



SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

FALL 2003

VOLUME 20 NUMBER 2

Sakeji School



Sakeji School Logo

South Central Africa. Northern Rhodesia, the Zambezi River, Victoria Falls, Southern Rhodesia—all familiar echoes from long ago geography classes, if you're my age. Nowadays, the two Rhodesias are known as Zambia and Zimbabwe.

It's probably best if you look at a map or a globe. OK—focus in on Zambia, the former Northern Rhodesia. Note where Angola makes a strong, blocky intrusion into NW Zambia. Sakeji School is located way up in that narrow finger of land between Angola and Congo. The school overlooks the Sakeji River, which eventually flows into the Zambezi.

Sakeji School is operated by Christian Missions in Many

Lands (CMML), a Brethren group. Like Rift Valley Academy, Sakeji is not an SIM school, but many of SIM's Africa Evangelical Fellowship (AEF) MKs attended Sakeji School. The AEF merged into the SIM group in 1998. (Under Andrew Murray, the AEF began in 1889 as the South Africa General Mission.)

Sakeji started out in 1925 with three buildings as "Kalene School," so named because the relatively nearby mission station was in Kalene. Dr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher established a medical facility at Kalene in 1906 to serve the local people and the missionaries in that general area. The Fishers got a vision for a school for

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continued from page 1

the children of missionaries in that area, so that the missionaries would not have to send their children away to school in the home countries of the parents. The Fishers' experience with the schooling of their own six children gave a powerful incentive to make this vision a reality. Subsequently, the mission at Kalene established a local school for African children. The name "Kalene School" seemed more appropriate for it than for the MK school located 25 kilometers away from Kalene. So in 1932 they named the MK school "Sakeji" after the nearby river mentioned earlier, and the more local, newly established school inherited "Kalene School."

Like a number of other missionary boarding schools in the tropics, Sakeji is situated at an elevation (around 4000 feet above sea level) that favorably moderates the tropical weather. The Sakeji River provides hydroelectric power for the school and serves as part of the recreational resources. The original electrical system used a belt and pulley arrangement to transfer power from the water wheel to the generator. A recent upgrade uses a helical gearbox to raise the water wheel's 15 rpm to 1500 rpm. This permits the use of a more modern generator to create power that is then stored in battery cells to provide reliable electric lighting for the school. Diesel pow-

ered generators, run in the mornings and evenings, supply additional electricity to meet the school's electrical needs above what the hydroelectric system can provide.

Sakeji is a Christian boarding school for Grades one through seven. Though remotely located, the school is able to get meat, dairy products, fruit, and vegetables fresh from local farms. Other supplies are trucked in from regional towns. By way of shortwave communications gear, daily contact is maintained with other mission stations and with regional mission support personnel. Missionary staff at the school usually runs between 12 and 15. Though primarily established for educating missionary children, Sakeji also accepts Zambian and expatriate children. The school year starts in January and is broken up into three terms. They observe four weeks of holiday in April, six weeks in July/August, and five weeks in the Christmas season. A nurse is on staff for first-level medical care. More serious medical needs are dealt with at the relatively nearby Kalene Hospital. In more recent times, satellite phone covers some communications needs, including e-mail service.

The school facilities can accommodate up to one hundred students, but in recent years, the student body has been running at just a little over half capacity. Regional political unrest with the attendant security and safety concerns, and changes in the distribution of locations for mission work in that part of Africa, have several times caused the administration to consider relocating the school. At the time of writing this, Sakeji continues to serve its vital function in the program of missions.

Bob Young, Principal at Sakeji,

gave us this update in September 2003: A "spirit of renewal" permeates every aspect of life at Sakeji. Enrolment is increasing, new missionary personnel have arrived, the Sakeji River is being harnessed for hydroelectric power, and building and renovation are in full swing. There is the conviction that the Lord Himself would have Sakeji School to continue with fresh vision of God's purposes.

See the Sakeji Web site at www.sakeji.org for more details and other links, with delightful, nostalgic stories and memories and photos. You'll find all the usual MK common ground. Most of the information for this introduction to Sakeji School was found at the Sakeji Web site or from the links found at that Web site. Matthew Raymond, a former Headmaster of Sakeji, gave some very helpful input.

We invite those of you who attended Sakeji School to send in stories, photos, and responses.

Submitted by Dan Elyea



STAFF TRIBUTES

Staff photos continued from previous issue . . .



Terry & Sue (Long) Hammack
KA, HC



Evelyn McDonald
BA



Travis McDonald
BA



Malcolm & Liz McGregor
BA



Ruth McIntyre
EL



Susan McLeod
CC, KA



Gertrude Meadows
KA



Desmond Meed
BA



Lillian Meed
BA



Carol Meinhardt
EL



Harry Metro
BA



Thelma Metro
BA



Charles Miller
KA



Joy (Vanderschie) Miller
KA



Rhoda Miller
SA



Ian Arthur Mills
KA



Ruth Mills
KA



Claudia Moore
CC



David Naff
EL, SA



Mary Naff
EL, SA



Joe Nash
EL



Wilma Nash
EL



Judith Neil
BA



Ray Neil
BA



Don Nelson
EL



Louisa Nelson
EL



Bill O'Donovan
KA



Esther (Crouch) O'Donovan
KA



Eric Odell
BA



Mary Odell
BA



Anna Lou Oursland
KA



Joanne Parrish
KA



Virginia Patterson
KA



Joy Pattison
CC



Dorothy Pecht
EL



Rita Pegg
BA, KA



Florence Perkins
BA



Alvin Peters
BA



Lydia Peters
BA



Dorothy & Jack Phillips
KA



Rachel Pineda
BA



Giovanni Pineda
BA



Keith Pitman
BA



Betty Pitman
BA



Dave Pitman
BA



Winnie Pitman
BA



Joyce Plaxton
BA



Graham Porter
BA, CC



Lori Porter
CC



Virginia Powell
BA



Cheryl Pridham
KA



Anita (Pullen) Swingle
KA



Judith Randolph
KA



Elsie Reid
KA

To be continued . . .
Note: HC staff
will be featured
separately.



KA Memories

by Sue (Long) Hammack (KA, HC '72)
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I was at KA all through the 1960s. Prior to attending KA as a student, I vaguely remember visiting Miango when my parents went “on holiday” each year. March is one of the hottest months of the year in West Africa, and it was blazing hot in Galmi, Niger, so we were usually at MRH for my pre-school birthdays on March 15. I have memories of birthday parties in the large room upstairs in the guest house where the ping pong tables were and the guest house laundry was hung to dry in the rainy season.

My first memory of KA was arriving from the airport at supper time. I was in second grade. It was 1961, and our family had just returned from furlough. Cherry had told me many times that Aunt Gerry was wonderful and that I would love her. As we pulled up by the dining hall, Aunt Gerry stepped out to welcome us and Cherry said, “See, isn’t she wonderful?”

I had a crush on Doug Elyea from day one! He was in eighth grade, I think, and he was the waiter of my section in the dining hall. Cottage cheese was on the menu of that first meal, and since I had liked cottage cheese in the States, I asked for a generous amount. I gagged on the first spoonful and was terrified that I would have to eat all that horrible cottage cheese. Doug didn’t make me, and I loved him for it! That same year, I made my acting debut as a fairy in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

I spent a lot of time in the sickroom, particularly in third grade (’62/’63) when there were both measles and mumps epidemics. I enjoyed the sick room, as long as I wasn’t too sick. I was fascinated by medical things and loved to take my temperature. Early one morning before Aunt Mim came to wake us, I took my own temperature. As I was shaking the thermometer, it struck my pillow and broke in two. I carefully placed the ends together and set it back in the holder. Of course, I was in a deep sleep when Aunt Mim came in and discovered the thermometer. I don’t think she was fooled, but she didn’t make a fuss. Besides taking care of a continuous flow of sick kids, Aunt Betty had an amazing bug collection and inspired many of the boys to properly “care for” their dead bugs.

Somewhere along the way in those early years, probably fourth grade, our class started using the word “ingou” to mean something like “duh.” Maybe it was because someone found a



Back: Kathleen Harbottle, Esther Coleman, Carolyn Cail, Iva Elyea, Carmen Learned, Carol Lucas, Virginia Patterson, Charlotte Jacobson, Cathy Learned, Jean Price, Ruth Ockers, Carolyn Osbourne

Front: Grace Ann Bell, Karen Seger, Joyce Ratzlaff, Ruth Bishop, Grace Laird, Heather Wilson, Sue Long, Grace Porter, Joy Bell, Marcia Steely

picture in the local paper of “Ingou” dancers performing a traditional dance, which we thought was very funny. The picture ended up in my scrapbook.

Starting around fourth grade, I daily searched out an empty piano practice room in the back of the dining hall to practice playing hymns from the Kirk Chapel hymn book. I was too young to take lessons, but my mom had taught me to read notes, so I started with “At Calvary,” which had no sharps or flats, and gradually I taught myself to read music in all the keys. When I had the notes correct, I tried to add flourishes, as I had heard others do in church services. My goal as a little kid was to be as good a piano player as Bonnie Kleinsasser and Linda Glerum who had greatly impressed me with their duet, “In the Hall of the Mountain King.”

Fourth grade was a significant year in my life for several reasons. For one thing, David Lohnes and I started “going together.” I have a valentine in my scrapbook that he gave me that year. David and I were good friends all our KA years.

That year, I roomed with my three best friends, Ruth Bishop, Karen Seger, and Janet Rhine, and we had a great time, but we fought a lot, especially Janet and me. I think I was the main instigator, as I had a bad temper. One Sunday, when we were all dressed up for church, I got very angry with Janet for some reason. I was sweeping the room at the time,

and I swept the dirt into the dustpan and threw it all over her, Sunday dress and all. Later, I snooped in her precious diary, which was a huge violation to Janet in those days, and she had written, “I hate Sue Long!” The next day, when we made up (we always did), I confessed my sin and she forgave me for everything.

