

Teachers for East Africa and Teacher Education in East Africa: TEA/TEEA Newsletter, No. 5, July 2001. Published by: Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, 314-647-1608, <eschmidt1@mindspring.com>. Costs for the newsletter are met by voluntary contributions. Do not send additional funds if you have already contributed. TEA/TEEA members are invited to submit articles for the newsletter. Submission by disk or email preferred, but typed or handwritten is ok, too. Length should be modest and generally not exceed two pages, single spaced. Content should reflect current or past African experiences or research.

REUNION NEWS. The reunion is going to happen! Over 110 reservations, including spouses and guests, have been received. Haven't signed up yet? There is still time, but action should be taken promptly. Several rooms are still available at the Marriott Courtland Hotel, a 5-7 minute walk from reunion headquarters, Jurys Washington Hotel, where a few rooms may also be available. If you signed up to attend, now is the time to coax your former colleagues that you haven't seen for some time. A copy of the registration form is at the end of this newsletter.

Frank Ballance reports that the number of reservations that we have means we will get all the hotel meeting space that we wanted, including a memorabilia room for display of artifacts, pictures, slides and movies. Frank also would like attendees to contact him to volunteer to assist during the reunion. Tasks identified at this time include discussion facilitator (a la Phil Donahue), moderating a panel, serving on a panel, managing the memorabilia room for a time, and running off and handing out materials. Frank C. Ballance, 2009 Columbia Road NW, Washington, DC 20009, Tel: (202) 667-0510, Fax: (202) 745-7010, Email: Fballance@aol.com

Emilee Hines Cantieri has agreed to be the historian/collector of biographies for the reunion. She writes: "Part of the first full day is given over to sharing of thoughts about East Africa. Please send me ASAP the following: 1. Why did you want to go to E. Africa? 2. What were your most memorable experiences? 3. How did Africa change you? 4. How do you think you changed Africa? 5. What have you done since, professionally and personally? Also include a 'then' photo and a 'now' photo." Emilee's request is to all TEA/TEEA, but she especially wants to hear from reunion attendees. Those who have already sent bios for the newsletter won't need to send that part, only photos and "most vivid memory". You may send e-mail or US Mail: Emilee Hines Cantieri, 4600 Avocet Court, Portsmouth, VA 23703, 757-483-6822, <tomem@exis.net>. We'd like to put all this together into a booklet for distribution to attendees and for sale to others.

John Bing, Brooks Goddard, and Frank Ballance are the main architects of the program, which has taken shape over the past several months.

PROGRAM OUTLINE: TEA/TEEA Reunion - September 20-23, 2001 -Washington, DC (6/30/01 version)
(All programs/meetings will take place at Jurys Washington Hotel on Dupont Circle)

Thursday afternoon and evening:

5:00 - 9:00 pm: Registration for Reunion. Registration Table at Jurys Washington

6:00 - 9:00 pm: Informal Reception. Westbury Room of Jurys Washington

We will begin registration about 5 pm on Thursday in the lobby area of Jurys Washington Hotel. Check in at your hotel, come to Jurys to sign in and get a name tag and join an informal reception beginning about 6:00 p.m. to meet and greet old and new friends. Bar available, pay for own drinks. We'll have some munchies for you. Dinner with friends at nearby restaurants, with many choices: Ethiopian, Central American, French, Italian, Middle Eastern, and Asian food.

September 21: Friday: all day and evening

8:00 - 9:00 am. Coffee and bagels in Burlington A meeting room (Tea, too, Frank?)

9:00 - 12:00 noon. Meeting of all TEA/TEEA participants in Burlington B. We are planning an informal, but somewhat structured get reacquainted session in which we hope everyone will participate. The idea is to get everyone talking about his/her TEA/TEEA experience and what it meant. We encourage everyone to write a few short paragraphs ahead of time on these topics, so that we can print them and have them available when people register. Also it will help you think about the topics ahead of time.

Session I: Why did we volunteer for TEA/TEEA, and what were our expectations. Group conversation about our experiences in East Africa: personal, humorous, serious, professional. What do we think we achieved? What did we teach, and what did we learn? How did our views of Africa change?

Recount our experiences. Did we maintain contacts with Africa? What did we encounter in returning to US? Develop these themes and draw some broad conclusions/threads if possible. Break from 10:20 to 10:40, and regroup.

Session II: Life after East Africa: What did we do, professionally and personally? How did the TEA/TEEA experience affect us? Did we retain an African interest, and how? The era was Vietnam and social upheaval. How did the TEA experience influence our views and decisions? It would be interesting to connect the East African experience to the 1960s and 1970s. How did we think of our East African experience through the prism of major US trends and social/political events up to about the 1980s? We will leave the current outlook for the last session on Sunday morning. The objective of the Friday morning session is a historical perspective, drawing on our personal experiences, and discovering common themes, trends, ideas - personal, professional, and otherwise.

12:30 - 2:00 pm. Lunch (on your own) (We will reserve some pub tables at Jurys Washington, and people can also go to some nearby restaurants.)

2:00 - 4:00 pm. Discussion Groups (Burlington A and B) (We will break into four discussion session, each an hour in length. Choose your topic, and we need some volunteer experts for the panels. We will also try to bring in an outside expert on each panel. Audience participation is the central goal, not simply listening to the panelists. No more than two or three panelists, and lots of audience participation.)

2:00 - 3:00 pm. I. Education in Africa today II. African governance and economies

3:00 - 4:00 pm. III. U.S. foreign policy towards Africa , and vice versa IV. African crises: war and AIDS

3:00 - 5:00 pm. Possible volunteer lobbying session with Members of Congress and staff

4:00 - 5:00 pm. Wrap-Up (Burlington A and B) Short summaries of the four panels: Discussion and key themes.

