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# Arrupe Insider

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## Editorial: The Formation of Men and Women for Others!

As the Chinese say that “the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step”, the Society of Jesus emerged from one person and a peculiar place to the myriad of people all over the world. In fact, in this 476 years from its foundation, the Society of Jesus and its end have magnificently flourished. Like other Jesuit institutions, Arrupe College forms its members to be men and women for others. As Saint Ignatius of Loyola enjoined, Arrupeans find God in everything as they go where others could not go, and do what others could not do or find most difficult. This is evident in the different experiences of some Arrupeans, in addition to their Academic programs.

As we, Arrupeans, depend on the Society of Jesus, we reflect on its transition which lies in the election of a new leader, which occurred during the recently held 36<sup>th</sup> General Congregation. We acknowledge the success of the former General, Fr. Adolfo Nicolas SJ, while transmitting Ignatian legacy for the sake of the Church. Besides, we already find in the new General, Fr. Arturo Sosa SJ, the graces and capabilities that will help him make the Society of Jesus and the Church continuously blossom. As we do everything to participate in the building of the entire Church, we cannot take for granted any of her recommendations. With this in mind, we share how we experienced the Month of Souls and the End of the Year of Mercy which marked last month.

Arrupe Insider



Dear reader, we wish you to enjoy and treasure all the enriching experiences shared in this edition. Congratulations to those of us who have just completed their dissertations and programs at Arrupe College as well as those who wrote exams, and courage to those who still experience them—the marking staff. As we go for holidays, we pray that it be a restful time for all of us, so that, invigorated, we may undertake the second semester and work accordingly. For those who celebrate their birthdays during this month, we wish you happy birthdays and we pray that God may bless you with an endless growth in intelligence and in wisdom, in order to remain faithful to His will.

Finally, Arrupe Insider editorial team takes this opportunity to convey its wishes to all of you:



*"MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!"*

Ndorimana Emmanuel, SJ

*the Cultural Night...*



## *From Rome with Love: Some highlights from General Congregation (GC) 36*



In November of 1537, Ignatius of Loyola and some of his first group of companions were making their way from Venice to Rome. A few miles before getting to Rome, they decided to stop at a small chapel in the small town of La Storta. While praying there, Ignatius had a vision of God the Father, saying to God the Son—who was carrying his cross—“I want you to take this man [Ignatius] into your service!” And Ignatius also heard distinctly God the Father saying to him, Ignatius: “I will be propitious to you in Rome!” Though Ignatius and the first Jesuits encountered some difficulties in founding the nascent Society of Jesus in Rome, God was, indeed, always true to His words: God was *propitious*, favourable, to them in Rome. This foundational vision and grace of La Storta is also a grace that has been extended to the entire Jesuit Order over the centuries.

I have visited and prayed in this small chapel of La

Storta. Recently, for a period of six weeks, Rome was my “home.” From the 2<sup>nd</sup> of October till the 12<sup>th</sup> of November, 2016, I was privileged to participate and be an Elector at the 36<sup>th</sup> General Congregation (GC36) of the Society of Jesus. In the 476 years of the Jesuits, 30 of the 36 General Congregations have been called to elect the successor of St. Ignatius. The other six have been specifically “business” congregations, to deal with matters of monumental importance that affect the entire Society, but not to elect a Superior General.

The 42-days of GC36 were special and unique in many ways. Two specifically unprecedented events in our Jesuit history occurred at this congregation: For the first time, we elected a non-European, Fr. Arturo Sosa, as Superior General. And also for the first time, the only ever Jesuit Pope, Francis, came and addressed a General Congregation! There were other special moments of grace. I will highlight some of the ones that readily come to my mind.

In our Jesuit tradition, when our Superior General dies, it is the Master General of the Dominicans who presides at the funeral Mass. The story goes, however, that since Fr. General Adolfo Nicolás was still alive, but only resigning from his office, he did not want to deprive his Dominican counterpart the opportunity! So, Fr. Nicolás invited Fr. Bruno Cadore to preside and preach at the opening Eucharistic celebration of GC 36.” The audacity of the

improbable” that Fr. Cadoré called the Jesuits to in his homily, set us thinking as we began and entered into various deliberations of the congregation.

The entire congregation was, for me, not just a metaphorical but a real experience of being ONE, a real connection and bonding with the universal body and character of the Society of Jesus. There were 215 members of GC36, from 66 different countries and speaking 50 diverse languages! There was a wide range of varying apostolic backgrounds and life experiences.

In the morning of the first full day of the plenary session, 3<sup>rd</sup> October—the Feast of St. Francis Borgia, the 3<sup>rd</sup> Superior General of the Society—Fr. Adolfo Nicolás, in his characteristically brief, simple but very moving manner, tendered his resignation as the 30<sup>th</sup> Superior General of the Society of Jesus to GC36. His gesture was filled with tenderness, indifference and interior freedom. The congregation accepted his resignation, thus ending a relatively short, eight-year, Generalate.

The four-day period of *murmuratio*—a one-to-one conversation with other members of the GC—was a special experience of universal communal discernment. When entered into and engaged in with the necessary preconditions of openness and seeking only what the Spirit might be urging, for the good of the universal Society, this process works! Clarity and convergence come about slowly, but surely, over a period of time. Thus did the almost 68-year old Venezuelan, Arturo Sosa Abascal, get elected as our 31<sup>st</sup> Superior General on Friday, 14 October. In his

homily at the Thanksgiving Mass the next day, the new Fr. General summoned and urged Jesuits to even more audacity, in what he termed the “audacity of the impossible!”

Monday, 24 October, was a day like no other in the almost five hundred year history of the Society of Jesus. It was a day that had been charged with great expectation and excitement. A few minutes before nine o’clock in the morning, a man beaming with smiles, all decked in a white robe and black shoes, walked graciously into the aula of the GC, holding on to his folder. A son of Ignatius and fellow Jesuit companion, Pope Francis, joined us in the usual morning prayers, and then addressed us. Group and individual photos were taken, tea/coffee was drunk. This

*Clarity and convergence come about slowly, but surely, over a period of time.*

was followed by another session of warm, open and fraternal conversations.

There were numerous small groups and plenary sessions, during which we were reflecting, discussing, discerning, writing, amending, re-writing and voting to approve various Decrees and Recommendations. The final editing and translations of these into other languages have been entrusted to Fr. General, who will ultimately promulgate the Decrees of GC36.

The last day of the congregation was very emotional for me. I found myself in tears at the closing session and as we sang the *Te Deum*. I felt so small and

unworthy to have had such a grace-filled experience, and to have been an integral part of such a wonderful group of men—sinful, but redeemed—men on mission, gathered under the banner of the cross, united with St. Ignatius and with all our Jesuit ancestors before us, now ready to step out to serve the Lord, in and through the Church scattered all over the world, for the greater glory of God.

What image can I use to sum up my experience of GC36? Love, falling-in-love! I fell in love again with this least Society, our Jesuit Society, which is honoured and called by the name of Jesus!

Fr. Chuks Afiawari, S.J.



## *Habemus Praepositus Generalis Societatis Jesu*



On October 14<sup>th</sup> 2016, the 36<sup>th</sup> General Congregation of the Society of Jesus elected Venezuelan Fr. Arturo Sosa, SJ, as the 31<sup>st</sup> Superior General of the Society of Jesus. Fr. Sosa has taken over the leadership of the Society of Jesus from Fr. Adolfo Nicolas, SJ, the latter having led the Society since his election in 2008. It is my humble opinion that in an academic community of men and women who are well accessed to an online world, it would be an unnecessary reproduction of data to present Arturo Sosa's

biographical information in this space. I opt rather to reflect on Ignatius' vision of the Superior General of the Society of Jesus, what qualities he wanted this man to have, and how Arturo Sosa fits into this portrait. Secondly, and this has the potential of speaking to many of us, what is the importance of being at home with our historical experience in shaping the kind of leaders we end up being? Arturo Sosa's historical experience sounds like a long preparation for the duty of contributing to the journey of the Society of Jesus at this point in time, especially with the many areas that Jesuits seem called to respond in a deeper way.

Asked to comment on his election as the Superior General of the Society, Arturo Sosa recalled the few days before the elections. "Like all the electors," he said, "I arrived at the congregation asking myself who would be the best candidates for the job of General, and obviously, I did not have myself on the list. The first day of *murmuratio*, I began to gather information about the delegates I thought were good candidates."

