



December 2017

Arrupe Insider

A Publication of Arrupe College Students'
Association



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Index: In this issue

Editorial: Celebrating our Heritage

Hubert Niyonkuru, S.J.3



SPIRITUALITY

Advent a time of hope.

Roland von Nidda SJ.....4

The Hands of our Mother of Perpetual Help.

Elvis Tawanda Chirara.....9

Tichakunda Welfare Organization.

Obat Frank Augustine, S.J.....10

In God's Hand.

Orcaastro Júnior, S.J.....13

9

ARRUPEANS' EXPERIENCES

Arrupe College Cultural Night: When Africa met under the dome.

Reagan Chengamali, S.J.14

Celebrating the Wonders and Unity of Africa.

Manuel Mario Chingole, S.J.....19

A Parting Shot.

Paschal Angaluki, SJ.....21

Papa N'nuku's Wisdom

Alex Akalefu, S.J.25

Sold into Slavery.

Riley le Roux: *The Salient Pundit*.....26



SHORT STORIES

Buhutira: Enthronement of the New King!

Nsabimana Jean Claude, SJ27

Celebrating our Heritage

November has left a mark in our memories! The recent political event in the country has opened new horizons and kindled flames of hope in the hearts and minds of Zimbabweans. Indeed, our societies are marked by the continual search for the meaning of life. In this perspective, changes come from an attempt to generate new possibilities in life. In his novel, *The Little Prince*, Antoine de Saint Exupery writes: “all grown-ups were once children—although few of them remember it”. Though such a struggle allows us to move forward, it remains important for us to look back and contemplate our genesis.

Arrupe College is never at a loss in enriching experiences. In November, the College and its friends took a moment to recognize our cultural heritage which is basically attached to our genesis. In fact, this annual event brings us together to celebrate our diversities and commonalities. In celebrating this part of our identity that relates to our cultural heritage, Arrupe brings Africa to the world and bridges the river of Africa’s prosperity by investing in our potentials.

On the other hand, the first semester comes to its end. Another page is open for us! Personally, when I review my experiences of this semester, I feel grateful, because I got the opportunity to invest my strength. I hope that our movements during this period, will be geared towards growth. This new issue of Arrupe Insider portrays the fruits that come from our experiences and reflections. Father Roland von Nidda, in his meditation, calls us to reflect on the various situations of our world as a way of preparing ourselves to celebrate Christmas with the hope for a better world. At this moment, allow me to wish you to enjoy reading this new publication of Arrupe Insider!

Hubert Niyonkuru, Sj

Advent a time of hope...

Our sorry world

Planet Earth is a beautiful place. After all, it represents the outpouring of God's life and love. That is why Ignatius tells us to find God in it and in all its creatures. But because of human frailty and sin, we can turn its beauty into ugliness. Our world today is not a happy or hopeful place. In June/July I was in **Europe**. Whenever I go to **England** I am struck by how secular it has become. Not that people are aggressively hostile to religion, like Richard Dawkins and his New Atheists. Rather, people feel religion is a phase of

human history we have passed beyond. Not only are its quaint and fanciful beliefs wrong, but they are meaningless and irrelevant to our modern age. They have nothing to say to us. There are many reasons for this. One is undoubtedly the heavy news coverage given to mindless and cruel acts of

violence, perpetrated by adherent of extremist religions, like factions within Islam. Many think that this is characteristic of all religions. Steven

Weinberg, one of the world's leading physicists, states: "With or without religion, you would have good people doing good things and evil people doing evil things. But for good people to do evil things, that takes religion." And on the Christian side, we have the loony ideas of Christian fundamentalists which boggle any educated mind. More importantly is the

scientific 'weltanschauung' dominating the Western world today. Taken to its logical conclusion, it results in a materialist reductionism or naturalism. As Francis Crick puts it in his 'The Astonishing Hypothesis' : "The Astonishing Hypothesis is that "You," your joys and your sorrows, your memories



Roland von Nidda SJ

and your ambitions, your sense of personal identity and free will, are in fact no more than the behavior of a vast assembly of nerve cells and their associated molecules." No room for spirit or religion in such a world. We are well and truly confined to the material limits of our world. And, of course, it is a world without meaning, purpose, and ultimate hope. Dawkins tells us it is a cruel, pitiless world running its inexorable, random course, without consideration or sympathy for anyone or anything. To quote him: "In a universe of electrons and selfish genes, blind physical forces and genetic replication, some people are going to get hurt, other people are going to get lucky, and you won't find any rhyme or reason in it, nor any justice. The universe that we observe has precisely the properties we should expect if there is, at bottom, no design, no purpose, no evil, no good, nothing but pitiless indifference."

