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Arrupe Insider

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Editorial: A special Edition!

The month of October was a special month. Lots of events occurred to the extent that it became impossible to chronicle and share all of them in these few pages. Yet, some experiences appeared compelling, such that to leave them out would render this edition inadequate. Besides the month of May, the Catholic Church dedicates the month of October as a month of the rosary, but both entail honor and devotion to Mary our Holy Mother and the Mother of God. As staunch Catholics, Arrupeans were not left behind in this celebration of Mary, our beloved and ever-guiding Mom. In addition, she is also celebrated on specific days throughout the year. These include the 15th of September, on our Lady of Sorrows. Indeed, Mary experienced good and hard moments during her lifetime. Thus, as we prepare to remember our beloved ones who have departed before us, we take this opportunity to beseech her intercession, that our dearly departed may find mercy before God and enjoy eternal bliss in God's kingdom. In fact, in this edition, we share such experiences of honor, remembering and praying for some of our beloved ones. This month of the rosary was a happenstance with the Jubilee Year of Mercy. The Arrupe Jesuit community marked this with a pilgrimage to the Holy Door of Mercy at Chishawasha Mission, with regard to the request from Pope Francis.





This month also featured special sporting activities that included both Arrupeans and non-Arrupeans; Jesuits and other Religious congregations for the annual Arrupe Mini-marathon and friendly games. Actually these are not the only experiences which make Arrupe College lovable and inspiring. Arrupe College continues to blossom; allowing her members to discover their potentials, and the College opens the doors of unimagined possibilities for her members. This happens not only through philosophical and humanistic activities offered by the college, but also through the integration of the personal, spiritual and social life. This edition is evident of the fact that the various experiences and formation within and outside Arrupe College help to galvanize the integral formation of Arrupeans.

Dear reader, if other editions of Arrupe Insider have not interested you, this edition definitely will. This is indeed a special edition capturing the diverse experiences of Arrupeans. Let the sharings contained in this edition, including the laughter, flow into and transform our daily experiences.

Many thanks to those who have contributed their best in producing this edition through articles, poems and suggestions. For those who are celebrating their birthdays this month, we wish you a happy birthday, and may the Lord make you His prompt and pleasing servants forever.

Emmanuel Ndorimana, SJ.

In this month of November we celebrate the birthday of ...

António Manuel Eusebio 3 November

Mr Zangairai 3 November

Mr. Charles Chinotsva 9 November

Kezanutima JMV 12 November

Lotanna Francis Obiezu 13 November

Mr. Anthony Topodzi 15 November

Ugochukwu Chinonso 16 November

Kunze Tinashe 18 November

Esenther Keith 18 November

Mr. Innocent Mabaya 27 November

HUMAN FACE OF DIVINE COMPASSION

It was in the early hours of the morning of Saturday 22nd October 2016, when the sun was still waking up from her slumber, to dispel the darkness of the night, and illumine her light on living beings, plants and animals alike, that we set out on a pilgrimage like the ancient father of faith, Abraham, to Chishawasa. The Extraordinary Jubilee of Mercy necessitated this journey of spiritual significance.

A jubilee is from the Latin, *jubilaeus*, meaning, joy, celebration, happiness, feasts. It is connected to the Hebrew, *yohbel*, which means the horn of a ram which is used as a trumpet to announce the beginning of special celebrations. In the Old Testament, precisely in Leviticus 25:8-17, 23-25, jubilees are special moments of celebration, healing wounds, bush fallow, and most importantly, reconciliation, with God and one another. Jesus Christ continued this practice in the New Testament, when he declared at the beginning of his ministry that the spirit of the Lord is upon him "...to preach the Good News, set prisoners free, and declare the Lord's

year of favour"(Luke 4:16-21). While the old jubilee freed slaves, Christ freed us from sin, death, and evil. The church, under Pope Boniface VIII, adopted this tradition of jubilees in the fourteenth century. Later, Pope Paul II in the fifteenth century made it celebratory every twenty-five years.

Why a jubilee now? What is special about this time? Why is this year's jubilee called extraordinary Jubilee of mercy? The urgency of a jubilee now is to heal wounds, "a time to be weary of meeting all those who are waiting to see and touch with their hands the signs of the closeness of God, a time to offer everyone, everyone the way of forgiveness and reconciliation," a time to set mercy in motion, to celebrate mercy, but most importantly, to experience and live out mercy in daily living. An Extraordinary Jubilee year is usually convoked every 25 years. Pope Saint John Paul II called an extraordinary Jubilee of Redemption in 1983. The Church, during Holy Years and Jubilees, seeks to emphasize one of her more profound characteristics, to make it visible

for all to understand. " We are used to bad news about others, ourselves and the world. For Pope Francis, the characteristic of this year's Extraordinary Jubilee which spans from December 8, 2015 to November 20, 2016, is mercy and the inexhaustible capacity to welcome and forgive all men and women in need of pardon whether alive or dead. It is a response to the world's needs for a "revolution of tenderness" from which justice and all the rest derives. The Pontiff invites the entire Catholic church to redefine, reconstruct, and refashion itself not as a place of judgment or condemnation but of pardon and merciful love because the church's "very credibility is seen in how she shows merciful and compassionate love." The Church, that is, each of us, is invited to follow the example of Jesus who comes to reconcile sinners, search out the lost sheep, heal the sick, free prisoners, and declare the Lord's year of favour. Consequently, he reveals the authentic face of God, a Father "rich in mercy". On these special occasions the Church...

makes it easier for the faithful to do penance and experience reconciliation - His mercy is from generation to generation on those who fear him (Lk 1:50).

Traditionally, three main signs or (and) symbols have been associated with jubilees: pilgrimage, the holy door, and indulgence.

Pilgrimage: We proceed from a mystery, God, in whom we live and move and exist, and to God. Along this journey, Jesus Christ our brother and the face of the Father accompanies us as the “way without which there is no going, as the truth without which there is no knowing, as the life without which there is no living,” and as the light without which there is no vision. This pilgrimage is a journey of walking with God and discovering moments of grace and spiritual renewal because the credibility, or the authenticity of our Christianity is the mercy and compassionate love we show others.

The Holy Door: On Sunday Dec 13th, five days after the opening of the Jubilee, every diocese

around the world was supposed to open a Holy door either in the local cathedral or other churches of particular relevance, e.g. a

three main signs or (and) symbols have been associated with jubilees: pilgrimage, the holy door, and indulgence.

Marian Shrine. Christ is the Door through which we must enter if we are to go to the House of God. The first of such doors was opened by Pope Francis himself in the cathedral of Bangui, the capital of the Central African Republic, during his last visit. At Chishawasha, we travelled through the symbolic but realistically significant door, “a Door of Mercy through which anyone who enters will experience the love of God who consoles, pardons, and instills hope.” These doors are symbols of God’s mercy, opened to welcome everyone into the compassion of God’s love that Christ proclaimed. Actually, rather than entering the door of mercy, it is the door that enters us. However, Christ, standing at the door of our hearts has

Marian Shrine. Christ is the Door through which we must enter if we are



not stopped knocking like a friend who visits his friend at night for a piece of bread. We possess the grip on the handle of this door; we may turn it, clockwise or anti-clockwise to open it, or we may never turn it open to Jesus.

