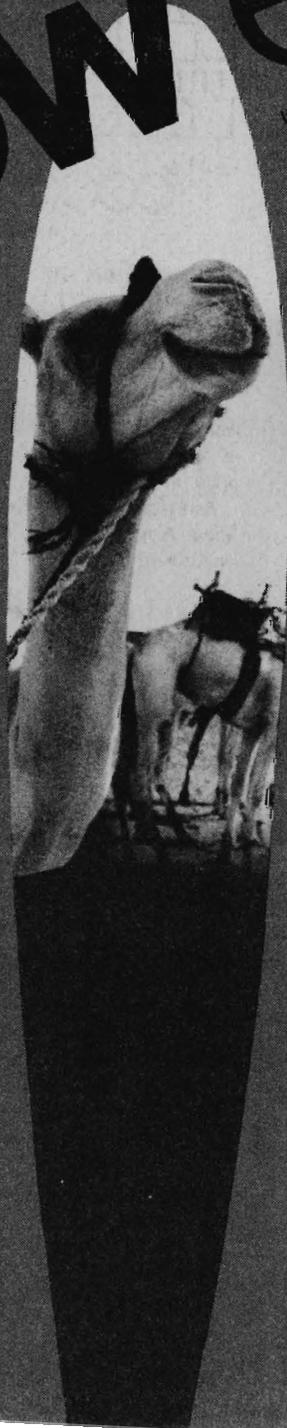


mennonite mirror

volume 11 / number 5
january 1982



How easy is it?



It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. Matt. 19:24

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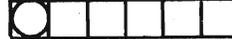
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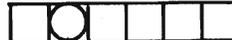
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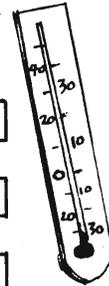
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It's



weather but

If we had no winter, the
spring would not be so
pleasant.

There were 55 December Mix-up returns and from among them G. D. Bock and Kathy Bock, of Winnipeg, were drawn the winners. A cash prize is on its way.

Answers to the December puzzle were hope, Angel, Saviour, wonder, cattle, stable, peace and goodwill.

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 February 5, 1982.

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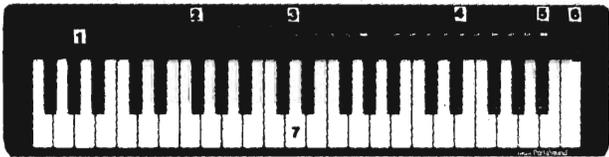


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Early Manitoba Sketches



**Grasshoppers take all,
except settlers' co-operative
spirit**

by Rhinehart F. Friesen

Jacob and Peter walked around the homestead to take stock of their accomplishment since they had arrived the preceeding fall. It was Sunday afternoon so work was forbidden (beyond perhaps in passing picking off the occasional potato leaf with the beetle eggs on it) but inspection and planning were not considered taboo. What they beheld was barely a beginning of what had to be done, but at least they had survived the first difficult winter. Several acres of grain were about to head out and should yield enough for the two families and their animals. Similarly, the large garden showed promise of producing enough beans and peas, potatoes and other root vegetables so that they could have not only enough food for the winter but even a reasonable degree of variety. Both men had the walls of log houses up, ready for roofing and finishing so that each family could have its own home.

Usually they took advantage of Sunday afternoon to have a little sleep to recuperate from the exhausting labour of the preceeding week. But this day their wives had decided to relax outdoors so the men joined them. Their discussion changed to reminiscing.

When they had settled on this land in

late August 1874 they realized they had an impossible amount of work to do before winter would be upon them. So Margaretha and Anna, who were sisters, decided they should pool their resources and live as one family at least until two proper log houses could be built the following summer. Even before the V-frame serai was weather-proofed, the women and children, who had been given temporary shelter near their point of disembarkation on the bank of the Red River, joined the men. On the first shopping trip to Winnipeg they brought back among other smaller things, a yoke of oxen named Buck and Bright, and an iron plow. The first plowing done was a few furrows around their building site to act as a fire-guard. These sods were then piled against the lower inclined walls of the serai. The oxen and plow, meanwhile were passed around among the small group of neighbours who, it was hoped, would some day be joined by more to build the intended village of Pastwa.

"Do you remember how worried we were when the first snow fell?" asked Peter. "I think it was only the third of October and we thought winter was upon us before we even had the serai thatched."

"Anne and I worked desperately tying little bundles of reeds for thatching while you and Jacob used your scythes to cut hay for the animals. Our hands bl-

ed but we dared not slow down." said Margaretha.

"God was good to us," said Jacob. "The snow all disappeared again for nearly two months, and though it got colder and colder we broke some land and finished the outside of our home and a small serai for our oxen and cow as well."

"Don't forget the chickens," added Margaretha. "I had such high hopes of eggs from the five hens during the winter. But when it became so cold that their combs froze and fell off we got only three eggs between Christmas and Easter. I would break one and stir it into the potatoes while they were frying so that we would all at least share the taste."

"Combs!" chuckled Peter. "Don't you remember how the rooster's toes dropped off so that when he tried to mount a hen he kept falling off because he couldn't grasp the base of her wings?" He slapped his thigh and laughed uproariously as he recalled the frustrated antics of the unfortunate rooster.

"Shush, Peter, you mustn't say things like that, especially when the children might hear you. Anyway his meat made a pleasant change from the barrel of salt pork which had to do us all winter."

"Again God was good," said Jacob. "The only other rooster in the village stayed healthy; so when our hens turned broody we could trade our eggs for fertile ones and now we have these sturdy half-grown chicks. Look at what a feast



they are having from all the baby grasshoppers."

"Next Fall we will have about ten roosters to spare." Margaretha predicted. "We will freeze their meat and have it all winter. And three times as many hens in a warmer barn should give us all the eggs we need."

"And don't forget the milk," Anna contributed to the prediction of improved food in the future. "This year Molly's milk dried up in January because she was due to freshen in March. With better planning her next calf will come later in Spring next year, and the year after that little Moomoo should freshen for the first time so that both families can have their own milking cow."

"Don't plan too far into the future," warned Jacob, "for that lies in the hands of God. If we hadn't brought the cow into our serai when she was about to calve I'm afraid we might have lost both cow and calf in that rough shelter that we called our stable. And have you forgotten how unhappy you women were about bringing her into our home?"

"Ouch Jacob, I thought you had forgiven me for quarreling about that," exclaimed Margaretha. "But you men spent a good deal of your time outdoors doing the chores and getting logs for our future homes. You never knew how unpleasant it was for our two families to

be cooped up in such a crowded space without any relief. And because I knew that my time would come soon after Molly's, I found it hard to face giving up a corner of the serai, to say nothing of the smell and the dirt."

"Now, now Greta," said Jacob soothingly, "I know the last few months of winter were very hard for you. But let us not look back with bitterness, let us rather look at little Gretje and thank God that you again have a little girl to keep you company."

"I try not to be dissatisfied, Jacob. But sometimes I can't help being home sick for the nice home we left in Russia and I certainly never thought I would ever have a baby in a barn."

"Don't forget that the most important baby of all was once born in a stable." Somehow Jacob always seemed to have the last word in his even tempered way

After a few more hot dry summer days had passed it became apparent that the grasshoppers had more significance than as a source of food for the chickens. It was obvious they were doing considerable damage to the garden and crops. One morning, as they prepared to start work, they walked to the garden to see how bad things were. As they walked they disturbed the feeding insects which rose in chattering clouds. What they found in the garden was truly

frightening.

"The carrot tops are half gone!" "And they aren't satisfied with eating the beet leaves, they have started spoiling the little beetroots as well."

"What we need is something to poison them," said Peter, "but by the time we could get something from Winnipeg it would be too late."

"When the Lord wanted to stop the plague of locusts in Egypt He sent a strong west wind and blew them away," said Jacob. "But there is only such a gentle breeze today that they can go anywhere they want to."

"But if we walk around among them we disturb them and the wind tends to blow them out of the garden," said Margaretha. "Let us all, including the children get towels and wave them around as we keep walking through the windward side of the garden."

As nobody had any more practical idea, that is what they did. But it was hopeless, and even at night the clicking of the insects' jaws could be heard as they destroyed everything in their path. Panic overcame them when they realized the seriousness of their situation.

"All our grain has been eaten down to the roots," said Peter. "We will not harvest enough for seed, let alone flour."

"It is not only what we have planted," said Peter. "See how the trees are nearly bare of leaves and the earth is bare of grass so that it looks like a desert. Unless it rains soon we will not even be able to feed our live-stock."

"We are fortunate in that we still have some of the money that Anna and Greta inherited from the rich Jacob Penner farm in the Molotschna when their father died," Jacob reminded them. "But most of the people on the Reserves have used up what little they brought with them just to be able to live through the first winter. We will all starve together if left to our own devices. Only God, from whom all help comes, can save us now."

