ENJOY THE AFRICAN EXPERIENCE
Sincere acknowledgements to the Year Book Committee and the Typesetters of COPOS LIMITED for their efforts to complete this Year Book. To Lillian and Abbas, despite my constant badgering, we could not have finished without you.

REGINA POWELL,
YEAR BOOK ADVISOR.
Timeless

Oh USIU
Midas touch of Kasarani
Everytime I step into
The cool gentle captivating breeze
Of yet another of your warm Africa mornings
I always
Pause
And look upwards to
The north and the south, the east to the west
Everywhere my devout pilgrim eyes look and marvel
At your sheer beauty.

As the gentle breeze blows over
I slowly walk down your main walkway
Deeply breathing in the elevating fragrance
Of your divine flowers blooming hypnotic unison
Urged on by the sun shining through and through
Sparkling, glittering
On every building, tree, path and blade of grass
A glitter that makes me
Close my eyes and whisper a thankful prayer
Thanking them for making me a part
Of your timeless beauty
A beauty that mesmerises this heart of mine
Into eternal rhythm of pure bliss.

Nicholas Situma
WE MISS YOU

We miss you,
    when you are not here,
And now it has been ages
    since we last saw you.
We miss your warm presence,
We miss having you as friends,
We miss seeing your happy Smiling faces,
    We often think of you
    We remember the good times
    We had together,
The jokes we used to crack,
The stories we used to share,
OH! How we miss having you around,
    But we know you are in the hands
    of the All-Mighty,
    safe and protected.
We miss you,
    But know that you never
    left us,
    For you are sealed in our hearts
Forever.

Abbas Mohmood Jaffery.
IN LOVING MEMORY OF ..........

Daniel Abila

Mathew Chernel

Andrew Koinange

Christine Nzioka

May God rest their souls in peace.
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USIU-Africa: A melting pot of faces, ideals, cultures, and background; a wonderful and unique "Africa Experience". This beautiful characteristic formed the basis of our work this year, and to capture the idea on paper proved to be one of the biggest challenges we ever faced.

As a committee, we tried to look at all our downfalls positively. For example, we had no full time members for five months, no office for six months, no stationery for eight months, and of course we still have no money.

We looked at it this way - at least we had each other! However, we worked hard and in the end, we pulled through. There are a lot of people to whom we would like to express our sincere gratitude; without their help we would not have realised this dream:

DR. BEAM:
Thank you for your invaluable support.

OUR ADVERTISERS:
Without whose financial support, a 'harambee' would have to have been arranged.

MRS. OLE-MOΙYOΙ:
Thank you for your helpful comments and ideas.

COPOS LTD:
Our official Printers for the 1994 'African Experience.' Thankyou for taking on this humongous job, and for your everlasting patience. Mr. Robert Mutiso Lelli (Ex. Chairman), Susan K. Musyoka (Director), Mr. Mutisya, Lucy Ndungu, Mercy Mbomo, Janet Ndaku & Edith. We are indebted to you for your patience, and hardwork, and of course the coffee!

Thaddeua Aiko, Jawahir Nandha, Amit Mahan, Nyawira Nyammo - Thankyou for helping us out.

Mr. Edwin Henderson - Thank you for the tremendous help and support you gave us when we needed you.

A very big thank you goes to Ms. Regina Powell, Our Yearbook Faculty Advisor. Without you, this book would still have been just a dream.

OUR YEARBOOK COMMITTEE FOR 1993-1994 WAS:-
Editors: Lillian Kamal, Jun Wohn
Photo-Editor: Abbas Mahmood Jaffery
Year Book Artist: Reshma
Year Book Staff: Jobb Njiru, Purvi Raicha, Zaraomar and Elsie Kanza
Year Book Faculty Advisor: MS. REGINA POWELL

"THANK YOU FOR BEING A FANTASTIC COMMITTEE".

We invite you to share with us the African Experience that is typical of USIU-A.
It is our sincere hope that each of you find a special memory in "THE AFRICAN EXPERIENCE".

Happy Reading,
Lillian Kamal, Jun Wohn and Abbas Jaffery
THE DIRECTOR'S REPORT

The Director's Report presents a brief overview of activities and events relevant to the life of United States International University-Africa.

The primary mission of USIU-Africa is to provide a quality education for as many students as possible not only from Kenya and all over Africa, but also from other parts of the world. The Goal of USIU-Africa is to prepare students for disciplined and just leadership positions; an understanding and receptivity to diverse cultures, races and religions; and the acquisition of questioning, solution-seeking, discovery learning that results in academic excellence and life-long learning.

USIU-Africa began as a concept and a vision in 1965, with the idea of establishing international campuses of the "parent" campus, USIU-San Diego, in major areas of the world. After careful search of African countries, Kenya was chosen as the ideal country and USIU-Africa was granted a charter by the Kenya Government in 1969. In 1970, then major international campuses were opened in Nairobi, Kenya; London; England; and Mexico City, Mexico.

Following the purchase of a 150 acre farm in Kitusuru - the present location of the International School of Kenya - USIU-Africa began in 1972 as a Comprehensive Kindergarten through Twelfth Grade and with only the First year of university classes being offered. USIU-Africa opened with an enrolment of five students. As the school developed, a second year was added, so that the five students were able to complete two years, after which it was necessary for them to travel to the San Diego campus to complete their degrees.

In 1984, the present Director arrived with a five-year contract, the specific responsibility of "building" USIU-Africa into a permanent University with stability both physically and financially, and a Dream to be developed. The Director faced an almost insurmountable challenge since finances were at the lowest point; dire predictions were pronounced; the image by the Ministry was extremely negative, and allegations of moral turpitude and financial corruption were rampant. Additionally, there were undercurrents of tribal and racial conflicts. With the codification of the University Act of 1985, exacting and restrictive legalities increased the challenge.

By April 1990, the Dream began to become tangible as we completed the purchase of a twenty-acre parcel of land in Kasarani, Nairobi. Then in 1991 March, the building of our new campus began and with many miracles, classes were opened on October 28, 1991 - eight months later with fourteen (14) buildings spread over five acres of the twenty-acre campus. The fourteen buildings included a three-building administrative complex; a fifty (50) station Computer Lab; five (5) double classrooms, with each classroom designed to hold up to sixty (60) students; a Students Club House; and a temporary Library facility. By June 1992, the three-storey Library was completed and was Dedicated on August 26, 1992. Scheduled for completion in June 1994 are two dormitory blocks to house 250 students and a complete Dining Room-kitchen facility. Student enrolment, another of the many miracles, reached 1200 in June 1994 - up from 220 in 1990.

USIU-Africa offers a unique and diverse opportunity for learning - interaction and fellowship with students from sixty two nations around world, in an atmosphere that is conducive to learning offered by disciplined, well-qualified but friendly staff and faculty. Students find a relaxed setting in the quiet rustic setting of the new campus and have the advantage of a Course Text Section of the Library which enables every student to have two or more individual copies of books for each course. Catering to the older adult and working students, classes are offered in the evenings and on Saturdays. A Pre-University Program, which began in Fall, 1990, provides a "Second Chance" to
secondary students who missed university admission qualifications by a minimal margin. A most important concept is the American concept of undergraduate Core courses which introduce the student to the broad spectrum of disciplines, enabling the student to "taste" the variety and diversity of courses not found in his/her program of study.

The administration, staff and faculty at USIU-Africa are committed and dedicated to providing a quality and relevant education for Kenya and Africa together with academic excellence and university degree programs which provide diversity as well as the foundation and education to equip students for the future of the international community of the world, and to develop leadership which embraces integrity, loyalty and work ethic as well as quality of skills and excellence.

LILLIAN K. BEAM, Ph.D,
DIRECTOR/VICE CHANCELLOR.

April, 1994

Dr. Beam's Graduating Photo
SECRETARIES

Ayesha Athmani

Left to Right
Kellen Njagi,
Lorna LiLako,
Mary Ochieng,
Beldine Omondi,
and
Gladys Wafula

Fatuma Ahamed

Lynette Mwakha
BUSINESS OFFICE

Wilson Mutero

Pius Kakumu

Mr. Ndolo
Mr. Adede

Mr. Joel Walla

Mr. Anthony Mutangili

Stephen Mwanda
DUPLICATING

Jason

Paul

Norman

DISPENSARY

Lydia
MAINTENANCE

SECURITY
THE MAKING......
"Amazing! Things haven't changed one bit since I was an undergrad!"

"Cor, Blimey! This Kenyan weather ....... Ahem!"

"Yes Mon, Safari!!
"Let's get together and feel alright".

Davo, - "Do I have good legs or what?!!"

"Oh God! Educashon is sooo diffikalt".

"Eeeeh! Sweetie .......... Come on, You smell sooo good!"
(Parfum La Doggie).
"Pooh! Khalid, can't you use some mouth freshener?!!"

"Kamata Kamata, Sukuma Sukuma".

Cootchie Cootchie Coo

Kiss Kiss!

"Limit X coming straight at you".

"Haiyee!! Ching Chong! Can't see! Need new glasses!"

"Where I come from, they call me Macho Man".
Graduation Fever

Have you noticed that as graduation nears every June, some students begin to speak rather "professionally". One actually began an informal talk with the following sequence from one author (Adrian Plass).

"My message divides into three sections, the first of which consists of two parts, Part "A" being approached from four perspectives, the most immediate of which can be subdivided into two areas, the initial one breaking down into four main categories, beginning with a multi-faceted topic, the primary facet being contained under six main headings, and I would like to look at number one from two points of view, the first consisting of five components, the commencing item of which falls naturally into seven sections, starting with a three point introduction to part one of the opening item in the first stage of the primary point of a six-step argument on..." (run out of words)
Well, English 101 and 106 have worked wonders in many peoples lives. All in all, Congratulations Class of '94
By Jobb Njiru

I would like to share with you an article which was sent to me by a close friend way back in April 1991, from Spain. It was instrumental in changing or should I say fortifying my view of my aims and beliefs in what I could do. I do hope it does the same for you.