In fourth grade, I had my one and only KA spanking for a serious offense. Some of the fifth grade girls invited me to join them in exploring the attic above the girls’ dorm. We had a wonderful time for two days and then got caught. All of us got the belt for that caper. I wasn’t too disappointed, because I knew it was a risk, and we had a great time while it lasted. I was more worried about what would happen when Dad found out, but nothing did!

Later in the year, when the older kids led the Sunday evening service, the Holy Spirit convicted me of my temper. Bonnie Kleinsasser, who was one of my idols, gave her testimony, saying she knew she needed a Savior because she was a sinner. I thought, “Wow, if SHE needs a Savior, I’m a goner!” I accepted Jesus as my Savior that night, which brought a big change in my life.

I received a Brownie camera for Christmas my fifth grade year, and from that time, I have pictures in my photo albums/scrapbooks of my classmates and many events. Cheech (Ruth Bishop) was my best friend all through childhood. Her parents were stationed in Maradi, so



we shared the distinction of being “Niger kids.” We had a GREAT class, and those years are full of wonderful memories for me!

Saturday morning we had our hair washed and curled for Sunday. I had long, blond hair, and an auntie would curl it with pink sponge curlers which were hard to sleep on. We wore head scarves all day Saturday to keep the curlers in our hair. Other than on Sunday, I always wore my hair in a ponytail and hated when I had to have braids, especially French braids. (Karen Seger always wore her long hair in braids.) My dad was not happy when I decided to cut my hair in fifth grade while home on Christmas break, but he did not forbid it. Mom braided my hair and we snipped it off! I have the braids in my scrapbook.

In March 1965, when I was in fifth grade, I got hepatitis and spent five weeks in the hospital. In fact, I was in the KA sickroom on my birthday, March 15, when Dr. Jeanette Troup came to “do rounds.” She took me to Jos and carried me into Bingham Memorial Nursing Home. After I felt better, I enjoyed my stay. The nurses took wonderful care of me.

A highlight of seventh grade, after being in the States for sixth grade, was being the “narrator” in “Anne of Green Gables.” I got to eat popcorn as I sat on the couch and narrated the play. It was quite a big deal to have a big bowl of popcorn to myself!

That year, I was finally old enough to take piano lessons, and Carol Plueddemann was my first official teacher (besides my mom). A car load of teachers came weekly from Jos to teach music lessons, and of course, we had recitals at the end of each year.

In eighth grade, the junior high “couples” included Jim Kastner and me. The term, “standing under the tree,” meant “going together,” as in “Jim and Sue are standing under the tree now.” After study hall each night, the mango tree between the junior high halls of the boys’ and girls’ dorms was a popular place.

My eighth grade year, in ’67/’68, the KA girls’ sports teams were unbeatable. We won every game we played against Hillcrest. It’s a wonder they agreed to play us. We had some excellent athletes—Lila Veenker, Carmen and Cathy Learned, Cora Zobrist, Kathleen Harbottle, and others. We all loved sports with Miss Pat!

Besides sports and “programs,” music was a big part of my life in junior high. Joyce Ratzlaff and I played the piano for many occasions. “Sing Songs” were a regular event in those days. Many junior high kids worked hard to present a musical number, be it singing or playing an instrument. I remember the Zobrist kids singing often, espe-

cially “The Hornet Song.” We especially enjoyed “Sing Song” when it was over at the MRH lounge. Myr and Coral Guy loved music and made sure it was a big part of our lives. A happy memory of junior high is Bill and Esther O’Donovan singing in the hallway after lights out at night. Aunt Esther made up many songs. She was very creative!

The final event of the eighth grade year was planning the end-of-year banquet. We spent many hours planning the evening for the ninth grade class. The decorations were excellent.

Ninth grade at KA was really very special! The KA staff from that era is to be commended for their efforts to pack each year full of great memories!

In ninth grade, Cheech and I made matching dresses for Home Ec class. We called them our “tiger dresses,” but they should have been called “leopard dresses,” since the fabric was spotted. We bought the material in the Galmi market during Christmas holidays. Unfortunately, I washed the fabric in a load with Dad’s surgical scrub suits, and they all turned light yellow. Fortunately, he didn’t care.

We loved ninth grade Bible class with Uncle Bill O’Donovan! There was great competition for top grades in that class, and Don Campion was my biggest competitor for the highest grade. Working hard to get good grades was important to me. In grade school, my parents gave me a chocolate bar for bringing home a good report card. In junior high and high school, I got L1.00. (That’s one pound!) I think that was each semester.

Mr. Miller was our math teacher. He was a gentle, kind man. Cheech and I misbehaved in class one day, and he made us sweep the main playground. Major entertainment!

In ninth grade, David Lohnes and I were “standing under the mango tree.” One night after study hall, David and I lingered too long, and Aunt Doris DeHart locked the door. I decided my best course of action was to sneak around the back side of the dorm by the dental clinic and climb through the window in Cora’s room (it was a bit larger than the other windows). Unfortunately, it was all the way on the other side of the dorm. I was almost successful, except I met Uncle Bill coming from the school just as I was on the sidewalk in front of his apartment. A bit flustered, he insisted that I come through their house instead of climbing through the window! I most certainly did not want to do that, knowing that Aunt Esther would be home! I was correctly reprimanded, and Aunt Doris was very apologetic, bless her heart.

That year, I played the piano for the Boys’ Sextet which included Don Campion, David

Lohnes, Graham Day, Bill Zobrist, Bob Braband, and John Teichroew. The O’Ds put that together, as they did a girls’ group. One of the songs the girls sang was “Every Time I See a Rainbow.”

Jim Crouch joined the KA staff in my ninth grade year, ’68/’69. Besides other things, he taught ninth grade history. He was so young—and single! He was also musical, very competitive, and he lived in that tiny little “house” on the corner of the road leading to MRH. A big change in the staff that year was that Miss Pat left, and Miss Hill came to teach PE. Miss Pat was a tough act to follow, but we came to love Miss Hill, too. She laughed a lot. I remember Aunt Ann “adopting” a newborn Nigerian baby. Miss Waridel tried to teach us French. I still have “Victorine et Alice” in my scrapbook.

The new dam was built then. Most of that year, an endless line of Miango women carried head pans of dirt to the site. What a feat!

Major battles between staff and kids that year concerned long hair (for the boys) and short skirts (for the girls). Janet had at least one of her dresses cut apart at the bottom and a 4-inch strip of matching fabric added to make it long enough. Someone posted a hilarious poem on our junior high bulletin board called “Parody on Knees,” which I have in my scrapbook.

The highlight of the year was the Overnight Hike to Panshanu Pass. We rattled around on the huge rock hills inside a big, old barrel until it completely wore out. We raced around in the moonlight (probably scaring plenty of snakes), talked and sang around the campfire, slept out on the rocks for a few hours, ate pancakes for breakfast, hiked up (and down) an endless mountain, and made wonderful memories.

Sunday walks were always a blast, but especially in junior high when we did the difficult climbs. We clowned around incessantly, and it’s truly amazing that we survived.

For a few years, we had a School Spirit which generated great fights between classes. I wonder how long that continued.

Who can forget the merit system? In younger years, there were the room contests, but in junior high, it expanded to earning merits for everything. We earned a white “K” for the first 1000 merits and a “Kent Academy” bar for the highest achievement.

If I reminisced longer, I would come up with many more memories, but this is enough for now. My childhood was sweet—I thank God for it. It is a privilege to be an SIM MK. ◆



KA Memories

by Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen
(KA '66)

Grace Swanson is collecting stories for a KA book and asked some leading questions to get us started. Here are some answers sent in by Phyllis Mithen. Anyone else wanting to contribute stories should do so ASAP.

My favorite thing to do for fun at KA was:

- Playing hop scotch, kick the can, jacks
- Singing: in Mr. Phillips' class, practicing for programs, singing in programs in the chapel, singspirations at the Miango Rest Home
- Making puppet heads out of sawdust (?) for the Rip Van Winkle story
- Listening to Mitch Miller records in the dining room on a Saturday morning
- Reading and being read to

I really got into trouble when:

- Pat Hursh and I had a mud fight with some boys. I got mud in my eye and had to wear a patch. This probably created a new rule—no more throwing mud.

What I remember most about dorm life:

- Playing "Auntie Irene"
- Taking care of "little sisters"—braiding Bonnie Gordon's long, blond hair; washing hair; cutting nails; changing sheets
- The daily anxious glance at the room contest—Did we get a star?
- Talks with Aunt Gerry in the Common Room when we were "big girls." She tried to prepare us for what we would face as adolescents.
- Signing each others' autograph books
- Getting sex education out of Leon Uris' *Exodus* by reading and re-reading the one-paragraph love scene, which is all I ever read in that book; passing around a tract entitled "Done in Technicolor" in which a girl gets pregnant by (!?) going to the forbidden movies

The strongest emotion when I think of KA is:

- Nostalgia. My class for the most part lost the place, lost the country, and lost each other all at once.

What I miss most about my time at KA is:

- The intense friendships, the enjoyable classes and activities and the programs. ◆

Christmas

by Tim Elyea (KA '75)
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One of my favorite memories is of our last Christmas spent in Nigeria. Iva, Lorna, Roxy, and I were some of the last kids left at KA because we had to be flown home. The pilots were running as many flights as possible to get kids home to bush stations. The winds of the Harmattan would blot out visibility on some days, so there were more delays. There were no electronic guidance systems for them, and they would have to follow rivers, roads, and towns for landmarks.

The aunties and uncles made those lonely days special for us. Aunt Linda Klassen would make a beautiful Christmas village out of gingerbread and white, sugary, marshmallow frosting. She would decorate it with brightly colored gumdrops and peppermints. It was on display under glass for a week or two before holiday break. The last kids left got to eat it. What a treat that was!