To say that panic gripped the settlement as a result of the destruction of their crops, would be a gross overstatement. They had left Russia because of the deep conviction that the Czar's new laws would lead not only to the end of their way of life on this earth, but also to the loss of their eternal souls and those of generations yet unborn. Furthermore, although some looked upon the trek as a move to a promised land, their leaders had warned them repeatedly that there would be many hardships and that their very survival depended on God. But herein lay their strength; they were completely convinced that they were carrying out God's will and that, as long as they remained true to Him, He would care for them as He had done for the Israelites under similar circumstances when they left Egypt. But this did not



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mean that they sat back and waited for manna to fall from heaven. At the village level urgent meetings were held to assess the full extent of the damage. Could they reseed at least some garden crops and hope to harvest them before frost came? Were there any areas within reach where it would be worth trying to cut grass for hay? Perhaps if rains came it was still not too late to get a crop of hay in Fall. Characteristically, their worries were just as great for their stock as for themselves because for generations they had lived more or less symbiotically.

At the colony level just as urgent meetings were convened of the clergy and other prominent men and specifically the officials of the Waisenamt (literally "orphans' bureau"), an organization which had been transplanted more or less intact and which carried out approximately the functions of a trust company. Without God's help the situation was hopeless. There was no more favorable area to which they could move. The immigrants who continued to arrive in both the East and West Reserves were themselves in need of help.

A few families like the Friesens still had some money brought from Russia. The ones who had been called the "Landless" there, had been objects of charity from the beginning. The majority had either not sold their land in the hurry to get away, or had done so but had left the collection of sale to friends or Waisenamt staff who remained behind. There obviously was not enough money in the Colony to buy the food needed to prevent starvation. But their faith was justified; largely through the efforts of Mr. Schantz loans were obtained from the federal government and from the Mennonites in Ontario who, although sharing similar beliefs, had had little contact with the Russian Mennonites for two centuries. These loans were the medium through which God's help materialized which enabled the settlers to survive another winter.

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Choir's advent joy infects audience

by Mary M. Enns

By mid-December the calendars of Winnipeg's music community have become well marked because this city celebrates the festive Advent and Christmas season probably more than most. But the audience who came to the Playhouse Theatre on December 6 to hear the well-loved and by now virtually world-renowned Mennonite Children's Choir was no jaded audience. Parents, grandparents, relatives, friends and neighbours thronged to share once again in the lovely sights and joyous sounds of the 50 children in concert. Two enormous Advent wreaths lit by a candle in the centre, decorated the stage and complimented the choristers and some of their alumni, the little girls dressed in white with red sashes, the boys very proper in black with white shirts and red bow ties.

Helen Litz, founder and conductor of the choir since 1957, led the choristers and the orchestra. The first part of the program featured carols of Advent, traditional and contemporary. The clear, melodious tones of the young voices rang out as distinctly in German as in their more familiar English. If one were not yet touched with the spirit of Christmas and worship, the impetus for this was very quickly supplied. Every chorister seemed a-fire with the joy of the season perhaps because they had already, that afternoon, performed the

concert as a dress rehearsal, open to interested shut-ins and the disabled. Unfortunately, not too many availed themselves of this opportunity.

The feature in Part 2 was the operetta *Amahl and the Night Visitors* by Gian Carlo Menotti. A fine roster of back stage volunteers supported the cast to make this a most enjoyable presentation. The set design showed stars shining in the darkness through the rafters of the shepherds hut. Lori Litz, a chorister since the inception of the choir, played the mother, and her fine, strong voice and very nearly professional acting was quite convincing. Young Buckley as an endearing Amahl made the message come through most touchingly when he presented his crutch to the king to be given to the Child. This part of the program would have been a great deal more effective if, among all the advertising and pictures, program notes acquainting strangers with the operetta, its meaning and continuity had been offered. Too much of value is lost with an omission of this sort. One thing was clear, the philosophy of the Mennonite Children's Choir as promoters of "good will as ambassadors of God and country at home and abroad." And the concert's project was a worthy one, indeed. It was a benefit for follow up work in order to assist the children's work of Camp Arnes. The sell out performance will have made itself felt here, to be sure.

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Nicola Schaeffer: life with a handicapped child is a blessing you don't know is there

by Mary M. Enns

The Schaeffers' front porch has two entrances; one an ordinary one for those of us who can walk, the other fitted with a sturdy 30 foot ramp, clearly for wheelchair traffic. Nicola opens the door, continuing to talk on the phone, her eyes smiling "come on in" and her free hand motioning me for goodness sake to take care of myself in the living room. In conversation with a committee chairman in Toronto they are trying to line up a flight for her to attend a series of meetings there. A self-appointed welcoming committee pads softly toward me, generously offering me an enormous mouthful of slipper and blue men's shorts. Cod's big brown eyes gaze lovingly into mine, as the large handsome Golden Retriever waits patiently for me to make a decision regarding her offering.

In the kitchen Catherine sits quietly in her specially-designed chair making ballet-like patterns with her hands and thinking her own thoughts. I decide to wait for an introduction when her mother is free. The house, whose finest feature is its many books, has a decidedly casual, lived-in look — the look of a warm, friendly home where the chatelaine, unconcerned with tradition, has many commitments besides those of dusting and tidying.

Nicola Schaeffer has long ago discovered that in order to fulfill one of her prime purposes in life she must share her husband Ted, sons Dominic and Benji and daughter Catherine with the cause of those who are mentally retarded and physically handicapped. Her aim is to procure good community services for her daughter, who is physically handicapped and severely mentally retarded, and others like her, in order that they may live as normal a life as possible. Her book: *Does She Know She's There?*, published in 1978, has brought this cause sharply into focus. It has also placed its author in demand as a speaker for church groups, other interested groups and university groups. It has led to committee involvements on

a provincial and national level. Her work load is phenomenal because it includes private involvement with the scores of "friends," handicapped and otherwise, she always finds time to include in her life. "But," says Nicola, "I couldn't do this without a good husband and sons who are really supportive. Ted is just always there. Fortunately for me he earns a good salary and I've never had to go out to work. This has given me the freedom to work in the field I love; that of the mentally and physically disabled."

What, if anything, we wondered, had changed since she wrote the book? A significant change, Mrs. Schaeffer feels, is that peoples' eyes have at last been opened to the fact that people who are severely mentally and physically handicapped are worthy individuals, worthy of dignity and decent living in the community rather than in institutions." A change within the family? "Actually, they have carried on much as always. But they support me and don't get fed up unless I'm away too often", says Nicola with confidence.

"They recognize it's for Catherine's good when we have enough programs for her. And that, in turn, is for their good too. Catherine has been good for our family because she has brought forth resources that wouldn't have been there otherwise. My family has learned responsibility and understanding as well as the appreciation that people with handicaps are people before they are handicapped. Ted is an intellectual and it's been difficult for him because of the practicalities of having Catherine, but he has become more open and understanding of handicapped people and their needs. A growth pattern? Yes, absolutely! I used to be the sort of person who was terrified of people with handicaps, considering them bizzare and weird. In my ignorance I didn't know how to react.

"Catherine, now almost 21, has taught me about compassion and humility and

the worth of these human beings. She's a wonderful person to have around. She has enlivened our life. In a way she has guided my life. When my peers went back to university or to jobs, I didn't, because I had Catherine. This has led to many interesting developments. I feel very strongly that I can contribute toward a creative, better life. I'm never bored. I'm happier because I feel better about myself having something specific to do. My difficult and frustrating times are when I think the road toward civilizing peoples' minds concerning the handicapped is so rough. But these moments are rare and usually come at a time when I'm overtired or my daughter has had a lot of seizures. Most of the time I'm infinitely grateful to have Catherine. I'm a person with a fiendish temper, but someone who has gained strengths from having a daughter with handicaps."

Since the book, has there been a mellowing, a settling, a sort of sweetening of the explosive, abrasive spirit undisguised in her writing? What was responsible for the change she spoke about earlier or within herself? Nicola reflects and looks at Catherine beside us. Carefully she feeds her yet another morsel of cake, a special treat, when the young lady motions she's ready and waiting. Turning back she speaks quietly: "It wasn't Catherine that did it. You see, I never believed in God. I didn't disbelieve. I thought I believed in God when I was a child, but in view of what happened I realized I didn't. I was never angry at God; how could I be when I didn't think He existed? I simply accepted that we had Catherine and was prepared to do my level best for her. I used to be angry when people would say, You must have so much grace to have been given Catherine by God, because I didn't think God had anything to do with it.