5:00 - 7:00 pm. Break (Memorabilia and Bulletin Board in Berkeley Room) On Second Floor. Good time to visit our Hospitality Suite/Memorabilia room. We want all sorts of stuff: photos, home films, books, whatever you have and want to share.

7:00 - 9:00 pm. Reception (Burlington). We plan to invite East African Ambassadors, State Department; Maybe a few Members of Congress and staff; local African experts, and others for an informal reception and get acquainted session. Some introductions and short remarks by guests. Will have some food. You can buy your own drinks

September 22: Saturday: all day and evening.

9:00 - 10:00 am Panel Discussion of TEA/TEEA history (Burlington). Speakers would include Prof. J. Butts, Don Knies, others who spent longer time in East Africa. Would be very useful to have some African speakers to assess TEA.

10:00 - 11:00 Planning for an East African Reunion. Discussion of possible reunion in 2003: Where, how, logistics, arrangements. Want African participation: teachers/students? Break: 11:00 -11:20.

11:20 - 12:30 noon. Thoughts on how TEAers can contribute now: Education, funding raising for Makerere or other schools, AIDS and what we can do, lobbying on Africa. How to coordinate this?

12:30 - 2:00 pm. Lunch: on your own (Maybe organize informal lunches for each wave and TEEA, using sign up sheets in Berkeley Room)

2:00 - 5:00 pm. Informal activities. Peace Corps activities on the Mall: World music on Sylvan stage on Mall. Excursions

3:30 - 4:30 pm. Museum of African Art on Mall. Tour for TEA/TEEA arranged with Museum: sign up sheet

6:00 - 9:00 pm. Informal dinners with groups - some group reservations (Sign up for dinner groups in the Berkeley Room. We'll make some reservations for various groups, self-forming or by waves, countries).

9:00 -12:00 pm. TEA/TEEA Reunion Party at Jury Washington: all come (Burlington)

September 23: Sunday : 8:00 - 10:00 am. Breakfast (on your own)

10:00 - 11:30 am. Longer Term Perspective on TEA/TEEA and Our Role. Open discussion on where we are now. Sense of accomplishment, achievement, or what? What have we to contribute; what did we learn; what can we teach? What do we do now, as TEAers and Americans? What should US be doing in Africa? Make a record: this is our history to pass on. Wrap-up and good-byes.

12:00 - 6:00 pm. Peace Corps activities on the Mall, or some farewell event: Peace Corps is

planning a march across Memorial Bridge and Arlington Cemetery JFK Memorial event. (We are discussing participation with RPCV organization.)

SPIRIT AND DEVELOPMENT: TWO STORIES. by Patricia M. Mische

I fell in love while I was with TEA from 1961-63. I fell in love with Africa and the African people with whom I lived and worked in Uganda and Kenya. And I fell in love with the man who would later become my husband. I fell in love and my life was never the same. In the 40 years since I have often returned to East Africa and sometimes also South Africa. When we met, my husband (now deceased) had been deeply involved in international development work, primarily in Latin America, and after our marriage we continued in things international. In 1973 we co-founded Global Education Associates as a forum for international dialogue, research, education, and development on global issues and alternative futures, and soon had associates in 90 countries who collaborated on projects. Among other projects, we undertook pilot partnerships for sustainable development involving our GEA network, UN agencies, and local women's groups in Kenya and South Africa. I undertook the feasibility study and site selection for the first two pilots and in the process visited more than 40 slum- and rural-based communities in the two countries. One of the things that stood out most in the extensive interview process I had with the women's groups, was how often the groups explicitly identified or implicitly manifested the importance of spirituality and its relationship to economic development. Currently I am involved with some key people in UN agencies and non-governmental organizations who have also begun to note the integral relationship between spirit and development.

During five UN development decades, the vision, definition, and goals for development have evolved from a narrow focus in the 1950s, 60s, and 70s on aggregate economic indicators such as GNP, balance of trade and payments, and currency values, toward a more human-centered focus in the 80s, 90s, and 00s on alleviating poverty and meeting basic needs such as education, health care, food, shelter, and environmental sustainability. Although there are some success stories, these goals are far from being achieved; in some countries poverty is actually growing, not diminishing, and the prospects for future generations are not promising. The explanations offered for these shortfalls have included: government corruption, flawed Western models of development, negative impacts of globalization, and the failure to include poor and marginalized peoples, especially women, in development planning. My experience suggests that, while all these explanations have merit, there is also another factor: the failure to consider the vital relationship between development and spirit.

I have seen hundreds of cases in which spirit contributed to poverty alleviation and development. Top-down multi-lateral assistance rarely reached the people involved in these cases, nor did government development plans include ways for them to become agents of their own development. Conversely, those enmeshed in poverty, often women and children, usually lacked the literacy, numeracy, and other skills needed to complete forms, prepare funding proposals, or go after development assistance. Those who hoped for external assistance usually faced a long, fruitless wait that faded into despair. Some remained stuck in despair; they abandoned hope that others would assist them, but lacked faith that they could help themselves. To take action, they first needed to find and develop inner strengths and resources. For many, this in turn required faith in a higher source.

There is space here to share only two of these stories. The first story concerns the absence of spirit, and people's thirst for it; the second, its presence and possibilities that flow from it. The word "church" here could, depending on the culture or setting, read "temple," "synagogue," "mosque," "meditation center." But "spirit" is not equated with a religion; it refers rather to the inner essence, life force, or soul of a person or people.

