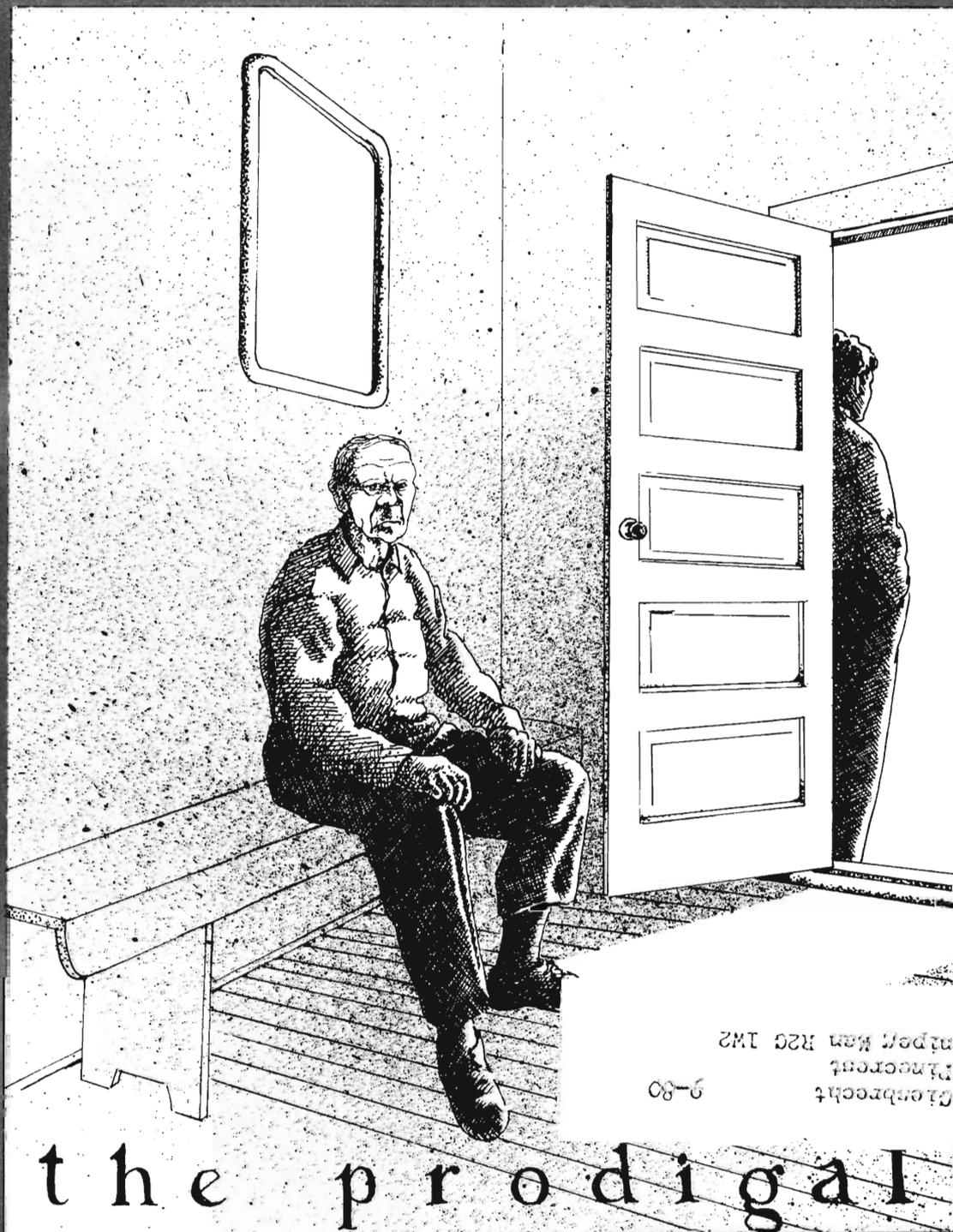


✓ THE LIBRARY OF THE
Mennonite Brethren Bible College
177 HENDERSON HWY. WINNIPEG, MAN. R2L 1L1

mennonite mirror

volume 9/number 10 ✓
june 1980



M. Giesbrecht
11 Pleasant
Winnipeg Man R2G 1W2
9-80

the prodigal



The Extras . . .

at Trinity Western College

- B.A., B.Sc. Degrees**
- 10 Major Fields**
- Warm Personal Concern**
- Business Administration**
- Pre-Seminary Program**
- Biblically Based**
- Spiritual Growth**
- 9 Divisions**
- Faculty Who Care**



You owe it to yourself to find out !!

Choosing a university is one of the most important decisions you'll ever make. You'll want to find a place where the goals and program match up with your personal needs. Trinity Western offers you a high-quality university program, an unflinching devotion to Jesus Christ, and a deep commitment to God's Word as the foundation of true learning. Four-year B.A. and B.Sc. programs in 10 major fields provide a Biblical and practical foundation that will prepare you for a lifetime of service to God.

Is that what you are looking for? You can use the coupon below to write for more information or call us at (604) 888-7511, collect. Trinity Western has been providing Christian university programs for nearly twenty years. You can complete a bachelor's degree at the College or transfer to universities across Canada and the U.S. Check us out. We think you'll like what you see!

Trinity Western College Dept. 108
7600 Glover Road, Langley, B.C. V3A 4R9

It did for me!

I was challenged to think through my commitment to Christ in every area of my life and to be constantly learning and growing.

Ron Little ('79)
Goodlow, B.C.



I want to find out!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov _____ Postal Code _____

Year of H.S. Grad. _____

The Cover

The artist for the cover is Susan Friesen of Toronto. She has provided an illustration for a short story by Al Reimer published some time ago. Susan is a graduate student in fine arts in Toronto.

Mirror mix-up

With this issue, the Mennonite Mirror completes its ninth year of publication. We plan to begin our tenth year in September. The Mennonite Mirror wishes all of its readers a pleasant and enjoyable summer.



HARRY SIEMENS
Farm Program Director

For up-to-the minute farm news and market information — stay with Radio Southern Manitoba.

DAILY FARM BROADCASTS

THE FARM ALMANAC

6:00 - 6:45 a.m.

A program of farm news, market information and up-coming agricultural events.

THE MANITOBA FARM JOURNAL

12:00 - 2:00 p.m.

A program of interviews — complete market reports, commentary and preview of upcoming farm information.

OPENING AND CLOSING PRICES

10:05 a.m. - 2:05 p.m.

CFAM



CHSM

950

1250

ATTER

TREAT

STAFF

FEAST

VALERT

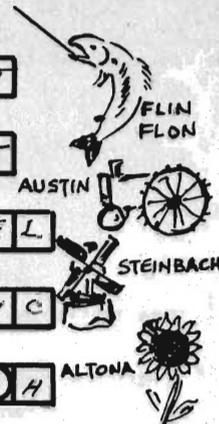
TRAVEL

CROFIL

FRODIA

HISLER

RELISH



This summer take in the
Manitoba

FESTIVALS

From among the 34 entries to the May puzzle. Peter Thiessen of Waldheim, Saskatchewan was picked the winner.

A cash prize will be going to the winner.

The answers to the May Mix-Up are music, style, paint, pastel, modern, and artists.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by June 30, 1980.

Name _____

Address _____

Town/City _____

Postal Code _____

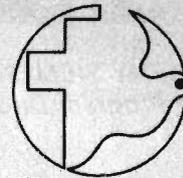
Send entries to:
Mix-up Contest
Mennonite Mirror
203-818 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4

TRACTORS TO CHORTITZA

Hundreds of thousands were dying of hunger in South Russia in 1920, following the revolution. Deeply moved, North American Mennonites organized a Central Committee and sent massive food aid to their brothers and sisters in need. This relief continued through 1921 and 1922, when MCC sent 50 Fordson tractors and plows to the Mennonites in Chortitza and other communities to help them grow their own crops. Out of this need MCC was born 60 years ago. The congregations in Russia received with joy and gave thanks to God.

From its beginnings until the present MCC has worked to meet human need, through both development and the giving of material aid. Today MCC works in many places and with larger resources, but in the same spirit of love and sharing that drew it to South Russia in 1920.

Mennonite Central Committee
21 South 12th Street
Akron, PA 17501
or
MCC (Canada)
201-1483 Pembina Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2C8



Tractors and plows operating at the official opening of reconstruction at Chortitza, Oct. 19, 1922.

This issue features several short stories that would ordinarily be too long for a normal issue of the *Mennonite Mirror* and for which extra room has been made. We feel both stories are significant and will be of interest to our readers. In addition, we feature several pages on festivals held in southern Manitoba in the summer months, plus the new Mennonite pavilion at Folklorama in Winnipeg. (see pages 40-41)

mennonite
mirror

CMBC

evening
courses 1980-81

FIRST SEMESTER

R.S. 72.204 Foundations of Christian Education

A study of the educational ministry of the Church from a biblical, historical and theological standpoint.
INSTRUCTOR: HELMUT HARDER

* R.S. 20.359 Old Testament Prophets

The prophetic literature of the Old Testament, its historical context, and religious significance will be studied.
INSTRUCTOR: WALDEMAR JANZEN

SECOND SEMESTER

R.S. 72.248 Peace Studies

A look at the writings of contemporary authors on Christian peace and a study of the practical implications of the Christian quest for peace in our time.
INSTRUCTOR: HARRY HUEBNER

* R.S. 20.354 Contemporary Issues II

A study of minority religious groups in the context of contemporary Canadian society, with special emphasis on the Historic Peace Churches.
INSTRUCTOR: ADOLF ENS

BOTH SEMESTERS

Mus. 72.104 Conducting I

Basic elements of conducting will be studied.
INSTRUCTOR: GEORGE WIEBE

* FOR CREDIT WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

All courses on Tuesday nights 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. Registration on September 9, 7:00 p.m.

CANADIAN MENNONITE BIBLE COLLEGE
600 Shaftesbury Blvd. Winnipeg R3P 0M4 888 6781

inside

volume 9/number 10
june 1980

Mix-up / 3

The Prodigal / 6

Cost of being an entrepreneur / 11

Dave Niedarp and bogeyman / 15

Manitoba news / 16

Pocketful of sugar cubes / 20

Die Mennoniten — eine Minderheit, die sich angepaßt hat / 24

Streume des Sejens / 27

Your word / 28

Jamaica melts frugal resolve / 30

View from pew / 31

Unionist Neil Reimer / 33

The class of 1980 / 34

Review: Elder Franz / 38

Nurse in Upper Volta / 39

Summer festivals / 40

Our word / 42

Mennonite Mirror

Publisher, Roy Vogt
Editor, Al Reimer

Managing Editor, Edward Unrau

Associate Editor, Ruth Vogt

Associate Editor (German), Harry Loewen

Writing Staff: Betty Dyck, Mary Enns, Hilda Mat-suo, Rudy Schulz, Peter Paetkau, Betty Unrau, Wilmer Penner, Ralph Friesen and Hilda Dueck.

Business committee: Bob Friesen, Rudy Friesen, John Schroeder, Jack Thiessen, and Leona Penner, Advertising Sales, John Epp

Mennonite Literary Society, Inc.

President, Roy Vogt

Vice-President, Edward Unrau

Treasurer, Arkie Wiens

Secretary, David Unruh

Office Manager, Frieda Unruh

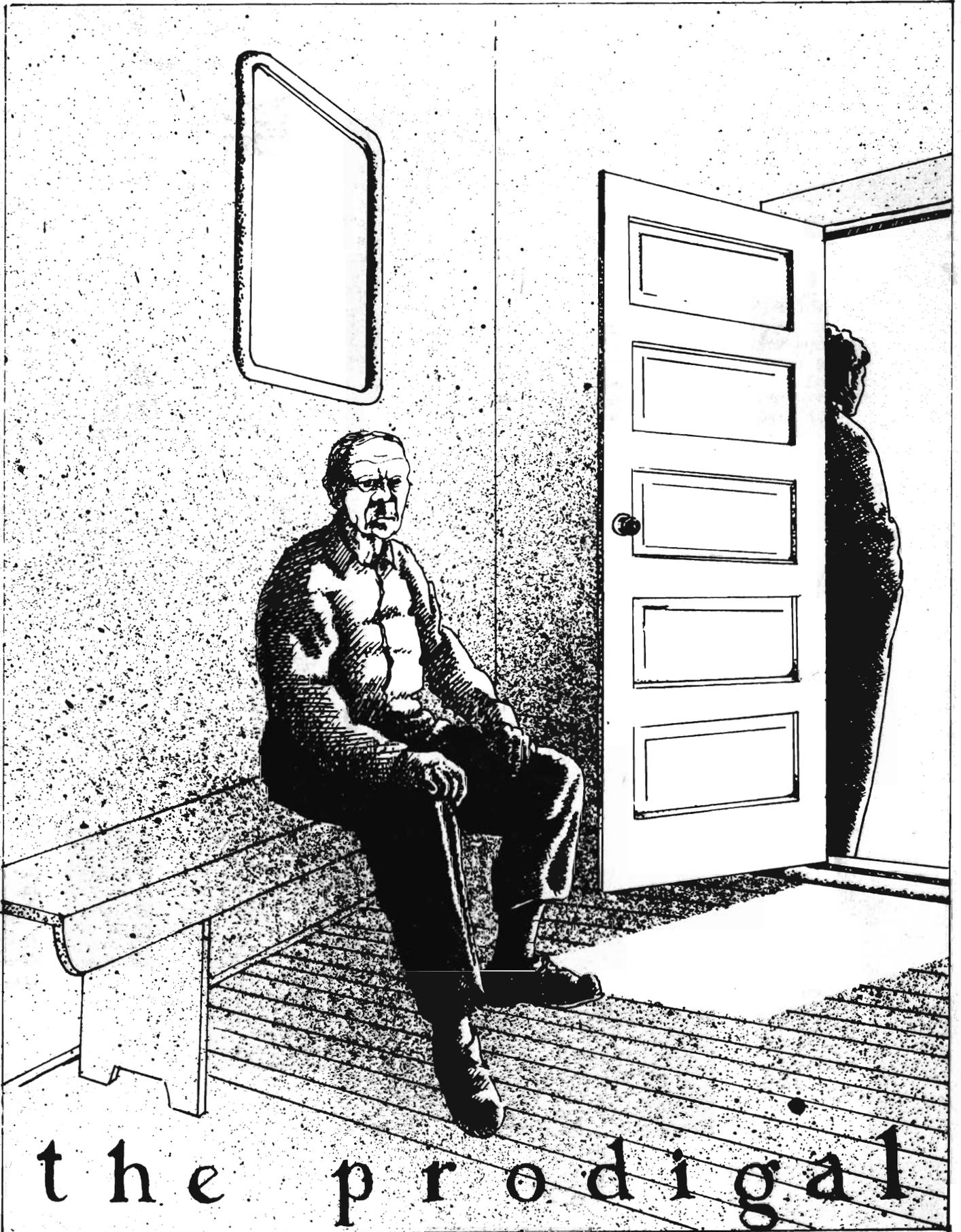
Board of directors: Rudy Friesen, Mary Enns, and Wilmer Penner.

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

Second class mail registration 2658



the prodigal

Fiction special

by H.M.R. Dueck

Freezing northerlies whipped sheets of blinding snow across the prairie farm, shrouding it in a blanket of isolation. The icy cold held the bleak landscape in an iron grip; probing, penetrating old buildings too feebly fortified against the winter's relentless fury. A barn door—braced shut with a board, an old shirt stuffed in a broken window.

Inside the creaking two-storey house, Old Abe sat reading, his back to the cold, his red armchair facing the spasmodic warmth of the wall register. "Little Paraguay", he called it. Here he sat, as he so often did now, engrossed in another time, another place, secure in the familiarity of his surroundings, and warm in the company of his storybook friends.

A vague uneasiness prodded him . . . Oh, yes, the cattle . . . "Abram, nu go uk mohl", he chided himself gently in his native Low German. Reluctantly he closed the book, took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes intently with the backs of his hands, stopping momentarily to squint through blood-shot eyes.

"What did you say Dad?" David's voice jolted him from the adjoining room . . . David! Is he home? . . . Oh yes, now he remembered. He had come from the city in time for church that very morning. How could he have forgotten that? . . . Gradually the room came into focus.

"Nutting my boy," called back Old Abe, "jest t-r-ying to talk myself into doing cho-r-res." He spoke with a heavy accent, rolling his "r's" warmly as though lingering over this one last tangible remnant of his past.

Too fast this day slips away, thought Old Abe to himself, we haven't even visited yet . . . Such a good boy, David . . . He visualized it fondly and with some pride—he and David sitting side by side in church that morning. Well, he thought, at least I'm not altogether a failure . . . Old Abe caught his breath as a painful memory stabbed unbidden into his reverie. Bill . . . Abruptly he struggled from the armchair.

My chores, I have to do my chores . . . But the image refused to be dismissed. Old Abe's jaw began working in agitation as his teeth clenched and unclenched . . . That's right, he thought bitterly,

you don't come home any more do you Bill? Well it's just as well. You bring me nothing but disgrace and humiliation.

He took a few steps towards the door and then stopped, riveted to the reflection he saw in the mirror. He did not see the greying hair or the wrinkled, weathered face. Instead, it was the square jaw clenched in stubborn resolve, the angry flare of the nostrils, and the defiant look in the eyes that held him prisoner, wrenching him back in time to a scene in this very room.

"How da-r-re you?" His voice was low and taut, slicing the silence. "How da-r-re you stand in my house and flaunt you-r-re shameless r-rebellion?" He was glaring into the mirror. "It is sin Bill! Sin!"

The eyes were unwavering. "It doesn't work Dad, the way you live." Old Abe could hear it all again. "I've tried it, and it doesn't work. So don't ask me to live a lie. I won't do it. Not even for you."

"But da people, vat vill dey think? Is it not enough dat dey al-r-ready know ab . . ."

"I don't give a damn what they think", shouted Bill, "and I could care less if the whole world knows what I do."

Old Abe trembled with rage. "But I ca-r-re. You b-r-ring shame on you-r-rself and you-r-r whole family!"

Times change Dad. Get with it."

"Some t'ings neve-r-r change! R-right and wr-rong don't change!"

"No, Dad!", the angry, unrelenting eyes flashed back at Old Abe, "From now on I make up my own mind. It's my life and I play by my own rules—not by your damned principles!"

"Den go," shouted Old Abe, blind with indignation and rage, "get out, and don't come back until you can change you-r-r vays!" . . .

Silence settled over the room like a heavy blanket of snow. Only the howling of the wind penetrated the icy stillness.

Old Abe's outstretched, accusing hand sank to his side as he continued to stare unseeing into the mirror.

"Dad. Dad!" David's insistent voice broke through the stillness. "Hey Dad!"

"Huh?" Old Abe struggled to connect with the voice. "David?" . . . He shifted a bewildered gaze from the mirror to

David's figure standing framed in the doorway. "Did you say something David?"

"I said, he isn't here. Remember? Impatience tinged his voice.

"It's cold", said Old Abe shivering. He pushed past David, "I got put some coal on da fu-r-rnace."

David listened to his father shuffle his way down the steps and into the basement. Stoking up the dying embers was second nature to him, as was hauling water from the pump near the barn, or having to use the well worn path to the tilted out-house out back. He refused to know anything different.

Old Abe trudged back up the stairs and went to his bedroom to change into his chore clothes. David was waiting for him, jacket in hand, when he emerged from his room.

"I'm going back to the city a little early tonight Dad," he said. "The roads could get pretty bad if this wind keeps up."

"Huh? Vat did you say David?" asked Old Abe; a look of questioning reproach registering on his face as he caught sight of the jacket.

"I said, I'd better be getting back before the roads get too bad", repeated David, impatiently raising his voice.

"You don't have to shout David. I'm not deaf you know." Then his face relaxed. "You want to go back a little ea-r-ry. Vell, I'll jest go out and throw a few bales down for da cattle befo-r-re it gets too da-r-rk, and chop a hole in da ice. It von't take long—twenty minutes maybe if I hu-r-ry." He looked hopefully at David. "Den you and me, ve'll have some suppe-r-r."

"No Dad", David's voice was insistent, "you're not hearing me. I want to go now. Besides, I've got some studying to do before tomorrow's classes."

"Yah, yah, da r-roads could get bad," nodded Old Abe, "der ver small d-r-rifts after-r church al-r-ready." He paused, "But ve haven't talked yet David."

"You were reading."

"No. Vel—yah, I did r-read. But only because you ver sleeping."

"Well, I was tired. Up too many late nights studying I guess," replied David defensively.

"Huh?"

"I said—I was tired."

"You should eat something befor-re you go anyway," said Old Abe, already visualizing a cozy supper together. "Come," he urged, "der's still some cold coffee left over-r from dinner-r, and some garlic sausage in da f-r-ridge. It's good vit bread. And I even have some cookies." His eyes twinkled mischievously, "Jest baked dem yesterday—at da sto-r-re." He was pleased with himself. He could take care of himself very nicely, and guests too. Wouldn't Anna be proud of him if she could see him now. And surprized too.

He caught David's steady gaze and shifted uncomfortably. "Did you say somet'ing David?"

"Yeh, I said, I'm not hungry."

"Oh." Old Abe's eyes moved furtively from the table to David, then his face brightened. He motioned to a chair. "Vell, jest sit for-r a few minutes and talk to your old Dad den." His eyes pleaded. "You don't have to stay long."

David sat down. "Okay—just a few minutes. The roads aren't getting any better you know."

They sat looking at each other through the gathering dusk. Then Old Abe spoke. "David", he said, "I'm going to be seventydis year-r."

David nodded.

"I have to slow down p-r-retty soon."

An amused grin spread over David's face. "Is that supposed to be news?" he asked, "You've been saying that for nine years now."

"No. Dis time I'm se-r-rious David. I'm getting old."... "Seventy"... The thought overwhelmed him. It seemed only yesterday... A picture of a vivacious, dark-haired young man flitted before his eyes. Such strong features—a man of character, and principle too... A selfconscious grin stole over his face. Some had even thought he was handsome... He fingered his wrinkled face sobering, "Yah, now I'm old"... David's face came into focus. He searched his eyes intently.

"Dat young fa-r-rmer jest nort of here is after-r me again to sell, David. He wants to buy me out cash."

"Sounds great Dad. What are you waitin for—if the price is right..."

"No." Old Abe silenced him. "It's not

dat. It's—vell, I jest vunde-r-red..." There was an uneasy silence. "You see David, I been thinking, now if you would take over-r da farm..."