In the days that followed, he started hearing more and more delegates inquire about him, and it started dawning on him that he may just end up as the next General of the Society. He says the hints became more and more direct as the days went by, and by this time he began getting worried, "many were already asking about my health. So I began to get the idea, though I was still praying that the companions would take seriously what Saint Ignatius says about entering the election without a predetermined decision," He said. He felt that if elected, there definitely was a reason, and he would try to

respond the best he could.

*"In this election I believe that importance was placed on my experience in both local and international work, and I have no doubt that these last years in Rome have something to do with that. But more importantly, I understand that I am one of many Jesuits in the Society of Latin America who have tried to put into practice what the congregations of the last forty years have decreed. I understand this election as the confirmation of the direction that the Society began to take in the time of Arrupe. I understand the election as a confirmation of the need for us to continue on that path."*(1)

In envisioning the qualities of the ideal Superior General of the Society of Jesus, Ignatius set out six qualities that he thought would be important, if not necessary for the man at the helm of the Jesuit order; I summarize them in my own words:

1. He must be a man intimately united with God, in prayer and works, so that he may draw, in abundance, graces for the Society of Jesus
2. He must be exemplary to the whole Society, in love with humanity and especially his own men, and genuinely simple. He ought to have internal freedom from uncontrolled emotions that leads to a prudence that is lived inward and outward alike, so that he may be without reproach in the opinion of the Society. As a leader, he must equally balance between being strict and *gentillesse*
3. He must possess a rich intellectual capability, matched with a strong sense of judgment be able to integrate theory and practice contextually and a man of discernment

4. He must be a man who can persevere through a task to its completion
5. He must be physically fit so as to be able to carry out his duties *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*
6. Finally, the circumstances of the man ought to be assessed to ensure they contribute a good impression for the society. By circumstances Ignatius meant a man's status in the secular life, -whether in wealth or prestige- whatever the status, it has to make for a healthy influence on Jesuits and others. (2)

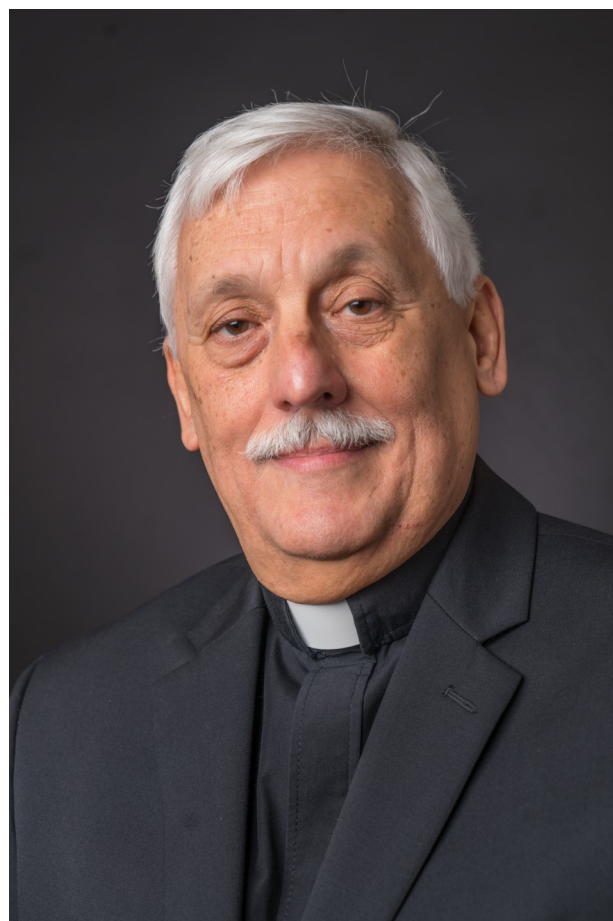
The election of Arturo Sosa is therefore a reliving of this vision of St Ignatius. These qualities are not only the qualities of the Superior General, but the qualities of every ideal Jesuit, and the Jesuit life is therefore a continuous journey towards this unity with God in the spiritual life, unity with the inner self in attaining an exemplary life, unity with the minded self in acquiring the intellectual capabilities, and unity with others in the ability to lead.

Fr. Sosa draws a lot of inspiration as he begins this stage of his Jesuit life. Born in 1948, he recalls the abject poverty his grandparents lived in. "My grandparents had lived in great poverty, but my father belonged to the generation that built the country." The experience of a large social space that he grew up was so important for his upbringing.

*Our houses did not have walls fences; [...] we lived together. Our family was very Catholic, but we did not express our religious sentiment openly. In that setting I learned to see reality from the perspective of going beyond what appears to be; I learned that things are not necessarily the way they are. As I grew up, I was always fighting to go a little further*

*beyond what was there to be seen. In this regard, our family was well aware of the reality and was convinced of the need for study. They always encouraged me to get to know reality, to open up to the world, to study languages. [...] Such experiences were constantly opening my eyes to an ever-greater reality so that I would not remain enclosed in what I already knew.*

The experiences of Fr. Sosa are laden with moments that relate very much with an attitude every Jesuit needs to approach the world with: Fighting to always go a little further beyond what is there to be seen, always working harder to appreciate the world around us a little deeper than what is conventionally given to us, rigour in the intellectual realms, openness to the world, seeing the world in the eyes and languages of others and having our eyes always open to a greater reality.



In his homily at the closure of the GC36, Fr. Sosa brought the delegates' attention to a collective discernment that is an invitation to see the world through the eyes of the poor, and to work with this poor so that life may grow. The freedom and disposition to go to the peripheries in search for a deeper understanding can never be overlooked "about how to address globally the entirety of the crisis that prevents minimum living conditions for the majority of humanity and threatens life on the planet Earth, in order to open a space for the Good News." Based on this contemporary need, Fr Sosa reiterates the same words inscribed somewhere in the qualities of the General: "Our apostolate is, therefore, necessarily intellectual." (3)

We pray for Fr. General and for the Society of Jesus, for a continued gaze on God, and for continued openness to the world, consoled by the experience of the love of God who has placed the Society together as companions of Jesus.

- (1) *For the full interview of Fr. Arturo Sosa with the Communications department of GC36, refer to <http://gc36.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/11/Arturo-Sosa-Interview-ENG.pdf>*
- (2) *From Part 9, Chapter 2 of The Constitutions of the Society of*
- (3) *Fr. General's closing Homily at GC36 is available at: <http://gc36.org/fr-general-homily-gc36-closure-mass/>*

*Tobías Dindí Ong'aria, SJ*





## The Jubilee Year of Mercy Ends: A Letter to Jesus



Dear Jesus,

How are you doing? How is *amaí* María and *baba* Joseph? I trust everyone is fine.

I will like to begin by saying thank you for your affirmative response to my previous letter, in which I pleaded that you send rains. As indicated in that letter, people were beginning to get cooked in the heat and the drought had caused many people, especially the poor, excruciating suffering. Once again, you have proved that you hear the cry of the poor; *maítabasa baba!* The rains have brought us much relief, hope, and joy.

*Baba Jesu*, did you know that the jubilee year of mercy has just ended? I really wish it were extended because it has been a wonderful year for me. People performed enormous acts of mercy because of the jubilee year. For instance, people were more generous in performing acts of charity. Many who held grudges for years reconciled. Even the Church opened her doors to divorced people, and considered looking at homosexuals with compassion. The jubilee year also inspired small acts of mercy. Last year, for example, some lecturers sent students out of their class for coming 60 seconds late. This year, however, they were ready to pardon students who were 60 minutes late. Unfortunately, I must confess, no one took that chance! Students were also merciful to their lecturers. That is the spirit! Would these all end with the jubilee year? I hope not because as Pope Francis rightly says, 'The Jubilee now ends and the Holy Door is closed, but the door of mercy of our hearts continues to remain wide open'.

The jubilee year of mercy helped me in a special way to see that God loves me unconditionally and that His mercy for me abounds. The year of mercy enabled me to see the loving and merciful face of God in the father who runs to embrace a son who just returned from squandering his money. This imagery verifies Pope Francis' words that 'God has no memory of sin, but only of us, of each of us, we who are His beloved children. He believes that it is always possible to start anew, to raise ourselves up'.

The father does not remember the sin of the prodigal son. Instead, he kisses him and calls a party (Lk 15: 11-32).