There have been five mass extinctions in the history of planet earth. We could be on the cusp of the sixth, which we ourselves might bring about by not stopping climate change, or by engaging in a nuclear war. Even if we escape this, total extinction awaits us much further down the road (in fact 5

billion years hence), when the sun (like all stars) will run out of energy and turn into a red giant and die as a white dwarf. The enormous heat and energy emitted in the death pangs of the red giant will completely burn up planet earth. End of story. No hope, no resurrection, no heaven beyond.

In **America**, people fear what a Trump presidency might bring. It is based on ego, on shrinking their world into 'America First', and 'Making America Great Again', and on disregarding the global community and environment, e.g. by pulling out of the Paris agreement. This, together with forging an economy which can only favour the rich, and with an impulsive President who has an unpredictable attitude to international challenges, could result in nuclear war. All this does not bode well, or promise a bright and hopeful future.

In the **Middle East and parts of Asia**, we hear gruesome stories of wars, bombings, the destruction of whole cities, and the displacement of people who have nowhere to go, and end up as hapless victims in squalid refugee camps, in countries where no-one wants them. There is no time or energy for thoughts of hope here, when people's minds are totally focused on how to survive

another day.

And back home in *Africa*, whilst there is much to celebrate, we are also inundated with pictures of poverty, corruption, injustice and mismanagement – the cause of endless suffering. Many take refuge in the delusions of ‘Gospel of Prosperity’ promises, peddled by so-called prophets and pastors to helpless and gullible congregations. God is their last hope for being liberated from poverty and being given the chance of leading a normal life.

Advent

It is in the light of all this gloom that we find in Advent grounds for real hope (not the illusory expectations of the prosperity gospel). As we know, the primary feast celebrated by early Christians was Easter. They lived in a world of persecution and suffering, and in Easter they celebrated God breaking into their world of darkness in the person of Jesus, and they rejoiced in the overcoming of suffering and death, and resurrection into new life which Easter brings. Christmas (the day of the Sun) only appeared in the Christian calendar in the fourth century, and along with it, Advent as the time of preparation for it. Advent means ‘*coming*’. The first two Sundays of Advent look back to the *coming*, or breaking of God into our world in the person of Jesus, born in Bethlehem. He is ‘Emmanuel’ (God with us). He is the ‘image of the invisible God (Col 1:15). In him we experience a deeper, invisible stream of life than the surface life most of us inhabit, and in which we experience all the horrors of the world. This deeper life, to which the mystics of all religions attest, is the true life. It is not known by head, or rational, knowledge. Rather it is known by experiential, personal (Polanyi), intuitive ‘Eye of the Heart’ (Meister Eckhart), connatural (Aquinas), and heart, or love, knowledge (Teresa of Avila). This underlying spirit, or stream, runs through all creation, giving us that ecstatic mystical experience of oneness, again of which all mystics speak e.g. 2 Cor12:2-3. Rabindranath Tagore has a nice poetic way of expressing this stream running through all, when he says: “The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of earth, the numberless blades of grass and breaks

Advent a time of hope...

into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow. I feel my limbs made glorious by the touch of the world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment."

Being connected to this spirit, experiencing it in the depths of our hearts, living our lives out of it, and bringing it to birth in our world, is what Jesus called the Kingdom of God. It begins here and now and gives us a deep hope, even in the face of the many miseries we see around us.

But the fullness of that Kingdom will only come when we transcend the frailties, brokenness, and limitations of this material world, to a resurrection, or transformation into spirit and ascension into the glory of God, by living in a union with him. This is the unitive stage of which the mystics speak. In scriptural language it is the second coming, 'parousia', or 'pleroma', when all will be one in God or Christ

(Eph 1:10). This is the Advent, or future (second) **coming**, which fills us with hope and to which the second two Sundays of Advent allude.

Paul says of it: "What no eye has seen and no ear has heard, what the mind of man cannot visualize; all that God has prepared for those who love him." (1Cor.2:9). So Advent is the time when we look back in celebration at the first **coming** of Emmanuel amongst us. And we look forward in hope to the second **coming** awaiting us. There we find the 'new creation' of which Paul so frequently speaks (2 Cor.5:17). Karl Barth puts it this way: "Unfulfilled and fulfilled promise are related to each other as are dawn and sunrise. Both are promise and in fact the same promise. If anywhere at all, then it is precisely in the light of the coming of Christ that faith has become Advent faith, the expectation of future revelation. But faith knows for whom and for what it is waiting. It is fulfilled faith because it lays hold of the fulfilled promise". Let the New Atheists wallow in the gloom of their meaningless, purposeless, directionless and pitiless world which is inevitably heading to extinction. Christians celebrate a very different scenario, one filled with hope and ending in the glory of God's love.

How can we celebrate advent?