The indulgence (*plenary: complete remission of all temporal punishment due to sin*). Although indulgence was abused in the past, “reconciliation with God does not mean that there are no enduring consequence of sin from which we must be purified. It is precisely in this context that the indulgence becomes important, since it is an expression of the total gift of mercy from God. With the indulgence,

the repentant sinner receives a remission of the temporal punishment due for the sins already forgiven as regards the fault". Conditions for plenary indulgence:

- * *have the interior disposition of complete detachment from sin, even venial sin;*
- * *have sacramentally confessed their sins;*
- * *receive the Holy Eucharist*
- * *pray for the pope's intention*

We can live out the Extraordinary Jubilee Year of mercy in fourteen ways through the corporal and spiritual works of mercy respectively. By these acts we can become divine face of human compassion to men and women in the world today.

Corporal Works of Mercy

By these acts, we respond to the physical needs of others:

- Feed the hungry*
- Give drink to the thirst*
- Visit the sick*
- Shelter the homeless*
- Clothe the naked*
- Visit the imprisoned*
- Bury the dead*

Spiritual Works of Mercy

By these acts, we respond to the emotional needs of others:

- Instruct the ignorant*
- Counsel the doubtful*
- Admonish the sinner*
- Comfort the sorrowful*
- Forgive injuries*
- Bear wrongs patient*
- Praying for the living and the dead.*

PRAYER FOR GENEROUSITY

*Lord, teach me to be generous,
to serve you as you deserve,
to give and not to count the cost,
to fight and not to heed the wounds,
to toil and not to seek for rest,
to labour and not to look for any reward,
save that of knowing that I do your holy will.*



James Ocholi, S.J.

Devotion to Our Blessed Mother Mary and the Rosary

The tradition and special devotion of honoring Mary during the month of October has early roots. October 7 is the feast of Our Lady of the Rosary. The Church chose this day and, apparently by extension, the month of October to honor Our Lady of the Rosary because a great victory took place on October 7, 1571. On this day, the Church in Europe faced a seemingly hopeless challenge. The Muslim Turks had already conquered the Middle East, slaughtering millions and forcing the survivors to convert to Islam.

Pope Pius V called on the Christian princes of Europe to rally to defeat the Islamic threat by undertaking special processions and public recitation of the Rosary. The Pope called on the Christians to ask for the intercession of the Blessed Mother. As Christians all over Europe prayed for Our Lady's intercession, Europe was saved. Pope Pius established an annual commemoration to honor Our Lady of Victory, and his successor, Gregory XIII, decreed that the first Sunday in October be the feast of the Holy Rosary. The decision to designate October as the month of the Rosary apparently stems from the Church's desire to extend its thanksgiving to Our Lady for victory in the Battle of Lepanto.

Pope John Paul II in his encyclical "Rosary of the Virgin Mary" mentions that: "the practice of the Rosary [...] represents a most effective means of fostering among the faithful that commitment to the contemplation of the Christian mystery which I have proposed in the Apostolic Letter *Novo Millennio Ineunte* as a genuine 'training in holiness': 'What is needed is a Christian life

distinguished above all in the art of prayer'. Inasmuch as contemporary culture, even amid so many indications to the contrary, has witnessed the flowering of a new call for spirituality, due also to the influence of other religions, it is more urgent than ever that our Christian communities should become 'genuine schools of prayer'. The Rosary belongs among the finest and most praiseworthy traditions of Christian contemplation".

Catholics pray rosary as meditation and contemplation. The rosary is a vocal prayer. When prayed meditatively, the rosary benefits anyone at any stage of the spiritual life either as a beginner or advanced. The "Catechism of the Catholic Church" states that, "Meditation engages thought, imagination, emotion, and desire. This mobilization of faculties is necessary in order to deepen our convictions of faith, prompt the conversion of our heart, and strengthen our will to follow Christ". Christian prayer tries above all to meditate on the mysteries of Christ, as in *lectio divina* or the rosary. This form of prayerful reflection is of great value, but Christian prayer should go further to the knowledge of the love of the Lord Jesus.

Some very interesting examples that happened with regards the rosary, is the appearing of Blessed Mother in St. Anthony Church at Fatima to Jacinta. Jacinta is one of the Fatima seers and the Blessed Mother taught Jacinta how to meditate on the mysteries of the rosary by showing her 15 tables of the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries. Praying the decades of Hail Mary's contained in the rosary does not necessarily mean focusing on the

meaning of each word of each prayer. Rather, it is more about reflecting deeply on the mystery for that decade. The rosary is a prayer of the gospels as well. The rosary is a prayer highly recommended by the Blessed Mother herself as well as Popes and Saints.

In sum, prayer is a way to help us get in touch with God and to develop a relationship with him. In and through prayer, we are transformed more into the people we are meant to be. When we praise the Blessed Mary, mother of Jesus, we give honor to God, for Mary is totally and exclusively God's handiwork.



Magaya Ngonidzashe

St Peters Kubatana – Youth Ministry

“....I came so that they may have life and life to the fullest.” John 10:10

After assuming my apostolate at St Peters Kubatana high school my thursdays have changed. I find myself experiencing that zeal of always joining the children in Highfield neighborhood. The children come from different backgrounds especially some poor, noisy and violent homes. The apostolate consists mainly in ministering to a group of catholic and non-Catholic students who wish to be generous in the service of their fellow brethren.

One of our Jesuit regents, Alex Dakamire SJ formed the group last year after realizing the need for increasing the impact of Catholicism at the school. St Peter's Kubatana boasts of more than a 1000 students but with a few Catholics. The need of having a small group of students that we can empower to reach out to fellow students, made us think of having this group.

In their small numbers of about 20 or more we meet every Thursday to discuss more of the social issues that affect them as students. The issues are not confined to religious matters of faith per say, but, includes several aspects of their lives namely: at school, in their communities and in their homes. With their enthusiasm, I always find myself keen to go and experience the call of God and guide these students as they make their leaps of faith.

The process is not just about them learning from me but it is reciprocal. We discover more of who Jesus Christ is to us. It is a mutual exchange and makes me realize the value of my vocation . I help them understand life and try to answer their questions. During the meetings we have songs,

prayers, inputs and personal sharings. In these simple meetings though profound we touch the core issues and realize our growth in faith.

Also, we have touched on the knowledge of each other especially our weaknesses, strengths and potentials. We want to experience the graces that we receive by putting them into action so as to experience the love of Christ.

I hold the belief that as we continually give ourselves to others the more we notice who we are and what we are capable of doing. I tell the kids that, "you are young people for others reach out to your friends and show them the Merciful Love of Christ". With this instruction, I even further remind them to first know each other in the group, to trust and encourage one another.

In this small group, we do not merely meet but we also encourage each other to recognize our gifts and bring them on board for the help of others. Hence we have a session of introductions held in a

friendly atmosphere. I realized that the students come from different backgrounds and some are still gulped with fear. We try to help each other to have the courage of standing in front of people and expressing oneself to others. They are helped in their quest to reach out to people by gaining confidence through the exercise of presentations.

