

mennonite mirror

volume 9/number 9
may 1980

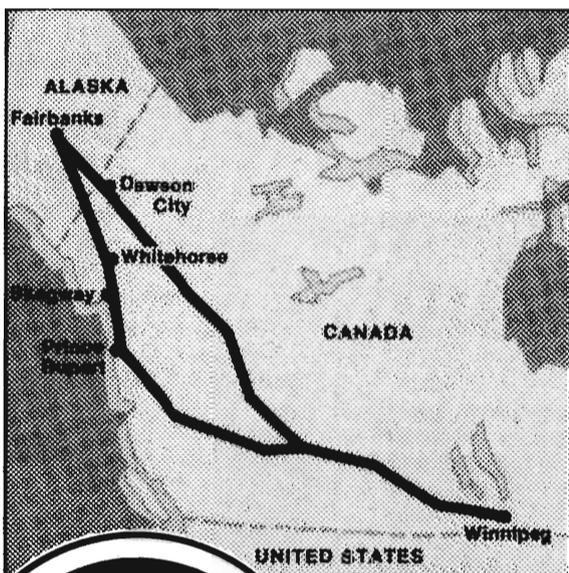




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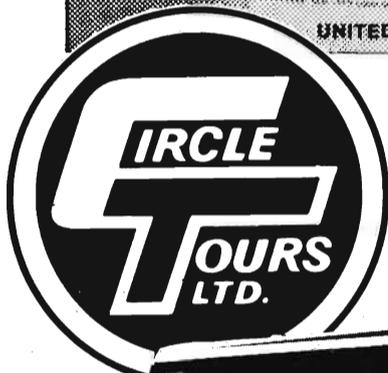
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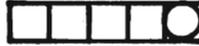
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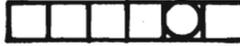
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From among the 60 entries to the April puzzle, Viola Penner of Landmark was picked the winner.

A cash prize will be going to the winner.

The answers to the April Mix-Up are pansy, green, radish, clover, grower, gardening.

The letters are to be re-arranged and written in the squares to form words. Letters which fall into the squares with circles are to be arranged to complete the answer at the bottom of the puzzle.

A winner will be drawn at random from among the current entries and the prize awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by May 22, 1980.

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Over 1 million qaxooti* have fled the Ogaden region of Ethiopia to camps and villages in Somalia. While Ethiopia and Somalia struggle for control of the Ogaden, each day a thousand women, children and old men flee across the border.

The refugees, traditionally herdsmen, have little experience raising crops. MCC has been asked to send technical workers to help refugees plant crops, build water and sanitary facilities, construct schools and clinics and keep relief vehicles in repair. MCC has also promised clothing, soap, bandages, school kits, blankets and wheat.

Somalia is one of 17 countries in which MCC aids refugees and displaced persons. Emphasis on refugee aid is increasing in response to a resolution of MCC's 1980 Annual Meeting, making refugees the special focus of MCC during the next three years. As MCC aids refugees, it also calls the church to prayer on behalf of these homeless victims with uncertain futures.

*(qa-hho'-ti) Somali word for refugees

Mennonite Central Committee
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Akron, PA 17501

or

MCC (Canada)
201-1483 Pembina Highway
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Qaxooti are victims in a world of war



Refugee camp of 30,000 at Jalalaqsi, central Somalia, in January

The Cover photo features the 400-plus high school choir described on page 25. It was taken by **Bergen Photo Studios**. Tapes of the choral music are available from MB Communications, Winnipeg.

Three Important Inter-Mennonite Events in May: Please note the dinner on economic development, **May 9**, (see news item p. 15); the **Mennonite Festival of Art and Music**, **May 18** (see articles on pages 20-21), and a

dinner to honor **J.J. Reimer** on **May 28** (see article on p. 27). For information on the J.J. Reimer dinner call 786-2289 or 489-2431.

Mail Strike and June Issue of Mennonite Mirror: A special 48 page issue of the Mennonite Mirror will be published in June. In event of a mail strike arrangements will be made to deliver the magazine to most homes. If you have not received yours by June 23 call 786-2289.

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mirror

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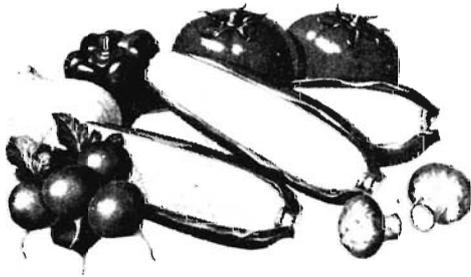
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The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year from October to July for the Mennonite community of Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc.

All business and editorial correspondence should be addressed to 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4, telephone 786-2289. The Mennonite Mirror observes the following part-time office hours: Tuesday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Thursday 1 to 4 p.m.;

Subscriptions \$6 for one year \$11 for two years. ISSN0315-8101

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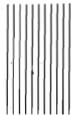
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From the mouths of children comes music to move the heart: Helen Litz' work of praise

by Mary M. Enns

God is my song, Beethoven's splendid legacy to a Christian world, begins and sets the tone for almost every performance of the Mennonite Children's Choir. In its triumphant declaration it encompasses the total approach, the lode-star of this group of young choristers and their director Helen Litz. From its humble beginnings its thrust has been unmistakable: "Kids, you've got a voice. God gave that to you. We owe our very best back to Him in order to share it with others."

The choir has progressed beyond any expectation vague and dim in the mind of 20-year-old, newly married Helen Litz when she gathered about her in the basement of their home a group of hesitant youngsters, a combination of those she taught in choirs at school and Sunday School. Her choirs caught someone's attention and she was asked to present a group at a Rainbow Stage performance.

That was in 1957. Hundreds of children 8-16 have sung in the choir these many years, have graduated and are now to be found in every walk of life. They have sung in Winnipeg's many churches, in the now-gone Alexandra Hotel, the Centennial Concert Hall, the Convention Centre and in various outdoor productions. They have performed in all of Canada's provinces save Newfoundland, and all over the United States and abroad. International distinctions and awards captured have far exceeded their wildest expectations.

The choir was founded, originally, for the love and joy of singing and because "I was convinced," says Litz, "that God can use children in a dynamic way to bring the message across." As the work mushroomed they decided to use proceeds for world relief projects. During

Canada's Centennial Year this was to give rice in Vietnam and milk in India to 100 children every day for a year. This was in conjunction with Canada Save the Children Fund and Mennonite Central Committee of Canada.

"Credit for our singing in so many of the United States must go to MCC. They took the initiative in our 1976 tour to California where we sang all along the way from Montana into Oregon to California, Arizona, Texas, Oklahoma. From the proceeds each chorister built a home in Guatemala." (The project was completed at the Litz' 25th wedding anniversary where, in lieu of gifts, guests donated toward the building fund.)

In the meantime their horizons had broadened presenting invitations to compete internationally. In 1966, singing at the Eisteddfod in Llangollen, Wales, they donated back the monetary award to the Aberfan disaster where children had been buried in a coal mine. In 1970 at Tee-side, England, when the



Helen Litz

marquee in which they had performed and won first prize in the afternoon burnt down that night, they donated back their prize money. First prize in Children's Choirs and first in International Jury Award were presented to the choir in Montreaux, Switzerland in 1973. The \$1,400 prize went toward defraying travel costs.

The most recent award was captured in 1977 at the International Festival in The Hague, Holland. Once again it was a first in Children's Choirs and a first in International Jury Awards. With pride Manitoba's Lieutenant-Governor Jobin said: "... they have spread good will as musical ambassadors for God and country at home and abroad." Having attended a performance, Prime Minister Trudeau was impressed with "... your beautiful voices and contributions made to the care and well-being to the underprivileged children throughout the world."

Would Mrs. Litz, we wondered, consider herself a hard taskmaster, as she had been chided, and her program of training for the choir an exceptionally rigorous one? "It could probably be a view," she says, "but if you were a part of it you might not consider it quite as rigorous. But you have to have the right kind of children, self-motivated and with strong support from the home because a lot is expected of them. I can't take in vocal wanderers. They know that it matters what happens at rehearsals, I don't even have to talk about it. Precision is important, I insist upon perfect pitch. I try to relate this hard work to their own lives, their dealings with people, on tours or wherever they're exposed. A hard taskmaster? Well, most of the kids don't quit till they graduate."

Other than the pleasure they've given



The Mennonite Children's Choir

countless numbers of people and the relief work they've supported, wherein lies the needs for this sort of choir? "They will be serving in the churches later on, some in leadership roles. If God has given us a talent, how do we use it and our lives?"

What sort of motivation or drive has been strong enough to support this unpaid, sometimes misunderstood conductor during 23 years of unrelenting hard work and perseverance? "It was something that began when I was a little girl of three. I loved music and played the piano, then the violin. Francis Dickson, my teacher, had me lead the rhythm band in grade one. But singing, encouraged by vocal training with Gladys Whitehead, —that was my dream for the future.

My years of singing in the Winnipeg Girls choir with Beth Cruickshank were an important part of musical training. At Teachers' College Beth Douglas infused in me an exuberance and vivaciousness in music. However, the serious continuing of it, I feel, was of a higher leading. I realized that what I could express myself, I could express through the instrument of the children. And children really do communicate effectively with others."

Opposition? "None that can't be written off. The churches have been very supportive. Sometimes our churches, who sanction almost anything we present within its four walls, are inclined to be suspicious when we branch out. They're not sure it can be "of the Lord". Greatest support has always come from the parents of the children, and any final decisions are by them and myself. When, at the World Conference, we sang Esther Wiebe's *Thy Kingdom Come* — a truly exalting experience—this was our expression of joy and service."

Financial support? "We can't get a Canada Council grant because we're not professional. But we've had some grants by way of reciprocal exchange, with the

French Canadian Singers from Granby, Quebec. For four days we sang in their cathedrals and schools, and they then came to us. We did the same in 1973 with the French (Acadians) in New Brunswick. But the choristers and their parents subsidize most of our tours. We raise money with things like our recent old fashioned *Yuletide Fest* complete with horses and cutters and silver bells at Assiniboia Lodge. Right now we are receiving a grant from the Cultural Development Division of Manitoba. Having just completed a series of recordings for the Choristers Guild of Dallas, Texas, we are now preparing for our summer tour. We are to represent Canada at the International Society of Music Educators Congress in Warsaw, Poland, on July 8. In this three week tour we are adding several countries we had not visited before." After attending the Eisteddfod in Cardigan, Wales, it's off to Norway, Sweden, Finland, Leningrad and Denmark. In Germany and Austria they sing in Mennonite churches in Regensburg and Vienna, enroute to Warsaw. In Ochenburg, Holland they visit the largest youth hostel in Europe where they spent five exciting days several years ago. After a tour of London they finish in Llangollen, Wales.

What about life on tour? "The working harmony before and during tour of our key people, our accompanist, the wardrobe and scenery people and our long-suffering nurse, are invaluable to me. There are about 50 of us on tour. Besides the choristers and key people we have several chaperones and/or singing chaperones from among the graduates. Our travelling uniform is the Canadian tartan, which is practical besides being an identifying factor. The kids are a happy group, almost like a family. The older ones need the sweetness of the little ones, their tone, that is how the younger ones need the maturity provided by the older ones to create a beautiful sound."

Their repertoire includes everything

from early Baroque to contemporary folk music. One of the requirements when choristers are auditioned is that they be able to sing in German since half the repertoire is in German. In addition to English and German the choir is presently adding songs in the language of the countries to be visited.

Has there ever been mutiny in the ranks? Litz smiles, "Well, the most serious one still had a touch of humor. We were doing a concert in Germany. Our youngest son, Conrad, 6, unexpectedly decided, at the end of the first part of the concert, he'd had enough, knowing full well he had a solo part to sing in the second half. He dashed away from the chaperone and locked himself in the men's washroom. No amount of reasoning would change his mind. The concert went on without the small red-headed chorister in the front row. Imagine my surprize, when at the end of the evening the usual bouquet of roses was presented, this time by my errant son, a cherubic smile on his face. I accepted the roses with a glint in my eye which said, "Boy oh boy, Conrad!" Apparently a German stage-hand had convinced the young Canadian to come out of hiding and the powers that be asked him to present the flowers. This unrehearsed bit was immensely pleasing to the audience. "*Der sechs jaerige Conrad war der Star des Abends*" said the papers next day.

We wondered whether this total involvement has been a sacrifice for her family. "Yes, it has been a sacrifice for me as well as for my husband and children. I've sometimes wondered whether the price you pay is too high since your time is never your own. Until the three children, Lori, Reg and Conrad grew up they were a part of the choir. It was always a family project. I am most grateful to Albert, my husband, for his appreciative, supportive attitude. You see, my involvement includes teaching workshops and adjudicating and directing Children's Choir Festivals in Canada and the U.S.A. This is something I had not counted on. Very often Albert will arrange to meet me half way and we will combine my teaching with some hunting, his fondest hobby."

The most valuable thing she has learned from the children? "Oh, I think I just want to keep that little bit of child in me, never let it die, to be able to relate to the children I love. If God has used my influence in the children's lives as Christians, as individuals, to stand up for what they know is right, I'm grateful."

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Native people: The tragedy is why white folks can't see variety and value in Native culture

All Indians are shiftless.