This life is yours
Take the Power
to choose what you want to do,
and do it well
Take the Power
to love it honestly
Take the Power
to walk in the forest
and to be a part of nature
Take the Power
to control your own life
no one else can do it for you
Take the Power
to make your life happy.

Special thanks to Cristina,
Donald A. Owalla
MASTERS

Ernest Akore
M.B.A.
To educate a person is to help him
discover knowledge he already
has within himself.
A.P. GIANINI: Founder - Bank of
America

Akrem Adnan
M.I.B.A.

Phyllis Amartey
M.O.D.

Adar Barkad
M.I.B.A.
USIU: This is one place I'll
never ever forget

Florance Čhidzonga
M.B.A.

Jonathan Chifallu
M.I.B.A.

Lombuso Dlamini
M.I.B.A.

James Gathungu
M.B.A.
MASTERS

Madhurika Goresia
M.B.A.
Knowledge is unending

Moses Ikiugu
Counselling Psychology

Ruth Imbuye
Counselling Psychology

Mohameed Jariwalla
M.B.A.

Edward Kaniu
M.B.A.

Kenneth Karanja
M.B.A.

Elijah Kariuki
M.B.A.

Francis Kavulu
M.I.B.A.
MASTERS

Robert Kimani
M.I.B.A.

Pauline Kinyua
M.B.A.

John Bryan Kisila
M.B.A.
Educational fruits are sweet. I've gained a lot from USIU

June Koinange
Counselling Psychology

Bruno Maboja
MOD

Philip Machoka
M.B.A.

Esther Maina
Counselling Psychology

Jodo Malafa
M.B.A.
Margaret Matiru  
M.B.A.  
Keep up the great work!!

Dominic Mbalika  
M.B.A.

Mauro Mendoza  
M.I.B.A.

Catherine Mpaayei  
M.B.A.

Rebecca Rayon Mpaayei  
M.B.A.

Anthony Mokobi  
M.B.A.

James Mugo  
M.B.A.  
"To my dear parents, your support and encouragement through the USIU experience is beyond the message’s weight. May God give you a longer and happier life.”

Angela Murungi  
M.B.A.
Masters

Audrey Murungi
M.B.A.

Ruth Mutia
M.I.B.A.

Alice Mutua
M.B.A.

Margaret Mwangi
M.O.D.

Arthur Mwathi
M.B.A.
Learning is business;
Business is learning.

Rev. Frederick Nganga
M.B.A.

Einstein Njuguna
M.O.D.
Eva Nyakato
M.B.A.

John Odhiambo
M.I.B.A.

Brian Odwori
M.B.A.

Charles Oloo
M.B.A.

Caroline Oluoch Olunya
M.B.A.

Irene Onacha
M.B.A.

Jennifer Onyango
M.B.A.

Isiah Opot
M.B.A.

The Sweetest victories are the ones delayed.
Lena Osaga
M.O.D.

Susan Owino
M.B.A.
"EBENEZER" - Thus far has he brought me.

Sonal Patel
M.B.A.

Kantilal Patel
M.B.A.

Elizabeth Ritho
M.B.A.

John Baptist Rugambo
M.I.B.A.
Learning to love yourself is the greatest love of all

Akberet Tedla
M.B.A.

Kisanet Tezare
M.I.B.A.
MASTERS

Charles Waitvika  
M.I.B.A.

Virginia Wambui  
M.B.A.

Grace Wangonugu  
M.B.A.

Paul Wanyagah  
M.B.A.  
"Alleluia!"

Agnes Waweru  
M.O.D.  
Man proposes, but God disposes. May his name be glorified. Amen.

Dorothy Sawe Wafulla  
M.B.A.

Robert Waweru  
M.B.A.

JOKES

Bleary-eyed, he approached a pedestrian and asked, "Shay, mister, could you tell me where the other side of the street is?"

Pedestrian: "Yes, it's right over there."

Drunk: "No it isn't. I was just over there and a guy told me it was over here someplace."

Robert K. Waweru

Professor Jones was visiting a ranch in Texas. He looked at a rope in his hand and mumbled to himself, "One of two things - either I've found a rope or lost a horse".

By Robert K. Waweru
UNDERGRADUATES

Meymona Abdi
I.B.A.

Eritrea Abraha
I.B.A.

Mona Ali
I.R.

Flora Alwala
I.B.A.

Be yourself. Be aware of your real feelings. Accept your weaknesses and from this you will be able to change and become loving.

Carolyne Armstrong
I.B.A.

Ramadhani Ayabatwa
B.A.

God is great!

Azza Bakkar
B.A.

Archana Bhandari
I.B.A.

Anvita Bhatia
ACC

Rosemary Bichage
ACC
Arthur Busingye
B.A.

Umurungi Butera
B.A.
"Where there is a will, there is a way"

Berlin Bwire
PSY.
Think, see and hear positively

Carol Chibusta
B.A.

Kishan Devani
B.A.
Thanks to everyone and goodbye,
USIU

Kanini Domitila
M.I.S.

Hanne Ejersbo
PSY.

Yebeltal Getachew
I.B.A.
Thanks Yeheneew!!!

Miringu Julius
Gitau
B.A.
Never lose hope.

Christopher Gitau
B.A.
UNDERGRADUATES

Wambui Gitere
I.R.

Nicholas Gitobu
B.A.

Peggy Goko
I.B.A.

Paul Hartig
I.B.A.
Beslimme dein schicksal selber ohne hilfe.

Michael Ingutia
ACC.

Robert Isavwa
I.B.A.

Mariya Jiwaji
I.B.A.

Kelly Kabiru
ACC.

Eddah Kangela I.B.A.
"My redeemer liveth and his Name is Jesus. The name above every name. I believe his report. He says in
Prov 8:17-18

Maurice Kanja
ACC.
Ayan Kanyare  
I.B.A.

Hoda Kanyare  
I.B.A.

Bwogi Kanyerezi  
ACC.

Always remember that success is in the journey, not the destination.

Eunice Karau  
M.I.S.

Ruth Karau  
ACC.

Martin Kariuki  
ACC.

Salima Kassam  
I.B.A.

Dorothy Ndinda Kasyi  
I.B.A.

"Patience is a virtue, strive to possess it"

Maureen Kayamba  
M.I.S.

Willie Keya  
B.A.
UNDERGRADUATES

David Kiania
ACC.

Jacqueline Kiarie
I.R.

Roger Kief
M.I.S.

Patricia Kimani
B.A.

Eric Kiniti
I.B.A.
A fool is considered wise when silent.

Sheila Kinyanjui
PSY.

Kanini Kioko
ACC.

John Dadi Kisia
B.A.

Satoko Kobayashi
PSY.
Konnichiwa safari, how much?

Lucy Koinange
ACC.
Ronnie Komora  
B.A.

Derek Lobo  
I.B.A.

Roselyne Lubulellah  I.B.A.  
Thanks Mum and Dad for the trust and thanks to my will to succeed

George Lumbasi  
I.R.  
Yenyewe! God is faithful and will never let one be tempted beyond extremes.

Margaret Lutilo  
B.A.

Mildred Magut  
B.A.  
You can also make it

Jane Maitha  
B.A.

Naushad Mamdani  
ACC.

Mary Ann Marks  
I.B.A.  
Being a full time 'mature' student has been a very rewarding choice. Thank you to my family for their patience and encouragement.
UNDERGRADUATES

Nadim Mawji
ACC.

Jane Mayoli
B.A.

Michael Mithika
ACC.

Sarah Mopel
I.B.A.

Geraldine Mugorewindeerwe
B.A.

Agnes Munene
PSY.

Frodiudal Munyankiko
B.A.

Elaine Muriuki
B.A.

Isabellah Musee
PSY.

Caroline Mutinda
I.R.
USIU has given me the qualifications maturity, self-confidence and ambition that gives me confidence in my career direction and for that I shall always be grateful.
To all those who contributed to my education in this university, especially Mr. Julius Ole Apale Ahmed.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with my eye."

After spending one and a half decades in School it was cause great anxiety not knowing whether I am learned, educated or well read. That is for the world to teach me.

Dear mum and dad, thank you and be blessed for your love and encouragement in helping me realize my dream. Thanks dad.

A woman's place is in the profession.
Marilyn Mutsume Ndubi
B.A.
USIU is quite an experience, BEWARE!

Lynne Nganga
B.A.

Margaret Nganga
PSY.

Nancy Nganga
I.B.A.

Dominic Ngigi
I.R.
Took long but I never gave up!!!

James Ngugi
I.B.A.
It is the most busy individual that has the time to spare

Brian Ngwiri
M.I.S.

Phillipah Nhuta
M.I.S.

Stephen Nthenge
M.I.S.

Molly Njerenga
I.B.A.
UNDERGRADUATES

Job Njiru
I.B.A.

Faith sees the invisible, hears the inaudible and receives the impossible. Mum, dad and all my friends, thanks for standing by me.

Mwari Njogu
B.A.

Christine Njunge  M.I.S.

Mum and Dad, your love and guidance all the way, has been the most precious thing to me. Thank you.

Stephen Nhuta
B.A.

Jaine Nunez  I.B.A.

Nyawira Nyammo  B.A.

And my God will meet all your needs according to his glorious riches in Christ Jesus.

Marie Rose
Nyirandikubwimana  M.I.S.

Rose Nzeki
B.A.

Ultimate satisfaction remains elusi.

Stella Nzoii
I.R.

Eva Ochola
I.R.
Asha Oluch
PSY.

