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Arrupe Insider

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Arrupe Insider

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Embrace the *Magis*

At the dusk of October 31 2017, I was on my way from the college when I felt drawn to look back on the colours that I encountered during the month that is almost behind me. Indeed, October was gone but it was also coming. In my meditation, my first thoughts were captured by the images of letters. These letters opened my mind to the world - and together with my heart - to challenging and life-giving activities. My second insight was that October is also the month that the Church dedicates to our Lady of the Rosary. It is my hope that we were able to seek the intercession of our dear mother.



At the end of my endeavour, I saw October as a fruitful month full of activities and various experiences. My conclusion was that, for us Arrupeans, October has been another seed that we planted in our garden. We are happy because November brings abundant waters that help us to make the October seed come alive. I believe that the abundant waters will continue to flow as long as we continue to be challenged to stretch our abilities and to try new things. At this point, I cannot forget to mention that we all look forward to ending this semester with the spirit of *Magis* which, I believe, will be characterized by the spirit of our studies and the upcoming activities such as the Cultural Night scheduled for the 18th of November.

Dear Arrupeans and friends of Arrupe College, this new issue of Arrupe Insider is our way of looking back at our experiences of the month of October. This retrospective enterprise is the print of the *Magis* that we chose to make our cause!

NIYONKURU Hubert, SJ

Homily: Mid-term Assembly Mass



It is most appropriate, isn't it, that on this day when we mark the mid-point of our semester, the gospel reading presents us with a scene in which Jesus is teaching his disciples. 'Lord, teach us to pray just as John taught his disciples to pray'. This is the request of the disciples to their teacher and mentor, Jesus. In contemporary Christology, the study of Christ, we have come to give Jesus a number of titles: Jesus the Liberator is a popular one in Latin America, here in Africa, you may have heard of Jesus the Ancestor or Jesus the Healer. Today, I would like us to consider Jesus the Teacher, or as we might say, in more modern language, Jesus the Mentor.

And I thought I would begin by remembering two people who, in a sense, taught me to pray as I began my journey to the Jesuits. Two people who were ear-

ly mentors to me. The first of these is the man who was, until recently, Bursar at Arrupe College, Fr Paul Hamill. I cannot forget our first meeting when he was Vocations Promoter for the British Province. After I had finished telling him about my life, my desire to serve God, I asked him, "When shall we meet again?" His answer baffled me. He said, 'Who knows? Maybe on your way back home you will meet the girl of your dreams, you will fall in love with her and get married and have little Kalenzis.' I said to myself, "Wait a minute, isn't this man supposed to be promoting Jesuit vocations? But here he is discouraging them!" But that is Paul. So he refused to set an appointment and left me the freedom to decide to return to see him. In our subsequent meetings, I got used to his Scottish humour and his tough love, as I imagine some of you have had to do in the time he was here. But I hope, that like me, you came to appreciate that it was all for a good cause. Fr Paul is, to use an expression from Fr Evaristus, a rebel with a good cause. In my case, I certainly learned a great deal from Fr Paul back then when I was discerning my vocation and now, some 13 years later, when he showed me how to do the job of bursar at Arrupe College.

During my candidacy for the Society of Jesus, Fr Paul asked me if I would be willing to have a Ugandan priest studying in London as my spiritual director. This Ugandan priest is the second person I would like to remember today with gratitude and he is none other than Fr Kizito Kiyimba. As with Fr Paul, my relationship with Fr Kizito did

not start very well. He had asked me to meet him at Wimbledon train station at 2pm. Like the dutiful candidate I was, I arrived at 1.55. But at 2, Fr Kizito was nowhere to be seen. At 2.10, still no sign of him, at 2.20, I began to wonder if I had got the date or time wrong and 2.30 I began contemplating calling his community to say I had come and did not find Fr. Kizito. But I stayed on and at 2.40 I see an African man walking hurriedly towards the train station. I knew that it must be Fr Kizito. But subsequently, we had a good meeting and I came to appreciate the wisdom of Fr Kizito's direction, which is sometimes hidden behind his constant teasing, that some of you know only too well. But it was a spiritual direction that was always encouraging and from which I have learned to accompany others myself.

I left London to join the novitiate in Arusha, but our paths crossed again when, in my second year at Arrupe, Fr Kizito was assigned to the teaching staff. He would be my Epistemology professor and supervised my thesis. Fr Kizito is probably the closest person I have to a mentor in the Society of Jesus and so when time came for me to be ordained priest, I asked him to preach at my First Mass. He spoke so well of me that day that I felt I should, in my first mass with the students and staff of Arrupe, pay tribute to him and I'm sure he won't mind being bullied a little, since he does it so well himself.

The pedagogy of Fr Paul and Fr Kizito was, if not particularly Jesuit, at least thoroughly Christian – Christian in the sense that it follows or resembles the pedagogy of Christ, the pedagogy of Jesus the Teacher. What is the pedagogy of Christ? It is hard to define, but I

would describe it as a pedagogy of friendship. (I was edified to hear Fr Roland mention in his prayer earlier this afternoon that we are all companions, we are all friends.) Jesus, who is the rabbi, the teacher and master says to his disciples, "I have called you friends, for everything that I learned from the Father, I have made known to you." (Jn 15:15). Jesus transfers the relationship that he has with the Father to his disciples. It is in this easy companionship that the disciples can say to Jesus, "Teach us to pray."

But the pedagogy of friendship, the pedagogy of companionship, does not imply that the lines of authority are blurred or that Jesus is an indulgent teacher. When it is necessary, Jesus can give some tough love to his disciples: When they fail to expel a demon, he says to them: 'You faithless and perverse generation, how long am I to be with you and bear with you?' (Mk 9:19). Jesus says to Peter, 'Get behind me Satan,' when Peter tries to rebuke him regarding his imminent death (Mt. 16:23). To the disciples of Emmaus, Jesus says, 'You foolish men! You are so slow to believe all that prophets have spoken' (Lk 24:25).

Yes, Jesus says of himself that he is gentle and humble of heart, but it would be wrong to think that he is soft or a pushover. He is firm when he needs to be. As students, we can appreciate when our teachers give us a bit of tough love. We learn when our mistakes are corrected. As teachers, we can try not to overdo it. I remember a French teacher who kept saying, "Why are you so stupid?" until we began to wonder if we were the only ones who were stupid. It is easy to forget that learning is a difficult

process and we do not all learn at the same speed. We can be conscious of the different pace at which we all learn: it is quite possible that at the end of your studies, the people who performed well at the aptitude tests will not necessarily be the students on the honour list: perhaps those of you who are a little behind will have caught up with them and overtaken them.

In addition to being firm, we can learn from Jesus who knew to encourage his disciples: after calling them a faithless and perverse generation, he goes ahead to explain to them that that particular demon required prayer in order to be cast out. Jesus may have called Peter Satan, but shortly before he had praised him for correctly identifying him as the Messiah. And Jesus calls the disciples of Emmaus foolish, but he spends the rest of the journey explaining the Scriptures to them to the point that they say, 'Did our hearts not burn within us while he talked with us?' (Lk 24:32). As teachers, as mentors, as spiritual directors, as pastors, we can aim for this effect: that the person we are speaking with will leave us with a burning heart. Not burning with anger, but with an enthusiasm, a passion that will push them to share their knowledge like the disciples of Emmaus.

