



September 2017

# *Arrupe Insider*

A Publication of Arrupe College Students'  
Association



*Opening Assembly*

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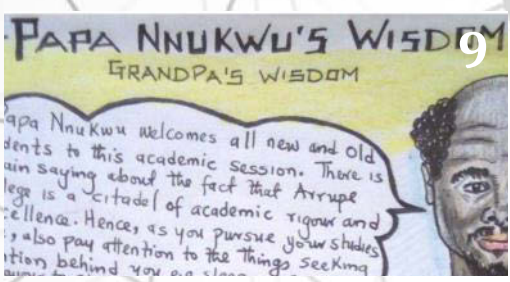
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## Arrupe Insider welcomes you

### Dearest Arrupeans and friends,

Let me begin by thanking the outgoing Editor in Chief of Arrupe Insider, Emmanuel Ndorimana, SJ. As it is said in Latin, *A fructibus cognoscitur arbor*, which translates as “the tree is known by its fruits”. Indeed, thanks to Emmanuel’s commitment and great sense of leadership, this newsletter shone in and outside the College, allowing Arrupeans to immortalize their experiences and to enliven the beauty of life in the College.

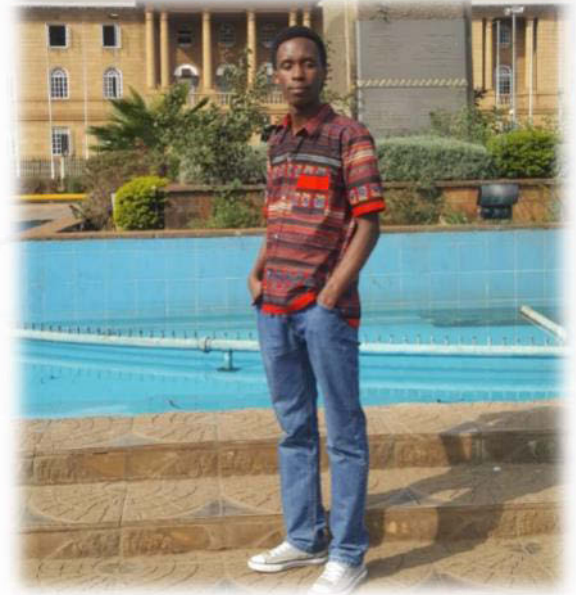
Two months have passed since the publication of the last edition. When the academic year was closed in May, all students dispersed; some for holiday here in Zimbabwe, while some others were involved in various missions across Africa and beyond. It is in that light that some of ours were immersed in the study of new languages, teaching, some were basking in the goodness of home, while some others engaged in enriching their knowledge of the society, history, ecology, and the use of mass media. This issue highlights the various experiences from those involved.

With the month of August, we began a new academic year, 2017-2018. New doors for academic and human growth are open before us. No doubt that each one of us has his or her vision filled with resolutions that will help to sow good seeds for a brilliant future for us and for our society. As the Principal, Fr. Kizito Kiyimba SJ, rightly said during his homily at the Mass of the Holy Spirit, ‘we are busy doing our best’.

To the new students who joined Arrupe College this summer, Arrupe Insider welcomes you. Through the sharing of the experiences of your early days here, you have shown that you have already settled in the Arrupe family. We are thankful to you for choosing to journey with us. It is in the same perspective that we recall, in this edition, some events that have marked the beginning of the new academic year such as the orientation program and the opening assembly. It is also vital to note that this edition also embraces a new part of the story ‘**Nyamirima in confusion**’ a piece whose earlier episodes already featured in earlier publications.

Dear Arrupeans and friends, we hope that this new issue will be a source of inspiration for all of us. As we continuously deepen our inquiry into the realm of knowledge at Arrupe College, we hope this issue contributes to that quest.

Thanks to all who contributed in this issue, either as editors or contributors. Enough of the talking, *on y va!*



# Spirituality

## Homily at Mass of the Holy Spirit – Opening Assembly 2017/2018 August 5, 2017

Dear brothers and sisters, the theme I invite us to reflect and pray about is the following: “We are called here to be men and women busy doing our best”. It is a vague theme, but we shall soon find out why it is meant to be vague.

On social media, nowadays, there are a few suggestions for status updates like: “At the movies”, or “Busy”, or even “Taking shower”. Maybe we should update our status on social media (not during Mass) to: “Busy doing our best”. We also know the road sign which goes “Men at work”. Maybe we should put a similar sign before our gate to the effect: **“Men and women, busy doing their best”**.

And this is the spirit in which we are celebrating the Mass of the Holy Spirit. As far as I know, and Fr Sumani can correct me, there are no experts on the Holy Spirit. We have experts on Christ – the Christologists – people like Fr Walter Kasper, SJ, or the Australian Christologist – Gerry O’Collins, SJ (thank you Gigi for reminding me of the name!). We also have experts on Our Lady – the various Mariologists. But when we come to expertise on the Holy Spirit – Pneumatology – as far as I know we do not have that many. And maybe the Holy Spirit would rather have it that way.

He/she is a newcomer in the development of the doctrine on the nature of God. Our systematic reflections on the Spirit only go back as far as Gregory of Nazianzen and Gregory of Nyssa. And yet from the first few verses of Genesis, the Spirit is mentioned as hovering over the waters. He/She was effective from the beginning, has been effective since, but has retracted himself/herself from the scene.

The Spirit works in us as much as we work in Him/Her. The Spirit affirms us to the measure that



affirm Him/Her. I suggest that it is not possible to be “objective” about the Holy Spirit, in the sense in which we often think of “objectivity” in philosophy – namely the capacity to step away and make a judgment about what is there. We are caught up in the Spirit, as we engage with and in the Spirit. We are busy in the Spirit, from the moment “Go!” We do not have the leisure nor the luxury to stand outside. But that does not make our engagement with the Spirit a subjective undertaking. We often oppose objectivity to subjectivity. But rather than enhance our idiosyncrasies, the Spirit enhances our personhood. The middle ground between “objectivity” and “subjectivity” is “personhood”. Now let us see how these reflections are borne out by the readings (Acts 2: 1-11; and John 20: 19-23).

I have drawn four points from our readings, around the theme I mentioned: We are men and women busy doing our best. The first point is what we see at the arrival of the Holy Spirit in the Upper Room – how it is described in **vague terms**. The narrator talks in vague terms about the arrival. We hear of “noise as of a wind” and “tongues as of a fire”. These are vague descriptions. The Spirit eludes definition and fingering. In fact He/She is

## Homily at Mass of the Holy Spirit

only perceptible in the effect He/She has on those who receive Him. Human activity represents in some way the power and work of the Spirit.

In the classrooms, you might experience from time to time, teachers having the effect of “noise as of a wind”. Please bear with them. Put a positive interpretation to their efforts. They are trying to pass on what they have received in the Spirit. Sometimes, some teachers will breathe fire upon you, to make one point or another clear. Be patient and say to yourself – s/he is acting under the effect of the Spirit.

The Spirit leaves things vague, so as to leave room for our free and personal interpretation. We are free to make sense of the activity of the Spirit in the world. We are invited to make sense of this activity. In fact, we cannot and should not stand on the side lines, merely looking in and pointing fingers. We need to jump in and join the fray. The disciples in the First Reading jump in and join the fray, even before things are crystal clear. There they are, already speaking different languages!

We at Arrupe can live with vagueness. Are we becoming a university? A frequent question during the Orientation Week is: So, Kizito, what are you doing as Principal, given that we have a Rector? I venture into a vague answer – we are still working things out. But we can live with that, if we live in the Spirit. There we are, launching in and being busy doing our best.

The second point I would like to reflect on is about the various **efforts and dispositions** of the disciples and the crowds. We can learn a lot about the Spirit and working in the Spirit from the various efforts and dispositions. One such disposition is **fear**. The disciples are locked up in a room, in fear. But when the Spirit arrives, He/She is able to take that fear and transform it into a holy fear – a respectful and reverent fear. We are called upon to hold on to a certain amount of fear of the other. We

are called upon to maintain some respectful distance from the other – not to take over completely.