Advent a time of hope...

In this piece I am focusing on the 'hope' aspect of Advent. Hope is not the same as expectation. It is not some future event outside us which we trust will happen, and to which we look forward. Hope is something we experience and live now because of the 'new creation' in which we deeply believe, and in which we participate 'in Christ'. True, the fullness, or 'pleroma' of the promise lies ahead, but we already experience and live it now, by virtue of being connected to that deeper stream or spirit running through all. It is that in which our hope consists. We only have access to it through prayer; not just mouthing prayers, but prayer as a deep relationship with this inner spirit, personalized in Christ. Without this we can have no idea of what Paul and the mystics are talking about. We might **know about** it, but not **know** it, or taste it, in the depths of our hearts. Advent is a good time to deepen our prayer life, to make it personal, heart and relationship prayer.

Secondly, in our world where people find so little hope, Advent can be a time when we bring this hope to people. There is a deep longing and thirst for it. We bring it to them when they see it shining in us. We bring it to them when we show them signs of love and compassion, as we are doing in our

apostolates. We bring it to them when we help them get in touch with, and connect to, that living stream or spirit within them, and experience the 'consolation' and hope we only find there. We do this by teaching them deeper, not just formal and vocal, prayer. We teach them this by introducing them to simple methods of quietening the 'monkey mind' and by undertaking the inner journey through meditation and contemplation. It sounds complicated but it is not at all. Many meditation projects are being undertaken today throughout the world. Even young people are involved, with extraordinary results. In a poor and very rough area of America, rowdy, undisciplined students at a school were introduced to meditation and they took to it like ducks to water. The results were amazing. Violence and crime dropped dramatically. And school results rose emphatically. Why not try it with groups in your different apostolates? You could really change people's lives for the better.

These are some thoughts on hope, which I have about Advent. I wish you all a very happy Advent and Christmas. May it be not only a time of material celebration but of spiritual renewal and transformation.

The hands of Our Mother of Perpetual Help



The icon of Our Mother of Perpetual Help is not merely a beautiful picture - it is a timeless message. In it, Mary points out and directs us to Jesus. I would like us to reflect on the pointing hand of Mary. *Hodegetria* (one who points the way) is a Greek word which describes the pointing hand of Mary and teaches us to understand Mary in the life of the Church. Mary is the one who points the way to the mystery of salvation - Jesus Christ. Her eyes look out to us who come to her in prayer and she directs us to Jesus. If we gaze contemplatively at the icon, we can deduce the impression of Mary presenting to us this divine word of God. In Mary's presentation she seems to say to us, "Receive this word of your

salvation." In baptism, we were baptised into the mystery of Christ. Hence, the life of Christ was planted within us. The pointing by Mary, in presenting to us this word-made-flesh, is an invitation to us to renew our commitment to live the gospel and proclaim Christ through our words and actions. When we pay attention to the right hand of Mary, we see that it is straight and pointing directly into the heart of the Child Jesus. If we take a ruler and place it on the hand of Mary on the icon; we can draw a line through the heart of the Infant up to the cross, being held by the angel. This visual line and intense vision of the infant towards the cross in the angel's hands, tells us that this is no ordinary baby. This is an image of Jesus, not a baby in his mother's arms. Rather, it is telling us of a Jesus who is aware of His mission to redeem us. With this pointing gesture, Mary is also telling us that this image of the infant God is the word-made-flesh. It is the proclamation of the paschal mystery: the incarnation, passion and resurrection. In our novena prayer, we are drawn to this mystery every time as we pray before the icon of Our Mother of Perpetual

The hands of Our Mother of Perpetual Help

Help. We also express this in the memorial acclamation during mass when we say, “We proclaim your death, O Lord, and profess your resurrection until you come again.” Christ’s hands, are turned palms down into His Mother’s, indicating that He has placed the graces and blessings of the Redemption in her keeping; and Mary’s hand does not clasp those of her Son, but remains open, inviting us to put our hands in hers along with those of Jesus – so that we receive the graces and blessings of Christ’s redemption.

May Mary, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, lead us deep into the mystery of the redeeming love of Jesus Christ.

Elvis Tawanda Chirara

Tichakunda Welfare Organization

Tichakunda Welfare Organization (TWO) was formed in 2005 in Hatcliffe Extension Holding Camp with the aim of helping and assisting the orphans and vulnerable children in the community. The organization was founded by Winnie Masaraure, one of the resident at the Extension. It started as an orphanage to cater for 34 street children. However, the foundress discovered that there was no primary and secondary school around, the nearest school was 3 kilometers away. In 2007, Winnie applied for a bigger stand from the Local Government and was allocated. At that time, she had about 500 pre-school kids, age ranging from 3-11 years. In 2010, she started the construction of the structures with the little funds she got from farming. The Organization is now a registered Organization P.V.O 07/2014. Currently, the school has nearly 1,000 students in primary and secondary school. All the workers (general work, teaching and the director) in the Organization are volunteers. They are not paid but because of the love and visions they have for the future generation, they sacrificed themselves to see these visions coming true.

