Looking Toward A New Future
In Turkana On Lake Rudolph

By Dorothy Kindel

It is a little strange to contemplate moving to and working in a place where everything about the life, the work and the place will be utterly different from anything one has known before.

In Kaimosi we live amid green, lush vegetation, in a delightful climate, where days are warm and nights brisk. Foodstuffs are plentiful and readily available, and there is a town within a reasonable distance in almost any direction. The people are for the most part educated, knowledgeable and reasonably sophisticated. Roads are good, cars numerous, means of transport easily available. There is cultivation everywhere. People are clothed, busy and comfortable, and many live very well. At least there is hardly anyone who doesn’t know about modern living.

Life in Turkana will be very different. Kalokol is a struggling, barren, sparse settlement on the other side of miles and miles of desolation and awful roads crossed by innumerable and sometimes impassable drifts. The village is located on the lake shore where frequent winds make sand drift into ever-changing patterns of emptiness, crossed by ruts or tracks between the points of activity.

A few drom palm and a few

The author, Dorothy Kindel, and daughter Garnet appear in national dress on Garnet’s campus near Nairobi.
Scraggly trees grow here and there, especially along the banks of the dry river-beds, but one can see from one end to the other of the settlement with scarcely anything to break the view. A bar of sand extends a short distance out into the lake, on the tip of which is a luxury fishing resort. But even here the small cottages are built on the sand, unrelieved by sheltering growth. In the distance, the other side of the lake is visible.

One group of buildings makes up the Africa Inland Mission. Here there is a little green, for the Mission, established six years ago, has painstakingly used water and labor to get a few things growing. A little further away is the orphanage, now under the supervision of the Kenya Christian Council of Churches and soon to be under Friends.

The orphanage huts, made from palm leaves and sticks, sit on a slight rise. They will soon be replaced by two buildings of cement blocks, but there is still nothing but sand around. The man in charge, a former student at Friends Bible School, has an enclosure about the size of a double bed which he has fenced in and waters frequently. It has the only banana tree in a hundred miles, a few stalks of sugar cane, a few potatoes and two pineapple plants grown from the tops of pineapples someone brought him.

Nearby are a few buildings of one primary school, and about a quarter of a mile away is the Fisheries Cooperative building, made of cement blocks and iron sheets. The people who are being taught to fish bring their catch to be bought, processed and sent out. Down on the shore another quarter of a mile away is a palm-leaf shelter which houses the mini-bus of the fishing resort.

People are flown in by air, taken to the shore from the airfield and ferried over to the camp in a launch. Fishermen pay vast sums to come here and fish for tilapia or Nile perch. The fishing is fine, but when included in a package tour it is less than enticing to elderly American tourists who are not interested in fish and less so in roughing it.

A half mile up from the shore there is a group of some half dozen palm-leaf shops, where there is a scanty selection of merchandise which, none the less, includes Coca-Cola. There is another group of buildings another half mile away which houses the administrative offices of the fisheries. A few miles out of town are two airstrips, mere expanses of dragged sand.

Aside from these constructions there are increasingly frequent huddles of palm-leaf shelters which house the Turkana. They cannot be called huts. They look like the top of a mushroom, hardly five feet tall and four or five feet in diameter. The only opening is a small hole in the front to crawl in. Some of the people are more or less established; the rest are those being fed by the famine project.

The government is trying to rehabilitate people who are starving. Originally they lived on berries, plants and the milk and meat of camels and cattle. Now the country is so dry that many herds cannot exist and many of the people have no way at all to live. The government goes into these districts once a week to take food. This consists only of dry maize meal with nothing to eat with it. The fishing project in Kalokol has been begun to teach them a new means of making a livelihood. They are first brought into the famine camp and fed for a few weeks while being taught about fishing. Then they resettle into fishing villages and bring in their catch to sell, thus enabling them to live.

The fish are dried, then brought to the cooperative where they are weighed, baled and shipped out on lorries which come in twice a week. The fish are exported to Uganda and Congo. Some of the people are thus living a little better, but others are (Continued on next page)
Turkana... six months later

By Dorothy Kindel

WE'VE LIVED IN Turkana nearly half a year now. We know many things we did not know when we came, wish we knew about many others and would be glad to forget some of the ones we do know.

As in most mission work, the time has been both rewarding and frustrating. It seems to take so long to do anything, and in retrospect we seem to have accomplished a minimum to show for what has been an arduous undertaking. But we understand even better than we did what an opportunity is here and how desperately this part of the world needs almost any kind of help.