Mary Concepta Ondatto M.I.S.
"This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps the end of the beginning." (Winston Churchill)
Thanks Mum and Dad.

Verna Othieno
I.B.A.
Remember the Lord in everything you do, and he will show you the right way.

Anuja Pandit
ACC.

Govind Patel
ACC.

Nilesh Patel
I.B.A.

Madhusudhan Raghunath
M.I.S.

Mariam Rajab
I.B.A.
Education is our passport to the future for tomorrow is for those who prepare for it. (Malcolm X).
Thanks Mum and Dad.

Agripina Ramoya
I.B.A.
A lot of people had faith in me, and I want to thank all of them for their faith that kept me going.

Emmanuel Rutsimbo
PSY.
"Faire ce que veux faire, 'etre ce que veut 'etre, c'est ca la personnalite'"
UNDERGRADUATES

Zaina M. Said
I.B.A.

Rarin Ole Sein
M.I.S.

Roger Sekaziga
B.A.

Yogesh Shah
I.B.A.

Leena Sharda
B.A.

Anurag Shekhawat
I.B.A.

Kharesh Soni
I.B.A.

Paul Sourabh
B.A.
"This is for you mum and dad.”

Rukiya Sood
M.I.S.
UNDERGRADUATES

Elizabeth Talitwala
PSY.
Go out and touch someone in the name of the Lord God.

Robert Terer
M.I.S.
The sky is the limit!!!

George Thogo
ACC.
That was the end of the beginning.

Patience Tusingwire
I.B.A.

Mary Wamalwa
ACC.
"A college education seldom hurts a man if he is willing to learn a little something after he graduates."

Caroline Waruru
B.A.
It's never easy getting anywhere these days; I wish I could say I did this on my own, but I didn't. Thank you mum and Shem!

Betty Wasuna
I.B.A.
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UNCLES WILL BE UNCLE

My employer, an old bald chap, had sent me to Boston to meet some important persons and to escort them back to London. The people represented a firm which was considering the purchase of twenty huge electrical generators. Now our firm, Gates Heavy Electricals or rather my employer, was dying to win this contract as he knew it would help to up their position in the financial pages of Business Times. Though my boss, who considered me the most worthless creature on earth and was always scheming as to how he should have the pleasure of kicking me out of his office, had no other option than to dispatch me, a junior sales officer, to Boston. Not that he had in any way changed his opinion about me. It so happened that I was conveniently Christmas holidaying in New York. It would have cost him a lot more to delegate any other officer from London.

Well, I reached Boston and found Jack Hagen, our agent, waiting to receive me at the airport. We exchanged pleasantries and hired a taxi. Hagen said, "To The Ritz, please," instructing the driver.

I couldn't believe my ears at first. My eyes widened and with that my jaw dropped a couple of inches. No way! That baldhead would have never let me stay in such an expensive hotel. Leave aside a five star hotel. He would have barked his shining head off even if I stayed in a hotel that offered taxi service. I made it plain to Hagen that my travel allowance would not allow excesses such as "The Ritz". I added that he, Hagen had been associated with Gates Heavy Electricals long enough to know that Administration did not take kindly to employees going beyond hot dogs and hamburgers. Hagen said that the fax from London was clear on the subject and I was to be placed nowhere else but the "Ritz". He said that the old man wanted to present the best possible picture to the Warny guys - the company in need of those electrical generators.

In the "Ritz", to my amazement, was a penthouse suite with a king size bed and forty-inch television. I pushed a fiver to the bellboy carrying my bags because anything less would not have suited the scenario. The bathroom was huge and perhaps a shade bigger than all of my apartment in London. I unpacked and had a nice bath. I felt hungry and decided to get something to eat in the cafe. Hoping that in his lavishing frame of mind the bald apparition back at the head office would forgive my indiscretion of carousing in between meals. I sauntered down to the bar and spent a few lively hours with liquid refreshments.

The following day I called the Warny executives and arranged a meeting with them, over dinner, at the most expensive restaurant in Boston. I put on the best pieces of clothes I had and set out rather early giving myself a sufficient time to soak up the atmosphere. Besides, it is a hobby with me to roam about aimlessly. Another hobby is to find excuses to do so. The milieu at the restaurant made me realize that in spite of the care I had lavished on my department, I looked casually dressed in comparison. I was ushered up to a table for four with a lovely golden plaque with "reserved" on it. It was so lovely I was in full mind to nick it, but, I suppressed the urge and left it where it was. My guests arrived in time. I did my best to project a good image for my company and served them with a seven-course meal. It was plain to see that I had snowed the Warny guys completely. By the time the clock struck eleven, I had convinced my audience to travel to London for further discussions on the generators deal. I walked out with them and saw them off. I came back into the restaurant and ordered some more coffee to soothe my bowels.

I reckoned I had done a good day's job in softening the Warny blokes and the bald-head-back home would be pleased with my performance. One could never tell, however. He could be more
pleased at the fact that the dinner bill did not go beyond five hundred dollars rather than the impression I had created on the clients. The credit for the latter would not come to me, in any event.

Regardless, I was left with something over a hundred and fifty bucks, which was enough money for a dozen trips back to the "Ritz". There wasn't a worry in the world and I would not be wrong to say that I could fully understand how Sir Edmund Hillary would have felt the day he climbed up to the top of Mount Everest.

As I was about to get up and leave, I found a nicely dressed man with a broad grin approaching me. It was my ubiquitous Uncle Dinesh who I had planned on giving a complete slip while in Boston. I wasn't very happy to meet him as we never got along together very well. It possibly had something to do with the fact that he loved to talk about his millions and I was yet to top ten grand in my bank account. No common ground, you see. All the same, I could sense that he was in a mood to sit down and discuss his millions all over again. He started out with complaining that I did not have the decency to call him whenever I was in town and that this was not the only time I had done so. He added that if I really wanted to move up in life, I should discuss my plans with him and see whether he could help me with a few nice words in the right places. I could do little else but apologize and briefly told him why I was in Boston.

"Would you like something to drink?" I said to him for no other reason but to divert him from his complaining track. It was daft of me to go around offering drinks in the state of finance that I was in. The uncle promptly responded, "Nooo! I would much rather have something to eat, if I must push something down my throat." I summoned the waiter, cursing myself for not melting away in the shadows at the first sight of this uncle of mine. The waiter handed over the guest's menu to the hungry ancestor and the one with the prices to me.

The uncle ordered lobster thermidor which, of course, was to be served after he had munched on some Russian caviar. My heart sank at his words and I wondered as to why this eccentric relative had to prowl around town without having dinner until after 11.00 at night. But then, uncles will be uncles. I flipped the pages with as much nonchalance as I could muster and stole a glance at the main course. I had no option but to complain about my jet lag and consequent loss of appetite. While I was explaining this, he caught hold of the wine waiter and rectified the earlier mistake of not initiating the proceedings with some liquid nutrition. "Campari," he said he would like on that fateful day. Quick as I am with my arithmetic, I went into a mental calculation on the damages plus the amount I had in my pocket.

My dislike for this uncle was quickly turning into and inverterate hate. I knew I would have to pay for his dinner out of my pocket if I wanted to save my job. Immediate problem, however, was to be able to pay the bill, in full, and somehow avoid washing dishes in the smelly back rooms of the restaurant. After he had eaten he stretched, burped and ordered a desert-crepe suzette, no less. I was a nervous wreck by the time he chose to finish the ordeal with a Remy Martin and bade me farewell and good luck. I called for the bill. It was $185.45. I emptied my pockets inside out to learn that my net worth that evening was $185.50. This could have been described as a close shave if only I were of the opposite sex and shaved. I was saved. I walked back to "The Ritz" cursing my uncle every tiring step after the other.

I flew back to London with the Warny executives that next day. When I entered baldy's office, he got up and came forward as if to receive me and seemed like he was brimming with a chirpy
disposition which I knew he did not possess. Such a joyous reception usually invokes camaraderie in me, but, coming from this hairless egg it could only instill terror. He thrust out a letter in my hand without saying anything and I knew that this was curtains. The bald-head was sniggering all this while which, I thought, was in bad taste when one is sacking a hapless hireling. I opened the letter and glanced over it quickly.

What I read was enough to knock me down with a feather. He had promoted me several levels and I was somehow the Sales Director, Western Hemisphere, in the firm. I was a thoroughly confused young woman and thought that bald-head was either off his rocker or playing a practical joke on me.

"Is this true, sir?" I managed to mumble, rather rapidly. "Of course, young lady," he beamed and added politely, "We are honored to have the niece of the Chairman of Warny, Inc., Mr. Dinesh B., working for us. Incidentally, Paayal, you may like to know that we have bagged the Warny contract."

By Paayal Goorha

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**Just a line to say I'm living,**
that I'm not among the dead,
though I'm getting more forgetful,
and more mixed up in my head.

**For sometimes I cannot remember,**
when I start to climb the stairs,
if I'm going up for something,
or have just come down from there.

And before the fridge so often,
My poor mind is filled with doubt,
Have I just put the food away, or
have I come to take it out?

**Off-times when it is dark outside and with my nightcap on my head**
I don't know if I'm retiring,
or just getting out of bed.

So, remember I do love you, and I wish that you were here
And I see it's nearly mail time;
I must say, "Goodbye my dear!"

**P.S.**
There I stood beside the mailbox
with my face so very red,
instead of mailing you this letter,
I have opened it instead.

