

mennonite mirror

This is
the Mirror's
10th anniversary!

volume 10 / number 4
december 1980



206 Olive St.
Blair, Pa. 15017
204 2X4

thirsty

and you gave me water

Anything you did for one of my brothers here, however humble, you did for me. (Matt. 25:40)

In São Caetano, Brazil, MCC-assisted teams build cisterns to gather water during the three months of annual rainfall, and conserve it for drinking and cooking during the following dry season.

Across the globe in desert regions of Northern Africa and the Middle East, MCC teams construct deep wells and irrigation canals for drinking and for crops.

Your dollars allow MCCers to develop projects that bring water to those living in dry lands, during dry seasons.

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



I was

Construction of cement rainwater cisterns, São Caetano, Brazil.

mirror mix-up

You said your children couldn't (or wouldn't) read German, so we have the best in Mennonite Literature translated for you.

"Lost in the Steppe"

by Arnold Dyck
Translated by Henry D. Dyck

\$11.00 postpaid

"Exiled to Siberia"

by Anita Pries
German and English in one volume

\$4.50 postpaid

Two Letters

The Millionaire from Goatfield

Round Cookies

by Arnold Dyck
all in one volume
Translated by Elizabeth Peters

\$4.50 postpaid

Available from

Derksen Printers

Steinbach, Man. R0A 2A0

SELD

s O e d

DISEL

s l o d e

ELEST

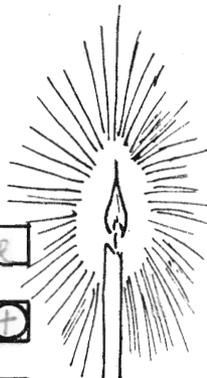
s l e e t

POSEL

s l o p e

SHIGLE

s h i g l e



Christmas '80

LET OUR FAITH BE OUR

CHRISTMAS (l i a h t s)

From among the 16 entries to the September puzzle, L. Unrau of Greenwood Place, Winnipeg was selected the winner.

A cash prize has been sent.

The answers to the November Mix-up are stage, player, acting, curtain, and pisa.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by December 29, 1980.

Name _____

Address _____

Town/City _____

Postal Code _____

Send Entries to:

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

we're more!

...more than meat ...more than produce
...more than groceries ...more than a food store!



Everything you want from a store



...and a little bit more

**My Family
at**

CMBC

YES...
CMBC IS THE PLACE FOR US !

CMBC offers opportunities for learning in music and theology in an atmosphere of Christian growth and community living...and invites you to come as a family to be a part of the new residence community created specifically to make family life at CMBC special.

For more information contact CMBC... 600 Shaftesbury Blvd. Winnipeg Manitoba Canada (204) 859-7919

The Cover by Cliff Derksen

A Winnipeg free-lance artist, depicts an old-fashioned Mennonite Christmas Scene with the teacher in a one-room rural school bringing in the "Tuten".

WANTED

Ph. 774-2451

Meat Department person for packing and serving. German and English speaking preferred. 8 hour day, 5 day week.

Apply in person to Nick Riediger,
Riedigers Supermarket 188 Isabel St., Winnipeg

Building Your Tax Shelter



The plan that earns interest and builds for you.

The plan that saves money for your own home.

The plan that's tax deductible.

R.H.O.S.P.*



The people with the plans of a lifetime.

*Trusted by Co-operative Trust Company of Canada

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

● Watch for announcements of the official opening of our new North Kildonan office ●

mennonite mirror

inside

volume 10 / number 4
december 1980

Mirror Mix-up / 3
Book review / 6
Fiction: The Last Word / 7
Memories of the last day / 10
Christmas on Portage / 12
Russian trip part two / 13
Gruelling test turns writer into Swede? / 16
From the schools / 17
Pew view: Fort Gary Fellowship / 18
Review: Galileo / 19
Manitoba news / 20,21,22,23,24
Oskar unjrem
Weihnachtsgabe / 25
Your word / 28
Our word / 30

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 Matsuo, Peter Paetkau, Betty Unrau, Wilmer Penner and Hilda Dueck.
Business committee: Bob Friesen, Rudy Friesen, John Schroeder, Jack Thiessen, and Leona Penner, Advertising Sales, David Rempel.

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 September to June 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: Monday 1 to 4 p.m., Tuesday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Thursday 1 to 4 p.m.

Subscriptions \$7 for one year; \$12 for two years; and no charge for those on pension.

Second class mail registration 2658

A reverent collection

A book review by Leona Penner

PRAYERS by Larry Kehler

*"Prayer is like the wind;
We can feel and see its effects
but we cannot hold it
in our mortal hand...."*

This is the way Ruth Schroeder opens her unique book of prayers. She has compiled a collection of prayers written by

Rev. Larry Kehler when he was pastor of the Charleswood Mennonite church from 1976 to 1980. They are down-to-earth, honest prayers asking for God's help in the everyday events of our lives.

There are prayers for "the curlers banquet", "April Fools' Day", "For questions and answers", among them. They are thought provoking and reverent.

The book is 8 1/2 by 11 with a firm red cover and is done in a simple, attractive style of calligraphy that enhances the words. It is not cluttered up with designs to detract from the message—there is only one picture and that is of a dove bearing an olive branch.

This book makes a beautiful and inexpensive Christmas gift and all the money goes toward MCC Manitoba. It is only \$5 and can be purchased at the MCC Manitoba building at 1483 Pembina Highway. Hurry, because the first printing is already sold out!

Low German anthology of song

A record review by Leona Penner

At last: a record by the "Heischraatje"! "Sprie" is the name given to the first effort by this popular singing group. The songs are all Low-German of course, ably directed by Ray Plett, accompanied on the piano by his wife Pat.

Many of the songs that have brought guffaws and even tears of laughter to Low-German audiences across Manitoba, including the Mennonite Pavilion at Folklorama, are included. Among these are "Du best mein Sonneschein", "Faspa", and "Dit laund es mein Laund."

The instrumental music is provided by a washboard, broom, plunger, piano guitar (an honest-to-goodness one!) and a tub base. The latter is an overturned washtub with a hockey stick shoved through the centre to which is attached a nylon string which is plucked. And it sounds great!

The men in the group are all from Landmark, the home of the "Plautdietsche Ovent". You miss their outlandish get-up of overalls and straw hats by just hearing them but their humour comes through along with their good singing and excellent sense of timing.

There has been a slight delay with getting the record on the market but gift certificates are available by sending \$7.95 to "Knacksoat Records, Landmark, Manitoba". For more information call Ray Plett at 888-0781.

Bible House

308 Kennedy Street
Winnipeg
942-3942 • 942-5366



*We wish to thank our many
friends and customers for
allowing us to serve you
this past year.*



*We wish you peace and the
Lord's blessing for the
festive season.*

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate

86 West Gate - 775-7111



Come Celebrate Christmas

with us

December 12 - Friday -

7:00 o'clock

at

First Mennonite Church

Notre Dame

and Alverstone

A fiction special

The Last Word

by H.M.R. Dueck

Her eyes circled the room eagerly. Today was Christmas Day, and she and her husband had conquered the seemingly endless prairie miles just to be here. Everyone had come home this year, she thought with satisfaction, even Jack and the girls.

Mona's throat tightened. Silly, she chided herself, this was no time to cry. It was Christmas - a time to celebrate. Besides, it was Jack's divorce, and he wasn't crying.

Everyone was talking at once as they jostled and pushed to get seated at the long, heavily laden dinner table. "... Janet, you can sit here, and Scotty, here in the high chair..." "... Mommy, I was here first, (Whah!)..." "... in the second period?..." "Yeah, what a shot! Way..." "Hey you guys, come 'n eat, everything's on the table. Mona, you sit here, and Jack, you and the girls across the table..."

Christmas this year was at her brother Bob's house. Mona knew both the exhaustion and the excitement of hostessing these family gatherings, but today it was nice just to be here, revelling in the sensation of coming home.

"... tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la la, la la la..."

"Can somebody reach that switch?" asked Bob, pointing to the stereo.

A hush fell as the grey-haired man at the head of the table bowed his head to say grace. How adamantly her father had always insisted on the use of the German language at home, and how angry and hurt he had been when the English was "forced" on him at the church.

Mona smiled, remembering how vehemently he had resisted even the

thought of English in-laws. And yet, here he was, blessing them as his own children—and in English too.

The prayer ended. Mona looked down the table, past the pandemonium the "Amen" had unleashed. Her eyes met her father's and a warm smile spread over his rough and weathered face. So indestructible, thought Mona, so utterly unwilling to be forced into doing what he did not want to do, yet what infinite capacity to make concessions when allowed to be motivated by love. A fitting gesture of love on a day like this.

Mona smiled back. What a veritable giant he was for a man only five foot four. Her eyes wandered to the tinselled tree in the corner of the room. So majestic. And the family, like the magi of old bringing their gifts willingly, from the heart. What beauty in gifts given like that, and what dignity in the giving.

Mona inhaled deeply. That was what she liked so much about Christmas—the mutual giving and receiving, done with such sheer abandon in close-knit family circles like theirs. It was more than the presents under the tree—so much more.

"Care for some salad Mona?"

The room, humming with the clatter of dishes, the shrill demands of impatient children, and the staccato of a dozen fragmented conversations edged into Mona's reverie.

As usual there wasn't enough room on her plate for all the tantalizing dishes being passed to her. "Mmm," she said, to no one in particular, "I do love Christmas dinner!" She fully intended to eat until it hurt too, how else could one respond to such bounty?

She could always predict what would be served for Christmas dinner: turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, pine-

appled yams, cranberries, fresh rolls, corn, and a salad or two. She eyed the table. Well... it used to be like that. Lately one didn't always know what to expect.

How vividly she could remember those Christmases at home, when it had been just the eleven of them. What fun they had had. Somehow it was different now. Did growing up do that to other families too, she wondered. If only one could go back and recapture the closeness, sharing life with each other again, being a part of each other's experiences, thoughts, ambitions, emotions.

Mona smirked, suddenly remembering the fur-flying fights they had shared over whose turn it was to do the dishes, or who hit whom first. Instinctively she looked across the table at Jack, half expecting him to be remembering too, but he was absorbed in a conversation with his daughter.

What perfectly blood-curdling fights she and Jack had had. Being three years older and strong for his age, he had definitely had the edge over her, Mona decided, but she would have been the last to admit it then. Mona grew sober. No, sometimes they had been more than fights, they had been battles—conquests of the will. And for some inexplicable reason, she had never allowed him to conquer her, even though he was older and tougher.

She shuddered, remembering how he would take fiendish delight in grabbing her boney arm in both of his hands and gripping tightly, twist the skin in opposite directions. Often he would at the same time bring her arm up behind her back so that she grovelled in pain at his feet.

Sometimes she would kick, scream or

bite—anything in an attempt to break from his iron grip, but fighting only goaded him on. Occasionally she would remember to wait it out, and he would eventually let go.

It had been Jack's way of forcing her to comply with his demands, of punishing her for her insolence towards him, of extracting respect for his role as older brother.

She had learned to concede at times, momentarily, only to negate his victory with another indignant grimace, or an "I didn't really mean it, I'm sorry." Sometimes her tears had even brought down father's wrath on Jack.

But usually, after it was all over, they had been able to forget the fight and be friends again. Mona grinned. She never could stay angry at him for long, she idolized him too much.

It had been difficult with Jack and Janet. Somehow their fights had been more decisive, closer to the jugular. And afterwards, there had been a kind of animosity that never quite disappeared. Mona looked over at Janet. Maybe that was why Janet still resented Jack so much. She had let him win too often—or was it Janet who had won? Somehow it didn't seem clear just now.

"Mona, I asked for the cranberries, please."

"Oh, sorry, I must have been day dreaming," she murmured.

Mona was vaguely conscious that someone must have switched on the stereo sometime during the course of the meal, for now she heard snatches of a familiar melody probing its way through the noise and commotion.

"Oh, can you turn that up a bit?" she asked eagerly, "Handel's *Messiah* is on." Someone obliged.

"... for unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given . . ."

The music stirred a strong response in Mona. It represented the very heart of Christmas, heaven's gift of love to her. It was a gift she loved to share, needed to share . . .

Her eyes searched Jack's face. What had happened to them? Where had they lost each other?

She winced. Why when they talked now did he need to impress her with his

"tough counsellor" role, reducing her to being his patient instead of his sister? Had she changed so much? Had he?

Mona's face relaxed, remembering how they had stormed through their teens together, planning how they would revolutionize the world, sounding out their groping philosophies of life in late night discussions, fuming over father's ancient, unreasonable rules, or just telling stories or reciting poetry.

She could still hear him do "The Cremation of Sam McGee". She never tired of it. He did it with such intensity, such drama. She had always been so proud of him.

Mona shook her head. Apparently he had been proud of her too. Hadn't he said so at her wedding? It still didn't make any sense. First he had plied the audience with story after story "just to show you how stubborn and strong-willed Mona was", and then had finished by saying, "... she was just the kind of girl I always wanted to marry."

Mona pushed back her chair, settling into it more comfortably. Several of the women had gone to the kitchen to begin putting away the left-overs. The others were still sipping coffee and bandying about bits of easy conversation. The festive mood was more subdued now in the delicious content of over-stuffed stomachs.

Impulsively, with eyes eager and alight, Mona reached out, grabbing his big, strong arm in both her hands.

"How was that again?" she grinned impishly, twisting her hands in opposite directions in a playful "snake-bite".

With a flick of the wrist he was free. "Like this", he said, clamping his hands around her slender arm and jerking it up behind her back while he twisted.

Mona started. "Hey, I was just kidding."

Too late she realized that he had taken it as a challenge. How to get out of this gracefully without letting on he was really hurting her . . . she forced a laugh.

"I remember." But the pressure continued. Why was he hurting her? Surely he would stop if he realized that he was hurting her.

"I remember Jack. Now would you

please let me go?" Still the steady, excruciating pressure. "You're hurting me, please let go!" The last thing she wanted was to create an unpleasant scene, today of all days. The others must not know it was anything more than a little game.

"Ow, Jack, please, somebody, make him let go!" Her eyes pleaded, but the smile was frozen into her face. Her wrist was on fire, and her shoulder felt as though it would surely come out of its socket.

The others had stopped talking to watch, perplexed. Mona and Jack were both laughing. It must be well-intended fun.

Jack increased the pressure. "Say uncle," he ordered still smiling.

"Uncle", Mona cried, relieved that it would soon be over. But the wrenching and twisting did not stop. She felt her arm being jerked higher, up towards her left shoulder. She slid down in her chair to try to gain momentary relief. She did not struggle—it would only goad him on. But she would not grovel on the floor either.

"I said it Jack. Uncle." Her voice was steady.

He released the pressure, his fingers still clamped to her wrist.

She started to sit up in the chair, steeling back the tears behind eyes bright with determination. She must not cry!

WINTERS

Plumbing and Heating

2141 Henderson Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Telephone 339-0226



*We extend best wishes
and greetings to our clients
and friends for the
festive season*



Building materials at very competitive prices

1126 Henderson Hwy.

Phone 668-4470

POLET LUMBER & SUPPLY LTD.

FORMERLY REDEKOPP LUMBER & SUPPLY LTD.

She looked up at him, trying to laugh. Why had he not understood that she had only been trying to reach him, not challenge him?

He saw the determined look in her eyes. Just as he had expected! She still didn't know how to give in. He had never been able to make her really give in. It had enraged him as a child—but it was intolerable now.

A life-time of insecurities and failure flitted before his eyes. Anger rose in his chest. He could not bear to be mocked any longer by her indomitable will. She would say "Uncle" this time!

"You haven't changed, have you?" His voice was tight and barely audible. Her body twisted as he wrenched her arm behind her back in a vicious thrust. She felt her skin twist like a piece of hot taffy.