The construction of the structures have been supported by well-wishers. The school has managed to get financial support from Nazareth Sisters through Sr. Irene. The roofing of four classrooms,

dining hall and the kitchen was done by the Sisters. Mission Bambini from Italy helped in the plumbing of the building and kitchen fittings as well as the construction of the new classrooms for primary children. Germany Embassy built two dormitories for the orphans. Form one and two pupils are using chicken shed as classrooms simply because the school cannot afford reasonable classes for the students.

Form three and form four pupils are using better classes thanks to the donors mentioned above. The school has managed to lay the foundation for four more classes, however, due to lack of finances they could not complete the construction. With financial assistance, the school is capable of vacating the shanty chicken sheds which are currently being used as classes. Arrupe College, through Solidarity with the Poor's apostolate, heard "... Rachel weeping for her children" (Matt 2:18b). Not because it has much but because the cry touched her emotional and spiritual intelligence. Through well-wishers and donors, it has managed to bring the construction of the four classrooms up to where you will see. Thanks to Fr. Jerry Aman and Fr.

Roland von Nidda for their relentless effort in getting donors. Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "Only in the darkness can you see the stars." Our loving children have not lost the battle, they only need our hands so that they can cross the river. Again, let us be vigilant because, "Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter."

Therefore, Arrupe College is making a humble plea for financial support to complete the construction of the four classrooms so that our young brothers and sisters (future doctors, lawyers, economists, and accountants) may learn in a conducive environment. The total amount of money required for the completion of the four classes is USD 25,000. Donation of construction materials is also welcomed. Donations should be channeled to Arrupe College (Account Name: Arrupe College, NMB Bank: Borrowdale, Account No. 260095374). Construction materials: Shoko (0773018764) or Obat (0777449928).

Obat Frank Augustine, S.J



Poem

In God's Hands

In God's hands I am
I can feel His presence
In God's hands my soul rest
Because I can feel it

Even if I am found in my worst moments
God holds me in His Holy hands
He keeps me in His Grace
Because in His hands I rest

Who can judge me?
Who can be the first one?
Who can accuse me?
Who will affect this soul?

In God I found tenderness
In God I found grace
In God I found refuge
In God's Hands everything is flawless

Certainly, all matter in the Universe
Coordinates and builds
All famous steps, that
Lead me to the Divine Hands

By: Orcastro Júnior, S.J.

Arrupe College Cultural Night: When Africa met under the dome.



Pyramids of Giza, where Nahum Osman's ancestors once overlooked the great Sahara and the Nile, to reach the last step of earth down in the Cape of Good Hope. In between are the wonders; the Great Zimbabwe, The *Mosi-Oa-Tunya* (Victoria Falls), The Great Kilimanjaro with her sister Mount Kenya, The Oduvai Gorge (The origin of humanity), The Great

Africa, home of the many but never one story.

A continent laden with footprints left by our ancestors. A novel

written and rewritten by the stories of her children from generation to generation. A stage of the masses, a theatre of dreams. A land at once earthly and heavenly. A

land where the footprints of history are marked with rich culture, strong traditions and an immensely beautiful people.

It is not easy to travel from the great

Lake Malawi, The Nsude Pyramids in Enugu, Nigeria, to mention a few. You would have to pay a

fortune to see these places and to learn the history behind each of them. You would surely be shocked by how these wonders; these relics of our ancestors have shaped the life of the



people around them.

Imagine that there is a place down in the Southern Hemisphere where the tellers of these stories met. Africa assembled, under the dome of a

Arrupe College Cultural Night: When Africa met under the dome.

great institution at once religious, academic and international in Zimbabwe. Africa assembled at a time that was marked by an evolution in the country's history forever to be told. As Africa assembled under the auspices of Zimbabwe, we came to tell a story. We came to join our voices in rewriting their history, a history forged by the thirst for change, a change



desired not merely by outsiders, but primarily from the insiders. In rewriting the history of the nation, the display of culture, the primary blueprint that preserves the elements of history from generation to generation.



That Dome was at Arrupe College. The day was 18 November 2017. The event was the

prestigious Cultural Night. A night when the moon smiled gracefully, as Africans assembled from all corners of the continent. Indeed, it was a night to remember. The cultural diversity at Arrupe College is one of its most outstanding features. Hence, it is only appropriate that the students of the college, in collaboration with the local people, create an enabling environment where each one experiences the culture of the other. This is evident through expression of art, attires, drama, dance, music, poetry, and importantly, through food!

