

SIMROOTS

From the Past, Through the Present, For the Future

SPRING 2003

VOLUME 20 NUMBER 1

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

Introducing Rift Valley Academy



The flagpole area in front of Kiambogo

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Rift Valley Academy

Staff Tributes

Two years after the SIM commenced its work in West Africa in 1893, the AIM (Africa Inland Mission) entered East Africa with a group of eight missionaries.

The AIM administration perceived the need to provide for schooling of missionaries' children,

and in 1906 established the school that would become Rift Valley Academy (RVA).

The Great Rift is a geological feature formed by shifts in the earth's crust. It stretches from Lebanon to Mozambique. Manifesting as a steep-walled valley in Kenya, it provides a spectacular

setting for its namesake Academy. RVA sits over a thousand feet above the valley floor, situated near the edge of an escarpment. Though near the equator, because of the elevation of over 7000 feet above sea level, the school enjoys a cool climate and is well above the malaria zone.

continued on page 2

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

Checks should be made out to *Simroots* and sent to SIM, not to the editor. Overseas readers may send checks to the nearest SIM office. See www.sim.org for addresses.

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

Eighteen dormitories provide the housing for boarding students: two to a room for the older students; larger units for the younger students. Boarding students must be at least seven years old. Several cafeteria-style dining rooms provide the meals.

The school year is broken into three equal segments, with the months of December, April, and August as holiday months.

Because most AIM missionaries come from the USA, the RVA curriculum is based on the American system of education. The school is accredited in the USA. Ninety percent of RVA

graduates attend college in North America.

RVA provides support for those families taking a home-schooling approach. Some of the RVA teachers go to the mission stations to observe the home schools in action. They advise regarding teaching methods and appropriate curriculum.

We invite you to submit RVA photos and memories that you think would interest *Simroots* readers. For more information and some photos, see the Web site at WWW.RVA.org.

Submitted by Dan Elyea



Aerial view looking west



The upper part of RVA campus with railway tracks

Rift Valley continued from page 1

Over the years, quite a few SIM MKs have attended RVA as the best solution for their education. For example, a number of BA students went to RVA for grades 10-12 because, during their "tour," BA only went up to ninth grade. And so you find this introduction in *Simroots*, though RVA is not an SIM-operated school.

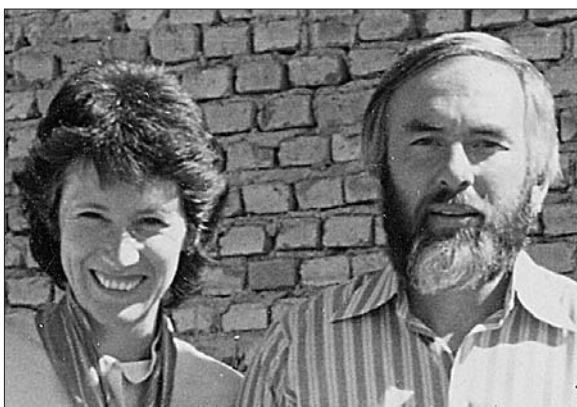
RVA is located about 30 miles northwest of Nairobi, Kenya. It shares space at the Kijabe Mission Station along with a hospital, dental clinic, medical center, and Bible School.

The first seven students, aged eight to seventeen, initially attended classes in the home of the Kijabe station superintendent. By 1911 the school had its own dorms, chapel, classrooms, dining room and offices. Further expansion provided for 50 students by 1925.

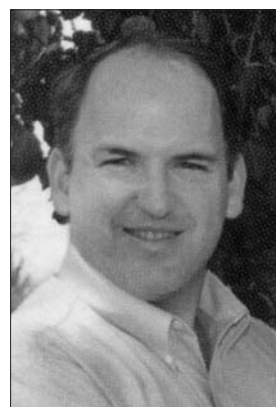
Enrollment these days (Grades 1-12) runs around five hundred. Over 20 countries and over 85 mission organizations are represented in the RVA student body. More than one hundred serve on the staff. First priority is given to MKs, and then to Kenyan nationals. A few others are accepted on a space-available basis. Generally, there is a long waiting list for prospective students.

STAFF TRIBUTES

Staff photos continued from previous issue . . .



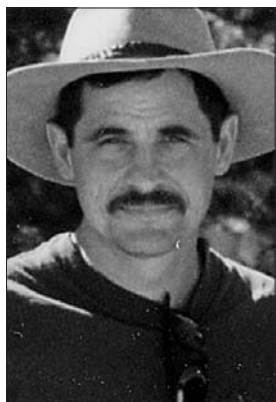
Mrs. and Mr. Beech
CC



Pete Bitner
KA



Carolyn Bitner
KA



Mr. Bode
CC



Mrs. Bode
CC



Avril Brandt
CC



Mr. Brod
CC



Mrs. Brod
CC



Pat Chase
EL, BA



Mrs. Buck
EL



Mr. Buck
EL



Ann Christian
School Unknown



Carol Ann Cole
School Unknown



Anita Cook
School Unknown



John Cook
School Unknown



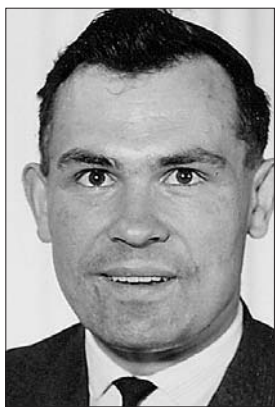
Ann Cope
School Unknown



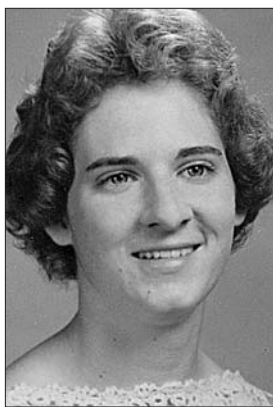
Max Cope
School Unknown



Agnes Davidson
KA



Maxwell Davidson
KA



Dorothy (Davis) Rush
KA



Maureen Dolan
School Unknown



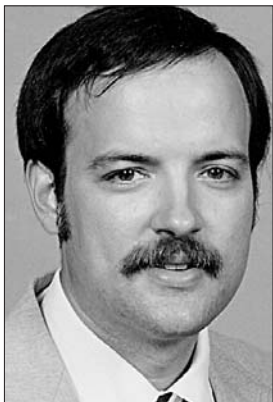
Dudenhoffer
CC



Mr. Edlin
CC



Mrs. Edlin
CC



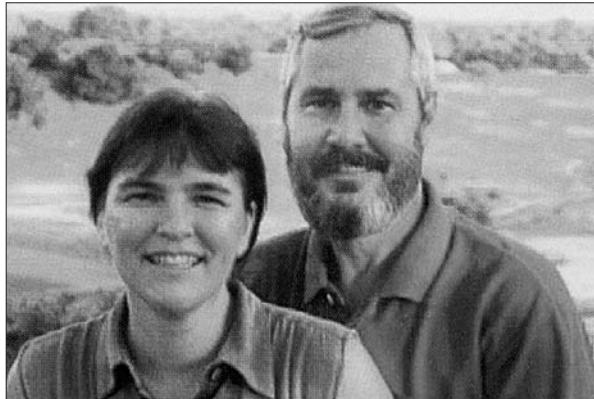
Bruce Englehard
CC



Mary Englehard
CC



Gladys (Erickson) Reimer
KA



Joy and Gary Freeman
SA



Ruth Gibbs
KA



Kathleen Johnson
EL



Boyd Latchaw
KA



Janette Latchaw
KA



Mr. and Mrs. Blythe Lehman
GH



Desma (Bowler) Lewis
BA



Carol Linton
BA



Dale Linton
BA



Denise Lockhart
CC



Bernie Loewen
KA



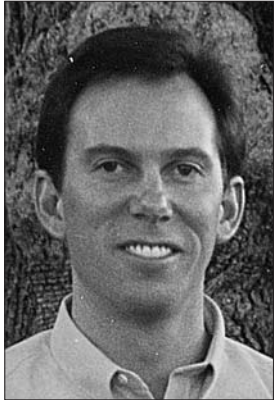
Heather Loewen
KA



Joan Loken
EL



Beth Long
BA



Dan Long
BA



Mary MacDonald
BA



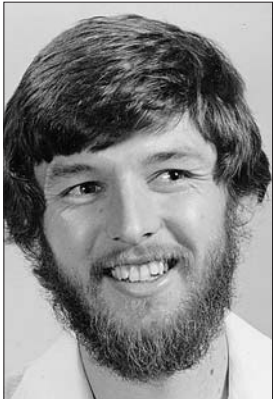
Laura Magg
EL



Mary Marbaugh
EL, KA, SA



Rowena Marion
KA



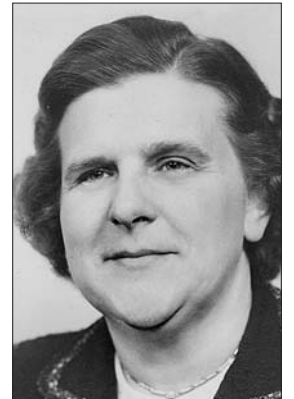
Patrick Marman
CC



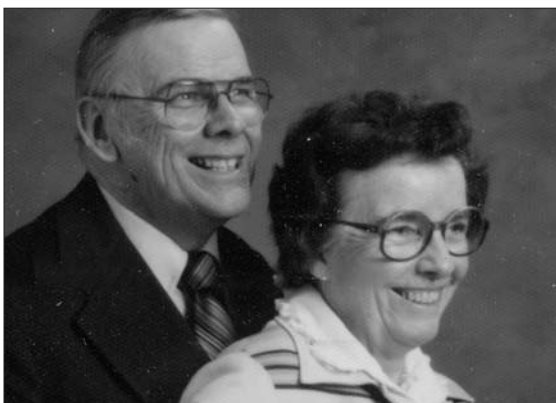
Wendy Rosalind Marman
CC



Helen Martin
EL



Ruth Martin
BA



Jack & Margaret (Peggy) Maxson
BA



Maureen McCarron
EL



Robert McCarron
EL

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



Wally & Vi Braband (KA Staff)

(wbraband@strato.net)

Excerpts from a letter to Grace Anne (Seeger) Swanson, December 2001

We went to KA in the fall of 1974. I, Wally, was in charge of the dorms, etc. Vi worked with the kids in the boys' dorm and also some in the girls' dorm. There was a swimming pool behind the boys' dorm that the kids could go in. I had to clean it regularly, and the kids went in according to grades on different afternoons for half hour intervals. When the Husbands were coming back and Jack and Dotty Phillips were leaving for home, I was asked to be the business manager for the school, and we moved into the end of the junior high girls' dorm, and Vi worked mostly with the girls in the girls' dorm. Dick Fuller became principal in Jack Phillips' place. We lived in the girls' dorm until the Fullers went home, and then I was asked to be principal and business manager. I was principal for about three years. Vi took over as secretary until we left for home in August of 1982.

I remember some changes that took place during those years. One was that we had a strike by the Nigerian workers, and we had to raise their pay. We had to reduce the number of workers and change the way we took care of the dining room, especially on weekends. On Sundays from then on we only had two workers come, and the kids set the tables and did the dishes. Also during those years when Dick Fuller was principal, we had to change our policy about taking in students that were not only MKs and children of ECWA leaders, but we opened it up to outsiders, such as people that were working for the Nigerian government, and it became a real ministry of reaching those kids as well as their parents.

You asked about whether we had family night when we were there. Yes, I can remember those nights which were very enjoyable. A special treat for the kids those nights was that they could have ice in their drinking water. We had clubs on Friday evenings, and I remember the campouts in the spring of the year for the boys and then for the girls. Also, I remember taking the different classes on field trips to many interesting places. Then there were the trips for the kids that won the "best room" contest in the dorm. Going to the jungle or to the game reserve were some of the places that I remember.