When we came we thought a house would be available, but when we arrived it was not. We are still living in a house which another mission graciously put at our disposal when we appeared unannounced on its doorstep. We are still hoping that within a few weeks we can get into our own place. Ersal is building a house which we will exchange for one which is on the property where we wish to build the school. When we get into that house, we hope to be able to start on our permanent house and also the school building. We have put up some temporary buildings to house the African teacher, and some of the workmen have put in the water line and put a fence around the property to keep out the camels and donkeys.

Getting supplies is a real gamble.

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The daughter of Dr. A.A. and Myra Bond, who served many years for Friends in Kenya, and the wife of Ersal Kindel, with whom she went to Kenya in 1965, DOROTHY KINDEL is a registered nurse, having served as matron of Friends Hospital in Kenya from 1966-70.

The Toyota crossing the Amudat river, one that often holds us up for several hours.

Everything comes by lorry twice a week from Kitale nearly 300 miles away. Anything which is ordered comes within a week if we're lucky. Otherwise it comes eventually or sometimes not at all. One time we waited for three or four weeks for windows. Finally Ersal went to the store in Kitale. The man said yes, they had come a long time ago, but he forgot who ordered them and thought perhaps sometime someone would come in and ask for them! One box of groceries sent about six weeks ago never has come. Recently we ordered kerosene. When it had not come in about ten days, we protested to the driver that the refrigerator was dry and what would we do? And where was the cement? He shrugged his shoulders and gave the inevitable reply. “Next time.” Which may mean the next, or the next... or the next.

It is an event when the lorry does come. Everyone runs out to see what came, or what didn’t come. The groceries may be in good shape and may not be. I get 24 eggs a week and am sometimes lucky to have 12 unbroken. Then there is the occasional red letter day when not a single one is broken. They send us a piece of meat which starts out frozen. If the river isn’t up, it usually arrives a little cold. If the river is up, the less said about its condition the better.

The constant blowing dust which sifts over everything is as big a trial as anything. You can never be finished sweeping, and sometimes in the morning one’s face looks as if he had spent the night in a coal mine. It is sometimes impossible to get the dishes on the table and the food on them before the dishes are covered with grit; and even when you bite, your teeth go grit-grit. If it doesn’t blow, billions of little insects come and that is almost worse.

The amount of liquid which any given group can drink is unbelievable. When we have had a group of people from Kaimosi here for a workcamp twice, it is not unusual for five gallons to disappear in an evening. One of the blessings for which we constantly give heartfelt thanks is enough water. It comes from deep in a dry river bed by windmill and power pump and is piped about ¾ of a mile. It is usually ample and certainly makes living possible with a certain degree of comfort. Clothing dries almost before you’ve finished hanging it up and making bread is a real joy. It is risen, baked and put away before it would be
The degree of filth among the people is incredible. Their dress of thin or a single length of cloth over the shoulders is a life-time outfit and hardly ever washed or cleaned. The people sit in the sand and anoint themselves with fish oil so that there is a film of scum clinging to the skin. The women wear massive strings of beads around their necks, 8 to 10 inches of layer upon layer. Once at a meeting we noted a woman who was heavily beaded that she was trying vain to see the child at her breast. They pour fish oil in and around the ads which seeps through and runs in rivulets over the sand-covered skin. Babies brought into the clinic are wrapped in the dirtiest rag, starched with sand and fish oil. The only reason we can see at many people survive is the intense at which must cook many of the garments.

There is one clinic here at Kalokol and a hospital at Lodwar, 40 miles away, with rather limited facilities. As, for three hundred miles there are only these two inadequate centres is frustrating to be faced with millions about which you can do nothing at all. Once recently a man was run over by a tractor. We sent a landrover him, brought him seven miles into station, gave him a heavy dose narcotic, then sent him on to Lodwar, a nightmare journey over miles of rough, sandy road. He was flown to Nairobi the next day for treatment.

These are nomadic people who had little contact with civilization and if anything gets started it goes like wildfire. In the few months we have been here, there have been measles, chicken pox and mumps which have swept through the whole community, affecting child and adult alike. Kwashiokor is common, and in whole villages it is almost impossible to find a child who doesn’t have red hair. Gonorrhea is widespread and difficult to control in a community where every visitor is given the courtesy of a wife-for-the-night. We urge those who come to bring their spouses, but it is not unusual for a man to come and say he has brought money for himself and two wives, but the money does not reach for the other one at home. Malaria, parasites and hepatitis are common, and eye and ear troubles are universal.

When sand blows as hard as it does, eyes and ears suffer. Often an ear is so full of sand its drum cannot be seen. There must be a great deal of infection about, for we notice that here any small abrasion or cut becomes infected on ourselves. The people do a great deal of fishing, and twice within the last week we have had to cut out a fish hook. There is much that could be done in the medical line if we had facilities. We wish we could foresee a day when a mobile clinic could go up and down the shore to the villages and an ambulance be available to take people to the hospital.