Story One. Freedom Park: Spirit Thirst

The place is "Freedom Park" in the Northwest region of South Africa. It is 1997. The apartheid system has been abolished politically, but its psychological, social, and spiritual scars persist. The words "freedom" and "park" were once an aspiration, but belie current reality. The 20,000 people (mostly women and children) living in this barren, garbage littered encampment do not exude freedom. On the contrary, their grim faces and body language convey without words the warning at the entrance to Dante's Inferno, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

The camp sits uneasily outside the fences of a mining enterprise, erected by men who came from different African countries hoping to earn enough money and then return home to start a better life. The

company did not allow them to bring their families. To ease their loneliness, some took new “wives” and begot new children, keeping them in this squatter’s camp. After several years these women and children were left behind in makeshift housing with no sewage, no water, no electricity, no schools, and no legal rights. Many of the women had come as refugees fleeing civil wars or poverty in other African regions; they lacked the means to return home and would not be socially accepted if they did. With the end of apartheid, the new South African government returned the land on which the squatters lived to the local tribe, whose chief did not accept that “foreigners” (although many were born in the camp) had any entitlements to land, education, health care, or other rights of tribal or national citizenship. These are women and children without a country or place to belong.

There are eight language groups in the camp and for the most part they are hostile to one another. Even in their own ethnic groups, the women seem isolated and alienated. They do not sing or celebrate together; they do not work together or help one another. Most have little or no education, and no employable skills. Worse, most have no faith in themselves or one another and no hope in a different future. Lethargy and despair hold them hostage; they do not seek or act for their own liberation.

I meet with the women in small groups: “What would you like to see happen here that could make life better for you and your children?” In response they ask: “What can you do for us?” It becomes clear that the women expect someone else, not themselves, to improve their lives. But they have abandoned all hope that local government leaders will do anything. Nor will the new men who replaced the ones who left. There have been too many false promises to harbor illusions of a better day to come from outside sources. But they have no faith in their own abilities to do anything that will make a difference. Their dull, despairing eyes say it all.

I persist, “What would you like to do to improve your life?” A school? Livelihood training? Micro-enterprises? Community gardens? The women stare vacantly. Nothing interests them. Then one ventures a proposal: “We want a church.” I am startled by the seeming mismatch. They have so many material needs; what practical solution can a church offer? Couldn’t it come later, after basic needs are met? But group after group repeats the refrain, “We want a church.” No one specifies what denomination or religion; they don’t seem to care. Finally it penetrates. The women really do want a church. For them, it is not the icing on the cake; it is not even cake. It is as basic as bread. It is their starting point for basic development. And so we discuss what they mean by church. A church, it turns out, is more than a place to pray; it is also a place to sing, to celebrate, to animate and elevate one’s spirit. It is the space in which people may let go of hostility and isolation and build community; where abandoned women and children can find identity and belonging; where they can begin a journey of liberation. In Freedom Park, the women thirst first for spirit. Development will follow. That is how these women, in their wisdom, see it.

Story Two. Spirit in a Nairobi Slum

It should not have surprised me. Just two weeks earlier I had seen the role of spirit in a Nairobi slum where some 200,000 people dwell in wall-to-wall shacks. Whole families crowd into 10’ x 10’ spaces that they transmute from sleeping rooms at night to cottage industries by day. The women, men, and children migrated here to find a better life; they are building their future on illegal ground, where no water, sewage, or other city services reach. This slum looks and smells like hell. Human waste is dumped in a narrow ditch at one end of the slum. When it rains water streams into the ditch and carries the raw sewage away to become someone else’s problem; during the dry season the stench is unbearable. Fortunately it has rained last night. But the rain has turned the dirt paths winding between haphazard rows of shacks into muck that sucks feet into ankle-deep mire.

It is early morning but no one is sleeping; no one idles in a doorway waiting for help. On each side of shoulder wide passageways, shack walls have been opened to ingenuity and industry. Here men are sawing and hammering scrap lumber into beds and chairs; there they are repairing scavenged tires and auto parts. Here women are sewing and selling bright red and yellow dresses; there they are frying meat pies and donuts on jiko stoves to sell to hungry passers-by. Here boys are hawking candy and magazines; there girls are selling bananas and pau paus for a few shillings more than paid a little earlier. Everyone is engaged with dignity in their own development. Poverty surrounds them, but has no chains or claims on their souls. There is a freedom and richness of spirit here that transcends and transforms. As we approach the center of the slum we are met by faint sounds that crescendo into the most exquisite music I have ever heard. My nose says I am in hell, but my ears say I am approaching heaven. Turning a corner, I see a full choir practicing for tomorrow’s service in front of an immense tin shack that serves as “church” for

the community. The walls are open and inside men and women are scrubbing floors and decorating the altar.

No government or multilateral aid programs ever reach the people in this slum. They are not holding their breath waiting for it. Development is happening here through the power of the people. What empowers them? From where do they get the motivation and energy to go forward against all odds? There is more here than an impulse to survive. Families and community-life are drawing from strong inner resources. In pondering and thinking about this in the days and years that follow, it is clear to me that there is an integral link between the spirit nurtured in the tin church and choir at the core of the community, and the dignified development that 200,000 people are undertaking all around it.

Brief bio: Patricia Mische (TEA 1961-63) is the co-founder and President Emerita of Global Education Associates, and currently the Lloyd Professor of Peace Studies and World Law at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, OH. She also teaches in the Peace Education Program at Teachers College, Columbia University. She has authored and edited numerous works, including, *Toward a Global Civilization? The Contribution of Religions* (2001), *Ecological Security and the United Nations System: Past, Present, Future, and Toward A Human World Order: Beyond the National Security Straitjacket* (with Gerald Mische).