As I said earlier, it is not all about them receiving. Facilitating the meetings, I find myself learning patience, humility and that zeal to work for Christ. In the way they dispose themselves and reach out to others, I am inspired and want always to work with kids. They are seeds that need to be nurtured and fires that need to be continuously rekindled. I am humbled to work in their midst. We always remind each other of the beauty of our lives and the purpose of it. As they make their steps and become advocates in the Catholic faith, the future is bright. We hope to continue in this spirit and reach out more effectively to the community while interacting with other Catholic schools.

Prosper Tubulo SJ



A group of students of saint Peters Kubatana

Transition from the novitiate to Arrupe College.



There are certain experiences in our lives that we cannot fully express in words, or in a single-handed article. In such situation, the only thing that we can do is to try as much as we can to find out another language that we could use to communicate and share what lies deep within our hearts. My experience is not just a mere and an isolated resume, but it appears mostly as a story of our adventure from the novitiate to Arrupe College.

Seventeen young men entered the novitiate to walk through the path of Jesus Christ three years ago. The most amazing thing is that none of us believed that he could be admitted to the Society of Jesus in which our approval was a source of extreme excitement. This admission came as a dream to us since we were many candidates. We came from Burkina Faso, Cameroon, Congo-Brazzaville, Democratic Republic of Congo, Guinea-Conakry, Central African Republic and Togo. Despite being admitted to this

'highly regarded' Religious Order, we could not remain insensible to the inward tears and sorrows of our beloved relatives. I still bear in mind the striking image of the mother of one of our companions. She was literally weeping when she saw us leaving the bus station for the novitiate. She thought that she would not see her son anymore. Nonetheless, no one could have changed the situation for God had already made a choice. Fifteen of us successfully finished the novitiate of which Akakpo and I left the novitiate after twenty-two months. We left before taking vows for family visit followed by coming to Arrupe College in Harare, Zimbabwe for our new mission.

The family experiment was quite interesting. In fact, it was time for reunion with our family members whom we had not seen for almost two years. Our holiday lasted for two weeks after which we settled for the new mission toward the end of June. The first challenge we got upon arrival was the cold weather. West Africa does not have such cold weather conditions. It has a warm atmosphere with frequent showers in most cases. The second challenge was the language. Coming from French speaking countries, we found it quite difficult to comprehend the English accent of our companions who hailed from different English speaking countries; for example, Nigerians have different accent compared to Zimbabweans. However, since we are called to be men in the frontiers, we took this challenge as our periphery with much hope that we shall easily overcome it.

The Hindu talk about the *ying* and the *yang*, the equilibria of good and evil. I can paraphrase and say that the equilibria of goods and challenges respectively. In fact, we met very good companions from different countries after we arrived in Harare, and they helped us not only to feel at home but also to be at home. The first week was the orientation week which was made perfect through the service of these companions. In addition, English lectures by Fr. Esenther, SJ and the late Dr. Nyandoro, *Gogo* made the subsequent weeks more interesting. These two incredible lecturers improved our writing and communication skills. Unfortunately, we lost Gogo on 13th September (RIP) which became my third challenge at Arrupe.

Since we had not completed two years of novitiate,

we were living as scholastics in waiting until we took our vows. On 03rd September 2016, Akakpo and I were approved for vows which we joyfully pronounced exactly a week later. It was a very beautiful experience which words cannot fully describe. All we can say is that we are very grateful to the whole Arrupe community for supporting us in this experience.

After three months at Arrupe, I can say that Arrupe is a very interesting college although it immerses us in assignments. However, I did not expect less from a college which is aiming *Magis* as Saint Ignatius would tell us. May the Lord help us, all Arrupeans to serve him through our studies; and may the Virgin Mary intercede for us.

Tassi Yves, SJ

My experience at Arrupe College



As I enrolled for a Masters Degree in Philosophy Program, on 27th August 2015, I imply had no real idea on what the College stands for and what staff it teaches. As I am nearing the end of my studies, I now look back with a sense of satisfaction as mine was indeed not a waste of time. Rather, time moved as fast as I yearned for more.

Arrupe College is a place I would have wanted to spend more of my time at owing to its excellent academic environment. The most striking thing for me is the well-equipped library which I had not seen anywhere in Zimbabwe and an accompanying team of dedicated lecturers at the College. As students we were indeed made to feel at home at

Arrupe as we sought to advance our knowledge in humanities and philosophy. The idea of acquiring more and more knowledge has always been at the centre of my heart and Arrupe could not have been more appropriate.

The experience at Arrupe has been enriched by my background, not only as a senior police officer but also as someone bred deep in the rural areas where beliefs, traditions, customs and practices hold sway for the majority Zimbabweans. More often there are traditions and practices foisted upon us by elders - to swallow without questioning, to an extent that our knowledge is sometimes stagnated. At Arrupe, the subject of beliefs, customs and traditions was well covered and I now know that nothing is cast in concrete and we can certainly move forward where necessary and where possible.

As a senior police officer, I have vastly been improved as a state operator. I am more aware of what it means to be in authority and how authority should be exercised for the benefit of the greater number of people. Indeed the state exists to serve the people and not the other way round. The virtues of justice, love, peace and harmony are not only taught at Arrupe but you can witness them being practiced by students and lecturers alike. Without justice our societies are rotten. Without no cause for existing. Without peace we are like savages, and without unity and single-mindedness there is no progress and development especially on our beloved continent Africa.

The decision by Arrupe to allow lay students and lecturers could not have been more appropriate and timely. I have been accorded an opportunity as one of the lay people to mingle with the clergy folks and the interaction has vastly improved my knowledge, especially of God. We certainly all need God in our lives so that we discharge our responsibilities dutifully and honorably. Religion is a field where one may never exhaust learning. I now have an improved view

I am more aware of what it means to be in authority and how authority should be exercised for the benefit of the greater number of people.

of my God especially the fact that whenever you encounter a fellow human being you have encountered your God. When you see another person, you have seen yourself and we cannot love the God we have not seen if we cannot love the person we see every day. Indeed there is a God above us, a God among us and a God within us.

I certainly must confess that I used to have improper perceptions about other nationalities. Arrupe has done nothing except to totally erase this wrong mentality from my mind. The students from such other nationalities are real performers and committed to almost everything they do, no wonder we are always outsmarted. At the end of the day I saw an African continent richly endowed with intellectual capacity, and it's certainly a matter of time before the continent begins to shine once more. The opportunities for growth and development are certainly beckoning.

Time keeping and management is indeed one thing I have been made to honor and respect. I have learnt to get more organized, especially with my time. Time waits for no man and indeed time is money! I realized time could be as important as any other resource and if you do not organize yourself properly, you will have endless headaches. You just have to listen to the advice by College authorities and lecturers or else you will fail. There is a tendency to want to know everything and to read every book available on the shelf. It is just not possible. On a personal note, I have come to conclude that what the devil is mostly stealing from the Africans is time rather than anything else. Unless and until we learn

to do things timeously, our journey to development and progress shall not be that easy. No time should be spent fighting useless wars. No time should be spent to advance personal egos, and no time should be spent hating others and pulling them down.