"That's out of the question", broke in David, "you should know that."

"I know, I know David. But I was thinking dat maybe you could do both—you know—study in da vinter-r and far-r-rm in..."

"But I don't want to farm!", exploded David. "Isn't that ever going to sink in? It's Bill that wants to farm. Not me!"

"David!" Old Abe raised a protesting hand to silence him.

"No Dad. You listen to me! Bill wants the chance desperately. He loves this place like you do. But no. You're too stubborn, and mad to give him the chance."

"David!" Old Abe's voice was tense with hurt. "How can you take his side ven he is so r-rebellious—so vayvard? Even God expects him to r-repent over-r dat."

"Have you looked in the mirror lately?" asked David.

"Huh?"

"Nothing... It's just that..." David pushed back his chair and stood up. The room was almost in total darkness. He went over and switched on the light.

"I'm sorry Dad," he said, "I didn't mean to upset you. Honestly."

Old Abe got up too. "You should be heading back to da city, boy. Da veather-r isn't good." He put a hand on David's shoulder, feeling awkward in this unfamiliar gesture. "It's good to have you come home David. You know dat don't you?" He searched David's face imploringly. "You vill come again soon von't you?" There was a pause, then, "Maybe Bill vill have a change of hear-rt and come home sometime too."

How often Old Abe had imagined such a home coming. The lost son, the prodigal, coming home penitent and contrite, begging his father's forgiveness, and the father running to meet him, arms outstretched, forgiving him, graciously reinstating him to sonship.

David buttoned his jacket and slipped on his boots and gloves. "Sure Dad, I'll be back. S'long."

"Aufwiederseh'n my son."

A gust of cold air rushed in as David opened the door and stepped out into the darkness.

Old Abe scratched a hole in the thickening ice on the window pane so he could see David drive away through the freshly piled drifts of snow.

Then silence... Only the ticking of the kitchen clock, and the howling of the wind, punctuated by the occasional banging of a barn door caught in the wind's fury.

Somewhere, out in the snow and the cold, a cow's bellow prodded Old Abe's consciousness. "Abram, you should be ashamed of your-rself, leaving doze poo-r-r cr-ritters vaiting so long." Laboriously he bundled himself into his dirty old outdoor things and trudged out into the wind and the snow.

* * *

Spring had finally come to the little prairie farm. First there had been March in all its temperamental moods. And then April—every day its sun climbing higher and higher into the expanse of prairie sky, patiently coaxing away the last of the stubborn, mud-spattered snows.

But Spring had not come easily. It had been a long interminable trek this year, through the no-man's-land between the end of Winter and the beginning of Spring. And all the while, the prairie had lain exposed and naked. On old Abe's farm the scattered piles of rusting machinery, the huge manure pile behind the barn, the decomposing heifer on the creek bank, and the old dilapidated buildings had stood, grim, silent monuments on a harsh, angular landscape.

But Old Abe had learned long ago that no matter how long it was in coming, Spring would finally come. It always had.

And indeed it had come—in all its unchecked flamboyance, painting the drab landscape with vibrant colour, replacing death with life, and gently erasing the blunt edges of the ugly reminders of life's harsh realities.

First there had been the Spring break-up, with the frozen creek breaking loose from its icy prison to rush headlong towards some mighty unknown. Then the silky soft pussy willows, bursting



Building materials at very competitive prices

1126 Henderson Hwy.

Phone 668-4470

POLET LUMBER & SUPPLY LTD.

FORMERLY REDEKOPP LUMBER & SUPPLY LTD.

out of their protective coverings, and the tender young blades of grass, pushing their way through the cool black earth into the warm sunshine. There had been the return of the first robin, heralding Spring in his full-throated song, and the frolic of newborn calves. And then the crocuses, still glistening in their silvery fuzz.

As always, Old Abe had gathered from the tiny clusters of violet coloured crocuses a little nose-gay of perfectly formed, barely opened flowers. These he had taken to the house and had tenderly set them into a small glass of water, remembering the gentle light that had always sprung in his Anna's eyes when he used to bring them to her.

* * *

It was the second Saturday in May now. Little green leaves shimmered among the poplar branches at the edge of the field. The smell of rich black earth enveloped Old Abe as he drove back and forth across the open field, working up the soil. He looked across the fence to where his young neighbour was already seeding. He worked in the comfort of a large tractor, complete with cab, air-conditioning, heat control, and stereo head phones. His machinery was the latest line—big and efficient.

Old Abe looked back at his rig. Old and rusty, just barely hanging together. His tractor too had seen better days . . . Ah well, it didn't matter now. It was only right that the young should be ambitious. He too had been ambitious once. But now? Why, with his pension, and the little he made each year on the crops and the cattle—it was more than he needed . . . If only his Anna had lived to enjoy it with him—her's had been such a hard lot . . . The thought pained him. He shifted in the hard seat. If only his back didn't ache so much . . . He scanned the sky. Probably a weather change coming up. That was usually when his back gave him trouble.

"Whoa der-r. Whoa!" He had taken the corner a little too fast. He must try to keep his mind from wandering . . . Ah well, judging by the sun's position in the sky it must be getting close to noon anyway. He might as well knock off for some dinner and a short siesta. He was at the far end of the field, slowly working his way back towards the buildings.

A movement caught his attention. A car had driven onto the yard and was stopping near the buildings.

"Vell," he exclaimed, pleasantly surprised, "who's coming to pay dis old guy a visit?" He strained to see if he could recognize the vehicle. It was no use . . . Ah well, by now they would have spotted him on the field, so if their business was important they would wait . . . "Salesman p-r-robably", he muttered. They usually started coming around this

time of year . . ." He turned his attention back to his cultivating . . .

Bill stood at the edge of the field. He drew a long deep breath. Mmm, it was good to be away from the city for a change, away from the monotonous machine shop, away from the noise, and out on the invigorating prairie he loved.

Impulsively, he bent down and picked up a handful of moist, black dirt and watched it filter out between his fingers.

More than anything else in the world he wanted to own some of that beautiful black stuff—to be a part of it all. Not just any place either. This place. The dreams he had always had for this place . . .

He kicked his foot into a big clump of unbroken dirt. Nobody could stop him from dreaming, even if his Dad wouldn't give him the chance to actually do it. Still, it wasn't fair!

saving money is easier if we both work at it

THAT'S RIGHT!

Saving money is made easy by using _____

— direct mail deposit
(no more waiting in line)

or

— payroll deduction
(if you qualify)

or

— Automatic transfers from
your Current Account

or

— by using the night depository

AND TO TOP IT OFF—

— good interest

— life insurance on the first
\$ 2,000.00 in savings
(if eligible)

— and—, an opportunity to win
valuable prizes quarterly for
every \$ 20.00 deposited to
your savings account.

— and there are more reasons.

ENQUIRE TODAY!

Crosstown Credit Union Limited

1250 Portage Ave.
171 Donald St.
1110 Henderson Hwy.

783-7081
947-1243
338-0365

Winnipeg, Manitoba

● SERVING THE MENNONITE PEOPLE OF MANITOBA ●

He struggled to fight back the wave of anger that threatened to sweep away the firm resolve he had come with. "Easy Bill," he muttered, "don't ruin a perfectly gorgeous Spring day."

He had driven out to the farm to celebrate Spring in the best way he knew how, and he was determined that nothing was going to spoil it. Uneasily, he looked down the field. Well, there would be no hassle today—he would see to that. Resolutely he brushed the long black hair away from his face and ground a smoldering cigarette into the dirt with the toe of his work boot.

Old Abe was nearly upon him before he recognized the figure waiting at the edge of the field. His work-soiled hands tightened on the steering wheel. He pulled up and stopped the tractor.

"Hi Dad," Bill took a step forward uneasily.

Old Abe did not answer. Bill watched as he stiffly climbed off the tractor. He was covered from head to foot with the fine black dust the cultivator had churned up. He was rubbing his eyes, trying to clear away some of the fine dust that fogged his vision. Then he brushed his hand against his dusty pants and extended it, his eyes searching Bill's face for some sign of contrition. It wasn't there.

"It's my day off," ventured Bill, breaking the uneasy silence. "Thought I'd come out 'n see how the spring-work was comin'. Maybe give you a hand . . ." Even under all the dust his father looked old. Funny, he thought, how he had never noticed that before. Somehow, he had always thought of him as being like the big boulder out in the back pasture—tough and unchanging. Now he looked suddenly old—so vulnerable.

Old Abe noticed the scrutinizing look. "Jest my lumbago," he said, gesturing to the small of his back, "usually goes in a few days." His air was cool and distant.

"I vas jest going to knock off fo-r-r dinne-r-r", he said flatly, "nutting fancy, but you'r-re velcome to it."

His father's detachment pained Bill. It could be a total stranger—a travelling salesman, thought Bill. He had a sudden urge to grab him, shake him, and shout,

"Hey Dad! It's me. Bill! I'm home!"

Instead, he merely shook his head. "No thanks Dad, I'm not hungry. Had a late breakfast just before I left the city." He hurried on, "But I'll spell you off while you eat."

There was a nagging uneasiness in Old Abe's chest—a painful probing. He drew a slow, deep breath and rubbed his eyes. The dust was stinging them.

Bill waited, uncomfortably, not knowing what to make of the hesitation.

Their eyes met. "Huh?" said Old Abe. "Yah, you vant to spell me off . . . Vell sur-re, no r-reason vhy not I guess. Jest don't take it too fast. Dis old machine-ry can't take it you know."

Bill's face broke into a happy grin. It was an admonition he had heard many times, and it sounded good. He jumped onto the tractor in one swift motion, turned the key and revved the throttle. He turned, the grin still lighting up his whole face. "Take your time Dad," he called. He turned the rig around and headed down the field.

Old Abe stood, looking after him, struggling with the hurt, the humiliation, the anger he had felt for so long. If only the boy would change his ways. "Dinner time Abram". He turned, the soothing hum of the tractor in his ears, and with measured steps made his way back to the house.

Inside he rinsed his hands and face in the red plastic basin. He would fry one of the potatoes he had boiled for his dinner yesterday. The pan was still on the stove from frying pork chops two days ago. He rummaged in the fridge. There was still one pork chop left over, he would have that too. Dinner was ready. He cleared the cornflakes box and the cereal bowl he had used at breakfast from the table. Papers, books, and a violin case covered the remaining space. He took the used cup to the stove to refill it with cold coffee he had brewed up that morning . . . Too bad Bill hadn't come in for dinner, he thought . . . He should see how well I manage. Maybe then he would be proud of his old Dad.

Rays of sunshine filtered through the dirty windows, warming his aching back as he ate; the reassuring drone of the tractor a welcome, if unfamiliar, com-

panion. No need to hurry as long as Bill was out there. His gaze held the picture of Bill, looking so pleased sitting there on the tractor. The same happy grin as when he had been given his first very own puppy. Old Abe warmed at the memory.

And then before Old Abe's eyes other memories, long held in hostility's icy grip, dislodged themselves, melting the ice chunks into the gathering momentum of a free flowing stream. Memories of a son he had once loved, a son he had been proud of.

There he was, that wiry, jaundiced little four-pound baby, struggling to stay alive; and there he was at six, stuffing his empty wallet into his pocket and angrily stalking out of the house, only to return tired and hungry. And then a tear-streaked face, oh yes, when he had broken his arm falling out of the poplar tree behind the house. And the intent face of the twelve-year old, determined not to let the intricacies of an old motor lick him. He had gotten it back together too, and it had run . . . So like himself, thought Old Abe, that same stubborn independence, that grim determination.

Emotions long forgotten stirred in Old Abe's breast. His son. So like his father. The source of such pride, such joy. Oh, how he had loved him! Old Abe's chest constricted with pain . . . What had gone wrong?

Then another picture pushed unbidden before Old Abe's eyes. He winced. It was an angry, unrelenting face . . . The face in the mirror . . . The rebellious face of his prodigal son. So proud, so unforgiving, so hateful . . . Something jogged in his memory. The mirror? How could he possibly have seen Bill's face in the mirror?

His hands flew to his face, his eyes wide with recognition. It was not Bill's, but his own that he had seen there . . .

Then the ice flow, the remnant of a long, cold winter crashed out from its icy prison, it's unchecked torrents washing the last of the dust from the old man's eyes.

Gently the sun's rays caressed his bent frame, and in the distance a tractor hummed. Spring had finally come. It always did. mm



ALLMAR DISTRIBUTORS LTD.
287 Riverton Ave., Winnipeg

ALLMAR'S

DISTRIBUTORS OF BUILDING MATERIALS.
AND BUILDERS & ARCHITECTURAL HARDWARE. . . .

BRANCHES: REGINA SASKATOON VANCOUVER

A Christian View of the costs and benefits of being a businessman

by Roy Vogt

I would like to begin on a positive note by stating my belief that our society generally receives a good return from its businessmen. The majority of us desire safe jobs with regular hours and secure wages. We benefit immensely from the very small minority that chase the carrot of potentially large rewards and in the process create new jobs and organizations, and new products and service. Few of them actually get a good bit of the carrot that society dangles before them. Many fall exhausted and defeated by the wayside. Those businessmen who stay in the race and occasionally get to sink their teeth into the carrot may be forgiven if they feel that this rare good fortune is marred by a yapping creature called government, which constantly jumps at them from behind and digs its teeth into the seat, so to speak, of their being.

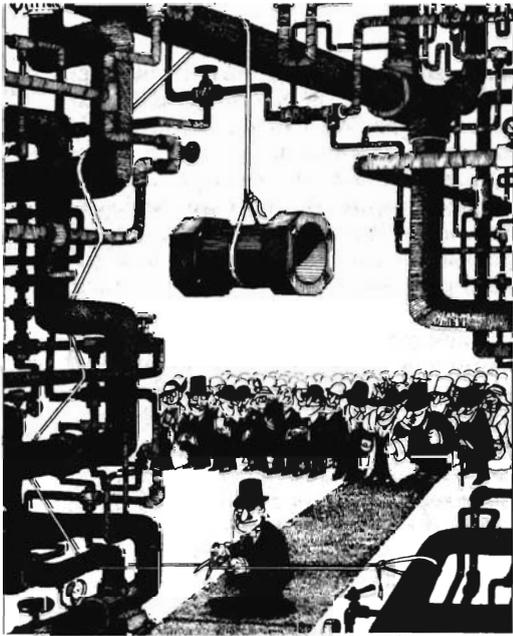
I have never envied the businessmen that I know. They have their rewards, but they also have long hours and ulcers, and it is my impression that many experience more than their share of the tragedies that come with our human condition.

However, my purpose is neither to praise nor to condemn businessmen. Businessmen are often called on to assess the costs and benefits of planned projects. I would like to evaluate from a Christian perspective the costs and benefits of being a businessman. I will do so on the basis of personal characteristics that they seem to have in common.

Businessmen are as different from each other as they are from other types of individuals, but they seem to share at least four common characteristics. They tend, in my opinion, to be:

1. Daring
2. Individualistic
3. Decisive
4. Success oriented.

I would like to comment first on some of the positive aspects of "Benefits" of each one of these attributes. The daring quality of entrepreneurs is revealed in their unusual willingness to assume risks. Without the risk-taking of our businessmen in the market place, many of the services and products that we now enjoy would never have been created. Organizations that provide training



Excerpts from a talk on Christian entrepreneurs given by Roy Vogt to a gathering of Mennonite business people and professionals at the annual convention of MIBA (Mennonite Industry and Business Associates) and MEDA (Mennonite Economic Development Associates) in Lincoln Nebraska, October 20, 1979.

The word "entrepreneur" has seen changed to the more popular "businessman" which is also meant to include business women. Permission was granted by the above organizations to publish these excerpts here.

and jobs for thousands of people would not have been established. My research in East Germany and the Soviet Union has led to a heightened appreciation for the work done by private business people in our own society. Those societies that thwart the release of business drives and skills deprive themselves of considerable innovative accomplishments. A businessman's drive and daring are related to a vision, and society will usually benefit by granting to those who possess such a vision the freedom and incentive to implement it.

Businessmen are also *individualistic*. They have to be, because their willingness to move into territory unexplored by others necessarily separates them from the rest of us. We should be grateful not only for the tangible results of such individual initiative but also for the unique style and spirit that usually come with it. Our fairly homogeneous communities are always in danger of becoming sterile, and sometimes even repressive. We need for our own rejuvenation, and as a demonstration of God's incredibly dynamic and varied creation, the restless, highly individualistic style of the typical businessman. His sometimes eccentric, even egotistical behaviour, is God's way of keeping the rest of us from sinking too far into the sea of uniformity.

The *decisiveness* of most businessmen also has many positive aspects to it. Businessmen, generally speaking, are not fence sitters. They can't afford to sit and contemplate a problem or an opportunity for too long. If they do, the problem will likely get worse, and the opportunity will disappear.

They like to act; to get on with it. This is a good antidote to the sluggishness of many of the rest of us. Academics, for one, are notoriously good at arguing an issue to death, without doing much about it.

Finally, businessmen are *success-oriented*, and this too can be extremely beneficial to us. They are not content to produce ideas or pass resolutions. They want to create organizations and products by which the success of their efforts can be measured. Their objectives, therefore, are tangible. Their single-minded pursuit of greater production and profits, as Adam Smith pointed out two centuries ago, has led to very tangible improvements in our standard of living.

I believe very sincerely that the benefits just described are real and substantial—that they are related very directly to the personalities of businessmen. We would all suffer immensely if we seriously frustrated or destroyed the daring, individualistic, decisive, and success-oriented qualities of our business people.

However, most of our human qualities have both positive and negative aspects, and this also holds true for the business characteristics that we have just described. For both society and the businessmen themselves there are costs as well as benefits. It is important that we now look carefully at some of the costs.

We have observed that *daringness* is often prompted by a unique vision which

the businessman possesses. To be gripped by a dream is one of the most exhilarating experiences of life, and it is this dream-possession that probably accounts for much of the drive and risk taking that we attribute to businessmen. Unfortunately, when it comes to visions, there may be a very fine line between possession and obsession. In their single-minded pursuit of a goal, businessmen are in a real danger of sacrificing other dreams to which they made a commitment. As pastor I have seen the emotional and spiritual damage done to families and to other human relationships by businessmen who became obsessed with their business. It is seldom the worker who sells his soul to the company store; it is the businessman! In pursuing a living some have forgotten how to live. We are encouraged as Christians to be single-minded in our pursuit of righteousness but there is something potentially very destructive about other forms of single-mindedness.

The *individualism* of the businessman is also not an unmixed blessing. Wouldn't we all agree that within the Christian community individualism must constantly be kept in tension with the Christian imperative to practise brotherhood? The claims of brotherhood should not result in the submersion of our individuality, but neither should our individualism be used to support the creation of barriers between us and others. To affirm our essential oneness with others does not require an amputation of our personalities. It is rather, as someone has observed, "the enlargement of our personalities to comprehend the interest of others."

It seems to me that this view is not shared by many businessmen, even by Christian businessmen. Many of them feel strongly that they are "self-made" men, and, as one cruel wag has put it, they tend to worship their creator. They talk freely of "my company", "this business that I built up." Let's admit that without some ego and courage, and without a lot of personal hard work, a good number of the companies run by our businessmen would not have come into being. They are right. Their contri-

bution was absolutely essential to the growth of their business. But they are only partly right, and their tragic error lies in confusing the part with the whole, in forgetting that their best efforts would have been futile without the loyalty, and hard work of many employees. Those employees also have a right—and a need—to feel that the company is theirs. They are not mere adjuncts to the machines they operate or disinterested observers of the company's changing fortunes. Their dreams as well as their livelihoods are intimately related to the enterprise. Have many of our businessmen forgotten this?

If we believe in brotherhood we must also, it seems to me, hold to some brotherhood idea of property ownership. I would like to call this "brotherhood economics." In the past we have associated brotherhood economics with groups like the Hutterites, and we have rejected their renunciation of all private property rights. At present we associate brotherhood economics with socialism, and we condemn the substitution of state ownership for private ownership in most modern socialist states.

If these were the only forms that joint ownership can take it would, I think, be fairly easy to justify our rejection of it. Few, if any of us, really want to submerge our individuality, and our claims to property, to the extent that Hutterite colonies require. Also, the takeover of property rights by the state in socialist countries does not really advance the idea of brotherhood, because people don't identify with the state.

However, we should not allow such unsatisfactory ways of expressing joint property ownership cause us to reject other approaches that might be tried. It may indeed be possible to combine the benefits of a considerable degree of private ownership with joint worker-management control over basic enterprise decisions. This, in fact, is what a number of West European countries are doing, notably that most successful of all capitalist economies, West Germany. By law all large corporations in West Germany are required to have an equal number of employees and shareholder representatives on their supervisory boards. These boards make major financial decisions and appoint the executives of the company. Employees therefore have access to all the financial information of the company, and have "co-determination" powers when company policies are formulated. American companies like Ford and General Motors operate under these laws in West Germany. West Germany is not socialistic and it has not lost its business drive because of such reforms. But it has simultaneously achieved a record of economic growth and labour-manage-

ment accord which is the envy of most other western nations.

Couldn't our Mennonite businessmen, with the Christian ideal of brotherhood as their foundation, do at least as well as the secular West German system has done? We need to examine such reforms and earnestly attempt to move beyond a crass individualistic conception of ownership and control within our enterprises. *What an incredible achievement it would be if our Christian businessmen—whose skills and drive I very much respect—would bring to the internal organization of their enterprises the same innovative spirit that they bring to bear on the organization of production and marketing.* Such innovation, infused with a Christian understanding of brotherhood, might reduce some of the substantial social and economic barriers that currently exist between our employers and their employees.

I would like to conclude by referring to the qualities of *decisiveness* and *success-orientation* that are characteristics of many businessmen.

The benefits of decisiveness have been mentioned. The costs should not be ignored. A person who is impelled to act decisively may cease after a while to be (or may never become) a reflective person. One tragic result may be a loss of simple thoughtfulness. One begins to flit restlessly from one project to another, without thought given to the relative importance of each or the sacrifices required. Unplanned time is experienced as a vacuum, which must be filled with frenetic activity, not as a welcome occasion to read or reflect.

The overly-decisive person learns to operate with slogans, because there isn't time to "waste" on the formulation of more subtle approaches. This may have distinct benefits when developing production and marketing programs. It isn't nearly as effective when one is trying to make sense out of complex human relationships, and trying to determine a wise course of action with one's own children or friends. But the "sloganeering" habit carries over into other areas. The result very often is simplistic expressions of faith and "fatherly advice" which seldom produce the effects that the businessman desires. The anguish experienced by some business families must be attributed at least in part to that unreflective decisiveness which serves them so well in business.