"Then something happened; I won't explain, it had nothing to do with Cath. I can only say I suddenly and miraculously

ly acquired a belief in God. That was almost two years ago. I still find it difficult to talk about because after 42 years suddenly to feel comfortable with your Creator is a miracle. I now feel a communication with God and know He exists. He knows what I'm going through. It's the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me and it put my life with Catherine into perspective. I suddenly realized that I did have her for a reason and that I was being used, in a sense, through her to show the value of people like her, who can't speak, who can't move very much, who can't do much of anything except radiate goodness and sweetness. I realized it wasn't me who was doing what I was; it was God; that I had His help all along but I didn't realize it. I'm grateful to have lived long enough to have discovered God's existence. I think my belief is getting stronger all the time because I've opened myself to the growing. I've always wanted to believe in God but it just wasn't there. I envied the people I read about, who, having children like Cath, spoke of the faith that carried them through the difficulties. I would think, why don't I have that? Now I rely on God to help me to do the things I have to do where I was self-reliant before. Now I'm not on my own.

"Human beings are, after all, very frail and often when you fall back on someone they fall over; the rock crumbles like an old stage prop. Ted has been a true rock, not taking an active role in the community but always being there as a sounding board, keeping me in line. My belief in God has also removed my absolute terror of death, which must have been unique in its extremity. It was a terror without anything to support it. There is instead a personal serenity, a certainty for which I am everlastingly grateful. You note when I wrote the book there was not a single reference to God, because the belief wasn't there. That has changed. Except for Catherine, there wouldn't have been a book. We've been very lucky about the book. It's been published in several countries and languages. I get letters from all over the world because of it, and have made many new friends because of it."

What about Nicola's keen interest and involvement in music? Her eyes sparkle. "I've always loved music. I grew up in Oxford, England, a great music centre. I listened to people like the Amadeus Quartet, Sir Thomas Beechman and the Royal Philharmonic — a wonderful schooling, and then, because of Catherine, I was at home all the time until she was about 12. I had to find something to keep my mind going at home, so I tried to learn to play the cello. That got me involved in musical groups



Nicola Schaeffer

in Winnipeg. One of these, the Manitoba Chamber Orchestra, with which I'm affiliated, is one of the strongest, most exciting boards to be on. It is a board upon which one runs rather than sits. I've met many wonderful people through that. Channeling it all back to Catherine, I can't imagine my life as anything but poorer without her."

Should all people with mentally and physically handicapped children be able to cope with them at home? "Some of my closest friends, for reasons of health, have had to give up their children to an institution. It's agony for them as it would be for me. I'm with them all the way. But what I'm trying to do is help create alternatives to institutions; community support services for all people. This would eventually include good day programs, respite services, foster homes, good medical services and small group homes or apartments with necessary help."

What about integrating the mentally, the multiple handicapped children into the school system? "Yes, definitely. Catherine is in Gordon Bell Junior-Senior High. It's one of the joys of my life that we've achieved that. It's something that wouldn't have happened if we'd got the proposed centre I spoke of in the book. I'm very glad we didn't get that centre because it would have isolated Catherine and those like her. She's on a program, now in her second year, with 14 others. While they have their own room, designed to meet their educational needs, which are basically acquiring living skills, they go to all sorts of other rooms in the school. They're in the corridors with other kids, which is great for them but also for the non-handicapped students. The latter

are the young people who will go into life and become doctors, teachers, community service workers, bus drivers, business people. This teaches them compassion and responsibility and the experience will stand them in good stead for their later lives. It works out beautifully. Ten of Gordon Bell's 11 and 12th graders regularly come in and help our students. They went so far as to take them camping last year. For the teachers, some of them specialized, it often means considerable extra time and effort but they seem to feel very good about it. When Cath learned to operate an electric wheel chair I felt the impossible had been achieved.

Was there anger at the slowness of the wheels of administration? "It's still a fight. Now, nationally and provincially the direction is moving people out of the institutions and back into the communities and preventing others from being institutionalized. I've now seen places across Canada where people like Catherine are, with a lot of help, living dignified, almost normal lives in apartments. They go out to a day centre but come back to an evening at home in their apartment. There's swimming on weekends, they make friends with the people in the block. As a part of the school program Catherine goes swimming once a week to a local pool. She loves the water. Can you imagine someone as stationary as she is feeling the freedom, the release, the buoyancy that the element of the water gives her? There are wonderful people around who help in all these things.

"I must say the Mennonites are at the top of my list of people who are prepared to see the worthwhileness and do things for the handicapped. The MCC is a fount of good people, a great resource place. It is one of the first places that we in the association for the mentally retarded phone if we need assistance on a voluntary or semi-voluntary basis to help someone to live in the community."

What about the church? "They're coming round, bit by bit. And, yes, I do think it's the responsibility of the church, assuming that it's packed full of Christians, to welcome everybody, however handicapped, to every aspect of church and community life; to make friends with these people as we would other new parishioners. We might bear in mind that people who are handicapped resent colossally being patronized. Desiring empathy rather than sympathy, the key word is understanding on all levels."

Having gone the hard road with her daughter by her own decision, would she do it again? "Without question!" And Nicola smiles and leaves no doubt there.

mm

Harvey's handicaps make him a special son and a source of enrichment

by Clara Dyck

"Harvey banged his head, incessantly. Sitting on the floor, he rocked forward and backward, crashing the back of his head and forehead alternately down on the floor. Hard. Till his head was covered with bumps and bruises. We finally borrowed a padded hockey helmet for his protection," Harvey's mother tells us.

"He was also a chronic whiner. All day and night during almost every waking moment, even when I had freshly bathed, changed and fed him. It was impossible to know why he was whining. It drove us wild. Even our families wouldn't stay long when they came to visit us."

Miraculously, at five-and-a-half years of age, Harvey learned to walk, although he had never learned to crawl. This gave him his prized ticket to freedom. His major frustration, heard banging and whining stopped, for now he was able to move about and participate in more fun with his brother and sister.

Slender, fifty-four inches tall, fifty-four pounds, 16-year-old Harvey with the reddish-golden hair and velvety-brown reindeer eyes is the oldest son of Nick and Marge Unrau of Winnipeg. The Unraus have two other children: five-foot-ten-inch Kevin, 14 months younger than Harvey, and eleven-year-old Rhonda who had to learn to walk at ten months in self-defence so as to keep Harvey, literally, "out of her hair."

Harvey started life in an incubator. He was a month old before his parents could take him home from hospital. The doctor told them then only that he had three problems: a heart defect, poor lung expansion and that he was underweight (4 lbs., 9 1/2 oz).

People always exclaimed, "What a cute sweet baby you have," Marge recalls. Only his parents noticed that he wasn't developing like other babies. When she took him to the doctor at one year of age, for instance, another new mother in the elevator commented: "I see you're also here for your six week check-up!"

It was both a relief to know the truth,

therefore, and a shock to think of the future when, at 14 months of age, the pediatrician confirmed the parents' fears that Harvey was indeed physically and mentally handicapped.

"I felt so inadequate," Marge remembers. "Both Nick and I come from large families and not one, among some 50 children and grandchildren is in any way handicapped. Then why should ours be? we kept imploring God. And there was so much pain connected with it. And guilt. He was born of me. Why should he be less than perfect?"

Finally, after they and their church friends had prayed much about it, the latter told Nick and Marge that "this sort of person was supposed to be born just then. And God was looking for some special parents to care for this special child. And He chose you."

They accepted that answer. "Yes. He's our child, our responsibility," they declared. "We'll try to help him develop to his fullest potential."

"There would be two of us to run errands for mom. And two of us to do dad's paper route (Nick is a Winnipeg *Free Press* delivery supervisor) if Harvey was like other 16-year-olds," says Kevin. "Oh its different alright. With a brother like Harvey I can't play ball or go biking. And I wouldn't have to baby-sit him either, if he were like other kids. Sometimes he doesn't obey me when the folks aren't home."

"That's for sure," chimes in Rhonda. "And then he wouldn't always take our things and run off with them, so we can't find them."

"Harvey can't help that," Kevin quickly explains forgivingly. "He doesn't know any better. And we have to watch he doesn't get hurt. He's our responsibility, too. My responsibility," he adds maturely.

"He sure is," Rhonda emphasizes proudly, just as wee Harvey pulls her down for a tumble on the living room rug, and three pairs of arms and legs start flipping through the air interspersed with joyful shouts.

"See what its done for Kevin?" his father observes. "How gentle he is with Harvey? He's growing up to be very kind, considerate and affectionate. Constant contact with Harvey has brought about some of these fine qualities. Because his brother was always too small, and he had to protect him."

Due to his insufficient lung expansion Harvey develops severe pneumonia or bronchil infection at least two or three times every year. With each episode he loses some of the skills he has acquired. And he never seems able to recapture them, for example, the few words he had mastered. Now he only says "Ah — ah" for Amen, after grace at table, and makes a few other indistinguishable sounds.

Harvey can neither dress himself, get his foot into a sock, nor lace up his shoes; but he is quite adept at pulling off his clothes. So everyone has to be particularly patient with the littlest member of the family.