Excerpts from Brabands' archive letters

November 18, 1976

School has already been in session two months, and on December 14 we will be closing for Christmas holidays for four weeks. We are having a good school year thus far. It is a very busy one because we have 146 children this year, 73 boys and 73 girls. . . . We have 31 Nigerian children; then there are American, Canadian, British, Australian, New Zealand, German, Swiss, and Indian nationalities represented. . . . There are four of us ladies working with the girls, and we have our schedules arranged so that we work with all age groups.

Wally helps quite a bit in the boys' dorm this year besides his responsibilities as Business Manager. Three men and two ladies help in the boys' dorm. The men all have other responsibilities, too, like the gardens and care of the animals, and now an irrigation system has been set up, plus all of the maintenance that is required.

Do you wonder what our days are like for staff and students? Rising time for Grades 6-9 is at 6 a.m., and everyone is up at 6:30. Beds are made, rooms cleaned and other jobs done before breakfast at 7:15. Junior high begin class at 7:50; lower grades have P.E. at 8 a.m. and 8:30, and everyone is in school by 9 a.m. Lunch is at 12:05; then a short rest and classes resume at 1:45 until 3:45. After school some go back in for extra help; then there are sports for the older ones. They compete on Saturdays with Hillcrest. Right now the girls are playing softball, and the boys have volleyball and track. After supper each night there is study hall for Grades 6-9 until 8:10; then devotions and our last ones are tucked in at 9:30. Our Grades 1-3 get tucked in at 7:30.

What do we do on weekends? Every other Friday night is club night for junior high, and the following are offered this semester: girls' woodworking, drama, boys' cooking, model airplanes, textile painting, macramé, and stamp collecting. Saturday nights there are quite often films right after supper, some U.S. information films, or on Canada, Britain, or Australia.

October 6, 1978

Our dorms and playground are full of children's voices and laughter these days. They have been with us for over three weeks now, and there have been only a few tears because the children have settled in very well. One of the first days of school a few parents were still around, and as they joined us at our morning prayer time (when the children have recess time

from 10-10:30 a.m. the staff gather for a short time of prayer and a cup of tea or coffee), someone mentioned that we should be praying for the children as they settled in. One of the parents said that we should be praying for the parents as they felt it was harder for them to make the adjustment. This is true, and we know from experience that many homes are feeling empty and lonely these days.

We have 141 students this year, 78 girls and 63 boys. Forty-eight of those are Nigerian children, 2 French, 7 East Indian. We also have several children whose parents were formerly in Ethiopia and who have come now to work in Nigeria and Ghana. Then, too, we have several children whose parents work with the government. There are a number of children from non-Christian homes, so please pray with us for them that as they hear God's Word, their hearts will be receptive.

You should have seen the activity around here this summer. Almost every room in the girls' dorm needed something done to it; most of them got a new coat of paint. Because of the very heavy rains this summer most of the furniture had mold on it, so all of the furniture needed a good washing and polishing. You can't believe all of the details involved in making a place livable for our 78 girls. Then in the boys' dorm a complete rewiring job had to be done, and this was a mess. But finally, when it was completed, it was a good feeling to have it done, and then a lot of painting was needed in the boys' dorm as well. In the school rooms, desks had to be sanded and re-waxed or re-varnished, and rooms needed painting there too. We all pushed to get everything done before the children came, and on the day of their arrival we were all quite proud of the finished product.

Now that classes have begun, we are all back in a routine again, but it seems like our work is never done. Many of the children are privileged to be able to take piano, violin, and trumpet lessons, and most of them have started their lessons. Every other Friday night we have clubs for the junior high, and this semester the clubs consist of Boys' Flying, Drama, Cake Decorating, Macramé, and Art.

With our busy schedule here, we are going to depend on your help in prayer. We are conscious of the fact that without God's help the task would be impossible.



The Cemetery at Kirk Memorial Chapel

Greetings from Jos, Nigeria. I am an SIM missionary surgeon serving at Evangel Hospital. My wife, Dorothy, and I came here in 1992 after serving in Liberia for four years at the ELWA Hospital. We have four children, Marie (11), Heather and Anna (9), and David (2). In 1998 our daughter Aimee died when Dorothy was about 6 months pregnant with her. Aimee is buried at the Miango cemetery behind Kirk Chapel. Having grown up in Nigeria and having attended Kent Academy, I realized I had heard the stories of many others that are buried there. I know there are many with interesting stories surrounding each precious life, and I would like to know the stories of each person buried there. If possible, I would then like to put the stories in book form for others to read. Following is a list of each person with a grave marker, their birth date and date of death. There are a few unmarked graves, and not all are SIM missionaries.

Would you be willing to write down your story or the stories of others you know? What



Danny, Ruth, and David Hodges (with ? on far right) standing beside their father's grave

were the circumstances of God calling you/them to Nigeria to serve Him? What was your/their ministry and where? What was your/their family like? What were the circumstances of your/their loved one's death? What lessons did you/they

learn through that experience? How do you/they reflect on that painful experience now? I would greatly appreciate it if you would send to me by e-mail or via the SIM USA office (attn: Bill Ardill, Nigeria courier) any stories about the Miango cemetery. I am trying to contact family members directly but do not have e-mail or mailing addresses for many of the families. If you know a contact e-mail or mailing address for a family member of someone on the list, I would also appreciate that information. I will certainly only use stories with the family's permission and would be serving mainly as an editor.

I look forward to hearing from you and hearing about the precious saints who have gone before our Aimee to help our Father prepare a place for us. Thank you for considering this request.

Bill Ardill
(bill.ardill@sim.org)

Miango Cemetery List

Name	Birth date	Death date	Age				
Ardill, Aimee	06/30/98	06/30/98	0	Lavelly, Alan	08/28/58	08/28/58	0
Arnold, Ethel	09/01/28	09/02/28	0	Lee, Hyo	07/30/83	10/07/96	13
Auch, Sylvia	02/18/27	04/30/87	60	Lenherr, Elsbeth	06/15/53	05/12/77	24
Birch, Barbara	09/26/50	09/26/50	0	Lohrenz, James	08/08/57	11/13/58	1
Butler, Jonathan	03/19/66	03/19/66	0	MacLellan, Elizabeth	05/24/56	02/14/57	<1
Cayford, Betty Lou	12/26/28	12/06/86	58	Madden, Amy	11/19/02	09/05/42	39
Craig, Maude	2/24/1882	10/31/61	79	Matthews, Queen	06/30/27	11/15/68	41
Crouch, Edith	10/10/12	05/28/65	52	Moulding, Louisa	09/27/1899	09/25/39	40
De Jong, Michael	10/27/57	04/20/88	30	Neilson, Betty	06/14/43	06/14/43	0
Driediger, Ruby	07/13/23	06/07/63	40	Nicholson, E.	09/18/21	12/23/53	32
Driediger, Timothy	12/14/59	12/14/59	0	Ockers, Evelyn	11/18/24	05/16/66	41
Dyck, Kevin	12/18/70	12/19/70	0	Pfeiffer, Anthony	12/14/87	11/11/89	2
Dyck, Leonard	04/08/42	02/07/74	31	Playfair, Earl	04/30/18	09/18/55	37
Epp, Infant son	10/18/65	10/18/65	0	Power, Jennifer	09/12/73	09/12/73	0
Geiger, Florence	05/17/10	10/27/75	65	Pullen, Gordon	01/06/26	05/28/63	37
Goosen, Arthur	09/29/12	04/12/58	45	Purviance, Cheryl	03/23/54	05/17/55	1
Goosen, Melvin	05/05/45	04/12/58	13	Redekop, Judith	04/22/53	04/22/53	0
Harbottle, Will	11/11/52	11/11/52	0	Redekop, Julianna	03/27/54	03/27/54	0
Harris, David	06/23/54	06/23/54	0	Rhine, James	08/03/52	02/03/53	<1
Hay, Douglas	06/28/52	06/28/52	0	Roscoe, J.	08/20/07	09/04/64	57
Hay, Norman	04/12/55	08/17/55	<1	Shaw, Charlotte	07/15/23	02/13/69	45
Herniman, Rebekah	08/04/62	11/24/62	<1	Swanson, Barbara	01/01/46	01/01/52	6
Herr, Beulah	08/02/27	05/31/61	33	Troup, Dr. Jeanette	12/24/23	02/18/70	46
Hodges, Rev. Ernest	01/25/19	11/22/53	34	Varley, Effie	01/01/01	03/15/66	65
Johnston, Norma	09/06/62	09/12/62	0	Welch, Elwyn	01/13/25	12/10/61	36
				Whitmoyer, Eileen	05/06/52	07/03/55	3



Mosquito Nets

Quoted from the book

Wimpy Harper of Africa
by Jesse C. Fletcher

Wimpy had continual problems with mosquito nets. In the first place, he was too long for almost any bed he slept in, and this meant he was constantly kicking the tucked mosquito net out.

Mosquitoes seemed to be his pet peeve. The Africans in the Western Region called white men “oyinbo,” which literally means “man with skin peeled off.” Wimpy vowed that the mosquitoes were responsible.

One night after a rough bout with the pests, Juanita awakened to hear Wimpy pounding away fiercely on his typewriter. The next day he showed her a letter he was sending home concerning his experience with mosquito nets and mosquitoes.

“To properly enter one of the nets,” he wrote, “you must master high diving, the chest stroke, and the jackknife. After you turn out the light (there are no light switches inside the net, unfortunately), you go to the least infested side of the net, shout a warning to all mosquitoes, and pull the tab on the net, jerking it out from under the mattress where it has been tucked. With a quick yank, you open a hole about the size of a Texas watermelon and get on your knees and insert your head.

“I have tried the breach approach, but that requires a bigger hole.

“As the head goes through, the hands must follow right behind the ears in order to make the hole large enough for the rest of the torso. This action is known by experienced netters as the breast stroke.

“As the shoulders go in, you must give a full stroke to pull the body in, keeping the net close to the body in case a brave mosquito comes riding in on your back. Mind you, the lights are out because otherwise you would die of self-consciousness.

“When the body is halfway in, you must give a half twist (this is a difficult dive to perform in the water, much less under a net) and sit on the side of the bed with the feet on the outside and the body on the inside. Then do your jackknife, pulling the knees under the chin and grabbing the net with the hands to close the gap left by your entrance.

“The slack must be taken up and all the wad tucked under the mattress. This is not hard to do when you’re not sitting on the mattress.

“Once this is finished, you try to relax by thinking of all the things you forgot to do before retiring. After you have repeated this process for about the third time and all the doors have been shut, the kids watered, and so forth you relax.

“Since the bed is not long enough, it is necessary to sleep at a 45-degree angle. This puts your head in one corner, and just about the time you fall asleep about a dozen mosquitoes hit your face and arms. They can bite through the net since you have to have your head against it in order to clear your feet. If you survive this first attack, you will probably be awakened by the wham, wham, wham of African bats against the tin roof. . . .

“After one has repeated the process about three dozen times, it gets light and all the mosquitoes go home with their tummies filled with your blood. You get up with red eyes and red anything else that is exposed during the unrestful night. All day long you scratch where it itches and a lot of places where it doesn’t.

“Long live the mosquito nets, for without them men would be bothered with mosquitoes.”