AN AFRICAN TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. Report by Larry Olds

Note: I had the privilege of visiting Uganda in the year 2000 for the second time since the 1960s. I had been in East and Southern Africa with my two college aged sons in 1996 and at that time made contact with the African Development Education Network (ADEN) headquartered in Harare. That contact led to Peter Lubwama from Kampala attending our North American Alliance for Popular and Adult Education (NAAPAE) Commonfire Conference that I had worked on organizing in Tucson. On the car journey home to Minnesota and on to an International Council for Adult Education Executive meeting in Toronto we cooked up the project described below.

The Tree of Knowledge* was an extraordinary success -- as was the whole Mural Making and Popular Environmental Adult Education Workshop. The idea for the Tree of Knowledge activity came from Darlene Clover, who heads the Learning Through Environmental Action Programme (LEAP) that NAAPAE coordinates for the International Council for Adult Education (ICAE).**

The week long workshop, a collaboration between NAAPAE and ADEN, took place at the Uganda Catholic Social Training Center in Kampala, Uganda in January 2000. The 17 participants from development education projects around Uganda were joined by four participants from Kenya, and one from Zimbabwe. Three members of the training staff at the Uganda Catholic Social Training Center, Christine Luutu, Denis Mubangizi, and Peter Lubwama facilitated the workshop along with the two NAAPAE participants from North America, Larry Olds wearing his environmental adult educator hat and muralist Marilyn Lindstrom of Neighborhood Safe Art in Minneapolis.

The first activity of the week following a circle of introductions was the creation of the Tree of Knowledge. The creation began with the roots. Participants were asked cut roots for the tree from the orange construction paper that we provided. (The colors of the paper were simply determined by the supplies we happened to have on hand.) Participants were asked specifically to "cut roots for the tree from the orange paper and write a word or two identifying things that you learned from your family that are valuable to you in your life and work today." Participants taped the roots at the bottom of the large easel paper that had been prepared on the wall, gathering to briefly share what had been placed before going on to the next step.

"Knowledge from formal schooling valuable in your life and work today" was the bark of the tree. We chose purple paper. The third step was the blue branches, things learned "from the rest of nature"; and the fourth, the green leaves "things you learned from self-directed or non-formal learning." The final two steps for the opening activity were to add pink buds of expectations "a word or two identifying what skill and knowledge you would like to take away from the workshop" and golden nurturing raindrops of "knowledge or skills you can share with the other participants during the workshop." The final step of creating the tree would come at the end of the workshop when participants would return to add the multi-colored fruits of the workshop "knowledge gained from the workshop." We would end the workshop by ritually harvesting those fruits, reading out the words describing what was learned, placing the fruits in baskets, and taking them to the ceremonial dedication of the mural.

The result of the first six steps was astounding visually as well as rich in content. We didn't foresee that the tree would be a wonderful collectively made piece of art whose presence on the wall would give us pleasure to see and would enrich our environment throughout the week's activity. Of course other walls of the main meeting room filled up with rich creations of the participants as they posted the drawings they made in the step by step creation of mural: collective spirit drawings; drawings of images from the rest of nature - an animal important to each participant, a plant important to each participant, images found in an hour long walkabout in the rest of nature that show three or four stages of transformation; the Bio-communications wall with each participant's photo, drawings, and biographical information; a river of time showing local, national, and global issues and naming the moment in time when the participants became aware; and composition drawings of the mural that emerged after the long and rich discussions that led to the selection of the theme for the mural, I Am Part Of The Environment: I Learn and Care, and the title, Knowledge of Transformation.

In the dining hall by the end of Wednesday the first images for the mural were traced with faint blue lines on the wall that had been primed to be ready on the eve of the workshop. Painting might have started that evening but it was our part of Kampala's turn for "electricity shedding" - every other night power was turned off from 7 to 9 p.m. Painting began in earnest the next morning as half of the participants took up the brushes. The other half continued their discussions and began reflections on the popular environmental adult education methodologies that we had been using in the workshop. At morning tea break those of us who had been in the main meeting room in the discussions got our first glimpse of the extraordinary progress made in the first two hours of the morning. The painting group handed off the brushes and the bright red protective aprons and the collective creative process continued that day and the next.

One might think that what appeared in such a short time was miraculous as by mid-afternoon Friday all but the final touches on the mural were complete. None of the participants had painted before. Not all of the participants were confident enough to take on a community mural in their own community, although three of four expressed the determination to do so. All seemed to feel the sense of achievement from the project. The real miracle of the process was the joy and sense of accomplishment of the participants. Fortunately for us that joy is in our memories, and it is captured in the photos and video that document the workshop.

*Full color images of the Tree of Knowledge and the mural, Knowledge of Transformation, are available as JPEG files. To receive them as email attachments contact lolds@mtn.org.

**A full description of the Tree of Knowledge/Tree of Learning educational activity is in *The Nature of Transformation: Environmental Adult Education, Second Edition* by Darlene E. Clover, Shirley Follen, and Budd Hall. New Concept, Toronto, 2000. page 38. Available for \$16, or CAD \$20 from Darlene Clover, TLC, OISE/Toronto, 252 Bloor St W, Rm 7-119, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1V6.

Larry Olds, North American Alliance for Popular and Adult Education (NAAPAE) , c/o Many Rivers Popular and Folk Education Alliance , 3322 15th Ave So , Minneapolis MN 55407 , 612/722-3442

OBITUARIES

Walter R. Graves: Dear Mr. Ed Schmidt, My name is Jada Graves, and Walter R. Graves was my father. I am a college sophomore at the University of Maryland, College Park. My family and I received the Teachers for East Africa and Teacher Education in East Africa Newsletter. Both of my parents have always spoken fondly of the time they spent in Africa, and I have enjoyed hearing my father's stories about teaching. I have seen my parents' slides of East Africa, including Mount Kilimanjaro; Nairobi, Kenya; Uganda; and Julius Nyerere's speech at the KNUC School during the celebration of Tanzania's independence. Nearly six years ago my father passed away from cholangitis at age 55. I wanted to write you this letter, Mr. Schmidt, to tell you about my father's life while in Africa and afterwards.

