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# Arrupe Insider

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## Editorial: A Joyful Eastertide

Dear reader,

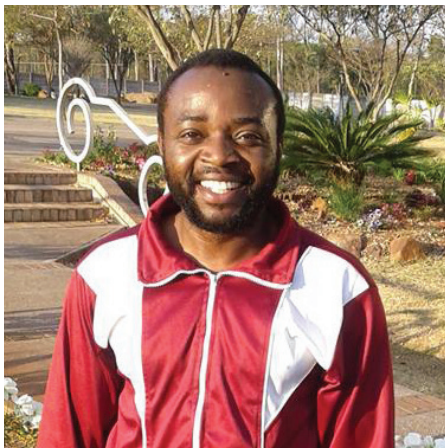
Welcome to another edition of The Insider. It is amazing how fast time can fly. According to one of my classmates, Arrupe time flies faster than time in any possible world. Otherwise, how come the semester which started (apparently) yesterday is fast approaching its end? Lent, a time in which all of us fasted, prayed and gave alms for a whole forty days is now gone and long forgotten. Even Easter, the *festum festorum* is now a fading memory, only rekindled by the sight of the Easter candle. The mid-semester reading week seems to have come and gone at a supersonic speed. Whether paper due is the evil genius tweaking Arrupe's chronometers to move faster, is a question that I have to ask my classmate once again. "Time goes, you say?" asks Henry A. Dobson, "Ah, no! alas, time stays, we go." I couldn't agree more.

Many thanks to those Arrupeans who manage to pause time and write a thoughtful article to the College community through this newsletter. I am confident that the articles contained herein will give you something to think about. I cannot forget to express my gratitude to Eyrah Foli SJ for working round (and inside) the clock to make sure we have this magazine well-designed and in good time. We are also grateful for the appreciative and constructive feedback we receive. As usual, we are always glad to receive a thoughtful article from you. Keep the articles coming, and we will keep the magazine running. I wish you a nice read and a joyful Eastertide.



**Aloysius Lubega, SJ.**  
Editor.

# Dealing With Addictions Part I

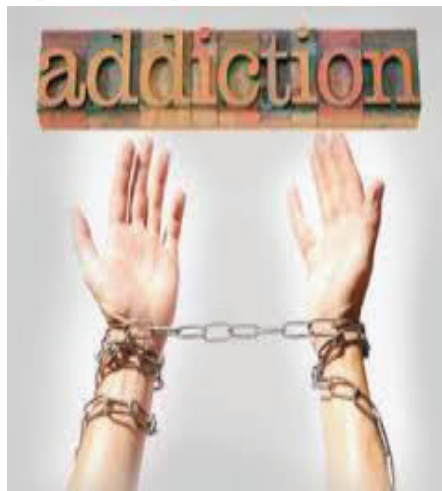


By Emmanuel Wafula, SJ

In the wake of growing global challenges of unemployment, poor families are unable to cater for all basic needs of their children especially educational needs. For those who are able to afford education at least to tertiary level, the only likely opportunities are in the urban centers where there is high unemployment, housing problems and many other challenges of urban life. For some young people, the life skills acquired as they grow up enable them to navigate these challenges without much tension. For others however, these challenges threaten all the values they have acquired along their paths of life and it disintegrates their coping mechanisms and depletes their internal strength to live with these challenges.

For such young people, the expectations they place upon themselves and those from their families place a load on their shoulders which far outweighs their capacity to handle. Coupled with peer influence and lack of alternatives, they may try to solve their problems in antisocial ways. Many people would agree that prostitution flourishes in most of our urban centers in spite of it being a criminal offence in some of our constitutions. Most of the young girls involved in prostitution in most of our cities are school going girls. As for the boys, substance abuse appears to be the only weapon with which to face

the challenges of the modern world. The question that comes to mind then is – what can be done to support young people in our time who are faced with life's challenges? How can they adapt (mutate), as Fr. Buckland would put it in our anthropology class, to ensure their survival in this world of survival for the fittest? How can Fr. Shirima, our ethics lecturer, expect them to live morally when they have been pushed to the wall? These and many other dilemmas may face us in our everyday apostolates and we somehow need to respond to these questions. Someone said that “without that one drop in the ocean, the ocean would not exist.” Exploring the stages of drug abuse as I do here below, is this one but very important drop in the ocean.



In the Addiction process, there are five stages that we need to notice and help young people realize that as part of their lifestyle, they may fall into the addiction trap. The first stage in this process is what I can call the Experimental stage, where someone is curious to know what it feels like to feel “high” or feel “good” in spite of the prevailing circumstances. They are also driven by other factors like risk-taking, peer pressure, thrill for adventure and rebellion.