*Under the mosquito nets
in Kano Guest House*

Mount Sanderson

by Virgil & Edna Kleinsasser (parents)
(Virgklein@aol.com)

Our oldest daughter Sheri (KA '65) is married to Dr. David Peters, who has been a Biola Professor for well over 30 years. He was on the La Mirada Council for 26 years and Mayor of our fair city 6 times. Three or four years ago he was instrumental in getting another Christian, a La

Mirada High School teacher, Steve Jones, elected to the City Council. Though Dave resigned from the Council a year ago last March, Steve is presently serving as Mayor. Shortly before he was elected to the City Council, we ran into him at a performance in the La Mirada Theater for the Performing Arts. He had met us once before and during the intermission said, “So you folks were missionaries to Africa, I hear. With whom did you serve?” When I said “SIM,” he came back with “Oh really, the Sudan Interior Mission.” I was rather surprised as we do not hear that old name very often anymore, and when I asked him how he knew that name, he said his grandparents served with that mission in Nigeria. That really surprised and interested me, so I asked, “What was their name?” He said, “Sanderson.”

It turns out that his grandfather was the very one who founded or at least was one of the first missionaries to work at Miango with his wife. I understand he actually built the Guest House there. I think they were from Britain. I told him there is a mountain named after him, and he said he had heard that. I told him it is not much of a mountain, but we had climbed it quite a number of times with our girls over the years, and of course he knew Sheri, but they had never made that connection. We have since met his mother who is the daughter of the Sandersons and still lives near here. It was all quite interesting to make this tie in, and we thought you might be interested in it and even like to share it with your KA readers.

Edna (Wiebe) Robfogel (KA Staff)

(Edna.Robfogel@sim.org)

My career at Kent Academy started with Jean Campbell. Jean was a personal friend of our family. She had taught my older brothers at the high school connected with PRBI (Peace River Bible Institute in Northern Alberta). She always came to see us on her furloughs, and later, when I went to University and taught school in Edmonton, we were both members of the same

church. Jean had come home from KA indefinitely because her sister, Phyllis, was ill. Jean was caring for her and didn’t know when she would be able to go back. One day in 1966, when Jean and I were both doing summer school courses at the University of Alberta, she and I were chatting on the phone. She told me that KA was desperately needing teachers



Mount Sanderson just visible above the boys dorm, c. 1940s



and they had asked her to come—or, if she was unable to come herself, could she think of someone else who could go—even for just a year?

Jean hadn't thought of me for that role when she started telling me about it; but during our conversation, the inspiration hit us. "Hey, why don't you go?" That little idea changed the course of my life—not just for that school year, but here I am still with SIM after 36 years. I spent about 12 years at KA, 5 at Kano Guest House where I married Bill, 5 years together at Aba Bible College, a year at Lagos, and completed our time in Nigeria back at Miango—at MRH this time. Since coming home, we have spent 7 years helping out at Sebring Retirement Village, and now we're here at SIM USA headquarters. Bill is the Purchasing Agent, and I help out in the Medical Office.

I think for all of us who have been part of KA, Jack and Dottie Phillips come to mind almost synonymously with KA memories. Jack met me in Jos when I arrived the first time on SIMAIR, and I remember driving back to Miango on the Vom road. Because it had rained so heavily, the Miango road was impassable. I wondered where he was taking me—or how he could even know where the road actually was, as we seemed to be driving down the middle of a river or curving back and forth or dodging big rocks! All the way, he pointed out landmarks and told me the history of the area and about what to expect when we got there. I didn't know anybody at KA—except one sixth grader, David Foxall—but I felt welcomed and wanted and appreciated right from my first day there. It didn't take long to see that Uncle Jack and Aunt Dottie were everybody's favorites, and before long I could see why that was true. Jack and Dottie genuinely cared for the kids and the staff. They were very approachable and careful to make sure things were done fairly. Godly and wise, fun-loving and practical are all terms that apply to them! I remember Myr Guy calling him "our great big beloved daddy uncle Jack!" It was a joy to be part of a boarding school of 150 MKs under the leadership of Jack and Dottie.

I remember how Dottie brought all Jean Campbell's drums down from the attic and had all her things displayed in one of the girls' dorm rooms. (Jean had sent word that I could use her things.) I didn't think much about it at the time, but now I can appreciate how much work it was to unpack and set out all those articles; and then, after I'd gone through and taken a few things to my home, she had the job of putting it all back up into the attic again! I never heard any complaints—only concern that I had what I needed and appreciation that I had come!

I was just a "young thing" when I first went to KA. I remember feeling a bit intimidated by the junior high kids, who seemed so grown up and self-assured to this inexperienced country bumpkin. When I first got there, children from far away traveled to and from school by SIMAIR planes, and an adult was required to be on the plane. So my first Christmas, I got to be the adult who went along on the flight to Igbaja. Before we landed, the kids could see their parents waving and eagerly waiting for them to disembark. They were so excited as they scrambled off the plane and ran to their parents! I stood by the plane, feeling a little homesick. Eventually, Jim Custer noticed me standing there all by myself. He said to Ricky, "Who's that kid?" Ricky's reply: "Oh, that's my teacher!"

I taught second grade my first year there, then a split third and fifth grade. Eventually I moved up to junior high and got to teach all the math (my favorite subject) and a little English and Bible. The book of Acts is always a special book to me; I learned so much myself teaching it. I remember being only a little ahead of my eighth graders in my preparations. It was a blessing to me, and I think the Lord used it in all of our lives.

Teaching math is always a challenge because of preconceptions that math is difficult and unfathomable. I didn't always succeed at this, but I tried to make it seem fun and simple. Bingo games with number facts and Math Bees and Mastermind puzzles were fun ways to learn. I enjoyed them and enjoyed my students too. I know all of my students will remember hustling through speed tests of addition and multiplication facts, and some will remember coming back for homework help after school in the afternoons; but, even those times I hope were mostly enjoyable, and I hope the accomplishment of having conquered the assignment made it feel worthwhile.

Every KA student will remember the cookie cans that appeared every afternoon just when the last bell rang to dismiss school. Aunt Linda always saw to it that Kogi or John or someone in the kitchen baked cookies for everyone when school got out. And if it was your birthday, you could go ahead of time and tell Aunt Linda what kind of cake and what kind of icing you wanted for your birthday cake! The number-one favorite was "chocolate cake with chocolate icing."

John Dean was the speaker one year at the Spiritual Emphasis Week. He must have made a big impression on me because I can still remember his illustration of Johnny Bell, no longer at KA, coming home for weekends from Hillcrest and hearing the bells and rushing off to pick up the laundry or go to school and grudgingly abiding by KA rules and regulations even though he

was now free of them—making the point that, in Christ, we are free to live by the Holy Spirit and do not have to obey our fleshly desires. I remember the impact this teaching made on one student, Steve Harling. He decided that day that from then on he was going to let the Holy Spirit help him to please the Lord in everything. I know his attitude and goals changed dramatically, and it would be interesting to go back and have a look at his report card from that year. I think it took an upwards turn too!

On Friday evenings a variety of non-academic and fun activities were always planned. After a busy week of school, everybody was ready for a break from studies. Sometimes there would be games at the courts or table games; sometimes class parties or skit nights were organized; and sometimes the kids would work on a hobby of their choice. There were different options like Indian beadwork, woodworking, fabric painting, chess, or boys' cooking club.

One year I helped with the boys' cooking club. The boys planned ahead what they would like to make (and eat, of course!) on the next Club Night. We had to know ahead of time so as to gather together the needed recipes, ingredients and utensils from Aunt Linda in the kitchen. The problem was that the boys would often not remember to tell us ahead of time, and that meant rushing around at the last minute trying to gather together whatever we needed to make the delectable items they chose.

One day I decided I'd fix those guys! When they came running to me late Friday afternoon to tell me what they wanted to cook, I said, "Sorry, but you didn't come on time, so I've picked what you're cooking tonight, and it's cornmeal mush and grits." I wish I could have captured their expressions! "Oh, no! You can't mean it! Ugh! Do we have to?" I was unswerving; so what could they do, but come along—with a definite lack of enthusiasm!

Now, you should know before I continue, that although the names at the top of the recipes were "Cornmeal Mush" and "Grits," in actuality, the ingredients in the recipes were for "Brownies" and "Banana Milkshakes." The guys decided who would make the grits and who would do the cornmeal mush and then got started. One by one, they'd get a perplexed look on their faces and look questioningly at me, like, "I didn't know you put bananas in grits!" or "How come there's cocoa and sugar in cornmeal mush?" At first I just acted rather indifferently; then, as they caught on that it was a joke, they got in on the fun and kept up the ruse. What a hilarious evening we had! And everyone enjoyed the "cornmeal mush" and "grits"!



On Sunday evenings, after the evening service, the junior high kids could go to Miango Rest Home and join the guests (which often included families who were there for a little vacation time) for the “Sing”—an informal time of mostly just singing favorites chosen by whoever was there. One hymn that was often chosen by the KA kids, and that often brought tears to my eyes, was “Does Jesus Care?” How wonderful to be assured that Jesus does understand and care!

I learned to play chess while I was a teacher at KA. My next-door neighbor was Aunt Jeanette Silver, and she taught me how to play. I always needed lots of time to think through my next move, so we set up the game on my dining room table. I’d ponder and experiment with different moves until I reached what I thought was a good one. I would then hang a certain brightly colored piece of cloth in the window facing Jeanette’s house. I’d go back to school or off to whatever was my agenda for the day, and when I got back home a few hours later, if the brightly colored cloth was missing from the window, I’d know that Jeanette had been there, made her move, and it was my turn again! Those games sometimes lasted for several days. A nice memory!

Towards the end of the year, each of the upper classes had their own special party. One year Esther O’D and I were on the committee to plan the ninth grade class party. We put our heads together and decided to have a hat party. We scavenged everywhere we could think of to come up with as many different and unusual hats as we could find—from little baseball beanies to wide-brimmed, gaudy, flower-trimmed hats, some very formal, others wild and ridiculous! There were enough hats for each person who was coming to the party. We displayed our collection of headgear all around the living room, tied long strings to each hat, and created a giant spider web by looping the strings over the piano, under a chair, around a table leg, over to the fireplace, around another chair, over the ceiling fan, etc., and finally ended up at the entryway with a number on each string. We set this up during rest hour, after which the living room was out of bounds until the party. But it could be seen, and there was lots of speculation and built-up suspense over this attraction! When the party started, each individual drew a number, then followed that string to find their hat and wear it for the evening. I do not remember now which class that was or who got the beanie or Uncle Earl’s engineer’s cap, or Aunt Betty’s nurse’s cap or Aunt Betty DeLa’s Sunday hat! I do remember we played Musical Hats, and some hat relays and other games that centered around hats. It was definitely a hilarious evening, and everyone had a great time!

SIM’s motto is “By Prayer,” and we saw some great answers to prayer at KA. There were quite a few years when there were vacancies in the dorm staff or teachers, and we didn’t know who was going to replace them. We prayed and the kids prayed, and when school started, we’d have the staff that was needed!

KA Prayer Books were a good way of keeping up the prayer support. Parents were given little 31-page prayer books (with different names of students and staff on each page) to pray through each month. I remember the staff going round and round the ping-pong table collating those little books and numbering the pages so that each book was different, and each child would get prayed for every day.

My memories of Kent Academy are good ones. Those years were years of maturing and spiritual growth in my own life as I sought to be used by the Lord to help in the education and all-round development of MKs, and especially to influence them towards the Lord. I know that things weren’t perfect and that I’m not perfect. I know that I have regrets—that I didn’t handle some situations as wisely or fairly or caringly as I should have. I hope that all the MKs who may have been the brunt of my ignorant or willful failures to be what I should have been, can find it in their hearts to forgive me and to know that I’m still in process too. And it’s good to know God isn’t finished with me and He doesn’t give up. I feel it has been a great privilege to have had a part in the lives of KA kids!

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Open Dialogue

I Was Always There A story of hope

Introduction by Karen Keegan, Editor

When I was growing up, I assumed every MK had a happy home like mine and a positive boarding school experience. Oh, I knew there were some mischievous kids in our dorm, maybe even some who were labeled “rebellious,” but their behavior, I felt, exhibited normal childhood experiences. It wasn’t until we reconnected as adults that I discovered the term “TCK” with all its own issues, such as adjusting to various cultures, repeated cycles of grief and loss, and rootlessness. Boarding school experiences seemed to have another set of challenges, and hot was the debate in Open Dialogue between those who embraced their time there and those who struggled with it. After a while, we backed off on those dialogues a little to put things into perspective, to celebrate the positive side of our experiences.

