit!

In my late grade school years, I sometimes amused myself by going out near our station with a shovel and turning over small abandoned anthills. These extended below ground about as far as they did above ground. Remember, these were the small variety, a foot or less in height. But they, too, possessed that incredible hard consistency just like the big ones. It never failed to amaze me that under almost every single one of them, a snake would be holed up.

Our station overlooked a river about a mile away. Like many other Nigerian rivers, following heavy rains upstream, it could expand enormously very rapidly. It wasn't unusual in the rainy season to be able to see only a couple of its curves before a meal, and after the meal to see the whole river valley flooded. I made numerous treks down there to look for items of interest. One day as I headed for the river, a snake dropped out of a tree as I passed below. It plopped onto my shoulder, quickly passing from there to the ground. We parted company too abruptly for me to determine its type, but I rather expect that this was another instance where gratitude is due my guardian angel since most of the snakes there were venomous.

Then there were the disgusting snakes that would get down in the well and die and make the water stink. Sure, they could swim, but not forever!

"Upon thy belly. . ."



# 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](mailto: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

## 50s

### Dorothy (Russell) Hanson (BA '56)

I am attempting to return to Ethiopia to serve in a health capacity. The infant mortality rate (number of babies who die before their first birthday out of every 1,000 live births) is 113 in Ethiopia and less than 8 in Arizona, USA, where I live and work now. Pray for me to find the right position in which to serve! Thank you all.

([rhanson@primenet.com](mailto:rhanson@primenet.com))

## 60s

### Jim & Linda (Glerum) Crouch (KA, HC '63, '69)

(email 12/00)

Teaching Grade 2 at KA has been a big demand and drain on me this year—more than I expected. Many days I dragged home weighed down by the desire to help children who were struggling and not really knowing how. Humbled by a class size of 30 and problems without easy solutions, I've gained a deeper respect for our teachers here at KA and for the challenges they face day after day. In January when the 2nd grade teacher will be "on seat" again, I want to concentrate on these children and use my training from last furlough to help them over some high hurdles.

Jim amazes me with his daily choice to dwell on what God is doing in us and through us here at KA rather than on what the difficulties are. Even though we often joke about my being realistic and his being idealistic, he challenges me with his faith and hope in our great God! We've both enjoyed good times of prayer and fellow-

ship with our KA staff in a weekly ladies' Bible study and in a recently-started men's accountability group based on the Promise Keepers goals. Even though we sometimes help to get them going, we praise God that more and more we see our roles as participants and not as on-going leaders.

Our kids are all doing well in school. Danny and David both ran in the charity fund-raiser called "The 12-Hour Relay" last week with 10 guys each running a mile every hour. David was a pacer. Even though Dan said, "Never again!" he was glad he did it. The senior play was a great success and was a good stretching experience for Danny who didn't know he liked acting.

With all the kids being away at the Hostel this year, we really look forward to being together over the holidays! We wish Lisa were here to

make our family complete, but she anticipates going to the home of a girl-friend, attending the Urbana Missions

Conference at the end of December, and then wrapping up her holiday with my sister and brother-in-law in Indiana. Pray for us and for her, as separation from family during the holiday is hard.

Please pray for Ray and

**Marcia de la Haye (EL, KA '70)** as they're making plans to return to Nigeria within the next month. They've had a good furlough, but we're eager to have them back! Unfortunately for KA, Ray has been asked to be the manager at the Miango Guest House, so he won't be back at KA for 9 months or so. Pray that the Lord will equip him for this new task. Changes in leadership always produce new tensions, so please pray for the Nigerian staff too, who will be Ray's co-workers.

([jlrcrouch@simjos.sim.org](mailto:jlrcrouch@simjos.sim.org))



Anne Dreisbach



John (Jack) and Kathy Long



Kim and Jenna Long

### Phil & Sherry (McElheran) Bayne (KA '66)

(ltr 12/00)

Phil and I both work at jobs we really enjoy and know this is where God wants us right now. Having Phil work out of our home keeps him at least within viewing distance, and I can't complain he spends all his time at the shop, because he *does*. At least I know where he's at, and God has blessed his business more than we ever expected. He plays his musical saw often, and a friend who plays an incredible piano, cut a tape with him. If he gets tired of clocks, he might just hit the road with his saw.

Our son Jason has an awesome job, one that his wife Karen could work with him too. They've been "mapping" the United States—has to do with fiber optics and physically walking and sticking poles around the country. Jeffrey is at Moody Bible Institute and truly enjoying his studies.

We went to Dallas for the SIM/HC reunion, and was that ever fun to meet and visit with classmates from first to eighth grades. The stories and recollections of boarding school were hysterical, and the weekend ended with a Nigerian meal. Truly worth the trip, especially



getting reacquainted with the past. I later was asked to attend a "Reconciliation and Restoration" conference at SIM headquarters for those who had issues with their growing up in Africa. It truly was an eye-opening experience. The SIM is trying to get a lot of past hurts resolved, and though I personally didn't have many bad memories of boarding school, it was such a healing atmosphere. Those that were there with real conflicts were helped tremendously. (*sbayne@juno.com*)

#### **Dorothy [Dodie] Forsberg (BA '69)**

(*Mom's submission 2/01*)