The Social stage follows the experimental stage. Here, the content of use is strictly social, meaning that drinking or drugging may take place

at parties, raves, parking lots, video halls, among other places where they find themselves. The primary motive is social acceptance. I emphasize social acceptance because it is a basic element of human nature. The drugs can be shared (freely at no cost) and the individual remains functional. This level of use is rarely identified as risky by adolescents and young adults. Warning and cautions are typically ignored and no one believes that the most negative consequences will happen to them.

The third stage is the Instrumental stage in which individuals learn to use substances purposely to manipulate emotions and behavior. The individual discovers that alcohol and other drugs can affect feelings and actions that is, suppress or enhance feelings, inhibit or dis-inhibit behavior. The Habitual stage follows and symptoms of dependency begin to show. The abuser's lifestyle becomes progressively centered on using drugs as a means of coping and recreating. The person uses substances to relieve their discomfort of non-use. One starts to sense their impending dependency and react to it by establishing various self-imposed rules and limits. One may also begin to break rules. Finally comes the Compulsive stage. The person now becomes pre-occupied with drug use to the extent that getting high or planning for it is all he thinks about and does. The only relationship the addict has is with his/her drug use. Compulsive use is totally out of control. Chemicals are now running the individual's life and quitting the drug presents a life threat to the individual.

In summary, for many of us, these may be obvious and usual terms we come across more often, but they represent a major challenge in our world today especially in our urban centers. Paying attention to the young person's emotions is key in identifying what is taking place in their lives and this is the best starting point for us to help. Hopefully, it helps in our apostolates.





# Into the Deep



By Uchechukwu Oguike, SJ.

“*Mon frère, nous allons nager aujourd’hui? Oui, bien sûr, c’est très important!*” I cannot remember how many times I have had that conversation with Tobias Dindi on Friday afternoons. Inasmuch as I know we are going swimming at St. George’s College, I am always tempted to ask that question. It gives me a feeling of belonging and somehow, prepares me to encounter the deep and relax my nerves.

I had gone with the members of the swimming club a few times. I had learnt the basics and a few tricks. I had watched the best ones do a few things. I felt ready, or rather, I thought I was ready. On this fateful Friday, I challenged myself. My confidence grew in a matter of minutes, as the guys around assured me that I could do it. They gathered round the deep end of the king-sized pool.

With eyes closed, I took a deep breath. Upon opening them, I dived with the full stretch of my slim form. The water was cool and clear. I could see the target, the goal - Tobias’ feet. I put in all the basics I had learned, and I hoped the tricks too would help. I eased swiftly through the mass of water. I sliced, I stretched, I surged. I was almost at my goal. Suddenly, strength, which I did not put into consideration, beckoned. He said, just as soldiers in the battle field would do when they ran out of ammunition: “am out.” My strength ran out a few meters before my goal. The full length of my form stretched vertically, but my feet were numb and I could feel nothing. My mind raced. I thought to myself briefly, “I thought I was tall, how come my feet are not touching the

bottom?”

I made quick progress sinking. It took about seven seconds before I realized what was actually happening to me. “Bwana, you are going down,” a voice in my water-clogged head said. I could hear more voices though. From the sidelines, like spectators, the voices chanted “Come on Uche, you can do it!” “Push yourself up!” “Somebody grab him ooo!” “Leave him, he will pull through!” Indeed, the spectators spurred me to pull through. With one great surge, I propelled myself up, a new trick I taught myself under the circumstance. I said to myself, “You are not dying here today, you are still in first year, first semester for that matter”. My mouth was tightly shut. As I struggled, I felt someone take my hand in front of me. After another five seconds, I felt a push from behind. With the push, I eased into the area where my feet could touch the bottom. It was close-by all along. James Mugwe was there to receive me as I pulled out. “Great courage and effort, brother,” he said. This was a near drowning experience for me, but I did not stop learning.

I have never been a good swimmer and I must confess that I am still learning, but I have discovered that quite a number of those who fill the college bus on Friday afternoons at 1:45pm are as naïve as myself when it comes to swimming. So the big question is, if they are not all good swimmers, why do they cram themselves on the bus? I have discovered that the swimming club transcends learning how to swim or perfecting already gathered aquatic skills. It

transcends having those who like to summersault from the springboard into the deep end and those who barely know how to float on water. It transcends watching Aloysius Lubega and Obiora Chukwunonso make rounds in the king-sized pool as though their fathers owned it, or watching Ndung’u Moses fearfully approaching the deep end to admire its depth.

What brings us together, I reckon, is the great sense of brotherhood existing among us. We spend barely two hours at the pool, but the time is spent releasing the stress of the week’s hectic school work. We laugh, we joke, we learn, we challenge ourselves, we go deeper into ourselves. We get in touch with “that which without it, we are not”. From a personal experience, I have also figured that we motivate ourselves to break boundaries, and we extend helping hands and saving pushes in times of difficulties.