Another such effort of the disciples is that they were gathered **in one place**, and so were the crowds. We have been gathered in one place, here at Arrupe College. As the Acting Dean, and Zhou were asking the newcomers – why are you doing philosophy and humanities, we need to keep before us the reason we are gathered. In fact, the Spirit has gathered us. Even when we disagree, let us keep in mind that we are gathered in one place. In fact we need to be gathered in one place around something common, for us to really be able to disagree.

One more disposition of the disciples is that they all had **one vision** – of noise as of a wind and tongues as of a fire. They were bound together by one vision. In fact the Spirit saw to this vision. The Spirit sees to our vision. We need a vision in order to be busy doing our best. I laid my vision before you in my Principal’s address, but that is one, and you do not have to agree with it. Yet we can only have one at a time. Let us see the Spirit uniting us around one vision.

Yet another disposition mental disposition was one of **amazement and astonishment**. The disciples and the crowds were amazed and astonished. Let us hold on to some amazement and astonishment about the other. Let us forever remain open to the little surprises from the other. We should not completely know the other to the extent that there is no room for surprises. When we completely know the other, it is the beginning of abuse – for we have mastered them. We *know* them.

In the same disposition of amazement, let us hold on to a certain amount of tentativeness about our positions as we write our papers. Mr Zangairai is known to have stopped a student in his tracks who had “conclusively concluded” a matter of research. Let us receive the gift of amazement and astonishment from the Spirit. Concluding on this point, let us ask ourselves: what draws us here? What holds us in amazement?

## *Homily at Mass of the Holy Spirit*

A third point I found for reflection is about the **diversity** there is among the disciples and the crowds. When we receive our diversity from the Spirit, we receive it as a blessing. And diversity can go bad. Kenya, right now just before the elections, risks falling apart along the lines of diversity. The diverse political parties are showing up ethnic diversity as a curse. People are turning on one another and pointing them out as different and therefore as enemies.

In the reading, the disciples and the crowds are seen celebrating their diversity. So should we. Are we not all of us: from Pakistan or Kondo, whether Redemptorists or lay, not receiving the same message in our own ways of understanding?

As a footnote, I would like to suggest to our theologians, (Aziza is the next candidate for theology), a theology of networking. One building block would be to reflect on how networking does not obliterate diversity. The identities of each node in a network are preserved, for the network to be effective. All these people are “networked” in one message, which they receive as they are. Our diversity is a blessing, only if the Spirit takes it over. And the Spirit takes it over in the measure we are willing to work together towards the same goal, because of our diversity.

A final point rises above the vagueness of the Spirit. In the Gospel, we receive **a clear mandate or command from Our Lord Jesus**. That command is twofold. First of all, Our Lord commands peace upon us. If we are going to live together and in the Spirit, we need to live in peace as opposed to fear and division. Secondly, He commands us to go and forgive. Our Lord is a realist (not in the Philosophy of Science sense of realism – Jesus did not believe that electrons exist out there). He is a realist in the sense that He knows that where humans come together, the same humans can falter. The glue that will hold communities together is the mission to go and forgive. Let us always be willing to work in the Spirit by working to forgive.

In conclusion, the readings and our celebration today do not promise us good times and sunny days always. Look out there and see how cloudy the day is. There will be sunny days, just as there will be cloudy days. But the Spirit calls us today. We are called to be men and women busy doing our best. And as we do our best, we define the nature of the Spirit among us. Let us get busy doing our best.

The Lord be with you.

Kizito Kiyimba, SJ





## Reflection on the workshop on liturgy by Fr. Sumani sj

From 1<sup>st</sup> August to 4<sup>th</sup> August 2014



Prior to the opening of the academic year 2017-2018, Fr. Wilfred Sumani, SJ gave us a workshop on Liturgy. The workshop started on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August and ended on the 4<sup>th</sup> of August. From my

own analysis, it was very fruitful and inspiring to learn about a number of issues pertaining to liturgy more so to us as Jesuit scholastics, because we cannot separate ourselves from liturgy as long as we are moving towards priesthood. I came to understand that Liturgy is one of the central part in our worship of God as Catholics. This was my second seminar on Liturgy and so, it really came at the right time because my quest to widen my knowledge on liturgy was finally a reality.

In summary, Father Sumani gave us the etymology of the word Liturgy. He said that it originates from a Greek word Leitourgia which is composed of two words Laos meaning people and Argon which means work. This clearly signifies that liturgy

## workshop on liturgy by Fr. Sumani sj

itself is work and therefore, it is a very important aspect of our life because through it derives strength from the love of Christ and services to others. In other words, the objective of liturgy is to move the human heart to love God and our neighbours. In most cases we do a lot of activities in our daily life be it community activities or helping others and we have never known that such kind of service express the idea of liturgy. Therefore, liturgy is not only done in the church but it is something that we do each time through the service of the other and the love of God.

In this seminar, I also came to understand different aspects of liturgy in which we have the liturgical actions and narratives which facilitate the movement of the human heart towards God and rendering service to our neighbours. The seminar really enlightened many aspects in our worship today and the facilitator added that our liturgy is not only about reciting prayers instead, *there are other non-verbal elements such as the sensuous character of expression and the logical factor of signification that help to move the heart towards God.* In addition to the above, the facilitator said that communication during liturgy is very essential. This implies that when we have our liturgy it has to be done in a conducive environment that enables the process of communication. Towards the end of our seminar the facilitator was able to show the importance of the Ignatian spirituality in relation to the Liturgy by saying that 'Spirituality distils from the Gospel a more streamlined worldview which informs one's manner of interacting with God and the world. Ignatian spirituality informs the Society of Jesus' pedagogy, approach to leadership, social analysis, apostolic priorities and approach to ministry' (4t Aug 2017, SUMANI).

I thank Fr. Wilfred Sumani, SJ for his generosity in helping us understand the role of liturgy in the life of the Church and in our Jesuit life.