-a typical white observation

We need not your heavenly scorn
what we need
is your love

Donny Flett, Cree poet/singer

by Ed Unrau

White Christians who want to help Native people—whether Indian, Inuit, or Metis—must never reach down to pull them up, but must reach out to help them along, says Menno Wiebe, director of Native concerns for MCC Canada.

Many people go into Native communities believing they are going to bring something. "Teachers assume they are bringing education to an uneducated people; nurses think they are bringing medicine to a people without medicine; preachers believe they are bringing religion to a people without religion.

"None of this is true. What they are bringing is something different; a different education, a different medicine, and a different religion."

It is a mistake to see Native people as inherently lawless, lazy, leftovers of an ancient and pagan way of life. Mr. Wiebe contends that the Native people had developed mature cultures of their own which were well in place long before the first Europeans ever set foot on the New World of North America. There had to have been a culture, he said "because survival over thousands of years would not have been possible."

Native people, on the one hand, are not seen by white Canadian society as having a valid culture of their own; and on the other are forced to live according to the rules of a culture they don't understand.

The Native people are a "problem" to

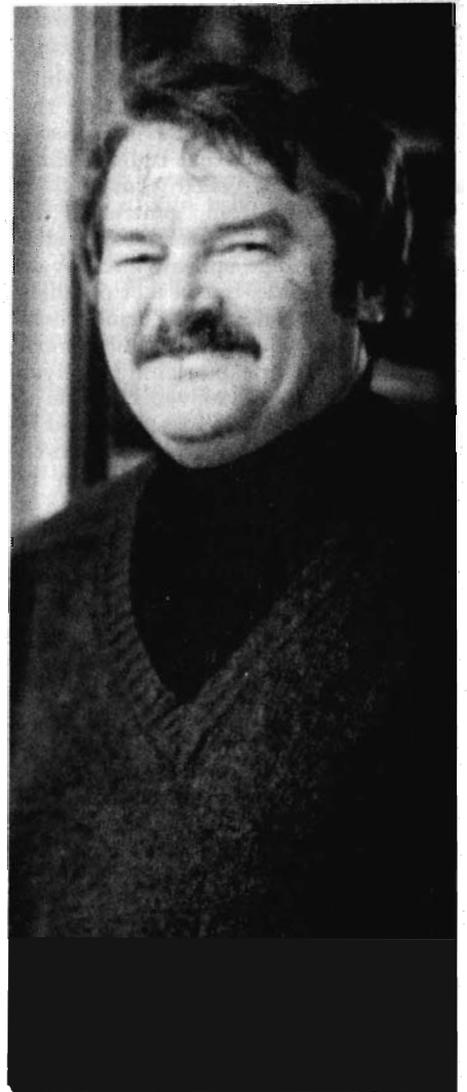
Canada because they will not become like most other white Canadians. In fact the "problem" loses much of its intensity if Native behavior and aspirations are interpreted in the light of their own culture.

Mr. Wiebe said that as a people Indians, for example, have made a conscious decision to reject integration into the mainstream of white society. "Their reasons for this go much deeper than ethnocentrism. For one thing, they continue to maintain a close identity with the land. They say 'our earth is being attacked' when they see how deep the mines are being dug and are afraid that 'our mother earth will die.'" Because their traditional culture instructed them to take only enough from the environment to live, they cannot understand why white men take so much more than they need.

Native values arise from a life that maintained a direct contact with the environment and from a social structure where the feeling of kinship provided both a sense of belonging and the means of social control.

Nowhere is the difference between Native culture, especially Indian, and European white culture more dramatic than in the attitudes to property and to authority.

Indian culture has really no concept of personal property. When a hunger made a kill, the fresh meat was shared by all in his kinship group. The idea of accumulating things for future use, that is a surplus of goods, was equally alien. Traditional Indian culture provided for a potlach, a kind of festival when an unusual abundance was shared with the whole community. The modern day counterpart of this, Mr. Wiebe observes is when the Indian employee goes on a binge with his friends right after pay-



Menno Wiebe

day; aside from the fact that management of an abstract concept of money is foreign to the Indian mind, the binge is to some extent an expression of the traditional concept of sharing with kin.

In terms of law and order, Mr. Wiebe has observed that it "remains a tragic poverty of insight on the part of white Canadians who persist in thinking that Native people were either too primitive, too pagan, too backward, or too unintelligent to possess a law of their own prior to the coming of Europeans." The idea of a written code of law, of a police force, of a jail for punishment is, it is true, an alien concept in traditional Indian culture.

It is not true to assume that Indians lived in Canada before the coming of the Europeans without a system of right and wrong, Mr. Wiebe has said. "The absence of a written code of rules enshrined in some works of law is not proof that law was absent. Not all laws are written. Deeply embedded in the cultural systems of North America's

aboriginal peoples are standards of behavior."

The tragedy lies in the failure of the newcomer Europeans then and white Canadians today to recognize that the culture exists and how it is expressed. Mr. Wiebe points out that Indian values are expressed in a veiled form in their legends passed from generation to generation by oral storytelling. The lack of a direct message appears circumventive to the outside, but in fact parallels another strong Native trait, namely non-assertiveness. The straightforward white North American seldom perceives the nature of this circumventive style of communication, and if it is perceived is viewed as dishonesty. The white North American style of communication is direct and confrontational; so when a white person presses for an answer in a transaction with an Indian he will often get an answer that the Indian thinks the white person wants to hear "because for millenia he has been trained to put harmony in interpersonal relationships above all else."

A close examination of traditional Indian culture also shows that they did not have "leaders" as white society does. The creation of chiefs and councils and other forms of hierarchy were actually set up by the incoming white Europeans who needed, and still need, something similar to their own political structure to relate to.

In addition to understanding that Native people have their own centuries-

old culture, white Canadians must recognize that not all Native people are alike, says Mr. Wiebe. Just as there are different groups under the general name of "Mennonite" there are groups within the general categories of Indian, Inuit, and Metis. Indian languages, for example, can be as different as night and day moving from one group to another within a region; Indian physical features are as varied as they are among all the types of white people; and they range in lifestyle from agrarian to nomadic. "In fact inter-tribal marriages are as difficult for the Indians involved as mixed marriages are for us," he adds.

Mr. Wiebe also argues that Native religion cannot be dismissed as "pagan." He observes that "God is above all our theologies . . . and it takes a people to maintain a theology. God has never left any people without some knowledge of himself." Having said this Mr. Wiebe goes on to point out that the "parallels between Old Testament theology and Indian theology are too striking to ignore." Some examples are the concept of fire as a means of purification; the notion of a covenant between God and man is common to both the scriptures and Indian theology; and the idea of peoplehood is common as well. With respect to the latter, virtually all the names designating the Native groups—such as Cree, Ojibway, Inuit, Dene—are translated into those respective languages as "the people." When Natives become Christians "it is no

wonder that they go for the Old Testament," Mr. Wiebe says.

How does one reach out to help the native people along?

Mr. Wiebe laments the fact that many people when they set out to help also want to subjugate.

Happily Mr. Wiebe notes that there are Christians who know how to reach out without reaching down—he knows of farmers who have helped Indians set up farms near their own land, and he knows of others who have co-signed loans and mortgages for Native borrowers.

The MCC programs try to be consistent with the concept of reaching out without reaching down. Its successful gardening program, for example, is done with the Indians, not for them, Mr. Wiebe says. "At no place are we helping against Indian wishes, and every program was started with Native initiative and assent." He adds that every effort is made to support local solidarity because further factionalism among Indians is not necessary, nor is it necessary to expose them to the proselytizing efforts of yet another religion.

So MCC has the problem of trying to maintain a Christian presence without pushing aside Native cultural values; of providing it agricultural expertise without making it look as if the helpers are bringing something to a people who have nothing; and of leading without being seen.

Accordingly, the voluntary service people who accept gardening project assignments are instructed not to start a new church group but to worship in the one that's closest; and are instructed not to plant a "model" garden but to find a way that lets the Indians do it themselves.

Mr. Wiebe also challenges urban employers to adopt a more flexible attitude to the employment of Native people and begs them to set aside the well-worn story of the Indian who, when paid on Friday, did not return to work until Wednesday because it took him that long to recover from his binge.

What do Native people want? Mr. Wiebe answers this question by saying that they want to be treated as human beings and quotes Chief Dan George's words "we will come in dignity, or not at all."

Mr. Wiebe said that the Native people have noticed, as have many white Christians, what MCC is doing for the "boat people" of Southeast Asia and have contrasted this act of help with what has been done for Native people. He adds that there are many expressions of interest to direct the experience gained in with the boat people into a program that at last recognizes that there are people in our own back yard that need help too.

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NATIVE PROGRAMS AT MCC

When it established its Native concerns program, MCC Canada decided to work in response to needs that the Native organizations themselves express. At the same time specific projects are begun only with the agreement of the community involved.

The most successful of the MCC programs is the Native gardening project, which has grown remarkably since its establishment almost three years ago. If enough workers can be recruited MCC would like to work with Natives in 16 communities in four provinces.

The intent of the program is to equip an MCC worker with seeds, equipment, and information so that he can go to the Native community. The worker's mandate is to work with the community and to involve the individuals in all aspects of the project so that the gardening skills are learnt by all participants.

The gardening project is ideal for Mennonite student workers, but the problem is that most students have to earn enough money to support their studies in Fall. Accordingly, MCC is trying to set up a support program for the students it could recruit.

MCC has also worked with Native communities in Manitoba and Ontario to develop wild rice. It has helped communities in acquiring processing equipment, and in developing marketing strategy. Wild rice is one of the products of the land that has been traditionally Native and Native harvesting of the crop is the source of most of the Wild Rice sold as a gourmet food. In spite of the Native connections to the crop, there is still a lot of room for them to develop the potential of this crop to provide income for their communities.

In addition to participating in a variety of forums relating to Native affairs, MCC people are also at work within the Mennonite churches explaining the work and the needs. MCC Native concerns work has been met both with hostility and with requests for more information. But whenever white listeners put aside their stereotyped idea of the Native person, there is the realization that these are people to whom Christians must reach across.



A sense of community helps ease the pain of an anxious world

by Betty Dyck

Aberdeen Junior High School on Flora Avenue in the north end of Winnipeg provides Native and immigrant teenagers with a stepping stone to enter the mainstream of education, whether the goal is vocational or academic. Principal Ernie UnRuh and his staff of 34 assist students to find stability in school first by making them feel comfortable in a school setting, then by building up their confidence before helping them plan for the future.

The 450 regular students come mainly from the surrounding area, but 50 of them live elsewhere in the Winnipeg School Division.

UnRuh says, "We are interested mainly in where they are going and how we can help them achieve their goals."

Principal UnRuh's philosophy is that "all people should be given a chance to be able to fulfill their goals, even though they do not necessarily coincide with society's choices". Walking down the halls, he addresses each student by name, and adds a personal "stroke" of encouragement on some specific subject. He said that they all "cross my step" when they come to enrol, and share a lengthy chat. During this initial interview, new students (at the rate of two a day!) learn first-hand that Aberdeen is there to help them, but certain rules are mandatory.

There is to be no swearing and no violence. Says UnRuh, "There is enough violence on the street and sometimes at home. Our school is strictly a non-violent community." The buddy system is used, and when a new student arrives, an "old" one takes him under his wing and helps him find his way around.

Most of the students have specific goals, but have had problems in the school system. Classes are small in order to operate on an intimate basis, with all

programs being co-ed. The majority of the staff have been together as a team, and plan programs which integrate subject areas as much as possible. The result is the formation of a "family" where the teachers know students well and they in turn have an opportunity to identify closely with at least one teacher who becomes his/her informal personal "advisor".

As in all regular classrooms at the school, programs are aimed at a heterogeneous population and there is no segregation. However, there are two "English as a second language" courses for immigrant children, and 38 students from Poland, Chile, the Phillipines, Korea, Thailand, and Vietnam attend.

By immersion sessions in the three basic "r's" (reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic) teachers help students improve in these necessary skills. Next comes grammar, composition and other basics to prepare them for regular programs. Streaming occurs first for mathematics. Slowly more subjects are added until the student enters the junior high program full time.

Aberdeen does help students in numerous ways, but it's a reciprocal arrangement with the home. Last fall, instead of holding a parent-teacher night at school, the teachers asked permission to visit the homes and talk to parents in a family setting. Over 110 invitations were received. The teachers divided up the number and went out. Area parents extended a warm welcome to them and another avenue of rapport opened.

Over the years, the staff has cultivated a good relationship with parents by keeping them up-to-date with problems/conflicts at school. In many cases, Principal UnRuh points out that it is necessary to educate parents too, since many of them grew up in residential

schools and their own "family" experiences are limited.

UnRuh hoped to hire Indian teachers for the junior high grades, but found it difficult to interest Native teachers to stay in the urban school setting.

Principal UnRuh has succeeded in developing a rapport with the Native community. His religious and educational background has helped him meet the challenge of running Aberdeen School so that it serves students' needs. His father, David Henry UnRuh, came to Canada in 1924 with a group of Mennonites under C.A. DeFehr. The UnRuh's settled in Lucky Lake, Saskatchewan where Ernie was born. The family attended First Mennonite Church at nearby Beechy, where Ernie absorbed his first understanding of Anabaptist principles. Those early days were difficult for the UnRuhs. Ernie recalls that with 12 in the family, "the last one up in the morning stayed home from school, because there weren't enough clothes to go around".