When our turn finally came, we were driven to the new Miango airstrip in VW busses. There were 3 SIMAIR planes waiting. We were put into the Piper Aztec, a twin-engine plane. The pilot and an Auntie were with us on the flight. Her job was to hold the bags for us when we got sick. We always did, too. I was always too airsick to be excited for the landing at Bursali. The pilot would make a couple of passes before landing. The steep banks of the turning plane would just about do me in. Dad would be standing on top of the big truck. (They used to call it the "Twentieth Century Covered Wagon.") He would be holding a flapping bed sheet or a roll of unfurled TP to show the pilot the wind direction. Mom waited in the shade of the truck anticipating our return. Hundreds of natives would be standing around to see the *jirgin sama* land. They would always go into a frenzy when it would come into view. Mom would have a treat for the pilot, coffee in a Thermos and something to eat. On one occasion, one of the engines wouldn't start up for the return trip. The pilot took off with one engine, and when he gained some altitude, put the plane into a dive. The wind speed turned the prop fast enough to start the engine.

When we got back to our compound, it would take us some time to acclimate to Bursali temperatures and awful tasting water. Dad would fire up the generator and get the short-wave radio going. He would notify SIMAIR headquarters that the plane had landed safely and inform them on the time of departure. Our station was called "Evangel Bursali" on the short wave. At a designated time, all stations were to



power up the radios for news from Jos headquarters. After the SIM news, all stations would be contacted individually to confirm they were okay. News to other stations could be sent when it was your turn also. Somebody always monitored the Jos base radio for emergencies. There

were Christmas packages waiting for us. Some would be from the U.S., and some would be the ones Mom and Dad had picked up at the Jos market or Kingsway. They were purchased months beforehand. One reason that Christmas 1967 was so special was because of the clever way Mom designated the gifts. There were no names on the packages. I was too young to catch on (fifth grade), but the girls probably knew Mom's *dabara* (idea). I would pick them up, shake them, feel the weight, smell them and wonder if I would be getting that one. Each package was wrapped in ribbon. She knew who got the gifts with green ribbon, blue ribbon, red, and so on. Each kid had a color. We got to open one on Christmas Eve. That was when I figured out the secret of the ribbons. The magical suspense was over. I remember two gifts from that special Christmas. One was a big book that we called an annual. It was full of comic stories. All of the cool KA boys had one. I couldn't wait to show mine off. The second gift I remember was a helicopter that would really fly. You would put it on a hand-held stand with a pull cord. A little gear would connect with the rotor. When the cord was pulled, the blades would spin fast enough to give it lift. It would fly up 20-30 feet, leaving the stand behind and then flutter down. What great fun I had with that toy! My African friends loved to watch me launch it.

Mom made some special treats for us that Christmas. Peanuts were plentiful around Bursali. She roasted them in the wood oven and shook salt over them. That year, she got her hands on some blocks of chocolate. She would cluster the roasted peanuts together and pour melted chocolate over them so that they held together. I can still picture them cooling on the wax paper sheets. What a treat those chocolate peanut clusters were! She made date bars that Christmas as well. Mom would buy blocks of pressed-together sticky dates. Sometimes she would cut off a hunk with a knife and give us each a taste. But those date bars were to die for. I almost forgot to mention the fudge. Mom loved to make fudge. She would let us test it by dipping a spoon of hot fudge in a cup of cool water. Her fudge was not creamy and soft like most fudge is nowadays. It was crystalline and firm. It is still my favorite kind of fudge to this day.

I'm thankful for the many ways that Mom has shown her love over the years. She certainly put the magic into a special Christmas memory for me. ◆



A Shelter to Trust

by Deborah (Goss) Turner
(BA '80)
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I remember the smell of the dark. Or perhaps it was the smell of the fear in the dark as nearly two hundred children and adults huddled silently in the tunnel under Bingham Academy, wondering what would happen next.

This was the third time that day we'd all made this trip to the tunnel. This morning had been a drill. This afternoon, rumors of a possible attack on the school had sent us scurrying for the safety of its dark confines. Fortunately, after a tense twenty minutes, we'd been allowed to return to our classrooms.

It was now two in the morning. We all knew this was no drill. Someone said the night guards had spotted a group of men and boys assembling on the other side of the river—which was easily fordable as this was the dry season and the river was very low. An alert was sounded, and we were herded into the tunnel in record time.

The tunnel had been built under the main building of the school compound to be used for emergencies such as this. None of us ever really thought we'd have to use it, except as a haunted house at Halloween. But after the revolution that overthrew Ethiopia's Haile Selassie, there was so much animosity against anybody non-Ethiopian that the tunnel was becoming disturbingly familiar territory.

I huddled close to the others from my dorm, breathing in the scents of damp earth and the fear of over a hundred closely packed people, and wondered if I would be alive to see the dawn. I had heard that the mob on the other bank had torches and had come to burn our compound. What would happen to us if the building collapsed? Would we be crushed? Or would the tunnel ceilings hold? I had also heard that some of the men from our school had gone to talk to the mob. What would happen to them?

Would they come back alive? Would they be able to turn aside the anger aimed at us? They were so few against so many.

Out of the darkness came a small beam of light, shielded so it wouldn't be visible outside. Behind the light was our dorm mother. Quietly she gathered the fourteen of us girls in our dorm and began to pray. Around us, other teachers and dorm parents were doing the same. We prayed for the safety of our negotiators, and for ourselves. We asked God to take care of our city, Addis Ababa, and to protect our parents who were down country in isolated areas, some in dangerous situations.

Proverbs 30:5 says, "Every word of God is pure; He is a shield to those who put their trust in Him." A shield is used to defend or guard; in some cases it is used as a concealing covering. The Lord promises He will be our guardian, our defender. We can run to Him in times of trouble, and He will be our haven, our shelter, our bulwark against our enemies. We definitely needed a guardian now.

It seemed like forever before we were allowed out of the tunnel and back to our dorms. The mob had dispersed without hurting anyone.

That experience was a faith builder for me. In fact, much of what I learned about faith, I learned as a child on the mission field, watching the Lord come through time and again for the missionaries. They came to Him on bended knees, praying for His wisdom, guidance, and protection, knowing they had no one else to depend on. The room where they assembled every morning had a quiet and holy hush. But more than that, it was filled with confidence because these people had seen the Lord answer miraculously many times before. He was always faithful.

Now as an adult, when I find myself caught in dark and fearful situations, I think back to those hours I spent in the tunnel at school and know that, as He did back then, He will continue to be my shield, my shelter to trust.



Circa 1968, John (Jay) Tyner, Jr.



Bingham Academy



Bingham Academy Chapel. First building to be erected by Mr. Hay

Open Dialogue

ELWA Appeal

by Dan Buck (EL, IC, AM '82)
elwabook@hotmail.com

ELWA alumni are unique from other SIM MKs in that they fit the following 2 criteria:

1) They didn't go to boarding school as young children—thus escaping all the MK trauma of the boarding schools.

2) They went on to attend a far wider variety of high schools than those who attended SIM elementary schools. The high school they attended was largely predicated on when they graduated from ELWA (time periods are approximate, with some overlap, especially WACHS/ICA).

1960s: Hillcrest (staying at the SIM Hostel, cut off from seeing parents for months at a time)

1970s: American Cooperative School in Monrovia (living at home, commuting by car pooling or taxi)

1980s: ICA (Boarding school, but a bit closer to home with more frequent contact and visits)

1990s: West African Christian High School (a local commute, when it wasn't shut down due to mass evacuations)

For these reasons, ELWA alumni are unique either in comparison to their fellow ELWA Alumni of a different era, or in comparison to their fellow high school alumni of a different background. Yes, we all have a high school we can identify with, but in any of the high schools we attended, save those last few years at WACHS, of which I have no experience, ELWA alumni were a small minority. I submit that we need our own Web site or discussion group. A "guest page" site offers a good forum for discussion, especially if it can be subdivided by discussion topic. And postings can remain on the site for weeks or months, allowing a newcomer to join right in to a discussion without missing what came before. Any volunteers to start one up?

Response to "I Was Always There"

by Karen Keegan, Editor

In our last issue of *Simroots* (Spring 2003), we printed an Open Dialogue article entitled "I Was Always There—A Story of Hope" in which the author revealed her painful experience of abuse at the hands of a dorm father. As expected, our readers' responses were varied: from shock and disbelief, to concern and empathy. Some expressed concern that we didn't name the school involved. Without that piece of information, there was a feeling that all schools and all staff were suddenly suspect of misconduct, and it tainted forever their view of their boarding experience. This was a risk we took for the sake of the author's anonymity. We were also desiring that those who had had similar experiences could identify with the author, no matter what school they attended. We did not intend to cast suspicion on all the godly, dedicated staff that served us, and we regret any doubt or pain this may have caused. If you were blessed by a teacher or dorm parent, please keep your high regard for them intact!

It was also expressed that we were delving into an area that was inappropriate for this newsletter; that it should be addressed to a smaller circle—those who needed to know. This would certainly be ideal, but we are not privy to a "list of those who were abused." It is to the reader who has held an awful secret in his/her heart for years who needs to know that he's/she's not alone. And, most of all, that healing is possible and available to him/her. Keeping this kind of secret inside prevents the wounded from finding healing.

One question that came up repeatedly was, "How is this possible?" Again, secrecy is the key. It is the well-kept secret that gives power to the abuser to continue in his sin. When an abuser threatens endangerment to the child's family members or promises punishment if he or she tells, a child lies or keeps silent out of fear. Another concern was, "Can it be proved?" The answer is a resounding "Yes"—based on the testimony of three or more witnesses, independent of each other, from various parts of the world, all naming the same individual.

We received letters from several staff members who affirmed our attempts at reconciliation, from victims who were grateful for the author's courage, and from several mission boards that are interested in SIM's ministry to adult MKs. They, too, are facing similar situations and are wanting to network with other organizations to establish measures to prevent any further abuse. Of note is New Tribes' recent release of a video series entitled "A.B.U.S.E.—The Seven Deadly Sins." Their purpose is to raise awareness of the issue among the mission community.