It is with sadness that I note I am now in the last phase of my studies. The time at Arrupe has been worth it. I advise fellow students to shoulder on and listen to the authorities. Enjoy yourselves whilst at the College! I personally feel half-baked but I have to complete my studies within the period allowed by my organization.

Innocent Matibiri.

Academic Life at Arrupe



I go with the name, Wanjiku Ngugi; currently an MA student at Arrupe College. My academic life can best be described from the following anecdote: Some students took a philosophy exam which asked, “What is Courage?” The exam paper had many blank pages to this question. Many students wrote many theories concerning the question but one student answered the question just in two words, “... THIS IS”. Surprisingly, he got a distinction for his answer. This is how I can describe my Academic life at Arrupe College.

Studying at Arrupe not only requires courage but also a treacherous mind to fulfill your journey. It involves sacrificing your nights to research on impossible answers in the world of form and beat the due date on time. Exams do not spare anyone for

it is the time that you find yourself answering what you are the only one who seems to 'understand' what you are writing. This is not to scare any innocent soul but only confessing my experience.

I would like to express my academic journey at Arrupe in four ways, these include, personal development, skills development, challenges, and benefits.

Personal development: When I received the email to do MA in philosophy, I asked myself whether this was another test in my life because I did not know what this could entail. Surprisingly, I have gained a holistic development during my studies at Arrupe both spiritually, academically and socially. Close relationship with God has become immanent, my critical thinking has been fine-tuned and relationship with others has been amazing.

Above all, critical thinking has been the apex of my academic life. Lecturers ensure that you achieve the best from their work and proper arguments in essays show a sense of my personal development academically. Ignatian Spirituality exercised on campus has reminded me of constant prayer; and social nature of Arrupe college has enhanced an open mind within me to be able to criticize and be criticized.

Skills development: Studying Philosophy is like looking for a black cat in a dark room. Grasping philo-

sophical arguments is not all roses but interesting. Initially I wondered how English could sound like Greek in Epistemology Class. The problem with philosophy is that you may think that you are the only one in the dark and yet the whole class is in the dungeon of confusion. The most difficult thing to do in a Philosophy class is how to ask what you do not know how to begin asking. What have helped me in developing my skills in philosophy are group discussions and allowing people to edit my work. This has been my survival tactic besides reading widely even things

that seem incomprehensible. Academic seminars and book discussions have also developed my academic prowess over time.

Challenges: I have had a unique experience of attending the same class with my mother and brother at Arrupe. It raised tension within me imagining if I could be surpassed by my mother in grades. However, the consolation I have is that education has no limits and age does not matter under academic spectrum.

Other challenges comprise reporting to school on time, meeting the due dates, class presentations especially with lazy students. Moreover, as a Masters student, much is expected from me that made me study harder than I expected. This has been a great challenge but full of fun. One thing I have noticed with philosophy is that it can be interesting when you relate it with your area of interest.

What have helped me in developing my skills in philosophy are group discussions and allowing people to edit my work.

Benefits: I have profoundly benefited from Philosophy especially within the scope of my life. Ethics and Ethics of war have transformed me to a non-violent person even though I was not one before. Logic has sharpened my arguments, philosophy of language has shown me the significance of language; and epistemology has provided me with roots of how to know. More importantly, my study has enabled me to critically analyze matters that arise from my field of expertise, psychology. Issues discussed in psychology can be well handled by a

philosopher rather than a sociologist.

The Arrupe website anecdotes that highest standards are expected. This is not a joke! At Arrupe people work hard. We are expected to give back to the community what we have learnt from Arrupe and every alumnus can attest to this. Every philosophy learnt is relevant to the society and Arrupe College nullifies the claim of irrelevance of Philosophy in the contemporary society.

Wanjiku Ngugi.

A New Kind of Consistency



Transition or change, is one of the most constant things in life. For Jesuits, transition is very basic for us. Jesuits often change missions and make transitions. With respect to that aspect of our life, the transition from the novitiate to another mission is one transition every Jesuit has to make. For most of us in first year, we are making this transition. The process is often difficult for some because of the stark difference between where they are coming from, and the new environment.

Honestly speaking, the novitiate is another world of its own. The rules of the novitiate do not apply outside of it. Thus, for those of us transiting from the novitiate, the process takes its toll on us, new Jesuits and former novices. According to the Jesuit tradition, the role of the novitiate in the formation of Jesuits is irreplaceable and cannot be overemphasized. The novitiate is a place of spiritual formation and deepening of one's vocation. Little wonder the Church insists all religious orders and congregations have such a place.

It is in the novitiate that the core values, constitutions and life of the Society of Jesus are taught. It is the first stage of Jesuit formation where whosoever goes there enthusiastically, and is led by the fire of love for God and a zeal of service, discovers his real vocation. It is the duty of the Novice Master to guide the novice towards the path of self-discovery, and love for the Society's way of proceeding.

One of the major differences between the novitiate and Arrupe College, is the level of supervision. In the novitiate, the novice is almost always under constant supervision from the masters. Often times, life in the novitiate went in that way. Novices have to abide by the rules and regimented schedule of the novitiate. The case is rather different here at Arrupe College. Here, I am my schedule; I decide what to do, and when to do it. At this stage, the Society of Jesus expects that I have received a level of formation from the novitiate to enable me freely discern and take responsibility for my actions. The life here demands consistency, integrity, apostolic zeal and openness.

I have learned that our mission transcends going

out to meet and teach people among other ministries. In this phase of formation, the surrounding keeps reminding me of the importance of community life as one of the biggest missions I have. There is a connection between my life in the community and my studies. If one suffers, the other is affected. If one thrives, the other gains. Therefore, a fine balance is required; a balance between community, academic, apostolic and social life.

I have been at Arrupe College for just over two months, and I must confess that this place is very rigorous. The academic standard is quite high, and this ensures that students are always on their toes. This standard remains a major characteristic of Jesuit education. In a certain sense, I feel like my studies replaced the rigor and regimented schedule of my novice master. I dare to say that the pressure here is more than what I experienced in the novitiate. The stress and due-dates of papers are enough to keep one's mind constantly running. This creative tension requires consistency to manage it; a new kind of consistency different from that of the novitiate. However, one would ask, is this not what the novitiate has prepared me for -- A life of interiority, depth and finding joy in my mission, for the greater glory of God?

Manuel Eusébio António, SJ.

If I have always survived and found comfortability in my mother tongue and one official language, of what relevance is the language laboratory?



The above question maybe a question for some Arrupeans. This reflection centres on the relevance of learning other languages. Many people view the purpose of philosophy as a tool for critical reflection and love for wisdom. What then is the purpose of language? Perhaps language molds and gives meaning to philosophy. Of what value is philosophy without language? Maybe some of you are asking if it is not possible for deaf and dumb to be philosophers. Language acts as the medium of philosophy. Language embodies ideologies, thoughts, concepts, theories, notions, cultures and many other philosophical concepts. Therefore, language embodies philosophy.

