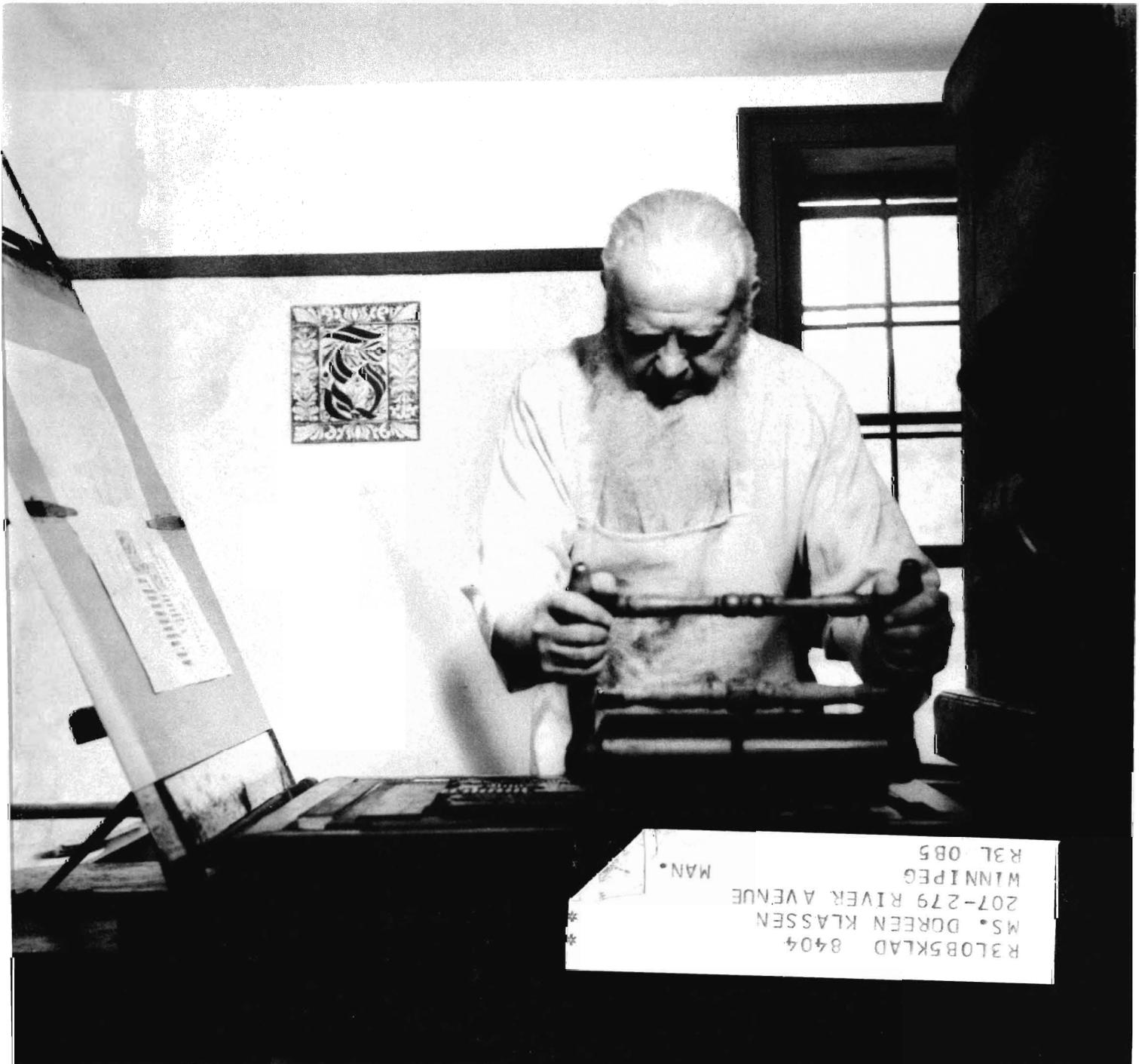


mennonite mirror

volume 12 / number 10
june, 1983



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The cover: The printshop at Ephrata Cloisters, Pennsylvania, keeps alive the old printing crafts in this photo by Jan Gleysteen.

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Wrong Cards To Our Readers. . .

We recently sent out two separate mailings — one to those who have never paid a subscription and one to those whose subscriptions had expired. Unfortunately, the computer goofed and the cards were switched. We apologize for making our previously paid subscribers feel that they had never paid. We hope, however, that they will renew their subscriptions.

Correction: On page 10 of our May issue it was stated that Mr. F. W. Sawatzky invented the snowmobile that was driven by Dr. C. W. Wiebe. Mr. Sawatzky would like to correct this statement, lest he be given false credit. He built the first snowmobile in Steinbach, but he did not invent the snowmobile and did not build the one shown in the biography of Dr. Wiebe.

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Cathy Enns: Whose courage does more than to make the best of it

by Mary M. Enns

*Most people walk and talk in the same familiar way
They laugh, they cry, depends what comes that day,
Many things they do are done to give and share
With others whom they may not know but also seem to care.
No one looks to find things wrong
When the feeling's right be it short or long
People share the same emotions in love, joy and sorrow
Not likely to change, till yesterday brings no tomorrow.*

Only the last line of Cathy Enns' poem reveals to us what is behind it all. It was ten years ago — a very long span in the future of a fourteen-year-old, that there very nearly wasn't another tomorrow for her.

It happened in the fall of 1973. When Cathy and her brother Chris left home that evening to join their friends she smiled at her parents and quipped: "Don't worry; I'll denk an wer du bist!" (I'll remember who I am) — words of warning her Grandfather Enns had said to his own children in their day. How could Sig and Vera have imagined that they were never to hear their daughter speak again!

The accident that hurled the four young people out of the car that night changed all four lives, Cathy's most drastically. It hurled a vibrantly healthy, joyous girl who was really only just taking her first fledgling steps into the exciting world of adolescence into a dark private world, a world of silence and utter immobility from which she would not emerge for five months. Her coma resulted from a multiple skull fracture

and brain stem injury. Her recuperation, when it started, was tentative and excruciatingly slow.

Eight months after the accident, a brief period of which was spent away from hospital and in her home, she was put on a year's program of physiotherapy as well as speech and occupational therapy at the Rehabilitation Centre. There she learned mobility again, and to communicate, to speak — this time by sign language or "writing it in the air". Since her left arm was immobile she had only the right to work with. That has not changed. Her alert, sharp, groping mind was, however, imprisoned in what was referred to as an unresponsive body.

Of importance is the fact that neither Cathy nor her family ever gave up. If the fight for survival was a desperate one then, the fight for progress is a very serious, dedicated one now. Her natural sense of humour has been honed by the whetstone of day-by-day living, so that you are in turn astonished, delighted and incredulous. And then there are the days when she thinks back to that early period and muses in verse,

*Death isn't that bad
Secure on a cotton floor
Soft, white, peaceful rest
Could be considered heaven-blessed.*

Cathy's eyesight is impaired and does not enable her to read. She is, however, still an avid "reader," only now she does it by listening. Alicia, who comes regularly to work with Cathy in her rigorous exercise program, also reads to her. Cathy enjoys listening to poetry, and to articles from the *National Geographic* and the *Readers Digest*, which enables her to sharpen her vocabulary via the "Word Game." She was fascinated by W. O. Mitchell's novel *Who Has Seen the Wind*. And every day she asks to have the Bible read to her. Her implicit faith in God has given her a unique serenity. She reflects on the meaning of life and existence;

*Life is a state of being we are placed in
with no knowledge of our coming and
going. Life is full of contrast; for exam-
ple, without evil we wouldn't know
good. With faith in our Creator and His
creations and the spreading of this be-
lief one is bound to find a happier and*

less stressful life. We get out of life what we put into it. If you love others you will get love in return.

Life is precious to Cathy. She looks for ways to upgrade herself, things like working hard to try and recapture the skill of hand-writing. She has learned to type at home. With her small right hand positioned precisely, her landmarks being the sand-finished letters "J" and "A," she is gradually improving. The difficult part is that as she types she can't read back the finished product in order to correct and polish. We ask whether her poetry is her method of communicating with people. She needs no time to reflect: "Writing poetry is my way of telling you that my mind is at work."

But it is also a way of expressing her emotions. When she is pained or puzzled or stirred she puts her feelings into a poem. When her cousins Nancy and Cathy were in an accident, she was strongly affected. Her unhappy "Why?" found no answer and she pondered, struggling:

*As I sit in the sunlight bright
Moving my head from left to right
In thought of the questions we ask
ourselves*

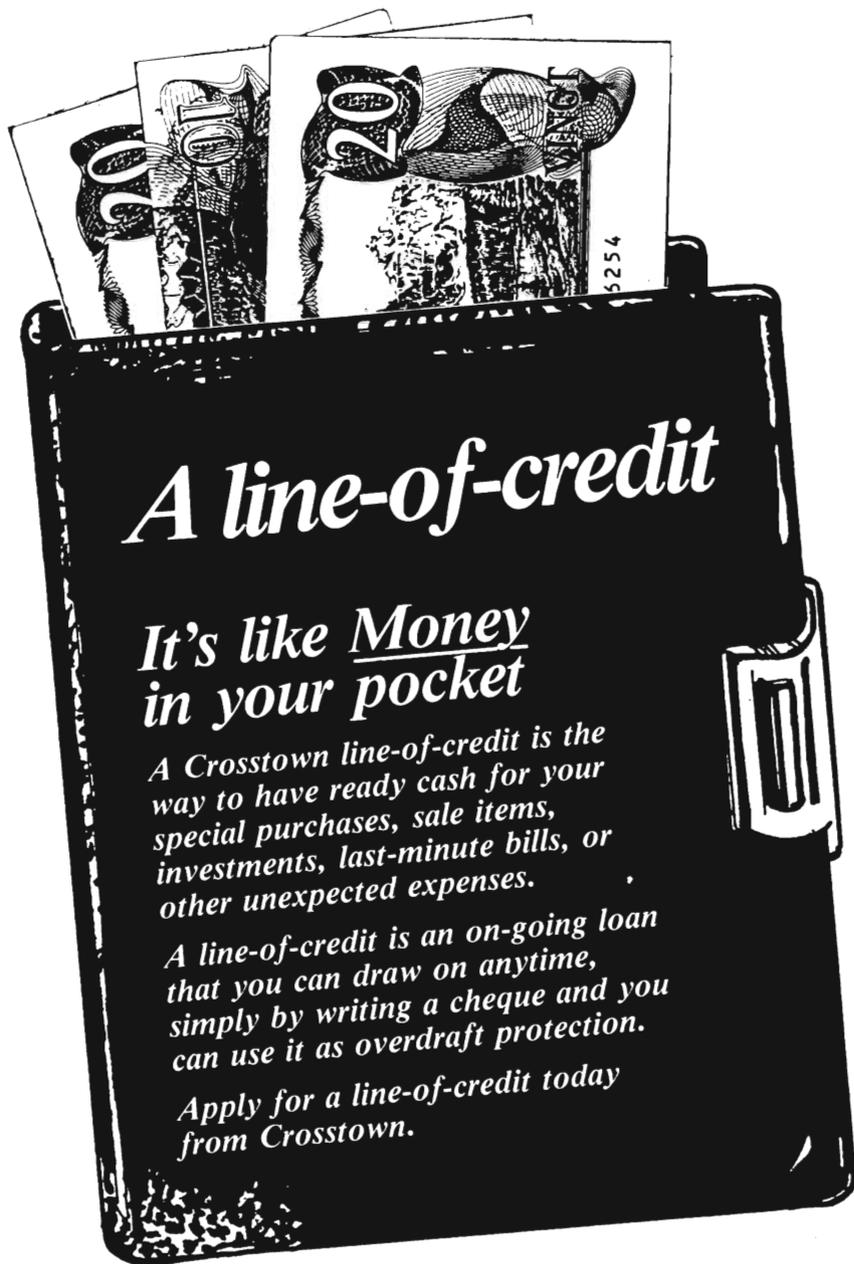
*Not finding the answers on any shelves
What makes us subjects of life's
unsolicited strife
Whether we're husband, lover, child or
wife*

*Do we accept what we know and see
Or do we say, Que sera, that's luck, c'est
la vie."*

Cathy's hand is speaking to me and her mother interprets: "The poem is my flock of sheep." I'm puzzled and Vera smiles: "Long ago when she couldn't fall asleep at night, I would say 'try counting sheep.'" So creating poetry is therapy too.