Robert K. Waweru
Think of me

Do you have an ache
Deep within your heart
A mild and tender pain
You just cannot explain?
When I think of days gone by
That we had shared, you and I
I feel the ache intensify
But because I'm afraid to speak my fears
My eyes quietly fill with tears
I cannot ask.... I cannot ask,
If the love we built throughout the years
Is so fragile, so weak, that it cannot bear
Our lives numerous ups and downs
No, I cannot ask....
For I fear of what the answer will be
That you are happy without me.....
Please don't let this be true
For I cannot part with all of you.
I plead for but, just, this
That you try, a bit, to miss.....
Miss me, if only in your dreams
If not in life's busy realm.
For at least then, when I die
I shall see......
That somewhere.......
You DO you think of me.

By Asma Zadri

UNTITLED

100 years past / see
Yesterday, today and tomorrow;
Hold back tomorrow a little longer,
I'm remembering yesterday,

by Mary Ann Marks

UNTITLED

Did you ever feel the texture of a rainbow,
Did you ever see a
smile brighten the light of day,
How green is green.
How quite is peace.
The wind blows, the shadows move
and still you're not here.

By Mary Ann Marks
THE MOTHER

The mother crouched in the corner of the hut, her eyes wide with fear. The little girl buried her head in her mother's chest and whimpered. Outside the din was deafening a perfect staccato of bullets thudded into the hut's mud walls. Wicked flames licked everything they touched to ashes. Dancing around in a frenzy, like demeured souls, were the soldiers. Their bloodcurdling yells filled the air, sending a chill down the mother's spine. Dead bodies were scattered all over the ground, like little dolls toppled over.

An old woman, her right leg severed at the knee, dragged herself painfully across the ground. Tears of pain coursed her wrinkled old cheeks, but inspite of the pain, she kept moving. She stopped only when she came up against the cold muzzle of a soldier's gun. She looked up into his face, and she knew she was going to die. Her eyes filled with hatred; the soldiers looked down on wisdom, laughed mockingly and pulled the trigger.

The mother shut her eyes in anguish. How could anybody be so cruel, as to shoot an old woman in cold blood? Again, bullets sprayed against the mud walls. The little girl began to cry, and the mother soothed her gently. She waited...... outside the massacre continued. She waited ........ Time stood still. Thoughts flitted through her mind ...... the war ....... brothers billing brothers ........ everyone was an enemy ...... what had these poor villagers done to receive treatment like this..... they were killed because they were enemies ......the old women .......the little children ........ were they enemies too? The mother looked down at her little girl ...... she had fallen asleep still clutching her mother's dress ...... the mother stroked the little girl's hair, and vowed that she would save her at all costs. Nothing mattered more than her child ...... Nothing .....  

Something jolted her back to reality. What was it? The silence...... It was absolutely quiet. A faint ray of hope rose in her heart. Could it be? She raised her head slightly, and looked out of the window. The soldiers had gone. They had rausacked the village, and massacred her people, and now they were gone. She whispered a silent prayer to God, thanking him for keeping her daughter alive.

A few minutes later, the mother picked up her child, wrapped her with a blanket and emerged cautiously from the hut. The fire still raged; smoke blurred her vision; dead bodies covered the ground, and the air was pungent with the smell of blood and gunpowder stepping over the corpses, she made her way out of the village, covering her daughter's eyes to stop her from seeing the carnage.

Then she began to run. She knew she had to get beyond the blue mountain in the distance. And so she ran on and on, the determination to save the child egging her on. Night ended ...... the Mother ran ..... the sun rose ... a new day dawned .... the mother still ran..... The sun dropped...... night fell........ She could go on no longer.... Her feet were cracked and bleeding .... her dress was torn...... her body was bathed in sweat. Her limbs ached. She collapsed beside a brook in the forest, but she found no sleep. Worry and pain kept her awake.

At the crack of dawn. She dragged herself to her feet, and forced her tortured body to begin running again...... At mid-day, she fell to the ground, and crawled under a tree to rest for a while....... The little girl looked at her mother's foaming mouth, clenched fists, and bloody feet, and tears welled up in her eyes.

The mother opened her eyes and smiled weakly at her daughter. The little girl looked so pretty in her pink dress .... so very pretty. The mother knew she had to keep running to save her daughter.
child. She turned and looked at the mountain—it was now green, and much, much closer. Oh, just five minutes more rest. Just five minutes. She felt herself drifting into a semi conscious state.

Suddenly a sharp crack jolted her back into reality. A soldier was standing just five metres from them—he had stepped on a fallen branch. The mother pulled her daughter towards her and held her tight.

Then she looked straight into the soldier’s eyes. The soldier raised his gun and aimed. Time stood still. A tear rolled down the mother’s face, and she covered her daughter’s eyes. Then she closed her eyes and waited..... and waited...... When she opened her eyes the soldier was still standing there. He was looking at the little girl. Slowly he lowered his gun, turned around and disappeared. The mother uttered her thanks to God, and picking up the little girl, began to run again.

Freedom was so close that she could taste it. Soon her child would be safe. A smile appeared on her face as she ran. All she had to do now was get through a small stretch of scrubland and her little girl would be safe. Voices! She could hear voices. Where were they coming from? She looked about.

Her heart turned to stone. Just behind the line of safety stood three soldiers. She could not see any others. At that moment, she knew what she had to do. Kneeling beside the little girl, she spoke a few words to her, trying to avoid any tears.

"My child, always remember that I love you and will always love you. Now, when I say so you run and head straight into the forest beyond. You will be safe there; someone will take care of you. Don’t stop running no matter what you hear, and don’t look back. Promise me. Now run. Run!"

The girl ran towards the forest. The mother ran towards the soldiers. She knew she had to get their attention away from the girl. The soldiers were startled into action and then they ran after the mother, ordering her to stop. She knew she could not stop. They raised their guns. The first shot was fired. The mother was hit in the leg. But she did not stop running. Then the soldiers opened fire. Her bullet riddled body fell to the ground. Curiously she felt no pain..... only a sense of accomplishment. She looked up towards the mountain....... was it......yes......a flash of pink disappearing in the trees on the far side....... The first soldier reached the mother....... He looked down at her and aimed.......... She smiled...... her daughter was safe. He fired the last shot.

By Lillian Kamal
WHO IS A KENYAN

Kenya is who and who is a Kenyan? Kenya is a country in one corner of the continent with conducive climate for all to consume. From Kakamega to Korkora from Turkana to Kisumu, Kenya is colourful with diverse creatures different communities, Godly mountains with ever green vegetation rich gushing rivers to irrigate our farms, blue green seas bubbling with life, Kenya is the centre of cultural diversity. God gave us The cradle of man as a natural gift. Who is a Kenyan? Unquestionably, a Kenyan is the cream of the international community. When colonialists reigned and colour was the catchword... When coloured men came to the Kenyan highlands to cultivate our land without our consent questioning our existence... When capitalist markets confronted each other to control our skin... When Mombasa mailed human meat and millions died on the market routes... When foreign royalties roamed the lengths and breadths of our land with rights to revoke traditional rituals... When decency was curtailed community got cornered and kids became the casualty... Kenyans as a Kenyan contradicted them all, overturned the current and rescued our community! A Kenyan is a crusader for community concern - Kenyatta was a Kenyan - a Kenyan was Kimathi. Here comes a question - who is a Kenyan?

"NO OTHER BUT OF COURSE A TRUE KENYAN"

By Bashir H. Ibrahim
WHAT DOES A KENYAN DO?

What does a Kenyan do?
When economic crisis and internal corruption consume our Resources...
When road tolls and tax collections benefit a few and government revenues find its way to foreign accounts..
When bureaucratic redtape scares business and bullies investors..
When drinking water becomes so delicious that it is wasteful to drink at all..
When postal services can no longer be trusted..
When basic education graduates become garbage..
When consumer goods decidedly dance drunkenly playing cards with the clouds
When - in community circles kula kitu kidogo becomes common language..
And when the future looks confused concrete adjustment causes more cries from all corners of the country - what does a Kenyan do?

The cleverness and quality of a Kenyan lies in his capacity to be kind and creative, cautious and careful through conspicuously conservative.

By Bashir H. Ibrahim
STANDING ALONE

Waiting
does not need an aim
of meeting.
When it hurts me,
let it be.
When the wind blows,
I will radiate a distant smile
raising my head high.
Days and nights
of roaming for the other part
that would probably be somewhere.
If one was born to be for me,
Now, I want to meet the one.

It is harder
to stand alone
than to cry out of beating my chest.
But, at the far edge of ropes
that I tightened myself,
My little heart is looking at the distant sky.
Although I thought long for someone,
None could fill in my heart.
In the long run,
When living standing alone
is like a shower of snow
on a very cold day of year,
I would find myself fallen on the ground again.

I want to erase
and to take off
this inexpressive face.
No one cares to
look at my pains.
Instead, they are pushing me
into the deep marshes, but
nothing in me can defend
for myself.
So, I just smile.
One day,
When the things that I’d held
at stake broke up,
I was turning backwards
showing my lonely back.

When one gets ever close to me
‘sudden fear’ makes me step aside,
And when the one is getting away from me,
I couldn’t help waving
my hand as if saying ‘come back’.
Although, being used to think ahead of farewell,
We can walk away indifferently,
a lonely tree at the corner
of my mind is
shaking heavily.
It is hard to stop
one leaving, and
there is nothing more miserable
than to stop one leaving.
It has to be that way
even if sending the loved hurts.

I must keep myself
from anyone who gets closer to me.
Not to feel the same
lonely sorrow,
I must keep the window
of my mind closed.
On the day
I realised there is no
more to we expect from the human
by breaking, saying ‘only this time’,
this serious conclusion
learned from mistakes,
I was able to laugh
even if that was an empty laughter.

My life
no one can die for me,
I will live a bit harder.

I want to face everyone
after taking off whatever I have.
Even if they say
that it is also a disguise,
I want to live without a word.
Not making words speak for actions,
but actions for words,
I will be alone.
By myself,
I have to go through
this endless loneliness and strife.
Even when there are bloods
on a bill and a claw,
none comes to help.