Dorothy went to BA through eighth grade; then she went to Wheaton Academy, graduating in 1973. She taught French and sewing for 2 years at BA and then came back and took courses in linguistics. She was a French \_\_ (?) at college and had a year at the Sorbonne in France to complete that. Heard SIM was looking for help in Benin for translators, so she applied to go there. She lived with the Gordon Beachams who had been translating the NT into the Yom language. She soon became proficient in Yom and has now been 20 years in Benin, translating the OT. The pastor is teaching Bible in local FM stations, using what Dodie has translated, and many new villages are now asking for someone to come and teach them more. She often goes to Togoland for more help from Wycliffe translators there. She got her Masters in Linguistics in TX under Wycliffe guidance. (*dodi@yom.parakou.sim.org*)

#### **Chip & Cherry (Long) Sabathne (KA, HC '69)**

(*litr & e-mail 12/00*)

I've been working at Billy Graham Evangelistic Assoc. in downtown MN in the Christian Guidance dept. Our son CR joined the army and is now a paratrooper at Ft. Bragg, NC. Our daughter Jessica (married to Lanse) is substitute teaching.

The highlight of my year was a trip back to Africa, Sept. 2000! My sister Sue invited me to speak at the missionary women's retreat which she coordinated. I spent 2½ weeks in Nigeria visiting old haunts, soaking in the culture and the beautiful weather, and basically loving being home again. It was the longest period of time that Sue and I have had together in over 20 years, and that was precious time to us. One thing the visit did for me was to help me realize that that's where I fit in; that's where I "belong." Here are some highlights from the trip:

- Thirty hours from Mpls. to Abuja where I stayed overnight at Baptist Guest House
- Drove 4 hours to Jos. Sick from petrol fumes.
- Spent time with Beth (Lohrenz) & Scott Cunningham, Claudia Long, and Steve & Beaj

Beacham (at Niger Creek hostel)

- Attended Hillcrest Church, soccer game at HC
  - Dinner at Hill Station
  - Visited Yellow Market and Blind Town
  - Tried kosai (not as good as I remembered!)
  - Visited Linda (Glerum) Crouch at KA. A trip back in time! Nothing had changed.
  - Visited Swinging Bridge, Camel Rock, and graveyard. Climbed Mt. Sanderson (a hill, not a mountain!)
  - Found Kano was so deteriorated, it was disappointing.
  - Visited EMS hostel and *cinikied* (bartered) with traders
- (*saba629@juno.com*)

## 70s

#### **Marc & Trudy (Weber) Fauriaux (EL '71)**

(*litr 10/00*)

Preaching, introducing meetings, counseling, supervising the work and the activities: these were Marc's duties all summer at Villa Emmanuel, in France. Trudy gave children's meetings and participated in the excursions. She still found time for cooking jam and for painting on glass, which is her favorite hobby. Helene ended brilliantly her school year in June, then jumped on the tractor in order to mow the lawn and fields round Villa Emmanuel buildings. She also helped in the laundry room and in the

kitchen and looked after the babies during morning Bible studies. She is studying Economics in high school in Annemasse city. Clairelise graduated with distinction from high school, then undertook several duties at the Villa. She was a translator for our American and Canadian helpers and co-workers. She is studying Tourism in Evian City. Anne ended with distinction her first year in Literature University in Chambéry city. She worked non-stop at the Villa all summer in the secretary office preparing and commenting the excursions and animating the evenings (Bible games). Dominique will begin his last Nursing School year in Metz city. He and his brother Jean-Pascal both helped with effectiveness and were available at any time day or night, in all kinds of duties. (*mfauriaux@fr.euro-post.org*)

#### **Steve Emmett (KA '72)**

(*e-mail 12/01*)

After eighth grade I did a 4-year apprenticeship in technical drafting in civil-engineering and reinforced concrete. I worked after that for almost a year before taking a break and going back to Africa at the age of 20. I went for 5 months to Niger and was based in Niamey. I was Mr. Dowdell's handy man. I loved it, and was even able to get down to Benin and visit stations like Kandi, Bembéréké and Parakou.

After those 5 months I got back to Lausanne to find a whole new situation in my trade—that

is: no work! There was a major construction cutback in the country. Many people in the trade converted into insurances, computer fields, etc. Having the idea of a Bible school in my mind for some time, I worked for about a year in an agricultural machine factory.

On Aug. 23, 1975, I married a "native" of the country, Anne-Catherine Ray. Six weeks later we went to the European Bible Institute (EBI) at Lamorlaye, just 30 km north of Paris and about 600 km from Lausanne. We took the 3-year course in English. Anne had English in school and did a Proficiency at Cambridge, GB, which means she was (and still is) better in English than I! Today, we have 3 beautiful children: 2 boys and a girl. Daniel, born Feb. 21, 1979, is in University studying literature but wants to move over to journalism; Michel (Michael in English), born July 29, 1981, is a professional cook and making further studies to go into engineering



*The Emmett family (Switzerland)*

Back: Delphine (Daniel's fiancée), Anne, Steve, Lysiane  
Front: Daniel, Michel [Michael in English]



in agro-alimentation; and Lysiane, born Oct. 20, 1986, is in eighth grade.

After Bible school, we came back to Lausanne, as the Lord hadn't given any specific guiding in ministry. I got my job back in the factory, and Anne got a part-time job with me. We put our energy into the local Brethren church where I was asked to be an elder in 1981. Meanwhile I found a job in my trade and worked full time for 2 years. Then I worked part time in my trade as the church asked me for the other part time. That I did for 4 years, before going full time into ministry for the church (1987). In 1983 the church started a new gathering in a suburb of Lausanne called Prilly. I pastored the Prilly church till 1993. Then we started another church in an area, without any evangelical church at all, called Echallens, some 15 km out of Lausanne. We started at about 15 adults, and today the Lord has really blessed us with some 160 adults each Sunday and 106 kids under 16!