Harvey's an early bird, a real early bird, whereas the other four Unraus are night owls. Whenever he awakens at night, Kevin takes him to the bathroom, then tucks him in again. And in the small morning hours, Harvey pulls his younger big brother out of bed to start a record playing in the upstairs hall. "Yes. He likes to wake up the whole family," Kevin grins.

When Harvey was six or seven years old and weighed 26 pounds he became the subject of a clinic with five heart specialists and some 50 interns in attendance. For almost an hour he contentedly put up with their probing and listening, as long as they permitted him to handle the stethoscope which "absolutely enthralled him." The specialists concluded that it was now prime time to correct his heart defect, if ever it could be done.

Intensive prayer followed, at home, with their friends, and in special church sessions. It was a difficult, a grave decision to make.

"We talked about it from morning til

night. It was always on our minds," the parents relate. And, of course, they were aware that surgery would in no way improve Harvey's mental capacity.

In the final analysis they followed the lead of their pediatrician whom they knew and trusted, and whose advice did not concur with that of the experts. Although he, too, thought that Harvey could probably tolerate surgery at this stage, he was equally convinced that pneumonia would recur during convalescence. And that this would undoubtedly be more than Harvey's frail constitution, particularly his lungs, would be able to cope with. Consequently the operation was not performed.

Nick and Marge agree whole-heartedly with Nicola Schaeffer author of (*Does She Know She's There?*) who found that Winnipeg was ill-prepared to receive their little retarded and spastic Catherine when she was born in 1961. There simply wasn't any available help, either for mental or physical development of such children.

Starting at age three Harvey spent a few hours daily at the Kinsman Centre. From there he went to half-days at Prince Charles School (for the mentally handicapped), and after that several years at Robertson School. Little, if anything, was achieved, except that he did have a change of scene and became accustomed to being away from his home environment. Also, the Unraus stress the fact that Harvey's teacher at the latter school proved to be "most empathetic and supportive to them."

Since the fall of 1980, Harvey has spent full days at Churchill High, where two classrooms were opened for mentally and physically handicapped at that time. His parents appreciate both his joyful leaving at eight in the morning and his joyful return at four-thirty.

The Department of Education has improved the program for the handicapped somewhat. Harvey's teachers are now helping him develop better coordination and motor skills. This includes household chores like table setting and carrying dishes with content. It also includes taking apart electronic equipment and other small gadgets and sorting the pieces into appropriate boxes; also sorting colored pegs (which, incidentally, taught him to play UNO with the

family). These fine finger movements are not Harvey's favorite activity; and his attention span is short. But he is progressing, though slowly. Still, he is much more enthusiastic about learning body coordination on the gym trampoline.

He is learning another valuable skill at his school. The children of his class take turns shopping one day each week where they buy all the ingredients for the lunches of all the children for that day. Their teacher shows them how to find items listed on the menu. The students themselves have the responsibility of paying for their purchases.

Harvey used to go to the lake with his family every summer. Someone had to keep constant watch on his whereabouts. And each time the damp beach air triggered a fresh bout of pneumonia.

Finally, he spent several holiday times at the St. Amant Centre for the handicapped. This soon ended, however, for he is too quick and agile on his feet. The staff couldn't keep up with him. During the past three summer holidays he's been happy at SPIKE (Special People in Kildonan East, the Winnipeg suburb where the Unraus live.)

"What about conflicts, such as jealousy, anger, sibling rivalry?" we may ask.

"It has never been a problem, really," the Unraus insist. Nick feels bad, momentarily, reflecting. We'd do many things differently if we could do it over again. We wouldn't expect so much so early in life from the other two children. But you can only do your best while you have the chance."

"Cancellations and change of plans become a way of life," Marge states. And Nick: "Harvey has taught us a lot about life. All of us are comfortably at ease with other handicapped people. And we probably get no more frustrated with him than he does with us! Oh yes, he rules our lives. But it's too late to change that now."

Just a few years ago their doctor again advised placing Harvey in an institution. Some members of their extended family agree. Not so the parents!

"He is our son. Our 'special' son. God gave him to us for a specific purpose. And we will enjoy him as long as he is here with us."

Harvey is still pale and fragile. His lungs continue to trouble him. Now his limbs are twisting and sometimes he screams in the night. Pain? A nightmare? "If only he could tell us," Rhonda whispers sadly.

Perhaps the doctor's initial prognosis will come true, namely, that Harvey will not live past the age of 20.

"We can't think of our home without Harvey" the four agree.

And, whatever God has decided for the future, Harvey is happy in the family specially chosen for him.

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Forever Summer, Forever Sunday: Peter Gerhard Rempel's Photographs of Mennonites in Russia, 1890-1917; edited and with an introduction by John D. Rempel and Paul Tiessen; 144 pages; Sand Hills Books, St. Jacobs, Ontario; \$17.95.

A review by Ed Unrau

The purpose of this book is to provide a visual insight into "that privileged world of Mennonite colonial life where . . . every day was Sunday, and every season summer." The purpose of this book defines the problem: virtually everyone who has direct or indirect memories of Mennonite village life in Russia before the Soviet revolution recalls it with so much fond affection that anyone who listens gets the impression that the life

was as close to heaven on earth as one could get. This idyllic view of the Russian experience makes it next to impossible for anyone to examine the problems that tarnished this experience. This book is another in a long line of books that reinforces the idyllic view of the Russian Mennonite experience.

The book is comprised of almost 100 photographs, all except a handful taken by Peter Gerhard Rempel, a professional photographer who set up shop in Rosenthal and practised his art for almost three decades. The Soviet revolution ended his career and resulted in his emigration to Canada with the remnants of his work. His pictures and plates were discovered almost a decade ago and selected examples are presented in this volume.

Although there are about a dozen photographs of daily life to set a context, virtually all of the pictures included are examples of Rempel's studio work. Anyone who has done studio photography knows that it is the one place where the photographer can control all of the variables to create the reality, or fantasy, he wants. Accordingly, it is in Rempel's studio where time is forever Sunday, forever summer. To argue that his images encompass the whole, or are in any way representational, of the Russian Mennonite experience would be misleading.

The book is important, however, because it provides an insight into the way people looked. While clothing details are an obvious object of scrutiny, more fascinating is an examination of the faces and the "body language" of the people who Rempel arranges before his lens. The most consistent impression he creates is of wonder, of clear-eyed innocence, of honest and interested people. His photographs invite the viewer to ask the question: who are these people? and then to speculate on the answers. The studio props are incidental and, of course, part of the fantasy.

Rempel is not able, however, to completely create a world that is forever summer, forever Sunday; the work-hardened hands and worry-lines are not always eliminated.

The text for the introduction was written by John D. Rempel and Paul Tiessen, and provides a lot of information about the Mennonites in Russia in general and photographer Rempel in particular. The prose in this section could have been much leaner, some of the images created are a little strained. It is also clear that for the writers the Russian experience was something to be fondly recalled. As well, the writers try too hard to convince us of the significance of Rempel's pictures, which are able to stand quite well on their own.

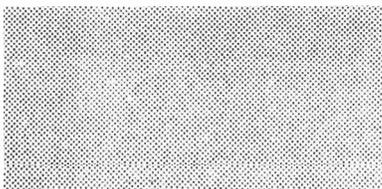
The introduction explains that Rempel emigrated to Canada in 1923. What is not explained is why he never resumed his work in this country. Was the Soviet revolution and the turmoil it created such a traumatic event that for some people it destroyed their interest and desire to resume a craft they understood and loved?

Anyone who spends time examining the pictures in *Forever Summer, Forever Sunday* as character studies will not be disappointed. As stated earlier, the strength of this book is because it provides a series of portraits of Mennonites in Russia, and at the same time entices the reader to ask more questions.

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— Ruth Wiebe

In many ways this cricle, the Medicine Wheel, can best be understood if you think of it as a mirror in which everything is reflected. "The Universe is the Mirror of the People," the old teachers tell us, "and each person is a Mirror to every other person."
— Hyemeyohsts Storm, *Seven Arrows*

UNDER PORTAGE AND MAIN

The Indian
in a grease-spotted, too-big suit jacket
green workmen's pants
yellow workmen's boots
shambles unsteadily
around the circle
of the shopping concourse
under Portage and Main

Past glass showcases of calculators
TV banking booths
travel agencies
\$300 suits on sale
executive hair stylists
past offices where young women
in tight pants
finger file cards
behind glass walls
never looking up

The Indian leans
dangerously
his face is puffy and dark
his hair black, tangled

The shoppers and pedestrians
afraid he'll beg
hurry past
don't get too near

At the art gallery
he stops
still

There hang Wescoupe, Morriesseau,
Odjig, Cobiness, Beardy
in all their worlds
of harmonious nature
sacred circles
neatly framed in rectangular metal
behind glass

He regards this
as though remembering
begins a gesture
then drops his hand
shakes his head

The security guard
is about to tell him
to move on
when he moves on
shambles unsteadily
around the circle
of the shopping concourse
under Portage and Main

—by Ralph Friesen

THE WIND

The wind on the hilltop
is lonely and sad
whistling mournfully
through trees and bushes
streaming out the leaves all one way
and exposing their soft undersides
to the grey sky and the clouds.