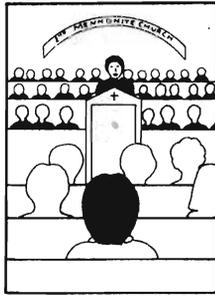
Before coming to Aberdeen School, UnRuh spent 15 years teaching in Saskatchewan, seven on Indian reservations. Following this, he counselled Native inmates for five years in correctional institutes in Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

UnRuh is saddened that existing social services are so scattered for Natives and thus difficult to get to. The school utilizes the social services at Mount Carmel Clinic when the clinic can accommodate them. Although land is available, a million is needed to erect a suitable building to meet the needs of the community. He hopes that MCC might look into the situation and help with a solution.

Although needs are being met in the school, UnRuh states that the school is "like a six-ring circus, with not nearly enough time to meet with everyone on an individual basis and treat their problems thoroughly."

Still, about five teenagers "on the run" (having left home) keep coming to classes regularly. Another group who are "street kids" drop in for one or two subjects—art and shops are favourites—find a comfortable atmosphere and eventually drift into the mainstream and begin taking other subjects.

Guidance and care at Aberdeen may seem a long way from the proposed National Indian Brotherhood's policy of parental responsibility and local control, but it is a forward step in the right direction for meeting the needs of Native children in an urban community. If you stretch your imagination, it could be said that Aberdeen is under Indian control, for in 1971 the natives of Manitoba made Ernie UnRuh an honorary Indian brother, naming him Chief Smiling Warrior. **mm**



View from the pew: To North Kildonan MB

FIRST VIEW

Sunday, April 13, was an eventful morning at the North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church. I witnessed the ordination of 10 deacons and the commissioning of a missionary for overseas work, as well as the two regular sermons (one English and one German).

This was my second visit to the North Kildonan Church. I attended on the previous Sunday, only to find that a special service had been planned which included a sermon and musical program presented by members of the Winkler Bible Institute. It was decided that a fair account of the Sunday morning service could not be given on the basis of this visit, so I returned on the 13th. The second visit proved to be somewhat educational however, as I realized that small differences between the two services would have resulted in different reports if I only reported on one visit or the other. For example, on my first visit I was warmly greeted twice in the vestibule and given a program. On the second visit, I was given a program, but I was not greeted. On the first visit, I thought that the congregational singing was stronger and the young children were more restless than on my second visit. These observations can be interpreted in various ways. My statistics professor would, no doubt, conclude that these reports are based on too small a 'sample size'. Another moral which might be

drawn would be the need for members to be vigilant in the performance of those actions which will affect a visitor's attitude toward their Church.

The service at North Kildonan, like that at Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church, is bilingual and contains sermons in both English and German. As I previously mentioned in my report on Sargent Avenue, I don't think that I would join a church with a bilingual service until I learned to speak German. I understood very little of the German announcements and sermon, so part of the service had little value for me.

However, I did find the English sermon, on the appropriate topic of Christian service, to be very stimulating. The minister emphatically stressed that members of the congregation should not consider that there was one standard for deacons and missionaries in regards to the duty of service, and another for ordinary church members. The same criteria—flexibility, hospitality, and dedication—held for all Christians, and pertain to the ways in which they serve people in their daily lives. 'Official' servers, such as deacons and missionaries, should serve as models to the rest of the congregation. The minister also stressed the need for Christians to be well acquainted with the Scriptures so that they might be reminded of their duty and the variety of ways in which they may serve God. The sermon was

well-planned and delivered.

I was impressed with the choir as well as with the sermon. They sang well a number of selections which I was unfamiliar with. As I mentioned above, I felt that the congregational singing was a bit weak, although I suppose that the high proportion of older people in the Church would mean a correspondingly small proportion of strong, young lungs. One feature of the service which I have seen before was a "Song of the Month," which was introduced to the congregation after the choir sang the first verse. It seemed like a good way for the congregation to learn new songs.

The morning service at North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church is 90 minutes long. I am sure that a service of this length is necessary in order to present two sermons, but it appeared to be quite an ordeal for the restless young children who had attended an hour-long Sunday school prior to the service. The Church was full on both Sundays that I attended, and the congregation as a whole seemed quite accustomed to the lengthy bilingual service; the members I observed were attentive to the end. On my way out of the Church I was warmly greeted by the minister.

—from a younger person

SECOND VIEW

Very, very far north down Henderson Highway is Kingsford Avenue, where the North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church is located. The parking lot was full 15 minutes before the service was due to start, and cars were parked for blocks down the street. Sunday school had already been in session for an hour, and it was only 10:30 a.m., so these people are early risers!

Wide stone steps led to the church entrance, which was not very large and, at this time, was almost empty. At the door an usher handed us a bulletin and let us find our own way to a seat. The church was rapidly filling up as the organ was playing and the sun filtered in through the pale blue and yellow and



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When the large choir filed in I was impressed with the many young people in it. Behind the choir were gold-coloured drapes that concealed the baptismal area, one of the features that makes Brethren churches distinctive.

This is a very bilingual church, and greetings from the minister, Roland Marsch, are in German and in English. Four German soldiers present were greeted especially, and all of us were warmly welcomed.

After the Scriptures, on the stoning of Stephen, the choir sang, followed by greetings from several fellow ministers. The offering was taken, proceeds going to MCC, and then came the announcements. The bulletin was packed with many upcoming events as well as "Dank und Fürbitte" section which made special mention of members with need for prayer.

Ten people were to be ordained as deacons this a.m. and they were frequently mentioned in the prayers and messages which followed. The first message was by Rev. William Neufeld, who spoke on Serving the Lord with Joy. He told a story about a church in Freiburg, German, which had been bombed during World War II. When the rubble which had been cleared away, a statue of Jesus was discovered, undamaged, except that the hands were gone. A famous sculptor offered to make an entirely new statue for the church. The church committee had to decide whether to accept the offer, but after much deliberation the answer came back, "No. We will keep the other statue to remind us that Christ has no hands but our hands. It will be a lesson to us."

After this message the congregation

sang a hymn which was unknown to me, and from the half-hearted singing around me, it must have been new to the others as well. Too bad the enthusiasm of the large, well-trained choir didn't spill over into the congregation!

Then came a message from Rev. Marsch. He is a bearded young German with an engaging manner and ready smile. He addressed us all, but was speaking especially to the group about to be ordained as deacons. They were urged to be flexible in service, have an "open house" policy, a love for the church, and faithfulness in the midst of difficulty.

The congregation listened very attentively, and I marvelled at the fortitude of the children, some of whom had been sitting for over two hours by that time. I sincerely hope it doesn't make children dread Sunday morning.

Then followed the ordination of the deacons and the commissioning of Anne Ediger for service back to India. She had been miraculously restored to health and was to speak at the evening service the same day.

—by an older person

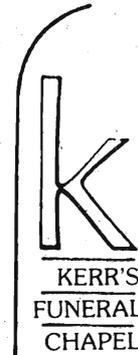
LONG SERMON

A stranger entered the church in the middle of the sermon and sat down. After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the man next to him he whispered: "How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think."

"I'll stay then; he must be nearly through."

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is a place for good food.

by Mavis Reimer

"Many people tell us that this is something they've often talked about doing."

What distinguishes speaker George Friesen and his partner Don Hoepfner from the many is that they have done what others only talked of doing. When they acquired the property at 1531 Pembina Highway in August 1979, Friesen and Hoepfner transformed Theodore's, a fast-food place, into the first Winnipeg restaurant featuring Mennonite food.

Named d'8 Schtove, the restaurant is the realization of an idea which the two friends bandied about for years. "I suppose it wasn't a very serious project for a long time," says Don Hoepfner. When the opportunity came, however, the two men discovered that they had already formulated many of their ideas about the restaurant.

The name, for example, was chosen years ago. It has turned out to be a felicitous choice. People who know Low German are momentarily puzzled when they see the sign. As soon as they sound out the name, of course, they chuckle in recognition. On the other hand, because they are at least able to sound out the name, customers without any knowledge of the dialect seem less hesitant to ask what it means.

Both Friesen and Hoepfner are elementary school teachers by training, without a formal background in cooking or restaurant management. Don Hoepfner occasionally cooked at home as a boy, although his mother certainly never taught him the fine points of Mennonite cooking. It's something, he says, he just picked up gradually. George Friesen says he remembers living alone and vowing that he'd never eat out of cans. When he started hunting for recipes, he naturally turned to his favorites from

home. Starting with homemade soups, he later graduated to *holupcha* and *wreninjke*. When the restaurant became a reality, he sent himself back to the kitchen to learn to make pastry.

Although they have hired a chef for some of the evening shifts, the partners insist that both of them be able to prepare all of the items on the menu. Their reasons are various. As well as the financial considerations, the pair wants to be prepared for emergencies and to insure uniform standards and methods.

But at least as important as such pragmatic considerations, one suspects, is the fact that the two men enjoy what they are doing. George Friesen feels that a restaurant was an attractive proposition to both of them partly because preparing, arranging, and experimenting with food appealed to their sense of creativity.

Even a quick glance at the menu suggests that cooking is creation at d'8 Schtove. Beside such standard Mennonite fare as *shinjke fleesh*, *wreninjke*, and *holupcha*, something called *seet'n sui'a raejka worsht* is listed. The breakfast specialties include "cracklin' eggs," a d'8 Schtove omelette combining eggs and crackles. The same combination of the traditional and the innovative can be seen in d'8 Schtove's answer to the Big Mac. The *Grospa* is "smoked farmer sausage in a sesame bun dressed with mayonnaise, mustard, relish, onions and topped with sauerkraut and cheese."

But while the two young men love to start with the commonplace and create something unusual with it, the traditional foods are prepared without shortcuts. D'8 Schtove even adds an extra step to the preparation of *holupcha* which, they believe, enhances the flavour of the cabbage. With few exceptions, only authen-

tic ingredients are used in the traditional foods.

The clientele of the restaurant is a mixed group. With the widespread interest in ethnic foods, d'8 Schtove attracts many non-Mennonites. There are also many out-of-town Mennonites who've heard about the restaurant and check it out while they're in Winnipeg for business or shopping. The "target customer," however, is the urban Mennonite who doesn't often have a chance to eat ethnic food, such people as Mennonite men who've married non-Mennonite wives or Mennonite families in which a woman is working and unable to spend hours in the kitchen. It is among this group of people that d'8 Schtove hopes to find a core of returning customers.

But there is still a special thrill in getting a stamp of approval from an experienced Mennonite cook. Not long ago, a grandmotherly Mennonite lady came in for dinner. "I'll try your *wreninjke*," she said. When George Friesen walked past her table some time later, she looked up and winked. "Perfect," she said.

D'8 Schtove is open from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. Monday to Friday and 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. Saturday. Although the restaurant is presently closed on Sunday, the two partners are considering opening that day for limited hours. mm

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Manitoba news

Success Paper: If MCC (Canada) wants to point to a success story it can point to *Die Mennonitische Post*. The *Post*, printed bi-monthly in Steinbach, Manitoba, and edited by Abe Warkentin, is a relatively new ministry sponsored by MCC (Canada). The first edition of this German language newspaper rolled off the press on April 21, 1977; 17,000 sample copies were sent to Colony Mennonites in six countries: Canada, Mexico, Paraguay, Bolivia, Belize and U.S.A. It was sent to nearly every village in Mexico, Paraguay and southern Manitoba, where Colony (or Kanadier) Mennonites live. "By jet to the country, then by oxcart to the village," as Abe Warkentin puts it.

The response was overwhelming. Three thousand subscriptions were registered in three months, and piles of letters were received—which have kept on coming. One reader in Belize responded: "It felt as though an old friend, one who had been away for many years, had finally arrived." Another reader, in the Cuauhtemoc area of northern Mexico shared the following: "I read the paper from cover to cover; I liked it so much I could have eaten it." (Translated from the Low German.)

Steinbach Treble Teens and the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra under the

direction of Piero Gamba received a standing ovation at a recent Sunday afternoon concert at Steinbach Regional Secondary School. The Treble Teens Spring Tour March 20-23 included concerts in Portage la Prairie, Neepawa, Cartwright, Deloraine and Birtle.



Dr. Fremont Regier of Bethel College, Newton, Kansas, will be the guest speaker at a dinner sponsored by the Mennonite Economic Development Associates (MEDA) and Mennonite Industry and Business Associates (MIBA) at the Marlborough Inn, Winnipeg, on May 9 at 6:30 p.m. Dr. Regier has had extensive development experience in Latin America and will speak on the theme: "Economics, Ethics, and Revolutionary Change". For information call Neil Janzen at 475-3550.

Canadian Mennonite Bible College, in bringing their year to a close, celebrated several events of importance: the alumni banquet on the afternoon of April 26 at Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church. The traditional spring concert followed at 8 pm with the 40 voice choir conducted by George Wiebe. Added features were an ensemble and a male voice choir. A morning baccalaureate service took place on April 27 in the college gymnasium. Celebrations continued in the afternoon with the graduation services in the Home Street Mennonite Church. Speakers were Heinz and Dottie Janzen, Newton, Kansas.

Waldo Neufeld, director of personnel and administrative services at MCC (Canada) was ordained to the lay ministry in the Landmark Evangelical Mennonite Conference Church on February 17. Neufeld continues to serve in his administrative role with MCC.