Anne does a lot of translation, written for Youth with a Mission (mainly their monthly Mercy Ships newsletter) and orally for seminars from English into French. Plus all a wife and mother has to do in a home, adding to that she does some counseling with me, as well as all the marriage preparations for the future couples I'm asked to marry.  
(s.a.emmett@bluewin.ch)

#### **Lloyd & Darlene (Rashleigh) Oppel (BA, RV '75)**

I "graduated" from grade 10 at BA in 1971. I then went to RVA in Kenya for 1 year and had my grade 12 in Canada. I went to Prairie Bible Institute and then worked on staff. Lloyd and I were married in 1978, and we have been in Thailand with OMF International since 1982. We have 3 children. Hanni is in her third year at Trinity Western U. in Vancouver; Caleb and Vikki are at Chiang Mai International School in grades 11 and 9. Lloyd and I are involved in the leadership team of the Mekong Springboard division of OMF International. Mekong Springboard is focusing on 20 people groups found in the area of the Mekong River. These people groups are yet unreached with the truth and life of Jesus. Their combined population is over 75 million.  
(oppel@loxinfo.co.th)

#### **Joel & Alice (Price) Pifer (KA, HC '73)** (litr 1/01)

We moved to French Camp Academy in Aug. of '99. We are dorm parents of 16 boys ranging from grade 6 to 9. Our beautiful and

spacious home is attached to the dorm. We eat in a cafeteria which we walk to each meal. No, I do not miss cooking. The boys are mostly from broken homes. Many would not obey their single parent, and they are here to learn about Christ. We deal daily with a lot of anger, hate, and bitterness.

These 3 sins I personally dealt with in my own heart trying to overcome the consequences of being brought up in a boarding school without Christ in my life. Being in a dorm ever again was the one thing I told God I could not do because I don't believe in it. I also said, "Over my dead body will my children ever go to a public school." I was right—kind of—over my dead-to-self-will my children are all in public school!

Anyway, we love it here. It is very beautiful. We have a huge horse pasture right behind our home. Joel works in maintenance full time as well as assisting me with discipline issues and yard work. He also helps a lot with the horse program, drives buses to games, and does whatever I need help with. I love to teach the tenth grade girls' SS, do daily devotions with our boys, and disciple one gal once a week. Our children are Anna Naomi (4½), Andrea (14), Josh (17), and Justin (20) who is attending a Tech school in Cola, SC.

#### **Ty & Cindi Guy (KA '75)**

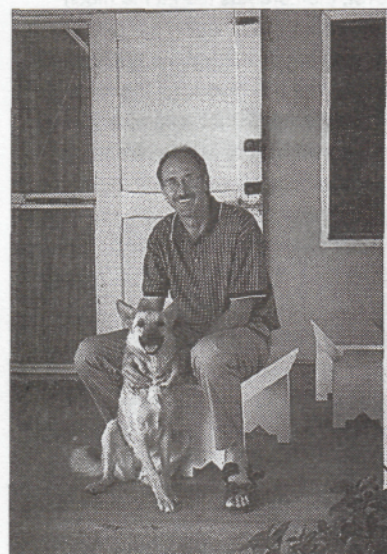
Tuesday, Oct. 31, we went for a sonogram. Neither the technician nor the doctor could get a heartbeat. At 6:30 this morning we began the painful process of labor and delivery for a baby we knew was already in the hands of Jesus. Our older 3 children came to the hospital, and we had a beautiful time holding the baby, crying, taking pictures, reading Scriptures and hugging. We feel like we've been



Dr. Bill & Dorothy Ardill with daughter (8) and twin daughters (6) stationed at Evangel Hospital, Jos. Photos submitted by M. Guy.



Ray & Marcia de la Haye, Ted (17), Tim (15), Doug (13), Mark (10) and Myr Guy



Mark Redekop, Kano compound



incredibly blessed by the Lord, by our church, and by our families and friends. We don't know all the "why's" of this little life, but He sure has taught us how precious life is and has opened many doors for people to share with us the stories of their struggles and pain.  
(Tguy2636@home.com)

**Murray & Wendy (Phillips) Heppner (KA '75)**

They are still living on a farm, though no longer farming, and most of the land has been sold. Murray was able to get employment at a large hog farm about 20 km from home. In addition, he works part time at a nursing home and enjoys his contact with the elderly residents. Their son Kraig is studying at Nipawin Bible Institute. Bruce is in grade 7 and is busy with sports and youth group. Joel is in grade 4 and Jordan grade 1. Wendy keeps the home fires burning, works in the church library and has a Sunday School class of grade 2/3 children.