The next time it seems like big work to get the family up and to church on a Sunday morning, think how it would be if you had to go to church in Turkana. Every Sunday morning a group of school boys gathers around the car ready for whoever “goes up the lake.” There are about eight villages of people resettled along the shore north of Kalokol, and someone takes the boys to hold short services in perhaps six of these villages.

This may not seem a very formidable undertaking, but when it involves dodging quicksand, getting stuck in soft sand, pulling out with the winch if we’ve been lucky enough to stick by something with roots, or otherwise by brute strength of all available man-power, working in sand that burns our feet and amid clouds of flies, and on roads that are sand heaps and potholes, then it isn’t the thing one would do for pleasure on a peaceful Sunday morning. One wonders how much penetrates from the messages given, but perhaps somewhere, sometime someone gets a glimpse of the Love of God.

The people need almost everything. There is not a table, chair, bed or set of drawers to be had this side of Kitale, and we feel that one of the things the school could do would be to provide simple things for furnishings by teaching students to make them. But first people would have to learn how to build some sort of houses. One of the workers from outside said that the houses they live in now look like birds’ nests on the ground, and that is quite a good description. They need to learn how to sew and how to prepare food, duties which are not natural to them. Some foodstuffs need badly to be grown. We are going to experiment with hydroponic gardening to see if this can be of any help.

From our front verandah we see many things that are interesting and some lovely in their own way. The camels plod along in slow motion to a destination known only to themselves, stopping at times to nibble at a bush and turn to watch us with their disdainful, bifocal looks as they eat. The lake is constantly changing color, and we often see why it is called the “Jade Sea.” The sunrises and sunsets are superb and the stars brilliant at night, with the whole heavens open to view.

We feel we have made a little beginning, but there is a vast amount to do. We need funds and we need the help of other workers. We need prayers, too, for our own health and strength for what we see has to be done.
Progress in Turkana

From palm thatched house (left of jeep) to cement block house with flat roof, railing and outside stairway leading to roof for Nathan Wamalwa.

Thomas (center) watchman for grounds often has to run out the goats and camels. Nathan’s present house to right of jeep with new house in center behind Thomas.

With ample water, sand will produce watermelon (held by Thomas), beans in the foreground, left is bougainvillaea, right are frangipani and poinsettia. There are hopes of hydroponic gardening successes on subsequent experiments.

Any grade of sand or gravel is available for cement work. Nathan Wamalwa (with hard hat) is seen here with workmen Menyani and Esinyon.

New addition to Ersal Kindel’s house in Turkana is underway. Nathan Wamalwa shovels fresh cement in the center.

Workmen are working on new addition to Ersal’s house. From left to right: Musa, Etabo, Samweli, Nabuno; on ground, Eng’ore Esinyon, Edilatche, Rorobrio, Nathan.

SEPTEMBER 1971
AT 3 O'CLOCK on any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon in Kalokol the area back of the dwelling house is suddenly alive with chattering little boys, dancing up and down in eager anticipation of getting on with their craft work. Their ages range from 8-14 years, and their sizes accordingly. These make up the first real class that has been started at Friends Technical Centre in Turkana, and are the upper half of the boys in the Turkana Orphanage. What they are doing isn't much, maybe, by Western standards, but when you haven't had anything even a small item is exciting.

The product being worked on at the moment is a small stool, made out of odd bits of lumber cut to size by one of the teachers, put together to make a frame and then wound in a weaving pattern with sisal binder twine. When finished, it makes a stool that is easily carried around and can be used for sitting wherever one is. It is at least a little more stable than the one-legged stool that is native Turkana. Each little boy is making one for himself now, and then he will do one for a smaller child, and then perhaps one for each girl. Some of the weaving is rather erratic; some of it is quite neat. But they all work away with a will, chattering and laughing at some joke of their own all the time.

This project could run into several weeks but after that another will be found to keep them occupied and also to help them learn.

Soon after the boys are settled, the girls come streaming into the verandah. These are the older girls from the orphanage who are having a sewing class. Some of them could hardly hold a needle when they began and some could sew a nice seam. Some are still much better than others but all are learning. They have made a pair of panties each (very gay ones, all orange cloth and ruffles) and a slip and a dress. After this they will perhaps make some things for the younger children and then for the boys. By having the boys and girls make some-

DOROTHY B. KINDEL and her husband Errol have had long years of experience working in Africa for Friends and are in charge of the Turkana project for FUM. The Kindels are on furlough in the U.S. until June 1972.

Three Turkana orphans pose in their new shorts.

thing for each other we hope to suggest the idea of helping others as well as yourself.