Bounkeut Panya, less than five months after his arrival in Canada from Southeast Asia as an MCC sponsored refugee, has repaid his debt of honour to the Canadian people. Refugees are allowed 36 months within which to liquidate their debts. Panya found employment as a watch repairman within days of his arrival in Winnipeg in October 1979.

C. Wilbert Loewen, executive director of the Food Bank, recently returned from a month long trip to nine African countries. The purpose of the visit was to see what the Food Bank-donated grain has accomplished for needy people and to find ways and means where the Food Bank could help in the future. Christian farmers have been able to alleviate some of the suffering by contributing to the Food Bank.

Marie Funk, of Steinbach, was named Welcome Wagon hostess of the year for 1979. Mrs. Funk has been a Steinbach hostess for the past nine years and was selected from across Canada from among hostesses who serve towns of similar size. Mrs. Funk was also instrumental in Steinbach's being named Welcome Wagon town of the year in 1975 and 1977.

The View from East Jerusalem by John A. Lapp, a book just released by Herald Press, Scottdale, Pa., is written from materials gathered in 1978 and 1979 while serving as MCC consultant in Jerusalem. Says Frank Epp in his introduction to the book "... an analysis of the contemporary situation not likely to be found in the media or in official government pronouncements." Pertinent, contemporary, complex issues are dealt with in language understandable to the lay reader without oversimplification.

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Dwayne Regehr, 16, a grade 11 student at Westgate Collegiate was one of 14 Manitoba students who made the Canadian honor roll in the 18th annual Junior Mathematics Contest. The contest, sponsored by the University of Waterloo and the Mutual Life Assurance Company, attracted 26,142 Canadian students from 1,076 schools. Dwayne is the son of Rudy and Anne Regehr, 19 Concord Avenue in Winnipeg.



Daniel and Elaine Zehr of Winnipeg, are beginning a three-year term in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, as faith and life coordinators. He had previously served at Craigwood boys' home, Ailsa Craig, Ont., from 1962-1965. Daniel Zehr, son of Erwin and Verna Zehr of Tavistock, Ont., has been an administrator for MCC (Canada). He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Goshen (Ind.) College and his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Goshen Biblical Seminary, Elkhart, Ind. Elaine Zehr, daughter of the late Melvin W. Bender and Mabel Litwiller of Ailsa Craig, Ont., received a bachelor's degree in nursing from Goshen College and has been employed as a nurse at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. The couple are associate members of Crestview Fellowship in Winnipeg and are the parents of three children: Byron, Keith and Debbie.

Walter W. and Joy S. Sawatsky of La Junta, Colo., have begun a three-year service term with Mennonite Central Committee in Mombin Crochu, Haiti. He will be program director and work with community organization while she will be in health education. The couple had served previously with Mennonite Board of Missions at the La Junta Medical Center. Walter received a bachelor's degree in social work from Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and has been a medical social worker at the La Junta Medical Center. Joy also received a bachelor's degree in nursing from EMC and has worked in the emergency room at the La Junta Medical Center. The couple are associated with Emmanuel Mennonite Church of La Junta, where he is a member. She belongs to Deep Run Mennonite Church of Perkasio, Pennsylvania, and he is also associated with Blumenorter Mennonite Church in Gretna.

Verna Hiebert of Winnipeg, is employed at Mennonite Central Committee (Canada) as material aid coordinator. She is a daughter of Peter and Mary Schellenberg of Rosenfeld, Man., is married to Abram Hiebert and is the mother of three children, Darlene, Wendy and Reg.

Alexander Sawatsky, 6, son of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Sawatsky, MCC workers in Neuwied, Germany, who was severely injured when hit by a car in February, is reported to be improving.

The Canadian MB Conference will convene in Winnipeg July 4-8 with guest speaker Dr. John White of Winnipeg.

Diedrich H. and Helena Loewen of Altona, are serving a six-month term with Mennonite Central Committee self-help in Ephrata, Pennsylvania, as shipper and packer at the main self-help receiving center. Diedrich Loewen was formerly an insurance agent in Altona. The couple are members of the Berghthaler Church in Altona

Rudy P. Friesen, architect, received the premier's award for design excellence (1980), at an awards dinner held March 17th at the Centennial Concert Hall. This architectural design award was for the addition to the Mennonite Collegiate Institute, Gretna, and the Altona Elementary School, Altona.

Phil Ens, Triple E. Canada Ltd., Winkler, received the product design award.

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Henry and Lorena Doerksen of Steinbach, have begun a two-year term of relief work with Mennonite Central Committee in Managua, Nicaragua. Previously Henry had served with MCC in Honduras as relief and reconstruction coordinator. Son of Jacob P. and Nettie Doerksen of Steinbach, Henry attended Red River Community College, and has been an accountant in Blumenort. Lorena, daughter of Luis and Rosa Fonseca of Managua, also attended Red River Community College. The couple have attended the Church of the Open Door in Winnipeg and are also affiliated with the Blumenort Evangelical Mennonite Church.



Marvin and Alviera Plett of Winnipeg, are serving two years with Mennonite Central Committee in Winnipeg at Rossbrook Home young people's center. Marvin, son of Jake and Marie Plett of Steinbach received bachelor's degrees in theology from Mennonite Brethren Bible College, Winnipeg, and in sociology from the University of Winnipeg. He has been employed in construction and carpentry at Grande Prairie, Alta. Alviera, daughter of David H. and Esther Dueck of Arborg, Man., received a teaching certificate from the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, and also studied at Mennonite Brethren Bible College. She has taught in Manitoba. The couple have one son Barry and are members of Aberdeen Evangelical Mennonite Church of Winnipeg.

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Unsere "Miss Wiebe" Ihrem Andenken In Liebe gewidmet

von E. Peters

Weihnachten war immer ganz besonders wichtig und schoen in Miss Wiebes Klassenzimmer, und sie hielt streng darauf, dass man einen "natiedeljen Bom" aufstellte. Im ersten Jahr war die Auswahl eines Christbaums meinem Mann und meinem Bruder ueberlassen worden. Ich war etwas skeptisch darueber, denn ich kannte ja die beiden und dachte mir schon, dass das keine besonders vorsichtige Auswahl werden wuerde. Sie kamen auch nach sehr kurzen Zeit hoechst selbstzufrieden mit einem angeblichen Baum an. Ich ahnte nichts Gutes, sagte aber nichts — schliesslich konnte man ja die duerren Aeste mit Lametta behaengen. Aber da kam auch schon Miss Wiebe ueber die hohe Schneewehe, die sich zwischen Schule und Wohnhaus hoch aufgetuermt hatte. Sie klopfte knapp (sonst kam sie ohne zu klopfen herein), erwischte mich zuerst, weil ich der Tuer am naechsten stand, und frage: "Hast du aul daut Wesent jisehnen waut de beid Maunslied jebrocht haben?" Ich musste lachen aber sie fuhr unbeirrt fort, "Daut's nuscht tom lachen. Mett son Jirefft fea etj nich top Wiehnachten. Wann ji nich eenen jischeiden Bom holen woa etj morgen nich oppim Scholprograum sennen." Sprach's und verschwand. Und wirklich, die beiden Christbaumkaeuffer zogen gehorsam mit dem ungluecklichen Baum ab und holten eine wunderschoene saftig gruene Tanne.

Einmal bekam auch Miss Wiebe es mit einer ehrsuechtigen Mutter zu tun, die nach Schulschluss aufgeregt zu ihr ins Schulzimmer kam. "Woarum leat ons Joakob nich beta?" frate sie streng. "Etj haud emma de hechste Marks, etj lead emma got, on Joakob saul daut uck." Miss Wiebe blieb ganz ruhig und fragte nur ganz gelassen. "Ei wo lead Jihaun?" Jihaun war ihr Mann, der sich allgemein bisher nicht durch seine Intelligenz ausgezeichnet hatte. "Na jo, von Jihaunen weet etj ji dann nich," sagte die Frau kleinlaut und erklarte sich geschlagen, indem sie den Kriegsschauplatz, d.h., das Schulzimmer, verliess.

Nach Weihnachten zog auf kurze Zeit eine Familie hinzu, die einfach nicht

Fruehaufsteher waren. Bis man so weit war, dass man sich aus den warmen Betten geschaelt hatte, war's Mittag, und da lohnte sich der Weg zur Schule nicht mehr. Miss Wiebe hatte sich energisch ueber das Ausbleiben der drei Kinder beschwert, ohne dass sich irgend jemand sonderlich daran kehrte. Eines Tages stopfte sie waehrend der Mittagspause selbst durch den tiefen Schnee, um die Situation eigenhaendig zu untersuchen. "Waut meest," erzaehte sie mir bei ihrer Rueckkehr erbost, "de Ola krop haulf eent afints uete Bocht." Mit der Zeit war es so weit, dass ein Beamter vom Department of Education, "eena von de grote Jungis," wie man die hoeheren Beamten in der Gegend bezeichnete, in unsere Schule kam. Die drei Kinder fehlten wieder. Der Beamte nahm sich einen zuverlaessigen angesehenen Buerger des Ortes mit, ehe er sich in die Privatgewohnheiten der langschlaefrigen Familie einmischte. Der Ortsbegleiter war ein grosser, gutaussehender Mann mit einer sanften Stimme und gutmuetigem Auftreten. "Woarum schetzst du Tjinja nich no Schol?" fragte er milde. "De Fru steiht emma so lot opp", war die Antwort des Vaters. "Na, dann lot ea doch ehe oppstohnen", fuhr der Besucher fort, "jeff doch Tjeadil auf, wies doch, daut der Bauss em Hues best," Ganz verzagt antwortete der Gepruefte: "Etj well uck so jern, oba se lat mi nich." Die Kinder kamen aber ab der Zeit puenktlicher in die Schule, und Miss Wiebe brachte ihnen bei, was kein anderer Mensch in der kurzen Zeit fertiggebracht haette — sie lernten lesen und schreiben.

In Miss Wiebes gemuetlicher Wohnung, wohin ich so gern zu einem Plauderstuendchen hineuberschluempfte, standen alle Ausgaben von Frederick Philip Groves Romanen. Sie war mehrere Jahre seine Schuelerin in den oberen Klassen in Winkler gewesen, als er dort Lehrer war, und kaufte nun, treu wie nur sie ihren Freunden sein konnte, jedes Buch von Grove, das herauskam. Wir interessierten uns damals besonders fuer diesen prominenten kanadischen Schriftsteller und liessen uns gerne von Miss Wiebe von ihm erzaehlen. "Een

grota Leajbiedel weara," sagte sie einmal, "oba jrod doaweajen kaun he so got schriewen."

Aber auch anderen Schriftstellern war sie zugetan. Oft besuchte uns in den Jahren unser mennonitischer Schriftsteller Arnold Dyck, den Miss Wiebe aus Steinbach kannte, wo sie viele Jahre unterrichtet hatte. Sie kam dann gern zum Abendessen herueber, und legte ein grosses Verstaendnis fuer seine Werke an den Tag, die sie alle erstand sobald sie auf dem Buechermarkt erschienen. Auch wenn "Karlo" (Abram Johann Friesen) einmal zum Wochenende kam, war sie interessiert dabei, aber respektvoll bedingt. "Daut's en Poet", sagte sie von ihm, "dem mott eena lieseltjes behaendeln." Sein "Prost Mahlzeit" stand in ihrem Regal, und wenn seine Gedichte in den mennonitischen Blaettern abgedruckt wurden, schnitt sie sie vorsichtig heraus und hob sie auf.

Miss Wiebes ausgesprochenen Sinn fuer Humor, auch wenn's auf ihre Kosten ging, mussten wir immer wieder bewundern. Obwohl unsere Wohnungen durch eine Verbindungstuer verbunden waren, hatten wir jeder eine Eingangstuer die sich mit der anderen auf's Haar glich. Eines regnerischen Tages hatten wir Besuch, einen weitbekannten mennonitischen Gelehrten, der auch bei uns naechtigen wollte. Spaet am Abend beschloss er noch einen Gang zu machen, wozu er sich vorsichtig die niederen Gummieuberschuhe anzog, um sich dann ins Freie zu begeben. Uns deuchte es etwas lange bis er wiederkehrte, denn zu einem weiteren Spaziergang war das Wetter nicht angetan. Endlich kam er, etwas geknickt, zurueck. "Mein du liebe Zeit", sagte er verstoert, "ich bin in einer anderen Wohnung gelandet. Wie konnte ich auch ahnen dass es zwei Wohnungen gibt?" Es beruhigte ihn auch nicht sonderlich, als wir ihm erklarten, er sei aus Verfehl in Miss Wiebe's Wohnung eingedrungen. Auf dem Lande schloesse zu der Zeit kein Mensch die Tueren ab, Miss Wiebe sei sicher schon im Bett und haette nichts gemerkt. Bald belachten wir die Begebenheit bei einer Tasse Tee und Kaesebrot, beim "Auf-Fodern", wie unser Gast den Imbiss nannte. Als ich in der Kueche herumhantierte, hoerte ich ein leises Klopfen an Miss Wiebes Wand. "Etj schleep noch goanich," lachte sie, "etj lag blos gaunz stell emm Bad on docht, met de Tiet woat he aul ennwoaren daut he am faulschen Huesdeel es." Als unser Gast sich am naechsten Morgen zur Abreise anschickte, fragte er verwundert: "Nanu, woa sennt mine Kaloschen jiblaewen?" "Hia sennt sie", rief Miss Wiebe zur Tuer herein. "De habe bi mi ferrem Fridge aewanacht." Es war ein sehr heiteres Fruehstueck, das wir mit

einander einnahmen, bevor unser Gast uns verliess.