So I have spoken about Jesus the Teacher. Is it possible to talk about Jesus the Student? Was Jesus ever anyone's student or disciple? Today's gospel reading might give us a clue. "Lord, teach us to pray just as John taught his disciples to pray". The figure of John the Baptist looms large in the ministry of Jesus: here the disciples are asking Jesus to follow John's example. In that other story where Jesus is asking his

disciples who he is, and Peter says you are the Christ, the other disciples say that there are people who think that Jesus is John risen from the dead. Jesus sometimes compares himself to John, for example, 'John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine and you said he is possessed, the Son of Man came eating and drinking and you say, 'He is a glutton and drunkard' (Lk 7.33).

But let us go back to where it all started. At about 30 years of age, Jesus is in Nazareth and very unusual for a Jewish man of that time, he is still single and probably staying with his mother. Then he hears that a man named John is preaching and baptizing. It seems that this is the event that sparks Jesus' own ministry, for he leaves home to go to meet this man John and to be baptized by him.

It is interesting to observe how Matthew records the preaching of the two men. Matthew writes, 'John the Baptist appeared in the wilderness of Judea, proclaiming, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Mt 3:1). When it comes to Jesus, Matthew reports: 'Jesus began to proclaim, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"' (Mt. 4:17). The message of John and the message of Jesus are exactly the same. In academia we call this plagiarism, but because it is Jesus, we shall say that Matthew, wanted to bring together the preaching of John and Jesus.

Now, all this does not necessarily imply that Jesus was a disciple or student of John's, but we can say that John was something of a mentor to Jesus. If this is the case, we cannot but be moved by John's humility and goodwill towards Jesus. We are also touched by Jesus, who submits himself to John's baptism

even though he is the sinless Christ. John recognizes Jesus' greatness and says humbly, 'He must increase, but I must decrease' (Jn 3.30). We remember that Jesus too said to his disciples that they will accomplish even greater things than he (Jn 14:12). It is the joy of every teacher for their students to succeed, to go further still, or as we say in the Jesuits, to go for the magis, the "more," even when that means surpassing the teacher.

My dear friends, teachers and students, I wish you every success for the rest of this semester and for the academic year. Like the Child Jesus learning at the school of Mary and Joseph, may we increase in wisdom and in favour with God and our fellows (Lk 2:52).

Fr. Paul Kalenzi, SJ

Saint Teresa of Avila and the Jesuits



Upon the invitation of a Jesuit bishop Aston Chichester, the Irish Carmelites came to Zimbabwe then Southern Rhodesia in 1946. From that time, they have faithfully been serving in Eastern part of Zimbabwe (Mutare Diocese) and Chitungwiza area. The Carmelites enjoyed support from the Jesuits when they were settling in the country. Since 1990's, the Jesuits have been accommodating the Carmelites students who come to study philosophy at their school of philosophy and humanities at Arrupe College. There is a mutual cooperation between the Carmelites and the Jesuits. As we celebrated the feast day of St. Teresa of Avila, our sister and reformer of Carmel on 15

October 2017, this article aims at showing how Teresa was influenced by the contact she had with the Jesuits.

The Jesuits went to Avila in 1554 to found a school for the boys. Teresa was very fond of them, only from hearing about the mode of life and prayer they followed. At that time, Teresa was in deep need of a spiritual director. She turned to a priest and a holy lay man, but they only increased her fear as they declared that her experiences were due to the devil. She began to wonder whether the devil was trying to draw her away from the way she was praying. Fortunately, this priest recommended her to consult a member of the Jesuits. This initiated her contact with the Jesuits

who were to have a positive impact upon Teresa's spiritual life.

Teresa came into contact with many Jesuits. These include Diego de Cetina (1554), Juan de Pradanos (1555-56), and Baltasar Alvarez (1556-66). They assured Teresa that what she was experiencing was not from the devil but from God. They encouraged her life of prayer. Teresa would continue to confirm her experiences via the various Jesuits she knew, including a brief consultation with St Francis Borgia.

All Jesuits are supposed to do the Spiritual Exercises laid down by saint Ignatius. In Teresa's writings, there is no evidence that she did them but there is an indirect evidence that she was exposed to the Spiritual Exercises or at least part of them. The Spiritual Exercises talks about the discernment of spirits. Teresa first made contact with the Jesuits during a time when she was diligently seeking to understand whether her experiences at prayer were from God or not. Teresa gives example of our father Elijah who was able to discern and know God's voice. While we cannot be sure how Teresa was familiar with the specific rules of discernment given by Ignatius, there is evidence that she had taken to heart the guidance of her Jesuits spiritual di-

rectors in such matters.

The Jesuits with whom Teresa interacted were among the first generation of the companions of Ignatius of Loyola. While she sometimes had disagreements with Jesuits because of differences in spiritualities, she valued and admired their knowledge and experience of spiritual life.



Teresa sought the Jesuits as spiritual directors and recommended them to her nuns and friars. There is no doubt that she was greatly influenced by the Jesuits. In fact, the Teresian teachings of the Carmelite spirituality of contemplative prayer have been ripened and

confirmed in several fundamental contexts of Jesuit thought and practice. Teresa was influenced but she accepted the influence and contextualised it into her Carmelite spirituality. During our own age, we continue to enjoy Jesuits education and many friars, nuns and lay Carmelites are still receiving spiritual direction from them. We are greatly influenced by the Jesuits.

¹The Collected Works of St Teresa of Avila Life translated by K Kavanaugh OCD, 1985.

Anderson Musina O.Carm

Saint Alphonsus Rodríguez, a Holy Porter.



One of the eight sub-communities which compose the Arrupe College Jesuit community is named after Saint Alphonsus Rodríguez, SJ. This sub-community is located at around 250 m away from the Arrupe College campus on Wycombe Avenue. Unlike the rest of the sub-communities, Rodríguez sub-community enjoys having, as a patron, a man who is officially known as a great and special saint. Besides Rodríguez sub-community, Alphonsus Rodríguez is also the patron saint of Jesuit brothers. He is celebrated on the 31st of October every year. Indeed, this year (2017), it is worth celebrating his life in a special way, for it is the 400th anniversary of his death. Who was Alphonsus Rodríguez? What are his personality and legacy?

Saint Alphonsus was born in Segovia, Spain, in 1531. He was the second in the family of 11 children. His father was a wealthy merchant, and Alphonsus himself became a merchant. When he lost his wife and children, he decided to leave everything, and start a new life which would enable him to discover his vocation better. He had almost no formal education which challenged his request to join the Jesuits. However, the provincial reported that, while Alphonsus might not have had the education to become a priest or a brother, he was qualified to join the Jesuits in order to become a saint. Thus, he joined the Jesuits at the age of 40 as a brother. He had special qualities which allowed him to exercise his vocation in total availability. St. Alphonsus had known St. Peter Faber, the disciple of St. Ignatius of Loyola, some years back, when he (Faber) came to evangelize in Segovia and was welcomed in Alphonsus' family.

Alphonsus is known as the Holy Porter, for he exercised the role of porter with a prayerful passion for forty-six years. "I'm on my way, Lord," was his motto. He repeated this phrase every time the doorbell rang at the Montesion College in the Spanish city of Palma, on the island of Majorca, where he was missioned after taking his vows. He had a special vocation to service, which he showed in his humble and simple manner of being, and in his desire to be open to the will of God. He eventually became a famous spiritual counselor. His sensitivity towards others and to God's will,

which inspired him to carry out his task with great joy, led many people to seek him as a spiritual director. St. Peter Claver, apostle to African slaves, was one of those who turned to Alphonsus for advice. St. Alphonsus had gifts of vision and healing. He knew, by divine revelation, that St. Peter Claver was destined to evangelize in South America, where Claver later baptized more than 300,000 slaves. St. Alphonsus also healed the superior of his community, when he was suffering from very painful rheumatism. After Alphonsus' prayer for the whole night, his superior woke up totally cured.