Cathy is fond of music: classical, a bit of jazz and country and western. But highest on her roster are the popular show tunes because her brother Chris is involved with musicals. She hasn't missed one of his shows. "I feel like singing too when he's on stage!" she enthuses. "Then all the way home you should hear me *yuhl*," (a German term, slightly disparaging, for singing).

The young lady has a distinct flair for languages. Like most of the Ennses she frequently laces her English with German. When she is about to switch into that language she warns her family by putting her hand to her heart, and then come the flow of German. When she erupts into the Jewish "Oi Weh!" she motions a little beard, suggesting a rabbi, and the family listens with a Jewish ear. We asked if she was proud of her



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parents' performances at the family concert. She shrugged her shoulders and said "Woh denn?" (Jewish for "what else?") Actually, she's quite a ham and enjoys nothing more than to get a rise out of you. Quick as a flash, when you've said something to tease her, she'll spell out "Chekai, chekai" (which is Ukrainian for "wait, wait" as in "I'll get you yet" or, with a saucy shaking of the index finger, "Yahtobidam" (Ukrainian for "Wait, I'll get you and then I'll give you one!")

She was in on all the weekly rehearsals for the family concert recently and revelled in the excitement of preparation with her uncles and her cousins and her aunts. At the end, when her uncles John and Henri suggested she be part of the program, Cathy, the showman, was overjoyed.

Her days are filled with activity. She disciplines herself severely with daily bike exercises, floor exercises and mat work. She has regular indoor walk sessions and outdoor walks in summer. Best of all are her summer water exercises in the pool. Like most 24-year-olds she is fastidious about her person. A motorized chair installed alongside the stairway lead to the downstairs family room and is a necessity since it is here that daily shampoos are done at a special hairdresser's sink. It is from downstairs that they walk onto the patio and to the pool. Vera explains: "With all the activity, if we gear our day right, we do what Cathy really enjoys, we go to Unity for coffee and a bit of shopping." Cathy quickly adds, "Then, if I feel the day has been a bit strenuous for both mother and me, I will prescribe a nap."

Cathy is a truly caring person, thoughtful of the people around her. "One way I can help is by not being overweight." She is conscious of a balanced diet, which the two ladies of the house design carefully. "Also, I remind mother of things like taking her medicine." Vera verifies: "She has an incredible memory. If I need to remember a number I'll say Cathy, don't forget. Daddy has to phone this number."

Travel, difficult as it may seem for her, is a highlight for Cathy. She and her family have spent winter holidays in Hawaii, Florida and Mexico. When they went to New York it was for a shunt operation. Recently they travelled to B.C., where another dimension was added to her life — the experience of holding a baby, five-month-old nephew Mark. We suggested she write a story of that experience. She signalled, "Put it this way, Mary. Mark, like you and me,

is an Enns. But he's a little beginning, not just an Ends." A week or two later the story did come and here it is in part. "The preparation for our trip to Kamloops was almost as exciting as the trip itself. My brother Carl and his wife Robyn had invited my mother and me to spend Easter with them and Mark. Time seemed to drag until our departure and I suspected it could turn out to be an April Fool's trick, but then I know my family would not try such a rotten stunt. Halfway through the first leg of the flight it was announced that we would have a two and a half hour wait in Calgary. I tried to keep a friendly attitude, which I am sure helped us to get willing help on and off the various flights. In the dining room we enjoyed a lovely snack and numerous cups of coffee. We arrived in Kamloops at ten o'clock in the evening and there was little Mark, smiling, with his father and mother. That night we enjoyed an undisturbed, relaxing sleep high up on a mountain where these three lucky people live. The following day we were baby sitting. We had a lot of fun with Mark, and my mother practically lost her voice entertaining him so as to prevent *schlimming*. On Easter morning my mother and I unpacked a small stuffed bunny and surrounded it with chocolate almonds and raisins, not real chocolate, but carob, because my brother is a dentist and has made us all very conscious of our teeth, and weight. We had a beautiful outing in the park where we walked for hours, constantly amazed at the summer-like weather, green grass and blooming apricot trees. One afternoon us girls and Mark headed out to a nearby shopping centre. Mark was engrossed with all the sights. What a talker he is! I must conclude that of all people babies are the most interesting and certainly the great-

est fun. How quickly our visit came to an end. That's the way a good time always seems to fly by."

As we talk her brother Kurt, a pilot, walks in and visits a minute. Passing Cathy he does a perfectly predictable thing; he belts her a playful punch, and, I can't imagine why, but both Cathy and I are enchanted.

Our evening is drawing to a close. Cathy, who loves company, refuses to admit we've tired her out. When her father suggests it's time he make some coffee, we protest we'd best be off. Cathy's trusty hand flashes forth, "Do you mind if I insist on you having coffee here? Like, whom are you visiting anyway?"

At table I must have said something that pleased Cathy, because excitedly she puts her forefinger out to intertwine with mine. She shakes it then signals: "Right on, Mary, right on!" How lucky I am, I'm thinking, in my choice of friends.

This week she sent me a phone message: "Love to my *Freundin* and *Gott segne Dich!*"

It's true, Cathy Enns does not talk about courage; she wears it. **mm**

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Roland Penner: an example of an MLA who speaks his mind

BY DAVID BERGEN

Perhaps one day when he was eating lunch, when he picked up his fork to spear a tomato, Roland Penner decided there was no God. Perhaps. His admission is flat, absolute and matter-of-fact. "I don't believe in God and never have believed in the structure of religion." It sounds more like the shock-value confession of a 19-year-old Mennonite university student than the words of the Attorney General of Manitoba, but then Roland Penner has never been overly diplomatic.

He sits in an arm chair in his office, his right leg folded to his chest, his chin ducking to his knee, while his fingers clasp his shin; folded, as if pondering prayer. When he stands in the middle of the interview to remove his suit jacket his stomach bulges. From the rear he looks like an old man; kind of soft and doughy. Yet when he returns to retrieve his seat he is energetic and confident, sharing his view of Mennonites.

"In many ways I have the same values as Mennonites but I'm not a practicing Mennonite. The positive aspects of Mennonite life are the anti-war stance, the cooperative spirit and the view of family."

Roland Penner's parents were Russian immigrants. His father, Jacob, came from a Mennonite family and his

mother, Rose, was Jewish. Penner remembers family gatherings where music was the focus and he recalls going to church at Christmas and Easter. Many of his ideas and philosophies came from his father who "cared deeply."

"Humanism gives me my focus," claims Penner. "It stems from my own family life. My father believed in helping people and our home was an open house for people who did not have a place to go. In certain ways it was a combining of the word and the deed."

Jacob was a founding member of the Communist Party of Canada and Roland followed in his footsteps. Roland says at a young age he delivered anti-fascist literature, joined the "Red" Young Pioneers and after World War II became a part of the Labor Progressive (Communist) Party. In 1957 he quietly left the LPP after its members refused to condemn Stalin's reign of terror in Russia.

Though Penner says he was and is anti-war, he fought in the Second World War because of "the menace of fascism." "I would call it a just war although that word is probably not in the Mennonite vocabulary."

So at the age of 18 he headed for Europe, thinking before he left that he wanted to be a factory worker the rest of his life and knowing when he came

back that he wanted to attend university.

After receiving his law degree he worked with Joe Zuken and in 1967 began to teach law at the University of Manitoba. In 1981, having won the Fort Rouge riding running as an NDP, he was selected by Howard Pawley as attorney general.

His 18 months in office have not been quiet ones. Penner is a man who sometimes puts candor before finesse. He has called for civilian-run police boards ("The bill should be passed soon"), has stated that simple possession of marijuana should not be a criminal offense, has charged Winnipeg Jets hockey player Jimmy Mann with assault and has pulled South African wines off the liquor shelves.

Although Roland Penner may appear at times to be deliberately provocative, he is more likely an example of the government getting a representative who isn't afraid to say what he thinks. As attorney general, Penner operates within the machine of the law. He realizes the shortcomings of the legal system and explains the difference between law and justice.

"Law, I would argue, is essentially an instrument of power, a weapon in social conflict. In a sense its goal is social control and the legitimization of the use of power. Justice, on the other hand, is the goal of those who in some way exist on the periphery of the system."

Perhaps Penner is one man who can exist both on the periphery of and within the system. As a person working from the inside out he says he wants to make law less the "patrimony of the rich" and more the "inheritance of the poor." He feels that most crime stems from economic imbalance. "If someone is wealthy they are not going to commit a petty property crime. The social consequence of disparity in wealth is crime."

Penner feels that his years in the LPP did not necessarily train him for his present job. "I would say my seven years as a lawyer with Legal Aid shaped my policies," he says. "I sat right here in this office and learned the workings of the attorney general."

Regardless of where his ideas and ideals come from Roland Penner is a man who deserves respect. Maybe it is his forthright manner, his willingness to talk, or his candid approach to life. Perhaps it is the way he controls his chair: on one haunch, as if balancing his own power. He is impressive, even if he doesn't believe in God.

mm

The Bridge

by Hannah Friesen

When I came to the bridge as usual that September morning, I saw, to my surprise and annoyance, that Eva was already there. Since organizing our group had been my idea it had been agreed that I should be the leader, and since I was the leader it was agreed that I should be first at the bridge each day. But sometimes getting there on time was difficult. My sister, who was jealous because she couldn't belong, kept reminding my mother of small chores I had neglected. All of us in the Hutterite colony, except for babies and sick people, had cleaning, cooking, or organizing chores to do in the morning. But eventually mine would be done and I could leave.

We met at the foot of the bridge every school day. Just the four of us, Eva, Lena, Susan and I. If any other girl asked to come with us, we always refused her. "There are already four girls in our group," we would say. "We don't want any more."

Eva liked the idea of the group more than any of us. She had been trying to get us to accept her into the group since we had formed it at the beginning of the school term. Until now we hadn't let her in, because she was too much of a tattletale. She was not very brave, either. When she got into trouble she would tell all, to whichever adult wanted to know. She would plead and say she'd only done whatever she'd done because of so-and-so, and it wasn't her fault really, and she only did a little, and someone else had done a whole lot more. The rest of us had far too much pride to do that. We would take the punishment rather than beg the way Eva did. But lately we had thought she had been quite different, and besides, since she wanted to be in the group so badly, we had given in.

Eva and I waited for a few minutes till Susan joined us, and, finally, Lena. Lena was always late. She always had a hard time convincing her mother that it was necessary for her to go to school this early.

All together now, we started across the bridge. The bridge crossed a steep ravine, at the bottom of which ran the Assiniboine River. This footbridge had been built so the children could cross to the school. At first there was a swinging bridge with no sides. But this had proved too dangerous for very young children. The older children would tease and scare the little ones by shaking the bridge, forcing them to crawl across on all fours, screaming.

So the men got together and built a decent bridge, a stationary one with sides and hand railings.

One of our group's rules was that the bridge had to be crossed by walking on the handrail on the way to school every morning. We leaned toward the walkway; that way, if we fell, it was onto the bridge instead of into the ravine. But we didn't fall; we had had so much practise that we were hardly scared.

And this morning, having all crossed on the handrail, we walked over to the side of the schoolhouse and sat in the sunshine. We leaned our backs against the warm wall, closed our eyes and sat there with the sun smiling on us. We stayed that way until the bell rang for school.

School time was a necessary evil for us. None of us liked it, we all just endured it.

At around three o'clock that afternoon I received a secret note from Lena. "See you at Barn Number 3 after school," it said.

We had been to Barn Number 3 many times before so I knew exactly where it

was. I passed the note to Susan and she passed it to Eva. Eva always got the notes last.

At three-thirty we ran like the wind in anticipation of what would happen at Barn Number 3. It turned out that Lena had nothing spectacular in mind, she just seemed to want a group meeting. But we always hoped, were always in the mood for something interesting to happen.

"Eva, you go over to the fence and call the bull, the mean one," said Lena. Eva was immediately wary, and objected loudly.

"I won't do it; you always ask me to do stupid things, and I don't have to. I'm part of the group now. You go and talk to the bull.

"Okay, okay," said Lena. "I was only joking. You don't have to make a big fuss about it."

"She's part of the group now, Lena, she doesn't have to prove it anymore," I said. Tired of listening to them argue, I started to walk toward the barn.

Standing beside the barn was a machine that we had seen our fathers use many times to carry bales of hay up to the barn loft, much the same way a grain auger takes grain up into the storage bins. The bale was lifted onto a revolving belt at ground level and this took it up to the loft. Someone up there received it and stacked it neatly.