From Dorothy Haile, SIM's International Personnel Coordinator, came this note: I read Steve and Beaj's article about what SIM is doing for MKs. You might want to note that at the International Council meetings that finished last week we also passed an International Child Protection Policy that will be in the Mission members' manual. Details and follow-up will be in the Personnel Manual, and the idea is that the International CP Policy can be used as a basis for locally applicable policies, for those countries that do not yet have one. (International.personnel@sim.org)

From John Leverington, coordinator for Wycliffe Bible Counselors International Counseling Ministries: I recently read the Open Dialogue article entitled "I Was Always There." I'm impressed with the articles and the way you have given MKs a voice in expressing both the negative and the positive aspects of their lives. From my counseling experience I recognize how valuable this is to their well being and health. I would be very interested in receiving permission from the author to copy the article for use by our counselors in working with MKs and others within our organization. I commend the person's courage in writing this article and hope it can be a benefit to many others.

From a reader: For years, as I have read and heard stories about the Catholic atrocities to young boys, I have said one day it would not surprise me to learn that something happened at one of our schools. I didn't realize until well into my therapy that the reason it wouldn't surprise me was because of my own life. As sad as it is to learn that there are others with similar histories, at the same time I felt great relief to know I am not alone. Please thank the author for being brave enough to write. She has encouraged me and given me courage.

I know this is a difficult and controversial topic to explore, and I know it seems out of step with the wonderful, happy memories in our "Remember When" section. But I believe this newsletter is for all of us—the hurting as well as the happy. And acknowledging your memories does not invalidate mine, and vice versa. One MK told me that now that she's found some peace in her negative memories, it's time to remember the positive ones. So keep those memories coming. You may just be a blessing to someone some day! *Simroots* welcomes further dialogue on this topic—both positive and negative.

Resources for Healing Memories

- Living Proof Ministries (Beth Moore Bible Studies, especially "Breaking Free—Making Liberty in Christ a Reality in Life") www.lproof.org/default.asp
- Theophostic Ministries (Dr. Ed Smith. Check out his free introductory tape.) www.Theophostic.com
- Freedom in Christ Ministries (Dr. Neil Anderson) www.ficm.org/index.html

KA Testimony

by *Andreas Patkai*
Budapest, February 9, 2003

The boys' dorm became a little quieter as we gathered for devotions, a time of singing, reading, and praying together—every one of us in his pajamas. It was an exciting October evening. The passing shadow of the guard with his bow and arrows under the window reminded us of the African reality. We didn't care. We were children, enjoying life, in the care of our dorm parents and teachers. They maintained a well-organized establishment full of fun, education, friends, sports, culture, and the Bible. Kent Academy, Miango, Nigeria, 1984.

Uncle Lorne read the story of Vanya, a Russian Christian, a soldier in the Red Army, who was ridiculed for his faith; and when his comrades threw their boots at him, he returned them cleaned and polished, saying "I love you." I sat there open-mouthed. Just a few months ago I was in my home country, Hungary, which was still under Russian occupation—Russian soldiers were an everyday experience. Then suddenly there was this Vanya, who received a call from heaven and became a living testimony for God in the land of atheism. *Yes—I said—this is what I want. I want to become like this, I want to have this kind of love. I want to be like Uncle Lorne, like Sunil, like Calvin . . . the dorm parents and kids around me.*

That night I almost jumped out of bed, I was so happy. I felt the love of God as never before, something warm inside. I kept saying, *Thank You, thank You, thank You, Jesus.* I suddenly knew God was real and He cared about me personally and had a plan for my life, and I realized I was being called by God to live for Him. I was overwhelmed, excited, and happy.

The very next day Uncle Art asked me whether I had ever accepted Jesus into my heart as my Savior. *What happened to me last night was surely the touch of God,* I thought, so I said "Yes." He explained to me that "you must be born again" (John 3:7) and "to those who received Him, He gave the right to become children of God." (John 1:12) I understood that this is the Scriptural framework into which my personal spiritual experience could be placed, and I eagerly drank in the Word of God.

"Train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not turn from it." (Prov.



Deborah & Lorne Shaw



Arthur (Art) Zimmer



Marge & Garth Winsor



Jim & Linda Crouch

22:6) This was the motto of the KA 1984-'85 yearbook. During the next three years I learned to respect the Word of God, to pray, to apply God's promises to my life, and to have faith in God. When I took revenge on someone for hurting my brother, Uncle Garth explained to me: "This is not the way we solve problems here," and I was disciplined by having to pull out weeds at the skating rink. We learned that this

world was created and did not come about through evolution. We learned that abortion was murder. We learned that cheating in school was not accepted. We learned to pray for rain, for protection while traveling, to give thanks for the food, and to pray against the curses of the occult witch doctors in the surrounding villages. These were some of the many experiences of my childhood which totally transformed my life.

Looking back, all I can say is a big "THANK YOU!" first of all to Jesus, then to all the staff at

KA who have literally laid down their lives for people like me. They sowed seeds. They invested. They did not think about their own comfort and time. They gave immeasurable treasures; their patience and attention saved lives. May the Almighty One reward them richly! I remember Mr. Crouch cared enough to sit down with me and ask me about my salvation, my parents' salvation, my spiritual life, my relationship with God, and offered advice. Later on in life these disciplined Christians, loving families, and strong characters always represented a standard for me. Thank you for

being instruments in the hand of God, when He chose to save me. I have also learned discipline in lifestyle and sports at KA, which I would like to pass on to my children.

I met my wife, Eva, in the local church of Esztergom, where I went to school, and sometimes preach. She has been a faithful partner in the challenges and trials of life. We spent a year in Israel, as our honeymoon, and learned the Hebrew language. We have three children: Benjamin, Roni, and Hanna. I am currently working in the real estate market in Budapest, as an investment consultant in my private business. My brother, Michael, can tell a similar story of the faithfulness of God in his life. We often sit together in church and share wonderful memories. My parents have also been touched by the Lord, and presently they are working in Kano, Nigeria, as missionary doctors. I am proud of them.

This is incredible! I had to go all the way to Africa to hear the Gospel. The God of Israel had prepared me there to take part in His work later on in my country, Hungary. My vision for the future: A life of giving—laying down my life for others, as I have seen at Kent Academy. Praise be to Messiah Lord Jesus!

Contacts

For snail mail addresses and phone numbers, please contact the editor.

To subscribe to a listserv (a chat group), send an e-mail to hub@mknet.org. In the text box (not the subject line), type the words exactly as shown below for the school of your choice.

Subscribe RVA

Subscribe Kent-Academy

Subscribe Hillcrest-L

To subscribe to the BA group, go to: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BA_alumni

American Cooperative School

www.acslp.org

Asuncion Christian Academy

www.asad.net/aca
aca@uninet.com/py

Bingham Academy

www.binghamacademy.net
bingham@telecom.net.et

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Class of 1976

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864-268-5873

Class of 1977

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Class of 1980

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Carachipampa

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ELWA

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Hillcrest Alumni

<http://crestrobin.org>

International Christian Academy

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Kent Academy

Classes of 1950-'64

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Class of 1972

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Class of 1975

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Class of 1981

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FDubisz@apu.edu

Class of 1982

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Rift Valley

www.RVA.org
Alumni director:
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Rick-Margaret_Rineer@aimint.org

Rich & Janice Dunkerton
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Sahel Academy

www.sim.ne/sahel
sahel@sahel.sim.ne

Sakeji

<http://sakeji.marcato.org>
sakeji@compuserve.com

SYMPATHIES

Fred Gould (parent) died June 3, 2003.

Larry Geysbeek (parent) died July 2, 2003.

Jennifer (Abernethy) Taylor (KA, GH '62) died August 15, 2003, in Salem, Oregon. She blessed many others during her final illness with her strong faith and sweet spirit.



KA, 1952

*Back: Leslie Harrison, Ken Megahey and Murray McDougall
Front: Jeanne Balzer, Carolyn Christensen, Eileen Eitzen, Carolyn Kapp,
Jennifer Abernethy*

Rachel Fisher Whitehead (GH staff) went to be with the Lord on September 7, 2003, in Woodstock, Ontario. She married Stanton William Whitehead in 1929, and after his service in the RCAF they joined the staff of the Sudan Interior Mission, spending the next 20 years as houseparents at Gowans Home. Known as Auntie Rae to hundreds of children, she was a fun-loving and hard-working mother to children while their parents were out of the country for four years at a time.

George Beacham (GH '43, KA Staff) "stepped into glory" September 15, 2003.

Progress Report on the KA History Book

- All the photos that we have received, and can identify the year, have been placed in that year's chapter.
- Photos which need the year I.D.'d have been placed in a pdf file and are available for viewing on the *Simroots* Web site. **E-mail Grace if you know the year and/or people in the photos.** (swanson121@cox.net)
- The copy is being proofed. When the proofing is complete, the files will be posted on the *Simroots* Web site in pdf format. You will be able to view and print the files if you wish to do so. The files will also be available on CD (in high resolution) at a future date.
- Discussion is open at the moment whether or not the files will be released by password only (with a suggested donation to *Simroots*).

Book Reviews

If He Should Lose His Own Soul

by Jan Luthman

A Britisher goes to Liberia to help run an auto dealership, is sickened by the corruption he sees everywhere but soon learns to “go with the flow.” His Liberian “fix-it-man” business partner and he split off to start their own company to rake in the millions being spent to host the OAU. He spends the morning of the rice riots (which were a somewhat direct result of his own wheelings and dealings) at ELWA Beach, where he is friends with the mission doctor. Not a Christian in any way but by heritage, he nevertheless enjoys attending ELWA Chapel, but is smitten just a bit one day by a sermon on “What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his own soul?” Not to give away the plot, but that’s in essence what happens, except that in an unlikely twist he leaves the country as unconverted as he came, but with all his millions of nonconvertible Doe dollars left behind in the form of a check made out to the ELWA Hospital.