Now and then
a leaf sails with the wind
far out into the field
and lights on the grass
like a harried butterfly
flapping its wings
then it's picked up again
and blown into the coming night
a plaything of the elements.

I lie awake at night
listening to the wind
keening around the house
when everybody else
sleeps soundly
indifferent to its tune.

There's a knock on the window
the door rattles
the house trembles —
I lie awake and
listen to the wind.

— by Harry Loewen

Visitors

She will never die,
her bones strapped in
the plastic green armchair
in front of the flickering cowboy movie
on the black and white tv
in the visitors room
where visitors never come.

When she was only eighty-seven one summer
when she could still see,
I stayed overnight.
The next day she took me into the fields
to show me how to stook sheaves of grain.
She knew how to better than I
and stayed until the field was done.

Now she holds tight
my hand in hers,
strong, dripping folds
of spotted skin,
and waits for her dead husband
to come in
from the haying.

She remembers
the round brown oak potatoes,
salty pork and Pluma Moos
in a brown chipped bowl
with a stainless steel ladle
inside.

The doctors jammed a needle in her heart
as it shuttered closed.
The blood had stopped,
it would not run again.

— by Vic Enns



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German book probes obscure event in Mennonite life

Immer weiter nach Osten. Südrussland - China - Kanada. Ein siebzehnjähriger mennonitischer Leidensweg. Ein Tatsachenbericht von Abram J. Loewen (Winnipeg: CMBC Publications, 1981). Paperback, 120 pp.

Reviewed by Harry Loewen

There has been in the last few years a veritable flood of publications, in both English and German, telling the story of Mennonites who managed to escape from the Soviet Union. This book adds another, not as well-known, chapter to the story in that it deals with a group of Mennonite refugees who after their abortive attempt in 1929 to leave Moscow for the West succeeded in crossing into western China and thence, after some seventeen years of hardships and suffering, emigrate to Canada. The story, written as an "Erlebnisbericht," has Lily Goossen and her fate as its centre, taking the heroine from her love and joys as a young bride to the loss of her husband and subsequent difficulties.

It comes almost as a surprise to learn at the end of the book that Lily Goossen is now the wife of the author. In the Foreword the author states that Lily Goossen had commissioned him to write about Lily's escape from Russia and her experiences in China. It would have surely been most proper to have named her as the co-author of the book.

While the book provides valuable information, it suffers, like other such Mennonite writing, from a desire on the part of the author to edify his readers. For example, no matter how intense the suffering and insurmountable the difficulties, the characters in the book always trust God who not only comes to their aid but also performs "miracles" to save them.

In the last two chapters the reader is baffled by the inclusion of material which apparently has nothing to do with the story. We are told, for example, that the Chinese cities of Kaifong and Nankin have great universities and Shanghai is described in great detail as the largest city of China without any reference to Lily's story, except that Lily passed through these cities.

The German of *Immer weiter nach Osten*, having benefited from the careful editing of Gerhard Ens, editor of *Der Bote* (which is not acknowledged in the

book), is fluent, clear and crisp. The book contains many photographs and several maps tracing the routes of the refugees. The dramatic description of the near-misses in the characters' life and death encounters make for interesting reading.

mm

DRYING POOL

A cutback reduced an office typing staff to four from eight. When the disgruntled supervisor was asked whether she could arrange to have something typed, she declared: "I don't know, but I'll send it to the typing puddle."

MARRYING AGE

"I hope you don't think I'm too young to marry your daughter," the anxious young man said.

"That's all right," the father replied. "You'll age fast enough."



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A fascination with politics that led to the premier's office

by Ed Unrau

William Regehr says he is more interested in the political process than in running for political office.

And his recent appointment as principal secretary and chief-of-staff to Premier Howard Pawley has certainly placed him in the centre of Manitoba's political process.

Until his appointment to the premier's office, Mr. Regehr was superintendent of schools in the Lord Selkirk Division. He was also moderator of the Elmwood Mennonite Brethren Church until his election as president of the New Democratic Party in Manitoba in early 1981.

Mr. Regehr's political career started off modestly: he attended political rallies and "caught some of the sense of excitement" that can infuse such events. In the early 60s he recalls going to a town hall meeting to hear constituency candidates in a federal general election. One of the candidates impressed him more than the others — it was Ed Schreyer, then in his early 20s and mounting his first federal campaign (having been elected to the Manitoba legislature at age 21 about a year earlier).

Mr. Regehr's interest in the NDP party continued, he met Schreyer and later Pawley. But his real plunge into politics came in 1974 when he chaired the first of three election campaigns for Mr. Pawley. He also organized Mr. Pawley's leadership campaign following Mr. Schreyer's appointment as Governor-General. During the past decade Mr. Regehr's involvement in the provincial party increased; he was elected to the provincial executive where he then took on the assignment of reorganizing the NDP constituency organizations that prepared the ground for its success in the November election, and finally



William Regehr

became provincial chairman.

Although people have suggested it, Mr. Regehr has so far not sought election as an MLA or MP in his own right, observing that he would rather work in the political process.

One reason why Mr. Regehr let himself be drawn into the political process ever more deeply was because "there is no point in cursing the darkness . . . if there are ways to bring about change then it is my responsibility to become part of that process."

He points out that citizens who want something in their political environment to change must then be prepared to get involved in the process that can lead to change. Mr. Regehr admits that answers are not easily forthcoming, nor are they as uncomplicated as many people might want, but it is a process, a system, which can result in change. If anything, he said, people tend to underestimate the effect of their personal involvement in the political process.

Mr. Regehr's decision to join the NDP was a combination of two things. On the one hand he had observed many self-help or co-operative projects at work within the Mennonite community. Projecting these kinds of participatory projects to the government level, he could see the benefits of having the citizens involved more fully in their own governance, where the government is an agency to assist people in doing things for themselves. To put it another way, he was interested in a social democratic style of government, adding that he would, in fact, describe himself as a social democrat. On the other side he found himself attracted to Mr. Schreyer and Mr. Pawley, not only because of their political ideas, but also because of their personalities.

He admits that he has had to defend his choice of political parties, and that the NDP label has at time prevented people from seeing him as a person, but notes that such situations are an inevitable part of the life of a person who chooses to walk a new path.

During the interview it was clear that what Mr. Regehr enjoys most is working with people, in finding ways of eliciting their co-operation and commitment to a task. As a teacher and high school principal, he described with some pleasure how he was able to motivate the students into seeing the nature of their social responsibility and translating it into actions that affected the quality of life in their school. As church moderator he found more pleasure in aiding the process getting the congregation to work together than he did out of occupying the leadership role.

More than once he came back to the idea that no citizen, or Christian, can escape some responsibility for the political decisions that are made. At one point he turned the interviewer's question about whether there was a "proper" role for the Christian in politics by observing: "Can a Christian afford not to be involved in politics?" The Christian who is serious about affecting the quality of the society around him can't afford to be outside the political process because at present it is the only way there is of effecting social change.

Mr. Regehr said he grew up around Arnaud, finished his high school at Gretna, and went on to university with the idea of earning a degree in agriculture so he could take over the family farm. He ended up majoring in economics instead and then accepting employment in a management training program of a large food wholesaler. Although he was successful, he came to the conclusion that there some other things he wanted to do with his life than becoming a loyal corporate servant.

He left his job, moved back to Manitoba, and obtained a job teaching at Lac du Bonnet on a permit. He found that he enjoyed the job and one reward of that first year was the students' selection of him as teacher-of-the-year. At the end of that first year he returned to university to earn his education degree. He returned to teach for one more year at Lac du Bonnet before moving to Selkirk.

In Selkirk he was teacher, vice-principal, principal and planner of the regional school, principal of that school (the Lord Selkirk Regional School) and finally division superintendent.

He lives in Selkirk with his wife, Florence, their son, David, and daughter Carol. mm

manitoba news

The Bethesda Foundation, a non-profit fund, has been established by Bethesda hospital in Steinbach to permit improvement of health care facilities at the institution. The foundation was incorporated by a special bill in the Manitoba Legislature last July. Seventy-five percent of annual earned interest on the fund will be made available to provide equipment for the hospital while the remaining 25 percent will be added to the fund's principal to offset the effects of inflation. The foundation was created through the suggestions and substantial donation of Steinbach businessman P.J. Reimer.