My father went over to Africa in 1961 and spent some time at Kampala University before he started teaching at the KNUC School in Moshi, Tanzania. Upon returning to the United States, he and my mother settled in Maryland, first in Baltimore, and later in Columbia. My father taught high school science and math until he started working for the Social Security Administration in Baltimore. In 1981 he received his MBA from Loyola University in Baltimore. At the end of his career he had returned to teaching Quality

Management courses at Social Security.

I appreciate your upcoming inclusion of my letter in the newsletter. I hope that others who knew and worked with my father will enjoy reading about how he spent his life after leaving Africa. My parents were newlyweds when my father went over to Africa to work. My mother joined him later. My father and mother, Beatrice, had two children, Melissa and myself. Melissa has a son, Malik, who is four years old. My family and I still live in the Columbia, Maryland area.

Sincerely, Jada A. Graves

Randy Quint (from Helene Quint): My husband, Randy Quint, passed on in May, 2000 of heart failure. He had had a major heart attack five years ago. Randy taught at Mzumbe Secondary School in Morogoro, Tanzania from 1961 to 1964. We were married in Morogoro and our first daughter was born a year later in Dar es Salaam.

After returning to the states, Randy served as head of the English Department at Falmouth High School in Maine for 35 years. He loved talking about his African experiences to his students and taught a very popular course in African Literature.

He also leaves three daughters and three grandchildren.

YOUR STORIES, a regular newsletter feature. These brief bios have been received since the last issue.

Roderick Wathen: I was British TEA 1965-66 and worked at Kibuli Senior SS in Kampala 1966-70, and then left, due to the unpleasant state of politics and personal security. I worked at King Abdulaziz University in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, '70-'72 and then became ELT Adviser to the Yemeni Government (British Council/ODA). I was posted to Taiz (1972-74) and Sana'a (1974-76). During 1976-78, I undertook research at Southampton University (M.Ed. Curriculum Studies) and then went to Papua New Guinea (1978-83) where I set up the English department at a National High School (similar to a British 6th Form College) called Passam. I later worked as Principal of the Southern Regional Training Centre of the Administrative College of Papua New Guinea (1979-83) which made me accountable for the English/Secretarial/Accountancy training for Western Province, all of Papua and the National Capital District.

In 1983, I moved to Saudi Arabia as a lecturer at King Fahd University of Petroleum and Minerals. There I found ex-Makerere types such as Martin Watson and Ken Gill. I worked at KFUPM as a skills coordinator for several years and finally became Director of the Prep Year English Programme. In 1999 I was seconded over to Prince Sultan College in Riyadh to set up the same English programmes I had helped create at KFUPM. I like it so much that I accepted the College's offer to be Director and here I plan to stay.

I married Jacquie Dudgeon in 1966. She has worked variously as school librarian (Kibuli, Kampala), secretary/personal assistant for Laing, Wimpey Al-Areza (Jeddah), secretary in the British Bank of the Middle East (Taiz, Yemen), general-dog's body to British Council Rep. and to British Embassy in Sana'a, teacher (Selectric Composer) on a UN project in Port Moresby, secretary to the Headmaster at Passam National High School (PNG), computer-programme manager for DPI (Port Moresby) and, since 1983, as commercial specialist for the US Foreign and Commercial Service. She is currently in the Commercial Section of the US Embassy in Riyadh.

We have two (now elderly) children, Philip (born Kampala) and Melanie (born Jeddah) both currently working in London -- computers/IT and human resources respectively.

Barry Sesnan, British TEA of 1968-69: Have taught, trained and now work in emergency education (refugees, floods etc) for the last 32 years, all in Africa. Started in Kenya, then Nigeria, S Sudan, Ghana, N Sudan, Uganda (Lecturing in School of Education Makerere from 1990-95/6. Then long and short jobs with UNICEF/UNESCO in Zambia, Mozambique, Somalia and Rwanda.

Now teaching at Nkumba University, Entebbe. VC: Prof Senteza Kajubi passed on the newsletter.

Harold Tollef Hanson: I began with TEA in 1961 following graduation from Concordia College, Moorhead, Minnesota that Spring with a BA degree, double major in philosophy and mathematics. Was referred to this possibility by a college friend, who could not consider it but thought is sounded like me. Following

the interview in New York [which I thought I blew], I figure they accepted me because of a severe shortage of math majors. Probably true.

Our group was the crowd that had no education courses and thus needed to attend Makerere for the graduate diploma in education. Great experience. Following that I was assigned to Tanzania and appointed to Malangali Senior Secondary School in mathematics, with ESL as a sideline [hadn't counted on chemistry, but that's another story no doubt shared by many in TEA]. Another great experience.

As with many, I suspect, it was a formative and an exciting experience in several ways. Most prominent: learned that I loved teaching and loved being educated in matters of life from my Tanzanian colleagues and students.