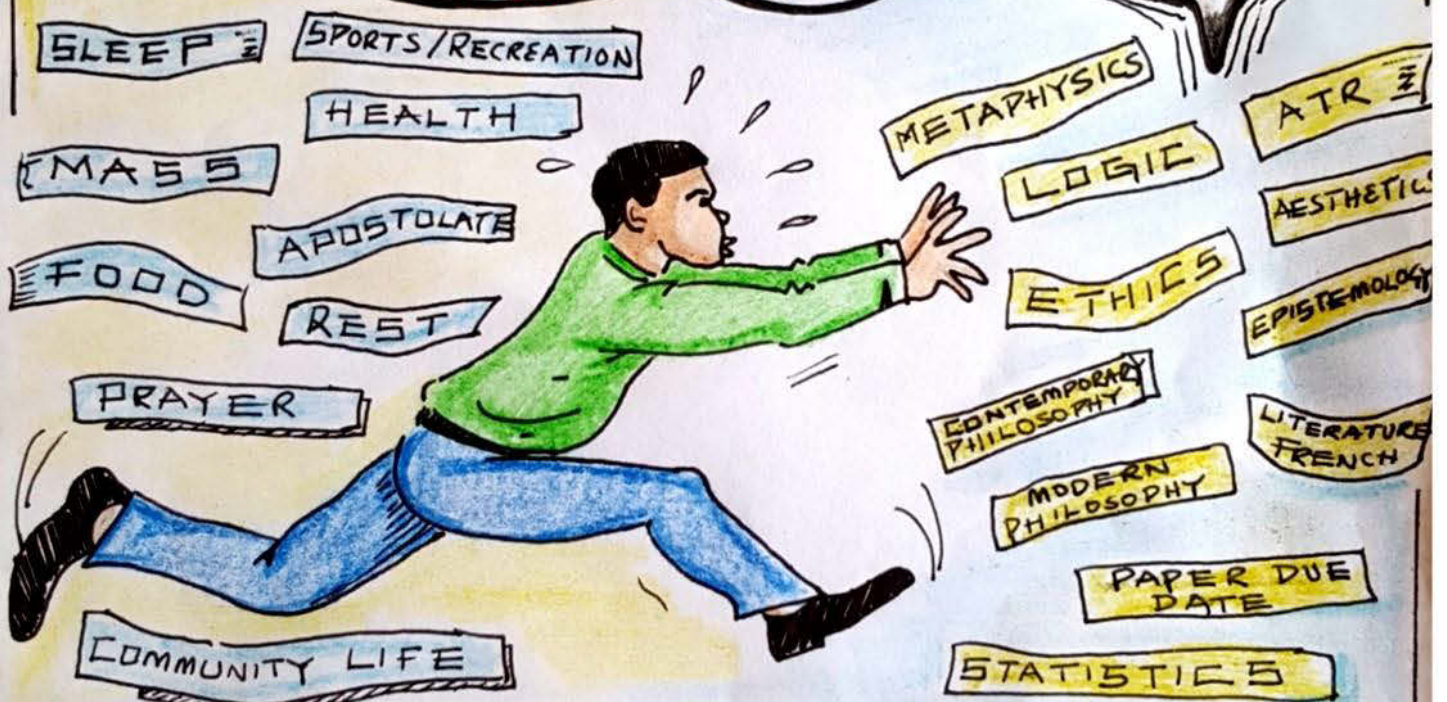
*Sajilo Julius Mark, Sj.*



# PAPA NNUKWU'S WISDOM

## GRANDPA'S WISDOM

Papa Nnukwu welcomes all new and old students to this academic session. There is no gain saying about the fact that Arrupe college is a citadel of academic rigour and excellence. Hence, as you pursue your studies here, also pay attention to the things seeking attention behind you e.g sleep, rest etc. Endeavour to strike a reasonable balance. Do **not be admitted to the infirmary as a Scholastic**



Now I have acquired all the Philosophical Knowledge... **But I am tired!** I should have listened to Papa Nnukwu



Hmm! But how can I go to the Infirmary as a Scholastic?

AT THE END OF STUDIES



# Joke

## Why did the chicken cross the road?

**This is how different people can react to the same scene.**

**The scene:** A chicken crosses a road.

**Question:** Why did the chicken cross the road?

**Descartes:** To go to the other side.

**Plato:** For the chicken's good. In fact the other side is true.

**Aristotle:** It is in the nature of chickens to cross the road.

**Karl Marx:** It was historically inevitable.

**Hippocrates:** Due to a secretion of its pancreas.

**Blaise Pascal:** All beings seek happiness, even the chicken which crossed the road.

**Martin Luther King:** I have a dream, a vision of a world where all chickens will be free to cross the road without having to justify their act.

**Machiavelli:** The important event is that the chicken has crossed the road. It does not matter why. The end itself justify all the reasons behind it.

**Freud:** The fact that you are interested in why the chicken crossed the road reveals your latent sexual insecurity.

**Buddha:** Asking that question denies your own chicken nature.

**Galileo:** And yet, it crossed it.

**Einstein:** Whether it is the chicken which crossed the road or the road which moved under the chicken depends only on your reference

**Stalin:** That chicken should be killed right now as for all the witnesses of the action and 10 other persons picked in hazard for not having stopped that action of the chicken.

**Georges Bush:** The fact that the chicken was able to cross the road without any punishment even with the resolution of the UN is an insult to democracy, freedom and justice. That shows inevitably that we should have bombed that road a long time ago.

**Barack Obama:** The chicken has crossed the road because "yes it can".

**Usain Bolt:** The chicken has crossed the road because it has the speed to cross it.

**Neymar:** That chicken should be the most expensive chicken in the world that is why it is able to cross the road.

**Pope Francis:** Because the other side of the road is subject to climate change and ecological issues. We should take care of that immigrant chicken. We have to take care of our "common road".

Translated from French and adapted by **Akakpo Ghislain, Sj**

## Dedicate some time to Arrupe Insider newsletter to enrich yourself

Having been much involved in Arrupe Insider Newsletter for the whole academic year (2016-2017), I came to discover its great importance for Arrupe College, Arrupeans and even non-Arrupeans. Thus, I feel that I should witness to it and urge all who get a chance to receive the Arrupe Insider publications to cherish this free gift. In effect, it offers an opportunity to learn or strengthen various skills and abilities which are crucial for one to improve one's enterprise. My colleagues (editors) and our faithful readers would probably agree with me that to spend some time working for or reading Arrupe Insider is to enrich oneself in one way or another.

I have been involved in the Arrupe Insider newsletter since February 2016, when we launched its revival process. At the beginning, although I was not aware of what this assiduous newsletter was all about, I thought it would at least help me serve our college. Yet, I came to realize that I rather helped myself even before serving Arrupe College. As a matter of fact, I got lots of inspirations from it; and I developed a number of skills and abilities that I needed for my spiritual, intellectual and social growth. This occurred because I accepted to sacrifice some time for it. Despite the fact that some of us are more advanced in one domain or another, I believe that nobody is perfect in all domains at once. Thus, we may all need to consult the Arrupe Insider if we want to learn new skills or to expand those we have already, not only for our own interest, but also for the interest of our society.

If you are inquisitive, you may ask me what I benefitted from this sedulous magazine. Unfortunately, I cannot convey all the answers I have to this question in this short piece. However, I must acknowledge some striking insights. This newsletter

helped me to enlarge my language skills. I learnt from it valuable inspirations to strengthen my spiritual engagement, and abilities to manage better my academic endeavors. Of course, as a student of philosophy and humanities, I find the Arrupe Insider very relevant because it is based on the behavior and reaction of a pure and rational human being before a specific situation. In fact, this magazine demonstrates that, as social and sociable human beings, we do not just philosophize a situation, but we also seek to concretize it in a practical way for the common good. These and many other characteristics of human beings are covered in every publication of Arrupe Insider.

Most importantly, the Insider goes further to regulate our behaviors and reactions according to our own beliefs, social values and the outcome of this exercise. This is illustrated through the lives, convictions and teachings of the saints that we celebrate every month. It gives us a scenario of the transformation of the physical human body into the real spiritual life for eternity. I see this as a reminder that we should always strive to reach this level of life regardless of our generation, state, race, sex or age. For example, one of the topics that proves this is the reflection on the life of our companion, Sabonete, a Mozambican Jesuit scholastic who lived a very short time (less than that of Jesus) but who, like Jesus, showed himself totally indifferent in opposition to his critical circumstances until he gave up the ghost. While suffering from cancer at 30 years, he never lost courage and hope even when he knew that he could not survive. His indifference against suffering and death predicts the new and better life to which he was aspiring. This means that the stories we hear about saints who lived far from our lands long time

## Dedicate some time for Arrupe Insider newsletter to enrich yourself

ago are also applicable even in our midst and in our times. Through this initiative, Arrupe Insider aims at encouraging us to conform our lives to those of the saints, our examples, who at their times showed their interest in following and imitating Jesus who constantly calls us to be his witnesses for the current generation.

Now, would these opportunities leave you indifferent? I believe that they could help you enhance whatever mission you are undertaking. Unfortunately, some people declare that it is difficult to find time for perusing Arrupe Insider publications. In this case, it is very easy for such people to keep thinking that this is useless or rather less important than other activities. I do not disagree with them. I know that the academic, community, job or familial requirements tend to take much of our time. Nevertheless, I think this is related to the ignorance of the importance that Arrupe Insider carries for us. In fact, from my own experience, it is not that demanding as one may think. We only need to organize our time well and the rest becomes easier.

Therefore, if you are an editor or a reader, try to take enough time to explore this treasure offered by the Arrupe Insider magazine. Indeed, as a student, a leader, a lay or religious person, ... you will definitely learn more skills, innovations, inspirations and entertaining proficiencies to garnish your career. For sure, you will find that working for or reading Arrupe Insider newsletter publications is not a waste of time, but rather a gain.

Emmanuel Ndorimana

## Research and understand, before you give a conclusion

'Only those who know the forbidden to know can declare the forbidden to know forbidden.' Even the Bible proclaims that my people are perishing because of lack of wisdom. During my vacation I found out that, often some people do not invest time into researching and understanding. Some do not have inquisitive minds to study. Generally, some people are superstitious and suspicious, they love gossiping because they want to confirm their suspicions. Our cultures are perishing because of lack of research and understand. One of my researches concerned why the colour black or black things are being associated with evil.