The same ambivalent results seem to flow from the *success-orientation* of businessmen. In numerous instances the *direction* that the success-drive takes (not necessarily the drive itself) has tragic consequences. I believe that God is extremely interested in the goods and services that we produce to satisfy the needs of others, and in the organizations



"Of course, sales do tend to fluctuate a little..."

Basco/Media/Hong Kong

that we create in the process. But all of our activities have a basic substance to them, as well as superficial side effects. Our greatest mistake consists of substituting what is superficial for the substance, the side effect for the objective. The substance of education is the improvement of our minds. The superficial side effects are marks and degrees. The educated fool is someone who pays more attention to the attainment of degrees than to the improvement of his mind. The substance of work, or business activity, is the creation of new and necessary goods, services and organization. The superficial side effects are wealth, status, and power. Those who make the pursuit of these side effects their *objective* are precisely the kind of fool that Jesus identifies in his parable of the rich farmer.

We often read in business journals about the successful businessman who made it his goal, at age nineteen, to be a millionaire by the time he was twenty-five. I suppose this is meant to impress us. If I am sure of anything, it is that God is not the least bit impressed by such a declaration of purpose. He is undoubtedly more impressed by someone who sincerely declares his intention to be a ditchdigger. No matter how humble, the one ambition has real substance, the other doesn't.

I have tried to express a simple conviction in these remarks and that is that Christian businessmen, like other Christians, have been given a narrow road to walk in this life. The proper image may be even narrower—that of a tight-rope walker. The qualities that God has bestowed upon us must be constantly balanced. Our particular characteristics may cause us to tilt a bit, but a move too far to one side may result in disaster. We all benefit immensely from the daring, individualistic bent of the businessman, and from his decisiveness and success-orientation. That is the peculiar tilt God has given him. We would be infinitely poorer without it. But the journey is along a tight-rope, and only compensating qualities of brotherhood, reflection, and a proper ordering of priorities can prevent a serious fall. May God grant to you, our businessmen, the morale and spiritual agility that such tight-rope walking requires! **mm**

Babysitter Required

Responsible mature person required to babysit one year old child on part time basis in my home. Approximately 6-10 hrs. per week. Vicinity North Kildonan — East St. Paul. If seriously interested, call 338-3916

A COMPLETE PRINTING SERVICE

*We're not the largest
and possibly not the best,
but people keep telling us*

- that they like to deal with us
- that we give honest value for their money
- that we stick fairly close to deadlines
- that we do a pretty good job.

TRY US!

We print books, newspapers,
periodicals, business stationery,
and more.

DERKSEN PRINTERS

STEINBACH - MANITOBA

Winnipeg line — 284-4210

Steinbach line — 326-3421

Anti-Over

*"Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother"*

We played the game with zest and great delight,
Anti-over we called it in the R. B. Bennet days;
Two groups of barefoot youngsters lined up at the site
Of the long red school barn; Melba's latest craze
Needed no equipment, but a sponge-ball soft and small.
Sides chosen, the ball across the barrier zoomed,
Caught on our side; in feverish frenzy all
Followed our leader who with his straight shot doomed
One opponent to join us as the ball hit, not to harm.
"Anti-over," "I caught it," and the game continued on,
Sheer childish fun, and no cause for alarm,
Until, all opponents caught, we moved as one
East of the long red school barn, barrier bold,
In its putrid heart tales of joy and woe untold.

2

The Melba school barn has seen its happier day;
Chicken roosts, pig pens, garage, and horses stall
All gone; gone childish scuffle, gone the frolicking way;
Gone anti-over's long red barrier wall!
To play our more sophisticated game,
A new barrier built of concrete blocks and steel,

Veritable tower of Babel; to our own shame
Solid bricks of greed, stone hearts that cannot feel
Hide us from brothers; but the game we play,
Shooting our arrogant arrows o'er the house;
Sunward they soar in the sickly infamous fray.
No sponge-ball here, soft and harmless as a mouse;
But a vicious concrete barrier looming high,
Swift scathing arrows pierce our brother's eye.

3

How can we put an end to this vicious game?
We know our Master is the Prince of Peace;
Incarnate Love into our world He came
To destroy confusing Babel, to bring release
To barrier building captives, held in chains
Of tunnel vision, seeing only the concrete wall
They build; oblivious to the excruciating pains
Their arrogant arrows cause. When will barriers fall?
Or will they fall at all? Perhaps we ought
To blast Babel's bleak buildings that divide,
Or bring to the game the guileless, childlike thought,
Of simple trust, devoid of heartless pride;
Make our brother again a target of the shaft of love,
And gather east of bleak Babel in the light of the sun above.

D.D. Duerksen

Westgate is

... togetherness ...



... higher education ...



... cyclathon ...



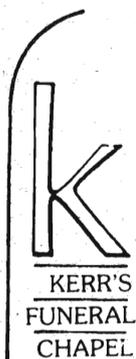
... retreat time ...



... parents/teachers ...

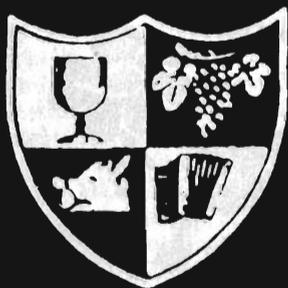
*Applications for Grades 7 to 12 are still welcome — Call us at 775-7111
Graduation service on Thursday, June 26, at Home Street Mennonite Church.*

Kerr
owned and
managed since
1887



120 ADELAIDE STREET
WINNIPEG 2, MANITOBA
CHAPEL OFFICE 943-6688

The Happy
Vineyard



FOR
HEARTY GERMAN
FOOD
AND

GEMÜTLICHKEIT

719 ELLICE AVE.
Phone 783-6837

Dave Niedarp and the bogeyman

By Arnold Dyck

Translated by Al Reimer

Dave Niedarp had been helping the Cornie Warkentins butcher pigs. He had also helped to "measure the bacon" afterwards. Now he was on his way home.

But first he dawdled along for a while with Schellenbergs' Peter, even though it was a bit out of his way. Peter had talked him into doing that because he wanted to hear the rest of the story, he said, that Niedarp had just gotten nicely underway when old man Koslovsky suddenly declared that now it was time to head home, the nightwatchman was knocking already.

Schellenbergs' Peter was a mature lad and a pretty shrewd fellow.

So the two of them left by the back way, behind the gardens, and Niedarp finished his story. That done, he said goodnight and turned back into the footpath which started there and led straight through the woods. It was a shortcut home.

Peter watched him walking away, smiled to himself, then called after him: "Uncle Niedarp, you'd be better off walking around by the street. There's a bogeyman in the bush and he's bound to get you tonight!"

Niedarp just chuckled.

"Okay, but don't say later I didn't warn you."

"You can rest easy, Peter. You've warned me." But to himself he added: "Let the boeyman come, we'll see who'll get who."

Still exhilarated by the warm male companionship, the fat pigs, especially by the bacon-measuring, he was a little unsteady on his feet.

A creek ran through the middle of the woods. When Niedarp got to the creek he stopped short, or as short as you can when you've been measuring bacon. The creek—he'd forgotten the creek. Not that it was necessary to remember it as a rule. It had been running here for at least a hundred years, and as long as he could remember there had been a plank-bridge across it. But perhaps he should also have remembered that the plank, although three inches thick, was only twelve inches wide—and there sitting plumb on the middle of it, rocking himself, was none other than the bogeyman of Schellenbergs' Peter.

So Niedarp stood there, cap shoved to one side, and scratched behind his ear. Scratched and carried on a debate with himself.

"Dave," he said, "Don't try it, you'll land in the water."

"Ah, the heck with it. Press on, Niedarp. You're not going to let a little moisture make you go all the way back again."

"Don't do it, Dave, you're a little wobbly today, you'll miss it! And what'll your old lady say if you come home soaked to the skin like a drowned-out field mouse."

"Aagh, get out of here, both of you, and mind your own business. I'll look after myself," said Dave Niedarp, fuming. "Out of the way!" He straightened his cap, spit on his hands and, stepping out on the plank, he hit the mud. "Dammit, who's moving the plank?" He raised his foot again, then paused alertly. And sure enough, that sneaky plank was moving this way and that. Okay, two could play that game. He held his foot ready and when the plank was directly under it he put it down—"Dammit anyway"—right in the mud again.

"All right, we'll try it another way." Niedarp got down on his knees, stretched out his arms, his hands gripping the plank left and right, so that he had a hammerlock on the bridge. "You see!"

The rest was easy. He managed to get his knees up and away he went on all fours.

He was almost up to the middle when he just had to look up to see how much farther it was. And that's what the bogeyman had been waiting for; now he tripped him up. He didn't tip the plank—oh no, he just turned the rest of the world upside down. And even Dave Niedarp couldn't resist the whole world; he had to go along—on his head.

There was a mighty splash.

Just when Niedarp was clambering up the opposite bank and slinging the water and mud from his hands and feet, he suddenly heard a voice.

"Don't say I didn't warn you, Uncle Niedarp. I told you—the bogeyman!"

The voice of Schellenbergs' Peter, "And you better change clothes fast, or you'll catch a chill. I've brought along some dry clothes."

Dave Niedarp didn't say a word; he changed clothes, his teeth chattering.

And he never told anyone how it happened that coming home from Cornie Warkentin's hog-wedding he was wearing Schellenbergs' Peter's clothes. mm

Manitoba news

The **Mennonite Pavilion** at Winnipeg's Folklorama will be co-sponsored this summer by Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, Winnipeg, and Mennonite Collegiate Institute, Gretna. Folklorama is a cultural activity involving more than 30 pavilions representing different religious and cultural groups. The pavilion, which will be held at University of Winnipeg, will feature Mennonite foods, games, music, literature, art, handicrafts.

Delegates to the 61st annual general meeting of the Manitoba Teachers' Society have elected **John Wiens**, vice-principal of Morden Collegiate, as president to succeed Marilyn Thompson of Winnipeg. He has been a member of the provincial executive of the teachers' Association for three years.

Mennonite Village Museum in Steinbach has received a 1967 Cotner-Bevington Oldsmobile ambulance, one of the few remaining luxury ambulances, from Bethesda Hospital. Steinbach businessman **Peter Barkman** has been declared honorary miller of the Village Museum succeeding his father, the late **K.R. Barkman** to whom the mill has now been dedicated because "he was instrumental in conceiving and establishing the windmill for the museum."

MBBC graduation exercises took place on April 29 at the Elmwood MB Church. A challenge was given the 22 graduates by guest speaker Dr. David Ewert, of Pacific College, Fresno. Dr. **Henry Krahn**, president MBBC, projects 155 students, plus part-time students, for the coming school year. Additions to their staff are Henry Voth, former pastor Portage Avenue MB Church, to teach theology and New Testament, Sig Polle, dean of students to teach in the area of contemporary ministry, Eric Mierau, a linguist and anthropologist to teach missions and anthropology, and John Krahn, whose involvement will be in constituency relations, particularly recruitment. All four are former students of MBBC. Departing staff are Peter Hamm, Hugo Jantz and Erwin Penner. Bill Baerg, department of music, is presently conducting a four week music study tour in Western Europe involving 15 students.

The **J.A. Toews Memorial Collection**, a collection of books related to the Anabaptist-Mennonites and contained within the Archives has been established. Designed to honour Dr. J.A. Toews, a Mennonite historian, professor and minister of note, this collection will be added to in future.

MBCI Spring Concert took place on May 26 at the school gymnasium. The school's graduation exercises will be celebrated with 65 graduates on June 29 at the Elmwood MB Church. Harold Jantz is the guest speaker.

Wally Pauls, Niverville, caught a 120 pound, eight foot sailfish near Acapulco, Mexico, in April. The stuffed and mounted trophy will be sent to Canada.

Harold Fransen, youth worker in Ontario and occasional columnist for *The Mennonite*, has accepted a call to become associate minister at the First Mennonite Church of Winnipeg, effective June 1. The Winnipeg congregation is the largest in the general conference Mennonite Church with a membership of 1,366.

Glen Horst has been appointed to the newly-created practical theology post at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, it was announced recently. Horst, who is currently pastor of the Valleyview Mennonite Church in London, Ontario, will begin his new assignment in the fall of 1981.

POLO PARK '80 WELL-ATTENDED

Susan Froese, chairperson on the committee for the Mennonite Festival of Art and Music, reported an attendance of approximately 3,500 at this year's Festival at Polo Park. Considering the long weekend when not only many visitors but also choirs were out of town the attendance and participation in musical as well as exhibiting events was most gratifying. Rarely did the crowds thin out in the literature and periodical section. The quilting displays were exceptional. The Pluma Moos Sundaes, this innovation idea of the alumni, were completely sold out. The long-suffering ladies at the food and coffee stalls sold more food than ever, suggesting that visitors had come to the festival to lunch on Mennonite foods directly after church. Some excellent art was shown among the ranks of the 20 painters who exhibited. Some of our Mennonite artists must be pretty good when we remember that several years ago Betty Epp, the president of the committee, was instrumental in obtaining a grant of \$4,340 for the Mennonite Historical Mural Contest. Guests have come to expect quite a great deal in coming to support this effort of the Mennonites. Very few have been disappointed.

**First Session: July 14 -
August 1, 1980**

The Biblical Theology of Missions - Dr. Virgil Olson
General Epistles - Dr. Frank C. Peters
Old Testament Theology - Dr. Gary Smith

**Second Session: August 4 -
22, 1980**

Prison Epistles - Dr. Stephen Woodward
The Biblical Philosophy of Marriage and Family - Dr. Henry Hildebrand
Methods and Approaches to Teaching - Dr. Linda Cannell

Write for full information:
Dr. Richard Patterson, Dean

**WINNIPEG
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY**

Otterburne, Manitoba
R0A 1G0

Summer Seminary

'80



Two outstanding Manitoba Choirs, **Mennonite Children's Choir** and **The Treble Teens** will combine their musical artistry in concert at the Winnipeg Centennial Concert Hall, June 8, 1980. Helen Litz and Shirley Penner, the musical directors, will be joining efforts for the first time to present an evening of musical selections from both choirs and the **Treble Teens Handbell Ringers** directed by Diane Bairstow. Shirley Penner, founder and director of Steinbach's Treble Teens for the past 17 years, has announced her resignation earlier this year. A full-time job as cultural development officer with the provincial government makes it impossible to continue her duties with the choir. Besides directing the choir she trained all the girls musically until her appointment as full-time director of Associated Manitoba Festivals in 1974. Many of the graduates of the choir are using their training in the various church, school and community activities. A "final performance" concert in April marked the end of an era for the Treble Teens. Rose Derksen has been the administrator for the well-known Treble Teens and Marni Loewen their artistic director.



Helen and John Derksen

John Doerksen took early retirement from his teaching career in order to accept an MCC assignment with the Umsiedler ministry in Germany. When he and his wife Helen had completed that assignment they were asked to assume responsibility in April 1979 in a new ministry for MCC (Man) in coordinating the refugee sponsorship program. Now they are retiring once again. Representatives of immigration and settlement services and refugee sponsoring agents met for a coffee party on May 2 in the MCC building to thank the Doerksens for the work they have done and to extend good wishes for their future. John and Helen are members of the Portage Avenue MB Church. MCC (Man) Director Vern Ratzlaff announces the appointment of **Frank and Irma Isaac** effective August 1980 to the position of MCC (Man) immigration coordinator. Presently vice-principal of Gordon Bell High School Isaac is also choosing early retirement. The Isaacs are members of the River East MB Church.

The Third Story, a television series for older children produced by Mennonite Brethren Communications in Winnipeg, is now being aired on about 1,100 cable stations in the U.S., which are affiliated with the Christian Broadcasting Network. The two 13-week series—featuring parables, Bible stories, songs and cartoons—are run free of air time costs. The series has been aired over CTV stations in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and B.C. for several years.

LABOR OBJECTORS MAY REGAIN RIGHT

Emerson MLA, Albert Driedger has announced that he will sponsor a private member's bill to amend the Labour Relations Act, which would recognize the right of conscientious objectors to be exempt from paying union dues on the basis of their religious beliefs and on condition of an equivalent contribution to a charity of their choice.

The option to exercise this right by conscientious objectors was incorporated into the Labour Relations Act between 1972 and 1976 but was removed through a 1976 amendment which was fiercely opposed by the Conservative opposition. Mr. Driedger said that by introducing his Bill he is merely fulfilling a 1977 election promise by the Conservative Party to reverse the 1976 amendment on the union dues issue and to reinstate the 1972 provisions of the Labour Relations Act. Mr. Driedger mentioned that he was pleasantly surprised at the strong and spontaneous support for the Bill which he has received from his caucus so far.

Mr. Driedger said that he counts Fitness and Sport Minister Bob Banman and Government Services Minister Harry Enns as two of the staunchest supporters of his Bill. Both Banman and Enns are on record as vocal advocates of reinstating the 1972 clauses under the Labour Relations Act which allow conscientious objectors the right to determine the ultimate recipient of union dues.



Irma and Frank Isaac, new MCC immigration co-ordinators.

Len Ratzlaff, well-known in Winnipeg music circles and as a former teacher at MBCI and MBBC has received a Canada Council Grant of \$8,000 to cover a full year of studies toward his Doctor of Music Arts in conducting at the University of Iowa.



Karl Konrad Toews, 13, son of Arthur and Irma Toews, Brandon, won praise as the most outstanding cello performer in the intermediate string category. He won this trophy and three medals at the 1980 Brandon Music Festival. A pupil of Malcolm Tate, Toews was acclaimed as a highly promising string performer.

Which Way Women? a newly published 150 page book edited by Dorothy Yoder Nyce is a collection of 42 articles, biographies and poetry guided by the MCC Peace Section. Intended primarily for a Mennonite audience its three major themes are equality, development, and peace. Cost is \$3 soft cover.

Rev. P.R. Toews, pastor of the Elmwood MB Church has resigned his position effective September 1 to assume duties in ministry with the MB Conference of Canada.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGION

1980-81 DAY AND EVENING COURSES IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS:

Biblical Studies, History of Christianity, Contemporary Theology, World Religions, Yoga and Vedanta, Science and Religion, Psychology of Religion, Ethics, Anti-Semitism and Christianity.

Undergraduate, Honours, Graduate Programs

FACULTY

G. Harland, Head

J. Brown

L. Cooley

T. Day

E. Grislis

I. Hexham

L. Hurtado

R. Khan

W. Klassen

K. Klostermaier

D. McCarthy

Brochures available; for information call 474-9516

Scott Klassen, son of Peter and Luella Klassen, Winnipeg, has been awarded the St. Johns Ravenscourt Red River Scholarship. A grade seven student he also received a gold medal at Manitoba Science Symposium for placing first in Grade 7 Mathematics and a silver medal for placing second in Grade 8 Biology.

The Gretna Arena Committee staged a \$50 a plate fund-raising banquet at the MCI cafeteria in Gretna. Eric Stuhlmüller, president of Toastmasters International, was the guest speaker. W.C. Miller Collegiate Chamber Choir, directed by Henry Peters, provided the music for the evening.

Henrietta Schulz of Winnipeg, is employed as self-help director of MCC (Canada) headquarters in Winnipeg. She is a member of Burrows Bethel Mennonite Church, Winnipeg, and daughter of Jacob and Helena Wallman of Steinbach. She and her husband Menno have two children, Evan and Rennie.



Judith Friesen, 10, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Friesen, Brandon, and piano pupil of Irma Konrad Toews, won the Bronze medal for the highest mark, 90, in the province in 1979. She won two classes in the 1980 Brandon Festival.

Larry Kehler on a three-month MCC assignment is to be replaced at Charleswood Mennonite Church by the pastoral team of Dan Thiessen and Esther Epp.

A Waterloo author, **Barbara Smucker**, has just been awarded a \$5,000 Canada Council prize for writing the best children's book published in Canada in the past year. Mrs. Smucker is librarian at Renison College on the University of Waterloo campus; her husband is Conrad Grebel college sociology professor Dr. Donovan Smucker. The prize winning book is entitled *Days of Terror*. It describes the impact of the Russian revolution on a Mennonite family in the Ukraine, in 1917. Events are described through the eyes of a 12 year old Mennonite boy whose family subsequently moves to Canada, settling in Waterloo county. It is intended for people in the 12-15 age bracket.



Henry Enns, Winnipeg, graduated in 1966 with a B.A. from University of Manitoba. In the same year he became ill with a crippling arthritis. Physically restricted and moving about in a wheelchair he has been mentally active and productive throughout. Since 1975 he has given leadership to the Manitoba League of Physically Handicapped. Now he has dedicated his services to MCC in the area of handicapped awareness. His assignment began on May 1. His goal is to familiarize Canadian and perhaps U.S. Mennonite communities with the needs of the handicapped and provide direction as to what the Mennonite churches can do to meet these needs. Part of his emphasis will be directed to the handicapped themselves.

The **New Hoffnung** (New Hope) school, located several miles outside Altona, is up for sale. The Rhineland School Division is calling for tenders, and is hoping that some group or individual will take over the building and preserve it as a historical building. The building, like many others throughout rural Manitoba, stands as a quiet monument to the ambitions of the early settlers for future generations.

Henry J. Rempel has begun a three year assignment with MCC in Somalia working in agriculture extension. He received a Bachelor of Science in agriculture degree from the University of Manitoba. He is a member of the River East Mennonite Brethren Church, Winnipeg, and the son of Hilda and the late Henry Rempel of Winnipeg.

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The new subscription rates for the *Mennonite Mirror* will be increased from \$6.00 to \$7.00 for one year and from \$11.00 to \$12.00 for a two year subscription in September 1980. This will be the first increase in two years. If your subscription is due now, you can renew at the current price before August 30, 1980.



Take a moment to reflect, look in the *Mirror*

Ten times each year the *Mennonite Mirror* publishes a variety of news, feature articles, reviews, and creative writing that relate to Mennonites. It's a magazine intended for people who are Mennonites and who are concerned about what it means to be a Mennonite.

The annual subscription costs \$6; a two year subscription costs \$11.

Send your cheque or money order, together with the coupon below, to:

Mennonite Mirror
203 - 818 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4

Name _____

Address _____

City/Town _____ Postal Code _____

Enclosed find \$6 for one year

\$11 for two years

Museum founder honored at 80th birthday party

Ruth Neufeld, Tourond, Manitoba, has begun a two year assignment with MCC in Winnipeg working in a respite home with handicapped and retarded children. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Neufeld, Tourond, Ruth is a member of the Niverville MB Church.