"You always have to have the last word, don't you Mona?" His words were heavy with rage.

"But I didn't say anything," her voice quivered.

"You didn't have to," he said, his steel-grey eyes piercing hers.

"Uncle," she cried, cringing under the searing pain. "I'm saying it. Uncle! Uncle!"

"No!" His voice sliced through the silence, "You never say 'Uncle! You never have!" He dropped her arm abruptly, turned, and stalked out of the room.

For a moment she sat perfectly still, her mind reeling from the impact of the accusation. Then, slowly she stood up, her eyes burning with a cold heat and turned towards the door that had just closed behind him.

"No. I didn't say 'Uncle'. And why should I?" she cried bitterly. "Why would you ever want me to?"

Her voice rose. "Do you want to know why I didn't? Why I couldn't say 'Uncle' to you?" There was a pause. "No. You wouldn't understand, would you Jack. Well I loved you. That's why. Did you hear me Jack? I-loved-you! But you never understood that language did you? All you understood was force."

Her face was taut. Her body shook. "Well you can't have it both ways Jack. So go ahead. You have the last word this time Jack! You win! I can't fight you any more." Her voice bore the sting of bitter defeat. "I'm saying it Jack 'Uncle'. Are you listening? I'm saying it now."

There was dead silence in the room. No one moved.

Slowly Mona turned, her face the ashen grey of old cement, her wide, stunned eyes staring blankly. "Uncle," she whispered, crumpling into the chair.

From the stereo rang Handel's jubilant chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, good will toward men." But no one was listening.

mm

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER

of the

MENNONITE MIRROR

Help someone who isn't receiving the Mirror to become acquainted with this popular magazine.

Subscribers to the MM can order gift subscriptions for Christmas at a special one-half price by using the coupon below. The usual rate for one year is \$7 and for two years it's \$12.

When you use the coupon you can order a one year subscription for \$3.50 and a two-year subscription for \$6. This reduction applies to each subscription that you order. This offer is good only for paid-up subscribers and senior citizens.

If you are not a paid-up subscriber or senior citizen, enclose a subscription payment for yourself at the regular rate and use the coupon to order gift subscriptions at the special rate.

A card will be sent to each person for whom you order a gift subscription to inform them of your gift.

Act now at this unusual rate

SPECIAL RATE COUPON

Worth \$3.50 off each \$7 gift subscription and \$6 of each \$12 gift subscription. Please enclose this coupon with order.

Your name _____

Address _____

City/town _____ Postal Code _____

Please send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City/town _____ Postal Code _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/town _____ Postal Code _____

I am a current subscriber or senior citizen _____

I enclose \$6.50 (for one year) or \$12 (for two years) for my own subscription _____

Memories of the last day before Christmas

by Grace Warkentin

At 506 Main Street in Steinbach, Christmas was not that much different than in any other household. But now that I am grown, these memories are special and I will share a rather disjointed collection of them with you.

I was about 10 years old that year. Some people began Christmas preparations early in December. But not us! When the 24th day of December rolled around, that was our cue. The girls (nine of us) usually decided that we should have a tree, and then Peter was elected to go and pick one out. And woe be to him if it was less than perfect.

While Peter was selecting the tree from those remaining behind Pete Vogt's store, we got out the boxes of decorations and began sprucing (literally) up our rooms. This always got us in the spirit of the day. Sometimes we were so spirited that Mom had to yell at us to cease from such spirited activity.

Next important of course was all the melting snow for the numerous manes of hair to be washed. Then the bath water had to be pumped and heated. We had without question the tastiest pump water you ever swallowed. And we weren't the only ones who thought so. Most of our neighbours were of the same opinion. I used to see how many pumps of the handle were necessary before the first water came. Five swift strokes was the best I could ever do, but every time I pumped I had the chance to beat that record.

Today, as I was pumping, wintry sounds filled the air. The familiar twang of a chain saw came from the direction of Nightengales, behind us. The jingling of sleigh bells on a caboose going to East Steinbach. (No power toboggans yet) Then, faintly, but distinctly, I heard yet another familiar sound. Someone was whistling. Not "Noel" or even "Leise rieselt der Schnee". No. I knew immediately who it was, because it is the only song I ever heard him whistle. "School days, school days, O those golden rule days". The bachelor from across the street was coming for his week's supply of water. He also had another name, but

we knew this old man simply as "The Bachelor". He lived a rather lonely existence in a little shack no more than 12' x 14', where he sharpened tools for a living.

The bachelor's song reminded me that it would soon be time for the Good Deed Club on the radio. Our temperamental radio needed some patient coaxing until those unforgettable strains of "Do-o a good deed every day, obey the golden rule, never say an angry word or be unkind or cruel" would be heard. This was followed by interminable tap dancing, and of course the highlight of the program, the 21-jewel-gold watch was awarded to the good deeder of the week from Eaton's. I could always stretch my job of furniture waxing in the living room exactly until the program was over.

This being Saturday, we were worried about Dad getting home from the store in time for the Christmas program in church. He usually closed a little later than the Red and White across the street, because then we would get their customers yet. And when he finally would come he would bring Jap oranges and of course the Mexican roasted peanuts from the 100 lb. sack in the corner, for which the bargain store was famous. Why people came from Winnipeg just to buy their Christmas peanuts at our store. I never have been able to get quite such good peanuts since.

Anyway, after our baths, with our skin all tingly and itchy, partly from the hard water and partly from the homemade soap and partly from nervous excitement, we would stand by the stove and proceed to brush the tangles out of our long hair. And then we would don our Christmas clothes and get even more goose pimply and itchy.

As Mom did last minute hemming, we would practice our "pieces". Out of sheer necessity to retain her sanity, or maybe Mom's gift for thinking of the less fortunate, she would send two or three of us over to the bachelor's with some fresh buns and peppernuts. Leaving the complete confusion of our hectic household and jumping over the caragana hedges, we entered the desolation

and solitude of that little shack. It smelled not of spruce trees on this special day, but like it always smelled: a little misty, a mixture of tobacco juice, liniment and peppermint. But today there was a twinkle in his eyes, and his appearance, what with his white hair and beard, was not unlike that of the "Nate Kloss" (St. Nick) he spoke of. And we were brave enough, Marina and I, to recite our verses to him, unbidden. For this we received a peppermint each and we scooted home, glad to be back in a normal chaotic household once again. The inevitable had happened! The tree, the best one we had ever had, had come crashing down, in all of its Christmas finery! I remember Tina yelling at Peter for the rest of that day. I guess it must have been his fault.

It was a good thing that the Sunday School teachers had saved my place in the bench, because we were always a little late. During the program, if I got too fidgety before my part, I could always busy myself by pulling the basting threads out of the hem of my new dress.

And finally, when it was all over and the last *tutjes* (bags) had been distributed, I remember walking home in that crisp Christmas evening. As I passed the show-hall and the creamery, the strings of lights across Main Street stopped. But, oh the wonder of it, God had taken over with His own showy display! The northern lights cascaded gloriously across the sky in the form of a giant pipe organ. With the vivid crescendo of rise and fall it seemed as tho' Someone was swelling forth the majestic anthem, "Jesus Christ is born this day". I was fairly bursting with the ecstasy of that wondrous sight to end this full day of sights, sounds, smells and sensations. I skipped on homeward and past the pump to offer my personal thank you to God for His great Love.

I am grown up now, but that pump, now painted a glossy silver, still stands there as a reminder of my childhood. And I know it would take more than five strong pumps of the handle to prompt any water from its spout. mm

Young People Write About Christmas

CHRISTMAS

TRUE CHRISTMAS

And now, Christmas begins,
and everyone,
or almost,
feels the Christmas spirit
tingle within them.

There are those joining
the hustle
and bustle
of shopping
for Christmas gifts.

And then,
there are those
who are forgotten
in the business
of the day.

A baby boy
cries out
in a dark alley
for some food
to feed his tiny body.

A young girl stares out
a broken window pane,
wishing,
for gifts
she dreams of.

But then,
Mary and Joseph
were outcasts, also;
led to a tiny stable
to live.

Their beds were made
of straw
their food
was very scarce,
and they were poor.

But even though
they were not accepted,
I would have gladly
taken their place
that wondrous night.

For on that first Christmas morn,
a holy child
was born;
in a manger
matted with straw

And today,
people sometimes seem to forget
the true meaning
of Christmas
when
Jesus
Christ
was born.

-by Andrew Willems, Grade 7

Blazing neon lights, yelling out
their Christmas sales.
Fussy honking horns arguing
amongst them selves.
People moving, singing, shoving
back those who have been
where they haven't,
talking, music, noise! noise! noise!
A quiet street whispers serenely, snow falls lazily,
warm lights flicker contentedly.
People happy, joyous thankful
talking, laughter, rustling paper.
Hymns sung melodiously
prayers said, sermons
read.
People quiet, respectful
Greetings pour forth in the favorite verse
Peace on Earth and
Good Will toward all men.

-by Marla Boychuk, Grade 8

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

I've been wondering what Christmas is. There's lots of things that go with Christmas. There's trees, cookies, ornaments, snow, presents, turkey and of course Santa Claus. Santa Claus is the main theme of Christmas for little kids. He comes down the chimney, puts presents into your stocking, and then takes off in his sleigh pulled by reindeer. That sounds pretty good considering you get free presents, but I don't think that's the real meaning of Christmas.

It could be the presents and a tree. The presents show love when you give them to each other, and I always feel closer to my family when we decorate the tree together. I bet that's it, but presents and a tree don't represent the whole idea of Christmas, do they? What is Christmas?

I think I've finally figured it out. The food at Christmas is it. The turkey, cakes, dressing, plum pudding, apple sauce, and lots of other things. That's only a small part of Christmas. I'm beginning to wonder if there is a true meaning to this holiday.

It might be the lights glittering at night. They look beautiful when they shine on the snow. It might be the snow too. But snow and lights don't go with a lot of other things at Christmas. I'm almost ready to give up, but I've got to find the meaning.

Hold on one minute! At Christmas we always sing Christmas carols about Jesus. He was born in a manger at Christmas. He was kind, good and loving. He was the Messiah! Wisemen and shepherds followed a star to where he lay. They came to worship him. Jesus is the real meaning of Christmas. I'm sure of it!

-by Heather Dalman, Grade 7

HOW I KNOW WHEN CHRISTMAS IS HERE?

No I'm not going to tell you about Santa Claus coming on December 24 to give presents or tell you about all the stores that have specials on or even tell you about the first snowfall or the first of December. I want to tell you how I can tell when Christmas is coming in my home.

I'm sure it has been told to you that Christmas isn't for Santa Claus but for Jesus coming as a little baby to bring peace and freedom to the world. This is the true meaning of Christmas and you have to understand this concept to be able to tell when Christmas is on the way.

In our house, the first sign of Christmas is the snow, which is followed by wood-stacking and fire building. Mario Lanza starts singing his carols in his beautiful voice and soon the Christmas lights outside go on and the shoe goes out every Saturday evening to receive presents for advent.

The Christmas tree goes up, followed by the manger scene on the piano and the wreath is suddenly hung up on the front door.

Excitement mounts on December 24 and finally the time comes when Christmas presents are opened. The real and last sign is the way the eyes light up when the presents are received but especially when the present is given. This is the real meaning of Christmas and these are the signs in our home.

-by Patricia Koop, Grade 8

Christmas on Portage

by H.M.R. Dueck

The drab figure standing on the corner of Portage Avenue and Vaughan Street lifted his tattered sleeve and swiped at the little icicles that were forming under his nose on his three day old stubble. Snow swirled around the edge of his parka hood and stuck to the breath-warmed fur. Occasionally, one of the shoppers would stop long enough to slip a bill into the round plastic container over which he kept vigil.

"God bless ya, ma'am. An' a Merry Christmas."

He resumed ringing the bells with renewed vigor. He knew what the bells were saying.

Hear yu peo-ple, hear yu peo-ple
Give some green backs, give some
green backs.

"Beastly cold", he muttered, hitching at his baggy black pants.

Yous are rich, yous are rich

Give t' thu po-or, give t' thu po-or.

There was more to the bells' message, but he had decided to walk down to the corner, cross Portage, and set up on the sheltered side. He picked up the stand, and still ringing his bells, slowly shuffled down the street.

Hear yu peo-ple, hear yu peo-ple . . . Well would ya look at that? Another one o' them rich uns, all fancied up in 'er furs 'n fluff, 'n she just goes walkin by as if she hadn't even heard the bells a-talkin. Ain't surprizin though, hangin on t' every blessed buck as if they could take it with 'em. Jest like I always say, it's a whole lot easier fer a camel tu git through thu eye of a needle than fer rich folk tu git intu heaven.

Quit bein stingy, quit bein stingy
Share yer loot, share yer loot.

Unconsciously his eyes had been following the lady as she hurried ahead to get to the intersection in time for the light.

"Well of all thu . . .", a glimmer of a smile played at the corners of his mouth, "Jest like I always say, pride goes before thu fall." The lady was brushing the snow from her coat as he stepped onto the street beside her.

Hear yu peo-ple, hear yu peo-ple
Give some green backs . . .

He couldn't resist ringing his bells as they crossed, walking almost side by side. He was about to set up and stand again, pretending not to notice that the furry lady was fishing through her hand-bag. That's much bet-ter, that's much bet-ter . . .

"Bless yu lady," he grinned, "Bless yu."
mm

Director of Nursing - Resident Services

Donwood Manor, a senior citizens centre consisting of eighty-one personal care home beds and one-hundred-fifty self-contained units, requires a person to direct the nursing department and several related functions.

Preference will be given to a person who:

- 1) Is a qualified nurse - preferably with a degree in nursing.
- 2) Is adept at human relations and management.
- 3) Has experience in geriatric nursing.
- 4) Is bilingual - English and German.

Salary to commensurate with qualifications and experience. Duties to commence February 2, 1981.

Please send resume to:

H. Klassen, Administrator
Donwood Manor, 171 Donwood Drive,
Winnipeg, Manitoba R2G 0V9
Telephone: (204) 668-4410

"Songs of Comfort and Love"

A recording by

Hilda (Wiebe) Driedger,
contralto,
Marion (Esau) Braun,
piano and
harpsichord.

Available from the following Winnipeg outlets:

American Hi-Fi
Fellowship Bookcenter
Hadden's Book Store
Hull Publishing
Redekop Electric
University of Manitoba Book Store

And from the following:

Jubilee Music, Portage la Prairie
Evangel Book Shop, Brandon
Derksen Christian Supply House, Clearbrook, B.C.

Or order from:

637 Kilkenny Dr., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 3E2 Ph. 269-9873.

Assiniboine Travel Service Ltd.

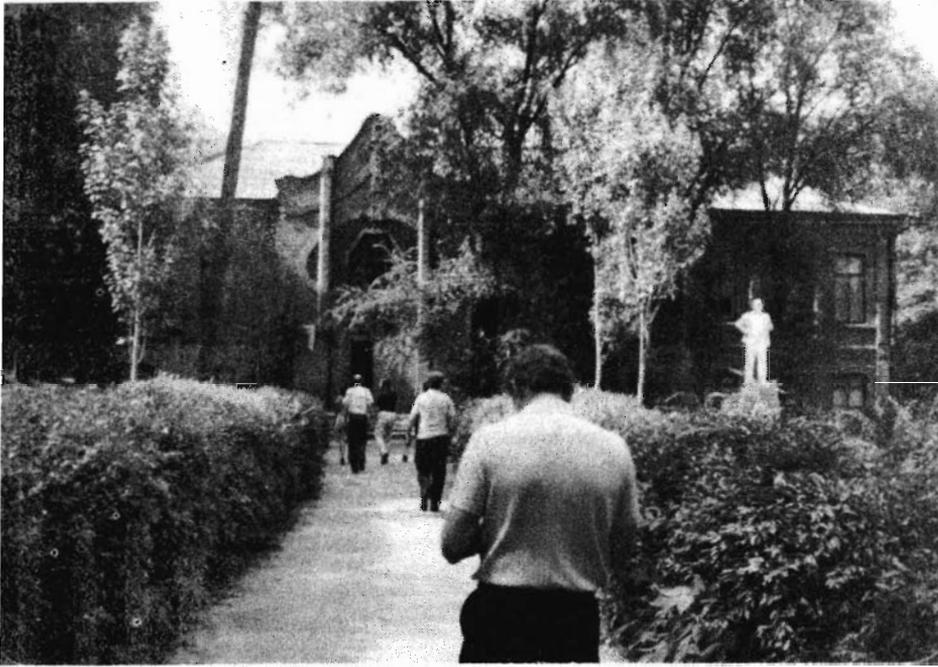
Agatha Doerksen
Judy Dick
Darlene Kailer
Lori Kroeker

Bonnie Minnick
Diane Sulavella
Ruth Wiebe
John Schroeder

219 - 818 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg R3G 0N4
Winnipeg - 775-0271

All Manitobans may use our toll free number!