William Janzen, director of the Ottawa Office of Mennonite Central Committee (Canada) since 1975, was awarded a Ph.D. degree at the November convocation ceremonies of Carleton University in Ottawa. His Political Science dissertation is entitled, "The Limits of Liberty in Canada: The Experience of the Mennonites, Hutterites, and Doukhobors." The 750-page study con-

siders the governmental arrangements made with these groups in regard to land-holding, education, military service, and social welfare. Dr. Janzen, 37, received a B.A. degree from the University of Winnipeg in 1968, an M.A. in International Development from Carleton University in 1970 and an M.A. in Religion from the University of Ottawa in 1975.

Iraqi millers were given a tour of the Mennonite Village Museum in Steinbach in November by caretaker John Andres. The men are among thirteen Iraqis in Manitoba on a five-week grains technology course with the Canadian Grains Institute.

Jake Sawatzky, secretary-treasurer of Altona, was designated a Certified Municipal Clerk by the International Institute of Municipal Clerks. The programme aids municipal clerks in improv-

ing their job performance and recognizes the professionalism of the clerk's office. Mr. Sawatzky began his service with the Town of Altona in 1966 as assistant secretary and assumed his present position in 1971.

Bob Banman, M.L.A. for La Verendrye, has been appointed party whip by the Manitoba Progressive Conservative party. Deputy whip is Albert Driedger, M.L.A. for Emerson. Party whips are responsible for the presence of their members in the Legislature during important votes.

Winnipeg Bible College and Winnipeg Theological Seminary of Otterburne report an enrollment of 369 for 1981-82 academic year, an increase of 18 over last year.

Anne Ediger, 60, for 28 years a Mennonite Brethren missionary, died in St. Catharines, Ontario September 26, eight weeks after returning from India for medical treatment. After graduation from Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg, Ediger began teaching in central India in 1953. She later worked with Far East Broadcasting Company and Back to the Bible ministries. In the spring of 1981, Ediger was appointed communications secretary of the World Evangelical Fellowship in New Delhi.

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Four students of violin have won silver medals in the Toronto Conservatory exams. Leanne Friesen, daughter of John and Dorothy Friesen of Winnipeg, received her third silver medal in the grade seven exam. Glenn Klassen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Klassen of Steinbach, won the silver medal in grade six violin. Mark Braun, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Braun of Winnipeg, received the grade four medal. Michelle Janzen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Janzen of Steinbach, won the silver medal in the grade two exam. Last year Michelle was the recipient of the medal in grade one. All four are students of Emmanuel Horch.

NEWS FROM THE MCC

Choice Resources Inc. of Winnipeg has begun mailing a catalogue of titles available for sale through the Choice Books distribution office to about two-thirds of Manitoba schools. George Friesen, co-manager of Choice Manitoba, believes Manitoba is the first of the 23 Choice districts to send such catalogues to schools. Choice Books is also involved in supplying books to some nineteen penal, rehabilitative and rescue mission institutions.

The second annual "Post Abend" was held at the Rehab Centre in Winkler on November 13. Guests from Ontario, Saskatchewan and Paraguay were among the 250 people showing their support for Die Mennonitische Post. Editor Abe Warkentin noted that elderly readers in Canada are being lost. Winning young readers in Mexico and South America is a priority.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the MCC (Manitoba) November 27 and 28 was hosted by the Springfield Heights Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Keynote speakers were George Epp, president of Canadian Mennonite Bible College and Jake Harms, pastor of the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church. Provincial programmes involve nearly forty volunteer service personnel.

Labour and management points of view were shared at a MCC Peace and

Social Concerns session held at the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church November 21. Participants came from Mennonite churches in southern Manitoba. Helmut Harder, professor at CMBC, discussed the theology of labour-management dynamics in an opening address. Presentations by nurse Lois Funk, laboratory technologist Joyce Schellenberg, manager Carl Plett, and economist student Gerry Dyck focused on personal experiences.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES

The **Steinbach Chortitzer Church** dedicated its new church building on November 22. Rev. F.C. Peters of Winnipeg was the invited speaker for the occasion.

Michael Young is the newly-appointed pastor of the South Park Mennonite Brethren Church in Altona. He graduated from Nipawin Bible Institute and the Winnipeg Bible College with a bachelor's degree in religious education. Michael and Shirley Young spent the last three years serving the Upper Falls Baptist Church in Ontario.

The Steinbach Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church welcomed new pastor **Don Pahl**, his wife Rosella and their family in November. A graduate of Grace College of the Bible, Don was associate pastor at the Ebenezer Mennonite Church in Bluffton, Ohio prior to coming to Steinbach.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

The fourth volume of the MCC story, **Something Meaningful for God**, has been published by Herald Press. Edited by Cornelius J. Dyck, the volume includes fifteen brief biographies of individuals and couples who have served with MCC in North America and overseas.

INFORMATION NEEDED

The **Mennonite Camping Association** is researching the history of the camping movement and would like to hear from persons involved with, or who know about, camping activities among Mennonites in the twenties and thirties in Canada and the U.S. Write Mennonite Camping Association, Box 1245, Elkhart, Indiana 46515.

COMING EVENTS

January 18-22. Conrad Grebel College announces a school for ministers with the theme, "The Kingdom of God: A Lifestyle for Church Leaders." **John R. Friesen** of Winnipeg is the main morning speaker.

Die Mär von Lenchen Krause

Von Hedi Knoop

Die Zeit war gekommen, da der Höchste wiederum sein Opfer verlangte: ein Menschenopfer zwar, aber durchaus kein blutiges. Das reinste Mägdlein im Staate sollte in ein weißes Gewand gekleidet und mit einem Strauß weißer Lilien im Arm, die hundert Stufen zum Götterportal hinaufsteigen—als Braut des himmlischen Bräutigams.

Die Wahl der Priesterschaft fiel diesmal auf Kornelia, die hübsche Tochter des erfolgreichsten Grundstückmaklers der Landeshauptstadt, und das machte sie außerordentlich glücklich. Freilich, sie würde sich hinter ihr für immer schließen. Das war ein wenig beängstigend; aber die Angst verblaßte vor der sieghaften Freude darüber, eine Auserkorene zu sein. Drei Tage noch, bis sie, Kornelia Merkatz aus der Lindenallee Nr.1, erhobenen Hauptes und für alle sichtbar die Treppen emporsteigen werde, nicht nur den Göttern zu Ehren, sondern auch zum Heil jener Namenlosen, deren Blicke ihr folgen würden, voller Ehrfurcht, vielleicht voller Neid.

Ach du Schreck, es kam doch alles ganz anders.

Am Tage vor dem großen Ereignis nämlich, etwa um die Mittagszeit, ließ der Höchste unmißverständlich vernehmen, daß er Kornelia Merkatz als Braut ablehne und statt ihrer das Lenchen des Kanalarbeiters Krause zu empfangen wünsche.

Ein solcher Eingriff des Höchsten in priesterliche Rechte war noch nicht vorgekommen. Was sollte geschehen? Ja, und wer war Lenchen Krause aus der Hinteren Gasse Nr.89, von der da die Rede war?

Der Hohepriester berief in aller Eile den Kirchenrat ein, um die verwirrende Lage zu klären. Es ging um die Frage, ob die wahrgenommene Willensäußerung hinsichtlich der Braut wirklich dem Munde Gottes entstamme oder ob sie als eine verruchte Störaktion des Bösen anzusehen sei.

Man ratschlagte hin und her, sah sich dann aber unter dem Zeitdruck gezwungen, auf Bruder Anton zu hören. Der behauptete, Lenchen als rechtschaffene Jungfrau zu kennen und empfahl deshalb, die vernommene Stimme als Gottes Stimme anzuerkennen. Er ernahnte seine Amtsbrüder, darauf zu vertrauen, daß der Höchste seine Auserkorene, die im öffentlichen Auftreten ganz ungeübt war, sicherlich unterstützen werde.

So verkündete der Hohepriester am Nachmittag mit Überzeugung im Ton, aber Zweifel im Herzen, daß nach Gottes unerforschlichem Willen anstelle Kornelia Merkatzens das Mägdlein Lenchen Krause am morgigen Tag die Treppe als Braut besteigen werde.

Lenchen wurde nun hurtig ausfindig gemacht, und zwar entdeckte man sie

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beim Fischeputzen in einer Fischkonservenfabrik. Verschreckt und nach Herin riechend, wurde sie von dem zuständigen Frauenkomitee in Arbeit genommen. Sie wurde gereinigt, zum Frisör geschickt und mit einem eiligst erstandenen Fertigkleid wegen notwendiger Korrekturen zur Schneiderin gafahren. Und doch mußte man feststellen, daß obschon alles Menschenmögliche an ihr getan worden war, ihre Erscheinung niemanden recht befriedigen konnte. Ihr Gang war unsicher, ihr Blick ängstlich, ihre Hände rot. Der Hohepriester bereute seine Entscheidung, aber es war zu spät.