With the promise from the Ministry of Education that they had another Tanzanian teacher to take my place, I decided not to re-up for another term and accepted a Rockefeller scholarship to Harvard Divinity School in the Fall of 1964. Following graduation in 1967 with a Bachelor of Divinity degree, I accepted a position in the international mission unit of the Lutheran Council in the USA, in New York City. Following 10 years there, I joined the staff of the USA National Committee of the Lutheran World Federation, also in New York for another ten years. With the merger of the USA LWF member churches into the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America in 1988, I accepted appointment as the Director for International Personnel of the ELCA where I continue to serve here in Chicago at the ELCA national and international center. The Evangelical Lutheran Church of Tanzania is a rather large part of the Tanzanian community, and thus, I have been able to keep in touch through the personnel I work with in sending to Tanzania. Rather a nice continuing connexion. A hundred miles north of Malangali is Iringa -- location of the hospital that saved me in time of malaria. The Tanzanian church has created there Tumaini University where I continue to send international personnel. Reckon that upon retirement, that might be a very nice way to return to my TEA origins. I must say that I get the biggest kick out of sending volunteers for service who are at that time of their lives as was I when joining TEA -- though, of course, we send folks of all ages, including retirees!

Side note. I think John Bing was a part of our Makerere group at some point. If I've got that right, my strongest memory is when John arrived late for a class on teaching English as a second language. Whereupon, the very British, very colonial, professor whose name currently escapes me said something like this; "Mr. Bing, how good of you to join us. However, I wish to remind you that the British Empire was not built upon those who slept late."

Larry Thomas: I was TEA 1A and stayed on at Uganda Technical College until TEEA took over. Then I moved to the National Teachers' College, Kyambogo, but remained in the same house--where many TEA/TEEA people stayed on visits to Kampala. I shared digs with Malcolm Maries, British TEA. I was in Uganda 1961-68.

I've just published my 5th book, *Songs Sacred and Profane, New and Selected Poems*. I submitted it on the internet, and it's available there at: Xlibris.com. This my longest volume, 186 pages.

George and Dorothy Urch. We won't be able to make the reunion in DC though it surely would be fun to reminisce about those happy days with old friends. Here is a quick history of us in case someone should be curious.

We are still married and we added a third child after returning from Kenya. George got his PhD at the U of Mich. and took a position at the Univ. of Mass. in Amherst where he taught and did development work in Africa and Asia. Dorothy went back to teaching and we are both now retired. Visiting our 5 grandchildren, Florida in winter, and lots of travel keep us young and happy. We hope all our old friends have been as fortunate.

Emilee HinesCantieri: After a trip east from Kenya (Ethiopia, Egypt, Lebanon, Iran, Pakistan, India, Thailand, Japan and Alaska), I returned to Virginia. Completed my master's from UNC Chapel Hill in 1964, and began writing and selling articles and short stories. Moved to Austin, Texas, and worked for UT. On a visit back home, I met Tom Cantieri, a tax lawyer. Four dates later we married. We lived in northern VA, in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and returned to VA. Along the way I wrote and published seven volumes of *OLD VIRGINIA HOUSES* and over 250 articles and short stories. Taught high school until my retirement in 1998. Set off the next month for Ukraine and in September for Nepal, Tibet and Bhutan.

Following a bout with cancer in 1981, I made a trip around the world, to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Kenya. Other travels have taken me to South America twice, to Mongolia, Siberia, Uzbekistan, Patagonia, Tunisia, Sicily and Morocco as well as to Europe, Canada and western US many times.

Always an Episcopalian, I served on vestry twice and sang in choir. I'm now active in writers' group and several animal protection groups. In 2000, I completed a quirky history, IT HAPPENED IN VIRGINIA for Falcon Press, and I've been asked to write another book for them. I have a stack of unpublished novels, but have decided to put it all aside and write my memoirs of the two years in East Africa. It may never be published, but I may distribute it myself. Fortunately, my mother saved my weekly letters home, which I've just reread with great interest. So much I'd forgotten.

Our only daughter, Catherine, graduated from UT and lives in Austin. Tom continues working in tax law for Jackson Hewitt.

F. X. (Frank) Roberts: Ed: Here is the summation of our lives for the past 40 years or so. Hope you enjoy reading it as much as we enjoyed writing it.

Born, lived, died - but not yet. Married Dorothy Webb, English lass, in Dar es Salaam, June 24, 1963, kwa heri. Happy couple honeymooned through Middle East and Europe (mostly in a tent). England, hello Frank! America, hello Dorothy! Boston, briefly, to complete M.Ed. degree, then upcountry, Massachusetts to teach the deer hunters how to read, before many went to Vietnam to die. Boston again, at Newman Preparatory School, then MLS degree from Simmons College (1968). Dorothy doing her thing at Harvard Medical School. Back to England, teaching Library Science, Leeds Polytechnic, Yorkshire. Africa again (1972) at East African School of Librarianship, Makerere University, until Idi Amin went berserk, kwa heri. Hello, White Cliffs. To Australia (1975) at Gippsland Institute of Advanced Education, Monash University, teaching Library Science. Dorothy secretary to Head of Institute. Holy Grail not found, so back to USA (1979). Eighteen months at California State University, Bakersfield. (Jerusalem will not be builded there.) On to SUNY/Buffalo for a Ph.D., dual degree in Higher Education and Academic Librarianship. Dorothy at International Institute for study of childhood gastroenterology, Children's Hospital, Buffalo. Marlborough College, near Brattleboro, Vermont, Library Director (1986) - God save the Mark! Professor of Librarianship (1987-1997) University of Northern Colorado, Greeley ("Go West young man...") Colorado. Retired, Professor Emeritus, 1997. Currently - Dorothy widely known for transcriptions of original Pitman's Shorthand - a lost art. Published transcriptions of Civil War diaries, amongst others, and shorthand medical journals of renowned British neurologist Sir William Gowers. Transcriptions published in the prestigious medical journal "Neurology" (July 25, 2000). Also active as Registered Parliamentarian in Colorado and nationally. Frank - expert on history of bookmarks, many articles published. Book on medieval bookmarks in preparation. Also editor of "Spectrum," magazine of University of Northern Colorado. Scholar, poet (see "Contemporary Authors," Vol. 175. Detroit: Gale, 1999. Pp.375-376.) Married, lived, died - in preparation. Not to be buried on lone prairie, ashes to be scattered over North Atlantic by favorite nephew, when wind is blowing strongly toward England. Vitae summa brevis...