Learning another person`s language does not only help one traverse borders, but also enrich one`s culture. Language galvanizes culture. Arrupe`s Language laboratory brings to Arrupeans, cultures of the world. The complementarity between language and culture, appended with a Language laboratory

challenges Arrupeans to cultural integration. This entails that being monoculture does not create sufficient base to influence the world or our societies. Those who influenced their polities and the world learnt other people`s cultures and transformed them.

Having your own language proves inefficiency in the global matrix. To fit in the global matrix, you need to understand the language of others. In global matrix, one should seek to understand than to be understood first. The interaction between understanding and being understood anchors on language. Perhaps new languages build one`s confidence and nurtures inter-cultural and global relations. This entails that language coupled with confidence are interdependent. A well fabricated interdependence makes it easy for one to claim a place in a global matrix.

Languages illuminate thinking and reasoning of a particular society. This entails that language acts as the pipeline for political, social and economic life of a society. This idea emanates from the thought that language is a medium for philosophy. Therefore, to understand the philosophy of politics, economics and social setups of a society, it is necessary to have a language. Perhaps such is the tool that the Language laboratory comes to equip Arrupeans. New languages bring an awareness of the world beyond our reach and experience. This awareness comes with noticing how different and similar

other societies are to ours. The noticing of similarities and differences embodies consciousness. This entails that new languages bring consciousness of the world beyond our polities.

Our era and world is faced with a challenge of dialogue. The lack of dialogue manifests on many different platforms. Some platforms include religious, political, cultural, economic and social. The eruption of violence, conflicts and wars are evident of a lack of dialogue. The vertebrate of language is not merely communicating, but understanding. Therefore, to seek dialogue, both parties need the medium of language. If other parties speak the other's language, then they have an advantage of understanding and convincing or persuading the other. Perhaps the idea behind studying philosophy is transforming the world through convincing or persuading others to see and do the good Arrupeans have encountered. Based on that, it follows then, that Arrupeans need new languages.

If language is an embodiment of culture, and if culture contributes to one's personality and lifestyle, then by learning new languages, people develop compound personalities and lifestyles. This precisely consolidates the idea of having an equipped Language laboratory at Arrupe College. Compound personality and complementary life style equip one in combating the contemporary challenges.

The construction of the Language laboratory comes not only as an academic catalyst, but also as a kiln that can mold or purify Arrupeans for the universal-

ty of humanity.

All the arguments that I have laid anchor on the advantages of learning new languages. The propensities of learning new languages should not primarily pivot on the fulcrum of finding comfortability in other societies, rather, they should balance on learning, understanding and fostering growth in universal humanity. My idea of the purpose of language hinges on cultural integration, consciousness of the external world, place value in the global matrix, formulate personality and lifestyle, create base for dialogue, help escalate the understanding of humanity and culminate on transforming our societies and the world.

Finally, if we are to influence the dynamics of politics, economics, social setups and the world, we need to learn new languages. We also need to learn ideologies and concepts in their language of originality so that we may give a precise and accurate interpretation. The idea of the importance of a Language laboratory is not to say with one or two languages only, you cannot influence the world. Rather, it is to acknowledge that new languages widen our spectrum. We also need language for evangelization. What would it be like if you added one or two more languages to the one you already speak?

John Kunda Sauti, S.J.

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A Competition or an Exhibition of Talents?

The interreligious tournament is one of the great events that one should not miss during his or her stay at Arrupe College. It is an event that brings various religious groups together to recreate and socialise in the Lord through sporting activities. Although the participants are people who are training to be part of the clergy in their various congregations and Churches, they also love sports and take them serious. They also find God even in sharing light moments with other people. It is in this spirit that the interreligious tournament is organised annually.

This year, people participated in soccer and volleyball competitions. The teams comprised the Mazowe Pre-seminary, the Redemptorists, the Anglicans, the Carmelites, the Chishawasha Philosophers, the Chishawasha Theologians and the Jesuits. The atmosphere was quite electrifying since everything was nothing other than Christian. Of the seven teams that competed in the beautiful game of soccer, three of them were made up of students from Arrupe College. For the Arrupeans, it was more of entertainment than competition. Nevertheless, Chishawasha Theologians were ruthless. They were determined to win the cup and they did not stop at anything. Even though the final was a delightful encounter to behold with entertaining football from both teams, the Theologians defeated the Carmelites by a single goal.

One would ask, what was the secret of Chishawasha Theologians? Some observers said that they played as a team and they avoided all forms

individualism in their game. They also had a good number of superb substitutes so they were able to rest and maintain the momentum. Other observers pointed to the fact that the arrival of philosophers at the Chishawasha Seminary has boosted their training sessions. They are now able to train like a proper football club because they now have many players. Many players mean that there will be competition as players will be fighting to be part of the team. This is different from other congregations who do not have an option but to field the available players.

Further information received from a reliable source revealed that the Chishawasha Theologians trained daily during the week prior to the day of the tournament. Accordingly, nature, which knows no corruption, decided to reward them for their tremendous effort. Those who followed the proceedings of the tournament meticulously admit that Chishawasha Theologians deserved to be victorious.

Parallel to what was happening in the fantastic world of soccer, were the volleyball games which had their own titillating titbits. The teams involved were the Chishawasha Theologians, the Mazowe Pre-seminarians, Wadzanai College, and the Jesuits. The Jesuits had gone with the intention of defending the volleyball trophy which they had been winning for the past two years. Winning this cup for the third time meant that they would retain the cup and assume ownership of it. However, the Chishawasha Theologians, who are the perennial fierce rivals of the Jesuits, were also vying for victory at all

costs. As we all know, 'people make plans but God decides'. The Jesuits won the day and lifted the trophy for the third and last time until another one is bought.

The renowned sports commentators remarked that the Jesuits won by a very small margin. This means that both teams played very well and displayed high standards of sportsmanship. It might interest you to know that these two teams are not really 'competitors', as the secular world understand this term. In fact, they are very good friends. They play a lot of friendly matches and the players know each other personally.

All the people who went to the tournament with a free spirit have learnt something valuable about life, sports, and most importantly their faith. Those who did not attend, you may want to make it a point that you attend next time and experience the beauty of the gathering first-hand. After all is said and done, the end point feeling, is of gratitude to God who blessed the day and made it gratifying, brilliant and remarkable.

Tinashe Kunze S.J



My Father: Ngugi wa Miiri



Ngugi wa Miiri

It is inevitable to erase memories of my father from my mind. He was a man of all seasons, for he knew how to associate with everyone in a unique way. In a family of five children, we are all indebted to the great support my father, Ngugi wa Miiri gave to us. As many outstanding parents would do to their children, my father was no exception. He was non-conventional; although we also had a great fun living under his arms. However, his casual character was unique given that he lived in a formal societal set up.

My father had an amazing character; he was humble but strict, culture conscious but open to change, and loving beyond expectation. He was a professional activist, an actor, a director of writers, a poet, a politician, and a lecturer. These qualities led him not to fit in a particular category. Every child had his/her own choice concerning my father's profession and we did not know which career best suited him.