There are about fifty children in the orphanage now. Friends have not formally taken over the management of the institution, but it is moving in that direction and we are doing more with these children. We do not know the backgrounds of all of them and there is not any rigid routine by which they come. For the most part they are sent by the District Commissioner in Lodwar, the nearest Government post, and are culled from the people who come to the post for famine relief or are brought in as abandoned children. One small lass was found in a village which had been destroyed in a cattle raid and the people killed. She had been left for dead with a spear through her chest, but was still alive. The police pulled the spear out, brought her in and with care she lived and is happy and healthy now, though with vivid scars.

Another child, a little boy, was passing by the orphanage with his father and mother. The father became angry with the mother and speared her to death just on the path, then ran away over the hills and disappeared. The body was just covered with bush and left there, as is the local custom, and the child was taken to the orphanage and is still there. One of the latest ones to come was a little girl who was the child of the first woman to die from cholera in a recent epidemic. She did not have other relatives who could care for her. She was very weak and emaciated, could hardly stand. A few weeks of good care and food had made her a bouncing, active child. Her advent was greeted with great glee by the older girls, for the littlest orphan, who was babied by all the girls, was growing up and such a little man that he did not take kindly to being babied. A new addition relieved him from the unwanted attention of these many "mothers."

The children are clothed by the organization which sponsors the orphanage, but there are usually not enough clothes to go around and often the newest Coming do not have much. Not long ago there were six who had recently come, and the report came

Waifs in Turkana

By Dorothy B. Kindel
er that "these ones are naked." I de six new outfits, a shirt and shorts brown and yellow material, and it for the boys. They arrived in a bed line, some of them literally puddled and some with odd bits of the thing which they had scavenged. He was the proud possessor of a pair the District Commissioner's underpants, which he had laid around under arms and was certainly well-liked. ... from his armpits to his ves. Another had someone's old dershirt, which was half torn off. Did nothing for essential nakedness, it was proudly worn because it was others. We put new outfits on them then took their pictures, for which they posed with great delight. Even being used to pictures, a youngster can't take long to learn to strike attitude. They went off very proudly, and though I am sure they aren't ever again that clean, they were covered for a while.

There is a primary school in Lokol for the first six years of holling, and all of the orphans who go to school go to that one. Some orphans are in English and some in Naili. The only girls who attend are the orphanage, though there are girls from other places about. The Turkan elders actively resist education for their girls and will let none of them go to school.

Some of the girls in the orphanage are quite mature at 14-16 years of age when they finish school; it is going to be quite a problem to find something they can do. There will be very little of the way of occupation available to them and the selection of men to marry will be practically non-existent. Now men who have been to school have been away to work marry girls who are still in skins, and it is difficult for them to change.

Some men have tried to put clothes on their wives, but there is so much pressure from other girls and from the community that they soon abandon them and go back to skins and beads. One of the reasons is that there is a certain stigma to clothes, since many of the girls who come in with clothes are prostitutes. There are a few women, wives of teachers, who are clearly above reproach, but it is not easy to overcome such reluctance. It is therefore questionable whether these girls who have been raised in the orphanage will be able to maintain the kind of lives they have learned. It has been hoped that some of them could be sent out to boarding schools, but so far it has not been feasible financially or practically.

The children have a good diet by their standards. They eat mainly maize meal, of course, with beans and cabbages and fish and now and then a goat or some camel meat. Powdered milk is provided to some extent, and they have tea with milk and sugar once a day. A treat comes sometimes. A little time back someone came from Nairobi and brought them enough bread and butter for one meal. They left the butter in our refrigerator over night. The next morning a delegation came to get it — such a precious thing could not be trusted to one person alone. Sometimes someone will send a pineapple, which is cut into fifty pieces so each child can have a bite. We occasionally bring them peanuts when we come from Kitale and once in a while bananas, though they do not carry well over the rough roads. Once or twice since we have been there I accumulated enough eggs to send one egg for each child, and that is a red-letter day. They usually want to save them for Sunday.

The orphans live in two dormitories built of cement blocks. They have beds with some sort of mattress and maybe a sheet. Once a workcamp group came and the girls made a tie-and-dye sheet for each child. There is no other furniture. This has been one reason we started the boys on stools, so at least they would have one thing to sit on. Many times at night the sand outside the dormitories is dotted with sleeping children. There is a common dining room and kitchen where all eat together. Their sanitary facilities are at the end of the path, and they bathe with buckets of water from the one tap which is in the yard of the orphanage.

The children always seem to be happy and are fairly healthy. They need a woman matron, but so far no one has been found willing to go that distance to care for them, and no local woman is capable. There are many other things that could be done with and for them, given time and personnel. There is almost unlimited potential, and the group is ready-made for projects of any kind. They are quick to learn and could profit by much greater teaching than it is possible to give them now. We hope that the Technical Centre gets going there will be a larger variety of things which they can do.