(1) 800-262-8893



Former Mennonite "Normal School" in Chortitza with Statue of Lenin.

Retracing our Russian Steppes

1980?

Second in a series of articles on a recent visit to the Soviet Union.

by Roy Vogt

On Sunday afternoon, August 17, we catch our first glimpse of the former Mennonite countryside surrounding the city of Zaporozhye. From the window of our small Soviet plane a landscape very similar to that of southern Manitoba unfolds before us. Those brown fields below once harbored dozens of small Mennonite villages, with names like Kronstal, Osterwick, Chortitza, and Rosental, to name only a few. Those villages were founded almost 200 years ago by our forebears. Early in the last century my great-grandfather made his home on these steppes, on the bank of the Dnieper, having walked all the way from Prussia, a distance of more than 600 miles, pushing a wheelbarrow with all his belongings. We pass over the city of Zaporozhye, which consists of a new part built in the last fifty years, and an

Russia Trip II

old part formerly called Alexandrovsk. I know that at the southern tip of this city is a suburb which used to be called Schönwiese. It was here that my grandfather, Andreas Vogt, worked as merchant and minister, till his death in 1914. It was here that my father spent his childhood and youth and where he, along with thousands of others, lived through the horror of civil war and anarchy until they were able to emigrate to Canada in the 1920's. Through those bushes and along those criss-crossing little roads below, Mennonite men and women fled the fury of drunken bandits, armed with guns, axes, and syphilis. In the terror of those long days and nights the peace of the Mennonite villages was shattered forever. The faith and the illusions nurtured by that peace were also shaken. An aunt of mine had spent a year in Berlin, just before the outbreak of war, preparing herself in one of the finest German academies for a career as a kindergarten teacher. How could she

have known, as she pored over her books in the shaded courtyard of the famous Pestalozzi school, that just a few blocks away, in the back corners of shabby Berlin coffee houses, one of her countrymen, the Russian exile Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, was meeting furtively with fellow conspirators to plot the violent upheaval of that tranquil society from which she had come and in which she hoped to spend the rest of her life? If she had known, it surely would never have occurred to her that those few desperate fanatics would ever be able to destroy a civilization built painstakingly over several centuries.

It is this tragedy, and these illusions, that fill my mind as our plane touches down at the Zaporozhye airport. No terrors await us now. Olga helps us to leave the plane before the Russian passengers and takes us to our waiting van. In less than an hour after our arrival we have registered at the Zaporozhye hotel located in the new part of the city, along Lenin Prospekt, the main street. This part reminds me too much of East Berlin, in which wide boulevards fail to be enhanced by sterile Stalinist architecture.

By this time it is late Sunday afternoon. We have heard from previous Mennonite visitors to this area that there is a Baptist church nearby. During dinner we ask Olga if she knows where it is and how we might get there. She doesn't know but she offers to find out. Within half an hour she has the church's address and tells us how we can get there by bus. She herself will not accompany us.

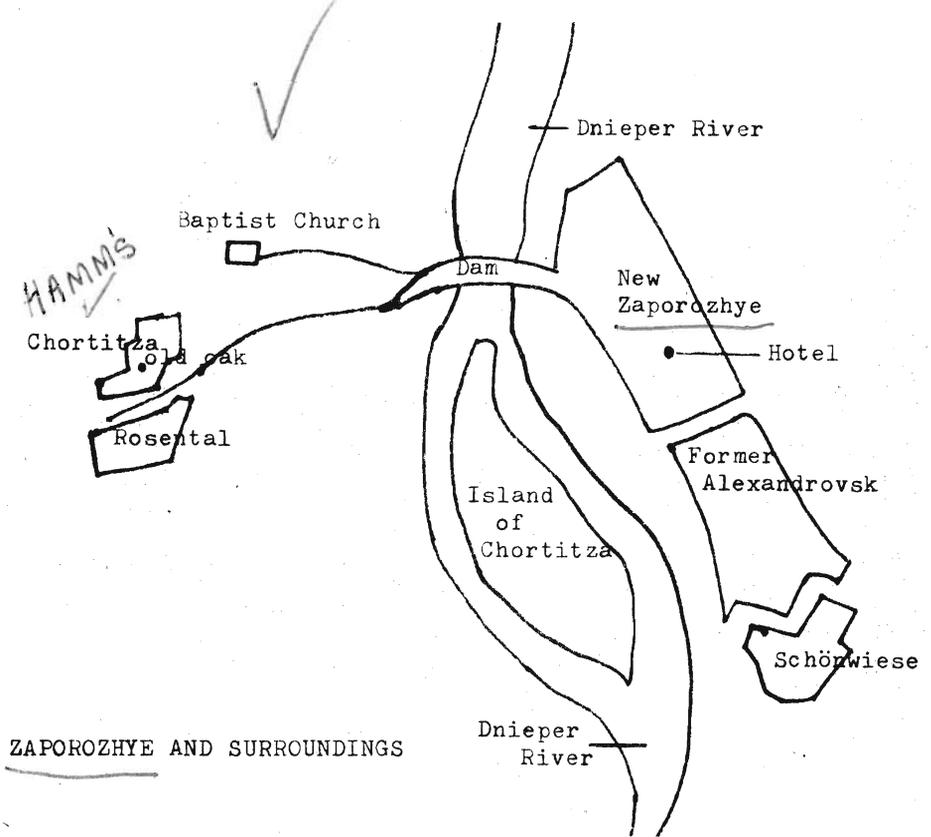
We leave for the church immediately after dinner. A street car takes us to the northern end of the city, where the Zaporozhye dam (known as Dneproges) crosses the Dnieper River. A huge statue of Lenin stands guard over the two power stations connected with this dam. From the base of the statue we can see above the dam where the Mennonite village of Einlage used to stand, the home of Rev. J.H. Wiebe, former leader of the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

We transfer to a bus which takes us across the dam and along a north-westerly route to the location of the Baptist Church. After a ride of a few miles, and a short walk, we come to the church. It is quite a new building, right off the street in the centre of a residential area. From the outside dimensions one can assume that it might accommodate 200 to 300 worshippers. Unfortunately the building is locked. What to do? How do we get back to the hotel? As on so many other occasions, Louisa Loeb, the lone female member of our group, comes to our rescue with her good Russian. She spots two young women and a young man, well-dressed, and asks them for direc-

tions. She mentions that we had hoped to attend the Baptist service. Their eyes light up. "Are you Christians?" they ask. Yes. They are too. They too had missed the Baptist service which had been held in the late afternoon, because they were at a wedding celebration. They will walk with us to a main thoroughfare where we can catch a bus back to the hotel. As we begin to walk with them the young man suddenly puts his finger to his mouth, signalling caution. A policeman steps out of the shadows, walks toward and past us, turns around, and silently follows us. Being at the rear of our group I can almost feel him breathing down my neck. We walk along quietly, and as calmly as possible. After a few hundred yards I turn around. The policeman has stopped, and seems to reach into a fence for some kind of apparatus. We continue walking. He does not follow us. The young Russian Christians feel free to talk again. They are terribly excited at having met us. One of them gives us a tract, with a picture of Jesus. They are members of a pentecostal group. This is no time to debate theological differences. Louisa conveys our Christian greetings to them and they assure us again and again through her that despite the kind of harassment and control represented by the policeman who has just followed us, they are grateful and proud to be Christians. They ask us to greet our congregations back home. As they wave goodbye to us on the bus we feel a warmth and a bond with them that words can't begin to describe. We have shared both danger and faith with them. We, of course, have the luxury of moving on.

Next day we have our first opportunity to visit the former Mennonite villages. In a comfortable nine-seater van, built in Riga, we first travel with Olga and our Russian driver to the power dam which we crossed the previous evening. Olga takes us on a tour of the power station. She knows a lot about it and is justly proud of its tremendous capacity. She notes that Zaporozhye has one of the two most advanced high-voltage research stations in the world. The other is in a place in Canada called Winnipeg. It is good of her to pretend she didn't know some of us are from Winnipeg. Later she shows us a statue dedicated to one of the chief engineers of the original dam construction—a certain Heinrich Winter. Again we think that we may have reason to be proud.

Following this tour we proceed a few miles west till we come to one of the most famous landmarks in the former Mennonite colonies: the "thousand-year oak" of Chortitza. We are surprised to come upon it so quickly. The village of Chortitza used to be separated from Zaporozhye by a few miles of open fields. It is now a suburb of the city. As we



ZAPOROZHYE AND SURROUNDINGS

walk toward the oak it occurs to us that we must not be more than a mile from the Baptist Church that we visited yesterday. We had no idea that we were so close to the place of our roots.

The oak tree is truly impressive. How often have I seen pictures of Mennonite children hanging from the branches of this tree! The children are no more, and the Mennonite homes which formed the background in those pictures are also gone. A brochure tells us that thousands of trees like this used to dot the countryside around Zaporozhye but this is the only one that survived the ravages of the German settlers. We contest this interpretation. History records that there were few trees in this area. The early Mennonite settlers had to haul trees from hundreds of miles north for building purposes, and it was only their tree-growing efforts that helped to make the countryside green. Al Reimer, our historian, is furious at such misinterpretations and makes sure that we don't fall into the snare of local communist propaganda.

It is only another mile to the former Mennonite schools that were situated on the border between the villages of Chortitza and Rosental. There before our eyes is the famous Central School (Zentral Schule), the education jewel of the old colony. The Kroeger clock is gone from the top of the main entrance but otherwise it looks exactly as I remember it from pictures. In a room behind one of the windows in the wing facing the street my father lived for a year as a student. Behind the corner windows my cousin Frieda, Mrs. Herman Neufeld of Steinbach, lived with her family. I am deeply moved as I aim my camera to take a picture. Behind the Central School is the former Normal School, for the training of teachers. It also stands intact, a statue of Lenin in the front yard expressing the change in its ideological foundations. We are able to go in. Scenes from *The Russian Dance of Death*, the diary of Dietrich Neufeld that Al Reimer translated into English, crowd into my mind. Down in the basement is where

| | | | |
|--|------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
|  | | | |
| <p>For all your home-sewing needs</p> | | | |
| <p>REMNANTS By the Pound</p> | | <p>FABRICS By the Yard</p> | |
| <p>PATTERNS</p> | <p>THREADS</p> | | <p>ZIPPERS</p> |
| <p>ECONOMY TEXTILE</p> | | | |
| <p>Main Store 1021 Pacific</p> | <p>714 Watt Street</p> | <p>2086 Ness Avenue</p> | <p>1123 St. Mary's Road</p> |

(K)
 the Epp sisters hid from the Makno bandits. Across the street is the land that ran to the house where Neufeld lived. The school is still being used and a few cleaning women show us through its spacious rooms. Outside in the brick wall we find the carved names of a "D. Vogt." My uncle? Possibly. I have my picture taken beside it. Clearly at least a part of me belongs here.

Across the street is a huge house, intact but dilapidated. This was the Wallman residence, known appropriately enough as the Wallman fortress (Burg). It is the first of a number of huge mansions we will see that belonged to wealthy Mennonite businessmen. Below this house is the former Girl's School (Mädchen Schule), which was attended by hundreds of young Mennonite girls. From the back it clearly resembles pictures I have seen. The front, where graduating classes of clean, neatly dressed girls used to pose, is almost completely obscured by overgrown bush and grass. How many people from our own church spent years in these buildings! The clicking of our cameras conveys the excitement that we feel.

We are grateful that Olga gives us a lot of time to explore this region. Finally we drive back to Zaporozhye along the west side of the Dnieper. Rosental fades away behind us. This used to be open countryside. Since 1970 a new high-rise suburb of 200,000 has developed here, increasing the total population of Zaporozhye to more than 700,000. We cross the west arm of the Dnieper and find ourselves on the Island of Chortitz. There used to be a Mennonite settlement on the island, but only a graveyard remains. We are kinder sometimes to the dead than to the living. The gravestones are hard to read, but a few speak poignantly of Mennonite lives nurtured and terminated here.

We return to our hotel in mid-afternoon and say goodbye to Olga for the day. But we are still restless. I can't wait any longer to get to the southern suburb of Schönwiese, my father's home. My cousin Edgar Penner, whose mother and father both lived there, is also eager to go. The rest of the group appears to be equally interested, so we get on a street car and head toward Schönwiese on our own. A ride of about three miles takes us to a small stream, the Moskowka, which separates Schönwiese from Alexandrowsk. As we continue on the street car I look eagerly for the landmarks which my father placed on a map of Schönwiese which he drew for me. His homestead lay just a few hundred yards past a three-storey building which housed a drug store (Tavonius' Apotheke). The entrance to the store was built into the blunt corner of the building, overlooking the village square.

I am sure that we are now crossing that square. There is no drug store on the corner, but there is a green three-storey apartment block—the corner of which is blunt. I am sure that is it. The street car rumbles on. On the right is a theatre, which was built almost next to my father's homestead. Then an empty lot. That is it! The house and store which stood on it were torn down—but the spot is there. We ring to get off. The car continues to the railway station, the southern station which my father always used. As soon as we are off the street car I aim my camera at the station. A taxi stops abruptly in front of us, the driver jumps out and warns me not to take a picture. In my excitement I had forgotten. Pictures of railway stations are not permitted. The taxi moves on. I am sorry that I didn't snap before he jumped out.

We walk back down the street, past factories formerly owned by families like Koop, Niebuhr, Wallman, and Loepp. This must have been a major industrial centre even then, not a quiet rural village. The old Mennonite factories have been combined and enlarged into a huge automobile complex, producing a little car called the Zaporozhets. It ends at the empty lot where my father lived. I am stirred as we stand in front of my ancestral home. What must it have been like to have lived here for 23 years—only to be forced to leave everything to begin a new life thousands of miles away, in a completely foreign culture! I feel deep regret for those whose roots were torn up from this spot. I am also grateful for my interesting family history.

We go back to the village square and the former drug store. Louisa asks an older lady whether she remembers what the apartment block used to be called. "It was Tavonius' Apotheke" she replies. We were right. She proceeds to tell us about the German "colonists" that used to live in Schönwiese. She names a number of Mennonite families that she knew. She also recalls the Vogt name. It is always nice to have your existence confirmed. We walk down a few more streets and find a number of former Mennonite homes still intact. Most impressive is the former Koop residence, now the headquarters of the local communist party. Such ironies abound everywhere.

We walk back across the bridge over the Moskowka stream, where one of my cousins once had his pants removed before being dumped into the water. My father must have crossed this bridge thousands of times on his way to school. We cannot find the schools, though they are carefully drawn on a map. They are surrounded by new apartment blocks, and as we walk across the courtyards of these buildings we soon discover that we

are being followed. A young man across the street stops and starts when we do, and observes us very carefully. We begin to feel uncomfortable. I am annoyed that we cannot continue our search in peace. We finally give up and return to our hotel. That evening at the circus we will see our "tail" again. John Friesen walks up to him and asks him how good his English is. He turns and leaves without a word.