I must learn ‘standing alone’
having all nights long.

Since the death
is not the goal of my life,
I still live showing

this ugly figure.
Until I can take
the responsibility of my face,
I must feel alone.
And,
for someone
who is standing alone somewhere,
let’s hold up the candle.
Although nothing can
fill up my lonely heart,
I want to live saying ‘this is it’.
Let’s love harder than anyone else.

By Jung - Yun Suh
translated by Jun Young Wohn

Life
Life is like a tiny rose bud.
So very small to begin with, just like a new born baby.
But, life doesn’t begin then, it begins long before as
a seed is nurtured within the mother’s womb.
This bud then, over the weeks, grows bigger and bigger,
just like the baby becomes an infant, then a child.
Then one day it begins to blossom just like a
teenager:
One petal at a time bringing out greater beauty and
sweet fragrance.
Then when fully blossomed, each petal begins to fall
until no more petals are left.
The falling petals are like life, from the middle adult
life until old; old life and death then takes over.
This growth must be the work of both nature and
nurture.
For the bud to grow and blossom, the plant has to be
tenderly cared for.
So must we take care of human life all through as
nature alone can not do it.
A baby depends on significant others for many years,
otherwise it would die.
All along life we need others to assist us along the
way, especially during those very hard times when we
find ourselves unable to cope.
When life is over and the last petal has fallen, the
seed for the future has already been planted so that
the next plant is already growing and the next bud can
begin to blossom and maintain the beauty.
Nature and nurture must work together for life to
continue to be healthy.

By Elizabeth Talitwala
2/6/93
Sleeping Beauty
"ZZZ ........ ZZZ ........"

"When are we going to get rid of all these bottles???

Life's a Beach!!

"Yo! Peace brother!"

"Now what the hell are those wires for?"

"Mmm .... mmm .... mmm! Roar!!"
"Babe, I want your body!"
KEN - "I Yam De Karate Kid".

"Robe, please! Not English 101 again! You know I cannot just pass that course."

"Eheee! Excuse me prees! I need to go to the toilet!"

"Come on man! What do you think you are doing?"

"Is this a boring class or what??"
A GLOBAL FAMILY

A Mini-United Nations: USIU-Africa

One thousand, two hundred students. Sixty-two countries strong at last count. Many different hues of God given melanin from the deep dark richness of ebony, to the warm caramel glow of ginger browns, to the coolness of pale pinks. From bald to short, from wigged to rasta, from short head hugging curls to long flowing shiny hip length manes, from braids and beads to barrettes and bows. Jeans and t-shirts, 3-piece double breasted suits, dashikis, sari's, mini, midi maxi.... Our student body displays the range of God's handwork in the global human family. And in this global human family God is not a respecter of any particular group in his distribution of gifts, beauty, knowledge and grace. He has no special programs. He does not decide on people's academic abilities based on color, race, ethnicity, tribe or continent of origin. All are given an equalizing amount of Godness ...of God's spirit, that is the equalizing force in the universe. And here at USIU-A students from across the world are given an opportunity to utilize their academic gifts as well as their non-academic gifts to enhance the academic community and the human family.

USIU-A has scholarship based on academics not on race. USIU-A has special help based on need not on color. No one here asks how do we educate minority students .... black, white, red, yellow or brown ....but people here do ask the real question ...how can we best educate our children ....our students? And for this experience of a real international university, I thank USIU-A Chancellor/Director, Dr. Lillian Beam.

By Mari Nelson.

UNTITLED

United States International University-Africa gets its character from the student body, having been cultivated by the highly qualified faculty. In turn, the students personalities undergo a transformation with the realization of one world and one people.

Every quarter we receive a multitude of applications, most of whom enrol as students, either at the Graduate, Undergraduate or, Pre-University level. It is interesting to watch these students grow, understand and exploit their own potentials, whereby the University merely serves as a vehicle to carry the students from one point to another in their lives, thereby serving as an opening to yet another horizon.

This is the USIU-A experience that is unique to each student at USIU-A. Therefore the message this year is that let us live a life of Truth, Love and Respect for all forms of life.

By Dipti.
How is your moral courage? Moral courage may be the key ingredient that determines the future of your country. In the United States in the 1990's, college graduates are so bitter at the previous generation for creating the conditions where middle class jobs are now rare. They call themselves the 'Janitor' generation and their life times may have to be spent cleaning up the mess left by the previous baby-boomer generation.

Is the situation in Africa very much different? You, too, have the right to be angry at the paucity of good jobs. You, too, are a 'Janitor' generation.

And to clean up the mess, the key characteristic may be moral courage - the willingness to challenge and to change current practices and traditions.

Please, be aware of the importance of moral courage today. Behave accordingly. Support those people who have it, also, those who, like you, have compassion and are bothered by injustice, who display some moral vision. The alternative is too ghastly to even contemplate.

Dr. Tom Gale
When asked to write a message for the 1994 USIU-A yearbook, African Express - Moving Forward, the concept of CHANGE came to mind. The human race is experiencing the most rapid change in its history. What Alvin Toffler called "future shock" is our daily reality. One of the most difficult implementations in life is change. It creates feelings of insecurity and sometimes fear. Yet, the awareness of and the ability to adapt to change is the essence of human survival and essential for future progress and moving forward.

In analyzing issues of personal, educational, societal, religious, economic and political development one must explore the circumstances within which human societies develop. Mankind continually goes through transitions in the quest for survival and a better quality of life. Societies are fragile complex systems which are subject to intentional and unintentional disruptions because cultures are constantly in flux. Problems and their solutions are interdependent. One must keep in mind the vital role relationship between uncertainty and creativity. To deal with instability one needs to find new creative solutions to the challenges of everyday life.

The important query is whether or not our complex world system is manageable. I would like to challenge YOU, the students of USIU-A, with the following quest: "Do your best to gain some measure of control in the global system, taking into consideration and respecting the different societies involved as well as their value systems and agendas. In the process by willing to change and be creative."

As students of USIU-A you have advantage over many others in the world in following this quest. Your experience of acquiring knowledge at an international institution and interacting with others from around the globe put you far ahead of the majority. I wish you the best of luck in this and all of your future endeavors.

Dr. Debra Schoenherr Malik
Departmental Head of Psychology
May 10th, 1994
AN AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN VIEWS AFRICA

I have wanted to write back home to tell people what it is like being in Africa, being in Kenya, in Nairobi. But, it has been difficult for me to sit still and focus in order to get it down on paper ... how I feel - have felt; what I see - have seen, in a positive, but, truthful and diplomatic, yet, tactful way. And most of you know that tact, for me, is difficult as it borders so often on being nice, but, less than honest. But, in this endeavor, I will try.

I work at the Ohio State University, one of the largest, if not the largest land grant multiversity in the United States. It is a place of paradoxes which seeks to embrace and value diverse and differing people from across towns, states, countries and continents. The University strives to place them in a homogeneous, conservative Republican environment and do it successfully so that we continue to graduate people who go on to achieve and make a difference wherever they are. It is a campus that, to me, seeks to look at the differences that divide rather than the similarities that unite when we pose questions such as, "How do we recruit, advise and retain minority students -- African American, Asian American and Hispanic students?" This is not really the issue anyway. Typically, my response is, "The answer to your question is how do you advise, recruit and retain just plain old students?" I typically, like to embrace the similarity perspective. However, coming to Africa - Nigeria last year and Kenya this year - for the first time and feeling at least 100 years too late, I recognize that in this instance I am embracing the different perspective. I recognize very clearly that this is a very different experience for me as an African American than it is for indigenous Black Africans, Europeans, Asians, Euro-Africans who are born here.
This is a very different experience for me in that this is a land from which my fore-fathers and fore-mothers were taken. This is a different experience for me because this is a land where my fore-fathers and fore-mothers were not colonizers and exploiters of the land, its people and resources. This is a different experience for me because my foreparents did not leave this land voluntarily to seek a fortune. This is a different experience for me because I do not know which country, town village, tribe/ethnic group from which I originated. It is a different experience for me.

When we touched down in Africa last summer in Nigeria, many of us had tears in our eyes because we were feeling the thoughts, "I am the first to return to Africa. My foreparents who were carried on slave ships to America would never in life have envisioned us returning on a plane to the Motherland." Many U.S. born Africans claims all - the whole - of Africa as home since we are not certain of our specific country of origin. When we arrived in Nigeria, many of the African American women were in tears and one of my indigenous African sisters inquired of a friend, "What's the matter with them?" Her response was, "Those are the Americans, they get sentimental like that."

It is different for me than for a European woman who is African only because she was born here, who considers and sees herself as an African. It is different for me than for Asians - the merchant class in Kenya - who also see themselves by birth as Kenyans - as African. To me this is mother Africa - land of the cradle of civilization; land of Christ and land of the beginning of all humankind.

Being in Kenya, in Nairobi, is thrilling and exciting, but, chilling and inciting. Thrilling at the natural beauty of the Rift Valley, Maasai Mara, Naivasha, Lake Victoria; exciting to see the people - real Maasai, Kikuyu, Luo, Meru, Kamba, Samburu, Turkana and the list goes on; to feel their warmth and friendliness, their industriousness, their love and concern for the children and for education.

Yet chilling and inciting to see the aftermath of mob justice, of street children, of pregnant moms with infants in tow living on the streets, begging; of the devaluation, three times in one year of the shilling; of the communalities of security and military personnel carrying guns openly.