Friday afternoons remain sacred to us, it remains our swimming day of obligation. I hope that when my time here is done, I would have become as good as Martin Mkoba or Yves Hasingizweyezu, in order to manipulate myself at the end of the pool where my feet do not touch the bottom. If I do not, I will, however, continue building stronger bonds and deeper love for my friends and companions. I have faith that that bond and love will keep me going, and ensure I have beautiful experiences that will last as long as the cords of my memory will lengthen.



*Some Arrupeans at St. George’s swimming pool.*



# Learning The Art Of Precision



*By Francis Kyalo, SJ*

There are many things that one may desire to achieve in life. In my opinion, I consider precision as one of those very important targets. It not only helps in leading to consistency but also necessitates accuracy which in turn eliminates unnecessary errors. Precision remains key in scientific experimentation, communication, and in many daily life activities. Being precise gets one to the point without much struggle, excessive energy, and in the shortest time possible. Of course, there may be contention on the fact that being precise does not necessarily lead to accuracy in reality. However, looked into from a critical point of view, to achieve the highest form of accuracy, one has to be precise in terms of measurements as in the case of experimentation and proper decision

making in many other aspects of life.

Different schools of thought have different ways towards this issue. From one of my favorite school of thought namely the martial arts, and to be precise, Arrupe Shotokan Karate which has spread its roots from Japan even into Arrupe College through the able Sensei, Dr. Kizito Kiyimba, I learn precision at its highest mode. Why would one be interested in being a member of a martial arts club (e.g. Shotokan Karate)? There are many accrued advantages than you can imagine.

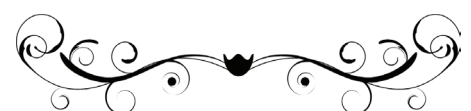
Firstly, Karate awakens the giant ability within different people and for that reason, it plays the role of creating self-awareness. Who said philosophy does not apply in this? Think of Socrates maxim, “an unexamined life is not worth living.” This examination of one’s life capabilities and abilities takes the center stage in our Shotokan club. Does this seem to employ Amartya Sen’s capability approach? Let the economists break that down and tell us how far Karate goes into economics. The unveiling of these capabilities can be discovered through the body stretching exercises that we have on the days of our practice (Monday, Tuesday and Thursday from 4:30pm to 5:30pm). Secondly, coupled with the exercises, body fitness and mental relaxation are some of the associated fruits. Thirdly, more than being a social center, we

learn how to control our tempers which develops the art of peaceful co-existence for we exist in the midst of the other as elaborated in the existential philosophy of Martin Heidegger in the “Dasein” concept. Fourthly, Karate may not primarily be geared towards fighting as a show of ability to dismantle people’s dental formula, jaws, skulls and spinal cords, NO. Karate training and skills have to be applied ONLY in the case of danger and solely for self-defense or in defense of the weak. Moreover, defense only goes up to the point of disarming the opponent and that becomes the end of the story. Any other unfortunate consequence may be dealt with legally. Thus, as the history of Karate may reveal, this art goes beyond simple fighting technique training to becoming a way of life.

What makes SHOTOKAN better than many other martial arts lies on its fused traditions like Okinawan and Japanese martial art schools as put together by Funakoshi Gichin who founded Shotokan Karate in 1936. You hate and you are scared of mathematics? Do not worry anymore for we have got your therapy. Karate creates a conducive environment where one can master the art of simple calculation for the best results. Remember repetition leads to better skills. No matter how complex a particular Kata (i.e. different patterns of movements practiced of which each contains a complete fighting structure) may be, anyone can master it provided that he/she does it again and again. The best mathematicians solve the same equations many times before they become the master of the masters. In Karate, we do this in a fun environment and in a very easy way through repetition. This enhances the learner’s capacity to translate serious calculations into a way of life. Believe you me, this counts on your intelligence improvement. No wonder Funakoshi asserted that “Karate is a martial art of intelligent people”. Karate values safety to the expense of personal glorification and pride. As a matter of fact, Karate without precision may be very dangerous. Thus, one needs to learn and do it in the right way. Come one, come all. We can learn this art of precision and accuracy together. For full experience of this philosophy of Arrupe Shotokan Karate, visit us any of the days when we train. Who knows...?

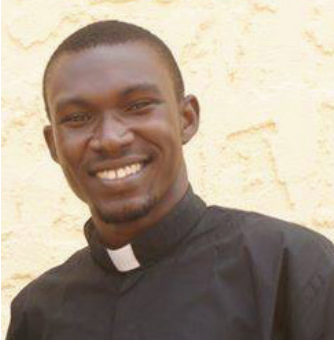


*Some Arrupe College Karatekas at a grading session.*





# Humanizing Society Through African Literature



By Emmanuel Ogwu, SJ.