What an incredible day it has been. We fall exhausted into bed. Tomorrow we will travel south about 100 miles to the former Mennonite colonies in the Molotschna. Our readers can join us there in the January issue. mm

WANTED

Person in meat department for packing and serving. German and English speaking preferred. 8 hour day, 5 day week. Apply in person or phone Nick Riediger, 774-2451.

One of a Kind Opportunity

Consider a part or full time career distributing inspirational, motivational, character building products. Operate your own business with a minimal investment. Start today! Write to Job Opportunity, 203-818 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Happy Vineyard



FOR
**HEARTY GERMAN
 FOOD
 AND**

GEMÜTLICHKEIT

719 ELLICE AVE.
 Phone 783-6837

Gruelling fitness test turns Mennonite into a Swede?

by Vic Penner

"You're carrying 47 pounds of body fat," he said as he clamped callipers on my arm, back and spare tire. I protested, of course, hauling out all the old chestnuts about solid muscle and stored energy.

But he was a physical education student at the University of Manitoba, and what can you say to a 20-year-old student who has all the answers?

"You should take off 25 of that", he said, adding insult to injury.

My wife had sent \$15 to the university and arranged to have my fitness put to the test. I was now in the physical fitness laboratory of the U of M undergoing the humility of failing a series of tests: Sit-ups in a minute, 20; push-ups in a minute, 14; chin-ups, zilch.

"It's all that body fat", he said as I dangled from the horizontal bar. "It's got to go."

This was going from bad to worse and I feared what was yet to come. Some young fellow—all wired up on neck and

chest—was panting horribly on a treadmill.

"Do I have to go on that next?" I asked incredulously.

"No," he said as he fixed me with a pitying look, "we'll put you on the stationary bicycle."

He said the stationary bike was a "real killer" and had I ever had a heart attack. I allowed that I hadn't had one so far. He took a blood pressure measuring device out of a drawer and asked what my blood pressure was. Since he was already pumping up the sleeve and I can never remember the numbers anyway, I suggested he'd soon find out.

He looked a little surprised as he examined the dial.

"Whadda ya know," he said in perfect university English, "it's normal."

"You ever seen one of these?" he asked, pointing to a battery of six stationary bikes against one wall of the lab.

"Once or twice," I replied.

I climbed onto one of the bikes. I couldn't reach the pedals.

"Is that comfortable?" he asked.

"Not if I'm supposed to pedal", I said. He lowered the seat and I sped off at 30 miles an hour without moving an inch.

"Hold it, hold it," he yelled. "Not so fast. You're supposed to do this for 12 minutes." He turned some screws and effectively slowed me down to 10. "Not that slow," he said. He turned on a metronome that clicked out the rhythm and I got my pace set.

"We're going to get your heart up to 170 beats a minute," he explained as I

pumped away. "No more than 170. If you feel sick or faint, stop. I'll take your pulse rate every 90 seconds and increase the tension on the bike every three minutes."

After about three minutes I broke into a furious sweat, and after another minute or so my knees began to hurt. He kept counting my heartbeats and increasing the tension.

I kept telling myself I'd never had a heart attack yet, and after the miserable performance so far I had to do something to redeem myself. My imagination kept conjuring up 47 pounds of butter spread over my 5 foot 7 inch frame.

The 12 minutes finally ended, and although my legs felt like they were broken at the knees I hadn't missed a beat of the metronome. My fitness assessor looked stunned.

"Are you okay?" he asked as I staggered to a chair.

"Fit as a fiddle," I gasped.

He reached for a book of charts and started comparing the notes he'd taken on my tests with his charts. It took him a long time before he looked up from his book. He gave me a curious look and then punched the keys of a pocket calculator for about a minute. He went back to his chart and ran his finger along a line of figures.

"Humpff," he said. And then, "Not bad."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"You're as fit as the average Swede", he said. "We use Swedish standards because they have a very high level of fitness."

I didn't mention that I'd watched him as he checked those figures and that he'd been in the 75-year-old column. Why would I want to correct a university student?

So, the next time you see that skinny 75-year-old Swede on cross-country skis zip across your TV screen in the Participation commercial . . . that's me, folks. Only I'm carrying 47 pounds of body fat and I'm on a stationary bike.

MENNONITE LIBRARY SOCIETY, INC.

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

Patrons: Dr. C.W. Wiebe

Sustaining members: Margaret Albrecht, Rudy W. Dyck, Dr. Peter Enns, D.H. Epp, Dr. B.B. Fast, D.W. Friesen and Sons Ltd., Loewen Millwork, H.W. Redekopp, Dr. Al Reimer, David Rempel, A.F. Ventures, R.H. Vogt, A.J. Wiens, Dr. Peter Vogt.

Donors: James J. Armin, 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, Landmark Feed, Landmark Motors, Dr. Harry Loewen, Prairie Rose Farm, 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.

Woodlands Supply & Mfg. Co.

861 McLeod Avenue,
Winnipeg

G. Bock

Telephone 668-0079

W. Regehr



Experts in millwork, stairwork, cabinets, and finishing supplies.
Suppliers of hardwood, door casings, mouldings, and hardware.

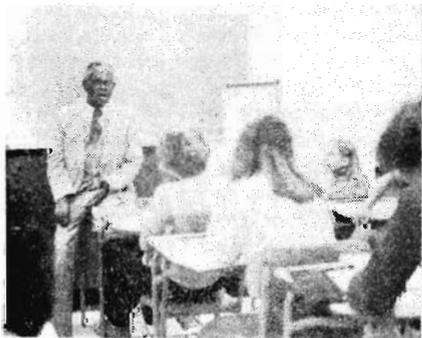
from MBCI

One aspect of MBCI that differentiates it from other schools is its Faith and Life Emphasis. This year, November 5, 6, and 7 were set aside to discuss the vital issue of the world refugee situation as it exists today. Regular classes were interrupted so that students as well as teachers could get a better understanding of this problem, its causes and its possible solutions.

The student body was divided into four large groups which subdivided into five smaller groups of about 23 students each. The juniors (grades seven through nine) were integrated with the seniors (grades ten and up), which gave each subdivision representatives from every grade. This method of division gave the students an opportunity to get to know students who they might otherwise not even meet. It also served as a source of unification in the sense that the whole group was working towards one specific goal.

Each day was divided into six one-hour slots. Each group took its turn at the various activities which included key speakers, films, laps (learning activity packets in the form of workshops) and personal accounts (talks by actual refugees).

The key speakers, Peter Kroeker, Larry Kehler, and Art DeFehr, spent their time informing the students about conditions in refugee camps throughout the world. An extremely vivid picture of this was produced through slides. The pictures included camps in Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Laos. This helped set the stage for personal accounts, people telling of their lives as refugees. The accounts came from both past and present day refugees, including people from Russia, Poland, Vietnam and South Africa. Although most of the personal accounts came from people who had experienced life as a refugee, there were some who spoke on behalf of refugees. Orlando Redekopp, for example,



Winston Lane speaks to MBCI students about being a refugee in South Africa.

has spent the past few years in Botswana teaching students who had escaped from the South African government. All in all, the personal accounts seemed to draw the students that much closer to the situation.

Films and slide presentations were shown to help visualize the life of the refugees. *Freedom's Children* was an excellent film. It included clips of actual boats, full of Vietnamese people in search of friendly shores. The film *Neither Here nor There* depicted life at a refugee camp in Cambodia.

These films, as well as the workshops, educated the students on many unknown aspects of refugees. The location of troubled nations, how these people become refugees, Canada's part in this vital world problem and what the students as individuals can do to help solve the dilemma of the refugees are only some of the issues upon which light was shed.

The fact that these three days of Faith and Life Emphasis were a success can easily be deduced from the positive reactions from the students and the teachers. We, as students appreciate the time our school took to make us realize the refugee situation today.

by Pat Reimer and
Maria Wickstrom, grade 11

from Westgate

Just when we as students have become used to the schedule of school that dreaded time of year suddenly pounces upon us all, sending students into a flurry of tests and late-night essay writing. As well the teachers buckle down to the deadlines along with the rest of us. Yes, you guessed that it's report-card time at Westgate.

These last few weeks have been filled by most students with attempts to raise a whole term's mark by studying hard for and hopefully doing well on that last test before the marks are recorded. Then there is the suspense . . . we try to coax the teachers into telling us our marks ahead of time. The reason for this being that then we can prepare our parents for the bad news, or relax because we know we have good marks, or wallow in one last fling of fun before getting grounded for the rest of the year.

Westgate has not been idle in the area of extra curricular activities. Volleyball is well underway by now and Westgate is holding its own against much larger schools. Various clubs have been formed by this time to, such as the debating club, the chess club, track and field, and writers. There are intramural competitions at lunch every day. And you can see at least one yearbook photographer walking around with one eye glued to a camera.

-by Romona Loewen, grade 12



LOOKING BACK ON THE LORD'S LEADING

by Gary Fehr

Looking back over the summer holidays, I was surprised to see how much God had led my life. Every major or memorable event of the past two to three months had been affected, if not caused, by Him. He had led me through a summer of growth and enjoyment.

Although I had little money when I graduated from grade eleven, I was able to go to the Canadian conference in Rosthern with my parents. My only disappointment was that my best friend, with whom I had gone to three other conferences, could not come. I prayed that things would "work out somehow," but it seemed unlikely. He came though. At the last minute he got a ride in the CMBC van and only missed a few hours of the first meeting.

At Rosthern, I was able to help an old friend with an emotional problem, and I made some fantastic new friends. I had prayed that I would get to know new people, but when my prayer was answered, I was too busy to realize it.

Returning to Winnipeg, I found employment hard to find. I prayed that God would give me a job so that I would have spending money for school. To tell the truth, I wasn't disappointed.

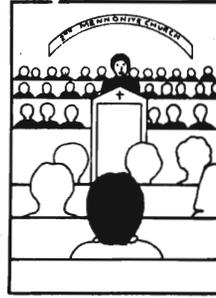
Two weeks before school opened, I got a phone call from a business that I had applied to for work a month earlier. I was hired, and made some needed spending money before school. The job was adaptable to weekends so now I am working through school. This fit my needs perfectly.

Finally I returned to MCI. Since many of my friends had graduated, I felt lonely. But I prayed for a good year, and God opened all the doors. Christian-based discussion groups started. I was elected to the sports committee. I joined a chapel group. Friendships have taken root, and I love the way they're growing.

The possibility of personal growth in the next ten months of my life is fantastic. I have the chance to practise my faith, and even to write about it. God has given me a chance to grow, and in prayer I'll follow Him.

Gary is a grade XII student at MCI and is the son of Isaac and Mary Fehr of Winnipeg. His home church is Bethel Mennonite.

Fort Garry Fellowship lets you feel warmth



"Evangelism happens when members of the congregation offer friendship as well as friendliness." This is the way the cover of the bulletin reads at the place where this group of 50-60 families worships—the Nazarene College on Lee Boulevard off Waverley Street in Fort Garry.

They have been meeting as a church group for approximately 12 years and hope very much to be able to build their own church before too long. This chapel is certainly attractive and is easily accessible to wheelchairs which more churches should consider.

The theme this morning at 9:30 a.m. (the services is first, then Sunday School) is "toward a better understanding of the Native way of life." There is a worship leader instead of a regular minister and as the service progresses you feel that everyone participates and enjoys sharing and being part of this group. The atmosphere is informal and friendly.

This church affiliates with Selkirk Fellowship and there was a testimony given by one of its members, as well as a story for the children by Mrs. Esther Wenger, wife of the leader of the Selkirk church. I felt she and her husband made an excellent team for their work there.

Malcolm Wenger was the speaker this morning and talked to us on "Cross-Cultural Understanding." His work for many years was with the Cheyenne tribe in Montana and told us of the things we, the Western white men, could learn from them. One of these was generosity as practiced by them was totally foreign to

us with our need to clutch our material possessions so closely.

He also illustrated vividly how we, again representing Western civilization, make the mistake of going into mission fields with a view to not only bringing Christianity to these people, but our own lifestyle as well. He told the story of the two religions that had come to the Indians, one being the Peyote eaters, and the other Christianity. The peyote eaters met in teepees with everyone sitting on the floor Indian fashion. The Western group met in a wooden building with rows of choirs and a pulpit. Perhaps it is still not too late to realize that the native people have a great deal to teach us too.

The benediction was sung and the service was over. We left among many friendly invitations to return.

- by an older observer

The Fort Garry Fellowship meets Sunday mornings in the Canadian Nazarene College just off Waverley. The congregation is not large and perhaps fifty to sixty members were in attendance when I visited on November 9.

A visiting minister and his wife were the guests of the congregation. The theme for the day was "toward a better understanding of the Native way of life," and both minister and wife spoke on this topic. The latter called the young children up to the pulpit and delivered to them and to the congregation an excel-

lent reading and explanation of a Bible story illustrating the principle of cultural tolerance.

For his sermon, the minister drew largely on his several years experience working with Cheyenne indians in Montana. He said that the Cheyenne culture was in many ways incompatible with the ways of the white people. The problem was best resolved for church workers not by grafting white culture as well as white religion onto these people, but by stripping the expression of the faith of its cultural content and injecting what was essential into Cheyenne culture. The result was church meetings in tents with Cheyenne songs and chants replacing the usual hymns.

The minister drew from this example the lesson that the church should be much more flexible in its adherence to the elements of worship which are merely cultural and, as such, extraneous to the faith. He said that

the Mennonite Pavilion at Folklorama should have featured, in addition to the trappings of our Russian heritage, foods and displays representing the many cultures in which Mennonites are found.

The points the minister made were all well taken—there is no doubt that our church should be sensitive to the cultural needs of the different peoples which accept our message. My only criticism is for what he didn't say. For the same reason that we should be sensitive to the needs of other cultures, we should jealously guard the vitality of our own. Culture binds us together, in a way which can compliment rather than detract from our shared faith. We can 'universalize' our Mennonitism for other groups, but it would be a mistake if in our eagerness to do so we lost a part of our own rich heritage.

The minister was right to point out that "there is not Christian culture," but the observation could have been balanced, I think, by the observation that Christianity, like everything else, must be expressed culturally, and to seek an expression which is merely a common denominator gains nothing.

Although there was no choir the strong singing of the congregation made up for what might have seemed a drawback. At times I felt that I was in the midst of a much larger congregation. The selections were good and one new song was introduced to the congregation by the conductor—he simply wrote the words on a nearby blackboard.

I noticed in the program that every Sunday one family is appointed to act as ushers and another to act as greeters. The mood of the gathering was very casual, something which I have only experienced in smaller churches.

- by a younger observer

Cambrian
Excavators

FRANK HORNUMG
GENERAL MANAGER

1333 DUGALD ROAD
TERRACON PLACE
WINNIPEG, CANADA
R2J 0H3

PHONE (204) 233-8033
RESIDENCE 667-3954

Galileo: a view of a quest after truth

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre's production of Brecht's *Leben des Galilei*, Playhouse Theatre, November 14-15, 1980.

A review by Al Reimer

The most basic fact of life for any theatrical company in these perilous times is survival. The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre knows it cannot do serious, intellectually challenging plays every year and survive for long. The best it can do is to risk such a play every third or fourth year.

So be it. Fortunately for those of us who welcome a play of ideas, this was the year. Brecht's *Life of Galileo* is not a suspenseful play; it is not even a very entertaining play. But it is a fascinating and highly significant play if you believe that the stage exists not only to make you laugh or weep, but also to make you think. The WMT is to be applauded for having the courage and initiative to venture into the bristling jungle of intellectual ironies contained in this Brecht play.