Thus, which the stage adorned with glamorous cultural wares and powerful lights, the crowd was thrilled with performances from nations such as Zimbabwe, Rwanda – Burundi, Nigeria, and Mozambique. These performances provided an electrifying atmosphere under the dome.

The host nation Zimbabwe, ensured that the spirit of change that hovered over the nation at the time inspired them to render arguably the most captivating displays on the night! From the ecstatic dancing of the incredible Mkungudza Nyau Club, to the beautiful musical genius of the legendary Mbira

Arrupe College Cultural Night: When Africa met under the dome.

DzeNharira, to the energetic vibes of Killer-T.

We also saw how West Africans took to the stage to emphasize why Nollywood is Africa's number one. The group from Rwanda-Burundi shook the crowd with their fascinating dance. The Mozambican Youths did not disappoint too. They crossed the Great Zambezi to be part of the show.

The most interesting aspect of the night for me, was when, at various times, the people were drawn to the stage, to re-enact how our ancestors loved to dance around as family, as community. The beautiful music of the night attracted the young, the old, the shy and the bold. Twisting and turning happened almost effortlessly.

The cultural Night for me, was a symbol of what I would love Africa to be: expressive, deeply rooted to cultural heritage, caring, attentive, and united. I imagine an Africa so united that it becomes difficult to be divided either on national or ethnic grounds.

Thank you Arrupeans and friends, for making it possible. I am already impatient for next year's!

Reagan Chengamali, S.J.







Celebrating the Wonders and Unity of Africa.

Most people think that Africa is only a land of diversities. This way of thinking may mislead us. There are many dimensions that unite Africans. One of these dimensions is our own culture that seems to differ from one country to another, but that, in fact, has many similarities. These similarities are strongly meaningful, because they highlight our oneness that appears, at least, when Africans come together. We had these unique moment and experience at Arrupe College on the 18th of November 2017, during the Cultural Night, when different countries, provinces and regions presented their cultures.



has always been done every year. This showed the culture of the presenters as unique, yet connected with other African cultures. Provinces and Regions of the Society of Jesus in Africa presented their cultures through signs, dances, and colors. This was a moment of realizing the beauty of our beloved mother continent being manifested in a small place like Arrupe.

Various presentations such as Zimbabwe's mask dancing attracted the attention of the audience, and left the audience delighted. This creative way of showcasing African

It is not easy to gather people from different places of our beloved Africa. We must consider Arrupe College as a place where God is always pouring His blessings. When Africans come together for a celebration, we see the wonders and oneness that Africa has to offer to the world. During the last Cultural Night, each province or region presented its own culture in a creative manner, as it

cultures brought out the personality and beauty of not just the cultures, but also that of the presenters.

During the cultural night, one of the companions from East Africa told me that he did not know that, in Zimbabwe, people also wear masks when they are dancing. After hearing that, I deeply reflected on the meaning of his words. It was from that moment that I came to know that

Celebrating the Wonders and Unity of Africa.

Africa is one despite the seeming diversity. I was also surprised when I saw the 'Nyaus' performing. I thought that the Nyaus are only found in Tete, Mozambique. From that performance, I came to know that they are also found in Zimbabwe. Indeed, despite different languages and ways of performing, the Nyaus have the same meaning and the same message in Zimbabwe and in Mozambique.

Moreover, I had a profound experience which gave me a different feeling and understanding about Africa. People embraced and accepted what we are and what is ours. It was really touching seeing every single person expressing and accepting that he or she is an African with the pride that brings all of us together.

I wish to end this reflection by looking at the purpose of the 'Cultural Night'. The Cultural Night had a very



significant theme, which was "Culture Empowering Education". Reflecting on the event, several questions come to my mind: did the event really help people to understand the meaning and the value of the theme? Or, was the event a mere spectacle? How can we use the African culture to empower education? These questions are important to ask. We need to translate the enjoyment and memories of the Cultural Night into daily endeavors to allow our cultures to substantively empower education.

Manuel Mario Chingole, S.J.

A Parting Shot

Our lives are measured not in distance travelled, but by each step we take. I first set foot at Arrupe College on Sunday, July 24, 2016. And as we liked to say in my South Sudan days : “in Africa, you have what you plan; and you have what just happens”. Am not so good at details, but I want to remember that, as was the case for some other companions travelling with me that day, we had a very warm reception. Fr Chuks Afiawari, SJ, the then Rector of Arrupe College, once asked about our expectations. I looked forward to having a great time. Just as vague as half years on, I do not feel

There is an abundance of appreciated and admired at Arrupe. professors, the serene and beautiful hardworking students, dedicated camaraderie and great friendships encounters; it is a long list. I have it been precious moments, light challenging moments like due moments have over time proved to

overall experience. If I were asked what impact they’ve had on me, I would readily say they have served to push me forward. And I am grateful. That said, what I wish to do below, is to make an attempt at putting together some lines that would read like a consolidation of some not-so-esoteric-but-simple lessons learnt in my experience.