But then came the Consultations with SIM and the Task Force involvement, and stories of deeper pain began to surface. No longer were we addressing typical TCK issues, but now we were uncovering cases of child abuse in all its forms (emotional, physical, sexual, spiritual) and from various sources (dorm parents, nationals, peers, family members). In my research, I’ve discovered that no mission agency is exempt from these stories of woundings. But not every mission board (or church or family or charitable organization) is brave enough to address the issues. I commend SIM USA for its pioneering work in acknowledging the stories and being willing to work with its hurting family members. The subject of abuse is fraught with landmines, but I feel the time is right to open up a dialogue on this topic in *Simroots*.

Please understand that as editor of *Simroots*, I do not speak on behalf of the Mission, but on behalf of adult MKs who are hurting and are seeking to find healing for their pain. I’ve agreed to print the following story because it gives a message of hope. The writer’s deepest desire is not to defame a person or an organization, but to get the word out that healing is possible. I’m aware that this story may trigger the opening of some deep wounds, and so I caution you to read with discernment. In the end, I pray that it will be the catalyst for some to find help.

I want to add a note to our parents who read this story. One mission organization that has gone public with their stories reported three different responses from parents when their children

approached them with the truth of their experiences. Some refused to believe their children’s stories, denying the possibility that abuse could have happened. Others quoted religious platitudes and urged their children to “forgive and forget” and “get on with their life.” The last group felt grief and sadness for their children’s suffering, acknowledged their own pain in the process, and sought ways to support and reconnect with them. Recognizing that parents need to have a safe place to dialogue as well, please feel free to contact me with your suggestions and input.

In conclusion, I would hope that we as an AMK community can respond with compassion, understanding, and support for our brothers and sisters who have been traumatized.

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I feel so alone, so betrayed, so hurt. I simply cannot go on. I want to die. Why aren’t you there, God? Where are you? I’d been demanding answers from God for those particular questions for the last thirty years. Why did I have to be so hurt? Why didn’t You stop it? Why don’t You love me? These questions and others drove me on a particularly painful and, in the end, joyous odyssey.

I attended a missionary boarding school from Grades 4-7. I left at the age of 12 completely shattered, angry and bewildered. I continued to be angry at the school and the people in it for the next 27 years. I didn’t recall everything that happened to me. I just knew that somehow I’d been hurt, and hurt badly. The things I could remember were problems I’d had in the dorm, with the kids in my class, or with the adults who ran the school. These shouldn’t have caused all the turmoil I felt. My family encouraged me to forget it and go on with my life. No matter how I tried, I just couldn’t get past it.

The road back to peace began in 1998. I was told that my fourth grade dorm father had died. I felt as if a huge burden had rolled off my shoulders. I wept with joy—and guilt. This wasn’t a Christian way to respond. Something was terribly wrong with me. I am the kind of person who needs to understand things, to put them in logical order. My reaction made no sense at all. So I called my father and poured out my tale of woe.

“Call the Mission,” he advised me. There was a Consultation coming up, where the Mission gets together with adult MKs to listen to their experiences. Since I was scared to go alone, I called two other women from my school and we met in Charlotte.

What a relief to tell my experiences. One of the things I was told over and over at boarding school was that no one would believe me if I told. The USA Director at that time, Mr. Fehl, listened—and believed me when I told him my experience was not all positive. Over the course of the weekend, as we told our stories of abuse, I was stunned to recall that I’d been repeatedly raped by my dorm father. The memories came in a flash of scenes. I sat through the rest of the afternoon, listening, but feeling apart from things. What was I to do now? Where could I turn?

I returned home devastated and broken. Those little scenes in my head brought up all kinds of emotions—from rage, to despair. I wanted to hit something or just crawl away in a deep cave where no one would ever see me again. I recognized that perhaps there was a reason for why my boarding school years wouldn’t leave me alone. Why I couldn’t just “let it go and get over it.” Something was hidden that I didn’t want out. I was in incredible pain and fought to hold it all back, to stuff it back into its box. I knew whatever was in there was terrible, horrific even. If it broke free, I would shatter into a million little pieces and never be really whole again.

At work and with my family I felt like I was living on two planes. *How can life continue to go on when I am so shattered on the inside?* I felt betrayed and so alone. *Doesn’t anyone know how badly I was wounded? Can’t they see I need help?*

I asked a friend to pray for me. He said he would but told me, “Don’t rely on past memories. They can lead you down the wrong path to places where people can get hurt. Forget it and go on.” I refused to take this advice. I was determined to find my way out of this crazy, tilted world I was in. I went to counseling—I even found a Christian counselor—but I couldn’t get past the pain. I couldn’t even talk about the scenes of rape and bloody beatings that swirled in my head. They were growing worse as time passed. I kept remembering the smile on my abuser’s face as he watched me cower in pain and fear. No matter how I fought the memories, they insisted on being seen, heard, felt.

Finally one night I came to the end. In my mind I could see I was out in a dry, barren and lonely place with one scrubby bush and an

outcropping of brown rock. Everywhere I looked it was empty, just me, the sky, and the rock. I threw back my head and screamed with all my soul at the heavens, "Jesus, help me!"

Nothing. Just the wind in the scrubby bush. I got no sense of peace. I was still alone. God had abandoned me for sure.

I quit going to counseling; I stopped going to church. I could barely get out to see friends. I stayed in my house and painted ceramics, trying to stuff the pain, rage, and despair back into its too-small cupboard.

In January 2001, I began suffering migraine headaches. They would last for weeks, break for a few hours, then come back. No one knew what to do. All the medical tests kept coming back normal. All I knew was that it wasn't a tumor or a stroke, and that I was debilitated. I was getting Demerol shots a couple of times a week just to dull the pain enough to deal with life.

We counted *good* days; the ones where there was little pain. Then we started counting days between shots. I actually got to seventeen days once. I thought that maybe I was finally beating this thing. Then the migraines came back with a vengeance. I was so discouraged.

About that time people started telling me that my migraines were spiritual pain. God was trying to get my attention. *Yeah, right. God has abandoned me. He couldn't care less if I lived or died. And even if He is trying to talk to me, I don't want to talk to Him. I gave Him the chance and He didn't take it.*

I called Mr. Fehl again and poured out some of my bewildered anger at him. He suggested I write out my experience. I shuddered. I couldn't even speak about it, much less write my feelings of anger and victimization. But now I had a small sense of hope, like a tiny flower opening in my desert. Somebody cared.

At the same time, other people were telling me to "forgive and forget." They said I needed to stop holding onto the pain, that I liked living this way. Boarding school really couldn't have been that bad. I had built it up in my mind. They said, "Just let it go. Let God have it all."

Are they crazy? Who in their right mind wants to live with this much agony? I can hardly breathe, it hurts so much. I couldn't do what they asked. I didn't even know how. Besides, why would I turn my problems over to a God who had turned away and left me to my fate?

The memories were getting stronger, more persistent. I could hear sounds: laughter and screams floated ghost-like through my head. I thought I was going crazy. I fought to shove everything into some sort of mental closet and bolt the door. I wondered how long the pressure could stay there.

Just after Christmas 2001 a friend came over to

visit. She told me she had gone through similar experiences and was on her way to healing. We talked about a prayer healing ministry whereby God comes in and heals the memories. I had heard about this in 1998 when I went back to SIM. It spooked me then and scared me now.

As I listened to my friend tell me of her healing, I so desperately wanted healing, too. But there was no way I was going to let God that close to my pain. I didn't trust Him. *He could have stopped it before it started and He didn't.*

Of course I didn't tell my friend this. It wouldn't be the Christian thing to do. So I talked around the issue for five hours. Every time she'd get close to it, I'd talk about something else. She was so patient. She told me bits and pieces of her story and how God had healed her from her pain. I could see the change in her. Oh how I wanted that!

Still leery, I decided to see if this would work. I was going to give God one final chance to help me. If He did, I'd know He cared; otherwise I was prepared to walk away and forget the whole deal. Of course, I didn't tell my friend that, either.

I was scared stiff of the whole process. What was going to come out? I didn't want to deal with the rapes right away. I didn't want God or my friend to know about them. *I didn't want to know.*

God seemed to understand. My friend asked God what He wanted to show me. The first thing I felt was a gentle peace. Then in my mind I saw I was standing in a hall staring down a flight of stairs. I remembered the man threatening to throw me down them, remembered the terror I felt at dying. As I watched, a transparent wall seemed to slide across the top of the stairs. I heard a whisper in my heart, "There was only so much he could do to you."

That's nice. But what does this have to do with the rapes? What's "only so much"? How much more did I go through? I got no answer.

I realized that Jesus was with me as I wandered through my dorm and explored the halls. I felt that nothing could touch me. I loved the feeling of comfort I got. It was the first time I'd ever felt this way. Maybe, just maybe, Jesus really did care?

When we stopped the session, I wanted to continue. I liked that sense of peace, the feeling that someone was with me. I knew that God had saved me from . . . whatever. I still couldn't get a grasp on what it was. I had work ahead of me and didn't know what I was working on. Still, that sense of peace and caring from God was so wonderful, I held onto it for all I was worth.

Strangely, the peace didn't leave me as the days went on. *What had I done to finally get God's attention? Why had it taken so long for Him to hear me?* I wasn't sure I cared what the answers were as long as He didn't leave me. But just because I now had a sense of the Lord's pres-

ence didn't mean that my problems were over. I was too afraid to find out what had really happened to me so I continued to stuff the feelings and pain.

The doors of my tightly closed closet finally blew off in February 2002. I simply could not go on. I wanted to kill myself. Terrified, I begged my husband to get me some help. He called Mr. Fehl who got me back in touch with my friend and her mentor. I spent a week with them as we began the long and torturous journey to healing.

I had so many issues: abandonment, rejection, worthlessness, despair, powerlessness, hatred, fear, distrust, personal choice and control, vulnerability, weakness, uselessness, loneliness, rage, retribution, the need to be perfect. I spent hours in the Valley of Despair. I just felt I could not go on. I told my friends that I wanted to die. *God can't possibly love me. I am too ugly and dirty. Something about me is all wrong. It is never going to come right.* But His still, small voice kept reassuring me. Time and again, when I looked inside my heart, Jesus was always there. He promised me that we could get through this together.

I went through many issues, but still didn't know why I felt so despairing, why I felt so powerless. I wasn't getting at the core issue and I felt frustrated. I wrote a list of all my issues and at the end tucked one small word: sex.

My friends said, "Let's go there."

I *really* didn't want to. "It's ugly," I told them. I felt so ashamed and transparent."

Why?" they asked me.

Once again, the images of all the abuse came to me, only this time they were clear. They told me it was safe to explore these memories. The man was dead, after all. He couldn't hurt me anymore. Haltingly, I told them what happened to me from beginning to end.

Little did I know the memories that would come pouring out. I just got through one memory and here came another one. My friend verified my memories, for she had been injured by the same man. I felt a sense of the most profound shock. I wanted to run away from the pictures in my head, but I couldn't move as scene after scene unfolded before me. The only way to deal with it was to tell her. I questioned her all the way through. This just couldn't be true. No one would do this to a little kid. I wept as I told her what happened to me. I felt so ashamed, so dirty, so wicked, so powerless. But it all seemed so unreal. *How could he do this to me and I hadn't been able to remember these incidents till now?*

My friends told me the memories had just hidden until it was time to bring them out in a safe place. They explained that sometimes, in order for a severely abused child to survive and be able to function, the brain takes traumatic memories and

hides them until they are able to deal with them later in life, often in their mid-thirties to forties.