Critics like to point out that Brecht wrote morality plays in which there is a dramatic struggle between good and evil. That is true, but only in the most general sense. What is more important is that Brecht never gives you a simple version of good versus evil, a neat formula whereby the good guys can be distinguished from the bad guys. It is naive and quite misleading, for instance, to see *Galileo* as a concentrated attack against the Catholic church. True, the authorities of the church, from the ignorant, loutish priests right up to the intellectually polished cardinals in the play, can be seen as representing the kind of institutional tyranny that seeks to extinguish or at least control new ideas seen as a threat to authority and power.

But thought control neither was nor is exclusive to the Catholic church. All human institutions and organizations that wield great power and influence are prone to pass judgment on individuals

who challenge or oppose or defy their notions of truth or accepted orthodoxy. And Mennonite institutions are no exception. A member of the opening-night audience was heard to say that, much against his will, he had found himself sympathizing with the church as the play unfolded.

The main focus of the play, however, is not on the tyranny of the church, but on the intellectual pride of Galileo. Brecht will not allow the great Renaissance genius to be a hero any more than he is willing to make a simple villain out of the church. Galileo's sin is not that he quests after truth, but that he does so in a moral vacuum. At first he uses his science as a marketable commodity; later he pursues truth and makes his scientific discoveries without paying any attention to the social, intellectual and moral effects of his work.

That is why he has to be broken by the church. But his enforced recantation also brings him to a deeper understanding of himself and the human condition, so that he can write one final work that will be an inspiration to future scientists. When his disillusioned protégé Andrea accuses him of having "dirtied his hands", he answers: "Better dirty than empty."

To bring such a morally complex, determinedly anti-heroic play alive is not easy. With his concept of Epic Theatre, Brecht does not want the audience to become too emotionally involved, to take sides and make black and white judgments on the characters and themes.

The WMT production of *Life of Galileo* was impressive. The exceptionally large cast was well chosen and performed creditably on the whole. Some of the performances were outstanding. Gerhard Wiebe as Galileo distinguished himself in a role that is one of the most taxing on the contemporary stage. He was never less than believable, and rose to fine heights more than once. For me, his only disappointing scene was the last one, where his strength should have come

through most clearly. Somehow it was the actor who seemed passive and tired in this scene rather than the character. It is a great scene when it is done right, but it seemed to miss fire a little here.

The vast number of supporting and cameo roles were admirably filled. Horst Friesen's appearances as Priuli the curator were all too brief. David Riesen as Barbirini, the subtle cardinal who becomes Pope Urban VIII, played with his usual imposing strength, although in the papal robing scene his majestic size and dignified bearing worked a little against the intention of the scene, which is to show how the new pope is literally submerged beneath the symbolic vestments of his high office.

Fred Janzen was an Inquisitor of chilling hauteur and cunning, and again one was sorry that his role was not longer. I also liked Georg Steinborn as the Small Monk; his authentic German accent stood out among the more self-consciously Canadian German accents. Hans Wiebe and Eric Lubosch were splendid as the arrogant and wilfully blind scholars. And Sig Enns was thoroughly convincing as a fanatical, decrepit cardinal spitting venom at Galileo and his dangerous theories.

The members of Galileo's family circle also did well in their supporting roles. Martine Friesen gave a sprightly portrayal as Galileo's daughter. Gabrielle Schneider was believable as Frau Sarti, as was Philip Schaible as the boy Andrea. Peter Entz' Andrea as a young man was also acceptable, although he was a little lacking in intensity in the final scene, I thought.

One of the WMT's strengths is that it has by now a considerable pool of actors to draw upon. It is almost like a repertory company in that respect. Regulars like Werner Regier, Henry Schroeder, Alfred Wiebe and Hardy Bock, all of whom have had major roles in previous productions, were able to give life and vivacity to their smaller roles in this production. Singer John Martens also showed his acting skill in a non-vocal cameo role as Herr Vanni. An interesting oddity was the fact that there were three Wiebe brothers in the cast—Gerhard, Alfred and John.

Having that experienced and talented balladeer Henry Enns doing the vocal introductions to each scene gave an added air of authenticity to the play. The purpose of these sung verses is to prevent suspense by actually telling the audience what will happen next. The same intention is served by the narrator who reads the historical signs suspended over the stage before each scene.

For me the highlight of the evening was the absolutely marvelous duet performed by Henri Enns and Erica Parkin as a husband and wife team of street-

singers. The song really summarizes the main theme of the play as seen by the common people themselves. With heavy peasant irony punctuated by brash dance steps the two singers spell out the effect of Galileo's revolutionary theories:

Up stood the learned Galileo
Glanced briefly at the sun
And said: "Almighty God was wrong
In Genesis, Chapter One!"

That duet reminds us again that Brecht was a minstrel and entertainer first, a teacher and serious thinker second. And Enns and Parkin, two very fine singers, caught the mood of the song perfectly.

Much of the success of this intriguing production is due to the sensitive directing of Gert Neuendorff, who seems to be able to get the very best out of any cast he works with. Ted Korol's all-purpose set worked well, even though the scene-shifting was a little noisy at times and the stage not darkened enough to blot out figures and movements.

A fine evening of theatre, for my money, and the company certainly deserved the enthusiastic curtain calls it got on opening night.

I for one am ready to sit through another comedy and musical or two while waiting for the next serious production from the WMT several years from now. mm

manitoba news

MORRIS CELEBRATES ITS CENTENNIAL

This is the Centennial of the RM of Morris, which finds its place in the Red River Valley, one of the most prosperous areas of southern Manitoba, despite its periodic confrontation with devastating seasonal floods. Its composition is fairly cosmopolitan, including a large Mennonite settlement at Rosenort and Rosenhoff, extending to and merging with the predominantly Mennonite centers of Lowe Farm and Kane as well as the later Russian Mennonite in the Cannon School District southeast of Sperling.

As a Centennial project the RM of Morris set out to produce a history of the entire region under the direction of Lenore Eidse. From the slightly more than 3,000 families living in the municipality about 500 family chronicles came to the editor's desk and, together with the histories of the towns in the area, constituted no less than 250,000 type-written pages to be condensed into a huge book (8" by 11") of 890 pages.

The book entitled *Furrows in the Valley* and including excellent sections pertaining to the Mennonites at Rosenort, Lowe Farm and Sperling, must surely rank as one of the finest and most comprehensive regional histories ever to be published in western Canada.

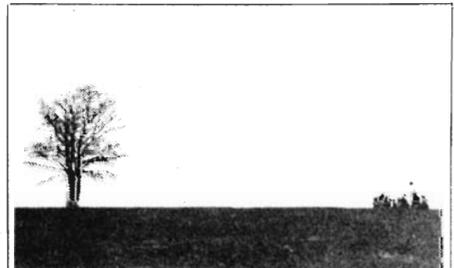
3,000 PROGRAMS IN LOW GERMAN

J.J. Neufeld of Mennonite Brethren Communications in Winnipeg will pass a milestone in his 21-year career as a Low-German radio evangelist when his 3,000th radio program is broadcast this month.

Rev. Neufeld began *Licht vom Evangelium* as a once-weekly half-hour program. Since then the program has been revised so that at present he prepares five 15-minute programs which are broadcast weekdays on radio stations in Manitoba and Paraguay, with one program per week in Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Kingsburg, California, and Ascuncion, Paraguay. In addition the programs are circulated via cassettes in Mexico, British Honduras, and Bolivia.

The ministry began as a means of providing spiritual nurture to Mennonites who were more comfortable using the Low-German language. In recent years the focus of the ministry has changed somewhat in that there are many Mennonites from, and in, South America who are getting their primary exposure to the Christian gospel through Rev. Neufeld's ministry.

Until this year, Rev. Neufeld was also pastor of the Domain Mennonite Brethren Church, located about 20 miles south of Winnipeg.



FRIEND TO FRIEND

A double album of original Christian folk music by:

**IMMANUEL
DON FALK
IRON RIVER ROAD
BONDSERVANT**

AVAILABLE AT:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Heritage Books and Music | St. Catharines, Ontario |
| MBBC Campus Bookstore | Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| WBI Campus Bookstore | Winkler, Manitoba |
| Fellowship Bookcentre | Winnipeg, Manitoba |
| Logos Bookstore | Edmonton, Alberta |
| Good News Book Centre | Lethbridge, Alberta |
| House of James | Mission, B. C. |
| Logos | Clearbrook, B. C. |
| Grace Book Store | Chilliwack, B. C. |
| CBI Campus Bookstore | Clearbrook, B. C. |

Cost: \$12.86 + tax

Friend to Friend Music
Box 56, Stn. F
Winnipeg, Manitoba R2L 2A5
Phone: 668-3611



Rev. & Mrs. J.J. Neufeld with M.B. Communications Board Chairman, Harry Dick.

MAJOR COLLECTION OF RUSSIAN PAPERS FOUND

An important collection of records documenting Canadian-Russian relations, long rumoured to be hidden in an American archives underground vault, has at last been located. The collection consists of about 100 boxes of letters, reports, photos and other documents, and was compiled more than 60 years ago by three former Russian diplomats: Sergi Likacheff, consul general in Montreal; Harry Mathers, vice-consul in Halifax; and Constantine Ragsine, consul in Vancouver.

This new information will provide thousands of Canadians of Armenian, Doukhobor, Estonian, Finnish, Georgian, Jewish, Latvian, Lithuanian, Mennonite, Polish, Russian and Ukrainian origins with valuable information about the region they, or their ancestors, left for Canada. The collection will also shed light on what their forebearers looked like, and what their lifestyles and cultural and religious values were.

Anyone using this collection to trace their ancestors may be able to uncover long-lost relatives, claim estates they never knew existed, or repossess belongings they lost. Likacheff and Ragsine, in particular, kept accurate information on places of origin of immigrants, dates of arrival in Canada, places they settled, education, names of next-of-kin, ownership of property, and value of estates. These two compilers were also legal advisers, defenders in courts, trustees of estates, and monitors of claims for support for dependents while on war service, and for pensions, compensations and land grants.

The collection's whereabouts has intrigued Canadian scholars and archivists for years, and it is now safely stored in the Public Archives in Ottawa. The task of organizing, describing, and microfilming may take a year or more, but then this priceless collection of Canadiana will be available to the public.

A major gasoline spill in downtown Altona October 10 was effectively controlled by the Altona volunteer fire department. They averted what could have been a catastrophe in downtown Altona. A strong wind caused a steel ladder leaning against one of the 12,000-gallon tanks on the Gulf bulk tank gasoline storage depot on Main Street to fall. The entire tank spilled, resulting in a pool of gasoline inside the concrete and dirt dike. There was gasoline vapour in the air and a spark could have resulted in an explosion. The resulting fire would have reduced much of the town's business section to rubble.

October elections in Manitoba changed the look of municipal politics. Among the new faces are **Helmut Pankratz**, mayor of Steinbach; **John U. Loewen**, reeve, RM of Hanover; **Gilbert J. Froese**, reeve, RM of Stanley. Re-elected were **Alvin Rempel**, reeve, RM of Morris; and **John Giesbrecht**, reeve, RM of La Broquerie.



Ert W. Peters of Steinbach has been appointed to the provincial fire advisory committee. Mr. Peters is chief of the Steinbach fire department and president of the Manitoba Association of Fire Chiefs.

CARTER SIGNS BILL

Legislation for Old Colony Mennonites from Mexico who have hoped to stay in the United States crossed the last hurdle October 19 when President Carter signed a private bill granting them permanent residence.

The group of 650 persons moved to Seminole, Texas, in January 1977 on tourist visas, having been told they could stay if they bought land. Large groups of Old Colony Mennonites had moved from Canada to Mexico in the 1920's and 1940's. Serious land shortages had developed over the years as the population of both the Mennonites and the native Mexicans in their area grew, until some began to consider another move.

After their three-month visas expired, and efforts to regularize their status failed, the group became subject to deportation. As a result of national publicity, several senators and members of Congress expressed interest in introducing private immigration legislation to enable the Old Colony Mennonites to receive permanent resident status.

MCC Peace Section Washington Office was in constant contact with the committees of senators and representatives who were directly involved and sent periodic updates to Mennonite constituents to urge them to contact key members of Congress on behalf of Seminole Mennonites.

Bill S.707 passed the Senate on August 2, 1979. The House of Representatives, passing it on October 2, 1980, sent it to the president for his signature.

Literature course: The second term of the course in Canadian-German Folk Literature in curriculum studies, sponsored by the University of Manitoba and taught by Prof. Elizabeth Peters, of the Faculty of Education, at Westgate Collegiate Institute begins in January.

Course fee is \$61.50; course is available for credit or audit. While this is a pedagogically oriented course suited for German, English, and history teachers, it is also geared for the mature student who enjoys reading as well as the person searching for roots and identity in Mennonite literature of the past and the present.

Recorder, the official periodical of the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference, has a new editor. He is **Henry Dueck**, former MCC staffer and principal at Elim Bible School. Dueck takes over for **Ben Hoepfner**, who announced his resignation last spring after 13 years of service.

KRAHN'S TV LTD. —

SALES — SERVICE — RENTALS

COLOR TV RCA — HITACHI — ELECTROHOME

STEREO EQUIPMENT

FURNITURE & APPLIANCES

MICROWAVE OVENS

Phone 338-0319 1143 Henderson Hwy.

Cornie Loewen, president of Loewen Millwork in Steinbach, has been elected president of Golden West Broadcasting Ltd. He succeeds Walter Kroeger as president. Elmer Hildebrand, general manager of Radio Southern Manitoba, was elected vice-president by the board of directors. Golden West Broadcasting owns and operates radio stations CFAM in Altona, CHSM in Steinbach, and CJRB in Boissevain.

The Kleefeld Evangelical Mennonite Church dedicated its new church building Sunday, November 9. Special speaker at the ceremonies was Rev. Arnold Fast of Abbotsford, B.C.

Leona Penner, a Mennonite Mirror staff member, has been appointed to the Manitoba Council on the Status of Women.

The Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto has awarded silver medals for

the highest marks in singing in Manitoba to two young Steinbach singers. Candace Sawatzky, daughter of John and Adina Sawatzky, qualified for the grade one award and Lisa Epp, daughter of Jake and Lydia Epp, won the grade two award.

Forty-three Manitoba high school students with outstanding academic and extra-curricular records were awarded alumni entrance scholarships for studies in arts, science, and education at the University of Winnipeg during convocation exercises October 19. Among those receiving the scholarships were Delores Bestvater, Green Valley School, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bestvater of Grunthal; Mandy A. Hildebrand, Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hildebrand of Winnipeg; and Cathy P. Kroeger, Ste. Anne Collegiate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Kroeger of Ste. Anne.



Bestvater



Hildebrand



Kroeger



Hiebert

Edna Hiebert of Crystal City will be serving two years with MCC as a nurse in Poplar River, Man. She received her registered nursing degree at Lethbridge Community College and public health nursing degree at University of Toronto. She was recently employed as a hospital nursing supervisor in Fort Qu-Appelle, Sask. Her parents are Katharina and the late Peter J. Hiebert of Crystal City.

Eric Rempel of Niverville has begun an assignment in the Native Concerns office at MCC (Can.) in Winnipeg. Besides filling in for Menno Wiebe during his study leave, Rempel will be involved with resource development in native communities. Rempel and his wife Mary recently returned from Ethiopia where they had been country representatives for MCC since 1976. They also have been in Botswana in agricultural development and have farmed in southern Manitoba.

Roger and Cindy Townshend are beginning an indefinite term with MCC at the Roseau River Indian Reserve. Roger is working in the Band office and Cindy is teaching a grade seven class at the school on the reserve. The couple lives in Altona.

Tom Penner, son of Wilmer and Leona Penner, will be part of the "Let's Go" TV series December 13 and 20.

FLORIDA



3
Tours

PLUS MORE!