Africans and Europeans believe that, the colour black is associated with evil and black animals such as snakes and cats are believed to be associated with witches and witchcraft. When the devil is painted, it is in black. If the colour black is cursed, please tell me! Black colours are associated with mourning, sadness, war, poverty, darkness, while blackness in life is generally not a good forecast. All the way back, black colour was not friendly to me. In Shona tradition, a person who has a bad luck is considered to have a black curse and people will say "ane munyama". Munyama is a borrowed word from Ndebele and it means black or darkness. This entails that, if a person has munyama it literary means that he/she is under the oath of darkness. From what I have gathered in my research, Black is not limited to evil, but to richness, life and luck. From ancient Egyptians Black was the colour of the rich, alluvial soil watered by the Nile River that provided fertility and growth – the source of life itself. And while it was also the colour of Anubis, the god of mummifica-

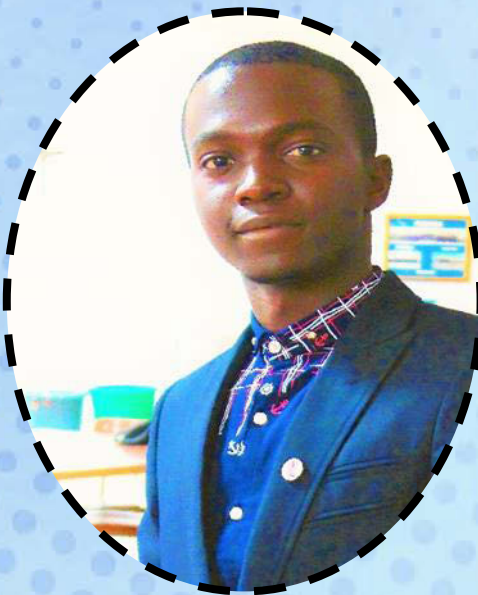
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## Research and understand, before you give a conclusion

tion and of the afterlife, he was not a negative figure or evil presence, but actually one who protected the dead against evil. So black was worshipped – after all, that they might one day live

Most Zimbabweans believe that a black cat crossing one's path is a symbol of bad luck. In the United Kingdom and Japan, Black was the top choice for a ship's cat and some fishermen's wives also kept black cats at home because they believed that it added luck. Egyptian households kept black cats in the hope of gaining favour from powerful divinities. Apart from evil, black things are associated with power, fear, mystery, strength, aggression, authority, and sophistication. Black is required for all of manner.

Therefore, I can say it is lead people to associate the colour black or black things with evil. Hence unless people invest time in researching and understanding, black things will continue to be considered as evil. I hope Africans will take advantage of their cultures.



**Sylvester Kanjiwa**

was the colour of death, but also the colour as the “inventor” of embalming, Anubis by embalming, people were preserved again, (Kate Carter).

lieve that a black cat crossing one's path is United Kingdom and Japan, Black was the and some fishermen's wives also kept they believed that it added luck. Egyptian in their households and looked after them from powerful divinities. Apart from evil, with power, fear, mystery, strength, au- and aggression, authority, and sophisticated other colours to have depth and variation

poor understanding of one's culture that

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## Reflection on My Experience of the Long Holidays in Cameroon (From 22<sup>nd</sup> May to 23<sup>th</sup> July 2017)

I would like to start by thanking God for the graces that He bestowed on me, for the amazing experiences that I encountered during the previous long Holidays. I thank God in a special way for his protection and unrelenting mercy and love for me. I also express my sincere and heartfelt gratitude to the administration of Arrupe college for the organization of all our journeys. The credit especially goes to the minister and the bursar of Arrupe college, Fr. Jerry Aman and Fr. Paul Hamill respectively, for all the logistics that facilitated our smooth movements to and from Cameroon as well as our enjoyable stay in this country. Thanks to the entire Society of Jesus for the effort to ensure that we are able to appreciate the fact that we are diversified, and yet much more united in the Lord.

My three companions Silas, Pascal, Alexander and I left Arrupe College on the 21 of May 2017 to reach Cameroon on the 22 of May 2017. On this day, we all spent a night in Yaoundé, in Saint Francis Xavier Jesuit community. The following day, we had to travel from Yaoundé to Douala which is about 4-hours drive from Yaoundé. Thanks be to God we arrived in Douala safely. In Douala, we got separated into two groups. Silas

## Experience of the Long Holidays

and Pascal remained at Liberman College, the famous Jesuit schools in Cameroon, Alexander and I went to the Parish. We were warmly welcomed, at the parish, by the minister of the house. This was the beginning of our new mission which was mainly to learn French. We had to familiarize ourselves with the environment around us and the people, that is to say, our hosts. It was very clear to me that I had to strive hard to speak some words in French, and I was very eager to learn. The parish where we stayed is such a busy place. When Sunday came, we helped serve at Mass in which we were introduced to the congregation, and the people were told to always speak to us in French since there were English speakers too. In that Mass, we also helped in distributing the Holy Communion since it was such a big congregation. Normally, at this parish they have five Masses each Sunday. During the week days, there are three Masses daily and each one begins with adoration which continues after Mass. I was very much uplifted by the faith of the Christians in this parish. Indeed, God is at work in this place. It is just amazing how these Christians are devoted to God. They do pray every day, and every hour at any time. For sure, I was inspired by them in my vocation.

We had four days of classes. Lessons went for three hours each day. Our learning was much more interactive in a sense that we were to try to express ourselves in French by explaining the activities that transpired in the previous day. The teacher came up with materials that she had prepared to strengthen our vocabulary. After classes, we had time to interact with parishioners, and even young people. They corrected me when I was not pronouncing the words in the right way; and that was something helpful to me. Apart from learning French in class, my companion and I also had to move around the town in places like shops and markets just to experience how much we could be able to express ourselves in French. I can assure you that it was such a wonderful experience for me. I think, this was one of the practical way I could learn the language.

During our stay in Douala, we were uplifted by the celebration of two feast, Pentecost and Corpus Christi. This is the moment I interacted with many of the Christians in this parish. For instance, on the Corpus Christi, many Christians attended mass. We had a procession with the Holy Eucharist around the streets surrounding the Parish. It was just amazing. I enjoyed the dance during the procession. The weather was hot, and I was sweating seriously until the procession ended. However, it was such a fantastic day for me. The aforementioned events really showed me how the parishioners are very committed, and how faithful they are. Honestly, it was very inspiring and I could see hearts on fire in our Jesuit parish. That is why I said 'the Spirit of God is at work'.

As for my personal initiative, I joined one of the choirs in order to mix with people and improve my French, and it was another wonderful experience for me. During my language immersion, I got a chance to visit a small town along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean known as Kribi. I spent there a night right at the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. It was such an opportunity for me. I enjoyed the visit to this place because I ate fish than ever before. Moreover, fresh fish comes directly from the ocean to the kitchen. It was a very interesting moment for sure. At Kribi, I also enjoyed boat riding in the ocean, and I was able to see the inflow into the ocean with rapid water falls. Generally, by visiting various places, I got the impression Cameroon is a good country, and that the people are such affluent.

In summary, during my language immersion, I was able to learn not only the French language but also how the Society of Jesus is so diverse and very dynamic depending on the context and the environment which I can now appreciate. Through this language immersion, I have learnt to respect each culture and, above all, to adapt to situations wherever I am missioned. Through this experience, I can see clearly the issue of unity in diversity as indicated in the documents of the Society of Jesus.

## Experience of the Long Holidays

The Jesuit Slogans like *"The world is our home"* came to be very profound in my reflection because I have been reading these phrases several times without clicking to my mind; but now, I make sense of all these words in our documents in actions. This is exactly what I felt as I was trying to reflect about this language immersion.