**Ruth Ellen (Hewitt) Howdyshehl (KA '75)**

I am enjoying this school year's teaching schedule immensely. The absence of an English class to teach makes things much easier! I enjoy English grammar, but juggling spelling, writing, grammar and literature in a 50-min. period a day is a lot of stress for this perfectionistic personality! However, the Lord has taught me much through the years about "letting go" and "resting in Him," and this year I am enjoying His gift of a lighter schedule. He is also teaching me a lot through a book that I am thoroughly enjoying: *Having a Mary Heart in a Martha World* by Joanna Weaver. I highly recommend it. Our son David is a sophomore this year and continues to pursue soccer, basketball, and trumpet. He was one of the ones selected by our band director to participate in Cedarville University's Music Showcase Honor Band the end of February. One of our big projects last year was the beginning stages of building a bedroom in our basement. Maybe we'll get it finished this summer. You know how home projects can go!  
(thowdyshehl@dmci.net)

**Mark & Marjorie (Frame) Lewis (KA, HC '75)**

We have moved to a home in Carol Stream, Illinois. (Marjklewis@aol.com)



Finlaysons

Back: Karen & Colin, Alison & Andrew, Gordon & Lorna

Middle: Ian & Sheila (Dad & Mum), Derek

Children: Elis (Colin's), Charlie (Andrew's), Magnus (Colin's), baby Isaac (Colin's), Lucy (Andrew's)

**Dan & Nancy Paternoster (KA, HC '75)**

Our girls, Rachel and Sarah, are involved in 4-H and entered many craft, photography, and cooking projects in the fair. Rachel received all "A" ribbons with 1 "Best of Show" and 3 "Judge's Award" ribbons. She's very precise with her projects and seems to have a tremendous knack for color and style. Sarah received 16 "A" ribbons and 1 "B" ribbon. She also received 1 "Judge's Award" ribbon this year. It was her first year she was old enough to enter the regular judging. Rachel is now 14. She is still an all-A student and continues with her tap dancing and had a speaking part in the Christmas program at church. Sarah is 9. She is just beginning to get letter grades and is upset with herself if she gets less than an A on her work. She was in the school play this year as an egret (her dad's favorite bird) which had some speaking lines and sang a trio with 2 other egrets. Sarah was also chosen to be in the Honor's Choir at school. She continues to sing in the children's choir at church and had a major speaking role in a play in our church at Christmas time. She continues her jazz dance class this year and will start gymnastics again.

Dan's still at Fowlerville Veterinary Clinic (now as part owner) caring mostly for people's cats and dogs. This month ends his term as Elder at our church giving him more time to complete the addition on our house that he's been working on for a few years now. Nancy continues in her roles of wife, mother, lunchroom supervisor at Fowlerville Jr. High School, and Bible study

teacher at church with the addition this year of organizing a marriage mentoring program at church for engaged couples.  
(danpater@ismi.net)

**Murray & Diane Redekop (KA '75)**

Murray and Diane are still in the fruit-selling business and serve as elders in their church and with the Awana program. The twins, now 13, are home-schooled.

**Stanley & Amy Steely (KA '75)**

Stanley and his family moved to Scott Field, Illinois, from California.  
(asteely@juno.com)

**Nancie (Pollen) Wilson (KA, HC '75)**

She home schools Ryan and Lauren. Murray ministers as elder-pastor at their church and is an insurance agent at a company in Baltimore.  
(mnrwilson@juno.com)

**Patty (Warkentin) Coster (KA, HC '77)**

(e-mail 2/01)

John works for Microsoft and I am home with our 2 children: Travis, 13, and Chelsea, 10. We also have a Basenji which is a dog native to East Africa. At the dog park we met a man from Nigeria who has 2 Basenjies. He recently brought his 2 teenage daughters here from Nigeria, and our family was privileged to meet them and share Thanksgiving dinner at their house. Next time we will ask them to make some African chop! (jptccoster@integrityol.com)

**Derek Finlayson (KA '79)**

(e-mail 12/00)

When we returned to Scotland, I went to a secondary school for just over a year in Penicuik, a town 10 miles outside Edinburgh. During the first term of the second year, we moved house into Edinburgh, and I went to a secondary school there. I was at school until 1979. I didn't really want to go to university after that, partly due to the fact that I didn't get the necessary entrance qualifications for the only course I was interested in at the time. So, I started working in an insurance company and worked there for 17 years until I took voluntary redundancy 3 years ago. For the last 3 years I've been working as a bus driver for Lothian Buses, Edinburgh's main bus company.

My date of birth is Feb 2, 1961. I have 3 brothers: Colin, Andrew, and Gordon. They went to KA as well, but I don't think they remember much about it. Gordon, the youngest, only went there for the year 1972-'73. All of them are married. Colin is married to Karen and has 3 children: Elis (the eldest), Isaac, and Magnus who



celebrated his first birthday last month. Andrew is married to Alison and has 2 children, Charlie and Lucy. Gordon is married to Lorna. And me? No, I'm not married. Nae luck, I'm afraid. And, yes, I still stay with my parents. And I'll be 40 soon. What a thought!  
(derekfinlayson@hotmail.com)

**Ivan & Tracy Tuck (KA, RV '79)**  
(e-mail 2/01)

We're enjoying being back in Putaruru, New Zealand (Ivan's home town after KA and RVA) for a year now after being involved in missionary work in Papua New Guinea from 1985 to 1996, then at a Christian youth camp for a couple years. We're enjoying being on the giving end now and involved in church life. Ivan is working as a field mechanic on agricultural and other equipment. Tracy is a busy mom of 4, church hostess, Sunday School teacher, etc. Janelle is 16, Joanna 15, Ben 12 and Melody (adopted from PNG) 4½ going on 14½!! Ivan continues to return to PNG every year for 10 days or so involved with the work of Christian Books Melanesia and visiting Yimbrasi Bible School where we spent most of our time in PNG.  
(ituck@xtra.co.nz)



Carole (Carpenter) & Brian Senese, Jared, Amber, Monica

published many articles. He plans to start his own business this year. I've just started body building. Brian's in a 6-month body-building contest, so I decided to join him. So far, I can lift the bar.