Every human society adopts a way or ways of forming the conscience of its members as well as teaching acceptable ethical behaviours in such a society. In traditional African societies, this indispensable task was done, among other methods, by way of story-telling. Tales by moonlight, where children gather in the brisk of the evening around a Sekuru to listen to stories, usually involving animals or human beings, contribute a great deal to the formation of the children in such traditional societies. Thus, stories in many Nigerian ethnic groups, of how the tortoise developed its shell, teaches children about the dangers of gluttony and selfishness. With such stories, children grow up to become true human beings who are able to connect with others in society. Today, however, urbanization and industrialization seem to have eroded what could be described as a traditional education system. This is where contemporary African literature steps in. African literature, especially the novel, continues to invite African societies to respond and evaluate African experiences. Among the many issues taken up in the narrative, the issue of humanizing society continues to dominate many African novels.

A story is told of Diogenes, a philosopher who would go about the street of Athens carrying a lantern in daylight. When asked what he was looking for, Diogenes said he was looking for humanity. This may appear cynical, but it is worth noting that Diogenes refuses to accept that

humanity is a given. In fact, humanity is what we are to constantly search for. This is what an African novel does, albeit in a less cynical way than Diogenes.

Our collective humanity as Africans is endangered today. We live in a time when in the event of a tragic event, such as an accident, people bring out their smartphones to capture images which will be posted on social media, instead of helping the victims of such accident. Our contemporary African society is one where an individual's sense of self and worth is measured according to the number of 'likes' one gets on Facebook. Ours is a society where we are interested only in the facts and figures of the conflict in Burundi, Northern Nigeria and the Central African Republic. Ours is a society where connectedness with individuals has been reduced to mere rhetoric and superficial idealism.

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie in her speech at the 2012 Commonwealth Foundation Lecture, had this to say about Chinua Achebe's *Things Fall Apart*:

In Chinua Achebe's essay 'Travelling White,' he writes about a librarian who, at a lecture at the University of California, told him what he described as a curious story. It was about a German judge named Wolfgang Zeidler. This distinguished judge, a president of the highest constitutional court in Germany, had just accepted an offer to move to Namibia and become a consultant to the Namibian regime. Then a friend gave him the novel 'Things Fall Apart.' After he read it, he promptly and dramatically changed his mind. He would no longer move to Namibia because he could not lend his great abilities to an apartheid system that dehumanized Africans. Achebe concludes this story by wondering why a man so accomplished needed a novel to make him see this. Did he not read the newspapers? But perhaps the judge knew only the facts, and perhaps in reading Achebe's novel, he was taking a walk along the sunlit

streets of Windhoek, holding a lantern like Diogenes.

Thus, when we read Uwem Akpan's *Say You're One of Them*, we take a walk in the consciousness of suffering African children; we encounter human beings in love in a society divided along ethnic lines in Ngũgĩ Wa Thiong'o's *The River Between*; we see the joys, confusions and sadness of an African migrant in Chimamanda Adichie's *Americanah*; and we see and feel the world through the consciousness of oppressed women in a patriarchal society in Tsitsi Dangarembga's *Nervous Conditions*. In these and many other African novels, our minds go beyond the borders of logic, facts and figures. Our consciences are pricked, formed and we become more human, desirous of building truly human societies in Africa.

Contemporary African novels like the pre-colonial Sekuru, provides us with narratives that are more than mere stories or fiction. The African novel forms our conscience as we reflect on our common experiences as Africans. In doing so, it gradually turns us into true human beings.

So, let us continue to read African novels and let us, through these novels, humanize our African societies.



Chimamanda Adichie

## Sayings of Our Elders



*Wealth, if you use it, comes to an end; learning, if you use it, increases.*

Swahili Proverb

# Gratefully In His Service



By Kingsley Madubuike, SJ

My experiences of the Spiritual Exercises and my daily strivings to live out the Ignatian spirituality are very important aspects of my life as a Jesuit scholastic for which I am immensely grateful. I deeply feel that these are graceful opportunities and privileges that I have had to and still receive. My way of showing gratitude for all these graces is to give back especially to lay people and those who may not have the opportunities that I have, the rich heritage of the spirituality that St. Ignatius has left for the Church and humanity. To this end, I opted for the CLC apostolate ever since I arrived here at Arrupe College. I hope that by the end of my studies here and my encounters with CLCers here in Harare, I would have garnered a wealth of experience which I can use to build up more CLC apostolate wherever I find myself.

I deeply feel that I am taking more than I am giving to my CLC, Loyola Group apostolate. If anything at all, my primary duty there is to give some level of a Jesuit presence to the lay men and women in the group. They grace me so much with the way and manner they live out the Ignatian spirituality in their own state. These men and women take their spiritual life seriously and are in love with the Ignatian spirituality. They challenge me, unknowingly to them though, to be true to my Ignatian heritage as a Jesuit scholastic.