Am nächsten Morgen versammelte sich Stadt und Land, jung und alt am Fuße der hundertstufigen heiligen Opfertreppe. Nachdem der Hohepriester, einem alten Ritual folgend, dem Mädlein die Stirn geküßt, es mit Weihwasser betupft und gesegnet hatte, konnte ihr Aufstieg beginnen. Doch schon beim Anblick der steilen, schier endlos hohen Treppe wurde es Lenchen schwarz vor den Augen. Sie wagte den ersten Schritt, begann aber zu schwanken, dann zu taumeln und schließlich fiel sie zu Boden und verlor den blütenweißen Lilienstrauß aus ihrem Arm. Eilig erhob sie sich wieder, doch sie verschränkte die Arme über der Magengegend und wurde kreideweiß.

Weiß wurden auch der Hohepriester und seine Amtsbrüder, aber auch die Honoratioren aus Stadt und Land; denn es stand nicht allein die Ehre der Götter, es stand auch ihre Ehre, es standen Staatsordnung und Ämter auf dem Spiel. Auf der Stirn des Hohenpriesters

sammelten sich Schweißperlen, und sein zorniger Blick traf Bruder Anton, dessen Rat er befolgt hatte. Dieser fing den Blick auf, und er biß sich auf die Lippen; denn seine Aussicht auf die Nachfolge im Amt des Hohenpriesters zerplatzte wie eine Seifenblase.

Lenchen indes hatte sich ein wenig erholt, sammelte ihre Lilien auf und sah sich dann ratsuchend nach dem Hohenpriester um. Der jedoch stand und ermutigte das Mädchen mit einer kleinen freundlichen Handbewegung, den Aufstieg doch noch einmal zu versuchen. Ihre Augen leuchteten dankbar auf, sie näherte sich der Treppe, und vorsichtig nahm sie die erste Stufe, den Blick nach oben gerichtet, um ja keinen Schwindelanfall zu erleiden.

Die atemlose Stille, die nun entstand, wurde nur durch das Röcheln einer Frau in den hinteren Zuschauerreihen durchbrochen. Auf den Schoß dieser Frau legte sich begütigend die schwierige Hand eines Kanalarbeiters:

“Keene Bange, Mutta, se schafft’s jetzt, paß nur uff . . .” “Ick weet nich, Vadder, se iß so lichte schwindelich . . .”

Es war nicht zu übersehen, daß Lenchen ihre Aufgabe nun mit größerem Mut angepackt hatte. In einer Hand die Lilien, in der anderen einen Zipfel des ungewohnt langen Rockes, den Blick aufs Portal gerichtet, so schien sie entschlossen, diesmal ihr Ziel zu erreichen. Plötzlich aber, bereits in beträchtlicher Höhe, begann sie wieder zu schwanken, und aller Herzen stockten.

Doch nein, sie fiel nicht, sie rollte nicht die Treppe hinunter, im Gegenteil, ihr Gang begann sich auf unerklärliche Weise zu beschleunigen. Ja, es war allen, als hebe sie eine magische Kraft empor, dem Portal entgegen. Wie in einem Rausch überwand sie Stufe um Stufe, während unzählige Augenpaare ihr stauend folgten. Nicht länger das einfache Kanalarbeiterkind war es, das da himmelwärts strebte, nein, ein Engel voller Anmut und Glanz schwebte und tänzelte auf die Heilige Pforte zu.

Das offensichtliche Wunder riß die Zuschauer von den Bänken und mit offenem Munde starrten sie der Erscheinung nach, welche alsbald das Portal erreichte. Dieses öffnete sich, und es ergoß sich aus ihm ein goldenes Flutlicht, und jedermann konnte beobachten, daß Lenchen einging in Glanz und Herrlichkeit.

Nachdem das Tor wieder geschlossen und die Zeremonie damit beendet war, dauerte es eine Weile, ehe sich die ersten zum Gehen wandten. Stumm, verwirrt, von einem wahren Wunder überzeugt und geläutert, kehrten sie schließlich heim.

Nun, so war doch alles noch zu einem unerwartet guten Ende gekommen, stellte der Hohepriester fest und wischte sich erleichtert die Tropfen von der Stirn. Gottes Wege sind auch für einen

Priester immer wieder neu und nicht selten aufreibend. Er mußte sich eingestehen, daß Antons beneidenswerte Gabe, auch in der Hoffnungslosigkeit noch Hoffnung zu haben, Früchte getragen hatte. Ja, sein Zuspruch hatte das Mädchen beflügelt und ihm zum Erfolg verholfen. Er wandte sich Anton zu und versuchte, milde zu lächeln. Als das noch nicht recht gelingen wollte, nickte er wenigstens weise mit dem Kopf. Bruder Anton ging darob das Herz auf; seine Karriere trat wieder in Sicht wie das Morgenrot am Horizont. “Es ist doch etwas Beglückendes an dem Glauben eines frommen Menschenkindes wie Lenchen”, dachte er und rieb sich aufgeräumt die Hände.

Daß der Kanalarbeiter Krause seine Frau tot nach Hause trug und drei Tage später beerdigte, fiel indes nicht besonders auf. Wie sollte auch irgendein Mensch wissen, daß die Mutter aus Angst um ihr Kind den Höchsten um Hilfe angefleht hatte, auch um den Preis ihres eigenen Lebens. Und wie konnte irgend jemand ahnen, daß er, der Gebete erhört, die Flehende auf der Stelle in einen rettenden Engel verwandelt hatte. Über den Stufen schwebend, für menschliche Augen unsichtbar, hatte sie ihm die geliebte Tochter in den Armen entgegengetragen. mm

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Trajchtmoakasch

von Jack Thiessen

Waut ess awahaupt ein Mennist? Daut ess eine schwoare Froag, jo eine seha schwoare Froag. Enn wea de Froag nijch rechtich beauntwoate kunn ess aul foaken äwa Hundate von Joahre emm grouten Boage Heistakopp derjche Loft jeschote worde. Manchmol dusend Yards ouda noch meha. Sous ein Foutbail; enn de Place-Kickers weare measchtens dolle Prädjasch ouda bossje Ohms. Enn de Schouh toum Hassre weare nijch Adidas sondern G.C. Specials ouda M.B. Hardliners.

Na jo, waut ess nu dann schliesslich enn endlich ein Mennist. Wann Jie junt mol aulatoup hansatte enn daut Telefoun enn daut T.V. aufswitsche enn Junt Tiet nehme woare, woa etj Junt daut vetalle. Aulso, ein Mennist ess ein Mensch wount Plautdietsch kaun enn han enn wada nohm Trajchtmoaka jeiht. Trajchtmoaka? Jo, Trajchtmoaka.

Jo, enn woa sennt de, wou heete de enn waut doune de? Woa de sennd? De sennd measchtens aum Enj vom Darp ouda ein bätje emm Bosch omme Atj. Enn se woare emma ein bätje bejniesat bett eina ahn bruckt enn dann jeit'et doll: Dann meint ein jiedra, daut wea doch emma mien Frind, mien Swaut, mien Frindschaft, uck wann mau wietlefftich! "Jo, jo, dem tjan etj gout, noch ut Russlaund, ouda ut Aultneiw!" Enn jeit han ommsich trajchtmoake tou lote, enn wann ahm daut Vewrejechtet seha weh deit, dann vesprajcht'a uck, drie bett fief Dola tou tohle enn uck nich meha tou jniesre wanna blous noch einmol wada jesund woat!

Jo, enn sour läwt de Trajchtmoaka doa irjendwoa aulein em Bosch, ess oam, enn feed sich von siene Gow enne Finjasch. Enn woarom ess'a oam? Jo, wiels deselwje Mensche, oba measchtens Menniste, waut ennalich aune'36 vesproake fiefentwintig Cent tou tohle wann se mol wada oppem äajnen Fout oppklunje kunne, de gauwe ahm mau 10¢ wann se foats nohää opp äah äajnen Steam drebble kunne; enn dise selwje Tiepe vesprätje vondoagdendach ennalich \$5.00 tou jäwa oba se lote mau ein missajet Huptje Selwajeld biem Trajchtmoaka. "Dauts je nich wertjlich Oabeid", sajcha enn rost auf, enn dann noch tou sich selwst, "Eine saul soune fule Donasch nich tou scha unjastette, sest kohme de noch opp domme Jedanke.

Sou ein Trajchtmoaka mott measchtens ein Maunsmensch senne enn han enn wada doaf daut uck ein Frumensch senne. Enn wann se ein Frumensch ess, dann mott se jestuckt enn ellachtig senne; dreije, knoackje Frues derwe nich tibble.

Enn woa heete se? Jo, wou derwe soune Mensche heete? Se derwe Trutje, Dokta Oßraum Peetasch, Dokta Drohtbrenna Friese, Tjnals Friese, Ditjbuckja Hilbraunt, Wellms Jake, Taunte Jintasche, Plume Panna ouda Duwe Ditj heete.