There's still time

FLORIDA - PINE TO PALM TOUR
TOUR NO. CT1 - 18 days - WINNIPEG DEPARTURE Highlights of this tour include Daytona Beach, Disneyworld, Orlando, Cypress Gardens, a three night stay in Fort Lauderdale and a two nights stay in Tampa, where you will see the world famous Busch Gardens.
Depart Jan. 16 Feb. 20
Feb. 6 Mar. 6

FLORIDA - DIXIELAND EXPRESS CT5
All the highlights of the Florida Pine to Palm PLUS two exciting nights in heart of DIXIELAND MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS!
Depart Feb. 27 March 13

BAHAMAS - FLORIDA TOUR
TOUR NO. CT2 - 20 days - WINNIPEG DEPARTURE The many highlights of this Florida tour will also include Disneyworld in Orlando, an ocean cruise aboard the S.S. Emerald Seas which will sail to the Bahamas.
Depart Feb. 12 Mar. 12
Feb. 26

CAIFORNIA & ARIZONA TOUR
TOUR NO. CT3 - 20 days - WINNIPEG DEPARTURE
We travel via Salt Lake City to Las Vegas and Anaheim, California, the home of Disneyland. This tour also includes a memorable three nights in San Diego, and also two nights in Tucson, Arizona.
Depart Jan. 30 Feb. 13

TEXAS, NEW ORLEANS TOUR
TOUR NO. CT6 - 21 days - WINNIPEG DEPARTURE
You will spend two wonderful nights in New Orleans, Rockport and Brownsville. There will also be a three night stay in San Antonio, Texas.
Depart Mar. 6 April 3




SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



Circle Tours Ltd.
301 Burnell
Ph. 775-8046



"Media and Violence" was the topic for the 1980 Intercollegiate Peace Fellowship conference which met in Winnipeg October 16 to 18. Mennonite Brethren Bible College and Canadian Mennonite Bible College hosted this year's assembly, which meets annually at one of the participating Mennonite and Brethren in Christ college campuses. Approximately 100 students and faculty from ten Mennonite colleges attended all of the sessions.

MILESTONES

P.K. Penner, well-known Steinbach businessman, died October 15 at the age of 77. Mr. Penner established his trucking firm 57 years ago. Penners Transfer Ltd. is today known nationwide.

C.F. Friesen, one of the oldest residents of southeastern Manitoba, died October 22 at the Bethesda Hospital in Steinbach. Mr. Friesen continued to be employed until the age of 89 and celebrated his 104th birthday August 25 in apparent good health.

COMING EVENTS

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate will present a Christmas concert at the First Mennonite Church on December 12 at 7:00 p.m.

Steinbach Bible College is sponsoring a series of "Concerts for the Christian Family" during the 1980-81 season. On January 25, at 8:00 p.m., the college will feature organist Hugh McLean playing "Back to Bach."

Mennonite Brethren Bible College and Canadian Mennonite Bible College will co-sponsor a church seminar from the 23rd to 25th of January. Key resource persons will be Harold Swan and Michael Kemp.

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate will produce the operetta No, No, Nanette for performance on February 5, 6, and 7.



JIM MCSWEENEY

"Morning Minstrel"
7:00 to 9:30 a.m.

JIM MCSWEENEY joins you for that first cup of coffee with light-hearted conversation... bright, cheerful music... up-to-the-minute News, Weather and Sports information. Paul Harvey is a special guest with his News and Comment, bringing you International News on a personal level.

**Better breakfasts begin with
Jim McSweeney
on "Morning Minstrel"!**

CFAM • CHSM
950 1250



Ground-breaking ceremonies were held in October for a new campus administration building at Elim Bible Institute in Altona. Estimated cost of the construction is \$810,000. The school is supported by the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba.

Four hundred shoppers attended the open house of the Altona Self Help Centre October 1. The store, which first opened its doors in 1972, has moved from its original location to new premises on Main Street. The Centre, sponsored by MCC, was the first one of its kind in North America.

About 500 women representing 135 Manitoba Mennonite congregations gathered in the Winkler Bergthaler Mennonite Church October 18 for the annual MCC (Man.) Women's Auxiliary meeting. Speakers J.M. Klassen (MCC-Canada director) and Vern Ratzlaff (MCC-Manitoba director) highlighted events of the past 60 years, from the first organizational meeting September 17, 1920. Auxiliary president is Betty Peters of the Gospel Mennonite Church, Winnipeg.

Valerie Zacharias of Morden has begun a one-year Mennonite Voluntary Service term at the Welcome Inn Friendship Center in Hamilton, Ontario. Valerie, the daughter of William and Anne Zacharias of Gretna, graduated from Elim Bible Institute in Altona.

Charlene Adrian of Waldheim, Sask. has begun a 10-month term with MCC as receptionist for MCC (Man.) in Winnipeg. She attended Elim Bible Institute in Altona. Her parents are Arthur and Ruby Adrian of Waldheim.



Jake and Anne Klassen of Morden will be serving with MCC in Louisiana for two years. They will be working in a greenhouse project. The Klassens have been self-employed as greenhouse operators and vegetable growers in Winkler. They are members of the Sommerfelder Mennonite Church in Winkler and have six children: Carol, David, Shirley, Andrew, Evelyn and Joyce.

Winkler Bible Institute opened its doors to 77 students for the current academic year. The majority of these students are from Manitoba. Guest speaker for the opening exercises was Rev. Rudy Heidebrecht of Coaldale, Alberta.

Richard J. Foster will be the resource person at the Institute for Ministers and Laymen in 1981. The institute, an annual event at Mennonite Brethren Bible College, will be held March 2-6, at the college. The theme will be "Nurturing a Growing Church". Dr. Foster is best known for his book *Celebration of Discipline: The Path of Spiritual Growth*.

WIEHNACHTSYIDICHT

De Menscheit via mol guanz felaeyen
Eha Gott mol leet sich tou ons rauf
Dann kaum he ons met leev entyeyen
Aus He sien eensyen Sohn ons gauf.

He rieyt aun ons ni stoachi Haund
Bie Bethlehem em Yudschen Laund
Derch Hoad en Enyel wort bekaunt
Den Nomen Jesus em gauenzen
Laund.

De dolyischloajni hof he op
De unyadreckte, schwacki Menschen
En de waut wieren bowendrop
De mussen bolt waut aundrit
wenschen.

Fred en Raecht hilt Jesus fea
Aus de woari Gottes goaven
Nich Neid en Haus ein Striet sull mea
Ons de Selichheit vedoaven.

by Menno Wiebe

PERSONAL
FINANCIAL
PLANNING

Investors
SYNDICATE LIMITED

Head Office: Winnipeg

• WE TAKE THE TIME. •

Wishing all our Mennonite friends a happy holiday season

Christmas and
New Year's
greetings from . . .

RIEDIGER'S SUPERMARKET

188 Isabel St., Winnipeg, Manitoba Phone 774-2451

Holiday greetings from

With Compliments of . . .

Peter Lettich CONSTRUCTION LIMITED

P.O. BOX 786 - R3C 2N4

Winnipeg

Oskar unjrem Wiehnachstsboom

Von Jack Thiessen

Latzt phound mie Peta Reima von Tjleefeld enn säd, "Thiesse, du motst foats kome; Dien Kozebock Oskar Ajatollah ess aum Enj!" "No kidding", säd etj enn donn jeeped etj lous. Enn shur enuff, doa enne Atj em staul stund mein oula Komerod, mien Plautfout-Fighter, mein Towarisch, mien Komst enn Tobak Masticator enn mien Old Chum. Doa stund he enn flautad, misserig enn einsaum, enn ahm rannde groute, blanke Trohne äwa siene straume Bactjes enn dann enn sienen zulltajan Boat nenn; nä, nich jäle enn jreene Kruckedelstrohne sous jeweenlich, nä, blanke, achte Trohne.

"Wauts mie dit, Oskar?" säd etj, "etj schetjt die noh Tjleefeld wiels Du die hiea tusig feele sullst wiels die uck emma de Boat so wichtig ess, enn Du hielst hiea enn best ontoufräd!"

Well, Peta Reimah ess ein jescheida Mensch, wann uck mau ein Kenädja von Reinfeld enn he späed, daut'et earnst wea, enn he muak de Stouledääh tou enn leet ons auleen Broudaschauft houle. "Waut schot Die, Oskar?"

Wiehnachtsfarsh

Aulso haft Gott de Welt yileeft
Daut yidia Mensch vea aun am yleeft
Kaun selich voaren
Fum Himmel selfst leet he sich rauf
Aus he sien eeynen Sehn ons gauf
doamet vie Leven haben.

Es sohni Welt foll Striedichheit
Yieeyeut fe de Selichheit
vaut Christus haft yibrocht?
En doch ons Gott de haft de Welt so
gout
Sogoa vann se sien Sehn tom Dot
aun Chrietz feuadeelt haft.

Sohni Leev aus Jesus vees
Es fe de Welt mol gaunz vaut nies
daut voari Godi es an framd
se haft daut event nicht yichand.

En doch vaut bruckt de Welt noch
meha
Aus dissi voari Gottes Lea.

by Menno Wiebe

Oskar dreikoppt ein bätje, he muak ein Schlepptje, ahm flautade noch ein bätje de Leppe enn donn fong he aun. "Etj kaun hiea nich späle, etj kaun hiea nich daunze, etj sie gaunz ut'em touch, enj dou nich meha kommunikäti, etj hab tjeene meaningful relationships meha, etj weet nich meha waut relevant ess, enn etj weet uck nich meha, wou etj miene needs meeti kaun. Etj well tou Wiehnachte no Hus kome!" säd he, enn hield bettalich, "kaun etj? doaf etj?" "Well Oskar, Du weascht seha hasslich bie mie oppem Little Bo Peep. Du weascht goastrich mank miene Ba-Ba-Alis enn de Nobasch ranne noch emma mett Schnepfeldeatje verre Näs romm wann von Die de Räd ess. Etj jleew, Du bliwst enn Tjleefeld wann Santa mett'et Sacktje tjemmt!"

Oskar sach daut sien Case nich gout stunt enn nu prachad he, Oba daut bleef biem "Nä" enn nu word he bossig enn packt ut. "Du enn diene Jeschichte von brov senne. Du enn Dien Jeräd von Courage enn Tun enn Lassen. Du kaunst Lassen, etj woa tun, so well wie ons dau emm Läwe endeele. Etj stintj ein bätje oba Du enn Diene Menschegang stintje mie noch väl dolla. Enn dann mott etj mie emma Diene Television-Prädjasch mett ährem ditjen Buck enn noch ditjre Tjnipsbiedels aum Sinndach aunheare enn waut se aules von "enne Welt oba nich vonne Welt" vetalle. Well, etj sie beides, enn Welt enn vonne Welt.

Du enn de Menseche hiea råde von Leew, oba etj practise opp miene Oat Leew. Enn waut deist Du, wann die daut aulatoup nich paust? Du schetjst mie enne Vebaunung noh Tjleefeld woa aules Sind, Sind, Sind ess. Tjeen Tobak, tjeen Daunz, tjeen Sposs, blous Sind. Enn Sibirien enne Vebaunung wea mie nich lewa jewast, doa wudd miene Jemeend weens Komst tjree oba hiea enn Tjleefeld ess mie daut Läwe väl tou fleiw. Hiea saje se, etj sie ein Diewelstjind oba weetst uck waut? "It takes one to know..." "Plautdietsch, bitte, Oskar. Waut hab etj Die jeleat?" "Uck daut noch! Hiea rät blous Oumtje Reima enn siene Fru Plautdietsch, den aundre Menseche råde blous englisch enn jeweenlich louhnt sich daut uck goanich toutouheare waut se saje. Enn de kommunikäte blous meet Sproak oba etj kommunikät mett aul miene Senses enn enn aule Gears. Enn daut, ess daut uck

Sind? Enn Ajatollah saj uck nich meha tou mie, ouda sie opprechtich enn nann hiea uck mol gout eine Dutz Menseche Ajatollah!" Sou räd Oskar, enn wea seha, seha entwei. Well etj sach, daut hiea daut groute Triebosal utjebroake wea, enn daut soa ein Kozebock gaunz opprechtich wea, wiels he sou auhm Enj wea.

Jo, jo. Etj jleew, etj woa doch doafää sorje, daut mien Oskar ein tjlienet Datstje mett eine Japs voll Komst, ein poa Jalmeare enn eine Fust voll Piepetobak enn sien Schiewtje unjrem Wiehnachtsboom tjricht, doamett he uck ein bätje Freid haft enn sien Confidence enne Menschheit ein tjlienen Boost tjricht. Waut meen Jie? mm



Frau Luise Marie Frida Harder, Gattin des bekannten Schriftstellers Professor Johannes Harder, Deutschland, erlag am 17. Oktober 1980 einem langjähriegen Herzleiden. In der Todesanzeige schreibt Professor Harder unter anderem:

Die von uns ging, war mir eine Frau, die als Weggefährtin, Mutter, Großmutter und Schwester und als mütterliche Betreuerin einer großen Schar von Studenten und ihr verbundener Freundinnen und Freunde, Spuren ihrer Treue und Redlichkeit hinterlassen hat. In der langen Liste ihrer Lebenslasten stehen zehn Umzüge, harte Krisenzeiten während zweier Welkriege und dazu die Flucht aus dem Osten bei der sie einzig ihre Kinder retten konnte. Immer war sie in der ihr eigenen Bescheidenheit, Nüchternheit und steten Hilfsbereitschaft die haltgebende und entscheidende Kraft der wachsenden Familie.

Sie liebte Menschen wie alle Kreatur, wobei zu den besonderen Gütezeichen der Schöpfung für sie Blumen zählten. Nun ist sie abgerufen, um als Auferstandene unter uns weiterzuleben, denn ihre Geschichte war ein Sterben im Sinne der Nachfolge. Ihre Biographie schrieb die große Hand, die keine Fehler macht und aus unseren vielen Punkten eine Linie des Heils zieht. Gott hat sie uns gegeben, Gott hat sie uns genommen—sein Name sie gelobt.

Im Namen aller Angehörigen:
Johannes Harder

Die Redaktion und Lesser des *Mennonite Mirror* druecken hiermit ihr Beileid und Teilnahme aus.

Petros Weihnachtsgabe

von Elizabeth Peters

Anya und ich genossen den ersten Adventssonntag zusammen, wie in jedem Jahr. Das Wohnzimmer mit den vielen Fenstern, an denen duftige Vorhaenge hingen, die weichen Moebel in die man sich befraglich schmiegen konnte, verliehen dem Raum eine eigene Waerme. Ein Feuer loderte im Kamin. Hin und her prasselte das Birkenholz wenn eine rote Flamme aus der glimmenden Glut emporschoss, und magische Schatten auf den kleinen roten Teppich der am glaenzenden Holzboden lag, spielen liess. Draussen fielen dicke, weisse Flocken vom grauen Himmel, und huellten die Welt ein in den Zauber des Advents.

Auf dem Mahoganitischchen neben mir brannte die rote Adventskerze, halb in Tannengruen versteckt, auf einer alten Silberplatte die jetzt aber glanzlos dastand—man hatte sie waehrend der Revolutionszeit in Russland vergraben, und der Silverglanz war dahin. Ich war froh, dass Anya sie nicht neu versilbert hatte, fuehrte doch das stumpfe Metallgrau eine beredte Sprache. Neben der Adventsplatte bemerkte ich wieder eine verfranste Strohuppe, die in jedem Jahr dort ihren Platz zu haben schien.

Anya, sagte ich, "wo hast du das Puppenchen her?" Ich sehe es nur am Advent bei dir, also muss es dir sehr wertvoll sein."

Ein stilles Laecheln huschte ueber Anyas Gesicht.

"Ich will dir die Bedeutung dieses Maisstrolumpens erzaehlen, wenn du willst. Aber es ist eine lange Geschichte. Lass mich dir die Teetasse fuellen, auf russischer Art, denn die Begebenheit trug sich in Russland zu."