**Rose Meed (BA '84)**  
(e-mail 1/01)

I've been working at New Brunswick Bible Institute for the past 13 years as the general office Secretary/Receptionist. I also work evenings and weekends on the local ambulance as an Emergency Medical Technician-Paramedic. This keeps me fairly busy. I enjoy getting *Simroots* and catching up on news of fellow classmates. (rose.meed@nbbi.ca)

**Esther (Schult) Smith (EL, IC '86)**  
(2/01)

My husband (Steve) and I are church planters in Senegal, West Africa, with SIM. We have 2 children: Andy (6) and Terri (2) and are expecting #3 in August. We are currently on our first furlough, planning to go to Canada in April for 1 year of French Study, before returning to Senegal. (steve.smith@sim.org)

**Ron & Karen Lyons (KA '88)**  
(2/01)

I went to KA from 1976-'85. We came back to the USA, and my 3 younger sisters and I went to North Valley Christian School in Redding, CA. Dad has his dental practice there today. I spent 4 years in the Navy and 10 years in the restaurant business as an executive chef. I switched recently to the fitness industry as a fitness instructor for a change of pace. My wife, Karen, is a nanny, and we've been married 3 years. Two of my sisters are married, and the youngest one, Melody, still lives at home. I'm currently living in San Diego.

**Steve Radlingmayr (KA, SA '93)**  
(e-mail 1/01)

Some of you know me as Stephan, but after coming back to Germany in '90, my friends here started calling me "Steve" since it sounds more exotic in Germany. When I visited some friends in the States in Sept. '99, some people insisted on calling me "Stephan" since it sounds more exotic there. I went to KA in '80, '84, and '85 and to Sahel Academy in '87-'90. Currently I am studying architecture in Karlsruhe and am enjoying it immensely. It seems that in the coming semester holidays (Feb.), a long-time dream of mine will be fulfilled as I visit West Africa. My parents are now working in Burkina Faso, and I am planning on visiting them there and traveling to the places where I grew up in Benin and Niger. I grew up among the Fulani tribe and am planning on immersing myself into Fulani culture again when I visit Africa. Maybe I'll even make it to Nigeria. Can't wait!  
(bushmansteve@web.de)

## Unknown school or grad year

**Kevin Rideout**

Kevin graduated from Moody Aviation this past summer and is currently working as a flight instructor in Massachusetts. He came to Charlotte to attend a SIMStart—the first step in becoming a missionary with SIM. Kevin is seeking God's direction for his life and is contemplating serving with SIMAIR in Niger. He also plans to check out Interact, a mission organization located in Alaska.

## Staff

**Ken & Marilyn (McElheran) Foster (KA '59)**

Marilyn and I thoroughly enjoy each copy of *Simroots* and especially this last one since it covered the Reunion in Dallas which Marilyn was able to attend. It was good to see pictures



Ken and Marilyn Foster

## 80s

**Frances (Hodges) Dosso (KA, HC '80)**  
(e-mail 2/01)

I am married to a wonderful man, Ken, and we have 3 children. We are living in Caronport, SK, where Ken heads up the music department at a Bible college. I would love to renew contact with people I haven't heard from in a long time.  
(dossohome@sk.sympatico.ca)

**Karita Nussbaum (KA '81)**  
(e-mail 2/01)

I've moved from Canton, OH, to Tulsa, OK, where I can sit under the leadership of a ministry I admire. The church is Church on the Move, and it's got a huge outreach to kids. I continue my work in the court system as a Probation Officer after having completed my Master's degree in social work several years ago. It's challenging work as a believer but also very rewarding. (karita@webzone.net)

**Carole (Carpenter) Senese (KA '81)**  
(2/01)

I'm living in San Diego, CA, with my husband Brian and Amber (8), Jared (6), Monica (4), and 6 guinea pigs. I'm a housewife. Brian travels as a sales engineer, is writing a book, and has



of Myr Guy, Ginny Patterson and other former staff and students that were at KA when we were there in the early 60s. Marilyn attended KA through sixth grade but then had to remain in Canada for the remainder of her education only seeing her parents every 4 years. Our goal was to return to KA after I got my teaching certificate and to spend our career there with SIM. Upon graduating from University in August of 1972, we were informed by SIM that no visas were being granted because of the Biafran War. We felt that our mandate was an MK ministry and were willing to go anywhere in the world to work at an MK school. A few years later we went to Alliance Academy in Quito, Ecuador, and came here to Black Forest Academy in Germany in 1982.

Our daughters Valerie and Heather are both married and living in Rusk, Texas. Heather graduated from Alliance Academy in 1982, and Valerie graduated from BFA in 1986. They both attended Capernwray in England, and later both graduated from Stephen F. Austin U. They both have 2 children each, a boy and a girl.

We enjoy our ministry here at BFA where Marilyn is manager of our front office where she dispenses hugs, encouragement, and counsel and prayer when called for. I am Athletic Director and teach all levels Phys. Ed. and coach cross country, basketball, and track and field.

We would like to hear from any former staff or students who were at KA when we were there and remember us and wonder what happened to the Fosters. We certainly wanted to spend our career at KA, but the Lord had other plans. If anyone is ever in near proximity to Basel, Switzerland, come by and pay us a visit. Bill and Esther O'Donovan are the only ones from KA days that have ever visited us.