The year of mercy has also helped me to see the merciful face of God in the master who paid every one of the workers a complete day's wage regardless of when they started working (Mt 20: 1-16). I do nothing to merit God's love and mercy. God loves me, not because I am good or bad, but because of how He has created me. God's love and mercy is like rainfall; it pours on both the good and the bad. God does not love me when I am good and reject me when I am sinful. In fact, as you said, *baba Jesu*, it is those who are sick that need doctors. Likewise, those who recognize their need for God's mercy and go to God in humility not only obtain healing and mercy, but also abundant blessings. You exemplified this in the story of the prayers of the tax collector and the Pharisee. The tax collector, who knew his need for God's mercy, went away blessed and forgiven. The Pharisee who came to boast his spiritual ego went away the same, if not worse (Lk 18: 1-14). Little wonder you said that such people like that tax collector, who are poor in spirit, are already in God's kingdom (Mt 5: 3).

How has an in-depth realization of God's unconditional love and mercy helped me become a better Christian and more fully human? The first benefit is the discovery of greater joy and freedom. The knowledge of God's unconditional love for me draws me closer to God. It helps me to stop judging myself harshly. It is neither an invitation for me to become complacent, nor a call to stop striving to become as perfect (in righteousness) as my heavenly Father is. However, an intimate knowledge of God's love enables me to be compassionate and patient with myself amidst life's struggles. Self-compassion further makes me to be genuinely compassionate to others because we are part of the same reality. I am a pardoned sinner; they too are pardoned sinners. Consequently, I become slow to judge anyone. I become merciful like the Father.

Being merciful like the Father does not mean that I ignore the wrongdoings of others. It means that I gently admonish them, however difficult this may seem. Pope Francis

expresses this succinctly when he says that 'the *social character* of mercy demands that we not simply stand by and do nothing. It requires us to banish indifference and hypocrisy'. Undoubtedly, the act of admonishing others requires that one first understands the other clearly through attentive listening. Only then can one know what sort of admonishment or counsel is required, if at all necessary. It is usually the case that when we understand why people acted the way they did, we stop judging them. We realize that if we were them, with their experiences and knowledge, we too would have done the same. It is from this position of compassion that I must admonish and counsel others.

To be merciful like the Father is to love people, even though I may disapprove of their actions. I learnt this from your love for Magdalene despite the fact that you disapproved of her adultery (Jn. 8:1-11). Your compassion freed her and helped her live a full life afterwards. In the same manner, mercy demands that I bear patiently as well as forgive those who wrong me. Mercy calls me to be with, and to console the afflicted. Mercy prompts me to pray for the living and the dead. Mercy invites me to be a loving neighbor. Like the Good Samaritan, to help those who are needy and to contribute to the alleviation of the suffering in the world in every way that I can.

Jesus, now that the year of mercy has ended, my humble request is that you grant the Church and the world, the grace to never close the doors of reconciliation and pardon, but instead, that they may know how to go beyond differences, opening every possible pathway of hope. As the year of mercy ends, please grant that every Christian may realize that God believes in us, infinitely beyond any merits we have. May this knowledge empower all of us to instill hope and provide opportunities to others. For, even though the door of mercy closes, the true door of mercy in your heart, Lord Jesus, remains wide open for us.

Your friend,

Joe.

Joseph Ikeh, SJ.



## THE MONTH OF SOULS



In the Shona tradition, the month of November is a sacred month. It is the month of the dead, in which the ancestral spirits will be resting. The spirits are regarded as resting but that does not mean that the spiritual realm ceases to exist. Several activities are forbidden during this month, such as paying bride price, rain-making ceremonies, appeasing the dead, and unveiling of tombstones among others. The Shona believe that the dead continue to have relationship with the living. The dead are referred to as the 'living dead.' In the Christian tradition, there is a belief in the continued existence of humans after death; religion, naturally, concerns itself with the relations between the living and the dead. Where the idea of a future judgement or a Resurrection of the Dead or of Purgatory exists, prayers are often offered on behalf of the dead to God.

On the first Sunday of November, according to the liturgical guidelines of Zimbabwe Catholic Bishops Conference (ZCBC), the Church in Zimbabwe celebrates the Solemnity of All Saints and on November 2nd, the Universal Catholic Church commemorates the souls of the faithful departed. Even though a particular day is

fixed to remember the departed souls, the Church invites us to remember our dear ones, visit their cemeteries and pray for them particularly during the entire month of November. Why does the Church want us to pray for the departed souls? The Church teaches her children to treasure the memory of our dead. Praying for the dead has further origins in our belief in the communion of saints. Members of this community who are living (the Pilgrim Church) often assist each other in faith by prayers and other forms of spiritual support. Christians who have died (triumphant and souls in purgatory) continue to be members of the communion of saints. We believe that we can assist them by our prayers, and those who have entered into the glory of God can assist us by theirs.

There are various biblical texts which, together with the Church's tradition, encourage people to pray for their deceased family members and friends. A notable example is 2 Maccabees 12: 40-46. When Judas and his kinsmen came to take away for burial the bodies of their members who had fallen in the battle against Gorgias:

They found under the coats of the slain some of the donaries of the idols of Jamnia, which the law forbid to the Jews: so that all plainly saw, that for this cause they were slain. Then they all glorified the just judgment of the Lord, who had discovered these things that were hidden. And so be taking themselves to prayers, they besought him, that the sins which had been committed might be forgiven. And making a gathering, he [Judas]

sent twelve drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection (for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead), and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep in godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins.

The author of the book of Maccabees, through the inspiration of the Spirit of God, expressly approved the actions of Judas in this particular case, and recommends in general terms the practice of prayers for the dead.

In 2 Timothy 1, there is a form of prayer on behalf of the family of Onesiphorus (v. 16). Subsequently, in verse 18, the apostle prays for Onesiphorus himself who was dead. He petitions the Lord that this brother might “find mercy” in “that day,” which obviously is the Day of Judgment.

May we continue praying for the souls of our dearly beloved who are no longer with us. “We have loved them in life let us not forget them in death” (St Ambrose). In remembering the dead we constantly remind ourselves that in death life is changed, it does not end. We also continue asking the assistance of the saints in heaven that one day we may join them in singing the mercies of God forever. In doing this, we express what we believe about the communion of saints.

*Anderson Musina D.carm*

### *Mass for all departed souls...*



Contributions may be sent to  
[insiderarrupe@gmail.com](mailto:insiderarrupe@gmail.com)

## Back for the Third Time Round!



It was Pete Seeger who in the late 1950s wrote the song, 'Turn! Turn! Turn! (To Everything There is a Season)' – often abbreviated to 'Turn! Turn! Turn!' The lyrics, except for the title which is repeated throughout the song, and the final verse of the song, are adapted word-for-word from Chapter 3 of the Book of Ecclesiastes, set to music and recorded in 1962.

*To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, a time to reap that which is planted.*

I look back in time and indeed things have turned and turned and turned. I set foot on this beautiful

land on 6 August 1996. It was my first time ever to Zimbabwe. Arrupe College had just entered its third year of the BA Honours in Philosophy programme. Since I had already done two years of philosophy at a Major Seminary in Tanzania, it was suggested that I join the University of Zimbabwe for a Special Honours degree, which would last two years. That is what I did. Things were not that smooth at the university at the time. There were several strikes by students and one of them resulted in the closure of the university for a whole semester. As a result, instead of completing my degree by December 1998, I only finished in June 1999.

With this phase of studies done, I left Zimbabwe to go for further studies in London. My second venture in Zimbabwe happened in January 2001. I came back from London to start my Regency. I had been away for a little over 18 months, and it was very good to be back. The experience of Regency was both challenging and enjoyable. It was my first time to teach at a tertiary institution and so it took time to get used to being on the other side of the lecture room. But it was also an enjoyable time because for the first time in my life as a Jesuit I felt I was giving something back to the Society and not only being on the receiving end. To have a responsibility and to be accountable for what one does is a great feeling. Certainly as a lecturer, as assistant dean, and sub-delegate I had a fair share of responsibilities.

To everything indeed there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. Things turned and turned! Regency came to an end in June 2003, and I was missioned to study theology at our Institut de Théologie de la Compagnie de Jésus (ITCJ), in Abidjan, Côte d'Ivoire. That marked a new journey into new studies and experiences that lasted for 13 years. Then time to come back to Arrupe came and I reported here on 31 July 2016. I had been working as parish priest of Holy Trinity Catholic Church in Braamfontein, Johannesburg, at the time. The move looked interesting – it turned out to be from 16 Stiemens Street, Braamfontein, to 16 Link Road, Mount Pleasant. The link could not have been more pleasant! I have been here for about 5 months now and it is good to be back. I am certainly enjoying my new role here and I look forward to a time of growth in wisdom and understanding, which is, I dare say, the purpose of philosophy.