We walked through the memories one by one and prayed for God to heal the pain I have carried for so long. He is a great healer and He washed away my sense of shame and healed each memory. I still wept, but this time it was for the child I had been that was trapped in a situation from which she had no escape. Then I felt the sweet gentle presence of Jesus somehow surround me and minister to me. The bonds that had held me dropped away. I was at peace. Yes, the memory was still there, but the pain was gone. There was no fear, no anger. It was like a huge load had been lifted off my shoulders. I couldn't believe it.

That was not the end of my memories. But it was the start of something I'd been wanting all my life: a sense of God working in my life. Each memory was "the worst." I hated what I'd been forced to do, to become. I hated the powerlessness, the hopelessness. At times I hated me.

I had been so dominated and brainwashed by this man that I believed every vile thing he said to me. It became my skin, who I was.

Slowly Jesus tore away at this shroud of lies. He exposed it for what it was—the filthiness of someone else's mind and heart. I could see it, but couldn't get out of it. It had me trapped. I looked inside myself and all I saw repulsed me. My life was an ugly wreck and nothing could fix it. I started crying.

My friends prayed, "Jesus, will you minister to her?"

Jesus was very close to me. I could feel Him standing there next to me. I didn't want Him to witness this. I told my friends my life was like a cesspool. There was nothing good there. I had nothing beautiful to give to Jesus.

He looked at my life, littered and worthless as it was. Again I felt His soft, comforting presence as He promised to turn my ashes to gold. Oh, how loved I felt! I told Him that if He wanted to turn evil to good, it was fine by me.

I had so much more to walk through before I left my friends. As each memory came to light, God healed it. Not always right away. Sometimes I had to walk back and forth through the memory several times, reliving other aspects of it. I found that my mind was great at keeping things out that it didn't want to know. I fought so hard not to hurt. I even tricked myself a time or two into thinking everything was just fine, only to get broadsided later.

With each healing, some of the lies I had learned to believe fell away. I began to trust God to help me, to be there for me during the difficult parts. He turned my tears to laughter, my doubts to trust, my cesspool to a pool of living water.

One of the things I faced almost immediately

was profound disbelief from the people I dared to tell. They told me that it was a dream, I had made it up. After all, I write fiction; my mind works in weird ways. I wanted to laugh. I have a vivid imagination, yes. Stephen King off-the-edge I am not. My mind is simply not that twisted. But I had this peace inside. I *knew* this was true. And it could be verified. Someone had walked the path before me.

Am I healed completely? Not even. It's been a year since I started down this path. I have spent countless hours on the phone pouring out my heart, my terror, my memories. There are two notebooks full of my experiences. And beside many of them is God's answer, His healing. I am slowly learning how to walk between two worlds, one the world of the past, the other, the world of the present. Someday they will merge and I will be whole.

There is joy in this journey. As awful and horrific as some of the memories are, I wouldn't go back to the place I was before this started. Jesus is so very near. And He *loves* me. I look back and I can see how time and again He saved my life or placed His angels nearby to help me. I am so grateful.

I don't have all the answers to my questions yet. I don't know what will come crawling out of my mind on any given day. But I know where to go when it does. I have a faith in God I never had before.

"Where were you, God?" I ask now in the midst of a memory.

"My child, I was always there," He answers. "I will always be there."

If you would like to share your story with SIM, please contact Larry Fehl at:

SIM USA
PO Box 7900
Charlotte, NC 28241
(L_fehl@worldnet.att.net)
(704) 554-9259

Were you abused on the mission field?
Check out MK Safety Net at:
<http://mksafetynet.cjb.net>

SIM PREVENTION POLICY

by Steve & Beaj Beacham
(steve.beacham@sim.org)

In answer to the question people are asking, "So what is SIM doing now to prevent what happened to me from happening to kids today?" here are some observations from our perspective.

1) The general apology that Larry gave in *Simroots* (Vol. 15#2) and the Consultations that

SIM provides AMKs are evidence that SIM is really serious about reaching its adult MKs as well as its present MKs. It is also evident that SIM USA's new director, Steve Strauss, is committed to the same "mentality" towards MKs.

2) Each overseas field has MK Coordinators elected by the Mission body on that field, that head up MK care on that field. From our experience here in Nigeria, they take their responsibility VERY seriously. Every three years all the MK Coordinators meet together from all over the world and share ideas and seek ways to better serve MKs. In the last meeting the Nigeria MK Coordinator shared the Child Protection Policy that we were able to establish for Niger Creek Hostel.

3) In Nigeria, our Child Protection Policy provides for significant accountability where caregivers are asked a series of very personal and in-depth questions dealing with areas like thought life, relationship with the Lord, relationships within their own marriage and family, morality issues, attitudes toward kids they are caring for, etc. These in-depth interviews take place at the beginning of each semester. The dorm parents are also required to have accountability partners (preferably from the hostel board) that they meet with bimonthly along with bimonthly meetings with the Personnel Director.

4) Each missionary, at the end of each term, is required to have an "end-of-term" interview with Mission administration. Part of this involves "end-of-term" interviews that the kids have with the MK Coordinator where they can share their own personal feelings and perspectives. They are also interviewed and "debriefed" State-side when their parents do their interviews in Charlotte.

5) SIM is very concerned about how their families are doing and are very willing to provide help (like Link Care) to those families that are in need.

6) SIM is flexible in allowing families to choose the best educational options for their kids. If boarding is an option that is chosen by the family, SIM is committed to providing a nurturing environment for the kids that is as "family styled" as possible.

7) SIM works VERY HARD to recruit teachers and caregivers that feel called to work with MKs.

8) SIM has developed a packet of information that is sent out to every MK junior in high school that includes a wealth of information on preparing for returning to the U.S. From personal experience we can testify as to how helpful these packets are. They include not only information on reentry but also on college application and financial aid, SIM contact information and policies and procedures (especially medical and financial), etc.

9) SIM is also committed to our kids attending some type of reentry program when they return to the U.S. There are several good programs available. In addition to this we try to do a lot on the field before they leave so that they are able to “leave well”—which is key to being able to “enter well.” Here in Nigeria, since we teach Bible, we have incorporated into the senior Bible class a section on leaving and reentry. We also have a Senior Retreat where we take all the seniors (who want to go) to Miango Rest Home for the weekend (at no expense to the student) and have a more intensive time of discussing leaving and reentry issues. This also provides for a time for the seniors to be together away from other distractions and spend time together. We used to do this at the end of the spring semester. However, in talking with Dave Pollock (Interaction Director) about this, he suggested we move the weekend to early in the semester so the kids had information they could use throughout that last semester before they left. We made that adjustment and it was very beneficial.

10) It is now SIM policy that Mission families can bring each college kid back to the field twice for visits. This has proven to be extremely helpful in a kid’s ability to say goodbye to the field and make necessary reentry adjustments. Of the MKs we’ve been working with over the years, virtually all that we know have been able to come back at least once for a visit.

11) SIM is working on a database for its college-age MKs so they can better serve them during this time of transition. This database would be available to the Mission Regional Directors who could then be of assistance in helping the MK “network” with people in the region who have a burden to reach out and minister to MKs.

These are some of the things SIM is doing to assist MKs in having a good experience on the field and in their reentry back into their “passport” country.

If you have any questions or concerns about SIM’s current policies, you may contact Steve Strauss, SIM USA Director, at steve.strauss@sim.org.

BULLETIN BOARD

SINCE YOU ASKED

When you write to simroots@sim.org, you are writing only to Karen Keegan personally, not to an entire organization!

WEB SITES

Barnabas International
“A world-wide ministry of encouragement to missionaries, MKs, and national pastors”
WWW.barnabas.org

Mu Kappa
(A ministry of Barnabas International)
“A fraternal association for MKs”
<http://mukappa.org>

MK Connection
WWW.mknet.org

TCK World
WWW.tckworld.com

Ruth Van Reken’s home page:
<http://members.aol.com/RDvanreken>

PRAY for Boarding School Crises

Pray for the boarding students, staff, families, and house parents of Murree Christian School, ICA and Dakar Academy. Many are experiencing lengthy separations, crowded boarding conditions, and culture shock. There is residual anxiety for many related to terrorist attacks.

HELP NEEDED!

SIM’s annual Senior Retreat at Hillcrest could use some extra funds. This year we started on Friday night with just a fun-and-games time followed by a session on “What is a TCK?” Jay Tolar led this session with help from an audio-tape by Dave Pollock. Saturday morning we took the seniors rappelling out toward Miango. In the afternoon we went on to Miango and had a couple of sessions on transition and grief. In the evening we had another session on what to expect in college and things that would be helpful to know in making that adjustment. We spent the night in Miango, and Sunday morning we had a worship service. After lunch we headed back to Jos.

This annual experience has been a valuable tool for helping our seniors prepare for reentry into their passport countries. The cost of the weekend comes out of the pockets of the three couples who sponsor the event, and funds are limited. We would prefer to spend 2 nights at MRH and let MRH cater the meals (much less stress on the sponsors).

Another idea we had was of recruiting individuals to “sponsor” a senior—not necessarily financially, but rather by “tracking” them through the transition period and through college.

If anyone is interested in helping us out in any way or for more info, please contact Steve & Beaj Beacham.
steve.beacham@sim.org

NEW BA WEB SITE

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BA_alumni

The site’s primary purpose is to give all BA alumni an avenue with which to reminisce, update and relive old memories.

Members can freely post messages, view messages, download photos and files, and create polls in this chat room. And we’re looking for photos to create an album.

Allow me to explain the group name “Ba-harzaif Swingers.” Years ago, Ethiopia saw the wisdom of cultivating eucalyptus trees imported from Australia for the purpose of providing firewood. *Ba-harzaif* is the word the Ethiopians assigned to the name of the tree, meaning “tree from across the water.” The BA property had a fair size *ba-harzaif* forest in which we played. In one area there were approximately a dozen very tall *ba-harzaif* trees all in a line, seemingly set in place by humans. Their proximity to sloping topography provided for the creation of a “bag swing” that was suspended from a chain connected to 2 of the trees about 30+ feet up. Over time and with repeated use, the slope developed a little ravine where the track of swingers ran. It was possible to drag the bag swing up the grade, leap onto it and swing into a clearing in the rest of the forest. The trajectory of the swing allowed for about 15- to 20-foot altitude at the far end of the arc. It was a BLAST! A real amusement-park-type rush—all for free!

After Mrs. Borlase died last August, a flurry of e-mails prompted the idea of creating the Yahoo group, but we wanted a name that any generation could identify with. The eucalyptus provided the “Ba-harzaif,” and the bag swing provided the “Swingers.”

As of February, we number 71 members ranging in graduation years from 1960 to 1985. I think it’s safe to say, many of us are ecstatic to be able to reconnect in such an arena. It’s been extremely interesting to read how much of the BA culture remained the same from decade to decade.

Submitted by John Modricker, aka “Mug” or “Mugera” (BA’70)
(rosemug@skynet.net)

CONGRATULATIONS

Births

Daniel Myrwood Rogers (Danny Myr) was born October 5, 2002, to **Dave & Katrinka (Guy) Rogers**. (KA, HC '73)

Meanu & Heni Kayea's (EL '86) second daughter, Natalie Katherine Kayea, was born October 26, 2002.

Sam & Tami Kayea (EL) are proud parents of Lee Foster Kayea, born October 28, 2002. Their first son Terry is very happy he has a little brother to boss around. (sekayea@aol.com)

Kaylianne Faith Thompson was born November 2, 2002, to **Judy (EL '80) & Bill Thompson**. Sister Nikki (3½) and 3 brothers celebrate with them.