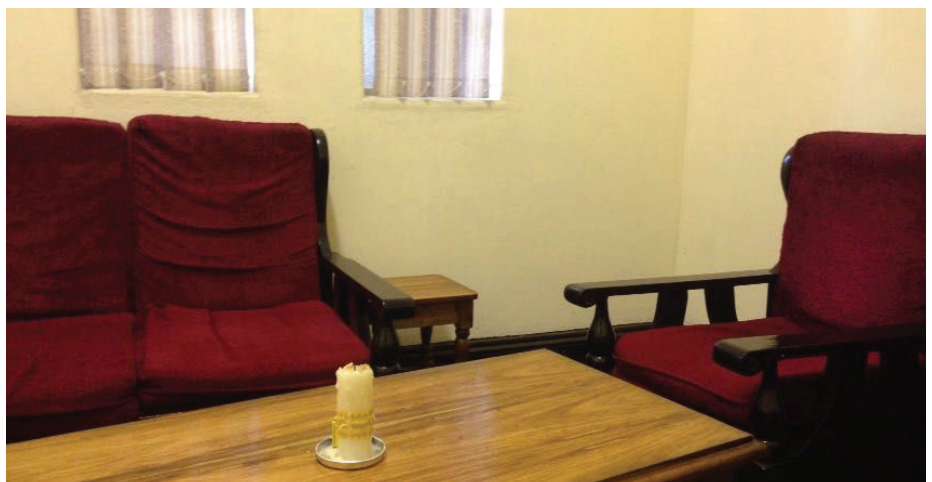
My CLC apostolate affords me a big opportunity to be fully human and to be true to my humanity. I bring myself just as I am to the people I encounter at CLC. I am able to share freely with them my weaknesses and brokenness, my joys and sorrows, my successes and failures, my frustrations and breakthroughs as a young man who is both a human person and a religious (Jesuit). In this way, I am able to be open to living my life fully as one who is consecrated and set apart through my religious vows but who also is a fellow Christian and human being with these people. Indeed, I am able to see myself as set apart from but not set above the people. My CLC group is a small one, so we are very much connected and in touch with one another. I hope that the sharing of my life with them reveal God's grace at work in me and shining out of me to them to encourage them also in their own journeys as individual persons and as Christians.

The Loyola group is also a place where I have come to experience much love and the generosity of the members. Some of the members go out of their ways to convey my companion **Emmanuel Uwiragiye** and I home at the end of our weekly meetings. At two occasions, they have also come to our communities to pick us up and taken us to the venues of our meetings/outings. I am simply overwhelmed by these acts of love, generosity and commitment. They remain invitations for me to live simply and to give away these love, generosity, commitment

and faithfulness that I continually receive from the members of the group. I am not ignorant of the fact that the members of my group go through a lot to make ends meet at the end of the day. Even at that, they still are committed to building a Christian life community modeled after the Ignatian heritage and spirituality. I find this both challenging and fascinating in my own life.

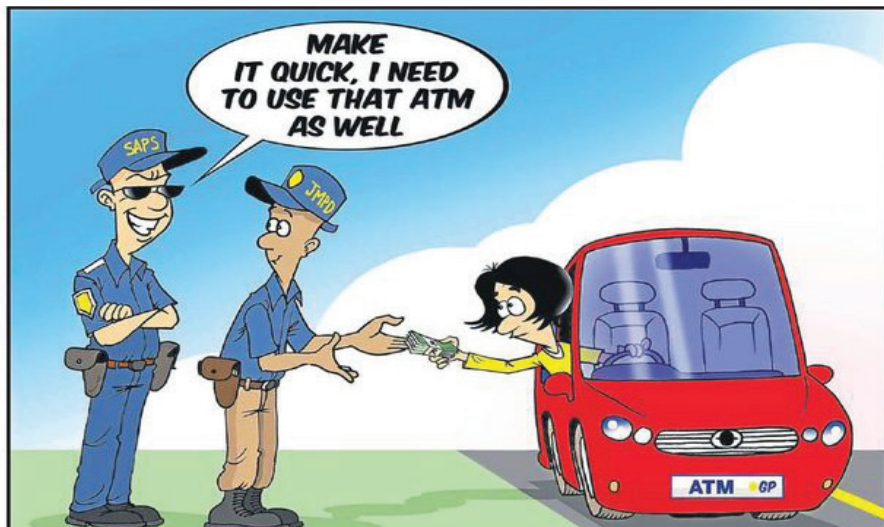
One more thing to mention is the wonderful companionship and friendship that I have built so far with **Emmanuel Uwiragiye**. Our involvement in this CLC apostolate is not so much about the people we meet and encounter as it is about the bond of fraternity that is growing between the two of us as friends in the Lord. I dare to say with much joy and affection that I cherish Emmanuel's company in this apostolate and we are jointly becoming companions of Jesus as we reach out to our CLC brethren. Indeed for the two of us, Jesus continues to send us out in twos and he continues to walk with us as once He did with those two disciples on the way to Emmaus.