(kfoster@bfacademy.com)

Home: (0049)-07626-971593

Work: (0049)-07626-91610



Jack & Dorothy Phillips, Gerry & Paul Craig

### Myr & Coral Guy (KA)

Mr. Guy recently visited Nigeria and shared with us some of his photos which we will be including in *Simroots*. Check out some recent and archival family photos at [www.shawnsdesign.com/3](http://www.shawnsdesign.com/3).



### ACORD

(2/01)

**Janie ('74)** I married Gunnar Paulsen in 1999 after being divorced for 6 years. We live in Colorado Springs where he works for Quantum Corp (computer nerd!) and I teach math in an alternative high school. We have no kids, but have 3 big dogs and 4 cats and lots of kids in our lives. (Janieeop@hotmail.com). My younger sister, **Marnie**, is married with 3 kids and lives in Talahassee, FL. My older sister, **Na'ama**, lives in Toronto, Canada, with her husband and 3 kids. My folks, Bud and Dot, live in Divide, CO.

### BLASCHKE

(Mom's e-mail 2/01)

Last August **Philip (KA '86)** added York County, SC, Deputy Sheriff work to his job as Youth Pastor at Lakeshore Christian Fellowship. While stopped alongside the road on Dec. 17 at 4:00 a.m. to help a pedestrian, the driver of a pickup truck traveling 35 mph, fell asleep at the wheel and rammed into the rear of Philip's cruiser. In a domino-like reaction, his cruiser spun around, hitting him and hurling him some 65 feet

beyond the point of contact. Within minutes word got out to all law enforcement units that "An officer is down." Philip's back-up arrived within seconds, followed by about 20 other police cars. What could have become a fatal disaster turned into a bruised body and a level-two concussion for Philip. Some of his colleagues now call him "Batman." But all of us gratefully

recognize that God had wonderfully intervened on Philip's behalf.

**Joel ('94)** passed interviews and entrance tests with "flying colors" for acceptance into the U.S. Army Officers Candidate School. Joel, his wife Jennifer, and daughter Isa will appreciate your prayers, as they will be separated for 13-14 weeks during this time of training beginning March 1 in Fort Benning, Georgia.

### BLISS

(2/01)

**Brian (EL, IC '84)** is married to Cathy, who is an MAF MK who graduated from DALAT MK school. They are SIM missionaries working as dorm parents at ICA. Their children are Chantelle, Charity, and Cody. (bbliss@ica.ed.ci)

**Kevin (EL, IC '90)**, like his brothers, attended ELWA, ICA, and also ABC Academy (Assoc. with African Bible College - Liberia). He graduated from high school in Yucaipa, CA, when his parents returned to the USA as regional directors. Kevin is a California Highway Patrol (CHP) officer. (txbliss@juno.com)

**Regan (EL, IC '94)** Since graduating from Christian Heritage College in May, '99, I have settled in with a full-time job at Forest Home Christian Conference Center. Lately I had the opportunity to go with my parents to see my new niece (their fifth grandchild) at 18 hours old. Also I had the opportunity to travel last Nov. with a team from First Baptist Church in Yucaipa to Bouake, Côte d'Ivoire. The reason was to help install fiber optic lines to all the dorms, dispensary, maintenance shop, community center, and dining hall at ICA. It was great to be a part of that installation of the computer network at ICA and also to see my brother Brian and his family. (Blisstex@msn.com)

### CLARK

(2/01)

**Michelle Clark (EL, HC, IC '79)** I'm living in the foothills overlooking Denver. In April I took a job caring for Patricia Simon. Pat's husband Dave is a pediatrician, so between them, they keep me busy. We have 2 dogs and a beautiful new log cabin home. This year I'm going to visit one of my brother Chris's orphanages. It will be fun, and I hope to put my gifts to work.

**Pam (EL, AC '83)** married Adam Marquardt, and they have 4 beautiful children. Adam is a pastor in a large church in Denver. Pam does basketball camps at church.

**Chris (EL, IC '80)** has a mission called Children of the Nations. Chris and Debbie have 3 lovely children.

**Bill (EL, HC, IC '77)** married Kelly, a beautiful redhead he met in the crew. Bill is climbing the officer ranks and trying to keep up with 3 pretty, adventurous girls.



## FULLER

(Harold's e-mail 12/00)

**David (KA, HC '74)** and Sheppe have moved south of the border—to Naperville, just west of Chicago. David continues to direct SIM International Communications (involves literature, videos, and websites—even the SIM Prayer Guide). Dustin, still in high school, joined the Naperville Central High soccer team. Three months later he was asked to be team captain in 2001. Chicago's largest daily called this player from Canada "the one to watch." (Oh yes, he's keeping up his academic scores too!) Jordan (18) moved to the border—not across it—at Windsor University in a BA course.

Jim teaches at a nearby Christian school, and **Rebecca (KA, HC '77)** home-schools Stacey and Geoffrey. Of course what big sister does, little brother attempts—so Geoffrey takes piano, at which Stacey excels.



Michelle, Colton (18 mo.), Kevin Bliss, Karissa Elizabeth



Bliss Boys

Left: Brian & Cathy, Chantelle (9), Charity (7), Cody (5)  
Center: Ryan Right: Kevin & Michele Parents: Bart & Ruth



Alice and Art Warkentin (Staff)

## STADE

**Laura (KA '75)** I am still working with the Metis Nation of Saskatchewan—Western Region as their office manager. I manage four corporations, 12 programs, and 24 staff. When I first got here six years ago, several of the corporations were in debt, some seriously. Now all the corporations are out of debt and doing very well.