Wedding

Frances (Elyea) Taylor (KA '61) married Lynn Cook on November 9, 2002. Fran's 4 sisters and her 4 brothers and her parents (and many other relatives and friends) converged at the Family Altar Bible Church in Marshall, MI, for the happy occasion.



Lynn Cook, Frances (Elyea) Cook



Elyeas:
Front: Iva, Shirley, Doug
Back: Lorna, Tim, Roxy, Fran, Tom, Dan



Dear *Simroots*,

When I go out to the mailbox and find my copy of *Simroots*, everything else is put aside until I have had a chance to read it in its entirety. My memories go back to times long ago remembering the names and faces and of course day-to-day life at Bingham. I start wondering what happened to those friends of long ago? What are they doing now? Where do they live? How many kids do they have? It's always special to see a recent photo of someone in *Simroots* that I knew. I encourage those who haven't contributed updates on their lives to do so.

Two teachers from Bingham that I have very fond memories of are Graham Porter and Allen Steely. I would like to thank them for really being involved with our day-to-day lives, not just in the classroom, but after-school activities like basketball, track, soccer, and cross country.

Mark Stilwell (KA, BA '80)
(Marksti@juno.com)

Steve Snyder,

I really enjoyed your article in the latest *Simroots* about the New York home. Brought back a lot of memories for me. I worked there in the office the summers of 1963 and 1964 when I was 18 and 19 years old. I lived there also those summers. I ran the elevator and mopped the office floors on the weekends. Went all over town on the subway for business and pleasure. Went swimming with MKs passing through at a public pool somewhere north. Went to plays in Central Park. I brought a Lambretta motor scooter for the second summer and rode it all over. I kept it behind the iron fence to the left of the front door in your picture of the building. Dick Brandt and Beverly ran the home those summers. And Peggy and her younger sister were there. I recall the Millers running the home earlier. When we came home from Nigeria, we loved to get peaches at the store on the corner across the street and pizza by the slice a block or two down the street around the corner to the south. And go to Calvary Baptist Church on Sundays. I wonder if they still had the old-fashioned telephone switchboard in the lobby when you were there as a child.

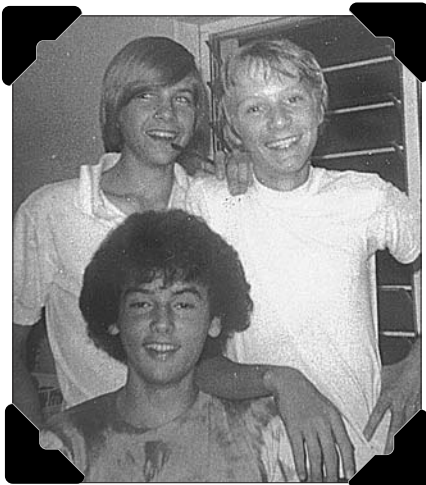
Thanks for the memories,
Gordon Helser (KA '63)
(helser@tampabay.rr.com)

Hi Karen,

I loved the article on the NYC "home" by Steve Snyder. My grandparents, John and Nanna Trout, ran the home in Brooklyn and then Manhattan until their deaths. So to us kids that was Grandmom's house!

Beverly Ostien (KA '64)
(bjostien@aol.com)

FROM THE ARCHIVES



*(Jos, 1995) Tim Keitzman, Tim (?) Young,
Jeff Gibbs
Submitted by Heidi (Zobrist) Guzman*



*Mark Young, Beth Lorenz, Heidi Zobrist, Tim Teachout
Submitted by Heidi (Zobrist) Guzman*



Gowans Home kids



(Biliri, 1956) Paul Campbell, Naomi Kastner, Jim Kastner



Baby Shower

Submitted by Debb Forster

We had a surprise baby shower for Susan Lochstampfor for Smith! It started out by my mentioning to Laura Hershelman the miraculous restoration that Susan has been experiencing in her life lately, including the fact that Susan is pregnant with her first baby. God has blessed Susan with a wonderful man of God for a husband, Dan. Then God miraculously provided the way for Dan and Susan to have a baby. Now they await Matthew Franklin Smith in January 2003. As Laura and I talked, we came up with an idea for a surprise baby shower to bless Susan. We planned on inviting all the MKs who live in this area who knew Susan, and some missionaries who had been part of her life as well. We talked to Ed and Charlotte Lochstampfor about this scheme and if we could use their house for this event. They were thrilled with the idea and became accomplices immediately. Laura planned the food and flowers. Brenda Sheppard made a beautiful cake. I did the phone calling for the personal invitations. I wheedled Deborah (Tuck) Templeton into driving a 6-hour trip from Virginia to be here that weekend, and Carol (Pollen) Humphreys drove 3 hours from Fayetteville, NC, to Columbia, SC, where we were holding the shower. Nine of us from the Charlotte, NC, area drove to Columbia. There were Laura Hershelman, Charlene (Hide) Blaschke, Brenda (Adams) Sheppard, Deborah (Tuck) Templeton, Carole (Pollen) Humphreys, Beth (Lochstampfor) Patteson, Heidi (Zobrist) Guzman, Ruth Gibbs, Esther O'Donovan, Edna (Wiebe) Robfogel, and Goldie Zobrist



Beth (Lochstampfor) Patteson

(Heidi's dad's new wife), and myself (Debb Forster). Ed and Charlotte Lochstampfor, and Dan and Susan filled out the party. The plans went off without a hitch. Susan had absolutely NO clue what was going down. Her first reaction was stunned shock which quickly gave way to tears when she started recognizing people in the group and saw the decorations. Reunion hugs, more tears, laughter, and catch-up chatter followed. We had a fabulous spread of food prepared by Laura with a beautiful live floral arrangement to celebrate the occasion. The gifts were presented and opened by Dan and Susan, and we finished up with cake and coffee. We had a blast. Susan made a comment to

me that I want to take a moment to explore and make my own comments on. She told me that she was amazed that so many people whom she hadn't had contact with for so long, still seemed to like her. That got me to thinking just how important it is that we continue to have reunions and read *Simroots* to reestablish past relationships in light of who we are now. I think many of us hesitate to reconnect with old friends and roommates from boarding school because of the distance and time that has kept us all apart for so long. Perhaps it's a distorted idea that if we haven't kept in touch, those other people really don't want to be bothered by us now. Those thoughts are mostly nonsense, and we would be surprised how many people would really love to see each other again. I propose that we discard ideas of rejection and make efforts to go to our reunions every 3 years whether in Chicago or Dallas, and by all means read your *Simroots* and send in your donations.



Dan & Susan (Lochstampfor) Smith



Charlotte Lochstampfor (Susan's mom), Ruth Gibbs, Charlene (Hide) Blaschke, Esther O'D (in front).



Deborah (Tuck) Templeton, Carole (Pollen) Humphreys

WORLD REUNION 2003

**Bethel College
Minneapolis, MN USA
June 19-22, 2003**

Sponsored by Interaction International

For all TCKS to "celebrate our heritage, to learn, to reminisce, to dream, to reunite with old friends and to make new ones who share similar backgrounds." June 20 will feature the majority of the day dedicated to school reunions with programs planned by participating individual schools. Friday through Sunday will provide opportunities for TCKs to look at their past experience in light of the future with workshops and seminars addressing the issues of TCK experience and its applications to marriage and family life as well as career and service issues.

For further information or to sponsor a day-long school reunion, contact:

Matthew Neigh or Andrea Riedner

office@tckinteract.net

719-599-8889

PO Box 26643, Colorado Springs, CO 80936

WWW.tckworld.com/worldreunion

SIM/HILLCREST REUNION 2003

**July 3-6, 2003
North Park University**

3225 West Foster Ave., Chicago, IL 60625-4895

Contact: Eva Mae Reifel

337 Berkley St., Plymouth, IN 46563

574-936-3242, 574-339-2135 (cell)

Murna56@aol.com

For details and registration:

<http://crestrobin.org> or <http://simroots.sim.org>

Please go to page 31 for reunion registration form.

HILLCREST ORIGINALS REUNITE

Sanctuary in the Woods

Submitted by Clara (Grant) Brower

(GH, KA, HC '58)

(gracechurchlkt@pcom.net)

Betws-y-Coed, meaning "sanctuary in the woods," is a charming Welsh village located in Northern Wales where 14 "Hillcrest Originals" and their mates converged in June 2002.

The reasons we attended the reunion were varied. Some of us came to experience the pastoral beauty of rolling hills, green landscapes, grazing sheep, majestic mountains, narrow roads bordered by fences of stone and shrubs, deep caverns, abandoned castles, and ancient Roman ruins. Retired Major Michael Grant and his left-hand assistant, Roberta (Kitch) McMeens, organized a highly mobile itinerary that kept us busy tasting and seeing the wonders of Wales.

Some of us meet every two years because these people are family. Being Third Culture Kids whose home is not rooted within a particular culture, we build relationships within all cultures and create a sense of belonging with others of similar experiential backgrounds and values. These Hillcrest Originals and their loved ones who are able to follow their mates in their "Nigerian Psychic Dance" continue their conversations in a creative movement that denies a two-year break. Those who have been ferreted out

from their hidden historical gaps are amazed to discover the deep understanding community that develops among apparent strangers. Roots are exposed in a context of love and laughter.

Some of us gather because we share the same beliefs, values, assumptions, and intentions, although our behaviors, words, traditions, and appearances are different. This community may be the one place where one can emerge and try out his/her wings of "Reality." The collective story of the group is peripheral within the present lived in culture. However, the social dynamics change when the "outsiders" become the "insiders." A new order begins in which one must find his/her place within, based not on what one has done as much as "who one has become."

Once we were children together; now we are retired. We have time to listen to each other's lives speak the truths that they embody and the values they represent. Much like the children we were and may still be, we receive each other's living as a gift to be treasured, reflected upon, and kept by passing it along. It's a taste of the "Home of God" within the context of a sanctuary in the woods.

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

CANADA REUNIONS 2002

MKs gathered in Edmonton and Calgary this past summer. There were just over 20 at each place. A few in Calgary came who did not know anyone else, so they didn't have the joy of renewing old acquaintances. In Edmonton, most already knew each other. The evenings were informal, with only a little structure to keep things going, and it was fun. We served international food in both places. Both groups expressed their desire to "do it again." It was a lot of work, but both we and Leskewiches felt it was well worth it.

Marj Koop



SAKEJI REUNION 2004

Ever had a serious hankering for Sakeji ice cream and fudge, rice-cakes, buns and brownies?

Have you ever been bitten by a zozo, stepped on a “monkey-face,” picked a “Doctor’s Joy”; ever been swimming in the mud pool, eaten *shindwas*, *mabulas* or tiger fruit—or better still—green mangoes with salt (oh yum!) or gobbled mulberries from just outside the dining room?

Have you ever yelled “MOOOOOOOOOSH!” on “Moosh Monday” until you were hoarse, or screamed “All in!” at the end of the day? Ever read “Trigan Empire” from the “Look and Learn” books in the library or grown radishes down at “the gardens”?

Have you ever hung off the side of the lorry while tearing down the airstrip on a Sunday evening; recited 100 verses of the Bible at one sitting; swum your 32 or 64 lengths of the pool or had “supper in bags”?

Ever marched ten times; been given “six of the best” or had to stand in the corner of the classroom?

Have you ever learned the alphabet this way: AA Apple, BB Bed, CC Cat, DD Dog . . . ?

If you answered “yes” to any of the above questions, you probably have been a part of a very special experience known as Sakeji School and you need to read on and participate in our little venture.

A few ex-Sakeji-ites have been entertaining the idea of having a North American reunion for Sakeji School associates and their families in the summer of 2004. We’re hoping friends of Sakeji will come to Southern California for a few days from all over the United States and Canada—and even from Europe, New Zealand, Australia, and Africa. Wherever in the world you are, if you’re connected to Sakeji, you’ll be welcome.