Enn soun Trajchtmoaka ouda soune Trjchtmoakasche doaf sich nuscht nich väsaite otte; wann se ouda he nich selwst weete ouda ennwoare woa daut Vewretjete sett, dann ess daut aulatoup mau vedollt weinich mett de Tjnibblaie.

Jo, enn waut doune soune Trajchtmoackasch? Se motte aula foats den Ridjstrank touhoule tjree enn doa de Knoppes rut wrabble, wiels ohne jesunden Ridjstrank ess de Mensch mau eine Schlang opp Been. Enn dann motte se dem Tounijchten daut Jenetj stritje bett'et gnuppst! Enn dann send de oarms enn de Finjasch aune Reaj; aules mott meth Liniment, ouda Spätus ouda Kirrboul-Saulw enjeschmät woare enn doabie mott de Trajchtmoaka saje, "Daut stintjt enn brennt, oba daut halpt uck". Enn donn frajcht de Trajchtmoaka sou bieaun aus Voda noch emma mett Heehna schackat, enn aus Jiesbrachts Willie noch emma sou grulich hasslich ess, enn aus de Holdemanna uck emm Himmel nenunkohme woare enn dann vetallt'a daut Peta Schallenboajch Tjrafft haft wiels'a emma tou heet, oba tou heet Koffe jedrunke haft enn donn frajcht'a von wannea daut Vestuckte enne Schulla ess. "Du best aus Tjind mol schratjlich hanjedrascht, nich sou?" "Jo", "Na sittst, daut wea mie aul sou, daut kaun etj hiea späare. Wiedahans pauss mau opp, enn betj die mau langsam, enn von nu aun lot mau de Tjinja de Arbuse tjnippe. Enn hää opp mett dien Kosebock tou rassle. Sou, enn nu reatjt daut fe Vondoag tou, komm wada wann'et tjnippt enn gnuddat. Enn tohle kaust waut de wesst!" Enn daut doune de Meanistic dann uck, enn meschtens haft äab Jeldbiedel biem Trajchtmoaka jeherarich Constipation.

Omm measchten fäld mie de Trajchtmoaka mol enn Frankreich aus etj Französisch lead. Doa wea miene Tung sou morschig tounicht, daut'et aula toup meist tou Enj jintj. Enn donn foll mie bie: Wie sulle mol ein Exchange mett Levesque moake enn ahm eine Bonsch mennische Trajchtmoakasch schetje; daut wudd easchtnes goude Mission senne enn butadem wudd bould daut ganze Problem mett sien Special Status ouda daut Tounijchtsenne oppeare, wann de Jintasche daut Mauntje Levesque mol opp äahpern Professional Aumboss laje wudd. Waut meen Jie?

mm

your word

BEST MIRROR

We would like to sincerely thank you for your kindness in sending to us regular issues of your periodical, *Mennonite Mirror*. This has been greatly appreciated here. I have called attention to various articles and to the periodical itself to a number of our faculty and students.

In my humble judgment I would rank your periodical in the top three, if not the top one of Mennonite publications. It is indeed very well edited and the articles are original and with a fresh outlook.

Best wishes in your continuing service to our Mennonite people.

Cordially yours,
Delbert Gratz
Librarian
Bluffton College
Bluffton, Ohio

CHANGE NOTED

We have been reading the *Mennonite Mirror* for a number of years and enjoy it very much.

In the December issue we read a write up about Winkler's 75th anniversary activities written by Peter Paetkau.

I would like to make you aware of a mistake which appeared a few times in this write up. The name Dr. K.H. Neufeld appeared a few times; most people know him by these initials, K.H. Neufeld.

I am the daughter of Dr. Cornelius (K.) H. Neufeld and I would like to see this corrected. Many people will be confused by this error; not Dr. Karl H. Neufeld, but it should read Dr. Cornelius H. Neufeld.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Susie Penner
Winkler, Manitoba

GERMAN LETTER

Werte Freunde!

Der *Mennonite Mirror* ist bei uns ein lieber Gast geworden, seit Artur Kroegers, Winnipeg, ihn für uns vor Jahren bestellt haben.

Wenn ich den Spiegel lese, ist mir, als ob ich den Pulsschlag meines Volkes fühle.

Ich atme die alte Schwarzmeerluft wieder, wenn ich von Arnold Dyck höre, mit dem ich im Roten Kreuz während des 1. Welt-Krieges diente. Ob noch jemand lebt von denen, die in Odessa die Russische Revolution erlebten?

Gott segne Eure Arbeit.

Es grüsst
A.P. Regier,
Virgil, Ontario.

our word

PACIFISM AND SERVICE: MENNONITE CONTRIBUTIONS TO SOCIETY

We hear much about Mennonite identity, Mennonite tradition and heritage, about "discovering Mennonite roots," and "capturing the Anabaptist vision." Some argue that Mennonites are primarily a religious group or denomination, while others believe that Mennonites are an ethnic people with a distinct culture and way of life. There are of course also those who see the Mennonites both as a religious group and as a people.

Discussions and debates concerning these issues are no doubt interesting, stimulating and even useful. Mennonites who talk and argue about their heritage and identity, show that they are not indifferent to their tradition and are perhaps becoming aware that they may have a specific role to play within their societies. In other words, Mennonites have increasingly begun to ask questions about who and what they are and what their role in the world is to be.

In order to speak to the above issues more directly, I wish to formulate the questions differently, focusing upon what I believe to be the nature and character of Mennonitism. First, in what way are Mennonites different from other religious-cultural groups? Secondly, if there is a difference, is that difference a sufficient reason or justification for Mennonites to retain and cultivate a distinct identity?

The first question leads naturally to a consideration of the beginning of Anabaptist-Mennonitism and its early beliefs, practices and emphases. When the Swiss Brethren, South-German Anabaptists and the early Mennonites in the Netherlands rejected the state churches and decided to pursue an independent course, they stressed specific things: a voluntary acceptance of faith and a life of discipleship, a rejection of all forms of violence, and service to their fellowmen as an expression of their belief that God's love extends to all people. For these beliefs and practices the Anabaptist-Mennonites suffered persecution, exile, and martyrdom. As the centuries wore on, the Mennonites became known everywhere primarily for two things: their principle of nonresistance and their service to others.

It is significant that in the early Mennonite documents there is little, if any, reference to the cardinal doctrines of the Christian Church about which both Catholic and Protestant theologians debated at length. The Mennonites accepted and took for granted the Apostolic Creed and they believed with the Reformers in justification through the grace of God, but they saw no need for stressing these theological issues because others had done this adequately before them. Instead, the Schleithem Confession of 1527 and the writings of such Anabaptist-Mennonite leaders as Denck, Marpeck, Riedemann and Menno Simons deal almost exclusively with matters of ethics and stress brotherly love, service to others, and nonresistance in all areas of life. It was

in these emphases that the Anabaptist-Mennonites recognized their particular contribution to the Reformation debate about what it meant to be a follower of Christ.

If it is true, then, that love, service to others, and rejection of violence as a way of life were the heart of the "Anabaptist vision," then this consideration has important implications for the second question: that is, the question with regard to who the Mennonites are and what their role in society is to be. Mennonites will have to recognize more fully that they have inherited historic principles which were not only important in the past but which still apply in today's world. From this it follows that Mennonites today should accept responsibility for their unique heritage instead of trying to imitate or duplicate other aspects of the Christian faith and life which other religious groups have recognized as their particular contribution to the Church and society.

With some exceptions, Mennonites have succeeded in retaining and promoting their historical principles of non-violence and the love and service ethic. This is where their forte, role and function have been and still largely are. For their beliefs and practices they suffered rather than retaliating. They left their homes and country rather than submit to coercion and tyranny. They preferred to serve as tenants, farmers, and in the helping professions rather than in the military. They built dykes, planted wheat, helped in disaster areas, and sent Care packages in the name of Christ rather than support rocket bases or work in war-related industries. In a world of violence, war, and destruction of human lives and property, Mennonites have witnessed — however weak that witness at times — to the love of God and goodwill toward all men.

It seems to me that this is what it means to be a Mennonite people. As long as Mennonites recognize, accept and promote their unique heritage, they have a historic right to their existence as a distinct faith-people in today's societies. However, as soon as Mennonites no longer feel strongly about their inherited principles of love and nonviolence or even consider abandoning them in favour of a religious common denominator so as to be like other evangelical churches, there is no reason or justification for Mennonites to remain a separate church or people. While there is today renewed interest in things Mennonite, there are also signs that Mennonites no longer consider their historic service-ethic and nonresistance as all that important. Should this indifference increase and in the end lead to a loss of their historic identity, Mennonites would not only betray their heritage but society would also be deprived of a witness and service which in our nuclear age and in a world of human suffering are needed more than ever before.

— Harry Loewen

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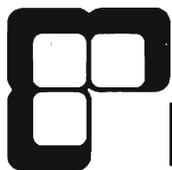
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