Ich habe Miss Wiebe aber auch anders kennen gelernt. Trotzdem sie sich aeusserlich so stramm hielt, hatte sie ein weiches Gemuet. Durch Fleiss und Sparsamkeit hatte sie es ueber die Jahre zu einem sicher nicht sehr hohen Bankkonto gebracht. Mit dem was sie hatte, hat sie so oft denen geholfen, die in finanzielle Schwierigkeiten geraten waren, besonders fruheren Schuelern, die studieren wollten. Kirche, Mission, alle karitativen Unternehmungen wurden durch Spenden unterstuetzt.

Reisen war fuer sie die groesste Freude. Als ihr Vater, der Begruender (oder Mitbegruender) der Mennoniten Brudergemeinde in Winkler, noch lebte, ist sie viel mit ihm gereist, durch ganz Kanada und die Vereinigten Staaten. Ueberall sah sie was schoen war, nahm es in sich auf, und teilte uns dann begeistert ihre Erlebnisse mit. Selbst als sie schon pensioniert war, liess sie sich nie eine Gelegenheit zum Reisen durchgehen. Vielleicht war es fast charakteristisch fuer sie, dass der Tod (ein Herzinfarkt) sie in ihrem Hotelzimmer in Albuquerque, New Mexico, ereilte. Haette sie darum gewusst, waere ihr diese Art des Abscheidens sicher die zusaendste gewesen.

Miss Wiebe ist nicht mehr. Das sonnige Haus darin soviel musiziert, gesungen, besucht und gelacht wurde, ist abgeschleppt worden, mag sein, dass es baufaellig wurde. Auch die Schule, die einst nur so von uebersprudelndem Leben spriesste, ist wegen Schuelermangels geschlossen. Miss Wiebe ist bei ihrer Familie auf dem Friedhof in Winkler begraben. Hohe Baeume beschatten ihre letzte Ruhestaette, und im Fruehling traegt der Wind den Duft hunderter bluehender Krokusse von einem kleinen Huegel nebenan hinueber. Man goennt dieser so aeusserst taetigen, eifrigen alten Lehrerin die Ruhe. Wenn ich an ihr Grab trete, lege ich meistens eine Blume darauf, im Andenken an "unsere Miss Wiebe". mm

Dee Easchte Pffirsich

von Helen Reimer Bergmann

Enne Mennonite Mirror es jo emma uck waut Plautdietschet. En latzta Tiet provt onsi feftien-joahsche dee Plautdietsche Steckja toolese. Daut moackt ar Spoa; sogoa wann wie dee Sproack onsi Kjinja nich jeleahst habe. Na, saed etj mie, wann on Maetje daut lese well, dann mot etj moal en Plautdietsch schrieve.

Aus etj so doahreva nohdocht daut eenje Jeschichte en "Russlaendisch" Plaut en aundre en "Oltkolnisch" Plaut jeschreeve sent, wundat etj en voun Dialekt etj schrieve sull. Aus Kjint hab etj beid jeleahst. Daut kaum doaha wiels wie Tus niemauls Plautdietsch rede deede. Etj leahd daut bie dee Nobasch! Bot nejen Joah haud wie "Russlaendische" Nohbasch. Miene Ellre weare jo uck aune '24 ut Russlaund jekoame. So jehead wie mank dee. Mensche. Oba dann trock wie enn Manitoba vonne Ostresarv no dee Wastresarv. Doa woahnde uk gaunz jescheide Mensche, wann daut uck "Kanaedja" weare. Aus Kjint hab etj dann uck daut Dialekt jealeahst. Disse Jeschicht voah etj oba em "Russlaendischen" Dialekt vetale.

Wie wohnde feah en een haulf Miel von Altona. Papa wea en dee Gruenthal Schohl Lehra. Wann wie no Altona oda Gretna foahre wulle, jinj daut on dem Foah-raud. Etj aus kjlienet Maetje, saut ver Papa op dee Stang. Hee haud dee goht beweckelt met eene ole Daijt daut etj eenjamoate macklich wea. Een Sommadach, dochwoll aune 1937, kofft Papa en Altona eene Pffirsich. Jo, mau blos eene - etj gleev dee kost fief Zent. Opem haulven Wajch nohus hild wie stell. Besied dem Wajch sad wie ons em Graus han. Dann deeld Papa dee Pffir-

sich ene halft. Hee gauv mie eene halft en hee haud dee aundre. Wo daut oba schoen schmaeckje deed!

Eenje Joah spoada, em Juni 1944, trock wie no dee Pffirsich Jeajent en Ontario. Fuats funk etj aun ope Fruchtfoamtoo schaufe. Aus dee Pffirsich Tiet kaum, ha wie Aubeida oba jejaete! Eene Sort no dee aundre! Wie Maetjes musste dee Pffirsiche derchsaumle en entwaeda en Kjarv packe oda en grote Backse doane. Dee Kjarv jinji noam Moakjt en dee Backse no dee Fabrick tom enmoacke. Wann dee noch too greun weare, musste dee nobriepe. Dann musst wie dee emma wada derchsaumle wiels dee so schwind aunfunge too fuhle. Dee Fuhle deed wie en Buschels en droghe dee too Tweed hinjerem Staul. Doa gauv et dann eenen groten Hupe vefuhlde Pffirsiche. De kjliene Fruchtflieje weare doa en Schwoarems en haude eene gohde Tiet. Wann wie dann dee Buschels utschele deede, docht ej aun dee eene Pffirsich dee Pap en etj ons sorgfaeltich endeelde. En hia wea een grota Hupe tum verfuhe!

Jo, so es daut op disse Welt. mm

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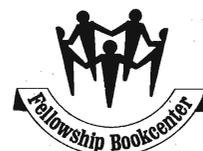
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Pioneer life paintings mark subject area of Mrs. Quiring's painting

by Mavis Reimer

Returning visitors to the Mennonite Festival of Art and Music (to be held at Polo Park on May 18) are sure to recognize among the exhibitions this year the paintings of Margaret Quiring. Probably best known for her depictions of pioneer life, Mrs. Quiring captured the popular vote at the 1974 festival for her mural on the theme of Mennonite Centennial and won an honourable mention for her painting, *The Dry Years*, in the 1970 Manitoba Centennial Competition. She is also responsible for designing the commemorative plaque placed in the Legislative Building by the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society in 1974.

Mrs. Quiring has earned both honors and public acclaim despite the fact that she began to paint relatively late in life. She was in her mid-forties in 1965 when one of her daughters suggested that she needed to find a hobby to fill the increasing number of leisure hours in her day. Although she was hesitant, Mrs. Quiring was persuaded by her family to join a community art class. When she submitted her first assignment—an oil painting of an elm tree—the instructor took one look and said accusingly, “Margaret, you’ve painted before.”

In fact, her interest in painting did take root during her childhood. She was encouraged to sketch and paint both by her parents and by Mr. D. Heidebrecht, one of her teachers in the Grunthal school. As a girl, she earned her pocket money by decorating little cards which she sold for a nickel. Mrs. Quiring laughingly suggests that the contributions of her sisters to her career should not be overlooked. “If I was busy working on my cards,” she says, “mother would often insist that they had to do the dishes without me.”

Even today, Mrs. Quiring regards this early encouragement as being of primary importance to her development as an artist. She was stimulated to look closely at the world around her and this habit of seeing the detail of things seems to her more important than anything she has been taught later.

Since her first class in 1965, she has returned to art and painting classes sporadically, but has seldom found them to be instructive.

“I prefer to find out myself what works and what doesn’t. And, she adds, it is difficult to separate technical matters from questions of style and artistic expression. “Too often I’ve felt that the instructor was trying to change *me*, to make me adopt his interpretation.”



“It may be old-fashioned,” Mrs. Quiring says, “but I’m a realist.” As a part of a classroom exercise, she once created an abstract painting. Although the instructor was satisfied with the composition, Mrs. Quiring was thoroughly dissatisfied. “It didn’t mean anything to me.”

Mrs. Quiring has used a wide variety of subjects and scenes for her pictures. Her paintings, however, do share some common features. Perhaps most typical of Margaret Quiring’s work is the sense of order and harmony she conveys.

She achieves this harmony in any of several ways. Her paintings commonly work in groupings of three, a unit which is instinctively pleasing and seems to evoke a feeling of completion. A river or road is often the central focus of her landscapes, with the rest of the scene forming a border around it. The result is a controlled and contained picture. In paintings with a single subject, such as a bunch of crocuses or a still life group, Mrs. Quiring seems to use colour to organise the picture. Backgrounds are kept strictly subservient, usually in a neutral shade flecked with the major colours of the painting.

Even the deserted buildings Mrs. Quiring paints never seem completely abandoned. The tidy barns and houses wait quietly but confidently, for the return of their owners. A typical instance is her painting of a ramschackle New Brunswick house. The siding is weathered and the screen door sags open. But through the knee-high weeds of the lawn a straight and well-kept path leads to the front door.

Although many of her paintings are based on her memories of life on the farm, Margaret Quiring says she doesn’t particularly think of herself as a Mennonite artist. But in the quiet order which reigns in her work, there is something characteristically Mennonite. mm

Quilts put on View For first time at Festival

by Mavis Reimer

Exhibiting her quilts for the first time at this year’s Festival of Art and Music at Polo Park May 18 is Magdalene Klassen.

Mrs. Klassen, who owns and manages Magdalene’s Sewing Shoppe at 1419 Henderson Highway, took up quilting in 1978. Already an adept seamstress, Mrs. Klassen was looking for a special focus for her fabric and sewing shop. Reading a trade magazine one day, she noticed an advertisement for a quilting course. It seemed the ideal answer.

It seems reasonable to expect that Magdalene, raised in Winnipeg and the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Henry Regehr, would have learned to quilt at the feet of one of the many masters of the craft in the southeastern Mennonite community. Ironically, though, she travelled to Minneapolis in the summer of 1978 to study quilting with Lois Caldwell. The course was described as a one week immersion session and, says Mrs. Klassen, it was all that it promised to be. After spending most of their day in classes, students would hunch over quilting hoops until 2 a.m. to complete their homework assignments.

While she may not have learned quilting in the traditional way, Mrs. Klassen feels that it was her background that prompted her interest in the craft. And, points out Mrs. Klassen, many of the quilting patterns commonly used among Mennonites are traditional for other ethnic groups as well.

In her display at the festival, Mrs. Klassen wants to emphasize that quilts need not only be blankets. Quilting can be used effectively to create unique wall-hangings, place mats, and clothing.

Mrs. Klassen has recently begun to offer a quilting course through her sewing shop. She also carries a wide range of quilting supplies, including a selection of calicos specially imported from New York.

"The" Social event of the year Marks 8 years

by Leona Penner

In the fall of 1971 a group of women got together for a very special meeting. They were members of the Westgate Ladies Auxiliary and one of them, Mrs. Anna Penner, felt there was a real need for Mennonite artists and craftsmen to get together to display their work to the public. She felt that if such an event could be organised, it could also become a fund-raiser for Westgate Collegiate as well.

This group of women decided to give it a try and, organised by Lydia Friesen, found a site, canvassed dozens of Mennonite businessmen for donations, located artisans of every kind and asked them if they would like to display some of their craft in return for a small donation. All who were contacted were willing to make this new venture a success. At least six choirs agreed to sing, and the organisers knew that they could

count at least on the parents of the singers to attend.

Food for the event was only raisin-buns and coffee. When you don't know whether you're feeding 20 or 200 people, raisin buns are a safe buy.

When the doors of Polo Park Mall were opened for that first Festival of Art and Music in the spring of 1972, the nervous organisers were wondering if anyone would really come. They needn't have worried. People began streaming in all afternoon, and before the day was over more than 3,000 had paid their \$1.00 admission fee and wandered about enjoying the *gesellschaft* and displays.

Typical of the enthusiasm shown was one Mennonite fellow who was just driving past but stopped in to see what was going on. He was so impressed he rushed home, picked up his wife, and brought her to see for herself what was going on.

It was a huge success!

Two years later, during Centennial Year, the Festival Committee was given \$2,300 grant from the provincial government. Some of the money went towards the purchase of standing boards and easels, and some went towards an art contest. Entries for the art contest had to have a Mennonite theme, and three prizes were offered. Alvin Pauls won first prize for a mural in clay, and the popularity prize went to Margaret Quiring for her "wheel" mural, which now graces the entrance of the Concordia Hospital. Second prize was won for another mural, this one by Elizabeth Schlichting. This mural is also in the foyer of the Concordia.

Irmgard Friesen, one of the organisers that first year, says that the way the Mennonite community responded so willingly with help and donations was simply amazing. Such a venture would not have been possible without it.

Other women's groups began to participate and added their own booths, where all the special Mennonite food disappears rapidly. The Westgate ladies have sold their famous *fleisch perschke* and sausage in a bun, as well as coffee, since Centennial Year.