Since, as it presently stands, Arrupe College is still a house of formation, I will mention a thing, in passing, in that direction. I should clarify from the outset, nonetheless, that this is only but a perspective. A non-authoritative one, if you will. Jesuit formation, as I understand it, is a formation in freedom, for it is only in freedom that we come to grow into more integrated persons. That has been my experience at Arrupe.



Paschal Angaluki, SJ

that and close to one and a disappointed.

things I have enjoyed, These include inspiring natural environment, collaborators, the nurtured, rich cultural in my mind that there have moments, sometimes dates, but all in all, these be valuable in my growth and

A Parting Shot

That the Society of Jesus puts at the disposal of its men a variety of tools and means to help them grow and become better instruments in the service of God and man, is neither an old-fangled nor a far-fetched assertion. Arrupe College attests to that. In my own person, I have tried to make use of these opportunities as much as possible to learn and to grow.

The approach I had to all experiences was that which would dispose me to have them as moments of becoming a better me; a better version of myself, for I believe that life is some curious combination of what you do, what you were meant to do, what you work hard at, besides having certain skills and listening to that little voice within for guidance. In the words of Fr. Kizito, Arrupe kept me busy and indeed helped impel me to try to be busy doing my best. Listening to the words of Fr. Jerry in his recent homily, I remember feeling somehow inspired. And I thought his words would serve to summarize what we ought to be doing today and tomorrow: letting God, the master, fill in the notes and beats, in our lives, so that when all is said and done, life becomes God's masterpiece. Indeed, isn't He the one who holds us and the world in his hands? I have, therefore, learnt to let God be God and to allow room for providence and, why not, serendipity. That notwithstanding, I have also learnt that life requires a good deal of hard-work and focus, even if these words have become overused; working, as St Ignatius would have it, as if everything depended on us.

The greatest challenge of doing philosophy for me is not so much how many theories or concepts or philosophies or other people's thoughts one is able to memorize. They are important and it is okay to memorize them. But equally important, and perhaps more demanding, is the ability to translate them into real life experience; into helping create a more just and humane society. Bob Marley once sang, "Life is one big road with lots of signs. So when you are riding through the ruts, don't complicate your mind. Flee from hate, mischief and jealousy. Don't bury your thoughts, put your vision to reality. Wake up and live". Philosophy and education, for that matter, rather than making us just smart, should help us become more human. For me, more than anything else, that's what matters. It matters that we are able to harness our knowledge to rise to and meet the needs of society. That is how, at some point, at least, some Greeks

A Parting Shot

conceived of knowledge: as a tool to help forge a better society. And so, as I end my experience at Arrupe, I take consolation and inspiration in the words that we are called to touch lives; to set the world on fire, and, why not, to change the world, especially with love and compassion. Pope Francis, certainly, would not agree more! As Pedro Arrupe once remarked, it is only by being men and women for others that we become fully human. Indeed, as I began, our lives are measured, not in distance travelled but by each step and action we take. And in this walk of life, quality can be measured by who we touch and those who touch us. Maya Angelou once said: people may forget what you said to them but not how you made them feel. The smiles, the handshakes, the playful abandon, the sunsets that cause us to stop and watch, the stars that shine on us all; such is what makes for the quality of life. That, I believe, is the greatest legacy we can leave wherever we are, on this earth.

Socrates once said that not life but the good life is to be valued. For me, doing philosophy is about how well I live my life. In my little experience and from my few assignments within and without the Society, I have come to embrace the fact that one's title says very little about how well their life has been led. That, no matter how much I have done; no matter how successful I may have been, there's always more waiting to be done, always room for learning, always more to aspire to. This is the heart of *magis*: going further still, as Fr Orobator would always remind us. At that, the good life, other than being just a state, is a process. Nelson Mandela realized this when he quipped that after climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are many more hills to climb. Otherwise put, one's "body of work" is never done. There is always something more to be done. For that reason, we cannot rest on our laurels. In more concrete terms, with philosophy should come the ability to sometimes question the received or conventional wisdom and rethink old and tired ways of doing things for the betterment of society and the world.