The novel uses pseudonyms for all the key players, but any Liberian can see right through them. Ngombia is Liberia; AMEN is ELWA; Gbang Mine is Bong Mine; Major General Livingston, of course, is Doe. Alan Dempster is obviously a composite missionary. Reading this book brought up a lot of issues I’d love to discuss now that I’m an adult.

Write to ELWAbook@hotmail.com to discuss and receive weekly installments of the book. You can also read it on-line at:

<http://www.fables.co.uk/grownups.htm>.

Reviewed by Dan Buck
ELWAbook@hotmail.com

Bumps on the Trail

by Marjory Koop (BA Parent)

This is a collection of “Family Memoirs.” “What started out to be jottings of things that we thought would interest our children in years to come, grew beyond the small folder stage to book length. This book is not the work of one person; it’s a joint effort.” Although Marj wrote most of these memoirs, John’s memories of his early life have been kept in first person for readability and flow. The book is self-published and they distribute it themselves. The cost is US \$13.00; Canada \$18.00,

including mailing and postage.

(jmkoop@telus.net)

The No. 1 Ladies’ Detective Agency

by Alexander McCall Smith
Anchor books

I read the first book in *The No. 1 Ladies’ Detective Agency* series, and found it delightful, humorous, and easy to read. Though the setting is Botswana, I could easily identify with the people, the mindset, and the issues because of the parallel to my life in Nigeria. Africa’s flavor permeates the book. The story introduces us to a delightful character named Precious Ramotswe, a middle-aged single lady who inherits some money from her father’s estate and decides to open up her own detective agency. Never mind that she’s not a professional or that her hired secretary and she have nothing to do at first but watch people parade past their door. Eventually she finds someone to hire her, and we discover her wisdom and wiles successfully help her to solve some puzzling cases. Alexander Smith is a prolific author, and I look forward to reading more of his works.

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

The Wooden Ox / Between Two Worlds

by LeAnne Hardy
Kregel Publications, 2002
(www.kregel.com)

LeAnne Hardy, a missionary who’s served on 3 continents, has written a variety of novels based on her experiences on the mission field. Though in the category of Juvenile Fiction, these two books kept my attention with her insight into MK life. *The Wooden Ox* uses true events of a missionary family’s capture by rebels during Mozambique’s civil war in the 1980s. Those of us who lived in war-torn countries will most identify with the setting. *Between Two Worlds* handles the subject of reentry in one’s passport country. Christina Larson, MK from Brazil, experiences the trauma of trying to fit into an American high school culture. We will all understand her struggles; we may not all have had such a tidy ending as hers. Based on these two books, I would highly recommend this author for the young people in your life.

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

Don’t Let’s Go to the Dogs Tonight *An African Childhood*

by Alexandra Fuller
Random House, 2003

Alexandra Fuller’s autobiography brings to life in vivid detail the sights, sounds, and smells of the African continent. Her experiences as a British TCK in Kenya, Rhodesia, and Zambia, were vastly different from the MK world I grew up in, but I laughed and cried my way through the honest portrayal of her wildly adventurous life. Moving easily from country to country, seeking more isolation than community, the family lived off the land in rugged situations.

If you are turned off by raw language or earthy references to an ungodly lifestyle, you may not want to read this book. But if you enjoy exquisitely written, detailed descriptions, you’ll not be able to put it down. The author confesses she began to write the story as fiction but gave up in favor of how her life had been lived: “passionate, wonderful, troubled, oppressive, chaotic, beautiful.” As she says, “It’s the story of how one African came to terms with her family’s troubled history; it is a love story for the continent.” And I agree. If you love Africa, you’ll love this book.

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

The Rugendo Rhinos Series: The Carjackers

by Shel Arensen
Kregel Publications (www.kregel.com)

As MKs in Rugendo, Kenya, Dean, Matt, Dave, and Jon are part of a club they call “The Rugendo Rhinos.” These four have a knack for getting themselves into trouble and also solving mysteries along the way. As the boys, along with their Kenyan friend Kamau, start to investigate the disappearances of vehicles from around their area, a group of girls from their school join in the search to try to outsmart the boys and solve the case first. The author did a good job of weaving in suspense, likeable characters, moral lessons, and facts about Kenya. I enjoyed the book because I’m an MK’s kid, and I got a glimpse of MK life. Boys Grades 4 through 6 would probably enjoy the story most.

Reviewed by Katie Keegan (Age 16)

BULLETIN BOARD

BA YAHOO GROUP

It's not too late to join the lively discussion at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BA_alumni

Please note that the e-mail for the moderator, John Modricker, has changed to:

rose mug@insightbb.com

MORE WEB SITES

Simroots' Web site has posted various links of interest to the countries we represent. If you have a favorite link you'd like to add, let us know!

VOLUNTEER NEEDED for WEB SITE

Elizabeth Quinn has faithfully been maintaining our Web site at

<http://Simroots.sim.org> but would like some assistance with certain portions of the site. The volunteer would have to be someone who knows how to write their own html code (which is then transferred to the SIM server via FTP.) Contact her at lizard@inr.net if you're interested.

JOSEPH HOUSE

Check out our new Web site about our MK Home ministry.

www.mkstay.org

onthehouse@juno.com

DID YOU KNOW?

That we publish the color version of *Simroots'* photos on the Web?

SCANNING NEGATIVES

Did you know you can send us your negatives to scan for *Simroots* photos?

JOB OPPORTUNITY

Are you a native English speaker who grew up overseas in Italy, Germany, China or other European or Asian countries? Would you like to use those language skills? We could use you on our team! The job would include translation management and technical writing. Check out our company's Web site at www.tsys.com.

Contact: Jeff Slenker
706-644-3116
jslenker@tsys.com

CALLING ALL TECHIES

When I was at the reunion in Chicago last July, someone suggested that I add movie clips or sound "bites" to the KA History Book. I do not know how to do this. If someone out there has both the knowledge and the technology to add movie and sound to the book, please contact me at swanson121@cox.net.

EASY CONNECTIONS

Jim Eitzen suggests that if you are traveling, write the editor to get the names of MKs in the area you're passing through and have some fun visiting!

REENTRY STORIES

Simroots would love to collect and publish more reentry stories. Send them in!

Cheryl (Welch) Morris (KA '68)

There were a lot of adjustments and changes brought about by reentry to my passport country, but I think the most impacting moment happened before I reached New Zealand. This is what happened.

I was at Kent Academy from 1961-1965 when I was 11 to 15 years old. My grandparents had come from New Zealand to Nigeria to return home with us to help us make the transition a little easier, especially since my father had died while we were there. I thought I was a normal teenager, but the moment that stands out in my mind occurred when we were on a bus in Trafalgar Square in London, which came to halt because of huge crowds. I turned to a man sitting next to me (whom I did not know) and asked what was happening, why were there all these people, and he informed me that Princess Margaret was appearing with the Beatles. I innocently asked, "Who are the Beatles?" After that, I certainly did not feel like a normal teenager, and I am sure he wondered what planet I had come from!

Grace Anne (Segger) Swanson (KA, HC '68)

I remember the shock when the thought occurred to me that I had been in the States now as many years as I had been in Nigeria. Not until then did I even consider that this was my home.

The first thing I remember about coming to the States was being overwhelmed by a department store (and this was a small, two-bit store in a town that is just a dot on the map). I had no idea there were SECTIONS . . . men's, women's, furniture, etc. To me it was just all one big blur of color.

The size of my high school was just as mind-boggling. My guidance counselor on the first day of school explained to me how to get to my classroom—down the hall, up the stairs, around the corner, etc. etc. etc. I must have just sat there staring at him, startled by the sheer complexity of these instructions. After a moment he said to me, "Here, I'll take you." I had a feeling he was not used to having to do this for his students.

I remember how fast a half hour went when watching TV. We watched one show (I think it was "Petticoat Junction"—which I thought was about the silliest thing I had ever seen) and I thought, "My goodness, that was a half hour just gone, like that!"

I was struck by how much trivial stuff adults in the States talked about. In Nigeria most of the conversation had to do with some kind of survival, and for the bush missionaries the time spent with others was too short and too precious for useless chit-chat.

CONGRATULATIONS



Anne and Dominique with Damien



Four generations: Great-grandmother Jacqueline Weber (EL), Grandmother Trudy (Weber) Fauriaux (EL '71), Mother Anne (Fauriaux) Vanzo, baby Damien

Births

Tanner Cole was born to **Kevin (BA, RV '87) & Jane Balisky** in Hanau, Germany, on February 9, 2003.

Damien was born on April 23, 2003, to **Anne & Dominique (Fauriaux-Weber) Vanzo**.

Hal & Debbie (Fawley) Clemmer (KA, HC '88) are proud to announce the birth of Kendall Elise on July 31, 2003.

David & Jean Anderson (CC '85) have a new baby daughter named Hannah Ruth Anderson, born August 19, 2003.

Tessia Elizabeth was born to **Wilf & Kathleen (Warkentin) Haak (KA, HC '80)** in June 2003.



Isaac and Margaret (Wiens) Sawatzky

Weddings

Isaac Sawatzky & **Margaret Wiens (KA staff)** were married on July 20, 2002, at the Bonnyville Alliance Church in Bonnyville, AB, Canada. They are now living in Kelowna, BC.



Cote d'Ivoire ICA 1992-93
Senior play "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!"
Tim Moran is in the middle in the black jacket.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Karen,

Thank you for *Simroots*. When it comes, it is read right then, and I am lost to everything! There were photos of girls I knew, and I hardly recognized them. Now they are mature women.