In addition to the above points, the community was so good and they really took care of us. I sincerely thank them for their generosity and love. One profound comment I can make about the community at the parish, is that the companions have really managed to make the parish a home, a healing remedy to the faithful people of God since they are able to help the Christians at any time. That is something that I really admired from these companions. In nut shell, I enjoyed my language immersion in Douala, Cameroon. I thank the Lord for this experience which was very helpful in my life because it was my first time to visit West Africa, and I am grateful to the Society for availing us this opportunity to taste the apostolic life, and henceforth to be ever ready for the mission. I can finally say that this was such a fruitful experience for me and that it will always remain in my memories. I thank God for all these wonderful experiences and for enabling me to share them with my fellow companions.

THANK YOU

**SAJILO JULIUS MARK SJ**



## Minha experiencia em Beira- eu falo um pouco Portuguese

*Beira é uma boa cidade bem.* Minha experiencia lá com meu irmao Paul had everything since this is inevitable with life. Like Abraham we set off to Beira without knowing what we were going to meet. This is one aspect that I have learnt since joining the Society of Jesus. The opportunity of going and meeting new people, new culture in Mozambique did not disappoint.

Despite a few glitches in leaving Harare we arrived on the 25 of May and the challenges of language welcomed us. Asking for directions was troublesome and even to buy talk time, all these numbers of *cinquenta, quarenta* were not yet acquired. At one point we had to use broken sign language as we looked for a bathroom. It was very difficult to really immerse ourselves to the environment. What paid off was the saying Paul would always say, "Relax *achimwene* you do not know culture". This statement came with consolation, assurance and enabled us not to have many struggles especially when it comes to judging. At first it was really difficult to adapt but failure to adapt is tantamount to death. So the only option for us was to adapt. The moment we opened ourselves and to say to ourselves that we are in Beira, we made friends and the phrases they started coming out bit by bit. It started with the greeting, asking for water at the table until we could even negotiate for a *chopela* in town. That is the beauty of learning a language seeing the progress that you are making.



The community was helpful comprising of Albert, Jose Julio and Tendai, the superior Carlos who was also the socius, they really provided a good environment for us to learn the language and practice it. The method of learning also helped us, having classes in the morning and afternoons used for taking a walk and meeting people. The next time you tell Paul or any brother from ZiM province, "*Vamos passear*", you will get the response or "*tirar photo*". One of the adventures among our numerous experiences happened on the second day after arrival, we got lost in one of the neighbourhoods, Chipangara as we tried to navigate our way without the language or any GPS. It was troublesome, an expedition for sure. However, we got the confidence that we needed to learn Portuguese.

Having mid-day prayer and Mass every day in Portuguese made us work harder and it meant picking few phrases to add to the vocabulary. The structure of the lessons consisted of reading, writing, listening and speaking practices which always come with learning a language. Classes in the morning, afternoons were free to explore the city and the people of Beira. With our broken Portuguese and also the help of phone translators we would engage in conversations with the people. Despite them noticing that our Portuguese was bad, people they were keen to teach us.





## Minha experiencia em Beira

Places to look for would be Mir Mar, Maccutti, Praia Nova and Estoril and even visiting the Port or Namuralha. Surely, in these places one would engage with people. Moreover, we had the opportunity to visit some important places such as Praca de Independencia, the cathedral and Maqinini. All these places engraved numerous experiences within us and they were part of us. We had a chance of learning from him strumming the guitar, are the fruits. I was not left out! I got some lessons of *mbira*.

We also had the experience of attending the last vows held in the Sacred Heart Jesuit Novitiate Beira. Witnessing the last vows at this novitiate before its closure, a found ceremony, was

Six weeks of learning, enjoying a new environment, acclimatising and

and I really enjoyed the time I spent in Beira. I continue to practise the Portuguese; who knows what will happen! If I forget you Beira let my right-hand wither and let my tongue cleave to the roof.

*A vida na Beira meus irmaos esta bem*



ing, acclimatising and ment far from the vigor- Surely, it was worthy it

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*Prosper Tubulo SJ*

## Making a Home at Arrupe College

The just concluded Orientation program was indeed an introduction to a new phase of life that was beginning for the new students of Arrupe College.

Upon arriving at the college, we were given a warm welcome by the brothers that were around. It was indeed a happy moment to finally arrive at Arrupe College. The orientation for me started at the very moment we entered the college because we were told to cover ourselves very well from the cold and we were shown some very important places in the College such as the chapel and the Refectory. I still remember the words of Thomas Djabaku, SJ, one of the 2<sup>nd</sup> year scholastics: "Feel at home because this is your home. It is just a continuation of your Jesuit journey". It was indeed a homely welcome.

The 25<sup>th</sup> of July 2017 began a series of presentations that will last several days, from various people from within and outside the College community. As a saying goes 'Effective listening requires concentration'. Indeed, all the talks required concentration because I perceived they would be sources of guidance in our stay in the College. It started with what I term "an Introduction to the new country". The first presentation we had was an introduction to Zimbabwe and her history. It was interesting and was a moment of learning how the name Zimbabwe came about and how Zimbabweans got their independence. We went further to talk about the origins of the Church in Zimbabwe, and it was amazing to discover that the Jesuits actually started the church in Zimbabwe. This gave me a homely feeling as I felt more at home. We also did a tour around the college to get conversant with the environment. Next, we

had presentations on Apostolates; letting us know that we are not just here for academics but also, that our Jesuit apostolic life continues. The Rector of the College, Fr. Gibson Munyoro, SJ, spoke to us about the *Ratio formationis*, which is the guideline for Jesuit formation in a house of formation such as Arrupe College. We were also enlightened on the spiritual life in the college by Fr. Roland von Nidda, the Chaplain of the College, who gave us a talk on the need for integration in the life of a Jesuit. A talk on community life in the larger and smaller communities was also given. It provided a taste of what community life entails as well as how to build and make the community a home. Other issues discussed were management of finance, and where and who to consult on particular issues. We also payed visits to some other Jesuit communities with-



**Anthony Otah Kalu, SJ**



in and out of Harare such as Makumbi Mission.

The orientation program would have not been complete without a look at the academic life of the College how to write good papers and follow the Arrupe way of proceeding in what pertains to studies. We started by writing an aptitude test which woke all the new students up to put on our shoes of rigor-

## Making a Home at Arrupe College

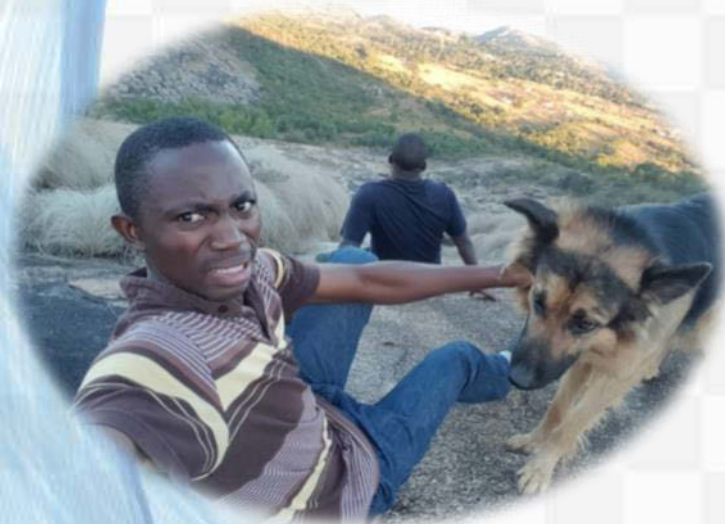
ous studies. Then we listened to talks on how our academics would look like or better still, how we are supposed to live our academic life. Presentations were given by the Registrar, Dr Gilbert Mardai who was also serving as the acting dean, on various areas on how to make us comfortable academically. One of the presentations that made me relaxed was the sharing of experiences by older students. They made remarks on fear as a beginner and also said it was normal but can be overcome with determination. Towards the end of the orientation program we had a presentation on Writing Skills by Fr. Joseph Arimoso, SJ. This presentation was on how to write good papers in various courses. One thing I picked from the presentation out of many, was that in writing a paper one has to pay attention to the purpose of writing and also to know the audience. This presentation was very explanatory and educative.

The orientation program was a very interesting, educative and inspiring one. It was indeed a time of exposure to the new life that we have come to live and how we can actually live it to its fullest. It was a good time listening and participating fully. As the saying goes “A good listener will listen not only to what is being said, but also to what is left unsaid or partially said”. It is now time to utilise what has been said and get new experiences.