As I conclude, I would like to recount two familiar stories that I have always found meaningful. The first is about a young man and an old religious guru. The guru lived in the mountains and was renowned for his wisdom. The young man wanted to test him and perhaps disprove him as a wise man. He went out, caught a butterfly and went to the guru. He intended to ask the guru to tell whether the butterfly he had in

A Parting Shot

his hand was alive or dead. If the guru said that it was alive, he would simply crush the butterfly before he opened his hand and the butterfly would be dead. If, however, the guru said that the butterfly was alive, the young man would open his hand and the butterfly would fly away. In that way, he would discount the wisdom of the guru. When he met the guru, the young man told him, "Master, in my hand I have a butterfly, is it alive or dead?" After a long pause, the old man simply replied, "Young man, the answer is in your hand". The answer is in your hand. It is in our hands to determine how we look at life, how we choose to make a difference in the world and how to make the best of life's moments.

The second story is about President Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln had met with his ministers for a prayer breakfast during the American civil war. One of them, at one point said, "Mr. President, let us pray that God is on our side". In response, Lincoln said, "Gentlemen, let's pray that we are on God's side". What Lincoln taught by his response was that even as it is in our power to determine the course of our lives, we still need to be open to be and do what God bids us to do.

To Arrupeans, especially my young brothers, I wish to dedicate these words of Lee Ann Womack taken from her song "I Hope You Dance":

I hope you never lose your sense of wonder,
You get your fill to eat but always keep that hunger,
May you never take one single breath for granted,
God forbid love ever leave you empty handed,
I hope you still feel small when you stand beside the ocean,
Whenever one door closes I hope one more opens,
Promise me that you'll give faith a fighting chance,
And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance.

I hope you dance.....I hope you dance

As I move on, and as I keep walking, I count on your prayers just as I want to keep saying for you the only prayer that is ever needed: thank you. Jah bless!

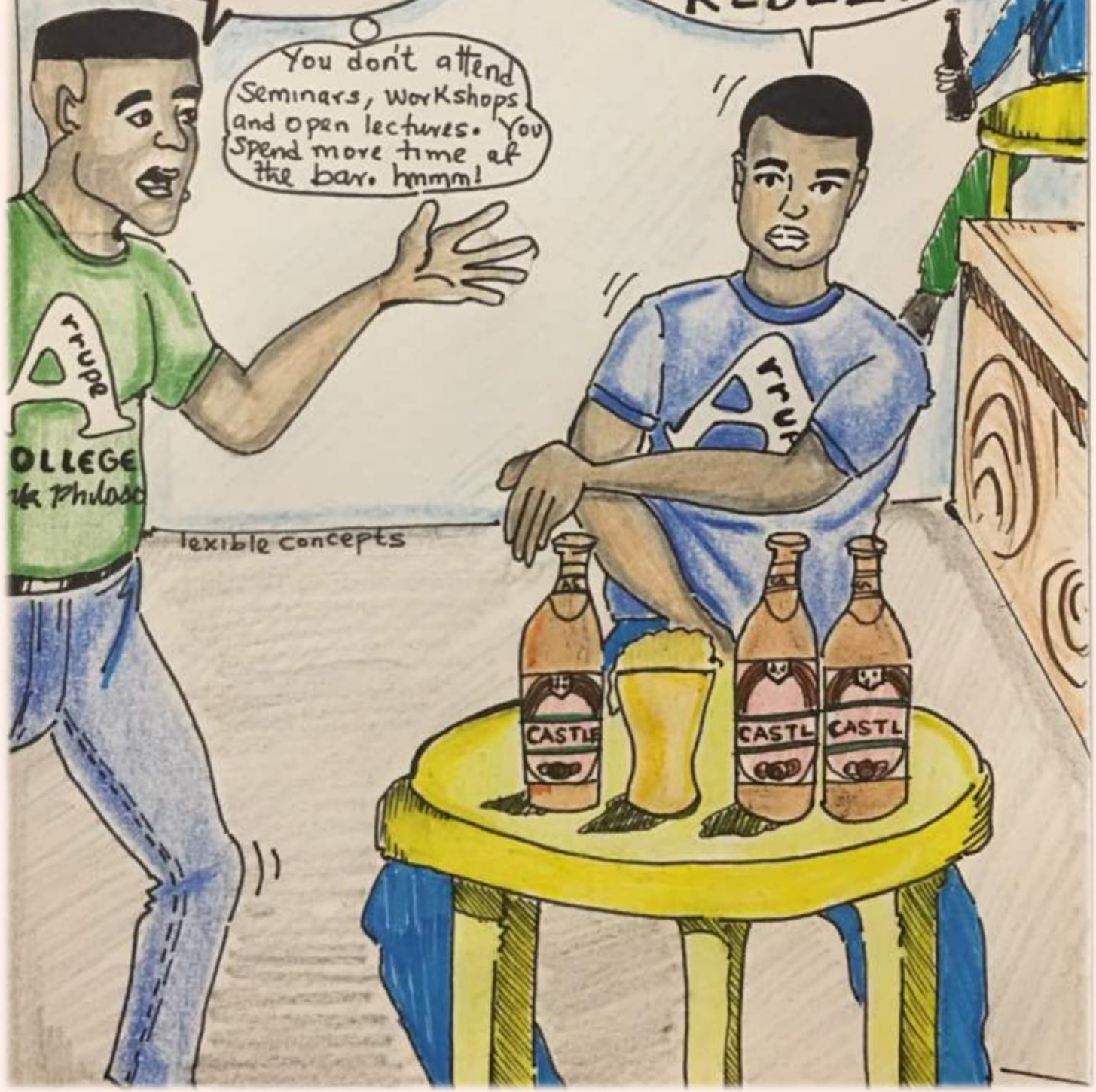
PAPA NNUKWU'S WISDOM!