Fr. Gilbert Mardai, SJ

## MY APOSTOLATE IN MBARE



My apostolate in Mbare is twofold. First, I teach catechism to the Form two students at St. Peter's Mbare Secondary School. The interaction with my students is amazing and this makes the apostolate quite enjoyable for me. Secondly, I teach mathematics to "the poor children" at St. Peter's Mbare (new church). I wish to limit my sharing to the latter one. I, however, do not like the term "poor" used for the children whom I teach because, although some of them have limited resources at their dis-

posal, they are actually rich in many other respects. Some of the children, too, come for our lessons not because they are poor, but because they like to study mathematics.

Raising funds for "teaching Mathematics to poor children" was one of the objectives of this year's cultural night at Arrupe College. Sometimes, my apostolate is very challenging. It brings to mind the thoughts of the experiences of our forefathers during the time when many of the African countries attained independence - I teach under a tree, and many of the forefathers went through similar experiences. This teaching is done without the use of a blackboard, making the explanations of certain mathematical concepts and theories quite difficult. However, the desire to learn, that the majority of my students express, continues to enkindle in my spirit the passion to teach and never to give up.

Furthermore, I experience challenges with teaching kids in primary schools as opposed to those in secondary schools. My struggle with these kids is left to the imagination of the reader, considering the fact that they are quite slow in their grasp of the English language. Amazingly, it is important to note that despite the difficulties and challenges, I still manage to teach grades one up to grade six. My pupils have taught me the Shona language. This language, though I learn it in bits and pieces, has been very helpful to me when I am teaching. This is because even with my limited vocabulary, I am able to teach and to explain the concepts better, to the understanding of my pupils. This means that the learning that happens in my apostolate is a two way traffic: I learn from my kids while they learn from me, too.

Because the kids come from different church denominations, I often experience clashes in my timetable between the lessons and the church activities in which the kids take part. These cause some of them to come late for the lessons, while some fail to show up. However, the good news is that the number of kids that come for our clas-

ses continue to increase tremendously. This is a source of hope for onward progress and continuity.

Despite the challenges, I experience a joyful feeling when serving others, not only the poor but also the rich. My apostolate consoles me a lot. In my spiritual life, it helps me to feel the love that God has for us and that in turn we ought to have for one another. It is said that even from the little ones, the oldest can learn something good about life. This has been my lesson with the kids at Mbare - finding joy in teaching those whom no one could think of teaching and learning from those from whom nothing is expected.

I encourage my kids in different ways. Normally, I give them competitive tasks that enable them to exercise their gifts of reason and increase their ability to solve problems. This is done without giving occasion for negative tenets of comparing oneself with others, but fostering collaboration that aids in quick resolution to tasks. Being children in need of tremendous support, they need books which at the moment we do not have and need to acquire for more effective learning in an improved environment.

I am happy and glad that Arrupe College thought it wise to start this teaching apostolate. In addition, I am glad that this year's cultural night fosters thinking about those little ones who need our help. I hope that this will not be the end but the beginning of better programs to help those who need our help. The preferential option for the poor fostered by Arrupe College through its programs does respond to the request of Pope Francis' call of going out to the periphery.

In conclusion, I would urge us to go without hesitation to those places where people need us and seek our help. Let us make them feel our presence. Indeed, Mbare needs us a lot and we need to respond in our numbers, to go and work in this vineyard where the Lord is calling us to collaborate with Him. Once again, I say thank you to all those who aided in establishing the initiative of teaching mathematics to "poor children". God bless you all.

*Bernardo Jimo, SJ*



## *Finding Order in Disorderliness*



Life at Arrupe College is not restricted to academics alone. As Jesuits, we are required to be involved in one apostolic activity or another. It is a way of getting the individual immersed into the life of the people of Zimbabwe, and to find God in the realities present among us. So far, it has been wonderful to carry out my apostolic activity here in Zimbabwe. I was missioned to St. Peter's Primary School, Mbare. I have started immersing myself among the people by helping to teach in the school. The students are very exciting, amazing, and interesting.

The few classes I have had with them have been moments of learning. As a teacher, while trying to pass on knowledge I have been learning also. I have been learning mostly about the issues around the families of the children. As a teacher of Religious Education, the subject provides the opportunity for me to discover more about the students and myself. I have been assisting the students on how to make decisions on matters of morality, particularly in their own context. This has really prompted me to reflect deeply about my own moral decisions.

Most of the pupils live in Mbare. It is only stale news that the neighborhood is populated, ramshackle and

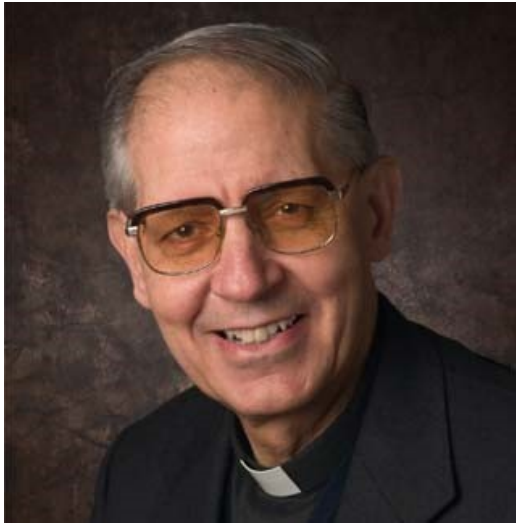
comprises of poor people. From the look of things, the slum-like nature of the place easily resonates with some places in Liberia, my country of origin. There are many poor people living here. It is a busy place with the market not far away from the school. One thing that is striking is the proximity of a major road to the school. Due to this factor, while conducting a class, you can hear the loud and unpleasant hooting of horns from cars passing by. Often times, one can here *Combi* conductors screaming "*Town Here*" at the top of their voices. The students seem to have internalized the noisiness of the area.

Some of the pupils are very intelligent and interactive. They always ask critical questions emanating from the harsh realities of poverty and chaos around them. I ensure I continuously engage them to ask these questions in order to see how together, we can find God in the difficulties around them. I believe that by doing this, the pupils can begin to reflect critically and not only develop their intelligence, but create an awareness of the possibility of a brighter future for them. I have derived deep joy and consolation helping the children reflect on their lives. I am confident that together, we can find order in the seeming disorderliness of their environment.

Finally, I feel grateful that I was missioned to work at Mbare. I feel I can find God in the persons I meet every time I go for my apostolic work. I hope to continuously engage the children come next semester, and I am confident the classes will aid me to concrete awareness of the importance of the preferential option for the poor in my Jesuit journey.

*Melvin Pius Mlen, SJ.*

## Gratitude in Retrospect: Lessons on Education by Fr. Adolfo Nicolas, SJ



**Fr. Adolfo Nicolas, SJ**

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of November, 2016, the 36th General Congregation of the Society of Jesus ended. Among the many activities carried out by the 215 delegates and electors from about 66 countries, with over 50 languages among them, representing the universal Society was the election of a new Superior General. The new General is Fr. Arturo Sosa, SJ. The election was necessitated by the resignation of the former General, Fr. Adolfo Nicolas, SJ.

An adage goes that, "it is stupidity for one to kill someone that he or she will eventually bury". In the same vein, it is wise to acclaim and appreciate the good works of one for whom one delights and takes pride in. This piece is a reflection on

the man Adolfo Nicolas and the many riches in his writings I have enjoyed and continue to ponder seriously. I give special references to his thoughts on Education that I find most captivating and will remember with deep gratitude and joy.

Fr. Adolfo Nicolas, SJ, served the Society of Jesus as its Superior General for eight years. I consider these eight years as years of heroic leadership and humble service. Who is this man called Adolfo Nicolas? He is a Spaniard born on the 29 April 1936. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1953. He studied philosophy at the University of Alcala, theology at Sophia University in Tokyo and was ordained priest in 1967. He earned his doctorate from the Gregorian University in Rome. He is considered a great missionary, as he worked in Japan where he spent over 30 years teaching theology at Sophia University, 6 years as provincial and was involved in many inter-religious dialogues. He speaks Spanish, Catalan, English, Italian, French and Japanese. If knowledge of languages such as these Adolfo Nicolas has under his belt were requirements for being a Jesuit, I wonder if

I would ever make it. For many of my companions too, but let me not mention names.