Being very faithful to his vocation, Alphonsus lived in absolute obedience. Even when he was old and sick, he accepted an order from his superior to go as a missionary to South America. Unfortunately, he could not go on the voyage before he died in 1617. He was canonized by Pope Leo XIII in 1888. Obviously, this saint had inherited Jesus' legacy. He managed to practice the qualities that Paul recommends in Philippians 2: 1-11 (love, humility, simplicity, obedience, etc.). As a result, like Jesus, God exalted him by raising him into Heaven. In fact, thanks to his virtues, he is still venerated today, four hundred years after his death.

May Saint Alphonsus Rodríguez inspire us all to undertake our missions with passion, humility and simplicity so as to render better service to one another, and in that way we may merit to meet Jesus, Rodríguez and all the saints in Heaven, after our earthly lives. May Mary, the model of all the divine virtues, intercede for us for this noble cause.

NDORIMANA Emmanuel, SJ

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Finding God at Mount Nyanga

My Vocation Story



God speaks to us through different ways, at different times and through different circumstances. Sometimes, He reveals himself in places where we least expect Him to. My experience at Nyanga was indeed a spirit filled one. Although that was not my expectation, however, as Ignatian spirituality teaches, I was open to finding God in all things (*Italics*). I found God there, and the experience was a remarkable one for me. My primary inten-

tion after arriving at the mountain was to have fun climbing the mountain. However, it turned out to be a moment of encounter with the Lord. Mount Nyanga experience became a significant of my vocation journey. The experience from the bottom to the top of the mountain was a view of my vocation journey from the beginning to where it might likely end.

At the bottom of the mountain, I started with full strength and excitement. This presents the beginning of my journey, how I was filled with the zeal to serve God, how excited I was to undertake the journey when I was first admitted to the Society of Jesus and began my vocation journey. It was a joyful moment. Half way through the climb, I got tired. This shows the time in the novitiate when I was so tied with the rigid nature of the novitiate's dynamic, when the regimented novitiate life became so boring. Waking up at five am every day, going for morning prayers, doing indoor and outdoor works and so on. At a point in the first stage I was so weak that I was asking myself if I could continue. I remember this angelic voice that still echoes in my ears 'Yes you will make it' Akakpo's voice continuously gave me consolation, hope and courage to carry on. His voice was so significant to me, it reminded me my experience in the novitiate. It was a source of strength for me, with that voice I felt assured that I could make it, thus, continuing under that

spirit, I was able to finish the first stage of the climbing. That marks the end of my novitiate.

The second stage of the climbing was rigorous, but more refreshing. I entered it with the joy of success from the first stage. After some minutes of climbing I was tired again. At a point I could not move, I had to hold onto a rock close to me and I was asking myself 'who sent me here?', had I known I would have stayed behind in the villa house. This was the second stage of formation, I joined with excitement of success from the novitiate. I began studies and at a point I could not even carry on anymore, I felt like giving up. I held on to onto the rock, "God". I went on my knees in prayer to God and expressed my feelings the way they were. Akapko, once more was behind me to tap my back and say to me my brother we are together in this journey, we will make it. He spoke with smiles on his face. I was moved to tears at this point. The smile on his face inspired and strengthened me to move on. The importance of brotherhood in the community, brothers who

are always there to help and encourage me in several ways, which has been a source of strength to me. I kept moving.

The third stage was not like the previous stages. I was more relaxed, but I became hungry. The previous stages had drained my energy. My legs were shaking and I was so weak. I asked for water and I was given by one of the companions. This for me is the time of regency although yet to come, but knowing the way of proceeding of the Society of Jesus, I felt this is likely going to be my experience. It is a very demanding time where I will have to work hard for the Society. I know I will get tired on the process. For a more effective journey I need a retreat. The water I took represented the time of retreat and it was given to me by one of my companions. A time of rest, prayer and reflection and this will give me strength to finish this stage.

While I was walking towards the end of the third stage I looked at the fourth stage. It was so high and I was scared to continue the journey. Nevertheless, I

was certain that I would make it, looking at the people around me. When I started this stage, I was filled with strength. However, at the middle of the stage I was weak again, I had to hold one of my companions, Petras. He held my hand and we moved together. Holding his hand gave me fresh strength to move on, we interacted as we moved on and I was happy. This is the time of theology, it also dawned on me that companionship will be a source of strength that even if I can't carry on alone, someone would hold my hands. I start with the enriching graces gotten from the retreat before moving for theology. At a point I got weak again but community life was inevitable for me. Spiritual conversations, faith sharing and even ordinary jokes give me joy to move on.

This continued till the fifth stage. When I got to the top of the mountain, I was filled with excitement. On top of the mountain, it was a nice view, seeing the wonderful work of nature I was filled with awe. I had to be very careful so as not to fall, for there were many rocks that

were not stable. This is the time of ordination and final vows. Trials are not yet over; community life is still very effective and diligence in carrying out responsibilities must not be taken for granted. One needs to find a fine balance between the mission of the Church, the Society of Jesus, and the trends of the world.

In these experiences, three things stood out for me: my constant perseverance, God's interventions, and the importance of good companionship. For me,

these are the most important keys to a successful vocation journey. Most importantly, companionship from the first to the last stage was constant. This is to portray the importance of community life. We need each other to make it in this life that we have chosen. My prayer is that God will continue to strengthen us as we continue to climb this mountain of religious life.

Anthony Otah Kalu SJ



ELearning Africa International Conference on ICT for Development, Education and Training, September 27-29, 2017: “eLearning is more than a book behind a glass.”



Sometime in August this year, I got an email from Fr. A.E. Orobator, SJ, and the JESAM president, to read about the eLearning African conference. In his email, he encouraged me to take this conference seriously. On visiting the website of the conference, I realized it was in the island of Mauritius, located in the Indian Ocean. The island is named after the third century (250 AD) legendary black African Christian martyr St. Maurice (Morris, Maurice, Mauritius). He was a native of Thebes in Egypt, a Christian military commander of a legion of 6600 soldiers. St. Maurice and his Theban soldiers fought under the Christian banner for Rome. However, the Roman emperor Maximian ordered them to kill fellow Christians in Agaunum, present day

Switzerland. St. Maurice refused the order and the emperor ordered decimation, a Roman tradition of killing an entire military legion for disobedience. In the European reinvention of the medieval history of Europe, the name St. Maurice is given to almost all real historical black African knights and noble men of note. Thus, there are numerous inconsistent images of St. Maurice. The righteousness of such a

figure, African Christian soldier who refused to kill European Christian peasants, is unprecedented in European Christianization of southern Africa, and the world.