ANTHONY OTAH KALU, SJ



## Makumbi Insiders



It takes one around an hour to drive from Harare to a rocky area with a beautiful geographical landscape, in approximately 50 km. This is Makumbi Mission, located in Mashonaland East province, in the district of Goromonzi. The parish, which covers around 45 sections or centers, is one of the primary names one is told about upon arrival at the mission. In this mission, you find a sisters' convent, a hospital, a primary and secondary school, a children's home, a 'Ruvashwe Trust' and other various apostolic areas. The mission was founded in 1924 by a Jesuit priest whose name is **Kaibach**. Makumbi then was an outstation of Chishawasha Mission and this priest would come to teach and discourse. It was under the care of the Dominican sisters and was later handed over to the Archdiocese of Harare. From the sisters to the diocese, then, the mission was given to the Jesuits. Meaning that most of the above apostolates are under the care of Jesuits until today.

This is a gigantic portion for a community of one priest, two brothers and two regent scholastics. In this same house, we joined as two scholastics coming for teaching experiment and four weeks later,

three more scholastics coming for holiday-pastoral-work joined us. The inventiveness and generosity of the community members make you feel like an insider and wanting to stay longer than you should. Everyone in the community is enthusiastic about education. In fact, even the only priest in the mission, besides being a shepherd of a large flock, teaches in the high school as well as the two regent scholastics, who are alumni of Arrupe College. The two Jesuit brothers take care of the children too since one remains the administrator of the school while the other manages the school clinic. The latter, regardless of his old age, works tirelessly to ensure that any student not feeling well, pulls through completely and as soon as possible, goes back to class.

Living with astute people made our responsibilities, in class and outside of the class, easier. From their experience, Pascal Bihorubusa and I came to know how to handle some circumstances with the students, without difficulty. In fact, it would be difficult for one to distinguish us from the regular teachers of the school. Thus, our collaboration with both sides was amazing in matters concerning teaching. The support we got from those who we found on the



field empowered our integration. This made interaction with the students interesting, as they never failed to ask questions, enthusiastically, and share their experiences with us. The same did apply to the staff, and that did open gates for us and we could approach

them in times we need their assistance, we adore their generosity.

As a sequel to the above, our stay in Visitation High School was not only about the academics. Our interaction was not limited to those we taught. Consequently, we were also involved in some extra-

## Makumbi Insiders

curricular activities. Notably, we helped to revive the French Club of the school. Their excitement during the session makes you feel not tired at all and joyful to keep on teaching and learning together with them. Furthermore, we also engaged in sports. Regardless of the tight schedule of the school, she still manages to prepare and invest into sports. The typical example remains their outstanding loci during CASA competitions. This excites one to forget not the victory of the school choir as the first in the Archdiocese of Harare and which gave a prospect to proceed to the national CASA competitions

'May my right-hand wither if I forget you Jerusalem'. The psalmist expresses these words of wisdom expressing how one should never forget the name of the Lord. Do you think Makumbi being a mission would be the one forgetting their creator? Forget about it! Here is a surprise for you. Three times a day, as a good Christian, they remind you to recite the Angelus and as the bell rings it does not matter where you are going, what you are doing or saying, one has to stop, stand and glorify the name of the Highest. That is to say little, but consider that students do visit Christ every morning and every evening, and incredibly, they do not need any supervision to do this. Besides, the students' daily masses are attended according to the classes at 12h15. This expresses how life in this school is not only about academics, but they also have time for spiritual matters and they take it seriously.

Being an insider when not a native is most times interesting, given that one needs to be integrated first. Having the community members and the staff of the school around us, assuaged our stay in Makumbi Mission. The beauty of the geographical environment helped us contemplate the love of the creator. We shall always miss the lovely moment that we shared with the students in and outside class, for they made us feel like 'insiders' of Makumbi Mission.

**Nshimiyimana Gratien, SJ**



## My stay at St. Rupert Mayer Mission – Makonde, Chinhoyi Diocese

It is a pleasure to work in a school, as one of the old sayings goes: “... Either you find a way or you create a way”. All I had to do was to create a way as could not find it. The place itself does not favor relaxations, nor is it adequate for leisure. It is not a place where one would switch on a TV and spend the whole day in front of it. The mission is more demanding and disgusting. As I arrived at the mission, I wondered how such a mission could rely only on three men, with 24 outstations, and each one far away from another. I spent all my apostolic period staying in the convent of CLCB sisters due to the unavailability of accommodation for more than three persons at the Jesuit house. My daily routine was mostly as a circle, from the convent to the priest’s house for breakfast, then to school where I would stay until evening, teaching Integrated Science to form twos and General Science to form fours as they prepared for their national exams.

I did not just teach in the school, but also spent time doing some extra-curricular activities. The school principal asked me to dedicate myself in extra time, especially afternoons after lunch, and some parts of the night just after supper, organizing group discussions and debates. Although it was tiresome, I can say that it was one of the greatest moments of consolation in my student life, but much more in my spiritual and Jesuit journey. It was at the mission that I was able to live and experience my



missionary call. It was a joyful moment to see young people who are enthusiastic and zealous in carrying out the mission and the Jesuit charism. It was a pleasure to see people, especially young students



**St Rupert Mayer’s students, gathered right after their school choir**

full of hope and trust in young scholastics. I felt like a correspondent of the words of the Holy Father: “Go to the peripheries of the world ...”. Even though there were joys, there were difficulties underneath. The di-

dactic material had to be shared at different levels, and sometimes, we had to rely most on the sources from the internet.

The Mission comprises two schools (primary, both first and second levels of education), and secondary (first and second cycle), a hospital, a parish, a soccer field and a strong football team, all bearing the same name (Rupert Mayer) as the patron. The

## My stay at St. Rupert Mayer Mission – Makonde, Chinhoyi Diocese

parish is comprising of twenty-four outstations which I did not manage to visit even a single outstation due to the overwhelming work in the school. The mission is rich in vegetation and cultivation of various cereals.

Community life at the mission was beautiful. Father Chrispen Massilele SJ, an unbreakable man, always tried to make me feel happy and comfortable with the resources at his disposal, and the contributions that the sisters give the mission, especially to the hospital, is unforgettable. Although I did not have so much time to interact with the sisters, on the few occasions we talked, they shared with me their work at the hospital. What impressed me the most was the operation of that hospital and the hospitality that is offered to pregnant women. In fact, the women in labor leave their homes when the delivery period approaches. They are welcomed by the mission at least one month before giving birth and the sisters give them utmost attention. In addition, the entire town of Makonde district is completely dependent on the mission as regards healthcare.

In the community where I lived, I did not have a special task, neither was I heavily involved in the parish. However, on weekends I was heavily involved in the preparation of meals, together with three volunteers who worked together in school, and two recent alumni of Arrupe College, Cashios Mutemachani SJ and Enoch Pose SJ.

In short, living in the mission of Saint Rupert Mayer requires a lot of sacrifice, dedication and commitment. Frankly speaking, I never took time to turn on the television and watch the news even for a minute. Being in a mission like this, no matter how much the person is intrinsically idle, this idleness will disappear, because there is always something to be done.

*“If I forget you, St. Rupert Mayer Mission, let my right-hand wither-*Se eu me esquecer de ti St. Rupert Mayer, esquecida fique a minha mão direita*”*

**Adelino Eugénio Dawacar, SJ.**



## Arrupe's Erasmus

I was preparing for the final examinations and I had a lot to read. My room was congested with books and handouts, my desktop screen full of soft copies and my brain tired. The bridging program courses are hilarious; they span classes without a bridge. On one hand, Fr. Gilbert Mardai started modern philosophy from renaissance and enlightenment era; Fr. Fidèle Ingiyimbere, on the other hand, flexed his muscles to tackle contemporary philosophy from Kierkegaard, and other contemporary thinkers. Where the lecturer in contemporary philosophy began, demarks where we intended to end in modern philosophy. Until the end of the semester, there was no connection between the two courses. Other courses such as, African Traditional Religions, world history, metaphysics, psychology of education, gender studies, and logic pulled us towards different directions. We have become **AU (African Union)** of Arrupe College. Here, I have made a mistake, no it is not true, because AU has its permanent headquarter, but for us, we never had even a permanent class. It is only a matter of time and periods one finds us in every class or stage at Arrupe. This implies that the bridging students are nomad and obedient. Our electives are already selected. What is the merit to call them electives? Are we free to choose or we are determined by the choices?