The Igbos say that *Ihe oma n'emelu (n'abialu) onye n'eto ihe oma mgbe obula o huru ebe e mere ihe oma*". Loosely translated, "if you always praise and speak up whenever you see and observe something good, good things will always follow and cling to you". I have fondly praised and loved a popular statement from Adolfo Nicolas, SJ, which is "we are in this together". This statement is one that he has used to reinforce the constant and conscious recreation and reconstruction needed by Jesuits to maintain and improve their relevance in the world just like the founding fathers of the Society. "We are in this together" actively brings to mind the thought that Adolfo Nicolas unites himself in the struggle for effectiveness we as Jesuits are invited to embrace in our lives and mission. It aids the avoidance of lapses or lackadaisical levity when we are faced with the temptation to anchor ourselves on the past glories and successes of our forebears. These past glories make us so comfortable that we are slow to reflective consciousness on

the places we need to improve and see areas where loosened knots should be tightened. "We are in this together" brings to mind that our education is for life and if so we need to check for areas where egoism has clouded our foresight and lack of humility has endangered the quality of the rigor and depth of our intellectual, moral and spiritual ministries.

When speaking about the type of education Jesuits should not be identified with or promote, Adolfo Nicholas, SJ, uses another statement "globalization of superficiality". I love this seemingly conglomeration of big words. It sounds like a disease that is in rapid spread. One cannot fail to remember the "Ebola Virus Disease" and its rapid spread and decimation of people in many parts of our African continent. The culture of superficiality is also in rapid spread, sadly to say, it is a globalized phenomenon. Adolfo Nicolas, SJ, paints this rapid spread in this way. We live in an internet age where it seems easy to access quite quickly so much information without any stress.

This internet age also permits us to communicate whatever we want and publish whatever we think, freely and immediately,

without the concern of how our information is perceived by the world. This seeming illusion of freedom ensures that we fail to consider critically and consciously what we present to the world. This is not to say that the internet age and the use of our technological prowess is not a beautiful advancement in our human endeavor and way of life, but how we have fallen into the temptation to freely give in to "short-circuit" thinking without careful reflection on the conditions surrounding our decision. This lack of critical reflection leads to all levels of relativist worldviews that negate our capability to engage in the needed work of dialogue and the forming of a community of learners in our continuous search for truth and understanding.

The above culture of superficiality brings to mind what perhaps I and several other students too have

**One could argue that searching the web for information and piecing them together to make logical sense and meet the needed number of pages require creativity.**

done. It is not surprising to see students searching the web for quick information to write a paper and would gladly take anything online without verifying the information for credibility. Many students would even go as low as using Wikipedia rather than enter the library and source books that deal in depth with the issues assignments and papers present. The above attitude negates the needed creativity that invites for an active and dynamic process of finding responses to questions or engaging the research paper with a desire of producing alternatives to the ways popularly held as the norm. One could argue that searching the web for information and piecing them together to make logical sense and meet the needed number of pages require creativity. However, a question that such quick research and scramble for information leaves us is, does this scrambled information acquired with a desire to meet a deadline change us?

Fr. Adolfo, SJ, argues that education to be truth seeking ought to be a "process of change" that is a deep encounter that alters us for the better, informing our values, reflecting on who we are becoming and what we do in life both now and in the future. He argues that our understanding of education should encompass the traits of depth in learning, creative imagination, intellectual rigor, reconstruction and reevaluation of our experiences based on a critical and conscious reflection on our experiences. It is only in this way that we can be true "knowledge societies" that both enjoy the power and benefits of our access to knowledge. This access should spur us to engage and birth in others, similar attitudes, through the sharing of our knowledge with others and inviting them to observe and love the beauty we have come to discover by our learning.

As Jesuits, we are called to engage the world. This we can only do when we are open to learning with a love for the invitation and rigor it demands. Our world, as Fr. Adolfo Nicolas points out, is filled with "aggressive secularism" which considers religion irrelevant in solving the problems of the world. Furthermore, this neglect of religion is in fact a great contributor to the biggest divisions we find between humankind and "fundamentalism" which radically opposes the progressivity in our postmodern world and seeks its refuge in faith that avoids questions that provoke creative fidelity due to the fear of unregulated human reason. Our education is to equip us to bring and facilitate the necessary dialogue among the above, and can only do this when we work together and depth in our learning is embraced and globalised.



*Chinonso Vitalis Ugochukwu, SJ.*

## *A Trip to the GREAT ZIMBABWE*



‘A unique artistic achievement, built of stone of marvelous size and there appears no mortar joining them. A fortress which is surrounded by hills and which has drawn the African, American and European tourists.’ In October 2016, the first year students of **Arrupe College** took an educational tour to the **Great Zimbabwe**. This was our first trip as the first year philosophy students. We departed from the college at around six o’clock in the morning. Our goal was to experience all that we have learnt and gathered from our history course.

**Great Zimbabwe** is a thrilling and exciting place, filled with unsurpassed beauty and mystery, history, customs and culture, outstanding natural beauty and wonder, worthy for every traveler. Moreover, there is a lot to know and to learn. The early civilization of Zimbabwe imposes stone buildings, built and extended over many generations. At its peak, it was the largest settlement in southern Africa with up to 20,000 people. The site, which has

been proclaimed a National Monument and a World Heritage Site, lies 26 km southeast of the modern town of Masvingo, and 7 km to the west of Lake Mutirikwe.

When we reached the **Great Zimbabwe** monuments, we took one of the onsite experts as our tour guide. She led us around these great ruins of the Great Zimbabwe, showing us where the kings sat and watched over the people. We saw the place where they held their religious rituals and ceremonies. We also saw the site where they discovered the famous soapstone Zimbabwe bird. On top of the hill complex is a cave in which the king would sit to enjoy the cool mountain breeze. When the king shouted from the cave, we were told, his voice echoed across the valley floor summoning his wives to come to him.

The stonewalled area of these Ancient Zimbabwe monuments can be divided into three major sectors: the Hill complex (where the King lived), the Great Enclosure (where the King’s first wife lived) and the Valley Enclosure (where all the other wives and villagers lived).

We journeyed back having obtained a delightful wit and an extensive knowledge of the Great Zimbabwe monuments, particularly as it relates to the buildings and culture. We were able to experience all the sites of the **Great Zimbabwe** in one day, and in a very personal way. I would highly recommend this tour to everyone.

*Sylvester Kanjiwa*

# A trip to Great Zimbabwe...



## BLOOD CONNECTS US ALL



14<sup>th</sup> of November 2016 marked the visit of the National Blood Transfusion Service of Zimbabwe (NBTSZ) to Arrupe College. A good number of staff and students came out to donate blood as well as to listen to the talk which Mr. Saira gave on the importance of donating blood. In his presentation, Mr. Saira said that donating blood is an act of self-sacrifice. When one donates blood, a life is saved.

When one donates blood for the first time, one automatically becomes a member (blood donor). A donor does not receive any payment for donating blood, but there are some privileges to members who might have donated for more than ten times. Such privileges go to their family members especially in time of need; for instance, when a family member needs blood transfusion. Two members of the donor's family can have access to free blood transfusion. Generally, a mother who is delivering a baby gets blood for free, the reason being that by delivering a baby she is doing a charitable activity - she might be giving birth to a future blood donor.

Mr. Saira was asked the question on the issue of selling blood after getting it for free from the donors. He explained that there are a lot of expenses involved in the process of blood transfusion, between the donor and the recipient. For instance, when the blood is collected, it has to go through testing and cross-checking. The highly technical processes involve the use of sophisticated machines, and is done for more than three times for verification purposes. After the blood is tested in Zimbabwe, the NBTSZ also sends some samples to South Africa. In South Africa, further analysis takes place to verify whether the process carried out in Zimbabwe meets the international standards.

Some other reasons for selling the blood include the fact that the refrigerators used to store it are a special type, meant to enable the blood to survive for a long time. Again, some materials and equipment comes from Germany and other countries, and these are expensive to buy as well as to maintain. Therefore, processing blood involves a lot of procedures, all of which require large amounts of money which necessitates attaching a fee to the donated blood. In most countries, donors give blood for free; the World Health Organization, however, is advocating for free blood donation in all countries by the year 2020.