The Festival has expanded yearly with more new artists adding their exhibits each year. There is a glass blower, spinning, quilting, pottery, doll-making, woodwork, and all the various forms of art. There are Mennonite books displayed with their author sitting beside the display, as are the artists beside theirs, visiting and taking orders. Nothing can be sold that day, but orders can be left and subscriptions to our Mennonite publications accepted. It's a day to meet everyone you have ever known and therefore a great place for renewing old friendships. There are chairs and tables to sit and visit and eat, and is there ever a lot of visiting going on!

Susan Froese, who has been in on it since the start as well, has seen a much improved sound system and stage installed for the choirs at the north end of the mall. There is also musical entertainment in the centre area, such as soloists, guitarists, and small groups like the Landmark Heischratje.

For this year's Festival on May 18 some novel booths have been added. The Westgate Alumni will be selling sundaes, and their specialty will be plume moos sundaes!

Pop and hot dogs will be sold by some of the Westgate students who are trying to raise money towards a three-week trip to Germany at the end of June. The students always have an interesting display as well, which one year featured an entire Mennonite village in miniature.

So come on, come all, to the biggest Mennonite social event of the spring on May 18th. mm



"Part of the crowd at a previous festival."



Painting of Mrs. Helene Ediger by her grandson Will Ediger - and the real-life model.

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"Part of the crowd at a previous festival."



Painting of Mrs. Helene Ediger by her grandson Will Ediger - and the real-life model.

Low-German shows surprising emotional range in Landmark players show

Valoare en de Steppe, based on the novel by Arnold Dyck, and presented by the Landmark Drama Club, March 26-29.

A Review by Al Reimer

There we were—my friends Roy Vogt, Arkie Wiens and I—on our way to Landmark to take in another evening of Low German theatre. We made the same trip last year to what has become the center for Low German theatre—the Mennonite Stratford of the Plains—and enjoyed the experience so much that we had to go back for more. Where else nowadays can you glut yourself on the rich, mouthfilling fare of *Plaudietsch* as it used to be spoken in the world that was “young once only”, as the poet said? For those of us who grew up on *Plaudietsch* but now are condemned to live in an English world, the hunger for that rough, true speech remains on the tongue always, just as the hunger for *verenejke* and *plome mous* never leaves the Mennonite gut in a world of bland casseroles and alien side dishes.

Having seen *Daut Straume Schaldueck*, last year's smash-hit adaptation of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, I was curious to see how on earth this enterprising group had found a way of making a play out of Arnold Dyck's German masterpiece. After all, for all its poetic evocation of life in a Mennonite village in Russia, the novel is a little short on the kind of plot and dramatic spark needed for the stage.

I found that Wilmer Penner and Peter Sudermann had turned Dyck's nostalgic idyll into a romantic stage musical. That's probably the most viable approach they could have taken. Through song and dialogue and slapstick comedy Mennonite village life in pre-Revolutionary Russia was presented in a vivid and picturesque manner. The script is a hilarious, sometimes moving celebration of Mennonite society and culture in earlier times, a way of life that is no more. What I found a bit jarring at times, though, was the odd mixture of styles and approaches. The script is a mixed bag, and lacking somewhat in overall unity of form.

But whatever it is, most of it is highly entertaining. Little Hans Toews was now a handsome student of 18 in love with “Loewes Liestje” and surrounded

by a gay band of singing Mennonite villagers. With the guitar and balalaika accompaniment of “de Heischratje”, Landmark's Low German musical group, “Hauntstje” and his friends sang traditional German and Russian folk-songs with Low German texts which depicted the joys and sorrows of growing up in a rustic paradise suddenly darkened by war and revolution.

What again struck me about this adaptation is the emotional range and versatility of which Low German is capable. We expect it to be good for robust peasant humour, but it is also capable of delicate poetic and romantic moods as well as serious moods, even those verging on the tragic. After seeing this production I regret more than ever that Dyck chose to use High German for his most important work. He probably thought (rightly) that he would gain more readers that way. But *Plaudietsch* can be made to do anything. I'm convinced of that. I have expressed my reservations about this play as a form, but I must add that the sharp, pungent images and salty expressions rang true to Mennonite experience and occasionally soared into genuine poetry, as in the remarkable closing scene.

While I liked the script—with reservations—I was less enthusiastic about the production itself. Honesty compels me to be frank. If the Landmark Drama Club is serious about its announced aim to bring about a renaissance of Low German language and culture and to establish a meaningful Low German theatre (and I believe strongly in this project), then the time has come for the company to raise its production standards to more accomplished levels. In last year's production I was charmed by the rough-and-ready, uninhibited quality of the acting and singing, and I said so. This year, I must confess I was a little bothered, even irritated, when the pace kept lagging, cues weren't picked up, lines wouldn't come and the actors stood there facing the audience in wooden formations, like singers in a third-rate opera.

The time has come for this dedicated company to place itself under the most expert and experienced stage director it can find. What these players need is

some firm help with the basics of their craft. I am confident that they have the potential to become fine amateur performers. They can, with a little work and the proper teaching, minimize their shortcomings to the point where they won't matter or at least won't be embarrassing.

Having said that, however, I want to praise those individual performances which were acceptable and satisfying. Both leads—Gerald Reimer and Eileen Reimer (this is Reimer-Plett-Koop country all right) looked and sounded just right for their romantic parts. In comic roles, Dennis Reimer with his balalaika, Gerald Penner as the lazy Abetje and Tom Koop as Isaak, were most effective. Dennis Reimer has a fine, relaxed way with comic lines and might have been used in a more prominent part. Ron Koop was right as Father Toews, but Clint Toews as Herschtje the Jewish pedlar missed a great opportunity to use the sing-song Yiddish accent many older Mennonites still mimic so well. Pat Plett was convincing as Varvara, the Russian teacher, and the Russian dancing girls added color and dash with their swirling costumes and flashing boots.

The most magical moment of the evening came in the closing ensemble. The villagers had gathered to watch a neighboring village go up in flames at the hands of the Russian bandits. They spoke and sang sombrely of their desire to leave Russia for a freer land. Suddenly the grey-haired minister, played by Clint Toews, broke into a magnificent solo passage with chorus backup in the hauntingly beautiful melody of the Russian folk song “Stenka Razin”. The effect was electrifying and I'm sure every person in the auditorium was thrilled by the sincerity and nobility of this young man's singing.

Winnipeg audiences will get an opportunity to see and hear this production from April 23-25 in Convocation Hall at the University of Winnipeg. They should not miss the opportunity. Low German theatre is important at this moment in our ethnic history. It may be a swan song but it can be a long and beautiful one if enough Mennonites turn their heads to catch the sound.

Oh yes, I forgot to mention an interesting sidelight of the evening. All though the performance I was conscious of two elderly gentlemen sitting in front of me and whispering to each other from time to time. They looked like retired farmers. It finally dawned on me that they were none other than Koop and Bua, the famous citizens of Musdarp. I stole a good look at them. Bua's once shaggy head is now shiny bald except for a dirty white fringe, but he still looks as if he is wearing a sack of flour under his vest. Koop's black hair has turned snow white, and he is as wrinkled and

withered looking as an old potato bag. The two old characters must be in their eighties by now. I managed to catch some of the things they said—especially Bua, who still can't keep his voice down.

Bua (before the performance began): Na, Isaak, hiea woare se wada vael Dumms driewe, disse junge Tjleenje-meenta. Jleevst nich uck?

Koop (unruffled): Sie mau stell und see daut du weenst waut oppschnacke deist. Enn schloap nich fuats en, du oula jreis.

When the performance began, Bua got excited and couldn't contain himself.

Bua (hoarsely): Waut de Schisja, Isaak, hiea stalle se dem Dretja Dyck sien Laewe feah—enn Russlaund noch so gau. Hare goms. Tjitj eimo, oula.

Koop (peering dimly at stage): Waut, daut saul nu Russlaund senne? Nae auba, ahbe de Benjels nich aula soune framde Russlaendische Hamda aun? Waut noch? Nu fange de Russe Mejales noch met eh daunze aun? Bua, hiea bliew etj nich. Dit's me aul to fael.

The feeble little man tries to rise, but Bua pulls him down and tells him loudly to sit still.

I watch them again when the lights go up.

Bua (heaving himself ponderously to his feet): Nu komm, Isaak, auba schwind. Nu jeit et nohus. (Looks back at stage.) Wau de Dretja Dyck auba aules derch jelaeft haft. Enn dann noch derch de Revolutz—nae Frue enn Tjinja, daut jeit eenim aul derch Moajch enn Bein. Doah enn Russlaund mocht etj nich opjewosse senne. Daut jing dau fael to reesch hea. (He pauses and reflects.) Auba sinje and spaele enn vetalle tjenne de junge Mensche hiea aul seea gout. (Ponders again.) Isaak, meest se woare von ons uck noch moal en Shtejk faebrinje hiea? Waut meest?

Koop (hobbling down the aisle slowly): Etj weet nich, Jasch. Mie est daut met disse Welt aul en baet to fael. Es je aules so vaEnglisht and vaendet. Etj well me aul jearen dollaje enn enschloape. Joa, daut well etj aul.

Bua grumbles something under his breath as the two old comrades move slowly towards the exit, almost the last to leave. I watch them sadly. They are pale ghosts from a vivid past, faint echoes of a more innocent time. **mm**

SIGNS OF TIMES

An amateur photographer went to pick up his film at a quick-processing store. The clerk told him it was not ready.

"But your sign says Twenty-four-hour Service," the photographer protested.

"Yes, but that means three-eight-hour days."

A Good Friday tradition tells the Christian story

A Review by Mary Enns

Das Suehnpfer des neuen Bundes, Carl Loewe's oratorio, was performed by the choir and orchestra of First Mennonite Church on Good Friday, April 4 in their own church and on the following evening at the Springfield Heights Mennonite Church. Henry Engbrecht, professor of music at the University of Manitoba, directed this choir of fine singers. He said, though it was his first experience with this oratorio, "it is certainly one which grows on you." He felt the second performance was the superior one. Probably the orchestra benefitted from the extra experience.

It was Johann Konrad who in 1936 began the tradition of the production of the *Suehnpfer*. After Mr. Konrad, the direction was taken over by Ernest J. Enns who carried on with it for 20 years. Of this years' 75 singers, two members were of the original group. One was Emma Konrad, wife of the original conductor, who at 80 sang during the entire evening without benefit of a score. Said her seat partner in the chorus: "Her soprano voice is clear and true even in its highest notes." Bass soloist, Eddie Klassen, singing the role of Jesus, is at 65 another original member. If his voice has lost anything these many years it might have been strength, certainly not in beauty and clarity of tone. Only once did he appear to fail the composer's and our own expectations when his *Es Ist*

Vollbracht! lacked the depth of dedication and resignation it required. Engbrecht had made a most effective change in tradition in his use of a narrator (Henri Enns) introducing the words of Christ. It lent power and import to these significant words. This two hour oratorio is particularly rich in dramatic choral as well as solo passages. In her powerful contralto Erica Parkin brought forth a magnitude of emotions in the sequences of that Heilige Nacht of the crucifixion. We felt the despair of Judas' Weh Mir. And then the sensitive portrayal of the walk to the hill of Calvary *Welch ein Anblick* in John Martens characteristic form. Most impressive was the chorus of the Daughters of Zion. Our hearts grieved with the weeping women as their sorrow overwhelmed them: *Fliesset Ihr Unaufhaltsamen Traenen, Toechter von Zion Beweinete Ihn*. An excellent crescendo climaxed in the death of the Lamb that was slain, and in the end, death has been swallowed up in victory. A hushed audience left with the feeling of having once again met with the Christ whose sacrifice was an atonement and a victory over death in the new covenant. And, just as newness and beauty is given to the earth with the coming of Spring, just so newness and life is given to a lost world by Christ's victory over death. **mm**

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No Minor Statement of Faith

Mennonite Oratorio Choir performance of Bach's Mass in B minor.

A review by Peter Letkemann

Johann Sebastian Bach's *Mass in B Minor* is considered by many to be the greatest musical masterpiece of Western culture. The outstanding performance of this difficult work by the Mennonite Oratorio Choir of Winnipeg under the direction of William Baerg on March 14, represented a significant achievement in the 15-year history of this choir.

Bach's *Mass* uses the traditional Latin text of the Catholic Mass, but the work is neither Catholic nor Protestant. In fact, there is nothing in the content of the text which is not found in our Mennonite Catechism and Statements of Faith. It is a meditation on all of the central teachings of the Christian faith to His return and our Hope of Eternal Life. The *Mass in B Minor* is also an expression of the full range of Christian emotion and experience, from the despair and supplication of the *Kyrie* ("Lord, have mercy") to the exultant joy of the *Hosanna*, to the calm and peaceful certainty of the closing prayer *Dona nobis pacem* ("Grant us Thy peace"). No other work by Bach or any other composer gives such complete expression to the full range of Christian faith and experience. It is the most universal expression of the Christian faith in music ever conceived, combining the objectivity of doctrine with the subjectivity of love and piety.

Of the 27 musical items in the Mass, 9 are for solo voices and 18 are written for chorus. The choir thus carries the greatest share of the work. There is always a danger in performances of this work that the concentration and energy of the choir begin to fail towards the end, but this was not the case in this performance. On the contrary, Baerg is to be commended for achieving an even pacing of the 250-voice chorus, so that the energy seemed to build right up to the last chorus. The use of a smaller 50-voice "concertino" choir certainly helped in this respect. It provided relief from the "weight" of the large choir sound, allowed for greater dynamic contrast and achieved greater clarity of execution in the more difficult, fast-moving choruses.