In conclusion, I can confidently say that I am at home with my CLC apostolate. It is a place of growth, encounter and God's consciousness in my life as a Jesuit in formation. It is an avenue for service – a privileged service which I render with much gratitude.





# Okoro and Titus the Road Side Officer.



“Pull over, please.” Slowly, I drive to the right side of the road and I look at the side mirror to see the officer who is walking towards my vehicle. “May I have your driver’s licence, please?” asks the officer. “Here it is, sir,” I hand it over to him. “What about the other papers of your car?” Calmly, Okoro hands over to him an envelope full of photocopies of different papers. As the policeman peruses through the papers, Okoro compliments the officer’s job and tells him about the need for a constant check on people who drive because very often, some of them are not certified drivers or have expired papers. “Sir, what about your insurance certificate and certificate for road worthiness? They seem to be missing and your driver’s licence expires next month.” Okoro stretches his hand into the other side of his car and brings out another envelope containing all the other documents which the officer wants to see.

Agitated and furious, Officer Titus looks at Okoro and asks; “Where is your green certificate?” “Green certificate?!” Okoro wonders what kind of paper that is, and asks, “Officer, what is the green certificate and from where do I get it?” Officer Titus laughs victoriously and replies, “Okoro, I thought you had the complete documents for your vehicle, today you shall pay dearly for not having the green certificate.” With smiles all over Okoro’s face, he asks the officer again,

“Officer, may you kindly explain to me what the green certificate is all about and how to get it?” “Shun sir!” Shouts a voice from a car in front of Officer Titus who immediately asks Okoro to wait as he walks towards the other driver. This other driver has his hand stretching outside of the car but with a fist as though he was going to box someone. Or like a popular way of greeting amongst Nigerians, he would be asking Officer Titus to “chop knuckles.” “Musa my man, How you dey today na?” asks the police officer. “Officer, I full ground, no shakings,” comes the response from Musa who stretches his fist towards Officer Titus. The officer smiles as he stylishly holds the outstretching fist while Musa tells him that “na your green certificate dey inside.” “Enjoy your day, my man!” says the officer, as Musa zooms off.

Officer Titus now looks around like a serious officer on duty who is trying to ensure the security of people around while he dips his hand into his pocket to bless it with the knuckles from Musa’s fist. Meanwhile, Okoro watches closely and observes keenly, everything that transpires between Musa and Officer Titus. As the officer walks back to Okoro, another driver drives by and gives him a handshake which he gladly receives and straight into his pocket, his hands go while like a thief he looks to his left and his right. Okoro just smiles and says, “Officer, you are a strong man here oooo.”

“Are you ready to drop your green certificate or not?” asks Officer Titus. “I don’t know what that certificate is about, else I would have provided it. Besides, I need to know where to also get it so that I am not stopped for it again for breaking traffic laws,” replies Okoro.

“It seems you are not in a hurry to continue your journey” says Officer Titus to Okoro. Leaving Okoro to wait under the scorching sun, Officer Titus goes to stand with his other colleagues who at this point do not stop any car, but instead receive handshakes which come from many bus drivers, taxis and private car owners. For two hours, Okoro watches the officers receiving handshakes and their hands going into their pockets. In wonderment, he mourns the shameless situation which he views as unethical and wishes he had remained in London where he was born, but had refused citizenship for the sake of patriotism to his motherland, Africa. Officer Titus finally comes back to him and asks him to go, whilst instructing him to make sure he finds out what the green certificate is, because next time, he (Okoro) may not be lucky to leave freely. Speechless, Okoro turns on his engine, looks at the officers for the last time and drives off while ruminating on his pathetic encounter with Officer Titus and the other four busy officers who engage callously in the buffet of indiscriminate handshakes.



By Godwin Otafu Omia, S.J.

# Forgiveness in the Year of Mercy



By Shelton Zimondi O. Carm.

What is forgiveness? Many people have written about it, yes. Saint Pope John Paul II referring to forgiveness said, “Forgiveness happens inside the person doing the forgiving. It heals our pain and resentment before it does anything for the person we forgive; they might never know about it”. According to Mahatma Gandhi, “Forgiveness is the attribute of the strong, he who is weak cannot forgive”. It is difficult to forgive and forget sometimes but if forgiven and forgotten, nothing can be more admirable than that. There is no sin not worthy of forgiveness; you can name them.