Donor's blood is tested for hepatitis and HIV, among other diseases. If it happens that the blood is contaminated, the NBTSZ will consult the person for counseling and further help. Blood donors are encouraged to take healthy foods and to maintain a balanced diet, a practice which can enable them to donate blood regularly.



The NBTSZ's theme for this year is, "Blood connects us all". I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who managed to donate blood on the 14<sup>th</sup> of November, and to encourage the same spirit of generosity for such events in the future. Lots of ap-

preciation goes to the Dean of Arrupe College for his support, to the First Aid team, and also to the Students' Association for making this day a success. Remember, by donating blood you help the nation survive.

*Tafadzwa Garikayi*

## *A NIGHT TO REMEMBER*



hurricane on that battleground on which we lay our heads. I heard the camouflaged vultures coming with different talons to rip even before the creature died. They came to cleanse the land of living corpse. I was the only man; my mother was next to me. With a firm torturing grip, my sister held onto my mother from behind: it was war and we had to run. Noise came from all directions, the cries of women yelling and mourning; and the dogs failed to bark. I stood there and imagined that soldiers could walk in at any time. Rap! Rap! Rap! My mind could not sway away. The devil was dancing right in my way.

**I**t was the ghosts of my ancestors that cried out that night, as I swayed like a tree pushed by a



Then, a knock at the door, it was them. As the door banged open, so did my hallucinations bring me back to reality. I was awake, it was only a dream. Then I remembered everything from the night before. I remembered the story of our forefathers from the great invasion to the struggle for liberation. It was a night to remember, the stage was rocked by vivid illustration of actions of which we were warned prior to the show, as being too sensitive for viewers who are below the age of 18. We saw it all, how the Ndebele, chanting the *bayete nkosi lama nkosi* slogan, came in, slaughtered the men and left the virgins for themselves. It was a theatre for the masses. In the audience were all sorts of laughter typical to Africa. From the peoples of Algeria and Nigeria all the way to Zambia and Zimbabwe. The silent spirits had finally decided to tell the other part of the forbidden story.

The stage was rocked by a dual, a dynamic dual which the collegians of Arrupe had yet to see. They made us see the story through the eyes of a child, a girl child. It was like Christopher Mlalazis' *Running with mother* coming to life. The Shona people were conquered by a runaway ethnic group of Mfecane. Thereafter, we witnessed how the conquered who had become conquerors, became conquered again, this time by the colonial and the Smith regime. We saw how men and women of brave heart decided to fight for their freedom when dialogue had failed. It was really a thrilling moment when they chanted the famous liberation songs.

However, even after we saw how the struggle for independence was welcomed with great ululation, another story unfolded; so dark was it that it could not be performed. Instead, a video of the

scene was projected on the wall. It silenced the entire auditorium. It was the comrades, calling their brothers, who stood with them during the arms struggle, dissidents. There was tension and retention from those viewing the mass graves of innocent men put to dust. It was a period of madness we had just witnessed. This is the reason why I had those dreams; this is the reason why my mind would not allow me to sleep in peace: the brutality in those videos touched the core of humanity itself.

As tears were almost dropping from the eyes of the soldiers of Christ, the hall was suddenly illuminated and there was a great bow from the stage above. The auditorium rose to its feet to hail the theatre; the audience hailed the great Zimbabwe. They hailed because they had eaten prior to this event, they hailed because it was worth it and because the innuendo had been made clear. Questions followed after the stage became one with the auditorium. The veteran martial, Kizito, one of the weapons of mass destruction between the two that Arrupe has for self-defence, raised a question asking whether the play, in some way, did not have the potential to arouse ethnic conflicts. The directress of the play responded with positivity: she felt that the people had been silent for too long and they wanted the truth so that they could come to terms with an honest understanding of the reality.

It was an evening well spent; it was a night to remember; and remembering we did.

Reagan Chengamali, SJ.

# A NIGHT TO REMEMBER ...



# Debate: Catholic University vs Holy Trinity College

## Topic: Has Technology Improved Human Dignity?



The posed phrase does not expect one to provide a 'yes' or 'no' answer but to battle with the question perhaps through a practical way or in a theoretical discourse. Oh Yes! The Catholic University of Zimbabwe and Holy Trinity College found themselves in the wrestling ground to break a knot that seals the relationship between technology and humanity. An inquisitive philosopher would say that the understanding of technology emanates from the secondary principles effected through human intelligence; thus, technology possesses no essence of itself as in itself. Do not wander in my philosophical rhetoric but anticipate the unfolding discussions that these two institutions contributed during their debate.

Students from the Catholic University took responsibility to oppose the motion by exposing the negative impacts that technology has contributed to society. To avoid confrontation, the *Catholics* tweaked the topic by saying that, "technology has assisted human beings but not improved them" — Linguists can take their time to find the difference. These impeccable students tried as much as they could to conceal the

beauty of technology in human development and to maximise on the fundamental catastrophic consequences caused by technological advancement. They looked at social affairs, economic swings, anthropological distortion and psychological disorder.

In the social aspect, the anti-technological advocates addressed how mobile phones have led to broken families, the number of divorce among young families rises everyday due to suspicious messages one reads from a spouse's phone. Moreover, the world we live in requires one to have a well-equipped pocket, not with business cards but with life improving cash. Hence, relationship today bases its roots on what one has, but not what one can achieve. Money, car and stable job guarantees a shy man a 'trustworthy' wife, but abject poverty and hustling situation drives all beautiful women away from a 'righteous man'. The *Catholics* also looked at some medical advancement as evil to humanity. Abortion has become a simple act among women of every age without guilt of murder.

The anthropological concept addressed comprises human development in a given society. The cultural values that the society instilled in their people have diminished according to the *Catholics*. The nearest companions have become handsets, televisions and long safaris. People no longer engage in community discussions or recreation. Technology has created an individualistic livelihood among people in the society. Lastly, parental orientation has taken another course where a child begins school at the age of two. During this upbringing, a child lacks parental care at

a very tender age that a child's psychology gets distorted by two conflicting environments, the baby care and the family.

Holy Trinity College swayed contra the Catholic University to support the motion. They concretised their points to hold that technology has advanced a human person. Technology has improved people's livelihood especially through internet accessibility, infrastructure, industries and above all, technology does not rule man but man rules technology.

The social aspect that technology has contributed as stated by the *Holies* aims at the social media faculties and the manner in which global interactions have become so simple, by the click of a button. Hospital facilities have improved people's health, transport systems through technology have made the world a tiny spot where one can travel from North Pole to South Pole in a day. Establishment of industries has enabled people to use quality products unlike the history of

man in pre-scientific age.

Again, just like the Catholic University students, the *Holies* from their theological background argued that technology expresses human rationality. In this case, it falls under human faculty of judgement to make use of technology. Therefore, one may not blame technology on the setbacks it promotes but he should acknowledge his ability to choose freely as a free being when using technological equipment.

In conclusion, Chishawasha seminary took the floor to give an impartial account based on the debate. We may call them moderators of the debate. They observed that both parties took a defensive position without looking at the other side of the coin during their discussion. However, their bet seemed to have gone to the *Holies* who managed to identify the essential component of technology in relation to how they influence human dignity in the contemporary society.

Vincent Onyango, SJ

### *Drama in the Cultural Night...*



## Short story: Taye and Kehinde

“Shut up!” “Who send you?” “Where you dey go?” “Ermm, my mother sent me to buy some food for my father who just returned from work”, the boy replied, fearfully. “Oh, so you even get papa and mama?” Taye asked. “Oya, bring di money!” Before the boy could say anything else, they had frisked him, broke the little food flask he carried, and run off. Someone watching from afar would think the three boys were playing what children called “rough play”. However, this was no play. It was what the street kids called “fishing”. They had just fished a boy their own age off what money he had on him. They fished on that Water-Side road frequently, knowing the network of alleys that crisscross the main road provided fine escape routes.

The streets are their home. They change streets every week. One week, they sleep on Orodu Street, the next week, they move to Bale Street. They are fourteen years old. They know neither when they were born nor who fathered them. Their mother bore them on the street, and begged to raise them until they were ten years old. She left them one day and never returned. Several orphanages rejected them. A family adopted Taye at a point, but he fled the house after stealing all the cash in the house. He fled because Kehinde could not survive without his partner. Kehinde came visiting every other day. After three years of moving from one orphanage to another, they decided to join a host of other kids on the streets, and embrace street life. They have fended for themselves ever since.