Nonetheless, this African island, found some thousands of kilometers of the coast of the continental plate, was first exploited by the Dutch (17th Century), French (18th Century) and British (19th Century). Just like the islands of the Caribbean, it was also a place of enslavement of Africans in sugar cane plantations. Today, the population is a mixture of Africans, Europeans, Asians and Indians. The largest population is of Indian descent whose ancestors were brought by the British after the later took over the island from the French. The country has an intriguing history. It is a complete island with the closest land

about 400 miles away. On the south side of the island (Plaine Magnien), close to Mont des Créoles and Mont du Lion, are found seven small pyramids. These pyramids are similar to those found in some islands in West Africa and Mediterranean island of Sicily (www.gigairsearch.com). Like most archaeological findings around the world, Eurocentric researchers hardly consider African origin as a possibility. Thus, the pyramids remain a mystery to these researchers since they do not consider all possibilities. The European exploiters and historians claim they did not find anyone on the island, a known prejudice in the Eurocentric world-view. Hence, they cannot find a human explanation for the pyramids. Maybe Africans should conduct their own archaeological research and draw their own conclusions.

On September 26, 2017, I arrived the island with excitement to attend the eLearning conference. According to the conference factsheet, eLearning Africa international conference is “the largest and most comprehensive pan-African knowledge sharing event for technology-enhanced education and training.” A German company in collaboration with the UNESCO organizes it. It provides “a forum for the discussion of important issues, such as access to learning and vocational training, equality and quality in

education, skills and employability, health, agriculture, literacy, governance and much more, all informed by a prioritization of sustainable development solutions.” The 2017 conference was the 12th edition, hosted by the Mauritian government under the patronage of the Hon. Mr Yogida Sawmynaden, Minister of Technology, Communication and Innovation and the Hon. Mrs Leela Devi Dookun-Luchoomun, Minister of Education and Human Resources, Tertiary Ed-



ucation and Scientific Research. There were hundreds of participants and speakers from different countries of the world. I met delegates from Zimbabwe, Zambia, Tanzania, Senegal, South Africa, Rwanda, Nigeria, Malawi, Ghana and many others. I also met Ms Beata Njageh, the ICT Manager for Hekima University College, Nairobi. The theme for this edition was “Learning in Context” which focused on the importance of the African context in elearning design, deployment and implementation in education and training. It also discussed the contextual and cultural issues affecting

elearning development and adaptation. Electronic learning (elearning), like ebooks, egovernance, is about the use of electronic technology, or ICT for education or learning. ICTs that were designed to enhance learning from smart boards, books, ebooks, smart projectors, interactive boards, web-based resources, Open Access resources, elearning apps, to online schools and universities.

On the first day of the conference, I joined fourty other delegates to undergo a full day workshop on interactive elearning at the University of Mauritius. It was fascinating to see that their ICT Lab had more than 100 computers. The facilitators were lecturers of the university. They specialise in elearning resource development. They teach faculty members how to create interactive elearning programs. For the workshop, we were taught Articulate, a proprietary software for designing elearning materials. Given the cost of this software, I later found an equally reliable Open Source alternative, Xerte – a community based project that runs on web-servers. At the end of the workshop we were awarded certificates of participation by the Pro Vice Chancellor, (Planning and Resources), Associate Professor Mohammad Issack Santally. While the workshop was going on there was an intergovernment ICT for Development Roundtable Session at the Intercontinental Hotel Resort, the main venue for the conference. The rest of the conference was packed with presentations, talks, workshops, discussions, and networking sessions. There were European, Asian

and Indian vendors from different companies marketing their products. There was online University of Senegal as well.

What did I learn from the conference? I learnt three main lessons from the conference apart from the full day workshop. The first is that every presenter was not talking about what they can do or will do, but about what they

are actually doing to enhance education using elearning. They were practical individuals who are creating software, hardware, gargets, websites, mobile apps and elearning tools for educational purposes. Secondly, there were individuals who are using these elearning re-

Most schools are still in the “zero-book,” physical book and powerpoint levels.

sources for teaching and training purposes. They have gone beyond “book behind a glass” concept, to creating complete interactive elearning materials. And thirdly, despite all these materials that are available, African universities, colleges, secondary and primay schools are not aware of these resources. Most schools are still in the “zero-book,” physical book and powerpoint levels. Learning can still take place at any of these levels however, elearning presents much opportunities. And finally, there are some errenous policies that discourage the use of electronics in either teaching or in learning in some African countries, like Uganda. The fear behind these policies is that students will be distracted and unable to learn basic things like handwriting. Despite these genuine fears and concerns for the loss of innocence and respect for traditional knowledge, elearn-

ing resources can be created by the local schools using the cheapest materials.

In one of the sessions, Ms Ngoy Patricia, the founder of Kiongozi Center – IT Training For Women, narrated her struggles as the first female IT person at her university in the Democratic Republic of Congo. With the encouragement of her mother, she persevered in finishing her studies and eventually founding a center that teaches women how to use ICT. In my intervention after her presentation, I argued that development does not mean simply being able to use ICT or being able to purchase ICT. Genuine and long lasting development can only be achieved through using elearning to teach core foundations of ICT, mathematics, assembly programming languages, operating system languages, software and mobile app designs, and also hardware manufacture. The contextualization of ICT in African can only take place if our present investments and education is geared towards a long term goal of genuine development. If we do not learn the fundamentals, we simply remain once again a market for the rest of the world. eLearning for development is meaningless if it is not “elearning for self-reliance” (Mwalimu Nyerere) born out of hardwork and intelligence.

How should Arrupe College approach elearning? First, Arrupe has to understand that elearning enhances learning, for both lecturers and students. Lecturers have to be trained to create elearning resources for their various courses in languages, philosophy, humanities, spirituality, theology, ICT and many others. Powerpoint presentation is only a step, it is not a terminal point on

elearning. Creating interactive content takes time, interests and resources, most of all grit. Having learnt the methods of creating content, lecturers can confidently use their e-resources for teaching. Generally, students will learn faster if they have already dissociated ICT from simply an entertainment to a learning platform. If students still associate ICT to self gratification, fun and laughter triggers, then they will have a hard time switching to using ICT for proper learning. Those who learn only through paper printed materials can still do both. Secondly, Arrupe can develop a center for interactive elearning for teaching and learning. This can be a short term vision which can easily be achieved even with our present resources. Thirdly, as Arrupe continues its strides towards becoming a 22nd century institution, elearning will be indispensable. And finally, the aversion towards elearning and resistance towards genuine development are self-defeating attitudes. However, as an Igbo proverb says, “Anaghi agwa onye nti na ahia esula.” This means that “the deaf do not have to be told that the village market has started, they can see it for themselves.” We all can learn from the righteousness of St. Maurice in our educational institutions.

E.O. Ekwueme, SJ
Dean of Arrupe College

THE GOSSIP OF ARRUPE VILLAGE: DOMESTICATING HUMAN RIGHTS



A domestic animal is one that you can be familiar with. It is one that has become a friend and is at home with you. When you are not feeling fine, it is evident that the animal is also not fine. The animal does not hesitate to say 'We are sick' when the master is sick. The masters pains are its pains and his or her joys are its joys too. If it is a dog or any danger-signaling animal, you can go to bed trusting that the door to your home is properly guarded. In sum, you become a team. But when you have one that is unfamiliar and wild at home, you live on the fringes and whiskers of life. It becomes difficult for the owner of the home to be highly optimistic that safety is assured. The future becomes fogged as what is likely to happen becomes uncertain.