This orphanage could well be one of the principal wedges that will open up Turkana. If even half of fifty children could be channelled into a useful and productive way of life this would be a start. It will only be by slow and painstaking inches that this country and these people will be brought out of their primitive ways of living into a more Abundant Life.
The Kalakol Family
A TURKANA STORY IN PICTURES AND WORDS

by Dorothy Kindel

I. Nathan, Jane and Marvin Wamalwa.
Nathan does many things, some of which are his work and some of which he just does. He has a real sense of responsibility and is one of those persons who does not look at a clock to see whether he can do something. He is the manager of the Village Polytechnic, which is the class part of our project. He helps Ersal with the woodworking teaching, looks after the students and keeps an eye on the workmen. The extent of his activities is only really appreciated when he has gone down country and we suddenly find a lot of things not done. He has been with us since the very beginning of the project and has grown up with it so that he knows something about almost everything. Jane came almost two years ago when she and Nathan were married, and she has fitted into the way of life with unusual ease. She measures the food for the students, looks after the cook and has had a class in sewing with some women from around the area. This has not always been easy, for those who come want to get much more than they give or learn. Jane has had to be adamant about their taking what they sewed without paying in some way. She has kept going with patience and perseverance and hopefully has taught some of them something about sewing. Baby Marvin, born in November of 1972, is a roly-poly babe with big bright eyes who seems to take Turkana in his stride. His mother says that when he is down country he does not sleep well because of the cold, but in Kalakol he thrives.

II. Herman and Ruth Otoke.
Herman is a Bible School student from Kaimosi who came to us not quite a year ago to help Marsh with the experiment in hydroponics. Herman is a quiet, steady worker who does his bit without much commotion. He is interested in woodworking and has worked along with the cook keeping ahead of them but showing great patience and kindness in helping the boys and is often to explain things to them in ways that an expat does not think of. He has a subtle sense of humor and does much to instill serenity into the community. Ruth has only been here about two months. She came in April after she and Herman were married down country. She had finished her year’s course at Kaimosi College in bookkeeping and stenography. She has been helping in the office with some of the simpler work. Her training was adequate for detailed work but with time and experience we hope she can be of considerable value.

III. Enos Akette.
Enos is also a Bible School student from Kaimosi who came at the same time that Herman did. He also helped Fred while he was here and has carried on with the experiment insofar as he has been able to. We have found that this project is rather expensive and time-consuming for practicable at this time. Enos is still trying one experiment with palm-lead construction on the greenhouse and at the moment we have neither the time nor finances to carry on. The intense sunlight rots the plastic in one or two months, and somehow the chemicals have not proved to be as satisfactory.
we had hoped. When we returned from furlough we brought some of a commercial product from the U.S.A. and that, which was used while Fred was here, did quite well. What we have obtained locally has not proved as satisfactory and no one here is intelligent enough in horticulture to know what to do. Enos is always laughing and keeps the community in a cheerful mood, does quite a lot to keep our little meeting going and is helpful in general. We hope to keep these two men for a time, not so much because they are trained in any specific field other than the Bible School training, but because we believe that it is good to collect a nucleus of Christian-oriented people in the immediate community.

IV. Donald and Mary Humrichouse, Gregory, Douglas and Michael.
Don and Mary will be finishing their tour of three years in December and will be returning permanently to the United States. Don does a great deal in supervising the building, looking after the workmen, doing liaison work between our concern and the many agencies that become involved, and generally picking up the bits and pieces that are always hanging loose. He teaches a class in simple finance for the students. He does a lot to keep things from getting dull. We will miss his exuberant presence. We have had no indication that there will be a replacement for the Humrichouses and this will make the work more taxing for those who are left. Mary is kept busy with her family and home. Michael came to join the family last March, and he is already quite a little personality. He is chubby and healthy and does not seem to lag in the heat. Gregory has been in Rosslyn Academy in Nairobi this year. Mary has been teaching Douglas in kindergarten, but he also will be going to Rosslyn for the fall term before they return to the States.

V. Glen and Sandra Geiger.
Glen has been here since December, 1972, and has done a great deal in keeping the mechanical work from bogging down. His work is rather unscheduled, being governed by what is out of repair and what needs to be done. He has had a class of four boys in motor mechanics for two terms and spends some of his time at that. It is a great help to have someone who can usually get to a job when it needs to be done and not have to put it off until someone else has time to do it, or takes much needed time from something else. Sandra Marshall was married to Glen on June 30th... the same day as the total eclipse in Turkana. That was a full day! She has now transferred from Kaimosi and will be living here for the remainder of her term and until Glen finishes his alternate service. She has been helping quite a bit by picking up some of the extra jobs that are always around.