I started climbing up this machine, the other girls following close behind me. When we were almost at the top the thing began to tip, and came down, down with a crash to the ground. It was like a gigantic teeter-totter. This was so thrilling we went right back up in order to make the other end come down. Up and down we ran, up and down. We were having so much fun that we did not notice the metal beginning to bend

on each end. Nor did we see Eva's father approaching. We thought of all adults as more or less the same; they seemed always to look for ways to punish you, so you tried to stay away from them.

Just as we came crashing down, screaming with excitement, we saw Eva's father, standing right in front of us. "You're ruining that machine!" he shouted, "A machine like that costs a lot of money! Get down from there right now!" He picked up a stick, took each of our hands in turn, and smacked us. First me, then Susan, then Lena. When he came to Eva she said, "But I didn't do it. I only sat here and watched. I never went up and down. Only they did."

We couldn't believe our ears. "Is this true?" asked her father, looking at us. My first impulse was to say, "Of course it's not true; she did this like the rest of us." But I couldn't remember if I had seen her go up or not. I hadn't paid any attention. So none of us said anything. Eva's father threw the stick away and walked on.

Now we were angry at Eva. How could she be such a traitor, such a liar! The three of us banded together, holding our hot hands in our aprons. Then Lena went over to Eva and spat at her. Eva, wiping at her dress, walked home alone. We didn't have to tell her she was no longer one of us.

We walked over to the outhouse in the woods behind my house, went in and hooked the door. We didn't need to use it. It was more a place to hide, a place to talk over what had happened.

"Eva's father is stupid," Lena said.

"He's a pig," I said.

"He's always messing around in other people's business," said Susan.

"You know what, if you call someone a pig three times, then that makes him something worse," said Lena.

"What, what does it make him?" Susan and I wanted to know.

"I'm not exactly sure," said Lena, "but I think it makes him a big, fat, ugly sow."

"Pig, pig, pig!" we all three screamed together. We went over the incident many times and we called Eva's father many more names. Finally, when our hands had cooled off and our pride was mended, we unhooked the outhouse door and left.

The next morning we met at the bridge as usual. Except this time Eva was not there. We crossed the bridge and sat in the warm sun by the side of the school.

"What if Eva wants to be in our group again?" asked Susan. "Will we let her? I don't want her with us."

"I know she'll ask us," I said. "She always does."

Lena had been sitting with the back of her head leaning against the wall, her face lifted to the sun. "I know," she said suddenly. "I know exactly what to do."

"Tell us," said Susan. Already I had a feeling it was going to be something nasty.

"We tell her she has to prove herself all over again in order to get back into the group."

"But what do we ask her to do?" I said.

"I know exactly what she can do," Lena answered. "But I can't tell you. Just tell Eva she has to do what I asked her to do in order to get back into the group."

Susan looked at me and said, "I agree if you do."

"Is it going to be really awful?" I asked.

"No, not really," said Lena.

"Where will it happen?"

"Just down by the bridge."

Lena's calm appearance, and the fact that whatever she had in mind would happen by the bridge, which we knew so well, led me to believe that it couldn't be too bad.

"Okay," I agreed.

At noon, shortly before school was to begin, Eva approached us shyly. "I want to talk to you, alone," she said to me.

"No, you have to talk to all of us," Lena said, stepping in front of me. But I felt sorry for Eva. She'd really gotten herself in too deep this time.

"I'll talk to her. Come on, Eva," I said, and led her away from the others.

"I want to come back to the group," she began, "but I know Lena won't let me." I had expected her to ask this, but could hardly believe that she really would. She didn't seem to have any pride. What Eva was doing now I couldn't have done in a hundred years.

"She'll let you if you agree to be given

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a test by her," I said.

"A test? What kind of test?" Eva was immediately suspicious.

"I don't know what it is, but I know it'll be down by the bridge.

"By the bridge?" She looked at me, looked towards the bridge, then said, "Okay, I'll do it."

So together we ran back to the group to tell them the news.

"She agrees to do whatever you say, Lena," I said, feeling victorious.

"Good, we'll meet at the bridge at three-thirty," Lena said.

Time dragged on for all of us. We frequently exchanged glances and knowing smiles. Finally the clock buzzed three-thirty. We grabbed our books and, swift as deer, ran to the bridge. But Eva beat us all. She stood there puffing, an expectant look on her face.

Lena took off her apron, rolled it up, and tied it over Eva's eyes.

"If you hurt me, Lena, I'll kill you," Eva warned.

"I won't let her," I said. That seemed to reassure her. She trusted me.

Now Lena took Eva's arm and led her down underneath the bridge towards the river. Susan and I followed. Soon it began to smell. Ohhh. And the closer we got to the river, the worse the stench became.

"Okay, Eva, I want you to hold your nose because it stinks down here," said Lena.

"What is it?" asked Eva, coughing.

"Oh, nothing," said Lena. "We'll just ignore it. Just keep holding your nose."

Susan and I were holding our aprons up to our nose, breathing through them.

"Okay, Eva, now I want you to kneel down right here." Lena led her over to a wooden apple box at the water's edge, a box with no lid, and knelt her down right by it.

"Keep holding your nose, and put your other arm in front of you like this," said Lena, guiding Eva's arm so that she held it stretched out over the box. "Now say, 'I am one of you'." Susan and I were not yet catching on to what was really happening. It looked quite ridiculous to us. We started to giggle.

"Hurry, before someone comes," said Lena.

"I am one of you," Eva said slowly, with outstretched arm. Then Lena took off the blindfold. Susan and I moved closer and saw that the box appeared to be moving. It was alive with white maggots, feasting on rotting chicken guts that someone had left there. Eva rose to her feet, and weaving like a drunk person, one hand over her

mouth, the other holding her stomach, went over to some bushes and threw up. Then, without saying a word, she climbed out of the ravine and was out of sight.

"Lena, you're crazy," said Susan. "You made her say she was one of the maggots. That was the horriblest smell I ever smelled. I think she's going to tell her dad on you."

Lena said nothing. We all climbed up the bank to sit on the bridge and talk about what had happened. "I think you're going to get it this time, Lena," I said, swinging my legs and looking down at the awful moving box below.

Lena just sat there, a half-smile on her face. That she didn't talk amazed us, since she was usually the gabby one. We knew she was feeling badly, at least we thought she must be because we would have, but in her silence there was also something calm and cocky, as if she wasn't really sorry. She climbed up onto the handrail and, balancing delicately, started to walk across, not even bothering to lean toward the walkway. All of a sudden the handrail began to shake. Lena looked back to see what was happening, lost her balance, and fell, down, down into the ravine. Susan and I turned and saw Eva, still holding the handrail, with a look on her face that said, "There, now I'm even."

"Serves her right" Eva said.

All three of us raced down to where Lena had fallen. She lay there as if she were dead.

"I think you killed her," I said.

We didn't dare touch Lena. We just stood and stared. "Maybe we should call her mother," said Susan finally. Suddenly Lena's eyes flipped open. They seemed mechanical, like my doll's eyes.

"What's happening?" she asked, looking at us in a puzzled way.

"You fell off the bridge," I said. "It's a good thing it wasn't very steep right here."

"You mean I was knocked out?" said Lena. "I've never been knocked out before."

"Don't you remember what happened, why you fell down?" Susan asked.

Lena looked at Eva for a moment, then sat up, looking at the ground.

"Yes, I remember," she said.

She got up slowly, stumbling a little, refusing my offered hand. "I'm going home," she said. "But don't tell my mother about this or she'll have a fit and make me stay home even more than she already does."

Slowly we all started home. We spoke hardly at all. We all knew this was the end of our group.

"I guess we don't meet at the bridge in the morning anymore," said Susan.

"I guess not," I said. After this, although she and I remained friendly with each other, sometimes playing together, it was never in the old way.

Lena and Eva, however, became very good friends. At first it was just the two of them that Susan and I saw together everywhere. Then we saw that two other girls had joined them. They had formed a group.

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Marriage Ceremonies, Old and New

by Katherine Martens

In 1920 when my parents were married, they had the simplest of wedding ceremonies. At the conclusion of the morning church service the minister asked the couple who were to be married to come to the front. They said their vows and went home to a family dinner at which, because it was autumn, they were served beets. In 1957 when my husband and I were married we repeated basically the same ceremony, only we added a few "English" customs such as attendants, flowers, music, and a church full of guests. At the time I felt vaguely dissatisfied that I had not introduced any changes in style or substance into the ceremony, but my father's reluctance to go along with the latest styles was enough to keep me from making any changes.

In 1982 I attended a wedding in which the couple followed the quaint Mennonite custom of walking in together. Most modern couples had in the intervening years adopted the custom of father escorting his daughter down the aisle, and in some cases "giving his daughter in marriage". It seems no sooner do Mennonites abandon a practice when it appears elsewhere. A friend described a United Church wedding to me in which the groom, of Mennonite origin, walked in with the bride, a practice which signifies their adult state.

Mennonites early in their history recognized the institution of marriage as a sacred one but not as a sacrament, as did the Catholic church. As a radical group their wedding ceremonies were not recognized by the state for some time. In 1797 in Switzerland both marriages and baptisms could be administered only by the state. As a result of persecution it is possible that when their ceremonies were finally recognized, Mennonite couples made an effort to have them differ from those of the established church.

From a May 28, 1972, headline in the *New York Times*, "LUTHERANS No Longer Require Brides to be Given by Fathers", it appears that blind adherence to custom is at present being challenged by people in all churches. What is assumed to be superficial style or fashion, when examined is indicative of fundamental values. Change for the sake of change is not always progress, but it is possible that change comes as a reaction to a long period of stifling conformity when every innovation was frowned upon as "*niemodsch*". No one would advocate going back to the early part of the 20th century when the wedding sermon directed mostly at the young couple could last from 45 minutes to an hour and a half.

At one extreme there is the liturgical church wedding where every component is ritualistically set down by higher authorities, and at the other end is the state-prescribed ceremony, if it can be called that, performed by the justice of the peace. But in between there are all the possible variations that can express the feelings of individual couples. It is noteworthy that in the sixties, when changes swept through the Mennonite wedding customs, many ceremonies became simply copies of customs in other churches instead of individually crafted ceremonies. It is a failure of imagination, when not wanting to keep the old the only alternative is to borrow other people's liturgy. To create our own ceremonies, drawing freely on our own ideas and emotions, as well as on traditional symbolism and heritage, could be enriching and spiritually rewarding.

Before new ceremonies can be created, however, we must look at the origins of present-day wedding customs with a critical eye as to whether they still fit into our values. One view of marriage that has come from the past is that the bride is the father's property;

she is viewed as chattel, to be given away to the husband who will subsequently "own" her. Wedding customs that symbolize these views are heavy veiling of the bride, the notion that it is bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding, the husband lifting the veil after the ceremony to express male dominance, and the already mentioned giving-away of the bride.

The veil has a longer history than the white dress, going back to Roman times when it was red in color and shrouded the bride from head to foot. The veil was associated with female subordination, as it still is in some Middle Eastern countries. The lifting of the veil by the husband is seen as a gesture of dominance, while if the bride lifts it herself she is showing a degree of independence. Not wearing the veil at all would by the same token signify an unwillingness to put up with inequality, as well as concealment and coquetry.

Other sources consider the veil to take the place of a crowning, and is used in the East as a sign of victory over the forces of evil and death at a critical transition in society. The veil has also been seen as a protection against the evil eye and other malign influences. The veil is also associated with sacredness, originally being a means whereby sacrosanct persons or objects were separated from the profane. A bride was seen to be passing from one status to another, so she required supernatural aid; as well, she was considered as a source of spiritual contagion. Another association was with the 'taking of the veil' of nuns; a woman was bound to her husband by a nuptial contract just as a nun was bound to the church.

In many parts of the world wedding customs which are meant to ward off the evil eye or evil spirits still exist, such as firing gunshots over the couple's head, or closing all doors and windows

to keep the witches from flying in. The custom of having attendants may have derived from the practice of having friends dressed like the bride and groom to prevent evil spirits from recognizing the couple, thus protecting them from magic and the evil eye. No doubt the modern couple's attendants give moral support in some similar fashion.

Rings have been a part of the wedding ceremony for a long time. Originally worn as an amulet against evil spirits, later rings became a sign of constancy, of mutual trust and a token of the vow and covenant made by the couple. Flowers originally were symbols of fertility, but later became more abstract symbols of happiness and beauty. The Roman custom of carrying a large sheaf of ripe grain gave way to carrying a large bouquet of flowers. This summer I saw a Mennonite prairie bride carry a large sheaf of ripe wheat and orange tiger lilies, tied with the dark green ribbon, and I thought she was being original! Rice and confetti or a shower of flower petals which once were symbols of fertility, and now likely to be wishes for happiness, prosperity and good fortune.