Exciting and thrilling to hear and see how brilliant the people are - the adults and children. Exciting and thrilling to see the ostriches, eland, baboons, Elephant, lions, wildbeasts, giraffes, camel, gazelles, secretary birds, buffaloes, hippopotami all peacefully inhabiting the same homespace. Exciting and thrilling to experience the Hotel Intercontinental, the Safari park Hotel, nyama choma and safaris. It is thrilling and exciting to see the sunrises, sunsets, the jacaranda tree carpet, gigantic cacti and poinsettia trees. It is thrilling and exciting that the UN, USAID, USIU-AFRICA and the tourist trade are all here. It is chilling and exciting that few, if any affluent African Americans are here. Being here in Kenya is simultaneously thrilling and exciting as well as chilling and inciting - which is what an education and life are about. My hope is that this experience empowers me to make a difference...that it empowers me to help make a difference in my little corner where I am.

MARI EMA NELSON
DECEMBER 1993
AN ODE TO THE ONE I LOVE

I love you more
than words can say,
I love you more
than you can imagine,
I love you more
than is humanly possible,
I love you more
than any man has ever loved a woman,
I love you more and more each day.

Without you
I am empty,
Without you
there is no purpose to my life,
Without you
my sun does not shine,
Without you
I am worthless,
Without you
There is no beauty in the world,
Without you
I am nothing and do not exist,
For I love you more
than words can say.

Abbas Mahmood Jaffery.
Good Morning USIU - Africa

Hello Hello Hello USIU - Africa
Good morning USIU, its me Human
With mother of all men.
All men and women, married and
Unmarried, some minor but mature
And all rising motivation with
Masters as the music, mind if
We mob in? we mocked.

Oh no, But dividing is disastrous
And don’t solve disputes, she
Disclosed.
There are DOs and DON'Ts that
Are deeply designed decidedly
Daring.
Discipline is the deal in the
District of dedication.
Devotion is the domain though
Excellence is my desire
I dress in diversity since
Democracy is our disputed
Destiny.
Development is my dream while
Dialogue is my defense.
I - am everyone’s darling
Do you like me desperate?
She demanded.

YES YES YES I.. I.. I do!
I declared
But.. But how do I do all these?

Declare your stand decide the
Degree and do the D test
Demand for knowledge drain all
The books and develop your skills.
Dan Dick Doll all did it, Doctors
Have been here, The decision is
Yours!
Drive - Drive to the future.
She directed.

Difficult I dare say but do I
Will do and Doctor I will be
I decided.

By Hassan Bashir Ibrahim
YEARBOOK REPORT

SAC 1993 - 1994

The Students Affairs Council is a students body which represents the needs of the students to the administration. SAC 93-94 as a students body has shown an overall highly commendable commitment and dedication to the students. Throughout this year, SAC 93-94 has attained some of its long term goals which include the restructuring of SAC, amending and updating the constitution, introducing a subscription fee of Ksh. 200 which was voted in by the students and has so far been used to purchase a pool table, music system and to subsidize a great number of events for the students. SAC also became more independent by bringing in a democratic Advisory Committee who assist SAC in making decisions for the betterment of the students.

Proudly one can say that SAC has achieved some although not all of its long term goals in their collective visions on how to attain such goals. SAC 93-94 wishes the incoming SAC the best of luck in their endeavour to build a stronger students body.

SAC 1993 - 1994

Standing (from left to right): Govind Patel, Treasurer
Derek Lobo, Vice Chairman.

Sitting (from left to right): Joan Ayodi, Azza Bakka'r
and Agnes Maathai.
Aiesec

Circle - K Club

Housing

Psychology Club

Red Cross Club

Entertainment

Computer Lab Assistants

Food and Housing

Business Club
AIESEC 93-94 went into high gear from the moment GO in June 1993. Having attended the annual National Conference Centre the various sub-committees headed by their respective coordinators got down to some serious work. The year plan resulted in the following activities taking place in the course of the year.

Each quarter saw a gradual increase in AIESEC membership due to the quarterly recruitment cycle being implemented. We now have thirty active members and twenty dormant ones. Second July was the day set aside for Careers Day 93 and this time Penny Saver Consultancy run it. Kenyatta University and Daystar students made several appearances during our bid to improve our external relations with other local committees.

September 93 found us at Barclays Staff Training Centre-Karen, for the first Mini-National Conference where our objectives were reset. The AIESEC programs and their implementation were now the issue. Meanwhile, Susan Odaga, an AIESEC USIU-A member had been matched to work in Hungary. Our endeavours in searching for a traineeship among our local companies exposed us to the concept of creating a Board of Advisors which to date consists of three professionals.

The Fall Quarter 1993 period saw the formation of the organizing committee for a Global Theme Project titled, 'One People, One World'. The deliberation resulted in a successful, but, poorly publicized symposium on February 12, 1994. The Agnes Katama talk was held in October '93 at the Council Chambers of Nairobi University. The subject, "How to market and idea", served the need for more joint meetings with the other AIESECers. AIESEC - USIU-A was the first committee among the other three (Nairobi campus, Daystar and Baraton) to raise two thousand shillings from the sale of tickets for the "Nairobi Cares For Its Children Project", by Barclays and Undugu Society in November '93. Visits to the Nairobi Stock Exchange and Nation House occurred towards the end of the Fall Quarter.

Winter Quarter '94, in early January found us in Mombasa Bandari College attending a hot and humid National Conference where another generation of AIESECers were elected as our new National Committee Officials.

Meanwhile, Anna Stella Kamandu, one of our members was having the time of her life in Sweden whilst undergoing an AIESEC two week intensive training program. Back from Mombasa we found our activities frozen for three weeks due to a minor communication breakdown with the administration. By the 6th week, we were back in their good books and our elections were able to take place. Election fever over, the new 94-95 team began its transition period in the 9th week of the Winter Quarter, until June '94. In the meantime, they are contributing tremendously to the support needed for the forth-coming events: Leadership Development Seminar in Botswana in May; the AIESEC Baraton Marketing Dinner in Eldoret, in May; the African Congress in August and they are in the process of arranging the reception of an Australian AIESEC USIU-A by employing three of its members as part of the Vocationall Employment Program.

The '94-95 AIESEC team has already organized a team building session, called "Challenge Nite" that involved other elects from other local communities. The whole idea this year is just to add on to the fun and the business and travel experience gained by involving as many AIESECers in the activities as possible. The activities planned are: Career Day '94, in June; a Nanyuki trip; participation in the African Congress at K.T.T.C. in August; twinning projects with other local committees, locally and internationally; company visits; participation in a community assistance project and many other plans that the local committee members will be confident to undertake.

Our objectives are based on developing internationally minded managers for the future. Through the AIESEC programs, the Association attempts to act as a bridge between the student and business communities.
In doing so, we try to achieve our vision which is, "The peace and fulfillment of mankind's potential". So, if you are an interested and self-motivated student, why not join us and share in the unique 'AIESEC' experience.

Chairperson : John B. Rugambo  
Vice-Chairperson Finance : Naswiha Mazrui  
Vice-Chairperson Exchange : Betty Wasuna  
Vice-Chairperson Projects : Rose Terry Njuguna  
Vice-Chairperson Human Resources : Anthony Gonzalez  
Marketing Co-ordinator : Job Njiru  
Administrative Secretary : Eritrea Araya

A REPORT ON CIRCLE - K CLUB ACTIVITIES

Circle "K" club is a charity club with the main objective of charity service and fellowship to build society. The club aims at reaching those unfortunate members of the community, easing their predicament by providing, through donations, dry foodstuffs and clothes.

Projects are purely on charity principles. During the winter quarter '94, the club showed two movies to collect funds to buy foodstuffs to take to Matumaini childrens home. The home is located about 3Km from Ongata Rongai township. The titles of movies were 'Deceptions' and 'If Looks Could Kill'.

The club, together with the Psychology Club, organised a trip to Matumaini Children's Home and we took to them foodstuffs and clothing. The home has over fifty orphans who are helped by well wishing individuals.

In the coming quarter, that is Spring '94 the club plans to organise a bake sale, with the Red Cross Club, to collect funds to buy various commodities to help a children's home. We are also planning to visit a children's home to donate to them.

Circle "K"'s motto is "Building Service and Fellowship" and we have achieved this through previous projects and we are hoping to continue doing so. Previously, we have organised for food donations to hospitals. We collected old spectacles and took them to people who couldn't afford them. There was a tin at the canteen for people to put money in and we had bake sales. The aim of all of these projects was to help the less fortunate members of our society.

Circle "K" Chairperson  
Agnes Munene
THE FUTURE LOOK - BUSINESS CLUB

The USIU Business Club has several objectives. They are: creating awareness among student members about current trends in the business environment, giving them an opportunity to gain working experience, providing an outlet for students' creativity and initiative in business and managerial settings and helping them secure employment upon graduation.

In line with these objectives, the 1993-94 executive arranged and executed several activities. During the Fall quarter we visited the BAT plant at the industrial area, Del Monte, in Thika. We also had a talk on employment opportunities in the banking industries presented by a manager of one of Kenya's leading banks, Mr. N. H. Ayoidi. The winter quarter witnessed interference from with the club which demoralized the executive leading to the success of only one event - the trip to KBL, Nairobi. Fortunately, the sun is shining once again and for this spring quarter the club is bubbling once again with ideas. We have planned to visit General Motors, Mount Kenya Textiles, Cadbury Schweppes, House of Manji and Coca Cola, Nairobi. A talk on the stock Market and a visit to the stock Exchange is also scheduled this quarter.

The baby project that the outgoing Executive is leaving to the incoming group is the Internship program. The club has contacted over 50 different companies and we expect that the response to this project will be 99% favourable. Future members should watch out for this!

A lot of gratitude goes to those who constituted the executive sub-committee. These were Dharmesh Shah, Damaris Muthee, Susan Mochache, Ikinya Mwai, Willie Kanyek, Jane Munywoki, Joan Ayodi, Pauline Kahiga, Ruth Karau and 'pink' We also wish to acknowledge the commendable participation of members of the student body in the above mentioned activities. Keep up the good work!!