On the 17th of October.2017, Dr. Fidèle

Ingiyimbere SJ, the author of the thought- provoking book entitled Domesticating Human Rights: A Reappraisal of their cultural political and their imperialistic use, set before the eyes of the people of Arrupe village, the notion of taming Human rights. The inspiration behind this powerful book is one of the author's personal accounts in his home country Burundi. It was an incident of a helpless woman and the mortal remains of an anonymous man by the roadside. This woman in question cried out for the support to give a decent burial to the dead man, but no support was forthcoming. Since that sad day, the author's keen interest on issues pertaining to Human right has been burning.

In the presentation of Dr. Ingiyimbere at his book launch, it was evident that Human rights are sometimes abused to put down cultural practices. To ensure that cultural practices are uplifted in the face of a strong and sympathetic Human rights, there is need for some cross-examination and review on the operations of Human rights. This is to ensure that these rights do not lose the character of humane cultural practices. Dr. Ingiyimbere, made it clear that Hu-

man rights become a 'toothless bull-dog', if they are not implemented in a context that gives proper shape and content to them. Proper reconstruction among the major stakeholders in governments and their justice departments is needed to help Human rights gain its weight and respect. Most importantly, the beneficiaries (the people) as Dr. Ingiyimbere calls them, have to have a say as authors and addressees on how Human rights have to relate and regulate their lives.

Dr. Ingiyimbere also pointed out that the notion of Human rights by scholars like Jurgen Habermas and John Rawls advocate for the protection of human beings and the respect of their dignity as a people. The issues of different peoples' philosophy on how the law operates in conjunction with their rights will always crop up. However, it must be treated with the utmost moral arguments available. But one should always bear in mind that the pivot of focus is the Human being. One of the strongest messages that permeated the gathering at the launching was that; Meaningless is the law if it abuses the same people that made it. The law comes into being because the moral conscience of the people is alive. What this moral conscience seeks is a constructive law and not a destructive one. Therefore, when the law loses sight of the people, then it has lost its original DNA of morality. The right to fundamental needs like food, shelter,

education and self-dignity are some of the things Human beings expect the law to ensure they have. That way, they will know their rights are not being denied. They do not expect the law to be ideal when they are ill-educated, starving, disrespected and in extreme cases, being killed.

Dr. Ingiyimbere's view on justice and the rule of law suggested that the local court systems of elders in a number of African communities could be properly explored to ensure justice and peace at the local levels of nations. This would help ease the burdening of court cases on nations and ensure swift justice and peace in the face of original evidences. He referred to an assembly of this nature as The Local Non-nation Agency (LNSA). LNSAs such can be trained and given the mandate to carry out works of justice with fairness, swiftness and great wisdom. Over centuries, Africans, through their elders have shown great degree of competence in matter of justice. These elders have always kept in mind the importance of the right to life, even including that of the accused. It is not about tit-for-tat. If given the opportunity, these elders of various communities can domesticate Human rights very well. Points like of this nature developed ground swell support from both Arrupeans and supporters from outside.

'I do not throw out the western court system', says Dr. Ingiyimbere's. He does acknowledge that western court works

towards justice, but its system of maneuver can be very costly, too formal, can sometimes be 'fooled' with false, shrewd, witty evidences because of the length of time lawyers have to spend on cases. It may be working, he says, in cultures that have the means to go through its procedures. They could adopt it as their intervention for ensuring justice. That way, they can domesticate Human Rights for themselves in a system that appeals to them. But to say that the court system should be the yardstick for all is uncharitable. It is important that each and every one "cut their coat according to their cloth" without compromising justice. Many are the doubts that were cleared by Dr. Ingiyimbere as questions on governments of nations and their relations with current court systems came in different forms

Dr. Kaulemu, the respondent to the work of Dr. Ingiyimbere was very enthused. He saw the work as a burning issue that all of Africa and the world as a whole should take a look at. In as much as it has raised some important concerns with some models on the movements of Human rights, there is need of a map that will help lead to the concretization of the ideas discussed. For that reason, Dr. Kaulemu, saddled Dr. Ingiyimbere with the intellectual task of coming up with another book that will show the path to concretizing the ideas brought forward.

In conclusion, I would say that Dr.

Ingiyimbere has produced a work the world can interpret in diverse contexts for the good of its citizens with regards to their contexts. Given the context of this distinguished author, it will not be wrong to saying, "Human Rights need to be taught how to breathe, hear, see and live in Africa by people who understand Human Rights so that Human Rights can become angelic spirits of goodwill and not leviathans of doom. Nevertheless, to many, the book launch was worth it.



Kwame Ofori Francis, SJ

Book Launch ...



The academic trip to Great Zimbabwe



Being taught about The Great Zimbabwe in History class, some of us were not aware of how distant Great Zimbabwe is from Arrupe College. It is approximately 329 km. On Saturday, October 21, 2017, all First year history students, guided by Dr. Pius Nyambara went to Great Zimbabwe. The Great Zimbabwe is located in Masvingo Province in the South-Eastern hills of Zimbabwe, near the town of Masvingo. It takes about 5 hours, driving from Arrupe College to Great Zimbabwe. Our trip started ear-

ly in the morning at 5:45 am from the College where the bus picked us. At 8 am, we had a short time for a light breakfast. Afterward, we continued our trip with enthusiastic hymns of all cultures that were represented in the bus. We reached our destination at 12:30 p.m. At Great Zimbabwe, we were warmly introduced to the dynamic Shona culture and traditional practices of the Shona rulers and people; especially for kings. At that time, we were given a guide with whom we spent about 2 hours exploring the marvels of Great Zimbabwe. Though the origin of the name “Great Zimbabwe” is still unknown to the historians, the word “Zimbabwe” means houses of stone. In Shona, “Masvingo” means protective walls. Thus, the meaning is that these walls were mainly built for protection.

The Great Zimbabwe can be subdivided into three major complexes : Firstly, the hill complex was the residence of kings who ruled the Great Zimbabwe. According to oral tradition, Great Zimbabwe was ruled by eight kings one after the other. The people of Great Zimbabwe believed that the king was a mountain. After the death of the king, they would say that the mountain has fallen. Secondly, the valley complex was for junior wives. According to Portuguese documents, the last king to rule Great Zimbabwe had more than 200 wives. The junior wives were ones who occupied the valley complex. It is said that the king was a busy man... doing his

best! Finally, the Great Enclosure. It was for the senior wives for the king. The king only paid an official visit to the first wife. However, for the junior wife, the king was going to send a messenger to call the wife on duty to come and spend the night with the king at the hill complex and afterwards return back in the following morning. We came down from the mountain, around 1:30pm and had lunch together. Afterwards, we took the way of return at 3:30 pm in joyful songs. On our way back, we had to stop for about 20 minutes because of rain. We could not move forward because the rains impeded visibility. During our travelling time, we had time of stopovers for refreshment. We came back to the college where some of us met their community members who had come to pick them up. It was indeed a wonderful day.

NDAYISHIMIYE Jean de Dieu, SJ



Inter-Religious Tournament

About three weeks ago, the Jesuit Arrupe community participated in a one-day inter-religious tournament. This tournament was hosted by young Jesuit scholastic, seminarians, redemptorists, Carmelites, etc. The tournament is an annual exercise geared toward bringing young Catholic seminarians and religious together from the Harare region. Participants of the tournaments included Jesuits, Carmelites, Redemptorists, Diocesan Seminarians (students of philosophy and theology). Thus, the tournament was made up of five teams who played in two sports including soccer and volley ball.