Sie nahm vom Samovar die kleine Kanne mit starkem Tee, goss meine Tasse ein Drittel voll, und fuellte den Rest mit Wasser aus dem Samovar nach. Dann reichte sie mir Zitrone und den Teller brauner Bagdatskii Pirotschki, die sie immer zu Weihnachten mit grosser Muehe herstellte, nicht weil sie gern ass, sondern einfach nur weil sie von ihrer Kindheit her zu Weihnachten gehoerten.

So, jetzt erzaehle, "bat ich, und

drueckte mich tiefer in meinen weichen Sessel.

Und Anya erzaehlte:

Wie du weisst, verlor ich beide Eltern waehrend der Typhusepidemie in der Alten Kolonie, und wurde als einjaehriges Kind von meiner Tante und Onkel, dem Bruder meiner Mutter, aufgenommen und erzogen. Sie waren gute aeltere Leute, aber kinderlos, und etwas pedantisch und knoechern. Die Tante war streng religioes, schloss sich der Dorfgesellschaft selten an, und fand volle Erfuellung in ihrem haueslichen Wesen. Das grosse Bauernhaus strahlte immer im Glanz der Sauberkeit. Die Holzpantoffeln wurden bei uns nicht im "Hinjatues" abgestellt, wie bei den anderen Leuten in Dorfe, sondern in dem kleinen Vorbau an der Hinteruer. Meine Tante sprach kaum Russisch, wohl weil sie es nicht wollte, und vielleicht auch weil sie die Benutzung der russischen Sprache fuer eine Abweichung vom schmalen mennonitischen Pfad zur ewigen Seligkeit hielt. Hatte Gott denn nicht auf deutsch gesagt: Adam, wo bist du? So stand es doch in der Bibel, logisch und ordentlich wie sie es nun in ihrem ganzen Wesen war. Selbst der Christbaum den sie jedes Jahr unter Protest fuer mich schmueckte weil mein Onkel darauf bestand, schien mir immer mehr Ordnung als Freude auszustrahlen, so stramm symmetrisch hing der lieblos angehaengte Schmuck von den Zweigen.

Im Punkt Christbaum trug mein Onkel den Sieg davon, aber in Bezug auf Geschenke machte meine Tante keine Zugestaendnisse. Es war schon viel, dass ich einen "kleinsontagschen" blumigen Teller, den sie mir jedes Jahr behutsam aus dem Glasschrank in der Grossen Stube herausuchte, unter dem Baum "aufstellen" durfte. Immer lagen praktische Dinge darin, Sachen die ich sowieso haben musste—Handschuhe, Schuerzen, Wollstruempfe, und im letzten Jahr gar eine emaillierte Blechtasse, weil mir eine Porzellantasse aus der Hand gefallen und in viele Stuecke zer-sprungen war.

Einmal hatte mein Onkel mir zu meinem Geburtstage eine wunder-schoene Puppe aus Alexandrovsk mitge-

bracht, aber leider war sie, zu meinem grossen Leidwesen, entwendet worden. Meine Tante beschuldigte natuerlich die Rosa, das kleinrussische Diensmaedchen, und vielleicht mit Recht. Sogar mein Onkel glaubte an Rosas Schuld, obwohl sie unter Traenen und vielen Bekreuzigungen bei Gott und allen Heiligen schwor, dass sie die Puppe nicht gestohlen haette. "Vekohmet Pack!" schimpfte meine Tante, und damit war fuer sie die Sache abgetan. Ich aber blieb puppenlos, und machte mir manchmal heimlich aus einer zusammen-gerolten Schuerze ein puppenartiges Buendel welches ich in Tuecher huellte und zaertlich lieb koste, bis mich eines Tages die Tante dabei ertappte. Ihre phantasielose Natur machte es ihr unmoeglich in dem Buendel eine Puppe zu erkennen, sie sah nur die zerknitterte Schuerze die sie soeben frisch gewaschen und glatt gebuegelt hatte. Seither suchte ich mir die gebrauchten Waeschestuecke aus dem Waeschekorb, und gab acht, dass mich die Tante nicht dabei erwischte.

Als ich fast fuef Jahre zaehlte, standen wir mitten in der Truebsalszeit die damals ueber ganz Russland gekommen war. Auch bei meinem Onkel ging es sehr knapp zu. An ein Dienstmädchen war nicht mehr zu denken aber ein Arbeiter oder Knecht musste immer noch gehalten werden, da mein Onkel dank der Schrecknisse der Zeit, einen, wenn auch leichten, Schlaganfall erlitten hatte. Er war muede und wortkarg geworden und gab sich jetzt selten mit mir ab, die Tante putzte und rieb von frueh bis spaet, da sie ohne jegliche Hilfe auskommen musste. Wie froh war ich, als Petro, ein junger Mann von zwanzig Jahren, aus dem benachbarten Russendorf zu uns als Knecht kam. In der ganzen Nachbarschaft gab es keine kleinen Kinder mit denen ich haette spielen koennen, und ich freute mich ueber jedes Lebewesen, dass in unser stilles Haus kam, selbst wenn's ein Petro war.

Sehr bald lernte ich in den Stall zu gehen um Petro bei seinem Walten zuzusehen. Manchmal brachte ich meine selbstgemachte "Koddapop" mit, benutzte den Holzklotz, der Petro die Kommode ersetze, als Tisch, und deckte mit kleinen Glasscherben die ich irgendwo aufgesammelt hatte, auf einem ausgebreiteten Kopftuch die Festtafel. Einmal, als Petro an einem regnerischen Tage nicht aufs Feld konnte und sich mit einer Sielenreparatur zu schaffen machte, schaute er belustigt auf mein Puppenbuendel, kniete sich an meine Festtafel, und trank mit mir "Tee" aus meinen Scherben. Dabei lachte er ueber sein ganzes breites Bauerngesicht und sprach auf mich ein, aber ich verstand damals noch kein Wort russisch. Selig

schenkte ich ihm aus der Teekanne, dem groessten Scherben, immer wieder Tee ein, bist Petro 13 Tassen getrunken hatte! Dass er dabei entsetzlich laut "schlurpste" und beim Essen der Kuchen, die ich aus Sand hergestellt hatte, sehr laut "schmackste" fiel mir damals nicht auf. Ich war froh einen Spielkameraden gefunden zu haben der meiner Phantasie folgen konnte, Tee trank, der nicht da war, und die Sandgebaecke genau wie ich, auf den Boden verschwinden liess, damit die Scherbenteller leer gegessen aussahen.

In meiner Dankbarkeit brachte ich meinem nicht eben sauberen, wahrscheinlich verlausten Freund hin und wieder ein Zipfelchen Brot, das ich mir in jener knappen Zeit von meiner Ration abrang. Dann strahlten seine drunklen Schielaugen, die fuer mich wunderschoen waren, obwohl ich heute bei normalen Urteil weiss, dass sie gutmuertig aber dumm und verstaednislos wie die Augen eines Kalbes waren. Mein Onkel hatte mir ja auch nicht gesagt, als er Petro einstellte, dass er "een baet weinij" war, aber gerade deshalb vielleicht vertrauungswuerdiger als die anderen Jungen aus der Nachbarschaft, die gerade in der Zeit gegen die Mennoniten aufgehetzt wurden.

Weihnachten kam naeher, und Onkel und Tante machten mir klar, dass in diesem Jahr mein Weihnachtsteller wahrscheinlich garnichts an Geschenken bergen wuerde—es gab eben nichts mehr zu kaufen, nichts mehr zu machen, hoechstens gaebe es vielleicht etwas zum Essen. Ich schlich mich traube durch Haus und Stall, wo Petro aeuusserst vergnuegt, schmunzelnd seine Arbeit verrichtete. Zum Spielen hatte er keine Zeit, und ich auch keine Lust. Spaeter, bei Anbruch der Dunkelheit, wuerde Petro dann nach Hause in sein Dorf gehen, weil's Heilig Abend war.

Als es daemmete wurde der traditionelle Teller hervorgeholt. Ich stellte ihn schweigend unter das kleine, wie ueblich geschmueckte Baeumchen welches Petro irgendwo aufgetrieben hatte, und ging dann in die Kleine Stube wo ich mich ans Fenster stellte und in eine trostlose Welt schaute. Ploetzlich hoerte ich die aufgeregte Stimme meiner Tante, die meinen Onkel, der in der Eckstube auf der Ofenbank sass, sofort in die grosse Stube beorderte. So schnell er vermochte ging mein Onkel hin, und auch ich lief natuerlich schnellstens an den Ort der Handlung.

Was ich sah hatte ich nicht erwartet. Dort stand Petro an der "Faetustuer". Die Burrstiefeln hatte er wohl draussen ausgezogen, die entsetzlich schmutzigen "Footkoddren" hingen ihm an den Beinen, aber er hatte seinen zerlumpte Schafspelz an, wollte also wohl eilig weg.

"Was hast du in der Grossen Stube zu suchen?" herrschte meine Tante ihn an.

"Was wolltest du stehlen, du Lump!"

Petro, ganz verdattert, war kaum der Sprache maechtig. Er versuchte, auf russisch, eine Erklaerung zu geben, die meine Tante und ich nicht verstanden, und mein schwerhoeriger Onkel nicht hoeren konnte. Meine Tante wurde immer aufgeregter. "Jasch!" rief er laut meinem Onkel zu, "Joag den Bengel foat, du sittst ji, de wull ons bestehlen. Wann du daut nich deist, woa etj daut, oba herfa!"

Mein Onkel verstand worum es ging. Ruhig und sachlich, aber mit trauriger Miene, sagte er dem Petro, er solle seine Sachen packen; er duerfe auch nach Weihnachten nicht wiederkommen, einen Dieb koennten wir nicht im Hause haben. Petro stammelte flehentlich et-

was hervor, und deutete mit dem Finger auf mich, aber als meine Tante mit dem Fuss stampfte und "Rut!" schrie, lief er eiligst davon.

Die Tante scheltend, der Onkel schweigend, ich weinend, setzten wir uns an den Tisch zum kaerglichen Abendessen. Einen Weihnachtsabend in der Schule gab's nicht, die Zeit war zu unruhig. Nach dem Abendbrot schluerfte mein Onkel langsam in die Grosse Stube und zuendete am Baum einen der Wachstumpfen an, die Ueberreste vom vorigen Jahr, die man sorgsam aufgehoben hatte. "Kommt auch," bat er meine Tante und mich, "Es ist so bedruckend heute. Vielleicht findest du morgen frueh aber doch noch etwas in deinem Teller, Auntji," sprach er troestlich zu

Order Books from the Mennonite Mirror for Christmas

(All prices postpaid.
Personal Delivery in Winnipeg before Christmas
of all orders \$15 or more,
if order received by December 21).

The books are:

- A Russian Dance of Death** - \$7.50 - the personal diary of Dietrich Neufeld, describing the Mennonite experience with anarchy and terror in Russia. More than 3,000 copies sold.
- No Strangers in Exile** - \$7.50 - The Mennonite experience in Russia in the 1930's—a novel by Hans Harder.
- Mennonite Images** - \$11.95 - just released. A collection of essays on Mennonite themes. An up-to-date picture of what it means to be a Mennonite today.

Order by mail from:

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

Please send me: ___ copy(ies) of **Russian Dance of Death** at \$7.50 each. Total \$ _____
 ___ copy(ies) of **No Strangers in Exile** at \$7.50 each. Total _____
 ___ copy(ies) of **Mennonite Images** at \$11.95 each. Total _____
 Total Value —\$ _____

I enclose \$ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

Town/City _____ Postal Code _____ Tel. No. _____

Or check with Local Bookstore.

mir, und legte seine Hand auf mein Haar.

"Aber es ist ja jetzt schon etwas drin!" rief ich in groesster Erregung.

Ja, da lag sie, eine kleine Puppe, aus einem Maiskolben und Maisstroh sorgfaeltig zusammengebastelt, mit einem roten Mund der wahrscheinlich rotem Ruebensaft entsprang, kohlschwarzen Augen, und zwei gelben Nasenloecherchen die wohl ausgekocht Zwiebelschalenfarbe ergeben hatte. Ich stand wie im Traum. "Eine Puppe! Eine richtige Puppe!" jubelte ich dann, und fiel meinem Onkel vor lauter Freude um den Hals. "Petro hat sie gemacht—ich sah ihm gestern einen Maiskolben in den Stall holen. O wie schoen! O du lieber Petro!"

"Na heat!" sagte meine Tante betreten. "Daut haft he woll uck sajen wullt, oba wea kaun daut Jikwauzel vestohenen. Worum kunn dee Benjil uck nich dietsch raeden?"

Mein Onkel stand traurig betroffen da. "Grosser Gott, verzeih mir!" sagte er leise. "Verzeih mir, Petro!" "Du wolltest in grosser Liebe einem Kind eine Freude machen, und bist von uns mit Misstrauen und Beschuldigungen belohnt worden. Wir holen dich wieder, Petro, und an Abbitte soll es nicht fehlen."

Am naechsten Tag, dem Weihnachtstag, kamen die Banden ins Haus. Sie raubten und pluenderten und schlugen meinen Onkel bis er kraftlos zu Boden fiel. In einigen Studen suchte ihn der Tod gnaediglich heim.

Meine Tante und ich fluechteten. "Wir wollen uns ins Russendorf schleichen, Petro wird uns sicher helfen, uns verstecken," sagte meine Tante. Aber als wir endlich bis zu der armseligen Kate kamen in der Petro zu Hause war, trat uns seine Mutter, vollkommen verstoert, entgegen. Und heute verstanden wir was sie auf russich sagte.

"Petro-ja, Petro! sagte sie mit trockener Stimme. Man hat ihn gestern auf dem Heimweg von euch tot gefunden. Eine Kugel der Banditen, die auf dem Wege zu euch waren, hat ihn getroffen. Er ist nicht mehr, der Petro. Er war ein Armer, er konnte nich viel lernen, aber er war ein Guter, mein Petja!"

Wir eilten weiter und schlichen uns hinter Gaerten und durch Wiesen bis zum naechsten Mennonitendorf. Fest hielt ich die Maispuppe an mich gepresst—du siehst, die Schuerze aus Maisblaettern ist eingerissen—Ja, die Puppe ist fast dahin. Das ganze Jahr blieb sie sorgfaeltig verpackt in der Schublade. Am ersten Advent hole ich sie hervor, stelle sie neben der Kerze auf, und wenn ich sie anzuende, denke ich an Petro, mit den dummen Augen und dem warmen Herzen.

Anya schweigt. In ihren Augen schimmert es feucht. mm

your word

LIKES VIEW FROM PEW

Dear Sir:

With each edition of *Mennonite Mirror* I've eagerly searched the pages for "View from the Pew" hoping for constructive criticism as well as compliments on our church. To date our congregation has not graced your pages.

Personally, "View from the Pew" is one of the best if not the best contribution your magazine makes to the Mennonite "world" as such. It is all too often that we as Mennonites have become complacent with our church programs—and the reason is simple—it's always been done that way—why should we change now!

An objective view from an outsider could be very stimulating.

"View from the Pew" can do many congregations a great service with constructive criticism as well as deserved compliments.

Sincerely,
Sa Kehler
Winnipeg

Kerr
owned and
managed since
1887



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

GRATEFUL READERS

Dear MM,

In regards to your gentle reminder, I have now been an old age pensioner for almost two years, but I still feel like paying for another year.

You are doing a good job. You are bringing things out in the *Mirror*, as mirrors should to see ourselves.

Sincerely
John J. Epp
Winnipeg

Gentlemen:

I am an 87 year old pensioner, but DO NOT expect the *Mirror* for nothing. My reason for writing, change of address. I think the *Mirror* fills a void in our society.