In Grandma's day the bride wore her best dress, which was rarely white, an eminently practical way to begin married life. White became popular in the middle of the nineteenth century, the idea of white being borrowed from the virgin white outfits the little girls put on for their first communion. Mennonites, notably in the Sommerfelder church, retained the black dress well into the 20th century to the chagrin of many a modern-minded bride, who would change into a lighter coloured dress after the ceremony, for the reception.

The custom of eating together, the feasting, is to bring the two families together. The common meal is looked upon as an act of covenanting. The word "covenant" means literally "coming together." Toasts to the bride and "freiwillige" items on a program, which may last from a few minutes to several hours, do their part to encourage the wit and humour of the two families to flow together in a stream of goodwill.

In *Marriage, Past and Present* Robert Briffault says that "certain features of our marriage institutions, while they make husband and wife one, seem to provide that the husband shall be that one." The woman who takes her husband's name is more likely to have her identity swallowed up. When her friends want to find her they must remember or know what her married name is. In tracing genealogy, we find

that the mother's maiden name is most often the name that is lost. The trend to keeping one's own name is growing among young married women.

Judging from a small sampling of weddings in the 80's, couples are choosing their ceremonies with discrimination. Contrary to popular myth, marriages are not made in heaven, but are shaped from the resources of two fallible human beings. Their covenant is made in the context of a community of friends and family. The act of articulating their hopes and aspirations for a ceremony which will contain the symbols of their marriage relationship is helpful to the partners in clarifying their expectations and assumptions about each other. That even the words of the ceremony can be adapted to their wishes — within reason — is a relatively new trend. Many couples fail to realize that the legal requirements are minimal, and that the rest of the ceremony can be determined by them.

The new marriage ceremony more than likely will incorporate something old and something new. The outdoor wedding our family attended this summer echoed the customs of ancient times when all weddings took place under the open sky.

One of the vows commonly part of the ceremony twenty-five years ago which is not much in vogue at the present, is the bride's promise to obey her husband. If marriage is viewed as an equal partnership the concept of obedience becomes degrading. A woman can not remain a childlike figure, transferring her allegiance from father to husband. Words have the power to shape our lives: as Wittgenstein said, "The limits of my language, are the limits of my world."

For a look at selected wedding ceremonies created for specific couples, the book by Khoren Arisian, *The New Wedding, Creating Your Own Marriage Ceremony* is useful. The underlying premise of the new wedding, the author claims, is "that it by definition begins with the individual, not with society's demands. It begins with feelings explored and talked through prior to public utterance."

Individuals who put some thought into how they wish to structure their union may be on a firm foundation. Certainly frank open discussion of the symbolic meaning of various marriage customs, their inclusion or exclusion from the ceremony, will not take the romance out of weddings; but if it should remove some of the blindness it might even be for the good. mm

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Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Presents
Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* at the
Playhouse Theatre, April 29-30, 1983.

A review by Al Reimer

Last year WMT's main production was an opera by Mozart. The year before that it gave us the challenging drama *Galileo*. This year the Company went back to its tried-and-true formula of classical comedy in an English translation. Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* is one of those universal stage vehicles that can be made to work at almost any level, in any language, for almost any kind of audience. And Director Alfred Wiebe was wise to choose a bold, idiomatic modern English version of this sprightly but incisive satire on medicine as malpractised in seventeenth-century Paris.

What we got here was a well-acted, intelligently directed production. From the moment that lusty hypochondriac Monsieur Argon launched querulously into his opening soliloquy, making us chuckle at his curmudgeonly antics, we knew we were in for a good, healthy dose of comic salts. The old Molière treatment of administering a satiric laxative smooth and painless in its effects, can work even in an unsubtle modern translation. But only if the outrageously tyrannical Invalid can convince us he is imaginary enough to be real.

And Walter Kampen as Argon did just that. He was by turns whining and utterly unreasonable, hateful and blandly charming, shamelessly self-serving, stubborn, cunning and unbelievably gullible. Kampen is that rare comic actor who can be hilariously uninhibited while retaining a basic dignity. As Truffaldino in *Servant of Two Masters* several years ago, Kampen showed us an impressive range of acrobatic high-jinks and masterful timing. Here he gave us a comic buffoon on the outside, a sensitive and intelligent but tortured man on the inside.

Catherine Pankratz Thompson, as the shrewd and irrepressible maid Toinette, was an effective foil for Kampen, but with a very different style and approach to her role. She is one of those relaxed, intuitive performers with whom one feels immediately comfortable. Her Toinette was not played merely for charming farce, as it so often is, but more for convincing comic realism. Toinette has some great comic moments — mainly in her stormy confrontations with her master Argon — but she also has a lot of standing around to do when other characters occupy stage centre. And she stayed expertly in character throughout. She even did an acceptable impersonation of a male doctor, although she might have attempted a deeper chest tone there.

The rest of the principals ranged from very good to doing one's best. The young lovers Angelica (Irene Neustaedter) and Cléante (Doug Funk) made a fresh and handsome pair; they even executed their dubbed-in duet with commendable flair and almost impeccable timing. Sylvia Dyck, better known as a concert singer, gave it a brave try as the selfish, greed hypocrite of a wife, but I sensed that she was a mite uneasy with her role. Perhaps it was just opening night stiffness: she certainly looked the character and had the right conception of it. Ernst Wiebe was a suave and deep-voiced shyster lawyer and his brother Gerhard, who was such a fine Galileo, was very self-assured in his brief appearance as the Invalid's brother.

Several other minor roles deserve mention. Rudy Peters as the pedantic Dr. Diaforus worked well with his preposterously loutish doctor son, played by Herb Rempel with a braying, lumpish imbecility that had the audience in stitches. Rempel's red-faced booby almost stole the show. But not quite. As usual that was done by the WMT's resident scene-stealer Horst Friesen.

Whether taking a leading role or a brief walk-on, as in this production, he makes his comic weight (yes, considerable) felt every moment he's on stage. As the quack Dr. Purgon he had a role that gave him the chance to zap the audience right in its already aroused risibility. *Ein schlauer Fuchs, unser Horst*. Lubosch as his accomplice the Apothecary also managed to convey oily rascality. And Anne-Marie Enns made a promising debut as Louise, the younger sister.

Behind good performances there is usually a competent director. Alfred Wiebe (the Wiebe brothers seem to be establishing a Mennonite acting dynasty with the WMT) is growing rapidly as a director. We can look for more good work from him in future. I also liked Brenda Gorlick's imaginative staging of Argon's farcical degree-granting ceremony at the end. A complex scene well-handled, I thought. The all-purpose set by Taras Korol was satisfactory without being inordinately eye-catching.

There were also things I didn't like about this production. The first act (really the first two acts combined) was too long and too uneven. It had fine moments, but it also had some pretty arid stretches. A comedy can't afford

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too many of those. Once you've got your audience laughing they will quickly get bored if you don't keep them laughing, and the laughs stopped coming for too long at a time. The pace was generally good but could have been picked up here and there. The second act went much better on the whole.

I also have a caveat about play selection. I realize that WMT cannot be too venturesome if it wants to keep its regular audience happy. However, the Company should remember that it is in business to offer minority theatre, that is a type of theatre not offered by other groups in this city. There is, of course, no "Mennonite" repertoire as such to draw on. But I think WMT would be

well advised to look for plays a little more off the beaten track than *The Imaginary Invalid*. Doing a seventeenth-century French comedy in English for a Mennonite audience that has been conditioned to expect German fare does not seem quite to fit the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre as we have come to know it. We have some good young Mennonite writers in this community. They should be encouraged to write for this well-balanced, continually improving group of Mennonite actors. New plays would be in English of course. But at least they would have something new and perhaps important to say to and about us.

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Rudy Wiebe's New Novel a Shocker

Rudy Wiebe, My Lovely Enemy
(McClelland & Stewart, 262 pages,
\$18.95)

A review by Al Reimer

For two decades now Rudy Wiebe has steadily, at times spectacularly, advanced his career as a major Canadian novelist, albeit not to the popular acclaim enjoyed by some other Canadian novelists. With this new novel, his body of works includes seven novels, three volumes of short stories and at least one play, not to mention half a dozen volumes of fiction for which he has served as editor. In both quantity and quality that is an output matched by few other writers of fiction in this country. And Wiebe is not yet fifty.

Without a doubt *My Lovely Enemy* is the most ambitious novel Rudy Wiebe has ever attempted, and for my money the most successful. It not only breaks new ground for the author but adds lustre to the Canadian novel, as did the award-winning *The Temptations of Big Bear* a decade ago. This is the big contemporary novel that followers of Wiebe's career have been waiting for. Those of us who were wondering whether he would (or could) ever address himself as powerfully to contemporary society and its issues as he had to prairie Indian experience of the past now have our answer.

That answer is so spectacular that many readers of this novel will wonder what has hit them. For Mennonite readers, especially, this book will be, I predict, even more controversial than *Peace Shall Destroy Many*. Outrageously controversial for some. The overall theme is love, but love in its entire spectrum, from the extremes of ecstatic sex to the highest peaks of spiritual love, and in between an interwoven pattern of maternal love, marital love, parental love, romantic love, adulterous love, and the sheer, driven eroticism of the senses and the soul's insatiable hunger for fleshly expression.

Of plot there is not a great deal — plot is never a concern in itself in a Wiebe novel. Of ideas and symbolically expressed insights and perceptions there is such a wealth that few readers will be able to absorb them all in one reading. Both Indian and Mennonite life experi-

ences provide needed textural and thematic background for this story of a Mennonite university professor's adulterous affair with the young wife of a colleague and of how the affair affects him and his family, to which he remains passionately attached with all the roots of his being.

James Dyck, a middle-aged history professor at the University of Alberta, is no longer a practising Christian, although raised in a devout Russian-Mennonite home. He is, however, a sincere man looking for meaning and significance in life. When he falls precipitously, shamelessly, in love with Gillian, the beautiful young wife of a junior colleague, his personal quest is given to dramatic, crucial momentum that sweeps him finally through guilt to a profoundly radical resolution of love, peace and harmony with all those he loves and shares his life with. James Dyck finds, among other discoveries, that love need not be an either-or proposition, that he can love more than one woman and that in the vast realm of love there are many lovely mansions to abide in.

In this novel sexual love, even illicit sexual love, is not evilly perverting, self-defeating and sinful, leading to the dehumanizing guilt of despair. It is, in fact, just the opposite. A cleansing force that leads to acceptance and spiritual peace. As James sees it, "The certain temptation of Gillian drives me to the possible temptation of the personal Jesus." And in one of his two dramatic confrontations with the apparition of Christ, the Prince of Peace instructs him: "Why are you so afraid to discover your body? The truth of the spirit is in your body." What the adulterer must learn is that "To love genitally is a beginning, also an end."

Shocking though these revelations about love may be in their frankest sexual terms, they will strike home to the reader willing to remain open-minded and receptive. For what Rudy Wiebe is doing with sexual imagery in this novel has a long and honorable history in literature. He has fully absorbed the technique of the great seventeenth-century English religious poet John Donne, who realized that sexual ecstasy and spiritual ecstasy were the strongest and

most transcendent states that human beings can know, and that each of them can be dramatized most vividly only in terms of the other.

Nor should this powerful parable of modern love be cheapened by being read the wrong way. Those readers refusing to see past the explicit sexual scenes will be missing the whole point. *My Lovely Enemy* is anything but a work of pornographic realism. But readers praising it for its "liberated" and unabashed handling of marital and extra-marital sex and claiming it as a cult novel will also be missing the point. This is nothing less than a profoundly spiritual, deeply moving Christian novel that fearlessly employs both techniques of realism and fantasy to develop its vision of human and Christian love in our complex social setting.

A Rudy Wiebe novel is never easy reading and this one is no exception. Though the style is less convoluted and awkward than in earlier novels, it still makes great demands on the reader with its rich range of allusions and long bursts of densely concentrated imagery. Even more surprising is the humor, the skilful word-play among the characters, that will be welcomed by readers who have in the past been put off by Wiebe's unrelieved seriousness and ponderosity of tone.

It must be said that *My Lovely Enemy* is a very risky novel, one that must have taken enormous courage to write. To try and bring man's sexual nature into harmony with his religious nature in such intimate situations as those depicted here may strike some as sacrilegious. But shocking though it be, Wiebe's treatment of love moves triumphantly towards the sacramental. As Christ says to James Dyck, "To love is to be . . . Love is exquisite health . . . to be human is to be dust living by God's breath. That breath, spirit gives our body substance, otherwise we're only dust."