My sister **Esther (KA '73)** has moved with her husband and children (3 boys and 1 girl) to SC. **David's (KA '80)** family has 4 boys and 1 girl. He works as a mechanic. **Clifford (KA)** still works at Saskatchewan Government Insurance in Salvage Division. He and his wife Patti live in Battleford. They have 3 boys. Mom needs to have a hip replacement, and Dad has really slowed down, but other than that they are doing great. ([simmklrs@www.com](mailto:simmklrs@www.com))

## SYRING

(e-mail 2/01)

**Debbie (KA '75)** and Ken Olson live in Glendale Heights, IL. They have two sons, Ben (21) and Josh (18). ([jdo-ken@aol.com](mailto:jdo-ken@aol.com))

**Conni Townsend (KA '76)** My husband Jerry works for a German-based company named Optima Corp. as an engineer; the company is headquartered in Green Bay, WI, but he travels worldwide. He also has a construction business that specializes in log homes as a side job in his spare time. Conni stays at home with the children, home-schooling



Warkentins

Top to bottom: Patty, Kathleen, Andrew, Barbie and Helene

the four oldest—Jerry (14), Eric (13), Russell (9) and Alex (7); they also have twin daughters, Lydia and Danielle (4). The boys are very helpful in the construction work. Jerry & Eric are on the football team in Wausaukee, and Russell and Alex are involved in Cub Scouts and youth wrestling. They are active in Immanuel Baptist Church. My dad, Bill Syring (Kagoro, '64-'67), lives in Green Bay, WI, where he drives armored courier for American Security. He has lived there for most of the past 12 years since his wife, Winnie, went home to be with the Lord. ([mhomes@cybrzn.com](mailto:mhomes@cybrzn.com))

**Bill (KA '77)** and Sherrie live in Fresno, CA. They have 5 daughters: Melissa (18), Heather (16), Sara (13), Elizabeth (11), and Karissa (3). ([bill\\_sherrie\\_syring@netzero.net](mailto:bill_sherrie_syring@netzero.net))

Esther was born in Jos in '66 but never attended KA. She lives in Shakopee, MN, with her husband Mark Eberle and 2 sons, Evan (5) and Austin (3).

## WINSOR

(Dad's e-mail 12/00)

**Craig & Jennifer (KA '88)** have 2-yr.-old Ethan and 1-yr.-old Corinne.

**Chad & Amanda (KA '88)** Chad just finished with the Marine Corp, and they are now working at Chamberlin Hunt, a Christian boarding school in MS.

**Calvin (KA '91)** recently married Jolly.

**Chris & Carleen (Winsor) Evans (KA, SA '91, '93)** were recently stationed in Alaska with the US Army—along with 2-year-old Brianne and new baby Alyssa.



# Top Ten Reasons to Live Overseas

Submitted by Timothy & Laurel Kietzman  
(kietzman@surfsouth.com)

1. You will develop a sincere appreciation for the clean tap water and consistent electricity that you once had! Corollary: you will luxuriate in and appreciate every hot shower you ever take in the future.
2. Your children will be unable to develop electronic game addictions because the electricity so often goes off and halts the computer's function. Corollary: your children MAY learn to play creatively, if they will stop whining about the electricity being off.
3. You will be amazed at how many more people now can fit in your six-passenger car than ever could prior to your travels. It is a mystery, but we now find it commonplace to fit eight or nine in a tiny Suzuki four-seater car, ten in a Toyota pickup, and recently we had 14 people (of which only 3 were children) in a tiny Suzuki van. It makes you appreciate your arrival so much more!
4. Your driving reflexes will improve tremendously, and you will find on return to the U.S., that roads appear to have been widened. Driving in the mountains is like playing an intense video game, with eternal consequences. You may come around a sharp bend to find a landslide, especially if you are traveling in rainy weather. And then there is the 1000-foot drop off the side of the road that faces away from the mountain, with no guardrails! But you can't beat the view!
5. Your children will develop grateful hearts related to simple pleasures, such as having a glass of Kool-Aid.
6. You will never again complain that any food tasted in the U.S. is too spicy.
7. If you return to the West, you will be thankful, amazed, and impressed that at the post office you are understood, and that if you leave a letter or parcel there, it will be delivered! Unopened! And before next year!
8. You will recognize a restaurant salad bar as the extravagant feast that it really is and rejoice as you safely enjoy the fresh vegetables without the iodine/chlorine-soaked taste.
9. You will be able to leave your home, do errands, and return home without being asked numerous times for a donation, and feeling guilty whether you do or don't give! (If you DO give, are you propagating the begging industry? If you DON'T give, are you being selfish with your worldly goods?)
10. You may be fortunate enough to realize that God can still use you, even when you are having a bad day!

## CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

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

### BINGHAM ACADEMY

bingham@telecom.net.et

### CLASSES OF 1960-62

Russ Schmidt  
PO Box 1689  
Sumas, WA 98295-1689  
or  
12-32615 Murray Ave.  
Abbotsford, BC  
Canada V2T 4T8  
(604) 853-1894  
Rvschmidt@home.com

### CLASS OF 1976

Malinda (Estelle) Duvall  
22 Elmwood Drive  
Taylors, SC 29687  
(864) 268-5873  
Rduvall@juno.com

### CLASS OF 1977

Edward Estelle  
RD #1 Box 155A  
Stamford, NY 12167  
(607) 652-3111  
estellewriters@juno.com

### CLASS OF 1980

Christina (Freeman) Graft  
P.O. Box 772  
Cortez, CO 81321-0772  
(970) 564-1098  
grate@fone.net