They are more than just identical twins. Their common struggle for daily survival has helped them form a

bond that transcends brotherhood. They are friends and hustle partners. They are so inseparable that the only thing that separates them is women. They share every other thing, but women. Taye never takes the same prostitute Kehinde has taken the previous night. They quit begging, and took all kinds of manual jobs. They moved from one construction site to another, from one market to another where they often slaved as laborers. Sometimes, they were well paid, sometimes, they used their identical faces to pull tricks on their employers in order to get extra money. They were hardened by the freedom and carefree life on the streets. “Everything is possible on the streets”, Kehinde often told Taye, who is a few minutes older than he. Indeed, that street-freedom motivated them to do anything. They fished people, they crashed parties, they moved clothes, they got drunk, they bedded prostitutes, they joined fights, and they harassed girls on the road.

It is 2016. They are now sixteen years old. The tide is not as smooth as it used to be. The random manual jobs are no longer forth coming. Sometimes, the employers take Taye, and order Kehinde away, or the other way round. Sometimes, they are both rejected. The employers now tell them that “the economic wahala don too strong, we no fit collect plenty people again”. The refrain they hear now is, “Work wey sisti pippie dey do bifor, na tarti pippie dey do am now. Make una go look for anoda place, sorri”. Hunger begins to become an unwanted companion. Sometimes in the morning, they join groups of people at newspaper stands, listening hopefully for a hint of work. These groups of people who gather around

newspaper stands are called “Free-Readers Association”. They never buy newspapers. They only read the headlines and spend several hours arguing and exchanging opinions about which senator is being arrested by the Economic and Financial Crimes Commission for burying millions of naira in the septic-tank of his home; or which high-court judge collected bribe for a major case; or how many soldiers were killed by the Boko Haram insurgents in Maiduguri; or how Jose Mourinho was sent to the stands again for contesting a decision of a referee during a game in the English Premiership; or how at least 150 pro-Biafran activists were killed by the military in Onitsha. As neither Taye nor Kehinde can read, they only look at pictures and follow intently the heated arguments from the free readers standing by. Sometimes, they spend their days there, enjoying the fierce arguments ensuing from the free-readers. Some readers know them, and give them change to buy food, but this is a rare lucky break.

Taye takes the harsh situation calmly. He often prays with the one-roomed church nearby. The church always has service at 6am daily. From his spot under Mama Chinwe’s table, he joins their prayer sessions. The pastor’s voice from the loudspeaker is always the same, “in Jezuz name I declare, any arrow of poverty against your life, against your family, dieeee!” The congregation, barely twenty in number, all joins praying that sounds like a scream against life itself. However, Taye mutters

words with them, and he joins in the large “Ameeeeeeeem” to confirm the pastor’s thunderous “in Jezzzzuzz name!” Kehinde is far from religious. While Taye prays that poverty may be averted, he thinks about which route to fish for the meal of the day. “Taye, we go go Yaya Crescent today oo! E get one koror for diar wey I see last week. E go good to fish some small, small phones, or even collect small rice for Iya-Basira shop”. Around mid-morning, they head for Yaya Crescent.

They are unsuccessfully at their attempts to fish phones. They are disappointed and hungry. “Omoh, we no fit go back like dat ooo! Hungry dey catch me bad bad”, Kehinde voices, with a painful churn in his stomach. “Na true ooo!” Taye concurs. “Make we move small food from Iya-Basira shop naa. Just one plate of rice, and we go go!” Kehinde agrees. Iya-Basira’s shop is one of the most popular food-selling shops around that area. Three weeks ago, some boys carted away wraps of garri and a large pot of soup. Last week, another pot of rice went missing. The thieves did not take a container, which held the money from the sales which was lying close to the pot. They just took the pot of rice. Neither Taye nor Kehinde knew of these recent events. As shops were Kehinde’s specialty, he makes the hit while Taye watches from a distance. At mid-day, the shop is relatively empty. Kehinde moves in quickly. He takes his prize, and just as he turns to leave, he feels a huge hand on his shorts which sits loosely on his waist. A woman, one of the sales girls in the shop, joins and shrills above him. “Tiff! Tiff! Tiff! Olee! Olee! Olee!”

**“Omoh, we no fit go back like dat ooo! Hungry dey catch me bad bad”, Kehinde voices, with a painful churn in his stomach. “Na true ooo!” Taye concurs.**

Kehinde shrinks into himself. His bladder bursts on his shorts. Taye swallows hard from where he is standing, "God ooo!" he exclaims. They drag Kehinde out from the shop into the street. "Tiff! Tiff! Tiff!" the sales girl runs, screaming. Lagosians know that tune too well. They never miss an opportunity to make a spectacle out of anybody caught red-handed stealing. More people rush to the shrill voice, to see who it is, and realizing that it is no relative of theirs, rush back to their compounds to return with stones, sticks, and metal bars. A stick crashes against Kehinde's skull. The Man who seized him takes responsibility for holding him still while the mob pelts at him. One woman rushes in with a huge stone, and drops it on Kehinde's left leg. He screams from the depth of his being.

The thought of death suddenly registers. "Abeg ooo, abeg ooo, na only one plate I take. Na hungry dey catch me. I no get mama or papa, abeg ooo", he pleads with blood in his mouth, a closed-swollen eye, and a half open one. People from the mob take turns to hit him. His screams grow louder with each blow. People who join in are not interested in asking what he stole. It was pleasurable to hit a thief. "Make una kill am!" "Dis tiff dier own don too much!" "Na small boy sef, e good make una kill am, so that the oda boys wey dey tiff tiff for dis area go learn". These are the comments emanating from the scene. Some people just walk by, as though nothing is happening. Two police officers watching from a pub nearby watch the spectacle with detached indifference. They drink their *Ogogoro*, making jokes.

Taye is in tears from where he is standing. He weeps bitterly, unable to control himself. Some people standing with him think he is weeping out of pity for the boy being lynched. They praise him for his sensitivity and compassion. "Eiyaa, chai, dis boy dey cry.

No worry ernn, na tiff him be naa, na so we dey kill tiff for this place, no be new tin". Lynching thieves is a tradition in the neighborhood. Taye can no longer hold himself, "Na my broda! Na my broda! Make una leave am! Make una no kill am!" he shouts as he unconsciously runs to the scene. He fights through the mob, and embraces Kehinde

his brother, friend, and partner. Kehinde is stripped naked; his head hangs on his shoulder. He struggles to recognize Taye, and finally clutches his hand with the little strength left.

For the moment, Taye's bravery wins over the crowd. No one dares to interrupt a lynching. They watch as Taye throws his arms around his brother, friend, and partner as if he is trying to draw some of his pain unto himself. Taye continuously cries. The crowd is absorbed by this drama unfolding before them. They stop. However, the Man is not satisfied. He wants Kehinde dead. He walks up to Taye and pulls him away with a strong, right arm. Taye struggles in mid-air and wails at the top of his voice. Once he is away, the crowd resumes attacking Kehinde. "Make una break him head naa, una dey waste time!" Iya-Basira, the owner of the shop where Kehinde stole the food

Some people just walk by, as though nothing is happening. Two police officers watching from a pub nearby watch the spectacle with detached indifference.

is given the honor to deliver the final blow. She comes with a large rock in her hand, and with an expressionless face, she lets the rock free, right on the motionless body of Kehinde on the ground. "Diiim!" He reacts feebly, as the impact registers, and his temple cuts open to reveal a mass of white matter which turns red in a few seconds.

The impact of the rock on Kehinde's head gives a new energy to Taye. He pushes his way through the crowd again. He becomes hysterical, wide eyed. He throws himself at the mob, lashing out at them. He turns on the Man, trying to wrestle him away. Angered, the Man strikes Taye, hard, with a metal bar across Taye's back, and the boy screeches with a new tone. This comes from his own pain, and is no longer Kehinde's which he has been sharing. The Man, with renewed energy and a wry smile at the corner of his mouth, sinks another strike into Taye's back again, ignoring Kehinde for the moment as he jerks close to Taye on the depleted, pot-holed ground of the street. "Yes, na dier two follow!" Dis one sef na tiff, kill am join!" a voice in the crowd shouts. Soon, some others join give Taye his share. He is taking hits from all corners. Stones break his face, and his brown colored skin gradually turns red, as blood flows from all corners of his broken face. He lies very close to Kehinde. Taye is paralyzed as the strikes from the Man shattered his spinal cord. They are both still, only able to move a finger or two. Taye tries to turn his head, in an effort

to look at their slayers. His eyes can barely open. Pain clutches at his body.