Anyone who can read the two crucial chapters that close this novel, with their blazing affirmations of love-in-life and love-in-death respectively, without being moved to the roots of his sensual and spiritual being is either blind, deaf and impervious to feeling, or stuffed up with the kind of sour fanaticism that denies all healthy affirmation of man's physical and spiritual freedom and creativity.

With this novel Rudy Wiebe has reached his "bright, bass prime" as a literary artist. The Mennonite connection has been plugged into a universal current to illuminate us all. **mm**

Meditations on a Place and a Way of Life

A review by Andre Oberle

Ken Lowen, Margaret Loewen Reimer, *Meditations on a Place and a Way of Life* (Winnipeg: Hyperion Press, 1982). Paperback, 128 pages, \$14.95.

Meditations is a beautiful book of photographs by Ken Loewen, supplemented with texts chosen by the artist's sister Margaret Loewen Reimer. The authors attempt to recreate the atmosphere of life among the early Mennonite settlers in the West Reserve of Southern Manitoba by combining photographic images with memoirs, letters, diary entries and sermons of early settlers.

It is evident that a great deal of thought was given to the layout of the book. Printed text, calligraphy, white spaces and striking black and white photographs are arranged in an impressively harmonious manner to create a true work of art. The book is divided into five sections: (1) "Earth and Sky", which investigates the land the early settlers found in Southern Manitoba; (2) "People of the Earth", which examines the Mennonite settlers who came to our province; (3) "Building Shelters", which shows how the Mennonite settlers established themselves on the land; (4) "Cultivating the Soil", which deals with the hardships, determination and rewards of the Mennonite farmer; and (5) "Vanishing Memories:", which takes a closer look at objects that have almost been forgotten and threaten to disappear forever. Each section develops its theme through word and image and leads the reader to the next section.

The photographs are remarkable for their loving attention to fine details, striking perspectives, stark contrasts and the tasteful and understanding interpretation of the subjects. Each picture of the Manitoba landscape throughout the seasons, old buildings that have aged gracefully, portraits of people at work and at play and various objects that recall the past. Ken Loewen presents the reader with more than an image, however. He issues a statement through each and every picture. Each photograph is a testimony to his love and reverence for his forefathers, for an era that is no more and for values we still cherish.

Meditations, as its title suggests, is much more than a pleasing book of

well-executed photographs. The authors wish to convey to us their positive evaluation of the Mennonite heritage. In her introduction Mrs. Reimer writes: "The photographs in this collection recall the mood of the old days. The communal life with its ordered sombre ways is no more, but the ideal of Mennonite faith nurtured so long by this people in this place must continue to grow" (p. 13). The book has indeed succeeded in impressing that conviction on the reader.

One small criticism must be raised. While the origin of virtually all the material in the book is clearly identified, mention should have been made of the fact that a number of the photographs

and the excellent summary on the back cover of the book have appeared previously in the collection *Mennonite Images* (edited by Harry Loewen, who also wrote the summary). This oversight will, of course not affect the reader's enjoyment of this wonderful book.

Meditation on a Place and a Way of Life is highly recommended to all who cherish our past and want to see its values preserved. It is a book the reader will want to display prominently, share with his friends and consult time and again for its images and ideas. **mm**

Andre Oberle is a professor of German at the University of Winnipeg.

A missionary's genuine attempt to see with African eyes

by Irving Hexham,
Dept. of Religion U. of Man.

Manda Cesara, *Reflections of a Woman Anthropologist: No Hiding Place*, Academic Press, London & New York, 1982, pp. 234.

This is an important and exciting book which deserves careful study by anyone concerned with missionary activity or international development. The author is a young Canadian anthropologist who gives an intimate account of her field experiences in Africa. In the course of the discussion she makes many insightful comments on the impact of religion and development upon the people she is studying.

The empathy and understanding displayed is truly amazing. Again and again her descriptions of Africa and her reaction to its alienness took me back to my own experience of life in South Africa. She captures the inner personal conflicts and unresolved tensions of a westerner attempting to see Africa through African eyes.

Many books give accounts of mis-

sionary experiences while others discuss anthropological fieldwork techniques and academic methodology. They warn about "culture shock" which they find easy to discuss and dismiss. But Cesara reminds us that the reality is far from easy. This is the only book I have ever read which succeeds in giving the reader a glimpse of what it is like to attempt to enter an alien culture. Usually books which "take us inside" another reality simply describe in an interesting way the culture under discussion. This work records the traumas of immersion in another world.

The book is exceptionally well written. It succeeds in gripping the reader like a good novel. Yet it discusses complicated philosophical ideas and methodological problems with great profundity. At the same time it is practical and down to earth. The achievement is remarkable.

Throughout the book the role of missionaries and the impact of various

Christian sects on a traditional society is a constant concern. We are given fascinating insights into African reactions to Christianity and the relative advantages conversion offers men and women. Through the eyes of the recipients we begin to see how development can affect a proud and independent people.

Yet there is no attempt to romanticise the "primitive". Africa is portrayed in all its contradictions. We see its stark brutalities, the horrors of poverty and disease. Nature is seen as an ever present enemy in contrast to western romanticizations. Above all she conveys the tedium and pettiness of village life with a vividness that astounds me.

The author is an existentialist who explicitly rejects religion. Indeed, to her Christianity often appears as a destructive force. This aspect of the book may distress some readers. But if it does they ought to examine their reactions as carefully as Cesara does her own.

Another potentially difficult area for Christian readers is her frank discussion of sexuality and her own personal life. To many this may appear immoral. But that is to miss the point. Cesara does not seek to shock. She attempts to be honest. Unlike most researchers who hide this important aspect of their work she brings it out into the open with all the pain that this involves.

Like Margaret Laurence the author writes with a deep moral commitment. It is not conventional Christian morality, but it is truthful. Just as some reject *The Diviners* without understanding its message, so too this book will be rejected by those who read it superficially. Such a reaction is unfortunate because it misunderstands and misinterprets the true message of the book which challenges us to be truthful in our relationships.

This book has great potential. It would make an excellent text for discussion by any group preparing for work in the third world. Reflecting on it helps us understand ourselves better. It will prepare people for the shock of other cultures. It will enable them to begin to be objective about their interaction with people whose values and outlook are very different from their own. It ought to help lessen the pain and bewilderment which so often accompanies intercultural contact. If it does any of these things in even a very small way it will have justified itself and the author's trust in revealing her very being to a cynical world.

mm

A LONELY MAN

A lonely man with pick and shovel,
with sweat drops trickling down his
forehead,
prepares the ground for rocks and
flowers
so carefully, so lovingly.

The tunes of a piano waft from windows
and mournful arias from youthful voices
mix in with hapless noises from the
street,
indifferent to the toiling man.

Just once the worker casts his eyes
to where the music sounds.

He rests his tools for one brief moment,
a tear rolls down his grimy cheekbone
and quickly brushing it away,
he silently resumes his work.

— by Harry Loewen

canoeing 1982

and when the sun warmed the inside of our
bellies
we dived in,
breaking the glass in naked ecstasy
laughter splashed from our faces
and our songs were swallowed
by the intricate rhythm of delicate ripples
and when the loon sang its mournful song
we held our breath

— Erica Ens

spring miracle

no one saw him
bursting from the ground
with the certainty
and splendor of the spring
cold bones leap
to life tears and terror
turn to joy
silence explodes in song
the hateful crowing
of the rooster
forever
cancelled

by Sarah Klassen

FOUND

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identify.

Kopfzerbrechen

The mathematical puzzles in German submitted by Elisabeth Dyck was promptly solved by Burton J. Groening of Winnipeg. Our congratulations! His solutions: I. 445; II. 9541. We don't have room to present the detail, but others who may have attempted the problems may compare their answers with Groening's.

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A movie to answer questions about the past, and to explain why



by Mary M. Enns

The newest project of Winnipeg's Dueck Film Productions Ltd. is a 90-minute docu-drama tracing the history and development of the Russian Mennonites, their social, economic and religious concerns as well as their migrations to North and South America, and more recently to Germany. A film dealing with the Christian faith, its particular focus is the period 1910-45.

The name of the film *And when they shall ask* is a reference taken from the fourth chapter of Joshua. It is indicative of the purpose of the film: to share the Mennonite spiritual and cultural heritage, to build bridges of understanding, to inform non-Mennonite communities, to further the use of film medium among Mennonites and to help establish and reinforce the spiritual and cultural roots of the younger generation of Mennonites. It deals with facts and experiences but also quite openly with issues such as non-resistance, the *Selbstschutz*, and the effects of increasing and later diminishing wealth among the Mennonites.

Resource materials include 15 filmed interviews, first-hand accounts of experiences in Russia, old photographs and paintings, as well as archival film footage taken in Russia. David B. Dueck, producer of *Menno's Reins* commemorating the 1974 centennial of the first Mennonite immigration to Canada, and *Heimat fuer Heimatlose* depicting the life of the Mennonites in Paraguay, is the executive producer for *And when they shall ask*. His wife Toni acts as costume co-ordinator. Historic consultant was Dr. John B. Toews, University of Calgary historian. Barbara Anderson wrote the screen play. The director is John Morrow who brings not only his experience but also his own Christian faith. A young man who has done filming for *Man Alive*, he is convinced that the story of the Mennonites is of universal interest and should therefore be told. Director of photography, Rene Ohashi, has shown artistic excellence, specifically in scenes such as the prison sequence.

The cast is made up largely of local

Mennonite volunteers. The response and co-operation, the sense of community in this large group of amateurs was astonishing, the non-Mennonite crew felt. Because of the amateur status of the cast, dialogue in the dramatic sequences was kept to a minimum. For many it was an emotional encounter since they were reliving their own experiences; once again seeing Russian officers, red flags, the signs, the posters of Lenin as they had seen them long ago in Moscow.

"In costuming," says Toni Dueck, "the big problem was to get the uniforms for the Russian and German soldiers of World War I. They were the ones used in the film *The Reds*. We had to send to London, England, for them at a very high cost. Since we needed clothes for more than a hundred people we hired or borrowed period costumes from many different individuals, from the Steinbach Village Museum, from Mallabars, from various Thrift Shops, the Salvation Army, Westgate Collegiate and MBCI. Some were clothes worn in Russia by family members."

Filming on location of some of the sequences took place in the old CPR Station in Winnipeg on some of the coldest days in early December 1982. Walking in you saw huddles of actors; adults, children, in the rotunda, the old waiting room. They were wearing marvelously authentic period costumes, indeed clothing that had been worn by the Mennonites in Russia 60 years ago. There were women in babushkas and shawls, high-button shoes and the ultra-simple clothes so characteristic of those times. Men wore the "kittle", the long shirt loosely hung and belted over the trousers. A gentle voice from somewhere behind a pillar sang *Wehrlos und Verlassen* accompanied by a mouth organ. Near the railroad car outside on the tracks were men, women and children braced against the cold, simulated steam rising as though from the humans' breathing and speaking. The focus of this sequence is the Prairie Dog Central passing through the reconstructed Riga Gate which symbolized freedom to thousands of Mennonites who fled Russia in the twenties.

Other filming sequences were done in Steinbach's Village Museum using the windmill and the house-barn so typical of those in the villages of the Russian Mennonites. The Golden Era of the early 1900s, the height of the Mennonites' affluence, was filmed on the Kearney estate in Fresno, California. "It is relevant to today as we seem to be experiencing the Golden Era once

more," says Dueck. It is hoped that they may be allowed to do some filming in Russia before long.

All of this has resulted in the crew and cast gaining a remarkable respect for the older generation and their past experiences. "But," they sense, "in remembrance our people, the Mennonites, did not stop with what had happened in the past, wanting revenge, wanting justice to be done. Rather, they wanted to move ahead. It was as though they felt the past was done with, they had lost everything except faith and hope, and with this in their new *Heimat* in Canada they would make a new start, build a community once again."

Funding for this \$400,000 film has come from private investors in Western Canada.

"*And When They Shall Ask*", to be released in the fall of 1983 is a certified Canadian feature film. The "dedication" showing of the film is scheduled for November 24 at the Centennial Concert Hall. ' mm

MMHS REORGANIZES AT ANNUAL MEETING

The 1983 reorganization meeting of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society took place on May 3, 1983 at the Mennonite Heritage Centre in Winnipeg. Major business for the meeting included election of a new executive and committees to carry out the program for the year.

Elected as officers for the 13 member board were Delbert Plett, Steinbach, as chairman; Ted Friesen, Altona, first vice-president; Bert Friesen, Winnipeg, second vice-president; Ruth Bock, Headingley, secretary; and Ken Reddig, Winnipeg, treasurer. Sub-committee appointments are being finalized.