Probably this reminds most of us of Jesus hanging on the Cross and crying out “Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do” (Luke 23:34). Why does he reach out to forgive his executioners? Jesus is a victim who even forgives without the aggressor asking for forgiveness. As human beings, forgiveness is one of the most difficult things to do. When someone fails us, we want to revenge, a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye. This is why we often say “to err is human; to forgive, divine” (Alexander Pope). Forgiveness is an attempt to restore a broken relationship by extending a hand of friendship. This is easier done when the offender asks for forgiveness. In the story of Jesus, the offended takes the initiative and seeks reconciliation. This is not human. This is divine. Hence, it is important to remember that forgiveness is not granted because a person deserves to be forgiven. Instead, it is an act of love, mercy, and grace.

In this Jubilee Year of Mercy, let us see Jesus on the Cross, blood dripping down and ask ourselves, did we deserve to be forgiven or it was his free gift of mercy to us, a gratuitous act of love? “Father,

forgive them for they do not know what they are doing” (Luke 23:34). This reminds us of Saint John Paul II when he was shot by Mahacmet Ali Agec. Reflecting in this year of mercy, let us ask ourselves this question, was Mahacmet a deserving candidate for forgiveness and mercy? Brothers and sisters, it was John Paul II’s free gift of forgiveness, an act of love, mercy and grace. Having done that, one might still say, “O, it is difficult to forgive!” “Difficult?” Yes, but not “impossible!” As long as we hold on to the hurt and the pain, we are choosing to allow that person’s past actions to continue hurting us. We can also choose to stop them hurt us by forgiving.

How often, my friends, do we repeat these words “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us” (Cf. Mat 6:12)? When we say the Rosary daily, we say it 6 times plus once during Mass; for the priests and religious, they say it 9 times a day. Are we not asking God to treat us the same way we treat other people? Do we really forgive others? If we do not forgive others, we will not be forgiven also. Is it not that the condition for the forgiveness of our sins is that we, ourselves, forgive others so that we may be forgiven? In forgiveness of the other, we set ourselves free and we experience healing.

We often know the importance of forgiveness, but often do not know how to forgive. Here in Zimbabwe, the bishops in their pastoral letter on national healing and reconciliation acknowledged that we have hurt each other in many varied ways. Hence we would need forgiveness for those who are hurt and the ones who caused that suffering so as to bring healing. They believe that those who have hurt others should take the initiative and acknowledge their deeds. Without that there is going to be no genuine forgiveness and healing. For the bishops, forgiveness does not mean that you submit to injustice or let people walk all over you or that you do not stand up for your rights. Nor does it mean that forgiveness should be all one sided. The person who has caused the hurt should help bring forgiveness into being by saying, “I am sorry, I should not have done that, and forgive me”. If others can forgive why not me and you? If one of our friends, colleagues, mates

or a family member is wronged or hurt, we are also affected; probably because of our human nature. However, we note that we often tend not to forgive the culprit even though the one directly hurt or wronged has forgiven the offender. Let us draw a lesson from the merciful Christ himself.

Let us acknowledge that at the root of every human relationship is the need for forgiveness. Why? Because it cleanses the soul and clears the conscience. Please note here that the impact is on the one who is not able to forgive, and not the aggressor. Moreover, lack of forgiveness kills us; we get stressed, destructed, discouraged, demoralized, fall ill and resultantly die. We can die young because we cannot forgive.

From Jesus’ words, “Forgive them, Father” we learn that forgiveness is possible. It only happens when we have asked for the grace to do so. As St Alphonus would say, “Ask for the grace to pray so as to have other graces necessary.” Through prayer God will strengthen us like what he did to Jesus. We should foster meditation looking at the Cross itself, to truly see the power of forgiveness of God through his Son and the meaning of it. After having done that, one will now be prepared to sacrifice one’s rights following the example of Christ on the Cross, who sacrificed his rights by praying for his executioners. It means one will be ready to create a new relationship. What is past cannot be literally undone. Thus, you might not forget but the future is open and it liberates the soul. All that is required is that we make the decision to move forward, to let go of the old hurts. We do not have to invite the person back into our lives or even be friendly with them, but just to forgive them from our hearts.

As we receive limitless forgiveness in this year of mercy, so we should also be completely generous in our own capacity to forgive, and be merciful like the Father and the Son despite the cost. To all whom much has been given, much is expected.





# Mon Manteau Selon Ma Taille.

J'ai une réflexion à vous proposer. Elle est fondée sur mon expérience personnelle, et je ne fais rien que m'en souvenir. Je trouve des tas de réponses aux énigmes qui assaillent les sociétés humaines. J'ai rencontré un garçon, sans doute, très intelligent parce qu'il avait une capacité intellectuelle particulière, que personne ne pouvait espérer d'un enfant de son âge. Il a résolu des équations mathématiques ; il maîtrisait la conjugaison et la grammaire anglaises; et il connaissait les principes de la chimie, de la physique et de toutes les sciences humaines.