The soloists for this occasion were Henriette Cornies, Heidi Geddert, Irena Welhasch, John Martens and Daniel Lichti. They were a well-chosen group, uniformly fine in their singing. In contrast to the choir, the solos and duets

provided a more mediative, individual, subjective element of expression. A fine example of this was the *Benedictus*, sung by John Martens. Many of them are very dance-like, expressing the confident joy of the individual Christian soul. Especially good were the soprano/alto duet *Et in unum* and the bass solo *Et in spiritum*. The most exquisite and most moving performance of the evening was the alto solo *Agnus dei* (Lamb of God) sung by Irena Welhasch!

The small orchestra of 23 players from the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra played extremely well under Baerg's

disciplined conducting. The size of the orchestra was approximately that which Bach himself might have used, and much preferable to the use of a full symphony orchestra of 50-60 players.

William Baerg and George Wiebe are to be commended for undertaking this ambitious work, and I would hope they perform it again soon! Finally, a word of appreciation to both colleges, especially the producers Al Doerksen and Rudy Regehr, for making these performances possible. This tradition of bringing people together to sing the praises of God must be continued.

STUDENT ASSISTANCE TASK FORCE

- The Federal-Provincial Task Force on Student Assistance is reviewing current and proposed alternative programs for post-secondary Canadian student assistance related to a student's financial need;
- written views are invited from the public. These may deal with any or all aspects of student assistance including alternatives for the continuation, modification or replacement of existing policies and programs of both federal and provincial governments;
- further information can be obtained from: The Federal-Provincial Task Force on Student Assistance, P.O. Box 2211, Postal Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T2;
- closing date for submissions to the Task Force is June 1, 1980.



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A spring harvest of Mennonite Concerts

The Brahms Liebeslieder and Other Songs, presented by The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, at the Art Gallery, March 15-16.

Mennonite Choral Festival '80, sponsored by Canadian Association of Mennonite Schools at the Centennial Concert Hall, March 30.

A review by Al Reimer

March is traditionally the busiest month of the local concert season. This March brought us no fewer than three superb Mennonite-sponsored concerts. The first was the Mennonite Oratorio Choir's performance of Bach's mighty *Mass in B Minor* (reviewed elsewhere in this section), followed by a sparkling vocal recital sponsored by the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre. The third event was a sold-out choral performance at the Concert Hall billed as "Mennonite Choral Festival '80". All three provided splendid examples of how Mennonite singing and music-making in this city and elsewhere are achieving ever higher artistic standards.

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre is not content to rest on past laurels, nor is it afraid to accept new challenges. After years of presenting one well-received major production a year, the company has moved in the last two seasons to a lighter, more flexible format. Last spring it went musical and gave us a highly polished and entertaining production of *The Gypsy Baron*. In fall the company did an evening of one-act plays, followed this spring by a vocal and instrumental concert. Next November it will come full circle again with a major dramatic production—Brecht's *Life of Galileo* in German.

The concert of songs and chamber music was a sheer delight from beginning to end. A quartet of local singers warbled an enchanting program that ranged from English Renaissance madrigals through arias by Haydn and Mozart to Brahms' lilting cycle of Viennese Love Song Waltzes. Cellist Klara Belking performed works by Couperin and Bach, ably assisted by Irmgard Baerg at the piano.

It was nice for a change to attend a relaxed, intimate concert instead of the big, overpowering events one usually attends at the Concert Hall. The Art Gallery Auditorium is just right for this kind of scaled-down program. From the outset I was pleased by the fine rapport

achieved by the four singers. These talented vocal artists—Henriette Cornies (soprano), Irene Welhasch (mezzo-soprano), John Martens (tenor), and Mark Watson (baritone)—are proof that not all the more accomplished local singers have left town for greener fields elsewhere.

The opening madrigals and folk songs created a mood of pleasant, spontaneous vocal flow, with fresh, variegated colors and textures emerging from the careful blending of voices. And they sang the texts with beautiful, crystalline clarity of diction. The two duets from Mozart's *Magic Flute* as performed by Irene Welhasch and Mark Watson were a sheer delight. The marvelous Papageno aria sparkled with warm, infectious, sensuous flirtation between the two singers. The duet from Haydn's *Creation* was also a fine piece of singing by Henriette Cornies and John Martens, but the piece itself seemed a little out of place with all the gay love music.

The Brahms *Liebeslieder* are slight, graceful songs, for the most part, but they are utterly beguiling and don't pretend to be anything more than they are—entertaining love songs in the schmaltzy Viennese style. What these vocal confections lack in variety they more than make up for in the vitality and verve of their lyricism. The duet for the two female singers was as sweet and melting as warm chocolate. I also liked the solo by Welhasch and the four-part "Am Donau". Jennie Regehr served as second accompanist for the Brahms cycle.

John Martens, who served as musical director for this concert, is an amazing artist. Having sung the taxing tenor part in the *Mass in B Minor* on Friday night, here he was singing love songs and arias on Saturday night. Then to my utter amazement he turned up at the First Mennonite Church the following morning and sang a cantata by Telemann and a Bach aria at both the English and German services! And the same night, of course, he again performed in the second of the Brahms concerts. If John Martens were not such an utterly natural singer, I would fear for his voice at that rate.

Mennonite Choral Festival

Even the most jaded reviewer does not abandon hope that somewhere, sometime, that special magic will happen

again. The dull, indifferent or merely good concerts march by and are forgotten. Then, out of the blue, comes the one that lights up one's life like a beacon, that one that will stay in the memory for years and act as a standard by which to measure the others. When that happens the reviewer, in a surge of pure joy, reaches for the top shelf, the one where he keeps his special collection of superlatives.

This choral concert, with over 400 young voices drawn from ten Mennonite educational institutions in various parts of Canada, was a thrilling experience from beginning to end. Choir after choir wove rich, melodious tapestries of sound that had the capacity audience absolutely spellbound. The sheer musicality and precision combined with the sincerity and dedication of these young singers and the skill of their conductors and accompanist raised the performances to a level of artistic communication that was truly inspired. All these choirs were very good indeed, but several were outstanding.

Another thing that impressed me was the variety and quality of choral music chosen by the conductors. It ranged from Heinrich Schuetz to contemporary composers, with the seventeenth century Schuetz an obvious favorite. The individual choirs had been carefully drilled and much credit is due the talented young musical directors who are now on the Mennonite musical scene. One of my friends noticed, however, that all the conductors were men while the accompanists were all women. Is there some significance in that?

The most amazing part of this concert, however, the final act of magic, was the spine-tingling, absolutely soul-sweeping singing done by the mass choir made up of all the choirs. Superb as the individual choirs were, as a mass choir under the masterful direction of Henry Engbrecht they were even better. The singing of hymns like "Let Thy Holy Spirit" and Handel's "Swell the Full Chorus" lifted the evening to a triumphant crescendo of worship in song. The nobility and luminosity of singing here was simply awe-inspiring, as was the folk hymn "My God is a Rock" with solo by Rudy Krahn, one of the conductors.

A most impressive musical event this, and one hopes fervently that it will be continued annually. I'm sure that those fortunate enough to attend it will not forget it for a long time, while those who missed it should at least be aware of what they missed. Mennonite choral music is beginning to make a name for itself in the larger community as well. And that is gratifying too. mm

A solid house of tomorrow and still there are "Cords of Unused words"

THE EARTH IS ONE BODY by David Waltner-Toews. Turnstone Press, Winnipeg, 1979.

Reviewed by David D. Duerksen

In the lead poem of this intriguing volume of free verse, the author compares the writing of poetry to the building of a homestead shaped out of "strong green words." The structure that emerges in the 33 poems which follow is, in the opinion of this reviewer, a solid building fit to endure the stress of time, however limited the scope of its impact may be. The reference in the same poem to the "cords of unused words" enough "to keep us warm all winter" nurtures the hope that perhaps in future volumes of poetry, this promising young poet will be able to create a homestead of the heart moving in appeal beyond the four hundred (400 copies printed by Turnstone Press) readers anticipated. Certainly the winter of the world is cold enough, and the poet gifted enough to foster this hope in appreciated readers of this second volume of poems by David Waltner-Toews. Three aspects of this small but solid "homestead" invite some attention and comment.

In the first place the solid green logs of this homestead are evident in the themes. The title helps the reader focus on what E.M. Tillyard calls the "great common places" of life. The poems of the first section *Belly of the Hidden Sun* emphasize the quest for light in the wake of the mysteries of life. The middle section *The Common Pain* takes the reader into the larger world of Guadeloupe, Calcutta, Chile, and Palestine. The reader is made aware of the "turbid ebb and flow of human misery" in places the author has visited in his travels. The poet is touched, but not crushed by the common pain of humanity. The final section *Bloodsong* celebrates the agonies and the ecstasies of pulsating life as experienced in love, in birth, and in life's conflicts. The *Quality of Light*, *Christmas 1974*, *The Birth of a Poem* placed at the end of each section respectively, help to avoid the common pitfall of clichés when dealing with the commonplaces of life. Each of these poems illuminates a new side of the eternal verities explored in the themes.

In addition to the solidity of theme, David's homestead reveals a solidness in artistry. The strength of the structure of the homestead lies in the "strong green words". The poet's use of a vividly

original and descriptive vocabulary helps him to move beyond the banal and the trite. The strength of the architectural design is to be found in the images. Dylan Thomas states that the genuine poet is always concerned with the "womb and the tomb". Powerful imagery of the womb unifies all three sections of this volume. In the poet's description of a hike to Kingsmere Lake in the first section, he observes "a gangly quadruped still wobbly from the puddle-womb" and visualizes children gathering "deep in the blood of this lake smooth belly of the hidden sun." In *Christmas 1974* a grim irony is finally clinched in the image of the Palestinian woman groaning in the agony of bitter birth pains. *Belly Dance* written for Kathy, the poet's pregnant wife, depicts the happier side of the womb with the "drumming sun" becoming "very belly happy". The volume concludes with *The Birth of a Poem* a most graphic analogy of the agonies and ecstasies of a child's development from conception to birth and the conception and development of a poem. Ironically in the latter process, it is his wife holding the poet's hand "coaching me over the peaked ecstasy into . . . the airy peace among pillows." The originality and vividness of the womb imagery arising from the poet's fertile imagination is further stimulated by his practice of veterinary medicine and by his own experience of young married bliss.

The solidness in artistry is also enhanced by the meaningful ambiguity of some of the images. In *The Long White Miles*, a poem movingly beautiful in its simplicity, dedicated to the poet's parents, snow is likened to love "cleansing", "wiping out separating walls" and "dressing wounds", yet "leaving the long white miles between us". All who have been involved in the conflict of generations at the family level can identify with the poignant paradox of love in this image.

In his acknowledgements the poet pays tribute to the editors at Turnstone for assistance "with much of the fine tuning in this work". Certainly the design by Eva Fritsch, the arrangement of the poems, the clear print, in bold and italic, the meticulous care in "chinking" the "green words" with commas, periods, and exclamation marks at the right places, contribute immensely to the solidness and attractiveness of

this "homestead".

Last but not least, this reviewer is interested in another aspect of this log cabin. He recalls most vividly the proud smiling face of the poet's father telling him about his newly born son, David Victor, not in the "womb imagery" of the poet, but in a brief homily on the name—a homily expressing the concern that his son would always remain "the beloved of God" and be victorious in life's battles. Had his father lived to read this volume, he would have been particularly interested in its reflection of religious foundations.

To the reader sharing this point of view, David's homestead reveals a solidness in its religious quest. While the poet does not use theological vocabulary, the religious quest is implicit in many of the images. In *The Golden Sea* he speaks of escaping from being shipwrecked in Saskatoon, of "planting trees", of "building an ark." *June to Jesus* explores the theme of the birth of Christmas love in the movement of time on the prairie from June to December, concluding with the exhortation "in throbbing earth let us scatter the good seed." The epigraph from R. Tagore "Have you not heard his silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes." sets the tone for *Christmas 1974*. In the *Quality of Light* the linking of the quality of light with the quality of love is reminiscent of Father Paneloux's words to Dr. Rieux in Camus' *The Plague*: "Perhaps we should love what we cannot understand," reminding the reader that it takes a lot of *grace* and *faith*, but even the limited illumination in the wake of life's mysteries—the quality of light—"will hold us to the rail, and guide our creaking leather home through twilight snow."

With this review completed, this volume of poems, takes its place on the shelf between *The Chequered Shade* by Roy Daniells and *Where do We Go from Here?* by Elmer Suderman. This reviewer feels closer to the two older poets. The trees inviting to the dance in *The Chequered Shade* are more familiar; the poet's expression of faith, while not orthodox all the way, is more explicit than in this volume. The images in Suderman's verse are much less ambiguous to the reader who has travelled his road. There is, however, a power, a freshness, a vitality about the log cabin David built, inspiring love even where one cannot understand completely. As the appreciative reader attempts to explore the nature of this "homestead" further, the words of the prophet come to mind: "You may give them your love, but not your thoughts. For they have their own thoughts . . . For their souls dwell in *the house of tomorrow* which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams." mm

J.J. Reimer is a mover of steam engines, windmills and persuasive words

By Leona Penner

J.J. Reimer has been known to have said "You don't get things by working. Winston Churchill never doused a fire or fired a shot, but he won the way by *talk-ing*." Well, if its talking or the "gift of gab" that gets things done, there is no doubt that's one of the reasons he's accomplished such a great deal!