If you couldn’t make the Sakeji 75th anniversary in 2000 due to time, distance, or budget restraints, this would be an ideal way to make up for missing out on that momentous occasion. Come and have fun catching up with old friends and reminiscing about the good old days. Bring your old photos and memorabilia. Then stay on after the reunion for a California vacation with your family. There’s lots to see and do here.

The format would be simple: lots of fun, followed by more fun, winding up with super-fun for the whole family and maybe a couple of excursions to places of interest thrown in.

We’d need to hear from you almost immediately so we can get an idea of how many would be interested and make appropriate bookings. We have found out that conference/retreat centers book very quickly and easily, and most places are already reserved through 2005! The sooner we book, the more organized and cost-effective our reunion can be. So please e-mail us ASAP.

Please pass on the word to all the Sakeji-ites you know. We’re probably all in touch with at least two or three of them.

Dowa Bwanausi-Ross, Janice Bakke, Lorna Hanks, Debbie Wolford, and the planning committee

PO Box 40912

Pasadena, CA 91114-7912

sakejireunion04@earthlink.net



BA Main Building

BA REUNION 2004

Bingham Academy AMKs are planning an all-classes reunion with a target date of the July 4, 2004, weekend. More details will be posted on the *Simroots* Web site and the BA alumni Yahoo group site (see “Bulletin Board”) as they become available. Please take the time to fill out this survey to help us make decisions that will benefit the most people.

Bingham Academy Reunion Survey

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ E-mail _____

How far are you willing to travel to a reunion? _____

Where would you prefer to come?

☐ Chicago ☐ Dallas ☐ Seattle ☐ Vancouver ☐ Toronto ☐ Calgary

☐ Christian Campgrounds ☐ Other _____

Would you be willing to volunteer to ☐ scout sites in your area ☐ be on the planning committee

How long should reunion be? ☐ Two nights ☐ Three nights?

How much are you willing to spend per person for a 3 nights’ stay (with discounts for double occupancy or families)? ☐ \$150-\$200 ☐ \$200-\$250 ☐ \$250-\$300

Would you prefer the package to ☐ include 1 major meal a day and other meals on your own ☐ include all meals provided?

Will this be a ☐ family vacation or a ☐ lone activity?

Any other thoughts? _____

Thank you for your input. Please mail or e-mail a copy of this to:

Deborah Turner

PO Box 273

Greenbank WA 98253

(shesh@greenbank.net)

Questions?

Call Deborah Turner (360) 678-3214 or

Nancy Ruth (800) 562-4161 ext. 1965



Charlotte Reunion

On September 28, 2002, SIM USA (Charlotte, NC) planned and organized an activity-oriented open house and called it Friendship Day. People came from all over the community and beyond to enjoy the festivities from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Following the event, MKs and caregivers gathered for a mini-reunion. It was such a hit, they asked if we could make it an annual event!



60s

Gordon Beacham, Don Harling, Joy (Anderson) Harper, Julene (Hodges) Schroeder, Nancy (Rendel) Henry, Esther (Crouch) O'Donovan



70s

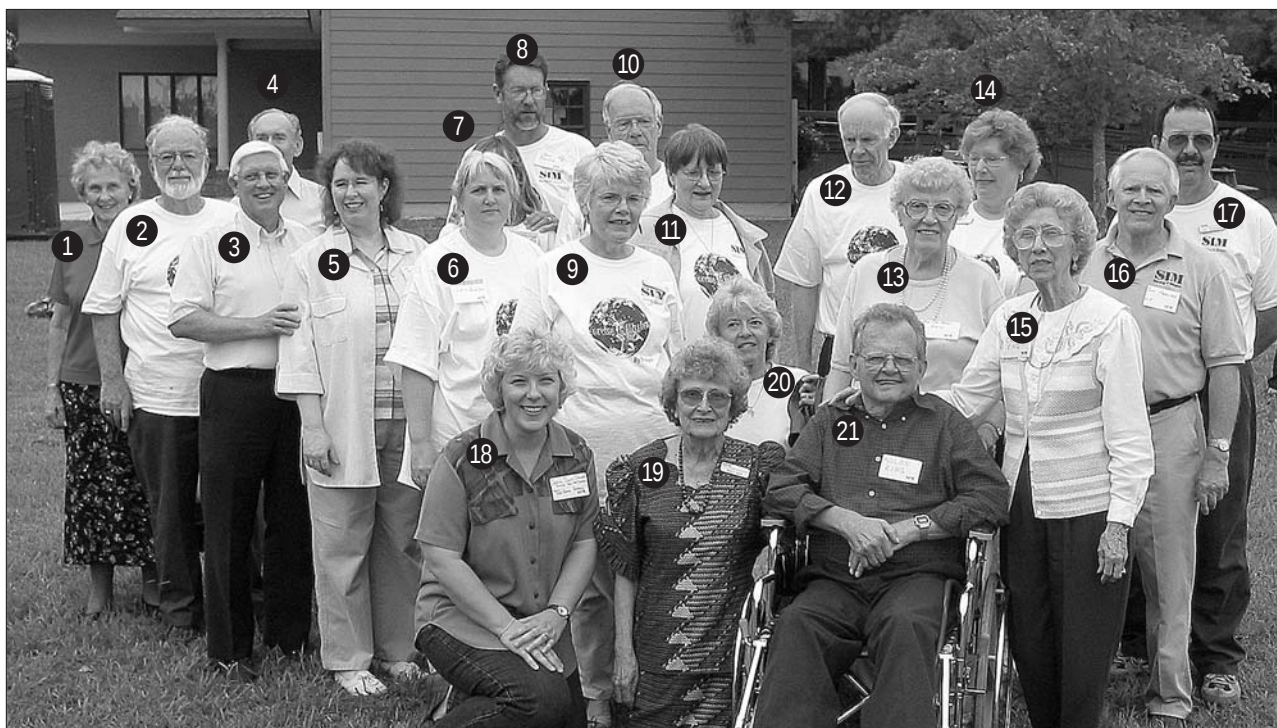
1 Laura Hershelman, 2 Collin King, 3 Carol (Draper) Hill, 4 Carol (King) Harvey, 5 Carol (Pollen) Humphreys, 6 Steve Beacham, 7 Susan (Lochstampfor) Smith, 8 Beaj (Lacey) Beacham, 9 Karen (Seger) Keegan, 10 Priscilla Dreisbach, 11 Minna Kayser, 12 Fred Ely, 13 Nancy (Ackley) Ruth, 14 Lee Sonius, 15 Joe Harding, 16 Heidi (Zobrist) Guzman, 17 Carolyn (Cail) Estep, 18 Patty (Callister) Arvidson, 19 Debbie Forster, 20 Eleanor Callister. **Not in photo:** Dave Harling



80s
 Shirley (Kayser) Studinger,
 Jon Schult, Scott Sheppard,
 Brenda (Adams) Sheppard,
 Michelle (Unruh) Sonius,
 Dan Stillwell



90s
 Beth Botheras,
 Kent Botheras,
 Ryan Harding,
 Drew Harding,
 Ruth Schult



STAFF

1 Doris Pollen, 2 Ozzie Zobrist, 3 Trent Harper, 4 Ray Pollen, 5 Joy (Anderson) Harper, 6 Laura Hershelman,
 7 Beaj (Lacey) Beacham (hidden in photo), 8 Steve Beacham, 9 Helen Inman, 10 Bob Blaschke, 11 Muriel Stilwell,
 12 Bill O'Donovan, 13 Mary Ellen Adams, 14 Ruth Gibbs, 15 Cookie King, 16 Don Harling, 17 Ken Hoffman,
 18 Dedria Davis-Tidwell, 19 Mary Naff, 20 Esther (Crouch) O'Donovan, 21 Nolon King



Sebring Reception, 2002

Submitted by Auntie Jeanette Silver (jasilverca@juno.com)



SIM Friendship Day



Cherry (Long) Sabathne, previous Editor of Simroots, at the December 2002 Sebring MK Reception

On December 26, 7:00 p.m., MKs, their families, staff and spouses gathered together at SIM Sebring.

The total as far as one could tell (because people kept on moving around) was 80. KA and Hillcrest comprised most of the crowd. But special honors go to Mary Ann Spahr, the only MK from BA/RVA. Also in the minority were two BA staff: Gladys Douglas and Norma Spahr.

The oldest MK was George Beacham who didn't reveal his age. The youngest was 11-year-old Phillip Knowlton, son of Jim Knowlton. After the round of self-introductions, Connie and Jim Knowlton presented a reading: Suliman—in the Niger Market. (It was a takeoff from Dr. Seuss' *Green Eggs and Ham*.)

Steve Beacham gave us the Christmas story in Country Talk (Nigerian Pidgin). A recording was played featuring Grady Toland singing "Harmattan," "Dusty Night and Day," and "I'm an MK." Norma Spahr finished off the program with two readings.

The standard goodies of sandwiches, cakes, and cookies were enhanced by the specialty that Jim Knowlton had recently brought along from Niger. Yes, we got to have fried locusts! Some MKs had never eaten them (sad upbringing) and many MK spouses willingly and gingerly tried them.

I left the party early, so I don't know how late many stayed to chat. However, all agreed the next day that it was WONDERFUL, and too bad more didn't come to join in the memories, laughter, and locusts.

FROM THE ARCHIVES



Back: Sharon Goertz, Mary Jo Beckett, Suzy Clay, Lillian Jacobson.
Front: Janet Soderberg, Rachel Swartz, Mary Anne Nielson, and Carol Langdon



Above:
7th grade art class, Amy Coutts 5th from left, Tony Loken 10th from left.



Left:
Tracy Feltham, Dedria Davis, Amy Manning, Janet Topazian, Judy Olinger (not a teacher).



A Return to Nigeria

Submitted by the Campions

Fifty years have passed since Mom and Dad (Dr. and Mrs. George Campion) founded Egbe Hospital. We returned as a family (parents and siblings) and arrived to the sound of hundreds singing “You Are Welcome in the Name of the Lord.” Warm greetings along with gifts including chickens, cows, coconuts, pineapple, papaya, bean cakes, Coke, eggs, oranges, etc., were brought to our guesthouse by dear friends.

The Golden Jubilee Celebration (Nov. 2002) honoring Mom and Dad and some other missionaries (Dr. and Mrs. Louis Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson and Dr. Howard Dowdell) lasted 5 days. There was singing, dancing, three-hour services, speeches, football games, a baby-weight contest, feasts, picture presentations, gorgeous Nigerian attire, etc. The King and Queen of Egbe, Egbe chiefs, ECWA and SIM dignitaries, head of the Nigerian Navy and other *alhajis* were in attendance. It was a Nigerian celebration beyond our imagination—thrilling—humbling!

It was incredible and overwhelming returning to Egbe as a family and truly a blessing to see the familiar sights, hear the familiar sounds, and smell the smells of years ago!

A tour through our old house was an awesome experience! A climb up Egbe Hill and Mt. Baldy, to the old swimming hole and a motor-bike ride through Egbe town, to the sounds of children calling “oyinbo” was reminiscent of days gone by. We checked out the former homes of school friends over the years—Haney, Pullens, Prices, Gordons, Allens, Jones, Grants, Harrisons, Schoffstalls, Marlers, Tuckers, Blumhagens, Baliskys, Kraakeviks, Pools, Warrens, Finlaysons, Rowena Marion, Traceys, Carters, Jacksons, Goens, Kims, Pelletiers, Sharps, Hershelms, Weeses and Dowdells). The condition of the mission grounds, buildings, and general operation was disheartening, but it was encouraging to see that the people still seek God and gather to worship Him throughout the week.