He had a great passion for the extended family that he could send us home in Kenya every two years. He remained in exile until Moi's regime came to an end

in 2002; however, he still remained in Zimbabwe and managed to visit his native home in 2010. My father resettled in Zimbabwe due to oppressive regime that feared the intellectual challenge that political writers and activists addressed. I felt so sorry for my father whenever we could travel home without him, but he remained optimistic that he would one day get to see his people back in Kenya. I remember a situation when we were on a trip to Holland for the World Water conference via Kenya with my father in 2002. We had to put a Zimbabwean in the forefront to clear us at the immigration due to fear of my father being arrested by the Kenyan Government. In our two-day stay in Kenya, we shortly visited our home where we found people who were still hesitating to be in the company of my father.

My father was a great philanthropist that he made us belong to the extended family he created here in Zimbabwe; both with Zimbabweans and Kenyans. He set up a home in Murehwa and adopted the Shumba totem. His generous heart has made us to have many aunts and uncles in Zimbabwe who have propelled us to feel more at home.

As I said earlier, my father was culture conscious that he ensured that we were acquainted with our native language, Kikuyu. Besides, he also advised us to learn Shona and understand the culture. His main stand was, when in Rome, do as Romans do. As a political analyst, he always found our political argument logically unsound. On the other hand, as a father of girls, we tried to change his opinion on several chauvinistic practices among the Gikuyu.

My father encouraged us to read widely and write to an extent of involving me in a play entitled, *Wanji and the Rabbit*. His main point in this play was to transmit sexual awareness among young people especially in Zimbabwe. He also liked telling us to follow our dreams of which he not only made a family counselling project; but also extended it to every child who happened to get into our compound to play. He also let his door opened to many people, from his relatives to unknown strangers.

In academic performance, my father believed in excellence in which he could decline to sign reports with poor performance. He assessed both teachers and students since he had a great impression that a student's failure can also be contributed by poor teaching. This happened when my father would like to know the general performance of the whole class during consultation before making any value judgement on my performance. I could find a sigh of relief whenever my father accused the teacher for not teaching well the subject that I failed, especially mathematics which was not my cup of tea.

The most important thing that my father took keen interest in was defending the helpless. He taught us to emulate this virtue at all cost that we had to sacrifice our comfort for the good of others. My father always ensured that the underprivileged ought to be catered for in which he took part in supporting a small soccer club in Warren Park D. He always ex-

pected everyone to grow a responsible child in virtue and in deeds.

My father came from a very humble family since his father was a *Mzungu's* village chief. He never experienced the lavish life that most children have today but he grew under tough circumstance. He stressed that one who works hard will always achieve his/her goals in future.

In his humility, he approached every person with dignity and respect. He never looked down upon anyone because he believed on the importance of every person irrespective of the person's abilities or inabilities. This made me learn a very important feature from my father that, "one should blossom where they are planted". Being in exile did not drag his achievements but he continued with his duties here in Zimbabwe. However,

even though he left a short time after the end of President Moi's dictatorship, he once managed to travel freely back to Kenya. It is a great honour that I am his daughter and pray that his children will always be inspired by his legacy.

In conclusion, there is a saying that, 'in every successful man there is a woman'; hence, I would like to thank my mother Mrs. Margaret Wairimu Ngugi for the hard work she has played towards raising us.

*It is a great honour
that I am his
daughter and pray
that his children will
always be inspired by
his legacy.*



Wanjiku Ngugi

Inter-Religious Dialogue, a Possibility?

Religion, as one of the most important aspects of the human experience, remains a difficult aspect of life. Several studies have been carried out to find a universally acceptable definition of the concept. However, a universal acceptable definition continues to elude scholars. In the same manner, several religious movements in the world today stand difficult to completely understand. Some adherents of some religions have placed their own religion as the better, more advanced, and more appropriate religion.

Some of the adherents of these religions have created several expectations of what a world religion should comprise. However, questions that readily come to mind are: should the religious plurality in the world be something to celebrate or to resolve? Is inter-religious dialogue possible? Is the peaceful co-existence of various religions in the world possible? These were some of the questions that flooded our minds prior to our visit to the mosque at Avondale on Tuesday 9th September, 2016.

Kelvin Munkuli, Tracey Takavada, and John Turyakiira, under the auspices of Mr. Zangairai, our Religions of the World lecturer, were the masterminds behind the class trip to the mosque at Avondale. The Chief Imam of the mosque, along with several other faithfuls, warmly received us. The warm welcome made us comfortable to unload the burden of questions that troubled our minds. Interestingly, a team of Muslim youths had already gathered to give presentations on various Islamic teachings and beliefs. Some of these aspects of the Islamic religion included Muslim prayer preparation, the meaning of the *Hijab*, the place of Jesus and Mary in Islam, monotheism in Islam, prophet-hood, resurrection, and the negotiables and non-negotiables of Islam.

Undoubtedly, many of our students, including Nahum Osman and Ermano Lucas, had deep questions to ask. In confidence, this article reports that all questions were convincingly answered in an atmosphere of trust and openness. Some of our questions ranged from the place

of women in Islam to the ban on the consumption of certain foods. Inevitably, the question on the atrocities being committed in the world today in the name of Islam, as evident in the workings of ISIS, Boko Haram, and Al-Shabaab, arose. In response to this question, the Chief Imam, an Iranian, succinctly answered, "The major Jihad according to Muhammed is to go against one's interior desires, and not to infringe violence on other people".

The visit was crowned with a tour in the revered Islamic place of worship, the mosque. Our hosts lucidly explained how prayers are conducted inside and the unique way Muslims all across the globe pray facing east, the direction of Mecca where the *Ka'bah* (Kaaba) resides. The visit to the mosque has opened our eyes to understand that the religious plurality of our world should be celebrated as a unique aspect of the diversities of our human existence. It remains unfortunate that this celebration eludes many nations of the

world. Countries like Nigeria, Pakistan, and Iraq still suffer religious intolerance. On the other hand, nations like India, Tanzania, China, and D.R.C are among the world's most religious-tolerant nations.

The visit to the mosque also affirmed what our lecturer, Mr. Francis Zangairai, always stresses in class, "Religion should be studied *sui generis*, according to the testimony of the believers". Listening to young Muslims speak passionately about the core aspects of their religion was certainly a call to respect what Islam and all other religions of the world stand for. Indeed, the

Catholic Church, through the document *Nostra Aetate*- The Declaration of the Church on Relations to Non-Christian Religions- of the Second Vatican Council, recognizes that "truth" can be found in other religions. Consequently, all should engage in dialogue and collaboration with the followers of other religions, carried out with prudence and love. All should preserve and promote the good things, spiritual and moral, as well as the socio-cultural values found among other religions of the world (NA 4).

Whether Muslim or Buddhist, Christian or Confucian, African Traditional Practitioner or Taoist,

an element we all share is our common human experiences in this place we call home, or earth. Furthermore, we also share the same basic instincts for life, for love, for growth. If that is the case, why should our religious diversity be a problem? We should not be afraid to understand the faiths of others. We should readily rid ourselves of all notions of religious superiority and recognize that we are all one. Indeed, as one of the Muslim tutors told us, "Islam means submission to Allah or God, and if that is the case, are we not all the same, Muslims?"