Tim and Janet Kroeker, Winnipeg, are beginning a two year term of service in community development with MCC in Port Hardy, B.C. Members of the Fort Garry Church, Tim is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kroeker and Janet the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Jantz.

Robert and Sally Nickel, Altona, began a two year assignment with MCC in Winnipeg. Robert will be working in information services and Sally as a secretary in the overseas services office. Members of the Bergthaler Church, Altona, they are the children of the Jacob Nickels and the George Borns.

Edward (Ted) Friesen, formerly of Gretna, now a counsellor with Canada Employment Centre in Calgary was recently honoured with a merit award and a cheque for \$1,000 for his work in assisting immigrants and particularly refugees settling in the Calgary area. He has worked since 1965, since the Hungarian Refugee Movement, with many refugees. One Vietnam boy paid tribute to Friesen in a letter: "...I will always remember when you told me, 'you are my boy' at the Calgary airport. These are the sweetest words since my departure from Vietnam."

Thirty-two grade 9 to 11 students and two chaperones from St. Jean-Eudes High School, Quebec, visited Manitoba March 27-April 3 in a cultural exchange program that will see Landmark students off to Quebec in May. Teacher Sylvain Premont said three things that most impressed his students were the friendliness of Manitobans, the flatness of the land and the way traditions are being kept alive in the homes of the host families.

A fund-raising talent night held at Green Valley School in Grunthal recently entertained a full house for three hours and raised almost \$4,000 for the building fund of the Kindale Occupational Centre under construction at the Steinbach industrial park. 27 acts included music, skits, arm-wrestling and original Low-German poetry.

On August 3rd, 1980, the Lichtenauer Church in St. Elizabeth, Manitoba, will celebrate its 50th anniversary. All former members with families, as well as friends of the congregation are cordially invited to attend. The program will commence with a thanksgiving service in the church at 10:30 a.m. In the afternoon there will be an informal gathering on the church grounds. Guests are asked to bring a light lunch. Coffee and other beverages will be available.



J. J. Reimer and his wife Anne were honored Wednesday, May 28th on his 80th birthday at a fund-raising dinner at the Fort Garry Hotel for the Mennonite Village Museum in Steinbach. In appreciation of his efforts on behalf of the museum, Reimer received an engraved plaque depicting the museum and windmill. Mrs. Reimer was presented with a bouquet of roses. Approximately 190 guests attended and more than \$6,000 was raised for the museum.

— Carillon photo by Moira Neufeld.

KRAHN'S TV LTD. =

SALES — SERVICE — RENTALS

COLOR TV RCA — HITACHI — ELECTROHOME

STERIO EQUIPMENT

FURNITURE & APPLIANCES

MICROWAVE OVENS

Phone 338-0319 1143 Henderson Hwy.

A pocketful of sugar cubes

by Al Reimer

Flat. Flat as a frozen pancake. I'd forgotten how flat and cold this part of southern Manitoba can look in winter. Wastes of gray-white snow. Snow-waste, wasteland white and whipped-looking, flatland ice-locked, lifeless. In the warm car I shudder, it's frightening just to look at. On both sides of the highway the wind-swept fields yield only to isolated clumps and ragged spinneys of dirty gray and black poplars and dingy farm buildings huddled starkly behind rigid lines of evergreens and spindly willows. Gradually the bleak landscape focuses itself into recognition. This farm on the right with the big yellow barn, whose was it years ago? The name won't quite come, but the old memories are stirring now. Familiar landscapes are popping up at me left and right; in my rented car I'm driving into an ambush of my own past. This is Mennonite country, the farmland surrounding Barkfield, my old home town, where my cradle stood, as the old German song has it. It's silly, but suddenly I feel charged with a kind of giddy exhilaration.

I ease up on the gas pedal as Low German phrases and old jokes I haven't thought of for years start jostling through my mind. Alone in the car, I try some of them out loud and experience again the primitive satisfaction of sounding the long fat vowels and harsh, mouth-filling consonants of the peasant language I grew up with. "*Jung etj saj die*, Boy, let me tell you; *Etj woah die waut*, I'll give it to you;" and the jocular greeting, *Na, du Baedel, wo jeitet dann?* Well, you rascal, how's it going?" and the inevitable answer, "*Op twe Bein*, On two legs." Next I rattle off some of my favorite Mennonite dishes, a litany of salivation: "*Plumemous, Schintjefleesch enn jebraudene Eadschoke*, Dried-fruit soup, ham and fried potatoes" for Sunday dinner after church; "*Tjieltje met Schmaundfat*, Home-made noodles with cream gravy," which I recall having a

special craving for whenever I was sick. Best of all were *Wrennetje*, the plump cottage-cheese-filled dumplings that I ate until my belly groaned. It's been years since I've enjoyed any of those dishes. Some guy could make a killing marketing some of that stuff across the country, especially if he let me handle the promotion from my advertising agency in Toronto. Ethnic food is big these days and that's ad copy I'd write with unfeigned enthusiasm.

Mel Wiebe, Mennonite boy who's made it in big TO, coming home to attend the funeral of his favorite uncle. Come to think of it, I'm a little surprised to find myself here. I mean, I'm not exactly the kind of guy interested in keeping up the old home town connections. Just the opposite. I couldn't get way from hearth and home fast enough. Thank God the war came along when it did. And I haven't been back more than four, five times since I came back from the war. The last time was what—fourteen, fifteen years ago? yeah, for the wedding of my kid sister Alva. I've reached the age now where it's mostly the funerals that arouse my interest. Uncles, aunts, even cousins—a lot of them have died in the last few years. Some of them I don't even remember clearly anymore.

Uncle Pete, though, he was something special in my life. He was a fascinating old reprobate. I loved the guy like a father. He was the only one in the whole family who didn't condemn me or shun me when I joined the army in '42. I used to stay at Pete's place when I came home on a week-end pass because my old man wouldn't let me stay in the house unless I wore civies. The hell with that. I was eighteen and so proud of my uniform I hated to take it off nights. Uncle Pete understood how I felt. After all, he was a bit of a rebel too, even if he'd never managed to get away completely the way I was doing. He told me once he'd wanted to join the army when the Big

One was on, but his old man—my grandfather—had told him if he joined up he would never again set foot on the family farm or be permitted to speak to any member of the family. And that was that. Pete knew his father meant it.

So, except for a few fall harvesting trips out west after the war, Pete stayed in Barkfield. Eventually, he became the town character. With his loud quick laugh, sharp wit and irreverent eye for human behaviour, he was forever getting on the pious nerves of the local respectables. The smug hypocrites who ran the town couldn't stand a guy who always said what he thought, told earthy jokes—on himself as well as on others—used his pungent Low German with the skill of a satirist, and didn't seem to give a damn for the local pecking order. Pete was rarely seen without a shrivelled roll-your-own dangling from his lips, and he didn't even have the decency to duck his head or glance over his shoulder like the other local sinners when he went into the beer parlour on Main Street.

In a community where everything from church to commerce was considered to be God's business, and even monkey business disguised as holy, as Uncle Pete had wickedly put it once, you either shaped up or you came under the Frown. The Frown meant that you were tolerated without being accepted. Under the Frown came all non-Mennonites in the town, all back-sliders, drunks, loafers, eccentrics, and people who were not members of one of the community's seven churches. Pete once told me in his beer parlour boom: "Mel, the people in this town are allowed to be equals exactly one hour a week—between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday mornings when employers and employees, rich and poor, sit haunch by haunch in church. And even there the men sit on one side and their women on the other." So, old Pete never got to be anything more than a local handyman, the man you called

Fiction special

when you had a job to do that nobody else would touch—like digging holes for outhouses, cleaning cesspools, or flooding the outdoor rink in winter. He was tolerated as the town fool, a sort of licensed jester but, like the kings' jesters of old, he always ran the risk of going too far some day and getting kicked out.

When I got out of the army it was again Uncle Pete who welcomed me back with all his old roaring affection, when all I got from the rest of the place was the Frown. By this time I couldn't have cared less. The army and service overseas I wanted to forget as soon as possible. But the experience had released me forever from the narrow little cocoon of Barkfield. Even before I got home I knew that for me there was no future living in a clannish, self-absorbed little Mennonite town. I was through with all that. So, I left for the East as soon as I could decently get away.

Now the place is rising up before me again. I wheel into the broad, spacious Main Street and am immediately hit in the eyes by the many new buildings and gaudy neon signs on all sides. What has happened here? Suddenly I'm disoriented, as though I've never been here before. Everything looks strange and out of character somehow. The whole damn street has a kind of phony glitter about it, like the smooth smile and faked sincerity of a car salesman who smells a deal cooking. What's happened to the Mennonite character of the town? It looks like any other prairie town now—except more prosperous, much more prosperous than most. What furious force has been unleashed in the little Mennonite *darp* that slumbered peacefully here on the plain for several generations? It's as if all that spiritual energy hoarded for so long in the plain, wooden churches has finally escaped and transformed itself into a whirlwind of business activity.

I have difficulty getting my bearings

amid these gleaming facades. Where's the family church, the one I spent so many interminable Sunday mornings in? It's on a side street, but which one? I don't want to stop and ask for directions in case I'm recognized and have to do a lot of explaining. Or am I really afraid that I won't be recognized? I turn off Main and drive a couple of blocks in what I sense is the right direction. Then I turn again and see from the long lines of cars parked up ahead that I've found it. But even the old church has felt the hand of progress. The sober white building with its single row of rectangular windows in the old Mennonite style has been metamorphosed into a much larger building with modest but unmistakably arched cathedral windows. There is even a stubby, decorative bell-tower squatting self-consciously above the entrance. Is nothing sacred anymore, not even traditional Mennonite church architecture?

I park the car and head for the door, fervently hoping that I'll be able to slip into the church without being recognized. I hate the idea of being fussed over by these people just because I've been gone a long time. But I'm resigned. I'll probably have to take my place with the rest of the dead man's "family". As I enter the vestibule, I immediately attract the attention of various familiar-looking individuals. Smiles, whispered greetings, hands reaching out, and I find myself being guided down the aisle with gentle squeezes of the elbow and muted instructions to join the family. I sit down self-consciously, not sure how to acknowledge the shy smiles and covert looks of recognition all around me.

It seems I've arrived in the nick of time. The service begins as soon as I'm seated, as though the whole congregation has been waiting for me so they can start. The casket is drawn up in front, just under the pulpit. I remember the ritual now. At the end of the service the audience will file past the coffin for a

final look at the deceased. Then the relatives and close friends will follow the hearse to the cemetery where another service—briefer and even more emotionally charged than the one in church—will bring the rites to a close. But there's something more. Of course! When the funeral party gets back from the cemetery there will be the traditional funeral meal of zwieback, sugar cubes and coffee down in the church basement. God, do I have to go through that too? That'll be the worst part. All the relatives, the surviving uncles and aunts, dozens of awkward country cousins, former friends and aging neighbors, all those relics of the past—the works—eagerly coming over to chat in a dialect I'm no longer fluent in while I'm tensely trying to remember their names. And to add to the confusion most of them have names like Mary and Jake and Tina and Henry.

We plod through the last stanza of the long, lugubrious hymn we've been singing, and the minister rises to speak. At least he's modern looking, not one of those old farmer-preachers I had to listen to when I was a kid. He speaks in English not German, and he's obviously been to Bible school. He delivers the eulogy in rapid sing-song cadence, as though he's casting a spell and is afraid that if he pauses anywhere he'll break it. There's something familiar about the guy's toothy grimace and unctuous voice. Then I recognize him. His family had the farm next to Uncle Pete's when I was a kid, before Pete gave up farming his few rocky acres and moved into town. This was the little freak who used to express pious disapproval of Uncle Pete's "worldly ways"—his smoking, his vulgar stories and his fondness for a glass of beer. And here he is, in a sleek adult version, singing the praises of a man about whom he had never found anything good to say in life. The sneaking hypocrite. I feel hypocritical just sitting here and listening to him.

After stringing out his thin platitudes

and emotional catch-phrases like a cat's-cradle, the spellbinder spins to a halt abruptly. After another lengthy closing hymn, the congregation begins to shuffle past the coffin as pew after pew rises to the inaudible directions of the funeral attendant (the guy must have a silencer on his voice and wear sneakers). I study the mourners in the slowly moving line. Many of them I recognize, although the names are elusive. An elderly woman, fat and wearing an archaic-looking black hat, stops at the side of the coffin, blows her nose loudly, sighs and shakes her head, then turns away abruptly dabbing wet eyes. Who is she? One of Uncle Pete's old girl friends? she must have been slimmer fifty years ago but probably wore the same hat. A tall, gaunt man also stops, nods rapidly and makes an odd gesture towards the dead man's face, as much as to say, "Nah, Pete, what're doing in there? Is this another of your silly jokes? Get up, man let's have a good laugh and go home."

Now it's the family's turn. I gaze down at the remains in the coffin. Big, robust, apple-faced Uncle Pete lies there a shrunken wax figure dressed incongruously in a neat dark suit and tie. I don't remember ever seeing him dressed as neatly in life. I study the pale face and

hands for a moment, trying to reconcile them with the man I knew. I feel that I'm on the verge of discovering something important here, and that it has nothing to do with this stiff, ceremonial cliché of death. I feel a gentle pressure from behind. Like the fat old lady, I'm holding up the line. I move away and the moment is lost.

By the time the funeral cortege has returned to the church from the cemetery, I'm impatient to get away. I'm sorry I've come. I should have known better than to pick a funeral as the setting for the old home-town nostalgia bit. As soon as I can get away I'll drive back to Winnipeg, spend the evening with an old friend or two and catch a plane back to Toronto tomorrow morning. No sense in spending any more time here. This funeral is all the social involvement I can take with relatives. And there's no point in trying to look up old school pals: they've either left town like me or they've turned into such pillars of Mennonite respectability that we'd only embarrass each other.

"Mel, you old son-of-a-gun. How are you? Where've you been hiding all these years?"

I stare at the familiar, beaming face before me. Hank Toews! Disguised as a middle-aged man. My old Penner Street

playmate. But why is he here? What was Uncle Pete to him?

"Great, great, Hank. Nice seeing you again, old buddy. Good to be back in the old home town." I stop, desiring my insincerity.

"Come on. Let's go where we can talk." Hank grabs my arm and guides me down to the basement where people are milling about finding seats at the long, bench-flanked tables set with plates, cups and heaping platters of zwieback.

Hank, still grinning warmly, shoots me that shy, ingratiating look exactly as he did when we were boys.

"You probably don't even know I'm married to your cousin Mary, Mel. Or if you did, you'd forgotten, right?"

Of course, that's the connection. I should have remembered. Mary. Uncle Pete's daughter. Which one of the four or five was she? I can't even picture her clearly.

"Yeah, we got four kids. Oldest boy's getting married soon. Won't be long and I'll be a grandfather." Again the soft laugh and the bashful look.

Yeah, I think, that's the Mennonite way all right. Talk about grandchildren coming just minutes after you've buried your father-in-law. Life-in-death. Keep the generations going. Shovel under the old, pull out the new. Keep the faith. God will provide.

Hank has stopped smiling. He's reading my face with his old intensity. He draws me into a corner.

"Look, Mel, you and I live in different worlds now, but we can still talk straight to each other." He pauses. "I know how fond you were of your uncle in the old days. You made a personal hero out of him—the oddball saint and wise-cracking village sage whom no one really understood or valued except you. You despised all the people you thought were looking down on him, the ones who hated his sharp tongue and boisterous jokes while praying for his soul. To you he was a devil-may-care rebel. You probably still think of him as rejected and kept down because he was direct and honest and fearlessly outspoken, and exposed what you consider to be the sham and hypocrisy of a community like this."

He gives me a long searching look. "But you know, Mel, you're wrong—you're wrong about your uncle and you're wrong about this town."

I'm taken aback by this unexpected outburst, but my interest is aroused. I'm impressed by old Hank's eloquence, but I can't buy it. Is he leading up to the old Mennonite conversion bit, I wonder? Nothing like a funeral to bring out the line.

"O.K. how am I wrong?" I won't let this hick intimidate me.

"First of all, Mel, your Uncle Pete

Why not come to college this summer?

First Session: July 14-August 1, 1980

Contemporary Living in Light of the End:

Revelation - Mr. Lorne Meisner

The Church in Modern Society - Dr. Ernest Pasiciel

A Study of Israel and the Prophetic Word

- Dr. Phil Taylor

Second Session: August 4-22, 1980

The Church and its Mission: Acts

- Mr. Dave Lewycky

Effective Counseling - Mr. Steve Masterson

Discovering Great Music - Mr. Bill Derksen

Music in Christian Worship - Mr. Jake Klassen

Write for full information:

Mr. Henry B. Esau, Registrar

WINNIPEG BIBLE COLLEGE

Otterburne, Manitoba

ROA 1G0

never was the rebel you thought he was. Do you really think he would have stayed here if he had been? Sure, he talked a lot, talked a good game, as they say. That was his nature. But he never had any intentions of leaving this place—the way you did—and he would have been lost if he'd tried. He needed this town and the people in it—even the people who disliked him and gave him a hard time. Pete was a Barkfielder through and through. He knew that, you didn't. You'd be mighty surprised if I named all the people in this town who helped old Pete over the years. And most of them are here today too.

"The thing is, Mel, no one except you ever thought of your uncle as an outcast who would have been better off somewhere else. He belonged here as much as anyone ever did."

I lean forward, my voice low and hard. "Then why didn't he ever get a decent job here? Why the snide remarks behind his back? Why all the 'loving' efforts to

get him to attend the big revival campaigns and nothing but neglect and contempt the rest of the time? No, Hank, no thanks, I can't swallow your little analysis." I try not to look bitter.

"Why not a decent job? C'mon Mel. Pete was a nice man but he had a shiftless streak. He wasn't lazy exactly, but he couldn't stick to anything. He didn't like farming and he never learned anything else except rough carpentering and odd jobs. What he really liked best was to talk, to entertain people, to make them laugh. He was an entertainer, Mel, a story teller, court jester and circus clown all rolled into one. He boasted and swaggered and exaggerated real life experiences and made up what suited him. Trouble is, he couldn't make a living doing what he did best. He was a skilled craftsman. His craft, when you come right down to it, was to celebrate the wonder and magic of God's created world, to recreate in words the sheer joy and luck of being alive. But nobody pays you for being a master at that craft—unless you can set it all down in writing or paint it or put it into music. Here in Barkfield we don't even admit that there is such a craft. Life is serious here, and if you want to play you better do it as a kid or you won't be accepted. Pete never learned that, or if he did he never let on."

Hank's gaze doesn't waver. "And I'll tell you something else, Mel. You want to see your dead Uncle Pete as some kind of moral symbol, as a justification for what you've done—for the break you made with your own kind of people, your whole Mennonite identity. You think that by holding your Uncle Pete up as a martyr, a rejected saint, you are showing up the rest of us for what we are. It gives you the moral edge over this whole place you grew up in, doesn't it?"

Before I can answer, Hank clasps me firmly by the shoulder and steers me into the noisy circle of people who are still seated at the table or standing around chatting. They greet me with such unassuming warmth and pleasure that I feel suddenly ashamed.

Can Hank be right after all? Have I taken pride all these years in escaping from a prison that doesn't exist, has never existed? Did Uncle Pete know that all the time, no matter how bitter or critical he sounded at times? I recall something else he once said to me when I was in my teens and not getting along very well with my father. "My boy," he boomed, "always remember that everybody has twenty-twenty vision when it comes to seeing other people's faults, but we're all blind as bats when it comes to our own."

I sit down at the table. I won't be going back to Winnipeg for the night after all. The zwieback and sugar cubes and coffee are as delicious as they were when

I was a boy. Except that the sugar cubes you filled your pockets with on the sly were even better later. On impulse, I reach over to the sugar bowl when I think nobody is looking and palm a handful of cubes. As I transfer them slyly to my side pocket I glance up and see a small boy across the table doing exactly the same thing. Embarrassed, we grin at each other and blush. But neither of us puts back the sugar cubes. mm

An old photograph in a book

Two young women in their twenties stand within old castle walls—wide-rimmed hats with hair tucked under, long dark coats, with hands well hidden in their furry muffs before them. Both are smiling at some object in the distance down below.

Is the picture from the twenties?

There was youth and there was laughter, there was hope and there was longing, then as now girls dreamed of love. Working, striving, these young women sought in life a little meaning and their share of happiness.

These two girls may still be living in some corner of the world—now perhaps old sickly women, grey their hair, their faces wrinkled, no one thinking that at one time they were radiant and fair.

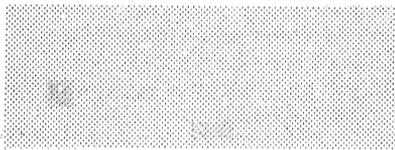
What is left is just a picture used by some indifferent reader as a marker in a book.

by Harry Loewen

People who move, shouldn't break mirrors. . .

. . . tell us when you move so that your subscription won't be broken

To change your address simply cut out the mailing label which appears on this magazine, and affix it to the space below:



And write in your new address:

Street _____

City/town _____

Postal code _____

And send it to our office:

Mennonite Mirror
203 - 818 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg R3G 0N4

Not in Temples

Not in temples, cathedrals or churches,
Not in sermons, in hymns or in prayers
Did I find the God whom I looked for
In my strenuous search everywhere.

All the churches, cathedrals and temples
Left me empty, discouraged and cold,
All the prayers, the hymns and the sermons

Tried to force me into a mould.

Still I found God in trees and in rivers,
In bright sunshine, in thunder and rain,
I saw God in people and children,
In deep sorrow, in joy and in pain.

I felt God in love and in friendship,
In light laughter, in gladness and cheer,
I sensed God in human endeavors,
In all things—in the now and the here.

by Harry Loewen

Die Mennoniten — eine Minderheit, die sich angepaßt hat

Von Johannes Harder

Es lohnt sich, den folgenden Aufsatz mit konzentrierter Aufmerksamkeit zu lesen. Ältester Johannes Harder (im Ruhestand in Deutschland), der wohl als deutsch-mennonitischer Prophet in unserer Zeit gelten dürfte, führt hier aus, daß die einst verfolgte Mennonitenminderheit sich heute der Welt anpaßt. Die biblischen Werte der alten Täufer werden allmählich aufgegeben, was zur Folge hat, daß die heutigen Mennoniten aufhören das Salz der Erde und das Licht der Welt zu sein. Besonders weist Ältester Harder darauf hin, daß nicht-mennonitische Theologie und Nationalismus in der Mennonitengeschichte und in den Gemeinden zu geistlichen Verlusten beigetragen haben. Der Aufsatz ist von einem europäischen Gesichtspunkte aus geschrieben, findet aber vielfache Anwendung auf nord- und südamerikanische Verhältnisse.