And it was a surprise to realize Vi and Wally Braband began at KA at the same time as I did. Somehow I thought they were experienced there and I was the new chum! In their story they mentioned that the dorm aunties moved each night to a different age group. We did, that first year. Then we thought it would be helpful to have a regular person in each group, so I had 6- to 8-year-olds. One of my treasured memories was singing to them after lights out—as my mother did to us.

Olwyn Keyte

Web site Guestbook

I just got back from the 2003 KA/HC reunion in Chicago and didn't realize how special it would be to get together with other MKs, both older and younger, as well as connecting with old friends. There is definitely a place for *Simroots*.

Pearl Abernethy

Vol. 20 #1 Corrections and Additions to Staff photos:

Ann Christian is Director at CC and has also spent this year at SA.

John & Anita Cook are at CC.

Carol Cole was a teacher at EL.

Dale & Carol Linton were also at RV.

Marion Bowers served at EL.

Judy Olinger was a teacher at EL—as were all the ladies in the picture on page 28.

Names for the picture of GH kids in *Simroots* Vol 20 #1, p. 22.

Submitted by Peggy Pieper

Back: Paul Wilson, Miss Kaercher, Dick Harris, Jean Playfair, Joy Harris, Gordon Wilson, Jeanne MacDonald, Martha MacDonald, Victor Garrett, Paul Garrett

Middle: Walter Wilson, Harold Garrett, Margaret Jensen, Ruth Collins, Clyde Playfair, Joy MacDonald, Betty Collins, Gerald Hunt, Donald Harling

Front: Esther Collins, Jonathan Maxwell, Helen Jensen, Ruth Jensen, Raymond Harling, Lois Harris



Kimberlee and Jay Tyner standing next to their dad's Harley Davidson motorcycle. Circa 1965 Ethiopia

Simroots is in the hole!

A few months back, I was asked if I'd be willing to initiate some fund-raising for *Simroots*. I was frankly surprised at what I found. We were running a deficit of nearly \$7,000!

Simroots has always been free to the 2,000+ MKs on the mailing list, with a semi-annual call for donations. According to our latest figures, each issue costs around \$3,000-\$3,500 US to produce and mail, but donations have not kept up with costs. SIM has been wonderful to underwrite the newsletter, but we'd like to raise our own funds, thereby releasing SIM to place their money in other worthy areas.

Over the last few months, we have sent out e-mail appeals, letting people know we needed donations. As of September 1 we are still running a deficit of \$2618.70.

Here are some breakdown figures:

Current Finances	(\$2618.70)
Cost to publish one issue	\$3500.00
Number of subscribers	2052
Cost per copy per person	\$1.70



Deb Turner,
Simroots Promotions

We need your help.

There have been many suggestions on how to help *Simroots* break even, including subscriptions. At this point, we'd like to keep it on a donation basis, and would also like to offer paid advertising or sponsorships.

If you would like to make a tax-deductible donation to *Simroots*, please send a check to SIM and designate it for the *Simroots* Project (No. 501087).

You may also go to www.sim.org and pay by Visa or Mastercard. On the Home screen click on "Give," then click "Give to a Missionary." This is for Projects as well. Provide the information asked for. You may call 800-521-6449 ext. 1445 to make a credit card donation. You may even make automatic withdrawals to *Simroots* from your bank account. Check with SIM for details.

Who Will Meet the Challenge?

An anonymous donor has contacted us with an offer to match the next person or group who donates \$500 to *Simroots*. If you are interested in responding to this tax-deductible challenge, please contact Deb Turner.

Simroots Sponsors

Simroots is looking for creative and fun ways to raise funds for our expenses. If you'd like to sponsor a portion of *Simroots*, let us know how much space or what section in particular you want to sponsor, and we'll include a note in that section acknowledging your tax-deductible gift. Send your donation to SIM, and be sure to indicate it's for "Simroots Sponsorship."

One column: \$40

Two columns: \$75

One page: \$115

Simroots Ads

Purpose: To raise *money to cover the cost of producing *Simroots*.

- Would you like to advertise a business, product, or service?
- Send a special message to someone?
- Honor someone with a tribute?
 - Highlight your wedding or baby announcement?
 - Promote your book?

Place your message here.

1 square (2.5" x 2.5")	\$15
2 squares (5.125" x 2.5")	\$25
3 squares (7.75" x 2.5")	\$40 (This would be across a page)
4 squares (5" x 5")	\$50
6 squares (7.75" x 5")	\$80 (This is a half page)
9 squares (7.75" x 7")	\$110
Full Page	\$160

Send the following information to:

Deb Turner
PO Box 273
Greenbank, WA 98253
(360) 678-3214
shesh@greenbank.net

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

Ad size _____

Wording (*attach extra sheet as necessary*) _____

Logo or business card (enclose a copy please)

**Please note: These ads are not tax deductible. Checks should be made out to Simroots, sent to SIM, and "Advertising" should be written on the check.*



The 2003 SIM/HC Reunion

Submitted by Dan Elyea

The venue took us back to MK days of long ago. Check this out: Dormitory rooms; single beds; a set of linens in a pack issued to each person; make up your own bed; a trip down the hall to brush your teeth, go to the restroom, shower, shave; sweltering heat and humidity like halfway between Lagos and Jos, with no air-conditioning in the rooms—it was almost a trip back to an African AMK's childhood. Room inspections with stars or demerits would have really clinched the deal!

July 3-6, around 140 TCKs and their families and Hillcrest/KA staff came together at North Park University in Chicago for the 2003 SIM/Hillcrest Reunion. Eva Mae Reifel, Connie (Reifel) and Keith Gary, and Joyce (Ward) Eden put a lot of effort into making this reunion a success, and they succeeded with flying colors. Thanks so much, you guys, for all the time and effort put into this time of reconnection.

Thursday's schedule included registration, dinner, and an ice cream social followed by a get-together. We each introduced ourselves to the group and gave some news about our life and told some family news. A time to catch up, and to get to know some new friends. Next we broke into groups. Each group was given a set of questions to discuss, such as "What are some of your best memories of your days at boarding school?" and "If you could only take your friends/family to one place in Nigeria, what would be that spot?" Then we got back together as one large group, and spokespersons for each group shared the pooled responses. Lots of stories came out of this session.

Friday started out with two business meetings. Here are a few notes of general interest from the Hillcrest one:

- Joyce (Ward) Eden was elected to continue as president of the Hillcrest Alumni Association. She oversees both the North and the South reunions.

- Steve Ackley and Holly (Strauss) Plank agreed to help organize the 2006 Reunion (Dallas-Ft. Worth area)

- A promotional phone blitz is needed prior to the next reunion. The group discussed fac-



*'50s/'60s, Back: John Rhine, Dan Elyea, Rollie Long, Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen
Row 4: Chuck Frame, Pearl Abernethy, Cherry (Long) Sabathne, Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel,
David Troup, Barbara Eastwold
Row 3: Bill Bishop, Lance Long (open your eyes!), Sylvia (Bergman) Eikenberry
Row 2: Connie (Reifel) Gary
Front: Tim Kraakevik (Hey, what are you doing in this era?)*



*Grace (Seeger) Swanson ('67), Ruth Eitzen ('57),
Jim Eitzen ('65)*



'70: Tim Kraakevik, Marjorie (Campion) Key, Dave Porter

tors relating to the big drop of attendance at the 2003 reunion.

- Alternative sites (other than the Chicago area) will be considered for the 2009 reunion. Connie Gary, Eva Mae Reifel, and Dan Paternoster will research other options (such as Indianapolis and Detroit).

During the Friday afternoon class group get-

together, Paul Craig, the founding father of KA, came around to the groups and visited. How very special it was to see him again and have him answer questions and share some reminiscences. At the Friday evening get-together, those who'd visited Nigeria relatively recently shared video presentations of their trips. This included the Reifel family, the



'71: Jim Kastner, Jack Long, Tom Kraakevik



'72, Back: Don Campion, Janet Rhine
Front: Ruth (Bishop) Goasdome,
Sue (Long) Hammack,
Karen (Seeger) Keegan



'74: Barb (Campion) Lichty, Karen (Braband) Mertes, Dennis Cok,
Alice (Frame) Sexton



'75, Back: Jim Gould, Marj (Frame) Lewis, Rachel (Spee) Frazier
Front: Ruth Ellen (Hewitt) Howdyshell, Eva Mae Reifel, Peter Haney

may contact Keith Gary at kagary@comcast.net.) And the evening brought us to Skit Night—a time mostly given to fun and entertainment.

Dressed in colorful African garb, Joyce (Ward) Eden organized and emceed the Skit Night with her usual competence, humor, and energy. She used a delivery style that took us right back to West Africa. Great job, Joyce—we thank you for that and for all your other contributions to facilitating the Reunion events.

We started Skit Night activities a bit late because a child activated a fire alarm in the dorm after the evening meal, requiring those in there to evacuate, and those wanting to get in there, to wait. A token WAWA moment.

First up was a report and Q & A session by Dick Seinen, present Principal of Hillcrest. He explained that, because of some recent restructuring, he is more specifically “Superintendent,” with several principals reporting to him. He mentioned these facts about Hillcrest: ten collaborating bodies are involved; 250 students; 36 staff members; the student body is about half mission-related. The biggest need Hillcrest faces right now is that of staffing.

Then the sound booth crew played recordings of two insightful and humorous songs—one from a missionary viewpoint, the other from an MK outlook. We smiled and laughed a lot, sometimes wryly, as we recognized and identified with Jay Tolar’s insights and depictions of a familiar life setting.

A team of youngsters modeled T-shirts from Reunions over the years.

Dan Elyea risked hyperventilation as he rendered a harmonica reminiscence of an old Nigerian steam locomotive.

Bill Bishop conducted a rainmaking session. He divided the room into 3 sections—one section snapping fingers, one section rubbing the palms of their hands together, and one section patting their thighs. Under his orchestration of combining the three effects in various ways, the overall result was that of rain in various phases—quite realistic, with a little imagination.