—Who is a rebel???

I weh!!!
What are you doing here? Are you not supposed to be at the college for the philosophical debate?

You don't attend Seminars, Workshops and open lectures. You spend more time at the bar. hmmm!

What is your problem?
Why are you disturbing me?
Please, let me enjoy my life.
Life doesn't have part 2.
ALL CRITICAL THINKING
AND NO BEER MAKES A
PHILOSOPHER A
REBEL.



flexible concepts

Poem

Sold into Slavery

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

You smiled, his face contorted into a mask of lethargy

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

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

Riley le Roux: The Salient Pundit

Buhutira: Enthronement of the New King!

Every cloud has a silver lining. After all their struggles, Nzitonda and Nabusage end up getting rid of the hate of the King Nyamirima. Having been consulted, Nzihora, the king of Butasira kingdom, advises the priests and wise men of the palace of the Buhutira Kingdom to find an accurate solution in order to save lives and honour within kingdom. After their discussion with Nzitonda, priests make a final decision and declare to entrust the throne to Nzitonda as its regent. The declaration is surprising for some, some citizens are au fait with the inherited kingship. This baffled many because such things have never happened before in Buhutira kingdom for a none royal to be coronated.

Despite the discontentment of some of the citizens, priests are ready to coronate Nzitonda as new king for the Buhutira. The king of Butasira kingdom, Nzihora, is influentially meddling with the decisions passed by the priest. From him, priests get some information about the plague that will invade Buhutira kingdom once the two lovebirds ought to be killed. The plague is revealed by one of the seers of Nzihora. Priests are afraid of the plague and then persuaded to let Nzitonda's coronation take place. Yet, the coronation is preceded by long consultation within the royal family and the assembly of notables. The king is the guarantor of the general prosperity of the kingdom. The accident or the misfortune that happens to him affects all the population who is affected to the same degree. Regardless of the hereditary nature of the kingdom, the rituals of the enthronement of the new king are unanimously approved after consultation.

The enthronement is announced to Nzitonda. Within Buhutira kingdom, just as at the burial of a King, some rituals are furtively performed . The enthronement of the King is done secretly, by the chief of the village of Ruhumuriza, which is the village of the enthroners in the kingdom. The enthronement begins on the night of the third day of the week and ends on the fifth day. On the night of the fourth to the fifth day, the new King is introduced to a small group of people, most of whom are from the villages of the kingdom. After this first stage, the "Abadasigwa" or warriors of the kingdom, dressed in red clothes, their faces paint-

Buhutira: Enthronement of the New King!

ed with white powder, and with banana-leaves on their heads, are ready to protect the new King.

The King is subjected to the traditional rites of enthronement which are done in secret. Elders, then, assures the new king three times that the throne now rightly belongs to him. At the first time, the elders of the kingdom declare to Nzitonda, "From today, you are the chosen one of this throne." The second time, they declare, "No one has the right to dethrone you so long as you do not give back to the throne", and for the third time, the elders say, "We will all be subject to your orders". After this, the king undergoes another rite, which purports that he should survive without eating, drinking and not sleep during three days following his intronisation. On the seventh day of his intronisation, Nzitonda is officially presented to the people. Within the Kingdom, people are happy to receive and celebrate a new king. No more conflicts among people.

Nsabimana Jean Claude, S.J.

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

REFLECTIONS AND OPINIONS

Editor-in-Chief:

Hubert Niyonkuru, SJ

Emmanuel Ogwu, SJ

Elvis Tawanda Chirara

Gratien Nshimiyimana

Secretary:

Tubulo Prosper, SJ

Photography:

Arrupe Media Center

Associate Editors:

Emmanuel Ndorimana, SJ

Uchechukwu Oguike, SJ

Adelino Dawacar, SJ

Tinashe Kunze, SJ

Anderson Musina, O.Carm

Layout & Design:

Ghislain Akakpo, SJ.

Contributions may be sent to

insiderarrupe@gmail.com

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