### CARACHIPAMPA

[www.carachipampa.org](http://www.carachipampa.org)

Helen Steele  
c/o PO Box 7900  
Charlotte, NC 28241-7900  
steele@bo.net

### ELWA

### CLASS OF 1984

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

### GOOD SHEPHERD

[gss.mknet.org](http://gss.mknet.org)

Betty Froisland  
2737 Sage Street  
Colorado Springs, CO 80907  
(719) 634-1435  
froisland-GSS@juno.com

### GOWANS HOME

Ruth Whitehead  
8550 Eames Street  
San Diego, CA 92123-2120  
(619) 571-0130  
ruthw@flash.net

### INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ACADEMY

[www.ica.ed.ci](http://www.ica.ed.ci)  
ica@ica.ed.ci

### KENT ACADEMY

### CLASSES OF 1950-'64

Dr. Gordon A. Ireland  
400 Parkland Avenue  
Glendale, MO 63122  
(314) 821-9442  
gireland@hsca.com

### CLASS OF 1965

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

### CLASS OF 1966

Sherrill (McElheran) Bayne  
2229 Ransom Drive  
Ft Wayne, IN 46845  
(219) 637-5358  
sbayne@juno.com

### CLASS OF 1967

Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson  
1565 Gascony Road  
Encinitas, CA 92024  
(760) 942-6109  
swanson121@home.com

### CLASS OF 1968

Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel  
1492 Hooli Circle  
Pearl City, HI 96782  
giebel@roberts.com

### CLASS OF 1969

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

### CLASS OF 1971

Jim Kastner  
1125 Nottingham  
Grosse Pointe Park, MI 48230  
(313) 331-0818  
Fax (313) 966-1156  
kasfam1@home.com

### CLASS OF 1972

Karen (Seger) Keegan  
222 Hyle Avenue  
Murfreesboro, TN 37128  
(615) 895-9011  
simroots@sim.org

### CLASS of 1974

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

### CLASS OF 1975

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

### CLASS OF 1977

Annegret (Schalm) Horton  
6303 Leger Bay  
Regina, SK  
Canada S4X 2K4  
(306) 949-5610  
thowdysell@dmci.net  
[www.pneumasoft.com/sim77](http://www.pneumasoft.com/sim77)

Debb Forster  
2135 Manawa Lane  
Tega Cay, SC 29715  
(803) 548-3196  
joy4debb@aol.com

### CLASS OF 1978

Elizabeth (Jackson) Quinn  
9 Cider Lane  
Nashua, NH 03063  
(603) 595-6300  
fax: (603) 880-6503  
lizard@inr.net  
[www.users/inr.net/~lizard/class.htm](http://www.users/inr.net/~lizard/class.htm)

### CLASS OF 1981

Frank Dubisz  
738 S. Westridge Avenue  
Glendora, CA 91740-4333  
(626) 398-7787  
FADubisz@fuller.edu

### RIFT VALLEY

[www.RVA.org](http://www.RVA.org)  
Alumni director: Deb\_Ort@aimint.org  
Rich & Janice Dunkerton  
4020-58th Ave North  
St. Petersburg, FL 33714  
(727) 522-0522  
RJDunk1@juno.com

### SAHEL ACADEMY

[www.sim.ne/sahel](http://www.sim.ne/sahel)





**Above left:** BA Students: "Sir Unkie" with Peter Wallace, Mark Middleton, Dan Maxson, Julene Hodges, Chris Waldock, Stan Kayser, Brian Isaacs, Jerry Healy

**Above:** BA Tea Time  
Peter Wallace, Dan Scheel, Jimmy Nash, Frances Wallace

**Left:** BA "old" dining room  
Adults: Mary MacDonald, Mary Wollman, Roy Wallace, Lorna Rashleigh

Photos by R. Wallace

Clip and Mail

## ADDRESS CHANGES OR ADDITIONS

Clip and Mail

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

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Maiden Name \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Province \_\_\_\_\_ Zip/Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (Home) \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (Work) \_\_\_\_\_

Fax \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

High school graduation year (based on U.S. system end of grade 12) \_\_\_\_\_

Mission school(s) attended or affiliated with on mission field (please list all) \_\_\_\_\_

Affiliation with school as a \_\_\_\_\_ Student \_\_\_\_\_ Staff \_\_\_\_\_ Parent \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_ Date of address change \_\_\_\_\_

I am sending a donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to SIM in honor of \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please remove my name from the mailing list.

Send changes to Karen Keegan, 222 Hyle Avenue, Murfreesboro, TN 37128-8535 or e-mail [simroots@sim.org](mailto:simroots@sim.org).



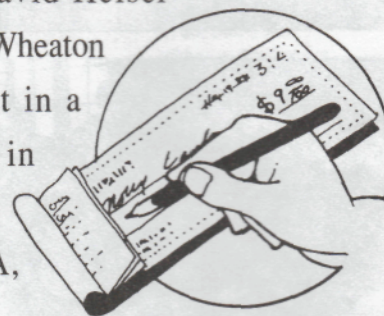
# HELP!

We would like to dedicate a future issue to our staff, teachers, and caregivers from the past. Please send in favorite memories along with photos (current or archival).

# DONATIONS

We need your financial support to keep *Simroots* coming to your mailbox. Donations of any amount gladly received. See p. 2 for details.

Thank you to David Helser (retired staff from Wheaton College) who sent in a \$100 donation in honor of Gordon Albert Helser (KA, Perry).



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

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