VI. Ersal and Dorothy Kindel and Garnet.
These are the grandparents of the project, whose action and production are slowing down in the manner of grandparents. The big trouble is that the work does not slow down in proportion. Ersal teaches the woodworking class and is often frustrated by his inability to make the instruction simple enough to be comprehended. He also does myriad bits and pieces, like keeping up with the generating plant, sharpening tools, "fixing" things and trying to find time to do all the other things that there is never time for. Dorothy tries to keep up with the housework, accounts, dust, cor-

Continued on next page.
They Keep On Asking, "Where Are Ersal and Dorothy Kindel?"

by Daniel M. Lochilia

I MUST THANK God for his tender care and love towards my Turkana people, because Kalokol was once a place of darkness. When the first missionaries of Africa Inland Mission, the Roman Catholics and the Salvation Army came to Turkana, they first introduced primary schools and later on dispensaries and chapels. But their wonderful help towards the Turkana people later on turned into politics. The Africa Inland Mission missionaries warned their members that they should not go to other denominations, and it was the same with other missionaries.

God gave man freedom of choice, and therefore man can choose what he likes. I became a member of Africa Inland Mission in 1964, when I was baptized — dipped in water. I was taught in Sunday Church School, and later on I became a Sunday Church School teacher for three years, when I was studying at Kalokol Primary School, which was sponsored by the Africa Inland Mission.

Friends Visit Kalokol

Early in 1970 Ersal and Dorothy Kindel along with the former principal of Friends Bible Institute, Marvin S. Hoeksema, and a Friends Bible Institute graduate, Nathan Wamalwa, came to visit the Orphanage Centre at Kalokol. We were playing volleyball near the centre, and I heard a call. It was the Warden of the orphanage, Jackson Khisa, who was calling me. When I came, I was told that the visitors were from Kaimosi and they had come to visit us. I was requested to testify, and I did so. They taped my testimony and the songs which we sang to them. They stayed for a number of days, and then they went back to Kaimosi.

God, because of the love He has for us, spoke to the Kindels and through His guidance they came back to Kalokol. Kalokol is a place of wind and hot sun, with problems of water, food and transportation. But our beloved Friends managed to stay, and I think what was in their minds was this: "What the Turkana people eat we shall also eat." Our beloved Friends, when they first came to Kalokol, were staying with the Inland Mission people, and Nathan Wamalwa (the FBI graduate) was staying in the hut of one of the orphanage's cooks, where he had not enough space for cooking, but had to cook outside. The AIM missionaries every Sunday go out to preach around the shores of Lake Rudolf, and the Kindels were very much interested in that. I was among the boys who could interpret the preaching from Swahili into the Turkana language.

Attending EAYM

In August the same year, the Kindels had arranged that some orphanage children should go to attend the East Africa Yearly Meeting Conference at Kaimosi, and by good luck I was among the children who went to Kaimosi. We had prepared several songs to sing at the conference, and so we did. People who came to attend the conference were surprised to see the Turkana children singing beautifully. This is because in Kenya the Turkana are believed to be uncivilized people. Ersal Kindel was very much involved in our affairs, because at that time our mother (Dorothy) had remained in Kalokol, but she had baked more than eight hundred scones for us to eat on the way from Kalokol to Kaimosi. While in Kaimosi we were boarding in Kaimosi Friends School, and that was our first time to sleep in an upstairs house. But Kaimosi was very cold for us, because in Kalokol one can walk about without a shirt. Ersal Kindel and Marvin Hoeksema were very much worried about us that we might perhaps die because of the coldness, and they brought us warm clothes.

Return to Kalokol

After the conference we went back to Kalokol, where we looked like strangers to our people when they heard us singing in the

Daniel M. Lochilia is presently a third-year student at Friends Bible Institute in Kenya. His account was sent to Quaker Life by Bertha B. Faust, a Philadelphia Friend, who teaches at FBI.
church on Sunday. The Kindels were very eager to develop and build up the Technical Centre. They moved from the AIM station to where the present centre is.

**Kindels Become Involved**

the Kindels were very much involved in building the centre. They employed casual labourers and also schoolboys when the school was closed. They tried all they could to learn the language, and the first words they learned were *Ejoka*? — *Ejok* (How are you? — I’m fine). Dorothy, though she was a quiet person, could talk with an old lady who does not even know Swahili, the national language of Kenya. Seeing them talking, I was surprised because Dorothy had only stayed with us a few months, and she could not speak our language. I believe they were using their hands as language signs. Dorothy was also very busy in planting flowers around their house, which is now the Visitors’ House. They bore our problems. The wind could blow from 7:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., the whole house could be full of dust, and what is eaten could become full of sand. The mail could be delayed for two weeks. Sometimes they bought fish and other local food which people like them do not usually eat, but they ate it. They were lucky because they could go to Lake Rudolf (which is now called Lake Turkana) to swim. Also people said about them, “Look, they are the founders of Friends Technical Centre.”