At the beginning of the tournament, the organizing committee represented by Kelvin Munkuli, SJ welcomed everyone and asked that everyone should enjoy the day. Mr. Munkuli gave instructions on how the tournament will proceed including the number of teams and other ground rules. To promote sportsmanship, Mr. Munkuli, cautioned that people should be peaceful and mindful of one another. Additionally, he called for everyone to take responsibility of the grounds that were being used that day especially in terms of sanitation. Thus, after a not-too long address, the various games began.

The tournament started at about 9:00 am with two soccer games playing simultaneously. One could notice the anxiety, desperation and ambition of each of the teams to win the tournament. The first matches had the Jesuits playing the theologians of Chishawasha while the Redemptorists against the phi-

losophers of Chishawasha.

The results of the first match put the Jesuits and the theologians at all level with a score of nail-nail. The match was full of tactical moves of tackles, positioning, runs, passes, and the rest. At the end of it, the sweat of the players showed how tough, challenging and exciting the game was. The conversation of the Jesuits revealed that they were better this year since the Theologians of Chishawasha had beaten them mercifully last year with a score of 2-0. With this preliminary result of the first game, the Jesuits were hopeful they would go on to have a great impact on the tournament. However, this was the last game they would go on to draw in the tournament because the other teams had different plans for the day especially when the Redemptorist returned the favor of beating the Jesuits who had beaten them in last year's event.

The other matches between other teams were full of drama. There were collective team efforts as well individual brilliance. Such was this that the Chishawasha philosophers managed to find their spot in the finals against the Carmelites who had been brilliant in all their games. In fact, these two teams had proved worthy of the crown as potential winners of the soccer tournament. Their ability to control their games, attack with pace and concentration, dribble with ease and difficulty, maneuver difficult situations, and defend with brilliance, showed how enthusiastic they were to earn the reward and write their names in the history of this

tournament.

The final between the Carmelites and the philosophers of Chishawasha was a match full of excitement. Supporters were pleased to watch such a wonderful encounter between the two teams. On one occasion, the Carmelites seemed to be dominating the game. Another time, the philosophers were controlling things. With this action taking place live, outsiders could only find themselves in a nation of holding on their breath. The game was full of drama. Finally, the full halves of the game ended with each team level. Thus, the game proceeded to penalties. This was the moment for individual brilliance. Only the gods of football could save one from disgrace and failure. Surprisingly, the goal keeper of the Carmelites who had not been so good during the match became excellent. It was as if he had been consumed with the ancestral spirits of football. Even the stars of the philosophers during the match could not easily find their shots at the back of the net. While the philosophers were struggling, the Carmelites were basking in goal spree. Thus, the match ended with the Carmelites winning the tournament after the penalty shout out.

While the soccer tournaments produced the Carmelites as winners, the volleyball did not. In fact, favorites of this tournament included the seminarians of Chishawasha and the Jesuits. The Jesuits were the defending Champions from last year's event.

However, after much efforts of smashing, defending, attacking, the theologians of Chishawasha came out victorious as the winner. But this winning did not come easy as the Jesuits proved very difficult to defeat. In fact, they were unbeaten until they met the theologians who

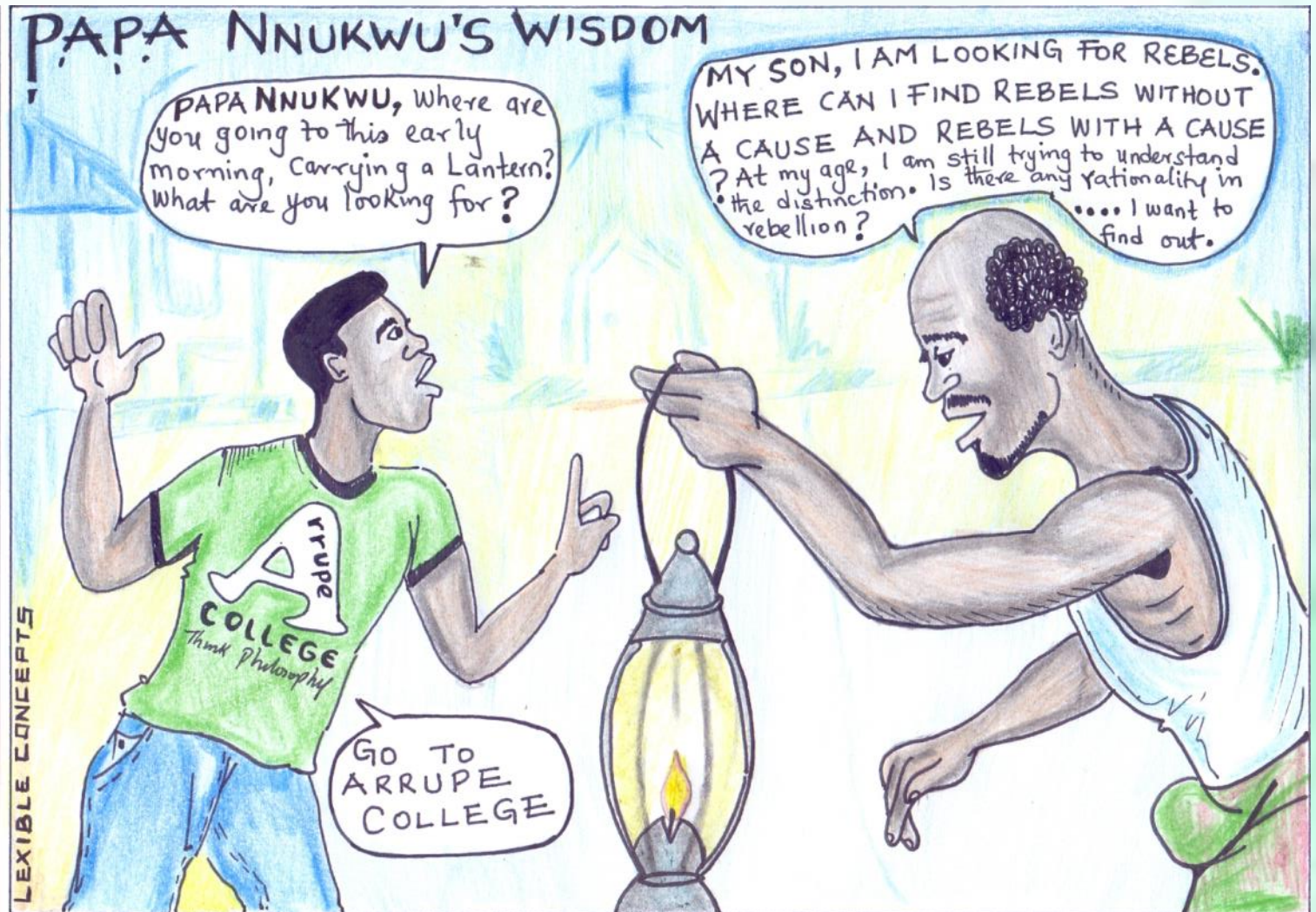
seemed a bit more organized tactically. Their manner of defending and attacking showed how much class they had. They looked very prepared for this tournament. One could see some class of international brilliance especially during the match between the theologians and Jesuits. This was the game to watch. One would bet if you had watched the game on TV, you would not sit long cause the game was breath taking. At some points, it seemed the Jesuits were fighting for air. Other times, the theologians were opting to gain more points. At the end of it all, the theologians won the volleyball tournament.