CHAIRMAN - James M. Ngugi
V-CHAIRMAN - Joyce Munene
TREASURER - Hiten Vaye
SECRETARY - Evelyn Mumasaba

DEBATE CLUB

The Debate Club, after a slow start, has had a very eventful year. The current officials of the club took over office in spring quarter, 1993. In summer, no event was held as the quarter is usually assigned for formulating strategies for the rest of the year. In fall 1993, the second inter-faculty quiz was held. It consisted of a quiz between the six different faculties in the college. It was a tightly thought out competition. Eventually the MIS team, which consisted of Patrick Kingori, Gabriel Chege and Dominic Habimana, defeated the Psychology team of Sheila Kinjanjui, Agnes Munene and Wamuyu Nyoike. The debate was very exciting and we hope that the event will continue to be featured in the calendar for years to come.

The next event that the Debate Club had was a debate held in the Winter quarter of 1994. The debate was held in conjunction with AIESEC, Kenya. Students from Nairobi University, Daystar and USIU-A came together to debate on the motion, "Is Kenya a Perfect Multi-cultural Society"? The debate was very successful and entertaining and it generated a lot of interest among the students about the Debate Club.

Now that the tenure of office of the officials is coming to an end, the new officials that will come up have a responsibility to see to officials of the Debate Club, wish all the graduating students the best.

Chairman : Brian Ngwiri
Vice-Chairman : Terry Njuguna
Secretary : Caroline Kaaka
Treasurer : Eunice Karau
RED CROSS CLUB

1993-94 has been a successful period for the growing team. Not only have there been First Aid lecturers, but, numerous activities such as visits to the Thika Refugee Camp. Students and the club's members had a wonderful, but, sad experience with the refugees neighbouring countries - Uganda, Zaire, Ethiopia, Somalia and Sudan. At the Spinal Injury Home, in Nairobi, students managed to reassure the patients of their traumatic accidents.

In all if the above cases, the club has managed to raise funds and purchase foodstuff, clothing and toiletries, thereby realizing the club's goal of helping the needy and vulnerable.

One other successful achievement by the Club is the first ever held, "USIU-A REDCROSS TALKSHOW". The main theme of this event was Human Development. This involved students and lecturers, all found on the campus, allowing them to interact and share their views on various issues affecting them such as careers, love and marriage, etc.

The Club has even managed to establish links with Red Cross Uganda - Ginger Team, and we hope that this spirit of growth and continuity in assisting, all around us, will continue.

Chairman : Mary Concepta Ondatto
Vice-Chairman : Lynette Ndemaki
Treasurer : Christine Njunge
Secretary : Stella Nzoi

PROFILE: INTER-UNIVERSITY RELATIONS COMMITTEE

The Inter-University Relations Committee is one of the latest S.A.C. Babies. This committee fell directly under the S.A.C. Vice-Chairperson's office, but, with time matured and was ready to stand on its own two feet.

The I.U.R. aims at liaising with associations and students in other institutions of higher learning. We focus on the U.S.I.U. campuses as well as the local campuses with the aim of promoting intellectual growth and greater social inter-action among students.

The committee calls upon all U.S.I.U. members to come up with the ideas on what they want this committee to do for you in our quest, for the creation of forums for social, cultural and educational exchanges among the U.S.I.U. family and the world outside.

Presently, the Committee is receiving copies of U.S.I.U. San Diego's, "THE ENVOY", which are availed to the student body. In response to this gesture, the Committee hopes to work closely with, "THE THIRD EYE", so as to ensure that they receive copies of our wonderful magazine, too.

The Committee is headed by JOB NJIRU, Sr., who is ably assisted by TONY GONZALES. SARAH MUGO is the efficient Committee secretary. Although the entire student body is a I.U.R. member, there are three appointed members who aid in the running of the Commitee. They are: Eric Kaniti, Abigail Lutta and Jawahir Nandha.

By Job Njiru, Sr.
They met in Kenya...
Their marriage in France

Joan & Chuck Seln
wish to announce the
marriage of their daughter
Louisa to Jérôme Davin
November 19, 1993
Strasbourg, France and
the celebration of their love at
A Blessing of Their Marriage
Saturday, February 12, 1994
St. Mary's Episcopal Church
Laguna Beach, California

Dinner reception followed at
The Ritz, Newport Beach

Congratulations

Louisa and
Jerome
I LOVE YOU!!

You and I

(A Tribute to a Loved One)
Every day with you is a little more special
Every day with you is a beautiful gift
Every day I learn something new about you,
My love, my life, my dream come true.

It was a chilly Fall day when I first saw you
Suddenly it seemed to warm up with your smile
You looked at me, but, I turned away
It's because I had no words to say.

A lot of time has passed since then,
And I love you with all my heart
You mean everything in the world to me
Now I'm as happy as happy can be.

So this is to say,
Thank you so very much
For the shoulder that I cry on
And your warm, caring touch.

Fatima Karmali
YOU

Everywhere all over
Searching searching searching
I had searched the dry day deserts of endless time
Left and right I turned, back and forth I went
Looking looking
For the oasis of my life
And there finally with relief, I dropped onto my knees
Gazing marvelling wondering
A devout pilgrim in awe struck silence
Worshipping and adoring
You

I closed my eyes
To whisper again and again a thankful prayer
To the Lord Almighty high in the heavens above
Thanking him for giving me to you
Through uncharted hours and days, days and months
Because
You
Are all that I've been searching for
The fountain that gives me life in this desert
that mesmerises my heart and soul
Soothes my mind and body
Into unison rhythm of
Pure
Elevating eternal ecstasy

Nicholas Situma

An entry for the Poetry '94 Exhibition to be hosted by
The French Cultural Centre - June 1994.

Awake

There is nothing new to say. Life is a bubble in
water bay.
A dream before awakening, a mirage on a desert
lining.
A snake projected on a rope, a ghost imposted on a
post.
A reflection in a convex mirror, a real tale of horror.
An echo from a hollow well as if coming from
distant hell.
Your life is at stake. Awake! Awake! Awake!!!

By Paayal Goorha
DANCING THE DREAM

Phone down for a pen from the doorman,
I'm writing a book full of verse
you may think you've suffered bad poetry
But I promise you this will be worse.

I'll sign them all 'By Jawahir Nandha'
Because I was born with that name
The shape of my nose may keep changing
But I've made sure my name stays the same.

I must share all my thoughts with my public
I've got oceans of loyal fans out there
I'll compose them a few earnest poems
Out of words I have plucked from thin air.

I jot them down: one line, then another
Do you think that's a bit Hit or Miss?
When I'm finished with all this composing
The whole thing reads something like this:

"I looked for you in Hill and Dale
I sought for you beyond the pale
I searched for you in every nook and cranny
My probing was at times uncanny
But everywhere I looked I found
I was just going round and round."

To be honest, I'm quite proud of that one.
You'll notice how it both scans and rhymes
It looks easy from the comfort of your armchair
But get a pen out and try it sometime.

For example the one rhyme for passion is fashion
Which is tough if you're waxing about love
So a poem that began with emotions
Ends up explaining why I wear just one glove.

At other times the couplets rhyme perfectly,
And then I go to bed feeling great
But some days, nothing hangs together
I could cry about it, but I just say 'what the hell'

Some people think writing this stuff's easy
'You must be joking?' I tell them, 'It's hard'.
But they claim this is nothing but doggerel
They've seen better on a greeting card.

But I bet I sell more copies than Benjamin
My print run would make Larkin balk
And their books don't even snaps of their authors
Dressed in satin and doing the moonwalk.

By Jawahir Nandha
(SUNSHINE)
FEAR

I am sweating heavily now, totally out of breath, panting like a chased fox. If only I could sit down for a moment. Oh God! I can’t go on any longer. I stop running and lean against a tree for a minute, my ears sensitive to the slightest sound. Then I hear it, the unmistakable baying of the pitbulls. There is only one thing that I know about these dogs. They are more vicious than Dobermen and they turn into killing machines if they are hungry.

For just once in my life I would welcome death more than anything else. I am running again, crashing through the underbrush. My shirt is torn and my skin gashed in several places by thorns. I’m bleeding and I can’t feel the pain, only terror. My head is spinning, I have to do something quick before they’re damned dogs gain on me. Oh God, no! I can hear them, they’re even closer now. I’m screaming in my head for the fear to stop. I would prefer to feel the pain rather than have to bear the fear that as wreaking havok inside me. The sweat running down through my face impairs my vision, but I have to keep running. I can taste blood in my mouth from wounds caused by thorns slashing my face. My mind begins to wander from reality into a world of terrifying hallucinations where I can see two narrow yellow slits. Fangs dripping with blood everywhere I look. I groan, I don’t want to die this way. I’m too fatigued to go on, I keep tripping over jutting tree roots and stones. My palms have been laid bare to the bone by breaking countless falls. This time I just can’t muster enough strength to get up. Then, I realize all of a sudden that it is dark. I can’t see a thing. I can feel the telltale signs of panic creeping.

Trying to calm myself is useless. My head clears for a minute, then I hear the dogs again. I scrambled to get to my feet, but my right leg gave way. I tried again and then again. I started to feel the leg, it was broken. They were sure to get me now. I groped around and my hand caught something hard and round. By the feel of it’s texture, I knew it was wood. Using it to prop myself up, I hobbled a few yards and got stuck in a dense clump of bush.

I collapsed and resigned myself to whatever fate had in store for me. I was trembling. I wanted to scream in frustration. It had been only a minute or so, but, it seemed like eons. I crawled away from the bush and propped myself against a tree and waited for the dogs. It was a short time, then they were there. All I could see was their glowing yellow eyes. I began to sob and pleaded for mercy. Their growls echoed in my head making it feel as though it would explode.