Several major projects are in progress at the present time. The research and scholarship committee is working on a new edition of the works of Arnold Dyck, planned in four volumes, with the first one to appear next year. The inter disciplinary arts committee is working with the production of a recording of Victor Davies' Mennonite piano concerto prepared for the centennial celebrations in 1974. Also active work is being done on setting up a Mennonite Book Club for more effective distribution of Mennonite literature and books.

Membership of the society now stands at 140. Persons interested in joining may write to Ken Reddig, 77 Henderson Highway, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2L 1L1, or Lawrence Klippenstein, 600 Shaftesbury Blvd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3P 0M4.



Ralph Wischnewski has been called to serve as assistant pastor of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. He, together with his wife Veronika, is presently a student at Elkhart Mennonite Biblical Seminary. Ralph is a graduate of Westgate Collegiate, the University of Winnipeg, and Bienenberg Bible School. He will replace **Harold Peters-Fransen**, who, together with his wife, Ingrid, plans to continue his studies in Elkhart.

Bruce Enns, coach of the University of Winnipeg basketball team, was appointed assistant coach of the Canadian national basketball team.

Iraina Neufeld formerly of Altona, who now lives in Waterloo, Ont., was a finalist in the singers section of the CBC Radio Talent Competition. Neufeld has attended CMBC and Wilfred Laurier University. She had a role in the CBC filming of *The Tempest*, and has performed with the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony Orchestra and the KW Opera Guild.

One year ago, MCC (Canada) was given 31 acres, known as **Second Mile Lodge**, near Kenora, Ontario. A vision now developing for the lodge is the establishment of a centre to help native people seeking restoration from alcohol problems within the context of meaningful work and community. The construction of buildings, the growing of vegetables, the caring of wild rice, and similar projects are under consideration.

The 41st Annual Women in Mission Conference was held on Saturday, May 1, at the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Theme for the event was Making the Most of the Time. Guest speakers were Helen Dueck, co-pastor of Charleswood Mennonite Church, and Tina Letkemann, wife of Jake Letkemann of MCC (Manitoba). A mass choir was conducted by Helen Neufeld, a member of First Mennonite Church. President of the Manitoba Women in Mission is Phyllis Wiebe, of Arnaud, Man.



manitoba news

Two dinners in honor of Dr. **Cornelius W. Wiebe** were held in Winkler on May 6 and 7 at the Valley Rehab Centre. Over 400 people attended the dinners, held to commemorate the publication of a book about the Winkler pioneer and to honor both the subject in the year of his 90th birthday and the writer of the book, **Mavis Reimer**. The book, entitled **Cornelius W. Wiebe, A Beloved Physician** is available at local outlets for \$10.95.

Henry Isaak, a teacher at Garden Valley Collegiate in Winkler, was recently elected to a one-year term on the Manitoba Teachers' Society provincial executive. His term takes effect July 1.

Three **MCC sponsored projects** will receive \$38,175 in grants from the Manitoba government. The funds go to the Manitoba Council for International Development, which co-ordinates requests from Manitoba-based agencies to support self-help projects. The province matches the funding of local agencies, and these combined grants in turn are matched by the Canadian International Development Fund. Projects assisted are rural development in Haiti, agricultural development in Zambia, and rural water development in Swaziland.

On April 30 a giant garage sale was held in the MBCI school gym. Over \$3,000 was raised towards the purchase of a school bus.

Peter Paetkau of Sperling, Manitoba, received an award at the 49th Parallel Press Club's annual meeting held in Morden on April 8. His profile of the Rev. J. J. Neufeld received a third place award in the news story category.

An inter-Mennonite group is meeting regularly, every second and fourth Sunday of the month at 7:30 p.m. at CMBC to discuss issues relating to **nuclear arms**. All interested persons are cordially invited to attend.

The Altona town council has been requested by town resident, Isaac Froese, to hold a public referendum on **world disarmament** in the fall civic elections. A delegation of two people, B.T. Friesen and Jake Klassen of Altona, attended a recent council meeting, expressing their opposition to this request.



Helmut Harder of the Canadian Mennonite Bible College was the Mennonite delegate at an international Christian World Conference of Life and Peace in Uppsala, Sweden April 21-25. He represented the peace committee of the Mennonite World Conference. The statement which emerged from this conference was strongly in favor of a peace position, including the statement that no war is justifiable. Dr. Harder left on May 10 for a three-week visit to the Umsiedler churches in Germany, to promote the Foundation Sunday School Series which has been translated into German by the South American churches. He will be accompanied by **Cornelia Lehn**, who assisted in writing the children's section of the series. A long-time employee of the General Conference, Cornelia has recently retired and now lives in B.C.

Prof. Harder has been appointed as interim president of CMBC for the 1983-84 school year, following the recent resignation of President **George Epp**.



Dr. George Epp will become pastor of the Douglas Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, effective August 1, 1983.

John Klassen, admissions counsellor at CMBC, has resigned to become associate pastor of the Winkler Bergthaler Church, effective June 1. He will be replaced at CMBC by **Clayton Loewen**.

Rudy Baergen will be teaching part-time at CMBC in the 1983-84 school year in the area of New Testament.

The pastor of the Ste. Therese (Quebec) Mennonite Brethren Church, **Henry Derksen**, has resigned from his pastoral duties and will be returning to Winnipeg. The Derksens went to Quebec after returning from many years of missionary service to Zaire.

Paul and Arlene Kroeker will be moving to Winkler in July. Paul will be teaching the Old Testament courses at Winkler Bible Institute, while Arlene will be teaching private voice lessons. They recently returned from Cincinnati, where Paul completed an M.A. in Old Testament at the Bible Seminary, and Arlene completed the M.M. in choral conducting at the College Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati.

Maureen Hempbill, Manitoba minister of education, has recently been under fire from members of her own party for raising the per-student grant for private schools from \$435 to \$480. The Manitoba Federation of Independent Schools has been requesting additional support from the government, pointing out that funding to private schools in Manitoba is well below that of the other western provinces.

An attendance of 6,500 is now estimated for the 11th assembly of the **Mennonite World Conference** slated for July 24-29, 1984, in Strasbourg, France.

An invitation is extended to singers interested in participating in a choir at the **World Conference** in Strasbourg, to sing a full length dramatic oratorio. Entitled, *The Abiding Place*, the oratorio was composed by **Esther Wiebe** of Winnipeg, with libretto by **Barbara Smucker**, well-known writer of children's books. **George Wiebe** will be conducting the work. The work will consist of a mixture of choruses, solos, narrations, congregational responses, some choral speaking, sections for folk singer, accompaniment, brass quartet and piano.

An inter-denominational **foodgrains bank** was formed at a meeting held at the Norlander Hotel in Winnipeg on April 13, 1983. Members of the organization include Canadian Lutheran World Relief, Christian Reformed World Relief Committee of Canada, Baptist Federation of Canada Relief and Development Committee, Christian and Missionary Alliance of Canada and Mennonite Central Committee (Canada). The new Canadian Foodgrains Bank will become the umbrella organization for relationships with organizations such as the Canadian International Development Agency, the Canadian Wheat Board, and Revenue Canada. It will also arrange for shipment of grain to the port in the receiving country.

David Ewert president of Mennonite Brethren Bible College, was guest speaker at the **Steinbach Bible College** commencement services.

The joint annual convention of **Menonite Medical Association** and **Menonite Nurses Association** is scheduled to meet at Mt. Pleasant P.A. July 28-31, 1983. The program theme arises out of a major study which has been conducted co-operatively by the Mennonite Health Association, the Mennonite Medical Association and the Mennonite Mutual Aid Association, on Ethical and Stewardship, Dimensions of Rising Health Care Costs.

Irene Loewen, originally from Winnipeg, is one of six individuals to receive a scholarship for study in the field of mental health, under the Mennonite Mental Health Services program. She is presently working on a doctoral program at California School of Professional Psychology in Fresno, Calif. She received a nursing diploma from St. Boniface School of Nursing in Winnipeg, did undergraduate work in psychology at the University of Winnipeg, and earned a bachelor's degree in psychology from Fresno Pacific College in 1980. She resides with her husband and two children in Fresno, and worships at the College Community Mennonite Brethren Church.

The annual meeting of the **Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School** was held May 5 in the school premises at 26 Columbus Crescent. Board president Henry Friesen announced that 91 applications for kindergarten to Grade 6 had already been received for the 1983-84 school year. Present enrolment of the school, now in its second year of operation, is 83 students. Dr. Friesen also announced that the resignation of principal Jake Penner had been received by the Board. Two items discussed and referred to the Board for further study were the introduction of French language instruction and improved bus transportation. The school is planning to hold an open house on June 16, noon to 8 p.m., to allow parents to tour the facilities and register their children.

COMING EVENTS

June 23: Westgate graduation — Sargent Ave. Mennonite Church.

June 23-25: Westgate 25th anniversary celebrations.

June 29: MBCI graduation 7:30 Elmwood MB Church.

July 1-3: Annual convention of Evangelical Mennonite Mission conference in Steinbach.

July 8-12: Annual sessions of Conference of Mennonites in Canada, at Grant Memorial Baptist Church, Winnipeg.

TO LOVE CHRIST MEANS TO SERVE THE POOR

"I have a vision — to eliminate poverty housing in the world," announced Millard Fuller to his audience at Home St. Mennonite Church, May 4, 1983. Fuller was invited to Winnipeg by Mennonites Urban Renewal Programs to report on his project, Habitat for Humanity.

Believing that Christianity consists of more than parroting, "I believe in Jesus," Millard expresses his faith in Christ by ministering to the underprivileged. He, together with many other believers, supplies hands and feet to his vision by building houses for the poor on a "no profit, no interest basis." Owners of these houses pay back the capital on a monthly basis, and this money is used to assist other people in need of shelter.

"The greatest gift you can give anyone is the gift of a vision," commented Millard. True to this belief, he dedicates himself to giving poor people a sense of worth by assisting them in acquiring a decent habitat so they no longer need to be ashamed. According to Millard, a Christian does not have the right to stop building when he has completed a house for himself and for God. He needs to provide a habitat for the needy as well.

The seeds for Habitat for Humanity, a non-profit, Christian housing ministry, were planted in 1968 at Koinonia Farms, a Christian community in Sumter County, Georgia. At this time Fuller and the late Dr. Clarence Jordan began work aimed at reducing sub-standard housing. Since then, their work has spread to more than 20 cities in the U.S. and to 7 countries.

For Millard, building shelter is a way of building relationships. The builder and the one in need of shelter become co-workers and partners in God's family. 'Habitat for Humanity' seeks to liberate those who are held captive by economic circumstances.

Members who support Mennonite Urban Renewal Programs, an inter-Mennonite, non-profit housing ministry, organized in 1981, share Miller's vision. They too believe that in the process of building shelter for the needy one builds relationships. Gerald Brown, MURP's manager, sees this service as a way of ministering to the whole person. His observations about the apartment at 277 Atlantic, MURP's initial project, are encouraging. He finds a more stable population, an improved atmosphere, and dreams of initiating a gardening project with the tenants.

GRADUATIONS

CMBC commencement weekend took place April 30-May 1. Menno Epp of Calgary was the guest speaker. A record graduating class of over 50 received degrees.

The **Elim Bible Institute** graduation exercises were held on Sunday, April 24, at the Altona Bergthaler Church. 26 students received special recognition after completing the two-year program. Concluding the service, two new staff appointments were announced: Ed Cornelson as community life co-ordinator, and Elizabeth Riediger as administrative secretary. Immediately following the service, a sod-turning ceremony officially marked the beginning of the construction of the new residence on the campus at Elim. It is to be completed by the coming school year.

Graduation exercises of the **Mennonite Brethren Bible College** were held on April 24 at the North Kildonan MB Church, with Jacob H. Quiring as graduation speaker. 29 students were in the graduating class.

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Westgate Mennonite Colligate is celebrating its 25th anniversary with a weekend of activities planned for the end of June. Classes began in 1958 in The First Mennonite Church with 36 students enrolled in Grades 7-11 with a staff of two. Today 257 students are enrolled in Grades 7-12, with 16 teachers and a support staff of seven. The celebration activities will include an anniversary service to be held in conjunction with the graduation service June 23 at the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church. A open house program will be held on Friday evening, June 24, and a variety show will be held on Saturday evening, June 25. An anniversary issue of the yearbook, including 50 pages of highlights from the school's 25-year history, will be printed. A special project of the board is to retire the debt of \$350,000.