Uchechukwu Oguike, SJ.



GLADIATORS, I SALUTE YOU!

by Reagan MacDavid Chengamali, SJ

It was a day we would all live to remember. It was a day that all talks and murmurings would cease. For there are times that we all like to talk but it is only when actions follow that we separate the sheep from the goats and hyenas from lions. People came from all walks of life, but most of them celibate. All for one cause but another was also very prompting. It was the magnificent Arrupe Marathon, and the theme was "Educating a girl child". When we saw the boxes carrying the prizes being ushered onto the *Grand Prix* podium, our hearts were on fire. I had only paid a dollar to participate and I knew my 83kg body would take me to the finish line but not as the winner, but as a man, for I promised to pass but a few in the race. My bet was on my two brothers, one Ethiopian and the other was Kenyan. We knew it was a fallacy of hasty generalization but let's be honest, who dare runs with a Kenyan or Ethiopian in the world?

Then came the prayer, Fr. Jerry Aman, a prophet, but only if the name he said was Tassi and not Tansi. He prayed for the best man to win and I clearly saw that no man was a religious at that point. It was *everyman for himself and God for us all*. "Gladiators I salute you!" I seemed to say to myself. As the gun shot in the air sending the birds scampering in all directions, so did the athletes. It was like Mexican bulls let loose. No one staggered on the other but the men and women ran like their lives were at stake. I could tell from the police men and women's faces a sigh of relief, they seemed to thank the heavens that these able men and women running were all good Christians and not thieves. Can you imagine

chasing Gobena or Ndorimana? Can you imagine chasing Tassi or the president of the students union, Cde Onyango? Or even the veteran Kizito? Let's not forget the so called legendary *Bushkido* (*bush-kid-oo*), the man from Mozambique by the name of Bernardo. I did not see Paul Hamill, I thought he would run and win, just to make sure we did not give away too much, if you know what I mean. But I saw a Nigerian man who crossed the equator to come and participate in this marathon seat down just a kilometre after the starting line with his *Hausa* accent cry, "*chineke oo! Baba God I am finished...*" This man was Etim Emmanuel.

The marathon was aimed at 8.36km. I was actually the one who mapped it out with some other gentlemen. To my surprise as we got to the turn that was supposed to mark the half way distance and usher us in the long road down to Arundel, the Police officer gave us a sign that the road was closed and we were to take another longer route. My heart was on fire. I felt like the sun was now frying me as I imagined vultures waiting for my fall to feast. I was not alone, next to me was a Karateka by the name of Prosper Utonga Tubulo, he knew his sensei was coming behind him. He had to finish before his master if he had any chance of getting a white belt, for his was a rare invisible belt. I imagined him running a marathon without prior practice but just straight from eating the renowned *sadza ne hobe* of Arrupe college the day before.

I began to pick up speed when I saw the dean. He had given us a test the day before and I was not sure whether leaving him behind would show that...

...I worked hard or he would penalise me for insubordination. Yet I passed him still. To my surprise, I saw a man I had left behind when my phone's running application told me 300meters completed, now ahead of me. This man was Lucas Paulus. I was aghast. Surely, I did not see him pass by me. When I got to the finish line after exactly one hour and five minutes, my phone recorded 11.63 km.

The saga had not ended there. I found earthquakes and active volcanoes erupting at the finish line. Some athletes were so generous with promoting the girl child education that they took a longer route. 14 km in all. The less generous like me took 11.63km and magicians took the normal 8.36 km. Only our ancestors know how this happened. I saw the president of the student's union exhausted after taking the 14 km, but he also looked as though he had lost his third term. *Bushkido* did not even sigh not even a bit, he was happy as Zacchaeus. I thought

I had seen him climb a tree when we started off only the wind knows when he got down.

Nevertheless, the Prophet, Fr. Aman, was happy that Tassi had won. However, from the look on his face he too looked aghast. He meant to intercede for Tansi but unfortunately the messenger misquoted him for Tassi.

We ate oranges and drunk water. Apples were available for those who liked them. They all were winners that day, even those who weighed 83 kg like me. The Kenyans and Ethiopians were still on the track, they must have taken a longer route for they thought it was the London marathon. So, my bet was wasted. It was a day well spent and participated and we now look forward to next year, when the gladiators shall return. Meanwhile we are back to working at the same pace.

Paparazzi did not spare us too, they gave us the best shots of the day

Before the Marathon



After the Marathon



Arrupe College in pictures... October/2016



The Living Will Jealous the Dead

The destruction of the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by American atomic bombs in August 1945, began an arms race between the United States of America (USA) and the Soviet Union. The arms race went on for many years. Owing to this race, countries like the U.S and Russia have spent resources that could have gone into job creation, construction of schools, hospitals and other social amenities. It is a fact that since 2007, the U.S has spent about \$500 billion on arms and military expansions. Russia also spends around \$50 billion on her military every year. All in the name of wanting to show who has the best military might and assert superiority over the other.

There is a certain edge that countries with nuclear potential in the world have over others that do not possess it. These countries tend to show-off their strength in a rather intimidating manner.

This is evident in the construction of nuclear apparatuses. When such a goal is achieved, it becomes easier to twist and turn the ankle of those developing countries who would not conform easily. A typical scenario could be the case between the U.S and Muammar Gadhafi. When Gadhafi refused to go into certain agreements or policies with the U.S and the West, he was threatened severally and bullied, until he was eventually taken out by a joint-military operation by the U.S and other Western forces.

Despite the signing of the Conventional Forces in Europe treaty of November 1990, there still exists

the thirst and longing to produce more weapons for destruction. There is widespread fear that humanity will not survive for long. A single reckless leader, or even a mistake or misunderstanding, could initiate the extinction of mankind. This is very true with the host of nuclear programs and the military contestation in the world. In 1945, under the Command of President Harry Truman, the then President and Commander in Chief of the U.S, an atomic bomb of about 12,500 tons was dropped on Japan to decimate a population of about 200,000 people.



That was an attack on humanity, and should be categorized as a crime against humanity. The rapid surrender of Japan afterwards certainly suggested that the U.S possessed the most decisive of weapons. Having created that superiority complex, the U.S does not want to have a competitor in the area of nuclear weapons. Indeed, there is reason to suspect that the real intention behind their use of the atomic bomb was not really to force the Japanese to surrender, but to send a warning to the Soviet Union not to dare prove to be a world superpower.

John Swift believes that “As part of long-term goals, the Americans would have wished to use Russia in the constructions of the post-war world” (History Today). However, a mind-blowing surprise was their portion. In 1949, the Russians became a nuclear power, and eventually the first country on earth to launch a man-made satellite into space in October 1957. This was a ground breaking discovery that shocked the U.S and her allies.