Minderheiten sind im religiösen Bereich "Diaspora"-Gemeinschaften (=Zerstreuung) oder "Sekten" (=Abgesonderte). Da Abweichler die herrschende Kirche für irregulär erklären, erwidert die etablierte Mehrheit mit dem gleichen Urteil. Die Kirchengeschichte ist voll religiöser Kämpfe und nur zu oft auch Kriege aller gegen alle, in denen die Vielen gegen die Wenigen immer Recht behalten und — die Geschichte schreiben.

Das Urbild solcher Erfahrungen ist das Volk Israel, das wegen seiner Andersartigkeit und radikalen Widersprüche gegen alle Religionen seit Jahrtausenden in Verachtung geraten ist. Mit einiger Phantasie ließe sich das Täufer-tum als eine Parallele verstehen.

Die Täufer, Auszügler aus den Großkirchen, wurden jahrhundertlang als

religiöse und gesellschaftliche Fremdkörper und Sektierer angesehen; von ihnen stand in den Geschichtsbüchern bis zur Gegenwart nur "unter dem Strich" zu lesen; es wurden von ihnen gleichsam nur fotografische "Negative" ohne einen "positiven" Abzug vorgezeigt, und so waren sie auch in der Literatur zu einer Glosse verurteilt.

Das ist nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg fast schlagartig anders geworden. Die "Care"-Aktion der amerikanischen Mennoniten hat zwar keine "Bekehrung" ausgelöst, wohl aber Verständnis geweckt und den Sprachgebrauch gemildert. Nicht zuletzt hat auch die Ökumene, die (unter Christen besonders) üble Nachrede verstummen lassen und aus diesen Außenseitern der Kirchengeschichte, wenn nicht Verwandte, so doch gute Bekannte werden lassen.

2.

Minderheiten als eigenständige Kirchengebilde haben die Fähigkeit und Freiheit, sich stärker zu aktivieren als Glieder von Volks- und Staatskirchen. Das läßt sie dann bei den gültigen Konfessionen umso bedrohlicher oder verführerischer erscheinen, macht sie als Rebellen mißliebig und gibt Grund genug, sie zu verdrängen. Das betraf in unserem Fall eine ursprünglich missionarische, antiklerikalistische Minderheit, die sich mit bloßer Toleranz begnügte und lediglich zu einer Verteidigungshaltung gegenüber der autoritären, obrigkeitlich verordneten Frömmigkeit genötigt sah. Sie waren keine "religiösen Zigeuner", denen das Umherziehen im Blut steckte. Langwährende und grausame Verfolgungen durch Kirchen und Obrigkeiten haben ihre Minderheit entscheidend bewirkt und fixiert. So gern sie alle Welt gern überzeugt hätten — sie riskierten mit

ihren biblischen Radikalismus, die "kleine Herde" zu sein und zu bleiben. Die Erwachsenentaufe, Eid- und Waffendienstverweigerung waren die Demonstration ihres Bekenntnisses; in der Bergpredigt erfuhren sie die Befreiung von der Bevormundung und dem Schutz der Herrschenden: sie wollten die Frei-Kirche. Isoliert von jeder Öffentlichkeit, blieb ihnen nur das Geringwerden und Kleinsein. Und damit lebten sie die biblische Utopie einer neuen Seinsart, ein Modell aus, das mit Christus in der Welt möglich gemacht war. ("Utopien" sind keine Hirngespinnste, sondern Sehnsucht und Schau einer Wandlung des Menschen und seiner Verhältnisse). Den Täufern war also ein prophetisches Element eigen. Sie wußten vor Kierkegaard, daß das Evangelium kein Verhältnis zur Zahl und nur der Sterbensprozeß des Weizenkorns Verheißung hat. Nachfolge bedeutete ihnen weder große Erbaulichkeit, noch einen stolzen Parademarsch, vielmehr Kreuztragen, "Leidsamkeit". In solcher symbolischen Existenz erfuhren die Väter — so Menno Simons — die bestrittene Taufe als ein geringes Zeichen gegenüber den ganz konkreten Teilhabe am Leiden Gottes um die Welt. Eine Wachstumsrate war durch nichts als durch ihr Zeugnis möglich. Die Mehrheit machte sie zur Minderheit und zu Minderwertigen, die in der Confessio Augustana (1530) sogar feierlich verdammt wurden. Die ihnen aufgezwungene Bewegung und Beweglichkeit war ihnen ein Stück biblischer Geschichte, in der Flüchtlingschaft zur rechtmäßigen Norm gehört. Wohin sie kamen — jahrhundertlang erlöste sie kein Zufluchtsort vom Getto-Dasein und prägte die Gestalt der Gemeinde. Wanderschaft verbindet und macht komplexer; Leiden fördern Solidarität.

3.

Erst die Epoche der Aufklärung konnte ihre Blickrichtung, freilich nur allmählich, von einer abgeschlossenen Gemeinschaftlichkeit und bloßen Innerlichkeit wenden. Toleranz braucht Zeit, zumal sie erst als obrigkeitliches Reglement wirksam zu werden vermag. Aber sie kam und brachte den nunmehr geduldeten Mennoniten neue Probleme. Wanderer können ermüden. Ruhe kann zum Schlaf werden. Privilegien erleichtern die Last und mindern die Tragkraft.

Umwelt weitet sich zur Welt, und Fremde wird Heimat. Damit bieten sich Möglichkeiten, die unbemerkt zur *Anpassung* werden. Was zuerst an den anderen nicht gefiel oder: mochte der "Anzug" zunächst noch nicht recht "passen" — man wuchs hinein. Sitzen macht fett. Was sie immer schon waren, kam jetzt ans Licht der Öffentlichkeit: tüchtige Melioratoren und Windmüller, rechtschaffene Handwerker, ehrbare Kaufleute und — nicht zuletzt — erfolgreiche Bauern. Es gab endlich Land! Kurz; sie hatten überlebt. Chancen boten sich an. Ihre Integration war nicht mehr aufzuhalten. Dieser vielleicht kaum bewußtgewordene Prozeß des Hineinwachsens der einstigen Flüchtlingsgemeinde in die Gesellschaft, ließ sie schließlich auch ein weiteres Stück israelischer Geschichte wiederholen: nach der Ära der Propheten "wollten sie einen König" (1. Sam. 8). Fremdlinge wurden Volksgenossen. Man sah jetzt politische und nationale Grenzen, wußte sich geschützt und — sogar privilegiert. Die Zeit der Unsicherheit war vorbei. Der Anschluß and die "Welt" lebenden Hutterern ab — auf ihren Fluchtwegen keinerlei gesellschaftliche Ordnung mitgebracht hatten. Mangels eines eigenen Modells boten sich ringsum andere an. Freilich hatten sie eine *innergemeindliche* Ordnung, die das "Laien"-Predigertum, das das Sagen hatte, aufrecht erhielt. Doch die geistliche Versorgung kam auf die Dauer ohne eine geistige, kulturelle nicht mehr aus, zumal nicht wenige Bauern zunehmend verstädterten.

Damit wiederholte sich in kleiner Form das Schicksal der gesamten Geschichte der Kirche; in allen Situationen spiegelten sich die Veränderungen der kulturellen, sozialen und auch der politischen Situationen und ihrer Wandlungen wider. Das sind Entwicklungen, die meist fraglos vor sich gehen, jedoch Fragen zurücklassen. Die Überwindung der nicht mehr zwingenden Weltabgeschiedenheit der Mennoniten stellte vor die Alternative: ob sie als Minderheit die Kraft hatten, sich durchzusetzen oder ob sie sich "durchsetzen" ließen von Mächten und Meinungen, die Stimmungen zu Verhaltenweisen verdichten, also "Verhältnisse" schaffen. Die Öffnung zur "Welt" kann verräterisches Einverständnis, aber auch ein hilfreiches Sichverständlichmachen sein. "Anpassung" hat eine doppelte Spielart: sie kann kritiklose Anerkennung und Austausch als geistiger und geistlicher Zuwachs, aber auch als Preisgabe und Verarmung, des eigenen Charismas, wenn nicht gar Substanzverlust werden. In den geschlossenen mennonitischen Gemeinden Rußlands, gedeckt durch Autonomie und Privilegien, und angesichts einer total fremden Umwelt, konnten derlei Probleme kaum aufkommen. Anders in

Ländern, wo es an einem Kulturgefälle fehlte, wo vielmehr Anschluß und Anleihe bei den anderen erst die gesellschaftliche Gültigkeit bestätigte.

Nachfolge ist keine Nachahmung, die leicht zum Vergessen der originalen Motive einer Glaubensgemeinschaft verführt und Wachstum und Entwicklung behindert, anstatt eine bewährte Botschaft an jeweilige Gesellschaft und Gegenwart zu adressieren.

Die Soziologie spricht von gesellschaftlichen "Zwischenräumen", in die eine spezifische Gruppe leicht ausweichen und damit ihren Verfall einleiten kann. Den Mennoniten boten sich beide Möglichkeiten, ohne daß sie zu einem Entweder — Oder gelangen konnten. Hier nur zwei Beispiele.

4.

Gewiß ist nach Jahrhunderten einer biblizistischen Predigt die Aufnahme der *Theologie* eine nicht geringe Bereicherung gewesen; sie hat eine Menge spekulativer Schriftauslegungen verdrängt, wenn auch neue ermöglicht. Und bei alledem sind hohe abgrenzende Dämme gegen den Fluß der Kirchengeschichte niedriger geworden, haben die Besinnung auf die größere Reformation ermöglicht und das Auge für die Weite des Evangeliums geöffnet. Die theologische Arbeit hat unsere Geschichte gründlicher erkundet und das Selbstverständnis der Gemeinden vertieft. Der aus der Isolierung stammende Individualismus, die Einkapselung in bloße Innerlichkeit und in eine introvertierte Sicht konnten ihre Vorherrschaft verlieren. Zugleich aber sind dabei auch Anleihen bei den Volkskirchen mit ihren Entwicklungen angenommen worden, die so förderlich wie zuweilen verfremdend wirkten. In den norddeutschen Stadtgemeinden kam die Tendenz zu einer Pastorenkirche auf, in den russländischen Landgemeinden der Pietismus und schließlich der Baptismus, auf den die Abspaltung der "Mennonitischen Brüdergemeinden" in den 1860-er Jahren zurückgeht.

Anpassungen anderer Art ergaben sich, seit dem mit Napoleon auftretenden *Nationalismus*, der im Zuge der Akklimatisierung den Mennoniten ein Volksbewußtsein eingab. Er war ein dem Täuferium völlig fremder Nährboden, auf dem dann Ende des 19. Jahrhunderts bei ihnen auch das Militärische Sympathien erweckte und ständig höheren Kurswert erhielt. Gegenstimmungen und Feindschaften kamen vor allem in Grenzgebieten auf, konservative politische Strömungen fraßen sich in die Gemeinden ein, und der ursprüngliche Dank für die Aufnahme (z.B. in Preußen und Rußland) schlug nicht selten in einen fatalen Patriotismus um. Unnötig auf unsere deutsche Entwicklung einzu-

gehen, da sie trotz aller einander widersprechenden Darstellungen ein gewisses Bild erkennen läßt.

In Rußland zerrann der "Verpreuungsprozeß" mit dem Aussterben der Pioniergeneration. Aber auch hier setzte um die Jahrhundertwende eine erste nationale Bewußtseinsbildung ein. P.M. Friesens "Geschichte der Alt-Evangelischen Mennonitischen Bruderschaft in Rußland" (Halbstadt 1911) wird mit einem Zarenbild eröffnet und bezeugt nicht nur den Patriotismus des Verfassers. Aus Brasilien kommen Aufnahmen von nationalen Feiertagen, auf denen mennonitische Jungen hoch

MENNONITE LITERARY SOCIETY, INC.

Benefactors: Eugene Derksen, Dr. David Friesen, Monarch Industries Ltd., A.J. Thiessen, Triple E. Mfg.

Patrons: Dr. C.W. Wiebe

Sustaining members: Rudy W. Dyck, D.H. Epp, Dr. B.B. Fast, D.W. Friesen and Sons Ltd., Loewen Millwork, H.W. Redekopp, R.H. Vogt, A.J. Wiens, Dr. Peter Vogt.

Donors: Dennis Bartel, City Press, J.H. Dyck, Peter Dyck, John J. Enns, Werner Fieguth, David G. Friesen, Ed J. Friesen, Dr. Peter Friesen, Dr. Rhinehart Friesen, Frank Giesbrecht, Helen Janzen, Walter Kampen, Henry Kasper, Dr. William Klassen, Henry Kroeger, Madelaine and Walter Kroeker, Kroeker Seeds, Lother Regehr, D.H. Reimer, P.J. Reimer, P.J.B. Reimer, Henry Riediger, Nick Riediger, Helene Riesen, Dr. David G. Rempel, Dietrich Peters, Dr. Paul Peters, Peter H. Peters, John J. Siemens, Jack Thiessen, Ulrich Woelke, Kay Winter.

Benefactors \$1000 or more annually; patrons \$500 to \$999 annually; sustaining members of \$100 to \$499 annually; donors \$25 to \$99 annually.

MENNONITE IMAGES

*Historical, Cultural, and
Literary Essays
Dealing with Mennonite
Issues*

Edited by Harry Loewen

**Available September
in Local Bookstores**

zu Roß, uniformiert, den gezogenen Säbel in der Hand, frühe Begeisterung für einen diktatorischen Staat dokumentieren. Und so weiter!

Mag man derlei Karikaturen einer "Friedenskirche" als erklärbare Geschehnisse oder als eindeutige Entartungen werten — sie setzen einen unheilvollen Weg fort und gehen gewiss auf Kosten der mennonitischen Substanz. Was da an Quantität oder an Geltung im gesellschaftlichen Leben gewonnen scheint, muß unweigerlich an Qualität schrumpfen. Ein solches Defizit läßt die Großtaufe, allenfalls auch noch die Eidesverweigerung und schließlich die nicht immer segensreiche Autonomie die Gemeinden als Relikt zurück. Wir stehen in einem beklagenswerten Säkularisierungsprozeß, der die Gemeinde in bloße Gesellschaftlichkeit aufgehen lassen könnte.

Wir stecken schließlich allesamt im Ablauf der "Zweiten (technischen) Revolution" mit ihrer Verwirschaftung und Verwaltung des Menschen und sind damit vor die Frage gestellt, ob, wie und wo wir überhaupt noch nach dem "Gesetz, nach dem wir angetreten" sind, "Salz der Erde" und "Licht der Welt" sein können. Mit den Bruchstücken unserer Tradition hätten wir es schwer, unsere nackte Existenz zu erhalten, geschweige denn, unseren Auftrag an unser Zeit zu adressieren. Gemeinde aber ist kein Selbstzweck; sie tritt für die Welt ein und hat sie zu verantworten.

5.

Was war nun bei allen Veränderungen und Wandlungen für uns Gewinn, was Verlust, was Fortschritt, was Rückgang? Besinnung als ein bloßes Zurückdenken, als romantisches Oldtimertum, wäre müßig — Umdenken und Vorwärtsleben mehr. Wir sind zu lange schon in Krisen — Kritik wäre zu wenig. Einbuße kann nur durch Buße überwunden werden. Wir können uns nicht ins 16. Jahrhundert versetzen, wohl aber unser Selbstverständnis im 20. erneuern. Und dabei sind wir nicht alleingelassen, seit die wesentlichen Anliegen unserer Väter heute von den "großen Brüdern" aufgenommen werden. Sie erinnern sich an ihre alte Losung: Reformation könne nur im Fortgang bestehen. Das sollte uns bewußt werden und wachhalten. Wir haben uns an der "unvollendeten Reformation", die unsere Väter zu vollenden hofften, angesichts nicht weniger Rückfälle an unserem Teil mitschuldig gemacht. Mit unserer Trägheit riskieren wir unseren Auftrag und uns selbst, sie zu überwinden heißt: unser "Modell" neu zu formulieren lernen, um in einer taubgewordenen

Christenheit wieder gehört zu werden. Wir werden entweder den Abgesang weiter zelebrieren oder — ob es "paßt" oder nicht — die Fackelträger einer Nachricht werden, die die Bergpredigt noch einmal zu buchstabieren bereit ist.

Es ist wahr: wir sind recht alt geworden; aber die Jesusbotschaft ist immer Präsens. Bei Martin Buber lesen wir: "Altsein ist ein herrlich Ding, wenn man nicht verlernt hat, was anfangen heißt".

mm

Politkosmos oder Kosmopolit

*Streitverse wider die Vaterländer
(auch eine mennonitische Weltanschauung)*

Das habe ich noch niemals im Leben beklagt,
daß mir ein *Vaterland* gefehlt;
mir genügte mein Vater, auch ohne Land.
Doch hab ich mal andre Leute gefragt,
die haben drei Länder gleich aufgezählt —
auch wenn sie kein einziges selbst gekannt.

Aber ein Mutterland, ja, das war mir eigen:
die Steppe in ihrer endlosen Weite —
der Wind wogt über das Reihergras —
gleich Mädchenzöpfen Birkenzweige —
Blütenteppiche von unüberschaubarer Breite —
grüne Dome von Wäldern — das war doch noch was!

Nein wirklich — mich hat nirgends sonst etwas gefangen:
Kathedralen, Denkmäler, eine steinstarke Stadt,
und erst recht keine Fahnen mochte ich sehen.
Ich bin durch so viele Länder gegangen,
da drohen die Grenzen aus Stacheldraht,
hinter dem die Menschen einander schmähen.

Einen Vater haben wir Menschenkinder,
das ist der, dem jegliches Land gehört;
der hat Himmel und Erde in seinen Händen.
Landgier ist Narrheit. Seine Söhne sind Finder
und Pächter, die keine Grenze mehr stört.
Kommt, Brüder, den Länderstreit zu beenden!

— Von Johannes Harder



For all your home-sewing needs

REMnants
By the Pound

FABRICS
By the Yard

PATTERNS

THREADS

ZIPPERS

ECONOMY TEXTILE

Main Store
1021 Pacific

714 Watt Street

2086 Ness Avenue

1123 St. Mary's Road

Streume des Sejens

Von Jack Thiessen

Etj wull aul de Däh von miene Koah toumoake aus Driedja mie hinjeraun roupt, "Wann Du wada tjemst, dann brinj uck mol ein bät Rejen mett!" Doabie spield he siene Täne enn jniesad. "Wouwäl?; fruach etj ahm.

"Jenuach fe de Schwroatbroak enn fe tweemol wausche; miene Fru wauscht jeern mett Rejenwota". "O.K.", säd etj, "etj woa mol seene waut etj fe souin utjedreajden Jrienthola doune kaun!" Enn fuah lous.

Den nächsten Dach blädad etj enn einem ouden Buack ut Russland romm, wount den Nome, "Mensche, Hatjse enn Tewere" haud enn funk doa ein Kapitel emm Plautdietschen, "Nijch fe Aunfenja ouda Tjinja! Rejen enn Woltje, Heischatje, Tjieshtalwa enn aundre Jehemnisse vonne letzte Dinj". Etj phound de oule Zejounsche, de Mazursche opp enn säd ahr waut etj väahaud enn donn schlud se, oba noh einem Stoutstje säd se, "Na, dann komm mol hää; wie woare dann motte toup ennet Topptje tjitje!" Enn daud deed wie dann uck. Enne Tweschentiet wea daud sou dreajch jeworde, daud mie enn mien Hund Mopps daud biem Keiwe so väkaum, aus wann wie enne Sahara oppem Kamel saute enn Aussch aute ouda aus wann wie bie Betschla Wiebe Oant Pie aute von ohnjewoschne Kischmisch.

Daut knostad enn reatjad enn gnurscht enn stouf manke Täne. Enn em Buck wea daud noch väl oaja; doa grummeld daud sous wann eina Soagespoun enn Tjlie mett ein bät Häwelspeena jeknullt haud. Daut nanne se 'Roffage' — weens sou säd mien Noba Peeta aus'a noh de Drentjtonn sweatjt. "Tou weinj Wota", fushelde miene Ente heasch enn vebuckt.

Oba tridj noh de Mazursche. Se sach daud'et earnst wea, enn se trock de Gerdiene tou, enn stetjt einen Kraunts Taullichta aun, enn schluach drei Beatje opp ean hold ein Huptje Koachte von dem

Atschoup. Wautse donn deid ess Top-Secret enn daud doaf etj junt nijch vetalle oba eint kaun etj saje, enn daud ess dau'et doah enne Atj seha bosig enn pienich enn drock toujintj. Enn bould blitzt daud uck aul hinjre dunkel bleiwe Datj mett Spetse enn bould rummeld daud enn de Funke fluage. Mie flautad enn grusseld enn etj wull nu ut dem Deal rutbecke oba donn drascht etj lang han enn se weifeld me äh Schaldoak bett etj wada mett mienem eajnen Steam puttre kunn. Enn donn juntj etj ein bät schweiwelhassig nohm Atjschaup enn hold de Alpenkreita väh enn leet enn de Buddel Loft nen enn reshead no Hus.

Etj wea jrods Tus aunjekome enn wull noch ein bät oabeide, wiels eina haft je aus Lord Mayor emma dit enn jant tou doune, aus mett einmol, daud nijch blous schemma, sonda uck diesta enn schoat word. Vom Nuadwaste kaum ein Schwroatj noppketrocke daud mie meist Heare enn Seihne vejintj. Daut rummouad doah aum Himmel so romm aus wann eina eine Geloun Eaditj ennen Amma Maltj jegrote haud enn noch dolla. Daut dreid enn bucheld, daud jescht enn ständ, daud oabeid enn murcheld enn nu fong'ett aun tou poasche. Heena enn Kaute, Hunj enn Schwiene, Hose enn Kotasch, Kosebatjch enn Kuntasch leete nu aula de Klotsch rut enn sochte huppasch Schulinj; Tjinja schreaje, "Mame!" enn weppte nenn enn verstuacke sijch unjrem Roch ouida unjrem Bad — je noh Jemeind! Oule Manna blädede emm Testament bie Daniel enn uck ein bät enne Offenbarung room enn säde se wudde wiedahans schmock senne. Enn de Holdemanna säde sogoa, se wudde von nu aun de "Yankee Robbelrouser-Evangeliste" Tus lote! De Steinbacha säde wann se noch einmol ohnjeshoare doavon kaume, wudde se vleicht uck N.D.P. wäle, enn Aula vesproache se, von nu aun Plautdietsch tou råde — so earnst wea de Sproak aum Himmel!