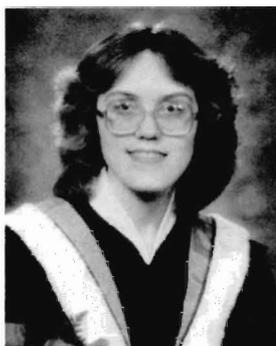
Award Winners



Jonathan Paul Janz, graduating at the recent University of Manitoba convocation, received the gold medal in the Bachelor of Arts (advanced) program. Jonathan was awarded the medal for his work during four years of study in psychology. Next year Jonathan plans to his Master of Business Administration program. He is married to the former Rose Hiebert and is the son of Alvin and Agnes Janz of Steinbach.



Rudy Victor Buller, B.A.(Honours), was awarded the UM gold medal for his achievement in the undergraduate honours program. Rudy's major area of study was philosophy. Rudy has also been awarded a commonwealth scholarship by the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada to pursue graduate studies at Oxford University in England next year. He is the son of Robert and Mary Buller of Winnipeg.



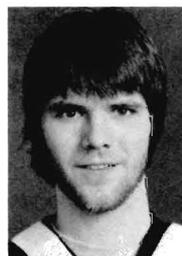
Anne Penner was awarded the UM gold medal in the four-year human ecology program. Anne will return to UM for the next two years to complete the Bachelor of Education and hopes subsequently to teach at the junior or senior high level. This summer she is working at the Mennonite Village Museum. Anne is the daughter of Henry S. and Tina Penner of Steinbach.



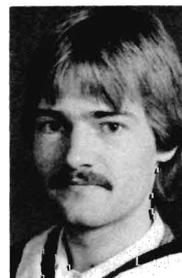
Janice Patricia Kehler was awarded a Bachelor of Medical Rehabilitation in Physical Therapy and the university gold medal at recent UM convocation exercises. Janice intends to study for a Ph.D. in physiology and hopes eventually to make a career in research within a hospital setting. She is the daughter of Bernard and Rita Coyston of Winnipeg and is married to Dr. Chris Kehler of Winnipeg.



Murray William Enns, Bachelor of Science, received the UM gold medal for the general science program. Murray majored in Chemistry and hopes to begin studies for a Doctor of Medicine degree at UM next year. During the summer Murray is co-ordinating a study for the Manitoba League of the Physically Handicapped of daycare facilities for the handicapped. Murray is the son of Peter and Thelma Enns of Winnipeg.



Steven John Schellenberg won the University of Winnipeg gold medal in philosophy.



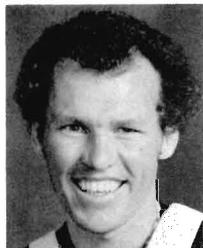
Reynold Lloyd Siemens graduated at recent University of Winnipeg convocation exercises with a B.A.(Honours) and three gold medals — the governor general's gold medal for the highest standing in arts (honours course), the UW gold medal in honours history, and the university gold medal in honours philosophy. Reynold is the son of Lloyd and Irene Siemens of Winnipeg.



Karen Rachel Heiderich graduated from the four-year B.Sc. program at UW and was awarded three gold medals — the chancellor's gold medal for the highest standing in the four-year science program, the university gold medal in physics (four-year course), and the university gold medal in mathematics. Karen has also been awarded a scholarship from the Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council of Canada to pursue a Ph.D. in physics. She expects to use the scholarship at the University of British Columbia, where she is presently employed in research on a summer fellowship. Karen is the daughter of Fred and Margaret Heiderich of Winnipeg.



Christine Ruth Penner of Blumenort was awarded the UM gold medal in the Bachelor of Physical Education program.



Alan Ross Doerksen, B.A., was awarded a university gold medal in classics at the UW convocation. Alan will be studying for the United Church ministry at Emmanuel College at the University of Toronto next year. He is the son of Jake and Lillian Doerksen of Winnipeg.



Anneliese Reimer, graduating with both a B.A. and B.Ed. from UW, won the university gold medal in German, as well as the Swiss ambassador book prize for distinction in German studies. During the summer Anneliese is editing a Low German dictionary for the Mennonite Literary Society. She hopes to find a teaching position for next fall. Anneliese is the daughter of John and Maria Reimer of Winnipeg.

Also winning awards at the recent graduations were **Verner Dietrich Wiebe**, B.A., awarded the UW gold medal in religious studies; and **Robert James Klassen** of Carenport, Saskatchewan, awarded a B.Sc. and a Brandon University silver medal in physics, as well as the Arthur and Abbie Vining memorial graduate scholarship.

The Graduating Class,

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

1983

Doctor of Philosophy

Jerry Martin Bergen
Katherine Joyce Schultz

Master of Arts

Peter Travis Kroeker
Gabriele Ulrike Schroeder

Bachelor of Arts (Honours)

Rudy Victor Buller
Susan Elaine Dueck
Richard Alan Enns
Frelan Clayton Loewen
Peter Neufeld
James Gordon Suderman
Paul Ernest Vogt

Bachelor of Arts (Advanced)

Jonathan Paul Janz
Kirsten Jeanette Schroeder

Bachelor of Arts

Ralph Neil Baergen
Wesley John Bergen
Diane Lynn Driedger
Marianna Elizabeth Elias
Robert Peter Elias
Douglas Jeffrey Epp
Margaret Jane Fast
John Raymond Friesen
Glenda Marie Gerbrandt
William Ginter
Peter Howard Brent Hamm
Benjamin Robert Hecht
Norma Frances Klassen
Carol Jean Penner
Jonathan Grant Penner
Teresa Paulette Rempel
Ronald Henry James Sawatzky
Dennis Arthur Wiens

Bachelor of Fine Arts

Bruce Edgar Reimer
Catharine Agnes Reimer

Bachelor of Music (Performance)

Shirley Anne Elias

Bachelor of Music (Music Education)

Margaret Mary Rempel

Master of Education

Adelheid Else Koop
Lorraine Merle Wedel

Bachelor of Commerce (Honours)

Ingrid Louise Bueckert
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De Piltsje

von John C. Neufeld

Wie saute too dree emm Schaute fonn eenem Boom aun dee Sied fomm Wajch onn eete onsen "Lunch" dän wie fomm Intourist Hotel enn Saporozhye mettjebrocht haude. Doabie wea dee Intourist Feahra dee Schauffea onn etj. Ditt wea aune 1978 auls etj mett eene mennonitische Gruppe eene Russ-laundreis moak. Auls wie bat Saporoshye kaume hilt etj foats bi Intourist aun omm Erlaubniss waut enmoal Schoenfeld onn de Brasol Aunsiedlung wea too beseatje. Gaunts besondasch wichtig wea mi daut mienen Geburtsoat onn Heim too seene. Dee Erlaubniss wort mie jejäft. Etj betoald ferr dee twee Maun onn ferr dän "Taxi". Wi haude jesehne waut noch jeblaewe wea onn nu wea wie opp dem Tridjwajch no Saporozhye.

Dee Schouffea ferstund kjeen Enjlish oaba dee Intourist Feahra räd daut gaunts flott. Etj wea doabie een Steck Roggebrot too aete auls dee Schouffea mie oppfauend beobacht.

"Na," saed etj too mie selwst, 'etj ät dochwoll nich mett baste rusche Man-eere daut hee sofäl Oobacht opp mie jeft."

Auls etj mett daem Roggebrot foadich wea saed hee too mie derch däm Doll-metcha, "Etj paust opp no die opp du dee Kjarscht wudst wajchschmierte. Bie onns hia enn dee Ukraina hab wie derch hoade Erfoahrung jeleat niemoals Brot wachtschmierte. Etj hab twee moal seea jehungat, daut easchte moal enn dee dartja Joahre."

Miene Auntwoat doato wea: "Etj kaun die seea goot festoane. Wann etj nu uck enn eenim Laund läw woa Brot enn grootem Äwafloss ess, woa etj doch nie Brot wachtschmierte onn uck nich dee hoatste Kjarscht. Etj uck hab hia enn dee Ukraina eene groate Hungaschnoot erlaeft. Daut wea aune 1921."

Onn nu mucht etj een baet fonn onse Erfoahrung ut dee Tiet vertahle onn uck waut ditt mett Piltsje too doone haft. Donn lead wie daut kjané waut daut bediet wann daut enn de dietsche Literatur sajcht, "und der Brotkorb hing hoch." Miene Famielje onn noch fäl aundre doato, haud aules derch dee Revolutjionsjoahre feloare. Pead onn Soatjetraejd wea fon dee Armeeliquideat worde. Doato kaum uck noch daut unjenstje Wada. Dee Raejen weea soo knaup daut daut bät waut jeseit weea worde nich oppgoane kunn. Doaderch

haude uck dee mennonitische Darpa eene Missernte. Mett däm Winta kaum dee groote Noot. Maunch eene Famielje weea gaunts aum Eng. Opp de Baens, woa maun bie goode Joahre daut Jetraejd oppbewoad, wort jieda Korntje ut dee Retze jepult. Enne Staeda weea daut noch fäl schlemma. Doadersch kaume fael rusche Mensche no dee mennonitische Darpa onn prachade no Brot. Ferr maunch eenem weea daut nich mea maejlich no Hus too koame. Dee Hunga moak aarem Laewe, wiet fonn Hus onn Famielje, een Eng.

Dee Noot ess een strenga Tsuchtmeista. Soo lang auls dee Mensch noch jenoach Krauft haft daut hee sich wiedabewaeje kaun seajcht hee no waut too äte.

Onse Famielje kaum derch dem Winta, obtswoa twee Breeda aul jeschwolle weare. Ditt weea een Teatjen daut dee Sansemaun aul bie dee Däa weea. Onn soo kaum daut etj no Piltsje socht. Mennonitische Kost kaum mehrendeels ut däm Mälsack. Bie goode Joahre eet maun nich Piltsje. Auls näjenjoascha Jung haud etj daut kaum jeleat dee jeftje fonn dee aetboare Piltsje too unjascheede. Oaba daut jleckt. Etj kaum mett eene Mets foll goode Piltsje no Hus. Mutta koakt dee enn Woata. Daut wea daut easchte moal enn mienem Laewe daut etj Piltsje eet.

Bat dissem Dach sent Piltsje ferr mie een besondret Delekatessen. Dee erinere mie dann uck emma aun dee Hungaschnoot enne Twintjajoahre.

mm

Engbrecht Family Gathering

We are planning a family gathering at the Peace Garden Lodge on July 31, 1983. Families invited are: Susana, Sara (born 1865), Katharina (born 1873), Maria, Helena, Peter P(1867) and Johann. These are children from Peter Engbrecht, Steinfeld. Also families from Kornelius and Anna Unrau (nee Engbrecht)

We will begin at 10 o'clock with registration and program. Everyone responsible for food.

Any concerns and addresses can be directed to: George Engbrecht, Box 927, Boissevain, Manitoba R0K 0E0



Fritz Senn Gestorben

Von Wilhelmshafen hören wir, dass der Mennonitendichter Fritz Senn am 7. April gestorben ist und am 11. April zu Grabe getragen wurde. Das Begräbnis leitete Prediger Heinold Fast, Emden.

Gerhard Friesen, der sich Fritz Senn nannte, gehörte der Generation an, die in den zwanziger und dreissiger Jahren sich als Emigranten in Kanada befanden und in ihren Schriften die grossen Prüfungen des hierher verschlagenen Mennonitenvolks befragten und beschrieben. J. H. Janzen, Arnold Dyck, Peter J. Klassen u.a.m. gehören dieser Pioniergruppe an, die in einer harten Zeit einen undankbaren Dienst leisteten.

Friesen wohnte vorübergehend in Manitoba und Ontario, bevor er nach Deutschland ging, von wo er nicht mehr loskam. Seine Gedichte wurden meistens vor dem Zweiten Weltkrieg geschrieben und sind in Auswahl von Elisabeth Peters herausgegeben worden. Der Band, *Das Dorf im Abendgrauen*, ist leider vergriffen.

Senn hat in seiner Dichtung die konkrete „russische Heimat“ aufbewahrt. Seine Bilder, der Pflüger, die Saat, das Dorf sind dauerhafte Symbole unserer Geschichtserfahrung. So ist auch für den alten, erblindeten Dichter der Vers gültig geblieben:

Wir wandern ohne aufzuschauen
Und immer doch das Dorf in Sicht.

Möge ihn zu ehren noch ein kurzes Gedicht stehen, das auch sein Scheiden in seine eigene Sprache erfasst und deutet:

Letztes Boot, in dem ich fahr,
Keinen Hut auf meinem Haar,
Trotz der Hitze — hoch im Jahr —
Alle Glieder steif und starr.