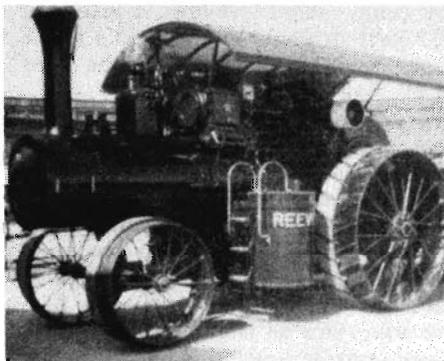
A brief history on the man who "thinks big" when it comes to museums and windmills. Born May 25, 1900, he grew up in Steinbach. He became manager of his father's store at the age of 18 when his father died during the flu epidemic. Two years later he contracted typhoid fever during which he was comatose for 45 days. He's tough and he survived. On May 1st, 1924 he married a schoolteacher, Anne Friesen, who has been described variously as "an angel" and a "wonderful woman." During the next seven years he stayed in the store business but he never really liked it and in 1931 he sold it and went into selling life insurance. He had a problem with alcohol during this time but with the help of his wife and his faith in God as well as his own strength of will, he managed to beat this illness as well.

He and Anne moved to Winnipeg in 1935 and raised a family of three while he worked in the insurance business. He started Reimer Agencies shortly after with his brother Pete, the latter still being the owner.

In 1963 when there was interest shown in founding a museum in Steinbach, J.J. Reimer was the man who asked to head the committee. Why? "He knows how to talk to groups of people and he knows how to get their money!" Thus was the Mennonite Historical Society founded.

Things started happening quickly after that. The five-acre lot that had been purchased by the society became 40 acres and the sod was turned for the artifacts building. The design for that building was drawn up by J.J. Reimer's son Norman, an architect. Next the combined farmhouse-barn was moved to the grounds, and next came the church. All of this while funds were still non-existent.

Typical of how this man Reimer operates is a story he told of driving out in the country near Dugald one day. He spotted an elderly farmer pattering with an old steam engine. He stopped the car and asked whether the engine was for sale. "Yes, but only if it goes to a good museum" was the reply, so that's how the Steinbach museum got a 1904



Reeves steam engine for \$1,500.

The museum at this point was becoming his whole life. He was soon given another challenge—how to get the Johann Bartsch memorial out of Russia. Word had it that this valuable momento of Mennonite history was lying somewhere on a manure pile behind some farm in Russia. It arrived at the museum site early in 1968!

In 1975, Centennial year, grants became available and Mr. Reimer is quoted as saying "The Centennial seems to have been made specifically for us!" Always sensitive to wherever funds might be found, he made the most of that year.

Then there is the story of the windmill. In the 1890's, there had been several windmills in the area but the last one had been dismantled in 1920. Some of the members of the society wanted a small replica of one of these but Mr. Reimer said no, he wanted to import a real one from Holland. Several years of writing to the Dutch government came to nought and a lesser man would have given up. Then he heard that Peter Dyck, an MCC director, might be of help so he wrote to him. Soon things were moving. It took another year or so for

the Dutch government to assemble all the necessary parts required to ship a full-size, workable windmill to Canada, and early in 1972 construction was begun on the Museum grounds.

Ian Medendorp, a Dutch millwright, came to Steinbach to direct the building and for the next six months he and his family lived in the town itself. On October 9, 1972, Premier Schreyer cut the ribbon to officially open the windmill. The cost was \$100,000 of which half was paid for by the provincial government, half by donations. It has paid for itself many, many times in the crowds it attracts to the museum grounds every year for Pioneer Days. The stone-ground flour that is milled there also makes a superior bread.

You would think Mr. Reimer would have been content with that "coup" but the latest exciting accomplishment he's been involved in has been the rebuilding of the steam engine. Last year he contacted the vice-president of the CNR. They were the only people with facilities and the know-how for such a project. They agreed, and for the past eight months, specialists in steam engines have worked on the engine in the Transcona shops, completely rebuilding it and making it work. It is due to return to the museum the end of April, and on each side of the engine there will be a plaque. One reads "Original builder, Reeves and Co. 1904" and the other "Restored by CN Rail at Transcona shops as a tribute to the Mennonite Community, 1980."

Why such a fuss about a steam engine?

"Because I want our children to actually see what steam power is", Mr. Reimer says. Just having it sit there tells them nothing. They must be able to see it work!

He is almost 80 years old, this gallant pioneer, but his blue eyes are keen and his memory excellent. He admits he sometimes speaks too bluntly but he says this with such a disarming grin that its hard to believe he really means it. He is a great story teller and good

c o m p a n y . m m

Dinner to honour Mr. J. J. Reimer on his 80th birthday and to support the Mennonite Village Museum will be held at the Fort Garry Hotel on May 28th. Please call 786-2289 or 489-2431 for further information.

Your word

UNFAIR TO WOMEN

Dear Sir:

Thank you for publishing the article by Kathy Martens in your April issue. She speaks for many who feel the way she does but have not the ability to express themselves like she does.

All through the ages women have been getting a raw deal, because they were not considered to be persons. Paul's admonitions in the Bible concerning women were conveniently used by men to excuse their attitudes and actions towards women. It is high time that we realize that in God's sight there are no male or female souls.

Please let us hear more from Kathy Martens.

Sincerely,
Olga Friesen
Steinbach

TWO HISTORY GROUPS

Dear Sir:

I'm pleased to see in your April issue, the published reports of Mennonite historical society activity in Canada. As a person somewhat involved in these programs, I trust this may stimulate others to join.

Unfortunately some readers may find the information (p. 14) a bit confusing. The heading suggests a comment on one organization, but it combined two distinctively separate releases.

The first one concerns the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society and the second (paragraph 6 to the end) deals with the Mennonite Historical Society of Canada. At the moment these two organizations are not directly related, although contacts between the two do exist.

Membership in the Canadian society can be obtained through joining a regional society, such as the one in Manitoba, or in other provinces (Ontario, Saskatchewan-Alberta and B.C. are already part of the Canadian organization).

Very shortly now information will become available for joining the new Manitoba group. Let this be another invitation then, to support MMHS in the years to come!

Sincerely yours,
Lawrence Klippenstein
CMBC, Winnipeg

MARTENS DOES NOT OVERSTATE

Dear Sir:

Kathy Martens (MM April 1980) wrote on her experiences at MCI, and about her experience as a woman. I can only comment on the first. I attended MCI for four years in the 1950's and I assure sceptical readers that she does not exaggerate.

To write as she did must have cost her great inward anguish; who would not prefer to be able to look back at one's high school days with warm nostalgia? Who does not feel compassion for the teachers who felt it necessary to comply with the frenzy of weeklong evangelical meetings, and who had to pose as first rate educators on the basis of summer school courses and never any time to prepare lessons?

I will never forget the tongue lashing I received when my history teacher found out that on the final grade XII province-wide history exam I had written on a topic he had omitted in his lectures. I thought then, and still do, that he should have been proud of such fruit of his teaching. But he feared I had forfeited for MCI the top mark in history!

The facade! That mattered! We were forerunners; the image counts, not what you are. I should have felt right at home in the seventies.

Menno Maendel
Killarney

KEEP IT UP

Dear Sir:

Wishing you all a Blessed Easter! and joy in your work. Thank you Mary for your very good articles on basketball and John Martens. Keep it up, Mary.

I was pleased by the report on the Portage MB church. We will try and be even warmer.

I enjoy most of the articles in the Mennonite Mirror.

M.L. Kliever
Winnipeg.

MARRIAGE NOTE

Dear Sir:

Re: Articles in *The Mennonite Mirror*.

I appreciated the study on Mennonite Marriage. I'd like to suggest an additional reason for Mennonite women (and men) marrying at a younger age. Could it be that more "common law" or "living together" arrangements exist in Canadian society than within the Mennonites. Some of these relationships might then be formalized later after a "trial period".

Abe Bergen
1483 Pembina Hwy.

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Send applications and resumes to:

**Anna Isaac, Principal, United Mennonite Educational Institute,
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RENAISSANCE OR DARK AGES?

The Renaissance group is once again raising its bigoted head in this area. These self-appointed fumigators of our literature recently ran an ad in the *Carillon*. Aimed at parents of the Hanover School Division and surrounding districts, the ad was designed to discredit the public school system. It ran such deliberately provocative headlines as "Pornographic Literature", "Psychological Tampering of Students", and "Invasion of Privacy". Hanover teachers and officials are understandably upset over this smear campaign. There is probably not a more responsible or concerned school division in the province than the largely Mennonite Hanover division.

But the dauntless freedom fighters of the Renaissance like to throw their verbal stink bombs in all directions. In defending the ad, Terry Lewis, western regional director of Renaissance, takes a swipe at the *Mirror* for its March 1979 editorial censorship. He says: "Here's a religious body" (accuracy is not one of Renaissance's strong points) "that's giving credence to a book that's pure filth." The book he refers to, of course, is Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners*, one of the finest novels ever written in this country.

More and more the Renaissance people—or at least their leaders—are showing themselves in their true colors. They are not the well-intentioned but misguided moral watchdogs we had earlier assumed them to be. No. They are ignorant bigots full of spite and venom who are trying to spread their hate campaign through society in a vicious attempt at thought control. Their efforts should be indignantly opposed and rejected by all mature, responsible members of society. If not, far from bringing about a moral renaissance, as their name implies, they will plunge us into a new Dark Age of cultural ignorance, more superstition and mass fear. **A.R.**

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Our word

LEISURE TIME ISN'T FREE TIME; ANOTHER PLACE FOR MORE WITH LESS

All that "free" time many of us have for our leisure activities can be expensive.

Some people actually end up working longer hours and making other personal sacrifices just so that they can enjoy their "free" time.

On every side we are confronted by advertising which offers an infinite variety of things we can do with our leisure time—packaged travel tours, craft hobbies, spectator events, lifetime sports, seasonal festivals, etc., etc. We are told that such-and-such an activity will provide an unusual, perhaps unique, experience as long as we step up and spend our hard-earned cash to support our "free" time.

Sometimes there is a feeling of desperation connected with the use of leisure time. For example, you have signed up for your once-in-a-lifetime trip to Europe and are disappointed when it rains the whole time you are there, yet you convince yourself that you are having "fun" because you have paid so much for the trip. There are times when half the fun on holidays is the anticipation, because the fantasy of planning for the holidays hasn't yet been spoiled by reality.

There are two things wrong with leisure.

One is that we have forgotten how to be spontaneous in our enjoyment of life. To some extent spontaneity is bred out of us when we enter the work force, where our abilities to "produce" are of more value than our ability to enjoy life. The result of this is that leisure time, along with the money needed to enjoy it, are saved for the end of the work day, the end of the work week, and sometimes even the end of the working life. In the days before big industry friends and family interrupted their work to visit, to play with children, or to bring some enrichment to the job by chatting during the work or singing. In the modern workplace there is no room for this kind of spontaneous good time.

The second thing wrong with leisure is that it is good for business. In other words, time that you see as yours for enjoyment and personal enrichment is seen by commercial interests in terms of its market potential. Leisure time is just another way to make you a consumer of goods and services.

Consider, for example, the apparently healthful lifetime outdoor activity of cross-country skiing. In order to take it up you have to buy skis, poles, and shoes; and if you are fashion conscious you may buy the ski togs that go with it;

to ski you have to travel to a ski trail or resort and this means buying a ski rack for your car; and once started in the sport on a continuing basis you are then faced with a series of continuing expenses such as ski wax, gasoline, and new equipment and clothes.

Travel is supposed to be enriching, but in one sense it is really only a rationalization to support a tourist industry. Craft hobbies are also supposed to be rewarding because of the sense of achievement that is conveyed, but again it can be only a rationalization to support a marketing program to entice you to buy something. Even the old-fashioned Mennonite custom of visiting is not without its consumptive aspect in that hosts go out and buy extra or special foods for the guests.

It is, of course, unfair to see yourself as a victim of commercial interests every time you undertake a leisure activity, but the choices you and others make concerning the use of your free time must also be seen in terms of their market potential; that is of you being a potential buyer of a leisure activity.

At the same time you cannot reject your leisure time, nor can you avoid spending money on things that help you enjoy this time more fully.

What you can do is resist having things done for you during your leisure time; for example, instead of buying a "package" activity, see if you can achieve the same experience on your own. It also means that you have to reject some aspects of the commercial world which would rather have you buy a complete service than let you do it yourself. By doing this you retain some control over your free time and your own personal sense of enjoyment.

The Christian responsibility to the world in general and the Mennonite in particular, is almost always seen in terms of service, of ensuring that the physical and spiritual needs of those around us are met. The example we set in the way we use our leisure time is rarely explored. Although eating is hardly a leisure activity, the *More with Less* cookbook is one attempt to demonstrate that it is possible to eat well without consuming the packaged convenience foods. Similarly, if Mennonites have anything to contribute to leisure it would be to show that enjoyment and personal enrichment may also be greater if less is spent.

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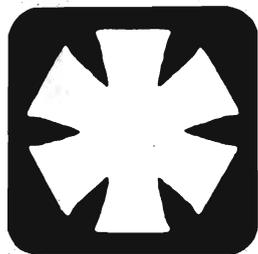
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