It was a wonderful tournament. Hopes were crushed; aims were achieved; but love was shared. The goal of the tournament was accomplished. Young religious and seminarians had time to converse and interact.



Melvin Pius, SJ

Papa Nnukwu's wisdom



Akalefu Alexander, SJ

Chiedza Wangu

I am awake. I quickly run my hands through my bosom, and its warmth gives me a feeling of new zeal for the day. I yawn, and the stench of beer oozing out of my breath brings last night to today. Still fondling my bosom, I smile softly to myself, reliving the sweetness of his hands all over me. My thighs feel sticky and itchy with his juice all over them. Shaking my head, I try to stand, and I feel my legs wobble. My sweet memory is short-lived. My legs still ache from standing more than usual yesterday. I stood for eight hours instead of five which was the usual. Longer standing means more customers came by. The heat ensures that people drink more fluids; water and soft drinks, than usual. It is 5am. I have to get to the depot early. I have to be in front of the queue or else I won't get enough stock to sell. Chiedza's school fees needs to be paid in two weeks' time. I have barely raised half the sum.

I get off the bed, trying not to wake him. He is snoring beer all over, still naked from last night. I often wonder why I still allow him into me. He contributes nothing to the family. Jobless for over six months, He has gradually grown from a lover of beer to a drunk. Where He gets money to buy *Chibuku* from, I don't know. But since He stopped working, He has become better in bed. He is pure joy, and for some odd reason, I do not seem to mind his joblessness. It is funny how a misfortune has made us happier. We cannot afford to buy many things for the house, but our happiness is free. I just



have to ensure that this new-found happiness does not make another Chiedza.

I am lazy. I forget Chiedza is lying on the floor, I only remember when I get close to her head, and I hit my leg against the table leaning against the wall, trying to avoid stepping on her. The pain registers sharply, and I cover my mouth in order not to let out the accentuating cry. I step away, and it takes me fifteen minutes to console myself. I stare into the dark room, and all I see are shapes: pots, clothes, books, shoes. The room grows bigger in my eyes, as the pain in my leg fades. I reach for the match box on Chiedza's study table, and light the candle on it. With the room lit, I undress from the wrapper and put on trousers and a silk top. I reach for my slippers from under the bed, and I find my purse just where I had left them. I blow out the candle and head for the door. I am out of the house already before I remember that I did not leave some money for Chiedza. She would have gone to school before I return from the depot. I dash back to the house and I find her awake. She mumbles "*mamuka*

sei mhamha” sleepily, with a weak smile on her face as I put \$2 bond coins on the table for her. I stare at her proudly for a brief moment, and respond to her greeting with a smile stronger than the one she flashed at me. She is ten and growing fast. I hear her “*mufambe zvakanaka, toonana madzoka*” from the passage. I smile broader as I run out.

I arrive at the depot very late. It is 6:12am, and the depot is already empty. I am deflated when it dawns on me that I will have nothing to sell today. I stand there staring at others sellers counting their stock. My eyes feel moist. I think I am crying. I wipe my tears and turn around, meaning to go back home, when I hear Sekuru Guzha calling me. “Nyasha! Nyasha! Wait. When I did not see you at 5:35am, I knew something had held you. So, before many other sellers came, I quickly put aside half of what you usually order, just in case you decide to show up. And here you are! Wipe those tears now, see what you can make of what I have kept for you”. I am flushed by his generosity. He does special favors for me occasionally. He keeps saying to me, “*munhu akadzidza semi haafanire kunge achitengesa madrinks kudai soo*”. I am usually speechless whenever he says that to me. I am a graduate of Banking and Finance, selling drinks on the streets of Harare. Life is not fair. It hasn’t been to me, neither has Zimbabwe. But I shall do what I can, while I can. I will sell drinks if it is what I can do at the moment to keep my family alive, and send my Chiedza to school.

**My skin is cooking.
My stomach is crying.
My eyes are spinning.
My legs are wobbling.**

The room is neatly arranged when I get back home. Chiedza constantly reminds what I could not do at her age. She has a fine sense of responsibility that I never had at her age. *Chiedza Wangu*, I say to myself. She not only brings light to the darkness of my struggles, she makes me feel like dying will be easy. If all I achieve in this life is giving her reasons to live, to be, then I can die in peace. He is still fast asleep as I put down my stock. I still cannot understand why I tolerate him. Perhaps because Chiedza loves him so much. She has his eyes and his strong legs. She carries his charm and soft spirit. I bathe and join him in bed. It is 8:05am. I can rest my legs a bit before I go back to wear them out some more. The stench of beer still oozes from him. I twist and turn for a while in discomfort. Eventually, sleep woos me. My legs relax gratefully.

The hand of the sun stretching down through the opening in the roof over me, touches my face. I wake with a start. 11:24am. I have to be in town before noon. I am not prepared to lose twice in one day. I have already lost half my stock due to lateness. I will not lose my spot on Second Street due to sleep! As I dress up, my stomach beckons, craving for food. I cannot afford to lose more time to food. I grab my tray, stool and bowl as I leave the room. Luckily, I get a *Combi* immediately I get to the bus-stop. 11:47am. Thankfully, I arrive before *Mai Murumbi*.

I step up the drinks. I am tempted to take one of them, as my stomach cries

some more. The sun feels hotter than it was yesterday. My skin is cooking. My stomach is crying. My eyes are spinning. My legs are wobbling. I try to think. What should I do? I have half my stock, I cannot shorten it any further. The \$2 I left for Chiedza, I took from what I had saved for her school fees. I cannot tamper with it anymore. As I ponder, I see a Combi heading straight at me. It is trying to avoid colliding with another one. I am not sure what to do. I try to get up, but my legs fail me. Before it reaches me, for what seems like five seconds, I think of Him. How I do not understand why I still tolerate him. I think of Sekuru Guzha, and I am filled with hope. I think of Chiedza. Oh, my light! The thought of her living with Him breaks my heart. “Chiedza *mwanangu!*”. My last words.

It is evening. I look at my wrist, and I cannot find my watch. I am not sure what time is. My tray is still full. I remember coming out with half my usual stock. But that is no reason why I have not sold anything. I feel cold. The drinks are frozen. The sky is pure white. No clouds. I wonder whether the sun and the moon had a fight something during the day. I am optimistic about selling off my stock even if it is getting late. I sit on my stool, but feel nothing. I touch the wood, but feel nothing. I wonder, maybe it is because I feel cold. I see people passing. Some looking peaceful. Some others looking gloomy. Some others, expressionless. Just carrying faces about. No one is in a rush. What has become of Harare? There are no Combis. No cars. No vendors selling ma *Veges*, nail cutter, and toothbrush by the roads. I notice I am wearing the same clothes as everyone else passing. The clothes have no designs. No trousers. No skirts. No shirts. They are just on us in a certain way. I begin to get worried. There are no buildings. Just long, wide roads. The earth is soft. I can feel the earth, the wind, but cannot feel my tray, or stool, or my feet.

I think of Chiedza, but feel nothing. I try to feel, to cry, to worry, but nothing is moving within me. My heart is not there. But how come I remember things, I wonder. I remember what my mother told me just before she died, “*nzvimbo yevashakabvu, nzvimbo isingadi nguva nzvimbo isina kutya, nzvimbo yatisingatambudzwi nezvishungurudzo, nzvimbo inowanikwa runyararo ruchifambidzana neruvengo*”. I look around again. Time does not work here. Fear does not survive here. My worries are not hunting me. Peace and hate are friends here. I think I am dead.