Last semester was hectic and overwhelming. This scenario made me think of and share about Erasmus's idea of scholastic jargon which he calls 'the hair-splitting logic of scholastic doctrine.' Here, Erasmus meant that speculative rationalization, theological or doctrinal complication and the life style of clergy overshadowed the simple life and teaching

of Gospel. During the closing ceremonies of 2016-2017 academic year, in his homely the Rector raised almost a similar notion to Erasmus' idea. He emphasized simplicity and genuine serves, Fr. Rector said that "Jesus never gave complicated laws to his disciples; rather he simplified the ten commandments into two, which are loving the God Almighty and one's neighbor". By thinking about the rector's homely, Erasmus' idea and by reflecting on my sleepless nights, I continued to ask myself why all this philosophy and hair-splitting philosophical concepts? Why having all these courses in the bridging program? If Jesus was able to preach and pass his messages in simple language, why do I need to undertake this number of philosophical and humanity courses whereas I am his followers?



**Tadele Wolde, S.J**

By reflecting on this, I got a challenging insight running through my mind, showing me how different I am from Jesus, whom I follow, I am his follower but I am not Him. In addition to this, the society, that Jesus preached to, was the society of parables, stories, myths and symbols. However, today I am in the society of sciences and technologies, philosophies and humanities. Here, I started thinking about myself, I found that both questions and answers are within me and that means that I have become two persons in one, namely the one who asks and the one who answers. There is danger with the dualistic identity of a person. If I continue this dualistic position, I may end up becoming a friend to Plato and an enemy of Aristotle as well with Fr. Buckland, a critical anthropologist Aristotelian of Arrupe college. My instinct pulled me to follow Plato's path; but my conscience showed me red card as Aristotle have many children who could fight for him. In this scenario, I am not safe at Arrupe and as a result I am obliged to choose the choice of somebody



## Arrupe's Erasmus

else like that of Arrupe's bridging electives.

Following the Aristotelian approach, I have to adopt the monistic view of Aristotle, acknowledging that having questions and answers within me does not make me two persons; I am one with many capacities some of which are asking and answering a question. If these two capacities are acting and reacting, that means there is a sort of conflict within me. If there is a conflict within me, there must be a cause for that. It seems that I have no choice other than to conceal myself in Plato. I think the conflict of asking and answering rises due to the combination of the body and the soul within me. In the presence of Aristotelians, this platonic dualistic view does not take me far. Hence, I have to twist my concept into Aristotelian's capacity. Let me replace body and soul by ignorance and intelligence. Since ignorance and intelligence are immaterial aspects of me, I could say that they are the ones which raise questions and conflict within me. Let me connect my ignorance with my body. When I want to read and reflect, my body asks what for? All these courses? Readings? Reflections? Then it feels tired and weak and prefers to take me in the zone of comfort. Unlikely, my soul opts to read and reflect more as it channels me towards intelligence. To remain one person and resolve conflicts in me, I have been battling with my body and ignorance. As I continue my journey at Arrupe College. I try to answer some of my questions and I will continue my battle to defeat my ignorance. I am also looking for the answers which neither could I answer nor can I battle with. I am also feeling that you may answer some of my questions or you may add for me unanswered questions of yours.

## Short Stories

### Onye Ije

*“Ensure jacket stays on until you get home. No eating of rice, chips, or pork all through the vacation. Travel around the country. Visit “Sweetness and Emmanuella”. Ensure that you lift mama from the ground when you see her. Must eat Ugba, Ofe Owerri, Fufu, Amala, Garri, Nkwobi and Isi-Ewu. Must wear beads at all times, and never put on slippers outside the house. Must be seen reading a book during spare time. Must observe siesta on a daily basis. Should try to lead the prayers at home. Must wear spectacles at all times in order to appear “serious and changed”. Must buy Ben-Sherman shoe at Yaba market. Must hang out with the clique. Should try to spend more time at home than anywhere else. Ensure that only one night is spent in the village”.*

Ijele had spent months preparing for his vacation. He had a long list of ensures, shoulds and musts. He had missed home. He longed to sit with his brothers again and eat from the same bowl. He longed to watch his mother pound *Ede* in preparation of his beloved *Ofe Owerri*. He longed to see the bliss on her face when he asked for more *Ofe*, or more *Utara, Garri* as she loved to call it. He had missed hanging out with the clique; Omalicha, Fabulous, Casmir, Innocent, and Jane. They used to do everything and could do anything together. He had missed the *Naija* feeling; the beauty of listening to bus conductors scream their destinations in Lagos; the struggle of adjusting his eyes to darkness whenever power went off; the pleasure of feeling his body brushing against that of another passenger in a bus whenever a driver attempts to negotiate non-negotiable potholes; the certainty of knowing that generators come on almost instantaneously in the neighborhood whenever power went off and the enormity of the noise that came from the street; the funk of endless programs on the radio and the sheer gift of Beat FM; the satisfaction of being able to buy groceries from the mouth of one’s house; the sweetness of riding on a motorcycle, or *Okada* as they are called; the frustration of sitting in traffic which moves once every seventy minutes; the freedom of being able to negotiate the prices of goods and services; the contentment of being reminded of the greatness of the country that traveling from the east or west to the north brought; the pulsating nature of the country present in the seeming hurry everyone seems to be in; the joy of seeing his fellow citizens hustling and just saying proudly to himself: Nigerians are not lazy people.

His homecoming would be the first since he left the country. Two years felt like twenty. When the plane touched down at the international wing of the Muritala Muhammed International Airport, his heart rate increased and his hands began trembling. It did not occur to Ijele that he would alter some of the details of his daydreams. The chaos at the airport and the frustration of the disservice of the immigration officials sent the first shock wave. As though waiting for an hour and a half to claim his luggage was not enough, he was harassed by a random-looking woman with a vest and a tag with some characters he could not understand on it. It was difficult to know who she was or what agency she belonged to. There were several of such agencies with the same job descriptions at the airport. *“Hey, stop there! Where is your luggage claim-tag? Where are you coming from? What is your occupation? Yes, your passport? Are you travelling alone? Why are your hands shaking?”*. The heat that greeted him outside the airport saw him break the very first “ensure” he had on his list. He did not know when he took off his jacket, for fear of hyperthermia. He was sweating so profusely that he thought he was going to die. Emeka and Fabulous were already waiting for him at the exit, and they gave their younger brother a warm welcome.

As they headed home from the airport, the city was still awake, although it was 11:56pm. Lagos was one of those cities that never slept. Neither did Chiasaokwu, Ijele’s mother, as she waited impatiently for the

## Onye Ije

arrival of her Ijele. She had prayed her Rosary repeatedly for his safe arrival. When Emeka drove into the compound, they found their mother standing at the entrance of the house, waiting to receive her homecoming son. Chiasaokwu wrapped her hands over Ijele and locked it. She had grown shorter and smaller in his eyes. Her hands did not go beyond his waist. She felt too small to him that he lost the drive to lift her from the ground as he had planned to. She had missed her beloved *Taatimpu*, the last fruit of her womb. She sang, danced and finally knelt down in a prayer of thanksgiving to God. In a twinkle of an eye, she was in tears. When they eventually sat; Ijele eating, and she watching him to measure the level of contentment on his face, she oohed and aahed over everything he said. He was still sweating profusely, intermittently wiping sweat with his free hand. Chiasaokwu thought Ijele was enjoying the pepper in the soup. When Ijele finished eating, he took his spectacles off, and he never put them on again until he left the country.