J'ai rencontré un autre garçon qui avait l'art de manier ses doigts. Il avait l'habitude de dire, en faisant allusion aux inventions techniques que « si c'est un homme qui l'a fabriqué, alors je peux le réparer ». Nous lui apportions tous nos postes radios en panne et autres gadgets électroniques défectueux pour la réparation. J'ai finalement rencontré un troisième garçon qui se montrait toujours invincible dans les activités physiques et sportives. Nous n'arrivions pas à le battre dans les activités telles que l'agriculture, la construction, le volleyball, le football, la danse pour ne citer que ces cas.

Ma réflexion à propos des talents individuels de ces trois garçons a grandi en importance après que tous les trois m'eurent raconté leurs expériences respectives lors d'un entretien très ouvert et enrichissant. Leurs expériences peuvent être illustrées à travers la bande dessinée au-dessous.

Leurs expériences m'ont fait penser à la célèbre citation d'Albert Einstein qui affirme que « Tout le monde est un génie ; mais si vous jugez un poisson sur sa capacité à grimper sur un arbre, il va vivre sa vie entière à croire qu'il est stupide ».

Dans notre propre contexte et selon la conjecture actuelle, la société a érigé une hiérarchie de valeurs et a privilégié l'éducation formelle considérée comme base pour l'intelligence et la puissance du cerveau. Malheureusement, les enfants se retrouvent égarés dans ces paradigmes éducatifs d'autant plus de tels paradigmes s'adonnent à la louange des enfants dotés d'une compétence intellectuelle plutôt que ceux dotés d'une dextérité remarquable pour les activités manuelles.

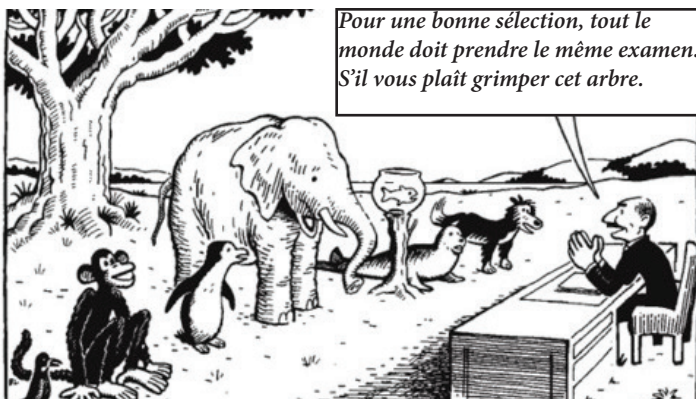
Je tiens à étayer ma réflexion en faisant allusion à la pensée de Jean Piaget, le chercheur en développement humain et en épistémologie génétique. Il insiste sur la nécessité pour la société de réaliser que chaque enfant exploite et construit ses idées sur la base d'une connaissance déjà acquise. Par conséquent, chaque enfant doit être considéré et traité comme un apprenant, capable de créativité et d'innovation. Cela me permet d'établir le lien avec le récit raconté ci-dessus en ce sens que la société contraint tout le monde à enfile un modèle unique et singulier de manteau qui ne correspond pas nécessairement à la taille de tous. Pourtant, les décisions vitales sont faites sur la base de tels préjugés.

typique de sa société (...), mais pour moi et quelqu'un d'autre, éduquer signifie faire des inventeurs, des innovateurs, et non conformistes ». La pensée de Piaget a une grande importance pour notre société, parce qu'elle met en relief la nécessité, pour les enfants d'apprendre différemment et par étapes en fonction de leur capacité et de leur agilité. Il déclare qu'il n'est pas suffisant que la société soit consciente de cette exigence, il faut surtout qu'elle s'assure que les enfants reçoivent l'aide nécessaire comme ils passent par plusieurs stades de développement de la vie.

En somme, l'équité au sein de notre société et termes d'éducation n'a de sens que s'il y a un effort concret et visible à traiter et juger les gens en fonction de leurs potentialités. Cela implique qu'une grande attention soit accordée aux différents stades de développement humain.



By Vincent Sylvester Wada, SJ



P i a g e t affirme que « l'éducation, pour la plupart des gens, consiste à guider l'enfant de manière à ce qu'il ressemble à l'adulte



## Sayings of Our Elders

*A patient that can swallow food makes the nurse doubtful.*

~  
Malagasy Proverb





Photo Splash







Photo Splash



The ARRUPE INSIDER team would like to thank all those who contributed articles for this edition and invites more contributions from all members of Arrupe College for the upcoming edition.

The articles may include:

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