Surely Ersal Kindel was a busy Friend. Dorothy would wait for him for lunch, but no one was coming. She would ask, “Where is Mzee?” Whoever was asked could say, “*Yuko kwa* workshop (He is in the workshop).” In the workshop you could find him making stools, tables, cupboards, chairs, etc. That forced Dorothy sometimes to keep ringing the bell for lunch. He would come five or ten minutes late, and immediately after lunch Mzee was in the workshop making things. He was someone whom I did not understand, because he was found everywhere. He was an electrician, carpenter, mason and mechanic, and he taught us funny games. Dorothy was very much involved in keeping books as well as taking care of money. The Kindels surely are hardworking Friends. Today, if you go to Turkana, especially Kalokol, you cannot distinguish it from other places in Kenya, because there are upstairs houses, and at night, when the generator is on, you could think that Kalokol developed twenty years ago, but it is only five years since 1970.

I must thank the Kindels very much and remember them in prayers, because they were very much concerned with me. When I left Secondary School, I talked to them about finding me a chance in Friends Bible Institute. They accepted, and by their prayers God opened a way for me to join the Friends Bible Institute in 1973. The Kindels were responsible for my school fees as well as other matters. Not me alone, but also the others who were his students were helped very much. Of his first class in mechanics, when they went for a test in Kisumu, only one failed the test. The rest (four) passed and they are now mechanics, grade three, and even the one who failed is now working in the Fisheries Department, Lake Turkana, as a mechanic and is getting on well. Why should I fail to thank the Kindels on behalf of my people?

Why should I fail to thank the Kindels who have strengthened me in my faith and helped me to the Bible School?

**Many Questions Asked**

Surely the Friends Technical Centre is like the Kindels’ photo which was left in Kalokol. Whoever comes to the centre asks this question, “Who built or started this wonderful Technical Centre?” The answer to this question is “Ersal and Dorothy Kindel, who were from the United States.” Those who were friendly to the Kindels asked me these questions: “Where are the Kindels? Are they in the United States of America? Are they coming back?” Well, for me to answer them is a problem, because when you introduce a child to honey, he feels comfortable and likes it; but when you refuse him, then he will ask why, and where it is.

May God be with the Kindels and help them in whatever they do. We were surely sorry when they left us on the 29th of November, 1974. Another thing was that, when they were preparing to go to the States, they worked very hard to build a chapel which was opened on the 27th of November, 1974, and is now in use.

*O God, may their lives shine wherever they are,*
*And may their lives be in tune.*
*Amen.*

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**THE INVISIBLE GIFT**

This Yuletide gift you cannot see,
Yet it is real as real can be,
Formed of Love, of Love’s increase
Of faith, of joy, of inner peace.

You cannot buy this gift nor make it
But it is yours if you will take it,
More beautiful than all the rest,
Born of Spirit, doubly blest.

Imperishable, ever new,
Please open it — it is for you.

— Mildred N. Hoyer

DECEMBER, 1975
Hope in the Desert

by Harold V. Smuck

LIKE A BLUE inverted bowl the sky enclosed a circle of sand and shrub. On the underside of the bowl the embedded stars twinkled and the luminescent disc of the moon slid silently along. And in the exact center of that encircled world I lay resting on a comfortable cot atop the flat roof of a two-story, cement block house. The square utilitarian cube had been built a scant three years ago by Don Humrichouse and was first lived in by him and his family.

This was my fourth visit to Kalakol, an inhabited speck in the huge expanse of northern Kenya where the sixteen subtribes of the Turkana people move their camels, donkeys and goats across the harsh terrain in an endless game of nomadic chess in which losing meaning dying.

A little over six years ago Quakers came to this place at the urging of the National Christian Council, came to build and to serve. Several years earlier still they had gone there to help relieve a serious famine. Now they were back with a different goal — to help provide an alternative to periodic starvation.

Kindels in Kalakol

Ersal and Dorothy Kindel were our pioneers. As soon as East Africa Yearly Meeting approved of joining with the Wider Ministries Commission of FUM to aid the Turkana, they made an exploratory trip over the 330 harsh miles northward from the crowded lush green hills around Kaimosi. Looking over the place now called Kalakol, they could see a fledgling fishing industry nurtured by the Kenyan government on the shores of Lake Turkana (then called Lake Rudolph). They could see a couple of houses of missionaries from another group, and not far away a cluster of little palm frond domes which were the houses of the still functioning famine relief camp. They must have been painfully conscious of the tough physical conditions and the unmeasured needs deeper than the eye could see as Ersal said to himself, "All my life has been for this."