Wär dies doch der Dnjeperfluss,
Käm mein Boot nochmal in Schuss,
Glitte durch die Steppennacht
Unter Mond und Sternenpracht.

Plötzlich sinkt mein Boot und steht,
Höre Singen und Gebet:

„Alles Fleisch vergeht wie Heu,
Doch der Geist is ewig frei!“

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Tante Anna Eine von vielen

Ich war ein ziemlich ahnungsloser junger Mensch als ich damals, im Jahre 1959 zu Ostern nach Moskau fuhr. Als Student in Frankfurt hatte ich mich eben an eine ganz neue Welt gewöhnt, teilweise mindestens — und nun fuhren wir mit der Blauen Express über Warschau und Minsk in eine wiederum neue Welt. Damals, zur Osterzeit, war diese Welt kalt, düster, sogar ominös. Die Ankunft in der Hauptstadt war für mich wie aus einem Detektivroman, denn ich hatte mit meiner Tante Anna — die irgendwo weit nordöstlich von Moskau wohnte — abgemacht, dass sie mich auf dem Bahnhof treffen würde. Als der Zug stand war sie keine zwei Meter weg, die *Pravda* unter dem Arm wäre nicht nötig gewesen. Ich erkannte sofort die jüngste Schwester von meinem Vater.

Das Schicksal, das sie seit 1924 erlebt hatte, wer könnte es für wahr halten: von Hause und von allem weg, in eine harte, unbekannte Welt, und dann wieder und wieder verschickt und verschleppt. Irgendwann ein Kind zur Welt gebracht, das aber nicht lange leben konnte. Zur schwersten Arbeit in den Wäldern verurteilt und zuletzt ganz allein. Auf einer Riesensowchose mit hunderten von Menschen und doch irgendwie im Grunde verlassen und allein.

Wie viele unter unseren Leuten haben ein solches Schicksal auferlegt bekommen? Wie viele sind verschwunden, verschollen, ob vernichtet oder nicht? Wie viele, die einzeln irgendwo in sich gehen und fragen, was das alles bedeuten soll? Was wäre daran schuld? Das Deutschtum? das Mennonitentum? das Christentum?

Mit Tante Anna waren wir schon früher in Kontakt gekommen und sie wurde leidenschaftlicher Briefschreiber. Sie stellte sich von der alten deutschen Schreibweise auf die lateinische Schrift um und nahm zu uns allen Kontakt auf. Bald kannte sie unsere verschiedenartigen Doerksenfamilien besser als wir sie selber kannten. Die Briefe waren lebendig und voller Fragen, die man dann immer beantworten musste.

Als ich 1959 meine Tante traf, war sie krank. Trotzdem war sie über 1000 km mit dem Traktor und der Bahn gefahren und hatte sich illegal ausserhalb Moskau eine Bleibe verschafft. Wir verkehrten vier Tage lang auf den Strassen und Parks, im schönen Metro und in schäbigen Restaurants. Wir besuchten im Auftrag des MCC die Führer die Baptistenkirche und fuhren in verschiedenen Bussen kreuz und quer durch Moskau.

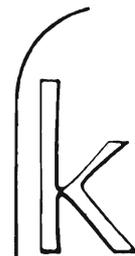
Seitdem habe ich stets den Wunsch gehabt, Tante Anna wieder zu sehen. Viele Versuche, Versuche bis zuletzt, gelangen nicht, sie entweder nach Kanada oder Deutschland zu bringen. Versuche, sie in ihrem Heimatort zu besuchen schlugen auch fehl — auch als sie schon ernsthaft krank war. Als sie im letzten Winter ein Bein verlor, ging auch der grossartige Mut dieser Frau einstweilen abhanden. Aber als der Vorfrühling sich andeutete, freute sie sich wieder auf den kurzen Sommer. Die Briefe fielen aber aus — die Finger machten nicht mehr mit.

Nach vielen Leiden, physische aber auch grosse seelische Not, durfte sie einen freundlichen Tod erleben, eine Erlösung aus einer Welt an der sie wenig Freude hatte erleben können. Sieben Nachbarn haben sie begraben, ein Gedenkessen eingenommen und einige Sachen von ihr mitbekommen. Ihre Freundin Tamara zieht wohl zu Verwandten.

Für uns ist eine Lücke entstanden. Die Verlorene war nicht nur gefunden worden, sondern sie wurde ein Teil von uns, der uns als Familie oft verband. Solche Hilfe zu geben war sie fähig. Friede sei um das ferne Grab!

— VICTOR DOERKSEN

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Mennonite Artists and Community: A Sometimes Complex and Ambiguous Relationship

The following guest editorial is excerpted from an address delivered at CMBC on April 15, 1983, by Bob Regier, a Mennonite artist and art teacher at Bethel College, Kansas. The occasion was a special symposium on Mennonite art and artists from Canada and the U.S. who were exhibiting their works at CMBC as part of this year's Mennonite Festival of Art and Music. Prof. Regier has some shrewd and timely comments to make on the complex and sometimes ambiguous relationship between the Mennonite artist and his community.

The artist who desires to be a part of Christian community should be able to look to that community for authentication of his or her work. But the community is often too ill at ease with the language of vision and too ambivalent about the role of the artist to be able to couple affirmation with judgment. As a consequence, most artists search the world outside the community for the needed critical assessment. However, a thoughtful essay in a recent newsletter of a young organization called Christians in the Visual Arts points out that the outside world is no more helpful in authenticating the artist than is the Christian community. Competing ambitions, politics, fads, and the peculiarities of the marketplace do not easily lend themselves to confirming one's artistic vision. In fact, it often corrupts our vision by reinforcing a "shopping for style" syndrome that too often displaces an organic growth of artistic vision from one's own interior. A trusted community that can link acceptance and authentic judgment together is what the creative person most needs for validation and growth. Where can it be found? Where is the prototype?

I certainly don't want to imply that all hindrances to the growth of authentic vision are due to the dynamics of the communities to which artists of Mennonite heritage belong. But let me allude to one more dimension of the dynamics that sometimes troubles me. In spite of all the expressed ideals, communities are very utilitarian and pragmatic. The intrinsic values of art activity are sometimes intellectually acknowledged, but functionally ignored. The most obvious points of affirmation for me have related to utilitarian outcomes. Mennonite Press, Mennonite Central Committee, and the General Conference Church have all provided invaluable opportunity, but the role of the artist in these settings is understandable in that art serves a utilitarian function. The art maker is also understandable. Those who are not particularly appreciative of my current studio ac-

tivity give me the benefit of the doubt if my work is saleable. Art with economic value makes sense.

Status also makes sense. If I get into the right shows or generate a certain number of column inches of copy in area papers, it's not so important if the work that generates status seems silly.

I'd be less than honest if I would pompously deflate the significance of these utilitarian outcomes. But collectively, the community bias toward these kinds of outcomes can tantalize until it eventually diverts an artist from an authentic exploration to a superficial, cosmetic production. This is the antithesis of growth. The serious, growing artist who does not sell, who is not easily understood, and who gains little notice is probably still looking for stronger signs of acceptance from the community.

The interrelationship of the artist and the community is a fascinating one. If I fantasize about the ideal relationship, I see a variety of gifts exchanged. Some of the artists' gifts to the community are these: 1) In communities dominated by the work ethic and an obsession for efficiency, the gift of play is a needed counterpoint. 2) Where only tangible seems real, the gift of the imagination helps transport persons to other realities. 3) Where the obvious and the predictable begin to deaden awareness, the gifts of mystery, wonder, and ambiguity stretch the mind and sharpen the senses. The list of the artists' gifts to the community is open-ended. All of us could add to it. Depending on time and circumstances, the artist might be a prophet, clown, mirror, revealer, disturber, or celebrator for the community.

What are the gifts of the community to the artist? I've already alluded to acceptance and judgment. Certainly of equal importance is the gift of identity. We belong somewhere. We need a sense of place. Out of that belonging and place is formed the reservoir of ideas, beliefs, observations, and emotions that gives birth to images. I should add, however, that the relationship of image to community identity is not necessarily obvious. German Mennonite artists aren't particularly making bronze zwieback or paintings of borscht. Non-community influences have been very strong. Some of us, sensing possible rejection by the community, have been anxious to prove ourselves by mainstream criteria, not by our community roots. I recall the bewilderment in the wake of the first recent attempt to gather work of contemporary Mennonite artists at Goshen College in 1975. More than one was wondering what was "Mennonite" about that show. With tongue in cheek, Abner

(continued on page 30)

(continued from page 29)

Herschberger, the organizer of the exhibit, said he discovered the relationship between Mennonite identity and the exhibit. It was in the craftsmanship of the shipping crates!

The relationship between identity and image can't be forced. Perhaps it will take another generation of creative persons who are both mature as artists and comfortable with their roots before the image-identity relationship becomes more clear. Even then we shouldn't expect the obvious. It will likely require discerning persons to discover and interpret the connections.

Whatever the gifts that pass between artist and community, the same purpose is served by them all. If this gift exchange, with all its ambivalence and anxiety, is worth pursuing it's because it promises mutual stimulation and growth.

I would like to conclude these remarks with two metaphors, the metaphor of the window and the metaphor of the body. The first comes from a senior artist who was one of the first generation of abstract-expressionists in New York — Milton Resnick. In relating Resnick's insights, I'll substitute the word "community" for "culture." Resnick saw community in terms of walls. For the sake of cohesion and stability, every community builds a wall around itself. This may not be conscious, but it is inevitable. If it were not so, it would be impossible to distinguish one community from

another. But how opaque is the wall? It needs windows. It needs transparency, so that the reality of one community can see through to the reality of another. Otherwise a community suffocates and dies. To Resnick, the artist is one who can give a wall its windows. But by being a window, the artist is on the edge, on the outside perimeter of the community. The edge is a precarious place. Those living there are buffeted by forces that either absorb or expel. Either option is destructive. Absorption smothers the voice. Expulsion cuts off the dialogue. Both the artist and the community need to affirm the necessity and the paradoxes of living on edges. It's the edge that gives life to artist and community alike.

The second metaphor is one we all know; Paul's image of the body. Members of my community are sorting out clothing for relief, making quilts, caring for the sick, and visiting the depressed. I'm not doing much of that. But, then, those people may not be making art. Each of us represents tiny, diverse fragments of activity, but interdependent ones that collectively begin to suggest the wholeness of a body.

*"If the body were all eye, how could it hear?
If the body were all ear, how could it smell? . . .
If the whole were one single organ, there would
not be a body at all. . . ."*

Henry Kroeger

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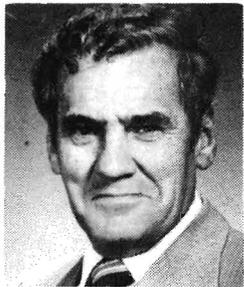
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1984 Mennonite World Conference Tours

Assiniboine Travel Service has arranged for a variety of all-inclusive tours to precede or follow the World Conference Assembly in Strasbourg, France, July 24-30, 1984. Detailed itineraries are available for each tour. The tours all combine educational input from knowledgeable hosts with leisurely touring. (If you wish to join a tour but not attend the Assembly, or if you wish to arrive earlier or stay later for private travel, we would be pleased to make alternative travel arrangements.)

1. From Rome to Witmarsum

— **Church History Tour:**

June 30 - July 21, 1984.

Host: George Epp

2. Soviet Union Tour:

July 1 - 21, 1984.

Hosts: John Friesen and Abe Dueck.

3. The Church Through the Centuries:

July 6 - 23, 1984.

Host: Waldemar Janzen.

4. Exploring the Middle East:

July 9 - 23, 1984.

Hosts: David Schroeder and Gerald Gerbrandt.

5. CMC Choir Tour to Europe:

July 13 - August 9, 1984.

Host: Helmut Harder, Music Director: Bernie Neufeld.

6. Eurail Youth Backpacking Tour.

(Details to be announced in Fall.)

7. Exploring Renaissance and Reformation Centres:

July 11 - August 9, 1984.

Hosts: Henry Krahn and Ken Reddig.

8. Austria, Hungary and the Soviet Union:

July 29 - August 17, 1984.

Hosts: Al Reimer, John R. Friesen and Roy Vogt.

(Waiting list only.)

9. Central Europe Tour of Germany and Italy:

July 30 - August 14, 1984.

Host: John Bergen.

For complete details on these tours, please call:

John Schroeder, Lori Neufeld, Hilda Driedger, Ruth Wiebe

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