Terry and Sue Hammack gave a reading, “Suliman at the Market”—a takeoff on Dr. Seuss, in which it’s “Eggplants and Yam” rather than “Green Eggs and Ham.” They sang a duet, “The African Bugs” (or “My Favorite

Hammack family, and the Campion family. Jim McDowell, formerly on the Hillcrest staff, gave a verbal report about his recent visit to Nigeria. Following those presentations, some who weren’t with us on Thursday evening introduced themselves and shared about themselves and their families.

Sue Hammack (soon returning to Nigeria) commented that the more recent Hillcrest graduates are all very bonded and connected through the Internet. They consider these reunions to be for the older generations.

Saturday morning featured a soccer game for the fit attendees and the brave not-quite-so-fit. Others found watching the fun to be more their speed. Photo sessions took place in the afternoon. (Any of you interested in photos or video coverage of the reunion events



'76, *Back:* Jim McDowell, Joyce (Ward) Eden, Susie Shankster, Nate Balzer
Front: Paul Paternoster, Connie (Miller) Haney, Ana (Spee) Carter



'77, *Back:* Steve Ackley, Bill Clark
Front: Tim Reddish, Deborah Forster



'78: Charles Locke, Karen (Ogburn) Lint

Diseases”) to the tune of “My Favorite Things.” And then Sue gave a solo rendition of a novelty Hausa mind jogger, a takeoff on “Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.” Each of these was very creative and full of fun.

Debb Forster on nose flute and Myrna (Kietzman) Holmes on piano presented “The Lion Walks Tonight” with audience participation features.

Lance Long performed a variety of card and coin tricks, especially for the kids, and with lots of participation by them.

Paul Paternoster led a large contingent of youngsters on the traditional “Lion Hunt.”

A half-dozen or so dramatically inclined TCKs presented their adaptation of the traditional “Nigerian Airways” skit, keeping us in stitches.

Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen, Charlotte (Jacobson) Giebel, and Pearl Abernethy led us in singing three Hausa songs.

More audience participation came next as we sang the Nigerian Nation Anthem and “Oh Africa” as a group, the latter in four-part harmony, led by Gayle Sampson.

The last skit, by Steve and Lisa (Blyth) Gertz, depicted some of the difficulties in cross-cultural communication—in this case, a person in a hotel room placing a call with Room Service.

To close out the evening, Joyce auctioned off a soccer ball (autographed by many of the participants in the Saturday morning soccer game). This was done as a fundraiser. The final bid of \$120 by Jim Kastner will go towards covering the shortfall incurred when Reunion facility expenses exceeded the income from registration fees.

Sunday morning, Lance Long gave a devotional from Jonah. Jonah—a missionary sent by God. God—a God of second chances. Then everyone checked out and headed back for home. As always, the reunion provided a splendid time of re-connecting, making new friends, and of sharing.

Grace Anne (Seeger) Swanson brought along two huge binders of photos and written materials relating to her project of putting together a history of KA. Many reunion attendees assisted by filling in missing (or incorrect) names, dates, and other facts. Because of the massive content, Grace Anne will distribute the book as pdf files on the *Simroots* Web site and by CD, rather than a printed version. Your stories, memories, and photos are still welcome for inclusion. See her contact information on page two of this issue. Also, please see the *Simroots* Web site for KA photos related to this project that still need to be identified as to year and person/s or subject.

To view or order photos from the reunion, go to:
<http://www.ofoto.com/L.jsp?c=8xui7ch.xbkvjul&x=1&y=-un4893>



'79: Kathleen (Horning) Maloul, Elizabeth (Spee) Braselton, Myrna (Kietzman) Holmes



'80s: James Flaten, Gayle Sampson (staff), Martha (Spee) DeKruyf



'90s: Lisa (Blyth) Gertz, Keith Hammack, Melissa Sawyer



2000: Stephen Hammack, Saralynn Blyth



Staff, Back: Marj (Frame) Lewis, Ruth Long, Terry & Sue (Long) Hammack
Front: Freda Riddle, Jim & Pat McDowell, Gayle Sampson, Gertrude VanHaitsma

SIM Business Meeting SIM/HC Reunion, Chicago

July 4, 2003

Karen Keegan chaired the meeting. Dan Paternoster opened in prayer.

Karen noted that this next spring will mark the 25th anniversary of *Simroots*, and she gave a brief review of its history. Next she described the process of producing an issue of *Simroots*. Because of the involvement of SIM in the mailing and receipting, it would be logistically difficult for *Simroots* to meld with Hillcrest's *Round Robin* (a suggestion considered in the earlier Hillcrest business meeting).

The topic of financing *Simroots* was a major item on the agenda. SR is currently running nearly \$7000 in the hole. Unfortunately, only about 30 individuals contribute to the expense of producing SR. The idea of dues has been considered many times in the past. Cost per issue is running about \$3500. With 2052 on the SR mailing list, the cost per issue, per person, would be about \$1.70. Discussion from the floor indicated that many were not fully aware of the financial needs for SR funding. The idea of paying via automatic bank debit or credit card through the SIM was affirmed as a possibility. All contributions for SR go through SIM, and are tax-deductible. The concept of a matching gift plan was suggested.

A new development is that Deb (Goss) Turner has volunteered to be a Promotion



Paternoster: Dan ('75), Sarah, Rachel, Nancy

Not in photos:
'76: Judy (Horning) Crowther
'77: Tom Geysbeek
'80: Martha (Hewitt) Murphy
'82: Carolyn (Horning) Nehor, Clement Auder
'83: Hassan Mehzen, Pam (Bruns) Stephanson, Lynne (Verbrugge) Bleeker, Lola (Bamgose) Audu
'85: Joe Cremer
Staff: Donna & Larry Elliott, Paul & Gerry Craig, Betty Frame



Manager. Any ideas for funding *Simroots* should be passed on to her at PO Box 273, Greenbank, WA 98253. (360) 678-3214 or *shesh@greenbank.net*. Deb suggested we sell “advertising” to AMKs with businesses or organizations. We could also sell space for special messages, such as congratulations and tributes. Grace Swanson will do the layout. Purchased space would not be treated as tax-deductible donations. One downside to this approach to funding is the loss of space for regular content.

Another idea is to encourage people to sponsor a column, a page, or an article, and we will acknowledge their tax-deductible gift on that page.

The topic was raised, “What could we do to SR to make it more attractive to our readers so they would want to pay?” Another fundraiser idea was suggested—everyone send in \$15 (\$10 to SR, \$5 to a kitty). At the end of the year, someone has expenses paid for a trip to Africa. The comment was made that this smacked too much of lottery and gambling aspects.

Karen gave her philosophy at this point—that SR is a ministry. She mentioned letters giving thanks that they hadn’t been dropped from the mailing list during the years when they had no interest in reading SR—because now they ARE ready, and they deeply appreciate it. Though few contribute, many benefit. Also suggested from the floor was omitting the paper version. A postcard could be sent to all on the mailing list to alert them that the new issue of SR is available on the Web site. Karen pointed out that many people prefer their hard copy version of SR. It was suggested that they could print it off the Web site. Karen said that many international readers find it impossible to get SR via the Web. She mentioned that part of the challenge of distribution just by e-mail is that e-mail addresses change too frequently, and there is nothing in place to notify of the new e-mail address (like that which exists for postal mail). The postcard idea mentioned earlier could provide the best of both worlds—reduced mailing costs, and address updates. Each postal mailing shows a loss of about 10% of usable addresses. Using only e-mail would pare the address base down seriously. Physical mailing of some kind is necessary to keep the addresses current.

The idea of Class reps or regional reps contacting their groups about the need for donations was proposed. A phone blitz by

the reps was suggested.

The SR Web site is under revision. SR is now being posted in pdf format with the News Updates sections being password-protected. It was suggested the password should be changed periodically, perhaps every issue. Karen made an appeal for knowledgeable Web site assistance volunteers.

The scope of SR was discussed. The SIM is now a conglomeration of four mission groups. One of the larger groups (AEF) asked about their seeming exclusion from SR coverage. The Advisory Committee suggested that SR should try to be inclusive of all the groups that make up SIM.

The next topic of discussion was the issue of a distribution of information policy. This concerns establishing a specific policy addressing privacy and security issues in regard to the SR database. Karen asked whether it would be acceptable that we print in SR that, if you do not want your information made public, contact her so she can flag it, and get it taken off the master distribution list. Many present agreed that this approach would be OK.

Karen then reported on the activities and goals of the Advisory Committee. Up to this point, the AC has met 4 times. They sent out a thousand surveys, getting over 300 back. They’ve held 9 consultations (The SIM invites those interested to come, have an

open discussion, bring issues up, and listen to each other’s stories). Many who’ve attended have experienced some healing. They’ve held 8 reconnects (an SIM regional rep meets with AMKs in their area for an evening). Two meetings have been held with parents—at Carlsbad and Sebring. One focus of the AC is searching for ways to minister to parents who are hurting.

The last AC meeting focused on reentry issues—one major issue that surfaced in the questionnaire was the move back to the passport country, and adjusting to it. The AC is working with SIM presently in regard to MKs coming off the field and how to minister to them. The AC is looking for volunteers to “adopt” these college-age kids, assisting in their adaptation to their passport country. Karen observed that because their “TCK issues” haven’t arisen yet, many of them are not interested in *Simroots*. The suggestion was made that with the improved communications and increased travel options of recent years, the younger ones do not face some of the same issues that we did in times past.

The next Reunion will be in the Dallas/Fort Worth area, the week of July 4, 2006. Changing the location of the Chicago area Reunion in 2009 was discussed.

The business meeting was closed.

Submitted by Dan Elyea, Assistant Editor



Go-karts at KA



After the Reunion, 2003

by Phyllis (Jacobson) Mithen (KA '66)

... the end of our exploring
 Will be to arrive where we started
 And know the place for the first time.
 From T.S. Eliot's "Little Gidding" in *Four Quartets*

Stories. Miracle stories of how it began
 How the founders began
 How they found each other
 How they built it—in and out

Miracle stories of each and every family
 The call to Africa. The call to each other.
 Or the call to each other and then to Africa.