Oba Driedja stunt noch emma enn

Jrienthol enn jniesad enn piepad, "Streume des Sejens" enn säd "Big Deal". "Jo, jo, sou sennt de Mensche!" säd Taunte Henritjsche, den Mutta von Harry, waut emm Somma oppem jreenen Tjätjstoul riedlines aune Bietsch sett enn dem daud Wota selwstveständlich ess.

Oba Taunte Henritjsche, de selwje oule, dolle kluck wount mie nijch Eia vetjeepe wull, weajen mien vekommen Boat; de Oule ohnd waut aus se mett ährem Schaldoak feifeld enn de Tjitjeltjes nennporrd. "Nenn mett Junt!" säd se enn holp noch ein poa mett'em Bassem hinjeraun! Während Driedja wieda daud Schicksal nerjcht mett siene Ströme des Segens.

He haud sich aul de Schlubb aufjenohme toum nennghone, enn wull noch utspiee-oba doa kaum mau ein bätje Stoff rutjequaulmd aus he noch einmol tjitjt enn donn sich aunfong tou kreiwelwe enn tou schobbe. "Wauts mie ditt?" säd he enn tjitjt enn Rechtung Tjoatjhoff von woa grout Woltje aunjeprommelt kaume. "Lied etj saj enn Harré Goms!", säda enn word bedachtig enn tjereaj nijch meha daud Mul tou. Enn emma noda kaume nu de Woltje; daud rolld aum Himmel, schwroat enn bleiw enn blau enn jreen enn daud sach no ein Rodeo-Stampede mett schratjlich väl Action aum Firmament.

Enn donn folle de easchde Dreppe sous Air rifle pellets, donn kaume noch ein poa Dreppa. Donn hild de Wind aun enn gauf jiedrem Tteen Sekund touim veschwinje enn donn jintj de Borrem von Bowe los enn op. Driedja piepad, Tumbling Tumbleweed, enn wull daud gaunze Spell nu doch ein bätje neutreleize oba daud wea tou lot. Daut reajend Ammasch voll enn blitzt enn knauld enn däwad enn donnad. . . .

Enn donn wull etj Driedja phoune oba siene Lady säd he wea busy, "he fixd de Medrautz", säd se. Oba etj jleew, he lach unjrem Bad enn wea doa einfach nijch vätoujree. Waut meen Jie? mm

Your word

FIRST RATE EDUCATOR

Dear Sir:

I have read with more than ordinary interest the article by Mrs. Katherine Martens on "Looking back" in the *Mirror* of April, 1980. This, I suppose, is understandable, since I taught at MCI during the period she describes in this article and particularly since the subjects she refers to were largely in my teaching area. It is, of course, not my intention to defend myself. I want to regard this as an opportunity, somewhat painful and humbling, to be sure, but ultimately wholesome, "to see myself as others see me", to quote the Scottish bard, Bobbie Burns.

What prompts me to write, however, is Menno Maendel's response to Mrs. Martens' article. His target of attack ("compassion"?) includes among others the then principal of the MCI, the late Rev. P.J. Schaefer. Since he cannot speak for himself any longer, I would simply like to remind Mr. Maendel that Mr. Schaefer never had to "pose" either as a "first rate educator" or anything else. He was a genuine human being, one of the finest teachers I have ever come into contact with, deeply concerned with the welfare of each student entrusted to his care. During the 19 years of his principleship at MCI I had ample opportunity to observe his dealing with students individually and collectively and I have never ceased to marvel at the almost limitless patience he exercised with the recalcitrant ones, the ones who always thought they knew better. I have virtually never heard him give a "tongue lashing", i.e. raise his voice in anger or lose control of a situation, not even if sometimes a student seemed to deserve more than just a scolding. Never have I heard him express concern for a "facade" to be kept up; nothing would have been more alien to his upright character. The following words, I believe, express the sentiment of many hundreds of Mr. Schaefer's students during his 47 years of teaching in Alexandrodar, Russia; Gnadenthal, Manitoba; and particularly at MCI. They were spoken by the president of the MCI Student Council in the second year of my principalship, the then Leona Kathler of Arnaud, Manitoba, on the occasion of the unveiling of Mr. Schaefer's portrait in the corridor of the school.

"We remember you as a man who always knew what to say when, and who never resorted to meanness or threats, but rather (was) a kind-hearted person, 'who' in the words of

one student 'made me feel good all over when I did something right'. One never felt pressured into anything, rather one felt it a pleasure and an honor to please you. This is how we will always remember you."

And, finally, he always had the courage to sign his letters with his own name. Did you know, Mr. Editor, that we never had a student by the name of "Menno Maendel" at MCI?

Yours very sincerely,
Gerhard Ens
Instructor at MCI, 1946-1977.

TIME FOR A LETTER

Dear Sir:

The last issue (April 1980) made me want to sit right down and send you a letter. The first barrier to get over was the fact that your publication sometimes receives no letters to the editor (April 1980), and other times must resort to printing letters which simply request a renewal or an end to their subscription. Rarely does one see a letter suggesting an engaged intelligence/conscience/imagination.

The next question was what to write about. I wanted to comment on the editorial about "Mennonites in Politics". That excellent piece should be the beginning of some discussion on the two Mennonite traditions—the radical and the conservative. However, it probably won't be. People are too busy enjoying the fruits of our comfortable, materialistic society. Most will not stop to think about the conflict between our MP's support of capital punishment and the Mennonite tradition of pacifism, turning the other cheek, etc.

I wanted to comment on the article about the upcoming Mennonite Pavilion. Particularly I wanted to comment on the innocuous sentence about expecting "to make a profit from the sale of food, crafts and literature". I thought of the profit motive in almost everything Mennonites put their hands to (there are noble exceptions like the MCC). I thought of how literary profit seems okay if it supports some larger cause, not the individual writer. I thought of how the Mennonite Art Festival gets a license to sell food but not literature. Writers, of course, don't expect money for their high and mighty creations. It is sufficient that people walk about staring, picking up books and reading on the spot (better than a library, you don't need a card). Except for a few Mennonites who still have windows and doors to their minds, most Mennonites would not think of wasting a few dollars on a book (unless it draws their family history, or tells a ripping adventure story). I wonder how many Mennonites

bought *Sara Binks* before the rest of Canada made it fashionable?

Anyways, what I really wanted to get at was this: thank-you Kathy Martens (*Looking Back*, April 1980) for courage and considerable writing skill in showing us the dark side of our boasts. In this article is contained much of what it means to be Mennonite, and it is not something that will be displayed in the Mennonite Pavilion. Yet, I'm willing to wager, it has shaped (twisted?) more people than even Ms. Martens might estimate.

Up to a point my experience was similar to hers. Nothing that new, really, until she begins to write about being a woman in a Mennonite community. Here we have an issue hardly come to light yet. Here Ms. Martens centres on the experience of creating a human life and finds, that when fully lived through, this experience does not have to make woman the slave of family. The birth process can suggest a larger "becoming". It is a process that every person can discover for himself. "There is no final authority to which I can submit and yield myself." That is the crux. No memorized, faded formulas and doctrines should hold the human being captive.

Patrick Friesen
Winnipeg

BIBLICAL FREEDOM

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in response to the article in the April issue by Kathy Martens.

I too was a student at the MCI, almost two decades ago. I was not a model student and did not always adhere to the rules. I sincerely believe, however, that this was due to my own rebellious heart and do not put the blame on the teacher or the place. I believe the staff was sincere in their rules, their Bible teaching, as well as their evangelistic meetings. I felt then they were too strict in some areas but as an adult and parent now, I am not so sure! There was room for discussion as well as for recreation. We did a lot of skating, etc. and could have participated in sports more had we wanted to.

The second half of your article, I believe, is maybe not related to the MCI but I will say how I feel in that respect as well.

I believe being a Mennonite is first of all and most important of all, being a believer in the Son of God and His salvation. Basically what we have been taught as Mennonites, as you also quoted, is Bible. Because I believe the Bible to be inspired of God I believe we are to live our lives thereby whether it is Paul writing or whether it is the account

of the Fall in Genesis. As women we are truly free and happy when we submit to God's order with our husbands as our leaders in our homes and churches and we in submission to them. When I rebel against that I rebel against God and His Word and therefore lose His peace! Let us use our gifts that God has given us but in the framework of His will and not our own!

Thank you for allowing me to express my views.

Sincerely,
Ruth Penner
Landmark

GERMAN LETTER

Sehr geehrte Frau Enns!

Ich danke Ihnen für die Übersendung der Zeitung "Mennonite Mirror" und den dort erschienen Artikel über "Enns visits Enns in a quest for an Austrian namesake".

Diese Schilderung über unsere Stadt Enns ist Ihnen ausgezeichnet gelungen und es freut mich, daß Sie sich in unserer Stadt wohlgefühlt haben.

Ich habe Ihr nettes Schreiben auch meiner Amtskollegin Frau Stadtrat Zita Stecker (Fremdenverkehrsreferat) zur Kenntnis gebracht und werde mich bemühen, daß dieser Artikel auch in einer österreichischen Tageszeitung verwendet wird. Sollte dies der Fall sein, sende ich Ihnen gerne ein Belegexemplar.

Ich wünsche Ihnen weiterhin viel Erfolg und es freut mich ganz besonders, daß Sie sich in Enns, der ältesten Stadt Österreichs wohlgefühlt haben.

Hochachtungsvoll

Otto Gatterbauer

Altbürgermeister

4470 Enns, Lagerstraße 18

COURAGE

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your courage in carrying the kind of articles and editorials such as "Looking back doesn't always

bring fond memories of school" by Kathy Martens. It appeared in the April issue. Thank you.

Sincerely,
P.T. Wiebe
Winnipeg

**CAMPING
1980**



**CAMPING
1980**

Let us suggest some helpful books to make your camping experience enjoyable and enriching.

- | | |
|--|--------|
| A Theology for Christian Camping — by Helmut Harder | \$.30 |
| An Introduction to Christian Camping — edited by Graendorf and Mattson. 13 chapters on "Christian Camping Foundations, Programs, Staff and Management." | 5.95 |
| God, Man, Land — by Paul Paetkau with Garry Harder and Don Sawatzky. Consists of Inter-relationship Programs for Camps. | 6.50 |
| Help... I'm Camp Counselor — by Norman Wright. For Counselor training. Treats "what a counselor is; what is expected of him; how to handle discipline problems, camper characteristics; leadership techniques; devotion outlines for a full camp Scriptures for counseling and much more. | 2.75 |
| Campfire Cooking — by Yvonne Messner. Cooking Woodland Style-Recipes for campsite gourmet, cooking, broiling, baking, utensils — all you need for preparation of delicious outdoor meals. | 2.15 |

• PLEASE ADD 5% FOR SHIPPING & HANDLING •

302 Kennedy Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 2M6 (204) 943-1521

ASSINIBOINE TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.

SPECIAL TOURS

1) China Tour \$3530.00

July 24 - Aug. 14 — Host, Dr. H. Krahn
Peking - Shanghai - Hangchow and etc.

2) Russia Tour \$2675.00

August 8 - August 28—Host, Dr. A. Reimer
Dubrovnik - Zaporozhy - Kiev
-Moscow - Leningrad

3) India Tour \$2410.00

July 2 - July 25
15 days India - 5 days Rome

219 - 818 Portage Ave.

Winnipeg

775-0271

LORI KROEKER
JUDY DILK
AGATHA DOERKSEN
BONNIE MINNICK
RUTH WIEBE
JOHN SCHROEDER
DARLENE KAILER
DIANNE (SULAVELLA) QUANE

775-0271

Frugal Mennonite finds hard-nosed resolve melts under Jamaican sun

by Vic Penner

One of the first things they tell you when you arrive in Jamaica is to beware of peddlers who will try to rip you off. Maybe not exactly rip you off, but their initial price is always open to bargaining. It's a concept foreign to most of us who believe that businessmen charge a fair price, to cover expenses and make a modest living, you know.

But then Jamaica is a foreign country, and the public relations man at our hotel warned us that tourists are the target of street and sellers. They'll always sell for less than their quoted price, he told us.

Okay, armed with this bit of advice, I sallied forth an hour later to buy a hat. A hat we were told, was vital against the hot Jamaica sun. If you don't want to get blisters on your eyeballs you better keep them in the shade.

I didn't have to "sally" far to find the first straw goods vendor where hats, bags, placements and so forth were being sold. The merchant (a big friendly black man) saw his market (me) coming from afar.

"Right over here, sir," he called. Although I was trying to look cool, the sir impressed me and I veered ever so casually in his direction.

"I've got some nice hats, sir," he said, appraising my pale Canadian skin and my wallet pocket all in one sweep of his practiced eye. There was that sir again.

"Well," I remarked off-handedly, "I'll just look around a little."

"No charge for looking, sir," he said, placing a hat on my head. "This one's only eight dollars."

"Jamaican or US?" I asked, trying to sound like a jet-setter. Later I learned that all street prices are Jamaican.

"U.S., of course, sir," he said.

"Of course," I agreed.

Just then my eyes fell on a fancy woven straw model. "I think I'll take this plaid straw," I said.

"Excellent choice, sir," he said.

I put it on my head. It fell over my ears. "Too big," I suggested.

"No problem," said the enterprising Jamaican. He stitched some orange twine around the crown of the cap, tightened it and with a flourish tied a big bow. "Perfect fit, right sir?" he said.

"Right," I agreed. I handed him eight U.S. dollars.

"That one's twelve," he informed me. "See how nice and fancy the weave is."

I handed over another four and realized I was supposed to bargain. Ah, well, too late. I would bargain the next time.

Back at the hotel a tourist who also had arrived on our flight was sporting a jaunty hat (without twine). It had open weave and looked really professional against my rather homecrafted-looking affair.

"I guess that cost you plenty," I remarked as I sat down beside him.

"Yeah," he said. "Quite a bit. Three dollars."

"U.S.?" I asked hopefully.

"No, Jamaican," he said. "How about yours?" He smirked as he stared at the orange twine.

I turned deaf and changed the subject. I jammed the hat into my suitcase that evening and defied sunstroke the rest of our stay. Anybody want to buy an authentic Jamaican hat? Cheap.

Determined to redeem myself in the bargaining department, I tried the Straw Market downtown.

One of the stalls had a few dozen T-shirts pinned up on the wall. "No charge for looking," said the salesman and promptly held up a bright yellow

shirt that proclaimed the wearer a graduate of Ganja University. Ganja is Jamaican for marijuana.

I admit I was pretty green but not as green as grass.

"How much?" I asked, itching for the bargaining to start.

"Twelve dollars," was the reply.

"Jamaican?" I asked.

"Yeah, okay," he said without any sirs.

"Give you six for a Reggae shirt," I offered. Reggae is Jamaican music.

He dug into a pile of shirts in one corner and came up with one. It was a nice light blue and my size. I didn't really want one but I felt obligated to do some bargaining.

"Six Jamaican," I said as firmly as I knew how. My salesman went into the saddest story I've ever heard. He had six children at home (or was it eight). He hadn't had a single sale that day. And he wanted to migrate to Canada in the worst way. I went to my pocket for the twelve but caught myself just in time.

"I'll make it seven," I said. "Take it or leave it."

He said his children would starve for sure but I held firm and walked away. That would do it, I thought.

Sure enough, I hadn't walked ten steps when he caught up with me. "Okay, okay," he said. "You can have it for seven but one of my kids will starve."

Hard-hearted, I walked back to the stall with him and exchanged a fiver and two ones for the shirt.

Back at the hotel I threw the shirt over a chair and lay down on the bed, proud of my successful bargaining trip.

"I didn't know your shirt was two-toned," said my wife from across the room.

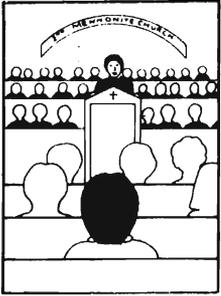
"It isn't," I said. But closer examination proved that it was. Horribly faded in front and dark blue on the back. Obviously it too had once adorned the vendor's wall to bleach in the powerful Jamaican sun.

I went down to poolside for a drink. There sat my friend with his fancy hat and gorgeous blue T-shirt (no fading). "Three bucks Jamaican at the Straw Market," he declared as he plucked deftly at the front of his T-shirt.

Fortunately I was unarmed at the time or I might have taken drastic action. Instead I called the waiter.

"Set up three of the usual," I muttered. The way they cook molasses in Jamaica, one punch, can make even the worst shopping trip to the Straw Market seem like fun.

Right now I'm thinking of opening a Jamaica boutique at the Polo Park Mennonite Festival. But my wife says a silly straw cap and a faded T-shirt do not a boutique make. mm



Reviewing the pews: impressions of a visitor to Mennonite churches

Most of us have been visitors in churches at one time or another, and single visits have formed the basis of our impressions of churches and the communities which revolve around them. Often, when we are later asked for an evaluation of our visit, the response is a communication of a 'feeling' we had about the church: for example, "the service was pleasant", or "the atmosphere was impersonal". If this intangible feeling is examined more closely, we may be able to trace it to one or several incidents which set the tone for our visits—a prime example would be the reception or non-reception of a friendly greeting.

Over the past 10 months it has been my job to visit some of our Mennonite churches in Winnipeg and evaluate every aspect of the Sunday service. Having repeatedly undergone the process of asking myself what it was about a service that I found distasteful or commendable, I have also given much thought to the larger questions: what sort of an experience should a Sunday church service be, and what are the elements which contribute to making it that sort of an experience? In this last article of the current series I shall give my considered answers to the questions posed above.

A church service is primarily a spiritual experience. However, it is not merely composed of worship and a scriptural rendering. The spiritual experience is heightened by an eloquent and thoughtful sermon and an inspired musical program. It is also heightened by another highly important aspect of the 'Sunday morning experience': the social aspect. To make matters simple, I shall identify three main actors, or groups of actors, in the Sunday service—the minister, the choir, and the congrega-

tion—and separately discuss the ways in which each can contribute to the various aspects of the service.

My comments on the role of the choir shall be brief. The talent and size of the choir is often determined by such things as the size of the congregation and its relative age-group composition. It would therefore be unfair to stress talent and size in an evaluation of the choir. What impresses me in a choir performance is the enthusiasm of the singers—it should be evident that they really came to sing. Further, although hymn selection is a matter of personal taste, I like to see at least one selection among the several performed in which the choir lets loose with an energetic display. Those who have seen a rousing performance of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" will know what I mean here. After the singing of such a hymn (and there are many besides the classic which I mentioned), the faces in the choir looked flushed but contented, as if to suggest that this is what group singing is all about. All music contributes to the beauty of the Sunday morning service, and a strong choir program often the most memorable part of it.

Meetings with friends and strangers are also memorable parts of the service. People attend church to worship in a group. For that reason the service is in large part a social occasion, and the actions of the congregation will affect the spiritual experience of the individual. This is particularly true when a stranger visits a church, and I have found that my strongest impressions of a church have been conditioned by specific social encounters. This does not mean that I expect a lot of church members to engage me in conversation, but a smile

or nod or a warm "good morning" all serve to remind me that here we have a group of caring Christians gathered together on a happy occasion. Needless to say, the enthusiasm displayed by the congregation when it comes their turn to sing leaves no less of an impression than the enthusiasm displayed by the choir.

The minister's main contribution to a service is, of course, the sermon. However, the minister also contributes to the tone or mood of the entire service with his introductory remarks. Visitors are naturally heartened by a welcome which is directed specifically towards them, and such a welcome should be an obligatory part of each minister's opening remarks. Aside from this, the mood is also enhanced by a minister who welcomes back travelling members, or singles out special visitors for comment. Such efforts demonstrate that the minister is close to the activities of his congregation and provide members and visitors alike with information about the activities of individuals within the church. I have noticed that churchgoers are rarely inattentive when welcomes and gossipy tidbits such as these are distributed by the minister.

My thoughts on what it is that 'makes' a sermon are partly an affirmation of "thoughtful" sermons that I have heard, and partly a negative reaction to "formula" sermons which I have endured. The names I have given the two types of sermons speak for themselves. A thoughtful sermon is one which leaves the impression that a minister has given all aspects of his message a lot of thought. That is, he has asked himself: "how does my theme app-

ly to the common experience of my congregation?"; "which practical examples will bring my point home?"; and, "what are the problems which may arise in the minds of some members concerning this theme?" The sermon which is the product of such thought will be characterized by relevant illustrations and a sympathetic tone. The minister should assume that church members will attempt to implement his suggestions in their day to day lives and he should guide them in every way possible to do so. The Mennonite tradition has always been one in which theology is seen primarily as a call to action, and this tradition can be continued in every sermon. At the same time as he guides his congregation to action, however, the minister should realize that real-life situations seldom call for simplistic remedies, and encouragement should be offered to those who must deal with problems which cannot be solved to everyone's satisfaction, or cannot be solved at all. In short, life is plagued by uncertainties and difficult decisions, and sermons which deal only with black and white conceptions of morality, or which oversimplify problems, do not do a service to the congregation.

It is precisely the problems of oversimplification and irrelevance which afflict what I call the "formula" sermon. Such a sermon is often characterized by a wealth of biblical stories and verse, and a shortage of practical examples. A strictly biblical approach affords the minister some distance from the issue, and it then becomes possible to paint problems in black and white and dispatch them with exhortation to better Christian behaviour. It is difficult to categorize 'types' of sermons, but again I will do so on the basis of the impression which is imparted. Formula sermons leave the impression that the minister wrote the sermon simply because he needed a sermon for that Sunday. The failure of such a sermon is the failure of the minister to ask himself beforehand: "If people take my message to heart, what exactly are they to do?"

Readers who have followed this series of articles may still be wondering what they are to do with it. All the accounts are, of course, highly subjective, but I hope that I have given some people a rough idea of what a young visitor will think when he visits their church and why he will think so. Having detailed above my thoughts on the positive and negative aspects of a Sunday morning service, I am happy to report that in my dozen or so visits to Mennonite churches in Winnipeg the positive experiences have far outweighed the negative. I look forward to a new series of visits next year.