Bill (and Fran) Cahill: Fran and I came back from Kenya in summer '65. Elizabeth, "Mtoto" to TEAers in 3A/C, was born in late '63 and Kirsten in '64, both in Kitale, so we came back 4 instead of 2. I did a TESL cum Swahili program at UCLA with a Ford Foundation (FF) Fellowship and then fell into a FF job back in Kenya. A Kenyan, David Michuki, had been designated to write a primary school Swahili-as-a-Second-Language (SSL?) series of textbooks, 4 years' worth, and I became his partner and co-author in that enterprise. So from '66 to '70 we were back in Kenya, Nairobi this time. Our third child, Sarah, was born in Nairobi in '69. We traveled a lot during those years. In '70, rather than go to Riyadh or Mogadishu -- my choices with FF -- we came back to the States, Bill happily, Fran most unhappily. Like Bill Cooper, we too experienced a sort of culture shock upon return and felt really out of place for a while. I got a job teaching ESL and Swahili at Long Beach City College (LBCC), then wangled a Regents Fellowship to UCLA to do a Ph.D.-- jointly through the School of Education and Department of English. Fran and I and the three girls, who had quickly lost their British accents, moved into married student housing at UCLA having gone from big house with many perks in Nairobi to small rented house in Long Beach, to an apartment building with 31 apartments all facing into a central courtyard which contained, at times, all 56 of the children who lived

there. Fun. The job at LBCC turned permanent and when I got the Ph.D. in '75 we moved here again and bought a house. Since then, Fran has made all the news on the Cahill front. She started taking graduate courses in English and linguistics at CTLB, ended up with an MA in linguistics, a TESL Certificate, and "President's Scholar" recognition. A Federal Indochinese Refugee Program started at LBCC and Fran was hired to teach in that. Later her position was regularized and ESL became a department to itself, separate from the English department. When the dust settled, we were -- and still are-- tenured professors in the same department. Fran, being Fran, wasn't through though. She had always had an interest in Ancient Egypt and started taking courses in that area through UCLA extension. She ended up being admitted into the doctoral program (School of Near Eastern Languages and Cultures (NELC)) at UCLA and now is well on her way to a Ph.D. there in Egyptology. No lie. She will, in the not too distant future, add a Ph.D. in Egyptology to the MA in linguistics and the BA in mathematics. With some of the books she is studying, I can't tell if they are upside down or right side up. She has more energy than I do at this stage. I have 30 years in at LBCC now, Fran 25. And how can that be? We blew most of our savings in 1985 and took the 3 girls with us to Kenya for a couple of months. Best money we ever spent, and E, K, and S now have clear memories of where they were born. Sarah and her husband James just went back again and both climbed Kilimanjaro -- as Bill did in '67. They live in Littleton, Colo. Kirsten is single and lives in Manhattan Beach, Cal. Elizabeth is married to Buddy Brown. The live in League City, TX. with their two children, Lauren and Glenn. Fran is into computers, Bill is not so this bio was typed on the same Royal portable that Bill took with him to Kenya in '63 -- red tape still on the case. We are looking forward to the reunion in September.

Clint and Barbara Knudson. Since we left Kenyatta College in '69, much has happened to us. We returned to Kenya a number of times in the early 70s, taking groups of high school students and teachers on educational programs. In '74, our second son, Cameron, returned to Kenya to attend the United States International University in Nairobi and was killed in an accident. All of our family returned to Nairobi for his cremation and the strewing of his ashes in the Indian Ocean where we had spent many holidays. We did not return to Kenya for some years, but in the mid-80s started to travel there again, also with students. In the 90s, Barbara has returned numerous times to work in refugee camps in the far north of Kenya mostly.

After Cameron's death, we provided help to a young Kenyan boy to attend an American university. Jama became a part of our family and remains a son to us and a brother to our other children. After graduating from Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, he did an MPH and ultimately a Ph.D. in epidemiology at the University of Minnesota. After three years working for CDC in Atlanta, he joined UNICEF and has had several overseas assignments. He is now a senior policy advisor for children's health care in that UN agency. As you can see, our Kenyan roots are deep indeed, stemming from the TEA years.

Clint spent most of his career as a biology teacher at a prep school in Minneapolis, teaching the children of our city's rich and famous. Barbara finished a Ph.D. while we were in Africa and spent most of her career as a faculty member at the University of Minnesota. Barbara's work has made it possible for us to live and work abroad a number of times for short and long periods, in Vienna, Bogota, Pune in India, and others. Both of us are now pretty much retired and wonder now, as so many do, how we ever had time to work!

We are sorrier than I can say that we have a family conflict with the Sept. dates and will be unable to come to the reunion. We will surely think of you all and long to be there, but it just will not work for us this time.

Larry Olds: I recently took early retirement from my job after 26 years at Minneapolis Community and Technical College, a wonderfully diverse urban college on the edge of the city center in Minneapolis. When I first joined the faculty there it was to teach about community resources and personal development in what was then called the Chemical Dependency Counseling Training Program. I went on to help create our "College for Working Adults" and in the program teach interdisciplinary social science, and finally finished my career by teaching political science, including in the last 4 years, my personal capstone course, globalization and the changing world economy.