Uchechukwu Oguike, SJ.

Once upon a time [continuation]:

Chaos in Buhutira Kingdom!

There are many controversies in Buhutira Kingdom, after Nyamirima and Samvura's deaths. The priests of the palace are ready to gather and do an accurate investigation about these deaths. The two servants who were with Nyamirima in Bwisema forest and the two lovebirds as well are now in the hands of the wise men of the kingdom. The division among people is at the point of causing massacres within the kingdom. Some believe what the two servants say about Nyamirima's death, and what the two lovebirds say about Samvura's death. Others do not wish to hear these stories, for they are still traumatised with what had happened in their kingdom.

Nzitonda and Nabusage kept pleading not guilty of the murder charges, and the two guards still maintained their innocence despite the hostility from the priests and wise men. They also faced stiff aggression from the citizens, and they want the guards to be hanged so as to revenge for the death of the king. One of the priests asked the two guards how they react to the petitions of the people, "Tell us, if you are really innocent of Nyamirima's death and that of Samvura. What do you say to the people's demands?" "You're the priest, with the aid of our ancestors and the gods, you should be able to tell whether we're guilt or not," the two servants replied. In anger, the chief priest stands up and slapped them hard across their faces. "Is this anger projected from the gods?" they said this looking away.

When one of the wise men asks Nzitonda and Nabusage to talk more about Samvura's death. They simultaneously replied, "We don't know anything on that. We know that we are living in the kingdom where lawlessness rule over the laws, where souls hate their own blood, where minds have lost their rationality." The chief priest went to consult other priests in order to pass a rightful verdict for Nzitonda and Nabusage's case. While consulting one another, the priests themselves do not have the same view about that case. Some would go for the innocence of the two lovebirds, and others condemn them to death.

The solution on the two cases is not yet found. The dilemma still reigns in the mind of the priests and wise men of Buhutira kingdom. People are still divided, some want a new king and security within the kingdom, and others want to hear the final and accurate verdict of the accused. Priests and wise men then agreed on going to and consult the Nzihora, the king of Butasira kingdom. They shared their decision with the people, some do approve the decision and others do not. Eventually, despite the disagreements, the priests and wise men the dictated that the visit to Butasira kingdom is inevitable...

To be continued.

NSABIMANA Jean Claude, SJ

This arrogant soul...

*Hundreds of whipping streams
In the back of my thoughts
When, falling in the recognition's valley
Whereof, the malevolence never yearned
Still remain unshaken, in my subconscious
It is him: pride and arrogance*

*Deep holes ruminating
In the abyss of my inner eyes
Searching, thirsty for the best curing
For a proud and arrogant soul*

*Begging, like a lion's roar
For the most ascetic substance,
Mystery of my reason,
That comes to brush
With the bath of humility
This vainglorious and bumptious mentality*

*I went up to the heights
With my knees on the ashes I cried
In candid tears of fire I burned
The most sensitive part of God's mercy,
Asking for spiritual anointing, that
heals
The vice of pride and vanity*

*This haughty laddie of nothing
Of nothing because nothing has, unless*

Dirge and shriek loaded in bales of solitude

Filled with pride and boldness

*No one knows unfortunately
The bloody battle that emerges
In the immaculate silence of my bones
Trying to banish relentlessly
This pride and arrogance
That left its roots
In the unconscious of my subconscious*

*When God extends
The purification's sword
May He decimate this impudence
And be hurled into the seventh hell
And give noble life
To my tenacity and self-esteem*

*This supercilious soul, indeed
Shall know the place of arrogance
And will give way to humility
With powerful grace and reverence*

This arrogant soul...

Orcastro G. Júnior. SJ

Birthday Celebration dates

November

Manuel António 3 November

Charles Chinotsva 9 November

Jean-Marie Kezanutima 12 November

Lotanna Obiezu 13 November

Anthony Topodzi 15 November

George Chidyamatondo 15 November

Tinashe Kunze 18 November

Innocent Mabaya 27 November

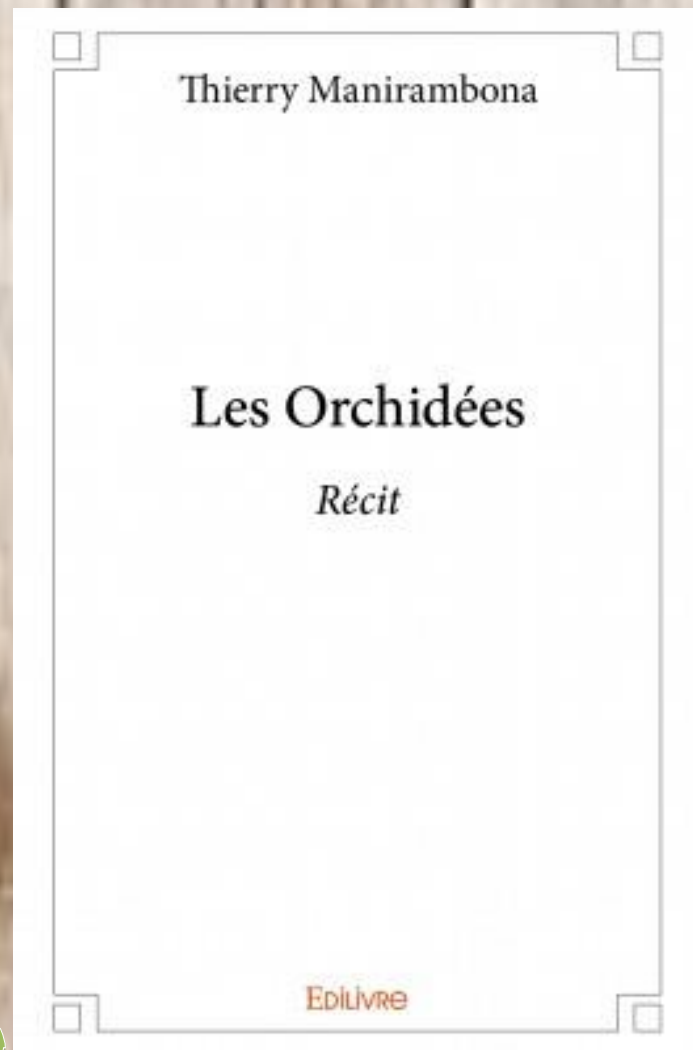
Anthony Otah 28 November

Happy Birthday !

Publication

Edilivre, a French Publishing House, published, a month ago, « Les Orchidées » the French version of “The Orchids”, a story I wrote some years ago. In 2012, “The Orchids” was published by AJAN, in Nairobi. “Les Orchidées” is now out and here is the link to the book:

<https://www.edilivre.com/catalog/product/view/id/861725/s/les-orchidees-27b4270393/#.WfFzQlhx3IV>



Congratulations Thierry!



Adults \$5
Children \$3

Education

Arrupe College

Cultural Night 2017

Saturday

18th

NOVEMBER

16 Link Road
Mount Pleasant, Harare
www.arrupecollege.org

2:00PM

Food fare
Braai

Presentation of Cultural artifacts
Advertisements

Fashion Show and Face Painting for kids

6:00PM - 11:00PM

Cultural Entertainment

Performances by several Cultural Groups

Poetry

Performances by Local Musicians

Killer T



Contact
Reagan 0773702119
Wada 0777060387

Mkungudza Nyau Club

Mbira Dzenharira



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.