—by a young person

NEW RADIO STATION BRIGHTENS SUN VALLEY

Sun Valley Radio is a newly licensed broadcasting station scheduled to go on-air this summer under the call letters, CISV. Its studios will be situated in a picturesque setting formerly occupied by Burwalde School, near Morden and Winkler.

The idea for a new radio station was conceived by Jack Duncan, a Morden lawyer, while stranded in a Medicine Hat motel with several radio people during a winter storm in 1972. He then involved his partner, Ken Hanssen in the idea. In turn, the two lawyers sought to include Winkler businessmen in this venture to bring local radio to Morden and Winkler. This resulted in the involvement of Phil Ens, president of Triple E (Canada) Ltd., and Henry Wiebe, manager of the Winkler Credit Union, both of whom have a lengthy background of participation in community affairs.

In 1978, broadcaster John Fallows, formerly of CJOB in Winnipeg, joined Sun Valley Radio as General Manager, and this group of five appeared at a hearing of the Canadian-Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) in Winnipeg. They argued the need for local radio in the Winkler, Morden and Carman area of southern Manitoba. The existing station in Altona had become a successful regional broadcaster, covering most of the populated portion of Manitoba. It was often easier for residents in the Valley to be informed about events in Winnipeg than those in our communities, which are thriving, growing, active centers.

In addition to its commitment to community information, CISV promised to program music with a "country" and "middle-of-the-road" flavour. As well, time would be made available on a regular basis, to individuals and groups interested in producing their own programming, be it of a religious, recreational or other nature. **mm**

FROM "COAST TO COAST" WE'LL BE YOUR HOST

FEHR-WAY TOURS



Sandra Janzen
Tour Coordinator



Pres. John Fehr

"BLACK HILLS"

DEPARTS - JUNE 2 - July 21 - Aug. 4
6 DAYS

HIGHLIGHTS - International Peace Garden, Minot Williston, Theodore Roosevelt Park, Medora, Spearfish (Passion Play), Deadwood, Hill City "Steam Train Ride," Mt. Rushmore Rapid City, Custer State Park, etc., etc.

"GREAT LAKES"

DEPARTS - Aug. 13 & Sept. 22 -
12 DAYS

HIGHLIGHTS - Thunder Bay, Train Ride into Agawa Canyon, Ottawa City Tour and Parliament Hill, Niagara Falls, City Tour, Windsor, Detroit's Ford Museum and City Tour, Toronto Tour, Scenic Countryside, etc., etc.

"VICTORIA B.C."

DEPARTS - JULY 3 - 15 DAYS

HIGHLIGHTS - Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper Marmot Basin, Whistler & Edith Cavell Mt. Columbia Ice Fields, Prince George, Cache Creek, Nanaimo, Victoria City Tour, Vancouver Tour, Kelowna, Okanagan, Banff, Lake Louise.

PENNSYLVANIA WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEPARTS - MAY 4 & AUG 10, 1980 12 DAYS

HIGHLIGHTS - Chicago, West Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Lancaster Amish Mennonite Community, Gettysburg, Whitehouse, Arlington Cemetery, Mount Vernon, Smithsonian Institute, Detroit, Frankenmuth, Mackinac Bridge, etc., etc.

- ESCORTED, MOTOR COACH HOLIDAYS If you enjoy travel, adventure, scenery and acquiring new friends, let Fehr-way Tours do all the arranging and planning for your holiday via our own modern motor coach. Book early. "call now" about these & other departures.

- MARITIMES/NEW ENGLAND - DEPART - SEPT. 20 & 26 (20 DAYS)
- NEW ORLEANS/TEXAS - DEPART - OCT. 17 - (21 DAYS)
- CALIF./OREGON COAST - DEPART - OCT. 7 - (21 DAYS)

FEHR-WAY TOURS

1110 HENDERSON HWY.
PH. 338-9389



For Neil Reimer the road from a Mennonite community to the top of a labor union is a direct one

by Roy Vogt

A few months ago *Maclean's* magazine had a news article on Neil Reimer, the head of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union, a large Canadian union with 30,000 members and headquarters in Edmonton. The article explained how Mr. Reimer was peacefully severing his union's ties with its American counterpart, in order to make it truly Canadian. It praised his effective, statesmanlike work on behalf of his powerful union.

On a recent visit to Edmonton I decided to get into contact with Mr. Reimer, to discover how a man with a Mennonite background had worked his way into this type of position. There is something unique about the voice of Mennonites who have come to Canada from the "old country" and as soon as I heard Mr. Reimer's voice, it was obvious that he had his roots in the Russian Mennonite cradle.

He has certainly had an interesting life. Born in Zaporozje, South Russia, he moved to Canada with his parents in the 1920's; when he was seven years old. The family settled on a farm south of Kindersley, Saskatchewan. Here he

grew up in a solid Mennonite community. He was a student in agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon when World War II broke out. He was expelled from the university when, in keeping with his Mennonite beliefs, he refused to join the Canadian Officers Training Corps. He is disappointed that some of his Mennonite friends did not express their faith very consistently during that time.

Forced out of the university he looked for a job. He heard that some farmers south of Regina were attempting to build the first co-op refinery in Saskatchewan. He decided to join them. He was driven both by the necessity to make a living and by the appeal of co-operative principles. He attributes this interest in co-operation to Christian ideals learned in his home community, though he laments the fact that in the Mennonite church at that time there was, in his opinion, an excessive concern with saving one's soul from hell, and not enough with the improvement of man's social condition.

He was soon active in various types of co-ops, including a funeral home and

credit unions. In 1943 he participated in the formation of the first union in a refinery, with 45 members. He has been involved with unions ever since, emerging in the past few decades as a nationally-recognized union leader. He played an important role in the formation of Canada's major federation of labour, the Canadian Labour Congress, in 1956.

We couldn't help but ask Mr. Reimer how his early Mennonite ideals influenced him in life, and how he reconciled them with his active participation in labour unions. He affirmed without hesitation that his basic, life-long ideals were clearly shaped by his Mennonite upbringing. "But" I interjected, "there are many Mennonites who would say that their religious teachings conflict with the adversary positions often taken by labour unions, particularly strike actions." Mr. Reimer did not agree with such an interpretation of the Mennonite faith. "The Mennonite faith was historically an adversary religion," he claimed, "which actively opposed injustice. It didn't advocate violence but neither did it support passive submission to the injustices of this world."

It is this strong concern for justice that has been his main motivation in life. The worker has a right, he feels, to insist on adequate working conditions and fair pay, just as management has a right to defend its position. Mennonite farmers, among others, have allowed their lands to lie fallow at times in order to create better market conditions for their crops, so also workers are entitled, says Mr. Reimer, to withhold their labour if that seems necessary to improve their position.

At the same time, Mr. Reimer insists, the worker's search for justice should go much beyond his own self interest. Mr. Reimer himself has spent much of his time on social reforms, including native rights, health and safety standards, and support for workers in underdeveloped countries. He regrets that such activities are seldom reported in the media.

While not a member of the Mennonite church now, Mr. Reimer maintains close ties with his numerous Mennonite relatives. He detects a greater concern among a new generation of Mennonites to recapture the radical Anabaptist emphasis on justice, and he is personally very interested in the re-emergence of such ideals and in their practical application in Canada.

For some the road from the Mennonite community of Kindersley, Saskatchewan to the head of one of Canada's most powerful unions in Canada might seem to be a long and tortuous one. Neil Reimer evidently doesn't think so. The line seems to him to be a pretty direct one. **mm**

GRADUATES

The Class of 1980

For students, unlike farmers, spring is the season of harvest. Reaping the rewards of their years of patient study this month in Winnipeg were 3,362 students of higher learning.

Among the graduates from the University of Manitoba, University of Winnipeg, Canadian Mennonite Bible College, and Mennonite Brethren Bible College were some 250 Mennonite students. While graduation is itself an achievement, several of the Mennonite students distinguished themselves by finishing their degree programs at the top of their classes.

Medalists and Prize Winners at the University of Manitoba

Linda Margaret Wiebe, who graduated from the School of Medical Rehabilitation, received the university gold medal for highest standing in the Bachelor of Occupational Therapy program. Mrs. Wiebe, whose son was born three days after her final exams, says she'll be at home mothering next year. She is married to John Wiebe and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Froese of Winkler.

Wayne Douglas Reimer, graduating with a Bachelor of Medical Rehabilitation, received the Canadian Association of Occupational Therapists' prize for the highest standing in theory of occupational therapy, as well as the Manitoba Society of Occupational Therapists' prize for second highest standing in the final year of the occupational therapy course. Mr. Reimer is working with the St. Amant Center in St. Vital. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Reimer of Winnipeg, Mr. Reimer is married to the former Rhona Sawatzky.

Erwin Peter Warkentin, graduated with the Bachelor of Laws, was awarded the Sarah and Moses Cohen Prize for highest standing in international law. Mr. Warkentin is presently articling with Legal Aid Manitoba in Winnipeg. He is married to Valentine Funk and is the son of Peter and Helen Warkentin of Saskatoon.

Esther Ruth Epp, who earned the Master of Arts degree in history this spring, received the James H. Gray Medal in prairie history. Ms. Epp, who wrote her thesis on the origins of the Mennonite Central Committee in Canada, was awarded the medal in recognition of outstanding achievement. She is married to Daniel Thiessen and is the daughter of Frank and Helen Epp of Waterloo.



Wiebe



Reimer



Warkentin



Enns



Fehr

Also at the University of Manitoba, **Edwin Wiebe**, graduating with a Bachelor of Education, received the Fletcher Medal for greatest promise of teaching competence, and **Glen Raymond Brandt**, Bachelor of Science in Engineering, received the Colonel Edward Churchill Prize for scholarship in engineering management in the fourth year civil engineering program.

Medalists and Prize Winners at the University of Winnipeg

James Theodore Enns was awarded the Governor General's gold medal for the highest standing in the Bachelor of Arts (Honours) program. Mr. Enns, who is particularly interested in studying the development of visual perception in children, has also won a Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council scholarship to pursue graduate work. He has been accepted into the Ph.D. program at Princeton University.

Beverly Anne Fehr, earning the Bachelor of Arts (Honours) degree, received the university gold medal in honours psychology.

Donald Edward Wiens, graduating with a Bachelor of Science, won the university gold medal in chemistry, as well as the university gold medal in religious studies.

Joyce Helen Loeppky, of Tourond, Man., was awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree and the university gold medal in Music. Mrs. Loeppky also earned a Bachelor of Religious Studies (Music Major) from the Mennonite Brethren Bible College. She is married to Gerald Loeppky.

Timothy Allan Peter Reimer was recipient of the University of Winnipeg's gold medal in philosophy. He graduated from MBBC with a Bachelor of Religious Studies (theology major).

Dorothea Kampen won the U of W silver medal for the second highest standing in arts and the university gold medal in German. Dorothea is the wife of Walter Kampen and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rempel of Winnipeg.

Mary Beth Wiens, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts, earned the university gold medal in psychology in the general course program.

David Stanley Enns, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts (Honours), was awarded a history book prize. Mr. Enns will begin

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



Wiens

Master of Arts

Karl Ernest Falk
Kurt Wilhelm Gerhardt
Franz Wiebe

Master of Science

George Edward Dyck

Master of Architecture

Darrell John Epp
Ulrich Klaus Ratzlaff
Warren Clarence Rempel

Master of Business Administration

Irwin Boschmann
Alvin Peter Dueck
Ingrid Louise Peters

Master of Education

Helene Wieler

Master of Social Work

Kenneth Cornelius Plett

Doctor of Medicine

George Randall Friesen
Janet Marie Friesen
Kathryn Marie Funk
Karl Ernest Kliewer
Lloyd Robert Kroeker
Brian John Schmidt

Bachelor of Laws

Kurt Gordon Barkman
Waldemar Victor Derksen
Robert Brent Giesbrecht
Howard Garth Loeppky
Diane Louise Schmidt

Bachelor of Science in Medicine

Brian John Schmidt
Francis Meredith Penner
Blair Phillip Kenneth Peters

Bachelor of Science Pharmacy

Beverley Grace Van Dyck

Bachelor of Nursing

Elizabeth Falk
Patricia Betty Guenther
Sylvia Mary Loewen
Deborah Anne Schroeder
Monica Louise Toews

Bachelor of Occupational Therapy

Brenda Marie Goossen
Lois Ruth Kroeker

Bachelor of Medical Rehabilitation

Eleonore Annemarie Dyck
Carol Jean Martens
Sharon Lynn Wiens

Bachelor of Social Work

Daniel Rodney Berg
Lynda Elaine Isaac
Carolyn Gail Janzen
Wendy Lynn Reimer

Bachelor of Science (Honours)

Hugo Theodore Bergen
Randall James Dueck

Marvin Henry Koop
Stuart Reid Loewen
Reynold Werner Reimer
James Rempel

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honours)

Kathryne Anne Koop

Bachelor of Arts

Jacquelyn Melvina Driedger
Marvin Henry Dueck
David Michael Ediger
Marlene Gay Epp
Donald Gay Epp
Donald Bruce Falk
Theodore David Richard Friesen
Phyllis Lydia Froese
Bruce Randall Hiebert
Peter Hiebert
Reginald Dean Klassen
Frelan Clayton Loewen
Kenneth Paul Peters
Karl Gerhard Redekop
Melita Arlene Rempel
Terence Wayne Schellenberg
Karen Diane Schmidt
Diane Louise Thiessen
Robert Bruce Thiessen
Susanne Thiessen
Lina Warkeatin
Audrey Diane Wiebe

Bachelor of Fine Arts

Cheryl Leigh Anatasia Riediger

Bachelor of Science

Kimberley Anne Friesen
Timothy Paul Koop
Douglas Evan Penner

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

Bernard Brandt
Alan Michael Friesen
Wesley Abram John Froese
Lorne Gavin Giesbrecht
Henry James Rempel

Bachelor of Science in Engineering

Robert Kenneth Dueck
James Gordon Hildebrant
Victor Rudolf Neufeld
Nigel William Peters
Chester Kelly Reimer
James Reimer
Karl Abram Thiessen

Bachelor of Music

Constance Marie Buhr
Margaret Rose Koop

Bachelor of Physical Education

Patricia Katherine Guenther
Louise Reimer

Bachelor of Home Economics

Patricia Diane Goertzen

Bachelor of Education

Erna Braun
Beverley Linne Dyck
Fern Annette Dyck



Loeppky



Reimer



Kampen



Wiens

studies for his M.A. in history at Dalhousie University in September. He is married to Irene Klassen and is the son of Stanley and Evelyn Enns of Winnipeg.

Also at the University of Winnipeg, **Alfred Frank Enns**, B.A. (Hons.), earned an English book prize, and **Lionel James Martens**, B.A. (Hons.), earned a history book prize. **Elvira Lepp**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Lepp of St. Catharines, earned a B.A. and the Swiss ambassador book prize for distinction in German studies. **Erica Helen Ens**, B.A., won the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg Prize in Canadian literature.

Adrienne Marie Isabelle Friesen
 Dale Evan Friesen
 Emmy Marie Friesen
 Lorraine Linda Marie Friesen
 Marilyn Ruth Friesen
 Robert George Goossen
 Kathe Harder
 Phyllis Hildebrandt
 David Kleinsasser
 Lori Christine Kliever
 Sheila Elizabeth Krahn
 Teresa Marie Krahn
 Mary Irene Loewen
 Melisa Alisan Frances Loewen
 Cheryl Elizabeth Hilma Martens
 Philip Peter Martens
 Brenda-Anne Nikkel
 Gerald Reimer
 Elaine Mae Rempel
 Victor Rempel
 Monika Louise Schulz
 Clara Marie Toews
 Barbara Ann Unrau
 Caryl Lynn Unruh
 Alan Claude Wiebe

Diploma in Agriculture

Larry James Dyck
 Eldon David Goossen
 Donald Clare Harder
 Philip James Kroeker
 Kenneth James Reimer
 Herman Waldo Thiessen
 Roger Thomas Toews
 Garry Richard Wiebe

Diploma in Dental Hygiene

Debbie Anne Braun
 Judith Anne Kehler

Certificate in Education

Patricia Elizabeth Ann Braun
 Linda Marie Claassen
 Donald Peter Froese
 Kenneth Roy Klassen
 Monica Edithe Klassen
 Charles Albert Kroeker
 Bernhard Paul Loepky
 Victor Henry Loewen
 Edith Elizabeth Schmidt
 Brian Michael Schroeder
 Gerald Edward Toews
 Victor David Unruh
 Christopher Glenn Wiebe

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG

Master of Divinity

Hugo Unruh

Master of Arts

Wesley Irwin Toews

Bachelor of Arts (Honours)

Karen Joanne Reimer
 Alfred Wiebe

Bachelor of Arts

Vernelle Doreen Berg
 Ingrid Kathy Ann Bergmann
 Werner John Braun
 Donald Victor Dyck
 Sherry Diane Epp
 Jeffrey Allan Fast
 Albert John Froese
 Karl Goertzen
 Loren Dale Hiebert
 Ellen Mary Huebert
 Arlowyne Elizabeth Klassen
 Erna Klassen
 Richard James Koop
 Annalee Elizabeth Lepp
 Marlene Esther Loewen
 Carol Joy Penner
 Ellery Thomas Henry Penner
 Brian Gladwin Plett
 Grant LeRoy Plett
 Gaylene Dale Sawatzky
 Bryan Dale Sawatzky
 David Robert Schmidt
 Sylvia Anne Schultz
 Valerie Ann Thiessen
 Ryan Peter Toews
 Katherine Unrau
 Margaret Rose Unruh
 Frank Peter Vogt
 Adrienne Dawn Wiebe
 Harvey David Wiens
 Linda Nettie Wiens

Bachelor of Science

Elin Kirsten Bergman
 Helen Marie Klassen
 Gary Frank Letkeman
 Elfrida Penner
 Eric Edward Peters
 Peter Randolph Peters
 Elfrieda Rempel

Bachelor of Education

Debra Lorraine Bergmann
 Linda Marie Bueckert
 Margaret Joy Dick
 Kathleen Marion Dyck
 Eleanor Joyce Falk
 Harry Albert Froese
 Susan Ruth Froese
 Janet Susan Giesbrecht
 Barbara Anne Heide
 Nellie Louise Loewen
 Ingrid Carol Martens
 Marilyn Ruth Neufeld
 Valerie Carol Pauls
 Eleanor Irene Reimer
 Margaret Lorraine Reimer
 Marlene Joyce Schellenberg

CANADIAN MENNONITE BIBLE COLLEGE

Bachelor of Theology

Elizabeth Anne Bergen
 Joan Carolyn Blatz
 Dennis Edward Boese
 Eldo Edward Enns
 Cornelius Epp
 Margaret Ann Janzen Friesen
 Marilyn Louise Froese
 Arthur Janzen
 Gary William Martens
 Gerald Marvin Pauls
 Evelyn Anne Peters
 Teresa Paulette Rempel
 Peter Donald Brian Sawatzky
 Brenda Joan Schroeder
 Henry David Unruh
 Betty Wiebe
 Erwin Herman Wiebe

Bachelor of Church Music

Chrystl Joy Bartel
 Victor Gerhard Bartel
 Janice Doreen Driedger
 Bertha Faye Hoepfner
 Carol Lynn Martens
 Wesley Dale Nickel
 Joan Marie Suderman

Certificate in Theology

Ronald Peter Penner
 Janice Darlene Zacharias

Certificate in Church Music

Elizabeth Anne Bergen

MENNONITE BRETHERN BIBLE COLLEGE

Bachelor of Religious Studies

(Contemporary Ministries Major)

Lois Marie Klassen

(Music Major)

E. Joy Dyck
 Shelley Fay Penner

(Theology Major)

Jeffrey Allan Fast
 Karl Goertzen
 Peter Travis Kroeker
 Martha Agnes Peters
 Brian Gladwin Plett
 Gladwin Plett
 Johannes Peter Stolz
 Valerie Ann Thiessen
 Johanna Rita Unruh
 Arnold Wall
 Harry Edwin Wiens

A pair of Loving opposites

by Peter Hildebrandt

Uncle William was my mother's brother, and Aunt Meta was my father's sister. They were married. Though they were to observe their 60th wedding anniversary it cannot be said that love was the main ingredient of their relationship.

They were church-goers, as we say, because that was expected of them. Actually Uncle William was an agnostic. He did not have the arrogance to be an atheist. But he could not accept all the mystery and mythology of the theologians, educated or otherwise, and so he remained an unbeliever all his life.

He may at times even have regretted this state of mind, or soul. He never tried to persuade others to his own philosophical inclinations. At the same time he had little patience when others tried to show him what they believed was the "right" way. Only a few ever tried. My uncle had a wide reading background and could express himself forcefully.

Aunt Meta was religious. She was a devout believer who said grace before every meal, and hoped that at least one of her five sons would grow up to be a minister of the gospel. But when the one on whom she had set most of her hopes turned into a successful Coca-Cola salesman, she was also satisfied.

At times I had the feeling that Aunt Meta was religious because Uncle William was not. I base this observation on some of the confrontations I witnessed between them. They clashed often and the verbal contests that followed were invariably interesting.

One day my aunt and I were sitting comfortably in their living-room, talking about the past. She was the daughter of a landowner who lost his life and property during the Russian revolution. There were other people in the same position as

my aunt, some of whom were her relatives, who would sit for hours and regret that their families had sustained these losses.

Not so my aunt. She was sorry that some people lost their lives. As for the land, the homes and other possessions, she would make an impatient gesture with her hand and say, it was about time that some of these people learned to work for a living. They had sat in their large homes, talked wisely, told others what to do and what not to do, then when they had lost everything, they found that life was not as simple as they had thought. Some of her relatives did not like Aunt Meta because she was so outspoken.

As I said, we were sitting peacefully talking when Uncle William entered the room. He was in an exceptionally good mood.

"Would you like to visit our children in Ontario?" he asked. "I've inquired at the station and they are offering reduced fares this month."

My aunt turned to me with an expression of utter helplessness. But I knew her. Aunt Meta was never helpless. "That's your Uncle William for you," she began, still facing me. "He knows I need a dress. I got my last dress five years ago. Women at the Ladies' Aid at church have started talking about it. Only last week at our meeting one of them asked, 'Have you no other clothes, you always wear the same dress.' And he," she finished derisively, "asks whether I want a ticket to go to Ontario."