For those of you who remember me as a math teacher, I fell away from that field in 1970 after a year

supervising math student teachers at the University of Minnesota. The opportunity to teach philosophical and social foundations of education, the anti-war movement, the human relations/human potential movement in education, and my active involvement in the alternative schools movement of the late sixties/early seventies moved me irrevocably toward radical politics, adult education, and social change. After abandoning an MA program in math and the Phd program in Math Education I finally finished an MA in Adult Education in 1980 but with a majority of the course work in political science. I also went on to do another 50 or so graduate credits in international politics to become officially qualified for the teaching position that by that time I held at Minneapolis Community College.

During the past 20 years I have also worked with the Int'l Council for Adult Education and our North American regional organization that is part of the Council, the North American Alliance for Popular and Adult Education (NAAPAE). As a result of this work and the desire of my partner and I to share the world with our two sons, I have had more than my share of global travel. The travel included several trips to Africa but it wasn't until my sabbatical in 1996 that I got back to Uganda. I managed to get back again in January/February 2000 to be part of the facilitator team for a mural making and popular environmental adult education workshop at the Uganda Catholic Social Training Center in Kampala, a project that was a collaboration between NAAPAE and the African Development Education Network.

My interest in sports continued. I managed to survive participation in 25 years of recreational basketball but spent my energies organizing youth soccer not basketball as that became the sport of choice for my sons. I didn't reconnect with basketball until my 1996 trip to Uganda when I made contact with some of the old men of Uganda basketball and the younger people that now make up the Federation of Uganda Basketball Associations (FUBA). This has led to the creation of a Uganda Basketball Project to assist FUBA and to the recent hosting of an Under 17 youth team from Kampala here in Minneapolis. In spite of a nearly complete disinterest in the professional and professionalized sports of the current period and the troubling lawlessness in sport that I find today - a lawlessness that perhaps mirrors our society in general - I have nevertheless over the years found great pleasure in organizing and coaching youth teams, and seeing the young people, my sons included, grow and develop as fine athletes, and as sensitive human beings.

I am interested now primarily in improving the educational work in social movements, popular education in the college (formal) classroom, and helping people doing popular education work to connect, both locally and globally. I am engaged in two specific projects: helping a wonderful local group, the Resource Center of the Americas, add a section of its library that will contain materials and books on popular and adult education/community organizing, and second, helping to facilitate North American activists and educators to both help shape and participate in the World Assembly for Adult Education scheduled for Jamaica for August 2001. I am also continuing as the United States contact for NAAPAE.

I live on a small lake and beautiful park in the inner city of South Minneapolis. I am now living separately from my long time partner, Dorothy Sauber, and again am guarding an empty nest as our two sons recently moved to Madison, Wisconsin for graduate school.

THE SEARCH, Jan.-July 2001. Thirty-four more people have been located since the last newsletter. In June, Brooks Goddard located the lists for TEA2 and TEEA2 in the archives of the library at TC. I hope to complete my search for people in these waves in the coming weeks. The leads which I have for missing members of other waves have been essentially exhausted, so there will probably be few other "finds" without additional information. Remember to report any changes of address, email, etc. to Ed Schmidt.

FINAL CALL FOR REUNION REGISTRATIONS. NOW IS THE TIME . DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER!

1. Call Jurys Hotel number (numbers on the form), decide where you want to stay, and make a reservation.
2. Fill out this form, either by email or print it out and complete, with a registration fee, \$75.00 per person (couples \$150.00) and mail it to Henry Hamburger at the address below. Mark which hotel you have chosen and when you plan to arrive. Try to come on Thursday afternoon.
3. Think about what you want to contribute to this reunion. Emilee's questions can serve as a guide.

TEA/TEEA REUNION: September 20 - 23, 2001 - Washington, DC

REGISTRATION: Please send ASAP the completed registration form on the back of this page and a registration fee of \$75.00 per person (\$150.00 per couple) by check to "TEA Reunion" to:
Henry Hamburger, 6400 Wynkoop Blvd, Bethesda, MD 20817 [henryh@cs.gmu.edu], Tel:
(301) 320-4350

This fee will offset the expenses of the welcome reception, Friday breakfast, and mailings. (If you will not be staying in one of the official hotels, you still need to register.)

THE REGISTRATION FORM IS ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

REGISTRATION FORM, please complete and mail promptly

Name: _____

(Spouse/other) _____

Mailing address: _____

Email address: _____

Telephone: _____
(If any of this is different from what Ed has in the directory, let him know, too.)

I plan to attend the reunion ____
I plan to arrive: Thursday p.m. (time if known) _____ or Friday a.m. (time if known) _____
(Try to arrive on Thursday afternoon to check in, and let's meet everyone that evening. There will be a registration table at Jurys Washington Hotel at Dupont Circle on Thursday afternoon/evening, and a welcome reception in the adjacent rooms.)

I shall attend with the following persons: _____

I have booked a hotel room at:
Jurys Washington ____ Marriott Courtyard (rooms available) ____ Jurys Normandy Inn ____

Reservations for Jurys Washington and Marriott Courtyard:# 800-423-6953, or 202-483-6000.
Reservations for Normandy 800-424-3729, or 202-483-1350 (Normandy now fully booked.)
Identify yourself as TEA/TEEA for the group rate. You will need to guarantee with your credit card.
(If you have problems, contact Frank Ballance.)

I will share room with _____, or

I would like to find a roommate to share a room _____. (We will contact others for match-up)

Comments/ ideas:

THIS FORM SHOULD BE MAILED TO HENRY HAMBURGER, address on previous page.

Questions? Please contact: Frank C. Ballance, 2009 Columbia Road NW, Washington, DC 20009, Tel: (202) 667-0510, Fax: (202) 745-7010, Email: Fballance@aol.com