His first road trip was from the west, Lagos, to the east, Owerri. Ijele anticipated a smooth ride and hoped to have not just a woman as his seat neighbor, but a beautiful and chatty one at that. His hopes did not fail him. He was at the bus station at 5:00am. "God is Good Motors" was his favorite transport company. It was one of the few transport companies that knew the meaning of the word service. By 6:15am, his vehicle started off. The bus carried Nigeria. Although they were headed to the eastern part of the country, there were passengers from several ethnic groups in the bus:

"I think Buhari is dead! Why should a president stay out the kontri for over fifty days, using tax-payers' mooni to sustain himself abroad? Can he not be tleated in the kontri? What do they have in Rondon that we do not have in Ragos? If only we know exactly what he is suffeling flom, we can even cure him tlu tladitional means sef". "Kai you fiffle should stop saying di flesident is dead. Walai, let us rimemba that we voted por him in 2015. In sickness and in health, he is still our flesident. Infact, Sai Baba! Sai Baba! Buhari por secon term as flesident of di plederal refublic of Naigeria!". "Driver take am easy ooo, ah! Kilode, you shu drive kiafully na, canyu nor see that hamyam pregnant? Hayaf been looking for a shyde for hover ten yiars now. Hif I lose this wan, Ogun will shuwaly punish you and yuwar generation!".

As the journey unfolded, Ijele grew scared. There were too many tankers, containers and heavy trucks on the road. He occasionally saw some who had either plunged their heads into the bush, or collided with smaller vehicles. On several occasions, his vehicle nearly collided with some of these larger vehicles. While the other passengers seemed unperturbed, he grew restless. He was so restless that he stopped chatting with the beautiful lady beside him. He became cold. He arrived at his destination ten hours later. Bad road ensured that the journey was three hours longer.

He was not given a hero's welcome in the village. Only a few people recognized him. Some tried to figure out who he looked like, while others whom he knew, simply greeted him and walked past. He now had several cousins who did not know him; Chisom, Tochukwu, Amarachi, Nneka, Tobe. The following day after his arrival was St. Anthony's Day. He could not help but dance all through the Mass. The music was just disarming; nothing like where he was coming from. The choir sang with ease, with the local instruments accentuating their powerful voices. "*Otito diri Chineke n'elu ka si elu, udo diri mmadu ndi'ihe ha na so Chukwu*". Ijele had missed seeing people actually singing and dancing at Mass. He was elated to see the St. Anthony's society members dance to the altar in thanksgiving with gifts of fresh vegetables, huge yams, kolanuts, sacks of fresh fruits; including maize and *ube*, and St. Anthony's bread. The liturgy made him wish he could stay in the country longer than he should. After the Mass, St. Anthony's bread was distributed to the faithful. It was a wonderful event for him, as he had longed to see such deep expression of faith. He watched with keen at-

## Onye Ije

tention as the members of the St. Anthony's society gathered their petitions written on pieces of paper, and stuffed them into an already dug shallow hole. They invited the Parish Priest to pray over the petitions, sprinkling holy water over them and casting out all evil from them before they torched them. As they burned, the group danced round the flame, singing: "Anto-Padua! The saint of lost items – Padua! Intercede for us – Padua! Protect our growing children – Padua! Bless our parish – Padua! Bless our farms – Padua! Strike our enemies – Padua!

By the start of the third week in the country, Ijele had seen every sibling, cousin, neighbor and some friends. He had heard about the weddings, births, and deaths. He had been appropriately shocked at how much enmity existed in his extended family, and how several of his friends no longer saw eye to eye. Too much bad blood. He could not hang out with the clique as he longed to. There was no clique anymore. He had to make do with what was left of it. Sweetness had become a beauty queen; her endless traveling made it impossible to see her. Thankfully, Emmanuella's school was close to his village. She was in her final year in the university. She still loved him dearly, even though she had not seen him in two years. He cherished the time they spent together. Ijele had also eaten every major meal he planned to. He often quarreled with his mother for buying roasted yam and plantain on the road whenever he felt like. Chiasaokwu was often offended by his preference of soaked garri with groundnuts, coconut, milk and sugar over a bowl of rice and chicken.

Ijele spent the last days of his vacation feasting; eating fish pepper soup, Isi-Ewu, and Nkwobi with his friends. The feast always ended at home as Chiasaokwu treated him with all kinds of soup accompanied by either fufu or garri. As much as the country was chaotic, he still loved it and longed to spend more time in it. On the eve of his departure, Ijele took out his suitcases, and began to pack. Emeka and Fabulous kept him company as he packed. They spoke of their aims and aspirations and how much they hoped to achieve before his next return. They spoke to him like he was their elder brother. Ijele wished he could stay and chase these dreams with them. He wanted to be there when his first niece or nephew would come. He wanted to see his first niece before she could walk. But he had to go back. The thought weakened his knees. Chiasaokwu made sure to bless Ijele the following morning. He knelt and opened his hands as she spat in them and blessed him. She concluded: "*Ijele, onye ije nwoke. Eje ayo gi. Chukwu gozie gi.*". He rose a more confident man. It was at the airport that he realized that his luggage was heavier than they were when he arrived.



**Uchekwue Oguike, SJ.**

## Nyamirima in confusion!

### Once upon a time continuation

The ten loyal guards of the king Nyamirima head back to the palace from the top of the mountain after failing to apprehend Nzitonda and Nabusage. They do not have any good news to update Nyamirima, apart from telling him that the two lovebirds have reached Butasira Kingdom. The king has nothing to do at all. Nzitonda and Nabusage's escape is indeed a real hung-up for him. He is very furious at his guards for failing him and the whole kingdom of Buhutira. "Thoughtless, so-called loyal guards! You could have reached Butasira kingdom and searched where Nzitonda and Nabusage are hidden; it's all your fault that they escaped," Nyamirima shrieked.

Nyamirima accuses the guards to be indolent and insolent for they did not execute his orders properly. He is no longer able to depict the kind of fight he is engaging with Nabusage and Nzitonda. The king sees that his fight with Nabusage and Nzitonda is about to be altered into rough conflicts that can affect his kingdom. The king is scared. He is no longer willing to seek advices from his queen Banga. No more decisions that can be taken after consulting, he cannot consult anymore. The only option is to use his power. "I am still a king of Buhutira kingdom, it's my duty to protect my people", he shouted. But, protecting them from who or what?

In his mind, the spirit plummeted to the idea of chasing away his guards. The guards resist a bit, for they do not see any crime they have committed. Looking at the king's frustrations, one of the ten guards humbly said, "Your Majesty, you better leave Nabusage and Nzitonda alone. There is nothing behind their attitude, they don't want to destroy the kingdom; the only thing they want is to live their lives". "Bird in the hand is worth two in the bush", another guard of the ten added. "I don't understand what's going on", the king Nyamirima murmurs. "An old fox is not easily snared; besides, the best helping hand is at the end of your sleeve", Nyamirima shouted. "The devil looks after his own", the ten guards shouted together; and then, they left Nyamirima alone.

On the horns of a dilemma, the king is overwhelmed by the departure of the ten guards in such a way. After some days, he came to the point of finding a solution. Without consulting any of his advisers and his queen, Nyamirima thought of taking two of his special warriors and go to Butasira kingdom to visit King Nzihora. Nyamirima announced the visit to Nzihora, though Nzihora turned it down without a second thought. The visit is officially cancelled. This visit was to be the first in the history of the two kingdoms. Kings of the Buhutira and Butasira kingdoms have never been friendly to each other. Nyamirima is not much concerned by the conflicts of the two kingdoms, but only his fight with Nabusage and Nzitonda. Having in mind that the two lovebirds are protected by the king Nzihora, the decision is then to take two champion warriors and go with him clandestinely to kill Nabusage and Nzitonda once they manage to get through into Nzihora's kingdom...

*To be continued.*

**Nsabimana Jean Claude, SJ**

# Birthdays and Anniversaries



Michael Kinaka

1 September

Fr. Gibson Muunyoro

2 September

Theogene Ngirinshuti

7 September

Nelson Mashupiko

9 September

Jackzon Honda

16 September

Ayele Gobena

22 September

Swithern Chinhema

22 September

Eugene Kutsawa

26 September

## Happy Birthday dear Brothers and Sisters

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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