Stories of provision, of healing, of doors opened,
 of wartime crossings, of letters and telegrams,
 of children born and miraculously spared—but not all.

Then the story of each family's choice.
 No longer must the children be left across the sea to
 spare their lives and give them learning.
 But must they go?
 A place is there, a home.
 Some went joyfully—at last I get to go!
 Others went with bitter tears and ached with home-
 sickness—all becoming Kent's sons and daughters,
 for better or for worse.

A horseshoe set of buildings
 A stone chapel and a burial ground
 Swings, slide and monkey bars lasting through the
 decades
 A sandbox under a mango tree
 A massive rock for climbing and photos
 Playing fields, tennis courts, a dam (source of water, a
 miracle in itself; baptizing place)
 A boulder-strewn, scrub-covered hill behind it all—to
 us a mountain

It was all there then and it is there now.
 We see it all as we devour the images
 filmed by recent, glowing pilgrims.
 We others must make pilgrimage in our imaginations,
 in gazing at the old pictures,
 in making it our business to identify **who** and
when,
 in listing our shared memories,
 in beholding once again the aged, revered founder
 and seeing in him the father we called "Grandpa."

What was this place?
 A place of safety, care and order
 Tasks assigned, a standard maintained
 (Did your room get a star today?)
 Responsibility for the younger ones
 Lessons taught for brains, brawn, and being
 The Bible (King James) becoming a part of our very
 breath
 A chance to say Yes to God

What do you remember?
 the careful teaching, the stories read, the songs sung,
 the feeding of our souls, serious talks about the future,
 the friendships, the crushes, the notes, the candy,
 the games, the walks, the fun,
 the pranks, the paddles, the sand sifting,
 the manners lessons, the tag days,
 the programs—the long preparation, everyone with a
 part,
 the butterflies, the accomplishment—
 Halloween parades and frights, Christmas stockings,
 pork chops after hog butchering, chocolate lush

(Or is the memory a blank or a pain?)

Human as we are, we suffered (and inflicted) pain
 Did only the hard-hearted escape unscathed
 the separation from family
 (or the family there but not just for you)
 the cruelty of children
 the necessary evils of institutions and rules, fairly
 or unfairly applied?

Did we know the burning desire of their hearts,
 those with the burden of our care?
 (. . . no greater desire than that my children walk in
 truth)

Go back to that place of pain.
 See it for what it is.
 Hold it up to the Healer.
 Cast it on the One who cares.
 Let the Balm in Gilead make the wounded whole.
 Share it with those who share your pain . . .
 and your joy . . . and your life.
 Pass through the pain and relinquish it.
 Forgive and be forgiven.

Then . . . "know the place for the first time."

Sakeji Reunion 2004

The planning committee happened upon an ideal location in the Los Angeles, California, area that meets all our criteria for a successful event (i.e., proximity to a major international airport; the opportunity for lots of activities; family- and child-friendly; close to the beach and popular theme parks). With folk coming from all over the world, our primary concern is to keep the cost affordable for all, and we believe we will be able to do this at the facility we found.

Although our commitment to this particular venue has not been finalized, we have requested a long weekend in July 2004—arriving Thursday the 15th and departing on Monday the 19th, so go ahead and block out this time on your calendars, start budgeting, and inform all the Sakeji-ites you know so they can join us.

By early next year we expect to start taking bookings for the event.

Check the *Simroots'* Web site for continuing updates on the details.

Dowa Bwanausi-Ross,
 Lorna Hanks, and
 Janice Bakke
sakejireunion04@earthlink.net

Sakeji Reunion '04
 PO Box 40912
 Pasadena, CA 91114-7912
 USA



Kansas Reconnect

April 25, 2003

The Best Western Red Coach Inn Restaurant, just outside of Wichita, was where Ted Veer organized a "Reconnect," and Ed Moran hosted the event—an informal gathering of MKs to renew old friendships, meet other MKs, reminisce, and reconnect to SIM.

The evening started off with gathering "happy talk"; you know, that "I'm not sure who you are, but the world is a fine place and I am sticking to that answer" conversation. Several in the group needed little catch up with each other since they either work or church together.

We finally reached some quorum of the expected and dined on the finest the Red Coach had to offer. Instructions were to fill in an SIM MK Trivia sheet during dinner. We mainly just talked about lives past and present, sprinkling in conversation about mutual acquaintances and mutually wondering what happened to them.

A couple of presentations on the "SIM of today" rounded out any type of formal program. Dick Ackley and Ed Moran fielded some quick Q&A, then the party degenerated into picture taking, "happy talk" and animated discussion.

No Planet Hollywood in Newton, so things kind of wrapped up around 10 p.m. (wait staff of the Red Coach started shutting down the place and we took the hint). Several folks then spilled out into the parking lot to finish up some conversation.

Bill Troup gets the prize for coming the longest distance. Bill drove a couple hundred miles, and it wasn't for the food. The Veers and Bergens tied for showing up with the most MKs per family.

Submitted by Dave Entz



Bingham Guys



Dr. Bill Troup



Brenda (Hay) and Larry Kelly



Ken Veer



Myron Bergen



Debbie & Dave Lintz



Reenie (Smith) & Jerry Eichelberger



Diane and Mark Veer



Lowell and Karen Bergen



Mark and Nancy Rogers

HC Originals Reunion

The next HC originals reunion will be held in **September 2004** at the Brower's in Lockport, NY. The attraction is the Niagara Falls and the surrounding area.

Announcing the BA Reunion! July 1 - 4, 2004

Get out those tennies, limber up those old bones—Field Day is less than a year away, and at our “ripe old age” it might take that long to get in shape. The planning for the Bingham Reunion is under way—complete with a new version of Field Day—Oldympics (Oldlimpics, or Old-gimpics), Bottle Cap War, Singspiration, Skit Night, an *injera ba wat geibsha* feast (and *we't* cook-off) and a host of other memory-jogging activities.

WHERE? Carol (Wallace) Lee and her husband, Bruce, have graciously offered their beautiful, serene B&B in **SW Ontario** (near London, ON) for us to host this event. We have been working on gathering costs and think we can pull this off for:

HOW MUCH? \$130 (Canadian dollars) per person for an entire weekend of fun like you haven't had since childhood! Price includes:

- * housing (Spartan, but clean beds and indoor plumbing)
- * meals and snacks (breakfast and lunch for 3 days, dinner for 2 days—which includes a *we't* contest and of course “tea time” snacks—peanuts & raisins?)
- * transportation to the B&B from the housing site (approximately 25 km each way)
- * a vast array of activities
- * and priceless memories

WHEN? Activities officially begin at noon on Friday, July 2 (first meal will be breakfast Friday, if you arrive Thurs. night) and end with lunch on Sunday, July 4.

WHO? YOU—It won't be the same without you, so start planning NOW to attend. (We will begin listing those who have pre-registered as we get them, so you can check to see who is planning to come. Spread the word!)

We will be putting out pleas for helpers soon, so be thinking of how you'd like to help make this a weekend to remember.

Watch the next *Simroots* and the Baharzaf Swingers Yahoo Group site for registration information. The registration form will also be posted on the Web site.

See you there!

Contact persons:

Nancy (Ackley) Ruth

nruth@kma.com

800-562-4161 ext. 1965

Deb Turner

shesh@greenbank.net

360-678-3214

Please note: News Update and Family Album are not included in the pdf file posted on Simroots.

These portions of Simroots are password protected. To get the password please contact Karen Keegan and identify yourself.

Passwords will only be given out to people who are already on our database, or can verify their reasons for requesting access.

FROM THE ARCHIVES



ELWA Academy, Liberia, 1988-'90, 8th grade. We're dressed up because the President of Liberia was to stop by and tour the school (he didn't show). He was assassinated not long after this due to the civil war, and ELWA was evacuated. This was one of the last times that these MKs would see each other again. Many of them had grown up with each other. I had 19 kids from 14 different countries. Tony Loken is 4th from the right in the back row and I (Dedria Davis, teacher) am on the far right front.

Simroots Distribution of Information Policy

S*imroots* was created for the purpose of SIM adult MKs being able to connect with each other and with their caregivers. A few parents and friends of SIM have also requested to be added to our mailing list. *Simroots'* policy is to make available the contact information in our database (name, address, phone, e-mail, schools attended, and grad year) to those on our mailing list who request it.

Requests for contact information by those on our mailing list are accommodated with the understanding that all such information will be used solely for the business of *Simroots* or reconnecting.

Requests for information from those not on our mailing list will be screened by the *Simroots* staff as to the nature of their request—which must be in

compliance with the goals and purpose of *Simroots* business. The recipient of the information must provide a written statement (either electronically or in paper form) indicating they will use the information strictly for the purpose they requested.

Those who wish to receive *Simroots*, but do not want their contact information shared with anyone else, MUST specify this to the editor. Your contact information will be flagged in the database and not distributed without your express permission.

Over the years, we have collected names, addresses, and other contact information through family members, archive information, the Internet, and various other sources. If you have been added to our mailing list and wish to be removed, please contact the editor.

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 / in memory 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.

Simroots is turning 25!

Help us celebrate! Our next issue will commemorate *Simroots'* 25th anniversary. We'd love to do a bigger, special issue, but it's going to take more cash to pull it off. To help offset the cost, we'd like to *sell 2.5-inch-square spaces in the newsletter for \$15 each. You can write a tribute, congratulations, or a memorial message. You can include a photo, say hi to a friend, whatever. We hope to hear from a lot of you, so start thinking now! Send your submissions to the Editor by the end of February, 2004.

*Sales are not tax-deductible, but should still be sent to SIM HQ. Be sure to designate it as "*Simroots* Anniversary Tribute."

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

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Murfreesboro, TN 37128-8535
United States of America

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