In truth my aunt did not pay much attention to what others said either to her face or behind her back. She was a very independent woman. But under the circumstances she seemed to make a strong point. At least it appeared strong

to me. My uncle certainly did not care what the women said.

In my mind I visualized the situation if Uncle William had proposed that she buy a new dress instead of the offer of a trip. What I knew of Aunt Meta, she would have been equally hurt. She would have lamented that she had not seen her children and grandchildren for a year, while Uncle William callously was prepared to squander money on a dress.

I should mention that confrontations of this particular nature did not occur too often. My uncle did not offer money for trips and dresses recklessly. He was no heedless squanderer. In fact, he was a tight-wad. But the point was that their relationship was such that no matter what half-conciliatory offer my uncle made, it was the wrong thing to do, or it was done at the wrong time.

This time Uncle William took the attack gracefully. He was not always that peaceful. For instance, he liked home-made bread. In the making and baking of bread my aunt conceded first place to no one. When they still lived on the farm, she regularly took first prize at the agricultural fair.

But no one can always be equally good. When the bread was not quite as fluffy, or the crust as crisp as my uncle liked it, he would say to my aunt: "Maybe you should ask Mrs. Heinrichs for her recipe. Or at least ask her what flour she is using."

Everyone knew that Mrs. Heinrichs baked exceptionally well. At the fair she regularly came second, after Aunt Meta. To be sent to Mrs. Heinrichs for consultation was to her the height of insult, and Uncle William's casual comment would release all the latent hostility in my aunt.

"You should have married her. Then you would have something on your hands. You deserve each other. Look how Heinrichs looks" (he indeed looked puny and undernourished). Aunt Meta would then bring in the state of the Heinrichs' children, their unmade beds, even on Sunday, the irregularity of their meals, and many other related and unrelated things about the Heinrichs household.

But my uncle had made his point. He knew that my aunt would not fail next time. At the next baking the ingredients would be measured meticulously, there would not be a draft either in the oven or the kitchen, and the product would be a prize-winner. That was Aunt Meta's revenge. Uncle William could never muster sufficient generosity to praise my aunt on her success. But he would eat one or two extra thick slices for breakfast, and my aunt would know that she had won that round.

When my aunt died Uncle William was a very lonely man. **mm**

Elder living by example

Elder Enns (Ohm Franz) by F.F. Enns, trans. by Margaret (Enns) Frederickson, 112 pp., Winnipeg.

Reviewed by Peter Pauls

The subject of this biography will remind some readers of the idealized parson of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Like Chaucer's parson, Elder Enns was a truly "good," selfless man, rich only in "holy thought and work." "Ohm Franz," as his devoted parishioners called him, is remembered in this book as a tireless, itinerant preacher who showed others how to live by his own example.

Elder Enns was born and raised in the Terek Colony in Russia. With the revolution, he became a refugee and learned to know the hardships of flight. The self-discipline and good work habits he had acquired as a boy stood him in good stead in those years. The suffering he witnessed and experienced during the revolution only strengthened his resolve to dedicate his life to the Church.

From the time of his arrival in Manitoba in 1926 until his death in 1940, he faithfully served newly-immigrated Mennonites in southern Manitoba, south-eastern Saskatchewan and parts of Ontario as pastor and as bishop. His diary and letters reveal that he was a man prepared at any moment to give an account of his activities. In a report to the General Conference of Mennonites in North America, dated June 20, 1938, "Ohm Franz" wrote as follows:

In reporting something about my territory and my work, let me say that until today all scattered families, all smaller as well as larger congregations or groups, 30 in number, altogether approximately 250 families that belong to my district, have been regularly served with sermons, house visitations, spiritual care, baptism and holy communion. . . . As to the success of the work, I can cite many instances in which the Lord has rewarded my work. . . . people young and old have found peace and forgiveness of sins. . . . I have supported and comforted the lonely and despairing, visited the sick, rebuked the lukewarm. . . . Is one permitted to regard this as success? Has the itinerant ministry been worth the effort? Humble thanks to the God of

my Saviour for help and blessing!

Although he had no formal medical training, "Ohm Franz" also ministered, whenever he could, to his parishioners' physical needs. However, the spiritual well-being of those in his charge was always his primary concern. The records show that from 1929 to 1939 he preached over 1000 sermons!

This biography, the joint effort of a son and granddaughter, is a fitting memorial to this "good" parson. There is no attempt to magnify his accomplishments; the record is quite simply allowed to speak for itself. The book concludes with one of "Ohm Franz's" sermons, a straight-forward homily as sincere and truthful as the "tale" preached by Chaucer's humble shepherd.

Elder Enns is a translation into English of the original German version. It is virtually impossible, in any translation, to entirely avoid awkward constructions. There are some idiomatic lapses here as well but these are minor blemishes which do not really detract from the overall protrait. mm

RELATING TO A CHILD

In a castle I walk about
From door to massive door
I seem to be the only one
On this enormous floor.

I want to be as big as dad
For he can do it all
There is no window in this place
For one so very small.

And when I'm led inside to eat
From playing in the sand
There is a very real giant
At the end of daddy's hand.

Suppose it were the other way
And adults had to bend all day
And reach for what they needed so
It wouldn't be so great to grow.

I wonder if I'm in the way
It seems that way from what they say
They always seem so happy
When I go out to play.

The stories that I tell
Which I believe are true
You tell me not to tell again
For they are lies to you.

So when I lose my chubby skin
And turn into a boy
It seems as if I cannot win
For I cease to be a toy.

When its hard to be a child
I want to grow up fast
And if it is I turn out wild
It seems you tend to blame your child
Because his childhood didn't last.

—by Clint Toews

See the Continent Unfold with

Circle Tours



MARITIME - NEW ENGLAND STATE TOUR
TOUR NO. CT-10 — 20 days —
WINNIPEG DEPARTURES

This tour includes Fredericton, Cape Breton Island and Halifax. From Halifax we sail to Bar Harbor, Maine and return via the New England States. On our return we will also spend two nights in the Niagara Falls district.

August 1st September 12th
August 29th September 19th
September 5th



CIRCLE TOURS LTD.
301 BURNELL
PH. 775-8046

OR SEE YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT

Nursing student's project takes her to Upper Volta

It's with a sense of accomplishment that Deborah Schroeder can now point to the experience—and top marks—gained in her fourth-year nursing elective.

But when the young University of Manitoba student first stepped off an airplane in Upper Volta a few months ago, she wasn't certain what would come of her decision to undertake a research/education project in West African country more than 6,000 miles from home.

Over a five-week period, however, Ms. Schroeder was able to help establish the basis for an educational program in nutrition at Madaga, an agricultural community of about 2,000 persons. She also studied infant nutrition and obtained medical field experience that wouldn't have been available to her in Canada.

"I think I learned a lot about responsibility and confidence," explains Ms. Schroeder, who comes from Steinbach, Manitoba. "I was responsible for taking the initiative to plan the course and to make the contacts. In the field, I had to make my own decisions and rely on my own judgment

"I also learned a lot about the cultural differences among people. Sometimes I would be frustrated when there was a lack of response to my teaching. But then I would have to remember that what was important to me might not be as important to them (the students)."

Why Upper Volta? Firstly, Ms. Schroeder was interested in a project that involved direct contact with people, but not one which took place in a tightly-structured setting. Secondly, her studies toward the four-year Bachelor of Nursing degree at the U of M included a minor program in anthropology. This helped prepare her for a cross-cultural experience.

Thirdly, there was a relative working as a missionary in Madaga. The rapport established between the missionaries

and the local people helped introduce Ms. Schroeder to the community. Her contact also provided information which enabled her to plan a program to meet local needs.

And finally, as Ms. Schroeder notes, it was somewhat easier to convince her father to help finance an educational project than a vacation overseas.

She began her preparations for the project about one and a half years in advance. She corresponded with the relative; studied French, the official language of Upper Volta; and developed objectives from the U of M's anthropology department, home economists and nutritionists, and individuals who had worked in Upper Volta in the past.

She found Madaga to be traditional, subsistence agriculture community. There was no electricity; no radio or television links with the outside world. The community, located in a valley, had good crop production but much of it was devoted to cash crops. This sometimes meant there were local shortages between harvests, Ms. Schroeder says.

Her medical training was put to good use as Ms. Schroeder became involved in all facets of work carried out through the local clinic. She handled emergency ambulance cases; dispense drugs; helped deliver a distress baby. Because of limitations on equipment and other resources, she had to carefully set out her treatment priorities and adapt her knowledge and skills to the local circumstances.

In addition to her clinical work, Ms. Schroeder's project involved nutritional research and education.

Her research focused on the nutritional progress of infants brought into well-baby clinics. "I found that one-third of those I studied were malnourished," she says. This condition, in turn, reduced the ability of the infants to fight disease.

Deaths from measles, for example, were not uncommon.

Ms. Schroeder chose to emphasize the basics of good nutrition in her educational programs. She found that while food supply generally was not a problem, the foods eaten locally did not provide balanced nutrition. Vitamin A, in particular, was lacking. In addition, some foods were filling but did not provide the human body with useful nutrients.

Individual instruction from health workers and missionaries wasn't always followed because the local people lacked a basis for understanding the importance of proper nutrition, Ms. Schroeder says.

Thus, she tried to establish that basis through two types of programs: short lessons in nutrition for women at prenatal and well-baby clinics, and weekly one and a half hour lessons for children in the local primary school. She used discussion (in French or translated into the local language), demonstrations with local foods, games and other methods to present nutritional information.

Ms. Schroeder, whose professional interest is in public health, found it difficult at times to teach a long-term concept such as nutrition in an environment where "life is considered short term". Nonetheless, "I think they (the local residents) respected me because they thought I knew something and had something to offer them," she comments.

She hopes others working in the region will build upon her program. To that end, she will be sending to Madaga a copy of her report on the project.

Ms. Schroeder, who is now working in a personal care home in Steinbach and will write her registration exams this month, was one of nine fourth-year students whose out-of-town elective projects were supervised by Prof. Pat Zimmer of the School of Nursing.

Prof. Zimmer explains that the aim of the elective course, which starts in February of fourth year, is to provide students with the opportunity to further integrate theory, research and nursing skills in a situation of their choice. Students may organize a very independent program such as Ms. Schroeder's. They may participate in closer staff-student contact seminars, workshops and other activities in Winnipeg. Or they can plan a program that falls between the two.

"We are very excited by the students' options," Prof. Zimmer says. "They have been raising some very exciting questions in nursing." Not only has the students' work provided valuable information resources for other undergraduates in nursing, but it also has important implications for the school's new graduate program, she adds. **mm**

PLAN to ATTEND

the
Manitoba Sunflower Festival
July 25 and 26 in Altona



PIONEER DAYS AT MENNONITE VILLAGE MUSEUM

● **Steinbach, Manitoba** ●
August 1, 2, 3, & 4, 1980

Enjoy an early breakfast before the parade on Main Street and on to the Museum grounds. Here various farm activities of the past are performed, such as steam threshing, horse reaping, steam sawing and so on.

You can also watch the ladies sew, bake bread in an outdoor oven and churn butter.

An antique auction takes place and there is the opportunity to attend the performance of a LOW GERMAN Play.

On Saturday a hog is butchered in the traditional Mennonite style; while on Sunday worship services including speakers, singing groups, etc. start the days activities.

Throughout the four day event delicious Mennonite food is served at the Livery Restaurant.

Sunflower Festival



Welcome to Altona - Sunflower Capital of Manitoba. July 25 and 26 are the dates for our annual Sunflower Festival this year. We feature Sunflower ice cream, sunflower seed eating contests, and free sunflower seeds. The traditional Mennonite food booths offer wardenki and farmer sausage with choice of cream gravy or rhubarb sauce, also kielke with cream gravy, pluma moos and many home-made pies.

No festival is complete without a queen

pageant and we offer approximately a dozen beauties to vie for the crown. The high-lites are the two evening stage shows which this year features Ray St. Germain and the popular music group of Sounds Irish, with several smaller acts preceding. Another growing sector of the festival is a large autorama sponsored by our local optimist club, and expecting about 150 entries. There's also a good sized midway, a 4-H horse show and judging, an agricultural machine display, a flea market, outdoor bingo, fireman water fights, parades, bennett buggy races, local artistic and Mennonite displays for judging, free pancake breakfasts, and much more. For the children we offer a "petting zoo", children's relays for prizes, feature movies with pop corn and drinks, baby contest, and a visit from the COKE robot, the SMIRFF and several CKY celebrities.

It is a full-packed 2-day fun event and we hope to see you come and join us.

Corn, Apples in Morden

by C.M. Evenson

Morden's Corn and Apple Festival is one of the last big events of a fair and festival-filled summer in Manitoba. It is a final fling at holidays, family outings and balmy weather. But most of all, it is free!

Morden is a small community of 5,000 friendly people who each year brush off the welcome mat and open their community's door to guests from all of Manitoba, North Dakota and other parts of North America. This year the invitation is extended for the weekend of August 22 and 23.

There is no admission charge to this festival. Hot buttered corn on the cob is free and so are cold glasses of apple cider. There are many food booths featuring ethnic food at economical prices. The entertainment is free and continuous. Parking is free, exhibits are free, and so is the impressive hospitality. There is something for every member of the family to do and see.



The first Corn and Apple Festival was held in 1967 as a part of Canada's 100th Birthday celebrations. The idea for the festival evolved from the special corn crops grown in this part of the province; as well as to feature the apples which also grow in this climate influenced by the picturesque Pembina Hills.

The 1967 festival set the tone for the 14 festivals which have followed in the intervening years. The main street is closed off and booths are set up displaying foods, crafts, games, contests and information. In recent years a huge orange and red cover has been purchased to protect the featured entertainers from the elements. The show goes on, no matter what the weather.

As well as well-known Manitoba entertainers such as Rick Neufeld and Loreena Mckennitt, there is local talent featuring the Morden Bergthaler Men's Choir, soloists and musicians. This all occurs on the main stage set up in the heart of the downtown area.

Further along the street in a shady park there is special entertainment for the children. The Company, the local theatre group yearly presents a children's play with children acting the roles. There are also children's contests such as a costume parade, a decorated bicycle parade, a pet parade and a fish pond.

One of the main attractions for urban visitors is the Farmers' Market where one can purchase freshly picked produce for late summer eating and preserving.

The finale of the festival is the annual Miss Corn and Apple Festival Pageant. On Saturday evening three judges chose a local girl to represent the community at various functions held both locally and in other parts of the province. Two of the finalists have since entered the Miss Manitoba contest.

The Corn and Apple Festival has grown over its 14 year history. In 1967 one or two street blocks were all that were required to contain the booths and games, the midway and the main stage show. The Miss Corn and Apple Pageant was held in the municipal parking lot and the crowd barely filled the bleachers set up for seating. The entertainers were little known and most of them were local.

Now internationally known stars on the free stage, the street space has been expanded to fill six blocks and various side streets, and the queen contestants appear before thousands of people perched on plank seats, on roof tops and ladders. They crowd into a space, which, on an ordinary day, is filled with cars and pedestrians picking up their mail or tending to their banking needs.

Another attraction at the Corn and Apple Festival is the annual parade. This is held on Saturday morning of the two-day event and is one of the largest in Manitoba.

The Corn and Apple Festival is not a commercial event, and hopefully it never will become one. Hopefully it will remain a family affair, with all members of Morden's family holding open the door to the community with a wide smile and a clean welcome mat. mm

Calendar of Summer Festivals

Altona — Sunflower Festival - July 25 & 26.

Steinbach — Pioneer Days - August 1-4.

Winkler — Old Time Value Days - August 12-16.

Winnipeg — Folklorama, Mennonite Pavilion, University of Winnipeg - August 10-16.

Morden — Corn and Apple Festival - August 29-30.

Compliments of

J. P. Riediger and Sons Ltd., Morden

Tel. 822-5444

Agri Service — Liquid Fertilizer — Custom Application

Dry Fertilizer — Computerized Blending

Our word

MENNONITES AND THE STRIKE

In recent weeks Winnipeg newspapers have reported daily on the strike action taken by support staff in several Winnipeg hospitals and nursing homes. Institutions affected by the strike include two with a strong base in the Mennonite community: the Bethania Personal Care Home and Concor dia Hospital.

At the time this editorial is written it is not clear how long the strike will last or how much harm it may do to the patients normally cared for in these institutions.

Those people in our society who are forced to depend on the help of others because of unavoidable illness or the frailties of old age should clearly be able to count on the uninterrupted assistance of those who are helping them. We all have reason to ask ourselves what has happened to the conscience of our public servants, which permits them to jeopardize the care of those for whom they are responsible. If we have Mennonite workers in these institutions, what position are they taking in the current strike?

An informal survey indicates that about 20 percent of the support staff in the two institutions mentioned are Mennonite. There is no apparent difference between their attitude and the attitude of non-Mennonite staff. Those of us who were hoping for a difference may be chagrined at having our pride shattered. It is just as well. God plants courage and compassion without regard to confessional allegiance.

Apparently a small number of staff members, mostly non-Mennonite, are walking through the picket lines to carry out their service. A number of others have indicated that they are not in sympathy with the strike, but they are afraid of later reactions from fellow workers if they cross through the picket lines to work.

Those of us not directly involved have no right to chide them for their lack of courage. What we need to do is to encourage them to stand up for their convictions more strongly, and to act consistently in the union, in the future, as a voice for moderation.

It could well be that the timidity displayed by some of our Mennonite people in situations like this stems from our efforts to dissuade them from participating in unions. We have led them to think that the right Christian course is to refrain from all conflict and to avoid participation in unions. But unions are here to stay; they have a legitimate role to play in situations where workers have reason to feel that their requests do not receive a fair hearing from management. Excessive militancy is no more an inherent aspect of unions than hostile acts against workers are an inherent part of management. Some unions strike frequently; most never do. Some managers treat their workers shamefully, most of them do not. It is unfair to discredit good managers by inferring that they are all like those who are not so good, and it is unfair to discredit unions by maintaining that they are inevitably unreasonable. It is not only unfair but counter-productive.

There is no need to welcome the formation of a union, but where they exist we should counsel members of our churches to participate in them with all the courage and compassion that they can muster. Love which openly opposes a strike vote when it is taken may not have to become the love that suffers as it walks through the picket line. But a love that has been honed in the conflict of a union meeting may, if the need arises, also become the strong love that is required to walk through a picket line in order to serve.

Roy Vogt

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS

The Conservative government of this province is to be commended for its stand on government assistance to private schools. It is currently attempting to change the School Act so that such assistance can be given directly to the schools involved, without having to go through the administrative network of the public school system.

The basic decision to support private schools was taken by this government several years ago, and it is to be hoped that the new round of fire to which it has exposed itself in the legislature will not stop it from acting in accordance with that original decision. It belongs to the essence of our democratic system that citizens have as much choice as possible in determining the kinds of goods and services that they wish to use for themselves and their families. There is perhaps no place where freedom of choice is more necessary than in the provision of education. In order for this freedom to be real, people should not be penalized, financially or in any other way, for exercising it. If I wish my child to be educated in a school where teachers and students can openly discuss and examine their religious beliefs, then if the society of which I am a member is generally in favor of freedom it should also be in favor of my freedom to make that choice. I should not receive more government assistance than others to make that choice, but neither should I receive less. Currently, the average person who sends his or her child to a public school benefits from a government subsidy of about \$2,000 per child. If I send my child to another school of my choice I receive a subsidy of less than \$400 per student. Those of us who make such choices are clearly not favored by our society or by our government. Those who would take away even this relatively small assistance would like, it seems to me, to put even greater roadblocks in the way of my freedom of choice. We should be grateful that our present provincial government does not agree with them.

Roy Vogt

business and professional directory

G. K. BRAUN INSURANCE SERVICES LTD.



LIFE AND GENERAL INSURANCE

INCLUDING



For service, phone or come to:

171 Donald St., Rm. 301 Box 130,
Winnipeg, Man. R3C 1M4 Rosenort, Man. R0G 1W0
Phone: 942-6171 Phone 1-746-8411

JOHN FEHR INSURANCE

1110 Henderson Hwy.

Ph: 338-7811

HOMEOWNERS PACKAGE • COMMERCIAL • FIRE • LIFE

AUTHORIZED



AGENT

CALL US FOR A QUOTATION FOR ALL YOUR INSURANCE NEEDS

———— COURTEOUS PROFESSIONAL SERVICE ————

Thorne Riddell

Chartered Accountants

1200-220 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3C 0A9
Telephone 957-1770

●
OFFICES IN
ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES IN CANADA

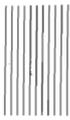
WILLIAM MARTENS

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

703 Somerset Place
294 Portage Avenue
WINNIPEG 1, MANITOBA
Telephone 942-7247

BROOKDALE AGENCIES

SPECIALIZING IN FARM PROPERTY



Member of the Winnipeg Real Estate Board

BUS. 745-6014
RES. 745-3698

PAUL
KLASSEN
Broker

●
35 1st St. S.W.
CARMAN, MANITOBA
R0G 0J0

Manacc Accounting Services Ltd.

206 - 3074 PORTAGE AVENUE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA R3K 0Y2

888-0851

H.H. Driedger R.I.A.

S. "Butch" Isaak

RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL • INDUSTRIAL

Shorty's CONSTRUCTION CO. LTD.

"CRUSADER" CHAIN LINK FENCE "PARIS PLAYGROUND EQUIP.
GALVANIZED VINYL COATED TENNIS COURT FENCES
BASEBALL BACK STOPS - NETS & POSTS

3818 WILKES AVE. WPG. R3S 1A9

GEORGE THIESSEN

895-0202

REAL ESTATE SPECIALISTS
BUYING & SELLING

Contact

CLIFF PENNER

PHONE 338-0301

102 - 1695 Henderson Highway

R2G 1P1

Complete Real Estate Services

DELBRO REAL ESTATE

Subscribe to the
Mennonite Mirror.

Use handy return form
on page 18.



WINNIPEG WELDING SUPPLIES LTD.

45 ARCHIBALD STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
R2J 0V7

PETER W. DOERKSEN

Business 233-3434
Residence 269-3877

Haben Sie kürzlich einen typischen Kanadier gesehen?



Schauen Sie mal
in den Spiegel.

Multiculturalism / The Canadian Experience.



Honourable Jim Fleming
Minister of State
Multiculturalism

L'honorable Jim Fleming
Ministre d'Etat
Multiculturalisme

Canada