D.P. Heidebrecht,
Sardis, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

Herewith my renewal to your magazine.

Would like to remark that the only two people on your list of "Mennonite" grads that I am well acquainted with are not Mennonites. One is Lutheran and the other is a member of the United Church. In both cases the mother has no hereditary connection with the Mennonites. You would have been better justified, according to biblical precedence, in listing the graduates whose mothers were Mennonites.

Would also like to inform you that the June issue was one of the most interesting ones in a long time.

W.B. Barkman,
Steinbach

PLANS PHOTO BOOK, READER NEEDS HELP

Dear Editor:

Could your readers please help me? I am compiling and editing a major collection of photographs based mainly on the work of Peter Gerhard Rempel. Rempel was a studio photographer active professionally from about 1900 to 1917 in Rosenthal, Old Colony, Russia. He came to Saskatchewan in 1923, and then to Ontario, where he died in 1933.

I am looking for information about (1) Rempel's life and work, (2) the general status and role of amateur and professional photographers in Mennonite settlements in Russia, (3) the names of other Mennonite or non-Mennonite photographers working among Mennonites in Russia before 1929, (4) identification of any already published photographs (eg: in Lohrenz's *Heritage Remembered* or Quiring/Bartel's *In the Fullness of Time*) by Rempel, or other professional Mennonite photographers in Russia, and (5) any other matters

related to these items, or names of people who might be of help.

Because I am trying to convey as completely as possible the quality of the life and culture of the Mennonites in Russia, I am very interested, too, in considering for publication in this volume any exceptional photographs, especially but not only by Rempel, which either highlight the successes of that culture or capture the tragic outcome (eg: the war, the *Hungersnot*, the departure from Russia, etc.). If you are able to submit any, please identify (in English or in German) such pictures as completely as possible with respect to name(s) of subject(s), location, date, name of photographer, etc. Care will be taken in handling these materials, which will be returned as soon as possible.

Sand Hills Books, a small Canadian publisher interested in Mennonite and other peoples' histories, is hoping to

publish this important photographic study of Mennonite life in Russia in 1981.

Thank you for your help.

Paul Tiessen,
Department of English,
Wilfred Laurier University,
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada
N2L 3C5

LOW GERMAN REVIEW REVIVES INTEREST

Dear Sir,

After many years of skipping the Low German stories and articles in the MM, I have in the past dug out all my past issues and read them. They deserve to be read. When Mennonites want to take a humorous and sardonic look at themselves the Low German dialect is the richest, warmest and most delicious sounding medium. The characters in

pieces written by Charlotte Reimer Kennedy, Victor Peters and Jack Thiessen come alive in a way they do not in a serious personality profile. Most recently, Jack Thiessen's *Little BoPeep em Augustaune Tachtentig* illustrates the hilarious encounter between a worldly Mennonite and the more conservative variety, in which the conservatives as usual withdraw from the field of conflict.

Many of the lasting impressions of a Mennonite upbringing are tragicomical which I felt was illustrated in Charlotte Kennedy's story, *Soageschpon* Jan. 73 MM. My slow reading of that story was halted not only by my difficulty in reading Plautdietsch, but by the screams of laughter mixed with tears that rose from a deep response to her experience of the evangelistic process. I look forward to many more Low German stories.

Sincerely,
Kathy Martens

business and professional directory

Complete Floral Service for all Occasions

Fruit Baskets
Discounts to church groups
German spoken

Phone 339-5515

Edelweis Florist

1110 Henderson Hwy.

"The Small Shop with the Personal Touch"

VICTOR F. JANZEN, B.A., L.L.B.

Announces the commencement of his Professional Practice.
Effective June 26, 1980 under the style of

VICTOR F. JANZEN

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR & NOTARY PUBLIC

with offices located at
232 Henderson Hwy., Winnipeg, Man.
(204) 669-3663



John Weier, Luthier

Maker of Banjos, Violins and Violas
Complete Stringed Instrument Repair
and Restoration

1691 Dublin Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3H 0H2

Phone 632-4703
Res. Phone 772-0114

**Winnipeg Building &
Decorating (1968) Ltd.**

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

● A COMPLETE REMODELLING SERVICE ●

DONALD T. MacANGUS — HENRY THIESSEN
56 Ellen St., Winnipeg, Man. — 942-6121

Henry Kroeger

North Kildonan Motors & Auto Body Ltd.

1372 Henderson Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba R2G 1M8
Telephone: 338-1551 or 334-6156

H.J. MARTENS

PEMBINA INSURANCE SERVICES



Mon. to Fri. 9:00 - 5:30
Saturday 9:00 - 12:00

Fire, Life, Commercial, Residential, Auto & Bonding

284 Pembina Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3L 2P5

Bus. 452-4913
Res. 222-1187

our word

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

*"... he grew up... like a young plant,
and like a root out of dry ground;
he had no form or comeliness that we should look at him,
and no beauty that we should desire him.
He was despised and rejected by men;
a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;
and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not."
Isaiah 53:2-3.*

It is too bad that the central figure in the Christmas story was not a greater success. We like to watch the manger scene at Christmas, but I am sure that if any one of us had been asked to write the script for the appearance of God on earth it would never have occurred to us to place the birth of God in the straw manger of a cattle shed, or to choose a poor, obscure couple as the parents. We worship success far too much to feel comfortable with such a scene, except when we can go through a ritual re-enactment of it on stage and have a chance to coo at the innocence of our children. It took a man like Isaiah, who had learned to discern the hidden ways of God with men by testing his faith through periods of unbelievable discouragement, to conceive of the possibility that God resides in the midst of apparent failure.

The following are all scenes from our own reality. A young Mennonite, home from college, is enjoying Christmas dinner at the home of his wealthy future in-laws, also Mennonites. The talk turns to business. The family's enterprises have enjoyed a very successful year. At one point in the conversation the young student offers an opinion, which is contrary to the opinion just expressed by one of the businessmen in the family circle. This man turns to the student and asks, "How much money did you earn this year?" "Almost none," the student replies, "because I've been studying." "Well," counters his interrogator, "I would suggest that you keep your opinions to yourself until you can back them up with some success."

Far fetched? Not at all. It has happened, and it happens.

Or take the man who, more than 20 years after leaving his small Mennonite home town, still gets migraine headaches every time he returns there for a visit. The reason? He was treated with contempt because his was one of the poorest families in the town. Special odors were attributed to him because it was assumed that soap is one of the first things sacrificed to poverty.

Or let us look at a scene closer to home. The basketball team of a private Mennonite school has officially got 12 members on it, but rarely do more than seven or eight get a chance to play. Why? Because the school, and the coach, assume that the most important object of playing is victory. "Even those players who sit on the bench want the team to win and would feel badly if the team lost because they had been put in." If that is true it only proves that even the victims of our success-ideology have been duped by it. What a sad objective, and how sad that its wisdom and inevitability are simply taken for granted!

Across town, in a public school, a former Olympic athlete also coaches a basketball team. He assumes that the main purpose of sport—whether individual or team—is to encourage the individual to achieve excellence. Not necessarily success, but the best that the person is capable of. In a team sport this means that each player be given a minimum amount of time in which

to hone skills and develop discipline. Accordingly he sees to it that each player gets to play at least one quarter of the time. Why is this man's vision so much better than ours? I like to see our team win but the joy of winning is ultimately wiped out by the sight of those poor also-rans who only get to warm the bench. Surely somewhere in our theology we are told about a God who is more concerned about the one person who is left out than about the 99 who are put in.

You may think that I am belaboring a rather minor example, but I am convinced that the way in which we conduct our sports is more symptomatic of our attitude toward life than almost anything else we do. It is here that our real values—as distinct from our proclaimed values—are most clearly revealed. A few years ago I had a chance to test this when I coached a baseball team of 12 young boys. According to the rules I could only put nine of the 12 boys on the field at one time. However, nothing in the league rules prevented me from placing all 12 in the regular batting order—so I did that. An incredible uproar ensued. Some of the better hitters on the team thought we had lost our chance to win. They were supported vocally by their parents. Rival coaches complained about the departure from accepted practice. I decided to stick to my guns. I also made sure that everyone played at least three innings in the field. Compensation soon appeared. A few parents remarked gratefully that this was the first team on which their child had been given a regular chance to play. When the good players saw that they couldn't dislodge the poorer ones, they decided to help them become better players. A terrific team spirit developed. In the end we almost made it to the finals. But what some of the kids and some of the parents learned that summer was more valuable than any trophy that the team could have won. The team *had* been successful—though nowhere is there any record of that success.

Which leads me to change the opening sentence of this editorial. The central figure in the Christmas story was a success, and He wants us to be a success. Our problem is that we measure success very differently than He did. In fact, He tended to speak about success in ways that cannot be measured. He wanted to transform our spirit, to see us grow in our capacity to understand and to love others. No meter has ever been developed that can measure the degree of such success. Because, however, we seem to have an inner need to come up with some concrete measurements of success—presumably so that we can compare ourselves favorably with others—we have created our own rating system. It is clear that in that system top points are given to wealth, fame, clear-cut-victory over opponents, power, academic grades and positions—and a host of other poor substitutes. Even a moment's reflection upon the Christian Gospel should show us that such marks of success have absolutely nothing to do with the standards that God has set for us. *By our standards Jesus was clearly not a success.* He achieved none of the things that we spend most of our time trying to achieve.

The fact that we continue to profess allegiance to him, and find him comely and beautiful—despite the false standards by which we live much of the time—means either that we are hopeless hypocrites or that down deep somewhere we actually recognize the hollowness of our values and yearn to be worthy of the hidden values that we find in Jesus. May this Christmas be a time in which we re-dedicate ourselves to those standards of success which we sense in the poor child of Bethlehem!

*"A king might miss the guiding star,
A wise man's foot might stumble;
For Bethlehem is very far
From all except the humble.
But he who gets to Bethlehem
Shall hear the oxen lowing;
And, if he humbly kneel with them,
May catch far trumpets blowing."*

(Louis F. Benson)

R.V.

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

Garth P. Reimer

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public

CAMPBELL, MAXWELL, KOZMINSKI & JACKIEW
400-208 Edmonton Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1R7

Telephone 942-3311 Residence 475-5655

Thorne Riddell

Chartered Accountants

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

OFFICES IN
ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES IN CANADA

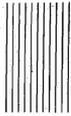
WILLIAM MARTENS

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

100-387 Broadway Avenue
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA R3C 0V5

Telephone 957-1717

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

Rutledge • Unger • Jenion

Barristers & Solicitors

Phone 888-3204

214-2281 PORTAGE AVE. R3J 0M1

Mr. Fred Rutledge L.L.B.
Mr. Abe Unger L.L.B.
Mr. Robert Jenion L.L.B.

RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL • INDUSTRIAL

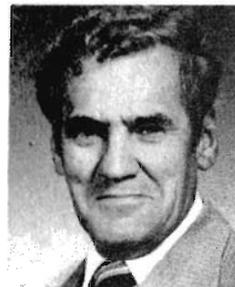
Shorty's CONSTRUCTION CO. LTD.

"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



JOHN FEHR INSURANCE

1110 Henderson Highway
Phone: 338-7811

HOMEOWNERS PACKAGE
COMMERCIAL • FIRE • LIFE

AUTHORIZED  AGENT

Courteous Professional Service

Call us for a Quotation for all your Insurance needs

DR. A. JOHN J. WIENS

Chiropractor

Kildonan Chiropractic Centre
232 Henderson Hwy.
Winnipeg, Man. R2L 1L9
Ph: 668-0542

136 Main Street N.
St. Jean Baptiste, Man.
Ph: 758-3833



WINNIPEG WELDING SUPPLIES LTD.
45 ARCHIBALD STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
R2J 0V7

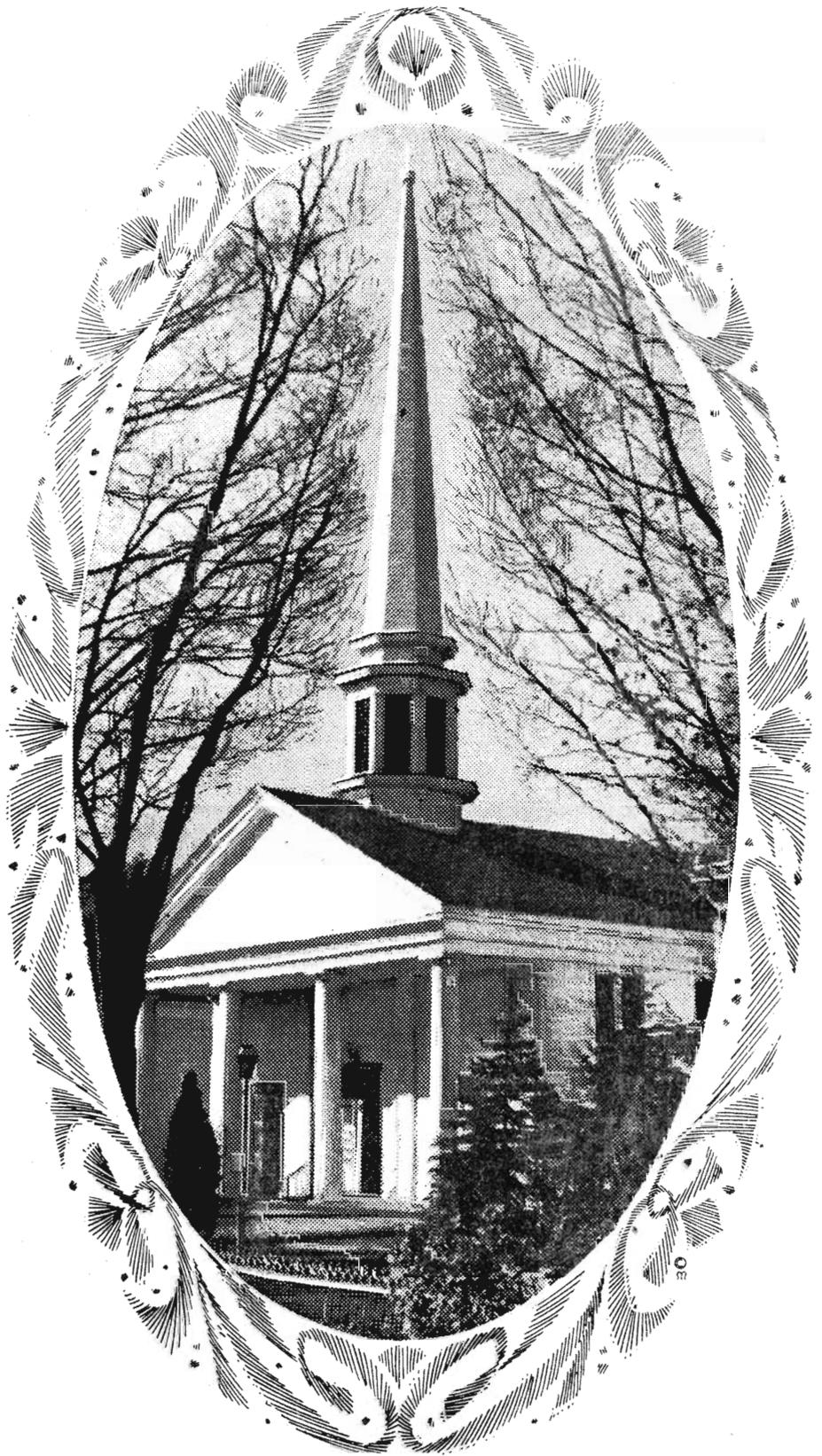
PETER W. DOERKSEN

Business 233-3434
Residence 269-3877

Pea
ce
on
Earth

"For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a son is given,
And the government
Shall be upon his shoulder;
And his name shall be called
Wonderful, Councillor,
The mighty God,
The everlasting Father,
The Prince of Peace."

Isaiah, IX, VI



MONARCH INDUSTRIES
LIMITED