They tackled the job, along with Nathan Wamalway, who had recently graduated from Friends Bible Institute. Later they were joined by the Don Humrichouse family. Slowly, painstakingly buildings grew and life became a struggle somewhat relieved by decent living quarters and in time even an ice maker! Glen Geiger, a volunteer and skilled mechanic, joined the team too, and when he married, brought his wife to help. Others — Kenyan and American — played their part for shorter or longer periods in creating Friends Technical Centre.

Night Reverie

As I lay on my cot on the rooftop and watched the stars, my mind rehearsed these events. Tonight no sand was blowing, although at times it covers every surface in a few hours, and one can almost find his outline on the sheet after getting out of bed in the morning. I tried to imagine the building, bringing cement from 230 miles away over roads which hardly existed in places and which could be blocked by flooded and unbridged rivers. I tried to imagine the hot discouraging nights plagued by insects and the knowledge of a day now spent with little to show for it. I tried to rehearse the way the Kindels must have felt as they concluded their service a year ago, knowing how much was undone, how fragile was the structure they were leaving to function on its own, how hard it had been to get administrative answers from an overburdened yearly meeting staff.
formidable miles away. Radio communication between the two "worlds" sometimes seemed only to help identify issues rather than settle them.

But now on my rooftop bed I could also rehearse what God and his faithful servants, Kenyan and American, had wrought.

Accomplishments Listed

First: The visiting team included two Kenyans, EAYM's presiding clerk and the able chairman of its executive committee. In the future when policies and plans are discussed there would be three instead of one (the executive secretary) who knew the situation firsthand.

Second: Government grants and National Christian Council assistance continue to expand the program and the physical facilities. A leather-work instructor buys hides from the local people and helps students turn them into saleable brief cases and other articles. (Some day a Turkana young man or two may be in business exporting finished products instead of raw hides.) A motor mechanics instructor ably teaches a group in an adequate workshop recently graced by a new welder from UNICEF. A half mile away the second-year students practice at the mechanical workshop of the neighboring fishery. Next year there is to be a tailoring and domestic science course for girls — a major venture indeed — with the government supplying teacher and house if Friends will build a dormitory. And all this is in addition to or an expansion of what was underway a couple of years ago — carpentry, an incipient motor mechanics course, basic bookkeeping.

Third: Skills are being upgraded. Nathan recently had an 8-week course in bookkeeping provided by NCCK. I talked with the course instructor who was in the midst of a serious follow-up visit when we arrived. He spoke well of Nathan's work.

Fourth: A member of our team was Anthony Wilson representing Friends Service Council, London. He will be looking into finding money for an adult education team, one of the two members to be the Turkana young man just graduating from Friends Bible Institute. He will also be checking on prospects for a duty-free, four-wheel drive vehicle to replace two well worn ones which are now very difficult to maintain.

Fifth: The Wider Ministries Commission will continue its grant of $600 a month — the very vital basic underpinning of the whole enterprise. A little more can be done if needed, but there are some savings first to be instituted, savings that will in no way harm the program.

Ersal and Dorothy and all your colleagues who laid a firm foundation, EAYM is involved more than before, the Technical Centre is a growing centre of skill and knowledge in a harsh and needy land, twenty boys are learning alternatives to starvation. Now that you and other missionaries are gone we must not forget "Turkana," as we have usually called the program. The nationality of those who serve must not make a difference. That $600 a month, and perhaps eventually more, is needed. When Friends across North America plan their support of Friends United Meeting, they must remember that Turkana is one of the Christian services their giving makes possible.

We who recently visited Kalakol began our day with a Turkana hymn in the chapel with the technical centre staff and students. We ended it fourteen hours later, as the electric generator stayed on beyond normal 10 o'clock shutdown. We sat on a screened verandah to sing a Swahili hymn and to pray that God would guide the efforts of a dedicated staff and a host of supporters, that He would be glorified by what was said and done to share the love of Christ, to teach skills, to develop minds, to provide hope in the desert.

WE CANNOT COUNT OUR BLESSINGS

We cannot count the several ways
That He has blessed our years and days
Alas, we try to count them o'er
But find them heaped on us the more.

We think of times when troubles fell
In more abundance than we could tell
But then when all seemed worse than ill
The Lord in mercy showered us still.

When sickness came and pain was rife
And there were anxious times of strife
We found again His grace so sweet
And with each morning joys complete.

Sometimes we felt to run away
To hide from troubles of that day
But there He met our lack of trust
And we repent because we must.

When everything around seems loss
We see Him there upon the cross
And hide our faces from that sight
That saves us from eternal night.

We know our praise is feeble quite
For all the time He's guided right
His will must ever be our goal
His way, our path to peace of soul.

— Kenneth B. Pickering