Mom and Dad stayed on at Egbe to warm his old desk while Marjorie and Kimber (spouse), Don and Sueanne (spouse), Barb and Betsy along with Diane and Mark Dowdell ('84) headed north to the plateau and the cooler weather of Jos and Miango. From this point on Mark Redekop (KA '77) was our “wondafu drive”! He speaks fluent Hausa, knows his way around, and exceeded our every tourist need. Miango highlights included Sunday services in the KA chapel, a tour of the school, dorms (the dressers,



Campion kids on their return trip to Nigeria
Don, Betsy, Barbie, Marjorie



Campions: Marjorie, Don, Barbie, Betsy
Same slide on the Kent Academy playground
that we all bruised ourselves on 40 years ago

beds and wardrobes are the same!) and laundry, ringing the dining hall gong, a hike up Mt. Sanderson, to the Swinging Bridge (without a bridge), the dam and Camel Rock. We stayed at Miango Rest Home. Visiting Hillcrest (during a track and field meet), Niger Creek Hostel, former Elm House swimming pool, Mountain View (sorry to miss Jackie and Al Personaire), the Challenge Bookstore, Evangel Hospital, Hill Station, Rayfield Mines, and the Hausa traders brought back lots of memories of Jos. It was great to visit with Dorothy and Bill Ardill (KA '70), Linda (Glerum) (KA '69, staff) and Jim Crouch (KA '63, staff), Ruth (Gross) (HC '73) and Stu Carlson.

We then ventured more potholed roads to Yankari. The Wakiki Hot Springs are just as beautiful and as warm as before and one of the few things that remain in good condition. Some followed Mark Redekop's lead and jumped from the overhanging branch into the water. The accommodations lacked electricity, water, and a toilet seat, without a price reduction! Bushbuck by the hundreds settled on the compound grounds at night. By day an aggressive baboon chased Sueanne, with screams and all caught on video! A mother elephant mock-charged our van several times. The three safaris and spottings were wonderful!



Dr. George & Esther Campion

Trip Observations:

- The people of Egbe smiled with passion and poured out their warm hearts.
- The average Nigerian has so few material items, but TV antennas can now be seen on the roofs.
- Cell phones, satellite phones and the Internet have made their way to Jos.
- The overall conditions remain much the same, but the roads are definitely worse. They are full of potholes, with numerous accident remains along the side of the road.
- The Yoruba population in Jos now outnumbers the Hausa. Now it is "sannu" and "E pele O."
- Land erosion is a serious problem.
- Jos is so covered with walled and gated compounds, that it is easy to become disoriented.
- The area surrounding Hillcrest is all built up.
- Maintaining, up-keeping or improving is not a part of the psyche or budget. Most everything needs paint. The grounds at Hillcrest were one of the few places that were maintained as remembered.
- The roads in the towns are strewn with garbage along the sides and often burning.
- Public restrooms are nonexistent.
- You can't take much for granted, including food and health.
- We take much for granted in the U.S., yet have so much to be grateful for!
- The Hausas do not like their pictures taken and will threaten to call the police. The Yorubas love to have their pictures taken.
- KA only has Nigerian children and mostly Nigerian staff.
- Exchanging American currency produces a bag full of Naira and goes a long ways. (\$1.00 = 135 Naira)
- The countryside scenery is beautiful and was great to see and smell it again!
- Every visitor, even an MK, needs a Mark Redekop to guide the way!

Book Reviews

If I Perish

by Deborah (Goss) Turner (BA '80)

We are proud to promote another of our MK authors. Deborah Turner grew up in Ethiopia, attending Bingham Academy in the 1970s. She fell in love with the biblical story of Esther when she found out that Ethiopia was part of the Persian Empire at the time. She states that it made her feel more connected to the Bible. With an eye for detail, the author brings to life the richness of palace life in ancient Persia. The biblical account is enhanced by the suggestion of motives for each character's actions. While the name of God is not specifically mentioned in the book of Esther, Mrs. Turner has woven in a glittering thread of faith, showing God's providence to the Jews. This 290-page paperback is her first book.

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

ISBN 1-59129-524-6

Order through the author at
shesh@greenbank.net or at
WWW.publishamerica.com
 1-877-333-7422

Treasures in Clay Jars

A Story of Victory in Disability and Fulfillment of God's Plan in Service

by Laurie Berg Collins

Many readers of *Simroots* will remember Laurie as either a teacher or a co-worker/friend from their days at KA in Nigeria or in Sucre, Bolivia. Those of us who have been privileged to know Laurie, know her as a strong, victorious person who faces what some would consider insurmountable difficulties.

In this book Laurie shares from the heart some of the difficult things she has faced in life: a crippling illness; a delay in her plans to serve the Lord as a missionary; singleness; then after marriage, infertility; a laborious adoption procedure; and then the heartbreak of a child seemingly incapable of returning love. Laurie shares openly how God has taken her through each of these trials and how He revealed Himself to her through each one and how He has changed her. His sovereignty is clear through each phase of her life.

This book will be interesting not only to those who know Laurie, but also to those who don't. It is more than just a fascinating account of her life. It is an encouragement to all who face trials and difficulties—whether they are smaller, comparable, or greater than Laurie's. Laurie once wrote in a letter, "I

want to be able to look up and see the face of God AS He carries me, rather than to just look back and see the footprints of where He HAS carried me. Recently I was blessed by the word picture God creates in Psalm 3 where He is called 'the lifter of my head.' I can see Him lifting my head with His hands on both sides of my face saying, 'Look into my face. I am holding you. I love you.'" Laurie's purpose in writing this book is that each of us would be encouraged to look into God's face as we bear the trials of our lives.

Reviewed by Nancy DeValve

ISBN # 1-4010-3215-X

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Maxwell's Passion and Power

by W. Harold Fuller

THIS book about L.E. Maxwell, one of the founders of Prairie Bible Institute in Alberta, Canada. Dowdell, McElheran, Foxall, Kirk, Playfair, Fuller, Thompson, Stirrett, and many other missionary pioneers were influenced by this godly man. His grandkids include David (KA '71), Ruth (KA, HC '73), and Mark (KA, HC '76). Other MKs who attended Prairie will be pleased to learn the history behind the school.

According to Stephen Olford, "[This book] is more than a biography. It is a blueprint for victorious living. For those with an inner longing to 'live no longer for themselves, but for him who died for them and rose again,' this book is a reading must!" I agree. I was challenged in my own walk with God as I read of L.E.'s powerful messages to the students at Prairie. I would have loved to have known this man!

Reviewed by Karen Keegan

Copies may be obtained through:
bookinfo@masterdesign.org
maxwellfoundation@rogers.com
OMI@olford.org

Prairie Book Room
 319 5th Ave. N.
 Three Hills, AB Canada T0M 2N0
bookroom@pbi.ab.ca

Sympathies

Christine Berning-Emmett (KA '70) passed away from cancer October 2, 2002.

Roland (EL '80) Weber's wife Christiane went Home to be with Jesus November 10, 2002. There were 2 memorial services—one in the city of Geneva and the other in France.

Margaret (Christensen) Skrenta (KA, GH '60) died on November 14, 2002, following a stroke 2 weeks earlier. After leaving KA, Margaret spent 5 years at Gowans Home. She graduated from West Suburban Nursing School in Oak Park, IL. Though she contended with multiple sclerosis most of her adult life, she maintained a courageous spirit. Because of the progress of the MS, she spent her later years in nursing homes.

Bernard Clymer (parent) died November 22, 2002.

Dr. Steve Befus (parent) died January, 2003.

Sharon (Goertz) Seldomridge (KA '64) died of a massive heart attack on February 26, 2003.

Dr. Bob Shindler (parent), founder of SIM's ELWA Hospital in Liberia, went to be with the Lord on August 26, 2002, in Stevensville, MI. ELWA MKs remember him well for his deep and booming voice, infectious smile, the

fear he instilled when they thought he was going to give and injection, and his genuine love for each of them. His pallbearers included 4 ELWA MKs: David "DK" Kayea, Sam Kayea, Steve Snyder and Lee Sonius.



MKS at Dr. Schindler's funeral
Back: John Schindler, Lee Sonius (with sunglasses), Steve Snyder, Billy Thompson, Ruth (Frame) Van Reken, Bob Schindler, Jr., Dan Buck
Front: Walter Bliss, Nancy (Ackley) Ruth, David "DK" Kayea, Karen (Ackley) Kern, Cindy (Buck) Bradley, Judy (Thompson) Koci, Nancy (Thompson) Molenhouse
Forefront: Sam Kayea

ELWA missionaries at the funeral
Christine (Tolbert) Norman (daughter of Liberia's former President, William R. Tolbert), Mr. & Mrs. Alton Buck, Ruth & Dave Van Reken, Lois Balzer, Cork Loken, Marian Schindler, Orbra and Sally Bliss, Mrs. Payne (former head nurse at ELWA Hospital), Pete Ackley

SIM/Hillcrest Reunion 2003 Registration Form

Registration Deadline May 15, 2003 (10% late fee after May 15)

Rooms/meals are NON-Refundable

Last Name _____

Maiden Name _____

First Name _____

Address _____

Phone number(s) _____

E-mail/Fax _____

School(s) attended _____

High School Graduate Year (based on 12 year program) _____

Status: Student _____ Parent _____ Staff _____ Other _____

Spouse _____

Children & ages _____

☐ I need information for transportation from O'Hare airport to college.

☐ I would like to help with a reunion event: _____
Skit Night, Registration, Welcome, Activities (adult/kids), Babysitting, Video Taping, Reflections Room)

☐ I have items for the Reflections Room (*Memorials, special memories in Nigeria*)

☐ I have recently visited Nigeria, Hillcrest or KA and would be willing to share updated information from my visit.

☐ Would your spouse be willing to share their experiences on this visit?

Will you need a baby sitter? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Would anyone in your family be willing to baby sit? ☐ Yes ☐ No

STANDARD FEES:

Registration Fees: Adults _____ x \$10

Children (2-12) _____ x \$5

Total \$ _____

Linens per person: _____ x \$7

Total \$ _____

Facility fees per person: _____ x \$5

Total \$ _____

Insurance per person: _____ x \$5

Total \$ _____

If you live in Chicago or are staying with someone there, the registration and facility pertains to you also.

LODGING:

\$38 per double room/night (A limited number of small children will be allowed to stay with parents in one room.)

_____ rooms needed Thursday _____

_____ rooms needed Friday _____

_____ rooms needed Saturday _____

Lodging Total \$ _____

MEALS:

9 meal package (all meals listed below)

_____ x \$64

Meal Package Total \$ _____

Individual meals

_____ Thursday supper x \$9.50 = _____

_____ Thursday ice cream social x \$3.00 = _____

_____ Friday breakfast x \$5.50 = _____

_____ Friday lunch x \$8.00 = _____

_____ Friday supper x \$9.50 = _____

_____ Saturday breakfast x \$5.50 = _____

_____ Saturday lunch x \$8.00 = _____

_____ Saturday Rice & Curry Meal x \$9.50 .. = _____

_____ Sunday breakfast x \$5.50 = _____

..... Individual Meals Total \$ _____

Fees, Lodging and Meals Total \$ _____

Amount enclosed (half of total due) \$ _____ Balance due \$ _____

Make checks payable to: **Hillcrest Alumni Association**

WANTED

Your reentry stories!

What was it like for you to return to your passport country after living on the mission field? Our AMK survey indicated that this issue was one of the more challenging experiences of MK life. Do you have a humorous story to share? A sad one? Other? Send them in to the Editor for a future issue.

Going to the SIM/Hillcrest reunion?

Grace Anne (Seger) Swanson will be collecting dates, facts, stories, and memories for a "History of KA" book. Bring with you any photos that we can scan and return to you. Ask your parents and siblings for any letters or diaries they may have kept that describe anything about KA. No scrap of information is too trivial for us. We want it all. We will need you to check the accuracy of our database of KA staff and students.

If you want to submit any photos or information before the reunion, please use the contact information on page 2.

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

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