"Dem never still die?" somebody from the crowd asks. "Oya, make una bring tyre and fuel". Petrol is too expensive in the country to waste it on these young thieves. A mechanic workshop close-by supplies two tyres. Iya-Basira brings petrol in a small

container from her shop. The Man places the tyres on them and empties the petrol container half way on their bodies on the ground. Kehinde is already dead, with arms tightly clasped in Taye's. Some of the petrol enters Taye's mouth and his only open eye. His left eye reacts to the petrol and shuts. The mixture of saliva, blood, and petrol in his mouth brings a new kind of taste to his failing senses: a taste of death. Hardly had he registered this new taste than the Man dropped an already lit match on them. Taye jumps up, pushing the tyre on him towards the crowd. He goes

**He goes hysterical again. This time, fighting for life as the flames on his body cook deep into his flesh.**

hysterical again. This time, fighting for life as the flames on his body cook deep into his flesh.

The Man cuts Taye's struggle short. He pushes him away, and strikes a final blow with the metal bar. This time, he strikes the head. Taye's forehead cracks open, and blood splashes on some of the people near him. They move backwards as if with distaste, breaking the ring they had formed around the boys. Some rush to clean the blood off. Some others did not move, deriving a grim satisfaction from the blood of a criminal. The blood of the slain.



The boys burn before the people. The Man painstakingly ensures that all sides of their bodies burn well, turning them intermittently with his rod. The boys burn in a unique manner that catches the attention of the crowd. They hold hands as they burn, the flames eating deep into their forms. They are brothers, friends, and partners to the very end. On the ground, they appear like two statues freshly molded by an angry sculptor short of ideas. Their legs are suspended in the air. One by one, the crowd begins to disperse. The stench of burning flesh becomes unbearable for some of them. Some others, unmoved by the smell, remain. The Man is among them.

A young man just arriving at the scene is touched by the gory sight before him and asks a woman standing

beside him, “abeg, wetin happen? na tiff dem be!”, the woman responded. “What did they steal, wetin dem tiff? Ernn, na plate of food dem tiff ooo”. The man is shocked that the lives of the boys are ended in a most crude manner because of food. “Chai!” He exclaims, with a pitiful look on his face. “Na dem spoil the economy? Abi dier blood go reduce the price of bag of rice from twenty-two thousand to ten-thousand?” He shakes his head, arms akimbo. He makes the sign of the cross, and continues on his way as his worn out slippers noisily draws attention, “Squack! Squack!”



*Uchechukwu Oguíke, SJ.*

## *Rhetoric: The Girl in the Caribbean*

*Hug the girl just standing adjacent to you.*

*She will surprise you with unexpected love potion,*

*That will leave a permanent fragrance of nectar in your heart.*

*Huh! The girl is in a secret relationship with a man of great honour in the Caribbean Island.*

*The girl has the best qualities that ignorance cannot truncate*

*How can I find this Girl?*

*I will find her in the thicket of the disguised shrubby canopies*

*Surely, the girl is now available but cannot be seen*

*She is seen but not visible,*

*What? She seems to be visible but not transparent.*

*Nonetheless, this girl is transparent for she is known to be a girl.*

Vincent Onyango, SJ



## *In the name of money, I became a slave*

My childhood has been cut short, wasted and pasted into a forced early womanhood  
A tender green sapling cut for its future wood  
At night I cry, I never imagined getting married to an old guy for a few cents  
An ill-fated reality which I wish was just a dream is now my tortured existence  
Forced into a loveless marriage by parents whose greed overshadows the love of  
their young daughter;  
Oh my gods what savagery!

Becoming the wife of a beast and to ravage my innocent body was his only intention  
Fouling my sacred virginity to prove his virility was his only motivation  
Used and abused left discarded like a used matchstick  
Suffering morning sickness like I ingested an emetic  
My tender body torn apart, the new life in my belly struggling to survive, leaving  
me broken  
Black ghoulish thoughts of suicides, and innocent fetal murders plague my  
conscience like fleas ignoring the sign of caution  
My future is left reeling like a drunk inebriated with alcohol  
My education and life torn asunder, a sacrifice to the gods of tradition and money  
Oh my parents, have you any heart?

I go pray on a Sunday that everything will be okay one day, yet I still receive a  
beating everyday

Happiness a mere mirage, you can't fathom the pain that you, My parents, have  
caused me

My only crime, being born female

To you a genetic defect, that has left a red trail of painful misery in my pitiful life  
I'm a martyr ready to die for the cause of stopping child marriages

The curse eating away at our young girls like a cancer

How come no one is searching for the answer?

Talk don't; make it happen; but actions do

A Complacent society, looking on with nonexistent consciences

Condemning countless children to their early coffins

Like a movie, I wish I could rewind, and leave all this  
pain behind

Oh cry the beloved country!



## *The Wrong Thing My Parents Did*

Our parents are to blame, for trading you, my sister,  
For the fortune and fame, a son-in-law who is a rich businessman  
The harsh consequences of their actions never flashed into their conscience.  
Hiding behind a facade of excuses that crumble at the slightest touch  
Your life snuffed out, like a candle, by ingesting three packs of sleeping pills  
Forced into an eternal sleep, to escape the haunting nightmares of your short days  
Like an atlas, you carry the weight of the world on your microscopic shoulders  
Never smiling like battle scared soldiers  
Your frail womb stretched by the bouncing baby  
You cry red tears, your womb torn apart by the enormous head of his progeny  
"It's a girl!"  
You smiled, his face contorted into a mask of lethargy

You petition uninterested gods repeating countless novenas  
Your husband, a mad scientist, concerned about studying the inside of your jeans  
Condemned to a life of servitude because of your unfortunate genes  
His black smiling face belies the darkness of his heart  
Willing to tear a young girl and her schooling apart  
Damning the river of her dreams, making her putrid and stagnant  
Bringing her down in mid-flight with a bullet code named "Marriage"  
Forced to cohabit with a beast so savage.

Her back is broken, battered and bruised, till she is black and blue  
What she did wrong, I, her brother, have no clue  
Sold into slavery at a tender age, forced into marriage  
Becoming the trophy of an ogre, who keeps her dreams locked in a cage.

Riley le Roux | [\\_theSalientPundit](#)

Elvis Tawanda Chirara



# *Birthdays & Anniversaries*



<b>Mr. Marco Merki</b>	<b>01 December</b>
<b>Pose Enock</b>	<b>02 December</b>
<b>Makoni Noel</b>	<b>03 December</b>
<b>Samson Parwaringira</b>	<b>04 December</b>
<b>Prosper Tubulo</b>	<b>06 December</b>
<b>Kelvin Munkuli</b>	<b>10 December</b>
<b>Lucas Paulo</b>	<b>14 December</b>
<b>Von Nidda Roland</b>	<b>16 December</b>
<b>Kevin Mutsvairo</b>	<b>20 December</b>
<b>Olivier Niyibizi</b>	<b>22 December</b>
<b>John Turyakiira</b>	<b>23 December</b>
<b>Sr. Mandeya</b>	<b>23 December</b>
<b>Prof. Chennells</b>	<b>23 December</b>
<b>Adelino Dawacar</b>	<b>25 December</b>
<b>Emmanuel Uwiragiye</b>	<b>25 December</b>
<b>Emmanuel Ndorimana</b>	<b>25 December</b>
<b>Murungu Munyaradzi</b>	<b>26 December</b>
<b>Reagan Chengamali</b>	<b>27 December</b>
<b>Mr. Abidon Francisco</b>	<b>27 December</b>
<b>Talent Mutungwazi</b>	<b>31 December</b>

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:

POEMS, JOKES, GOSSIP, HUMOUR AND CARTOONS

APOSTOLATE, SPIRITUAL AND ACADEMIC EXPERIENCES

CLUBS' PROGRESS REPORTS AND ACTIVITIES

MOTIVATIONAL STORIES AND PUZZLES

CURRENT COLLEGE NEWS, EVENTS, CONCERNS AND

VIEWS

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***The views and opinions expressed in this edition are not of the editorial team.***