As a final attempt to save my life, I lashed out with a branch I was holding with all might - my fear turning to anger. I heard the branch make it’s mark as the pitbull yelped. The other dog lunged for me and got my left arm. I felt it’s teeth tear into my flesh, followed by the unmistakable crunch of bone. With my free hand I landed a flurry of blows in the dog’s ribs. I didn’t wait for a reaction. I just thrust my index and middle fingers into the enraged beast’s eyes. The pitbull finally let go of my arm and sank to the ground. The night air reeked with the smell of fresh blood. I retrieved the branch I had found earlier and limped away. A few seconds later I heard another growl behind me. I turned around, the pitbull that I could do nothing but to face it. As it jumped forward I raised the branch into the air, in the path of the animal’s flight, forcing it to impale itself on the branch. I collapsed to the ground.

Then the pain began, slowly at first, then intensifying to the point where it paralysed me. I knew I was going into shock and tried not to panic. I was loosing blood fast from the terrrible wound where the pitbull had got my arm. I tied something like a tourniquet to reduce the blood flow. I had lost all sense of time and realized with a shock that if I didn’t get help soon I would die. Fear crept back into my body like a fatal infectious disease.
There were other animals in the forest and I might fall prey to them if they found me. I began to crawl furiously. The pain was excruciating. I passed out after I saw some lights that were probably torches.

Whoever they were, I thank them for saving my life. I am mostly okay now, except that when I see a dog I begin to panic and the baying of those pitbulls comes back to haunt me.

By Abbas Jaffrey

I AM NOT MY BEGGAR'S KEEPER

And why should I be
There he was on the same spot as usual
Shifting his gaze to look at me
with his eyes glistening
A mixture of hope and despair
The dirty rags on him to my disgust
Doing little to cover his exposed manhood.

He almost sweated with pain
As he tried to stretch open the wound he called his mouth
Displaying broken, decayed teeth, emitting a contribution
To his already most nauseous smell
He stretched out his hand imploring me for alms
But I had shifted my gaze the instant I saw him
Pretending I hadn't seen him
Cold with indifference
And by accident treading heavily on his exposed foot
I strode away the average city dweller that I am.

Nicholas Situmal

Life

Raise your head and walk with pride.
Your intentions and actions be a guide.
Add life to your years and not years to your life.
Live a scintillating, bubbling, purposeful life.

By Paayal Goorha
Simply Mine

I saw you ...
My heart shivered,
My patience melted away,
My whole body quivered ...
Merely exchanging greetings,
Made my words taste differently ...
And all I could feel were floating words
Looking for a way to reach out, to scream:
"Oh, what a great coincidence."
My feelings could never be described ...
The thought of you went through my head,
And I felt a cool, loving breeze touch me ...
It was like we were all alone in this world,
Alone ... Just you and me,
Exploring each other ...
I was asked to stand ...
Feeling you closer to me,
My hands started to freeze and shiver ...
I tried to hide the passion burning inside of me.
But it was yearning to grab you to me,
So I could hold you in my arms, ...
It was longing for me to touch you,
To run my fingers through your hair, your face,
Your lips,
Your body ...
I tried to pull away from you, ...
But your soul kept on calling me back,
Grabbing me,
Pulling me towards you,
Till I found myself pinned down at your feet
Begging you to release me .. to let me be,
I felt your soul embracing me tenderly
I stopped struggling,
And gave myself up to you in my thoughts.
I stood in silence,
Observing you,
Eager to know everything,
Every detail about you,
And still continuously thinking:
"Gosh, what a coincidence."
Just a few minutes ago,
You were a shadow in my dreams,
But now,
Now you are standing right next to me ...
Wishing this moment would never end,
I could feel your breath against my face,
Slowly penetrating into me
Till it became a part of me ...
My heart suddenly leapt so fast,
That I feared you might have seen it leap.
'If only you knew', I thought, ...
At that moment,
You turned,
And gave me a deep look through your eyes,
Your warm,
Almost magnificent eyes ...
I felt as if you were answering me, ...
Yes, Yes I do, ..
But,
If only it were true ...

The moments were over
we both turned away
And I wondered:
Will another occasion ever bring me close to you again,
Or are coincidences rare
Almost non-existent,
'Maybe a miracle', I thought,
A miracle might bring us together ...
But, do miracles ever come ...
Your face faded away in my memories ...
I felt the light in me disappear,
Giving space to darkness,
Which conquered me ..
The way I saw the sun being conquered,
Conquered by the cold,
Dark night ..
Suddenly,
I felt the urge to turn and look at you,
One last time,
Just one last time ...
I turned, ..
Only to find you looking at me ...
And I knew,
from that moment onwards,
You were mine,
Simply, mine ...

By D.A. Farcaui
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Mrs. Geraldine Cutler

Dr. Carrie Fitzgerald

Dr. Peggy Fuller

Mr. Edwin Henderson

Dr. Mari Nelson

Mr. Albert Oatman

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Teachers for Africa
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AFRICA IS ........... LIVING IN HARMONY WITH NATURE
Psaw!! A bomb can't keep us away......
Hey, Franco! One stoney!

O.K. Time to go home......
Ouch! that's my foot

Where is Everybody??
I think it's stress.
CONTINUING STUDENTS

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Thaddeus Aiko

Bhavna Adatia

William Amanyé
Gloria Barmasai

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Zipporah Mwathi

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Anand Nair
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Ajulo Othow

Deborah Oti
Donald Owalla
Pires Owino

Neena Parmar
Catherine Pere
Simal Raicha

Shradda Rajani
Olga Ramtu
Seher Rana
CONTINUING STUDENTS

Priscilla Warui

Alex Whaley

Ali Zubeidi

Geoffrey Anampiu
USIU's Combat Commander

Off with their heads!

"Mama atafurahi sana!!
Atanipatia peremende!!"

"Arro, Arro, testing 1,2,3"

"Mirian - stepping out"

"Come on, twelve inches in between!
that's close enough, man"

And Mr. USIU is .......
(Results next year)

Kisanet, is this edible??"
Hey, Abbas! don't get any ideas.

Sunshine and the moonlighters

Dr. Waruingi, Jeez! is this guy boring or what??!!

Can I have a sixth helping, please???

Sheila's second childhood...........

Toto and the fireworks.
Happy Birthday, Dr. Beam

Dr. Beam's birthday speech
March 17th, 1994

In so many tender and creative ways, God touches
this earth. He uses people at different situations.

Dr. BEAM, you are God's touch to us in this side of
the world at this time in eternity. What change you
have brought!

Friends, students and staff, what is it that we save
for some special occasion? Treasures of the heart!
Do we hoard creative efforts or extravagant love?

Our special occasion has come. Let us break
those vails of reserve and spend lavishly.

DR. BEAM, through you we have learnt that:
when you give, your hand empties to receive,
When you lift, your hand grows stronger,
You have given without counting the cost!

DR. BEAM WE LOVE YOU !!!

Lydia Gathuru,
on behalf of USIU-A Staff
Glimpses

Intimacy I have known....
When I woke up in the early dawn,
to see the snowflakes fall gently on the already white
ground
to feel the bitter cold that makes each winter morn.

I wrapped myself in a blanket, and sat across the fireplace
having nothing on my mind, except his gorgeous face.
He is someone special that I call my own,
and he shall remain mine forever more.

As I was thinking or my amour,
he by the stroke of luck, stepped through the door.
He sparkled a mischievous look, and flashed a brilliant
smile,
a smile that could light up the sky.

I welcomed him into the cosy blanket, and a soul embrace,
we were together for now, and for the future days.
When we are apart, my heart bleeds and cries,
but it seems to skip a beat when we are together.
I noticed how the flame of fire danced in his eyes
as we whispered sweet nothings to each other.

Oh, I loved him so much and I knew he felt the same.
At that very moment, I felt like I was in heaven,
and he was my beautiful angel.

Suddenly, there was a shatter

.... in my dreams,

"It is time to say goodbye, till later," he said, as the fire crackled and died away.

By Purvi Raicha
Mandela Proclaims "Dawn of Freedom"

In Johannesburg, for the first time, Black and White South Africans voted together. It was one of the modern history's longest struggle against the domination of one race by another. The first time they exercised equal, democratic rights in the country since European settlers arrive three and a half centuries ago. It also marked the official end of apartheid, a system that institutionalized the oppression of Blacks by a White minority government.

The election day was marked by long lines of tired, hungry people under a hot sun, eager to vote. Fortunately, it was free of any one of the sabotage bombings that had claimed a total of twenty-one lives in a menacing climax to the campaign.

About the winner of the election - Nelson Mandela, the leader of the African National Congress would win because of his popularity among the thirty million Blacks who make up the forty million total population.

"Today is a day like no other before it." Mr. Mandela, the long time prisoner, had said. "Voting in our first free and fair election has begun. Today marks the dawn of our freedom!"

Mr. Mandela, at his news conference, urged the voters not to be cowed by the saboteurs behind the bombings and expressed this confidence by charismatically stating, "Standing together let us send a message loud and clear. We will not allow a handful of killers to steal our democracy!"

The need for individual respect is making the South African battle for freedom successful. Our university stresses individual respect and rights. We also care about what is going on in other parts of the world.

During the Ambassador's Tea Party, on the fourth of May, among our distinguished guests was Mr. Benny Debruyn, Chief of Missions of the African National Congress. Here, we have a photograph of Mr. Benny Debruyn and the Vice-Chancellor of USIU-A, Dr. Lillian K. Beam.

On May 10, 1994, Nelson Mandela was proclaimed the first Black African President of South Africa.

By Purvi Raicha
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