As an aid to American diplomacy, the possession of atomic weapons proved to be of little value, so the U.S went ahead to produce the Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles (ICBM), Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles (IRBM) and Submarine Launched Ballistic Missiles (SLBM). The Soviet leadership quickly realized their limitations. Therefore, the Russians are alert in case of any surprises. It is plausible that the Americans could use nuclear weapons in defense of Western Europe in the face of Russian invasion. The possibility is evident in the NATO (The North Atlantic Treaty Organization) expansions in all of Europe. Recently, Russia

has decried the ever increasing encroachment of NATO in the Black Sea.

These days, there are many countries that are afraid of becoming slaves to nuclear states. As a result, they have also started building their own nuclear weapons. Countries like North Korea, Pakistan, and Iran are determined to sit around the table of the nuclear superpowers. The big question

for African countries is: even if they do not have the capacity to build nuclear war-heads in their defense, have they explored scientifically, some better safety measures to save their people in the event of a nuclear attack? If that has not been

thought of, what do they say to those who have got the weapons?

In conclusion, it is time for African countries to come together and form a strong voice against nuclear contestation. Otherwise, those who will survive the unexpected attack of these destructive weapons will jealous those who are dead.

These days, there are many countries that are afraid of becoming slaves to nuclear states.

Kwame Owusu Ofori, SJ.



Missing Our Iroko

The tallest and strongest tree in our garden was uprooted right before our eyes.

We stood shocked, heartbroken, and devastated.

Where shall our nutrients come from now, we wondered.

From who's adventitious and buttress roots shall we tap living water from, we asked.

It seemed as though the sun had shifted her bright, warm gaze away from us.

Fear became our neighbors; hopelessness greeted us daily.

The dark, rich soil of our garden turned red and sticky.

As the great Gardener of our garden would have it, another tree grew from the red,
sticky soil.

This one grew stronger, taller, and even more beautiful than anyone ever thought.

Her branches shielded us, the little shrubs, from harsh weather.

She was dogged, selfless, and generous.

This new, strong tree, we called Mother; the finest anyone could have.

She has nourished and sustained us, her seedlings, for the past 20years.

Papa, our giant tree, as we look back 20years ago,

We cannot help but thank God, for the life you led, and how your sudden transition
turned us into hardworking and fearless people.

Today, we have been nourished so well by the tall tree you first nurtured.

Today, we have become life-givers and wounded healers.



Papa, we do miss you, but we are confident that we shall see you again.

Yes, we shall see you again in that great communion where hearts will meet hearts; friends will meet friends; wives will meet husbands; and children will meet parents.

Our Iroko, Theodore Oguike, continue to stand strong in the Lord, until our great meeting.

Theodore Oguike passed away on the 6th of October 1996. His wife, Angelina, and five sons fondly remember him.



Uchechukwu Oguike,

Poetry

Don't despise life!

*Despite tons toils, dare to spend a fugitive life,
Rather than willing a glad-life devoid of sense.
Venturing outlaying shortest and prettiest life,
Sooner than winning the one of worthlessness.
Love life! All time, nothing is better than life!*

*Exhausted by Evil one's torments in black night,
Scream at hankering hand of Good one's delight,
And turn on highly the light of mind in rightness
By opening a consciousness or leaving darkness.
Love life! All time, nothing is better than life!*

*Whereas the so-called respite from the crosswise
Arises the pain's rise contemplated in a night-time
Whereby all evils pass through with gloomy prise,
After all soreness a timeout comes in a wise-time.
Love life! All time, nothing is better than life!*

*Once a wild worrier world fries fully weeded life,
The Great-Soul frees the hated heart all the time;
And the wielded spirit flies easily in Rurema's life,
While a mad-mind cogitates on things in lifetime.
Love life! All time, nothing is better than life!*



Jean Claude Nsabimana, SJ

O Reagan ...When Shall you Be found?

Once upon a very short a very short time,

I discovered I was alone.

Found, yet still lost,

I decided to stay lost.

I walked a lonely winding road,

To a gate unknown,

When the voice of the woman I loved, called me.

Found, I began a new direction,

A pursuit to the green mountains,

Where all fountains are alert and the wind speaks so strong.

It was not the case,

I fell in the desert instead,

With no compass to hold.

I was lost, I was lost, but I didn't blame myself,

It felt like home.

But now the voice of the one I love calls me,

I can see for once it's clear,

But is it my home I cry to myself,

Oh Reagan ... O Reagan....

When shall you be found?

The poem is adopted from the work-in-progress book entitled "The Wonders of We" by Reagan MacDavid Chengamali

A LETTER TO RUMBI

My Dearest Rumbi,

How I have missed you! I am deeply sorry I have not replied your letters to me these past months. It is not that I have forgotten you; I cannot possibly do that considering the love we share. To tell you the truth, I have not been as busy as my silence has suggested. In fact, I have neither been enthusiastic nor hopeless these past months.

Remember I told you in the first letter I wrote you, how our College – Romero College, is truly African in nature. I told you of the diversity of the students and the staff, coming from different parts of Africa and beyond. My Love, the College is still international. In fact, I now have a classmate from one country in West Africa for the first time in the history of our dearest African College. I forgot to tell you how we exhibit our African cultures and diversity. We spend lots of our time arguing for the existence of an African philosophy, instead of actually reflecting critically on the common experiences of the people of our dear continent. Lest I forget, we pray a lot here. Our prayers involve songs in the different languages from the various parts of our continent. These gatherings, my Love, have gradually turned to shows, and the prayers, full of empty words. You see, we love ourselves so much that whenever we gather, we watch with delight, pictures of ourselves flowing endlessly on a projected screen.

“A faith that does justice”. You remember this slogan that is on all our lips and houses. Our Shepherds in this part of the world have always reminded us of this slogan. They have done this so well by enforcing unquestioning obedience to their authority; they are wary of our friends in the charismatic. These Shepherds are not interested in those burning issues we both discussed at our last outing – the separated, divorced and remarried, polygamy, the use of condoms, HIV/AIDS and that other issue that they call Clericalism. You know that Shepherd in Rome has been insisting “smelling

like the sheep'. But my Love, ours here are not only different from that Shepherd in Rome in the colour of their vestments, but also, in their smells.

I know you are wondering why I have not mentioned my friend, Tawonga. He is right now back home to bury his mother, who was killed by those young people who have been tagged – “extremists” and “fundamentalists”. He told me many of his friends and relatives have already fled, leaving behind their properties and are now staying in camps.

Talking about camps, you should see how those of us at this side, including our Shepherds, are members of one camp or another. The never-ending confrontations of these political and ethnic camps, clothed sometimes in the garb of religion, is something we all know but pay lip service to. As a response, our God-given Shepherds have called for greater spiritual devotions and pious activities. Like I told you earlier, we pray a lot here.

Oh, the bell has gone. It is time for prayer. You know I like prayer, but like you always remind me, “faith without work is dead”. I hope by the next time I write you, we, including our Shepherds would have started philosophizing – I mean, truly reflecting critically, on these burning issues. Of course, we would continue to pray, but I hope our faith and prayer will truly lead us to act, to justice.

I must go now, but as always, you are ever in my thoughts.

Your Sweetheart,

Omo.

By Emmanuel Ogwu, SJ



The ARRUIPE 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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